

Fielding and I – script for a live performance with three video projections

Stop for a moment. I know you have a thousand questions, starting with *Where have I been?* What I want to start with is Fielding, in front of me.

“I’m just ice cream, it’s all rama rama, I’m just space dust” He said.

“When you get to my age, there's a certain point at which you're assumed to be dead. Or if not dead, then almost certainly rotting.”

Life is too short for clichés.

The streets and parks seemed very big because I was very small but I have seen them in photos looking very small, now I remember them as being very small. You only remember remembering not the thing itself, said Fielding, so there's ample room for interpolation of data. Your memories are not clones but copies of copies, internegatives.

I made my way to the seat Fielding had saved for me. I muttered something apologetic about subsidence. He mocked me *sotto voce* for being a bourgeois homeowner. I told him to hush and tried to pay attention.

The man in front was talking about the deep dynamics of the Egyptian revolution and Tahrir Square. I listened. He was weaving back through the history of the region, getting from there to something about Ukraine, to reflections on austerity in London, backward again to much older struggles. Startling stuff woven together startlingly.

The man said “What you see when you see this will depend on which eye you open.” His formulations were like that. A moment later he said, “Marat knew and the glass of his windows knew.”

I blinked and said something about Hansel and Gretel, that following him talking was like following a breadcrumb trail laid by a lunatic. Fielding liked the implication that most breadcrumb trails were laid by sane people.

Neoliberalism is vulgarized time, someone, not Fielding or the man in front, said, but vulgarity is a geared wheel itself, so **against** it do we deploy a slow watermill or acid guano or a stone wedge.

The dog, who is old, snorts next to me, his front paws twitching. I assume he's chasing squirrels in his park. Fielding is of the view that dogs don't dream, it's all muscle memory, but I demur as surely memory is nothing but an old muscle, isn't it?

There is no knowing beyond that membrane, the meniscus of death. What can be seen from here is distorted, refracted. All we can know are those untrustworthy glimpses—that and rumour. It is like listening to whispered secrets through a toilet door. It is a crude and muffled susurrus.

We cannot see the universe. We are in the darkness of a trench, a deep cut, dark water heavier than earth, presences lit by our own blood, little bioluminescences, heroic and pathetic Promethei too afraid or weak to steal fire but able still to glow. Gods are among us and they care nothing and are nothing like us.

A space between concrete sweeps of flyovers. Where the world might end was turpentine-industrial. Scree of rejectamenta. Workshops writing car epitaphs in rust; warehouses staffed in the day by tired teenagers; superstores and self-storage depots of bright colours and cartoon fonts amid bleaching trash. London is an endless skirmish between angles and emptiness. Here was an arena of scrubland, overlooked by suspended roads.

We stimulated immune response in the factory grounds. Birthing of brick angles; emerging from hollows in boscaje; unwinding from the ruined car; Fielding and I.

