

EXTRACT: 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.*