Bahram Sadeghi has the same name as famous Iranian writer. Which one is the bearded one?

Klara Trajcev does not have the same name as Claire C or Sarah Vanhee. So which one is she?

Guillaume Maguire

was a not-so famous Irish writer from a town with 19 letters in its name:

N-e-w-t-o-w-n-m-o-u-n-t-k-e-n-n-e-d-y.

Amsterdam has only 9.

9 letters but so many characters.

Characters created by a ghostwriter. Are they therefore ghostcharacters?

Are we in the audience now ghostlistening?

"Can you understand without the microphone?" asks one of the Bahram Sadeghi's, in Dutch.

"Can I even understand the question?" in english.

This here is another chapter, a ghostchapter in the book by Guillaume Maguire, but not by Maguire. Correspondences speaking across geographic lines, uncompromising divisions between the past, present and future, borders separating "truth" and "fiction", encounters considered "real" and not real. Or would the opposite be "surreal"? These correspondences, like unfinished missives, or unread emails sitting in the spam box, now come to life.

From:

To:

We are "elkaar" – all of us ghostwriters, ghostcharacters and ghostimaginers in a literary experience made corporeal.

"Bent u bang?"

The weather is milder than it should have been.

We're strangers listening to strangers speaking about strangers.

"Je bent wie je bent."

Sarah/Klara/Claire

Clarah

Newtownmountamsterdam

With 9 characters or 9000 letters, from people and places with real made up names.

"...the people who move through the streets are all strangers. At each encounter, they imagine a thousand things about one another; meetings which could take place between them, conversations, surprises, caresses, bites. But no one greets anyone; eyes lock for a second, then dart away, seeking other eyes, never stopping...something runs among them, an exchange of glances like lines that connect one figure with another and draw arrows, stars, triangles, until all combinations are used up in a moment, and other characters come on to the scene... (Italo Calvino, Invisible Cities)