

Shapes

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Seth

Cluett

Invis- ible

The stark white shadow-strewn open cube demarcating the space of *No Change* or “*freedom is a psycho-kinetic skill*” lightly describes the boundaries for possible action. Always on, always gathering, the microphones mediate everything in sight, listening to the sound of their own listening. Everything the microphones collect is information: details about movement, evidence of presence, utterance as temporal delineation, sound as unintended action. The air is rendered thick with the acoustic trace of bodies engaging the physical limits of surfaces. The substance of these traces extends well beyond the visible architecture by expanding and re-orientating body geometries and body positions on stage, building a constant productive tension between the visual immediacy of performer action and the acoustic replacement of performer sound.

As systems for information delivery, microphone and power cables, dry-erase markers, spotlights, and shadows create ephemeral extensions of the performers. The cables undulate with physics – the whip of the arm, the fall of gravity – demonstrating the kinetic energy of movement down the length of the lines they describe. The dry-erase marker etches the script of automatic writing, as fleeting in thought as the shapes of words written and erased. Light operates on the order of sound, creating shadows that amplify the line between the form of objects and the volume of space they occupy. Each ineffable, transient moment marks out the contours of animate and inanimate things – defining a topography of impermanence balanced against the always preternatural frame of Dorvillier’s body.

A Nick Cave song begins: a one-dimensional nostalgic object, thin and anemic, relegated to the reverb saturated radio space of memory. Perceived as an audience member I walk across the floor, joining the song, playing the piano the way a child would trace a photograph by following or barely anticipating each line. The material of the music slowly expands, takes on volume, and gathers density as the song is replaced by a pure-tone wireframe of its former self, growing until the sound fills the space like light and evaporates. The dancers in the amplified space create the only sound. As the work ends, a delicately constructed sequences of bare quiet pure tones carve acoustic lines that mediate the space between Elizabeth Ward's slow traversal of the rear wall and Dorvillier's cathartic solo. Arcing like wires, the tones define invisible shapes through the heavy silence of air, becoming the antithesis to the aural thesis of the sound of dance.

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Photo: David Bergé

