

## EXTRACT: JOSHUA WILSON

*Is it film we are dealing with?*

It is a difficult question. I would say yes, completely but also only partially.

*I mean, formally...*

Mostly, yes. Though even with its visuals, its sound, it is clear we are encountering writing, a text on sixteen pieces of paper, a strange, almost impossible piece of writing that is at the same time fractured, concise and sprawling. Alone on a desk, in the form of continuous text, it would emerge before you as an essayistic prose poem disguised as a letter that never starts and never ends.

*It is timeless, atemporal.*

Yet on the screen it does start - or at least it seems to start - quite suddenly.

*Ok...*

The first minute is a concise and alluring reflection on it's own moments of timelessness - and moments of timelessness more generally, in cinema. Namely, the cinematic ellipsis; the black and empty screen, the celluloid 'leader', a negation of light, blankness, nothing; the ellipsis: that most veritable, versatile container for an invisible, inaudible and unexplained moment in time; a present absence. Just as literature, so too cinema.

*Image as a lack-of image. What about the voice?*

As the film rolls on, a phrase repeats as if a mantra, 'He wrote me', the verbal tying together of three words that sit together neatly in poetic economy. But here, when those words are uttered, a complication of the voice has occurred. At first it seems we are listening to an unstable narrator but this position unravels, we lose track of who is speaking, we confuse the voices. Are we listening to the person reading the letter or the person who has written the letter? In it's interminability, the letter contains unfinished musings of a kind of real and unreal drifter who will never stop drifting, who is likely still drifting, through civilisations in historical time, time that has always just passed and is always just around the corner.