

EXTRACT: JOHANNES MAIER

You had said she imagined a film...

Yes. She had conceived of a scenario wherein an entire film, a film of not inconsiderable length, is set beneath a large white sheet. A sheet we can never see beneath. We only watch the shape of two heads move beneath it and hear the thoughts of the protagonists, two small girls - the children of her neighbours, Mr and Mrs Tejuso - and the two girls, always invisible under the sheet, would form themselves or imagine themselves into a huge monumental sculpture, and the whole film would be them writing or chanting the manifesto of that single sculpture, so unimaginably vast and all-encompassing that it requires a manifesto all of its own, its own worldview. And the manifesto would eventually form itself into existence, the beginning of sentience. The sculpture would form itself and almost reach this point of self-awareness before the sheet would finally collapse and the two girls would crawl out and go inside for their tea.