

## EXTRACT: LAUREN GAULT

She has never felt more stunned by empty space. By it's emptiness, the inclusion of her form disrupts its volumetric capabilities, just as water silently spills over the brim of a full bath.

There is an element of travel in front of her, she has to go to it. To make her way towards its position on the other side of a huge container-type space. So huge it feels like it has disgorged or evacuated its own contents with army like precision. The emptiness has an uncomfortable physicality - there is a rationale behind it's leaving, like an evacuation from danger or leave-taking to allow a private moment in grief or in loss.

Walking over to it doesn't feel normal. Her head is thinking she shouldn't be here. Her legs and feet feel like they are too far away and if she acknowledged this disconnect and let them know they would fold underneath like slow, concertina-ed foam.

By the time she gets there, she has absorbed a series of clues from what visual information she could guess at on her approach. Figures, a larger animalistic shape, hanging fabric, like exit or guide ropes, not capable of supporting any weight.

The air has a sponginess to it - the silence and charge in the space-volume is gelatinous and she moves in a way that shows a fear of disruption or apology for her presence.

Face down, soft infants invite but prevent her picking up. A large beast, only discernible through bone points sticking through loosely draped fabric holds the only time discernible - this form has a *pastness*.

From this anchor point she starts to piece together the other participants - figures with hooked backs engaged in slowed tasks, more infants, empty vessels, biscuit crumbs. Felted wool heads make her think about her own keratin. Looking for signs of sheep worrying via woollen strands caught in barb wire fences.

Does she need to help or is her witnesshood enough? None of the figures meet her indirect gaze until she realises they've already been looking at her from the inside.