

Prologue

Found this trashy romance novel at the el stop. Was going to use it as a notebook, but when I opened it, decided it would be much more interesting if the text that was already there served as more than some artsy background. What if, instead, a sort of intercourse could occur that would redefine both the textual background and the textual foreground?

So I took my fat black magic marker and started marking stuff out; underlining and circling words, sentences, paragraphs; reconnecting and inserting text between and on top of and underneath; selecting and editing; repeating words, phrases, images; subverting; exposing; re-inventing; (re)creating....

I write about things I would never write about; I say things I would never say; I tackle languages and mean-

ings I would never touch. And while I am within it, navigating through it, producing and not producing it, I'm really not worried about whose it is or where the line of authorship is. There is no limit, as there is a certain dissociation, a certain non-authorship, a certain suspension of self and other. A new life is created which can never be mine, and can never be theirs. The creation doubles over, speaking of its own interactions. The meaning brought out, skimmed and produced, subverts and doubles, constructs and de-constructs the original text. The original no longer exists without its mutated double, its child.

Landscapes become explicit. Frictions are mined. The horizontal plane constructed between is encircling, enabling - as sometimes I am below, sometimes above. Sometimes following the wind, sometimes the sea, but always it is an interaction, a navigation, of the immediate as opportunity, not possibility. While afterwards, in reading the new production from outside the plane, the plane seems to be only a new construction, a new production, a new line cut between self and other, while within it, the plane is non-separated; the production and process redefine themselves; the self and other are continually reinvented. The path, the construction, is navigated through intuition on a semi-and-sub-conscious level - as the self-construction is the product, the interaction, the vertical of the forces. The self is not transcendent, but a simultaneous product and production, not fully conscious because never aware or directing all force, only navigating. The consciousness continually redefined by its self.

Sometimes I take the plane and turn it against its self, attempt to reconcile the lost self, attempt to form a

concrete and absolute logic of self/other, attempt to cut the present with images of the past. The cutting edge becomes the plane turned vertically opposing its self, redefining its self, re-creating its self through contractions of belief. And there is a definite blindness to this sort of creation: the contraction of belief is blind to its own production of the plane of truths - truths that redefine and reconcile, separate and connect; truths that even turn against the belief that creates them, forsaken.

Sometimes I operate conscious of my blindness. While within the plane, while within the process, there is no outside, no form or space, no self or other, no binary, except for the one (re)created - a cutting edge of immediate fluidity that coagulates to a plane of static form and structure (belief) only in the past. For at the cutting edge there are only forces. I follow and find, navigate between. There is only continual (re)creation, operating intuitively and immediately while within it. The vertical frictionpiece redefines the horizontal plane. Looking behind, I see a wake of redistributed truths. Looking forward, there is only snow-blind and immediate (re)creation. Belief re-creates blindly. Faith is the inherent blindness of (re)creation. Creation is that blind instant where the self goes beyond the self.

The inhabitation of the process of creation, the act of creation, is what I dare to call art, what I dare to call life. The products are only the remnants. The adult artist is an artist of product - she quits her production at the climax of ambiguity, interest, and possibility, in order to leave the product pregnant with viewer-actuated (commodifiable) potential. The child artist is an artist of process - she quits production when the process has ceased to interest, when the vector has ran out, when the

vehicle must be abandoned as it no longer transports. The artist of death creates a prepared vehicle, a kinetic coaster rolled to the top for the viewer to enter. But the artist of life does not inhabit nor construct the technical utopias of programmed possibilities, the pre-constructed spaces of empowerment. For empowerment is always the false and inverted image of power, the hologram by which power perpetuates itself.

It is the artist of life who takes the vehicle not as the inverse promise of the (absent) possibility of utopia, but as the immediate tool that can break the very limits it was built to construct. The text escapes the possible meanings given, the possible worlds provided, through an opening, a creation, which is and is not its own.