VerySmallKitchen *writes*: Stefan Riebel visited X Marks The Bökship on September 5th, 2011, the first day of my four month writer-in-residency. He was visiting London to perform with Filipa Guimarães at the Wimbledon Collage of Art. A week later Stefan emailed the text above, the seventh installment of his ongoing project *somethings*.

somethings is a series of language works Stefan sub-titles a gathering of "specific intentions, descriptions, poems and illusions." In a broader methodological statement this description turns prefaces a litany:

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07/ for VerySmallKitchen was sent to me as a list in an .rtf file, as above but in Helvetica Neue. It appears on Stefan's web site as a word grid that re-orders itself every 30 seconds . This mutability is evident in other works in the *somethings* series which, as well as their appearance on his web page, are *realised* by being projected and editioned as letter-seed kits/packets.

In an email, Stefan described the images in this VSK Project as "documentation of former realisations." He noted "i do not have one illustrating the word set for verysmallkitchen, maybe you have an image for it ?" I decided 02/10/11 to *realise* the following text:

… I recognise words/ entries as notations of things we talked about, looked at, and moved amongst. Other words, which might also be transcriptions, remain mysterious. Perhaps the notation is in a language I/ both of us don't know, which includes any English/ German. Compared to *transcription*, *notation* accepts it has already forgotten. This gift holds in its distance-making.

Even as we talk together context is multiple (places/ languages/ moods/ times). This is only (politely) evident in the text, which could never be true to a single encounter, so is always layering infidelities upon infidelities. To try and trace its logic through a trail of referents is to admit the reader's ridiculousness.

Error and *Misspelling* are not useful categories for reading. *Punctuation* or *acronym* are as *immediate* and *vernacular* here as *speech* and vice versa. *Journal* as *data entry*. Statements of *emotion* and *mood* might be *html*. *Semi-colon* and *bracket* make a *smiley face*. The robot's *I remember* is as funny as

Joe Brainard's.

This text holds close – through words and title – to (our) encounter. It seems wrong to emphaise *impersonality*. Language's *non-personicity* here (to invert a phrase Alain Robbe-Grillet uses of Roland Barthes' texts in WHY I LOVE BARTHES) is not smoothed by an evident constraint or system, nor known by its (appropriated) source. I should focus instead on the *personicity* your text offers evidence of.

To accommodate these tensions *go empty the words into your city*. This happens when words are projected in gallery or on a shop front or turned into seed-letter packets. When there are "only" the words – as in *07/ for VerySmallKitchen* – it is the reader's intelligence that becomes *city* via a meaning not threatened by sudden re-arrangements, ever attentive to the specifics of any multiple scaled *event*.

One example. Disblief (I think) is *dibelief.. .*to (nearly) *die* keep the *I* but lose the plurality. Then *blink*. No internet. A conversation is an equality of *berlin* and *raisin*. Realise. If this is a new grammar then of course a proper name brings its own full stop as (almost) part of itself.

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David Berridge, London

October, 2011