



The last quarter of 2024 Tbilisi looked and felt more like a never ending fever's dreams: each fragment of the city is infected and moving at different superspeeds. The lines of the horizon are distorted and points of reference are desintegrating and being reshaped.

Some have managed to escape it, some are fighting the fever, some are surviving the weight of its shadow, some are controlling the temperature while many <a href="mailto:embrace inertia for">embrace inertia for</a> lack of better options.

This is a digital carrousel of improvised movement along the corners of the dream, or it is its center?

























