

Rocky—reinforcing the disinterest that this place has for me—reinforcing the its non-embracing quality.

Bringing a strong sense of individuality—of isolation.

Doing what they have to do—for themselves. No tenderness, no care. Working hard—for themselves, or even harder, to accomplish a task assigned by others.

Alienation. Offering their backs—no faces but rocky bodies reinforcing the hardness of this atmosphere.

Escaping—without understanding—if they can—if they do not have to fulfill a task that fix them to this place.

Reinforcing the non-habitability of this environment.

Introducing—from time to time, minimally—gestures of sympathy, of limited softness, of insinuated care or at least a certain openness. Small windows in this irony atmosphere.

Introducing—far away—a certain calm, a certain confidence. Indicating the possibility of other places to go to.

Introducing, marginally, patience—a sense of certainty about the non-durability of this atmosphere: "no worries, it will not last forever."

Mostly passing by, devaluating this environment—ignoring it, not even escaping.

There is no intention to do so. They—we—are adapting to the atmosphere, inhabiting it in a spontaneous way (it is rather the constraining agency of the atmosphere what determines the peoples' behavior and therefore the unfolding of their agency).