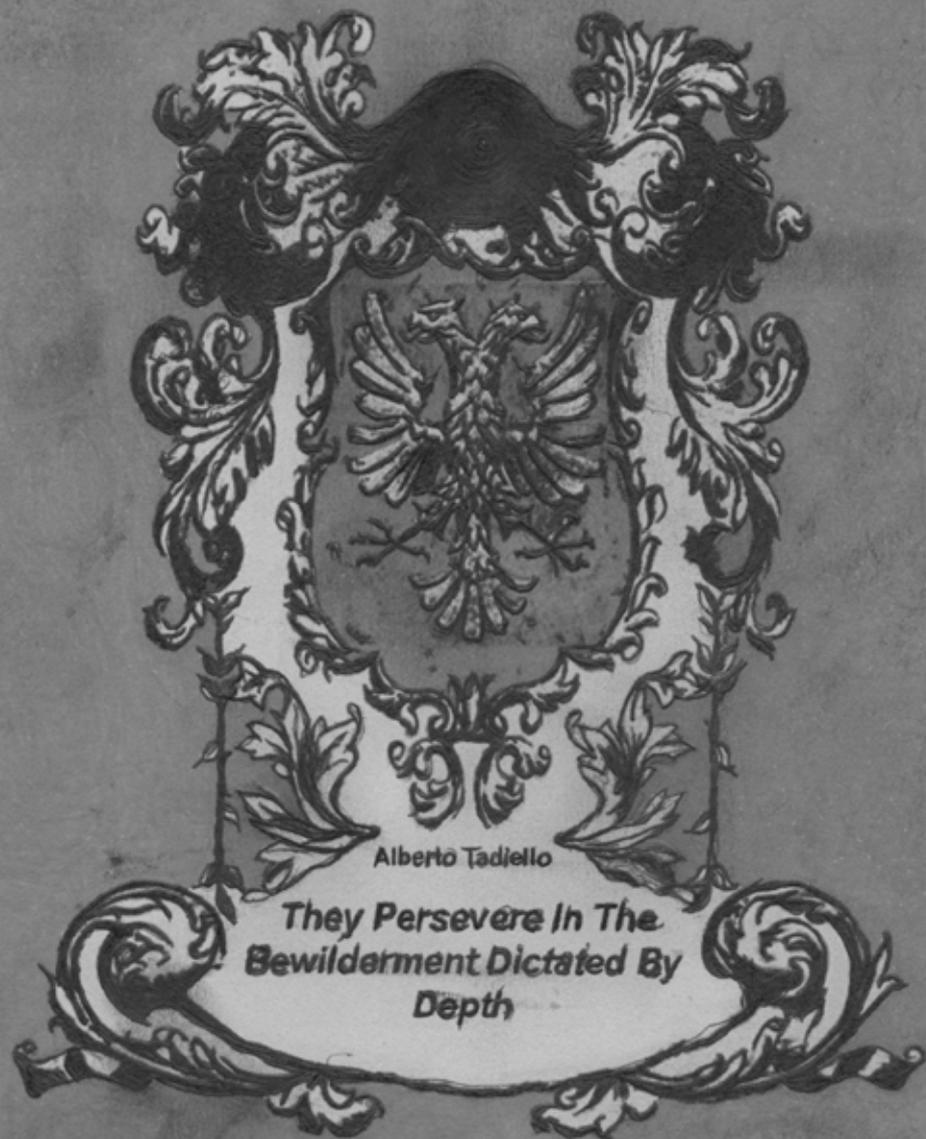


onestar press

alberto tadiello they persevere in the bewilderment dictated by depth





Alberto Tadiello

**They Persevere In The
Bewilderment Dictated By
Depth**





Have you ever thought
about letting loose a
blizzard?

A hurricane?

A storm?

About being able to stop
icy breath when the sky is
still yellow?

When the hailstones
lie on the ground
and freeze the air?

That moment
without temperature
that penetrates as far as
your spine like
a shiver,
passing under your
skin, pushing on
your temples?

Have you ever thought
about the possibility
of standing up
from the ground
without making
the slightest
movement?

About rising up
straight as
a needle?

About standing
still for an entire day?

About the
danger
of
stillness?

Have you ever thought
about speeding up
the flow of your
neural activity?
About using your
thoughts like the
ROTORS of a
military HELICOPTER?

About
roaring
like
a
bear?

About
scouring
the darkness
like a
tiger?

About being able
to scream until
you demolish
courage?

About resisting
a fiery iron?

Have you ever thought
about the possibility
of clenching your
jaws like a crocodile?

About letting out
the charge of a wounded bull?

About having the speed
of a snake's bite?

About containing
in your arms
continental
drift?

About resisting
the pressure of the
abyssal depths,
the
stratospheric
RAREFACTION?

ABOUT LOWERING
yourself into
the love bowels
of a volcano?

Have you ever thought
about manning until
you take off?

Until you break
free from gravity?

And continue by
inertia?

Finally Free?

Have you ever thought
about being able to
unbolt a train rail
with only a tug?

ABOUT being able to bend it
until you smell the
rust that crumbles out?

Relishing the
SWEETNESS OF THAT
heat born between
your hands?

About grabbing
the teeth of a
bulldozer bucket
and turning it over?

Have you ever thought
about absorbing an
avalanche's force unhurt?
The memory-less roar
it produces?

About rolling
frighteningly like a
boulder that bounces
down into a ravine?

About causing a
landslide with a glance?

About keeping
the SULPHUR in the air
after a lightning bolt?

About ~~remaining~~
remaining
in the eye of a
hurricane to
observe the delirium
around you?

About preceding
the rumble of
the earthquake?

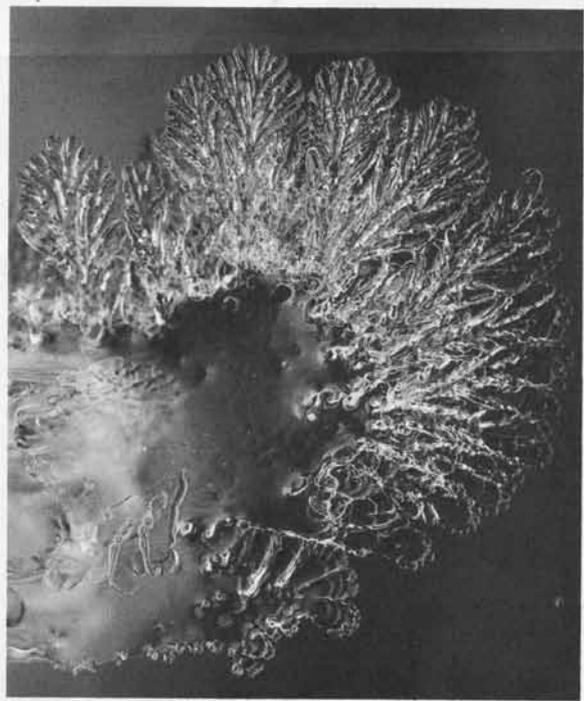
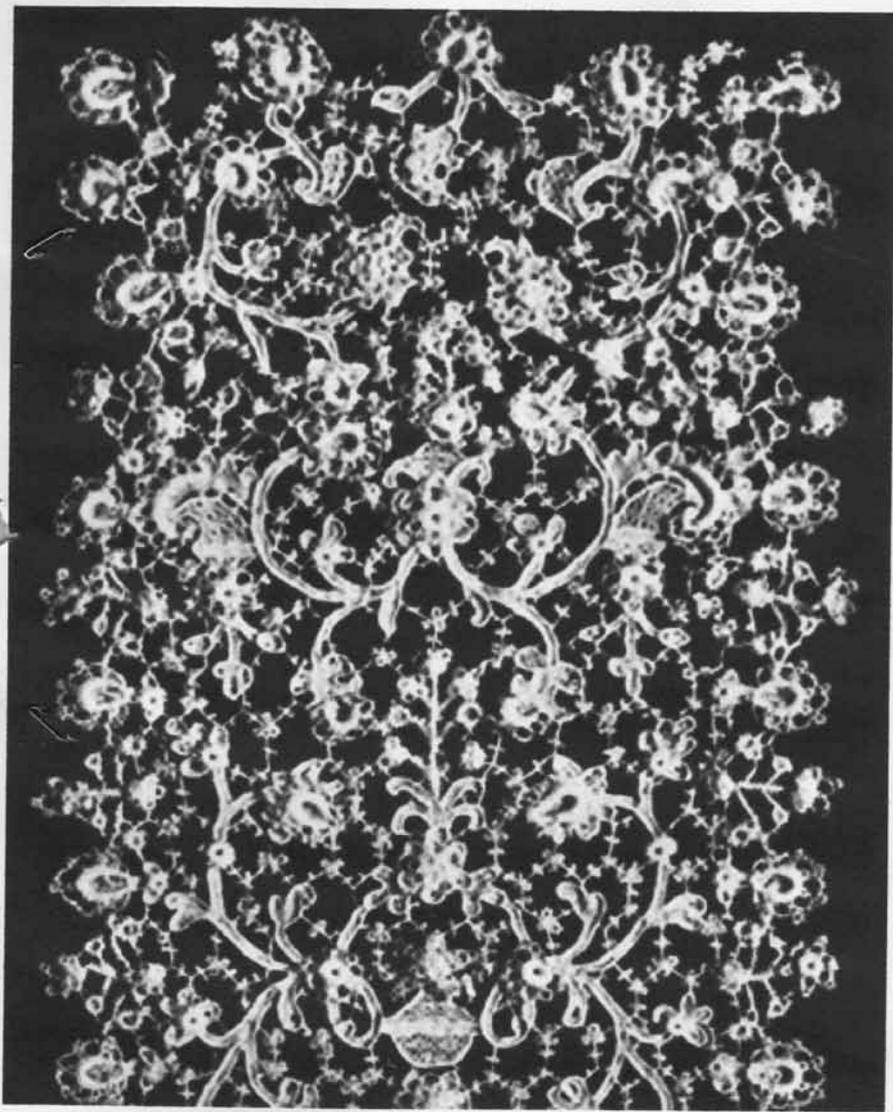
About crushing
a person until
you hear bones
crack?

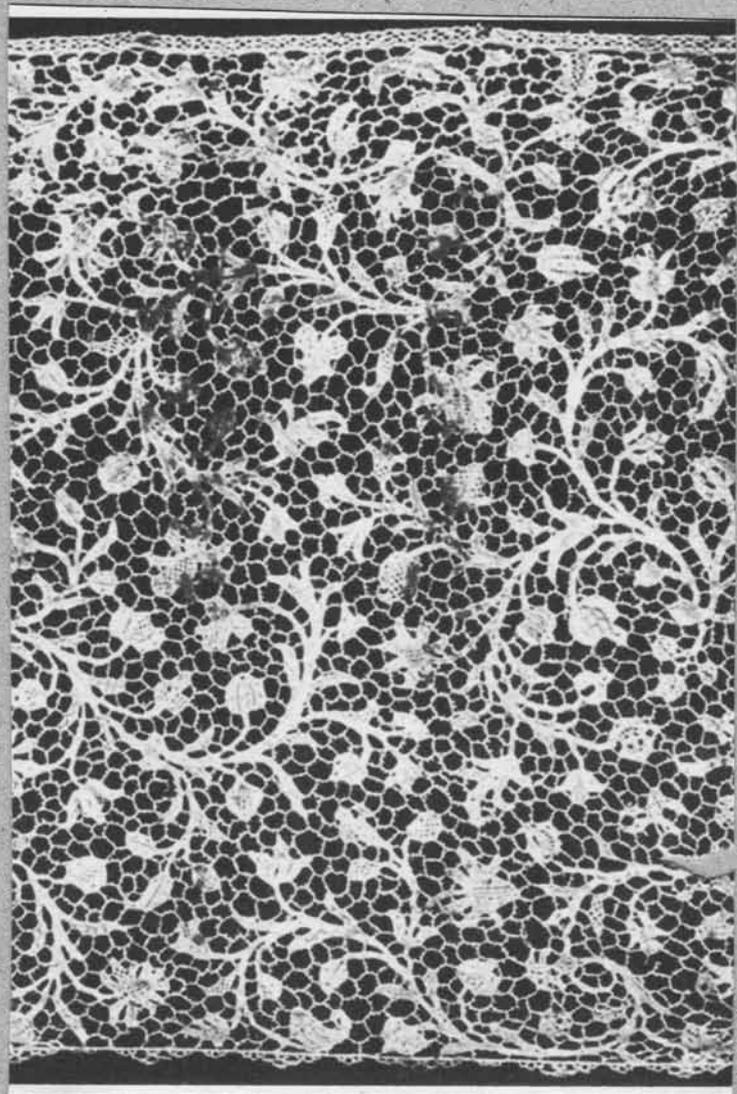
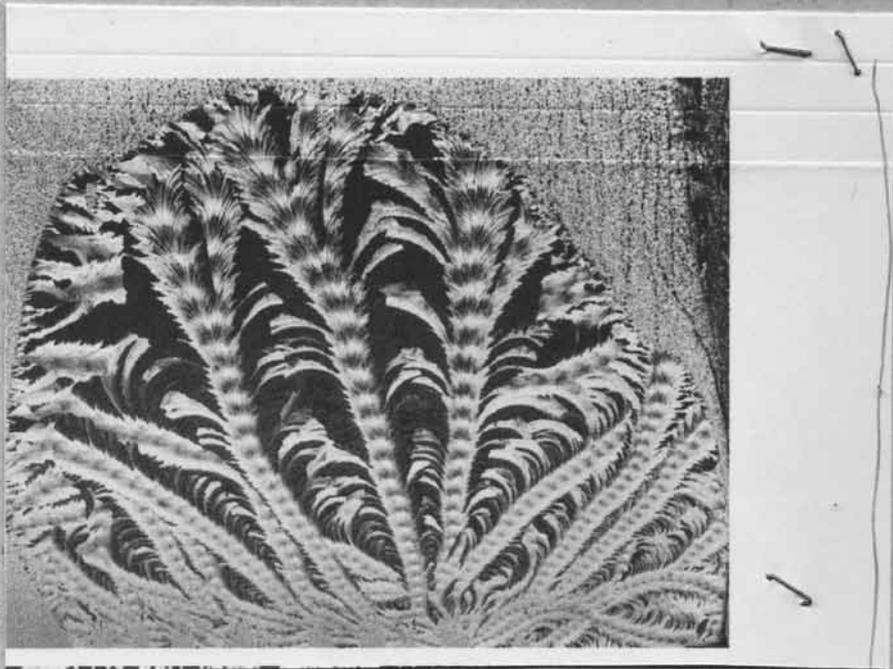
About growing
your canines like
a mammoth's
tusks?

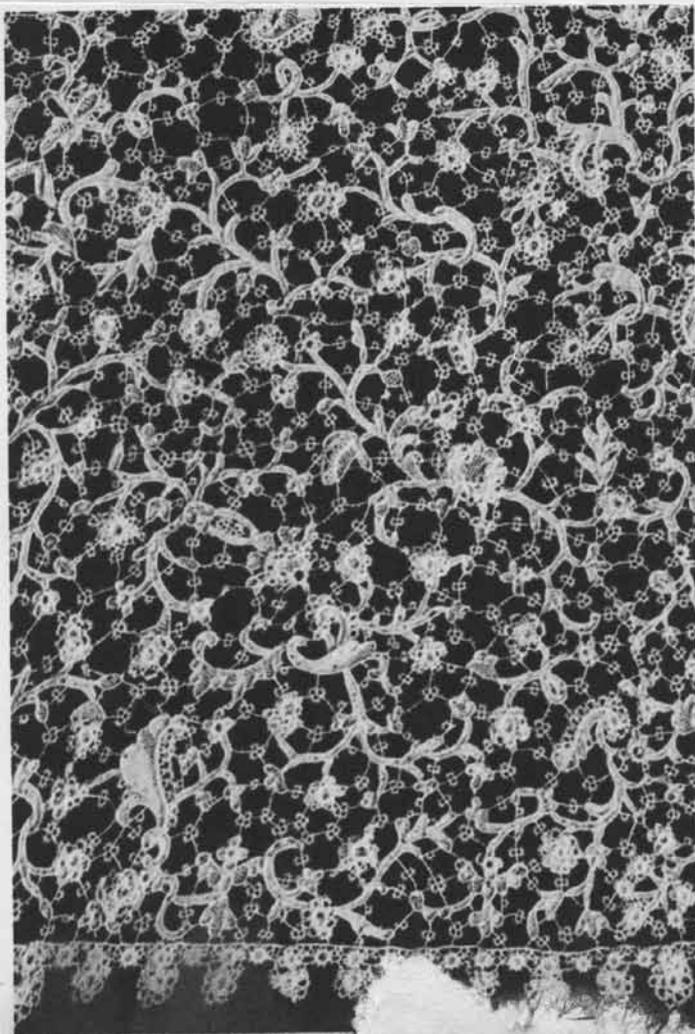
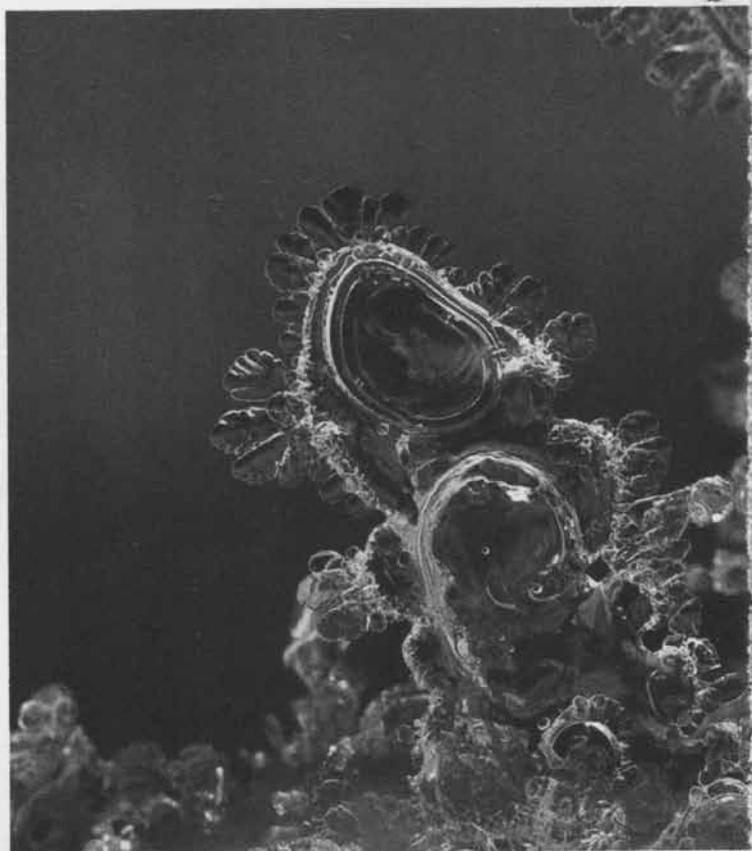
About opening
your ribcage
in a desire?

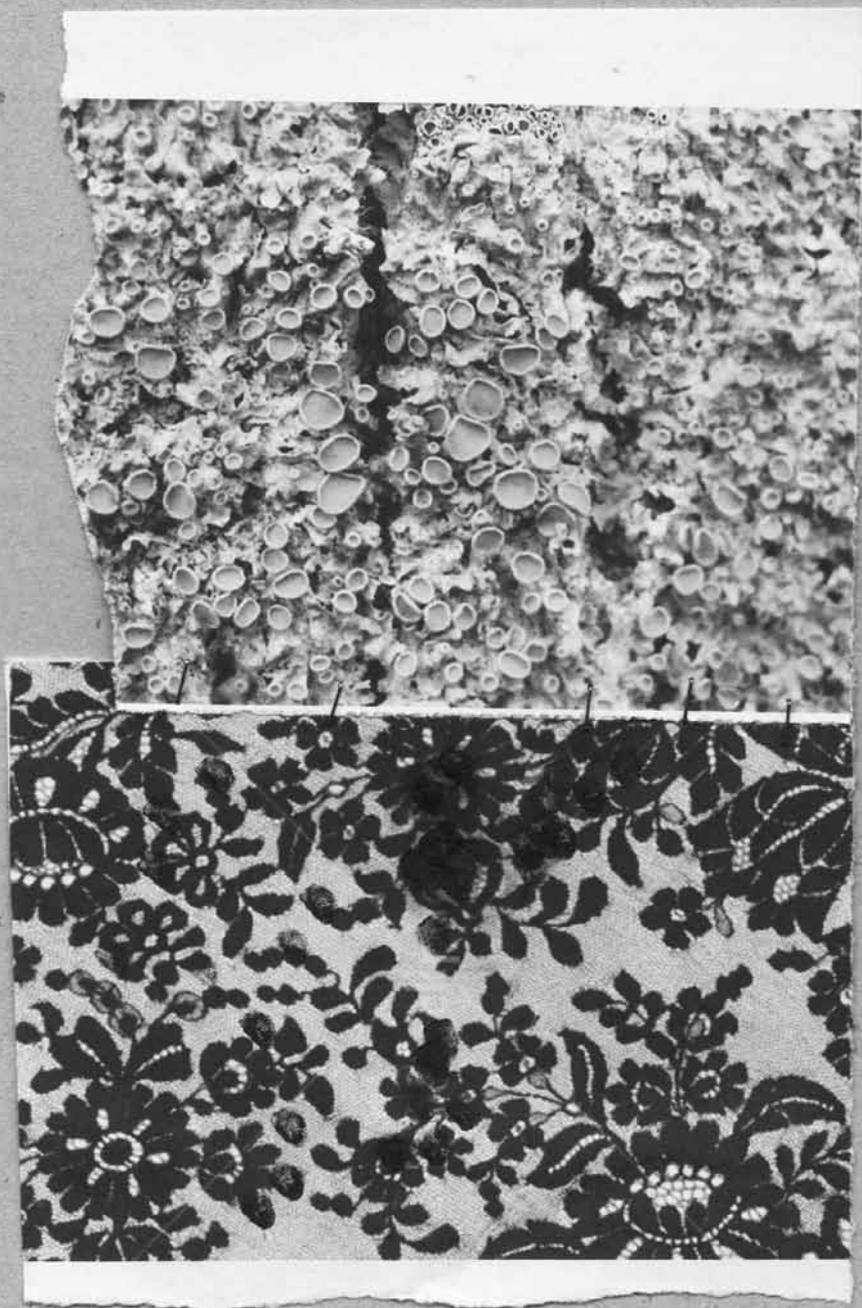
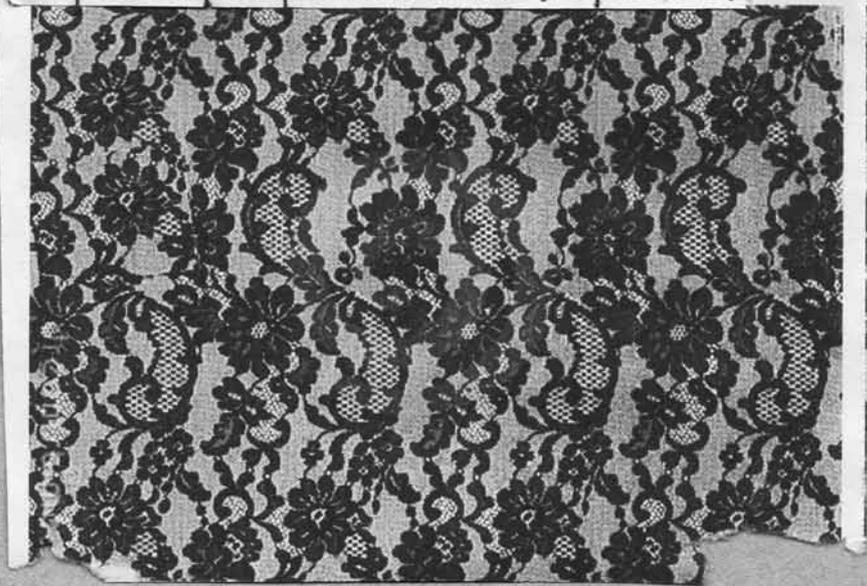
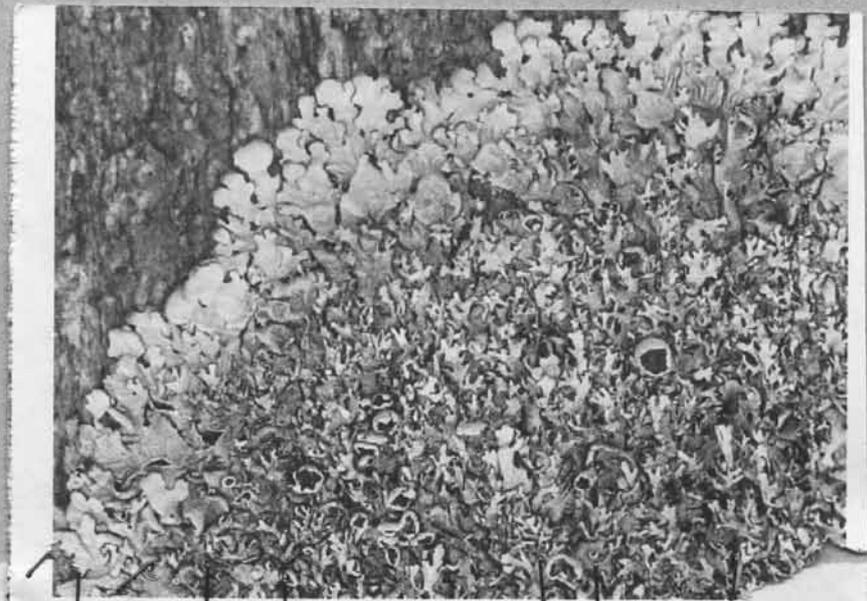
About an
excess of
violence,
crudity,
harshness,
primitiveness
and
wickedness?

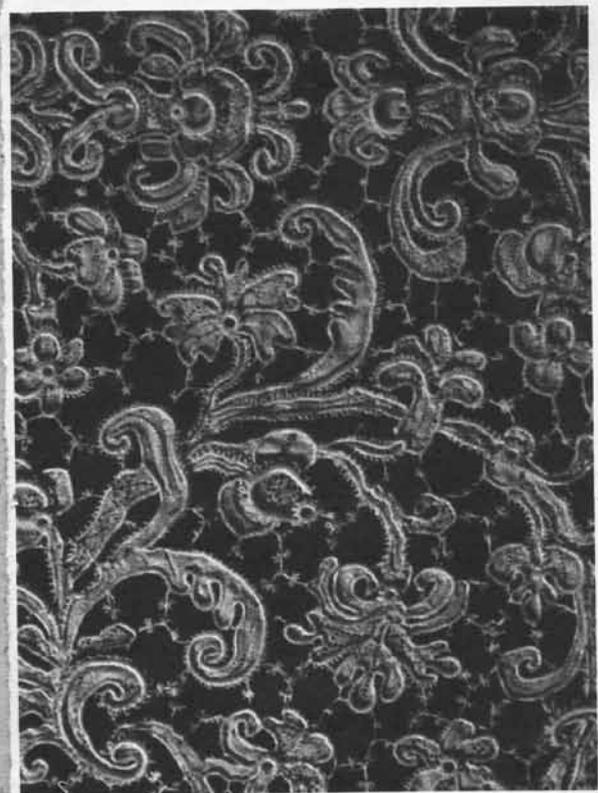








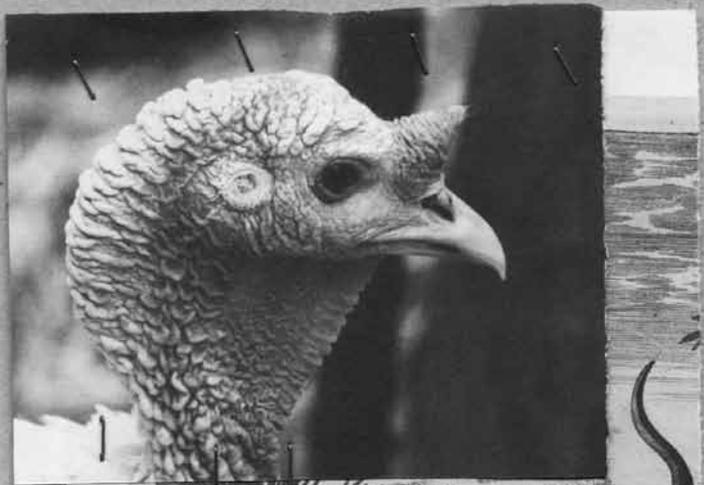




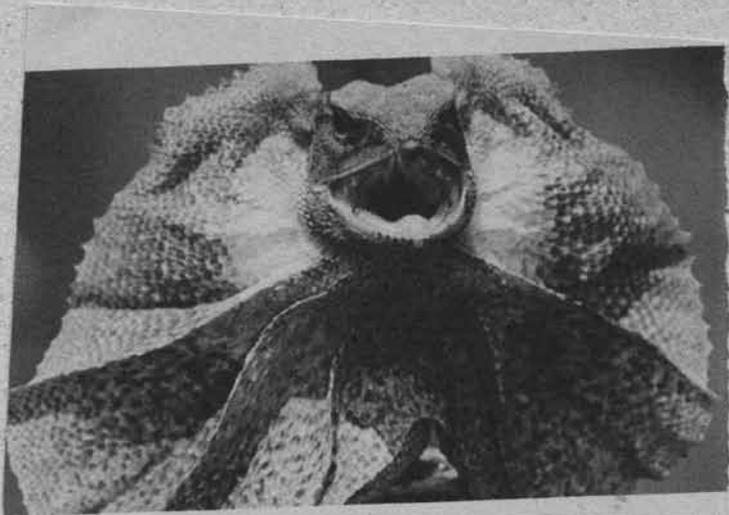


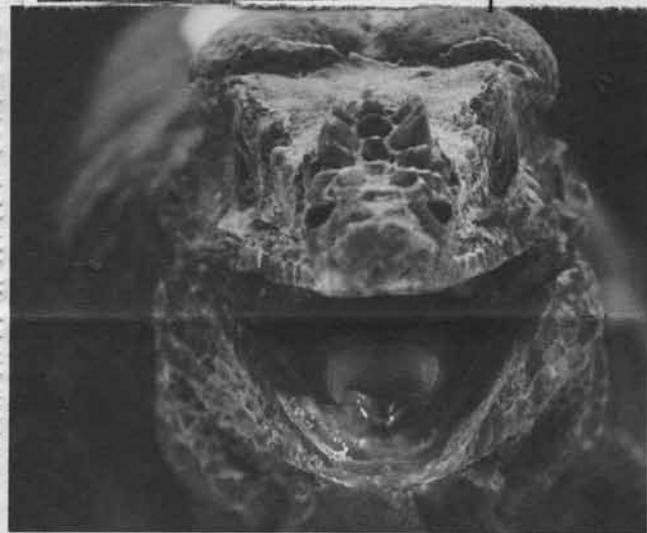


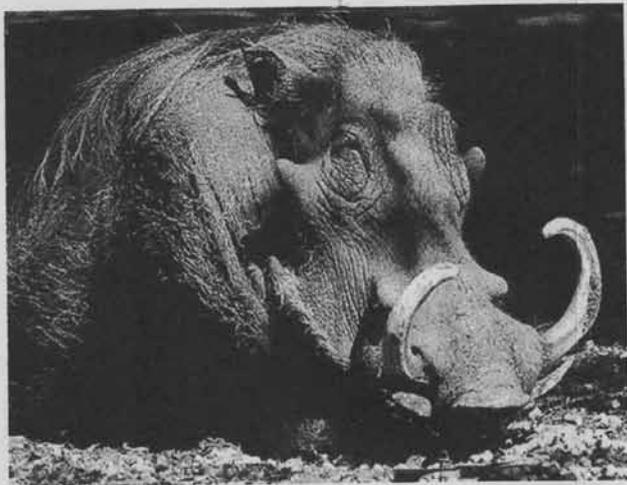




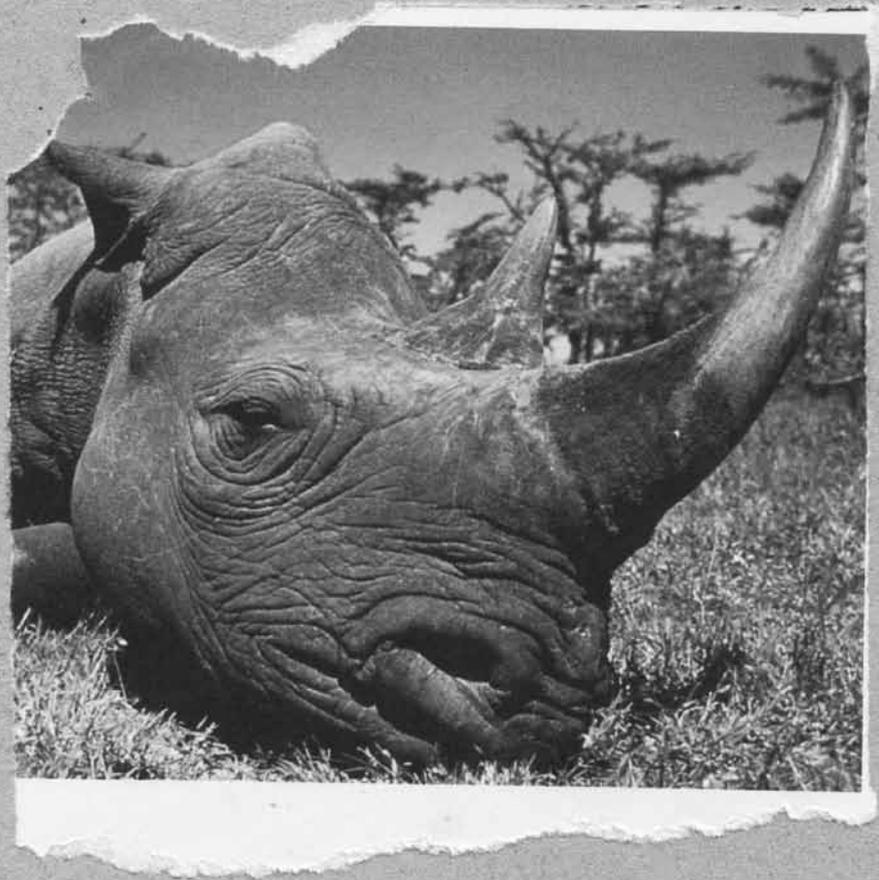










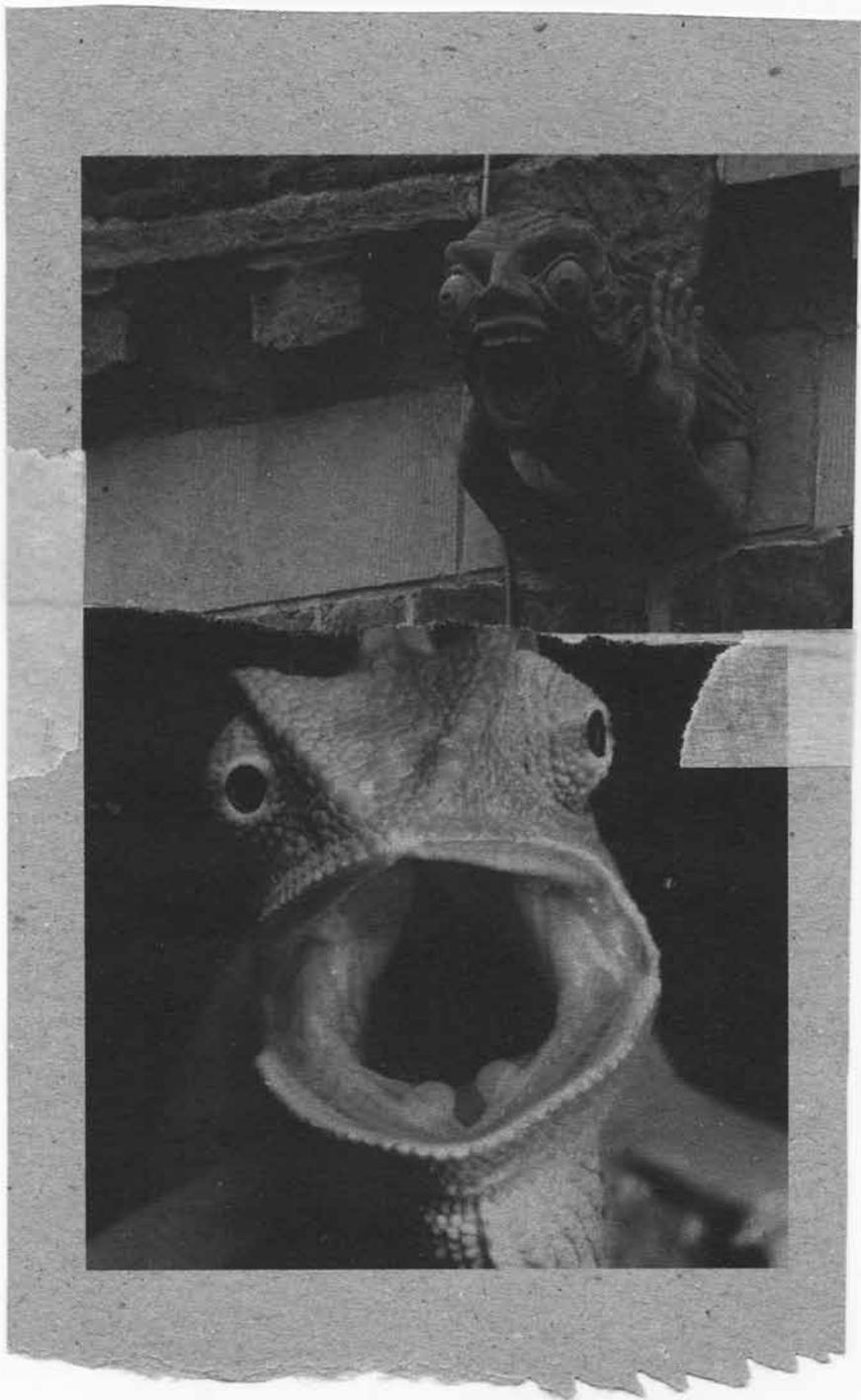
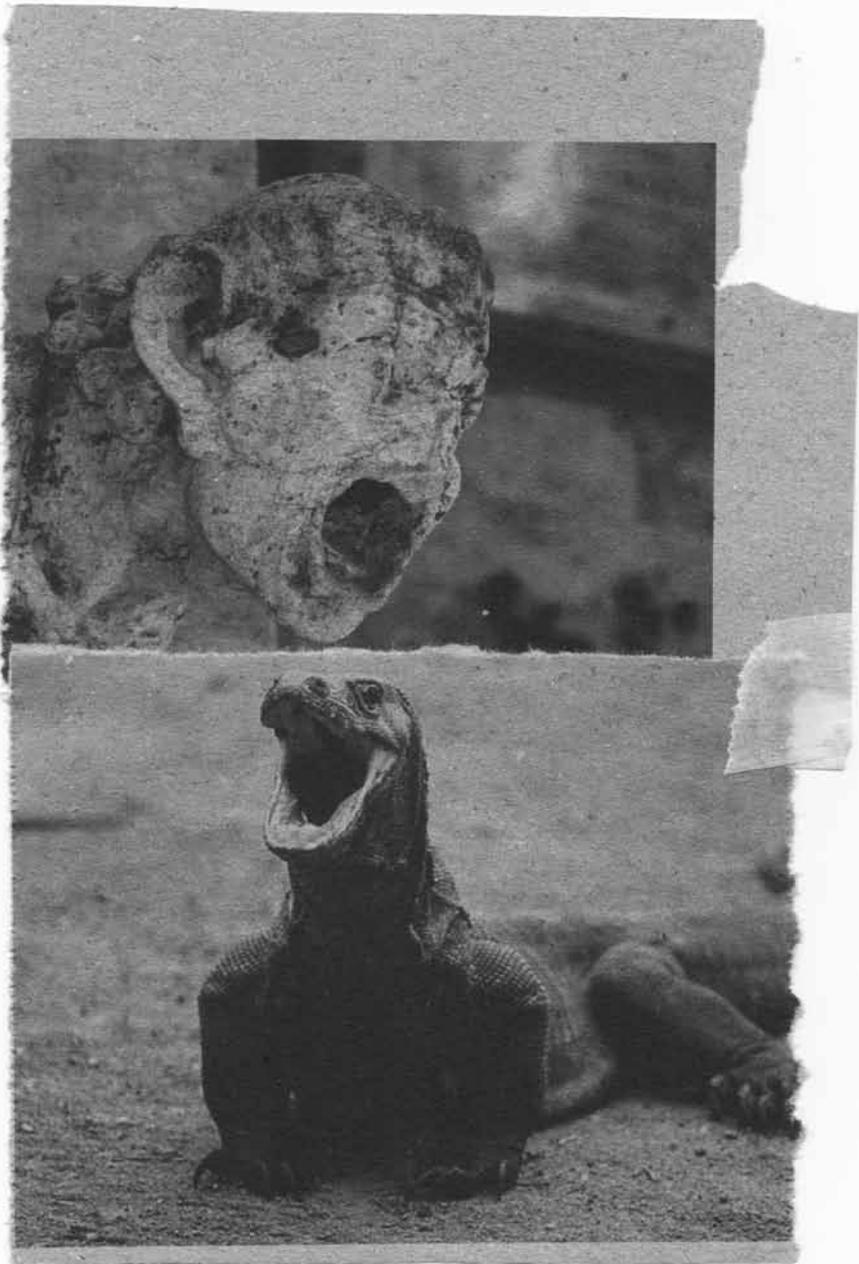






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Ferro d...
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orecchie...
p.427





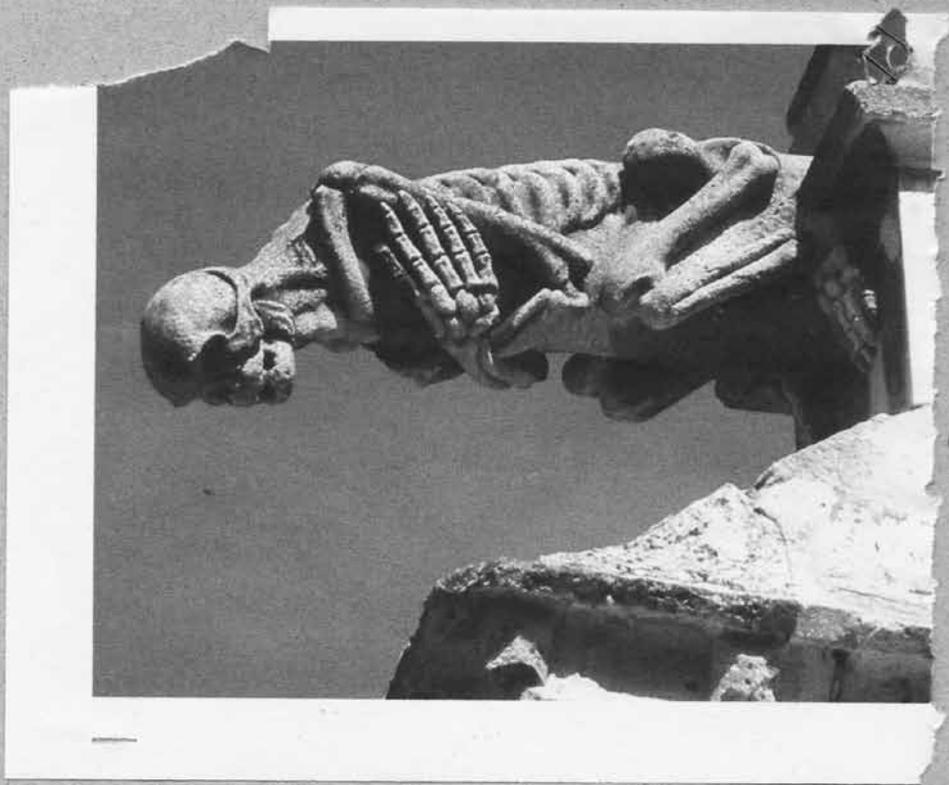




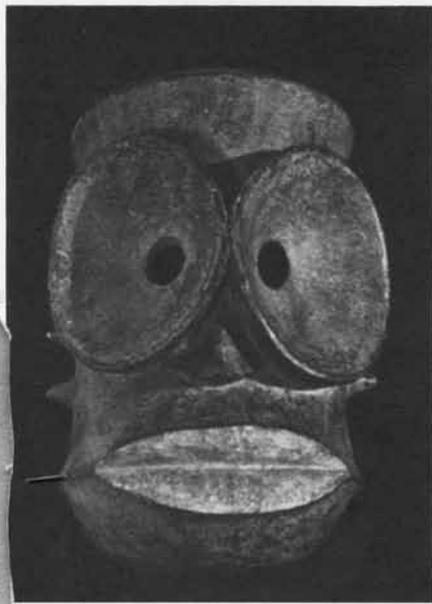
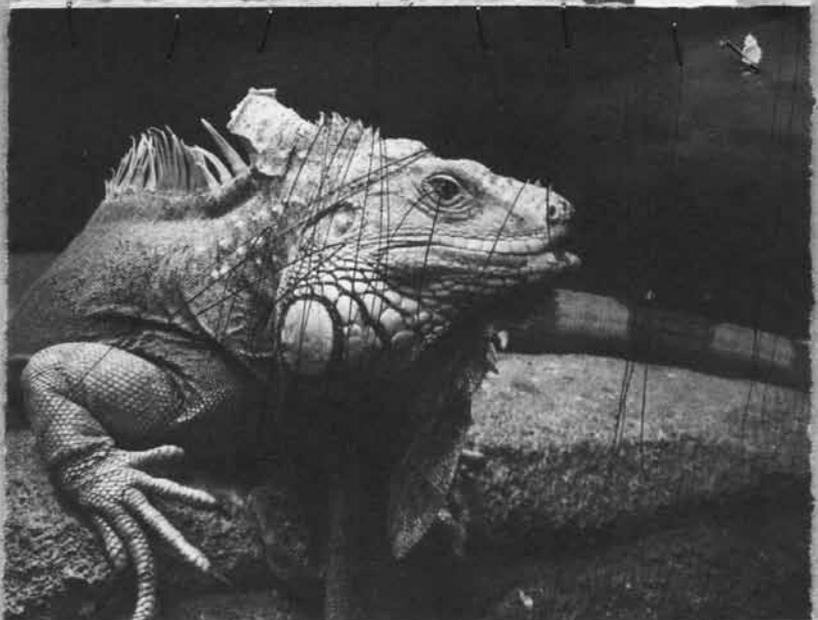


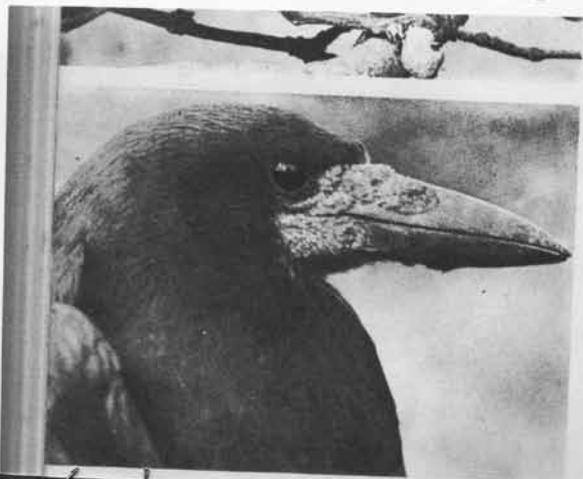






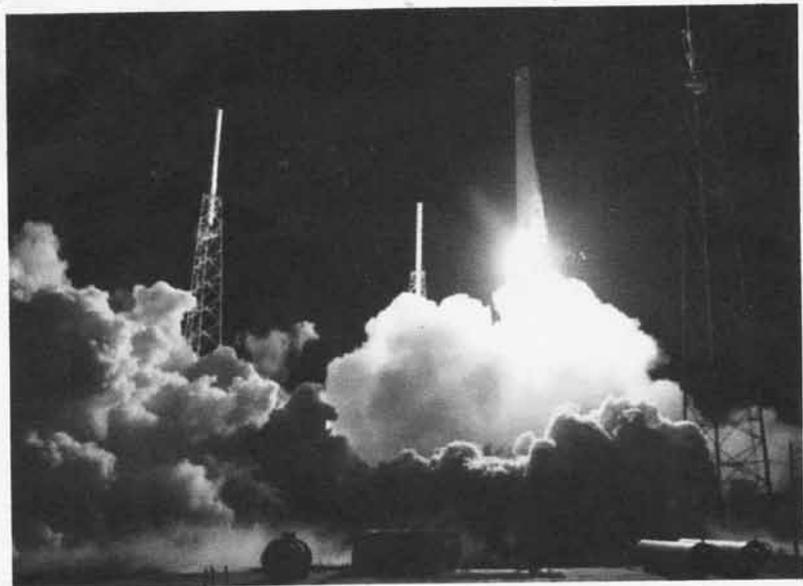


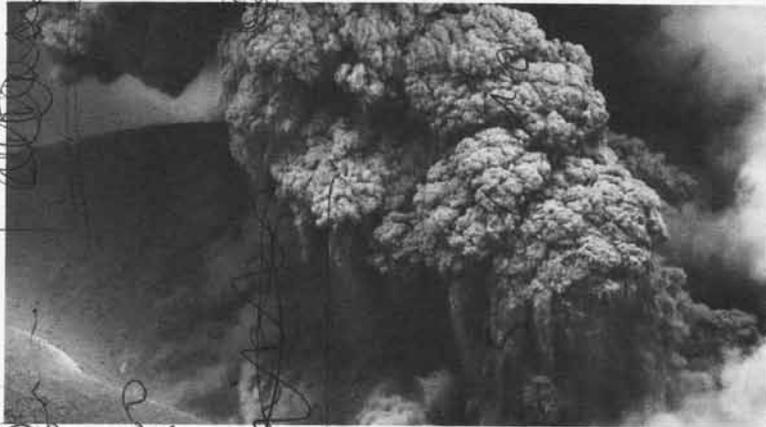




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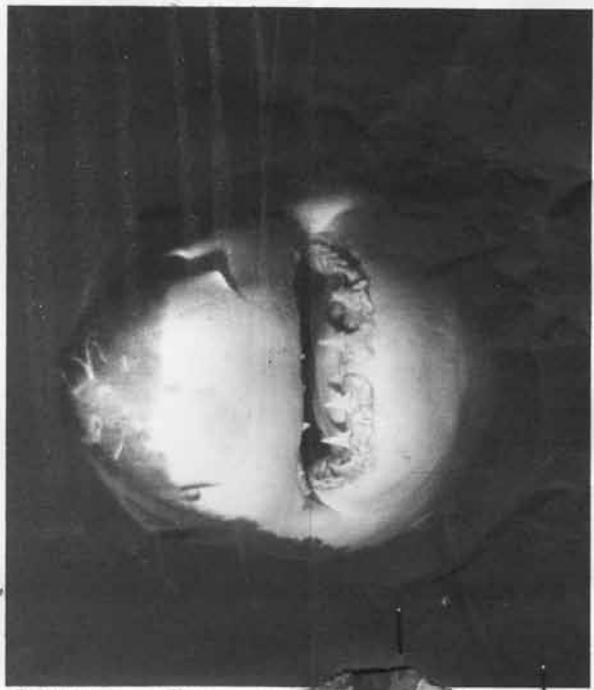






Handwritten notes:
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A 234

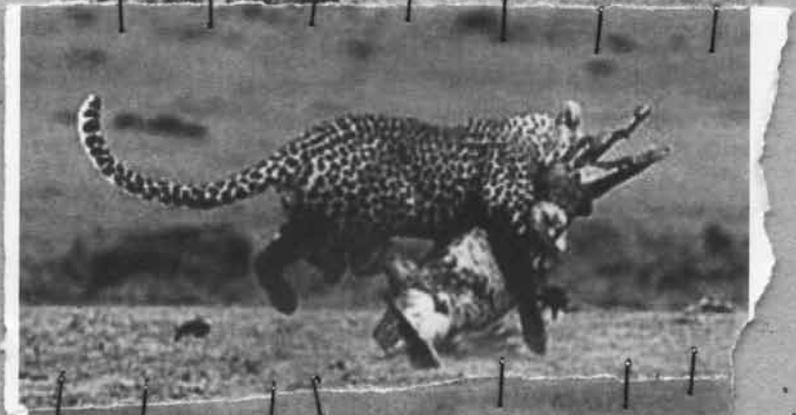
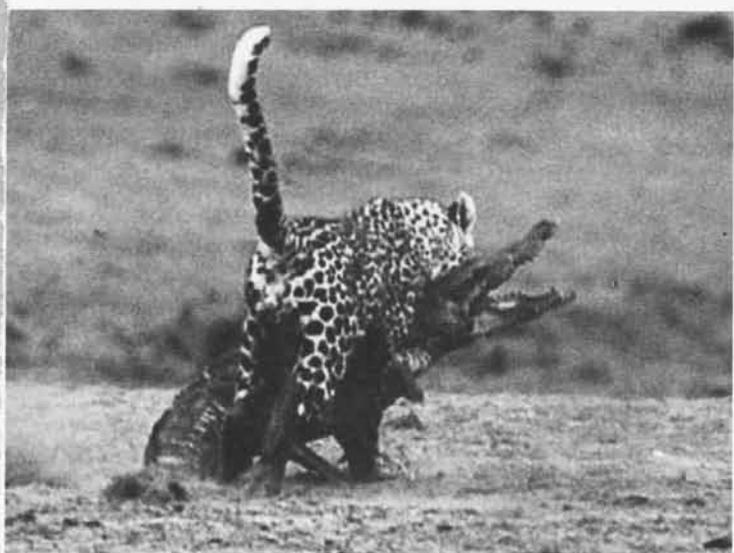
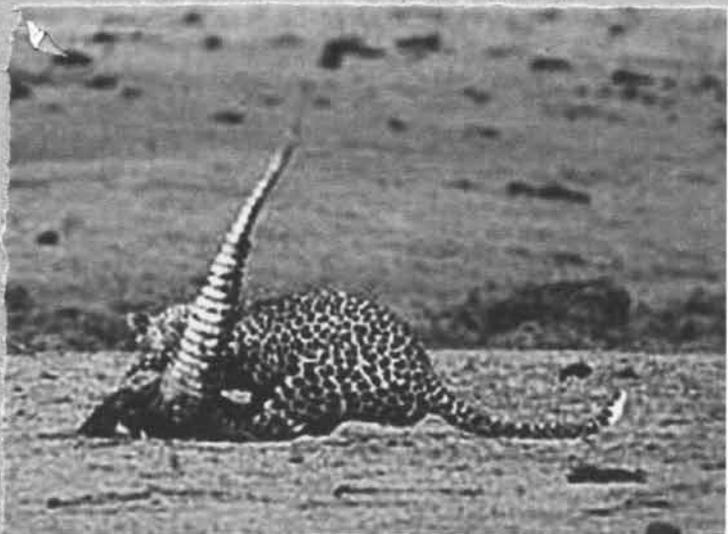








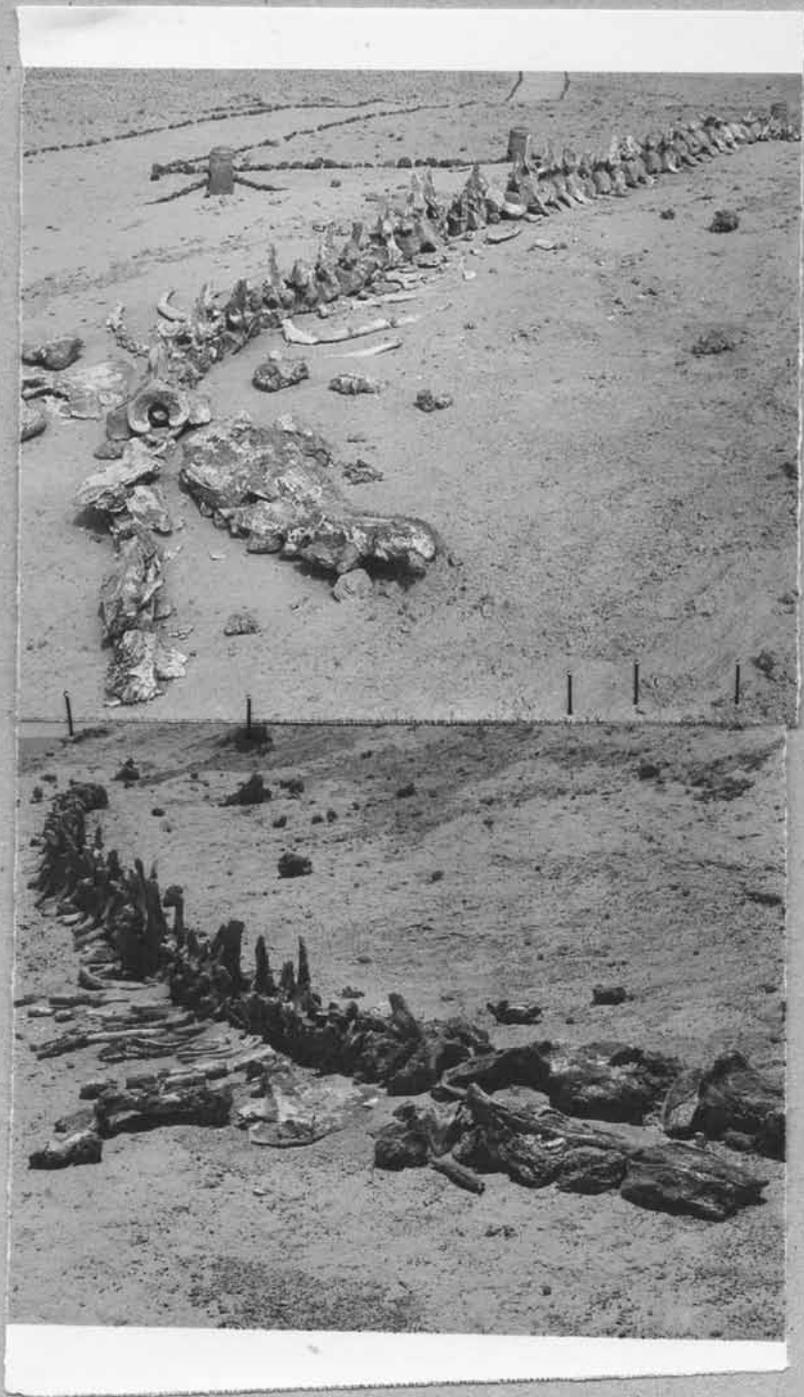


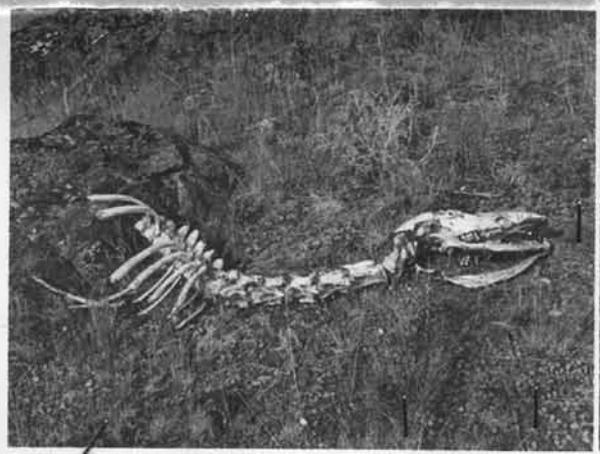
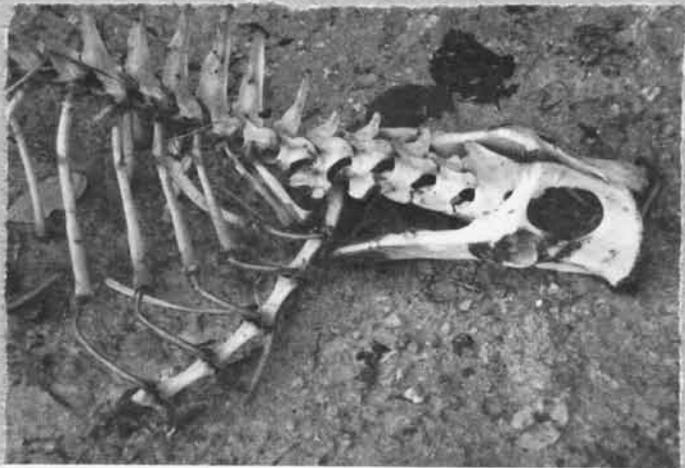






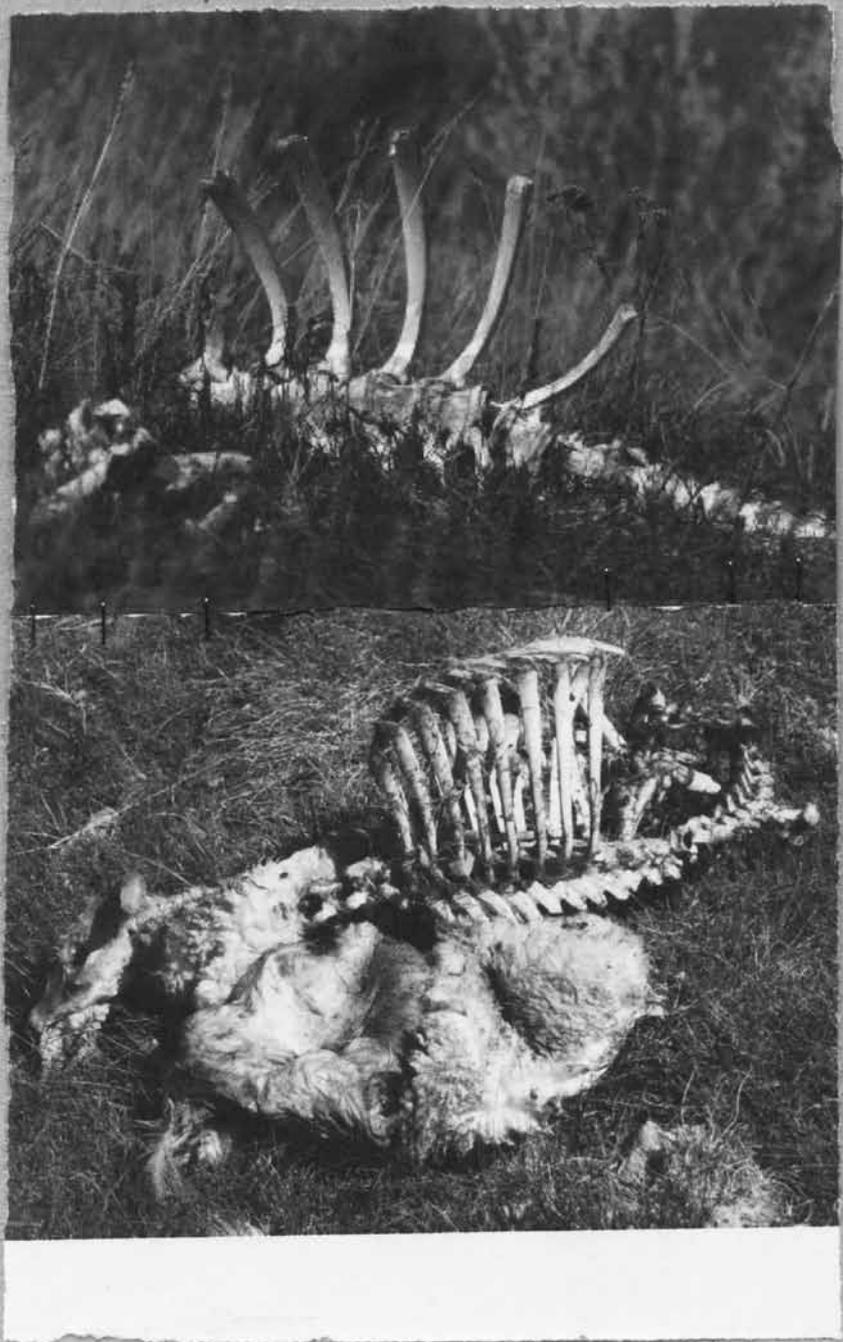


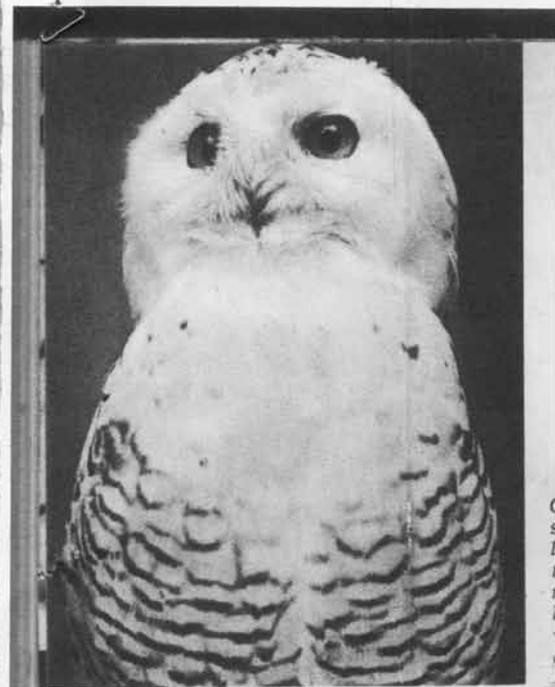














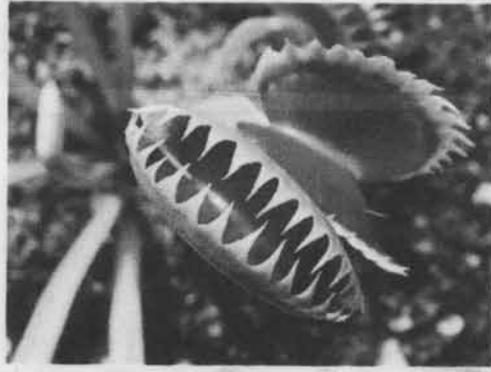




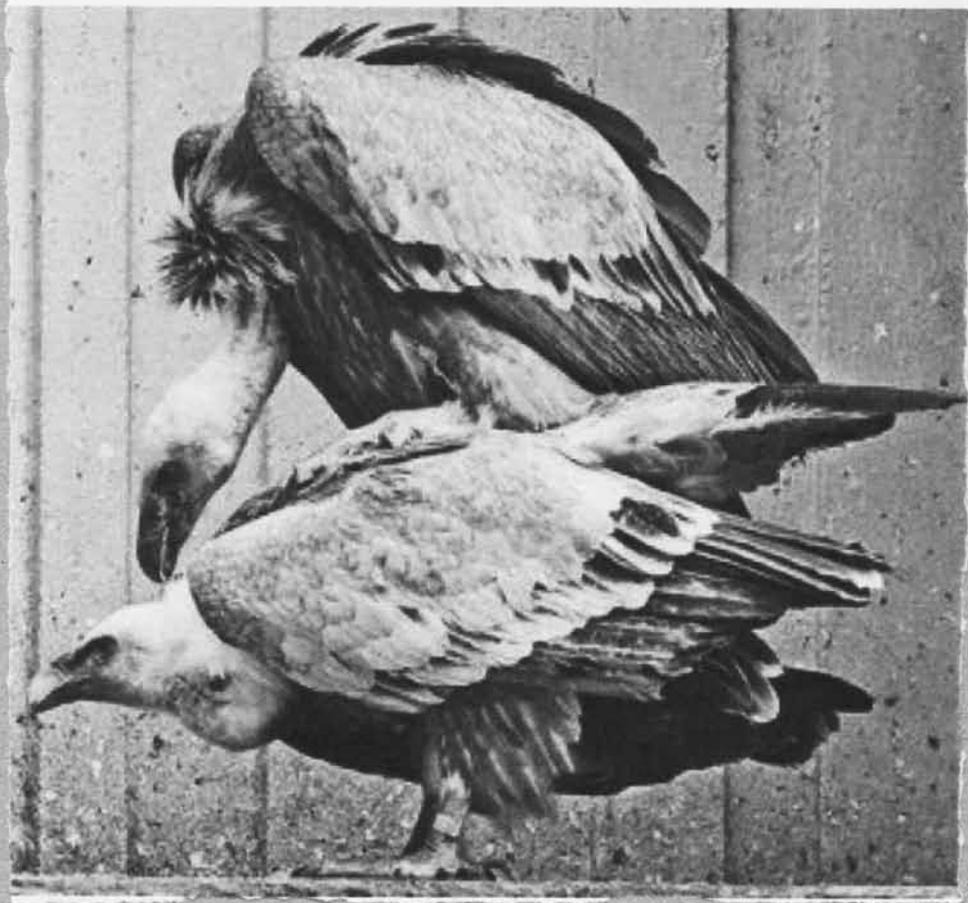




Handwritten cursive letters 'p' and 'q' in two columns. The first column contains the letters 'p' and 'q' in various orientations and sizes, demonstrating different writing styles. The second column contains the letters 'p' and 'q' in a more uniform, slanted cursive style.







Have you ever thought about letting loose a blizzard? A hurricane? A storm?
About being able to stop that icy breath when the sky is still yellow?
When the hailstones lie on the ground and freeze the air?
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About causing a landslide with a glance? About keeping the sulphur in the air after a lightning bolt?
About remaining in the eye of a hurricane to observe the delirium around you?
About preceding the rumble of the earthquake?
About crushing a person until you hear bones creak?
About growing your canines like a mammoth's tusks?
About opening your ribcage in a desire?
About an excess of violence, crudity, harshness, primitiveness and wickedness?

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The book's title is taken from a text by Daniela Zangrando.

On the opposite page, the transcription of the text that appears as a manuscript in the first part of the book.

Alberto Tadiello

*They Persevere In The
Bewilderment Dictated By Depth*

Limited to 250 numbered copies.
In addition to this book a limited edition multiple by the artist
is available from onestar press.

Printed and bound in France

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info@onestarpress.com
www.onestarpress.com

/250

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "T. Tadiello". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a horizontal line extending to the left of the first letter.