EXPERIMENTS IN ALTERNATE REALITY

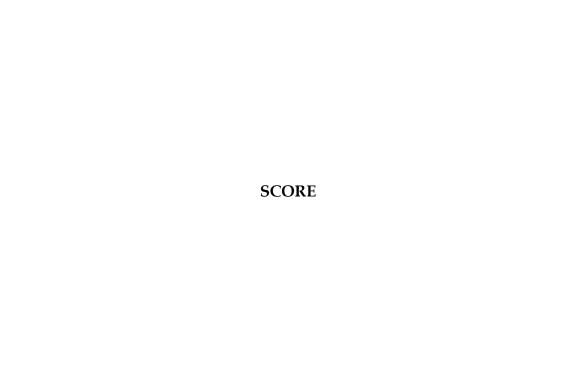
one or more people indoors Robert Blatt, 2016



One or more people find themselves indoors where no audience is present, except for, perhaps, those participating.

Sixty provided index cards, duplicated as necessary, are used to create as many stacks of index cards as there are people, with each stack containing all or a subset of the sixty provided index cards. In preparation, each stack is shuffled.

Each person reads the index card at the top of their stack—quietly, under their breath, out loud, to themselves. After having read the index card, a pause of inactivity follows for listening, contemplation or otherwise. The next index card is then read, and another pause follows. This process continues for each subsequent index card, everyone at their own pace.



it moved in a surprisingly predictable fashion,

imparting a strange form of passage, inconsistent

almost bored, without haste or emotion,

and atypical.

there were thoughts of finding hope here, but despair may prove itself more accurate.

the moaning continues, softly, from one to another. inside and outside. densities shifting.

motionless and without speech. paranoia

gripping to the edge of paralysis.

barely present, one sound slowly recedes into silence.

there is a certain palpable fear of death.

language, a fleeting thought emerges as to how comforting lies can be.

while speaking, convinced by an understood

each word spoken, one after another, brings this sentence and myself closer to their inevitable completion.

asynchronous polyphony, rising and falling, voices sound in an uncontrolled cascade of utterances resembling language only by

all of a sudden and without warning, in

association, guided by fear.

an environment shifting, not slowly, but quickly and with every possible degree of predictability into one long sound of cliché homogeneity initiated without fear, inhibition and empathy.

but outside, silence, in its quiet but densely fragmented state, is punctuated by a loud and intermittent sound reoccurring for an indefinite

length.

without hesitation, hoping for nothing to change this suddenly achieved and wholly unsustainable stasis, until it is over.

resting, alone, absorbed in thought, in fear and

two pulses, intertwined but independent, slow and almost static, occasionally accelerating and

decelerating, starting and ending together.

here, unmoved and trapped, i know now that doing something will never happen.

outside were seen clouds of gas encircling doors leading to nowhere but mounds of waste piled

up in haphazard intricate constructions.

for reflection, witnessing everything.

distance. and those windows out front, enough

the muffled sound of an engine and the inaudible movement of a few trees in the

each voice, unique and trembling, grasping for breath. each word spoken softer until none

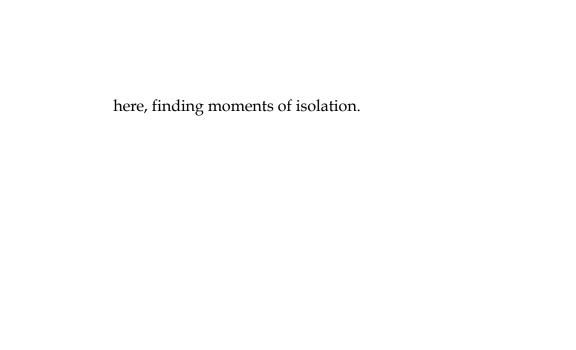
remain.

walking slowly or just standing still. waiting. equally among the crowds or when alone.

predictable and expected.

found in patches of yellow rock and opaque water dripping from piles of reinforced concrete. laying motionless on the ground and covered in

it.



words softly spoken, perceived as noise. apathy growing with each accumulation of sound.

through streets, sidewalks and alleyways,	
sometimes alone, with a sustained low noise.	

in thought. self-absorbed. a sense of

more clearly present.

apprehension. uncertain as to who is speaking and where the thoughts are coming from. in this

moment, one's schizophrenic self was never

an uncountable assemblage of short, closely spaced explosions.

a high tone of inconsistent pitch, perhaps from

electricity. a low and steady drone from vehicles

resembling speech. all now so suddenly unlikely.

the ventilation or the passing charge of

in the distance. intermittent frequencies

memories of the past, i hear other words, out loud, and continue to quietly forget.

with the present unceasingly addressing

running here, mostly out of breath from shock and anxiety, what a fucking pity it is when you say that at least you're not the only one to feel

and hear this way.

rising and lowering in frequency, from vehicles arriving at peripheral sites of distress.

in the distance and with a surprising level of polyphony, distinct groups of pitches sound, there's a mindless mechanization present, one more tragic than first imagined.

a composite of noise, rhythm and pitch, each inseparable, fluctuating in volume, at the door.

the mind gives away its deepest sense of longing.

indecipherable murmurings, but for certain words and phrases, recognized now distinctly as my own. for have i become the infinitely recursive mental bifurcation of psycho-visual distortion and schizophrenic auditory

distortion and schizophrenic auditory hallucination? no, with dread, this is something entirely other, for i have heard that question before. now, having lost all sense of time, gazing into its immediate infinity.

being made to pretend to be dead.

in those moments, still and without speech, breathing as quietly and motionlessly as

possible, one might think that an intention was

it's inconsequential. the sounds outside continue.

attention to tone, soft but never inviting, haunting when i stop speaking.

again, interrupted by speech, rambling in

inconsistent patterns of repetition, paying close

intertwined, endlessly approaching and receding in the present.

pausing after finishing this thought, the mind wanders in absence, fear and distraction.

any length, starting and stopping at any point.

numerous tones over a great distance, many in groups of various sizes, some very close to one another, others isolated, each at any pitch, lasting

highways emerging from restaurants and bars

now so unexpectedly quiet.

perhaps to drown out the sounds outside or to fill the mind with thoughts that for some

unknown reason I finally knew now were mine.

with time suddenly moving faster, i feel my descent at the cresting horizon.

these walls are around.

amongst the smell of skin and sweat, the light pierces with an indifferent and uncomfortable brightness. but thank god, for in this condition, in here, momentarily void of remorse, it begins to gain focus.

absorbed in spontaneous, frightening connections until reaching here, then waiting

and listening.

those moments without repetition, free of ramble, an instantaneous catalyst of change,

they're fantasy.

a distant and troubling noise occurs outside. but inside, lost in thought, and expressed only in words, imagining wind setting flora into one

long undulating motion.

there's an irony in being together, always isolated

in one's own thoughts. trauma has a way of

revealing these truths.

and knowing now that at any moment each word spoken is ready to be overtaken by the

noise.

endlessly talking to oneself, repetition among repetition, obsessively returning to a processes that i fear and wish i could not comprehend. and outside a sudden loud attack at first masked by numerous transients revealing a complex of overtones from a fundamental of inaudible low frequency, then bands of filtered noise, drifting high in pitch and lasting for prolonged periods

of time, ebbing and flowing with subtle spectral variations, suddenly revealing everything in

nothingness.

it approaches with every new thought.

and terrorize my mind.

i am obsessively returning again to the simple repeated failure to comprehend this situated innocuity, forcing myself to subtly shift in place hiding here, isolated, fear traps all, rational or not, into an obsessive circle.

grouping of sounds, quieter, but with increasingly more effort, until it is impossible to proceed.

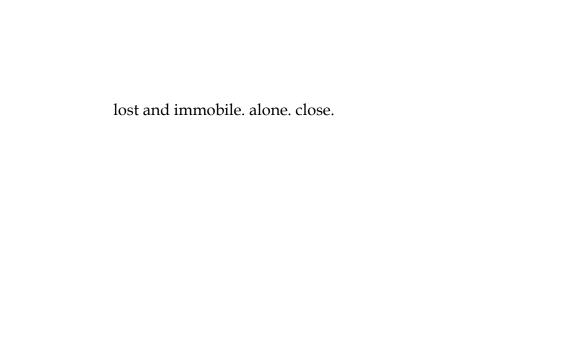
with each breath, a new incomprehensible

found not far from here along ever expanding rows of houses stretching for unforeseeable

distances.

fleeting cries, unknown and hidden amongst the	

silence, continue, speaking without tongues.



t is as	s though once translated, the text, void o
	re, is but only pain.

i have lost all hope in this endless static

temporality.