

The Memory Stacks Project

This is a flitz. Inbox x



The Memory Stacks Project <memory.stacks@dartmouth.edu>

to me ▼

Hello,

Leave the sloshed and raucous hymns that haunt this Friday night,
To find a sacred peace within a warm and golden light.

The memory stacks beckon you to the fifth floor,
To see if you might find clarity behind the library door.

5th floor Stacks, tonight @1:32am
Don't be late.

– The Memory Stacks Project

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The invitation comes in class.

A CRYPTIC FLITZ, YOU DON'T QUITE KNOW WHAT IT IS, OR WHAT IT'S ABOUT, BUT YOU GO.

YOU LEAVE THE NOISE OF THE CAMPUS BEHIND, FOR THE CATHEDRAL STILLNESS OF THE LIBRARY STACKS.



When you enter the library,

THE AIR IS HEAVY AND STILL.

YOU MAKE YOUR WAY CAREFULLY THROUGH THE SILENT AISLES, AND
TO THE FIFTH FLOOR.

YOU SEE THEM STANDING THERE, THE PERSON YOU'VE BEEN
DRUNKENLY FOOLING AROUND WITH ALL TERM.

YOU DON'T SPEAK, AND THE SPACE BETWEEN YOU FEELS MORE
THAN PHYSICAL.



A note waits for you:

“PUT THESE ON AND FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS”

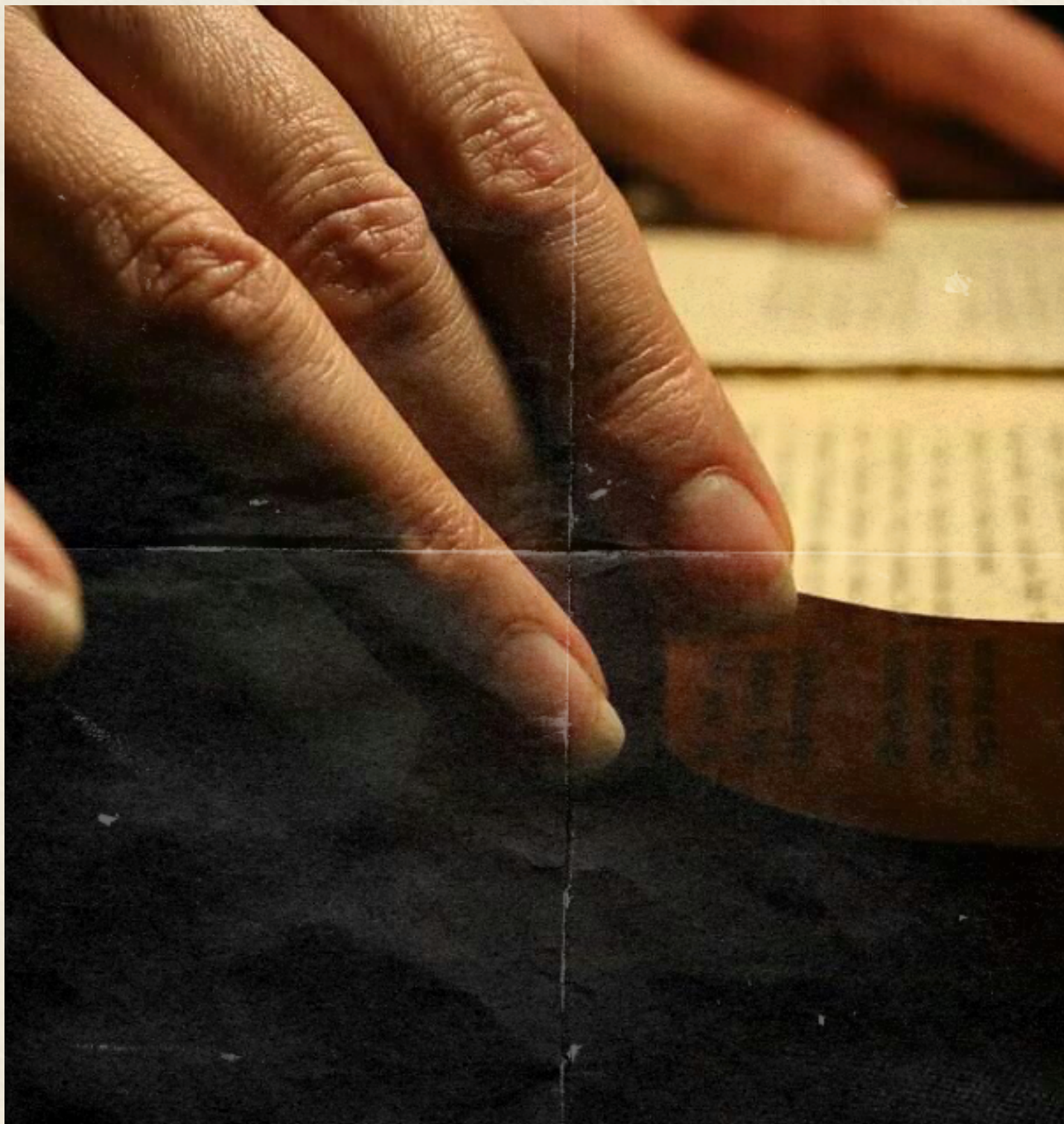
YOU DON THE AR GLASSES, AND SUDDENLY GLOWING VINES BEGIN TO WIND THROUGH THE STACKS , GUIDING YOU BOTH TOWARD A SECLUDED ALCOVE.

YOUR FOOTFALLS BECOME AMPLIFIED, EVERY BIT OF SPACE BETWEEN YOU AND THEM FEELS MAGNETIC.

SQUEEZING THROUGH AN ESPECIALLY TIGHT ROW, YOUR BODIES BRUSH TOGETHER.

SUDDENLY YOU CAN HEAR EVERY BREATH ON YOUR EAR, AND YOU FEEL THAT FAMILIAR INTIMATE DESIRE FOR THIS PERSON IN FRONT OF YOU.

ITS PRETTY CLEAR THAT THEY ARE FEELING THE SAME.



You follow the vines deeper into the stacks.

YOU REACH A DESK WHERE "THE SECRET GARDEN" BOOK LIES OPEN,
WAITING TO BE TOUCHED.

YOUR HANDS MEET ON THE BOOK, AND THE LIBRARY WALLS MELT
ALMOST LIKE SNOW. THE COLD BLUE REALITY IS REPLACED BY A
WARM, HAZY MEMORY GLOW.



Two holographic avatars appear –

YOU TWO AS CHILDREN - APPEAR BETWEEN YOU, THEIR PRESENCE IS UNGUARDED AND WIDE-EYED.

THEY LAUGH AND RACE AROUND THE AISLES, BRAZENLY DISRUPTING THE SACRED QUIET.

THEY RUN TO YOU TWO, SHOUTING FOR YOU TO JOIN IN, AND YOU YIELD, CHASING THE ETHEREAL FIGURES AROUND.

YOU'RE FORCED TO CONFRONT YOURSELF.



When you're ready,

THE VINES LEAD YOU BACK TO THE OPEN BOOK, YOU READ THE ILLUMINATED PAGES ALOUD TO EACH OTHER.

AS YOU READ, THE PROJECTIONS OF THE CHILDREN FADE, THE VINES RETRACT AS THE WARM MEMORYLAND FADES.

THE AR FADES AND REALITY SETS BACK IN. YOU ARE LEFT STANDING IN THE QUIET, FACING A FINAL DECISION:

Do you let this
vulnerability to end here,
or do you finally ask for a
real date in the daylight?

the Concept

PITCH

THE MEMORY STACKS IS AN IMMERSIVE, TWO-PERSON AR INSTALLATION PHYSICALLY SET WITHIN A REAL LIBRARY.

IT EXTERNALIZES THE "GAP OF EXPECTATION" BETWEEN TWO PARTICIPANTS WITH AN AMBIGUOUS SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP.

PARTICIPANTS MUST CONFRONT THEMSELVES AS CHILDREN IN ORDER TO RECKON WITH THEIR ADULT RELATIONSHIP.

INSPIRATION

THIS EXPERIENCE IS LARGELY INSPIRED BY PERFORMANCE ART BY MARIA ABRAMOVIĆ AND MOST SALIENTLY "THE ARTIST IS PRESENT" WHERE. THIS EXPERIENCE CENTERS ON THE PROFOUND TENSION OF SIMPLY BEING PRESENT WITH ANOTHER PERSON, AND FORCED TO CONFRONT BOTH YOURSELF, THE RELATIONSHIP, AND THE OTHER PERSON.