

L st, in transit...

(II)

A list or
constellation of
affects, an
intensive map, is a
becoming.

- Deleuze

This is a collection of
notes stories
memories - fragments
observations, drawn
from life, on the road.
*All thoughts, lost in
transit.* My notes on
Kiarostami's film 'Life
and Nothing More' are
intermingled with my
own tales. As a
musician, the tour did
not 'stop' when we
returned. The journey
continued.

And life goes on.

Lost & found

There's a chance that order doesn't matter anymore. But if there was ever any order needed, perhaps it would be found, lost in the index, at the back.

Lost track

I haven't been home in weeks.

6 weeks to be exact.

And I'm not sure where 'home' is.

I have an address, but my bed is occupied by strangers and the cupboards - full of things I've been hiding from behind doors I try to keep shut - are full to bursting.

Being on the road does something to you. But it doesn't wake you like I'd expect.

I thought that travel would make me active. But sitting in motion's made me numb.

Mindless. Unable to tune in or tune out. Surrounded by chatter. You are never alone.

My attempts to observe become fragments - fragmented. Glimpses snatched from moments

and memories past. And passing. And passing still.

*Nothing quite focused.
Nothing quite zoomed in.
Nothing quite zoomed out.*

Instead, a drifting, restlessness set in.

*I'm not there yet.
I have not yet returned.*

Lost face

*A real voyage, by itself,
lacks the force necessary
to be reflected in the
imagination; the
imaginary voyage, by
itself, does not have the
force, as Proust says, to
be verified in the real.
This is why the
imaginary and the real
must be, rather, like two
juxtaposable or
superimposable parts of
a single trajectory, two
faces that ceaselessly
interchange with one
another, a mobile
mirror. - Deleuze*

Lost count

Coming into land.

We'd been coming

into land
for

5 weeks
now.

At least

- That's
how it felt.

A *family* band.
In a transit van.

2 ferries

3 planes

1 boat

2 oars

One never ending river
of
countless miles

Countless journeys.

Too many taxis.

(Not quite enough
footsteps).

Splinter vans. Transit
vans. Taxi vans.
Coaches. cars.

Always making
tracks,

covering the distance.

But the sense of not
getting very far was
never far away.

Time moves slow when
you're moving fast.

I guess this is stop
motion.

Always animating itself
in stops and starts

-

It's like you are still.

Being
carried, frozen.

The movement does not
belong to you - but to
the space around you.

Landscapes shift and
shape.

They roll and pass you
by. You watch through
the screen of your
window. Trying to shape
Something
out of
it.

I tried to piece together
the blurry images as they
slipped past.

But you are not there. I
am not part of this image
- I am in transit. A
passer-by, just passing
through.

Lost excitem ent

On the merits of
boredom, Heidegger
writes:

*“Profound boredom,
drifting here and there in
the abysses of our
existence like a muffling
fog, removes all things
and men and oneself
along with it into a
remarkable indifference.
This boredom reveals
being as a whole.”*

*it would be dawn and all
the pain be gone.”*

(sigh) - it was a sign.

-

When we returned,
Mother got sick again.
The day we landed.
Long journeys wear her
out. Turns out - her
husband's biggest hit
was their bodies' biggest
blow.

Her lungs festered daily,
like the fetid swamps
below. And now bird flu
infected her already
defeated lungs. Another
virus, taking hold, taking
its toll.

She had been doing so
well... and now she
drowned in a cough that
was nothing but a
poisoned rattle snake
shaking its last.

Isolated. In a room of
her own, in a ward at the
top of the hospital wing;
her chest wheezed,
clutching for breath.

The wind turbines did it
so much better.
Gracefully slicing the
crisp air under its wings.
Blades cut through the
cold, breezing through
the winds as they
stormed against them.

[...]

Lost strengt h

Power turbines cut the
sky along the roads of
most countries we drove
through. Scissor hands
slicing the wind.
Collecting its crop with
its blade.

Harvesting the sky.

We'd made factories out
of them

-

*“If only we could sleep the
time away.... Awake and*



There was nothing
restful about this breeze
of breath trying to
squeeze its way out
through the slime.

Oxygen could not get in,
but it was even harder to
breathe out. Breathing
isn't easy when you're
drowning in your own
l u n g s .

The tour had ended and
sickness began. But we
won't let this be the end
of you - c voyeurger.

There are still more
adventures to come.

-
And so
we return
back
to the
start.

Lost on the train

Whilst Kant stayed at home his whole life never leaving the country he was born, Nietzsche was always in transit. Moving from place to place, this wanderer took advantage of the modern train system that took him from place to place.

Lost cat

The Artist:

A poet lied. Told me
they had been poisoned.
Black cat. You cast your
spells and you don't
even know it.

BEWARE THE CAT!

Her warning cries.

She hunts other
women's men.
Fathers, brothers,
husbands, boyfriends,
lovers.

She does not discern
and moves,
fearless
without concern.

Drudging her way
through the fields of
corn,
destroying harvests and
years of toil as she goes.

She has no care for the
footpath, she ploughs
her way straight to the
heart. Not knowing
where it lies.

Seeking her own
center.

Heartless, she feeds off
others. Off centering the

beats of those she
destroys, without
purpose.

Your purpose is
pleasure.

Purposeless - trampling
the brittle stalks as she
goes, they break
under her

feet.

She does not lift them,
or revive their broken
necks, she does not say
sorry for their loss, or
sorry to their planter.



She does not lift their
fallen heads. or
grieve
for what might have
been

She gives no
funeral nor prayer.

She does not care for
their abandoned
children, nor for the
crops that never were.

For years these seeds
have been growing.

Quietly.
Tenderly. Nurtured.

With
care. They came so far.
So CLOSE TO THE
SUN
And then you came.

Reckless. Wrecking ball.
Seeking to smash. With
nothing to gain.

She ploughs
through fields and
shatters the good seed
on the ground. No aim.
No goal. Just smiles.

And miles of
Reckless abandon.

Fuck you. Fuck you and
your no fucks given.
Fuck you and your
fucks. Your fucking over
of everyone.

You just care to feel.
Your only care is your
own feelings. You want
to feel alive. You don't
care if you kill. Vampire
woman.
Sucking me dry.

Black cat. Beast. Cruel.
Bitch. Dog.

I hate you today.
Tomorrow, we'll be
friends again.

Lost spirit

I wished I was more
animal. I wished I could
be more like you.

Truth is, I envy your
hammer.

Lost pass

The pass enables your
passage. No pass no
passage.

Lost order

I've been expecting a parcel. It's still not arrived.

Lost data

Data roaming keeps
you connected - if
you're into roaming that
is...

Lost service

Amazon deliver
everything 'from A to Z'
but they *don't* deliver a
smile.

Lost it

I get *it*. I just find *it*
hard to articulate
sometimes

*an endless flow of
creation. He was at the
forefront of twentieth-
century aesthetic thought:
the role of the pedestal,
enlargement,
assemblage, ready-
made...¹*

Lost work

*Rodin completely
revitalized the very
language of sculpture
with his passion for the
creative act. The ongoing
interplay of accidents
and chance in his work,
his figures fragmented
only to be reconstituted
through this ingenious
“cobbling together,”
enabled him to
interpolate his work in*

¹ <http://www.musee-rodin.fr/en/exhibition/extramural/>

Lost rhythm

A little off time, a little
out of kilter - my
metronome is a little
wonky. Supposed to
keep a straight beat;
she looks nice but isn't
much use as a rhythm
keeper.

Lost

box

Pandora lost it she
didn't mind.

Lost dough

Drawn out and
overdrawn, there's
nothing balanced about
my bank balance. Cash
flows always in transit.

Lost track

Too many variations.
Last time I checked.
Version 1, 9, 27, 32...

Lost

was unknown to me, two
strangers made a
c o n n e c t i o n .

cry

In the cafe, I
could hear a woman cry.
She was older than I,
and her sobs were
w r e n c h i n g .

Her weeping echoed
across the dull hum of
cafe conversation.

But I could not locate
her, my eyes scanned
each table. She must
have been behind the
pillar. A column
dividing us. She was sat
in my blind spot.

I could not catch a
glimpse. Could not
catch her eye to give her
a sympathetic hug,
A knowing
g l a n c e .

A touch. To let her know
I w a s h e r e .
And that I could hear
her.

She was not
alone. Her sobs did not
go unnoticed. I was
t h e r e .

Beside her. I could hear
h e r .

And in the dark
through the blind spot
unknown to her, who

W e a r e t h e s a m e
Y o u a n d I

I a m t h e h a m m e r
w o m a n . I j u s t n e e d e d t o
l e a r n h o w t o h i t . H o w t o
m a k e a n i m p r e s s i o n .
H o w t o l e a v e m y m a r k .

T h e g u n
T h e b o o k w o r m
T h e w e a s e l
T h e t h r e a d w o r m
T h e h u n g r y c a t e r p i l l a r
F e e d m e y o u r w a s t e .
L e t m e i n .
A n d I ' l l c h a n g e y o u .
L e t t h e w o r d s p a s s
t h r o u g h m e . L e t m e
d i g e s t .
L e t m e b r e a k d o w n t h e
s o i l .

T h i s p a g e w i l l p r o d u c e
c a s t i n g s . A n d c a s t o f f s .
A n d o f f c a s t s . A n d
o u t c a s t s .

W E ' L L B E
B U T T E R F L I E S
s o o n .

Lost time

T h e t i m e b e t w e e n t h e n
a n d n o w w a s a m e l t i n g
p o t . M e l t i n g .

I w a s s u f f o c a t i n g .

W e ' d c o n t a m i n a t e d
e a c h o t h e r .

Lost line

Was there a line of best
fit? What was it? Where
w a s t h i s ?

-

This is my song.

It dances in and out of
the margins...

S k i r t s
between the lines
Flickers over
and across and between
the pages of notes.

Take note my friend.

For all's not as it seems.

For *all* is in between.

Lost though

t

The image does not
become an ‘image’ of
thought – it becomes
‘thought’ *itself*.

*‘A slow thought, always
under way, fraying a
path so the path itself
becomes thought’.²*

² Nancy, J-L. *On Evidence: Life and
Nothing More* Winter 1999
Discourse 21.1 p86

Lost record

THIS IS A RECORD.

A documentary of sorts.

A r e c o r d i n g .

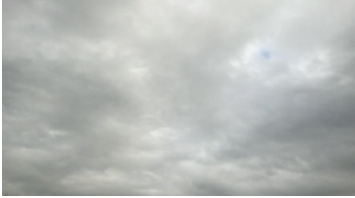
The tracks play. They
turn on the table.

Weaving. The tune plays
in the gaps between the
groove. Put the needle
down. Let it take its
t u r n .

The refrain repeats
i t s e l f .

-
All new knowledge is
found in the dirt. In the
dust. In the matter out
of place. In the things
we overlook, in the
grooves, in the cracks.
In the places we once
ignored, once forgot or
did not see.

Lost light



The dark shed light on
experience, gave it a
counter to be compared.

The cold numb froze me
and stopped me in my
tracks. I saw things
d i f f e r e n t l y .

Vision blurred, a fog
descends on my
m e m o r y .
I cannot separate myself
nor am I contained.
Something's growing
i n s i d e .

Lost inbetw een

We slip between the
boundaries, you and I. I,
we, you are not there.
N o r a n y w h e r e .

We are drifters. Floating
on a sea of fog. - Only
there is no 'on' only in
t h e m i d s t o f .

The more we searched
for '*difference*' the more
lost '*same*' became. Until
every line was blurred
and we could no longer
tell one from the other.

Lost out

They
missed
it & it
missed
them.

Lost in wander

- Lust.

Lost (in the) cracks

I seeped through
everything, and it
seeped through me.
Slippery little suckers.
Nothing to hold on to.
Could not be grasped.
Always out of touch, out
of sight, always not quite
on the tip of my tongue.

U N N A M A B L E .
U n c o n t a i n a b l e .

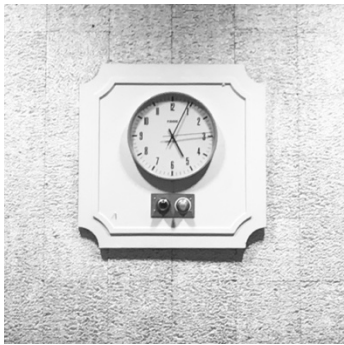
Ah. This is the God of all
things. In all things. The
essence of nothing, and
everything. That drips;
and slips and drifts in
and through and beyond
a l l t h i n k i n g .

Lost touch

How arrogant to think
we could master the
nothingness, give form
to dirt. To separate
ourselves from the *other*.
Distant from the dust.
Yes. It was shit. Driving
for hours. Relentless.
Countryside. Cattle.
And Shit. But shit
matters. It mattered that
we were passing
t h r o u g h .

The dirt contained
everything that ever was.
And is and ever will be.
And now, temperatures
rising, we are left in it.
It's *up to us* now. we need
to deal with it.

Lost time



BBC Maida Vale studios.

Time moves slow.

I thought I'd be able to
capture it.

Harness it in the road.
But we were *on* the road
- and I might as well be
road kill.

My brain was flat.
The page, empty space.

Blank.

The clock kept ticking
but nothing would click.

*I came in on time, out of
time. In tune. Off key.
...Too late...*

(I couldn't tell anymore.)

Rhythm sticks.

Sticks to my skin like
glue

Passing through.

But this was empty time

Weary time. Wasted
time? No.

Just passing.
Passing time. Passing
through.

Brushing past the
cheeks of cheerful
chappiness.
Keep smiling. Cheers.
Hold on. You're nearly
there. They raised a
toast to the band.

We'll be home soon.

Lost direction

I was stepping down
when I should have
been stepping up.

Moving away from the
m a r k
When I should have
been centering in on it.

Lost inside

Their mind.

Lost inland

Distant from the shore,
the floor kept caving
in.

Lost sleep

Halloween.

The journey is dark.
THE ROAD is
slow.



My thoughts are dead.
Time is empty. Wasted
hours. Drifting
through web pages.

Catch me.

Looking out the
window.
Trying to sleep.
But failing.
Trying to switch off
But failing. And instead;
I drop.

I am falling.
through the cracks.

I can't bear the sound of
the death in your lungs.
It rattles me and gives
me the shivers. It pierces

my body. Makes my
heart weep and my
stomach churn.

I don't know if I'll get
out of here alive.

It's my turn next.
- Save the rest til
last.

I'll get the worst of it -
only my cries
will

fall
on deaf ears.
you'll all
be G O N E .

-
In sickness and in
health they say.

I wish you all well.
But I cannot stay here -
it's not safe for me
a n y m o r e .

-

Lost p(1)ot

I t w a s h o t .
How could the pot not
m e l t ?

Lost wheel

“It’s been quite a ride”

said the tire to the wheel

“But now I feel quite flat.”

Lost horizon

S

(Long journeys wear me
o u t .)

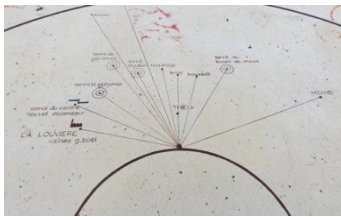


Figure 1

The journey is long and
winding. It just goes
round and round and
around...

-
If I could

I would give you a
time - line
But time
is not linear
And my thoughts are not
straight forward

There seems no
sequence in this
c h a o s
As thought lines swerve
And bend and turn
around an untraceable
m a p .

-

Lost battle

This morning the
ambulance came,
alarm bells before the
sun .

Sirens singing bird
song. Her groans had
grown too loud. Long
rattle, shake the house
down

Snakes
writhe about my
head
I dare you: look at me
death

I'll stone you:
make me proud. Milk me
stone mother, milk.

-
His mother's milk was
too sweet for him

Contaminated by a
flame

Now a fever has her
in its grip.

There's a hammering in
my heart

But

NO BODY'S
HOME

-

Lost announcement

At the start of *Life and Nothing More*, we are immediately thrown into the middle of things, inside the toll booth, inside the scene. It's claustrophobic. Across the music and noise of the traffic, a voice on the radio announces (she calls in, cutting across the commotion): "*I am a social worker of the Red Moon Media. And I would like to speak to you...*" We are drawn in. She pleads for us to listen. To take note. To notice. But nothing stops. She is speaking over and above the racket – making a plea to the listener – about the adoption of children. So many innocents have been left vulnerable without parents, orphans are in need of protection, and '*we should do something*' (a siren wails) but the media are overwhelmed and need help. But as she makes this plea, cars continue to approach and pass through, each eager to get on their way – to 'get on' with getting on. The drivers are male, the radio announcer female. We do not see her. And faceless, she is a 'ghost in the machine' – nothing but a voice cutting across the air. We see no reaction to her, is anyone listening? Can anyone hear? We are not sure – instead a driver pulls up and butts in – '*Is it certain that the highway is cut?*' – the interruption cuts her announcement up, shutting her off (we cannot hear what she says as she continues to speak, and the subtitles give way to the driver).

Lost hands

There are no hands on
the clocks in this
house. The time is
always now. It's a gift
to us. The present.

Lost star(t)

Kiarostami's 50th birthday celebrations were disrupted by the news of the earthquake. Moved to action, the director set out, three days later, on an improvised road trip with his son – hoping to reach the Gilan district (the epicenter of the quake, the location of his film *Where is the Friend's House?* - and the birthplace of the director's own family). But, like the child's failed attempts to find his friend's house in *Where is the Friend's House?* – the director had to turn back (returning to Tehran that very same evening) unable to complete his journey beyond the blocked roads and road blocks. Deeply affected by the news and by what he saw 'on the road' and in the ruins, Kiarostami recalls how 'the earthquake happened inside myself' – and how on returning to the scene again a few days later – he was confronted with the 'scale of the magnitude' with just how catastrophic the event had been.³ Still unable to find young Ahmed and Babak Ahmadpur, (the young stars he'd set out to find) the journey became more transformative than the act.

³ We are reminded at the beginning of the film, that the director has 'been here before' – when the vendor in the toll booth reminds us that 'he'd asked the same question' yesterday. Repetition becomes an important feature not only in *Life and Nothing More* – but in Kiarostami's films generally (as in life). Drawn to a tendency to repeat. Our actions circle in and around us. Taking their hold, taking their toll. Wearing us down if we let them control us.

Lost (on the) tracks

They stood on the
platform but the train
had already left. With
nowhere else to go, they
follow the line.

Lost
beginni
ng

(found in the end)

Lost clock

We played on time.
And in time. For the
time being.

There were no clocks
in the venue. Only
posters listing timings.
Notices about the
curfew, and this and
that: Time to be in.
Time to be on. Time to
be off. Time to be out.

But no clocks.

Lost directio

n

The next path, the next
road, next curve, next
turn, next village, next
hill, our destination
like the goal in the film
- is always just out of
sight, just on the other
side. Just out of reach,
just beyond the frame.

We, like the film maker,
seek direction precisely
because we have no
direction, instead we
follow the road and take
the advice of strangers
and the detours lead the
way.

Lost calm

Sirens wail, engines
break and tyres screech,
the radio is on, and
music plays there is a
commotion in the air.

Lost (in the) ruins

In 1990 an earthquake shook Iran. Whole villages were destroyed, and families were left buried, leaving survivors searching for the half dead for weeks in the rubble of the aftermath. In their search to find a friend whose village had been affected by the quake (a child actor who had starred in the film they'd made two years earlier) a director and his son set out on a road trip – a journey into the unknown, into the heart of darkness. Against the flow of traffic – and into road blocks – both literal and political, the pair weave their way through the aftermath of catastrophe and ruin. Their road trip (and this dusty road, full of cracks) became the subject for Abbas Kiarostami's 1992 film, *'Life and Nothing More.'* (Or, as it is sometimes translated *'And Life Goes On.'*)

Lost work(ers)

Starting with a shot from inside a toll booth. Through the window, we hear the traffic, and a car pulls up, window wound down to meet the vendor's arms. The driver pays the fee, receives a ticket and pulls away, ready for the next car to pull up. The motion is hypnotic. The queues are long, cars waiting their turn to pass. The vendor gets one ticket ready at a time, and moving across the screen, there is a rhythm to the image, to the monotony of the act. It is normal. And like a factory line, the workers and passengers pass through the toll, stretching out their arms with coins to pay their way, the vendor offering his in return. Coins are exchanged for a ticket and passageway.

Lost highway

Busy, fragmented, detached and monotonous, we see cars pulling in, and pulling out. Blue van, black car, white car, blue bus, white car, blue car, tall cars, short cars, we see some faces, and some, faceless, are simply arms, or a door, the side of a vehicle passing through. Grey car, yellow car and yellow car again. And now. We meet the director. He pulls in, and for the first time in the film, we see his face clearly. He pauses for a moment and (before we even know he is the director) he asks: *'The highway is cut?'* But the question is as much of a statement as an ask. The cars pull forward, but we are reminded notified again that the road the way ahead - is torn. The highway is cut from the scene, cut from the action, cut from the country, cut out of the film. The film is not and cannot and will not be about the *high* way. Instead, it must be about *another* way. The side-ways and by-ways, the low roads and dusty, dead end passages.

Lost heart

You've a faithful heart
unfaithful man. But I
still have faith in you.

Lost lines

Thoughts were never
e n o u g h .

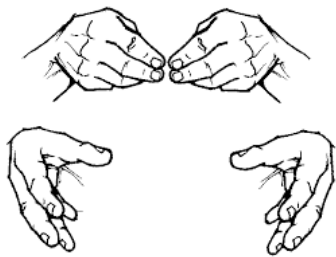
We had to catch time
but time kept catching
up with us.

The line was never
straight, it drew us out
and around viscous
c i r c l e s .



Figure 2

Tying us up in knots.
Speedy threads, our
doing and undoing. The
making of us all.



Lost
sign

Lost beginnings

perhaps inorganic) cell. In simply existing it, everything - is *and will always be* on its way to 'becoming' something else. Jean-Luc Nancy also reminds us of this contradiction in 'The Birth to Presence;' *'To be born is not to have been born, and to have been born.'* It's the nature of existence. To 'exist' is to both 'exist' and cease to exist continually.

Echoing Catherine Malabou's observations on matter (in her reflections on Plasticity and Elasticity in Freud's Beyond the Pleasure Principle) Karan Barad argues that for any 'beginning' to 'become' it must first evolve, mutate, change, divide, intra-act. But this potential for change is embedded in every living organic (and

Lost lives

On 21 June, 1990, the Manjil-Rudbar earthquake hit Iran hard, killing somewhere in the region of 50,000 people in its quake.

Measuring a magnitude of 7.4 and an intensity of X this extreme shock shook the whole of northern Iran, taking with it an estimated 35,000 - 50,000 lives and leaving tens of thousands more injured and homeless. Whole cities were left in ruins.

Lost in transit

The Terminal (2004) is a film starring Tom Hanks about the life of a man lost in transit. The film is partially inspired by the true story of Iranian refugee Mehran Karim Nasseri's 18 year stay in Terminal 1 of Paris-Charles de Gaulle Airport, France, from 1988 to 2006. Having

arrived at the airport, the traveler discovers his passport is no longer valid, as the country he is fleeing is no longer recognized.

Having entered the country legally, he could not be expelled from the airport, but with no legal status and nowhere to go, he was stateless, an alien, trapped inside an airport, in no-man's land.

Lost land

Shocked witness to a
'stone garden' - the
countryside the director
so loved, had become a
grave yard overnight.

The quake had caused
the earth to open itself
up 'revealing with it
all it knows'. Our
wanderer the
distressed Kiarostami -
is quite literally,
stopped in his tracks
and stands witness
moved to observe this
doomsday. The rubble
presented itself as a
reflection of the day of
judgement recalling
the events as described
in the Qur'an:

*When the earth
shall quake violently;
And the earth
shall bring forth its
burdens;
And man shall
say: 'What is happening
to it?'*

*On that Day, it
shall relate its tales;
That its Lord has
inspired it.*

*On that Day, men
shall emerge in clusters to
see their works.*

*Then whoever has
done an atoms weight of
good shall find it;*

*And whoever has
done an atom's weight of
evil shall find it.⁴*

Born from, in and out
of the rubble of the
aftermath, the film
begins at the end of the
'action.' Shortly after
the earthquake. The
film opens with the
news as a voice on the
radio announces the
plain cold fact "The
magnitude of the disaster
is enormous.

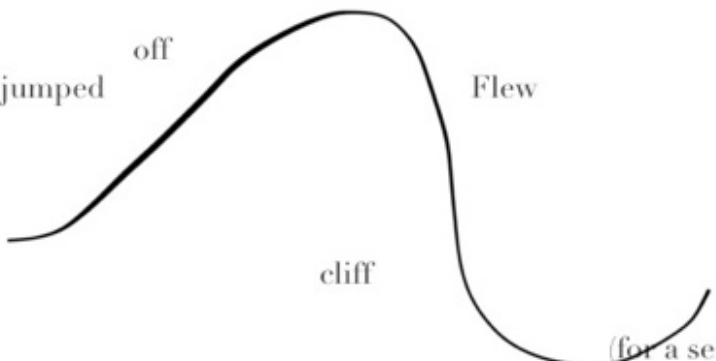
⁴ Elena, A (2005) P.93. When asked about the relation between the passage and 'Life and Nothing More' – Kiarostami said he hadn't considered (or been conscious) of this sura while making the film. He

did admit however, to knowing the passage by heart – and having considered it one of the most beautiful passages in the Qur'an – had considered basing a film on it in the 1970s. More 'Evidence' is presented in relation to these

surās (98 & 99) from the Qur'an in Nancy's essay. Kiarostami was obviously highly aware – if not completely conscious of – the significance of such an 'act of god' on the culture, people and religion he was a part of and witness to.

Lost

I jumped off the cliff
Flew (for a second)



Then

Dissolved

I spent the next few months
trying to find myself again
in the nothingness.

I cursed myself for disappearing
But I should have been celebrating
For in that moment before I disappeared,
I flew. And was present. And revealed myself all to the sun.

leap

Lost case

essay (n.)

1590s, "trial, attempt, endeavor," also "short, discursive literary composition" (first attested in writings of Francis Bacon, probably in imitation of Montaigne), from Middle French *essai* "trial, attempt, essay" (in Old French from 12c.), from Late Latin *exagium* "a weighing, a weight," from Latin *exigere* "drive out; require, exact; examine, try, test," from *ex* "out" (see **ex-**) + *agere* "to set in motion, drive" (from PIE root ***ag-** "to drive, draw out or forth, move") apparently meaning here "to weigh." The suggestion is of unpolished writing. Compare **assay**, also **examine**.

essay (v.)

"to put to proof, test the mettle of," late 15c., from Middle French *essaier*, from *essai* "trial, attempt" (see **essay** (n.)). This sense has mostly gone with the divergent spelling **assay**. Meaning "to attempt" is from 1640s. Related: *Essayed*; *essaying*.

The essay was a trial; trial and error. A lost cause? A hopeless case? No. Not quite. Yet. We bore the weight of one another, pushing, prodding, poking, trying each other out. But this 'trial' is more of a trail. And, winding, enduring, it leaves us lost, behind.

Lost hero

The study of hero myth narratives has been a long and popular one in Greek mythology the hero always seemed to be on a ‘quest’ to ‘go out’ ‘find something’ and ‘return’ the journey made a hero of them for it set them out on a passage of trial and tribulation on a road to (and for) and towards transformation. Interest in the nature (and recurrence) of the ‘hero’s journey’ in common myths increased as Freud and Jung developed their ideas on dreams, ritual and psychoanalysis.

And in 1949 Joseph Campbell (who was hugely influenced by Jung’s view of myth) published a book called *‘The Hero with a Thousand Faces’* popularizing the ‘hero myth pattern’ simplifying it (as what could also be read in colonial terms):

*‘A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder; fabulous forces are there encountered and a decisive victory is won: the hero comes back from this mysterious adventure with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man.’*⁶

Interest in the ‘story behind the story’ began to develop alongside increased awareness and interest in psychoanalysis but it also had a profound

effect on story-telling on narrative and unsurprisingly, cinema. Some of the most commercially successful films of all time have been built around a narrative tracing the footsteps of the ‘hero’s journey.’ George Lucas has given numerous interviews describing how the first draft for *Star Wars* emerged as he had been reading Campbell’s book. In addition to *Star Wars*, Tolkein’s *Lord of the Rings* (even further popularized by Peter Jackson’s film trilogy) also mirrored the staged outlined in the ‘hero’s journey.’⁷

⁶ Campbell, Joseph (1949). *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Princeton: Princeton University Press. p. 23.

⁷ Whilst Tolkein wrote his epics prior to the publication of Campbell’s book, it is interesting to note Hollywood’s interest in and adoption of the concept as a

narrative tool – and the commercial success witnessed in films such as this.

Lost guide

Whilst the director plays a central (and heroic) role in the film, we might be forgiven for considering him the ‘hero’ in the traditional sense of the ‘hero’s journey’.⁸ This is not quite the transformative ‘hero’s journey’ we have come to expect from myths - instead, we are always wading, reaching out - always in the middle of it, up to our necks - searching for the next destination. In his conversation with Philip Lopate,⁹ Kiarostami notes the role of the son as ‘guide’ - whilst the director is in the ‘driving seat’ it is his son, who has the vision. ‘*To me*’ he says:

‘the real guide on that trip was the kid, not the father, although the father has the steering wheel. In eastern philosophy, we have this belief that you don’t ever set foot in unknown territory without having a guide. The kid here was acting more rationally, and the father was not rational. The kid has accepted the instability and the logic of the earthquake, and he is just living on.’¹⁰

Faced with the subduing experience of death and suffering, the son, Puya’s childish focus is concentrated on life. And nothing more. (ibid) In entrusting the child with the role of ‘guide’ Kiarostami reminds us (or notices to remind us) that the true ‘heroes’ are not always the most obvious ones. He is also placing hope in the next generation in the youth - the innocents - who will continue, beyond their fathers at least - to nurse and direct future generations. We hope.

⁸ For more on this, see ‘notes on a hero’s journey’

⁹ (p.38 Kiarostami Close Up)

¹⁰ (p.96 Elena, A)

Lost platform m

Get lost in the crowds at
platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ at Kings
Cross station. A
platform without a
platform. All it has is a
sign. And a history.
Quite a sight. Not quite
a site.

Lost home

'Where is The Friend's Home' by Kiarostami, is a poignant film set in Koker – a small village in North Iran - tracing one boy's desperate attempts to return his friend's school notebook (lest he be expelled for not having it the next day.) Defying the will of his mother, the boy determines to find his classmate's house. Only he doesn't know where he lives. We follow him, hopefully as he zig zags between villages, searching high and low for a home he has no address for. His chase becomes more and more desperate as the day draws to a close - night comes in, darkness descends and the winds begin to blow. At the end of the film, we see the boy, having returned home, bending over his homework, making notes, desperate to work his way out of the situation and help his friend.

Lost (in an) illusion

Kiarostami makes little attempt to create an 'illusion' of film making in his films. In fact, the film makers themselves - the director, camera-men and crew - often become central figures within the narrative - themselves taking on a central role within the work. Whether this be conscious or not, 'fact' or 'fiction' - reality or illusion, it makes no difference.

Lost

cut

“even a cut that breaks things apart does not cause a separation, but furthers the entanglement.”¹¹

¹¹ Karan Barad – *Meeting the Universe Halfway*, p.466.

Lost frames

Adding, perhaps, to
Laura Mulvey's notion
of 'Death 24x a second'

Nancy seems to affirm
the continuation of Life
(24x a second) through
an examination of film.

Frame by frame, the
film is animated by the
cuts – the separation
between the images.

But it is these very
'breaks' which enable
the film's continuum.

The film, like life itself
then, continues to
discontinue,

continuously. And it is
as a result of this

essential *discontinuity*

that life 'goes on'

continuously, ad

infinitum.

Lost (in a) lie

unity. ... In cinema anything that can happen would be true. It doesn't have to correspond to a reality, it doesn't have to "really" be happening. In cinema, by fabricating lies we may never reach the fundamental truth, but we will always be on our way to it. We can never get close to the truth except through lying."¹²

The shortest way to 'truth' as Kiarostami has been known to say is through a lie. He says:

"Our work starts with a lie on a daily-routine basis. When you make a film you bring elements from other places, other environments, and you gather them together in a unity that really doesn't exist. You're faking that

¹² (from "Abbas Kiarostami", Interview by Akram Zaatari, *Bomb Magazine*, Winter 1995)

Lost Youth

In 1969 – early on in Kiarostami’s career – the director helped to set up a filmmaking department at the Institute for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in Tehran where he dedicated himself to working until 1992. Setting out his intentions early on, Kiarostami (whether he knew it or not) established a direct

engagement with simplicity and innocence in his work. Often featuring ‘lost youths’ children and or un-trained actors in his films, eschewing special effects in favour of a ‘raw’ ‘honesty’. The deceptive simplicity of the narrative in *Where is The Friend’s Home?* also sets itself up as a great precursor for what is to come in his later films.

Lost line

The path is never straight instead, the zig-zag becomes a quite literal motif in Kiarostami's films in *'Where is the Friend's Home?'* the boy's chase up the winding hill and back to Koker is echoed in the zig zag of the

car's struggle up (and down) the long and winding road winding at the end of the hill at the end of the film in *'Life and Nothing More'*. The road is, in both cases, quite literally, long and winding. The motif echoes across the hills - from one film to the other from one village to the next it's a universal image of to which we can all relate. It is the image of Sisyphus and his rock relentless. Ceaseless. Determined. Exhausting. The path through life is never straight.

Lost

lines

Brain freeze. Lost lines.

Under the spotlight.

Stuck still. Waiting for
inspiration to return.

No prompter on the
side.

Lost

lethe

The river of
forgetfulness - runs
lost in the underworld.
Flowing through the
caves of sleep where no
light or sound can
enter. Drink from it and
lose your memory. Lose
your past. Lose your
former self. The
oblivion of the past
paves the way for a new
future, reformed,
revisited, reincarnated.

Lost bounda ries

The boundary between fiction and non-fiction is so reduced in Kiarostami's work that instead, we are presented with a singular 'whole'. Suitably ambiguous and poetic, simultaneously simple and complex, the work presents itself as neither 'truth' nor 'lie'. The 'evidence' is condensed into one moment and presented as a (never ending) sequence of moments of *Life* (itself), and nothing more. As Gavroche

reminds us in the tribute he wrote on Kiarostami after his work:

However static Kiarostami's films appear to be, nothing remains stable. His mastery was in seeing movement where we see only immobility. And if we can learn to see with him, as he so often invited us to do, then we discover that nothing is, that all is becoming. But we learn also that it is in this very becoming, in its permanent possibility and our awareness of it, where wisdom can lie"

Lost language e

their ‘game of multilingual telephone’ - by the evening they had experienced a ‘hallucinatory melting of linguistic barriers’ – and that by the end of the night ‘under the spell of the filmmaker’s quiet charisma’, they had all been thinking in Persian.¹⁴

Language crosses barriers when it carries with it a truth of human emotion. And this sense of universality seems to be inescapably implicit in Kiarostami’s films and perhaps in the presence of the man himself. Writing in the New York Times about an interview with Kiarostami, American journalist A.O Scott, recalls the tangle of languages when they met and how, despite

¹⁴ See appendix

Lost match

In the world of
football, the world cup
is not a game to be
missed... at any cost.
But who won? Are
there ever really any
winners or losers?

Lost chores

Throughout the film, *Where is The Friend's Home?* the boy's attempts to return the book are foiled again and again, and so he resolves to stay up late into the night and do his homework for him. It's heart achingly poignant. As he crouches over the book in the dark, the door opens and through the window, into the courtyard, the sheets which were hung out to dry earlier in the day of the film begin to blow the winds, rising, howl right through as an omen of what's to come...¹⁵ As the film

reaches its climax, the elements respond – and even before the earthquake came, before *'Life and Nothing More'* was made, the traces of disaster – of the power and possibility of natural catastrophe – are central figures looming over us. The presence of nature in Kiarostami's films is powerful. The storm in *Where is The Friend's Home?* lasts only for one night. The next morning, the skies are clear again, and the boy (and the book – having been speedily returned to its rightful owner shuffled under the desk – the evidence of homework painstakingly copied out within it) returns to 'save' the (very ordinary) 'day.'

The earthquake in *Life and Nothing More* also stops (we do not see it, only its effect and those affected by it) and like the film before – it is followed by the hope of another day.

Over and above the daily intricacies – the chores that need to be done, the trials of the day – nature serves as a great and humble reminder of the 'grand scheme' of things. Through nature, the doors blow open and our perspective widens.

¹⁵ The bleak howling wind rattling through the sheets in the courtyard at the end of *Where is*

the Friend's House? reminds me of the scenes in Bella Tar's *Turin Horse*, where, over the days wind in (and carrying) the storm

becomes a relentless, restless metaphor / allegory...

Lost

Stages

In his study, *Lost Stages*, Campbell outlines 17 phases or stages within the hero's 'journey' towards transformation.

(.....)

- 3.1 Departure
 - 3.1.1 The Call to Adventure
 - 3.1.2 Refusal of the Call
 - 3.1.3 Supernatural Aid
 - 3.1.4 Crossing the First Threshold
 - 3.1.5 Belly of the Whale
- 3.2 Initiation
 - 3.2.1 The Road of Trials
 - 3.2.2 The Meeting with the Goddess
 - 3.2.3 The Woman as Temptress
 - 3.2.4 Atonement with the Father
 - 3.2.5 Apotheosis
 - 3.2.6 The Ultimate Boon
- 3.3 Return
 - 3.3.1 Refusal of the Return
 - 3.3.2 The Magic Flight
 - 3.3.3 Rescue from Without
 - 3.3.4 The Crossing of the Return Threshold
 - 3.3.5 Master of Two Worlds
 - 3.3.6 Freedom to Live

(The echo continues)

Lost ground



Lost? protest!

Written in 1964 the lyrics to Bob Dylan's *The Times They Are a Changin'* could have been written yesterday. Presented as a political statement during a time of social turmoil they are as relevant now as they were then, because the times like the perpetual hands on a clock are always in motion. The 'winds of change' are always blowing.

Bob Dylan wrote the song as a deliberate attempt to create an anthem of change for the time he recalls: "*I wanted to write a big song, with short concise verses that piled up on each other in a hypnotic way...*"¹⁶ Having written the song only a month earlier he opened his show with it the night after President Kennedy was assassinated. A timely choice for a time in turmoil. "*The archetypal protest song*" - critic Michael Gray notes: "*Dylan's aim was to ride upon the unvoiced sentiment of a mass public—to give that inchoate sentiment an*

anthem and give its clamour an outlet." He succeeded...

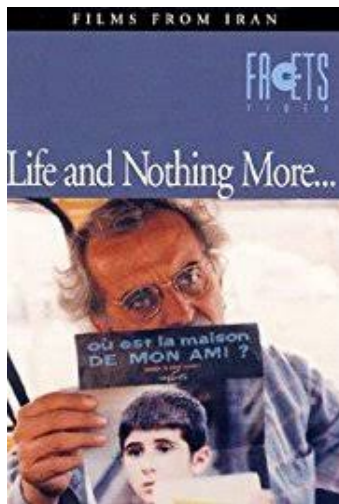
¹⁶ (Crowe, Cameron (1985). Liner notes. Biograph.)

Lost Way

Notes on Homo Viator

Humanity is always 'on the way', constantly on the move - towards something. At least, it *should* be. The classic theological concept for this is "Homo Viator", or Man on the Way. For life is a journey, an adventure that we are always a part of. We do not choose to be on the way, it is our existential situation. We are not *at* home, we are *on the way* home. In a perpetual state of 'becoming.'

Lost boy



(never found)

web



Lost

Lost heat

-
It was chilly, but
b e a r a b l e .
Bearable in
d e e d .

-
Time pushes everything
and everyone into the
corners and cracks until
all of history is dust,
hiding in open spaces.

Lost
edge



Lost judgem ent

As Jean-Luc Nancy
observes, the film *Life
and Nothing More*:

*‘speaks of this constant
and inevitable flow of life,
which continues its course
in spite of everything, in
spite of mourning and
catastrophe.’¹⁷*

No mention is made
and no judgement is
passed – on the quality
of the life that
‘continues’ – the point
is simply that it does.
And is. And will
continue to do so.
Somehow. In the midst
of it all. In spite of
everything.

¹⁷ p.77 Discourse 21.1 Winter 1999
pp76-87

Lost end(s)

The theme of continuation repeats throughout the film, which continues to keep ‘continuing’ after it’s death, at its end. The film is left unresolved. We simply see the car struggle up a long, steep, winding road, only to watch it slip back down again, before persisting to climb up once more.¹⁸ The journey never ends. Destination unknown. It simply continues. Like the road, and all its ceaseless cracks. The journey consists of a continuous detour. We not know if the boys (whom the director and his son had set out to find) are ever found – or if they survived. Instead, what we discover is that experience of the search turns out to be an extraordinarily profound experience for both father and son – who find (not what they were looking for, but) themselves, *‘entering a world of which up till then they had only the vaguest knowledge.’*¹⁹

¹⁸ There’s a kind of comic tragedy here – by the end of the film, the little yellow car has become a character itself. We wish it well, we spur it on. We want it to continue. There are echoes of the

film *‘Little Miss Sunshine’* here too – a family on a road trip in a yellow van, which, broken, will not start in first gear, so the family have to push it each time it starts to get it up to speed. The van spurts, but

carries on regardless. And so we persist...

¹⁹ P.206 – Alberto Elena ‘The Cinema of Abbas Kiarostami’

You knew
You saw it
Through your
You smelt it,
And sensed it
That were
quite there.
I'm sorry I couldn't give you more.
I'm sorry to have left you wanting less.
It's little consolation
I know
But...
(Well, I guess there are no buts.)

Lost scents

Lost roles

Kiarostami's film *'Close Up'* (1990) - again, a 'documentary' of sorts - follows the real-life trial of a man who pretended to be director Mohsen Makhmalbaf (whose film *The Cyclist*, the impersonator is a great admirer of...) Using the actual family to re-enact the sequence of events from the tale, Kiarostami retells the story of the case and trial - but there is no judgement in his lens. The citizen imitating the director, tries out the role for size, and then confesses to his guilt when it leads him into trouble.

In the film, the 'actor' re-enacts the 'act' but there's a sense also that the 'act' is more authentic than the 'crime' of impersonation. In the case of *'Life and Nothing More'* (1992) we now have an actor playing the role of director, whom the director is now directing, (Kiarostami really did return to Koker after the earthquake, hoping to find the child stars from his previous film) and - as is also the case in many of Kiarostami's films, the original 'actors' (many of whom are local villagers) are not always 'actors' or 'acting' - the director often choosing (like director Ken Loach) to work with local, 'untrained' 'actors' to maintain some sense of the 'authentic' perhaps? This search for 'authenticity' is something Kiarostami talks about in his narrative discussing the role of the ducks in his film sequence *'Five'*. The ducks are not 'actors' he says - they are playing the role of themselves. But the characters start to shine through, the more you look at them, the more the camera (and with that, the viewer) observes them... He says the same, of the dogs, and a log, which has been swept onto the shore and continues to be animated by the waves which lap around it.

Kiarostami's camera is set at a distance - it is not a 'critical' lens, it does not pass judgement. Rather it allows the form, characters, and narrative to be revealed through the intermingling of a truth and a lie.

Lost flight

A bird flew into the window. And a cricket hopped out. No bird wants to bump into itself. No cricket wants to be held captive...

Lost trajecto ry

"Lapses, parapraxes,
and symptoms are
like birds that
strike their beaks
against the window.
It is not a question
of interpreting
them. It is a
question instead of
identifying their
trajectory to see if
they can serve as
indicators of new
universes of
reference capable of
acquiring a
consistency
sufficient for
turning a situation
upside down." -
Deleuze

Lost wing

Something happened to
my body...

It meant I
couldn't be there. It
meant I could not fly.



*“This truly was the darkest
o f n i g h t s ”*

Lost home

The winds of war were
b l o w i n g
up a storm..

For there was no
homeland after all.

The land that marks our
identity - this blackmail
o f b e l o n g i n g .
This scarlet letter \ red.

A black mark in your
passport. Yes. '*You can
come.*' No. '*You can't
g o*'

Lost identity

Whose voices were they
anyway? Where did
they belong? Who did
they belong to?

Matter and
meaning. It all became
entwined. *Until nothing
mattered anymore.*

constant. The only thing
we can be sure of.

Lost doubt

Echoing Socrates, (for
'wisest is he who knows
he knows nothing') the
only thing I am sure of
(as one passer-by in
Kiarostami's film
reminds us) is that I
cannot be sure: "the
certain thing" he says "is
I don't know." Change,
as we discover, time and
time again, is the only

And where will it
take me?

Lost sight

The blind let
the light in
As she fell in shadows
across the wall.



The time
has
come.
But where has it
been?

Lost (in a) trilogy

The sequence of films, *'Where is the friend's home?'* (1987) *'Life and Nothing More'* (1992) and *'Through the Olive Trees'* (1994) are now collectively regarded as 'the Koker trilogy' Koker being the village in north Iran where the first film was shot.

The boy from *'Where is the Friend's Home?'* lives in Koker, and spends the majority of the film lost, seeking to find his friend's house in the neighbouring village.

In *'Life and Nothing More'*, the father

(playing the role of 'director' from the previous film) and son return to Koker, (itself now lost in the rubble) hoping they are able to find their friends still alive after the quake.

The third film in the 'trilogy' (a connection Kiarostami himself does not designate²⁰ but which is, instead, a term film critics have assigned to the works) *'Through the Olive Trees'* returns to a lost scene from *'Life and Nothing More'* to explore the relationship between two of the actors further.

As with many of Kiarostami's films, there is a sense of continuation, blurring and connecting the sequence of the films and their fictional and real-life narratives. Where there is mourning, there is joy where there is a funeral, there is a wedding, where there is a lost book, there is a returned one... But it seems the dynamic in each of these films is made all the more poignant through the reality of loss.

²⁰ (he states that the films are simply related in terms of their geography)

Lost future

Always on time
Off time
In time and running late

-

Clock hands move in
c i r c l e s
But it was a mistake to
think that these hands
were the wheels of
p r o g r e s s . . .

-

The past is yet to come.

-

Time, the great eraser.
Rub me out, you'll leave
a trace. My fingers are
grubby. There'll be
prints that bear my
name.

-

There is no single road.
And no single hand.

Lost tools

Tools never completely
belong to the master.
No. I did not own my
brush or wheel.
Nor a brush.
Nor a pen.

Nothing mattered
anymore but
Everything matters.
Everything mattered.
Matter matters. It
mattered then. And will
matter again.

Lost past

She believed she'd lived
a l i f e b e f o r e .
M a y b e s h e h a d .
T r a c e s o f a n e r a s e r
L e f t c o n c e a l e d i n h e r
c o d e .
L a y e r u p o n l a y e r o f
e r a s u r e s .

All particles have to pass
through all others to
become themselves.

Were there ever any
empty moments? Devoid
o f t h e p a s t ?



No. For every bit of
matter mattered.
Everything tangled in an
abstract web of time.

The past is alive in the
thick now of the present.

Lost in nature

We are reminded of the ancient philosopher Heraclitus' views on a life in flux. Having renounced his fortune to live in the mountains (I picture him living a simple life, much like the villagers in Kiarostami's films) Heraclitus lived a life in close proximity to nature observing that the natural world and everything in it was always in a constant state of flux. *'Cold things grow hot, the hot cools, the wet dries, the parched moistens,'* he noted. Everything is constantly shifting, changing, and becoming something *other* to what it was before. Heraclitus concluded that nature is change. It's only natural

(therefore) that we too should change and be ever changing. Like a river, nature flows ever onwards. But even the nature of flow changes. Change is, in fact, the only constant. Heraclitus' vision of life is perhaps nowhere clearer than in his epigram on the river of flux: *"We both step and do not step in the same rivers. We are and are not."* (B49a) For we like the river are in a constant state of change of becoming. We are, and are not, simultaneously the same, (in)constant, always becoming, always in a process of change. For the process of change is life itself.

Lost muscle

My body was saggy,
unused, stiff. What a
contradiction. That
something so soft could
be so stiff... My mind
was

s t i l l
passing in, passing out,
passing through.

Lost eden



It was once a garden of Eden, filled with peace roses planted after the war. 2 dozen bushes encircled the round curve of the open driveway. A pale halo of serenity. It was her father's pride and joy. And she brought joy to all who came upon her.

This was once my mother's playground. The garden in which she grew. Now, peeking through the fence between the trees from the other side of the ditch, this Eden tells a different story.

Paradise no more. No longer roses bloom. Instead mountains of tires grow, heaped in every corner of every

inch of its wasted land. A spa pool lies abandoned, upturned and empty, rotting amongst the rubble. And cars, tired and tireless, rust on the lawn. The windows are falling and curtains, faded, blow. Drainpipes cling to the walls like vines that have been pulled. Little remains but a dangling scar.

This is not the garden my grandfather grew. This is not the home my mother once knew. This is a wasteland. Of breaking bad proportions. This is a desert of black rubber stacks.

Nothing grows here anymore. There are no smiles left. And their children's laughter a long gone distant memory erased.

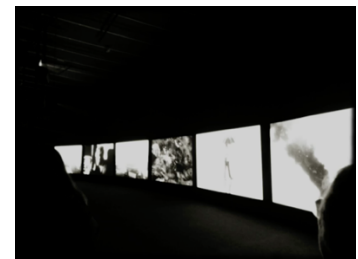
Two weeks later my brother comes to meet me. A happy surprise, and we enter the curve of the Barbican to be met by another stack of tires. I tell him the story of our grandfather's house. Now, too, a pile, on the other side of the world. And silently, we wept, as bending around the fold we continued to witness a wasteland unfold before our eyes. A pyre. The horizon

punctured by miles of chimney stacked skies filled with grey smoke and acid rain falling like the tears that now sear my face.

This world is burning. My heart is on fire.

And no one can save me

but you.



again. - Come on little
wren. Little song bird.
S i n g a g a i n .

Lost voice

The
s o n g b r i n g s
w i t h i t s a d n e s s . A
s a d n e s s t o o g r e a t t o
b e a r .

It rises and releases itself
from me. But when it's
gone it leaves me naked.
She roars through my
chest like a storm howls
through the trees.
Ceaseless. Raging. The
bough bends and its
branches shake, its
leaves percussion to
y o u r s o n g .



Figure 3

Y o u l e a v e m e
rattled and defenseless,
choked, I must start over
again. And again. And
again, I must start over

Lost trace

Every vein tells a story.

There was a narrative in
e v e r y v e s s e l



Blood tells a story.
It's hard to carry. A
family tree? No. This was
a Rhizome. Crawling
underground. It spreads
and sprawls. Cuts off.
Stops. Starts again.

Stories are carried over.
And memories mutate,
evolving into something
else altogether. We are
separate. Distinct.
Connected. Related but
not the same. There's no
attachment there. The
umbilical chord's been
c u t .

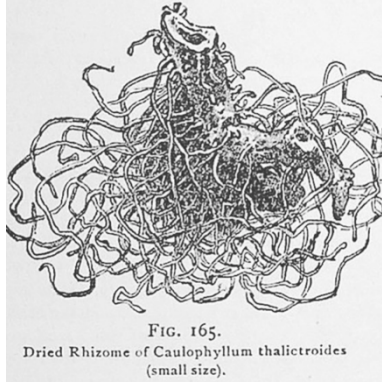
A severed rope lies in
y o u r h a n d .

You hold one too. This
separation is the only
thing that connects us.

I was both Moby Dick
and the Whale. The
hunter and the hunted.
Kept hiding from
myself. Like a child in
the dark behind the
sofa. In the moist belly
of the beast. I had eaten
m y s e l f .
Swallowed myself hole
then set a harpoon upon
m e .

Lost opport unity

I n t h e Z o n e .
Anything was possible.
Things kept changing at
will. At the whim of the
wind. Tune in or tune
out. Only the dial is not
in your hand. There is
nothing at the end of
your fingertips.



Lost system

And then I had a
t h o u g h t .

H e r e i t i s .

Are all systems transport
s y s t e m s ?

I w o n d e r e d .

Weren't they all just
modes of passing
through. A means of
getting by. Or getting
a l o n g .
Systems built to connect
and disconnect.
Systems to help us
through. Systems to
help us pass. Or to make
us fail.

Lost signal

Communication towers
stand tall at the top of
t h e m o u n t a i n .
The towers spread the
news - transmitting.
They transmit. They
gave warnings of the
danger, and after,
sadness spread through
their lines like a virus
through a vessel or vein.
The tone was always
changing with the
t i m e s .

Only, the cement factory
didn't fall. Factories
n e v e r d i e .

Lost father

A baby cries in the wood.
A child awakes and calls
out for his father. The
father looks for him.
And helicopters above
look for others. Now
Fatherless children.
Now Childless fathers.
The wings of the
machine flutter in the
sky above. Like the
cricket that flew from
t h e w i n d o w .

Lost branch

26th January 2018

I wake up to the news.
Palestine: Jewish
settlers torch 100 of the
world's oldest olive
t r e e s .

Today's the day. It
seemed like a sign. I'd
seen the other 2... it was
time to complete the
trilogy. Time to watch
through the olive trees.
Only I couldn't find it. It
wasn't anywhere to be
g r a s p e d .

Had it too perished in
the fire? Something
would have to come
from this... That's what
I believed anyway.

In New Zealand. On the
other side. Where the
peak of the mountain
meets the bottom of the
cave. My mother had
planted not one, but five
olive trees in her garden.
One for each of us?
We'd need to plant
more if there was ever to
be any hope of
redemption now.



Traces of the film had
gone up in smoke like
the trees. Was there any
hope left in finding it?
Maybe it would be
c a u g h t u p
somewhere *up there*.

Lost ball

At the crossing, at a
c r o s s r o a d s
There's a meeting of
m i n d s .
Two bats one ball, many
tables. Multiplied.
The ball bounces. The
bat responds. The bat
responds, the ball
b o u n c e s .
A n d s o i t g o e s .

Lost balance

Too much / not enough.
I was always swinging
between the two.
Searching for a balance
I knew didn't exist and
couldn't exist. But
searching, still the
s a m e .

In analysis, thoughts
emerge as fragments.
Branches. Shoots. They
spring up, sprout
sometimes, and
sometimes dip away
again as fast as they
came. Thoughts are
always on the move.
Like ripples on the
surface of the water.
Always there, always
present, but always
immediately absent.

Sensed, but senseless.
T o u c h i n g b u t
u n a t t a i n a b l e .
Untouchable. Unclean.
(Sometimes). Always on

the move. These
thoughts keep us
moving. Keep us
animated, I'm guessing.
A l i v e .

If I'm quick, I can snatch
one. And tug at it like a
weed. Only this little
bud. This offshoot. This
sprig, is connected to
everything I've ever felt,
seen. Done. These are
my buddies. I must care
for each one. Not all of
them will survive. My
body will know. My
brain prunes itself for
m e .

They forced a stream of
s l i p s u p o n m e .

I entered in but kept
tripping up. Tripping
over, slipping in and out
and off balance.

I fell down
t h e s t a i r s .
I suppose I was better at
going with the flow. I
prefer to improvise.

There was always a
d i v e r s i o n a h e a d

How could I not be
o r g a n i c ?
I was, after all, an
o r g a n i s m
And like a plant, I
r e s p o n d t o m y
e n v i r o n m e n t

I always had more to
give. Would think there
was nothing more.
Would be about to give
up. Then more would
come. It was time to give
up giving up. Time to
give up giving out.
Time to find some
Time for myself.

Lost form

Like a seed it was in my
nature to break out of
myself. Repeatedly. Destructive
plasticity.



And in the ruins. We
would grieve the loss of
our previous form.
Before falling in love
with our newly found
tentacles. The end was
never quite the end.
Only the beginning of
something new.
Something different.

Lost art

Could music and writing
be seen as a plastic art?
Maybe more plastic than
the clay she shaped with
her hands. As, passed
over to the audience,
they were gifts that kept
giving. The memory of
t h e m u s i c . T h e
m o m e n t .

Everything changed
But we still remained the
s a m e .

It was a good note to end
o n .

I was pushed for time
But time kept pushing
m e

Lost progress S

There's a company called progress at the top of the stairs. 5 flights. No lift. Just a ladder of steps. Keep climbing! You'll reach progress at the top. But then, beside the door to Progress, there was another set. Another step behind it. Progress was not at the top. But an illusion. A joke. Progress likes you to think it's at the top. But really, it's at the edge. In the middle of all things. Progress is realising there's something more. That there're always more steps behind it and beyond it. That there's a roof once you reach the top. And that you can climb on it and off it.

Progress is realising there's *always* something more. It's a refrain that will never refrain from pulling you in. Progress is the carrot that you never quite reach. Always in sight but out of your grasp. Out of touch? Maybe it was an antiquated idea. That old cliché. The carrot on a stick.

Progress used to lie at the top of the stairs. Now the door is blank. The company went bust. The sign has been removed. Instead, continuum still clings on, to the flight below.

Step up. Come on. Get on with it. Keep climbing. We haven't reached the top yet.

There were always more mountains to climb. Nature was not something to conquer but something to be enjoyed.

Lost footing

I was always thinking
on my feet.

There is an African
proverb I love – it says
*“when you pray – move
y o u r f e e t ”*
- I’ll dance to that.

I don’t pray – but I hope
- it keeps me moving...
and I, in turn, am moved.

Lost echo

The echo and plasticity.
What happened in
between? I often
t h o u g h t
a b o u t
m y v o i c e .
Where was it? I let it go.
But bouncing off the
walls and in and around
the environment it finds
itself in it comes back
to me, like a bird and
then I really see it. I hear
you. There I am. Not in
the voice, or the mouth
or the tongue but in
the echo returned.

The echo returns
changed. And I am
changed by it. It moves
me. I am affected.

And like the echo -
things drift and sculpt
and are sculpted by the
nature of the things
a r o u n d i t .

Lost stream

Things slip up. Then
s l i p d o w n
stream.

Streaming. It had
become a term for today.
Just stream it. No need
for you to hold it. To
download it. To grasp it.
Just tap into it. Borrow
f r o m i t .
You just need to
m a k e a
C O N N E C T
-tion_



Walking around the city,
this is where my
learning comes.

Not quite on the
pavement. Not quite in
t h e c l o u d s .

Lost faith

Are you sure?
Sure. Surely not? Sure

I ' l l k n o w .
I d o n ' t k n o w .

I know that I don't know.
I don't know when or
how or whom. But
something will happen.
And then I'll know.
I don't know what I'll
know then. Nor what I
know now. Nor that I'll
ever really know
anything... It's not mine
to grasp. There was no
use in forcing it.
I just know that when I
see it, I'll know.
I'll feel it, and it'll feel
r i g h t .

Doubt was a constant
refrain. But I had faith in
its return. And knew it
would spur me to
something. Don't forget!

*T h e c i r c l e
is a spiral.* It'll be alright.

*T h e c i r c l e
is a spiral.* It will all be.
Ok..

Something, at some
point, would reveal itself.
Maybe that thing would
b e m e .

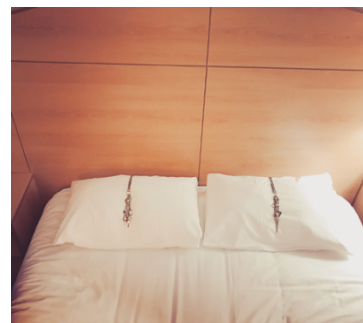
Lost players

There was a man playing table tennis on his own. Ping - pong. Only his pong was all ping - the pong was a chase. Scrambling around on the floor to retrieve the ball each time. Only to hit it away again. He was relentless. He didn't seem to grow tired of his one-sided game. He was practicing, what? His serve perhaps. But the game was futile. Maybe he liked it this way. For sure he was getting exercise... throw. Hit, bounce, run, bend, retrieve. The ball would always roll. Never quite in the same place. She kept him on his toes. I supposed they were playing off each other.

He gave the ball flight, and she gave the man direction. A kind of purposeless purpose. A game for one. He was bending the rules of the table. But who says it was meant to be two sided? I guess they just assumed it was. Two sides. Two players. One ball. Left and right. Back and forth. One to the other.

Then I remembered his game. Richard had made a five-sided table tennis table. Photographs of it s a t still on his website. I never saw his in action. Maybe it never moved its feet. But there was a similar one at the end of the road... 5 holes. 5 bats. 5 possibilities. All directions. So many players so many different g a m e s t o p l a y .

I guess the same went for relationships. We were presented with 2 sided tables. And naturally? We were drawn into the game two by two... lining up, in a procession, waiting our turn, like animals entering into the ark.



But there were others thinking differently. The more we broke the rules, the more broke the rules became. And so, all praise the lone player and his futile game. It was all a game anyway. The joke was on us. For *thinking* we were two.

Lost (w)hole

I was both the outside
and inside. No longer
outside looking in. Or
inside looking out.

The two became one.
B l a c k h o l e

Not quite United.

Not quite separated.
Conjoined, at the waist,
like a Siamese twin.
We were different, but
t h e s a m e .
Immobile, we just kind
of spun around. There
was no threshold to
c r o s s .
No line dividing us.
The boundaries were
b l u r r e d .
And directions, futile.
I'd crossed the line so
often that the line
became a tangle. I was
not in a circle. I was the
circle. And all I could do
was roll with it. Swing.
and go with
the *f l o w* .

Circling the edge, one
side in the other out.
The draw was all
c o n s u m i n g .

But *the circle is
a s p i r a l* .
I kept reminding myself.
Change is on the
horizon. I can see it - on
the edge of the curved
s k y .
Spring will soon come.

"The circle is a spiral"

It was all going
t o b e O K .

The chorus cried. And I
repeated it back to
m y s e l f .

Lost touch

I had the
Midas touch.

Only
instead of gold,
everything turned
to autumn.

Leaves were always
falling.

I would never
get a grip
of it.



Lost cycles

More and more I saw the orange bicycles about town. Littered, scattered, abandoned. Like trolleys left at the side of the road. Their journey complete, need fulfilled. They are dropped. Not dropped off.... I guess this is a way now. They don't need a hub, nor a center, nor a central pick up point, nor a parking spot, nor any spot nor point nor centre for that matter. They can be left where they are. And found where they're dropped off. They belong everywhere and nowhere. They belong to the streets.

'Now you're gone.'

And just like that, I wrote a sad story in three words...

Lost blessin gs

New Zealand 1995

I wasn't there. But you were. You returned home to be met by a river of red wine, cascading down the hill. An earthquake had hit the North Island, Whakatane, The place my grandparents lived.

A keen collector (and drinker) of wine. You'd bought bottles back from your travels, shipped them in from France. A whole world away. A lifetime on a boat. Message-less bottles of red. Stick a cork in it. They sat silent, housed in the dark of your basement. And there they waited - patiently - until the tremors came.

Then they spoke. Loud and clear. Violent shards of glass. Bottles smashed on the floor - burst open, rolling around drunk on top of one another.

Set free, the liquid poured the only way it knew how to. It seeped through the cracks in the floor and found its way to the road, cascading down the path to meet your feet as you returned. Baptised. I'm glad it was them and not you. The wine poured through the earth like a river returning to the body of Christ. Everything connects. And red rivers kept us pumping. You didn't store things after that.

and... and... and...

Lost effort

It was the pauses, the mistakes. The cracks. The errors, diversions and moments of reflection that paved the way to this point. The journey was formed of the breaks. The dot to dots. And the leaps in between the gaps.

My life was a mistake a series of errors. Mishaps, diversions. Of averting goals. Of failing. Trying, practicing - making mistakes and trying again. Somehow in the errors something else emerged. But it was never what you were expecting. Not if you were really listening.

I was practiced at practice. Only I would never reach perfect. I wasn't engaged enough. Would be always chasing my tail. The goals were always shifting. Always slipping out of sight and out of reach.

Lost joy

To sing was to grieve.
I'd always known that.
But my grief bought joy
t o o t h e r s .
I didn't want to sing
a n y m o r e .

Did that make me selfish?

My bow became
my brush became my
pen became my voice.

And here in the notes
sliding from one to the
next I found my song
a g a i n .
And I became.
I was. I am. I am still. I
am still *becoming*.

I am. I am. I am!
S h e c r i e d .

Lost leap

The fuck ups pushed us
f o r w a r d s .
T h e y m a d e u s
p r o c r e a t e .

I should have been
s e t t l i n g d o w n
but I was only just
w a r m i n g u p .
For to settle down
would be to be settling
for something. I didn't
want to be down, but up.
I wanted to be on the
edge of it all. To stare
into the abyss, knowing
that I could leap over,
down, up and into it.
And that it would be all
m i n e . T h a t
it could all be mine.
If only I were willing to
take the risk. And leap
instead of settle. Break
out instead of nestling
i n .



I feel alive when I'm on
f i r e .
Only at the end of it all,
do I realise I ever had
anything to *burn*.
Still we go up in flames.
And the smoke keeps
rising. And through the
olive trees new hope is
planted in the ash.

Lost momentum

It's a Friday.
Another black Friday?
And we're back here
again.
The city, the swamp and
I

I needed to exercise.
To work out in order to
work it out. And work
my way through.
Only I wasn't very good
at exercising my will to
exercise. If only I could
exercise
these demons from me.

The fat pigeon had a
broken wing. I watched
it for hours. Waddling
from peck to peck. From
one speck of crumb to
the next. I supposed
this was life.

The day began.
Like it always does.

Mistakes were written in,
all over my practice

This was the shape of
water.

I saw
you
fill each space
until
the void
was no more and there
were no longer any
barriers or boundaries
between me or you
them and
us.

And through the quake
- moments of calm
punctured the sky.

me pulling. It kept me
alive. *A living stream*
In flux. Always going
with the flow, wading up
a n d d o w n .

stream.

Lost incenti ve

*"It's never too late to
change."* She cried!

Try changing before it's
t o o l a t e .
But her father would not
listen. It was like he was
i n c a p a b l e .
H e r w o r d s
fell
on deaf ears.
He would never hear her.

For me, change was the
o n l y c o n s t a n t .
T h e o n l y h o p e .
I liked it, it kept me on
my toes. I would slip and
slide, duck and dive,
reaching out, tentacle
l i k e
trying to touch and be
t o u c h e d .
T r y i n g t o s e e k
a n d b e f o u n d .
Always on the move. It
kept me pushing. Kept

Lost
(in)
music

It starts, it stops.

Lost beat

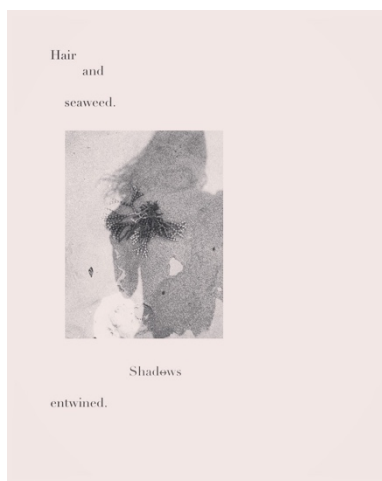
Dear drummer man -

Rumour has it your
rhythm has a murmur
Its whispers leak
through each beat
Echoes slowly fade out,
leaving traces behind
They drip - until you're
gone. Our drummer had
a heart condition. Funny
how he used his sticks to
keep beating.

Lost
(in)
time

Bored.

Lost beach



We went to hot water
b e a c h .
Take a spade with you.
Dig a hole in the sand.
Soon you'll hit a warm
w a t e r s p r i n g .
Dig yourself a grave,
then sit in your very own
h o t t u b .

A warm bath bubbles on
t h e b e a c h .
In a chill, cold salt water
w a v e s a p p r o a c h .
On the surface, the
water is sea salty, ice.
(but no flowers bloom)
Underneath, a blanket
awaits. But it's hit and
miss. There's no map.

Just traces of holes left
by previous bathers.
Step into the sea and the
water laps around you.
Never still. Always
s e e k i n g .
Dig into the sand and
you find yourself a hole
s t a g n a n t p o o l .
Stillness. Still, the sand
caves in. Keep digging.
C o n s t a n t s t r e a m

I wonder how many
people have come to this
b e a c h b e f o r e ,
unaware of the rivers,
untapped beneath their
f e e t ?
But we arrived too late to
b a t h e .
The tide had worked its
way up the shore.

Lost in transit

They are all here. With
you. With me.

You've become part of
my journey. A travel
b u d d y .
I can't think to put you
d o w n a n y m o r e .

But I'll never get a grip
on you. Not fully
a n y w a y .
Instead, we shake
hands. We dance. And
together, I hold you
around the waist.

E N D N O T E



S i n T R A N S I T -

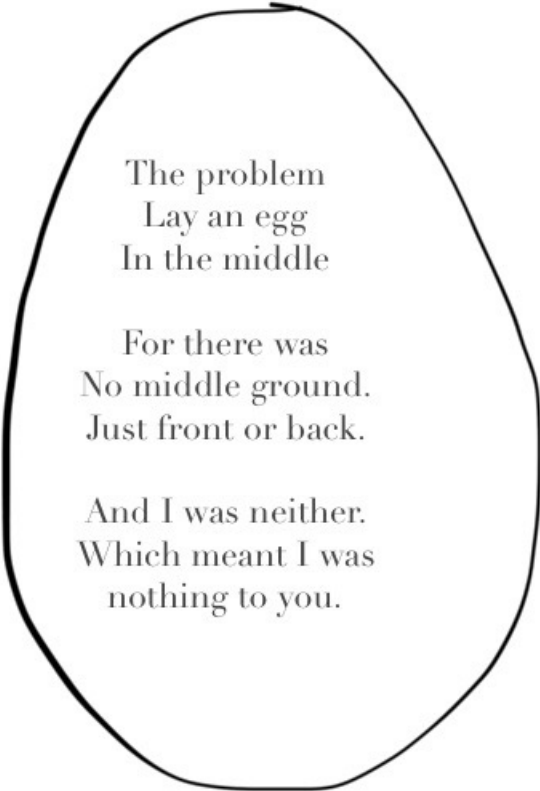
We'd been travel
buddies for weeks.
The pages so worn and
tattered, covered in
tattoos the ink of my
scrawl now barely
l e g i b l e .
C o f f e e s p i l l s ,
T e a r s , c r e a s e s a n d
s t a i n s .

²¹ Please see appendices 3&4 –
Notes in transit: and in the

margins. On Evidence 'Life and
Nothing More.'

Lost bounce

The ball doesn't stop
at the back of the net.



The problem
Lay an egg
In the middle

For there was
No middle ground.
Just front or back.

And I was neither.
Which meant I was
nothing to you.

Lost
(in the)
middle

She said I had a way
with words.
They led. I followed, I
told her.

Lost
(for)
words

Lost
(never)
ending

TO BE
CONTINUED...

Lost (in the) post

Three months (and another 11,659 miles later) the pants returned 'home' – back to the place they'd started. Only to be put straight back into a suitcase to be brought back with my mum the next day for brother's wedding.

They're not in my hands yet. They're still in transit. But still, lost to me, they maybe aren't so lost.

I bought a pair of pants, in New Zealand. I'd been visiting my mum, and they had a nice pair on sale. Only the pants did not get packed. On my return, my mum had put the lost pants in a packet and posted them to me. To London. (Only 11,659 miles...) But, lost in transit, they sat in purgatory, waiting for me to pick them up from the delivery office. I arrived a day too late. My pants had been returned to sender. I'll never see them now, I thought. They'll live a life adrift at sea.



Lost key

*(she never
knew
what
key they
were in
anyway...)*

Lost lines

*His mind went blank. He
forgot what he was going
to say*

Lost
greetin
gs

(a meeting point:)



**Reader, meet text.
Text meet thought.
Thought meet image.
Image meet film.
Film meet life.
Life meet reader.
Reader, meet text.**

Lost



wave

He cut out a hand – an emoticon wave - and placed it in the centre of a shell he found washed up in Spain. He handed it to me and I kept it in my pocket. This little piece of the sea. We didn't see each other much after that. But the wave's still waving. I think it always will.

Lost ball

A Note on Beginnings A

The journey was the goal.
My life, a Ball.

Bouncing.

Like tumBleweed. TumBling. Restless.
Like a dung Beetle Battling, Backwards up hill.
Face in the dirt and legs in the shit.
Rolling with it.

Like an un-popped popcorn kernel.
The kind that Breaks your teeth and sits heavy,
rolling aimlessly around the Bottom of the Bowl with
all the other un-popped.
Longing to Break free from its shell and Be devoured -
Bathed in a shower of hot sweet salt and melted
Butter, Boom.

I'm
Lost

Lost focus

The point of research is not to get to the point but to go around it.

The diagram consists of a circle with text placed at various points along its circumference. Starting from the top and moving clockwise, the text reads: 'The', 'point', 'of', 'research', 'is', 'not', 'to', 'get', 'to', 'the', 'point', 'but', 'to', 'go', 'around', and 'it.'. A thick black line forms the top arc of the circle, and another thick black line forms the bottom arc. The text 'point' appears twice, once at the top and once at the bottom. The text 'to' appears twice, once on the right side and once on the left side. The text 'to the' is on the left side, and 'to get' is on the right side. The text 'go' is on the left side, and 'around' is on the right side. The text 'it.' is at the bottom center of the circle.

Lost

text

Reading a text, thoughts sprawl across the page until the read text becomes entwined with wet ink and *one* cannot be separated out from *the other*. It's *one* way of working through something. Only thoughts do not stop, and nor does the ink cease to flow. The hand keeps writing until ink from the pen seeps through the page, and annihilated, nothing can be read anymore. The text is lost. And thoughts on the text disappear. Still out there. They're just lost, somewhere still in transit.

Lost (in the) wood(s)

In
the
pine
forest
nothing
else
grows



The native
jungle is a feast of
a forest from
bottom to top.

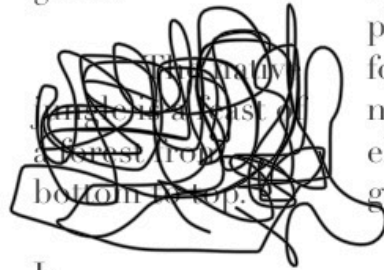
forest
nothing
else
grows

The native
jungle is a feast of
a forest from
bottom to top.

In
the
pine
forest
nothing
else
grows

The native
jungle is a feast of
a forest from
bottom to top.

In
the
pine
forest
nothing
else
grows



In
the
pine
forest
nothing
else
grows

The native
jungle is a feast of
a forest from
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grows

The native
jungle is a feast of
a forest from
bottom to top.

In
the
pine
forest
nothing
else
grows



In
the
pine

The native
jungle is a feast of

Lost rivers

In the heart of the city, beneath the din of the street, runs the quiet hum of a forgotten stream; a small current, knotted in roots. The paving stones removed, the artist has peeled off the surface to reveal a living history built over, hidden and buried alive - a life force flowing beneath the skin.

Woven between three different plaza spaces at Bloomberg's new 'European Headquarters' in London, EC1, Christina Iglesias' piece *'Forgotten Streams'* aims to evoke the Lost Rivers of London, (namely the Walbrook). These 'fetid swamps' (as some have described them²²) serve to both expose and remind us of not only what once ran through the city - but of what now runs the city.



Each Friday, I pass by this swamp and like the sprawling growth in *Stranger Things*, it serves as a reminder of what lies beneath. Networks of neurons and passages, rivers, roots and plastic pathways emerge and dissolve around, within and beneath us; everything in a constant state of flux, foundations shifting, skyscrapers scraping

shape-shifting skies... We walk on, oblivious of it all - until it ruptures breaks in through the stream of our awareness - and we are reminded of its presence. Rising up out of the foundations of the pavement, these forgotten streams present themselves again. And in their presence, we are reminded of the present, the past and the future all at once. And of the many layers and levels of multitude that commune here in this and every unique moment in time.

²² As Oliver Wainwright describes in his article reflecting on the new Bloomberg building: "In a civic-minded gesture, there are three new public spaces at the corners of the site, adorned with water

features by Spanish artist Cristina Iglesias, although her green-patinated bronze layers of matted foliage resemble fetid swamps – perhaps a sly comment on the financial services industry."

<https://www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/2017/oct/25/bloomberg-london-hq-norman-foster-architecture-review> (accessed 29th Jan 2018)

Lost stream

THE SLIP STREAM

Like water in a stream - being 'on the Road' takes you away from 'home' but like the heroes' journey, and all journeys before, we return to find not that nothing has changed, but that everything is changeable. We share our experiences and the spirals of

transformation
continue.²³

As I set off on tour, I was reminded that all we have is the journey. The ultimate narrative. There is no destination.²⁴ No 'home' only the unknown. All that remains is the search and the turns we take within it. Boundless and boundary-less, I hoped to cross borders with my work and reflections on working / living / travelling / performing as a collective, collaborative 'band'.

Slipping in and out of cracks in the road, adopting somewhat the role of the migrant, vagrant; my feet and eyes become drifters, passing through a constantly shifting world.

²³ As a musician on tour, I hope to draw on my own intra-actions with people and places, instruments, art works, texts, landscapes, experiences, dreams, dreamers and philosophers, as the foundation for the encounters described in this project. I hope for this project to emerge, like a

Rhizome, in the middle of things, to entangle itself in the stream from which it came, in order that it might connect, in its disconnectedness.

²⁴ Death – the only certainty – is perhaps the only 'destination' but one which by its nature is 'unknown'. Perhaps it might be

better defined as an 'absence' of 'destination'. It's uncertainty the only certain. We cannot be sure when and how and where we will die – nor can we even be sure of where death will take us. We are all, always, lost in transit.

Lost (in) circles

Whilst time might be considered linear our perceptions of it are not always straight forward, but multi-layered, multi-faceted, entwined, (en-)tangled, backwards. Bound in cycles and circles our thoughts, like our actions, are always repeating, remembering, working through.

Lost (for) words

My writing – these notes
- are often (almost
always) made on the
move – scrawls made in
notebooks, which I
religiously carry around
– or when there’s no
pen at hand, I fumble
through my phone and
type with my thumbs in
the ‘notes’ section of my
iphone – itself an
extension of my fingers
– my hand – my body.
Itself connected to a
cloud, itself a mobile
network, working its
way through the net,
caught up in a spinning
web. I literally write
through the touch-
screen. Quite literally,
moved to write, in
transit, walking,
travelling on the bus,
watching passers-by
touch had become a
tool through which I

was increasingly able
connect my thoughts.
And in making my
thoughts tangible, they
quite often – and quite
literally – drew out a
map beyond me.
Connecting my brain to
my body, my thoughts
to my feet. Lost in
transit, these thoughts
are always drifting. Like
my feet. Always onto
somewhere else, but the
destination is always
unknown.

In walking around – a
musician with a book
and phone for an
instrument – my notes
frequently became my
song. My eyes my flute,
body my drum.²⁵
Refrains, repetitions,
variations of a theme,
cadences, verse, chorus,
middle 8, change of
key... They were all
there. In note form. In
my notes, making notes,
taking note.

And so – this pattern of
notes sprawls wide,
like a Rhizome, or a
tentacle reaching out,
feeling for something;
but knowing *it* won’t be
there.

No beginning, no end,
just connections
working their way

through. One line of
thought would trace a
corner, lead onto
something else, and
then take a leap
elsewhere, and whilst
seemingly disconnected
at first, always, patterns
would emerge in and
through their
multiplicity; lines of
flight, interwoven, and
still weaving, until they
became entangled like a
matted web. Until the
thing that was limitless,
constricts itself to a
stop.

²⁵ In his talk on Love and
Community, Jean-Luc Nancy
speaks of the body as an

instrument. “The body is first a
hole – a tube – and around the
tube is the skin. The first character

of this topology is to be a
resounding thing.

Lost rhizom

e

The Rhizome is everywhere. It seeps through and in and under everything. It runs through the body of every living organism. It powers our brains and feeds our muscles. It re-wires itself around obstacles and enables constant change and growth. But its path is not fixed.

And its possibilities are endless. Like a constantly mutating virus, it humbles us with its advancement, always one step ahead. Only we are not behind it, nor are we in front. We are in it. We ARE it. Always in the middle of it. Always up to our necks.

Lost track

The path is not written.
There is no beginning,
and no end. There is no
traceable map. There is
no predetermined
route. Rather, the route
is in-determined,
under-mined, by its
own multiplicity. And
it's a mind-field (mine)
to navigate.

Lost patience e

Dear writer.

*Boone
5 wapers!*

*I'm not interested in
name dropping.*

*I'm interested in
life.*

(So soak me. God!)

Quench my thirst - don't sit there with your pathetic pipette - carefully squeezing out one slow drip-petty-drip at a time. Slap me in the face and bowl me over. Hit me with it. But please - you - clever fools, leave your dusty fucking pipettes at home.

Your control doesn't interest me. Nor does your admirable patience. It's boring. Dull. Managed. At management level. Nothing could be more mediocre. So quit with your name drop dropping already. We've had enough. And it brings me to tears. Bring on the flood. Smash open the gates, break down the walls. We're 'stronger together'. You and I, yes and... and... and... all the other thousand droplets of rain combined. There's strength in numbers. In a spirit that enters into and dances with the forces of nature. Not in the miniature precise specks of mastery - oh - so - delicately sucked out of the ocean into a plastic tube and placed back in-to nothing.

A lifetime's work for what?

(No joy.)

Lift your weary eyes and pull that dull pasty head of yours out of the jar! Look up beyond the frame of your closed work station. Sat. Stationary; Look! Look out and see the wave closing in on the horizon. Your tiny pale little drip-petty-drops fade into insignificance. Brace brace! #fuckingbrace. And steady yourself. Here comes the tsunami. Get your surfboards ready: We're going for a ride. To infinity, and beyond.

Yours always, in floods and flux,

JFM

Lost approach

NOTES ON A METHODOLOGY:

‘There are those who seek, looking to find – even knowing they will almost necessarily find something other than what they searching for. There are others whose research is precisely without an object.’²⁶

²⁶Blanchot, *Infinite Conversations*, p25

²⁷ ibid

²⁸ That is, until we are truly undone (in which case, the end becomes us and the search is no more. The end becomes an end unto itself.)

²⁹ Waiting on the platform for the next tube. Stand back from the yellow line. The latest Jack Daniel’s advert: picture an empty barrel. The advert reminds us that the

Blanchot’s conversations coil around in never ceasing loops that twist and turn, always in search of something, but never quite finding ‘it’ for ‘*to find is to seek in relation to the centre that is, properly speaking, what cannot be found.*’²⁷ So in research, as in life, in a way, **all we have is the search**; the search for a centre that cannot be found.²⁸ All we have is the ‘turn’ around.

The turns are, in turn, all we have to keep us going. We pass from one to another, over, under, into, out of. Each turn leads us to the next. We slip and slide. But we are not the only ‘ones’ turning: whilst *I* take a turn over here, the *here* is itself taking a turn over *there*. And together, we weave.²⁹ The search becomes a methodology in itself, turning in and on and around itself, looking to find something to connect,

taste is influenced as much by the barrel as what is put into it. ‘there’s as much barrel in our whiskey as whiskey in our barrel.’ – The whiskey is absorbed into the burnt wood (burnt so it can flex and be shaped into a barrel) and the wood in turn flavours the whiskey. The process is symbiotic. Much like being in the world. I absorb the ‘world’ the environments in which I find myself – and in turn, I ‘give

to disconnect – to re-search, in turn, again. It is in the search then, that we both connect and disconnect; that we brush against, but never quite encounter, the ‘thing’ that we are looking for. Having soaked in Nancy’s text ‘On Evidence’ I absorbed it fully, until the text dissolved, and mutated into a text on ‘Life, and Nothing More.’ My ‘failure’ to keep still, and remain focused, (this refusal ‘to pin the essay down’) became the subject of the search. The journey became the search for a subject which did not yet exist. It became infinite series of observations – stills in a film of ceaseless notes, on an essay, on a life, in a world - lost in transit.

something of myself’ back to it. Even if it’s simply the breath I exhale. We ‘turn’ each other. We are both in and of the world and our environment. We shape and are shaped. It’s the same with research. It shapes us, and is in turn, shaped by us. We tune in, tune out, tune off, turn up, turn down, we wiggle our way through and in and towards and around each other.

Lost memor y

Nietzsche's text *'Beyond Good and Evil'* encouraged its readers to adopt a more circular, cyclical way of thinking and being in the world.

Forgetfulness enabled 'new beginnings' and the idea of the 'eternal return' was born.

Thoughts, memories, experiences, were done and undone again like Penelope's weave,³⁰ until the flows and interruptions quite literally became the rhythm of life. One produces a flow that the other interrupts.

³⁰ In Homer's *Odyssey*, for three years, Penelope weaves by day and unpicks by night – buying herself time to enable the safe return of her husband. 'Her loom

was an instrument of life for her long-awaited Odysseus, whose return marked triumph over war, temptation, forgetfulness, and death.'

(<https://www.circeinstitute.org/blog/potw-odyssey-dangerous-women-their-looms>)

Lost places

In Georges Perec's
'Spaces and other
Places' we are reminded
of the significance of
our 'place' within
places. Only, always
passing through – from
one space to the next,
we are always on our
way to somewhere else.
To live, *is* to live in
transit he declares:

*"To live is to pass from
one space to another,
while doing your very best
not bump yourself."*³¹

Only we never arrive.
We've lost our place,
there are no 'places'
only spaces.

³¹ Perec, G – Species of Spaces and
other places.

Lost ground

For Kierkegaard, the ground shifted long before the war. For Kierkegaard, the ground did not lie in logic, sublation nor doubt, but in fear and trembling. For Kierkegaard, the ground lay - not in the sand - but in the stand; it did not lie in reason, but in the gut - in an 'act' - in the 'move' and 'movements' created by 'taking a stand' - making a move. The ground was no longer a 'pause' - but a leap of faith. Something that

moved, and that moved you. Similarly - for Heidegger,³² the ground did not lie in 'reason' but in our experience of being *thrown* into a world beyond our control; in being thrust into a time of change.³³ As technologies evolve, we too should adapt to the technology - but this relationship - this 'evolution' or adaption - is only made possible through the visibility of the 'broken' - of the 'fracture'. For Heidegger, our relationship with technology only comes about through discontinuity - we do not, and cannot understand *the thing* until it is broken.³⁴

³² Ironically, and tragically of course - this fate did not bode well for Heidegger, who for all his efforts to break from the binds of representation, became affiliated with the very thing he tried to remove thought from - facism, when he associated himself (regretfully) for a brief period - with the Nazi party. But we are all

human. We make mistakes - and to 'err' is to 'live.' ("*Dare to err and to dream*" as Friedrich Schiller reminds us.)

³³ For time is always changing - the clock does not stand still. Only in doom do the hands stop ticking... Karan Barad's talk on ... about time stopped at 8:15 when Hiroshima was hit.

³⁴ See Heidegger's essays - 'The question concerning technology' and 'The thing'

Lost (in the) midst

everything - is and will always be - on its way to 'becoming' something else. Jean-Luc Nancy also reminds us of this contradiction in 'The Birth to Presence;' *'To be born is not to have been born, and to have been born.'* It's the nature of existence. To 'exist' is to both 'exist' and cease to exist continually.

How do you ever *not* start in the middle of things? When we can never not be in the midst of it all? As part 1 of Karan Barad's book *'Meeting the Universe Halfway'* reminds us all beginnings are, in fact, entangled. These 'entangled beginnings' occur everywhere. Echoing Catherine Malabou's observations on matter (in her reflections on Plasticity and Elasticity in Freud's Beyond the Pleasure Principle) Karan Barad argues that for any 'beginning' to 'become' it must first evolve, mutate, change, divide, intra-act. But this potential for change is embedded in every living organic (and perhaps inorganic) cell. In simply existing it,

Lost arrows

I'm always drawn back to Heraclitus's fragments³⁵ *'The name of the bow (bios) is life (bios), but its work is death.'* (48) The arrows of life and death quite literally 'point' towards one another.



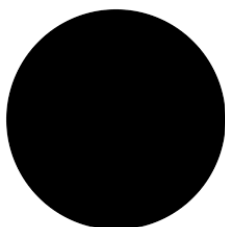
*It seems Cupid's
arrows were also
always a little lost*

³⁵ Heraclitus' fragments become a refrain, they repeat, repeatedly through my work – through my experience of life. Through my experience. Through my attempts at understanding – and letting go of understanding. It's funny how – to me - the fragments always feel

so 'whole'. Like stepping stones – they always pop up. They give me a place to stand. An anchor - a place to start and restart continuously from. They lead – leap first – from one to the next. And I jump. Hopping – hoping – from one to the next. They do not

provide 'direction' but in their fragment, they provide a point – a constellation – through which to navigate – dot to dot – jumping through the stars. Living is in the leaping they say. Or at least that's how I feel...

Lost
sol





Lost
sole



Lost
soul

Lost in Stone



Michelangelo is said to have sought to ‘release the form’ from the stone as he carved. Forms ‘lost in transit’ waiting to be awakened by the sculptor’s pick. His ‘unfinished’ slaves (or prisoners as they are sometimes known) are

some of the best examples we have of the artist’s working practice. Left incomplete (or “non-finito”) for all of eternity, these figures are quite literally lost in transit - locked in a state of perpetual purgatory whether ‘asleep’ or ‘awakening’ prisoners or slave to the stone, and to life, they are neither lost, nor quite found. Instead, their emerging limbs are evocative of a struggle (perhaps *the struggle of man to free the spirit from matter*). These sculptures have been interpreted in many ways. As we see them, in various stages of completion, they ‘evoke the enormous **strength of the creative concept** as they try to free themselves from the bonds and physical weight of the marble. It is now claimed that the artist deliberately left them incomplete to represent this **eternal struggle of human beings** to free themselves from their material trappings.’³⁶



Lost craft

Lost craft are a beer company – but in truth, modern technology is replacing lots of the jobs that skilled craftsmen used to do. Now, over-skilled and under-paid many of these labourers (and their talents) are left lost in transit.*

³⁷ for more on this topic see ‘Are these England’s last traditional craftsmen and women?’

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-28209518> or read ‘Crafting a continuum: Rethinking

Contemporary Craft’ By Peter Held.

Lost

stop

She sat listening to the
clock, waiting for time
to stop.

Lost confide nce

they had no one to
confide in any more.



Lost wait

Notes on ketchup: We live in an impatient world where the days of waiting for tomato sauce to drip slowly from its weighty glass bottle onto the plate has been replaced by a squeezzy tube, ketchup no longer ‘comes to us’ we go to ‘it’ (and squeeze it all out).

Lost notes

As a musician, I am always looking to move forward, to break out, to try something new, my thoughts, like the

notes I play, like the words I write, are always on the move from one to the other.³⁸ Building on (and then annihilating) the last. Always trying to move away. To break out, to move on. As a musician, I prefer to improvise. I feel more comfortable on the edge, where the grass is fresh, no paths have been trodden and there is nothing to compare. Here, I find my way. My voice is my own – the notes have not yet been written. But this way of being is also enough to drive you mad. Never content with sitting still – I very rarely repeat the same. And in moments where I *have* to, (or would like

to) I suddenly clam up. Freeze. Get stage fright. My mind goes blank, and before you know it, I find myself live on radio trying to ‘repeat the same.’ The hesitation leads to insecurity – and in unknown territory – I hit ‘the wrong’ note. Devastated. I curse myself and my inability to perform. I judge my actions and my fumbled response. I have a heavy heart. I made a mistake. *But what are you worried about?! He says. You did great. Yes, it was different... But you took it somewhere else. Somewhere none of us were expecting.*

³⁸ And as an Art teacher, I would hope for my students to do the same.

Lost, (without a) doubt

Kiarostami's film reminds us that change is the only certainty. Echoing Socrates, (for 'wisest is he who knows he knows nothing') the only thing I am sure of (as one passer-by in the film reminds us) is that I cannot be sure: "the certain thing" he says "is I don't know."

Lost thread



Hunched over and
drowning in dread

Camille Claudel's image of *Clotho* (the youngest of the Three Fates in Greek mythology) is here depicted as an aging woman, entangled in her fate - to quite literally 'spin fate'.

Responsible for 'spinning the thread of human life' Clotho is caught up in her own tapestry. She stands stranded - stuck in the mud - heavy locks coil from her head, and matted, her hair wraps itself around her body like an overgrown vine or the growth in 'Stranger Things' tying her to the spot. She spins, immobile. Her body shrivelled and sinuous like the thread that falls, binding her to her fate, her head tilted, she turns, relentlessly, arm outstretched for balance. Exhibited in the Salon of 1893, the plaster version of the figure was also carved into marble - but the Marble version (completed 1987) is now also lost in transit it seems - its whereabouts unknown.

For years, Camille Claudel's talent was overshadowed by the figure of Rodin, her

former lover and mentor. But the relationship was destructive; it wore heavily on her, and, having destroyed much of her work, Claudel was committed to a psychiatric hospital, diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia. Worn down, perhaps, immobilized, institutionalised without access to 'create' Camille Claudel perhaps became the image of her own twisted fate - Clotho - in her own 'old age.'

In 1943, she died - in relative obscurity; but over half a century later - in 2017 a museum was opened in her name her work finally gaining the recognition it deserves. The life and work of the artist seems to be one that is always in transit. Both literally and metaphorically, positioned 'somewhere in between' the seen and unseen. Balanced on a fragile precipice between the known and unknowable.

Nothing

Is

So

Important

Lost
meanin
g

*(four little words, so many
meanings)*

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Lost, (without a
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Lost? Protest!

Still lost