

Adam McCartney

On Sound

Stretched out between a few marbles was a great distance of empty space. Or at least it was supposed to be empty. I usually focused on the marbles, not that there were many to begin with, I focused on the few that remained, on collecting them all together into one pile, on counting them and counting them again to make sure that they were all still there. I usually ignored the great distance in between, I forgot about it and returned to count my marbles. I arranged them in sets of primes, groups of two and three each containing further subgroups, themselves consisting of primes, one group contained twenty-three marbles in total and these twenty-three marbles were divided into three subgroups each containing five, seven and eleven. The great distance in between remained forgotten and untroubled by any of my counting. This was fine, the more certain I was about the marbles, the more I forgot about the distance. The less that I disturbed it and the more that I forgot, the greater the distance became.

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