

The Studio

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The studio separates 'You' and 'I'.

During the day I look out of my studio window. I watch the external routine unfold. People walking to university, to jobs and exercising. Couples flirting, laughing, fighting. People paying for parking with too much change, people getting fined for not having enough. The peak traffic, the quiet traffic, an ambulance. The trees, the leaves, the peak traffic. That house with the three chimneys, I wonder who lives there. Those young car window washers, working amongst the traffic, I wonder about them. Why are they so young and doing that job? How much money do they earn and what do they do with it? They probably would think the same about me. My internal routine begins. The many 'I's' within the studio say their morning hellos. The mood of the day can be determined by that hello. We have cups of tea together, talk about our ideas and our anxiety or lack thereof. We talk about 'That exhibition', our library fines, relationships, sex, good films and moldy food accumulating on our desks. We endure crits in these spaces, engage in small and long talks with our mentors and get questioned incessantly about the logic of our practice. We read books here and pretend to read books. We write our exegeses and pretend to care about writing our exegeses. Within these spaces we develop trust and mutual respect for each other's work. We form relationships and subliminally develop interconnected ideas. We construct a new language, a new set of conventions and gestures. 'Its ok to come into my studio when I'm looking a certain way, its ok to take that piece of fruit and eat it.' We close that door. We open it. The studio is a sanctuary. The windows are reflective. I do not exist to 'You', the outside world.

At night the windows illuminating qualities are reversed in the darkness. I am on show. I exist as a 'You'. Someone knocks on the window, I can't see who they are. I am still an 'I' to myself but not to 'You'. I wonder if it is one 'You' or a group of 'You'. I wonder if you're ridiculing me, or intrigued by this active space. My ideas and myself are exposed. I'm telling myself I should go home. I'm talking to myself. 'Engage in a more normal routine invested in normal working hours, eat something more nutritious than Coles 2 minute noodles for dinner. Stop checking Facebook and listening to trashy music pretending its productive.' I make my final lists, a necessary reminder of what the next day involves. I decide to leave, adamant to be home in time to sleep and start the day all over again. I walk to my car, wondering if that person who knocked on my window will be waiting for me. I feel the fresh gust of air I have been longing for in our over insulated studios. I'm in real time now, but I'm still seeing images everywhere. Strong floodlights illuminate the soccer field across the road. As I approach, it seems like a scene out of a modern day Caravaggio painting. I attempt to catalogue it in my mind. 'You' say hello. I must seem dazed and confused, my thought process interrupted. I say hello and continue walking.

The Studio no longer separates 'You' and 'I'.