

**P I N D O R A M A
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A N D W I L L I A M L U N D B E R G**

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There is something inevitable in who dedicated the whole life to an aesthetical sightear. After some time, unique vigour and precision emerge in all traces.

Nature's contradictions. Sometimes, when we are young, there is energy but the trace is still uncertain – and, also true, it is in that uncertainty that new doors of perception can be opened. But, other times, when age gives tonus to the trace, energy emerges throwing us to the past – which is a present-past, aspiring the future.

Wouldn't be this, one of the most fascinating clues of kabalah?

Thus, much of Pindorama reminded me India – where there is no longer future or past.

And Pasargada.

Sometimes, so huge is their sweetness some songs reach the kitsch – do you know my kitsch music?

Then, hand, eye, ear having lived a whole life recall everything in the right place.

A metamorphosis of images, in some moments transcending the simple montage, makes us to breath a thing we simply – and enigmatic, mysteriously – call Brazil.

There is no explanation.

No explanation is necessary.

Video is to fly – as Paik said.

It was a dive. Or better – it is a dive, without past or future.

I take this tripflight in my soul.

And then, silence.