corridors, speculative, time slips down the the-Always in the middle. Do not stay, comes a near-whisper, of the shadows in all the corridors, or hallways, which are movements, structured, steel and concrete, here, our where Т am always staying, lingering for just a glimpse, not quite here, of a snippet of a younger self, memory weighing on her, now and then, brought back, that she approaches that destination, here. as crumbling,

shoulders stooped, head heavy, lips pursed, Time near invisibility. brings back this shape: which the shadows, like the draws thresholdher body holds the form of it, memory looping like waiting musicmisplaced empathy for the knowing narrator who didn't see her, a god-trick, like a memory, a candle, hold music, in this near-dark in-between, She slips through a door I can't open anymore, or yet, leaving

this disappearance ...

I flicker
while, without noticing, I will have taken the form of it, as

in the main artery of the metropolis; spirals up the staircase. through the shadows. I am always staying, in the middle passed by more in one day than other, people any in the of the main artery metropolis, glimpses,

distribution in an even of light, in distribution of light, an even in the main of the metropolis artery in parts nothing there's else neglected house gets an unhappy look, of а lightwell, lot of empty spaces, а moulded, fashioned and burnt, wonderful, in loathsome а sort way. always in the middle, just touch of brightness а floods the building with light like lamp in the window, а burning terracotta, light, grey, the appearance of stone, waiting for artistic decorative treatment,

in the hallways

through the shadows

sometimes I almost notice

glimpses of her, my younger self

that forgotten thing that weighs on her

as that forgotten place draws near to her

shoulders stooped, head down, lips pursed

in this near-invisibility, I recall

her body holds the form of it, the thing

she holds as I walk, almost seeing,

in this near-dark in-between,

through a door I can't open

she disappears again

so I take the form of

her and she

of me

- in the main artery of the metropolis
- passed by more people in one day than any other

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- glimpses, in an even distribution of light
- crumbling in parts
- there's nothing else
- a neglected house gets an unhappy look
- a lot of empty spaces
- moulded, fashioned and burnt
- in a loathsome sort of way
- a touch of brightness
- floods the building with light
- a lamp burning in the window
- an appearance of stone
- crumbling in parts

in the hallways

of the metropolis

— glimpses

sometimes

a glimpse of

that forgotten thing weighing on her

approaches

shoulders stooped, head down

in near-invisibility

her body

crumbling in parts

— there's nothing else

a neglected house gets an unhappy look

empty spaces

fashion

in this near-dark in-between

a touch of brightness

she disappears

an appearance of stone

crumbling in parts

hallways

a glimpse of light

crumbling in parts

approaches — there's nothing else

stooped

in near-invisibility empty spaces

the form of it

— a touch of brightness

a door that can't open

disappears

Sources: an endnote poem

Speculative,

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in the main artery of the metropolis,"
passed by more people in one day
than any other,"
an even distribution of light, iv
glimpses,<sup>v</sup>
crumbling in parts—vi
there's nothing else.vii
A neglected house gets an unhappy
look,viii
a lot of empty spaces, ix
a god-trick,x
moulded, fashioned and burnt—xi
wonderful, in a loathsome sort of
way:xii
a touch of brightnessxiii
floods the building with light—xiv
artistic decorative treatment.xv
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- xiv The Herald (1926)
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It was a strange moment, in the Blindside archive, when I first came across Simone Hine's *Corridor*, as I saw in it some echoes of some of my own lasting preoccupations. This moment of connection across artforms, where you sense that you and another artist might be reaching towards something similar (yet inarticulable) is one of the joys of ekphrasis.

Originally shown in this same building in 2009, this video work asks us to look again at the stairwells and elevators we have just moved through in order to be here in the gallery within the Nicholas Building. Bringing this artwork out of the archive, then, is a repetition of a repetition. In this work, there is the hauntological; there are moments of doubling, moments of almost-sense and near-continuity; and in its atmosphere there is something of the way that time seems to collapse within a space that has stood still—but also shifted with its human and nonhuman occupants—for nearly one hundred years, here in the middle of Naarm.

My short poetic response, *Lightwell*, is a movement into these spatial rhythms, as layers of memory and personal narratives fall away, and the silences expand, leaving a moment where the building might seem to speak. Or perhaps this is just an imagining, fleeting, in the shadows.

You have also each been given a card, which includes a photo I've taken here while working on the piece. On the other side of each is one section of this contrapuntal work, including two pieces of a longer prose poem that I won't be reading today, but which forms part of the overall poem. These fragments can be cut together, but they are also designed to stand alone.

If you've read yours, maybe you'll feel you've heard this before, in a dream or a memory or a moment ago. Liminal spaces can have this effect. The poem also includes lines about this building, from some perhaps unlikely texts, such as the 1926 news article announcing its opening, its Victorian Heritage listing, and some mixed reviews from Trip Advisor. And there are some lines from film noir classics *His Girl Friday* and *Sunset Boulevard*. Like Simone, I think of how our stories and the physical structures around us can echo each other and repeat. I'm curious about what we can see when we keep coming back to the strangeness, especially if we start getting the unsettling sense we weren't meant to belong.