



tension, seen in the sharp string-wall designs, and the visual and sonic silence, tempered by the woozy soundtrack, constantly wiggling fabric strip and overall symmetry of how the space is composed. Fisher and Rozenberg acknowledge the struggle and harmony of their relationship in developing *Myriad (No. 1)* together.

*(beginning at the singular beginning)*

Working within their own respective practices: music and sound for Rozenberg, installation and sculpture for Fisher, *Myriad (No. 1)* gives site and action to their negotiation of a shared space for a collaboration. The convergence of their practices exists throughout the placement and layout of the works on the walls. The layering - suspended string-wall designs - a motif consistent through Fisher's body of work, are placed with rhythmic consistency and staggered with negative spaces between the string blocks. This measured spacing echoes the music, a layered sound collage of instrumental slowed down country music playing from the tape reels, placed at either end of the space. The distance between each of the tape players dominates the centre of the room. The contrast of detailed string-wall designs and the unadorned spaces between them reflects the silence in the audio clips. I feel overwhelmed by that loaded silence, like a palpable tension between words in an awkward conversation that feels intense.

*where the surrounded smile  
hangs*

*breathless*

*Myriad (No. 1)* has a visual / sonic tension and release. The central point of the room is flanked by two erect, mechanically rotating poles attach to the spinning wheels of two audiotape reel-players. The poles suspend a long piece of string between them, their rotation causing the string to undulate slowly down and back to a straight line. A strip of printed fabric is attached to the centre of the undulating line. The strip dangles down, pooling on the floor onto a circular slap of painted grey particle board. The fabric strip writhes, like a sleepy cartoon snake. The pole contraption is both precisely engineered and clumsy.

The fabric strip hangs loosely, slowly wiggling, animated by an undulating string, like a clothesline. The strip is attached on either end to an elaborate contraption of moving wooden poles, animated by cogs, powered by the spinning tape-reel machines below. A series of wall-mounted string designs is tautly suspended in finely detailed symmetry. The geometric design overwhelms my eyes, which travel over the intricately repeating lines that spiral and overlap, pooling onto small, painted grey circles of particle board. The designs are symmetrical and without motion, a tense visual counterpoint to the loosely dangling string machine at the centre of the space. The string of the wall works is taut and precise, opposed by the fabric strip, dangling like a wet noodle, at the centre.

*laborious, casual*

*Myriad (No. 1)* toys with moments of visual and spatial harmony, precision countered with relaxed simplicity. The resulting environment is symmetrical, where each sound, line and structure is balanced visually, or complimented by a counter point. Two reel to reel tape players sit at a distance mirror each other. A long, slackened tape feeds from one side of the room across to the other, a wavering visual line slowly moving. The sound is an ambient musical score of twangy guitar, slowed instrumental country music samples edited together, making a familiar but wobbly, slowed sound. The physical movement of the tape-line effects the sound emitted from the tape player, a loose visual line contrary to the tensely suspended and controlled string-wall pieces. This difference is underscored by the music: a humourously woozy jangle, mingles with the stern, linear severity of the string walls.

*around you, a frail slippery  
house, a strong fragile house*

The building of a building, as in Fisher and Rozenberg's installation is a constant process of ups and downs, much like the undulating line held high in the middle of the space. The consistent colour and symmetry of *Myriad (No 1)* underline the effort of compromise by Fisher and Rozenberg to erect the house that is their installation. The intervals of silence visually, physically, and audibly underline the tension that occurs within those compromises. When building is both a verb and noun, as in Cummings' poem, the magic that suspends my belief in this structure is in constant danger of disharmony. But then the music kicks back in, keeping the building going.

- Cameron Lee