

The Saltus

The saltus: an oscillation, a swinging; inherently necessitating uppers and lowers. Visualised as a wave: existing in sounds, water, bodies, resonances. In a mechanical sense, the saltus manifests as vibration: that is, an exchange of physical information. The inference is that the oscillation is an ongoing wave, continuous and pulsating: a constant transferal of information from one point in time and space to another.

This saltus – this ripple in air, or water, or a body, or silicon hose – is idealistically continuous, but must, in reality, start and end with a flick, a kick, an input, a motive generator. This flick? A stone thrown into water, its existence at that very moment of contact exulted as concentric rings expanding across the water body's surface. A shout, or a whisper, released into the air and oscillating into the sensory realms of another. The circadian impulses that remind our bodies to fall into and out of sleep. The gut wrench when you hear that someone considered life not worth living, and the rippling guilt upon recalling how many times you thought of getting in touch. The vibrations felt and heard and enjoyed upon holding a tuning fork between finger and thumb and striking it against a table. The double-helix oscillations passing through each other when the body – eyes, or touch, or voice – finds a connection and experiences a mirrored response: a reciprocated, intertwined, somersaulting, fluctuating saltus.

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