

Hypnagogia Christina May Carey
2nd-18th December 2021

The artist respectfully acknowledges the Wurundjeri and Boonwurrung people of the Kulin Nation as the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this work was made and is being shown. I offer my respects to Elders past and present.

Christina May
Carey

Hypnagogia 02-18.12



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Lady Idleness

by Lisa Radford

To be looking at history without knowing, through time in the form of screens precariously placed as sculpture imaging hair and movement. Skeletal metal structures as support for devices imaging a rhythm. An epic poem, profiled slowly, staged and scaled in three — monitored and displayed.

In *Romance de la Rose*, Lady Idleness, personified as a woman wearing white gloves and with perfumed breath, introduces herself by saying, “I have no care but to enjoy and braid my hair.”¹ But to enjoy, presents a cheek. A giveaway, a kiss, to a garden of pleasure.

The right to adorn allies the right to withdraw; the politics of follicles and the austerity of this poor trait synonymous with the barbarity of long haired men — status subordinate. In the history without knowing we find trade and the slave, a cornrow and French braid.

Her fishtail; hitherto.

The repetition of threading gestures, behind glass, trapped nee framed. This detail being the singularity of a process whose simultaneity can be considered sensory. History plastique, time making form.

Trade and slave. To understand and make changeable modes of capital, alterity sans norm. Stealing time from productivity. *I have no care but to enjoy*. A plasticity from plastique, a braid in structures, and the sculptural moving towards a materiality of affectations. A transformability producing a self as a subjectivity of its own form. Perfunctory architectures re-producing data to perform a portrait without face, a painting in reform.

¹ Guillaume de Lorris wrote *Romance of the Rose* as an allegory for courtly love, it is mostly an unfinished manuscript which he began writing in the late 1230s, but left the work unfinished when he died around 1278. The very long poem was completed, 40 years later, by Jean de Meun, sometimes also known by the nickname ‘Clopinel’ because he was lame. In French, ‘clopinier’ means ‘to limp’. <https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/roman-de-la-rose>, accessed Nov 25, 2021. Virginia Krause, *Idle Pursuits. Literature and Oisivité in the French Renaissance*, Delaware: University of Delaware Press, 2004 in Evelyn Welch, *Art on the Edge: hair and hands in Renaissance Italy*, The Society for Renaissance Studies, Blackwell Publishing, 2008.

² Homage to Marguerite Duras, on ‘Le ravissement de Lol V. Stein’ : December 1965 : Jacques Lacan by Julia Evans on December 1, 1965 in *Marguerite Duras*, Marguerite Duras : 1987 : San Francisco CA : City Light Books, p122-129

³ The example here is the refashioned version of “You will be able to communicate with anyone in this way without any difficulty. The moment of form — which is to build, to open something like a place, to fashion a space, to fashion a style within the network — is precisely what is important. Such fashioning demands time and care. Otherwise, the so-called global mindset becomes paradoxically a space of incommunicability” in Benjamin Dalton, *What Should We Do with Plasticity? An Interview with Catherine Malabou*. Paragraph 42.2 (2019): 238–254, Edinburgh Press.

When the smaller screen flutters, it is a mobility capturing the decadent train that is a tail of many eyes. A peacock and a dance for seeing. But what is there to say?

To touch or modify the montage, its possibilities, when we have been stationary. These twenty-three months, these lengths of time. Strands, to be stranded; to be, still — a braid of time. A flutter as it is to stutter. A response to an excess of speech as mediated by technology and the promise that you will be able to communicate with anyone, without difficulty.

The smoothing, perhaps soothing, threads of hair, following the logic of hands belonging to whom. Images in time looping, attempting to sync, align. Snaking cables mediating power, these are chords to see. The plait as a fold; a dance of a tail caught mid-flight and at belly height. Framed, cropped, snared. Quietly, not violently. This arrangement is a process for processing symptoms for, and symptoms of. Neurosis or anxiety; a physicality in reaction.

Cinema catching literature. Experience as montage. Remember, all Duras can do, it seems, is to counter the anxiety of arriving too late by obliging Depardieu to improvise material she has already written.² The conditions within which we find, our bodies, as images already written.

To be neither cyborg, nor hybrid. Intelligence coalesces with the machine; mediated so as to be automated. Intelligence, she says, is built to be automatic. A neuroplasticity adapted and auto-affected. Perhaps, if we are to pursue the relations between alterity, pleasure, form and sublimation; well...

Can the mask of womanliness be the back of a head?
I have no care but to enjoy.

The sensation of time, the moment of form, it is this that she then said, that this moment of form —*is to build, to open something like a place, to fashion a space, to fashion a style within the network* —a precision for importance.³