

EXTRACT #17 (DANIELA CASCELLA)

She begins, the older woman, saying: Sounds arise, ringing then buzzing, growing in certain intensities, simultaneously fading in others, then spiralling back down into some other wilder frenzy.

*Only sound?*

Only sound. No images.

*Can you describe the sounds? Or is that impossible? Is it more of a feeling?*

Some sounds are stark and some are somehow stubborn, knocking against their own form; alien yet oddly familiar. I thought for a moment it could be that these sounds are a combination of all the sounds we have described so far, all of them *cacophonised* if you like. Yes. Or merged or condensed. But that is not where the familiarity lies. The sounds continue and multiply, interact, interweave, marking all the edges, encountering nothing but itself/themselves in their own layerings. There is no key into it or out, only the endless playing and replaying of its fabrications. Incantations that return and generate a new meaning in themselves.

*This is set against what?*

A nothingness. A void behind it. If we could contemplate a creature spawned by these sounds, it would be a crazed wind-up-toy running in circles, the inner dialogue of a lonely mechanical bird. Then light

begins to dash and flicker though not in any syncopation with the sounds.

*We move on.*