

light projects

176 High St, Northcote
www.light-projects.com

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Light Projects

presents:

Storm Gold and Julian Holcroft

Aerolineas Presents

25-30 January 2010

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Aerolineas are Storm Gold and Julian Holcroft. Their collaboration is conceptually underpinned by a mutual interest in the fleeting aspect of time, 16mm experimental film projections, the proto-milieu of the 1960's 'happening' and the immersive installation; an atmospheric environment that is both a metaphorical synthesis of a natural and industrialised environment of fog, smog bushfire and steam and a physical exploration of the volume and presence of projected light and film.

Aerolineas are currently working towards their next project in Dunedin NZ, Aerolineas: In Mono an installation presented in conjunction with the blue oyster project space performance series festival program in March, 2010

Entre Chien et Loup (Between Dog and Wolf)

Ruth Learner

He once told me that the more exposed you are to darkness, the more you see. Light, he said, is a distraction. It gives away too much. It leaves no space for reflection. It's true. He bleeds into a dark shadow in the starkness of daylight, especially those bright Melbourne summer days. He's left blanched and unable to focus.

He then had an idea to create the perfect space for reflection. A place, he said, where ambiguity will give rise to ambivalence, where everything is questionable, where nothing is certain. I was keen to know how this space would look, what it would be like. He sat still for a while, his eyes fixed on the wall opposite. When he spoke again it was in a monotone. Have you ever glimpsed objects in space? He asked. I waited. The other day, as I walked past the shot tower in Clifton Hill, he said, I saw the tower without seeing it. It had a density that struck me, stillness. It was not thought I experienced but rather the sensation of occupying space; this tall spherical form, my body, the instant. Everything halted in that moment, time lagged. I'm unsure how long it lasted but as I was dragged back into the stream of life, I became acutely aware of the dense sound and activity around me; cars, voices, birds. I became conscious of how selectively I move in space. How I sort through what matters to me, my memories, my impressions. There are traces, he said, everything leaves a trace. I suppose it started, he continued, with my first experience. It was then that I began mediating my existence through a language mediated through bodies and space. It is a process to which I am oblivious, he said. I remained silent. It seemed glib to point out the paradox. Then he smiled. They're happening more often, these perceptual slips.

I persisted, how would you come at it, how would you create this space for reflection. He bit his lower lip. A spot of blood quickly blossomed along the split. It's not about creating this space; it's a matter of slipping in to it. He turned and pulled down the blind. I thought of our relationship. I thought how, depending on the time of day, I sometimes follow and sometimes lead. How at times he tries to lose me, to shake me off. How I have stuck with him, unshakeable. How, when at rest, we are one. He became animated then, his hands waving, his head bobbing. Here's the thing, he began. I cannot be certain how it would be, for if I were certain, then it would not be the right space. All the same, he continued, I will create a space that falls between an end and a beginning, a space of transition, a threshold space. A liminal space. Using sound and light, I will create and re-create moments. When you enter this space you will lose your centre, there will be nowhere for you to project yourself, you'll be thrown off balance, dislocated. It is a jolt to you, this loss. It is strangely sensual too. Strangely bodily. At first, you will be anxious. Perhaps you will feel a little sick, a little vertiginous. Soon you will give way to pure sensation. Your limbs, head, hands and feet dissected by voluminous projected light - moments may extend, they may become smeared, they may freeze. Like your shot tower moment? I asked. He smiled, pleased with me. Precisely. Your body will now be drawn to those moments, those slips. You tune in to the dissonance, the echo. You are no longer looking into but out of this space. You feel the asynchronicity between layers of light and sound; this divergence will break up and resolve as a memory and an experience. You will be set apart from yourself, exposed to slippage; a discord between the real and projected, between the recorded and the live, between the flickering light - you will imagine a moment of pure perception. I laughed. You're a dreamer, I said. You can only ever simulate this place, come at it through imagination and metaphor. He muttered zoetropes, films, darkrooms. He was agitated then because there was no way out or in.

Perhaps it is only through the act of dying, I suggested, grinning, that you can experience the ultimate threshold. He wagged a finger at me, a habit I disliked, and went on to say that you cannot imagine dying unless you are dying, and that if you are actually dying the chances are you won't want to imagine it. What's imagination got to do with it? I asked. He pretended not to hear me but the twitch above his left eyebrow gave him away. Feeling bolder I pushed my case. If you're dying, you're dying. If this is the condition through which we can know the perfect space for reflection then why not go ahead and start dying. He stood up and walked away. Of course I immediately followed. After all, I said, we're already dying. Speak for yourself, he said and lay on the bedroom floor and began doing push ups. I lay with him. When is the tipping point? I asked. When do we begin dying more than living? He jumped up off the floor and began to pace the room. There were patches of exposed fibres where he had worn the carpet. I tagged him. So tell me, I said, now you've exposed yourself to the darkness, now you've communed with me, tell me, do you see more? He smiled and lay on the bed. I sunk into him, always, his devoted shadow.

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The title Entre Chien et Loupe is taken from a French phrase used to describe the twilight hours between day and night. In this half-light it is hard to distinguish between a dog and a wolf.

Ruth Learner is a Melbourne based writer invited to contribute to Aerolineas Presents at Light Projects.