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hypertext / chances are bigger in the sun
Brussels, July 2021

I was looking for something illuminating.

Lucas moved to Germany & we moved together for a while, slept in an open field.
All alone I moved back driving my bike through a country where I used to study—this place transformed me
years ago and the city where I used to live looks all different to me right now.
Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin figured what stars and everything are made of.

At times, chances are slim. Probability is small though mathematically existing for one to throw a ball
against a wall and the ball moving through. Chances are equally small for two atoms to collide and make
nuclear fusion. The sun contains this many atoms: this is happening all the time. Chances are bigger in the
sun.

I believe everything moves because of a perpetual restlessness.

Laurence wrote me: you are doing great.

I am not sure what we are doing here. Trying to send newly woven textiles to the other side of the ocean,
bring them where I am while my mind is wandering off: open a window. A rock is a portal. I love
transformations and therefore solidification. Rose Quartz. Oil. Slightly moving things / almost anything most
of the time.

January 15 2020, right before you & me saw each other for the very last time, I made a note:
chicago - new york. i was lying down between the clouds. in a book that i found in chicago, i will read about
the clouds surrounding me. stretched out, horizontal, i slept and knew nothing. one hour passed and also
one hour was lost. new york and chicago differ in time because the earth turns around its axis every day
and in one year, around the sun. i wake up before the plane lands and try to think of what orbit or cycle i am
in on this vehicle in the sky—i don't know. my body is less than a speck. insignificantly small next to a
heavenly body: the sun shines through the window.

my shadow
color is only light

This afternoon, for 43 minutes, I spoke on the phone with an astronomer. Unlimited calls are part of my
phone plan. He told me anything he wishes to study is at unreachable distance. On Sunday I will drive my
bike a fraction of a light-year to meet him and look into the universe.

Nathaniel & Danielle keep my woven words safe in NYC while I cannot move there.
I throw a ball. Miss you all.