

Two vectors, with a third inserted. Such are the rules of the game - a fight as play. And you too are walking in here, into the space. As you do this, you will start gauging the players, who speak to you, talk image, sound and words to you. The screen, a surface.

Is it?

A first screen upfronts this question. It is showing a furry coat in close-up, animal and shivering – something, someone, who must be alive. And while there is at least this minimal action, the shiver, there is depth, as in depth of field.

Meantime both sound and words come up to you – an electronic soundscape, with rings of glockenspiel and xylophone, as well as a first phrase, “Time Immemorial”. It is a remix, clear – though I’d be the one to give this away to you. The narrative bears similarities to a Cartesian Meditation, as for the tone of voice. Yet there is no mention of a piece of wax. Instead, the Magritte-like composition of the image [viz., ‘Le Château des Pyrénées’] with which the sound goes, has an amorphous, manipulated stone floating above the head of the narrator-and-writer. The latter is a philosopher - I’m telling you, disclosing again - who goes on talking to you in first person narrative, now of atoms passing through organisms and permeating time, then arguing for cases such as “... in my mind, I can create and destroy time at my own pleasure.”

(No, I’m not going to talk about this third video - per insert - we kept watching, the spoof on the Van Damme-Volvo add, viral on the net this week, ‘Gaza Cars. The Epic Split’. The split, epic or not, still being a good metaphor for where you’re at, here in between these two screens.)

Ultimately withdrawing, a text asks you: “What would you do? Say?”

Then telling you, “Have a look again. And ahead.”

*by Merel Cladder*