

GEOMETRY OF FEAR

JASPER JORDAN-LANG

8 - 20 OCTOBER

As the first few days of spring appeared, I began to notice I could see things with more clarity. The sun's harsh reflection off the glass meant that, although I had perpetual glare in my eyes, things had taken on new definition - when I wasn't blinded by shiny steel, my vision was able to focus once again. I could now notice the low flying aircraft that flew behind the high rises, their drone the foremost sound in the deserted area, other than the wind. I hadn't registered them much before but had become aware of their sound.

A few hours passed. A slew of ever-changing helicopters seemed to hover constantly on the edge of the water. An old man fished from the dock, pop music playing tinnily from his portable speaker. Although the tune played concurrently, all I could hear was the hum. Due to an air traffic incident at the airport I heard reported briefly on the old man's radio, there were no planes left in the sky, leaving it blue and clear.

I could still hear the drone. It was reverberating from the buildings themselves, intermeshed into the surroundings so closely that it was impossible to determine a single source. My diaphragm pulsed sympathetically, my heart rate quickening, slowing, and quickening again. My tinnitus suddenly disappeared.

In the shopping centre car park I saw an expensive car with no number plates. In the distance, a person looked over their long-neglected ice cream at me as I walked by, juices dripping down their arm and into their shirt sleeve, white liquid contrasting with the deep black of the material. I kept walking; no interaction of substance occurred.

The drone continued, at this point meddling with the sound of car engines and the whirr of air conditioners, the noise somehow heightened by the apparent warmth in the air. I looked up at one of the buildings, silhouetted black against the bright blue sky, its monolithic presence inducing instant vertigo, leaving me woozy. The clouds moved quickly behind it, giving the illusion that the building was tipping over. My head spun and the sun sunk lower into the sky, I walked on.

I was underneath the bridge now - the area was empty. Unidentifiable movement rustled in the bushes close by. Traffic sped overhead, the drone louder now and interspersing with a thud, reverberating down the concrete columns. A billboard, advertising a touring rockstar, was lit up in front of a 16-lane spaghetti-junction, which allowed exits in every conceivable direction and angle, granted they left space for each and therefore a car to pass through. A group of teenagers, dressed in all grey yelled at each other. They seemed to be arguing about the bridge, or at least the area where I was now, underneath it.

I approached them and before I could say anything, they asked me 'Can you hear it?'

I wasn't sure. I had a headache.

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Counter-clockwise from door:

Drone II, 2022.

Digital sound, 57:16, looped.

Low flying aircraft (I), 2022.

Digital sound, 57:16, looped.

Red outcome (BBRG-03-1), 2022.

Synthetic polymer paint, MDF, 12 x 170 x 25cm.

Low flying aircraft (II), 2022

Digital sound, 57:16, looped.

Special thanks to Adam Gottlieb, Hugo Blomley, Armani Hollindale and Victoria Stolz.

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