

EXTRACT: DORA GARCÍA

A real island? And the text? Would it be written or spoken?

I think it would be an actual voice, a narrator but spoken in such a way as to sound like it was being read, perhaps from a diary or a journal...

You mean natural but also unnatural?

I was thinking of *Sans Soleil*. Diaristic but also offering the possibility of fiction. The voice says:

'The heat was unbelievable. The sun was blinding. It was not even ten in the morning, and we were already drenched in sweat. There were four of us on a boat to the island. As we moored up and left the boat, the sound of those small, seemingly extra-terrestrial winged beasts I had not seen anywhere in the world until we arrived here, was quite deafening. So, we were deafened by those insects, blinded by the sun, and drenched in sweat. We walked up the slope seriously wondering if we would still be alive when we reached the top - but the sight of other art lovers up there reassured us. We arrived at a kind of ticket office, standing in the middle of nowhere, as though it was in the moon. A lady covered in a white milky veil gave us four numbers, and informed us we would be allowed to enter in about four hours. Our hearts dropped a beat wondering how we could get through the blinding, deafening, sweat-drenching day. We found the only shadow in the island, a packed hut with a large awning which offered some shading. People were eating curry. We thought we would never feel like eating again but two hours later we too were greedily devouring our curry. Then we fell into a torpor close to hallucination. Then the alarm - time to go. The sun was already low.

The milky lady told us to follow her and so we did - we followed her through several meandering paths through the jungle, the cicadas now, totally out of their minds - I wouldn't have been surprised if a tiger had jumped us. As we

passed various stations, they took more things away from us each time: shoes first, then phones. No phone. No camera. Nothing but our bare hands and feet and our clothes, glued to our bodies with sweat.

The space was big, big, circular, like a squeezed and elastic egg, everything was white, the walls were white, the floor was white, an enormous circular opening in front of us, like an ovoidal cinema screen but open, open to the jungle, the jungle framed by the ellipse. From one side to the other of the open ellipse, lay a thread, a thread hanging, drawing a curve from one side to the other, water drops about to fall from it. A butterfly passed through, then flew away. The air was fresh and cool inside, the sound reminiscent of a vault. The tiniest sounds were lower in frequency, and seemed to hang in the air for longer. The floor was white like everything was white but a sort of broken white and on it lay thousands, thousands of tiny water drops. The drops behaved strangely, like mercury, the floor seemed to repel them, so they ran, they ran through the floor until they met other drops and eventually got together in several flat, shallow ponds, the bigger one in the middle of the space, right under the curved thread. The movement of drops was continuous. We, each of us barefooted, were treading very carefully so as not to step on the drops. Where did all those drops come from? Here and there, little tiny eggs could be found, the same broken white as the floor, so it took time to discover them. They were extraordinary. If you looked closely, after a while, you could see a little drop forming at the top of the egg, getting bigger, then dripping down onto the floor, like an excretion. Those eggs, I have no idea how they functioned. They were not even eggs, they were slightly square, like square and round at the same time. Someone mentioned they were unglazed stones used for Japanese calligraphy. But obviously here they were being used for another purpose. After a while I felt I had to sit. I sat close to the curved walls, where it was drier, close to one of those curious stones, just sat there watching the water flow slowly, slowly, as if something or someone was bleeding out.