EXTRACT: EMMA BOLLAND

In the room, the whirr of a projector. The first woman asks: What do you mean, 'instructions from light'? She is nervous now scared by the older woman's calm and abstract insistence. She answers: The first time it happened I was at home moving from room to room actions, expressions I was projected from an invisible apparatus I know it was there, a reverse-chronotope invisible lens, invisible eye, and behind it all an invisible scenario penned by an invisible hand. I can see you are jealous, confused, but this was my bright page, my origin. I was the endpoint, the spectacle, I was the cinematic. I was produced through this procession. She began to back away the soft speech, icy the eyes a screen of slow static there was madness and there was madness and this...

Now, what I see, she says, is language. Don't you understand? A speaking back and to.

There is a rattle of projectors, walls striping, lamps heating, rendering thick, opacity luminous. She stands in the beam and in black is magnified as an absence of light gigantic. The rectangle. 4:3 stretches and flexes. Grey light. Black light. White. Horizontal. Vertical bar. Polka: dot and dot, and then another. Grey, granular gradations of monochrome are code: are these the instructions she receives from light?

The other woman says: I don't (She pauses, careful now) I don't know what you're thinking. Do you think you're dreaming?

I'm not asleep. (Patient, as if talking to a stupid lover). I'm just waiting. I'm hypnagogic. I'm not yet developed. I'm ready to receive the optical print. Strobe, striate, (her voice quickens), the frequency of the light is an alphabet, a grammar. The words of the light fold into me, into deep shadow light that travels light etched into light. Light speeding at the speed of light light slowed so I can

perceive each dot, each dash. The light speaks to me, the light slows itself so I can read its frequencies. You see? These gradations of monochrome are syntax, are lexicon, are grapheme. (Her madness is erotic). I don't need to know the code in order to understand the meaning. I don't need to know the meaning in order to see the construction of the code. I don't need to understand the instruction in order to follow it. It, just, is.

But…

You need to be quiet, she says, coldly. The instruction is that I am instructed. This is my lux psychosis. (She turns her back, contemptuous). You are blind. I can see. These are *my* instructions from light.