

There is no title, it is not 'untitled', 'without title', it is something that is not yet what it can be, which it can only become when it is read and so, to title it is to name something that is not yet anything.

17.05

But until then it can be a sub-sculpture, at least somewhat, nearly, more or less, since the allowing of a site to become the environment where something, anything, can take form is to have a sculptural praxis. The turn is to admit to not knowing the un-known by the beginning, to move into a particular direction, the throwing back of a body, which can cause the change that turns into reflection, but there is also the very probable possibility of rejection.

A self-portrait will always be a half truth, at best. A projection of the image of the self onto the self, itself.

A self-portrait is the non-shown. Of all that is on show, it is that which is not on show, through its absence, what it is. Even in a voluminous form, the self-portrait is a flat surface. A representative deliberative body.

This is not that. This is a state of undress.

This is the core of the subjective presentation of the central self. This exploratory self-safari attempts awareness of all nuances of self, no shade is proclaimed as futile, through the opposition of the hierarchy of selfs, their pretence will be unearthed.

I have avoided to attempt the self-portrait, I have been conflicted for so long. But bracketing off this logical investigation of self as something superficial is to limit it to the archaic act of portraiture, appearing to be true or real only until examined more closely.

I have been in the changing. And as I am now, what I could be, but was not yet, then, I attempt, finally, this form. Because I feel soft and porous, as a lukewarm yeasty dough, swelling under a kitchen towel, rising and gathering volume. (No one should claim that mundane practices are less than monumental ones.)

But this is now, that I have been able to be. Then, at the point of de-creation there was a concert, a deafening close-knit symphonic texture weighing down any chance of proofing. The volume would suddenly and unexpectedly take a turn, not in a full and gently rounded shape or form but as a sudden surge of pandemonium. A wild wild wailing of voices. Standing still and steady, I'd become detached and drop to the ground.

The knowing that I've committed this triptych to such a dense subject matter as the self, to enter into your view of me is a contradictory induction.

It is a big ask for you to see the throwing back of my body onto yours as you are entering the centre, a big ask for change of direction after the slammings into. Induction as us, in logic, through maths are different nouns but the mechanics, it is the production of a magnetic state by the proximity (without contact) of a magnetised body. The act of reading, re-reading, re-re-reading is not a schooling, your choice to muffle the shock of this thick material and relieve yourself as if from a wet woolly jumper, heavy and suddenly overgrown, sleeves that stretch into straps is very much an option.

Do digress or acknowledge that this is not what you came here for. There are no conditions in this setting, there is no time that is expected of you to spend, there can be no negative influence on the outcome of this process, because there is no result. There are also no bathrooms in this building and the site for this work is not well lit.

But this setting is not the only setting in which this text is, there are no pre-conditions which lay the foundation for the possibility of this work being a work. There is no gallery and I don't assume that this space is a room. I don't attempt to lure your appreciation through the gravitas of the situation. This, now, can just as easily be an inconsequential bore producing only a hope for its near ending.

A trivial bind, no-no, a bind of triviality. If so do not endure, just stop, but please, do come back another day. Perhaps there is another installation that can envelop you. This is not a required reading, the setting does not add value, you can take these papers home. You know this already. I'm not the boss of you.

A very warm welcome into this open-ended situation.

This has been a prelude to a movement towards a new form, not limited by an outlined structure of portraiture. Sculpture, painting, process, performance, potatoe, potado. Although this is printed on stuff, relayed through stuff, it is not stuff. It is not yet what it might be later.

I can only hope that this bleed of self is not seen as a state of unwanted undress, but just in case I plunge exposed, I cushion the landing on this hand-sown encasing of foam to soften the blow. It is not a pedestal, even though it is has a centre.

I spent so long being nervous about letting the uninhabited ramblings of an autodidact enter my make-up. Striking the right balance when juxtaposing the least possible sense of self-value within the sterile subjects of objective opposition to the institutional value of the uninhabited ramblings of an autodidact.

To continue to oppose these norms and aims and standards is an infinite regress, a matter that started out soft and sweet and silky, but dries into a stale and stagnate stalactite.

I don't want to turn this into my opus but if I edit it now I'd remove all the showings of the unshown that is hidden in the self-portrait. The repetitive over-indulgent language is my mother tongue and I have spent too long aiming to strike the right balance between a particular propriety, poetry and philosophy. But within this strict self-narration one can hear a very distant trumpet calling for an unpredictable, out of tune, inconsistency. A jazz dance. An uncontrolled spasm, a yank, a jiggle, a quick and sharp sudden movement. A seizure of sorts.

If the music stops, I go on, if the lights turn on, I go on, if you all go home, I go on.

I go on.

How to tip the scales of this balance - how to run naked into the succulent plant with a thick fleshy stem, which bear spines, lacks leaves, but has brilliantly coloured flowers. How to hurdle through the inbred moral oppression of the self by the Nordic people.

I might misspell something.
I might misspell something.
I might misspell something.

I already leave out question marks where there ought to be one.

How can I whip and wave my flailing arms when this mute brute of Swedish-ness tries to keep them from slapping someone.

I don't want to control this catharsis, I want it to slam into every surface of my self-selected squalor. I used to live in the minimal margin of my own perception of self, my house was a glorified mausoleum of the white cube. It is exhausting to keep a surface white, my hair falls all over the place, into nooks and crannies and gather dust and all I have is this tiny handheld hoover which makes the upkeep of the pristine cosmetic-ism a pre-occupation.

Where before there was no thing, through the becoming, as the emerging soloist of the quieting chaos in concert lets out a sound, that begins as a yelp but ends up in a howl, there are notes everywhere. Instead of having an opening, I went for a massage, where naked I realise that there is paint everywhere. In a spa of white I am a tint, unfettered.

This is your immediate release.

I have no need for press for this process in which people forget their instinct for the things they really want to keep around them. In this circle, these ambient conditions, one can become intensely aware of oneself, but I would like this to be the embrace as a generous movement. The largest role is not that of the author, you are my equal as a reader. In this bare room of this house, you are the point of the centre which organises the space around it and replace the need to add somethings (some things).

I once kept wearing my dirty sweatpants to my own opening not as a consequence of installing until the very last minute but as the conscious quench of wearing my dirty sweatpants to my own opening which as a consequence lead me to the agonising over my self as a by-product of contemporary living, which in turn made me regret the absurdity of the gravity placed on a garment as a substance signalling an intellectual worth of not applying worth to the exterior self. This in itself is an exhausting turn of the shrewd. There can be no value determined by this deficit.

I'd like to sage myself of these contemporary consequences. Enter into the secular confessional, a room of one's own, where the swell of respect can only come to be through the highlighting of that which is concealed by the ideal self. A sequence which corresponds with the cleansing of candour.

It is obvious that the things to keep around you are those which have the power to play a part in the continuous process of self-transformation, which is your life. That much is clear. But these are not always things and this is not always a linear process. Because the same contemporary consequences that leads to remaining in the ill-fitting, spoil our natural instinctive needs as made, with things we believe will impress the visitor.

Although perhaps the strongest work I have ever made, opening the door to a chair, facing the wall feels like a potential overreach. This in itself is the proof that the strongest work is the one that leaves you panting, before submitting to the metaphorical shallow breathes that results in a brief loss of posture. To not be fixed in one place is not to be in-secured.

And the irony is that the people we want to keep around us wants this nonsense, no more than the people who question themselves for not being able to partake in the making of it. It is far more interesting to enter into a room in which the living expression displays and manifests. The common structure of artificial scene-making is a bankrupt experience.

This is why this room is not embellished, any thing would have become a disruptive some thing. The act of breaking this portrait into three is the care for an alternative care for you.

This does not remove the option of the show, this is a pre-fix to any given situation installed in the coming days. The absence of a thing is the plinth onto which it will be placed.

The exploration of the self-portrait is as much the reveal of the self as it is the review of an art form so deeply conservative and established that it is brimming over with the record of patriarchal fossils who've attempted no re-genesis of the format.

I don't want to simplify these an original mode of encounter but no work should be a fundamental work. The fundament should be a movement, not a cement which the ever after is moulded into.

The idea of a pure pedigree of work is a blockade of considering thought as praxis. There can be no identifiable quality in work because that means there us a standard value.

Let what shows itself to be seen from itself, just as it shows from itself. Resist the urge to endlessly polish the finish.

I find myself at an impasse, making portraiture of portraiture.

Within this gradual slipping away of the distinction between who we are and who we aim to be, no wonder a kind of schism opens up. A crevice into which we let plummet, the unwanted elements of our selves, which doubles up as agent provocateurs tripping us into the drop where we've stashed the un-shown, the un-exhibited.

A breaking down of the portrait is the break-down as a portrait.

This is not a work that can capture the spectator who demands the aesthetic experience as this is not the aesthetic experience who demands the spectator to view this as a work.

This is not strictly, factually, work - these writings were not laboured out of an overexertion of the untaught me as proof of my capabilities, which would be nothing more than the metaphorical injury to the funny bone.

The thoughts are rough but it is a luxury to write what another will read.

I don't aim to formulate a solution, I can't do maths, but there is a relief in reflection of the process undergone that leads to this moment in time. A muscle-relaxer of the self-set criterion and the contemporary yardstick for being.

The ever active ambivalence towards decision-making and aspiration quiets a little. And the lack of this slight hum, this yo-yo of a vibration, sometimes high and hyper, sometimes low and lurking see-saws its way through the conflicting selves quiets like a temporary tinnitus.

This is the unfolding that lingers.

The promotion of ourselves as particular product is the forgetfulness of being. This is not an ask of you to reflect on me - it is the attempt at a generosity of comfort in a self-reflective situation - a leisure at work, beyond the sound of glasses clinking and expensive heels clacking, a hiatus from the self as a biased, moral and predisposed weight, maladjusted, together in an untogetherness.

I don't want to make work that is a literal representation of the self, neither do I want to grasp for abstract metaphors so what does this leave me? A rumination of self is exhausting but eventually rewarding, at first it feels like an antiquated graze on an otherwise flawless skin but then follows the kind of pleasure that come from picking off this archaic scab and realising that there is no appreciation that cannot enter into alteration.

The cold, stale, musty smell which emanates from the cellar of patriarchal wise guys can be easily removed with the air freshener of the intermingling of alternative thoughts. It can be done without the deep-dive into the collective musty beard of old men who negate the importance of the de-pro-nounced panorama.

I would like to let the jocose into my life.

This presence; flashing a light into the autodidactic depth, no scary something lurks there, no philistine, no pseudo-someone, no virtuoso. I can simplify all of this. A self-portrait would flatten at this point if I became scared of being who I am, adhering to the current and its currencies; editing this text with great care.

I value this exchange, that which you give by being here.

At the centre is what enters into dialogue with this work, there is no unilateral search for self-awareness. This is a move of moves in which both of us can capture material of comparable value, this is a monologue attempting a dialogue, de-crowding the space to make room for you at the centre.

There are no conclusions as a result, this mode of formulation is an open. Don't estimate the value of the experience you are having now from the view of the on-looking, there is nothing self-serving to be in-looking; to examine ourselves is to allow ourself the more generous route, which bends and bows and tailor off into the unplanned self. Don't seek absolutes, be inconsistent! Vary!

I use exclamations now, but they are not didactic, they just seem so because of only now introducing them, but this is not A moral shout, it is an A-moral holler. As I oscillate between utter procrastination and infinite zest, I remain constant in my hope for a self, a self who works, a self who works on herself, unfettered by projections, as Paul is emailing me to say he has to leave in 5 minutes if we are going to manage to get this printed in time because people have booked to see the show at 14 and this is the show and I can't seem to