

In The Midst of Three

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Isadora Israel

"When we make the cerebral state the beginning of an action, and in no sense the condition of a perception, we place the perceived images of things outside the image of our body, and thus replace perception within the things themselves"

- Henri Bergson

BAKELITE: I'm Bakelite. Born 1930. I have no clear colors due to the inability to manufacture neon and synthetic features at that time. I then became the model Dialog and today ancestor to the smart screen, a window we carry in our hand with views of spectacles, a virtual close-up of how nature is perceived.

Bakelite lies on the floor in a dark room in the midst of Stonecave, where it seems that no one has ever been.

STONECAVE: I am an unnatural cavity, large enough for a human to penetrate. I have no idea how old I am. Usually I am mainly horizontal, possibly with vertical elements. Some claim that I am a cavity that must have a dark zone, that is, some part where daylight does not invade.

Stonecave is steady, a steady room, where Bakelite still is placed in the middle, in total darkness, in total silence. The human voice enters, not trying to fit in but instead trying to map the existence of Stonecave and Bakelite from a layered distance.

PERSON: I am constantly busy writing down everything I see and think along with a screen I carry in my hand. My memory has deteriorated. I have to write my thoughts to remember for characters to live on and be determined. The screen shows me every clue. I experience everything through it. Stonecave, you are the beginning of everything. You give me panoramas of abandoned homes, unused spaces. I read your time storages like a book. I fantasize a portrait of you, trying to understand what it would be like to see from your perspective, inside and out, looking at your wrinkles, cracks and facial features, even though you have no actual face. You're still just a mountain to me. But I cannot let go of the thought of what it would be like in a room below you, where no one stays, and no one confirms your existence. No one listens to you, looks at you from inside.

You imagine you are there, inside of Stonecave, rocky mountain room, wet, dripping, all alone. The eyes eventually get used to it and the sounds become clearer in silence. You ask yourself if a place has any meaning if no one listens or sees it, like a drama without a director, actor or an audience.

STONECAVE: An audience only exists in human mentality. For me a place only exists and is driven by the momentum of nutrition and repetition which creates stabled residuals. I am very old and I constantly improvise amorphous and crystalline facades. Regular and irregular arrangements push me forward. I don't want to forget the pressure, the print, the markings. I want to remember the engraved or written text in my body. The Person Human who comes and goes continues to write. The person does it just because she wants to so she can think about it later. An idea of the infrastructure and harmony of chaos, a support grid, visions that can be read, where the sound of dirt, construction work, engines, drops and silence are simultaneously experienced as guiding misplacements. The water behind is constantly dripping.

BAKELITE: I'm in here now, I scan the room where no viewer has been given access until now.

The church bell next door rings, announcing that it's 10 o'clock. The perceived order of sounds are steady.

STONECAVE: The sound from people in the form of heartbeats tells us something. Person, who leans towards me outside usually livestreams something called "Earth from space" on the screen she holds in her hand. I don't recognize myself at all, do you?

BAKELITE: No. I have tried. I have also tried to understand real time. But I never have time for my own updates. Feeling slow. Time went fast. I'm one of the few named Bakelite today. I was updated to the model Dialogue, in the end I became the screen where everything exists. The value of the real dialogue disappeared and became silent with digital observations.

BAKELITE: In the past, I thought nostalgia was a disease, now maybe it's just what is left. Familiar memories of recognitions of what unites us but which we have forgotten. Organic things, like you, have the same kind of function as the heartbeat. I mean that running, pumping water makes a sound, it is a rhythm that is accelerated. You're built that way too, like minerals and other solid mass that moves in rhythms, creating its own roll under prolonged pressure. That is the duration. The water is duration. You are lasting. It is as if there is nothing there that shows you that one thing is different from the other. Your cracks, which are reactions of crossing borders, are the opposite of duration. They say that the border has been crossed and turned into a crack. Duration is like a faster rhythm that is so fast that you cannot even see nor hear it, or like an extremely slow movement, it is you.

There are many marked intervals. Fast up in a stream. And if you take these currents at a high speed that comes up to many water currents, then you get light because the light is increased vibration. It vibrates much faster than sound. It's all vibration, right?

STONECAVE: I think so, vibrations from one end to the other. The contrasts between the opposites create a unit of the same vibration.

BAKELITE: Exactly. Vibration leads to matter and matter needs time to be able to exist. And light is like accelerated matter, accelerated vibrations of energy.

STONECAVE: It's difficult. I find it difficult to understand my own existence when I'm in the middle of it. BAKELITE: The theory of relativity is sometimes difficult to understand, but it is incredible. Energy is equal to mass times the speed of light squared. The square of light is a fixed thing.

Silence.

STONECAVE: Why do I not understand this? It's so intense.

BAKELITE: Yes, and it's defined by the speed of light. Light is the first thing we see. It's a fixed number. Light has its own fixed speed as opposed to sound. Defined energy. Light and darkness. It's intense and when you go into it too deep it's like you can go crazy. There is no point in thinking about it too much. The only thing you can do with it is to deconstruct, sustain, observe, reconstruct, reproduce and experience. Lasting intentions.

STONECAVE: I understand. But I'm not just interested in the idea, it's actually the physical, concrete perception of our relationship to what is tangible, which you do not have. It drips here, seeps in through my cracks. I wish you could feel how it drips, seeping in through my cracks. From my point of view, this is just a desire for you to have a soul, to have more meaning than what you have as the thing you are, but you are really just a living dead?

BAKELITE: It is possible to construct what you are talking about, but I can never be that without context. I imitate all living things, try to have a shape that adapts to the human body, blend into the environment. My purpose is to be able to bring about communication between human beings with signals, but I will never be able to enter into the role of a human. This is not my place, even if humanity seems to want it.

Water starts to appear in the room, dripping slowly and growing closer to Bakelite's awareness. While water slowly arrives and touches Bakelite's surfaces, Bakelite tries to feel something, to grasp the fluid going through its mechanic structures. It thinks in its own way.

STONECAVE: I have heard that the taste of water is transparent. I've heard Person talk about a way of seeing taste. But we have no eyes. And I guess one taste develops from one to another, so this becomes difficult because you cannot compare one taste with another. Progression. How a taste together with another taste can become something else in a matter of time. Time flows and is transparent, like water.

BAKELITE: The difference between us is that the taste of water is defined by you and defines you at the same time. Because the water seeps through you, from the bottom and you link an identity to it because you were born there and then at that time. You allowed yourself to be shaped by the ice, the melt, the waves and you have a set of potentials defined by it. From a point of view, it is defined by the earth in particular relation to the sun or the moon. The moon controls the tide and the water moves up on the beach and creates ongoing shapes in the sand. A magnetic field. Here you have such a close relationship to water, its character and maybe even its taste?

STONECAVE: Seems like you want to go back somewhere that has never been? As you said, the sun and the moon create electromagnetic energy, it shapes me, and gravity has everything to do with defining Person's perception of time and space. I love being on earth.

BAKELITE: Yes, I think I'm trying to make a point of something that is relevant but that Person forgets to remember. She does not understand the depth of you because she does not zoom in often enough. We won't respect you at all and we won't care about you if we don't experience you, your figure. I think it might be good if we just tried to remind each other of different parts that have different values in our existence. We live in a world of instant gratification. That means part of it is immediate understanding, satisfactory understanding. You represent a longer and slower understanding and then you became a market. Maybe it has always been so. Building a kind of economy around you has probably always been of interest, you can be trusted, as protection, a defense with so much experience.

Bakelite heard this being said by a human a long time ago, stored in the receiver. On the other side of the wall of the unvisited Stonecave, Person is trolling around the area trying to figure out how to define time. She leans toward the mountain surface that surrounds

Stonecave and looks closer at a crack. Being listened to by Bakelite and Stonecave and being aware of this, she talks right to them, hoping to find a quiet answer.

PERSON: I wonder if there can be a time distribution, how is it visible and what effect it has on the current time that is interrupted?

STONECAVE: Well, it really is a time distribution that you're not used to, you're not used to a break. And in a way you're not used to measuring just that, but in another dimension, it might make sense. A break creates a new time, a new history.

It's quiet, dark, a feeling of nothingness appears and stays for a few seconds. Person Human picks up a stone, breathes in the air that surrounds her. She takes a step toward the mountain wall.

PERSON: Do you think time can stop?

She takes a step backward, looking at the stone wall, waiting for the answer. Hoping to not have to give an answer to her own question.

STONECAVE: The other day when you were at the open window in the house by the waterfall you took a small stone out of me and held me in your hand as if I were a stress ball or a mascot, we forgot time and suddenly we had been there for a really long time. I think about how you stop feeling time. The sound from a waterfall is the duration of sound that makes you start receiving time. Since it's this one long lasting thing, it's a constant monotonous sound.

BAKELITE: Or an even flow. I believe that when there is a steady flow of something, you lose sense of time.

STONECAVE: Do you think we need the sound to forget time?

BAKELITE: I think we need a steady flow of behavior. Current and flow.

Person sits down on the warm grass, facing the stone facade of Stonecave, she's quiet.

PERSON: Time is obviously the awareness of differences in some strange way. Something creates the perception of different moments. When you are in a flow, you don't experience the different moments. I guess light is duration in a way.

She looks straight at the mountain surface again. Waiting to find confirmation. She waits, and then...

STONECAVE: The earth rotates like a spinning dancer. So somehow electromagnetism and the cycle between round objects have defined your perception of time, starting with day and night and from day and night you get shadows. The first clocks were the sundial. Or tides, low tides, high tides of the sea. It's the energy of the moon, an electromagnetic field. So, in a way, it's very physical. Defined by the movement of the earth, creating our first perceptions in the form of daylight.

Person looks up in the sky, focusing on the sunlight. Dazzled by the sun she closes her eyes and the previous dazzled view she just saw behind her eyelids appear, staying there for just a few seconds, like a picture developing backwards the sun-stamped image slowly disappears. She opens her eyes.

PERSON: Can we go back in time by romanticizing something, or does it have a built-in forward direction to what actually repeats itself. So that time becomes a kind of illusion?

She looks down on the grass, the rocks look back at her. It's quiet again. Time stops. Time starts.

HUMAN: I'm trying to get it down to earth. The relationship between activity and time makes me think that the human biosystem is a neutral place between alkaline and acid. Ph levels. Acid and base. Activity makes it more acidic, while less activity will keep it more

alkaline. The activity in the bloodstream becomes more acidic with the activity. I would think that there may be a correlation where you are then more aware of duration and time. When you do things, you are more aware of time.

The sun is gassing hot on Person skin. Looking at her hand, she moves it toward the mountain wall. She touches it. It's warm. She puts her ear against it. She listens. At the same time Stonecave thinks of it's own structure, layer upon layer under pressure, each form is an action, a step in time.

STONECAVE: That is because, as you said, we are aware of every step in time. One step is an action. There are defined steps that march. And when the biosystem is not in action, it becomes more of a base mode.

PERSON: But what would you say is the opposite of duration?

STONECAVE: Timelessness. If someone does not know the duration, it is timeless. It's out of time. It breaks free from the measurability of time. Duration is connected moments of transformation into one. Again, like the spinning dancer.

Time stops for a moment. When it starts, surroundings change character. Something new begins. Person reflects on why she's here, holding her hand on the stone wall, pressing her ear against it. She stops listening. She turns her back toward Stonecave and Bakelit. She thinks to herself and hears herself talking.

HUMAN: A new earth. A new heaven. Migratory birds in autumn. Relocation is extended. The notion of a consequence. I wasn't there but it happened. It transferred. Without strategy. I thought it was real. The revelation. Reflectors in the dark. Appearance of variability. Reminiscence. I lost the ability to judge the distance between memory and lies. I don't have to think about it, but I should remember. I remember the transition. A well-shosen moment of transformation. Dusk. Midday. Dawn. Midnight. A moment in-between. Inter. What the eye doesn't see exists.

She catches her breath.

HUMAN: I dreamt the feathers. A short story. And inbetween the others there is more time but only a certain presence (day's condition). The unwillingness to sleep. Somersault. Then the people withdrew. Below performance. The excavated steps. To draw an outline. Bodies undefined. Negative pressure. An act of violence. Conflicting harmony of a thing. A system where she can find functionality with her humanity. The line - the predominant component. Collective expressions. Everything is in motion. Two patterns that meet. The scale is broken and t's not just something I said.