

Cube: the verbal component.

This pdf should be viewed two pages to a screen. Navigate the cube by clicking on the small circles at the top, bottom, left and right of the screen. Thinking of the screen as a face of the cube, a single click corresponds to a rotation of the cube by ninety degrees. Upon clicking a circle on a given side of the screen, the two narrators on that side of the screen become the two narrators on the opposite side of the screen on the new pair of pages.

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I would like to sleep. My landlord would like some more money. He wants to be able to buy another flat, so that he can accumulate more money to buy another. I also feel an urge to possess. I want a netsuke walnut, carved with numerous faces. I want to turn it over in my hand, and rest it on my desk. I really would like to sleep. I wish that guy would stop droning on upstairs, that he would talk himself into leaving, or at least talk himself into talking more quietly. I want to sleep with money. I want to be money. I want my landlord to get his money and for me to sleep with his money.

I wanted to be elsewhere. I did not want to be so close to someone who was so close to death. I longed for cherubs, spring leeks, and young snowdrops. I did not want to be with my mute and stupid self, trapped without association and stifled in movement. I did not want Toby Jugs, a living room crammed with furniture, or an avocado coloured toilet. I hoped I would not wind up somewhere like that when I was about to die. I wanted to speak more than I did. I wanted to be kinder than I was. I wished I had been easygoing and friendly, a regular visitor, raised in conversation, like my sibling.

I want to be nothing. Not a number, not scared, not dead. I want to forget everything. I want to concentrate on Granny. She is nothing, and that is where I want to be. The money is nothing, Granny is nothing, and my landlord is nobody. They are where I want to be. I want to die with my darling, away from Granny. I think I can remember the touch of her grey hair on my cheek. And the money. Will they take away the money?

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A noise comes from the direction of the window, its volume increasing and then going into decline. I feel like I can give the sound a pitch, which starts high like the breeze and gradually descends as the volume of the sound diminishes. Sounds like this come throughout the night, sporadically. From the ceiling above I hear an indistinct rumble. This also is a familiar sound, low pitched and recognisable as speech, but its contours are various and muffled so that single words are difficult to make out. Sometimes the voice makes a loud unvarying noise, which is sometimes accompanied by a similar noise from another source.

A mechanical object shuddered in its motion. Waves were uttered outwards, in expanding hemispheres. These utterances, upon meeting fixed objects, were absorbed and reflected, the reflections utterances in themselves, overlapping with the utterances of the original machine. These sounds drifted through the window, their degree and character much altered, so that the insistent throb I could sense was barely similar to the neurotic fury detected by the holder of the machine. The old woman's voice rose readily above that of the machine, so I hardly noticed the latter.

Noises from windows. Some nights it's electronic bleeps, the window like a giant screen on a techy gadget. Tonight it is still sporadic mechanical purrs, these are not imagined. They are less frequent than when there was no fog, and no longer accompanied by a voice from the ceiling. The sound of the old lady is there as well, or is it an image? I have obliterated the mechanical noises, but the old lady's picture-sound covers it up.

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The window swings open. A car swings past. And then another, and another. A van pulls up and out swings my landlord, stuffing his mouth with 50 pound notes. The guy with the voice from upstairs leaves, gets into a car and swings around the block six times, revving extra loud as he passes the window. He gets out of his car, shakes my landlord's hand, and swings back upstairs, my landlord following after. The pair of them shout, not sporadically but rhythmically, once every ten seconds. A dank mist descends on the room. It is coming in through the window. I should get up to shut it.

Granny is large in front of me, her face is all I can see, it is so big. I have a sledge hammer in my hand and my eye on the Toby jugs. She is laughing out loud and I am tiny, cowering in the shadow of her enormous head. She'll be sorry when I get to her porcelain. If I can just get past, through the grey forest of her hair. Between the trees I can see a large man with a lumberjack shirt and a lawnmower. The noise is cacophonous. I just have to get through the trees and past the gardener, through the window. And there I am. Smash. Crash. Smash. I'll wipe the grin off your ugly face.

The window is not a phone tonight, nor any kind of screen. It is made of porcelain and reflects the darkness brightly. The lady that is near death has given all her money to my landlord, and the two of them are delighted with each other. The window is going to get smashed, I can see it now. I want to protect it, such a large and precious object should be preserved. It is crucial that the numbers are preserved.

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A certain number is associated with me, and with nobody else. To my bank I am uniquely characterised by my address, and by various identity codes, and we have an agreement that this number will not change unless I agree to some transaction. My rent payment is such a transaction and it will shrink my number. Oh look there it went: my number is different. I am worth less than I was. I am currently awake, not asleep. If I were able to cogently assert the opposite I would likely be lying: such rationality does not belong to the slumber state. There is no fixed moment when the fog descends.

The conversation was different once we were with her. In the car it was fluid chat, the leaps between subjects were standard and the subjects were familiar, mostly variations on a single well known theme. Once we arrived the conversation was slow and disjointed. She was amusing, and I could not be. Over tea, she seemed happy to talk, when I had nothing to say. Her face appears in front of me, her wrinkles deeper than mine are now. I was scared, but she did not seem to be so. Was it a single manifestation of a general dread? Am I less scared now than I was at that time?

Rent is distinct from inheritance. Lawnmowers are different from cars. Granny is different from a bank manager, who is different from my landlord, who is different from the guy upstairs. A voice from the ceiling is distinct from a sound at the window. Something is different from nothing. Milk from a jug is different from milk from a plastic bottle. Death is different from a gardener. Fog is different from sleep. Money is different from porcelain.

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The window swings open. A car swings past. And then another, and another. A van pulls up and out swings my landlord, stuffing his mouth with 50 pound notes. The guy with the voice from upstairs leaves, gets into a car and swings around the block six times, revving extra loud as he passes the window. He gets out of his car, shakes my landlord's hand, and swings back upstairs, my landlord following after. The pair of them shout, not sporadically but rhythmically, once every ten seconds. A dank mist descends on the room. It is coming in through the window. I should get up to shut it.

Granny is large in front of me, her face is all I can see, it is so big. I have a sledge hammer in my hand and my eye on the Toby jugs. She is laughing out loud and I am tiny, cowering in the shadow of her enormous head. She'll be sorry when I get to her porcelain. If I can just get past, through the grey forest of her hair. Between the trees I can see a large man with a lumberjack shirt and a lawnmower. The noise is cacophonous. I just have to get through the trees and past the gardener, through the window. And there I am. Smash. Crash. Smash. I'll wipe the grin off your ugly face.

The window is not a phone tonight, nor any kind of screen. It is made of porcelain and reflects the darkness brightly. The lady that is near death has given all her money to my landlord, and the two of them are delighted with each other. The window is going to get smashed, I can see it now. I want to protect it, such a large and precious object should be preserved. It is crucial that the numbers are preserved.

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I would like to sleep. My landlord would like some more money. He wants to be able to buy another flat, so that he can accumulate more money to buy another. I also feel an urge to possess. I want a netsuke walnut, carved with numerous faces. I want to turn it over in my hand, and rest it on my desk. I really would like to sleep. I wish that guy would stop droning on upstairs, that he would talk himself into leaving, or at least talk himself into talking more quietly. I want to sleep with money. I want to be money. I want my landlord to get his money and for me to sleep with his money.

I wanted to be elsewhere. I did not want to be so close to someone who was so close to death. I longed for cherubs, spring leeks, and young snowdrops. I did not want to be with my mute and stupid self, trapped without association and stifled in movement. I did not want Toby Jugs, a living room crammed with furniture, or an avocado coloured toilet. I hoped I would not wind up somewhere like that when I was about to die. I wanted to speak more than I did. I wanted to be kinder than I was. I wished I had been easygoing and friendly, a regular visitor, raised in conversation, like my sibling.

I want to be nothing. Not a number, not scared, not dead. I want to forget everything. I want to concentrate on Granny. She is nothing, and that is where I want to be. The money is nothing, Granny is nothing, and my landlord is nobody. They are where I want to be. I want to die with my darling, away from Granny. I think I can remember the touch of her grey hair on my cheek. And the money. Will they take away the money?

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A certain number is associated with me, and with nobody else. To my bank I am uniquely characterised by my address, and by various identity codes, and we have an agreement that this number will not change unless I agree to some transaction. My rent payment is such a transaction and it will shrink my number. Oh look there it went: my number is different. I am worth less than I was. I am currently awake, not asleep. If I were able to cogently assert the opposite I would likely be lying: such rationality does not belong to the slumber state. There is no fixed moment when the fog descends.

The conversation was different once we were with her. In the car it was fluid chat, the leaps between subjects were standard and the subjects were familiar, mostly variations on a single well known theme. Once we arrived the conversation was slow and disjointed. She was amusing, and I could not be. Over tea, she seemed happy to talk, when I had nothing to say. Her face appears in front of me, her wrinkles deeper than mine are now. I was scared, but she did not seem to be so. Was it a single manifestation of a general dread? Am I less scared now than I was at that time?

Rent is distinct from inheritance. Lawnmowers are different from cars. Granny is different from a bank manager, who is different from my landlord, who is different from the guy upstairs. A voice from the ceiling is distinct from a sound at the window. Something is different from nothing. Milk from a jug is different from milk from a plastic bottle. Death is different from a gardener. Fog is different from sleep. Money is different from porcelain.

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A noise comes from the direction of the window, its volume increasing and then going into decline. I feel like I can give the sound a pitch, which starts high like the breeze and gradually descends as the volume of the sound diminishes. Sounds like this come throughout the night, sporadically. From the ceiling above I hear an indistinct rumble. This also is a familiar sound, low pitched and recognisable as speech, but its contours are various and muffled so that single words are difficult to make out. Sometimes the voice makes a loud unvarying noise, which is sometimes accompanied by a similar noise from another source.

A mechanical object shuddered in its motion. Waves were uttered outwards, in expanding hemispheres. These utterances, upon meeting fixed objects, were absorbed and reflected, the reflections utterances in themselves, overlapping with the utterances of the original machine. These sounds drifted through the window, their degree and character much altered, so that the insistent throb I could sense was barely similar to the neurotic fury detected by the holder of the machine. The old woman's voice rose readily above that of the machine, so I hardly noticed the latter.

Noises from windows. Some nights it's electronic bleeps, the window like a giant screen on a techy gadget. Tonight it is still sporadic mechanical purrs, these are not imagined. They are less frequent than when there was no fog, and no longer accompanied by a voice from the ceiling. The sound of the old lady is there as well, or is it an image? I have obliterated the mechanical noises, but the old lady's picture-sound covers it up.

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Kerry 4 Anthony. Jo 4 Scott. I hope this windy, sunny afternoon will be marked on my memory like the graffiti on the bridge, fixed for reference each time I pass it. Daniel 4 Wind. Daniel 4 Autumn Sun. Daniel 4 Joanna. I wish I was a fish, shaking down the river. I wish I was a leaf, boogying in the breeze. I wish I was a tree, whipped and dazzled. I wish I was a branch, severed and cracked. I wish that was my hand brushing hair from her face, again and again. I wish that was my hair she was brushing from my face.

I wanted to witness a vacuum, surrounding a single body, Laura. I did not want to be present materially, only to be a theoretical spectator of her unique presence. I hoped that she would not be aware of me hiding away in abstraction. I hoped she would be kind to me. I wanted her to speak of her memories, accurate and misremembered, real and fictitious, until she was tired. I wanted to share some of my own with her, but not all of them. I wanted to hold some special information that she would never know. I wanted to whisper my secret memories into the vacuum, so they would never reach her. I wanted to observe Laura from a distance, ever increasing.

I want that distance to pass to infinity. I want to forget her, and be immersed in the present. I want the wind to blow her away, and scatter her like leaves. I want the snow to cover the old memory. I want Laura to cover Joanna: she is now, and that has gone. I want to feel like nature in the gale: complex and connected. I want this wood to grow, to take over the buildings around it, and break them into rubble.

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The diverse sounds of the wind are like words, complex families of stimuli gathered into distinct entities. In a similar way the sounds of violins in an orchestra unite to form a single sound. There is an association between some of the sounds and some of the motions of the trees caused by the gusts, which identifies the source of the sounds as originating in the motion of a particular tree or collection of trees. She is like him, crudely speaking: limbs in similar locations, faces with like orientations.

The snow was white, suggestive of absence. In the shade it seemed only to be a single colour, like silence. Laura's voice seemed singular, surrounded by silence. The browns of the protruding wood were constrained but varied, alike but not alike. The sounds of my breaths were alike but not alike. The sounds of my breaths were like Laura's but not like them. Laura's recollections followed a path through her memory, as we traced a path through the wood. The details of the events she remembered were obscured, as much of the ground and trees were obscured by the snow. She retraced past events as we retraced the paths of earlier walkers. Memories will fade as snow will melt away.

Their hands intertwine in similar ways, on opposing sides of their bodies. They laugh at the same time as the wind rushes through them. Laura and Joanna have similar biology: ovaries, menstrual cycles, XX sex chromosomes. Their names both end in an 'a'. They both have brown hair. They have both driven Daniel to this wood, and walked with him, holding his hand. As memory can be recorded in the snow, feelings can be recovered from the wind.

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Aaaaiishhhhaaaahhsssss. It is a great uncontrolled harmonic mass. Sounds fall into lines and overlap, identifiable as they shift simultaneously, and similar in character. There is a distant noise, that of the trees in the wood over the river: they speak low and quiet. The nearby trees speak with more than one voice: their tops sound like they shift the breeze, and from lower down come the rustles of leaves. The sounds of different trees seem to form a continuum that raises with each gust. Over the top a high pitched human sound, not speech, continuous and emotive.

I can remember it was silent. Laura was talking, and in between her words all was quiet. Even as she spoke all was quiet about. There was noise, there must have been noise: the sounds of our boots crunching through the snow, the sounds of our coats rustling against themselves, the sounds of our breathing heavily as we walked up the hill. The air would not have been motionless, it must surely have shifted the bones in our ears to some action. But what I remember is the quiet, I suppose an emotional association with an abstract stillness. I could isolate Laura's voice from the other noises around, and expel those other noises from my mind so that now, in my memory, they are tied to zero.

There is a dynamical shift. Sounds once seemed to come from near as well as far, and now they only come from a distance. From far away comes a roar, but from close by silence. I can still hear her voice in the silence. Now over the roar I can hear rhythmical hurches from the ground, at different pitches and with different tempi. In certain places the hurches come together with little cracking sounds. Then the gushes in my ears return.

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We mostly don't speak. The spectacle of the trees in wind and sunshine is finer than any words I might have to offer him, or he me. The violence of the breeze whips the autumn leaves from the trees, and they scatter in front of us. A great number have collected on the surface of the river. The river shudders in the wind and shimmers in the sunlight. As we move along the path the gusts shift from distant to nearby. The effects of the distant gusts we can hear, those that envelop us are overwhelming.

'Snow was a rare event for us. I have an early memory of it striking. We were 'snowed in' for a couple of days at my grandparents. I can't really remember, but that must have meant staying where we were for a couple of days, as the crisis of a few centimetres of snow melted away. I can see my grandparents standing out in the snow, in front of their house, blurry, and on top a photograph of them at a later time, sharper and in bright colours. It is funny how early memories lose their truth. I have a memory from my childhood of jumping upwards and pulling the light from the ceiling, Japanese lantern and all. I can't have done it, but I remember it happening.'

I take his hand. We are uncertainly held together; my body keeps altering its rhythm to balance, and to move the hair from my face. Inside the wood it generally feels much calmer. We can observe the motion of the distant tops of the trees, and hear a distant cacophony, but we feel barely any breeze on our faces. We see nobody else, and say nothing. As we enter the clearing in the heart of the wood, the movements of the surrounding vegetation are as wild as before.

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I can remember it was silent. Laura was talking, and in between her words all was quiet. Even as she spoke all was quiet about. There was noise, there must have been noise: the sounds of our boots crunching through the snow, the sounds of our coats rustling against themselves, the sounds of our breathing heavily as we walked up the hill. The air would not have been motionless, it must surely have shifted the bones in our ears to some action. But what I remember is the quiet, I suppose an emotional association with an abstract stillness. I could isolate Laura's voice from the other noises around, and expel those other noises from my mind so that now, in my memory, they are tied to zero.

There is a dynamical shift. Sounds once seemed to come from near as well as far, and now they only come from a distance. From far away comes a roar, but from close by silence. I can still hear her voice in the silence. Now over the roar I can hear rhythmical huurches from the ground, at different pitches and with different tempi. In certain places the huurches come together with little cracking sounds. Then the gushes in my ears return.

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The diverse sounds of the wind are like words, complex families of stimuli gathered into distinct entities. In a similar way the sounds of violins in an orchestra unite to form a single sound. There is an association between some of the sounds and some of the motions of the trees caused by the gusts, which identifies the source of the sounds as originating in the motion of a particular tree or collection of trees. She is like him, crudely speaking: limbs in similar locations, faces with like orientations.

The snow was white, suggestive of absence. In the shade it seemed only to be a single colour, like silence. Laura's voice seemed singular, surrounded by silence. The browns of the protruding wood were constrained but varied, alike but not alike. The sounds of my breaths were alike but not alike. The sounds of my breaths were like Laura's but not like them. Laura's recollections followed a path through her memory, as we traced a path through the wood. The details of the events she remembered were obscured, as much of the ground and trees were obscured by the snow. She retraced past events as we retraced the paths of earlier walkers. Memories will fade as snow will melt away.

Their hands intertwine in similar ways, on opposing sides of their bodies. They laugh at the same time as the wind rushes through them. Laura and Joanna have similar biology: ovaries, menstrual cycles, XX sex chromosomes. Their names both end in an 'a'. They both have brown hair. They have both driven Daniel to this wood, and walked with him, holding his hand. As memory can be recorded in the snow, feelings can be recovered from the wind.

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Kerry 4 Anthony. Jo 4 Scott. I hope this windy, sunny afternoon will be marked on my memory like the graffiti on the bridge, fixed for reference each time I pass it. Daniel 4 Wind. Daniel 4 Autumn Sun. Daniel 4 Joanna. I wish I was a fish, shaking down the river. I wish I was a leaf, boogying in the breeze. I wish I was a tree, whipped and dazzled. I wish I was a branch, severed and cracked. I wish that was my hand brushing hair from her face, again and again. I wish that was my hair she was brushing from my face.

I wanted to witness a vacuum, surrounding a single body, Laura. I did not want to be present materially, only to be a theoretical spectator of her unique presence. I hoped that she would not be aware of me hiding away in abstraction. I hoped she would be kind to me. I wanted her to speak of her memories, accurate and misremembered, real and fictitious, until she was tired. I wanted to share some of my own with her, but not all of them. I wanted to hold some special information that she would never know. I wanted to whisper my secret memories into the vacuum, so they would never reach her. I wanted to observe Laura from a distance, ever increasing.

I want that distance to pass to infinity. I want to forget her, and be immersed in the present. I want the wind to blow her away, and scatter her like leaves. I want the snow to cover the old memory. I want Laura to cover Joanna: she is now, and that has gone. I want to feel like nature in the gale: complex and connected. I want this wood to grow, to take over the buildings around it, and break them into rubble.

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We mostly don't speak. The spectacle of the trees in wind and sunshine is finer than any words I might have to offer him, or he me. The violence of the breeze whips the autumn leaves from the trees, and they scatter in front of us. A great number have collected on the surface of the river. The river shudders in the wind and shimmers in the sunlight. As we move along the path the gusts shift from distant to nearby. The effects of the distant gusts we can hear, those that envelop us are overwhelming.

'Snow was a rare event for us. I have an early memory of it striking. We were 'snowed in' for a couple of days at my grandparents. I can't really remember, but that must have meant staying where we were for a couple of days, as the crisis of a few centimetres of snow melted away. I can see my grandparents standing out in the snow, in front of their house, blurry, and on top a photograph of them at a later time, sharper and in bright colours. It is funny how early memories lose their truth. I have a memory from my childhood of jumping upwards and pulling the light from the ceiling, Japanese lantern and all. I can't have done it, but I remember it happening.'

I take his hand. We are uncertainly held together; my body keeps altering its rhythm to balance, and to move the hair from my face. Inside the wood it generally feels much calmer. We can observe the motion of the distant tops of the trees, and hear a distant cacophony, but we feel barely any breeze on our faces. We see nobody else, and say nothing. As we enter the clearing in the heart of the wood, the movements of the surrounding vegetation are as wild as before.

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The gate is distinguished from its surroundings, having been made by people, in a factory. It has a regularity to its appearance, like the clouds above, but unlike the surrounding trees, which are only vaguely vertical and only vaguely cylindrical. The birches are generally shorter, less cylindrical and less vertical than the other trees around. Unlike many of the trees around, they wear no leaves. Unlike the birches, a handful of deciduous trees still carry theirs, in a burst of yellow-brown. The wood is quiet today, I am the unique human violating its form. I can hear birdsong, but I cannot see any birds.

It could not talk. It could not raise itself to a walk. It could not appreciate my apprehension of its situation. It could not respond in kind to its mother's verbal analysis of its situation. It was not bad, I mean not noisy. It could not be bad, I mean it could not be cruel. Its head was big, its fingers were tiny. It did not want for desires. It appeared marked out from its surroundings. It did not appear to be decayed.

Pink and green can be harmonious to the eye when placed next to each other, but they are not alike. The baby was new life: it would grow larger and more capable, it had soft skin. The wood is old and past life: upright trees extend high, grass is browning, pine needles are decaying, fallen trees are rotting. The baby wanted milk, the wood wants nothing. The baby may one day like trees, or grass, or stone, or hills. The trees, grass, stone and hills will never like the baby. On the latter part of the walk the wood is denser in places, giving views into a frightening darkness.

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How can I represent such complexity in language? Do all those colours I call green share something special with each other that they deserve a single word to unite them? And the browns? And the whites? When I say the wood was green, brown and white, am I saying something about the wood, or am I rather saying something about the way my mind categorises information? Would a painter do any better at representing this scene? But how long would it take to represent even a single clump of grass at a single moment in paint? Might a film be better? But how would a film represent what I feel as I walk?

How much less did I resemble that baby than I resembled myself when I was a baby? Did I deserve the same name as I had when I was a baby? Why had my name not changed like I had? Evolving a new orientation of letters with each birthday: Daniel, Diniel, Disiel, Dishiel, Deshire? When her mother became infirm, might Petal one day take revenge on her by dressing her all in pink? How long would I have to wait?

Why am I remembering the baby as I walk around the wood? Is there some suggestive element of the surroundings that leads me back to her? Does avoiding the bog remind me of avoiding eye contact at the surgery? Is the emotion raised by the walking and the mesmerising entanglement of nature reminiscent of the emotion raised by seeing a baby, tiny in its surroundings? Or is the memory of this morning surrounding me now because it wants a period to exert itself, and now is as good a time as any? If I give myself up, can I feel like a baby feels, when placed before an amazing set of unassociated elements?

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The beginning is an opening in the trees, a view of another space. The gate is a number, something to go past and observe. The hill is unhappiness, it can be walked up if you make the effort. A birch is a pine needle, a shape to tread underfoot without cruelty. The birches are people, sensitive and verbal. The wood is a word, in a word. The ferns are contraction, low down and browning. Through the beginning is a birch. Through the gate is a hill. Through the word is the beginning of a birch. Contraction is never-ending. Numbers always diminish on the way down. Hills erode. Gates close.

I was trapped waiting at the doctors' surgery. I could not move from my seat and someone was reading the magazines to me, one after another, in a cooey cooey voice. They mostly consisted of advertisements and recipes. Petal was watching me, and she too was being spoken to in dulcet tones, by her mother. The baby had picture books. Petal's literature was more interesting than mine, and I strained to hear her mother over the sound of the adverts.

I am speaking loudly to Petal as we walk, in didactic tones. I am instructing her concerning some important matters. It is difficult to say to myself precisely what those important matters are, and each time I try to announce one to myself it seems insignificant. I conclude that is not what I am telling Petal, which is certainly very important. I look around the outside and see it concerns beauty, in part. It also concerns her mother, and things that are written down. All of these are very important, and I am trying not to shout. Petal asks sensible questions, and I walk hard as I answer them.

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At the beginning I can see a right angled triangle in metal, painted in red and white stripes. The sides of the triangle adjoining the right angle are horizontal and vertical. The paint is interspersed with rust. At the beginning, looking forwards at ninety degrees to the vertical I see a stony path, and to either side vertical protrusions in brown and green and white. Now when I look vertically up I can see grey, but in all directions towards the horizontal I see a blue strip in the sky, so long as it is not obscured by land or vegetation. When I look vertically down I see many different greys, in many different planes.

The centre of my view was dominated by a single colour. The babygro was a soft pink. The hat was a lurid pink, to match the pink woollen cardigan. The blanket was striped in a pair of pinks. Even the red and white of the baby's eyes seemed to merge. The baby's mother's voice was pink, and her cheeks flushed a similar colour. But around the outside the colours were uncoordinated and I recall a general sense of brown. There was just an occasional pink flash from the magazine covers.

I look about me to appreciate my situation. The centre of my view is always more active in my mind than its surroundings, which do not seem blurry to me but I am less aware of them. I see strands growing from the trees and strands on the ground. Before me is a brown boggy mass surrounded by grass. I look down and place my shoes on the grass. This pattern is repeated, although sometimes the grass is replaced with some other matter like a fallen tree. At the end I look forwards to the sky. The blue strip has expanded to a great blue-grey smear and in the distance I can see hills, one rounded and one sharp peaked.

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Pink and green can be harmonious to the eye when placed next to each other, but they are not alike. The baby was new life: it would grow larger and more capable, it had soft skin. The wood is old and past life: upright trees extend high, grass is browning, pine needles are decaying, fallen trees are rotting. The baby wanted milk, the wood wants nothing. The baby may one day like trees, or grass, or stone, or hills. The trees, grass, stone and hills will never like the baby. On the latter part of the walk the wood is denser in places, giving views into a frightening darkness.

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The beginning is an opening in the trees, a view of another space. The gate is a number, something to go past and observe. The hill is unhappiness, it can be walked up if you make the effort. A birch is a pine needle, a shape to tread underfoot without cruelty. The birches are people, sensitive and verbal. The wood is a word, in a word. The ferns are contraction, low down and browning. Through the beginning is a birch. Through the gate is a hill. Through the word is the beginning of a birch. Contraction is never-ending. Numbers always diminish on the way down. Hills erode. Gates close.

I was trapped waiting at the doctors' surgery. I could not move from my seat and someone was reading the magazines to me, one after another, in a cooey cooey voice. They mostly consisted of advertisements and recipes. Petal was watching me, and she too was being spoken to in dulcet tones, by her mother. The baby had picture books. Petal's literature was more interesting than mine, and I strained to hear her mother over the sound of the adverts.

I am speaking loudly to Petal as we walk, in didactic tones. I am instructing her concerning some important matters. It is difficult to say to myself precisely what those important matters are, and each time I try to announce one to myself it seems insignificant. I conclude that is not what I am telling Petal, which is certainly very important. I look around the outside and see it concerns beauty, in part. It also concerns her mother, and things that are written down. All of these are very important, and I am trying not to shout. Petal asks sensible questions, and I walk hard as I answer them.

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Was she really dressed all in black? Or have I extended the darkness of the skies to the darkness of the roads and surrounding buildings to the darkness of her clothing? Were her clothes expensive, as I imagine? Did I ever look over at her as she drove, or did I keep my eyes on the road and the dark car interior? Did she look over at me? Had she really had a nice evening, as she said? Would she have told me if she had not had a pleasant time? Would I recognise her, if I saw her now?

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After an opening set of images of a mysterious death there is sequence I recognise. There are symmetries within images: lights, pillars, and posts in rows separated by the same distance. And there are similarities amongst images: rows, and artificial lights, and concrete. In the drama I often see rectangles, and also skin, variously creased, occupying the screen. The clothing is in plain fabrics, except for the leading cop's checked shirt. He has checked bedding as well.

In front of us, beneath the level of our eyes, was a surface, grey with flecks of a darker grey. On top of the surface was a thing, white and roughly hemispherical in shape, into which we transferred some stuff. This stuff was manipulated by a silver coloured rotating thing, attached to a thing on which the white hemispherical thing rested. The manipulated stuff was transferred to a pair of silver coloured cylindrical things, whose bases and sides contained some flexible brown stuff. I could not see the heat, but its effect on the gooey stuff we had made was visible. The stuff got larger, its top smoothed and changed from a cream to a light brown.

Grey rooms, white coats, and baked goods. I keep seeing bread rolls. And some fizzy white stuff in a glass of water. The same faces recur. There are only a handful of different faces but there are many sequences of images involving these faces, implying a great degree of repetition. Near the base of the screen are white symbols. On the screen now is a screen, occupied by numerous similar symbols. Near the base of the screen the symbols say 'Give me your phone and I'll tell you who you are'. Three faces gather near the screen within a screen and a fourth is summoned to attend to it.

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The Swedish cop is like the other Swedish cop, and the other Swedish cop. And the Danish cop, the Sicilian cop, the French cop, the English cop, and the Welsh cop. They live alone, work hard, have a strong sense of justice if not the procedures of the state, have a foolish boss, and work in a small team whose relations are generally harmonious. They solve all their cases, although often there are a number of deaths before the killer or killers are revealed.

Like many of my memories from childhood or near childhood, this concerns food and a person. It was not like my mother to bake. Victoria sponge was a cake her own mother would have baked for her when she was a child. The sweetness of the cake's flesh, and the raspberry jam within, were like the sweetness of spirit raised by the lit candles. The fear of ill health and corpulence arising from indulging in such pleasures was like the fear of burning skin. We were under threat: the butter was like fatty deposits in coronary arteries, and blooms of blubber. The sugar was like addiction.

Come to Mummy. The awkward dark haired female cop with a fringe who is good with computers is like the dark haired fringed woman who is good with computers in the Aussie thriller. They are both like the awkward dark haired female who is good with computers in the Hollywood film based on the Swedish book. This one is accepting a gift of information, made electronically on the voluntary tracking device the suspect calls his phone. His Mummy is recently dead, but he finds himself with a brand new Mummy, who knows all about him. One suspect is replaced by another suspect, each looks guilty as hell and then not.

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I am caught between knowing, and not knowing. Some information has been given to me, although at the moment it is simple data: it has not been subject to rational organisation. There are files and files of it at the office. I need some time, or a team of assistants, to go through it all. But the more I go through it, the more arrives. Will someone please help? It has all been put onto a computer. The data is human-shaped on the screen. It has a friendly face and rumpled skin.

I walked in and amongst the candles. They were evenly spaced in a ring, but the number seemed to change as I went around. The icing sugar used to decorate the cake attached to my feet and coagulated to become a saccharine glue. It became harder and harder to move. Once I was stuck completely the only remaining possibility was to eat my way out. I couldn't get right down to my feet so I had to eat all around, pulling all the time, until the cake at my feet was a crumbly mess and I was free again. Victoria no longer had me trapped in her sweet charge and my mother was only a spectator.

There are six Mummys, represented by their faces, projected on screens, forming a hexagon around the room. They are of varying ages, and their eyes follow me as I move about. I am making tea and they are commenting on my technique. I don't think lemon would go with a Victoria sponge, but one of the Mummys argues vociferously that I should add a slice to the tea. I become confused. I thought making tea was easy. I can hardly recognise what they are talking about anymore, but I interpret everything they say as a comment on my teamaking abilities. I almost knock the teapot off the edge of the table.

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I wish to be able to recognise, memorise, and interpret all the signs. I want to know who placed that syringe on the side, and who that woman is who is dying. If she was killed as an act of mercy, I hope the cops do not discover what happened. This can't be simple euthanasia: I want more blood! I wouldn't mind if the shifty doctor were locked up. Oh, but I'm not sure I wanted him to die. I want the clever cops to overturn all these people's secrets, and give them to me.

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I don't want the cops to know anything about me. I want to live in an underground pod, away from all people except for carefully chosen visitors who may visit through a door in a tree. I hope I will never commit murder. I hope they will all leave me alone. I want Mummy to protect me. I want a Mummy to protect me from Mummy. I wish the lead cop would stop flirting with the blonde pathologist. I want him to stay single and true. I hope the guilty girl doesn't jump off the building. I would prefer her to lie penitent in a grey cell for some period, and eventually return to her baking.

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I walked in and amongst the candles. They were evenly spaced in a ring, but the number seemed to change as I went around. The icing sugar used to decorate the cake attached to my feet and coagulated to become a saccharine glue. It became harder and harder to move. Once I was stuck completely the only remaining possibility was to eat my way out. I couldn't get right down to my feet so I had to eat all around, pulling all the time, until the cake at my feet was a crumbly mess and I was free again. Victoria no longer had me trapped in her sweet charge and my mother was only a spectator.

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Grey rooms, white coats, and baked goods. I keep seeing bread rolls. And some fizzy white stuff in a glass of water. The same faces recur. There are only a handful of different faces but there are many sequences of images involving these faces, implying a great degree of repetition. Near the base of the screen are white symbols. On the screen now is a screen, occupied by numerous similar symbols. Near the base of the screen the symbols say 'Give me your phone and I'll tell you who you are'. Three faces gather near the screen within a screen and a fourth is summoned to attend to it.

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The Swedish cop is like the other Swedish cop, and the other Swedish cop. And the Danish cop, the Sicilian cop, the French cop, the English cop, and the Welsh cop. They live alone, work hard, have a strong sense of justice if not the procedures of the state, have a foolish boss, and work in a small team whose relations are generally harmonious. They solve all their cases, although often there are a number of deaths before the killer or killers are revealed.

Like many of my memories from childhood or near childhood, this concerns food and a person. It was not like my mother to bake. Victoria sponge was a cake her own mother would have baked for her when she was a child. The sweetness of the cake's flesh, and the raspberry jam within, were like the sweetness of spirit raised by the lit candles. The fear of ill health and corpulence arising from indulging in such pleasures was like the fear of burning skin. We were under threat: the butter was like fatty deposits in coronary arteries, and blooms of blubber. The sugar was like addiction.

Come to Mummy. The awkward dark haired female cop with a fringe who is good with computers is like the dark haired fringed woman who is good with computers in the Aussie thriller. They are both like the awkward dark haired female who is good with computers in the Hollywood film based on the Swedish book. This one is accepting a gift of information, made electronically on the voluntary tracking device the suspect calls his phone. His Mummy is recently dead, but he finds himself with a brand new Mummy, who knows all about him. One suspect is replaced by another suspect, each looks guilty as hell and then not.

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