

Whatever Constellations
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As I begin to talk, my words seem to be fed back to me through the sheer possibility of being listened. What one could call mental labour is at first a state of confusion, my head is stimulated in a new direction, and I understand that there is a continuous process of exchange, which exists even before I have the intention to use it. The desire to draw all the ideas I need from the circumstances themselves, and from the mental excitement they generate, prompt me to trust to luck and make a start.

I think you can easily imagine the situation of a person hearing herself speaking. The presence of a recording instrument always implicates the idea of a slight delay between the actual speech and the feedback which one is forced to see. I will try to describe the other person's situation. She accepted to appear in front of the camera unprepared - and she is totally unprepared. There are some notes on the table, yes, but they are not really notes, they're rather for reassurance, to pretend to have notes. She has some vague conception in mind, so she just makes a start. The necessity of finding an end for that beginning, should shape the first confused idea, and the understanding might arrive at as the sentence ends. But then her experience is quite different, it is difficult to say even one entire and undamaged sentence. When the first part of the sentence seems to come back, the second part gets lost. It feels as if her mind is stimulated in a new direction by every single word. It's like a collision of two temporal moments, two instances of speech.

She talks about herself as about an object, which meanings she expatiates and disperses in certain directions. The words become like things. She has great difficulty coinciding with herself as a subject. I see astonishment in her face. Something is happening here, but what is it? It is hard to say, but certainly there is intensity to it. These moments are almost impossible to articulate. Inbetween a certain confused perception and a delayed movement, she is involved in a time lapse. She's asked to speak, continue to speak. She struggles against her own voice, loses her place. She is experiencing a double take on herself. The words are coming back, seem slow. The thinking itself is slowed down. The situation puts a distance between the words and their comprehension. The words forming in her mind are somehow detached from the normal thinking process. And it's true, to allow a movement from one thing to another, a word should be essentially free and predisposed to displacement. - She makes a move, suggesting she wishes to interrupt.

This state is a temporary entanglement of activity and passivity. It is a constantly revolving experience. There is no escape. And even when I tell you, what I have seen, a division arises, and therefore the non-live of the narration is outrun by the telling of the story, which is live. The captivity, which is both described and enacted, could be called the prison of a collapsed present, that is, a present time which is completely severed from a sense of its own past. - Which made her think about the difference between instantaneous time and delayed time. Instantaneous time, she says, is an immediate perception. The here and now can never be grasped and is already over - the moment is significant as the instant in which decision-making takes place. Whereas delayed time is more like a mirror reflection and the temporal concomitant of this situation is, like an echo-effect, the sense of a collapsed present. It is Echo of course. And delay the preferred interaction. She does not talk, she is talked.

