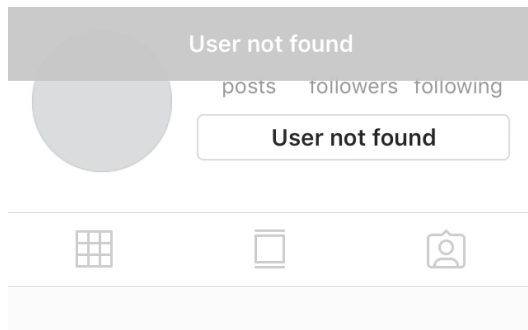


To feel like you have something to offer is to feel like you have yourself.

A confrontation, a union with your physical vessel in all of its incompleteness and yearning.

I don't want to make art that adheres to a deadline. I want to have bad timing. I want to have my own timing. I want to release something when it makes sense. And in doing so, I want to create a pathway.



Today, 1:43 PM

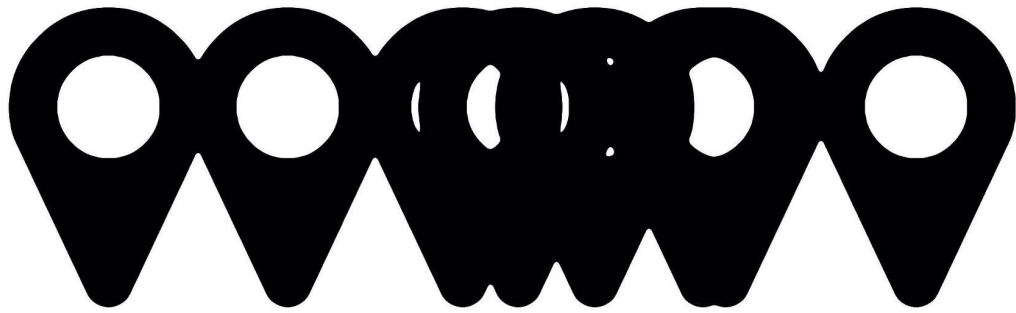
The most important component in making is passion. It is this substance that animates, sculpts, records and paints. It is what miraculously shifts blankness into turbulence, turbulence into rhythm, and rhythm into movement, only to eventually fade back into blankness. Movement is the archetype love. I'm obsessed with movement, change, and impulse for this reason. I worship it. It's all that is real. Before someone works on art, which may or may not be presented, there is a motion that occurs in stillness. Perhaps a quiet knowledge, an inspiration, a seeping wish. This is what moves the pen. But let us stop obsessing over the task, the paper, the material, and the social rituals for those who mark pages. The fetish of a collector or voyeur, those who must freeze a pond just so they can claim it. So they can feel like they possess an iteration of the passion, the pond, the storm, The Real. So they can say that they were there too. And maybe they were.

Delivered

I am interested in popular notions of failure. Being outcast, incompatible, incorrigible, inadequate, ill - fitting. To embody any of these temporary states of being, is to be defined in relation to another subject, by another subject. Comparison is necessary in this equation. One can only be ill fitting in regards to a mold, inadequate in regards to a standard, outcast in regards to an ingroup. Once this is realized, it is our duty to remind ourselves of this profoundly tenuous foundation for reducing actions to favorable and unfavorable, and to subsequently take seriously our wayward, divergent desires, goals, and ambitions. Thus, to embrace failure is not to self sabotage, but to laugh at false objectivity. The ability to make artwork that fits neatly within a discourse created by and for a singular class experience, neurological experience, and racial experience is not a divine virtue. The privileging of coherence and academicization over emotionality, context, and subversive impact provides a limited horizon, a meta - frame, which limits the lively behavior of art to a singular, physical space: behind a red rope and an underpaid attendant. "Play with your own score sheet".

A drastic shift in values is needed in realizing creativity and artistry as omnipresent rather than selectively defined and framed. Being a person is an intervention. Take the pedestals away. Bring yourself closer to the real. First steps towards a new art world will be sloppy and necessary. Open the floodgates. No more curating.

To realize "life as the purpose of art" in the Situationist sense, and to take seriously the dissipation of aura requires swapping mystification for a new sense of attachment (Berger, 19-25). To escape the gallery is not to escape critical inquiry, or a crazed sense of duty to oneself or one's community. To escape the gallery is to escape the artist statement. Real happenings - occurrences which implicate the zeitgeist and deliver in ways that are physiological and uncanny need no artist statement, no frame. They need only to happen. Only in their happening without mystification can they fulfill their formal, ideological, and affectual potential. Only without mystification can art and artists rejoin the rest of society as fluid, immanent, and intertwined (DeBord, 9).



You You You You You Are

As we search beyond the art object, no longer invested in "forms", we are left to concern ourselves with more pressing matters. What outcomes do we wish to elicit in this life? What modes of being can allow for a sense of peace? Is this sense of peace in contrast or agreement with a surrounding community? What images, sounds, and impulses are flowing through us? How should we filter them? These questions are as banal as they are instinctual and unavoidable, and the exaltation of these thoughts, be it resolved or unresolved, means a new role of "artist as an experienter" rather than "artist as maker". The studio is wherever pondering, healing, clashing, or resolving takes place.



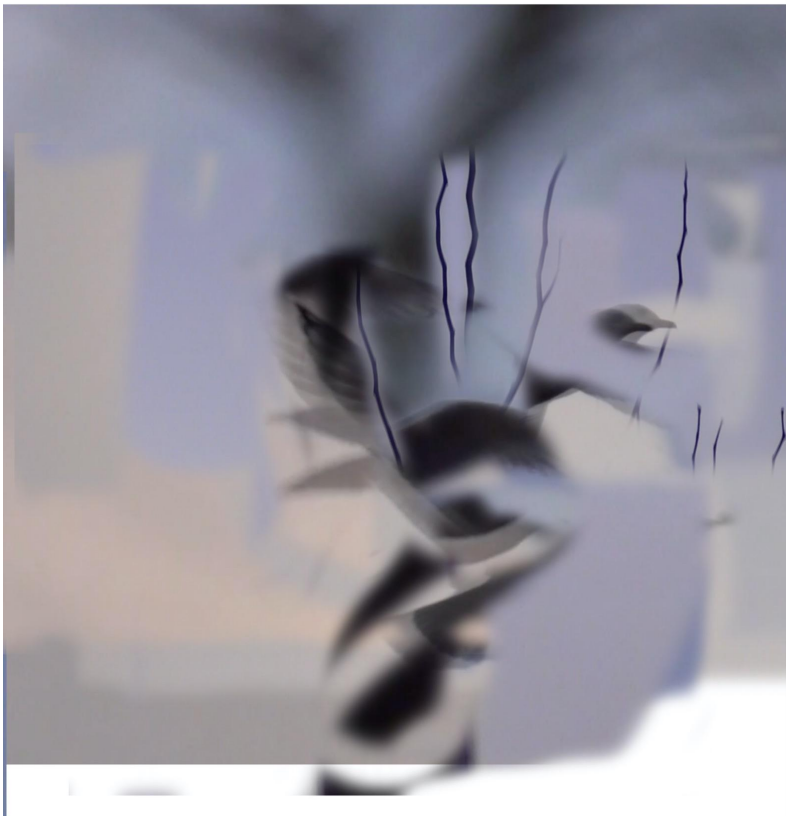
However, shifting emphasis away from an "end goal", away from making, and towards a more amorphous practice would put the artist at odds with a commercial landscape, one that requires incessant self branding and hypervisibility. Guy DeBord once said "the passive acceptance the spectacle demands is already effectively imposed by its monopoly of appearances, its manner of appearing without allowing any reply" (DeBord, 10). In response, one might suggest creating a monopoly of disappearances, as to argue that images and facades are futile efforts toward containing a multifaceted self. Only movement itself can we identify with. The blurs in between point A and point B. Never a gridded point. The shifting of 15 minutes of fame into 15 seconds of fame and the collapsing of the television into the iPhone has turned us all into child star burnouts. Now is the time for rest. No more interviews for a bit.

The branches block an endless sky
Like Passion tells me what I crave
The shapes they form a portrait of
 A world of light
 A dream untamed
Where sequence lies
My soul takes issue
 Can't build a home
 Or make a frame
My heart needs a sea or fire
 Blueprints for
 Love and Change
Existing is a forceful tide
 One I see
 Not yet obtained
My spirit now obstructs horizon
 A swirling mess
 From which I came

I want to build a path.

A path built out of paranoia, obsession, compulsion, desire - where the allowed movement is not forward and backward, but anywhere that is affirming in that moment. Any place, on or off the grid, beyond and below, present or absent.

A path for the overwhelmed: the sunken and the overjoyed. A path that you can walk on when you are no longer here. A path away from paths, into something else.



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