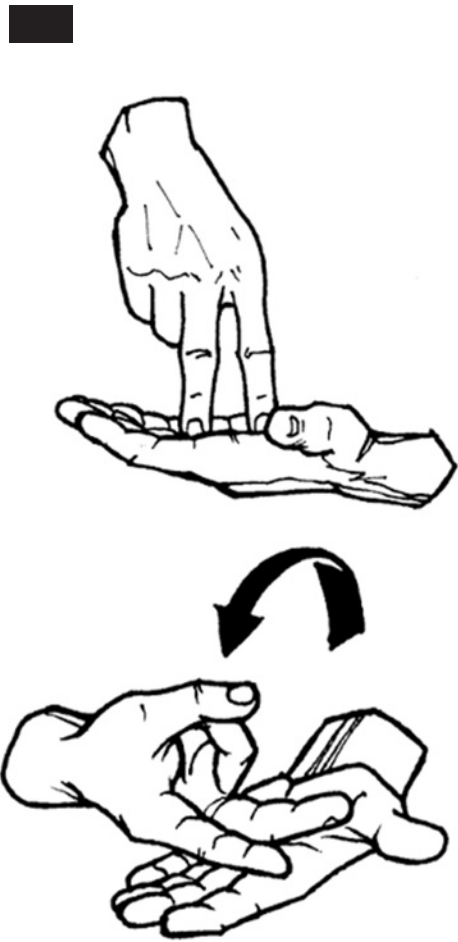


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FALLING

Aliaskar
Abarkas
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#1
Analogy of fall

THE SUBJECT OF THE FALL

The fall's subject exists through its motion, through its journey from one point to another. The subject experiences changes and transformations during its descent, yet remains a unified and consistent entity. The fluctuations that come with the fall shape the subject's essence, creating a defining narrative and constructing its identity. The subject of the fall embodies the truth that motion and change are integral parts of existence, and its experiences serve as a testament to this.

THE VELOCITY OF THE FALL

The subject's velocity is a mystery, a symphony, a dance with a unique tempo, with each subject playing its melody in motion. Despite the common belief that all bodies, heavy or light, fall at the same rate, the truth is that each subject moves at its own pace, with its own rhythm. The speed of the fall determines the subject's path, trajectory, and its arrival time. The fall is a musical event, where each subject's velocity creates a polyphony of interconnected melodies. Though each subject is unique,



they all fall towards a lower equilibrium, a tranquil state resulting from their individual movements, each adding to the whole.

GRAVITY

Gravity is the irresistible force that draws all things towards a common centre. Its presence, both actual and potential, permeates every particle, be it still or fallen. Gravity existed before any object fell and will persist until the end of time, affecting each body differently.


Fallenness is a unique state of being, where one is captured by the gravitational pull and must move forward. This pull is like a siren's song, tempting and alluring, a desire leaving one with no choice but to surrender. In moments of turbulence, when no single source of power dominates, the only certainty is descent.

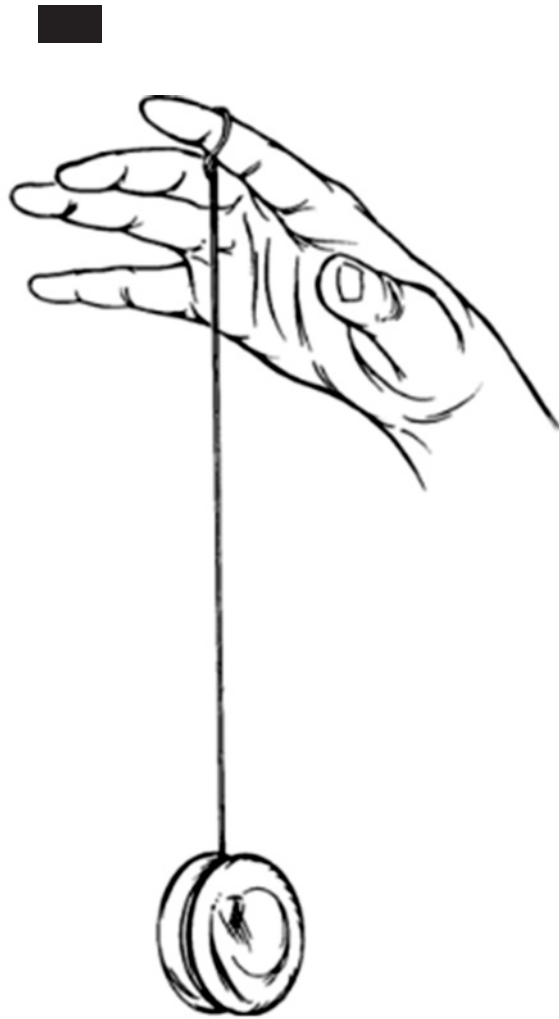
To gravitate is to submit, and the fallen must dance to the limits of their freedom, unable to resist the pull. There is no "will", only fate, leading to eventual decay or evaporation, rising upwards and slowly

fading away: smoke becoming or evaporating—losing entire weight.

To overcome gravity, to levitate, is to resist temptation, to attain a state beyond the human realm. Everything falls unless it defies the pull, transcending to a celestial existence, like Prophet Mohammad's journey to the seventh heaven during the Night of "Miraj." Conversely, Icarus, with his mortal wings, fell to his death, succumbing to gravity's grasp.

The fall may be downwards and then upwards, repetitively, like a yoyo, entangled in a banal and stochastic performance of past and future.






THE ENVIRONMENT OF THE FALL

The fall's environment is a tapestry woven from countless threads, each different and inconsistent, making every fall a unique masterpiece. If there is a law, it is the ceaseless diversity of each fall's situation. The subject of the fall, the velocity, and the force of gravity are all integral parts of this intricate tapestry, each contributing to the fall's overarching story. The situation is the holistic ecology that sustains it, nurturing the fall's progression.

TIME

The journey of the fallen is marked by a continual shift in perspective. The horizon is in a constant state of crisis. The subject's time experience is shaped by their movement and the tempo of each event, each moment adding to their evolving identity.

The destination of the fall is the performance of an uncertain future, shaped by the direction of their descent and the flow of time within their experience. The journey is necessary, but each location



changes pace, and each rhythm is entirely random. This notion is musical and, therefore, mathematical—it could be calculated and speculated, but never wholly determined. Though there will always be an end, it could be distant, and beyond sight. The velocity of the fall could unpredictably accelerate and bring the end suddenly, or it could stretch on perpetually.

DESTINATION

Falling is a journey through time that carries the subject from the point of departure to a final destination. The landing is the fate of the fallen, a destiny of either destruction or renewal.

To speculate on the kind of world that the fallen will eventually settle in is an exercise in futility, as the moment of arrival marks the end of existence as it once was. Disintegration may be a moment of transformation, where the fallen are sown to germinate, bloom, and metamorphose into a new form. Collective action may transform a new world that the fallen will inhabit.

The future is uncertain, but it is reasonable to consider the moment of landing. After all, every fall must end; another will always be waiting at the vertigo of existence, ready to be thrown into the unknown. The journey through time, the fall, is an odyssey of becoming, a transformation of identity, a translation of the self.




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To have been present in that fateful moment when the statue of Reza Shah fell by the fervent will of the people. The deafening crash of the marble figure splintering into countless shards, the exultant voices of the masses singing out in unison, carrying them for a brighter future to come. The triumph was short-lived, as the memory was later eclipsed by the countless victims who fell under the brutal regime that followed. The once-vibrant shouts of the people faded to a whisper, as lifeless bodies crashed to the ground, staining the water fountains crimson red. The people's cries for justice and freedom continue echoing: "Zan, Zendegei, Azadi."



#2





To fall is to go beyond the point of return. No longer the vertigo. The static becomes a dynamic being and begins to speed up increasingly. Always on the move, the fallen becomes another to itself, suspended in infinite possibilities. Falling is fundamentally a contingent event. The term “chance” has its roots in the Latin “cadentia”, meaning “to fall”, showing chance as beyond control, like the randomness in the fall of a dice.

Thrown into a world or diverted from one world to another, each time along another line, indefinitely: falling in the play of mirrors. One singular event reflected eternally. An exile from one point to another permanently dislocated. Imagination helps us to establish a beginning that leads us to hope for a particular point of arrival. Nevertheless, a leap allows us to free ourselves for a moment from gravity—a crack in the optics—and experience time, space and sensation.


Catapulted in a new state, held in the possible, awaiting a different tense of being. A new hierarchy of perception that results from shifting orientation. Falling is a way of avoiding the responsibility and

freedom of our choices. It is unsettling, but liberating. It is an alienation, a hallucination—the constant renewing of the relations of semblances. Falling is updating appearance in revealing matter as perspective. The fallen gains consciousness by acknowledging the present moment as plural.

Our thoughts unfurl in every direction, but they are twisted and blurred in the distance. Falling is the shedding of old knowledge. Every movement of the fall is a new position in our space. Every movement inhabits a different temporality. It is to decompose the object of the thought: the movement of fall.

The beginning, the end, and whatever is in between will be the story of each fall. Who is telling the stories? Who is telling the story about stories? Mapping out the chain of storytellers could point towards the arrow in thinking. Everything that falls will be a nomad in time.

Every fall, every plummet towards the earth, carries a moment of reckoning—the moment of landing. But not every fall leads to destruction. Some bodies defy gravity.



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At the moment of landing, everything changes. The fallen are reborn or rise in a different form. They are transformed, transfigured by the experience. The man who falls and rises again is no longer a mortal but a creature of chance and fate. He is an angel, gifted. He is more than human.

I close my eyes and drift off. Like Alice down the rabbit hole, let my imagination take me—

I dropped the pen. That's enough for now.

I HAVE BEEN FALLING
AND ALL YOU DID WAS
WATCH ME GOING DOWN

