

*In order to practice sitting meditation  
on a regular basis  
let's find a place  
where we can not be disturbed or interrupted.*

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## Letter 1

Hi telepaths!

It's March 29, 2020. I'm writing to you from the seventh floor, sitting on an old sofa, in a room facing Northwest. I'm under a blanket, wrapped in a poncho. I probably don't wear shoes but you don't see me. I don't see you neither, under a blanket, wrapped in a poncho, probably not wearing shoes. This week, we have been talking through a screen, always the same size, overlooking quite varied interiors.

What I saw: orange or white walls, grey kitchen tiles, English cottage puzzle, poster with palm trees and beach, veil, window on the garden, door open on the hallway, ceiling, exposed beams, mask hanging from a lamppost, stacked painting material, plates that dry on the edge of a sink, mattress tip, other things indistinguishable, nothing.

What I didn't see: the people who walked into the room while we were talking, everything that happened behind your screen, sometimes even your face. I didn't see your legs. I saw very little of your hands. In some cases I imagined that you were writing while talking to me but I can't tell if you were writing on a sheet, a notebook, a log or engraving your notes directly on the table.

On your side, you didn't see me in my pajamas. You have not seen a ten years old kid playing hockey in the hallway. You did not see a man mopping up the kitchen floor on the other side of the wall. You didn't see my grandmother's name on the screen, barring your face. Emoticons sent by my three years old niece regularly rained on your face but you didn't feel anything, did you?

Listening to you, I write down some sentences:

We need to talk to the others.

We want to read.

We're going to have time to write.

We don't have the head for that.

We have to keep track.

We've got to forget about this.  
We miss what's out there.  
What's out there takes up space in the head.  
What's out there is gone.  
Still, we can go out in the garden.  
Inside, you can still hear the birds outside.  
There is nowhere to go except this room.  
We're writing a diary.  
We're on Instagram.  
Let's keep going.  
We don't do anything: we sleep.  
We eat and watch tv shows.  
We're depressed, we don't know.  
We're going to make music.  
We're going to send letters by post.  
We made a 1500-pieces puzzle.  
At home, everyone's sick.  
We'd have to build a kind of bubble.  
We need contact with the outside world.  
Soon, all the artists will start working on the virus.  
It's boring.  
It's all right.  
We've redesigned the room.  
We made a little order.  
We set up a table.

Sitting at my table, I often waited for your arrival by fixing the screen of my computer or phone, obsessed with colors, letters and numbers (connection status, name, time). Your appearance announced by a green dot, preceded by a written message, has often made me the effect of a magical causality (I just have to think of you for the screen to come alive, a sign that you are coming).

You appear without entering the room.  
I can hear you without seeing you.  
I can't see you without hearing you.  
You're not here, but I can read you.

I say "she's here" as if I were a psychic who would have perceived the presence of the spirit she was waiting for.

Time to make a coffee, and I'm here...  
Yes I'm waiting for you.  
Here we go!  
How do we proceed?

With the image, your face moving in a window is not very far from the medium visions as I imagine them: the appearance of a blurry, imprecise, moving, partial, too dark, too light, intermittent image.

Without the image, it's just like on the phone: no need to see the face while you collect the grain of speech in your ears.

The more days pass, the more I am ready to see you appear in the fog that covers the bathroom mirror or in a reflection on the glass.

Is Kenneth Goldsmith speaking here google untranslated (sorry) : “It is said that our devices separate us, make us less human, but I am hard-looking at how such interactions— which occur every day, several times a day - dehumanize me. All the time this wait lasts, I pay much more attention to someone who is not present than to the people who are in the room with me. If someone is in front of me, I feel its emotional nuances with such precision that I tend to take them for cash, while in my electronic interactions, and it's quite strange, absence creates a denser presence than the actual presence.”

Please, read the text I send you but don't pay attention to the .... in the text. Don't see any .... It's just a phantom residue of my ....

Here I leave you with three pieces cut out of Goldsmith's text.

Sharing of minds.

Hive mind.

Virality.

Let's see what we could do with that.

Carla

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*A Sleepless-in-Seattle mug. The handle is broken. The mug is full of pens, pencils. A black Pilot pen. A fluo orange pen. A grey pencil. A fluo orange grey pencil. A black mechanical pencil. A Sharpie. An orange Stabilo Boss pen. A yellow Stabilo Boss pen. A Carandache yellow mechanical pencil. (Interruption.) Oh! There was a spider in my closet.*

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Dear broken workers, Dear unemployed,  
Dear blank pages and Dear empty notebooks,

I can't do anything. My office is in a mess. The tray disappeared under a multitude of heaps without grace, nothing to save. A computer balances on a tripod over an English porcelain cup, over which runs a twisted cable connecting the machine to my ears. In my big headphones there is no sound. It still feels like I put two big leather armchairs on my ears. I can barely hear my fingers tapping on the keyboard. Sometimes a bell rings to announce the arrival of a new message:

Yoga on April 21 with Esther  
There is new edition of Le Courier  
Phew, hair salons reopen  
Set up a solution  
New measures  
A date?  
Survey tools

(I no longer have voice but the letter continues.) I thought "it's Tuesday, the day of the letter" but the ideas didn't follow. Instead, I heard the void whirring between my ears. The next minute, I was fixing a black plasticbox containing small-format bristols on which I take notes. On the first card, I read : "To see something, you have to duplicate it" followed by an arrow indicating a page in Emmanuel Hocquard's Le Cours de Pise. The book is to my left, on the central shelf of the library. All I had to do was reach out my arm to grab it. Little effort. I closed the book after reading page 94 and repeated, "It's in the copy that suddenly you see something." Then, my eyes went through the rows of books and froze at the sight of a Post-it note overstaking a large blue volume that is also at a distance of one arm. This is a catalog of Sol LeWitt. I opened it on the marked page and found the "Letter to Eva Hesse, April 14, 1965". My gaze was instantly caught by the biggest word on the page: DO. The two letters were surrounded by arrows pointing in his direction. I have no choice but to see a message: Come on. Go ahead. Do it. So I copied the page.

Dear Eva,

It will be almost a month since you wrote to me and you have possibly forgotten your state of mind (I doubt it though). You seem the same as always, and being you, hate every minute of it. Don't! Learn to say "fuck you" to the world once in a while. You have every right to. Just stop thinking, worrying, looking over your shoulder, wondering, doubting, fearing, hurting, hoping for some easy way out, struggling, grasping, confusing, itching, scratching, mumbling, bumbling, grumbling, humbling, stumbling, rumbling, rambling, gambling, tumbling, scumbling, scrambling, hitching, hatching, bitching, moaning, groaning, honing, boning, horse shitting, hair splitting, nit picking, pisstrickling, nose sticking, ass gouging, eyeball poking, finger pointing, alleyway sneaking, long waiting, small stepping, evil eyeing,

backscratching, searching, pearching, besmirching, grinding, grinding, grinding away at yourself. Stop it and just DO! [...]

Sol

See you soon,

Carla

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*A patterned ballpoint pen. A beige ballpoint pen. A gray ballpoint pen. Another gray ballpoint pen. A pink pen. A Mont-Blanc feather pen. A patterned ballpoint pen. A fluorescent salmon pink pen. A black ballpoint pen. A gray pencil. Coins at the bottom of the mug. Paper clips. Ink cartridge. Dust.*

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Note 1

Rather

Dissolve

Than

Spray

Less than

Dissolve

Better than

Spray

No

Dissolve

Yes

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*Of course  
This change in attitude.  
Will have the consequence of slowin'  
Of slowing down the passage of time.*

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Letter 3

Dear lianas, dear ties,

This week has discouraged me, plunged me into an unknown digital disarray, wandered between lianas of doubts in search of lost links.

Don't write at all, or no more now, or not yet, or just a little, or not really.

Should we continue to work even without producing anything? Or produce with as little effort as possible?

This week I wondered what a writing workshop is like when its participants (myself included) stop writing?

Why this question? I keep being a writer every time I put writing aside. The stop, the break, the suspension, the extreme slowness, are part of the game. When writing retreats to the margins, other activities occupy the field: readings, research, note-taking, discussions, daydreams. If the plants continue to grow at night, the writing can also continue to be done without being seen and performed.

This week, I did not find the words to tell you what I had in mind, but yesterday I came across this simple principle formulated by Ludwig Wittgenstein.

"If a stone doesn't want to move for now, if it's stuck, move other stones around it first. »

I wish I'd gave you this advice.

Take care.

Carla

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### Message 1

I'm standing in front of a meat broth. The broth in front of me is made from chicken and pork. Nothing happens first, then pieces of meat are added. It's like nothing is going to happen anymore but finally we add vegetables and it still lacks noodles. The food is not cooked but raw. Cooking lasts a few minutes and ends when a layer of oil rises and settles on the surface of the broth.

According to the legend, a student isolates himself on a small island to prepare for his exams. A woman brings him a soup every day. The bridge that allows access to the island, is very long. The soup always comes cold. Then, the woman discovers that chicken fat retains the heat of the dish. From this time, the soup arrives still hot. The student continues his revisions.

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## Message 2

Sometimes several weeks pass without anything happens. It's just called time. It feels heavy, stringy or liquid. We believe him capable of stretching: like dough, like a cat's spine or like the noodles-that-crossed-the-bridge. Ask yourselves : Why do you stretch when you're tired? What pandiculation means? Why do you stretch in the morning?

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*Our spine is straight but not rigid  
The neck and the head are in the extension of the spine  
The shoulders are relaxed  
Our hands are placed on our legs or on our knees or  
joined together in front of our pelvis*

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## Letter 5 4

When you talk to me, I take notes. When I write, I feel like I'm increasing my concentration, sometimes increasing the volume of your voices. My hand captures like a lightning rod the ideas that flow in your heads. The notebook in which I record them is like an electric accumulator.

I flipped through it this week and thought there were lots of ideas that you putted down and then forgot.

About the ideas that arise, disperse and escape us, someone suggested me one day to start by putting them somewhere. He was an artist who didn't like taking notes. Instead he virtually hung his ideas from the ceiling. He pointed to different directions to prove me that he knew where they were. His ideas were wallowing on the ceiling until he came to take them back, whether he was interested in them again or that they were ready for use.

I remember another artist explaining that ideas do not belong to anyone. They pop into someone's head and then just float in the air. Forming kinds of clouds, which are available to everyone.

The desire to send you as a message some of the ideas that you have abandoned the last few weeks in my notebook, also comes from an intensive practice of ping-pong in recent days.

Return the ball, stop the ball in flight, miss the ball, do tricks with the ball.

Day 1. Collect datas about everything (hat, unicorn, sex).

Day 2. Read while walking (always in circles).

Day 3. Write a letter to a baby.

Day 4. No constraint except to get up early.

Day 5. Listen podcasts for a whole week.

Day 6. Look for situations that are similar.

Day 7. Find a beautiful thing that is also a clean thing.

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*Now and as soon as we are ready  
We can broaden our consciousness and direct it towards sounds  
Sounds that may come from outside or inside our body  
So we shift our attention to what we hear: sounds  
Let's be entirely focused on sounds  
Fully aware of sounds or  
The absence of any sound or  
The space between sounds*

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(Following messages and notes are not on the recording, feel free to read them out loud.)

### Message 3

The text is already started but we are still in front of the fridge door, one hand on it, a few seconds before closing it. That is to say that we do not write at that time. The things that distract us are more numerous than the ones that do not turn us away. When you think you've finally got on the horse, you spend a lot of time undoing it, doing it again and redoing it again. It takes time to realize that the horse is a text, and it takes a lot of efforts to continue despite this to see the text as a horse. We must pay attention to: finger pandiculation, phone calls, dryer failures, notifications of hunger or thirst, weather events.

/

Le texte est déjà commencé mais nous sommes encore devant la porte du frigo, une main dessus, quelques secondes avant de la fermer. C'est dire que nous n'écrivons pas à ce moment-là. Les choses qui nous détournent sont plus nombreuses que celles qui ne nous détournent pas. Quand on pense qu'on est enfin monté sur le cheval, on passe beaucoup de temps à le défaire, à le refaire et à le redéfaire. Il faut du temps pour réaliser que le cheval est un texte, et il faut beaucoup d'efforts pour continuer malgré cela à voir le texte comme un cheval. Nous



devons faire attention à : la pandiculation des doigts, les appels téléphoniques, les pannes de sèche-linge, les notifications de faim ou de soif, les événements météorologiques.

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#### Message 4

Message transferred: I'm sure the mushrooms will grow for you. You'll just have to wait, and in the meantime, be friend with someone who knows mushrooms well.

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Message transféré : Je suis sûre que les champignons vont pousser pour vous. Vous n'avez qu'à attendre, et en pendant ce temps, liez-vous d'amitié avec quelqu'un qui connaît bien les champignons.

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#### Note 2

Whatever you think, think something else.

Whatever you do, do something else.

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Quoi que vous pensiez, pensez à autre chose.

Quoi que vous fassiez, faites autre chose.

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#### Note 3

There's a spider living in my closet.

There's a bird spinning around my eucalyptus tree.

There's a chihuahua living with my neighbor.

There's a squirrel hiding his food in my hydrangea.

There's a deer in the middle of the street.

There's a human being on my computer screen.

/

Il y a une araignée qui vit dans mon placard.

Il y a un oiseau qui tourne autour de mon eucalyptus.

Il y a un chihuahua qui vit avec mon voisin.

Il y a un écureuil qui cache sa nourriture dans mon hortensia.

Il y a un cerf au milieu de la rue.

Il y a un être humain sur mon écran d'ordinateur.

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Written and recorded by Carla Demierre, Geneva, february 2021.