

where I live the streets have flower names



what do the people whose work you read have in common?
Apart from your will to connect them.

You keep on walking, while thinking about it.

It just takes a camera and a good excuse to go out and listen.

Do it.

Look around.

Walking as reading.

Reading as writing.

Walking as rereading the things you've read lately.

The only space where you can do it.

To think of a walk as unrolling a ball of thread.

Not by chance.

You've been reading again Walter Benjamin quoted by Moyra Davey. Like you, Benjamin used to smoke hashish, but you also appreciate him for the significant connections he has made in your mind.

To enjoy the pleasure of discovery.

As for Virginia Woolf, buying a pencil was the perfect excuse to go out rambling through the streets of London.

Likewise, it is *absolutely necessary* for you to go out and photograph that flower.

Not because of the flower itself, but because it is imperative to take the photo.

Admittedly, the thought of possessing the object is captivating, but the urge to keep moving is bigger.

Everything was wet.

Working in that shithole made the time outside it better.

Humid.

Sometimes it did feel like living in a swamp. But then the sun came out.

And so did the flowers.

Things seemed so crystal clear after a rainy night.

Home was far,
still a place in your mind.

You found yourself taking notice of the same things.

The amount of different kinds of flowers.

The sky felt closer.

How does one develop a relationship to a place?

I ask myself this now after living here for two years.

You don't really inhabit a city until you get home soaking wet.

Until you fall off your bike.

Until you see the same new thing many times over again.

It is only then that you start to see it and let it affect you.

Cycling is not the same thing as walking.

Your voice has a different volume inside.

Walking with a goal in mind is not the same as walking without
one.

The things around us respond to a different order.

It takes many dark days to balance out the moments of peace and
harmony.

I like to call these moments *street serendipity*.

It is a celebration.

The flowers that come out on your walk are
indeed a proof of a bigger search,

but at the same time they are still just
simply flowers.

In 1913 Gertrude Stein wrote *Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose*
and again, you don't think of this by chance, but because you've
been researching flowers.

Things are what they are.
That essay was published by Virginia and Leonard Woolf's
printing house.
You smile to yourself.
You've been dancing to that kitschy Meco song that goes *Una
rosa es una rosa es una rosa* since you were a kid.
These connections are well established.
They go back to before you could even ponder them.

Then you keep reading about flowers, opening up more and
more tabs on your laptop.
You end up reading a passage from Hamlet where Ophelia is
breaking down and you notice a character is called Gertrude.
You feel watched.
Is this a plot?
Or someone put this idea in your mind to start
unrolling the ball of thread?

With a camera hanging from your neck you will always be seen
as a tourist.
How does that make you feel?
It actually helps your purpose.

To not be noticed.

Almost every single time you take a photo of a flower,
a curtain
moves.

There's someone watching indeed.
A proud-of-her-front-garden grandma silhouette.

What a better way to show their flowers, than behind
the glass they hide?

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by Carmen Gray

a curtain display installation in fanfare window

Amsterdam, Summer 2020

