

Artistic Statement

‘At night I would run through the streets and howl, during the day I would work calmly’

*(Maurice Blanchot, The Madness
of the Day)*

*Newspaper cuttings, bottles, houseplants,
teapots, spoons, bees, vinegar jars, scissors,
feathers, cans, shoes, photos, glue, paintings,
forks, watering cans, sausages, slide-
projectors, eggs, invitation cards, cats and
dogs*

*Everything is familiar. It's easy to forget, but it
all comes back, if we look. Not very
comforting, but necessary all the less.*

*The artist is very melancholy during the day,
sifting through the stuff, bringing it back,
looking at it hard and straight, through shining
eyes.*

D.T.'s
(Delightful Times)

It is true that for a long time I asked the same ill-remembered questions. I recall only the endless repetition, the behaviour, the solution. Always the same. If I was searching for something, then what I did not know was that if I wanted to find it, it had to be some place. It makes sense now. I was simply looking in the wrong place.

Impossible to describe the horror with which I embark upon the following passage:

It is an image which holds / haunts me. An image which is somehow always the same, yet which varies almost imperceptibly and which took place as an event over ten years ago.

I am afraid. It begins like this. I wake instantly and a certain fear grips. It began in this way, quite gently, really, without clutter and then the madness I had sought to escape caught up with me, engulfed me with more force than I would have believed possible. So quickly upon me, I realised, to my delight, that, once caught, one cannot run nor hide; not once the trouble has begun.

I moved into that place when it was empty. All the possessions, the things, were in storage and I had no immediate plans to retrieve them. I lied about the place being empty: I had the radio and small bed which I had slept on as a child. Besides that there was of course, the table, the chair, the plant. I had forgotten the sheets so planned to sleep under the large coat for the first night at least. Despite appearances everything was in place and I under the misperception that everything was in place and that trouble was far behind me.

You don't forget. It gets better, but it still bears down. With hindsight it is very much like the movie with its cuts and blacks. In the course of time the black-outs lose their edge and become aesthetic devices for covering over. They become mysterious, indulgent, too numerous. Any editor would know to cut out the majority. So the blacks get cut, for the

audience, whereas for the author they will always remain; empty, void, memory-less gaps, busting with menace and promise. People have died in the bits that get cut. They too do not remember a thing.

Things

(Brief Example of an Inventory of Things)

feather
duster

prop
stop

sit
stand

plate
bowl/cup/spoon (as single item)

spectacles
picture

box
envelope

can
tin

photograph
note
book

plant
cutting

sign/signing/signature
meat

breast
cock

hole
hoover

suck
beaker

How Things Move

(object *or*
the dark conveyer belt movie.)

Nothing remains in the same place for long. Said item may not move far, but is seldom where left, only moments before. There are the usual things, the useful things, old and newish things, useless things having the most discernible meaning and, of course, value. The stakes can rise to incredible heights where one thing means something to more than one person. Nothing is ever stolen unlovingly, and often things return to the previous owner by mean of the same kind gesture.

...slowly, darkly...

That said, things move slowly at N, more slowly in fact than elsewhere, although not especially different, similar in many ways to certain people, as if they were in no hurry, as if one place were perhaps as good as the next, from one day to the next, although obviously

some places are better than others depending on the state of mind, said state not being altogether constant/coherently rendered

Stories

An oral tradition dictates that most of what occurs be unreliably yet truthfully recounted. If one were to dig deeply amidst the inventory of things, one might find a note, a book and a photograph. These illicit documents, lovingly and unknowingly re-archived from time to time provide slim evidence of event.

If the photograph were a portrait, the note a love-letter and the book a diary, a certain figure would emerge as having lived and died and, at one time, passed through. If a still-life, yet really another portrait, a word and a novella, another figure would emerge : a more literary, self-conscious character who, rather than really being a part of something, simply allowed these things to fall into the right hands before death.