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☉ To believe that the space of the nomad is smooth is to never have been a nomad ☉ The conveyance that is both viewpoint and home, the vehicle that is the Einsteinian center of and perspectival lens upon landscapes urban or otherwise, cannot travel freely in all directions across deserts of sand or asphaltum ☉ No, it follows itineraries, itineraries determined by the sustenance of the transiting self, itineraries that must converge upon such stuff of life as water, food, sounds, sights, sociability, that which may prevent the body from withering to dust and the soul to shadow ☉ It is the stark protuberant contrast of such everyday stuff, the waterspouts and date palms and spires outstretched to milk the teat of God, commanded to rear up from off the vast and undistinguished plains of Id, that render even the most prosaic of things an event, a spectacle, a beckoning baited basin of attraction into which itineraries are compelled to pour, commingle and find themselves forevermore ensnared ☉ For stuff is not merely a thing but a process, the mass of stuff must necessarily wrap about itself like a patterned carpet the vast flatness of the undistinguished plains of space and time so that all else tumbles inwards, to converge and be consigned its proper place ☉ Whereas the fountain's basin sits amidst the dune-bound garden to sooth and sustain the floral carpets of an imagineered paradise, so too does that basin draw those flowers up about itself from across the face of the world and stake them to an ornamental cross-axis that all the world is forced to bear ☉ And so too does its very presence command the attendance, compel the gathering and choreograph the collision of the itineraries, the conveyances, the bodies and the souls of nomads ☉