
In the Meantime, Examples of the Same Lily
(A temporary androgyne for Lynda Benglis and Richard Tuttle)

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pink out of a corner (to Jasper Johns)

In Buddhist mythology, the god Indra owned a net of jewels, each of which reflected each one of its fellows to infinity. A structure wherein each element, in relation to every other, leads endlessly away from itself.

In *The Infinite Conversation*, Blanchot frames speech as detour.¹ In the work of writers as diverse as Gertrude Stein and Henry James, various deployments of language turn the reader away, on numerous levels, from plot and character, from nouns and facts, from linear progression, from coherent narrative, clarity and cognition, engaging with reading as movement and encounter rather than as a progressive accumulation of quanta in the service of constructing a singular truth.²

Robert Rauschenberg once sent a telegram to Iris Clert saying “This is a portrait of Iris Clert if I say so”.

What then is this movement in/of reading? Following Blanchot, we might think it as a movement of detour, which *The Infinite Conversation* locates in relation to the question: “Every true question opens onto the whole of questions... But now we see that there is in it, more “profoundly,” a detour that diverts questioning from being able to be a question, and from being able to bring about an answer.”³ The detour for Blanchot is labyrinthine: the question contains a detour away from itself; speech itself is a detour in which the question slips away; the question is a detour that speaks through the detour of speech. These multiple detours switch infinitely back across each other, and any secure identity, relation or ordering is consequently confounded.

This confusing and abyssal structuring of terms is one familiar to readers of Stein and the late James as well as Blanchot. Much of this difficulty stems from a preponderance of deixis in the works of these writers: words such as it, he, there etc. have a deictic or pointing function, and when what they point towards becomes clouded, as invariably and variously happens with all three of these writers, a fundamental instability begins to animate the text.⁴

In deixis the detour of writing/speech/reading derails us in multiple ways. The deictic relation is that of a loose and arbitrary coupling: the word 'it' can pass blithely from object to object without loss of relevance. This feels linked to Robert Smithson's favourite quote from Pascal: "Nature is an infinite sphere, whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere."⁵ The word 'it' is a roaming indicator of centrality that is nowhere out of place. The coincidence of specificity and generality here is a succinct manifestation of Blanchot's labyrinthine detour. Undercutting itself with its own quiddity, this is an abyssal detour moving away from, through and towards itself, as Pascal's model of nature at the same time establishes, confounds and reconfigures the centre.

What is the problem with drawing. The problem with drawing is doing everything in one place. Michael Fried would like to have it all in one place and this is something we will come to later but I myself vacillate and I like to have things in one place and not in one place and this problem is one place out of which one may try to work. For example. There is a clarity in relation to frames and borders which is beautiful and taut and seductive and harmonic. But there is also a question about what is a border and what are the relations that can be had to it from within, without and otherwise. It is a question of fullness and range.

I am thinking here of Dan Flavin problematizing the boundaries of the sculptural object. A wash of pink light extending across a wall has no identifiable terminus, only an even diminuendo of intensity. The boundary is not rejected though the rejection of the boundary is of course something to consider and not to forget about but in Dan Flavin the boundary is not quite I think rejected but rather rethought as having the quality of a gradient. Expectations of determinacy and precision are set aside and a broader consideration opens as much to the suspicion of a faint perfume as the bite of a crisp edge. Order stretches across a continuum where difference unravels in nuanced close register. A dog may wander through it, a front leg momentarily picking up a pink glow, as if wearing a long, ghostly evening glove. A fly may meander through volumes of diminishing and intensifying colour, drawing through these an invisible map of its aimlessness.

In *Art & Objecthood*, Michael Fried famously criticises minimalism (or literalist art, as he calls it in a fascinatingly insistent attempt to appropriate it to his own ends) for its theatricality: its relation, that is, to space, to the viewer, to contingency and time: essentially, to its outside.⁶ Fried argues for the artwork as an enclosed entity whose relationality exists within itself. Framing is of the essence, and the artwork consists for Fried of the interrelations of those parts organised and bounded within the frame. In minimalism however we find an argument for the artwork as a gestalt (a wholeness or lack of parts/internal relations) situated within an environment which, as Fried accurately identifies, as a result itself becomes an extended relational field within which the viewer is set as one of the terms at play. What becomes clear is that each of these opposing positions argues for a navigation of the enclosed and the relational, simply according to reversed structures. In each case, both qualities are seen as intrinsic, but there is a fixed idea held as to how they should be ordered. What is brought to attention in Fried's attack on the minimalist object is the beautiful apparent paradox that the introduction of objects whose physical bodies are so apparently singular and involuted (the gestalt relations that so engaged Robert Morris at the time, for example, are nothing if not doggedly inward in focus) marks the beginning of an opening of the body of the artwork, and its concomitant intrication with myriad other bodies.

The boundary as gradient the smooth order of the continuum is one way to rethink edges and frames and beginnings and endings actually it is more than one way, the gradient is a field the continuum is a line it goes from point to point it is teleological which is fine it is one thing and the field spreads out in all directions but is a surface which is also fine but there is also volume and how a gas might fill a space or light and this is a different gradient and there is time too and other dimensions which cause further complication and I will use the model of the gradient to attempt to hold all of these movements and spaces and potentials and so that is one way one way to rethink edges and frames and beginnings and endings and so to rethink the body I say body I could say object too it is a good way to rethink the object. Discontinuity and disjuncture are also good ways to rethink the object the body of the object the object of the body the body if you think about how Roni Horn's *Pair Objects* are often in separate rooms or if you think about Michael Raedecker and his two paintings of Hitler hung on opposite walls so you can never see them both at the same time you can see smoothness and disjuncture in tandem you can also think about *An Oak Tree* by Michael Craig Martin in this way as it is always the same and you never know what it is it is smooth in time and you see it always the same and you never see it at all it is always either and both or what and not what you see and that it is. You can also think about total discontinuity and what might that be and who might have done it if it can be done or at least who has moved more toward it so that they are closer to it than Roni Horn and Robert Rauschenburg and the two Michaels mentioned above.

John Barton Wolgamot's *In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women* consists of one hundred and twenty eight iterations of what is, on a structural level, the same sentence:

"In its very truly great manners of Ludwig van Beethoven very heroically the very cruelly ancestral death of Sara Powell Haardt had very ironically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Rafael Sabatini, George Ade, Margaret Storm Jameson, Ford Madox Heuffer, Jean-Jacques Bernard, Louis Bromfield, Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche and Helen Brown Norden very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Helen Brown Norden had very originally come amongst his very really grand men and women to Lodovico Ariosto, Solon, Matteo Maria Bojardo, Philo Judaeus, Roger Bacon, Longus, Simeon Strunsky, and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe very titanically."⁷

You can see the template.

But it feels, for all that, curious to say 'consists,' as this takes certain things for granted regarding the nature and location of a body. This, after all, is a portrait of Iris Clert if I say so, and Tom Friedman claims a sphere of cursed air hovers above a plinth which looks like any other but no, I haven't forgotten, it's definitely this one, yes, this plinth here, assuming the curse hasn't become unanchored and wandered off, how would one know, the Earth rotates after all, likewise the galaxy, and who can be trusted to name a fixed point. It is significant that Wolgamot himself anatomized *In Sara...* like so: "one should consider the title page to be "the body" of the book, and that the 128 pages of names should be considered as "the blood flowing through the body."⁸

In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women is the second book in an unfinished trilogy. The text of this trilogy's first book – *In Sara Haardt Were Men and Women* – is identical with that found in its sequel (seeming even to have been printed

from the same plates).⁹ The third, still unpressed, book was, according to an unused title plate bequeathed to Robert Ashley after Wolgamot's death, to have been titled *Beacons of Ancestry, A Symphonic Study of the Rejuvenation in the Grain*. Wolgamot worked for thirty or so years on this final book. When asked what it might have for text, he replied "Oh, same text, same text."¹⁰

Tomma Abts names her paintings. That is, she gives them names, not titles. One of my interests in the name is in how it might differ in its operation to a title. This seems to lie in how a name, as the result of a naming-after, doesn't claim to disclose anything about the work (in the same way that a child's name tells you nothing about her, though it may speak volumes about her parents). A title attempts to tell you something, a name, to designate. A title seeks to unveil, a name, to affiliate. A title gestures toward the work, a name, away from it, and toward something else. A name is not concerned with the model of depth. As a pointing away, it both indicates and opens its subject; the boundary it places has to it some quality of the wash of light.

And Roni Horn Roni Horn's pair objects sit in adjacent rooms and are the same thing twice you see one and then you leave it and you go into the next room and you see the other and it is the same as the first one. And then there is Tom Friedman's cursed sphere of air that nobody has ever seen at all.

So we have a Dan Flavin sculpture and a Roni Horn pair object and a ball of cursed air and a Tomma Abts painting. This is how you make an exhibition or should be, we have a dog wandering through and a fly. The pair object *Things That Happen Again, Pair Object VII (For a Here and a There)* (1986-88) the pair object suggests two rooms, so the art makes the architecture and that is a nice way to go about it so we will have two rooms but for now we are in the first room or whether or not it is the first it is the one we are in with a pair object or part of one and a light sculpture and a painting and a curse. And why is that.

The problem with drawing is doing it all in one place. What do I mean. There is a question about what a drawing should do and about where it should do it about when you should stop and where that stopping happens. These are all questions about a body.

What is it to stop.

Stopping is like knowing in so far as you never do it.

Memory fails me as to the exact details of the story but I was once told about how a French painter, it might have been Matisse or Vuillard or at least I feel someone of that generation or maybe a little earlier anyway this painter would go to the Louvre and look at a painting of his that was on display and when the guard left the room he would dart forward having his paints to hand though hidden away and quickly add a touch of blue to the shoulder or a little dab of pink to bring the chin forward.

Philip Guston said that the only real question is knowing when to stop. Knowing and stopping. Philip Guston, meet Gertrude Stein. The only question there are a great many questions of course the only question is to ask a question about what is stopping and how does it relate to objects and how does it relate to making and how do these things sit in time and what is that, is it teleological or is it something else or rather can there be other things happening at the same time that teleology is happening or looks as if it is.

The gradient is an analogue for magical space. It is a widely held belief among practitioners of magic that everything that is conceived exists. This belief removes arbitrarily placed distinctions between the physical and the imagined, installing these instead as different modes of existence playing out across an ontic gradient wherein 'everything that is the case' turns out to be a particularly catholic proposition. It is not unlike St. Thomas Aquinas' doctrine of the radical indivisibility of the 'simple' God.¹¹ Yet across this gradient, which, looked at from one perspective, may seem a homogenising field, occur manifestations of radical difference. As with Barthes' understanding of the Neutral, what opens in this space is not a flattened out state of static equilibrium but an unrestrained proliferation of complexity unfettered by the simplifying framework of binary distinction.

In an off-the-cuff history of painting sloppily delivered over a bowl of wasabi peas and a couple of cheap beers it might be recounted that the first paintings didn't have frames but were executed across expanses of rock, often in the dark, where the light of a torch may have provided a sort of spotlight, a mobile vignette cropping, framing and composing as it played along the wall. Then at some point the images became mobile themselves, their detachment from the place of their execution made possible by their having been painted on discrete panels which could be moved from place to place, left a bit, right a bit, how about in the dining room that wall could do with breaking up and besides it doesn't go with that rug will you ever remember to take it to the cleaners. Up comes the rug, and lo, a silhouette to its exact proportions is left there faintly brighter and cleaner than the surrounding carpet. Possibly an armchair can be moved to cover it for a week (though there are the little divots the feet leave in the pile to be contended with as well). The painting as window might show all this and more, but of course, the painting as window had its own limited shelf life (subject to numberless resurrections nonetheless) and before you can blink, pictorial space is flapping and twanging about like a bit of elasticated underwear, and then it's blobs and lines and triangles and whatnot that are getting shunted about like bits of furniture inside the frame. But always somewhere this fixity – the geographically rooted locale of the cave wall, the emphatically prioritised picture plane, the all-important relation to edge, and above all a set of specific, finite elements, a composition fixed in time. But *then* – an expansive gesture sends wasabi peas flying thither and yon – well and of course there's painting in the expanded field, and out goes the frame, out goes the relation to edge, and people are dyeing their hair green and pouring food colouring into fountains and installing floral tributes in fifteen of the world's major capitals and God knows what. Where's your fixity now. Where your constants. What, the pressing question might be, is the body of the work?

But let's go one further. Imagine, for example, that you decide to remake this food-dye-in-the-fountain work: the fountain this time around might not be the same one as before; it might be in a different city, and you might install the work at a different time of year, maybe with a different coloured dye etc. But are the conditions of the work not such that it will always consist of a set of fixed elements, however arranged or deployed: i.e. there will always be a fountain, water

and dye, and that there will not, on certain occasions, be a fountain, water, dye and a male voice choir; or a dry fountain, neon lights and a recording of Niagara Falls; or a bucket of water with some dye in it and a slide show of views of the Trevi fountain etc. etc. Would these things all be different works, or the same work? At what point would a constellation of components escape or stray beyond the work whose body they might claim to constitute? And what if I say that a bucket of pink water and the Trevi Fountain are both a portrait of Iris Clert? What – and indeed where and when – might the body of the work be if one can seriously entertain the idea that the same work might comprise seventeen beach balls or four beach balls or no beach balls but an anvil?

We remember Roland Barthes and the ship Argo that he found and we find so useful. Argo is a name a ship a body a limit a space an aggregate a continuum an identity a form a cloud a trail of detritus and etc.

“Argo” for Barthes works like a set of brackets. Whatever is put inside is incorporated. Whatever leaves (though what might constitute leaving) is disincorporated. Brackets themselves are a simple spatial device they say here and here and you have seen this happening. But a name might bracket in a more complex and multifaceted way, being already a more spatially and temporally multiple object.¹² Think of this not only in terms of the name of a person but, as with the Argo, the name of a work. For example when Boney M split up and form two other bands each called Boney M how many Boney Ms are there. And what does the name mark. What does it say, or try to say, about stopping. Wolgamot passes the same text (of names) through different titles. The late modernist disavowal of language – “Untitled” – has inevitably become both title and name, a name for many different things, a classification, a sort of phylum or gang tattoo: an umbrella casting a shadow through which it is possible for many things to pass, perhaps rest, or merely be grazed by. Some works have aliases, and titles of works are of course appropriated by other works (thereby becoming names). There is more than one *Large Glass*.

So John Barton Wolgamot takes the names and he puts them down he puts Heliodorus and he puts Martha Ellis Gellhorn and he puts Engelbert Humperdinck and he puts them together in this sentence and he does it again and again he puts Pelham Grenville Wodehouse and Lion Feuchtwanger and Henri Bergson and Anne Green (though not at all in this order, I am picking these names carefully at something I care to call random) he puts them down and that is how it goes. Is this like Tacita Dean is it like Wittgenstein there are ways in which it is.¹³

Clears throat.

In Tacita Dean it is like this. I take a thing and then I look at it and I wonder about it and I put it down and come back to it and it lives in my head and this is like Wittgenstein with a sentence a thought a problem being turned over and over like a stone in Kurt Schwitters' pocket or of course in anyone's pocket but Kurt Schwitters did paint that beautiful stone and when I finally saw it a few weeks ago in a vitrine for the first time and not a photograph it turns out to be four times or so larger than I had imagined before but still a very beautiful painted stone though too large to have ever been turned over in Kurt Schwitters' pocket but still. I take a thing in this way and then see a picture of another thing and I go and get that thing and I put it next to the first thing and then something happens gravity happens and other things become attracted and I put them together like bricks and a thing starts to come together and you see it go up and this is very like Wittgenstein but it is not.

I can say this is like Rachel Harrison like David Markson like many other people and we could name them.

Going though how is it going and what is it that is going what are it that am going there as one and many things a multiple thing and a singularity of things and of course Wittgenstein can also claim this so how is this not the same as Wittgenstein.

In Wittgenstein the logic gets very pure and opens onto something that is not itself and that is where I fall utterly in love with Wittgenstein but looking at how he gets there... it is very beautiful but it is a system and it is argument and I love it and love you see and joy and frivolity and whim and Susan Sontag Susan Sontag has very keenly observed that "The role of the arbitrary and the unjustifiable in art has never been sufficiently acknowledged"¹⁴ and so let us

here take a stand, for love and joy are as multiple as anything and it is not only a very pure logic that opens up onto something that is not itself and so to continue it is a little like Wittgenstein with Tacita Dean Rachel Harrison and you see it go up but what is it that you see going up and how does it go up and how does the manner of its going up make what it is that is going up. Up should I really be saying up.

Not to begin with logic. Well perhaps. To begin with logic but where does it go.

Morton Feldman was not particularly impressed with continuity. In 1968 he was asked Philip Guston asked him they were in conversation at the New York Studio School and he asked him "What do you want?" and Feldman said "I want a kind of insanity" and he said later in the conversation this is on page 95 rather than on page 88 where he says that he wants a kind of insanity but the thoughts are contiguous he says "...one of the tragedies about music is that people just can't conceive of it outside of a system. Because a system is sanity. I mean, you listen to the Beatles, you're listening to sanity. That is, you're listening to a consistent thing from the beginning until the end. That's what's in a system. A lot of passages in Varèse are irrational, because in terms of cause and effect they cannot be analyzed."¹⁵

"I want my reality going there, not there coming here." he says on page 88 and aligns this with a kind of insanity this movement.

It was the '50s of course. Today, as in love with Feldman and Guston as I am I am more interested much more interested by far in the idea of there coming here, by which I may mean a very different thing to Feldman and that is exciting because I don't know what it is in a way I suspect is very like the way Feldman did not know what his reality was until it moved – I am imagining it – he made it move in sending it there which of course is also a place he I you nobody knows where it is what is the movement or when how if something sent from here to there or called from there to here comes to rest if at all and so what happens.

A question about stopping will overturn stopping, it will lead away from stopping on a detour and this is how you will learn something about stopping stopping and the movement of stopping not by answering the question but by going through it and perhaps this is a body. To keep moving through stopping.

pink out of a corner (to Jasper Johns) throws light, or is light thrown, on its surroundings. Across smooth white walls it plays a perfect diminuendo in all directions. Objects intercepting its aura make a theremin of it, sounding, where they touch, notes of pink and pink variants of differing intensities, shapes and brightnesses according to proximity, degree of obliquity, material quality, pigmentation and overall ambient lighting. A hand can move slowly through it slowly becoming a different pink across its back to across its palm a changing pink that plays across the skin as if from inside as if your hand is singing back to the room to pink to *pink out of a corner (to Jasper Johns)*.

Its body of light is smooth and penetrable – stratified also, and contestable. Unclear relations between (intangible) light-body, (fragile) mechanical body, and (volatile) chemical body – of electrified argon laced with gaseous mercury – confound the object/support relationship. Flavin's light works form a species where the body has (at least) these three tiers, and this potential to be thought in stratified, boundless and particulate ways places emphasis on the question these works pose to the conditions of sculpture, and to bodies in general.

And then its title, carrying in *Argo*-esque brackets a dedication, which carries a name, and points us away, both away and through, to, towards, going through is a way of leaving when you don't aim for the centre, through the glass tube, through an interior space filled with fluorescing gas, through the object and away from it, away from and through the light and the bulb and the chemicals and toward Jasper Johns, whatever Jasper Johns might be, Jasper Johns who is not there but who of course is there, conceived, existing.

In Buddhist mythology, the god Indra owned a net of jewels, each of which reflected each one of its fellows to infinity. A structure wherein each element, in relation to every other, leads endlessly away from itself.

Think of the four mirrored cubes that make up Robert Morris' *Untitled* of 1965/71 in this way. Placed in a room with *pink out of a corner* (to Jasper Johns), the two works conjoin in excessive complication, particularly as they intersect at the core of *Untitled's* gestalt where the Flavin's radiant body of reflected light shuttles across itself again and again, piercing in one form (as it is deflected in another) the glass surfaces that both open and seal off an endless gallery of virtual spaces.

If we can pass through Flavin's work to (a (conceived)) Jasper Johns, what happens when this conduit is itself passed through a deictical labyrinth of reflected spaces infinitely opening out from each other in an extended continuum of pink cuboids? Whatever is summoned here is bound here (bound in its florescence of runnings-away) for as long as the conjunction holds – singing in spaces concurrently actual, virtual and imagined, a pocket universe tinted with imaginary light, swarming with spy holes to a Jasper Johns as unseen as a curse.

Excerpted from Rachel Harrison's 2007 photographic series *Voyage of the Beagle*, a photo of a statue of Gertrude Stein, hung in near darkness, barely touched with pink.

As an accompaniment or witness, let *Things That Happen Again...* be positioned close enough to Morris' *Untitled* for its reflection within it to be meaningfully assertive. 2 ft away? 5? It is hard not to think again of a theremin. As a witness it is like a sort of cow or maggot always with its back turned, not back as it has no back or it is all back so it is not with its back *turned* unless by turned we mean turned out. Its inwardness peels out and is the same song sung by its sibling though it is possible that we do not yet know about this but the song is the same inward song though here reflecting and coloured by pink light and reflected in pink light in mirrors and continua. To call it the third part of a body would be rash. Even passing over the spectral bodies of Jasper Johns Jasper Johns singular plural and the light and reflected images of light, and reflected images of reflected images of light and so on to endless multiplicity and the three tiered (we have said at least) physical body of *pink out of a corner (to Jasper Johns)* and the four-in-one gestalt of *Untitled* (component and aggregate with attendant host of reflected parts, every surface a bottomless cavern not just of bodies of light but chemicals and images and tubes and copper and architecture and so on) and a photograph of a statue of Gertrude Stein reflected or not but grazed still with pink light even then there is the unreflected (we assume, if we know of or suspect it) sibling object in some other room making at the very least four.

(And the remaining 56 prints that make up *Voyage of the Beagle*, packed carefully away in storage.)

“No matter how complicated anything is, if it is not mixed up with remembering there is no confusion, but and that is the trouble with a great many so called intelligent people they mix up remembering with talking and listening, and as a result they have theories about anything but as remembering is repetition and confusion, and being existing that is listening and talking is action and not repetition intelligent people although they talk as if they knew something are really confusing, because they are so to speak keeping two times going at once, the repetition time of remembering and the actual time of talking but, and as they are rarely talking and listening, that is the talking being listening and the listening being talking, although they are clearly saying something they are not clearly creating something, because they are because they always are remembering, they are not at the same time talking and listening.”¹⁶

And a dog can wander through it, picking up the colour on its leg like a long pink evening glove.

Some people will know that Roni Horn's Pair Objects come in twos and others will not and these are different encounters.

How do we look at a Tomma Abts painting? Fluorescent pink light – a careful make-up – washes obliquely across the surface of *Epko*, picking out ridges and indentations that betray a developed architecture of underpainting.

Looking and making, I have said and am saying, are analogues, analogous processes, looking is always a kind of making. Now, be careful and look, look carefully and be alive to how remembering is not talking and listening, and repetition is not acting or making.¹⁷ I am telling you something and I am taking a tone because I feel it is important and things happen to my language that is mine and Gertrude Stein's and that of various others, which I collect within the useful brackets of 'mine', when I get excited. Now.

There seems, for example, to be a general rhetoric rampant in the day-to-day discourse of art professionals that, like one of Flaubert's received ideas, makes glib claims about excavating the architecture of paintings that display evidence of their facture. This is remembering and repeating it is not looking because if you look, if you look at *Epko* it is clear as the lovely make-up emphasises that a *certain* amount of information is available about the picture's coming into being, but this information is hints and flashes and nothing nothing at all like a full inventory. The work wears its condition without walking you through it – it doesn't get mixed up with remembering.

The cloud of light. The object as support for phenomena. An architecture for chemical event.

It is a single tapering copper cylinder, appearing heavy and toppled yet very still and lovely and placed. It occupies and holds empty space, shiny and alive with light across its perfect surfaces. Enormously musical. Pink light rebounds from its metallic curvature, from its flat, gong-like faces, solid copper alchemically sheathed in a queer violet veneer. A heavy, weird-coloured metal element singing the tone of itself in a dim, pinkish half-light. Hand lathed, it appears machined. This is a secret intimacy that it keeps inwardly. Even its faces, every part of it is back, as if it were some middle part of something turned inside out.

A single 8 ft fluorescent tube installed flush to the corner with its lowest point in contact with the floor. Move *Epko* around in the dim pink haze with which it fills the room, dipping now more deeply into the increasing brightness of its halo, now into the increasing darkness of the penumbra it sets up like a foggy tent.

The story goes that in 1992, at Tom Friedman's request, a witch cursed a 28 cm sphere of air. Ever since, this cursed space has hovered unseen 28 cm above a plinth, which plinth now glows dimly with a diminished pink, a mark that it perturbs the outskirts of the body that lights it. This now-becoming-vestigial body of light passes through the cursed area itself apparently undisturbed, though how this lens, be it fanciful, arcane, conceptual or otherwise, might inflect whatever *pink...* conveys through its radiant body (a body which is itself a movement, a passage through gradients of intensity from the core of a chemical event through a dwindling that results in imperceptibility and extinguishment) as it passes through is subject to conjecture.

Possibly I will exchange Harrison's photo of the Stein sculpture for Picasso's portrait of her (of Gertrude Stein) instead.

Epko in pink light, *Epko* in tinted shadow, *Epko* is a modest brown painting that holds itself to and within itself like a small and complicated tone.

There is underpainting under the brown paint, itself under the pink light, the surface making the image not solely by grace of what is on its outward-facing side, stretched over a very delicate and shallow skeleton, a visible structure of ridges and indentations that organises and disrupts the picture and affects the play of light which is here like stroking Jasper Johns' cheek remotely from a very great distance and believing that he will feel it.

If indications are leaked here as to decisions and erasures, time lingeringly spent making and looking and making, a made object, a looked at object variously opaque and transparent a variously opaque and transparent aftermath of these times of making and looking and pausing very often pausing and stopping and returning and then stopping for good, no dab of pink to bring it forward except for here there is this dab this wash of pink and if Jasper Johns can feel it will he come forward.

An architecture of decisions. To read this as an index of erasures would miss much of the point.¹⁸ Erasures of course, but visible erasures, orchestrated erasures, transformations of a decision into another decision where it does not leave itself behind but moves forward in its concealment, the re-clothing, perhaps, of a decision. A seduction then, where a covered passage of painting asks to be experienced like a collarbone, where any pleasure taken in unearthing moments of the work's execution are rooted not in the intellectual satisfaction of an accurate unpicking of this execution, but rather in speculation as a mode of delectation.

It is possible that I might exchange Harrison's print of the photo of the Stein sculpture for Picasso's portrait of her instead though of course this brings Picasso brings always the ghost of cubism though Gertrude Stein of course brings always also the ghost of cubism but we might think it differently and with different presence the rearticulation of the bodies of things. "If a cube showed all six of its faces at once – if it fully "clarified" its nature – it would violate the law of spatial appearances, as such... consider the fact that if the entire cube were completely manifest or transparent to one perspective, it would be complete at the cost of having no dimensionality at all. It would not be what it is, as a cube, but some impossible object that could manifest all of its dimensions at once."¹⁹

Looking and making, depth and shallowness. Remembering that we can move in all directions at once. And then there is time. Among other things.

And now perhaps we take *Epko* out of the room for a while.

When you know Roni Horn's Pair Object is one of two parts you go in part your looking is in part a movement to a speculative elsewhere an astral superimposition of this place carried by this object a superimposition of this object onto its other part and the space around it which is not known a known place superimposed onto an unknown place around the pivot of these objects they are like compass needles both known but not their orientations their relative orientation one now virtual, one at least is always virtual, making a pivot around which places are set. You call through one object to the next, you trust it is there like the other end of a telephone line a silence there it will probably not be lit with a pink light.

And a dog wanders in, a very thin white dog with a single pink leg, it is more of a purple, a magenta leg, not a colour picked up from the pink light (which of course has turned the white dog into a dog that is pink all over) a pink dog with a dark pink foreleg still very like an evening glove and the dog is reflected like everything in the mirrored cubes and it looks at its reflections for a while. It snuffles at the cubes the pair object the cubes again, not seeing whatever picture of Gertrude Stein is hanging there off in the dark, snuffling at the cubes with its nose, leaving a small wet mark that evaporates from the glass slowly working tiny intricate manipulations on the body of light that plays itself there as it dwindles and lifts away into vapour, something invisible, a body moving in the air, nameable if undetectable, a body that ups and leaves and the dog ups and leaves it walks away changing colour getting darker on the way to becoming white again leaving its pink coat to evaporate as it steps with its one remaining dark pink leg into the next room.