

EXTRACT: REBECCA WILCOX

*You said it was the same feeling?*

Yes, like a kind of soaring...

*And the feeling is the same for each?*

Yes, exactly. And I can't locate it or define it really, except to say that it might be that it is something to do with being part of an audience and being allowed in to a space that has been prepared, or more likely, offered and being allowed, not to inhabit it completely on one's own terms but equally, via some form of secret pact or agreement or conspiracy with whoever was doing the offering, in this case the artist...

*Though it could just as easily be a writer, a director...*

I think it is the same thing...

*Where were we? Tell me about the film itself...*

It appears fragmented at first, scratchy, on Super-8. The usual countdown of numbers. Then we encounter dreamy tropes of layered image and sound, an American voice, a male-sounding voice, and the meeting point of calm sea and sandy land appears. A male figure...

*The narrator?*

...entering a garden, wearing a bright orange life vest, swiftly flung to the side. The garden is warm with light and colour, the birds twitter, the house that provides the backdrop is low and neat and wooden-looking and a soft yellow colour, with flowers. The man recounts autobiographical snippets from family history while

presenting us with visual props that illuminate this. His movements become more deliberate, and certain, as if he's directing us or directing actions beyond the frame. He then carries an older lady - in a fireman's lift - into the garden, into the frame. She makes herself comfortable on a rocking chair and begins dyeing eggs a deep red colour. The woman, his mother, takes over the role of narrator of her son's story while he continues to move around her on the lush grass. The film jumps again and these movements flit between the descriptive and the abstract, as the scene shifts to a shadowy warehouse space, where the man dances alone. His mother's voice continues the narration, his own voice barely audible as it rumbles below, again as if into another dream state. The final moments of the film are his controlled explosive movements; a close up shot of bouncing leather boots, star jumps and a distant, silhouetted, water tower.