

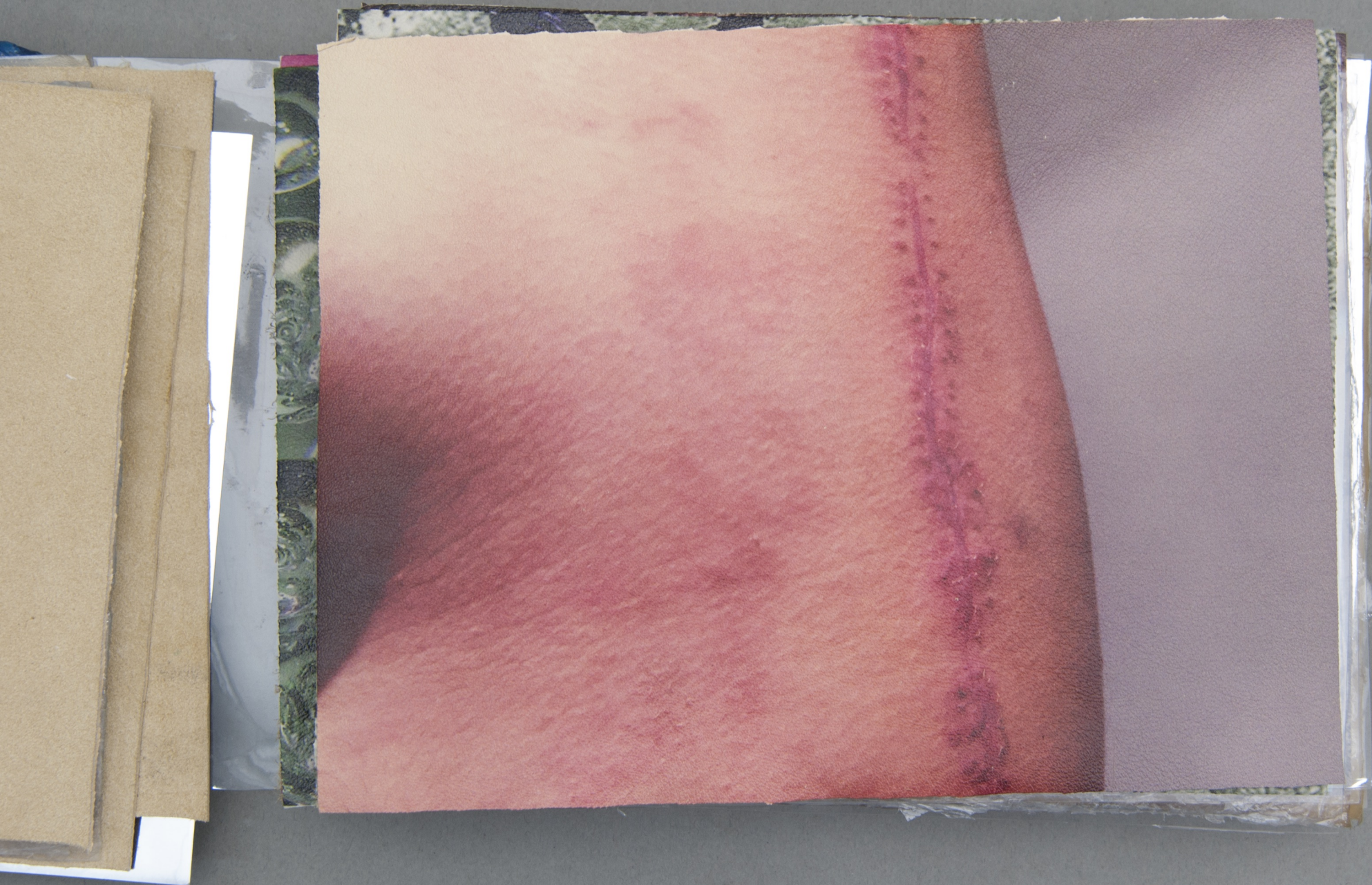


Glass is

Skin is

Memory is a map, a record of
a journey. It is the scratches,
the record of tooling the surface
of glass, that can be seen when
the glass cools. Sometimes this
perfect memory resides at an
almost vanishing point, but
sometimes, given the right
conditions— even ordinary
sunlight, that hits the glass at
a particular angle— it gleams.

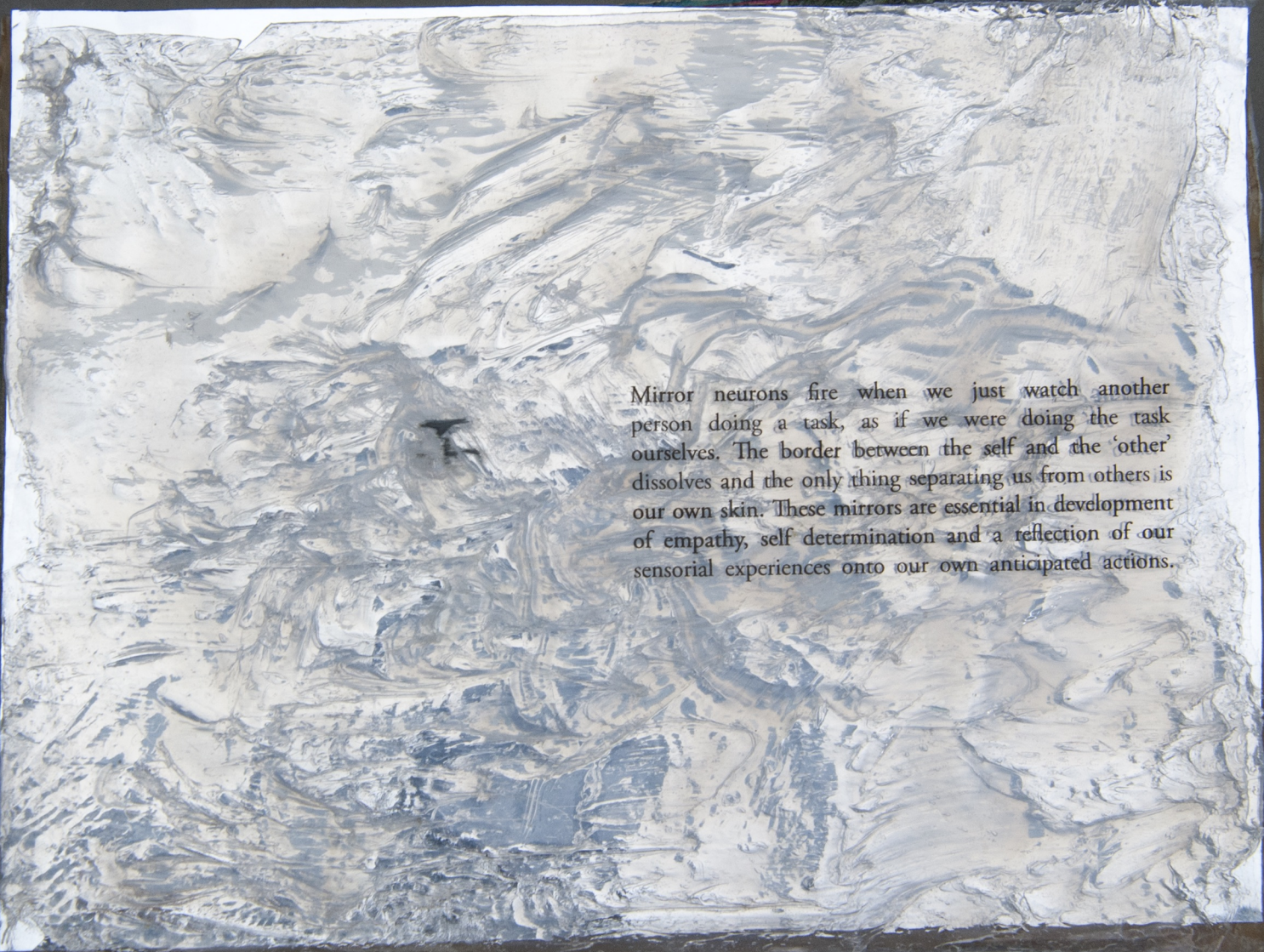
Memory has been here
forever. It's been here all this
while— on my skin— I have
settled in, inside it. My skin is
mostly tame, just weathered
and scarred where
it's been scratched. I carry a
projection from what my gloves
perforate, like a souvenir
of my labor. The stitching at
the ends forms a line, a blank
that might one day be filled.



A little known alternative preparation ritual for absinthe is the "glass-in-a-glass" method. It involves placing the absinthe dose in a small stemmed glass inside a much larger glass, then slowly dripping water until all the absinthe in the small glass has been displaced and has overflowed into the larger glass.

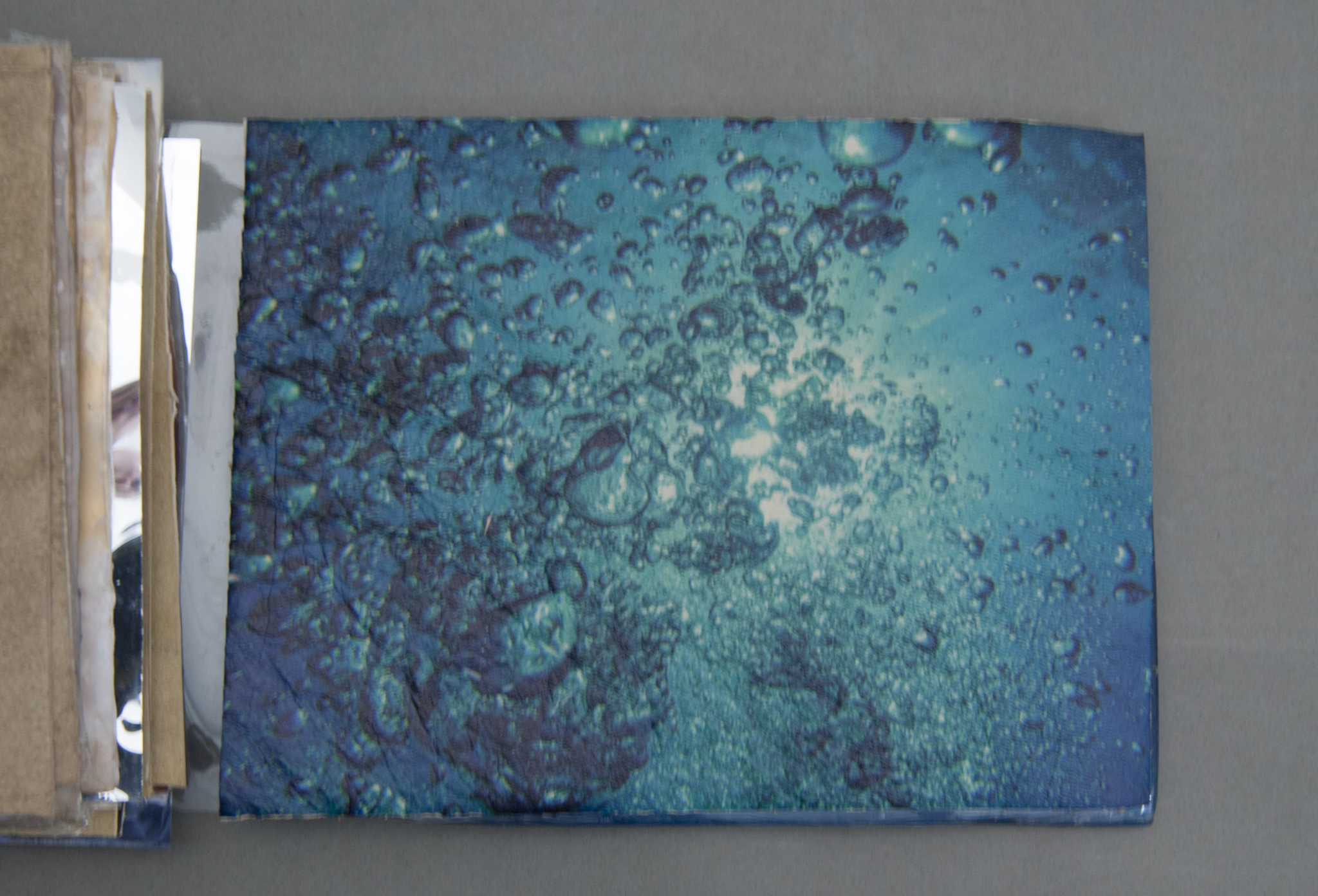
The Shiva-linga, a cosmic pillar of fire, is often represented within a lipped, disc-shaped platform called a yoni that symbolizes Shakti, a Goddess who once consumed the flaming lingam to prevent the destruction of the world. Shiva has a third eye on his forehead that emits fire if opened. To keep him cool a vessel is placed over the lingam and a drop of water regularly drips on it to keep Shiva cool.

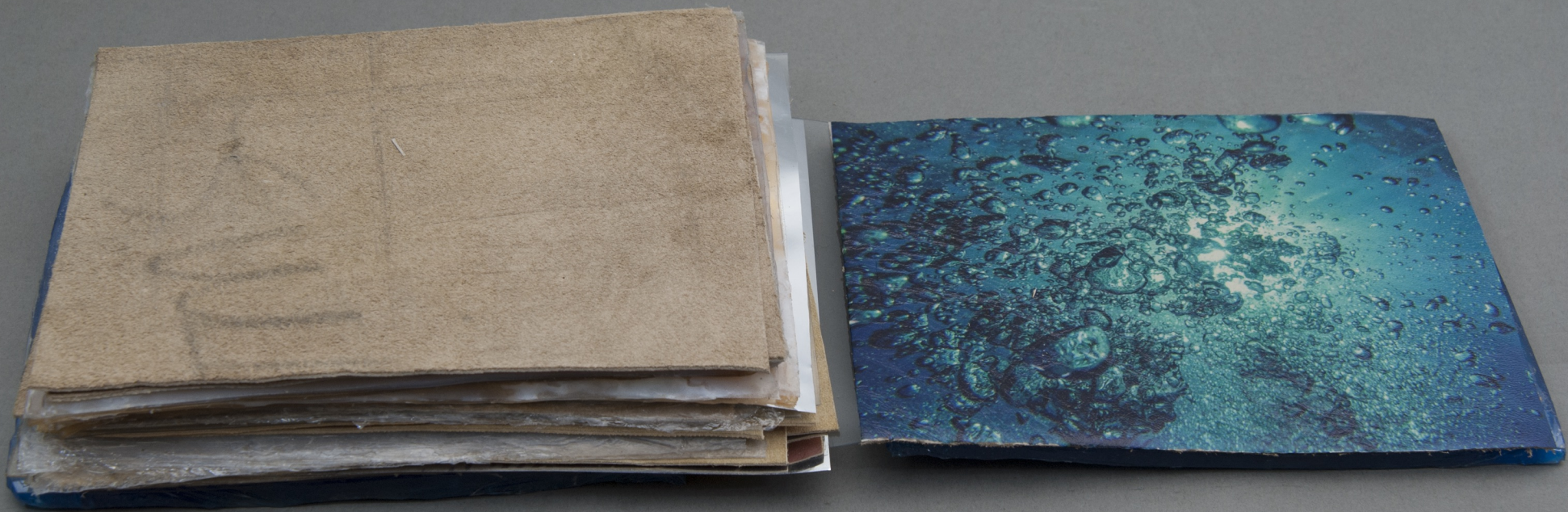
Having observed how drops of water falling on a stone gradually created a hollow, Hippolytus de Marsiliis applied the method to the human body. He strapped a body down so that it could not move. Warm or cold water was then dripped slowly onto its skin. The forehead was found to be the most suitable point for this form of torture because of its sensitivity.

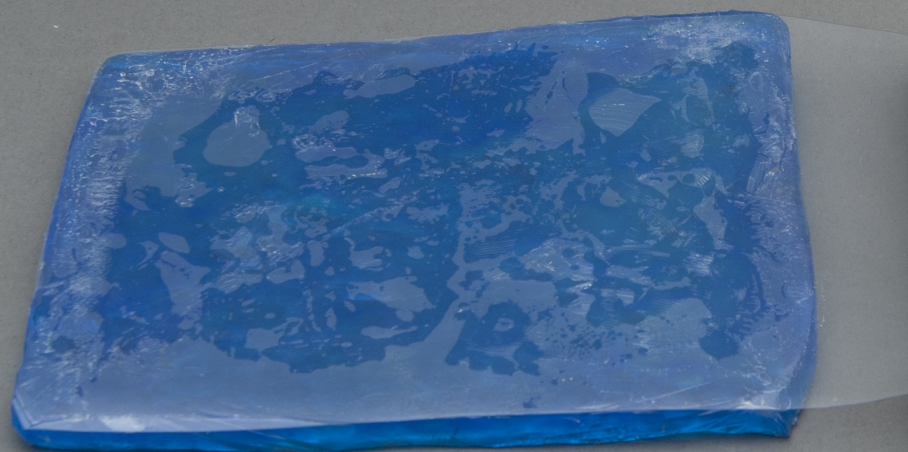


Mirror neurons fire when we just watch another person doing a task, as if we were doing the task ourselves. The border between the self and the 'other' dissolves and the only thing separating us from others is our own skin. These mirrors are essential in development of empathy, self determination and a reflection of our sensorial experiences onto our own anticipated actions.

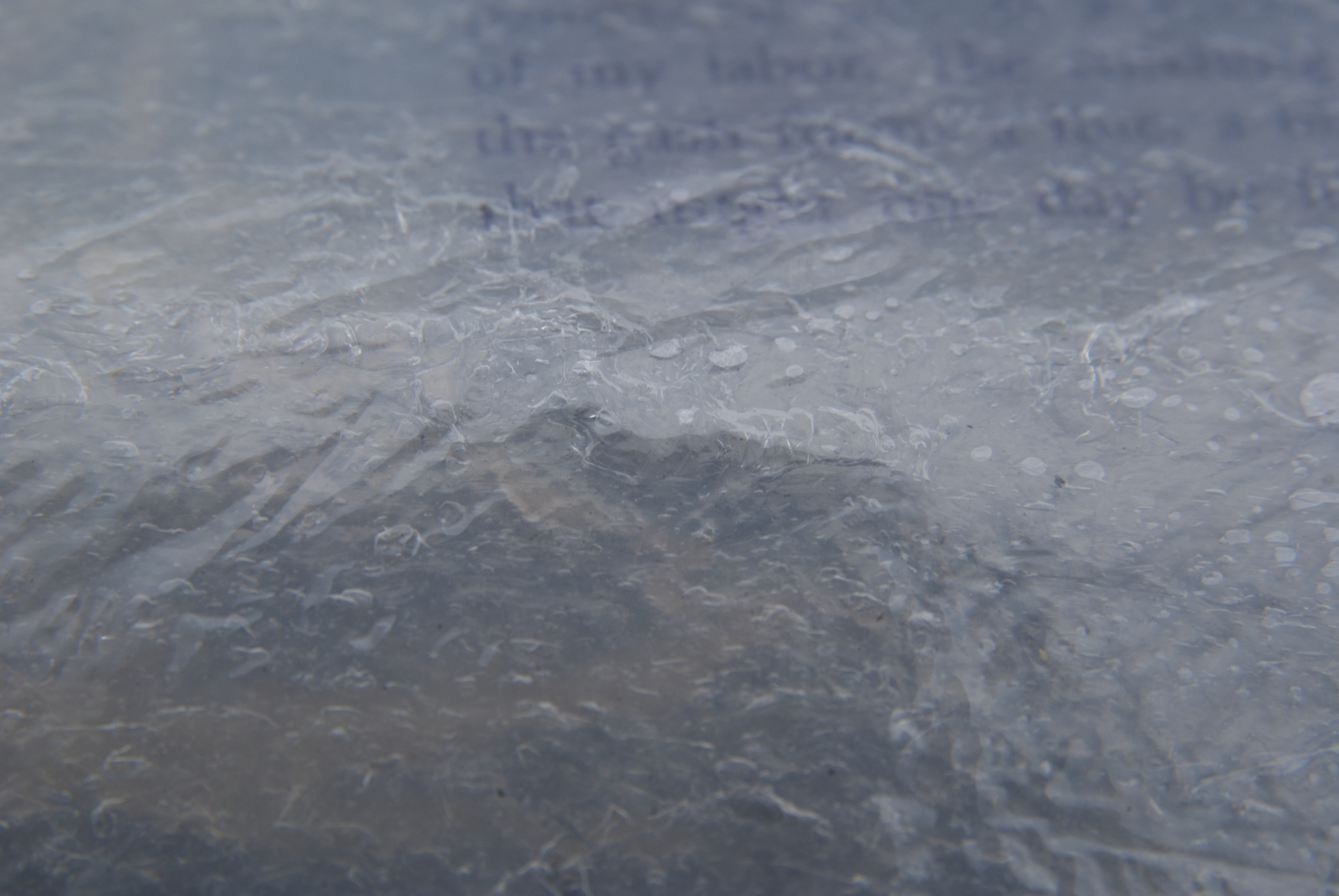












Memory has been here forever. It's been here all this while, on my skin. I have settled in, inside it. My skin is perfectly same, just weathered some more, and scarred where a seam should be. I carry a protrusion from when my glass penetrated me, as a souvenir