

Watering the Earth

The Etruscan Nethuns, the god of water, has his name all over the *mummy wrappings* of the past. The time has revealed that as much as being holy water, healing water, icy water, poisoned water, the destroyer, the sacred stream through black night – a tenth part is allotted her, while nine parts are assigned – water is a *garment* and the most sensual, the most immediate one. Skin and water are no less bonded than water with the earth, the most basic elements if anything at all. And while Romans used their stones of flowing water solely to block the deadly *ostium Orci*, the mouth of hell, watery garments are not in the way of a body; they're on their way, they're down their way. A momentary, yet powerful play makes the contact impose a mysterious image: the reflections of some broken water like a melted pitch or some smoked glass, or well brazen mirror; so we spare the weakness of the eyes devising a method of representing light that is reflective, though less intense than its archetype. And it's because the tenebrous faces of those who walk on water had an agenda beyond the mummy wrappings or alchemy at large - Yes, the hideous smiled at him... He'd loved it before you, it was already dissolved, because water makes the seed light.