

Not Separate / From Life

'being generous / this heart could dare ...' (1)

A thing-in-itself, for itself, experienced by itself (an experience we acknowledge by our interest, perhaps, in its likeness to some other thing; in that sense it *is* experience, and is related to our own experience of experience) - and known by me/you in the midst of experiencing; an associative, accumulative language (of thing(ing)s) that gathers in wild-archives, not so much discarded as set-aside (in yards and warehouses for repairs, alterations, props, art; often displayed in categories as if in a museum). Its, or their, meaning comes in fits and starts, jointed, rippled, and resolving -but not into principles or functions (in other words, gladly dispersed; even while being, for the moment, in-place, and framed; and, standing before and with them, we too are 'in-place' and framed). There is in-place, then, the presence of formed occurrences (objects, sculptures, rooms, continuous with us: atoms in patterns) composed of visible materials imbued with invisible interior materials which might or might not be the same as what we actually see (insects, rust, knots, glue, paint, and oil; and then there is air, water, sunshine, and earth, requirements for any manifestation), and which reside together as matter; the matter and its composure, being-now-fact, are detoured from some purpose familiar to us, ordinary, everyday; we are struck by their other life, one they did not know to dream.

'things without name / beyond because ...'

Vibratory fields of differing mediums, each immediate in its own way (like drawing) are, together and all-at-once, an event; every thing stays as it is while doubling in resonance with every other thing and being re-seen in every moment in every body, and in bodies in company (and possibly doubling again). Writing in this atmosphere moves only in its own territory, and with its own ins-and-outs, and does not mean to make the work (here) sensible. Thought is transferred/formed into language; writing is a little machine (of lines-sentences) for linking felt-things with other worlds, and in that respect is infinite.

One gets the impression that this 'universe', overall, is the trace or index(2) of a story (or many stories); for instance, someone has explained something, perhaps over and over, and although the incident greatly affected the speaker, and is of concern to the listener, is not understood; it is clear as day in its own right yet is heard with disbelief (it may never have been heard before) - like Maurice Blanchot's much-lived-I who tries to tell the authorities precisely what happened to him; they demand that he "get down to the facts".(3) The telling is never enough; it is not the experience itself: "That was the beginning," they said ...".(4) There were facts, there are facts; here are the facts as they are, unlike any other facts; facts link with facts over time, and remain (and are remains).

'things over blame / things under praise ...'

The writing and a thought-image, or an object-image, are *one-thing* - not two dissociated, albeit related, occasions (or times in space); instead, they are parts along a continuum of a single-singular emergence into the world without a determining, desired, ambition; available therefore to 'the weather' of action, to further thought/object-images, or to unforeseen settings or currents (caught up by chance in relationships) both imagined and believed, peripheral and/or disturbing; and are still (no matter interpretation), in the fullness of time, always the very substances of themselves, as they come-to-be-present; a compilation (as exhibited) that is un-symbolic and un-representative (of an idea or of a past); an unmaking of art so that art can work in magical modes or forces (such as spells, joys, or conversations).(5)

The line is the primary form of visual expression; the line on paper or wall, the line moving through space (arrow, bullet, scream, stone); lines passing, as life, and eventually slowing and fading; live-lines; to see lines one is live, living, and a line amongst lines including those in the gallery, strict physical-lines of the new-(found)-arrays/collectivites for observing; we are invited to see a universe of small truths. They do their work gently, quietly - they are palpable, and once perceived their sympathy-with-(un)likeness can be kept in the heart and used as empathy - kind attention to the little-graces of thing-beings elsewhere.

'glad things or free / truly which live'

"For [Richard] Tuttle, a simple line has within it a clue for the future. He gives to the drawing surface a potential for effecting transformation. In empowering line to transform itself, and the drawing within which it is housed, he sees the possibility of changing life itself: 'If a human being houses the plane of the highest possibility of his age, his life seems better ... The mixture of a human soul and a plane is wonderful to see and hold ...'"(6)

One watches (for) the lines and their intersections - angles and seams, or points of folded or crumpled energy; these assembled fragments are contradictory, suspended ... like them we could sprawl out on the floor, or lean on a wall, and search for the horizon and a wash of moonlight ... that these object-scenes might harbour.

'always shall be / may never have'

There is the work, and here is our whole-hearted acceptance (or not) of its appearing-performance; and inbetween faint or 'unbeheld' movements of all possible kinds mingle; the 'event' expands ever outward; components will follow life-paths, world-lines. "What reappears following each world-line will be recognized in different times and places, involved with various combinations of objects."(7)

These creative abstract forms (things-as-themselves, and transitory) come to us like (slow-motion drama, their surprise is just beginning, and a beginning can be a very long time) 'whatever', that being-such-as-it-is, glimpsed out of the corner of our eye ... then crosses our path and is gone. (8) An *animal-ghost* has reached us, our nerves stand on end, and suddenly we are the vision-emergence, partial, perceived, and embodied: lived-abstraction, life in the fusion-aliveness-dance. (9)

Notes

1. The subtitles are taken from a poem by e.e. cummings in e.e. cummings, *selected poems, 1923-1958*, Penguin Books, 1963; it begins: "this mind made war / being generous / this heart could dare) / unhearts can less"
2. See, for instance, Rosalind Krauss's 1976 essay 'Notes on the index, Seventies art in America, in *October, The First Decade*, MIT Press, New York, 1988
3. Maurice Blanchot, *The Madness of the Day*, trans. Lydia Davis, Station Hill Press, 1981, p. 18
4. *ibid.*
5. See Antonin Artaud on drawing-spells in M. Rowell, ed., *Antonin Artaud: works on paper*, Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1996
6. Susan Harris, 'Finding a Way to Go On', in *The Poetry of Form*, Richard Tuttle, *Drawings from The Vogel Collection*, ICA Amsterdam/IVAM Valencia, 1992, p. 45
7. Brian Massumi, *Semblance and Event, Activist Philosophy and the Occurrent Arts*, The MIT Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 2011 p. 113
8. See 'Whatever', in Giorgio Agamben, *The Coming Community*, trans. Michael Hardt, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1993, p. 1-2
9. See 'Introduction', in *ibid.*

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