

13.7.23 - 16.7.23



Auden said, "A blessing conferred on our lives by the arts is that they are our chief means of breaking bread with the dead, without communication with the dead, a fully human life is not possible."

What I *tried* here: Underground compressed layers... words like blocks of earth, using Freud's Wunderblock, visual rhyming, painting being a surrogate body, repeated re-positions on time passing - since Time with a surname like O'Clock must be Irish - what is seen (recorded) vs. unseen (unrecorded), extracted, consumed and is left behind (un-decomposable), Arrived at by a deep continued fixation, revealing a predisposition to multifaceted images and privileging a *kindof* poetry.

Brief marks ≈ a postage stamp as indexical mark of its time ≈ a 'brief mark' from a paintbrush

👁 when a painting becomes the audience 👁

💭 Unrecorded thoughts 💭 supplemented by my own is a discontented attempt to be a medium 💭 to recognise myself in another 💭 impossible and mercenary 💭 to see what they thought 💭
This is the opposite of

Foresight ≈ 4zeit ≈ Voraussicht. Peeping through a hole in a sheet of paper from my stamp collection (an embodied past) from a raised platform on a train station 307m from here (the present) conversing with what would be left behind (the future)

🍂 Geschichte = Layer/ story/ history. A photo of a tree in its 4 seasons from my birth year leads me to work on a painting for a calendar year. A creased picture plane is overemphasised, something is **something**, while nothing emptied of nothing is **nothing** 🌱

⚖ Comments on scale in painting. I saw scale in images since childhood. Free from troubles, the news footage used for the courthouse in Derry showed Lady Justice holding only a single-sided set of scales with one half missing but when I checked in real life she still had both. ⚖

🖋 a pen as manifesto

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