

Frédéric Valabrègue - *thursday, august 16* (excerpt)

2 *pièces* - Frac Paca Ed. - traduction Caroline Newman & Caroline Duchatelet

(...)

Landscape happens while being at a loose end, not knowing what to do. Freshness of air on one's back. As much behind as in front. Feel what lies behind in front of the mountain's backside, feel it with the eyes on our fingertips, tentative and haptic. Set down on a stone, the camera breathes. Diaphragms pumping. Dilation. Breathe with the diaphragm. Partitions become membranes. If the skin extends, covers up, the camera leafs through the layers, gently detaching them from the foreground, overlaid layers of shadows where a few glimmers dwell. The clouds do the same work as the camera. Layers slide one over another. Later, the digital tool, playing with speed, will enhance this pulsation between appearance and disappearance. From the skin to the leaf. Barely raising the surface bringing to feel what lies underneath.

Another sort of dilation, silence. Another sort of density, time. A weight of time, taken from a lapse named dawn and owing nothing to the Homeric epithet. With regards to his environment, the sculptor seeks an emmetrope measure, equidistant between space and time linked to his dimension. His dawn is not crowned with glory but transports the slightest suspension at a very low tension. One cannot avoid associating dawn to an early morning thought so dear to Nietzsche and inducing a silenced ardour. Dawn is heart rending. It may tear apart. In this video, this is held on, not chilled. The title in the form of a date foretells of the lightness of the torn off calender, just another leaf. One day among others to which the attention brought is not singled out. However, duration weighs upon the moment. Duration is not a number, it is insistence to stay, to linger. That which means time does not just fade into mist. The best cinema, the best video is that where one can feel time go by. Fortunately images slow down. It is the sculpture of duration through editing which brings modulation, creates rises and falls of waves in unison with a cloud. Times of moving pictures and conjugations are speed levers or heights which make us sense, as in an air plane, drops in pressure. Spasmed landscape. To contemplate is to go down slowly into all the physical sensations that bring the eye back to the body. Among these sensations, the heart thumps.