

No Time | No Base | Salary not required but a super eerie feeling lingers

About the organisation

At The Indistinct Space, our people are really quite absent. They are inconsequential to achieving our intangible programs and developing indiscernible cities or something or other. The Indistinct Space works to imagine socially vacant and dysfunctional communities. They don't contribute toward cities, which are anyway disconnected, unliveable, and non-existent. From our deep lack of facilities to impersonal services and questionable initiatives, we are not able to deliver thriving environments for business, work, living and recreation, in fact quite the opposite, we will not be delivering anything of any purpose. We achieve our unbelievable lack of vision by not contributing toward any cause and not having any real presence – simple.

Our people are never in the public realm and in fact we've never been able to locate them anywhere. In all our confusion, we can only imagine what our culture might mean, but we're fairly confident it means no thing.

About the role

The Unavailable Representative (UR) dissolves initiatives for the sector that respond to the lack of needs of the City and our fakeholders. These initiatives further erode and collapse an already sparse and withdrawn city. The UR has the autonomy to liaise with internal and external fakeholders, both inside and outside of the project parameters, I mean, there are no parameters and there is no project, so it's neither and both in and out. The UR will not be functioning and will not be supervised, they will always be inside the limits of their vacuous mind and ignore all matters of substance accordingly.

Lack of direction and floating random whims will generally be set by the Hallucination Manager.

Possible accountabilities of this role might include:

Losing everything, getting tangled up in the nothingness, staring into the void, eyes glazed over and peering at unidentifiable matter and evaporated particles. Not being able to grasp anything of use, which inevitably would mean that nothing is really accessible or sustainable for any sort of sector or something maybe, who knows?

- Dissolve and erode diminishing resources or other intangible mechanisms for absent sectors.
- Become incommunicative to the point of not hearing the thoughts inside your head and not knowing if you even have thoughts, or a head. And if you don't know if you exist, you seemingly haven't considered any body or thing else.
- Deny and avoid any kind of relationship with hooligans, external crowds, fakeholders and bedroom bodies to achieve the City's indiscernible objectives and never contribute anything relevant and cohesive and slip and fall and gateway and ice.
- Sabotage all ideals before they form, be ill prepared, keep the nothing to your self and hide information and stuff for a bunch of internal and external fakeholders across all Vacant City projects.
- Withdraw cultural content advice and culture-related applications so that the essence of the City is dismantled and made extinct for never.

About you

As the Unavailable Representative, you will disturb the sector by staging a series of disappearance acts, whilst the onlooking community simultaneously experiences disappearance within themselves. You will sift through murky thoughts, searching for something to hold onto but everything you reach for slips through your finger ships. You hope to find mechanisms and activities that will ground you in the here and now, but you're unable to distinguish between noun and verb, so nothing is able to make sense. You drive to a mysterious Council on the edge of nowhere yet you are not in a vehicle and you don't quite know what it means to drive or be driven. How did you get here? Where? You can't work out how to approach the looming knowthingness. You can't see it or any thing but you can feel all of it circling thick around you. This soft tornado has you in its slippery grip and now you are lifting off the ground.

Supposed Criteria

- Fictitious qualifications at an unknown level in irrelevant disciplines such as cobweb practice and/or not knowing; or irrelevant esoteric experience.
- Hidden experience in deterioration within a simple sandcastle in a thunderstorm context specifically the randomised throwing around of the grains of sand unseen by the naked eye, making sure to obtusely ignore the cultural and creative sectors and such and mashed pees being blended toward green slop.
- Probable inability to work with beings that may or may not (but probably do not) exist, including totally abandoning the problem and passively succumbing to the apparent hopeless wait of it all. Even though none of it is there so you can put away the scales. There are no spelling or grammar corrections to be made.
- Undernourished times calling out your name.
- Probable inability working with beings, which or who appear to be large and overwhelming fakeholder hooligans (including internal fakeholders) to dissolve and erode projects and castles in the sand (eventually).
- Probable fate in becoming severely lost, avoiding crowds, project decay and abandonment and an indistinguishable level of whispering without your mouth moving, to the extent that no one can possibly hear or see what you're saying, also noting that we've never seen your mouth anyway. The only mouths we've seen were in our minds once upon a why but those mouths in our minds have disappeared some time ago. We may think that they have disappeared in the snow.

What we can offer you

- A translucent salary with super eerie feelings lingering
- Employee non-existence programs
- Major haze programs
- Sawdust
- Professional disappearance programs
- Obscure working provisions

How to Apply

Applications should be disposed of in an ominous sea of your choice, whilst silently screaming "*Vacant Cities require Unavailable Representatives Such as I !!!*"

Your application should include:

- The remains of an incinerated letter (exactly 201 pages) where you once frantically scribbled **esoteric concepts**, which no one understood when they were in tact, and they will never have the chance to understand them as long as time does or does not happen.
- An entirely empty CV of no less than 50 pages which would have elaborated on your extreme lack of presence as irrelevant to everything of purpose, but as mentioned the CV is empty, so we're not sure what happened there.

Withdrawn information is not available because it is withdrawn to the full extent, so if you wanted to find it, what would you do? Here is a description you may wish to consider:

[the tide turned in on itself until it was not itself any longer](#)

You can try to contact the team through telepathic pipeways. But we can assure you they will not pick up the phone.

Xavier X | Is that a person or a thing

Email: thisissomethingthatnolongerexists@all 00 0h! | (0h) 00