

LYCHEE ONE
Texts for Exhibitions

LYCHEE ONE

The name Lychee One derives from a desire to foster the delicate and indirect. Rather than attempting to indicate a stance we thought it better to evade one.

Lychee One will combine several distinct functions: the presentation of art, the development of intellectual culture within the arts, the building of a web site and the sponsorship of projects.

Rather than asserting a definite identity we are attempting to establish a dialogue about what type of space(s) might serve future aesthetic and critical manifestations.

One of the most distinct features of the space will be the experiment in opening out the vectors of project, exhibition, writing and performance and the new encounters that might arise within the free play of each in relationship to the other.

We aspire to represent both writers as well as the forms that might be generated by writing as an equal mode of exposition.

Given our own organisational constituency, one of the most active engagements will be in the aesthetic dialogue between contemporary Far Eastern art and Western art.

Often young artists have spoken of a need for a space functioning between a gallery and art school, so we are attempting to think through what the implications of that might be.

BEA BONAFINA: RHAPSODY AND PASSAGE

Two women sit facing the other. Both have a large pair of scissors in their hands. There is a short passage when they look at each other with an unusual intensity and then in turn they start to cut away at the other hair until a point is reached when the hair of each is on the floor rather than heads. Both seemed to act as a mirror for the other and finally identities appeared to merge by virtue of the baldness that was assumed. In terms of recollection what was remembered was the sound made by the cutting motions and this remained vivid years later.

Now that she had survived, it was time to witness those who hadn't. For her Pompeii was both a memory palace and at the same time a burial chamber, but one that contained excess in-between these two images. This sense of an excess functioned as an opening of the yet to come, closer to an idea of an exquisite void in which shapes and textures of an elsewhere might circulate. For her art was the meeting point between such circulations but always in ways that were either side of the translations of sense that must be made. She thought that she might be attempting to capture the pulse of time so as to bring it close to touch. She described painting into the carpet pile as being closer to massaging paint into the deep of the pile, as opposed to inscribing on a surface. Inscribe was too close to the edge of cognition. Massaging was also linked in her mind to the act of staining. Anyway images started to appear within the weave, which also actualised the weave of the image and time.

On visiting the National Gallery she would often stand in front of Uccello's 'The Battle of San Romano' (1438-40). She is not sure if she knows the painting well, or is still in a process of being stripped of the thought that such a feeling can be secured. Sometimes she stands close up but then retreats back as if wanting to grasp the whole. The painting appears to mix different economies and forces: perspectival space, the attention to decoration, design, theatre, abstraction and observation. As a painting it forms an intersection of periods.

Being shed of hair was an intersection but also the passage of time we are living through is another mode of intersection. She experiences this as both losing sense and gaining yet another form of sense but whatever she trusts the immediacy of her hands and the ability to weave images and temporalities into new forms. "Things are never really so apart," she thought "it is just the failure of imagination that makes them such."

AISHAN YU: "EVERYTHING ESCAPES, EVERYTHING CREATES.... "

A woman sits at her table drawing. Hours go by and she drifts in this space alone with the image of her attention. Occasionally other images enter her mind but then they depart as soon as they appear to form. A photograph is just a photograph, a drawing is just a drawing: well at least that is how it appears to be. Is she trying to close the gap that creates such difference? She often ponders on such things but the act of drawing at least has some certainty attached to it. She thinks that drawing might be closer to mediation because it emptiness out thought.

The woman stops drawing and thinks to herself that she might be simply stupid. The drawing of the photograph appears close but is yet so different. Is that what she has discovered. Maybe certain things are always imbued with uncertainty. She needs to make a mark outside of the drawing. It is as if it could be any mark and yet it has to be a certain type of mark. The tension grows between the image already drawn and the mark yet to come. The image has been determined by appearance whereas the mark registers a non-identical relationship to this. For a brief passage everything is open especially the possibility of failure. If the mark is wrong then the whole drawing falls into ruin. The mark is closer to a gesture to what is unknown and even dangerous. Is a mark then just a mark? As an outcome it might appear so but then that is the nature of appearance: just so. Not this, not that: just so.

Drawing is a mixture of anxiety and desire she thinks to herself, anxiety because each outcome is indeterminate and desire because the indeterminate is opened out by accident that escapes control. A cloud settles over the drawing. Clouds are like moods because they drift. Moods are also like vapours or scents, but whatever, they seem to drift by or circulate around.

As a child, science, or at least children's books presenting scientific facts, fascinated her. This composed her imaginary of certainty. The way balls hitting a wall bouncing back at a determinate angle, a comb bending the flow of water due to the static electricity it generated through combing, in fact a whole world of experiment took over. Against this, the world of the images was full of ambiguity. She suspected that in the end there was always something out of control but was nonetheless attracted by images that demonstrated control. Thus she liked the image that issued from patterns. Weaving she said was the formative method giving rise to the computer but then everything might be related to weaving.

She has been reading stories by Borges. An image is formed of finding and then losing oneself only to find and lose oneself again as if in a labyrinth. Maybe her drawings compose such a labyrinth. They are certainly closer to a labyrinth than a grid. A grid would lead into representation and in turn knowing. What something looks like and that something is different. There is always a gap and this gap is like a labyrinth: always a case of getting lost and having to start all over again.

Desire comes out of gaps. We might wish to close the circle but then something else interrupts. These drawings are composed out of smooth passages and interruptions: we could say that this is an abstract pattern or diagram. The slow time of the image and the fast time of the mark are part of this condition. Everything that is inscribed in or whatever circulates around or through is recorded within this abstraction. The constant struggle to find and then to lose yet again, to suffer anxiety, the interruptions and the continuities: everything is there.

Drawing Paul Klee said is taking a line for a walk but in this case it might be closer to a display of relations. This display is composed out of paradoxes such as getting so close to something and then seeing it spiralling out of sight, repeating something but then discovering a production of difference, relaxing in order to uncover intensity. Finally we are left alone. Everything has become still and we are simply left alone, with all the variables composed.

"Everything escapes everything creates - never alone..."¹

¹ Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 142

JULIAN SIMMONS: WITHOUT HORIZON

“ Perhaps it is an ability to touch, in the darkness, this coming elsewhere, this breaching of time, of space, and of all orientation, that will have defined a character trait specific to modernity. Modernity knows itself to be exposed (this is both a threat and a desire) to what is not itself and is not there, but is nonetheless very close or continually approaching.”

Jean-Luc Nancy A Finite Thinking

There is a point at which the lines begin and the lines end. This decision at either point is suspended in space, the pure space of beginning. The lines that accrue in-between weave together to form to create an oscillating pattern that fluctuates between image and figure. This could be described as the difference between visibility and pulsation or between form and force.

Something is moving and never stops moving. Forces have been assembled and then released. A moving being.

The Japanese Zen drawing of an Enso could be described as a one second drawing that capture, through the medium of a single gesture, the essence of the notion that all is mind. These drawings are nuanced in another way, namely that the oscillating frequency of finite and infinite is mirrored in the working of the mind. We might think of mind as existing between two points drawing a continuous line in between but then we are subject to illusion. Simmons is going round and around to meditate upon such an illusion and suggest another figure. The practice of doing this is what leads to the discovery. Abstractly such perception does not occur of its own violation. These drawings present what representation cannot grasp.

They are drawings that stage the dissolution of a horizon.

Attending a sound performance by Simmons recently at Cafe OTO, there might have been a like apprehension of sound filtered through a vacuum of silence that reached its audience through filters locked at the other side of technological amplification or schema. It suggested that eyes might be closed, in order to be looked upon instead of seeking to survey what is.

The work might appear both intimate and close up to us and yet contain an almost bitter aftertaste introduced by a strange spinning remoteness. What is at stake here is that the work installs within us. A rare dialectical reversal indeed.

Imagine a mental space in which the diagrams of Robert Fludd (1534-1637), the Suprematism of Malevich, Tibetan Mandalas and Modernist Monochromes coalesce into a single form. Although not an exercise such as this, it nonetheless points to a complex imaginary of temporality and figure that disturbs the flaccid circularity of the contemporary.

In his novel 'White Noise', Don DeLillo said: "The power of the dead is that we think they see us all the time." It is not such a disembodied eye (like those of Redon) that might look back us in these drawings but the portrait eye of the artist woven into the infinity of space. This is a look composed far beyond the region of the dead. Light touches and weighted thoughts co-mingle with ease.

Miles and miles of line: constant alertness of the mind. The graphite dust still collects in the fabric of the paper. Not everything falls downwards: something falls upwards as well, although there is no evidence of this. The drawings figure that which is without evidence.

There is a paradox contained with the appearance of these works between the figure of 'at the same time' which is an outcome of attaching a naming of the thing in question and the idea of event which transforms what follows next. Kairos (generation) is such a rupture in time and as such opens temporality. Antonio Negri states that: "Kairos is the modality of time through which being opens itself, attracted by the void at the limit of time, and it thus decides to fill that void."² Thus the work places us on the brink or edge and yet sucks us into a centre. This points to the fixing of the gaze and within this experiences the potential leap into the yet to come.

Suspensions, oscillations, pulsations: the figure forms and deforms, circling around, drawing in and pushing out, constructing and discharging, forever restless but with a still point also.

Everything appears back to front. We progress from fullness to the void. When at the centre we are on the edge. The passage that is before us, installs in ways that precedes our constitutive power of seeing. The drawing is a drawing that undoes common sense. A new way of sense then comes but falling upwards. That it is art is registered in all of this and trembles on the edge of this being so.

Besides being composed of lines and dust these drawings collect many different winds. Some of the winds blow from an archaic region of deep time, some cross winds swirl around the present, others spiral outside of their own orbit. Time, wind, dust and lines joined within a (chaos) matrix reaching out for a point of emergence.

Drawings on a wall: that is all, a doing and figuring in a common frequency.

² Antonio Negri (2003) Time for Revolution Continuum P.143

ZEHRA ARSLAN & BERNICE DONSZELMANN: SLICE AND SLUM

Something washes over, over and under, pressed against as well.

That something that never rests.

Something washes over, presses, relentless in it's pressing: that something.

Something never still.

I wish that I had been told about that something

Perhaps I might have sliced it in sleep

Better to slice in slumber

Slumber and slice in dream together

Washed over with nothing left

That is how dream and slice does its washing

Infernal machine, washing machine, slicing machine

That is how I came to me. I was thinking about such things: but how to write? How to go from one passage to yet another? They both have histories: that is for sure! Should we talk together? How to go on and what follows what? Histories, descriptions and claims or the striation of these?

Lines are being drawn; a slicing machine is being constructed, a slicing of slumber or habit. Form and thought are meshed together, woven into the fabric of space. This is how it is, all meshed together. There are different velocities at play manifesting as visibilities, points and blurs that stutter in and out of recognition. Something is thrown: but what? What are the lines that pertain to the subject and what lines to the object: is it this what is blurred?

Painting appears to be that thin tissue of visibility that exists between light and discourse, but in ways that can only be described as chaotic. This is why painting can never be a form of knowledge because it knows nothing of the lines that appear only to draw self-effacing consistency. But is this only what you might say?

Everything is in the edit, in turn the play of forces, the conversations switched on and off, the freedom and constraint of forces. Everything is in play, yet sober at the same time; thus

exact, measured. The points at which the in focus might tip over into the out of focus, the tissue of slippage transmuted into the flesh of space. Nothing out of place, nothing in place but on the edge of the in-between of the two conditions.

The slice of the two conditions, conditions sliced.

An exhibition of a passage, as opposed to a process, maybe even a procession of becoming. Measure sliced between ethics and aesthetics. The 'fathers' said it should be a case of both together but then a delicate slice might renew the desire for a new accord.

Not empty, not full, but sufficient. To start in the middle of things and then to push out to the edges and limits without fear of exhaustion. Not fixed, not mobile, but resistant. A way of being together, a spacing of being alongside a spacing of work, space not as given but arising: a realignment of space that no longer affords a setting for dualisms. Rather than creating questions, the work is postulated as an action upon the ground that formerly housed contraries.

What we see in both cases, are artists interrogating the nature of passage; one the one side of the subject becoming-other but on the other enacting a restlessness in which the event of manifestation creates a ground of interrogation. This results in an art of exposure of the gaps that exist between nothing and something. In one moment this gap is an unfathomable abyss, in the next it is the fecund site of potentiality, movement and opening. Jean-Luc Nancy that the 'subject is what it does, it is its act, and its doing is the experience of the consciousness of the negativity of substance.' What is at stake in our grasp of late modernity is the nature of transformation itself and it is the sense of passage.

That the subject is what it does: everything follows from this. If the subject is what it does then it is open to things as they occur but the way they occur does not imply a symmetrical set of relationships. Elements are assembled within the frame of indeterminacy and without the anticipation of unity. Within this something else enters: but what? Not surely another type of art-work but the possibility of being-with the thing in question in ways that admit to a new process of staging that amounts to encounter within that which opens.

How can something be in a state of drifting and yet be anchored (surely not the play of both, but also the absurdity of one without the other as a condition). So this is where the slicing machine starts its function, dividing things into new conjunctions. Naming marks something in space and through this we proceed. The desire to mark is the desire to name and with this anchoring occurs especially on the level of identity. Thus identity and place are also secured. But what are the forces which rupture this process of securing reality? What if temporality does not seal these conjunctions but opens them anew?

Anchored conjunctions, indeterminate slicing, together and apart, open and closed, absurd and rational, a machinery of excess and sober calculation scrambled into new arrangements that announce new modes of abstraction (abstract intensification). This is what might follow but follow on the condition of a limit endured with schema freed from pre-ordered predications. All these contraries serve as a fulcrum of potential rhythm within the work; the spacing empty and full time, the sudden eruptions discovered in the in-between, the

different intensities, the shifts, accumulation within process, reversals and concluding rest. In all the distinct type of rhythm that is organised around spacing and in turn the insistence upon spacing, which in part reveals the gestures contained within the work.

One of the main questions within this presentation of work relates to the nature of the ground and the relationship of the ground to being. The ground itself can appear as solid (a ground to be stood upon) or equally it might appear as an abyss (something that gives way...a space into which a fall might be anticipated). To pose a question, is in turn, to express a desire for a foundation or ground. What is the foundation of your question? A thing requires a ground but how does nothing become something? Art can be said to represent an externalisation and thus alienation of a thing that is making its passage into a form of representation and thus also as value. Behind the state of something (the entry into linear time), is the drive conceived as a rotary motion (this derives from Schelling). This rotation is a pulsation of contractions and expansions that are prior to the word. The subject suffers intense anxiety because this realm can neither be completely opened nor closed. Either the subject falls back into a state of madness beneath time or pushes into the open by repressing the rotary notion of the past thus entering into the symbolic order or the universe of logos. Thus an impossible relationship is played out between the drive and the object state. Art is wrought with this tension between drive (the impulse of the subject) and the object (the work of art) thus exhibiting a place of oscillation between the ground and the figure or between substance and subject.

The presentation (installation?) is not based upon speculation in conjunction with an act of designation. The work simply sides steps such a gesture. The question of 'what is' a work of art is supplanted by the sense of 'that it is' a work of art. This is a question of orientation but manifests as the steps that can be taken. The first step would be to seek a ground for the work that is external to its occurrence, the latter would be the entry into the immanent space or fabric of becoming of the work.

(The word ontology originates from Parmenides positing "on" (being) as the arche (the origin of nature or first cause of things). "On" is also translated as "what is" which also leads to the word "einaí" that is translated as "that it is." Both the Chinese word for being, "sonzai" and the Japanese word "aru," carry both meanings.)

To be a painter and to lose painting, to be a sculptor and lose sculpture, to have lost all the fixed signs along the way, to proceed beside yourself, without full possession of how things might be named are the clearing gestures which have established this conjunction. Hélène Cixous writes in 'Coming to Writing and Other Essays': "And so when you have lost everything, no more roads, no direction, no fixed signs, no ground, no thoughts able to resist other thoughts, when you are lost, beside yourself, and you continue getting lost...." This is the rehearsal that proceeds the transmutations that occasions the work. Yet to say this at the end is surely out of place but then this is how it is with this work. We have come to expect an unruly order of time. The 'yet to come' is the disordering of the anticipation of certainties we might hope for.

TIAN ZHU: GESTURE AND FREEFALL

"...every valorization is a verticalization." Gaston Bachelard *Air and Dreams*

The idea that sculpture might merge with performance opens out multiple possibilities because of the two contradictory temporalities it entails. Connected to this is also working with conflicting gestural economies that announce the play of the subject and object. Historically this shift of the double articulation of matter and performance is closely related to the assertion of either feminist or transgressive subject positions. The work of Ana Mendieta, Lygia Clark, Valie Export and Marina Abramovic are each aesthetic practitioners that defined this shift in different ways.

Such shifts are part of a broader paradigmatic transformation that is invariably termed as post-medium art. Post medium art is when the field assumes a force over discrete objects and attention shifts to encounters, economies, events and networks. This implies that the field of art becomes redefined beyond the classical idea of the dialectic between figure and ground, introducing as a consequence, a new gestalt. Rather than the figure of push and pull there are folds and pulsations as part of the new possibilities.

Tian Zhu's work comes out of this late modern tradition but the tone and gestures of her work are also distinctly novel. Tone is an important issue because it brings with it a lightness of touch in one moment, followed by modes of intensification that are composed of darker hues. What is at stake are ways of giving rise to authorial postures that are distinctly ambivalent. Whereas earlier generations appeared weighted by gestures of authenticity, in Zhu's case postures are subject to a complex play of difference in ways that heighten ambiguity. If the subject of her work might have the immediate rhetoric related to fetishism (or even the sacrificial), there is a suspension mobilised in order not to fix the structure of signification in ways that would assert polemical readings. Part of the sense of performance is that it is played across both actual and virtual registers in order to open out vectors of anticipation and release. In this respect the politically incorrect is entertained with the same weight as the contrary. Commercial and high art cultures constantly clash, so the pornographic writing of a writer such as Georges Bataille exemplifies a model of culture ambivalence that find resonance in her art. The gaps opened between registers, always entails risk and in many ways each project is defined by the way the risk is endured in order that the regulated order of things might be broken down.

In the installation work 'Dirty' 2015 there is an explicit textual inspiration of Georges Bataille's 'Story of the Eye'. The invitation is to enter a chamber in which suspended and inflated skinned animals are connected through plastic hose piping. It is as if the spaces of brothels, experimental laboratories, S-M dungeons and avant-garde retail spaces are being spliced together within serialised orders of misrecognition. The idea of experiment, staging, traps, exchange, sacrifice all flow through networks or apparatus of intensification in order to figure the meeting point of infernal desires. It is humorous and deadly at the same time, a saturation of excess that leads inward to a palace of unwanted encounter with unnamed becoming. Like the novel that inspired the work there are a whole

series of structures such as slippage, chains of heterogeneous associations, switches in realms, de-figurations, surprises through which erotic discharge is released.

Curiously intimate, curiously remote: an audience is left to choose as if a cost might be calculated. There is always a calculation of cost. In the work "Selling the Worthless" (2014) buyers could bid on any part of her body in a screened A4 sized copy. It utilised a smart phone messaging app and in turn recorded on video as an event. In some ways it was a performance about the recessionary black hole of availability that connects the body, gesture and virtual networks to demonstrate how the lines between public and private are governed by the elasticity of means.

As mediation on objects of desire, 'Babe' (2013) takes a highly fetishized object, the high heel shoe and transposes an object bordering on the abject. The shoe that combines a pink rubbery flesh like appearance with black hair inserted into the surface. The work opens in several directions at once, one moment a critique of fetishism, the next as an intensification of erotic investment, then a post surrealist pun on transgression. Given all these possible routes, the object serves to suspend closure.

So many switches of registers: from word to image, from image to network, from subject to object, from apparatus to organism. The ground is removed from underneath the feet inducing a feeling that everything might be floating in an indeterminate space. Without perspective or order that introducing a delirium of shorts or an erotic's of encounter in which the scrambling of sense becomes a principle of reality.

The world is saturated by things, networks, noise, images, transactions, connections, representations, broadcasts, machines that produce a density of dis-function within the milieus that might cling to autonomy as a half forgotten horizon of becoming. It is just so difficult to figure all of this because it is without ground. Without ground the figure might be conceived as closer to a pulsation as opposed to a form. In 'Discourse, Figure' by Jean-Francois Lyotard he conceives the figure as a force linked to desire. Dream is where desire dis-figures itself and this links to art because art is a refutation of discourse.

To free fall is to dis-figure perspectival certainty. On the question of art it is invariably the case that dis-figuring opens the possibility of a work. The artist falls into the pit created by this force and it is this force that deforms available reality in order to create an "unexpected fusion of images"³ without which there is no imagination.

The idea of risk or the performance of risk is central to her latest project based on the Felix Baumgartner freefall from the edge of the world. In his freefall he reached speeds of over 700 miles per hour. The exhibition '04.19' marks the actual time the fall took. To jump in such a manner defines a single gesture of radical otherness or desire to pass through a limit. It is also an intensely masculinist gesture: higher, faster, more spectacular, a freefall of pure expenditure. On the surface it is a most unlikely starting point but then this is what creates attraction because as an act it defines a limit endured.

³ Gaston Bachelard Air and Dreams P1

What is it to project so far outside the experience of ordinary limit? How far do you need to go out in order to find that still point? The questions go round and around until the point of being still is reached and the presentation of art begins.

The exhibition is another example of how it is possible to establish exposure of regions of blindness. Exposure in this case is simply the body being thrown between the vectors of actuality and virtuality for all to witness. Events defined by different durations, shifts from absence into presence, probes into city space, connections and disconnections between bodies, negotiations and withdrawals, stretching time and interrupting time: all these things are scripted into the strategies of exposure. Rather than a determinate fall it is closer to a series of acts that are serialized as a mode of going astray. Nothing is set in place so what is exposed is displacement but displacement connected to mood that colours each act. This is close to an open work that comes out of the uncertainty of horizontally defined identity that secures being in place. Without security of place, a series of navigations begin but these navigations are based upon risk and these risks create new modes of punctuation. All that is left is the act of wandering from end to end. In all of this inertia is answered and with each gesture a fragile line is drawn, commas marked and question marks assembled. In all of this there is an exclusion of entrances and exits demarking the certainties of space and permanence of subjectivity that constitutes a 'subjectum' (with this being pressed under). Instead we are given over to someone or even something that arrives late on the scene inclining or declining this way or that, uncertain and experimental within the same breath.

An imaginary voice starts to write a text. It all occurs on the inside: "It is hot and humid and it is hard to breathe the air which is dense and sticky. I start to think of the frozen solitude of outer space, all the other ways of being breathless. I feel that I am falling, freefall, free fall falling. Everything is out of sight. I am out of sight falling fast. Fast as a body can fall. So fast. I wonder if anyone can hear my thoughts. My thoughts are spinning. I imagine my brains inside a washing machine. My thoughts bruise easily but when they do there is the possibility of poetry. I remember crazy things like trying to have conversations with chickens on my Grand Mother's smallholding. That was a long time ago but it never left me. I wonder what those chickens thought of me. I could never talk of humans like that. Chickens have such intense eyes. Now I am flying though much faster than those chickens could ever imagine even when chased by a rabid dog. I wear lipstick now in memory of them. Humans think I wear lipstick to impress them but I wear it for all those deceased chickens. How quickly time goes. I have breasts now and dream of my brain spinning in the washing machine. I was taught to sit still at school. I remember that because it made me feel sore all over. I associate mathematics and writing with being still so I wanted to become a dancer instead. I dreamed of spinning through the air as if I was free from gravity. I wanted to be a fast girl so that is why I am tumbling towards the earth in free-fall. What a way to be born again."

A voice is alone in space with nothing to show, the signs of being born again are not on the side of visibility.

Yet the collision goes on between sense and situation, phrases and images, body and structures, materiality and performance: sometimes on the side of arrest but also of refrain. Identity is never posited as stable or secure but always restless and on the move. All this accumulates with the flesh of the in between. Artists are ripe with flesh that cannot be seen.

Now she is driving through the streets of Xia Men with a parachute attached to her vehicle. What a mad thing to do. Sense is in free-fall, as the occasional witnesses do not quite believe their eyes. Perhaps not quite believing your eyes is like having them cleaned in order to look twice at all things. It is an invention of a way of being in a city, perhaps a way of announcing presence. Then she is hanging from a crane posing as a comic book like heroine, slapstick but not without the thought of falling. She pays the driver of the crane for his troubles but not without a bargaining process. Perhaps he is amused but what appears as the stupidity of artists as he goes back to work.

Her work is about little things, misunderstandings but it all adds up eventually. With which eye do you see? Can eyes become wooden? (Such strange questions, but if strange, then worth asking.) Questions draw lines, make shapes and even mark zones. Then it is possible to move in new ways. Tian is drawing lines, making shapes and moving in new ways. To perform is to do those things. Also to perform is to reveal through showing the relationship of showing to hiding. There is always something that cannot be seen. Performance is invariably the quest for secrets.

Working late into the night the shift between the noise of the day and the night-time hush is evident. Walking back each evening Tian notices groups of women lingering on the street. Looks are exchanged but they quickly vanish from the view of the outsider. A ritual of hide and seek is in evidence and curiosity and shame mix in the humid air. There is nothing much to say about this situation but thoughts about otherness linger. Silence might be a form of conversation or what appears as elusive is the starting point of form. On the balcony of the gallery neon lights are installed, clothes are hung and there is a tape recording of a melancholic love song that drifts into the still of the night. Where is she, this woman who displays all her clothes? Perhaps she lingers in a placeless place, stripped of definition, like the first woman she saw and responding by hiding from her glance by disappearing into shadow. What then is the gesture of such a work? Clothes that stand for a withdrawn body, encounters without exchange, a presentation of loss, interiority seeking evasion of presence: all these things are possible but sometimes there is no reason to work through definitions or strategy. Who is waiting there and for what, will something arrive, return or depart? Gesture simply points to something outside of itself or outside what is immediately apparent. Who said that the artist sells their soul? Anyway something happened, and perhaps continues to happen, but only the trace of clothing left in Xia Men hold fast to sentiments in circulation within those late exchanges of view. As a work it sits on the edge between something being there and not there, or even said and unsaid. More than anything it explores displacement of subjectivity. The work is an outcome of one eye seeing too much and the other eye in the act of turning away, seeing too little. Thus there is no proper measure for what is seen so what is felt is touched by this half-light. The touch of the actual work is then not only light but is also ambivalent. Something is performed but it is

performed through the absence of the body. The sharp neon lights contrast with a diffuse and faded light of being.

There are no bodies to connect. The works speaks of solitude but with a voice that is diffuse. A song drifts into the night: that is all.

Three bodies are bound together in cling film. There is little circulation inside so the bodies become drenched with sweat. All of this type of encounter goes on for a whole year. There are a lot of ways to be bound in cling film: some intimate, some awkward, some tender, some humorous, some estranged. Curator and artist have never been so close. Usually the curator regulates the distance between the work, artist and him or herself but this time the artist is doing the regulating. It is a way of making the curator sweat. Anyway the curator has to accept the terms and conditions of the artist in this situation and try and stay cool.

Such a strange thing to spend a year doing but for an artist simply the exposure of so doing: after all they are made light by the flesh that is held in invisible reserve.

Such flesh is without measure. No translation is possible.

FASCINATION

This is a presentation of an almost unknown maker called Lily Eskenazi, known also as Lily O (1961-1998). She studied Fashion at Saint Martins School of Art in the early part of the 1980's and started to create sound works in the 1990's, although documentation of these works have been probably destroyed or lost. Both her father and long time companion died shortly after her own death of cancer and it appears that most of her surviving works or things were lost. However some storage boxes of her things though have come to light, so it is possible to piece together some of her preoccupations from these.

Several boxes contained a collection of objects on stands. It is uncertain if she ever intended to exhibit these objects as a unified work, or even the status they held for her, so the exhibition is curiously open ended in terms of its possible meaning. Apparently Lily had collected objects that appeared to be without any coherent meaning or schema except for the fact they should cost an average price of £1. Having purchased such an object, Lily had then mounted on display stands which lent an aura of a collection to the whole. Whereas her father (Mario) collected objects of great importance, this process of collecting appeared to question the nature of collecting and the systems of value that invariably became attached so in some respects it might be regarded as a parody of collecting in the usual sense. Parallel to this activity was a series of notes that pointed to a whole series of intellectual preoccupations, or a simulation of a Duchampian procedure, particularly in regard to the philosophy of the idea of the ready made. Yet rather than being an extension of this aspect of Modernist art, these notes pointed to a disavowal of it. Also it is clear that she was also thinking about issues concerning the nature of value, production, designation and economy. It appears that part of the way Lily investigated things was to simulate the conditions that gave raise to propositions.

On a more personal level she always wondered why her father was so driven to make so much money and in turn invest so much of it in art. Within all of these concerns she held to the intuition that it is necessary to link a material and intellectual aspects of investigation together. Apparently she spent hours arranging and the rearranging these objects as if fascination was a condition of discovery. Her notebooks appear to oscillate between simple forms of reverie on this or that object, alongside diagrams or sketches as well as more philosophically orientated notes. It is possible to discern an impression that she was pointing toward the idea that the history of twentieth century art was either a history of mistakes or misrecognition.

This presentation is an opportunity to examine a curious assembly of things outside of the idea of an aesthetic context but also as the means of entering into a series of notebook entries that might question the way in which we appear to require definite modes of naming to go with things. If anyone asked her what it was she felt she was doing, she would invariably reply that she was simply pursuing the process of fascination.

Ella McCartney: Mobility of Space

Going before, moving over, sinking beneath, flying over, circulating around, being between, falling away, reaching beyond, withdrawing from, jutting into, breaking apart, hovering around: the elsewhere of signification.

What is translanguaging: is it the very question of language or the combination of gesture, figure, and sense circulating in and around it? Perhaps it points both, to what is before, as much what occurs after but in ways that echo that which is within alongside that in circulation without. Is translanguage the coextensivity of the within and without of language?

How are such thoughts to be translated? Is language rooted in the question of mark, marks creating clearance (a gap), whereas gesture is rooted within the mobility of space? If language does pertain to the mark then this in turn indicates a relationship to being. So the relationship between being and language might be predicated upon a gap produced by language so that presence might occur in ways that allow for the circulation of all things waiting naming.

To speak of logo centrism is at the same time to speak of all of the displacements that have occurred in wake of its critique. Jean-Francois Lyotard writes: "What cannot be tamed is art as silence" and follows this stating that the position of art refutes the position of discourse. In refuting, art displaces but this displacement is necessarily outside of presence. That is why it might be claimed that art is evasive (undecidable) in its process of designation.

When Philip de Corcia stated that photography is a foreign language everyone thinks he speaks," he was pointing to the underlying difference between sense and language. The hegemony of the linguistic insists on everything being read whereas it might be better if it were simply seen. To read is to render flat whereas to see is multidimensional (but also unstable).

We talk about figuring something out, or giving a figure to thought. Thus figure is something in-between of not being and being: a becoming that disrupts the rule of representation. Is figure then to be figured as a form of slippage?

Gesture is an indication of something that is elsewhere, impossible, beyond, unsayable, unreachable, excessive, withdrawn, lost, and thus recognition of the punctuation of the ecstatic. Thus gesture is a trace of being out of something, whilst paradoxically indicating, that which is inside. The lines, which are drawn through and around them, appear to mirror those of language, but they are composed out of very different lines, more diffuse in one moment, sharper and more severe in others.

"The gesture re-imposes directions and dimensions on space, turning out of its course the teleology of time: past, present, future. It unfolds again the in-stance that it is sub-jacent to ecstasies. It confounds the erection of the transcendental. It makes turbulent what should remain unmoved in and for the commemoration of Being. It neutralizes the neuter/neutral

character of a there is on which basis everything would be given – given back. Intact. Disfiguring the order of language.”

(Luce Irigaray The Forgetting of Air Continuum P169)

How to produce a sketch, which is on the one side written but on the other side touched upon? A sketch is a techne recording a passage from absence into presence.

In that sense a sketch offers to presence whilst retaining memory of absence. That is why they contain the sense of the provisional because they are never a full manifestation but instead a mere contingent possibility.

What if an exhibition offered itself as a sketch, a working through, a process of announcing a becoming of something but undecidable at the same time? Thus an offering that is heterogeneous occurrence shifting across registers without adhering to any given rule that this or that medium might impose.

"What if," acted as the starting point for a heterogeneous eruptive spilling and turning over of language, visibilities and gesture?

What if, "what if" stood as just a force within the field.

LIAN ZHANG: THE HALF-LIGHT OF PAINTING

“Painting is always on the threshold. It makes up the threshold between intactness and touching – between the intactness and touching of light and shadow”⁴

Fascinated by the painting ‘The Flaying of Marysas’ by Titian, Lian travelled from Berlin to Kromeriz to view this painting. It was a long and solitary journey. There is little evidence that this event of looking at this work had any direct effect though, almost the contrary, at least, on the level of surface appearance. Maybe it was the fact of the journey itself. She might at thought that she was standing in front of an image of Europe, an impossible Europe, or at least a Europe that never came to the surface, unwanted, uncalled for, and lacking in anticipation, a Europe sinking into destitute time without realisation that such a time was possible. We might also think of standing in front of a painting as drawing upon a reserve, as opposed to extracting a complex of significations, a mode of seeing that stutters into light and sinks back into shadow (a dark womb of a painting).

Was the journey simply a discovery of what can lie hidden (unconscious) within a continent?

Scattered across such experience, are a whole number of figures flickering in and out of focus: reserve, stutter, fascination, half-light, gesture, destitute time, shadow, and threshold but then these figures cannot by their nature articulate the space of the work.

When viewing these small paintings thinking of things outside of paintings occurs in order to arrive back again, in particular to the relationship to cinematic temporality that arrests attention. In Godard’s ‘Histoire(s) du Cinema’ there are a whole series of juxtapositions of distant, remote narratives combined with close personal narratives. At first this might appear as chaotic but as a rhythm starts to occur, then relationship between images or modes of history starts to form an in-between zone in which intersection or montage manifests as intensification of the present. Layering, splicing, blurring, rupture, interruption, circulations, repetitions, stoppages are the formal syntactical elements that construct this philosophical poetics mourning the death of cinema. Yet the mood of these small paintings are not that of mourning, even though the temporal orientation is towards what is passed, or more exactly passed over, yet a shadow poetics is in common. This is a realm of half-light in which figure and force appear as one and the same thing, re-postulating the relationship of time and image in the process.

Lingering in an in-between space of two continents and two modes of temporality, this a space without defined becoming, an impossible empire in which time spills backward and where presence cannot yield, instead it all resides within a latency contained within a dark reserve of sense. Characters come and go caught or framed by light indicating presence but equally dwelling within shadows that evoke absence. Each image is a mere stutter within a fracture of a temporal shift. The present is not a smooth surface but a series of lines and

⁴ Jean-Luc Nancy *The Sense of the World* University of Minnesota Press 1997 P.82

cracks into which different vectors of time might become manifest. On a level of abstraction, this is neither a post-history nor a post modernity but the loss of the figure through which such anticipation occurs. We cannot for instance think of this work as being like a coiled spring or reserve through which a better future might be realised, nor do they stand in negative relationship to what actually is, instead they disavow the schematic impulse that give rise to such figures. The image is neither a point of arrival nor a form of departure but is the restlessness formed by the erasure of temporal direction, somewhat like being caught between a flurry and a stoppage.

A continent purely outside itself: is this the continent we are asked to explore? Would this be a continent without a body, a trace that has no origin and therefore no destiny? Only the imagination can take us to such a place, but a form of imagination mining the pit of images (before schematism or habituation) as in Hegel⁵.

The unconscious in Europe, the forgotten in China, the organised quick step toward mutations of repression within the present, all of this attests to the fact that the whole is false. This work flickers like a light bulb about to discharge for the last time and yet on it flickers without such an event within its horizon. The flickering of light and the fragmentation of the image are in accord but the resonant trace is one of discordance.

Something seems to appear either side of the image, from the behind and from the fore of the image. In part this can be understood as a process of collage but then it lacks the instrumentality of collage because it is not related to the cut or splice (perhaps in turn it is not connected to fetishism). The image appears to be subject to either latent or immanent disintegration on either side of its face and this appears in turn to create a space of discontinuity in which the image resides. This would suggest that the image is without ground, foundation or index.

The image both appears to capture movement but is also a space that is moved upon by forces outside its orbit. The image not so much as an arrest but a quivering force, awaiting arrest. Formation and deformation are in this regard equal forces. Images, moods, memory, temporal flight, repetition, rupture, are all in circulation. There is no destination within the image rather there are series of circulations without arrival points.

Something juts into the work and yet this cannot be seen. We are left waiting for the next but the next will never materialize, for the work is in the very suspension that erases such anticipation. Is it an image we are looking at, or something closer to a mood? Rather, is it even a form of image-mood, a shard of something in between both conditions?

As if it is not possible to go forward with these paintings, and yet to go back enough, then a slump into a latent pit of (un-habituated) images is perhaps offered. Yet this would suggest a grim treadmill of the image and yet these are not at all grim paintings. They only wish to

⁵ See: Jennifer Bates Hegel's Theory of Imagination SUNY 2004

affirm a discontinuous space of painting, which as a form of trace touches an immeasurable elsewhere, a space in which programmes and positions are rendered aside.

Painting of the elsewhere: obscure but intimate.

The elsewhere of painting: an investigation into the limits of representation.

A presentation that suspends in the half-light of images culled from images adrift within flickers.

Adrift, obscure, intimate: a radiation of remote time.

MARLENE STEYN: THE ART OF THE NON-STOP

Georges Bataille commenting on Antonin Artaud after his return from Rodez said that: "...he looked like one of the oldest men I had ever seen."

Evidence piles open evidence becoming a mound. A mound might be light a congregation of things, a junkyard pile, rotting vegetables in corner of a garden the ruin of a monument or dead bodies in the aftermath of war. But equally a mound might be constituted out of a mixture of dreams and apparitions. Anyway these are paintings that are not so much compositions as mounds. A mound is always composed out of an excess of things. Marlene is a monist who piles everything together. She is not interested in categories and distinctions but the play of fragrance and flagrant starts to excite. Her mind is an engine of difference and her painting the made manifest of this. Each time a different mound.

Mounds are in-betweens especially the in-between of life and death. They are also the point at which remembering and forgetting meet. Painting as presence looks two ways, they emerge out of emptiness and face the void of the yet-to-come. It is this feature that gives painting its edge. This is also why paintings have such a slender life or are mere slithers on the edge of a vast elsewhere.

A question arises: what demarks the difference between a rock and a brain? In painting it might be a matter of tone. At the other side of the difference of tone is eruption so perhaps we are being given over to matters of tone followed by eruptions. A case of consistency and force becoming joined in the wedlock of painting.

Imagine witnessing the figure of Artaud after his delicate brain had been turned ashen with convulsive electrical charges. Images flicker intermittingly breaking the composure of logic: a strange mixture of excess and emptiness in the form of eyeballs scattered are on the exterior of this. Now ashen face, electrical storms, flickers of eyeballs, the warping of logic and broken images rearrange and rearrange again. This is non-stop theatre, with setting after setting, staging and restaging.

The art of the non-stop: without stoppage valves that give ways to the acceleration of sense.

That is it, a fractured bliss, accelerated, non-stop: mounds of the non-stop.

ROSE WYLIE, MARLENE STEYN, FREYA DOUGLAS-MORRIS

Habits assume the form of abstraction that treats the repeated instances of feelings or images as being all the same, thus forming categories. Imagination as an agency overcomes this by producing the 'second nature of habit' and this in turn points towards the production of indeterminate aesthetic ideas. Aesthetic objects differ radically from the objects of everyday experience because they enable imagination to both exceed and in turn discover finality within itself. In aesthetic judgement "imagination freely produces its own law" (Kant) and this in turn becomes an exercise in the process of being able to present autonomy and freedom. The conjunction of these three artists, breathe intensity into these abstract concerns with imagination, taking us into zones that do not begin nor end, but instead suspend or arrest. This structural dislocation from either practical or cognitive ends is thus liberation from measurability and marks instead, or is even the very mark that gestures free play as an indication of potential immeasurability. The relationship between the image and time is stretched and pulled by the forces of imagination that lead to a synthesis of quite other worlds not given in empirical cognition. As an intellectual discussion on this conjunction of artists it is more than fitting that the role of the imagination finds distinction. It is both an ancient discussion but one that points towards a post-contemporary space of emergence.

The art of Rose Wylie is not predicated on not what an image is, but what it might become and with this an impression emerges of a flickering indeterminacy that gestures the futural aspect of image presentation. Soaking up images as if from the underneath of the present, they are in turn subject to a play upon both memory and imagination, as if both registers are so close to the other, as to be indivisible. It is as if the temporalities of images are being both stretched out but equally contracted (a pulse). We are invited to release preoccupations with the immediate sensation of the image, for an encounter closer to pulsation through which images themselves are formed. The emergent image is marked by a sense of contingency uncertain of the fixing of naming.

A sea of eyes, a myriad of intertwining bodies, a carnival of fantastical delight, the stretching of earthly bodies into the shores of the unknown, multiplicities warping and becoming charged with intensities, the ecstatic encounters with the elsewhere, are but snap shot phrases with this state of exception that we might term the art of Marlene Steyn. This state of exception involves the warping and weaving heterogeneous cultural references into a confederation of hybridity that introduces an aesthetics of unbounded excess.

Freya Douglas Morris art records ways of understanding distance and intimacy of travellers to locations lodged between this and other worlds. A swimmer sits, over looking an expanse of water in front of a secluded building. Is this a presentation of reverie touched by loneliness? The image hovers in this state of in-between. Then we have a group of bathers immersed with a pink saturation that exceeds the image within the sensation of immersion. Are such images but ciphers of seduction compelling viewers to extend their shorelines of becoming? Whatever they appear is to dwell in places that dissolve the in-between of distance and intimacy.

NOTES FROM A CLOUD: CONSTABLE COUNTRY

THE PAINTING OF FILIPPO CARAMAZZA

A wall in Naples, an aviary, fragments from a forest, then a group of postcards: such are the objects of these paintings but in ways that are always the more or less of them in a seriality of additions and subtractions.

Again a wall in Naples, but not any wall, but a wall marked in and by time, a wall becoming a mark of a wall, marked and then marked again, as is in an echo chamber of marks, thus staging the inception of another time.

Are we entering a secret world composed of things unsaid or never properly apprehended? The secret is always elsewhere to what is present. (Who said that time is the economy of the secret because presence comes from the future?) Such questions can never be answered in painting but nonetheless a tone is issued instead.

Is there a quest or a struggle to stabilize the meaning of things? If so, it has a quality of slipping away but then it is this sense that is implicated in incessant reiteration.

Thus a return to yet another wall, trapped between memory and the yet to come.

The image is cut into, folded over, re-configured, copied, de-figured, arrested and displaced. To open out a relationship to the image is also the opening to the proximity of violence. Thus each painting might contain a hidden figure: that of a coiled spring.

The enterprise of the early Romantics was in entering ruins and ruination, collecting lost fragments, assembling quotations, assembling encyclopaedias of a lost reserve of sense: all in turn suspended in a state of oscillation between the realms of necessity and freedom. In this context these paintings might be understood as post-romantic (sober), but anyway, definitely not the post-ness of post-modern. They are not timely paintings, even remote from the very idea of being so, similar in this sense to Morandi, but without weight of expectancy. Morandi was in pursuit of dimensions that recoiled from being made visible whereas these paintings recoil around the pure image of schematism.

It might be that writing counsels these paintings without them ever becoming literary paintings. Pessoa, Blanchot, Calvino, Borges are present, whereas Constable, Jones, Durer, Richter are visible. What is present and what is visible are in circulation without the gap between the textual and the visual being closed into a circulated statement.

Paper, Publication and Performance

Every line manifests as a mark.

Every visible gesture creates movement within space.

Every page is the past of the page to come.

Every spoken or written word places something within presence, forming within its own silhouette a trace freed from existing thought.

What does it mean to create a mark, to utter a sound, to compose movement?

To utter something, to occupy oneself bodily within a space, touching something yet to manifest, to draw a line, to form a symbol of translation: all these events as possibility of an attempt to bring outward into the inward spliced within duration.

Duration inscribed in drawing, in writing, reading, listening and performing: a machinery of inscription that is relentless in forming and deforming context.

So we have lines, gestures, words modulated by duration and spacing, all in search of the attention of seeing, reading, hearing and internalizing in order to activate sense. To say 'paper, publication and performance' is to gesture towards the multiplicity of possibilities that might arise or perhaps to simply to point towards the idea of the open.

In all of this, a contest between a show and an event, the arising of something such as another desire, another raveling of forms within forms, modes chaotic encounter, other thoughts, composition and decomposition of sense. Who knows?

There is a space, the name of a project, organisation, connections, and duration all in a state of becoming elsewhere to what is given. Lines are to be drawn but also erased: everything will take its course.

Question: what are the lines between subject and object?

Performances.

Marks.

Words.

Gestures.

All drawing lines of distinct economy.

Then a room with:

Indeterminacy of views.

Expansions and contractions.

Nothing and something.

Mediums of the yet to come.

CAROLINE WALKER, LIAN ZHANG, GARETH CADWALLER: THAT WHICH ESCAPES

Something is happening but it on the edge of this. This explains the tension between temporality and the image.

We might suppose the image and everything that follows from it. That it occurs is the mystery that any given painter might address. Simply speaking something opens that is discontinuous with reality hence the appearance of distance that contains an excess. This excess contains the secret of why the image escapes signification even to the point that almost nothing is indicated: a presence sliding into absence or the other way around. Detachment hovers close to this ambiguity that constitutes an invisible threshold.

Three table scenes follow and with it the accident of the conjunction. This might be described as an eruption of chance or if one were so inclined the working of unconscious trace.

There is a sense that something is missing whether this is something that cannot be seen, not matter of fact or is simply falling closer to apparition. A woman is staring at a lemon against the backdrop of sky and sea. A simple act really. Occasionally a subject might be prone to such a form of attention but is everything close to the appearance of such attention. Perhaps it is follows that we become locked into this attention to attention. A frozen moment touched by an obsessive reiteration of a time becoming trapped within itself as a presentation of a frozen solitude.

A table is being set with hands and eyes captured in motion. It is an in-between moment that normally simply slips by. The painting is rapid but this allows for oscillation between painterly gesture and the composition of the image. Memories of other images seep out of the surface of this impression establishing a frisson between what is happening, the anticipation of what comes next and the sense of memory upon which it rests. Immediacy and memory are being sliced by the act of painting.

Nothing is quite as it appears, the real never quite secured and the physics that predicates stability of occurrence beyond the grasp of habitual thinking. In this scene of average everydayness things are warping both space and time so that the contours of light trace the flood of imaginative anarchy. One moment the glazed white teapot is on the table, the next in multiple flights around the table: virtual processes that assume ascendancy are stretching the reality principle. What is still and what it is that moves are related to the questions pertaining to how loops of information infiltrate the formation of the painterly image.

Three artists, three images: an invitation to think the strangeness of conjunction.

1000: ONE AFTER ANOTHER

I have a problem with time. I guess that so much of what we call time, has been stripped from me. You might think that this would lead to a sort of hunger for a restitution of time for my part but this is not really the case. It is not so much that I am lost but certainly I have little sense of decades, epochs, or for that matter, something related to my time. When I started to paint, it was in order to align myself with this reality of lacking a determinate relationship to time. I suspect that this might be like a form of blindness to any contemporary issue surrounding painting. I have this friend who is always attempting to introduce to what is going on in the world of art. I try my best to connect with the things he shows me, but on the whole, I find these exhibitions remote from the concerns that I seem to have. One day we popped into the Royal College of Art to see this post card show which consisted of over two thousand individual works in the form of drawings, paintings and collages. Two thousand cards covers an immense amount of space and in many ways it made it difficult to see anything at all other than this feeling of mass. It seemed that part of the fascination with this exhibition was to be able to connect works with names and given every post card was £40 then it might be possible to find something worth hundreds, if not thousands of pounds. Anyway this exhibition was an inspiration, perhaps for all the wrong reasons, which are how things are with me. I thought would produce a thousand paintings on MDF in an A5 format. Mostly I have the sensation of a lack of closure when I paint. I just paint and paint without a feeling that anything ever reaches a point or an ending. In a way this might relate to the fact that I am not really expecting to find anything so the idea of giving myself a numerical target had an appeal because at least I would have a horizon of completion. Nonetheless a thousand paintings is a huge undertaking. One of the strange things that seems to happen is that you are constantly counting and within this act of counting, a desire seems to occur whereby you start to want to start all over again. Time starts to have this sticky feeling because on one level this act is like a task so introduces a feeling of weight but this also seems to affect each of the paintings in that there only coherence relates to this serial like procedure. It is a seriality of indifference in some ways: the next, the next without interruption or suspension, pile after pile. I had hoped that there might be some element of progression or even moments of inspiration when some amazing form of difference might occur but this is not the case. I sometimes think that I might confuse the determinate, everyday world of work, with the indeterminate world of the studio. I have never had a studio and I have never worked in a factory so I wouldn't really be able to understand such difference. At times I am not really sure why I am undertaking such a venture or even if it will be ever seen. Perhaps it is simply doing something and in that I might have no other goal. When the thousand paintings are completed I will have completed my stretch of time. Maybe time will enter me in a new way. I think that painting is strange in the way it wards off temporal vulnerability whilst at the same time as drawing attention to it. I must say that I have this sensation of softness when I paint. Perhaps it is an addictive condition but I keep such thoughts aloof from my everyday activity. All I know is that in a few weeks it will be over and I will be then waiting for another starting point. Showing the work might be a subtraction of all of this.

VICTOR PAYARES: MI TORONJA⁶



⁶ The Spanish word for grapefruit.

"Strange, to see all that was once relation so loosely fluttering hither and thither in space."⁷

Stories can be told from many angles and points of view in order to embody glimpses and viewpoints in order that an image might be formed. Painting is a strange meeting point between what can be shown but what cannot be said, thus an act of withdrawal as much as an offering. Fragments of narrative remain but in the form of waste matter or half formed sentences disintegrating into dust like matter. Pigment is not only residues of nature but is imbued with the dust of failed poetic encounter of something glimpsed.

Before these paintings so many lines arcing and dipping back into the deep from which they emerge, so many densities that slow down attention in order that intensity might become manifest, thoughts occurring in these webs of leaks and interruptions of what comes before and after, so nothing is settled because what is being set in motion is the endless displacement tracing economies of desire.

Asked to imagine the lost continent of European modernity, the startled space of New York in the 1950's and sweltering heat of Havana living in half forgotten time in order to imagine an aesthetic construct or diagram deriving from those spaces, then many mutations might occur. If on an immediate level this is an art of folded forms and textures then we are also being placed in a topology of place as much as a memory trace of forms: a complication made visible.

"Growing up in Havana in the 80's and 90's everybody lived on memories and stories more than material. Memory was thus central to the way that life was lived. Working through and with memory is not something learnt as an aesthetic construct at art school but is closer to a flavour that is occupied from within within. My idea of calling the show "Mi Toronja" is because it is a bitter sweet fruit and I associate this with memory itself."

Is the idea of the contemporary the story whereby the impossibility of synthesizing modernity is being told? Thus the unfigurable is staged but within settings in which memory forms twists and sometimes convulses. Nothing then is settled and the fractured spacings constituting the contemporary evade the possibility of an over-viewing that would render a picture of completion. The opening fragment from 'The Duino Elegies' of Rilke captures this sense. This sense might be something in the air combined with the architecture of memory. A fruit of ambivalence, something that appears on the edge of evasion.

⁷ Rilke The Duino Elegies

ELSEWHERE OF THE IMAGE

“...the image is not a matter of beauty. Rather, it is a matter of a certain tension in the look. An image draws the look, draws it in. This tension of the image is time. In time, I come before what is coming; I come right up to a thing that comes up to itself. I come, in other words, right up to the coming of the thing. What we call an “artist’s work” is nothing other than the organisation of this experience.”

Jean-Luc Nancy Multiple Arts P215

Two vast continents (China and Russia) lying next to the other each united by similar dialectics of remembering and forgetting. Images are so much more potent when either side of the border that meditate two contrary conditions. Not negating the sense that the image carries an essential ambiguity anyway but here we might be opened to an intensification of such a folded reality. For instance we might oscillate between the conditions of empty and full, fast and slow, or between offering and withdrawal all without any sense of didacticism pressing its demand for certainty. In each of the three artists there is an extended labour in making manifest a condition of vision in which something comes quick, next a striated, complex passage of time and then an eruption of time multiplied around its root. Then there is a call of yet another time buried deep within tradition(s).

A tree grows out of the earth, yet grows serenely, as if untouched by the time of modernity. Then a woman looks into the mirror, but as she lingers, yet another time peels into the image pointing to an elsewhere unable to find the clarity and recognition. Shifting from this is a child's pram shifting from its mooring within the identity of function into a mutation closer to dream image and with it the inability to express directly.

So this search for an elsewhere goes on within attention to processes close to the reserve spring of imagination. Fragments are but indeterminate intensities cast aside from the applied representations of constructed reality. They are the vehicles of this elsewhere of the yet to come outside of any given coherence of this world.