

Cyclops

How uncanny the appearance, in almost every culture, of the primordial, the mandala; a lens of contemplation that focuses mind and spirit towards an illuminated centre - an aperture to enlightenment.

We gather in the glow of another, more mundane lens: the hypnotic eye of television; a messenger caught in the labyrinths of ideology and economic allegiance while trading in visions of the future in the name of truth. Is truth still naked in a world simultaneously blinded and lit up by the sight of its own horrors? While in many cultures a third eye suggests special insight, the one-eyed creature must admit its divorce from perspective, from reason.

The light and colour of the rose window holds us spell-bound, but it is the dark stone formation of the tracery that gives structure, momentum and rhythm to the spec-

tacle. With my body used as a recording device, I traced the gestures that play out in the news of our time. Replicated into the formulae of gothic stonecarving, the movements have a menacing daisy chain - a tracery for a window that does not necessarily illuminate. It devours. For all our labours, are we caught somewhere in the alimentary canal of a monster of our own making?

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DVD

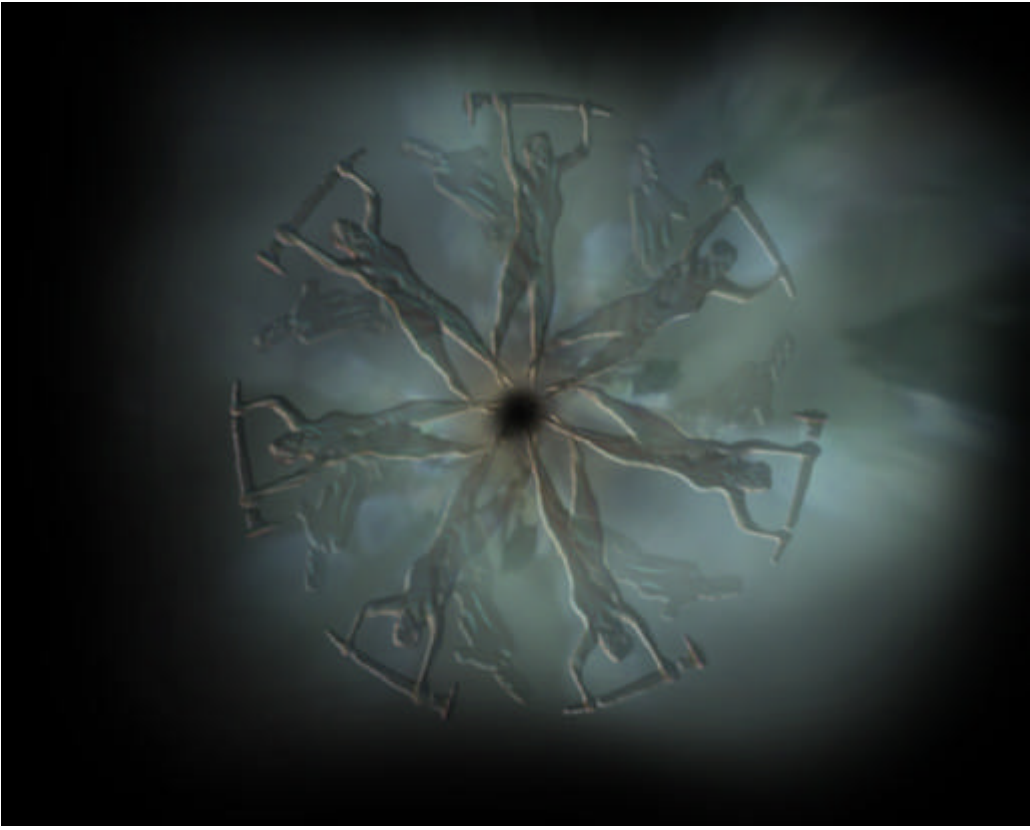
Single-Channel Video Installation

Duration: Video 2 mins 23 secs, and Stereo Audio 4mins 59secs, looped indefinitely



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Installation view





CYCLOPS

2004

Stills from single-channel projection on a suspended disk

dimensions are variable · minimum disk diameter 2m