



#4

*Inside of the fog
there is a small
burning flame
don't suffocate the fire,
Inside of the darkness
you must go towards the light,
until you found what's lost*

*Push forward
You can do it
Can you see it
Watch me go*

*the world in your hand
you won't forget me
beyond the sky
beyond the sky*

*Will you believe in me?
Do you believe me?
Do you believe in me?
Do you believe me?*

*GOLIN**





Golin is a Japanese - American artist, singer, producer, classically trained pianist and performance artist born in Tagawa, Japan. Everything aesthetic about Golin's music and movement - from the baroque harmonies that polish flippant sound into cascading epic synth-riffs, to the dueling lyrical fascination with profound loneliness and extremely over-affected behaviour - display a deep attachment to the cartographies of her own personally history. Mixing a gigantic pool of references and stringing together a myriad of different spaces and temporalities, Golin's approach to music seems driven by a mad scientist-style tunnel vision, grounded in her expert music collages and compulsively detailed compositions, which intertwine filigree layers of synthetic sound with mutated vocals.

Golin's direct, maximalist, raw and glossy sound comes to be characterized by a maximalist take on pop music, mixing emotional EDM beats with elements from a broad range of J-pop, Pop, Glitch, Trance, Bubblegum Bass, Eurohouse. The resulting constructions take nuances of processed desire as readymade, stridently displacing aspects of genre. On a granular level, Golin's music concerns itself with the thrill of unexpected textures colliding in startling ways. Each component vies for attention - the rubbery lubricated tones in the foreground; the looming, aerated bass in the back; the gasping, gleeful voices that dart and shiver around the edges of the scene. Golin laces surprise at the microscopic level, beat by beat, into pop songs' reliable repetition.

In between the synthetic composition and machine-like experiments, she emerges as Lynn's futuristic avatar, transporting the listeners through the lyrical fragments of our oversaturated present in an intriguing personal journey characterized by a constant loosening of binaries: virtual and real, organic and synthetic, human and robotic...

How do we extend our bodies into tools available to us, not to dilute or distort ourselves with, but allow us to become more ourselves? How can the 'I' cry out of the biomechanical collage? Through a tight and precisely produced discography, and through phantasmagoric live performances Golin's oeuvre softly hints at different answers to such questions.





*Please, now, contact
Let me ride u little star
baggy heart
eyes falling onto each other
my generous gravity
Wanna meet u
Wanna feel your skin
sorry to have kept you waiting**

The live-show that Golin presented at New Fears is constructed around a minimal scenography: a mirror on the floor used as a stage, a smoke machine and few lights in the background.

While Golin's performances are used to be marked by an over-dramaturgy of movements, the performance at New Fears has been almost sculpturally constructed around a reduced amount of gestures.

The show started with a pre-recorded piano-based introductory track. The stage is empty, the light is dim, two kids are playing on the door of the space. Golin's entrance into the image-stage is very elegant and soft, she moves slowly on the outline of the room, she steps on the mirror, she clings to the microphone pole.

When she starts singing a long vocalism stretches on a pre-recorded synth line, which visually and physically translates into a hand gesture seemingly controlling the range and the length of the vocalizations. A pulse appears, a symmetrical shape is maintained, the arms are stretched. The longer she chooses to stay in this space the more profoundly affecting this hallucinatory pulsing becomes. The more she chooses to suspend herself in this space, the more this suspension affects a cognitive shift, an investment of energy, a removal from the outside world that affirms presence.

The track ends abruptly.


The set bends into a series of four other tracks, respectively Momoko, Close to You and Untitled. These sound like their album counterparts: pop-songs pushed at their limits. With only one foot into the abyss they keep their pop-syntax intact. The last suddenly derails in repetition, droning until a melodic riff emerges from the noises.

The shift into the new emotional space is dizzying, yet harmonious, almost unfelt. The fragment is defined by droning soundscape on which the artist articulates a series of other vocalizations. The dynamic of the sequence is built on this vocal language which melodically builds itself in time, parenthesized by the tempo and mechanics of the track.

I try to picture in my mind's eye the idea of Lynn's performance as multiple attempts to crystalize the truth of something thrown into tension with (and through) the construction of a present, emotional truth. There is something structurally machinic about it, clashing with the organicity of the moment around which the performance is built. A double tension is created which mirrors the form and impulses of Golin's work itself.

Relentlessly, Golin's body reflects itself, refracts itself, we witness, her body, our structures: it defies assimilation, constructing instead an integrated whole, movements predicated on biography that're by turn insistent, disarming, comprehensive. Radical, romantic, formalism.





*Are you taking odds
foreground i'm shaking
blame me
over playing
drove her
can't get over you yet*

*go go baby faster
go go take me faster
go go baby faster*

*i'm yours keep
climbing up
already blown
taking over**

* Lyrics from Play Odds, Crush EP, Golin.

I arrived in Berlin at five o'clock and no one spoke as I crossed the dark runaway to the terminal. I jumped on the first metro and in three stops I was at O.'s doorbell which woke up half asleep, grinding coffee and looking out of the window, sexual paraphernalia were spreaded above the bed and M's was still sleeping wrapped around a flowery blanket.

O. poured some coffee in a big cup, smiled and fell back to sleep. It's ten below zero outside and the snow hasn't stopped for two days: my brain has been messing with so many things that the sun has been sucked into an orbit.

Babycake is part of Julian's event series New Fears, which invites artists, dancers and choreographers to use Weber's studio to live and work for two to three weeks in order to present the status of their research. Differently from the other happenings of the serie, the event is not presented in the context of Julian's studio but in Berlin Spandau at backsteinboot - north-west side of the city - in a warehouse on the Elswerder Insel.

From O's apartment it's a 45 minutes train ride, a walk, which culminates in the crossing of the Spree: a mass of newly-built high rise buildings appears in the distance right on top of the dark riverbed.

When we arrived, we were presented with an open-space vertically cut by two columns, in the middle on the wall on our left a DJ booth. Leaning on one of the columns a mirror, a stage for Ronald's performance, ANAL.IZANDO. The performer dances in front of a mirror dressed in a mermaid costume: the dance becomes progressively more sensual as a mix of trance music accompanies it, Ronald undresses themselves. There is something about it which reminds of the sensuality of Dennis Cooper's Cycle, the voyeurism in looking at a body moving repetitively in front of a mirror, a moment of intimacy caught in the viewer eye, which is to say repetitive reality is - private/everyday - transposed into another: our time spent watching and not escaping, time running (out), this gripping mundanity measured like the serial frames of a film running through a projector at regular speed. The music stops, the performance cuts.





In the transition we move into an adjacent room: three mattresses on the floor wrapped in black plastic are arranged in different corners, transparent curtains are half-separating a part of the room from another, creating intimacy, space, groups, community. We sit and talk, as other bodies come in and out of the space, a sentence echoes from diary “Community is the space claimed and defended by people who need one another”.

As we shift back into the main hall, the sound-system turns and the rest of the night is lead by the sets of Lemonboy, Maque Tumai, Happy New Tears, Cybermission, Miro Von Berlin and Jewel, accompanied by what could be conceived as a series of service-oriented long durational performances: a series of fairies as a caring team for the evening, a tea-room, an amazon-like gate keeper introducing new guest to the situation/party.

I have no clear memory of the way back to O.’s apartment but as I wake up M’s is sewing, O. still sleeping. As the coffee is coming out I keep on thinking about Ivonne Rainer’s writing, her autobiography, Feelings are Facts. I go back to the transcription on my diaries to search for bridges, links between ideas and events: “While we aspired to the lofty and cerebral plane of a quotidian materiality , our unconscious life unravel with intensity and melodrama that inversely matched their absence in the boxes, beams, and standing still of our austere sculptural and choreographic creations, which to me underlines the fact that whatever we think we might be doing at the end of the day it is always about our relation to one another, one person to another person, materialised and made manifest through various forms, time, and our friendship”.

The sentence is projected back on Babycake’s, which as a total situation or as a coming together of bodies has been able to build a language through time without fear as some form of defiance against adversity, a slow but no longer so solitary confrontation with change.







GOLIN, New Fears, ref.
Here is Information. Mobilise, Ian White
Post Human, Jeffrey Deitch
Pink Noises: women on electronic music and sound,
Tara Rodgers
Sasha Geffen on SOPHIE, Artforum April 2021,
Sasha Geffen

Ronald Berger, ANAL.IZANDO, ref.
Feeling are Facts, Yvonne Rainer
George Myles Cycle, Dennis Cooper
Lives of Performers, Yvonne Rainer
The Great Shark Hunt, Hunter Thompson



NEW FEARS is a gallery for dance, performance and transdisciplinarity representing Berlin-based and international artists. For each episode NEW FEARS invites 2 artists for a residency in Berlin, which leads to a public event. The process is accompanied by a writer whose output together with a documentation manifests in a publication.

NEW FEARS #4 presented works by Lynn Suemitsu aka GOLIN and Ronald Berger, texts by Filippo Tocchi, photographs by Julian Weber

<https://www.newfears.net/>

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