

14th February, 2009 – 5:00pm / ALBERT FROM NEW YORK

The plan was to celebrate Valentine's Day with a dinner at Experimenta with Gary, Cynthia, Andrew, Claudia and off course with my husband Alan. But when we confirmed the dinner, Claudia told me that they were separating. He wanted children; she did not.

So Gary brought three friends instead. One of them was Albert.

He was noticeably taciturn. Tall, with size 45 feet. He works in special effects for animation films. I thought since he was not talking anyway, he might as well go up to the corner and watch a video.

I explained that the whole show ought to start in a small tea room in Lyndhurst Terrace. The curator, Ann Liu, wanted the participants to enjoy a cup of tea amidst the tranquility of the pale yellow room. I described the process in as much detail as possible. He said, "I can almost feel what you said, I can picture it. The quiet tea room, going out to the noisy streets, walk with you, the transformation, and then going down the steps, the back streets"

Albert appeared to be in his own world for about half an hour.

He was surprised the Linda in the video is the Linda he knew at the university. He knew Hector too and he could not believe they were husband and wife. He sipped more wine, looked up, paused. He did not say anything about Linda's work but he started to talk about his own. He used to make films and installation work. One of his works was called Into the Air's Memory. Two animation films were project separately onto the two walls which were placed at 90 degrees to each other. The viewer had to stand in the middle so that he or she would felt as if he was immersed in the work. One film was about a person looking for an unknown sound. The other film was about a person pushing a wheelchair that was empty. He was inspired by an idea from an author. That is, sound was the witness for eternity. When a sound was being produced, the sound waves in theory never stop. The crest of the waves may get extremely small but it will never end. Infinity. That means that all the sound that was ever made in the history of humanity were still in existence.

I am thinking as I am writing now; this has to be the most romantic speech I have ever heard on a Valentine's Day.

(Gina Wong / LiTA)