

EXTRACT: ISOBEL WOHL

Why? Because it resonated with her, I mean our ability to populate our worlds with imagery stolen from us, then, in effect, sold back to us.

*You mentioned the text, and the colours...*

She wrote it all, entire. The space, the colours, all of it.

*Can I read it out loud?*

*'...salmon. celadon. indigo. viridian. vermilion. denim. blue. topaz. red. Lilac...'*

Blink.

*'...red.'*

'When she entered the space the attendants said, Towards the back of the room you will see two black dots. One dot is on the left wall and there is another opposite. These are our alarm system. If you go past the two black dots the alarm will go off. They are there because at the end of the room there's no wall. The corners of this room are curved. Walk carefully if you choose to walk towards the edges of the room because the floor will slope up. Don't put anything down. Don't lie down. Don't sit down.'

*'Blue...'*

'Your capillaries are sent forth to flash and tremble in curved space. You're in your eye turned out.'

*'...mint. wine. peach. orange. denim. cerulean. goldenrod. cinnamon. the stitching of your projected eyeback. gold. brown. yellow...'*

Blink.

*'...apricot. aqua. colour resembling the colour of the cloudless sky when the sun is up, excluding that sun, which is yellow like a stolen coin glittering in its own recapitulated light or orange like the copper pan of your imagined childhood. or like a penny, which tastes like your blood.'*

'You are threaded into the world as an ocular problem. Do you understand it?'

*'...salmon. caramel. No. blue. hoarfrost, bonefrost. colour of imagined childhood. oxblood. mauve.'*

Sweet inner fringes somewhere beyond the alarm system.

'They asked if she was okay with strobing lights. She was and told them so. Soon the blank world hitched into colour '

*' celadon. sky. sunless. eyeback. eyelid. the stitching of your projected. caramel penny. Oxblood '*

' and she remembered one blue afternoon she drove out of the tunnel into the green country and thought Oh, look, the moon's up already '

*' achromatic; of utmost lightness; scattering; milk and you laughed at me milkscatter, bonescatter and said, We're in England again, that's the sun.'*

And it was the sun. She blinked and it was still the sun.