BATH SPA UNIVERSITY

Dutton, S. (2019) 'In tongues', in Brown, A., Cocker, E., Dutton, S., Hock, K., Mackenna, T., Maier, D., Pepper, A., Reynolds, E. and Sprawson, D., *No Telos.* Nottingham: BEAM Editions.

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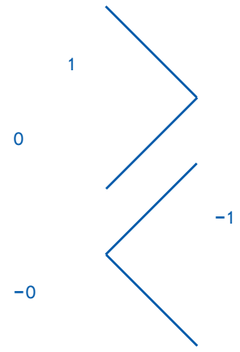
In Tongues

399 Words

Remember those semi-spoken words. Something like, as such, as follows, "*and so, as if and when, insofar as there may ever be, a bridge, or a path.* (*no magic here*), *only an erasure and a reversal*", and we waited by the rock for what seemed hours. We talk of the near and the far, and we stood and sat and sat and stood. The whirlpool was *upside down,* and it's name was written backwards under one of the stones. There are Words and Numbers. Words and Numbers. Different domains and yet, yet, there they are, still. The mountain was a number, the sea was a number. Some were things, some were not-things, there were minus numbers and all of course were fractions of some number or other. If the words came from somewhere or someone else, would that help. If they were spoken by another. Well they are. They are well.

I saw this and thought of you.



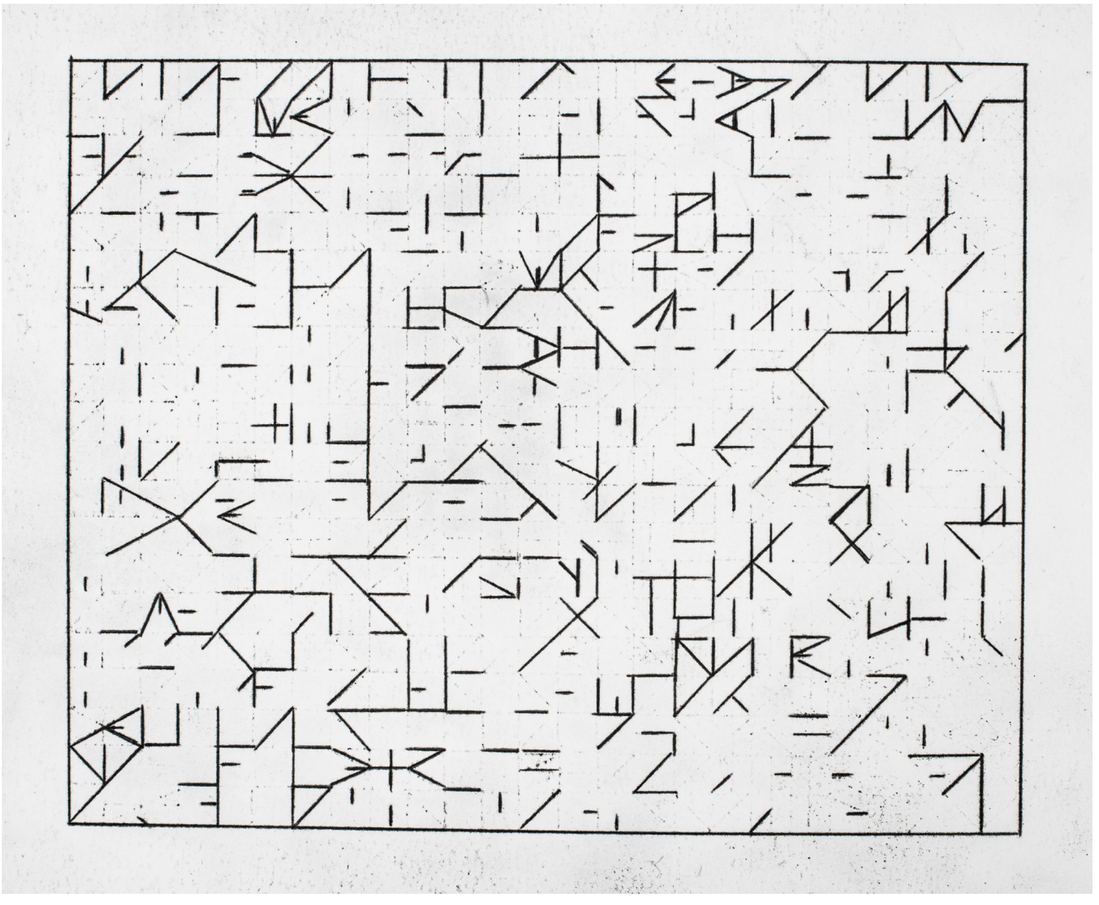
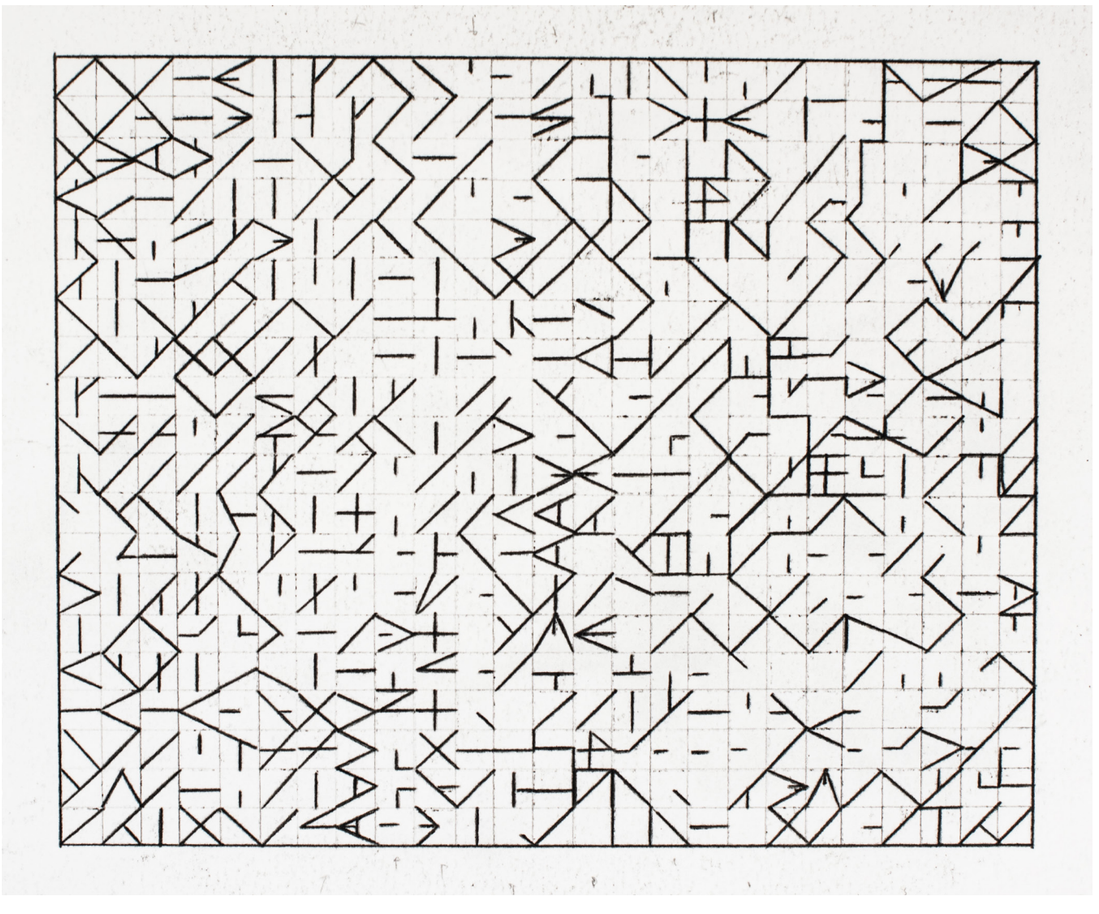
This is the diagram of a soul. He figured each attempt was a way of trying to stage a reality, (if that wasn't a contradiction), an attempt to stage 'world', in a world which is already entirely staged. Each '1', *pronounced*, is an accumulation of the '1' which both precedes and follows the '1' (in a circular two way motion). He announced there was a line. "⟶" . And there was indeed a line. It was an isolated line, a declaration of love, thrice inverted. It ran from the old house to the path by the train line near the soap place.

She stood up and said, sadly, "I'm very confused, I just need a chance to think". Then Vicky sang in that sweet and empty voice. "We are not songs, we are not songs". It had a lovely tropical lilt he remembered.

World, work and word. This was the triad which became an equation in which *everything* was equal. What next. Poetry is boring, doubt is serial, perspective is doubtful, seriality is poetry. It was as if, as though, as though, as though, even if the act is more and more an act of solitude, it becomes a form of silence which is connected to other silences in some form of a community of (our) souls. Is this what happens to the dead. There seemed so many objects lying upside down around the base of the old tree. Just lying there in little dusty eddies. The inversion makes the perfect copy. The image has not changed at all, it is the world which is made anew. The important thing was to see, seeing exceeded meaning, because there were no words, there were only little flashes.

Always start with an 'A' . Then mix it up a little . 1-1-0-1-0-1-0-1-A-A-1-0-1-1-0-1-1-1-0-0-A-1-1-0-0-A-0-1-0-1-A + A-0-1-0 + 0-1-1-A ⟶

There, There, Now then, no Matter. This '1' equals that '1' and that '1' is the double of the other '1' which is a surrogate '0'. Therefore, in any given situation, cupped hands of my mentors reduced to an inverted bridge, and, and, and, there, there, then, now, sliding away, sliding up even, we decide to world it and the water cupped there drips through the fingers on to the dust and disappears in seconds but the trees suck it up.

In the end it comes down to this. Or so he imagined. She seemed infinitely happy to pick up the plastic figures which were being blown over time and time again. She picked them up, re positioned and mouthed the words they were saying. I say again, she *mouthed* the words. Some drama being played out , a circle of figures, a circle of chairs. That he had those thoughts at all, that he found himself standing in a small cave in a mountainside where at least it was cool, but the cave was turning in on itself so its entrance faced black rock and the glass fell from the hand and he said I can't I can't I can't I can't but it was locked shut.

So .What.