

The fuzz crowning my thoughts, calling me its weakest foe as I crawled from the floor. My hands, set with gravel and rocks, grated against the broken chair I was attempting to use as a crutch. Lashing blood infused spit down my white t-shirt, bottom lip pulsing and expanding, invitations to blister heralded by a burgundy stream.

Growing up in the wilderness with all the other deaf children we invented our own sign language. It is now the only basis for studying the origins of human speech, but we are forgetting it. Our hearing was returned to us as adults by being injected with a virus containing a gene that triggers regrowth of our ears' sensory receptors. Finding we had little else in common, none of us are really friends anymore.

Needing one more chance to let go, to drown in the dark, I pulled through the air, missing, crumpling, laughing, indulging in the dejection of my survival.

Now that I have my hearing I do not need my sight. I stare at the sun for twenty minutes every day, and for hours after I see black dots. I am the first to demonstrate the illusion of the moving image, but by the time cinema is invented I am blind.

It was here, this spot where you stand, we stand together. My form a large vitreous floater that you've tried to rub from your eyes. We share this fate, decades apart, nothing changes deep beneath the tree canopy.

If you look at the same thing for long enough, you start to hallucinate. If you look at a solid field of red, you start seeing shapes. If every day you look at your house, your job, my face, what do you see? When an intruder enters a shell of a mollusc it covers it in layers of the only thing it knows how to secrete. And when you go on vacation, get away, do you become a pearl?

Fake discoloured globules, pink hued and excreting a black sappy tar. A beached mermaid, flailing from the binding nylon net. We dug the trailing tar stains to flavour the Terva Leijona that our mother was making for the holidays. My brother and I would sit in the garden, charcoal lipped from sucking on the hardened sweets. With whispered fervour and escaping jetted saliva we told of her nude, scaled body.

Now that I am blind I hallucinate too. I see tiny people, their cartoon-like faces, being photographed among cherry blossom. I see tiny iconic buildings, I see your face.

He sat down my aisle, bathing the air in a putrid odour. His eyes shone like polished glass. His irises so dark they merged with his pupils, two gigantic piss holes staring at me through the fat of his bulging cheeks.

My mind stores my preferences, my DNA stores data. A novel has been implanted into my DNA, and successfully read back. Its grand narrative will outlive me by far.

Passing through concrete monuments, taking passage through the tiniest of holes, his path was never broken. He looked to the ground as nothing but a place he once gave worth, he was now closer to the stars, closer to becoming a grain of celestial worth. The fake hope of human love he felt pressured to search for became alleviated and he indulged in the void, delight washed him as he blathered in the loveless ether, suffused by fading light.

My time perception shifts.

I cannot see, I cannot hear, I am immortal. A hard drive stores my mind. The lyrics to the songs I couldn't hear as a teenager, the jungle I was born into, what I would do in a given dilemma. But what of my vanity, what of that photo of me in the red bikini by the pool?

*Tongue and beans in broth,
Brick in a box.
I won't take no for an answer,
I was born to be a dancer.
What we name,
We can contain,
Out here hanging brain.*

Sasha Litvintseva born 1989 in Russia, lives and works in London. Sasha graduated with first class honours from a BA Fine Art at the Slade School of Art and is currently completing an MA in Experimental film at Kingston University. She is a member of the LUX Critical Forum. Recent and upcoming solo presentations include: AC institute, New York, Image/Movement, Berlin, IMT Gallery, London. Recent group shows include: Carlos/Ishikawa, London, Contemporary Art Museum of Bogota, Columbia, Minibar Artist Space, Stockholm, Palazzo Flangini, Venice, Assab one, Milan, Siaulai Gallery, Lithuania, and screenings at festivals including Kino Der Kunst, Munich, Kassel Documentary Film Festival, Athens Film and Video Festival, Aesthetica Short Film, Festival, York, Chicago Underground Film Festival, Alternative Film and Video Festival, Belgrade.

Lewis Teague Wright born 1987 in London, lives and works in London. Lewis graduated with first class honours from a BA in Fine Arts, Byam Shaw, Central Saint Martins, University of the Arts, London, UK. Recent and upcoming solo presentations include: The Still House Group Residency, New York, The Arctic Circle Residency, Arctic Ocean, Strange Stranger Strangles Strangle, Preteen Gallery, Mexico, Stellen, The Depot, London, Fate of the Postern, Galleries Goldstein, London. Recent group shows include; Material Art Fair - Parallel Oaxaca, Mexico City, Under A Thawing Lake, Mexico, Mini Cooperation, Plaza Plaza, London, I Never Called You A Dream, East Hamptons Shed, East Hampton, NY, June Snow, Evelyn Yard, London, It's been four years since 2010', Preteen Gallery Offsite, Arcadia Missa, London, Capel's Mill Sculpture Canal, Brickhouse, Stroud, Fulfilment Centre, The Sunday Painter, London.

1st March–28th March 2015
Preview: Saturday 28 February 6-9pm

Exhibition Hours
Wednesday–Saturday
12pm–6pm

Please contact us for further
information.

