

TROUBLING revelations

4 SHORT FILMS

The Artists/Gli artisti/The works/Le opere



Sophie Kahn & Lisa Parra/Body/Traces

The project Body/Traces explores the female body through 3D laser scanning and structured improvised movement, where the images become alive and what is alive becomes idle, illuminating the physical presence and disappearance of the body.

A dancer's body is scanned at various stages of movement, and the resulting images are re-animated in 3D. The result

is an imperfect document of the traces left by the dancer's body in space. The deeper one looks, the less familiar the body becomes, appearing awkward and fragmented. The project looks at the unstable representation of women's bodies and of movement by addressing the questions:

What happens to the body in motion when it becomes a still image? And what becomes of that image when it is returned to the moving body whence it came?



Josephine Telfer/Eclipse

A sense of being totally absorbed by the sea, the sky and the moon is expressed in the video "Eclipse". My shadow cast on the beach is eclipsed by the waves of the sea washing over the moon.

Two poems give shape to this experience: "walk along the edge of time/and waves wash over the moon" and "waves of memory/wash on the shore of my mind".

"Eclipse" is dedicated to international pianist, Geoffrey Tozer, who played the piano that is part of video and died before its completion.



Penelope Trotter/Club Visit

Trotter, under the guise of a young man, documents an expedition to one of Melbourne's men-only clubs. Trotter's invasive video begins with her initially walking around the city streets of Melbourne, doing her manly thing; street sounds come from all around, a few familiar faces are seen, and eventually she arrives at her destination. The camera changes from the perspective of someone viewing the artist, to the view from a pinhole camera in her tie, giving the sense that we are looking at something that we are not supposed to see.

As the image changes from crisp clarity to a restricted, cloudy hole where shapes and objects appear. The images within the haze include a grand staircase, bookshelves, and varying pieces of furniture. As we are drawn into the frantic movement of the camera as Trotter walks around within the club.

The excitement is heightened also, as it actually feels like we are being let in on a secret by viewing these highly guarded areas. The final scene cuts back to the observational camera of the opening scene, an act that makes us recoil as suddenly the image is clear and polished.

Trotter is now sitting in the library, in a leather chair, feminist literature in hand, perusing the pages with obvious concentration and interest. This gesture, although seemingly satirical, brings back her key themes of Marxist feminism, a feminist theory concerned with the social liberation of women. This end scene reminds us that we are watching an arresting social and political documentary. It raises the questions: did Trotter in fact obtain entry into the club? And if she did, did she also manage to obtain footage of the interior, an act that is considered criminal?



Kevin Shaw/Ngarrangarri going home

Ngarrangarri Going Home is the story of returning Ngarrangarri's body to his dambun/home country after his death. Ngarrangarri's mortuary rituals took eleven months of substantial logistical management in rugged country and hard conditions to complete. Whilst flying by helicopter from Ngarrangarri's cave home to my camp at Mount House Station in the central Kimberley a spontaneous juxtaposition of vibrant

energy and calm surged through every strand of my being. All that was promised was done as it should be done, and most importantly, it was done in collaboration with treasured mates. Ngarrangarri having lived and died consistently with his cherished gatherer-hunter traditions had defied the impositions of colonialism and its corporate capitalist state. There is a sublimely surreal satisfaction in having made the journey with him. For me it was inconceivable when we met him thirty years beforehand that there would ever be such a journey. "Other way round", (on the other hand), Ngarrangarri was a distinctive and regal visionary. Who knows what he had anticipated.