

THE IMPERCEPTIBLE "I"

The Imperceptible "I" is the third and final episode of the three-episode collaborative writing project associated with Zones of Sensitivity for the Transart Triennale 2016. The idea is that we dissolve the singularity of authorship, in keeping with the TT16 theme of The Imperceptible Self.

Authors were invited to add a sentence to a text that we wrote together in the span of ten days between August 6 & August 15, 2016 in continuation of the first and second episodes: *the "I" that thinks & the "I" that feels*.

She/He travels feverishly, constantly and inevitably between the "I think" concept and the "it thinks" of the body. So fast she/he moves between the two, that she/he can not gather all of her/him Self before leaving for the other shore. And so it is that she/he dissolves. Yet something remains. What is it?

Episode 3: the Imperceptible "I"

She saw known waterfalls of unknown rivers. So it was that she was at once here and there. Just in the moment he approached her, a mighty goldfish leaped out of the river hunting an earthfly during its first flight after leaving the chrysalis. By the time his eye returned to her, she had already changed into ribbons of rivergrass, swirling around his submerged ankles. Melting between the blades he touched her green with his tongue and asked her: Will you ever arrive and when you do, will it be you or some other? Swirling around him again she replied: I will arrive as the other if you are waiting for me but will always be myself if you are the other longing for me.

That night it began to rain and it did not stop until the river rose to meet the waterfall. And the goldfish enjoyed the rising of the river, hunting the raindrops of his dreams. And without noticing it, the fish was drawn by the river to the waterfall and sucked over the edge - winging his unknown dream.

There was a lulllllll. That night. Eyelids are flickering phone cases in hands. White feet in sandals. Shifting clocks and side eyeing every possible thing. We are what we eat so I guess we are starving. The thirst knows no curfew.

Indicative of passion, reads the label. She ate it heartily. Ice cream stains are a common thing these days. The heart wants what it wants, and she wants data. Not caring for information, like any other data junkie, she reads anything, be it the phone directory of Karachi or the list of ingredients on a package of milk. Transgressing the reach of the mirror she enters a dream full of flowers and glowing eyebulbs, just to realise that she fell into a waterfall. She asked itself a Question : "How can we swim if our bodies are made from crystallized air?", while crying in a darkened pillow that she found at the dusty corner in her grandmother's attic.

Slowly, as she inhaled the attic dust, it swelled, revealing that body has always been herself, her thinking was the other, it had always been this way, she had misunderstood, and drowsily, she felt it. Her physical being was solid and present, but her soul, her spirit, floated out amongst the others mingling with the weight of knowledge not yet shared.

Within the barren shelter, situated in that cold wasteland where no woman or man ever speak, or open their eyes, or sit up or walk or eat: a light-bulb has fused. This releases a wave of sadness, even though the light it spat was unknown to most. It lived as it died... In secrecy and obscurity. Within minutes the panoramic horizon is divided into four, by tiny black dots. Then, Lines. And finally, as they approach the shelter, their footfall is heavy yet unsounding. They are cloaked, shrouded in void.

The detectives enter the shelter and speak, begin to acknowledge their presence in pastoral prose.

Recognition arose. They had abandoned their activity, returned to the water, for this light was the fruit of their labour and their purpose remained fulfilled until now.

Old, decrepit, miserable, still in a hypnagogic trance they emerged from the chilly ocean of shadow surrounding. They knew that it was time, and seeing each other after the thirty-three-thousandth torus their thoughts talked too and spoke only of tick, tock, tick, tock. Their hoods are lowered. They point their eyes at this flower, and weep. And they sing. They sing for the rhizomatic spirit of the Flipside, to manifest itself here in the dark, as they did once in an ancient nightmare. The quartz grows around the quartet, their resonance destroys what it created mere moments ago, undoes its own doing, but faster, and sharper each time. The Circle is coerced into a Spiral, a u-cord is tied tight around the core of the shelter, the colours and points are reintroduced, and the fused bulb is no more. In its place is a bud, a sapling. They nod to each other, covering their heads once more, drawing their blades in unison.

North stabs East as East stabs South and South stabs West as West completes the cycle.

There their dead bodies lie, until the Tidy Labourer arrives to take their cloaks away into the dark, carefully stepping around the faint glow of the bulb. Underneath each cloak is a silver egg. The bulb begins to hum and resonate, nursing the eggs, and from them hatch four cardinals. The birds roll about in crystal dust and thin broken glass, and sing once more, and weep no more. They look upon the glorious light of their child-parent for a fleeting moment before flying off toward their shadows. The vibrant red color of their coats spreads a hue of rose colored light over the entire land, into the heart of every being.

I could swear a figure passed by when my eyes were closed. It was a mothlight glimpse near the window that disappeared when I opened. I felt her faraway lands, but sadness did not endure as each cell in her carried the writing and coding of all she had experienced, opened up with one drop of water on her skin as if reading a book.

Swallowing her drop his life immediately died of thirst for the unknown river. We are so deeply connected. "Full of mysterious smoke and ancient fire offerings." It's just that sometimes, the smoke gets into our eyes and it burns like hell. But we forget that we are mostly made of water.



K'uei : Fire over Lake - Opposition - Misunderstanding truth creates opposition.

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