Reach
Script for performance in analogue photography lab

with:
KORG Volca modular
Borderlands granular synthesizer
sampling through DAW

[KORG - 20 seconds - diall up time, mod, microtune]
[initiate Track 1 on laptop]
[place 1st print into developer]

In my hands images appear and my thoughts halt
The images - an assault
The images - an assault - on me
As an implicated subject
and inside me it feels like the world is falling

There's a story in my head again.
Of a woman who washes her hands away.

Dipping them into cold pools of water.
They start prickling as she walks away.
The feeling of static
Like the sounds from an old tv screen

[place 1st print in stop bath]
[KORG fiddle with time and cutuff and turn down volume]

slowly she loses signal
and she wonders where they'll go.

[place 1st print in FIXER]
[4,5 & turn volume up on KORG]
[place 2nd print into developer]

I imagine where my hands would go today if they could. If they could detach
themselves from my wrists, reaching where I can't reach. Sometimes I wonder
about what they would make, what lines they'd draw, what words they'd write.

Today I think about my fingers reaching - terrified - into dusty rubble.
Scraping against concrete, looking to reach something less hard, less cold
underneath.
Grit building up under fingernails and metal scratching skin.

[place 1st print in water]
[place 2nd print into stop bath]

Bodiless, detached, they could reach farther than other hands.

[2,3,2 turn mod half way up, dial up cut off, mod all the way, mod slowly down, volume slightly down as sound rings out KORG down]
[change pitch down and decrease # of voices on Borderlands]

They could go where there is no more air to breathe. There they could apply pressure to gushing wounds and stroke locks of hair out of faces far below the heaps of homes. They could close lids of unseeing eyes gently or squeeze a hand tight in comfort. Would they be so brave to reach for a cry that far

[place 2nd print into fixer]
- record words?

To touch, to act where I can't reach. I imagine my hands far away, detached from my wrists, extending to do - what? I can feel my insides hollow out as I wonder what else my hands would do, if they could reach where I can't reach. Would they slide over a soldier's eyes allowing three boys to run for shelter during his temporary blindness - The video loops on my screen - Surely. Would they pull cables out of control centres and interfere with hands hovering over buttons, misdirecting targets. Yes, surely. Would they find a way into Bibi's bedroom at night and place themselves firmly over mouth and nose?

[place 2nd print into water]
[decrease probability on Borderlands]

The rubble under my feet sounds different than the rubble I see under your running feet.

Here it's wet, sodden and the bricks are rounded with age.
Under every step of yours dust erupts around slabs of concrete - a smaller version of the cloud you are running towards.