

5. SLEEPWALKER*



Fitts & Holderness [NZ], Aernout Mik [NL], Daniel Roth [DE], Marnie Slater [NZ] and Clemens von Wedemeyer [DE]. Curated by Tessa Giblin.

* Where stories meander, drama combusts and a sense of theatre infects contemporary art.

THERE SEEMED TO BE LITTLE to indicate what had occurred there. Later on, when people would speak about the days following, it was almost as though they chose not to remember. It was as if the change had occurred all by itself: there had never been a catalyst and the resulting situation came about of its own volition.

Perhaps the place had absorbed the memory of the time – dulled it down and sucked away the fat. When we returned there was little to see. Everything was gone, the signs of what had been before were even removed – there was no iteration to the original state, there was simply nothing. A vacuum, an emptiness, a hole where before there had been something.

It was all so insubstantial. Perhaps, as they said, the secrets did lie buried in that hole, but perhaps that hole was the secret. Was it only a shadow of a memory that remained? There was little to indicate what had occurred there. Later on, when people would speak about the days following, it was almost as though they chose not to remember:

"Loss, and a vague fear became attached to our stories, but not with any direct relationship to us. It was as if the change had occurred all by itself – as though there had never been a catalyst and the resulting situation was a natural response to our scenario. Perhaps the place had absorbed the memory of that time – hollowed it out and whittled away the membrane. When we returned there was little to see."

Even the signs of what had been there before had been removed – there was no indication of the original state, there was simply nothing. An emptiness, a vacuum, a hole where before there had been something. It felt so inconclusive. If secrets lay buried in that hole they were slowly being covered up by our increasingly murky recollections. There was only a shadow of a memory that remained and it did little to indicate what had occurred there. Afterwards, people would remark on the recovery we had made, as though we were supposed to feel good

about our new, virile strength. But it was all so insubstantial – even the signs had been removed.

The Doctor chose not to remember. Later, when his need to understand began to override the confused memory, the dramatic conflict grew in scale. Without any direct relationship to him, the shadow of the memory that lay buried beneath years of denial spluttered into form. Perhaps that hole had secrets to reveal, or perhaps that hole was the secret. There seemed to be little to indicate what had occurred there, anyway. It was as if the change had occurred all by itself – as though there had never been a catalyst and the resulting situation arose from something pre-ordained.

It was all so insubstantial. Only a shadow of a memory remained and there was little to indicate what had occurred there. Everything was gone, the signs of what had been before had even been removed – there was no iteration to the original state, there was simply nothing. We all began to ask the same questions:

1. *Perhaps the place had absorbed the memory of that time – hollowed it out and whittled away the membrane?*
2. *Was it just a vacuum, an emptiness, a hole where before there had been something?*
3. *Did the hole have secrets to reveal, or the hole itself the secret?*

Later on, when people would speak about the days following, it was almost as though they chose not to remember.

So little indicated what had occurred there. Afterwards, people would remark on the recovery we had made. Even the Doctor, who knew most of us well, felt as though we were finally resurfacing. The loss, and vague fear that became attached to our stories, was without any direct relationship to us. Everything was gone. We were dislocated from the context of that day, that week, the year. The markings had all been removed. We wondered who it was that wanted not to be reminded. Was it done for our benefit? Or for the others? Even the signs of what had been there

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