



containers



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As we gradually comprehend the variety of containers we found ourselves in, all familiar and distinctive features keeping us stable and secure to our personal reality blur and fade. We are already far away from our ordinary life. Our urban and natural landscapes, the sound topographies, the early morning and the afternoon rituals. The networks of friends and meetings, the ordinary and radical routes into our cities or, further more, to the nearby forests and seafronts. We have traveled a distance and met. Creating a unity, a collection, a meditative and active pocket of activists aiming to read this part of a far away city and create a set of thoroughly examined and designed ideas, the bedrock for a possible reformation of the city. Our rooms, the prime containers we are now call homes are simple, minimal cases securing our demanding pass through this unique and extraordinary landscape. The working hall and the spacious

terrace form another container, a stand were we all stare at that heavy storm over the mountain peaks in the first night. The surrounding mountain ridges and indentations constitute another container where the undisturbed natural identity is offered not just to our eyes but to our will to walk and identify its remarkable uniqueness. The multiple groups sustaining variations of expressions deployed and burst between and into their existence are containers too. Carrying all stochastic and meditative activity that will soon - and soon it was happened – transformed to accurate and powerful sets of ideas. The brief discussions into the vast valley we've walk through, the feeling of being far away, the writing into the tranquility of the morning, the sheltering of the body into the shadow of a big tree, the staring of the birds while they are trying to build a nest ...all recognizable patterns of behaviors and actions into this field of life.

