

Couple of times

We had only met a couple of times, when suddenly he asked for a line to be drawn. He said: 'Well, you know, I thought maybe we should draw a line here.' That was what he said.

I hung up.

It took a little while to work out which one of us should draw the line he had asked for. You know, I thought, we couldn't have drawn it together. Which was why I started wondering *how* he had imagined that line to be drawn, and how *I* could possibly draw a line *he* had asked for.

I drew three lines the other day in no particular order:

The first line comes from the right side and runs steeply upwards towards the left corner of the room. It fails to hit its target, and fizzles out somewhere below. (the upper left corner.)

The second line launches from the very corner that the first line just missed. It pushes downwards and penetrates the centre of one of the baselines.

From there, a curve moves slowly into space and touches the second and first line. Then it stops abruptly in no particular place.

Let me repeat this constellation before it disappears: A curve springs from the centre of the black baseline. It stops in the middle of the space. A straight line springs from the left top corner and penetrates the point where the curve launched.

My left arm is on the table and my right hand burrows into my hair. For a minute both hands cover my mouth. My elbows are propped up. Forearms rise in a triangle from the table.

You see the grid over there? I arranged two curved and a straight line. This is how it went: From the hub of the baseline a curved line starts, transecting the interior of the square. The curve ceases in the right bottom corner. The other one starts outside the grid, crosses its outlines somewhat below that upper left corner and pushes towards the centre. It bends again and disappears shortly before it would have hit the baseline.

The straight line parallels top from bottom. Without further dodging or deviation that would divide past from present, present from future, the straight line is a horizontal line that cuts clear through space.

My left arm lies on the table, while my right hand digs deeper into my hair. For a minute both my hands cover my mouth.

Couple of times was commissioned to accompany the photographs of artist Eva Wuerdinger in a sound installation at Blue Oyster Art Project Space, Dunedin, New Zealand.

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