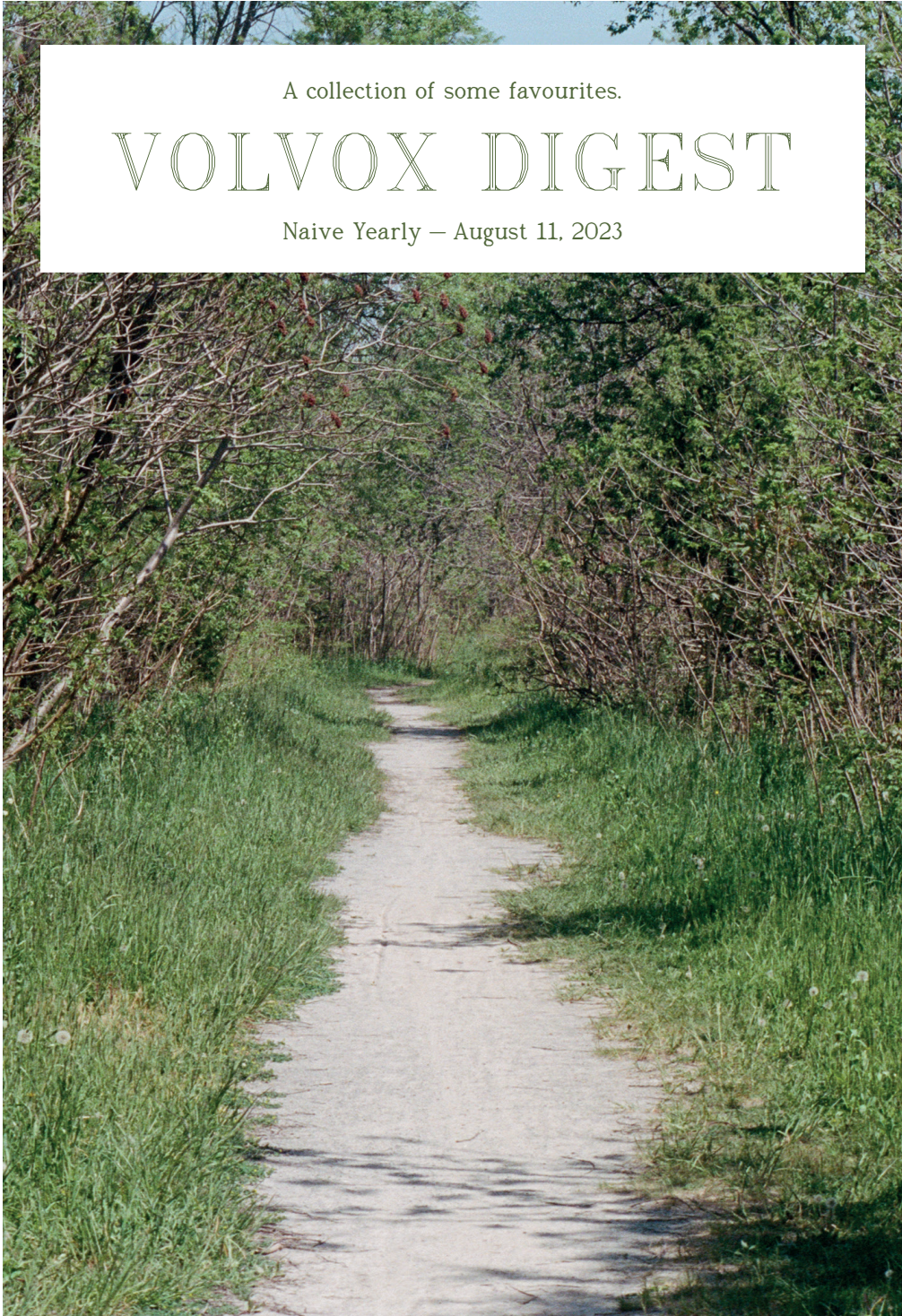




Spirit Josh performing at the Heart issue launch in 2022.



A collection of some favourites.

VOLVOX DIGEST

Naive Yearly — August 11, 2023

A LETTER TO MY DEAREST

Dearest,

Today love speaks to me in reprise. It is the repetition, the commitment, the devotion of the ba-thump ba-thump the heart carries on love’s weightless flight. It speaks to me today in the willingness to do it over and over. Tolerance. Patience. The quiet but immense measures of a great love. What is the heart, if not the tacit, constant promise to know another moment?

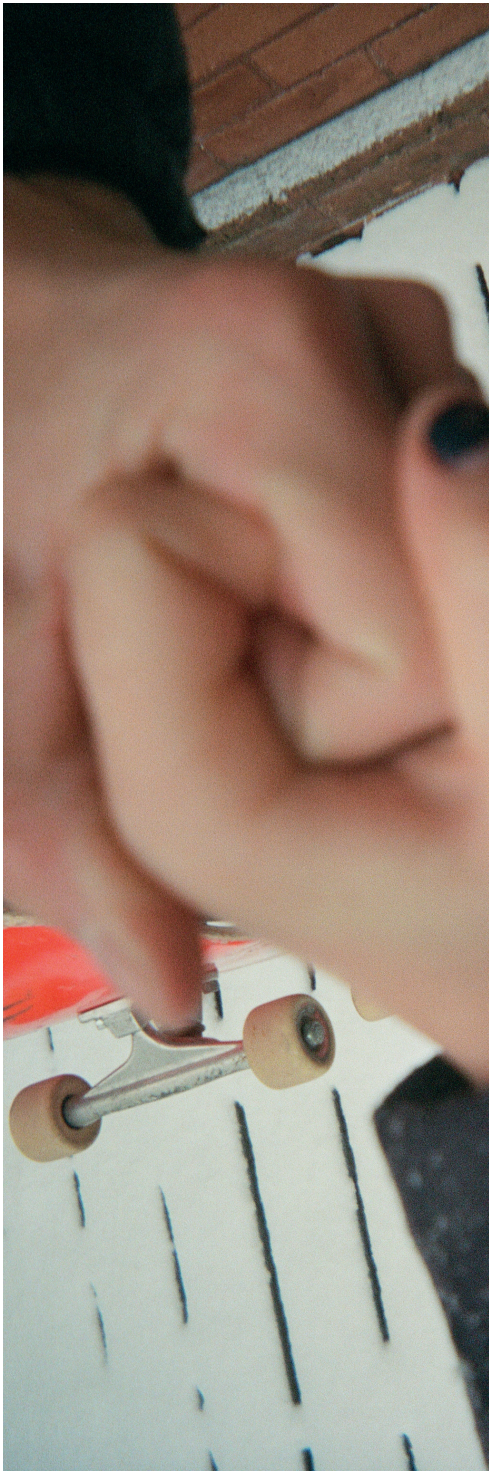
Today love speaks to me in closeness, in touch. When I hold you I can feel your warmth melt into my marrow, where blood is made before it reaches the heart, viscous with aching tang. Your touch transmits feeling in a way language could never achieve in absolution, and shows me the depths of your trust words could never say. Pour it in, darling, until everything between you and me is full.

Today love speaks to me in dignity and space. The sovereignty and agency granted in mutual recognition. It is the consideration you take for me, the attentiveness to my comfort. The meaningful brush against the inside of my wrist, the artful steer away from conversations I’d rather not have, the moments of pause where you allow me to acknowledge I’ve tripped over myself, and your outstretched hand held open to help me up again. The dignity you offer me is the glory of being known and understood and accepted in spite of it all.

This aria bridging you and me rings high and true. The sanctity of your heart is sacred, and like all things holy, it is terrific. Every pulse together slips through my fingers, desert-dust I cannot keep for every moment I am loved by you. To hold you and be held by you is to know why builders build and gardens grow. Need.

Yours in eternity,

Rue Yi
(Heart)



THE SPIRITUALITY OF ALGAE

by Tiana Dueck (Metamorphosis)

On April 10th, I visited a nearby waterfall with my mom. After a clumsy hike, I found a place to sit not far from the foot of this tall water monument. Glorious as it was, I couldn’t help but admire the green algae blooming at the foot of it. Taking a closer look, an earthy smell and the warm sound of the rushing stream buzzed around my brain. I paused for a moment to admire this elder of life on Earth — Algae is believed to have been on this earth for over 1.2 billion years.^[1] Around five times longer than



the oldest dinosaur, who evolved 260 million years after the first land plant. I find that there is something inherently spiritual about ancient things. Could you imagine if Eoraptors were as common as raccoons and skunks today? Comparably, the fact that we frequently find algae when visiting still bodies of water strikes me as an absolute miracle.

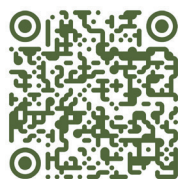
My fascination with algae began while rum-maging through Wikipedia for creative community name ideas. Eventually, I landed on Volvox: a polyphyletic genus of charophyte green algae, in the Volvocaceae family.^[2] Adding Vault, because we archive creative projects. Volvox form spherical colonies of up to 50,000 cells, and evolved from unicellular ancestors around 200 million years ago. The cool thing about volvox is that they are colonies which host a bunch of other colonies. I began to imagine volvox colonies as little worlds, where their floating daughter colonies represent diverse clubs of people. I visualized how this community is a whole in itself, yet made up of smaller colonies of friends (who create projects, articles, and such together), much like volvox. A colony of daughter colonies that all come together with tranquility in their diversity. In a balanced nature, they need each other to live. Similarly, instead of producing oxygen, we make art together (arguably just as important!). And like the charophyte green algae: we evolve — when we come together with trust and empathy.

From DNA and RNA analysis, it was found that many land plants may have evolved from a group of green algae called Charales or stoneworts, making charophytes a crucial evolutionary link in the phylogenetic tree of life.^[3] The fact that algae has sustained over a billion years of life for itself, and is responsible for the evolution of hundreds, maybe thousands of other plant species, has overtones of magic. Perhaps the volvox was on its way to becoming a land plant? Fifty to eighty of the world’s oxygen comes from the ocean: from algae, drifting plants, and other bacteria which photosynthesize. The family of Prochlorococcus algae alone produces 20% of the world’s oxygen.^[4]

With this, as if worshipping a deity, I thank it for playing a massive role in sustaining an atmosphere for all the emotions, relationships,

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For Naive Yearly 2023
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Zine curated & designed by Tiana Dueck.
Scan for the Volvox Observer digital archive.



and experiences I feel so lucky to have in my life. I'm choosy with what I worship, algae is pretty much the only exception. What's more is the astoundingly humble life of algae, this slimy stuff that we avoid when swimming. When you think of a god, you might think of some beautiful perfect person — while in reality, it looks that god may be a tiny mushy green spec on the face of this big-small world.

I take these philosophies with me as I host Volvox Vault (now Volvox Observer). Valuing community and humbleness. Alone, an alga's purpose is little to nothing. But, when part of a bloom, it can sustain a whole planet. It shows what can be accomplished through harmoniously supporting individuals as a community.

Algae and humans are similar in that they both have a reputation for being toxic. It's funny how algae has a tendency to destroy the very resource it provides — In harmful algal blooms, the algae depletes oxygen levels in natural waters to dangerous levels, killing organisms. Even once the bloom dies, the microbes which decompose it use even more oxygen, creating an oxygen depleted “dead zone” where no plants or animals can survive.^[5] Likewise, humans tend to curate different types of “dead zones” within the structures we build (i.e. war, poverty, racism, etc.). However, Newton's third law of motion: “For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction,” is true both in physics and philosophy. Algae gives and takes oxygen, while humans give and take... love? It's difficult to acknowledge the damage humans do to our planet and still believe Newton's sentiment... Yet I do, and I wonder what our opposite force might be. Perhaps Volvox [Observer] is a part of humanity's equal and opposite force, as an atmosphere for peacefully being and giving with love.

When I think about algae, I think about all life, and consider the contrast between our human lives versus that of algae. What more purpose do we have? If it's measurable, probably a lot less. What are our experiences in the scope of the universe? Sure, all of our inventions and accomplishments are fascinating; but, when we look at ourselves from far far away, like from the moon or mars, the most special thing about us is our sheer existence. It's as if some spiritual



part of algae understands this — that just being alive is enough — as it wades in the ocean. It is calming to know that the things we do may have no real meaning. To think that within a fraction of algae's long lineage of life, the dinosaurs came and went. Will we come and go as well? I free my ego in understanding 'tis impossible to be sure of any thing but death and algae.^[6]

1. Timeline of Photosynthesis on Earth, Scientific American | 2. Volvox, Wikipedia | 3. Charales, Wikipedia | 4. How much oxygen comes from the ocean?, National Ocean Service | 5. Algal bloom, Wikipedia | 6. Death and taxes (idiom), Wikipedia

Thank you for blooming with us.

Share your ideas with our community on
<https://volvox.observer/pond>
or introduce yourself over email to
hello@volvox.observer

Varmt tak til Kristoffer Tjalve.

UNO (excerpt)

by Kristoffer Tjalve & Ana Santl (Heart)

We arrived at Uno Station by train. The sun had already left, leaving the town in darkness. In the parking lot, our host was waiting, ready to take us to the guest house. The car was tiny, cute like Japan.

We woke up on futons, with the sun casting shadows through the thin rice-paper walls. We had toast and coffee for breakfast before taking the ferry to Teshima. There we picked mandarins and decided to prolong our stay.

In Sweden, Uno is a male name, meaning ‘to thrive, to be at peace.’ We didn't know this when we were in Japan, but it was there, we first got to know that you were on your way.

With love,
Ana & Kristoffer



24/11/19

DEAR FUTURE POTENTIAL CHILD,

IT IS NOVEMBER. YOUR MOM AND I ARE IN JAPAN. WE LEFT BEHIND A COLD, DARK, FALL HITEN COPENHAGEN TO HAVE TWO WEEKS FAR EAST. WE ARE ALREADY IN THE SECOND OF THOSE WEEKS. TIME GOES FAST AS YOU'LL SOON ENOUGH LEARN. WE HAD ONE WEEK IN TOKYO. ONE WEEK WHERE THE TEMPERATURE WENT UP AND DOWN AND UP AGAIN. FROM +20 DEGREES TO 3°C. NOW WE ARE BACK AROUND 14-15°C AS WE ARE SITTING HERE IN A TRADITIONAL JAPANESE HOUSE IN A SMALL TOWN TOWN CALLED UNO. YOUR MOM IS DRAWING. SHE USES HER FAVORITE CRAYONS. I AM SURE YOU KNOW WHICH ONE I AM TALKING ABOUT BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS. JUST LIKE YOU RECOGNIZE THAT MY TRAIN OF THOUGHTS GET SIBERIALIZED AND INTER OF EXPLAINING HOW YOUR MOM ATTENTIVELY ADDS DOTS AND LINES TO THE POSTERED SIZED PAPER, IDENTICAL TO WHAT YOU NOW ARE READING, I HAVE USE THE LIMITED SPACE TO DO YOU KNOW WE WERE CONSIDERING CALLING YOU UNO? DID YOU KNOW, THAT THE PHOTO OF YOUR MOM IN THE KINOMATO WITH BLUE FLOWERS WAS TAKEN FROM UNO? DID YOU KNOW THAT WE DECIDED TO LET YOU SLEEP ON A FURON MATTRESS AND DEEPER OF SLEEPS RIGHT NEXT TO EACH OTHER. JAPAN IS EIGHT HOURS AHEAD, SO WHEN YOU'LL SEE THE SUNRISE FROM EAST, WE HAVE ALREADY SEEN IT SHIFT FROM RED TO BRIGHT. IT TAKES ITS OWN AROUND THE WORLD. SOON IT'S DARK. BUT DON'T WORRY. IT WILL RISE AGAIN. AND I LOVE YOU AND YOUR MOM, IN DARKNESS AND LIGHTNESS. Pk

CLEANING DIARY: SATURDAY
by Athena Scott (website)

If I do my dishes while waiting for my tea to steep, maybe E will text me back, will tell me why her last message was three hours ago, why it ended in a period, cold and hard and distant.

If I wash the pots from last night and our two matcha-stained mugs from breakfast, and the whisk and milk steamer and cereal bowls and water glasses, then as the dishes drip onto the drying rack I might feel calm and light and less and less dizzy.

If I fold my towels, pair the socks, and hang my dresses, then a friend might reach out and invite me somewhere fun to wear them this weekend. Spring might come sooner, last longer.

If I take the trash out to the curb, then my neighbour might wave me over and I'd have only funny things to say, and they'd invite me over for dinner to drink their fancy wine from the cellar.

If I replace the wilted flowers on my bookshelf with fresh tulips, would I bake more? Paint more? Lay out in the park and read poetry more often?

A person with fresh flowers wouldn't miss deadlines, wouldn't be so sad when her friends are too busy to hang out. The sun would stretch further into my home, and I'd have more room to entertain, more friends to host, more time to create, more ideas to excite me.

It wouldn't take much: I could do the dishes and take out the trash and sweep the floors and fold the laundry and make the bed and wipe down the counters and scrub the shower tiles—and by then, I might not even mind the smaller things: the candle wax on the dining table or the blueberry that fell on the kitchen floor, crushed under my toes before breakfast.

Two hours until E gets here and that could be enough to get a handle on things, should be.

But first, I'll close my eyes for a minute or twenty. I'll kick today's socks onto the floor next to yesterday's and curl up in the corner of the couch. I'll fold a worn sweater under my head and nap.

The kale chips will burn in the oven:
E will love me anyway.

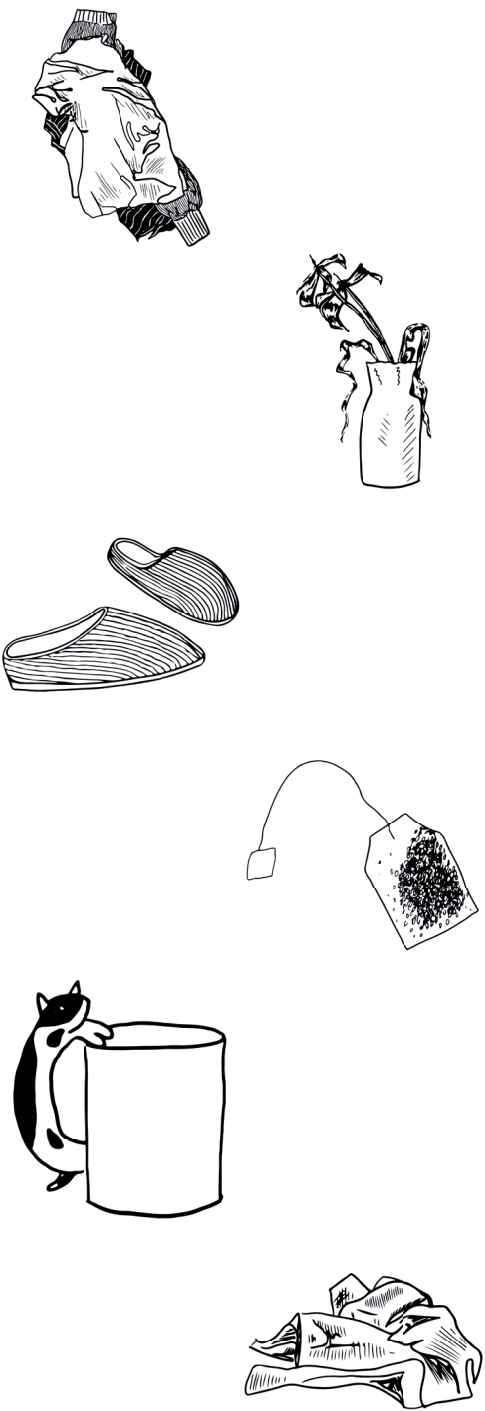


echo of our whispers, behaving upside down. Like the song that we discovered that night, four years ago, the quarry remains unspoiled – or at least I wish it can remain so. I try to watch over my resources.

For how long will we be there until we no longer feel like it?

Sometimes I fable about my last time at the quarry. I imagine a party. Could be a wedding ceremony, or a graduation, or any other celebration that would justify itself. Around twenty to fifty people. A generator, some sources of light, and speakers on its four corners facing inwards. For one night, the coyotes would be scared away; the sand would be turned over on itself and I would step on spiders as I climb up the dunes, and finally dangle my feet, lay down, and look up...

But I'm curious to what would happen after. It wouldn't feel right to return again – much like one often stops listening to a musician after attending their concert, the celebration at the quarry would also be one of farewell. I wonder how close we are until that happens. In the meantime, we tend to it the best we can.
– LUISA CRUZ



2. AND THIS IS JUST FINE
My cowboy boots feel uneven on this gravel road. I curl and hug myself into a ball, the same way I would when I have a good cry. The autumn wind seeps through the holes of my sweater. My silly friends are laughing at silly things, we start to walk back. It's around 6pm meaning we have only one more hour left of daylight, perhaps it's a good idea to be horizontal until it's time for us to cook dinner together. An ATV zooms past us as we all start to trot down a hill. The old man and little girl sitting in front of him wave at us with a tilt to their head, they sense our foreignness yet they welcome it. Their tracks cast the road with a mist of sand and dust, the same way the light breeze would brush off the dunes during sun down where I spent my young adolescence living in the desert. My worlds colliding.

I realize I am now walking on my own, having experimented with my speed finding amusement in the gravel's instability against my boot. Ahead of me, my friend stands still in the middle of the road with his back slouched as it usually is. His hands rest in his pockets as he stares up at the sky. It is indeed a beautiful sky today. I do the same thing. My eyes start to fixate on one specific cloud and I ask it, in my head of course, how will you be in a few months? Will you be dark, grey and crying? Or will you still be bright, white and cumulus? I do not and will not know the answer to this as I am aware it will be some time until my friends and I return to this place, and that is just fine with us.

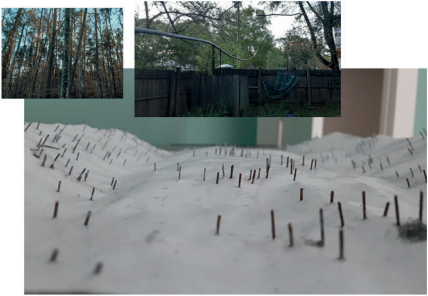
My other friend who walks behind me, slightly hidden behind trees that dance from the gust of wind, is hunched over a bush on the side of the road. I can tell she is making a bouquet. I've never liked bouquets. The idea of ripping a rose away from its root, from its home, no longer appeared delightful to me when wrapped in decorated plastic and a colorful ribbon. When I was asked to prom many years ago now, my partner presented me with a bouquet of my favorite snacks rather than flowers. I thought it to be a nice gesture. Although, I think I am starting to appreciate bouquets a bit more now. My friend enjoys making them during different seasons, I suppose it's a lot sweeter than having

FLORAL MEMORY
by Henry Holtgeerts (Metamorphosis)

01 – Carrboro, North Carolina is a small town with no municipal laws to prohibit flyering. Here, an overactive information network has emerged, stapled to wooden telephone poles. Over the years, these posters have layered, like a growth of new bark on a tree. After a series of storms in February, some of the heaviest sheets were knocked loose.



02 – While separating one stack of posters, a miniature forest of rusted staples began to surface. I considered getting a tetanus booster. An adventuring archeologist might get vaccinated against disease specific to a foreign land. Around this time, a power line fell in my yard.



03 – I would lay the posters out by year, photographing each one. The oldest were from 2012. Through 2016, many are entirely fused together by decomposition. My favorite promoted a series of vape trick competitions hosted by a local smoke shop.



BLAND SUSHI
by Rebecca Clarke (Metamorphosis)

There are two sides of my brain when I cook. One side is responsible for a collection of cookbooks nestled above my kitchen cabinet. They've helped me create creamy tomato soups, rich, gooey chocolate cakes and every kind of sweet fruit pie - full of enough sugar to make your mouth buzz. There's a beginner Korean cookbook aptly titled Seoul Food with my favourite steaming, spicy rice cakes or Tteokbokki, and The Sopranos Family Cookbook featuring Artie Bucco's Ziti al Forno. So far I've gone through two huge bricks of parmigiano-reggiano during the pandemic. I've also started my own make-shift recipe collection in an old Five Star binder. It holds all of my parent's best meals and a section of dishes I've found along the way, like New York style bagels and crab rangoon. This side of my brain excitedly buys fresh clams and oysters and mixes a makeshift Old Bay seasoning for a seafood boil. It orders sea urchin sushi or uni and revels in the fusion of delicate soft roe and fluffy rice with a hint of ginger. It whips up Mom's Fettuccine Alfredo when I long for a familiar taste of home.

The other side of my brain reminds me that the absolute safest way to thaw frozen meat is in the fridge overnight, but if you need it done faster you can thaw it in a bowl of cold water, changing the water every 30 minutes. If I leave it on the counter; it will slowly thaw, sweat and suffocate in its sealed plastic, until it reaches the danger zone, opening its muscles to the previously frozen bacteria. What if I see fuzzy, green mould on my cheese, can I just cut that part off? My Mom says yes. Can cooked pork be pink inside? I know red meat can, but pork isn't red. How much pink is too much? I know chicken can't be pink. Did I wipe the counter down after I cut the raw pork? I did. No I didn't. I did. No-Are you sure I can just cut the mould off? When baking a potato in foil, never let them cool below 60 degrees celsius as these conditions could allow the botulism toxin to grow. If consumed, it can cause paralysis and death. I can't taste my first bite of pork at dinner because this side of my brain is keeled over, fevered and wheezing from placebo food

poisoning.
I usually push through, that side of my brain hasn't completely stopped me from enjoying a dish with pork and baked potatoes. Cooking still acts as a wonderful diversion from a particularly trying year. We've been given more opportunities than usual to question our own mortality this year. My hands are cracked from soap and sanitizer and my garbage is full of discarded masks. I get to experience my outings twice, always retracing my steps. What did I touch, who was too close to me? I've spent days envisioning my COVID-19 sickness: They will be shocked at how viciously it took down a relatively healthy, young woman. No one but her saw it coming. Yet the other side of my brain knew no one who had tested positive. Maybe I'll be lucky enough to make it through?
And then fittingly, on April fools day, 2021, my partner Jan tested positive for COVID-19. We were sharing popcorn, hands glistening with butter, watching a movie. Then he received an email from the test centre and we froze. I grabbed a pillow and made my bed on the couch in our 600 square foot apartment. To finish the day in high spirits,
I made us pork and shrimp kabobs with caramelized honey garlic glaze, roasted vegetables and rice. The savoury scents wafted into our bedroom and Jan petitioned to come stand by the kitchen door with a mask. The next night we opted to talk on the phone from our separate rooms while enjoying grilled sandwiches with pineapple ham, cheddar cheese, pickled cabbage and a sweet tomato chutney that reminds me of a jam my grandma used to make. The next night Jan was up sick. I made him food even after he told me he wasn't hungry. Don't eat it then, I bellowed, immediately regretting. Campbells mushroom soup: It was a bit too salty. He eventually finished his bowl. The day after, Jan couldn't keep his food down. I made bread with butter and jam just in case. It was left uneaten. The days mushed together, my back ached from the stiff couch and I was too tired to cook. Every time I used the bathroom I choked on lysol spray and my hands glowed red from feverishly washing dishes and hard surfaces. The blue light from crappy reality shows burned onto my eyes deep into the night

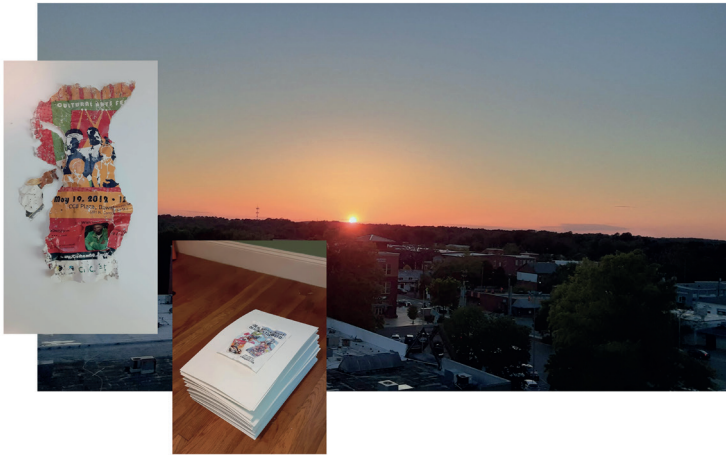
04 — Springtime came to Carrboro, and the flowers were beautiful. Some bloomed so briefly, before rain washed their petals to the ground.



05 — In the Carolina North Forest there is an old tree, living on a rock, surrounded by new growth. Resting a palm on an exposed root, I first began to worry about the poster project. Thoughts of temporality, flowers, and the rings of a sawed off trunk gave me pause. Where had my impulse toward preservation come from? Why had I instinctively extracted each poster into new context, laying them out year by year? Was the project operating in violation of some collective agreement about the nature of events and communal memory?



06 — I eventually finished separating the stack, but I only look at them one at a time.



as I tried to distract from the horrific, detailed scenarios creeping into my brain. Half asleep and watching starchy bubbles pop in the rice cooker, I thought of every place I had gone, everyone I had seen. Why did I decide to drop a gift off with my 80-year-old Grandma last week... The bacteria slowly seeped into our muscles. Panic boiled through my stomach.

The following night, 2:30am, Jan faintly called me to the door of our bedroom, struggling to breath. We hadn't come in contact in a week. I rubbed his back and timidly called 911. I stood outside in his sandals looking at him through the side door of the ambulance. I couldn't hear what the paramedics were saying. The overhead lighting made him look so pale. I did not sleep. The next morning, doctors advised that he should stay with his parents when he was discharged. I skipped breakfast and spent the whole day deep cleaning our apartment, quarantining every item he touched that I could not scrub with disinfectant into our spare room. At least once everything is clean, I am safe, I told myself. That afternoon I got my newest test results in. Positive. The red letters glared at me through the screen. My fears had now completely proven themselves, it was all coming together as I had imagined it. I called my Mom and let it all flood out, the taste of salt dripped onto my lips. That night I ordered a cheesy pizza, swallowed every type of vitamin I had in my apartment and rotated between a constant flow of orange juice and water. I changed our bedsheets and laid my head back. I took my first deep breath all week. I tried calling Jan but there was no answer. I shut my phone off and I waited for my inevitable sickness.

While taking a break from scrutinizing every ache and pain I may or may not have imagined, I forced myself to make Fettuccine Alfredo. It is full of butter, garlic and parmesan; topped with juicy cherry tomatoes and crisp green onion. I set up my dinner in bed and took a photo of the meal to send to her, my mouth watering. The first bite was warm and creamy. I chewed as I decided on what reality show to watch. Swallowed. Smacked my lips. The aftertaste was a little off. Halfway through the meal I could barely taste the cheese. But it was a new brand of Parmesan - that had to be it. That night I had

a pop tart, emulating myself as a child stuck at home from school sick. All I could taste was the inside of my mouth. I finally realized my symptoms had arrived. My taste was gone. I stopped cooking and ate soups and bread for lunch and dinner. What is the point of good food without flavour? I lay in bed, thinking about Jan as he gasped for air, wondering if he was going to come home.

A small infinity (1.5 weeks) later, Jan turned a corner, and soon he was home. I wasn't developing any more symptoms, and my taste was slowly creeping back. It was a difficult few weeks but, everything is fine, you can already start to taste again, my Mom reminded me. You really thought he wasn't going to come home?? I didn't know how to respond without sounding ridiculous. The urge to prepare for the worst takes over. To celebrate Jan's recovery, we ordered copious amounts of takeout sushi at his request. After scrubbing down every takeout package, and calculating how long all of the raw fish had been sitting out three times, I enjoyed a few pieces of bland fatty tuna, and imagined what seafood poisoning feels like.

I've spent years fearing moments that never came true. And almost as much time wishing I could stop worrying. You'd think I would catch on and save myself some grief. But the recipe for our cures and strength isn't neatly printed in cookbooks, and you can't look it up online either. This change within almost always simmers on low; the aromas need time to build and infuse and create a mosaic of delectable flavours. More time than we would like. But, during those fearful times, there are really only two solid options ahead of you: you can cook dinner or you can order in. Just make sure it's good, whatever meal you choose. Even if you can't taste it.



it presented in a grocery store next to the cold cut meats.

By the bush where she stands is a long wired fence where a rusty lime green barn sits. There lives the two most beautiful horses I've ever set my eyes on. Chestnut brown with white spots, or maybe they are white horses spotted brown? Questions I don't care to have answered.

One of the horses starts to run, as though it is running away from a bee buzzing by its ear or maybe it was something else. The horse looked powerful and majestic and free, so free that I realize we have all paused in our tracks captivated by its form.

I thought to myself I should go check on one of them, make sure they are okay and ask if they wanted any company. But then I thought I am quite content with being on my own right now. They must feel the same. They must have similar thoughts running through their minds, similar senses and realizations and one can only experience this when by themselves. At this moment I was alone, but I was not lonely. — *MIVAN MAKIA*

3. FAMILIARITY OF SPACES

As we progress through our everyday lives, we find ourselves engaging in a dance unknown to us all. Embracing the inevitably of change. An eternal flux which we have no choice but to abide by. We change our surroundings, environment, and routine, in the hopes of reaching a destination unknown to us. Unknown yet in-

triguing enough for us to pursue. Throughout this all there are some spaces which, unlike us, seem to remain unchanged. The familiarity in these spaces serves as a reminder of what has been, and what is yet to come. As I recollect fragments of memories from the last five years, I find myself anchoring them to one place; a school bus converted into a cottage on the outskirts of Quebec. I know that in the midst of the madness of life there is a space awaiting my return, a capsule of self-discovery and unhinged expression. Although I can vividly remember the first time I was there, I have trouble remembering the person I was back then. I remember staring out at the little green lake, watching the water glisten as the sun went down. I sat in a lazyboy listening to Chet Baker as I held a hot tea steeped in psilocybin mushrooms. Once the sun had finally set I found myself no longer staring out at the lake, but instead at my own reflection. I'm having difficulty encapsulating that moment into words, but somehow I feel like I knew that the moment which I was experiencing was one of great change, a change I could not fathom at the time. I find myself longing for the moment in which I return to sit and watch the water glisten from the little green lake, embracing the familiarity of the space once more as a catalyst for self reflection. — *JOEL RODRIGUEZ*



LITTLE GREEN LAKE

by *Luísa Cruz, Mivan Makia, & Joel Rodriguez (Heart)*

A fine example of the Canadian landscape, and one of the greatest North American traditions, the cottage (and “cottage culture”) was only introduced to us in recent years. One of these chalets, located by a lake not far away from Ottawa, has slowly become our second home - an urban antidote where we aim to go with a quasi-ritualistic timing and intent. Whether we're making dinner in the house, hiking by forests, roads and quarries, or swimming, we're there with one single aim: to idle. Most importantly, we reunite with ourselves, with our friends and with the landscape around us. This is a homage to what goes on in our hearts and minds whenever we wander, watching time pass by the little green lake.



1. CELEBRATION

“The moist glint of moonlight on the glossy leaves of the forest shii oak [...] pierces the heart, and makes you yearn for the distant capital and a friend of true sensibility to share the moment with you.” — Kenko The night before I went to the quarry, four years ago, my friends and I drove through foggy roads and queued up songs to avoid the boredom of the late night drive. One song stood out to us, traveling through our stay and along the following months, until it eventually got replaced by other novelties. Now, I avoid listening to it as much as I can. Not because I don't enjoy it anymore, but every time I play it, it brings me to my first visit to the quarry, and the more I listen to it, the less it touches. The more diluted it gets. So I watch over my resources. There it is, surrounded by old growth forest, looking out to the lake, past the gravel road

where we walk, barefoot, often waving at the neighbours passing by in their pickup trucks. I can head there with my eyes closed, and usually do so. In order to get there, you have to take a detour on the left, cross the tree tunnel, and skip a rusted fence. (I wonder what was mined in the quarry. We search for clues and find little answers. Whatever it was, it's now stripped to sand: I've found bullets, golf balls, skeletons, shrubs, butterflies, ATV tracks. But no quartzes, no limestone.) I secretly ask permission to enter. To our luck, we discovered the landscape once again untouched, after many years, decades perhaps, of overburden and exploitation. The permission is granted to us when we assume the position of childlike wool-gatherers, of guides, or of bystanders. In the quarry, we've spent days and nights listening to the sound of falling rocks, creating desire paths up the dunes, hearing the