

But I promise I have actually been doing stuff, i.e.

putting in my contact lenses, recycling the plastic shells. typing, framing and reframing. I promise I have actually been improving my financial situation. attempting to improve my financial situation. calling my mother. paying attention to the texture of the duvet. changing the sheets. working. I have been. I have been being a person in the world. Incessantly. It has been exhilarating and authentic. I have made cake and cleaned the fishtank.

There are two fish. *Of the two, Vesper has the more dynamic personality. It must be said. She has a certain charm. When she swims the long way of the tank her dark fins ripple out behind her in the most pleasing way and anyone nearby falls in love. Now that the wall behind her has been painted a glorious blue it is even more enchanting. It is as if night were swimming through midday, yes exactly.* At 1 am the warm light of the kitchen feels comforting; insomniac time spent here is bordered like a picture. Here, a woman alone is drinking chamomile tea, she is having an idea, she judges it to be very good and interesting. *It is as if night were the sun.* A smile passes across a face and is not seen.

Earlier, no one was watching a woman rub a pane of tank glass in circular motions. No one was watching her remove a small amount of water from the aquarium. *OO7 dove behind the toy castle on my approach; he is churlish and unglamorous. For this reason it is difficult to get a good picture of OO7. I promise I have actually been doing stuff, i.e. not checking my phone, not sharing, that is to say more broadly not engaging on social media, i.e. buying stamps. removing the seeds from peppers. looking at a map so as to improve my geography. For example there on the map you have the Charlie-Gibbs Fracture Zone. NIGHT AS SUN can be the caption for the next Vesper post, or maybe NIGHT THROUGH NOON or just night/day. You have also Casablanca and Detroit, Michigan and many other places such as the Mariana Trench and Oslo and Antananarivo and the Great Meteor Tablemount.*

No one was watching when the tank was topped up with clean water, though the thought did occur. The thought of photographing, filtering, posting did occur and for some time it fluttered in the indecisive and watery space of a mind desirous of some inchoate importance. Ancillary to the thought there was the consideration that authenticity plays well on the Internet. It must be said. *And cleaning is authentic because it involves dirt and dirt is what is removed to make an edit and so when one reintroduces dirt into the edit one is uncleaning and therefore telling the truth.* And so there could have been a photograph of an algae scrubber. There was none; no one could see a woman rub a pane of glass in small and tender circles but the thought did occur that it might have been a crowd-pleaser, a hive-pleaser, this moment of real engagement, a sort of invitation. *But then again you must really have experiences.*

Recent posts show a green velvet dress bought last week. selfie showing *Orlando, Preliminary Materials for a Theory of the Young-Girl*, the new Krazsnehorkai (*The World Goes On*) and other things she is to be seen reading. selfie. a swirl on a coffee. edge of Vesper's caudal fin. silver shine on a dessert fork. tbt to Cataluña. a picture. a group of friends, all fashionably dressed, seen smiling to the unseen, who like them. Forty-seven times they like them. And they like OO7's large telescope eyes, they like an éclair, they like a close-up of the softgrained pale interior of a pear where it reveals a dark and glossy seed. The green delineation of the mesocarp caresses the edge of the frame.

And this all makes a feed, an account, a handle: this makes a history, i.e.

velvet	<i>Preliminary Materials</i>	face
swirl	fin	silver, reflecting
holiday	picture	friends
fisheyes	pastry	detail (seed, flesh, mesocarp)

and it scrolls on, or *you* can scroll on, back to the first post, each image supported and lucid in time on touchscreen.

and what happens in the blank and buoyant parts, between 14h and 1d and 4d and swirl and fin? What was someone doing when they were not visible, a feed-proprietor, handled? There were moments she wanted to keep, to blindly show by keeping, when she wanted to be the sort of person who poured wet ingredients into dry without needing others to see the result. There were moments when she wanted to be a person who could enjoy, alone, the extraordinary yolk of an egg, as if she were not watching herself play with its texture, as if she did not understand surface tension and the mounting of pressure, as if there were still anything off the touchscreen. There was a membrane; a luscious thick yellow touched the air.

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48b later (another 1 am)

The Charlie-Gibbs Fracture Zone consists of two transform faults. Its frigid waters are home to vampire squid. corals. vulnerable deepwater redfish. other species not yet categorised and sorted. roundhouse grenadier. alfonsino. many sponges. nameless items. There are many fish and no aquariums; no one is watching. The Fracture Zone is a Marine Protected Area. When the deep scattering layer intervenes, sonar data are no longer reliable: a false seafloor. And yet there is colour, if you can find a way to see it. Photographs from the Mar-Eco expeditions show lacy things that I, writing, do not have words for and pink deepsea jellyfish that melt in the eye of the mouth. Translucent delicacies, these photographs, taken in the lowest of lights. Can you imagine pitch black? *Vesper and OO7 would disappear here, yes, yes, they would freeze into invisibility, dead telescope eyes one with darkness.* Online, an insomniac can find proof that something close to inaccessible remains. *And someone has found that there is a seamount far below, someone has sensed it in the midnight area.*

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Text by Isobel Wohl

www.isobelwohl.com

A Project by It's Kind of Hard to Explain

www.itskindof.com | www.isthisitisthisit.com

Information about the Charlie-Gibbs Fracture Zone, Charlie-Gibbs Marine Protected Area, and the international Mar-Eco expedition project was retrieved from www.charlie-gibbs.org on 11 January 2018.