



Then in a region of brightness, the nape of my neck
blew upon a white cloud that had come forth from
a beautiful human form. And so doing, cast out
both the white cloud and the human form from
that region, like a multitude in motion.

From that day on, gravity worked on me diagonally.
Light appeared to approach as a macabre object
that ascended towards, in a succession of spectacular
torrents. Sticky with fear, the surface of my eyes
became viscous and different, and when I squinted
at the sky, shiny eels floated across it. I had to split
the molecules to see.

And so, behold! Blink. Even the recrudescence
light of the sun – usually, that god-light bleach of
wellness – illuminated nothing but foreboding. Like
a bad bladder, all the elements of the world, which
before had existed in great calm, were turned to the
greatest agitation and displayed horrible terrors. I
forgot what was good about being a body. Nothing
was good.

Consciousness became a felt blanket, beneath
which, sequestered bodies advanced life in blackout.
Underneath, amidst slow-blinks, blurs, and the
deepest imaginable sadness, prisms seers strained
with the dying of our last match.

A sorcery of neurometabolism. An acrobatics inside.

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& Sam Williams. Stills from *Welter* courtesy of the artists. Text and drawings
by Victoria Gray, with extracts from *Scivias* by Hildegard of Bingen,
The Grasmere Journals by Dorothy Wordsworth, and *I felt a funeral,
in my Brain* by Emily Dickinson.

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And behold! A pit of great breadth and depth appeared with a mouth like the mouth of a well, emitting a dampness with great stench. The elongation of the atmosphere threatened mould, from which a loathsome cloud spread out and grew a deceitful vein-shaped form. Inside this migrainous welter, I felt a dark delay. A hole opened up in the back of my head, and the tacit connections that held my body in space-time fell out of that hole. Vertiginous, the wandering nerve felt a funeral in my brain.

