

# CAST NOTES

## PLASTER

Plaster is a smoother, a caresser and a holder. Set it off! Running a bit, stilling a bit, exhuming the stale air that resides in out-of-reach crevices, vacuuming itself against whatever else there is, being hot damp thing. Being so close. Licking the shells of things, lolloping its way across planes. Magmatically enveloping. Plaster's chalky bulk is ready and willing to receive direction, but this is inevitably always downwards. It's both the thing and the thing it's doing. Plaster plaster plaster plaster. Plaster remembers and recalls its formation; it describes being stuck on and spread over. It smooooths over carefully, slips delicately along skinny outers, and glops into a protective stasis so as not to disturb the gouges underneath.

## GHOST

Oh disembodied spirit! Right there. A white sheet on a stick. Or a fleeting apparition in the folds of the sheet that steps out into eyeballs and promptly recedes back into sheetness. Spooky? Shrug. Floaty? Proddable? Shrug shrug. Its gossamery flimsiness is a tease, or its fractured partiality is a frustration. It vanishes before it can be nabbed, pinned down and worked through. Ghost is a layer of a thing that was, a spectre of a facet. One point in time, one side at a time. Ghost is the good side, the visible side, the best side sent out to proliferate as the best ghost; an ambassador for a thing that cannot or will not come closer; a shrouding that reveals a different kind of essence of a thing. A hand swiped through a likeness of something, a grab at an empty body.

## FINGER

Fingered, many fingered, smushed with a fleshy tip. Exploration appliance, excavation mechanism, possession apparatus. This investigatory pilgrim crawls forth, edging onwards as a caterpillar, butting in, prodding about, exerting forces. But the safety of Thing is of paramount importance and Finger cannot be trusted. Finger must remain bagged up with its excitement on low volume and a protective material dressing in place. Finger runs itself over edges and draws outlines of what it meets in the air they share. It transforms textures into feelings, traces out fresh versions, absorbs, digests and logs the boundaries. It's a slender length curving around hard edges, gripping and grabbing/taking/holding, making pointy signs. If only Fingers' feelers within were not constrained by a skinny coating, if only its endings could run right in, run amok into the tiniest crevices and suck up even more accurate snippets of knowledge. Always rubbing, always feeling. Bloody pumping.

## CAST

Is this not Plaster? No, this is Cast, it's being, it's after, it's still. Cast talks a bit about its own body and about how it got a body but mainly it talks about a whole other body that – it – is – of. It's a cast of and a cast out. It's when you had a pot, when you had a crack, when you needed understanding, replicating and saving. Cast shudders out from the crevices of the have-nots that something haves – it's petrified gaps, it's at one with holes. Cast is an honest copy made by puffing up into faces, stealing textures and bulks but not tones. Friend of Ghost. One might invite Cast to enact or reenact – ask Cast to perform its duties while speaking the words from someone else's mouth, written out of another's hand. Cast is arid, with brittle bones, hairline fractures, osteoporosis set within its thin plates. With each flinch a split, we must be quick to know this one.

## LIGHT

Light – undark, unheavy, unfatty, unfull, undifficult. Let Light set the tone. Let it tell you how to move, how to slink through. Light cares. It trickles down and drapes itself over. Like Cast and Plaster it sweeps into the innards and the craters that Finger cannot explore, but like Ghost it has no body and so no surface in which to nudge a lasting impression. Emanating, biblical, bounding forth! Out from somewhere whence it came. Light appears rather simple, free from the weight of all the things that it's not, but in its floatiness it's difficult to grasp, hard to harness, mould and work with. Light's gushing out and being sucked in and bounding over and through and off all over the place. I think you've got a bit in your eye.

## TEXT

Here. Text is language fabric. Braille. Language being used to say things. Agreed signs. It's writing for reading and thinking that has happened and will happen somewhere else. Text shouts silently with undeniable conviction. It is a proud beast with a neat collection of components from which to endlessly draw upon. It leads eyes and Finger down lanes, through stories and around the curves and sticks of s's and q's. It tells them over. Text pops out into minds and pops off again a thousand times over. Text says solid. The code of signals that comprise Text's dispersed body, when placed strategically within the right scaffolding, create a pair of hands that offer a gentle introduction to Thing – a ladder into its deep end. Text's presence avoids the difficult and startling encounter of being plunged in on one's own, it provides a bulky, buffery 'about'. The expanse of Text's squiggles wriggle into a weave of safety padding; sending out calming waves of clarity through description and interpretation. Like Cast then, Text is a mapper of the space around Thing, a clunky, self-centred tool for replicating and communicating a semblance of something in order to try and take it in, to get near it. But unlike Cast, Text cannot get up close, and it's in this distance that untruths sneak in.

## THING

Thing is a thing that exists in the world. It has a form that has been decided, it's made of a synthesis of elements and materials that before becoming temporarily held tight within Thing played their part in the carcasses of other stuffs – maybe within Finger or Cast or the foot of a terrible lizard. Someone helped it come into being. Someone wanted it to be with them, or they wanted to be with it. Thing is talked about, written around and explained. It's bolstered by Text and proliferated by Ghost. But we don't want to know aabboouutt Thing. We want to know it! We want it! Thing is a thing that we can know and absorb and be with. If only.