

I acknowledge the Gadigal People as the traditional custodians of these saltwater plains, more commonly known as the colonial fiction of ‘Sydney, Australia’ upon which this work emerges.

I pay my respects to elders past present and emerging and acknowledge their continuing global contribution to arts, politics, science and culture forever signifying that this land was never ceded,

this land always was and always will be, Aboriginal Land.

I acknowledge the contiguity of other First Nations and Indigenous peoples including my Samoan Pasifika lineages—my father’s village of Falefa in Savaii and mother’s villages of Si’umu and Lufilufi in Upolou.

I acknowledge the constellation of other kinds of formations materialising free falling as a fixed position, the dusk between form and content, wrestling/resting in emptiness and fullness.

. . . here we are, myself and I and ours

body sliding between one of many temporal brackets: the bracket of constructive ruin of global collapse and the closing roller door of November,

a matter of days now before its end:

seven, six, five, four, three, two, one

Brian Fuata

Mountains dissolved (ext. 1-3)

Nov. 25, 2020 Sunrise PST

—*Mountains dissolved (ext. 1)* a still from a mail art project

—*Mountains dissolved (ext. 2)* a still from a post-improvisation film

—*Mountains dissolved (ext. 3)* a still command





FG/CE

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