

WADING SPACE



KAT NANCY

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Essay by Naomi Blacklock

A wet wine, a white sheet, a black hole.

The white sheet licks the air, while projected lights and fragmented silhouettes dance upon it.

The familiarity of bodily limbs, a warming invitation to wade.

We enter, aware of the surroundings, the metal of the truck, the breeze of a fan, and like lucid dreaming we become increasingly conscious of the dreamlike state we are being plunged into.

Ding. The elevator opens, the curtain pulls back. We wade into darkness.

Waiting. Waiting in black heat.

As time is not connected to a specific sensory system, we find ourselves conjuring time. We become biological stopwatches, making subconscious calculations based on inner pulsations.

The warmth of the thick curtains, the breathing bodies within the tight space, the weight of darkness.

Ding. The elevator opens, the curtain pulls back. We wade into red.

A tank of wine has soaked the room crimson.

Red, the colour of love, lust, blood.

The smell of wine, thirst, intoxication. Intoxicated by the intangible, the dream.

Intemperance. Gluttony. Hedonism. Have we overindulged?

Smell, its relation to memory. Synapses firing. Making connections.

Are we being pleased or suffering from sensory deprivation?

Kat Nancy's work *Wading Space* immerses and transforms the participating body inside the back of CLUTCH collective's CLUTCH truck. The intricacies of the work teeter between a sensory overload and sensory deprivation.

Her interests in colour theory, the uncanny, and optical illusions stem from her desire to capture the ineffable characteristics of light. Here light, the absence of light and colour, work as a visual language to represent what cannot be physically grasped. These are fleeting moments, emphasised by the temporality of the event. The subtle cues and visuals summon the participants to rely on their own histories, bodies and hearts to navigate and create meaning within the space.

Our own interpretations of the work much like our dreams come down to our own tastes, desires and fears.

Fabric against skin, air against hair, light and dark, glass and metal.

Pleased, heated, blind, pricked, cooled.

We are waiting,
Willingly wading.