***DOUBLE BLIND [Love)*, Sunday November 29 2009**
Annie Abrahams, Living Room, Montpellier
& Curt Cloninger, Black Mountain College + Arts Center, Asheville (North Carolina, US)

It is Sunday, it's dark, not really cold, but it is already in the evening, therefore the window of the Living Room is unusually lit, a filtered white, it looks as if almost nobody is there, and when one enters, it is indeed not as usual, because it is quiet. White neon light, Annie behind a pane on the left, the public is dark, at least almost, because it's December, it happens at the back, in whispers and contemplation, half-light, double projection, green on the left and black and white, more contrasted on the right, on the left, one recognizes Annie, one just crossed her, but one does not know any more if she was real or an image, the light is different, on the right a man, bandaged with a black ribbon, framed more closely, a wooden blade on the right, it is the black mountain college I think, if it is that it is nice if not too bad it is nice too, the importance is to believe in it, the junction of the two projected images is well contrasted, beautiful tone relation, even if it is a chance feature, we are in the device and yet one doesn't know where one is, neither far nor near, which strikes, is the silence, one cannot speak normally, just respect what yet is not real, since it is an image and a sound, hushed noises, one listens to the image, without understanding too much what is live or not, one feels it more than one thinks it, one knows it but yet it is as with a concert, it is however not a video projector that one respects, the two silhouettes murmur their text, with three chords of electric piano also very hushed, unreal, it makes you think in a rather distant way of a recurrent theme of a series looked at on TV but whose atmosphere is based on a sound which unifies the images in an it can't be more neutral way, to manufacture what is called a background, a space in which some people sit, turned in the same direction, the sound of the keyboard seems to come from the right-hand side since the shoulders move slightly, the pixel on the left are a little marked on the limit of the ribbon which hides the eyes of Annie, the image is purer on the right but this projected diptych format double wide angle the Italian way is rather beautiful, like a painting, the sound however comes of behind, maybe that's what makes up the dark space in which one is, one knows the rules of the game, but one is nevertheless surprised by the quality of the listening of all, they seem gathered for something difficult to conceive as existing here since it is nowhere, it is strange, the silence of the public, the feeling to be here with something which occurs live but which is not here, or the opposite, I do not know it any more, the image is too soft, like the languid sound, one thinks that the text, or rather the pronounced or murmured words reverberate according to the chords of the keyboard, very light variations, modulations, in a softened register, it is necessary to prick up one's ears, it is that which is beautiful I start to say to myself, it is necessary to go towards them, towards the image and the sound, and it is once inside that it goes well, it is different, it is a performance but so discrete, so thin, fragile and obvious at the same time, improbable emotion which is released from so little and so simple at the same time, the feeling to assist or better to be kept in a moment of distance, shared by some who prick up their ears and eyes towards two voluntary blind people also, locked up out of time in their sounds, in a stressed rhythm, whose rule precisely it is not to have a duration, one guesses that they have left for a elsewhere, accompanying them but free to leave and return listening to them, justifying their effort, by something purely free and useless, to look at them doing, to prick up the ears, to know that the Internet machinery supports this true or false live emission, since the space is taken in and felt by those who are very close, who almost touch this digitised exchange, yet physically palpable today, strange discovery this feeling of living live an image as much as a person whose voice resounds in a micro shift when reality is superimposed on the device, sporadically redoubles it like scraps, indices of what happens, fragments escaped from Annie's voice not captured by the microphone, not bathed in this green light which however is not here, live, but that one sees on the screen marrying the other image, that where is the one whose name for the moment I forgot but who is called Curt, I will check it later, I did not see the beginning, the time makes me remember the one told in the performances of the past, that of the pioneers, and the intimacy of the place lends itself particularly well to these things which pass through my head, I check what it gives on my screen once arrived at home, it is different, more remote, the faces are inevitably more tired and another checking later will make me understand that all is finished now, it is at rest, that silence returned, that the word «love» fell silent, that the bodies and the faces must rest and gain forces again, return to perceptible time, leave the screen, leave the nagging chords, return to the life after this soft and difficult moment, I think someone needs to tell them, not only the beautiful green-white ratio of the in-between image which I noticed, because especially they were not there, they, they were alone, in the dark, and only afterwards small on the screen, not as we saw it.

David BIOULES, *Email Sunday November 29 2009, 8.50PM (or Improvising from scratch)*