

Fakeries...and other heavens.

1. Northern Soul
2. On the pattern¹ of the infinitesimal

We were led into the basement of the power station's central tower. A brutalist décor, the kind you do not find in magazines, dissolving everything in a deep faded blue. Suspended floors, glassed in, concentrically arranged around a deep central space. A floor like still water reflected the commanding glow of what appeared at first to be a control room, in fact a scale model of the entire plant. Its dimensions suggestive of important men, their faces in darkness above the diorama's edges, men now gone, their distance echoing in the bleached sunless photos hanging, barely, in the visitor's centre.

Our guide explained in front of a console of buttons, lighting up each sector, with barely any effort giving an outline of purpose and history. She described large distances and walked us through lethal rooms indifferent to human frailty. A secondary stage initiated, lights in systematic unison. Among the small group a momentary excitement fades as the possibility of glimpsing the actual power is overshadowed by the diagrammatic.

Later Theia recalls having bouts of vague nausea prior to the visit, the attack itself she describes as a pause in her vision, She said the guide's voice grew somniferous repeating the brochure in Italian, she stared harder at the sequenced configurations of lights and locations. As her mind expertly worked through the intricate circuit plans the sequence froze in a pattern floating off in retinal burn. While a stout woman in green waved the paraphernalia of inappropriate first aid over her very still, sack-like body, Theia was experiencing a continuance beyond the onset of unconsciousness.

Noticing that something was dreadfully amiss was the last thing she remembered before waking on the floor. Having never lost her exile instincts, flailing at the would-be medic, we had beaten a swift retreat to the car park. In our dust, a room of shaking heads, 'such a rude girl, and we were only trying to help.'

Moving slightly too fast down back roads, She refused to use a seat belt. The run of her heel across the dash, a direct challenge to velocity. Conversation minimal, though I was glad of it, her voice made a frightening appearance, and it

1 Propose a system that exploits a fundamental aspect of the material (silence as material), its inertia and stableness in order to illuminate the unexpected spaces that the object itself creates and by divergent technological means a production of other objects, a ghost image.

seemed as if she were etching each word into the windscreen with a compass, a mouth so painedly angular.

'Do you know, what is the planetesimal?'
'Is it a measure of scale?'²

Though we both wished for silence the present became laden with projection. Theia seemed to be stuck at a point between cold logic and a displaced personality, in this state she shone electrically.

'No, it is what a planet is before it becomes a planet...'

She struggled to find words I could understand.³ I tried to imagine a proto planet, Theia balled her fists and gestured as if they were in orbit around each other. These two objects exist in relation. At some point, a catastrophic collision', her hands sprung open, how delicate they were.

In the wake of this catastrophe you have dust and bigger particles which are possibly planetesimal, it is the first grain of planet data in an accretion of disclike and planar data, the first stone of a lapidary⁴ whose multi valent components each with umbra.⁵

She had lost us both
Silence,

Self-misting, the glass and plastic of the interior became less reflective. The language of breath installed itself securely. Using her smallest fingertip, seven points appeared in the passenger window. Her voice had returned with the warmth 'even these theoretical points are communicating to each other their separateness. The traces of connection to their shared existence disappear like wiring steeped in acids. Definite signals but travelling on the ghost of circuits, 'it sounds like you are still in that room'.

'That room was terrible wasn't it...why do they let people in there?'

- 2 A graduated line on a map/chart, plan, photograph, or mosaic, by means of which actual ground distances may be determined.
- 3 Having initiated a program of self analysis in early February.
- 4 The beyond godlike task of lithic assemblage, it is no wonder all kinds of gods appeared, themselves in stone.
- 5 Or possible difference between silence and an absence of sound

'Yes, maybe we overstepped the mark on this one'.⁶

The Seiko set into the dash read five minutes faster than the upside down wristwatch. Theia had the fingers of her right hand pressed to her forehead, obscuring her face from my view. I could not pinpoint the reflection of her gaze, open and undefended as if I were sleeping.

I remember reaching the motor lodge as western ranges blocked out the sun. We drew up to cinder block and modular accommodation, the duty manager had left keys under a sign that read 'Game room, Spa-Pool, T.V.' and no one was around. The rooms were dustless, with the presence of refrigerated long life milk. Out through oxidising sliders to an unbroken view of the pacific. High cloud registered green from the watery, sunset horizon. Night stepped out of the ocean with a dry southerly and the breakers were lighting their own way into the sand dunes, white without a trace of effervescence.

Theia's room was the exact mirror of mine, true seventies Serialism. On the second floor, the ceiling caught a blueness emitted by the Plant's main generator, over a hundred miles away and filling everything with a distant heat.

While the sectioned spaces drove me from room to room as if seeking an escape, Theia was being shaken back from the lulling embrace of the seaborne night by an abundance of light pollution. She had lost her sunglasses.⁷

Silence would be broken. Though before the next word arrived, as I reached for a grey, slightly shabby, suit hanging inexplicably on the shower rail. It disappeared in my fingertips and I let out an alarmed squeal. Well-planned rum solved the problems of moments. Theia turned on the radiogram bed head, it warmed and something like peri Como emerged. This did nothing for the atmosphere. Our thoughts were drawn back to dark currents, the temperature of sharks.

Theia finally broke, her voice made of sand. 'This music is so old'. Me, tripping over the shoe holder, 'we might have to find another channel'. 'No, It is the only channel and besides it is there whether this machine is off or on'. I am worried by her excitement, me 'I'll turn it off at the wall'. It was her turn to practice calm.

'There are so many voices, how many times they have sung this song. The perfect tune for vapours.'

Why was it that I could not bear to hear her speak? Attempting to derail her train of thought I asked,

'You do not have cigarettes by any chance?'

Russian, the kind you have to snap the filter before you smoke, she passes one over with concentration unbroken. 'This is no longer a song. It is a space inhabited by the bodiless. It scares me'. Clearly we were taking turns at being

the calming influence.⁸

'The voices are trying to tell you of their bodiless state, nobody is listening though they are awake everywhere'

'What medicines?'

'sleepless'

We sat in two unravelling plastic chairs and watched the sea, or at least the blackness from where the sound of surf came, reassuring us that it had not stood up with the night and walked off over the ranges. Still, there was an oily blackness, of possibility, or presence of a body strong enough to haul on the golden chain and drag up a monster with an appetite for sinister power plants, with a girth wider than night, capable of devouring what the night could not.

It became so dark and still, Theia disappeared from me in a way less like mergence with shadows than an overlaying of many shadows. Somewhere out in the darkness a surface had shifted and begun reflecting light into the room. Slowly this light etched out her stillness. In the flash of illumination as I turned on a desk lamp, she appeared to be wearing a veil of spider silk, as if she had walked through an attic space taken over with orb webs. This illusion was momentary as her gravity re-entered along with the threat of her voice.

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The planetesimal...Place d'italie-les gobelins.⁹

intersections-optical cluster-binary cluster, or the dialogue between stars.

The projection of lines from point to point incidentally strands together a theoretic nest of intersections, eclipses and influences, while at a structural level, the processes of accretion, coagulation and accumulation work to produce something like a roomful of orb webs. The spiders rapidly spinning around a central axis, this action is elemental, almost electrical. Spider in science fiction and space, arcade games rock musicals.

The spider's¹⁰ work produces architecture beyond the human. The web's lightness belies its ability to command a space. It represents an understanding of space. Are there layers of work that we cannot see? Looking into a funnel web could be like staring through the eye of a miniature tornado. We leave the scientific¹¹ to include sensation...

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Does intuitive composition locate truer emotional responses than a precise mapping¹² of sounds?

6 Later, Theia's report to the committee did nothing to quell the crisis of a scientific project crumbling under the weight of conflicting data.

7 Fragment (consider revising)

8 I am remembering summer

9 Past marker

10 Spider in science fiction and space, arcade games, rock musicals.

11 If only to escape the imaginary.

12 Sound as map—a) overmapping B) inter mapping.

Or an overlaying of maps, the replicate star cluster resembles a navigational device, universal in its applicability as a key. There are two actions, one of specific non-specificity¹³, the other of disintegration. The mapping of pieces and the re-piecing of projects, resulting in a mass of webs, a complex of complexes.

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LM: 'The material is fragmented and (re) organized, permitting a non-linear mind-set.'

SF: 'Or is it that a linear mindset is disturbed through fragmentation and reorganization of sound.'

LM: 'Melodic gestures are to be reduced to a minimum so that they are more a trace of melody.'

SF: 'Instead of the word ghost could we say 'distant signal of unknown origin

LM: '...or that the sounds are clustered like stars in the sky, like crystalline structures, crystal systems, patterns of cells, white light'

SF: '... the trace of a navigational key and marker of sidereal time.'

LM: 'Sounds are decomposed into many smaller components or grains, for the purpose of processing by reordering.'

SF: 'By reducing the traditional notions to grains of data they become a Sand-like after image of the original, now sectioned, melody. In drift.'

LM: 'Exactly, electronic thinking, and a slight shift of my wrist and fingers.'

13 Guides, keys, directions. The precisian utility of a point of light fixed and moving in relation to other points of light, superimposed on a 'ground'. Non specific in the sense of this preciseness.