

SEARCH

## music

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Live in L.A.

**Eyes Opened Eyes Closed**

Two CalArts-sponsored mash-ups celebrated MOCA's "Visual Music" exhibit

by DAVID COTNER

SKOLTZ\_KOLGEN; TOM RECCHION & JONATHON ROSEN;  
WILLIAM BASINSKI & JAMES ELAINE

at REDCAT, February 26

In James Elaine's film, winter trees hung over cemetery lanes, then many iconic medallions slowly glowed and disappeared like human faces. In William Basinski's music, cloudy electro sounds shuffled around the room's periphery. Complementary, yes, but so are hot milk and bedtime; the appropriate response was slumber, and the audience responded appropriately. The presentation stuck in the mind, though, as things repeated do.

Local sound creator Tom Recchion collaborated with New York (via Silver Lake) visualizer Jonathon Rosen for a gently bent experience. Onscreen, a series of strong, simple, slow-moving images succeeded one another — gears, an eye, a woman, a daffodil, processed in crude B&W for that vintage Buñuel/Dalí effect. Recchion countered with highly stereophonic computer chimes, bells and frog croaks looped for beauty and to emphasize the implied circles/cycles. Contemplative and satisfying, yet playful.

After the somewhat old-fashioned (but still avant) predecessors, Montreal's Dominique Skoltz and Herman W. Kolgen came off as futurama with their two laptop computers, two overlapping screens, and much overlapping of sound and scheme. Audiovisual improv has always been a challenge, and the duo have birthed not only slick software for the shotgun A/V wedding, but an original look and hot vibrations. Their *Flüux:Terminal*, with mostly just thin black and white lines on view, dodged the sterility of other non-representational art with constant dynamic action and the kind of intensely focused pictographics you couldn't look away from. Occasionally there'd be square sperm or diagrammatic surf to provide reference; whatever the images, the thing breathed. Plus, the sonic composition, for all its eardrum-puncturing rumble and crash, was coherent — real music. Exciting stuff. Excess

—Greg Burk