

Voice 1: I have said this before. It's inscribed, unaltered, multiplied and each time it's in that time, timeless. I stay exactly where I am. I also travel, not overly concerned about the destination. It's there in its thereness.¹ The streets are short and wide when I look into the windows of a row of buildings, joined together like words in a sentence ifasentencewastolooklikethis⁹, my past is to the left, the future to the right. It's because I stopped. When in motion, the space gets elongated, I feel like I am heading towards the vanishing point, keeping the view horizontal and myself vertical (and the right way round) – still, supported, moving. Falling is another matter. Falling sucks the future, the past and the present downwards (if one is to fall downwards). The fall is the axiom of the three times. And timeless, like I said before.³

You can hurl a book across the room, down the staircase or the elevator shaft, it won't be so bad for the book.²

Voice 2: Am I to meet someone, someone who knows this road well (?) Maybe it's not a road, although it's also not a sphere, nor a point⁷; so it *is* a line of some sort, heavily interrupted, unreliable. This is not a terrain to traverse on my own, in brackets, fear. I have no desire for a map. Anything that needs a map or a set of instructions immediately becomes more threatening, less doable. Plain language is bad enough, no need to make it worse.⁸

Voice 3: I just look. Take it in. Reflect (what's that word we talked about earlier? *Catoptric*¹³. Yes, I try the catoptric approach, no verification). It bounces and travels on, in the morning among the yawns and stretches. It's serious. It's almost death.

Is death serious?

Voice 2: Will *it* be other? When it's walked past the second time? Certainly, it has to be. It's compounded, reactive. Stillness is not the same as inertia. Stillness, in its true nature, surely, is also movement. That way it doesn't shatter. Soft, fluid. Approachable.

Approachable?

Voice 3: I'm lost for words; I will borrow these words to reside here (for now): "the expression that there is nothing to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express."
(Beckett, Samuel, with no trace of even a slight increase here).

Nothingless[ness]⁴

Voice 3: My mirror likes Beckett. And mirrors usually don't do likes and dislikes.

Voice 2: Muteness would be fine. I am that already. I think the lift is destined for the lower ground floor. It's where the reams of plain photocopier paper live. My muteness, again to be challenged (I used to think that I could challenge the paper. I try not to berate myself for that stupidity.)

Voices 1, 2, and 3 together:
Are we losing power each time we meet? Do we really ever meet? Do our reflections meet?
What is this building that accommodates such occurrences and convergences, labyrinthine and confusing?

One of the voices: I didn't think it was part of your job to be asking questions.

Voice 1: My liberty - however relative, subject to change and alterable – lies in having several minds. Connected but quite able to function alone, say things to be repeated or emulsified and absorbed.

Voice 2: I once imagined that a dash and a hyphen had a conversation.
A kind of verbal chess game. Not a serious one. Not like the one in The Seventh Seal.
Not a flippant one, either.
I imagined the hyphen being very pleased with itself for having the facility to bring things closer together, whilst not losing its position.
It doesn't like compounded words. It does not like the German language much.
It's a little smug (the hyphen, not the German language).
Least that's what I imagined the dash would think.
I imagined it being quite contemptuous of the hyphen.
Dash separates. Gives room.

Determining the hierarchy between two entities of the same shape is impossible, nonetheless, such is the political life of lines.

When the embodied and the imagined realise that they are co-dependent, that in fact they, in union shelter life, is it then that the ego dies?

Unless they are rhetorical questions?¹⁰

Voice 3: We may have fallen already. Or disappeared (almost certainly downwards).
Swimming, dreaming, speaking (sideways?). Not keeping time, converging and moving apart.
The shelves are full until we look closely.
A riddle but not for a riddle's sake¹². Because that is the only way this can be; can exist.
It calls its own existence into question all the time.



press here for endless deferral
(différance and other D words)

References*:

Samuel Beckett (1949), *Three Dialogues*
Anne Carson (2016), *In Conversation with Michael Silverblatt*
Diana Damian Martin (2018), *The Creative Critic: Critical Groundlessness*
Maria Fusco (2010), *Say Who I Am: Or a Broad Private Wink*
Donna Haraway (2016), *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Cthulucene*
Franz Kafka (1926), *The Castle*¹⁴
Georges Perec (1974), *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces*
Fernando Pessoa (1998), *The Book of Disquiet*
Hito Steyerl (2011), *In Free Fall: A Thought Experiment in Vertical Perspective*
Ludwig Wittgenstein (1953), *Philosophical Investigations*

*[alphabetical order] is the only order whose pertinence requires no justification**

** from *The Bedroom* (23), Georges Perec, *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces*



End notes:

- 1.
2. Staircases and movement as a remedy for deadness elicited by the act of answering that makes thinking stop; from a conversation between A. Carson and M. Silverblatt.
3. "Meanings occur in moments of collision, as occasional as those of occlusion. This accumulated, collective voice discloses a multiplicity of vantage points, because everything is in motion." Diana Damian Martin, *Critical Groundlessness*, *The Creative Critic*.
4. *Nothingless* as an enlightening typo on a Wikipedia page on Beckett⁵.
5. An observation shared by Carson in conversation with Silverblatt. What comes about when we are ~~not~~ paying attention.
6. Drawing from the cover of a book of essays. *Float*.
7. "Tenticularity is about life lived along lines [...] not at points, not in spheres." Donna Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble*. Nets. Networks. Connecting. Disconnecting, Fusing, Unfusing.
8. Flake¹¹
9. A bit like Wittgenstein's Slab.
10. "We could imagine a language in which *all* statements had the form and tone of rhetorical questions."^{10a}
10a. from *Language Games* (21), Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*
11. "The elevator boy is not real, you are not real, none of this is real." extract from Flake, a piece of writing I did a few months after the death of my partner. None of it is real, but it matters...
12. [They] may only be able to answer us in riddles, and [...] we must be prepared to approach them in riddling form in order to elicit the most sophisticated or productive response". Maria Fusco, *Say Who I Am*.
13. Adjective. Physics. "Relating to a mirror, a reflector, or reflection." *Oxford English Dictionary*.
14. I sometimes feel like an anonymous surveyor of/in a strange town for a purpose not quite clear to me. Only I have the added disadvantage of not being able to put up a tripod. And I don't know where North is.