

all that is solid melts into air

Lyotard thinks.

Words 'say', sound, touch always 'before' thought. And they always 'say' something other than what thought signifies, what it wants to signify by putting them into form.

Words are immaterial “an analogue of matter in the order of thought itself [...] a matter of thought, a nuance, a grain, a timbre which makes an event for thought and unsettles it”

Words occupy “the most secret place of thought”. Words are what matter is incapable of thinking. Words occur before thought is possible. They extend beyond thought to produce what thought is incapable of. Words want nothing.

[Pause]

Words want. Words share. Words are apart. Whilst reading/listening to this you are apart from me. During this time when you are focusing on my voice, I may be exciting your lover or burgling your house. Now it's your turn.

Rough hewn over infinite time, staring tough and craggy over the hard grey sea.
Smoothed by sudden human feet in the blink of a rocky eye.

Anxiety rising.

We are disappearing.
Effaced over time (by an infinite pressure).

It is damp, dense and foggy.
It is hard to breathe.
We have been falling for a long time.
Small, thick parts of who we were smashing into rocks, melting into sea, evaporating into air
Before collecting in the hollows, sinking into sheets of ribboned gas, creeping over ground and rocks and trees;
Dissolving solids.

A soft, whispering effacement.

(Everything will go.)

Lucy Lippard describes NY based Conceptual artist On Kawara's work produced in the late 1960's early 70's as dematerialized. This includes a postcard series he made entitled I GOT UP. The

postcards were stamped this motto and the time which he had arisen each day. He often got up very late.

I GOT UP

And thought of you seeing this.

I GOT UP

And thought of the weight of it

I GOT UP

And thought of words emitted from a screen

I GOT UP

And tried to recapture my dreams

I GOT UP

And thought of you at another time in a different location

I GOT UP

And thought about the last and end

I GOT UP

And thought about a day off from thinking

Time shrinks.

There is no space anymore.

The sea stopped and the rocks disappeared into vapour.

As the world dissipated, we became busy making things from our gasses. It had medicinal properties, and thickened when kneaded and melted when shook.

I can't see you.

I can't feel you.

A thick, clotted hope remained, kneading and shaking brief moments of interstate corporeality.

The adjustment was painful, edges disappeared.

After a time we forgot about solidity, and became accustomed to existence as an amorphous roiling mist.

I let you fall through the vapour.

Everything must go.