

THERES
NOLINE
ONLINE

Jan Vorisek

July 27– August 31, 2012

Opening: July 25, 6 pm

Deinstallation re-activation bbq: August 27, 6 pm

"THERES NO LINE ONLINE" presents new works by Jan Vorisek. The show consists of an arrangement of sound, a video, three objects, and a desperate AC in the back, trying to get your ass chilled. Cold windy climate conditions. The space is covered in grey carpeting. You'll sit down, listen and watch.

The video was shot during the two week installation period, and shows how to cook scrap on noise. Various digital audio was improvised on-site, and transported through low frequency speakers into built, model-like environments. No society of silence. Jan Vorisek lays out discarded goods on his resonating panels. Crap, garbage, junk, refuse, residue, rubbish, waste, ruffraff. A manner of assemblage. Feeding and seeding an effect-making machine with information (well, yes and no) or screws, chains, nuts, hooks - little pieces of metal. Don't let the machine run unattended, hands interfere, crack down on the sound and movement. Not to bring it under control, but to pull it forward, into some other direction.

Throughout this process different information was collected. Video/audio recordings of the rattling panels were uploaded back into software to filter out information, create jump-cuts, fadeouts into black screens, improvise again or to adjust a frequency. Just to render it and throw it back into the logic of the display.

The 2000 Watt PA is littering, slowly rolling waves hit space and the visitor. Fast jangling, droning noise is taking over, roars, dust particles are jumping on a loose metal plate (video).

Rustling, arrhythmic stomping, you can feel the window in your back rattle. I see your pupils vibrating. Not one tempo, not one volume, sudden surging intensities. The restless sea of a dramatic soundtrack. Like ghost plants or forgotten satellites, three working panels are positioned in the space, ready to be plugged in and reactivated at any moment. The AC is blowing a warm breeze into the 38 degrees of New Jersey's backyard.

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