

Luca about Azim

english version

Azim F. Becker gets up, stretches once, twice, and brews tea. While waiting for the kettle, he looks out the window, wondering why there are no small doves, but they are all the same size. He ponders what the "F" in his name stands for again. Hibiscus flowers, steeped at 90 degrees. Worried about burning himself, he puts the cup in the fridge for a moment. Then he conceives an artwork titled... where colors shoot out from a wall. Because the materials are costly, he cancels his mobile phone contract and opts for Hypoxin resin instead of mobile data. As he observes himself in the mirror and suddenly feels completely alien, with the "F" in his name, he combs his hair. The alienation leads him to the completely insane thought that if he himself isn't sure what the "F" in his name stands for, why are there surveillance cameras everywhere. Since the cup is now completely cooled in the fridge, he puts on new water. He wonders what shape young, just-hatched doves could have and conceives a concrete cake. Maybe for Fichte, he thinks, maybe the "F" stands for Fichte. Or Ficus. The surveillance cameras in this city must have pictures of young doves, he thinks. He no longer remembers which topic interests him more, young doves or surveillance cameras. While he places the second cup of tea, this time not in the fridge but on the windowsill to cool down, a verse for a new song comes to mind:
F is for everyone who was ever interested in F.

Luca D. Calluso

... I wonder what the D stands for.