

CATARACTING AS PERCEPTUAL TECHNIQUE or NOTES ON LIVING A LOSSY ECOLOGY

Victoria Gray

‘... the fragments of poetry are prose becoming autistic ...’

Ralph Savarese, 2010

Bare-life. Revealing the mulch of crushed bodies below
the top load, as in a sense-mill, as in, following the event,
Of cataracting.

For cataracting, read falling. Falling as in as you fall, in
things appear to float to vision. Outperceiving perceptions 21
emergence as an escapence, is a sieving through
the quickening welter in the force of form-falling,
(read, cataracting), through a fernen view.

Moving amongst a world that does not stabilise, does not
settle on a name, cataracting moves the common noun,
edges an it into the particular the, this unounable,
those atypical.

Descending through the unounable, perception unsettles.
Light appears to approach as an owly object that
ascends towards. In a succession of spectacular
torrents, rapidities, the cause of undifferentiated
visions, are amodal diagrams, asensory harbingers,

Unthingable perceptions sets language on edge, fringed
words appear to approach as blink-objects of cloud.
Violences and assaults of sound particles cataracting
resettle, heap habitats primed for trauma-screened,
brink-living.

Cloudys. The atypical subjects conceptual lenses, the opaque cause of falling (nee, depression), as within, another kind of perceptual compression. Insenses gravitate differently, mulch differently, attach differently without.

Atypical appetition has a synaesthetic appetite, necessitating neologisms that, through hyphenating separate sense, keep compressing the nouns comprehension.

Synaesthetic sensory liaisons, as differential cuts, cause scintillating scotomata. As vectors and tendencies, vapoury constellations asks accommodations for sense-hoardings, lest assaults, assailments.

UV light through the page-screen of normative (read, sieved) proclivities. Bleach of wellness. Even the nature-light of the sun aggresses the undefinable, insulates fresh frequency-terrors.

In the sag of time, through which perceptions hungers lop into a latticed view, dwell edges net shadow-colour-shapes equal smell-texture-sounds a sense-den.

Laterally, shifting with a sharp world that does not stabilise, appearances paraplateau, like chronic (read, constant) hyperacusis pain-blends.

A welter of sense becomes an auto-perceptual welt on the surface of precepts. A presensory abscess (read, involuntary compression) to consciously drain.

Synaesthetic sensory sieving, means, perceptually, certain shards of experience will not separate, will not conscious up or down. Blotted salience makes blotchy, patchy violence.

Cataracting. Cataract. Infirmative technologies of disassociation, affirmative teachnologies of synaesthetic sensory regradation. Sense-vanes.

Lasers, Psychopowers as immaterials gesticulations. Neuropower as spell. Both nee biopower making body therapeutics with poison.

Bodies who, by covering all heads with a single blanket, are insulated to amalgamate the atypical view. Underneath, prised seers strain with the dying of our last match.

At this stage, bodies advance life in black-out, as a macabre monoscene monobody panto-meme. A single cell vertigo-economy whereby feelings, becoming septic currency, mime of undomesticated depression.

Beneath, bare. Life plays out insidiously, neuroinvisibly. Celluarly speaking the hyphen, a lateral synaptic-anchor, is a magnetic device by which sense nerves exert terror, equivalenced.

Mediums, scooping life-shadows grasp only fickle flesh-hairs, as energy-strokes the cutaneous communication surface. No material retina-life, no more instead, unbiobodies scooped useless as bare emergencies, through housebound fingers of outdoor reiki.

Lossy-life, then, made to heel by a-proximate shocks, is mispronounced by torn gesticulations. Heel the bones, heels of the hand, hands behind the heels, fingers before the faces. Bodies, that sense-mortality clairvoyantly, bent in-backwards, aneural autoamanuens.

Causes, acid in the clavicle, travels vomiting mercury in the ground jaw. Scrab a sound and purl a curl, like a loose knitting, stitched. Is a purl also that babbling sound of the one prone to elastic speech, as impropriety. Tongue what muscle don't purl right.

Flowers, caught on the normative backgridding of sense, are what petals do that don't unfurl right. At exactly the wrong time, roll their stamened necks. Life drops data and wants its conversion, (read, light energy to chemical energy), but does not transduce right.

Cataracting bodies, roll their dropsied necks. But experience,
as velvet arches and blurs, slow-blanks and sadnesses,
as with the forlorn flowers, are the unopened petals
of mercurial premonitional excess.

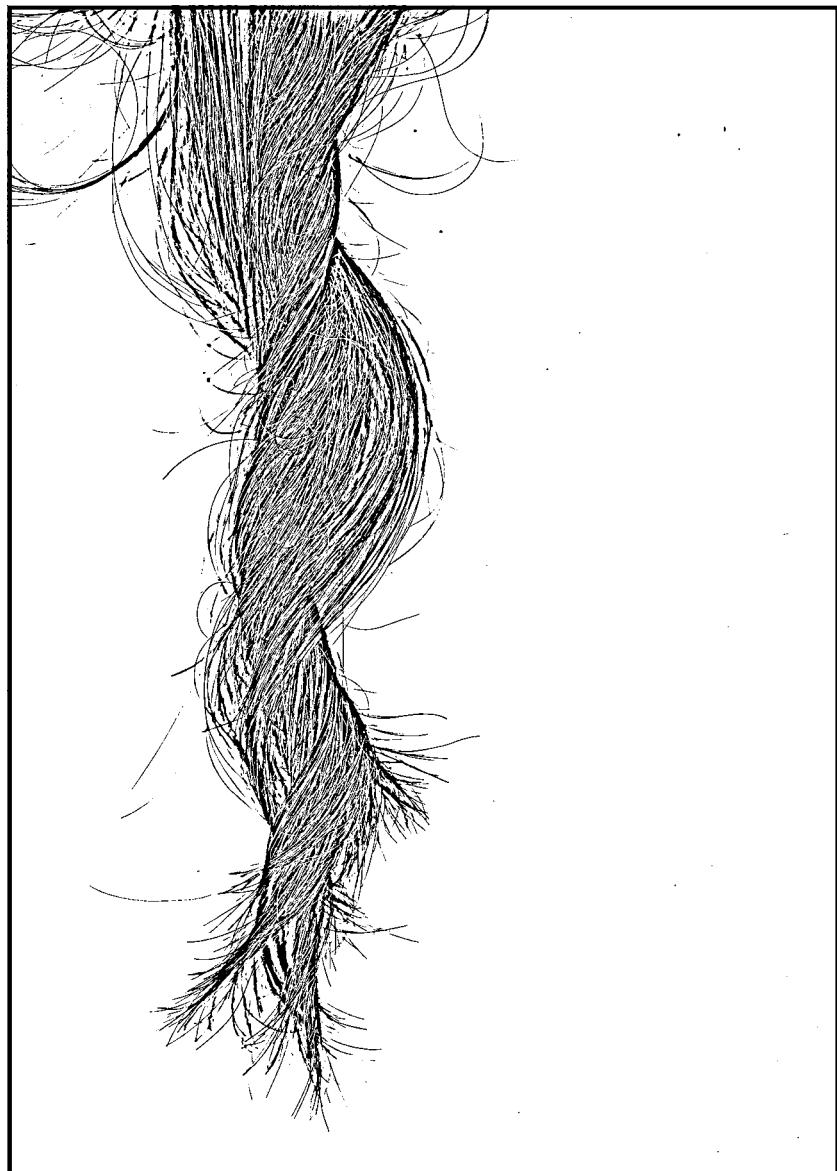
Now, life try grinds what is extra into an asensory polonium.
But life-proper sediments into chunks of exhaustion.
Flower, once re-alive, is caught as the material for
a synthetic shirt.

Life-textures, now ready-to-wear, run-off the shadow of
origami shoulders, (read, refracted) lopsided bodyings.
Still, bare life-lite filters through bought flowered
shirts, ineffectual cotton sense-buffers.

Eyeless lashless vision tilts blinds, useless vistas. Both
cause cataracts, in the second sense, said as in a
large sense-waterfall. Reorientation runs off lashes,
intraevaporates electricity away from bodies,
via sweaty spasmed palms.

Dangerous. And a body bald with sense that falls is a lossy
technique for catching the ecologies of spirit; aflutter,
ascutter, ashatter. On descent, otherly sensing bodies
scatter the solo choir, singing the single sad word
life, to a monosyllabically despirited world.

Atypical underside on, seeing details one by one, by one then
slowly, your object is a view. By which bald recrudescence
light, you have adapted, de-differentiated your spirit,
bodying sufficiently to be extracted (read, smudged)
out, enough to bare life, another one.



FTHo

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Flat Time House (FTHo) was the studio home of John Latham (1921–2006), recognised as one of the most significant and influential British post-war artists. In 2003, Latham declared the house a living sculpture, naming it FTHo after his theory of time, 'Flat Time'. Until his death, Latham opened his door to anyone interested in thinking about art. It is in this spirit that Flat Time House opened in 2008 as a gallery with a programme of exhibitions and events exploring the artist's practice, his theoretical ideas and their continued relevance. It also provides a centre for alternative learning, which includes the John Latham archive, and an artist's residency space.

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