

_____ /

_____ /

_____ /

_____ /

_____ /

_____ /

_____ /

_____ /

_____ /

_____ /

_____ /

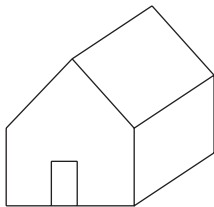
_____ /

Trouble at times

Maria Paris and Jack Wansbrough

Free Range

July 2016



Assignment of the week:

Maria Paris

Watch the nona hour (six o'clock) from my window.

I have my own domestic ritual.

I run away from her. I run away from her to my bed, to my grey cotton covers, and to a milk chocolate bar. I shut my eyes and fists until the blue fades away. I pray curses while the sweetness anaesthetises my distress.

When darkness descends, I drown into the vastness of my pillow.

Rules: Go home

I prepared myself a cup of tea and waited for the fatidic moment. To prevent myself from lying in bed I took all of my clothing and piled it on my bed, then, knowing this was not going to stop me, I added some of the garbage bags we had in the kitchen. I trusted my sense of dignity not to fail me.

Rules: Go home.

Prevent your future self from hiding

I decided to open the windows and the winter cold began layering my room.

Rules: Go home.

Prevent your future self from hiding.
Sit down in front of the window.

I began fantasizing about a domestic ritual my grandmother once had. She would sit down on her balcony with her neighbours and wait for the end of light. When everything was dark, they went back home to sleep. She lived alone.

Growing up she had always come across as emotionally stoic; she had chosen not to lead a heartbreaking life. Beside a certain catastrophe, this kind of life remained an option.

It was her, the one who never understood my lack of emotional proportion, who named it. When I could only find one sock she said I had a nona sock, when her husband died she called herself a nona woman and when the sun came down and my mum began closing the curtains of the living room, even if there was light outside, she said the hour was nona. I got mad, how could an hour be nona!?

What was more heartbreaking than a time with no pair!?

My neck began hurting while the colour failed to come. Waiting for it stretched me to the breaking point. I needed a drink. Or a drink plus some ice cream. Or some ice cream plus a love affair. I went with what I already had. Whiskey.

Rules: Go home.

Prevent your future self from hiding.
Sit down in front of the window.
Whiskey.

Maybe some ice.

I was ready to abandon my task when everything around me became, if possible, a pale purple blue. The blue made everything still. I stayed

there, in a silence I hadn't asked for. The heaviness of nothing came over me, and I could feel gravity pulling me and the day down together.

Rules: Go home.

Prevent your future self from hiding.
Sit down in front of the window.
Whiskey.
Gravitate.

The tears in my eyes felt huge but were probably just average size. Why was this happening again?

I hated this hour.

I hated her.

I hated the sun, and the moon, and the sky and the ocean.

Rules: Go home.

Prevent your future self from hiding.
Sit down in front of the window.
Whiskey.
Gravitate.
Blame it on the ocean.

I lay on the wooden floor and cried.

I don't know if it is because you are closer to water or looking at the sky, but lying on floors tends to bring you enlightenment. And let's be clear, I am not saying I am not the crazy person here. I am saying I am human. I can throw up my hands and claim powerlessness. And as a human, this powerlessness has serious power.

Rules: Go home.

Prevent your future self from hiding.
Sit down in front of the window.
Whiskey.
Gravitate.
Blame it on the ocean.
Claim powerlessness.

This power will not stop tears.

I felt myself breathing, collecting my own water. I stayed close to the floor but could feel how the purple blue was turning into purple grey. I couldn't help but wonder what had been lost and where it had gone.

Rules: Go home.

Prevent your future self from hiding.

Sit down in front of the window.

Whiskey.

Gravitate.

Blame it on the ocean.

Claim powerlessness.

Grieve.

When I decided it was time to get up, the nona hour was already gone. I stared again at my window and saw the yellow light coming from my neighbour's room. I turned on my own lights and felt oddly reassured.

This was it; it was the emotional futility of missing a missing.

Rules:

Go home.

Prevent your future self from
hiding.

Sit down in front of the window.

Whiskey.

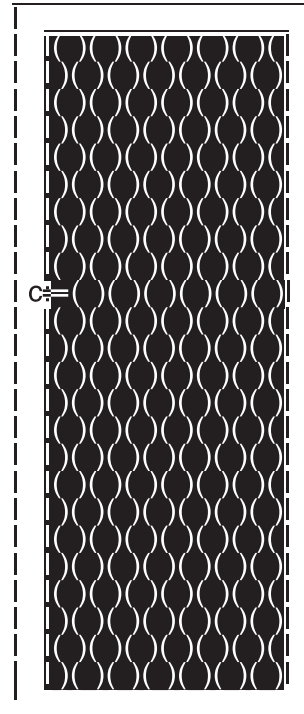
Gravitate.

Blame it on the ocean.

Claim powerlessness.

Grieve.

Turn your lights on.



03-100-402

Kieron Broadhurst

Walking home at this time of night is always stressful. Long shadows, getting deeper, more black. Figures moving indistinctly in the peripherals of my vision - I am frightened until I lift the latch on my front gate and begin up the path which crosses the front garden. Approaching the front door of my house activates a five hundred watt, motion-activated spotlight which illuminates the front yard like a border crossing. A motion-activated CCTV camera, which is on a separate motion-detecting circuit than the spot, and which has its own IP address, meaning that I can look at the camera's recordings on any of my media devices from anywhere with a decent internet connection, tracks my movement as I skip up the steps to my porch. I retrieve my keys from my pocket and unlock the three locks on the front door. Blue, green, orange - each of the eleven keys on my

keyring is colour-coded to a corresponding lock or device around my home and office. Only I know the locks they belong to.

Now that I am inside I punch in the eight-digit code to our NESS R16 Wireless Alarm Kit. The code is a combination of my deceased grandfathers' birthdays. I place my keys on the shelf next to the security keypad and retrieve the three remotes which are housed there when I am not at home. The first is for my Somfy Motorised Interior Blinds (Venetian), which, with the press of a single button, descend with almost no sound, covering each of the windows in the living and adjoining kitchen / dining areas. The second remote is for my Daikin Split System Air Conditioner, left on during the day so that I can return to a scientifically maintained ambient temperature of 26 degrees Celsius. The third remote is for my Paradigm Wireless Multi-Room Audio System, installed by Crown Security, the same company that installed our NESS R16 and our home CCTV system.

I turn on the audio system. It is already tuned to a commercial television station, so that even though the screen isn't on, and I'm actually not even in the part of the living room with adjoining kitchen / dining area where the screen actually is, I can hear an advert playing. Imagine the future of security... I make my way to the kitchen / dining area and retrieve a beer from the fridge based on cellular technology rather than insecure phone lines... I am drinking the beer and thinking about my day. Imagine if security could grow with you, into a larger home, or a larger family... I turn on the screen. Imagine if security could keep you connected to the people and things that are important to you, no matter where you are... I smile. I am content here, safe with my things.

A father and son have been charged with assault after severely beating a man with iron rods. The father and son claim that they caught the man breaking into their home, and that they had defended their property with appropriate force. The news is always just a sad list of reasons to trust your neighbour even less than you already do. I get up, go to the kitchen to get another drink. While I'm there I lift one of the slats that make up the blind above the kitchen sink and peek out, over the fence, and into the neighbours' kitchen. He is pouring wine into two glasses on the kitchen bench. She is sitting at the table, talking (to him, I think). I can't see their child. I wonder what they are talking about. They only have these thin cloth curtains in their kitchen window. They are welcoming and semi-transparent, so even when they do have them closed you can still see into the room, but everything has a kind of

purple, floral filter over it and is a little indistinct.

Abruptly he looks up, out the kitchen window, over the fence, through my kitchen window and straight into my eyes. I can see that he sees me. He had been going to take the wine glasses over to the table, but now he places them back on the bench and squints. I do not move. He turns back over his shoulder and says something to her. She stands up. I drop the blind and gasp. I am suddenly deeply afraid of what the neighbours are planning to do to me. I breathe in deeply and try to calm myself. They are good neighbours, I think to myself, they are not violent people. The fear is in my gut, feeding. Sweat stands out on my forehead, beads, drips down my nose and onto the floor. I stare at the droplet on the polished wood. Deep breaths. The police are only the push of a button away.

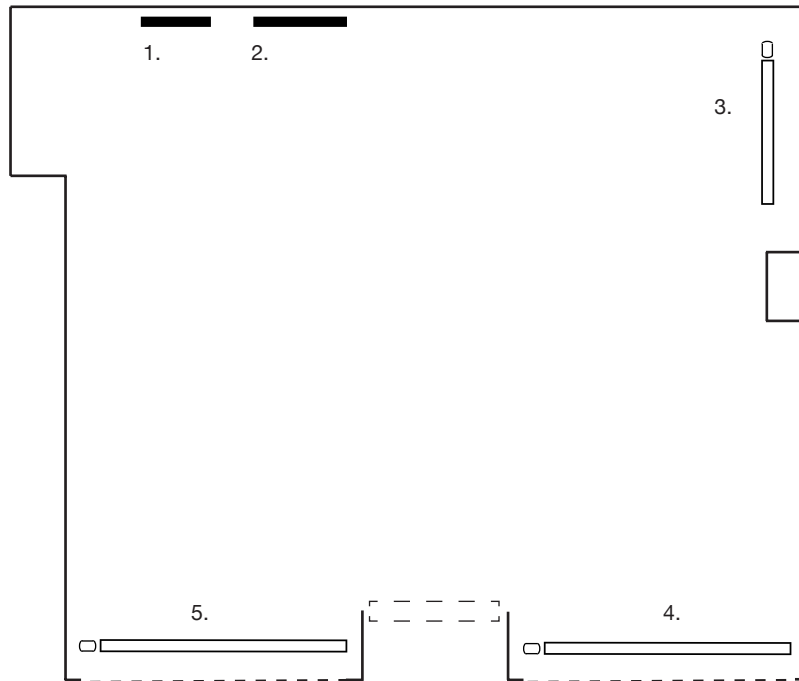
The fridge chimes at me. I have left the door slightly ajar after retrieving my second beer, and also the milk is going to expire tomorrow, as the LCD screen on the door reminds me before I close it. I smile at the reassurance of the chime, happy that, despite everything, the fridge is looking out for me. The fridge is a Samsung Family Hub Refrigerator and is the Korean manufacturer's latest and boldest attempt at the smart fridge. With a 21.5-inch touchscreen on the door and cameras on the inside that keep watch over your leftovers, it's arguably the smartest - and inarguably the smartest-looking - smart fridge to date. It has a Flex Zone in its bottom right corner which can be customised on a sliding scale between fridge and freezer settings, and a black stainless steel finish. It is beautiful.

I return to the couch. On another channel an advert is playing for Somfy Motorised Interior Blinds. Those are my blinds, I say out loud to no one. Wake up to motorised blinds, powered by Somfy... I feel pride that I do wake up to Somfy. With Somfy, there's no need to even get up... The family on the couch in the advert smile as they make their blind descend via remote control. I think about how there are other people watching this advert right now who desire Somfy blinds but don't have them. This makes me smile again. I am smiling with the family on the couch. The woman in the advert places a baby into a crib next to a window with a Somfy brand blind the exact same colour as the one covering the window on the wall behind the television. And with no hanging chords, you'll never have to worry again. I am happy that the baby in the advert will not die of strangulation.

Another advert comes on. It is for Philips Hue Personal Wireless Lighting. In the advert people are being reminded to not forget about objects in their lives by the lighting in their houses. A woman is reminded to retrieve some muffins from the oven because the lights in her house start flashing at her. A deaf man better communicates his mood by accompanying his signing with atmospheric lighting. Children perform a play for their parents, the lights helping them to communicate their narrative. The same children leave the stage and construct a cubby house made from pillows, sheets, chairs and blankets. They install Philips Hue Personal Wireless Lighting in their cubby, and their parents show them how they too can have total control over the atmosphere of any given room in their house. I am happy that the children are content, safe with their things.

I change the channel.





We would like to thank Kieron Broadhurst, Leon Turpin, Graham Mathwin, Ellen Broadhurst, Sam Newman, Elena Sacoph, Liliana Paris, Jordan Diffen, Dale Buckley and our parents.

1. I lay down to the sound of the truth

Maria Paris
Graphite and gouache on paper.

2. I lay down to the sound of the wise

Maria Paris
Graphite on paper.

3. Lars Thorwald, who smokes inside with the lights off.

Jack Wansbrough
Digital print onto polyester, A-Ok rechargeable roller blind motor, PVC.

4. Home Semaphore

Jack Wansbrough
Digital print onto polyester, A-Ok rechargeable roller blind motor, PVC.

5. Home Semaphore

Jack Wansbrough
Digital print onto polyester, A-Ok rechargeable roller blind motor, PVC.

