

Elizabeth Brown's text to accompany Christian Capurro's *Compress (the pit of doubli-vores)*, 2006/7 work in the exhibition NEWO7 at the Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Melbourne, 2007.

BETWEEN RAPTURE AND REFUSAL

"Separation penetrates the disappearing person like a pigment and steeps him in gentle radiance." WALTER BENJAMIN

To be lost in another's skin as if that was the only salvation - the amnesic, ascetic, asymptotic charm of disappearance.

An invitation to fall - into a slice of time between f2.8 and f2 - into the space between an earlobe and the wallpaper - into the solemn geographies of Blue-Bloods in the skin trade - under the world of images, into a pneumatic world without gravity, into an uncertain, undermined space - into the nap of the skin.

On, and in, the various spaces of the pages, a particular photographic sensibility is at work; one that is attuned to the idea of latency and to the pursuit of something deep in the fibres. Surgical caresses - removing small sheets of summer skin - part panacea, part pain. Disfiguring in order to figure. Frenetic rubbing annulling one thing causing a litany of bodies to condense on the flipside, unbidden, as if they were impurities in the paper - massaged into being by the pressure of enticement. A paradox has occurred in the making - the spawning of one skin by the erasure of another('s).

When he encountered them they were to turn toward the walls so that he wouldn't be disturbed by their presence. What remained were their imprints weeping through the plaster - plasma through a dressing.

Bodies, thin, amorphous, aerial, torpid, libidinal - compressed into isobars of humid air. Velvet air. On flimsy sheets of paper, on dissipating grounds with few spatial markers, they and we are left to drift beyond horizons in various positions of vertigo and thrill, congress and friction.

The garden revolved as she fell. His weight dropping in slow motion behind her.

The desire for only perilous things. Like the errant, evasive images that both call to us and turn from us - the double-bind...the schizoid coming and going...nervous elasticity...swarming, restless, hovering, verging on looming. They arrive in flashes, reticent morse-code, migrainous symptoms of refusal.

Banana lounges, feijoa trees, white silk-canopied hills hoists, smokey-grey cats and I filled the garden they looked at through the screen-wire door, wondering why I never wanted my photograph taken. Never wanted a trace of what was already changing. Wearied of exposure.

Lifting the “weight of being” (cavities of bliss!)

The movement, the lightest and quickest of touchdowns – bumps and turns – flying. To avoid the desecrations of their eyes, their corrosive glance, come in at twelve o'clock high and leave that way too – way above – way above

ungrounded
euphoric
forgetting the body
small deaths
“a slow farewell to externals”

days to mirror the mind of no insistence no agitation no proof no need of proof if such a thing existed in lesser light a sloughing of wasting brightness unbecoming

A dalliance with the images - one of those eleventh hour dreams on a concrete floor - a skin-search through the layers, a groping in the dark, a rendezvous left spectacularly unattended.

Multiplying uncontrolled in a mirrored Vegas ballroom – glossy

a luminous hesitation.

Undone by light

a distant intimacy