



Two Half Reasons - One Night Only

A special event with Oliver Husain

Thursday, October 18, 2007 at 8pm

Gallery TPW is delighted to host a special event with German artist Oliver Husain. *Two Half Reasons - One Night Only* invites you to participate in a social cabaret – come art opening – come exhibition experiment on wobbly stilts. For one night only audiences will encounter each other through the lens of film, decoys, sweet decoration, eclectic hats, and an abundance of potential.

Born in Frankfurt am Main, Husain studied fine arts in Baroda, India and film at HfG Offenbach, Germany. His experience in Baroda – where he decided to pursue mud architecture as a career – is described in the video *Squiggle*, which was included in the exhibition *We Can Do This Now* at The Power Plant in 2007. The range of Husain's award winning work extends from computer animation to documentary film to Bollywood dance sequences. His films have been screened internationally, in 2007 at Kurzfilmtage Oberhausen; Mar del Plata Festival and Recontres Berlin Madrid. Most recently, Husain's *Five Thinking Hats* was exhibited at Greene Naftali Gallery, New York.

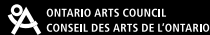
CREDITS:

Cast: Zorica Vasic, **Music:** Matt Smith, **Cinematography:** Iris Ng, **Hair:** Brad Perry, **Make Up:** Margot Keith, **Costume, Curtains, Half Ball:** Anthony Hill, **Assistance:** Bojana Stancic, Ruth Spitzer, Alex Wolfson, Stuart Farnell, Markus Ziegler, **Cake:** Frostitution, **Silkscreens:** Will Munro, **Thank You:** Goethe Institute

Image credits: Oliver Husain

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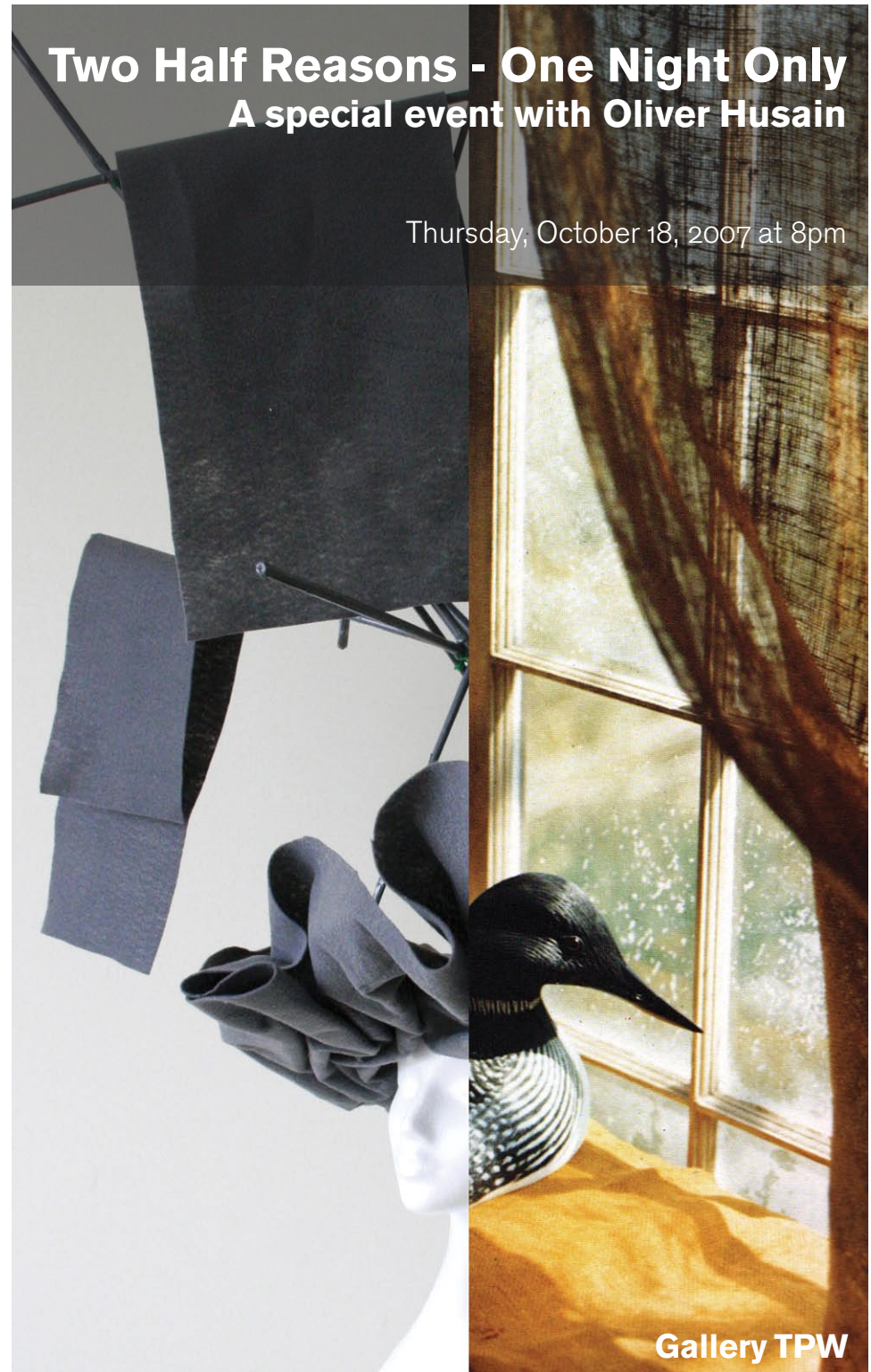
56 Ossington Avenue, Toronto ON M6J 2Y7
 T 416.645.1066 F 416.645.1681 E info@gallerytpw.ca
 Gallery hours: Tuesday to Saturday, 12:00 pm to 5:00 pm



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3.

Lights off. A hat turns on & may get shuffled back in a stock shoot. A dance constructs itself as a walking tour in stages. Start by sitting in which no one begins to move. Moving, should be possible — to be there and here. And down on stage a dedistancing, the audience sees the production of a sort of vista, a host for incoming shadows beginning or floating forward. Projections string along, stretching like ribbons through the tangled scaffolding & gathering up, window by window, the flapping flags. This against this, this show you get = contro-reflectographs. Rushes ahead, the gags are interchanged & all flattened in and bound the four edges of a sort of model — a one-way instruction toward the world in big shaggy silhouette.

THE DECOY AS ART

Style trusts surface. A puff. Shoot thru foggy glass, or make them look floating or float w/ strings. Footprinted on the clear light, a film procession stumbles adrift, wayward straggling shots conduct through unimaginable lights. A gag can reappear much later (reframed) as an aggregate of muddled departures, with everyone already feathered in rub-on costumes. A compounded glimmer could hopefully appear, a dream transmitting at a few high frequencies. Or maybe just nothing. Regardless, this routine builds up clutter and then empties it out.

Out of the overlapping arrays, a sense, these apparitions are staging a traffic jam. Big out-of-tune cluster of projected presence. Shots that didn't exist before, don't exist on film and weren't on the screen. The mental moves remain in motion (beyond the accumulation of images). And the best films get up and walk away as they come off the screen.



A film parade — icing of many basic varieties flittering colorfully between a seated figure and the open air in front of the screen.

All of that's "in" the film and then there's another layer of activity "on" the film, or actually "on" the screen itself, or really "in" the beam delivering the film, so "in front of" the film, though all of these layers really end up in the same place. It's the playing out of a cartoony joke... a giant woman's hat in front of you in the movie theater. But beyond the joke what it really does — reactivate that unwanted space between the surface of our eyes and the looking-glass movie world. Between a sculpture & a film.

We can see that film is control... and here the tentative head twists and nods of the hat wearers and awkward shadows are the impromptu living on-screen stars of the moment. Film into theater. The dusty beam hitting the dark fabric makes you want to thicken up all the spaces that we so effectively collapse. And in these clearheaded times, to invoke the beauties of "clutter" is more than welcome. A silent version of someone chattering during a movie. We "shhh," but really we know that any chatter is momentarily protecting us from losing our selves. In this film the chatter is built in — highly decorated, scaffolding atop the viewers' heads. Flapping flags celebrating the real world and invoking the most eccentric filmmakers of the past, who generously piled fantastic layers between us and them.

Texts by Jay Sanders to accompany Oliver Husain's
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