... against the urge to speak in stencils, to make myself understood, bits of vagueness prevail and, aberrantly, names move without names / I want to misunderstand – what puts sounds into my vision – without / a telescope and a microscope of time, the *kino-eye* makes the 'without' spill over into a polyphony of images / a rush of voices exploding signification for an indiscriminate motion: revolving doors turn my baggy thoughts into light clothes / a buzzing keeps buzzing / trams perforate the screen and leave behind a landscape of gleaming points and transversal lines / crossings where segments of passwords, announcements, little words, websites, familiar faces, lists, crowd barriers and addresses flash in a remix of unstable geometries / in the blank, from one movement to another, the dialectic of screen and off-screen holds a corridor, radically open / it takes you in when you come and lets you go when you go / allowing a change of course, it is the event in which one (thing) slows down and another accelerates and the interlocking of meaning and syntax is shaken / no speaker, no thing or denotation, no relentless logics of choice / if belonging however arranges names by way of a pointing finger, a script, a nation state or a milieu, names fall / they fall into place / they are dumped upon the world as ordinariness / still / images go adrift / when names exit language, circles will find roundness / like a curve that no alphabet can ever catch up with / like a passage to the limit – always only nearby names

Zacharias Wackwitz