



Getting out. performed on January 27th, 2019. ICP, NYC.

Mind. I observe myself waiting, I observe myself reacting. What is coming but my imagination of an object impacting me. Where is located the noise that I hear; behind the door, in front of my eyes. At some point; when - does the imagination create in the reality this figure that appears. Away, here; would the imagination of myself being taken will make it be? But here, can the presence also be aware; conscious- in the brain, in the other one? This space, safe - behind the revolving doors, as time. Who is turning the doors: Eyes on eyes and no arm; arms in the movement showcasing the state of itself, to itself. Who is turning the doors. Could our nervous system be connected trans-body. Where would be the location from where the informations would be send, if it was a location.

Once the projection has disappeared, where does the projection go. Does it stays within the revolving door, ready to reappears? What's left when there is nothing more that you can see; that you can confront. Maybe there is what you know? The memory, are those behind the revolving doors, or between the eyes that confront that the one that accuses. Who?

When we project ourselves in between us and the exit, can we leave.? The position of the body that is in the middle is but the arbitrator of the two eloquences of an argument. What is the projection but the assigned judge of introspection, but the decision-maker between you as the resistance and you as the risk. You as the resistance, the resistant that is calm and severe, that will try to make you stay; here - the same. Could it take a decision between, the arbitrator, to what : to stop and standstill, or the let go.

This work starts with Itamar by questioning what was the role of the visitor in the mind, the visitor as an idea, a desire, but in this case mostly as a person “taking us out”; is both what it can mean.

This performed installation was made in collaboration with Itamar Dotan Katz while following Jean Marie Casbarian workshop earlier this January 2019 at the International Center of Photography, NYC. The installation was constitute of two rooms; or two chambers, representing both Itamar's and mine's mind. While we were both visiting each other in our respective one, our relationships was different. The visitor were coming through the revolving doors, being then a new presence, a new possibility for the mind; they were also watchers. The arbitrator is processing.

Written on January 27th, 2019.

“Somewhere in this black space with unpalpable frontier. The silence is overwhelming the ineffable. I heard some noise coming out of somewhere else. Eyes get brighter; distress? Do I see the door moving? What am I thinking of? Silently, observing : hoping in the unknown; rephrasing the phrase while trying to hear a calming coming of it. With no word spoken, with no confrontation; for how long can we stay in our own silence of thoughts. You come, could it have been someone else; would it had to be someone? This time is just a memory of lost; and I'm watching the past with a bring eye blinded by the light while the other is a silhouette that I thank in this forgotten space; whatever it was. Time has not stopped and somewhere else a space with an unpalpable frontier where I and other I, try to listen, forget, fight or rest; and maybe avoiding themselves to imagine that an other time will be; just looking.”







