



MINISTRY OF NOMADS

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The Centre Of Gravity, Permanent Damage and the Hermit Crab

Bitá Fayyazí

TrunKated, 2nd Episode

There is at the centre of mother earth, the centre of gravity, hot molten larva and from time to time it erupts to create mountains, islands and seas. Like a pressure cooker, this excess energy needs safety valves to let off the heat and steam so the planet earth does not explode. Are these terrifying armour clad chimney pieces the safety valves that mother needs to protect herself? Dangerous, hard, shining scales on the outside and hollow silent, infinitely mysterious and spent on the inside.

When a porcelain object is in one piece; tense and virginal with no cracks, it is precious and perfect. Once it has been broken and mended it is always vulnerable and open to criticism; second hand.

The hermit crab with its soft vulnerable underbelly has no permanent home and adopts empty shells that have no resemblance to it as a temporary shelter protecting itself. An exterior that betrays nothing of its weakness thus a disguise or another persona; an empty shell that the spirit has crawled out of.

Fereydoun Ave, 2013

"TrunKated"

Truncated be our life, our story, our speech.

Any single act can be curtailed, cut off and affected, yet the acts put in sequence drive us forward drifting as in fast running stream.

I was separated from the others by that fierce current. Swept off my feet by the great winds, dragging me across to distant horizons. Looking down i passed many nations, great swathes of land and circled over mountains. All along I knew that everything that passed below had a name, an identity, yet i was a mere observer without a true appreciation of what i beheld.

So i continued my journey over many lands. In my oblivion eventually i could not detect any noticeable differences from one place to the other, between one man and the next. Each and everyone drifted by as in a homogeneous blur.

All the same, one cannot journey without being affected.

Along the way i picked up much detritus which weighed me down.

I became a burden, so much so that even the great winds would no longer hold me aloft and i was dropped to the ground discarded.

I was picked up, groomed and placed here to be displayed for your interest.

Bitá Fayyazí, 2013