

REFLECTION OF A TELEMATIC SPACE

In the telematic space we are made of looks. Looks on us; looks by us. The lens pointed towards our space. The screen is showing the other, the other's space and the awareness of being looked at.

We become awkward; we have to make our body's movements comprehensible.
A body made of looks moving through spaces with no physically placed coordinates.
We are then not coordinated. Imaginary. We are face to face with another but yet apart.
The looks attempt spatial likeness; to coordinate.
We are awkward and founded on looks.

We must see ourselves as the other sees us to penetrate. Get through. Can we do that without imagination?
The screen contains loads of images. Images of fantasy. Images of perfect bodies and ideal movements.
All kinds of images in between the beautiful and the weird.
Images of images from our everyday life and from our dreams. The screen projects images of representation. Imagine the reality.

The screen is a wedge between body and movement.
As a negative. As a possibility.
A possibility to explore and invent coordinates. Not as God created mankind in his own image – the ideal – but as the awkward bodies with its movements.
The movements moving from a space to another through yet another and other spaces.
The process. The wave.

The connection pixelates the image and bodies dissolve; its elastic envelope, the skin, is stretched.
Movements freeze, stutters, are in slow motion – without the bodies having a say about it. The voices in staccato. No way to smooth things over; we must wait for connection.
Patience.
Our awkward movements must be made comprehensible while also being disconnected and re-organized.

We must compromise. It was not what we had in mind.
We must let ourselves be disconnected, let our movements dissolve, let the skin stretch, let our body consist of looks and be awkward.

As a teenager I was absorbed in a science fiction story about a boy, who became part of the computer game he was playing. He became a pixelated figure on screen, which could move a little but mostly had to be moved. The friend grabbed the joystick and played for days to get out his friend, the now pixelated figure.

Maybe the possibility of the telematic space is to be both the pixelated figure on screen and the one with the joystick at one and the same time.
To move and to be moved. To look and to be looked at.
Both are swallowed up; something is before them and around them. Spaces. Bodies of looks. The awkward movement.

We must awkwardly move towards the other in the co-existence of several spaces and re-invent coordinates between the body, the screen and the other. To do this we must look.

By Stine Lundberg Hansen