

For Benjamin: “(the non-coincidence of their gazes further accentuating the different planes established)” [1]

Intentional hubris. A lap of honour in advance of the victory. The French psychoanalyst walks into an overbearingly crowded room. Soaking it in. His tie ends up covering the little microphone. *La/le objet petit mic*: he takes it out. *Withdraws* it. Reluctantly, willingly. People in the back and at the sides can hear now. Smirking people, tense, faces breaking. Plosive examples: Freud’s theory of humour, relief at the broken taboo. The taboo of them being present before the Subject Supposed to Know. Who stands in the wake of his performed accommodation. By which an intimacy was not created, though defined by a roundabout “yes” of refusal. Such that the gigglers might be properly situated. As positional leaseholders upon which *the whom* of their assumed intimacy is revealed as extimate.

The slow, subtle horror. Might we glean that such groupings-*towards*-relationship are trance-like states requiring a kind of conductance? Well, it has more-or-less been established that from this age we might allow ourselves a moment to appreciate the intersection of the transference and its counter-, in terms of how they arouse linear mythologies about understanding – the precipice of hermeneutics - through which we might claim to know *just a little more*. [2]

Such is the very medium of Benjamin Bannan’s practice. Its functional signalling of itself. At an already arrived-at intersectional terror that handles the popular relational spirit so exactly, if not tersely. From where it stands as a structural echo and alter to the st(r)eaming ghost chain of empathic humours fogging glasses and screens both. Its reserve, its guarded semio-serenity a radical minimal-occupancy that should not be confused as a schematic back-turning on the domain of our social-media self-relations, but as a wider speaking and holding-of the shame of our beings-towards.

Naturally, therefore, Bannan deals with this in the form of a removal, widening to the point of panic those sites of encounter where our fellow-feeling wells. Giotto’s St Francis Receiving the Stigmata, a template he uses to stress this haughty rub of erasure. St Francis, we are led to believe, saw fit to hide his stigmata always. Made no bleeding chat room reference to them at all, only to amplify the question of it/them being a vision of the real or Real Jesus who might be the cause of his opening-up and upwards. In the space of this doubt, that underpins faith, there is a gap whereby a plotting-out of an actual-imaginal vector of compassion - a veritable

Trading Places – resides by way of being the heart of our concern regarding the Other. Echoes of Job in this tremor, no? The slipping of belief in our receiving being received. To allow this meditation, is surely why Bannan digitally disassembles Giotto's painting. To allow a circling that locates an *us* in the single-point perspective of the French Psychoanalyst whose theatricalised knowledge of positionality was itself a statement of that Other that generates/hooks/binds our desire, in whose space a *we* regards the geometry of an *our* subjectivity as a necessary schism, a kind of kite flying of (and around) our Object Relations. A light sabred puppet space for the illumined non-illuminati.

The layers of this (and these) projects Bannan brings over to Cool Change teases any potential claimants of this invisible abjection with a sonic framework of Georgian Chillwave (courtesy of Rachel Salmon-Lomas and Lia Tsesmelis). Their turning Turrell-ish boundedness articulated by our potential for (self) violation in the bowels of a hushed Mass()Rave. It cannot be a coincidence therefore that I am hearing Lynne Huffer discussing Gayle Rubin's essay The Catacombs and that I only half follow up on it. Decide to leave the notion of a desexualised body to others, to let the limit-experience of subject becoming non-subject more correctly occur between an us as a dis/covering Bannan is en/acting with a rigidity that positively throbs with an ambient festishisation of pain that lies, as constant remainder, to the side of these works. Allowing the crisply sutured wounds you and I are now bearing between ourselves to properly be the marginalia of the between of our nostalgia for the merest promise of gestalt, of coherence, of a week away from the diagramatics of our...our what? The wound, erased, still wounding, the Subject Supposed to Know still subjecting? As a condition not of horror but of a persecution we have no right to feel? In the guise of the un-hidden truth of St Francis? Likely.

[1] Jodi Brooks, "Consumed by cinematic monstrosity", in *Art & Text*, Art & Text Publications, Melbourne, Spring 1989, issue 34, p88.

[2] Jacques Lacan, public lecture, 1972:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=byNaVrE0KrA>

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