

Haptic Skins of a Glass Eye

(Transcript for film)

Ilona Sagar 2015

Its 4am and I'm breathing cold and damp into the small space to the side of my left cheek.

Turning, sweating like plastic, slicked as unwashed skin.

Stretching my fingers out to the side, to the front, above.

I can be sure that the distance expanded from each tip has a considered rhythm.

Are you well?

Are you sound? Signed off?

I progressively spent less and less time looking for myself

Ugly with self-conflicting, self-referential acts.

I know you know your outline.

Swished through the insincere flatness of you,

All alive with no flesh

Did I do it well enough?

Would I have had a different result if I paid closer attention?

I didn't know how to condition your response anymore.

An external sound. like...an intrusion.

Enriched.

To replace all I thought that was missing

I call out
Defunct,
Premeditated before use
Coated in a dust of production and a scent of synthesised newness.

Fully simulated, Seduced into new spatial mythologies.
Drunk on an over saturated gush of exchanges and misfired communications,
but barren of reason.

Undone any chance of making sense of it all.

When I was some where between definable and derivative, here, striped
back, minimised. Barely bipedal a desirable markless shell.

Neither too lifelike (a saturated lustre), nor too 'digital' or artificial (stark,
esoteric and immaterial)

Cradle me close in your widening palms warming in the moist, damp,
sucked gloss of you.

Hmm interpretation is a better word than fiction
You know... like a different hand?
Do you see the nape of my neck?
The hollow before my shoulders.
He faced me as he spoke, oriented towards me.
What about my wrists? And the bow of my nose?

Beyond the body before thought, a haptic and unplanned agent.
Matter, hands press again seat covers, door frames and touch screens,
All composite.

I wonder about all this research paraphernalia. This tangle of language.

Grabbing at the waist and hips, railings grabbing at fingers.

You don't quite trust them do you?

Skeumorphic, flat designs, stock renders, virtual design systems.

Too known, Too knowing. Yet completely alien from our experience of it.

Lets understand this as an excise in empathy

Chromed and finished

....you finished him off

Rendered out constant affirmations

Who we are is no longer tied to what we inhabit, who we know, or even what we understand, but is instead an amalgam of all events, all thoughts, combined with the lives of others shared through various media.

Flattened, glazed, easy to define spaces.

Everything has gone milked.

Clouding, a mist around the edges,

Too much clarity on the interior, if you know what I mean.

Too self-aware.

Too visually complicated.

You were colliding, hopelessly lost

So blind to it

Still swamped with the image of you

The speechless click of you

A quiet, aesthetically pleasing breathable, layout conscious treatment of information where functionality is implicit.

but its all about you isn't it?

Too many nerve fibres,

Looking up at the greying slash of fingers in dialogue with each other

Part of you forgotten, a violent change of tone

Blood , iron, electrolytes, coltan, dysprosium,

Lack. Lack of...

Can you see anything around the edges?

Focus for a little while on the bright centre,

A cortex of armpits and arseholes

A simplified blur of flat hyper colour

Touch that wouldn't you?

The difficulty of doubt.

A gradual lost of belief in my tactile sight

A creeping sense of distrust

Everything you think you see is a devil.

Everything you think to see is a devil.

The arch of the mouth

Your wrists, my wrists

Seeing through the folding thinning designs

A less complex landscape

Smooth, clean, and simplified.

So what was I saying?

Because none of these images seem to fit anymore

Bent at the sides, your fingers messed up from it.

The globe-like portions of the eye coated in a thin layer of glass.

Glass makers soap, Lead, crystal, oxides, iron ore, sodium, potash, silicates

Still captured in the curated hip swing of you

Split up, divided into sections and crystalize thoughts,

Residue that just wont scrape.

There was something about your voice,

The softness in it

Head perspiring, glued forward edging fingers around your vaped outline.

A crushing mess.

Nurtured and natured to be as you are.

The tacky drying slush of speech.

Shaking as she was

What are my chances of becoming symptom-free?

Licking lips over the spray of you,

The space of you.

We are seeing in halves, inhabiting multiples,

I was learning a new language, a new way to grow myself out

Embers of forms,

Show me a cue.

Pain was here between that stink. sink. of routine.

sodalime-silica, manganese oxide, sodium, calcium and silicon

Break the pattern create a new one.

Fixed yet unfinished in a state of perpetual motion.

White of your eyes makes clear the direction of your gaze.

Moving around and over movable objects.

Ever present, but not at the centre of experience anymore

The mind isn't split but shattered.

Too full of noise,

Fumbling out a loud string of loosing associated words

I lost sight of you,

You look at me focused past me

And you don't seem to be, you don't seem to be here any more, as you are.

The actual - nothing is distinct, folded in, we are integrated.

All I'm left with it's the tactile indent you left,

Lump of a thing,

Feeling alive is different from knowing your alive.

We are no-things in airless space, roomless mesh,

a positive nothing.

A functional body. a soul composite.