

And, it's become a habit, automatic, picking up the feedback from other people's memories. My lobes thump with forgotten bass drums, a ghostly tinnitus amplified by the concrete mass, the ten thousand tonne overpass barring down like oh so much history, a lumbering justification for what's to come, the vindication of ground bones and sand. There's a bit of a breeze, and I lie waiting for the next one.

FLIP

*Bright blue-green, cyanotype-eyes look up at me through water, black water broken with palms of light, wafers of glow that scuttle across the scaly slick. The surface breaks with a tickle, ripples that shift features into creatures, comforts slide into shadow. Spikey nylon bristles, Brillo pad skin-head-looking kid. His face lifts, golem like, marble like, statuesque, head rising through the water. Cheeks taught, tighty whitey, all epidermis and zygomatic bone. Neoprene sheen, masked in wet, the water slides down the inkwells in his face. Dribbles from the crown of his head, tributaries of night, Vantablack®, granite lines, every detail, every crease multiplying as it lifts — this boy's head spanning decades in, well, surely not even a minute. Slow motion reply. He looks at me with cyanotype eyes and I blur tout.*

FLIP

Back in the room, HPPD, trails, vibrato on the threads of my thoughts, sometimes they warp round the contours of what might, what could've. My head is still on the concrete, boots still on my feet. And there it is, that infernal rhythm, tripping, stumbling, some paradiddle relic, 808 debris. My clothes are wet and I can't remember why, the concrete burning cold through 80% cotton 20% polyester - black ice against my spine.

FLIP

*Lift the lips in repose, baring the teeth to air the gums, suck breeze through the gaps. Some statement is walking past, dribbling kids behind, no tact. Fold the face away, becoming all canines and nash, a guttering sound reverberating, emitting from the gut, the belly. The tots wince and scream, the snarl becomes a grimace, spittle pooling into driplets, a fine foam of rabies, tongue coated in liquid. The waddling situation tries a kick, but from the throat comes a shout so loud that she nearly trips. They're off like the clappers, gargle, lick the lips, shake away the fleas.*

FLIP

Maybe I tried to swim, the sound of water seems close, my mouth tastes of pond, my toes are soddon. Maybe I had to run, dine and dash, whiplash. That would explain the overpass, an outskirts hideout from some recent crime. Memories are starting to replace my own, catching other's stories like whiffs at the bazaar, a dogs head out the window, a world of trails, wisps of innuendo. Iron in my mouth, the taste of bitten cheeks, mine or someone else's. And a thumping, not inside, not out, but contiguous filtering through.

FLIP

*Sertraline, tetracycline, tramadol, cocodamol, diazepam, parmesan, marzipan, it's a cocktail. A mock betrayal of body chemistry, intrinsic tissues are for compound deposits, a canvas for painting by E-numbers and chemical binders, PFCs and metabolised metals. Eyes gestating, the visible world a tasteless meal to grind and bear with a digestif of psychotropic distance.*

FLIP

*Split screens, hyper real montages of dream imagery that speak to a hidden center, a third image combined within. Camille Theodets paintings are as oblique as they are precise. Capturing perfunctory, performative, pornographic stills, they become enshrined into allegorical acts, revealing the thin veil between human emotion and mammalian fear and desire. Not a degradation, nor an elevation, the paintings act as ripe, fertile wellsprings for the mythic imagination, both dark and enlightened.*

FLIP

*Miriam Beichert's dislocated belongings hang bold yet out of focus, viewed through world-worn eyes, eyes that have viewed pixelated repetitions ad infinitum, possessions glowing in their own shifting outline. Cookie cutter certainty and a pop sensibility characterise these depictions of objecthood, but the images are like ghosts, a VCR paused for too long, frosting the glass with outmoded mobiles and corner shop goods. A cut and paste analogue haunt in a post-digital age.*

FLIP

It's time to sit up, the whole world's throb, from bone to gristle, the world's one great stone tape, the groove of history, one continuous rhythm, each kick the same kick, each crash the same, memories dance, I'm an object, a human, an animal.

FLIP