

*drip / fold*

Kari Robertson

25 June– 26 July 2021

Gouwstraat 21, Rotterdam

On account of the coming rain, we decided to meet one day earlier. The days have been hot, and that day was the hottest. I didn't feel my uterine muscles cramping as intensely as I do in colder months<sup>1</sup>, but my body still inflated with a slow continuous bubble<sup>2</sup>, not rapidly but steadily, in my gut: a kind of carbonation.

Today was the day everyone and every app said the rain would come. I feel a bubble inside pop, breaking the surface of some liquid. Nothing has come, but there is something continually coming. The air is thick and swollen, which makes walking feel like swimming. It smells of what you<sup>3</sup> tell me is petrichor. "When a raindrop lands on a porous surface, air from the pores forms small bubbles, which float to the surface and release aerosols." I read this on Wikipedia and drink carbonated water, sit with a carbonated belly, as an unsatisfying precipitation stops drizzling. Raindrops that move slower produce more aerosols, the headless tells me. As a human, I am sensitive to geosmin, a bacteria's metabolic byproduct that fills these popping bubbles. "Scientists", my pop-science article generalizes, speculate this is a sensitivity genetically reinforced for survival: to find where the water comes from.

It is the morning, so my logic is that overnight, the bacteria metabolized... something, and I sniff the result. From you, I've inherited a new ability: I can now imagine a night filled with different metabolizations. Someone metabolizing someone else; someone being metabolized<sup>4</sup>; hours of watching as metabolization; dreams metabolizing Wikipedia pages; wax metabolized by flame; the mark left on a plate where a candle once burned ; the experience of extracted landscapes metabolized by the body that thinks through them; resource extraction logic (supply and demand) metabolized in a bedroom, in relation to motherhood, a body metabolized. Loud waking hours metabolized in the quiet of the night. I hear the siren of dog-day cicadas, a temperature-triggered associative sonic hallucination.

The sound edges me towards New Orleans<sup>5</sup>: a place we will both return to, a place I travel to with the current of your words and images and work, a recycling of your experience of the bubbling swamps and the bayous and the heavy heat and the oyster hatcheries and the complex and muddy abundance of life and simultaneous industries denying it. You take me there and we loop around it. A stream (consciousness, water, milk) has memory (subconsciousness, tributaries, salival communication of infection, illness). A stream (consciousness, water, milk) takes time (lived, sedimentary, unpasteurized spoil).

I read *what happens to time?* in my notes and roll my eyes at my brevity, pretending time doesn't haunt me, as a candle burns slowly.

<sup>1</sup> A bodily experience identified from a conversation with artist Larisa David, late May 2021.

<sup>2</sup> Here, I borrow Kari Robertson's words (bubble bubble).

<sup>3</sup> The "you" in this text refers to Kari Robertson.

<sup>4</sup> The idea of someone being metabolized is borrowed from Kari Robertson.

<sup>5</sup> Kari Robertson was an artist-in-residence at Deltaworks New Orleans in 2019, where she began a body of work on aquatic architecture in the swamps of Louisiana. She continues to work on this work, and will return to the city to present some of it in 2022.

*A river plus a river are not two rivers:  
A temporary support office for those who fear closed envelopes.*  
Santiago Pinyol

25 June– 26 July 2021  
Gouwstraat 21, Rotterdam

## AVAILABLE & THE RAT

**Subject:**  
An invitation to reverse the flow  
22 June 2021

**Postaddress:** Gouwstraat 21  
3082BB Rotterdam  
**Internet:** [www.availableandtherat.com](http://www.availableandtherat.com)  
**Contact person:** Santiago Pinyol

**Our reference number:** ~~~~~

**Date:** July 2021

**Aan de bewoner,  
To the resident,**

Dear bewoner, dear resident, have you ever turned a river inside out?

With this letter, we invite you to make contact with *A river plus a river are not two rivers: A temporary support office for those who fear closed envelopes*. We hope that our address to you, without your first or last name, you understand our position. We have no personal information of yours, nor are we asking for any. We come to you from this envelope with general information that may benefit you. Please stay.

Have you opened this letter late? Is today the day you have decided to dive into your deepening pool of cluttered abstraction, facing your fears and holding your breath only to realize this letter comes to you without threat, but with an invitation? *A river plus a river are not two rivers: A temporary support office for those who fear closed envelopes* has finally found you. And we are happy you've chosen this day, albeit delayed, to read our words.

Leaking through mail slots or under doors, dropped in locked boxes, or left in stairways, envelopes like these continuously push towards you. Like a river, they only flow in one direction: until now. This month, *A river plus a river are not two rivers: A temporary support office for those who fear closed envelopes* will move in to Available & The Rat at Gouwstraat 21 in Charlois.

Would you like to benefit from the support we offer? You can respond to this letter within 28 workdays by sending an email to [hi@availableandtherat.com](mailto:hi@availableandtherat.com), by calling **(06) 40 20 4200**, or in person at the office at Gouwstraat 21, 3082BB Rotterdam. Our office hours are every Saturday and Sunday from 26 June to 25 July.

For more information about *A river plus a river are not two rivers: A temporary support office for those who fear closed envelopes*, visit [www.availableandtherat.com](http://www.availableandtherat.com).

Together, we will open all the way up.