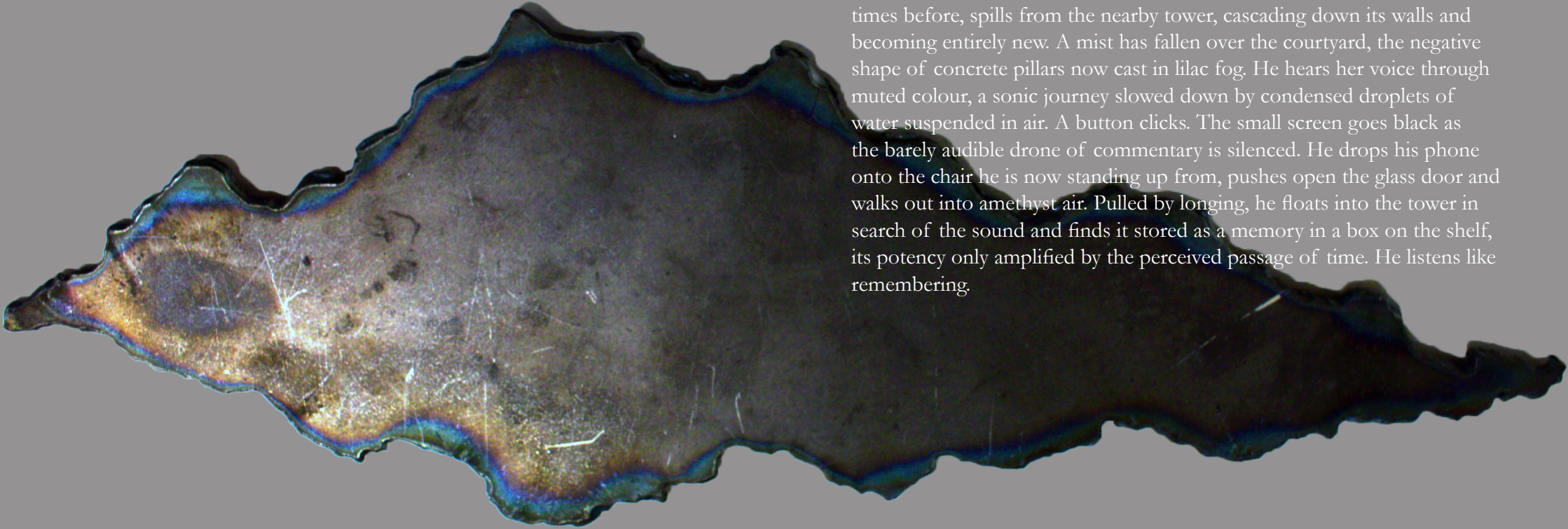




When
All Is
Dust

Beside the glass wall he is watching a football game, his phone turned horizontal and held close to his face, so the tiny players become visible. They exist both in the screen clasped between his fingers and on a larger grassy rectangle in the south of England. His eyes strain to focus on Subbuteo shirt numbers, when singing floods into his ears and his vision blurs entirely. This sound, which he has heard many times before, spills from the nearby tower, cascading down its walls and becoming entirely new. A mist has fallen over the courtyard, the negative shape of concrete pillars now cast in lilac fog. He hears her voice through muted colour, a sonic journey slowed down by condensed droplets of water suspended in air. A button clicks. The small screen goes black as the barely audible drone of commentary is silenced. He drops his phone onto the chair he is now standing up from, pushes open the glass door and walks out into amethyst air. Pulled by longing, he floats into the tower in search of the sound and finds it stored as a memory in a box on the shelf, its potency only amplified by the perceived passage of time. He listens like remembering.





*Alliyah Enyo
Niamh Hughes
Lorenzo Rangoni Robertson*

*Accompanying verses
by Megan Rudden*

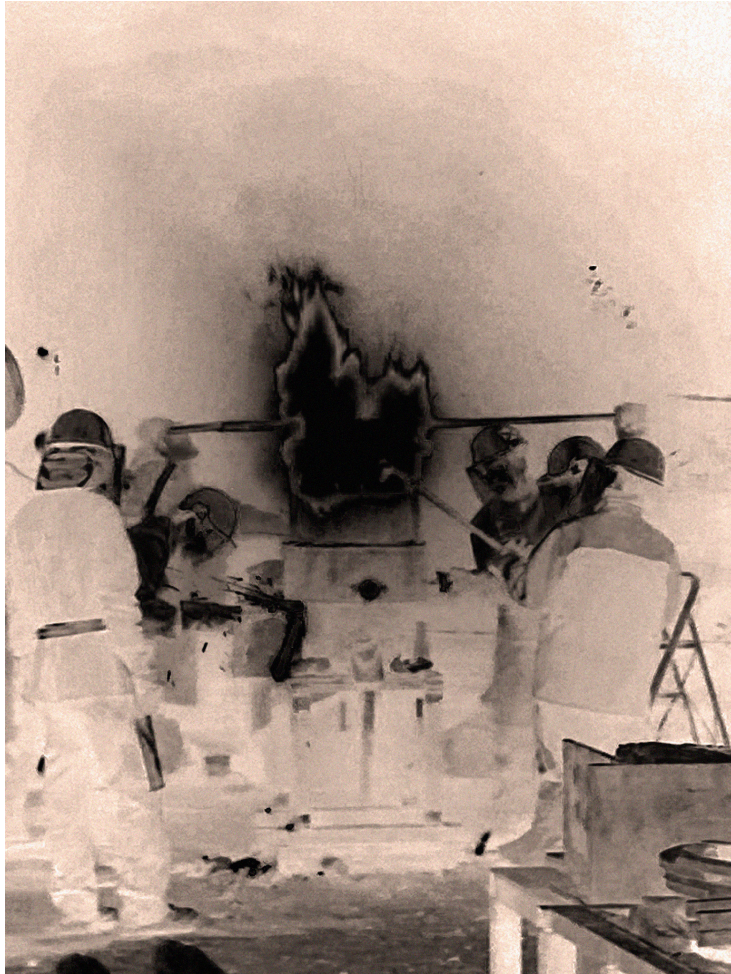
After a while the lavender mist dissipates
and is displaced by the smell of salt water

Iridescent objects poke out of seaweed
stringed across the concrete floor. Sheets
of steel cut with plasma spin into a circle,
palpable energy spirals out from its central
point. It is a paused vortex. You stand at the
edge like a coin balanced delicately on the
transparent dome of a spiral donation box
and in that moment you are pure potential,
ready to be released into the winding
unknown. It is uncertain if these objects
created the circle or were conjured by its
casting, but to separate this site into parts in
search of origin would be missing the point.
Wisdom pulsates through the whole. You
understand that you are both the origin and
the observer.



Something is singing. Periodically a body articulates itself within the circle,
morphing from seaweed to flesh then blending back into algae again, as
if becoming. Pinkish tones turn chlorophyll green as skin slickens into
a surface more like polythene than plant life. Another state; evaporated
photosynthesis. Disorganised particles move further apart, a body
becomes less dense and dances. This gas is a song, soundwaves made
visible in pure colour, to be inhaled as a way of listening.





Harness the power of lightning strikes and Northern lights to make a 37-inch TV screen. Use technology passed down from Sun Gods to create vibrant tubes of colour; a revolutionary way to indicate the location of a dive bar or decorate Las Vegas. Inside the body, gorgeous protein. Words borrow meaning from one another. Extracted almost-water suspends electrolytes and hormones in oozing stasis, intelligent globules secrete serum or inhibit coagulation. Her final state is also the fourth, but less mundane. More like the tail of a comet or ionosphere, expanding out into the cosmos. She is a miniature storm contained in a globe; purple tentacles reach out from the centre of her body which is now an electrode. Movements bubble and splutter like electricity splitting metal, blue sparks fly out into the ether.

In the centre of the courtyard there is a hole that was once full of water. Now out of this hole emerges the point of a hat, followed by a face disguised in a mask, and finally a body, drenched in giant clothes with false buttons the size of satsumas. They pull themselves out with little effort, it is obvious they have undertaken this vertical journey many times before. Archetypes insert themselves into our stories as patterns pulled from collective consciousness, but to say fool is to anglicize, and these druids have endured this enough from men who dismiss their ancient wisdom as poetics. Surviving at the bottom of a hole for hundreds of years means becoming part of the landscape and whimsy should not be mistaken for naivety. This joker has observed each epoch, endured Biblical floods, learned the secrets of the cosmos, felt the changes in the land and held the story of a country. They were born at the end of infinity, drowning.





Science fiction is remembering. Not hauntology, but the way we try to piece together traces of lives we have already lived. A world that has ended several times over only for us to forget each time. Distorted memories linger in our subconscious, seeping out into dreams, repeating themselves until someone takes notice. If the true meaning of apocalypse is to change or reveal, then catastrophe is optional, energy can never be destroyed. Without adequate language to articulate lost pasts and forgotten worlds, we grasp at the unreachable through allegory. Perhaps in mythology we find the only truths we were capable of retaining.

A man dies and time begins. Twelve hundred years later another is born in Duns, Scotland. He will wear a tall hat and question the nature of God. Many will follow him, others will mock him, perhaps he remembers too much too soon. Like the druids and wizards, the conical shape on his head will provide an antenna to the stars, a reverse funnel amplifying wisdom from above. The subtle doctor will tip his pointy cap to the metaphysical, knowing that God is not a painting on the roof of a chapel. Five hundred years later, a teacher will roll up a piece of paper and place it on the head of a student. The student will be banished to the corner of the room, face turned to the wall, a ridiculous cone balanced on the small circumference of his adolescent head. The teacher will call him shameful, stupid, foolish. Perhaps the student knows too much too soon.





Across the courtyard body parts float in isolation, detached from their whole, two unidentical sets echo one another. Luminescent lines materialise out of thick air, connecting parallels between parts. Like soundwaves and past lives, these lines are always present but rarely observed, the unseen is revealed in psychic dance. The sprawling forms created by a symphony of cords appear to be a method of communication, not just between each other, but outwards. Understanding happens slowly, we are static time travellers who can only watch in the hope of unravelling meaning. Each stroke exists despite the slowness of light, like dead stars seen by the living. Delay is subtle, each frame is retained in the eye to create a single moving thing; a child writes their name in the dark with a sparkler. There is potential in persistence of vision, a language of movement transformed into sky drawings, instantaneous memories map out infinite acts. Our bodies have their own consciousness, independent of mind, and this is the intelligence that creates the lines between us.

The stories we tell often desire linearity, a beginning, middle and end. I want you to think instead of a snake eating its tail. The silent one in the tall hat emerges from the hole, they have watched this story unfold. They were here before the water drained and the singing began, they saw the first lines formed between bodies and understood. When she appeared out of the seaweed they listened to her skin and replied without a word. They translated the language of the sky and spoke in luminescence, communicating through every state of matter. Now they return as silent host, inviting you in, asking that you stay for a while and try to remember.

