Space, Blank, Uninterrupted

by Andrew Kenneally

Space, blank, uninterrupted, but then a fissure, a crack, a corridor, and down it you're walking. So a corridor and doors, lots of doors. Open any one you choose. You might be told to get out, you might be asked to come in, you might even be told come in. But just like this — in these clothes? Yes, you're fine as you are, or if not quite fine as you are, you'll do. You'll have to do. So come in as you are, for how else could you come in but as you are? Well, you could try letting on to be not as you are, to be someone else, someone fictitious, an imaginary creation, a composite of other characters, their best traits, unified in this being who walks in the door. And so in you walk - who could fail to be impressed?

So we'll say you're accepted as you are, this character — that is you're accepted as you appear to be. You could hardly be accepted as you don't appear to be.

But how long do you think you could keep this going, this performance? Indefinitely? Noone knows a contrary to the appearance so why not? But mightn't it be a bit easier, less demanding, if you hadn't decided to unify the best traits? The only way from such a height is down. Perhaps you could unify instead the worst traits… but who would want to share a room with such a character except maybe other similar characters? What a room! If someone who wasn't such a character walked in what would they do to him? I'd advise him to get out quick. Take one look, mutter something about the wrong room, apologise and go.

But the chances of finding yourself in such a room are slim, and anyway, even if such a room with such a set of inmates does possibly lie at the other end of one of the doors, that's hardly a reason to remain out there forever in the corridor.

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