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Suara Welitoff

Tonight the Sky

In Suara's world, I imagine that duration is not understood through terms like "long" or "short," and the play of shadows over a wall or object is as much a moving image as a film.

The works on view in *Tonight the Sky* begin with the artist's encounters with cinema, with its minutiae and cast-offs, in particular. Few would find inspiration in a sequence of subtitles, in the intolerable strobing of a seconds-long closeup, or in discarded leader. Most would not have regarded these elements at all; certainly not with anything like their full attention.

But Suara's is a different kind of attunement—a practice that emerges from a fleeting impression, falls in love with an image before turning it inside out. As she wrote to me last month over email: "Sun Clouds Time. A poem. It's a fascination from my childhood watching the light..."

From seemingly inconsequential filmic snippets, she wrests strange, shimmering, videos that stretch text and image into unfathomable dimensions, bending time.

Koan-like, Suara's works prompt us to locate new registers of attentiveness. Through contemplating her votives to cinema, we practice our devotion to Akerman, to Man Ray, to Godard, to Fassbinder, to watching the light.

Selby Nimrod