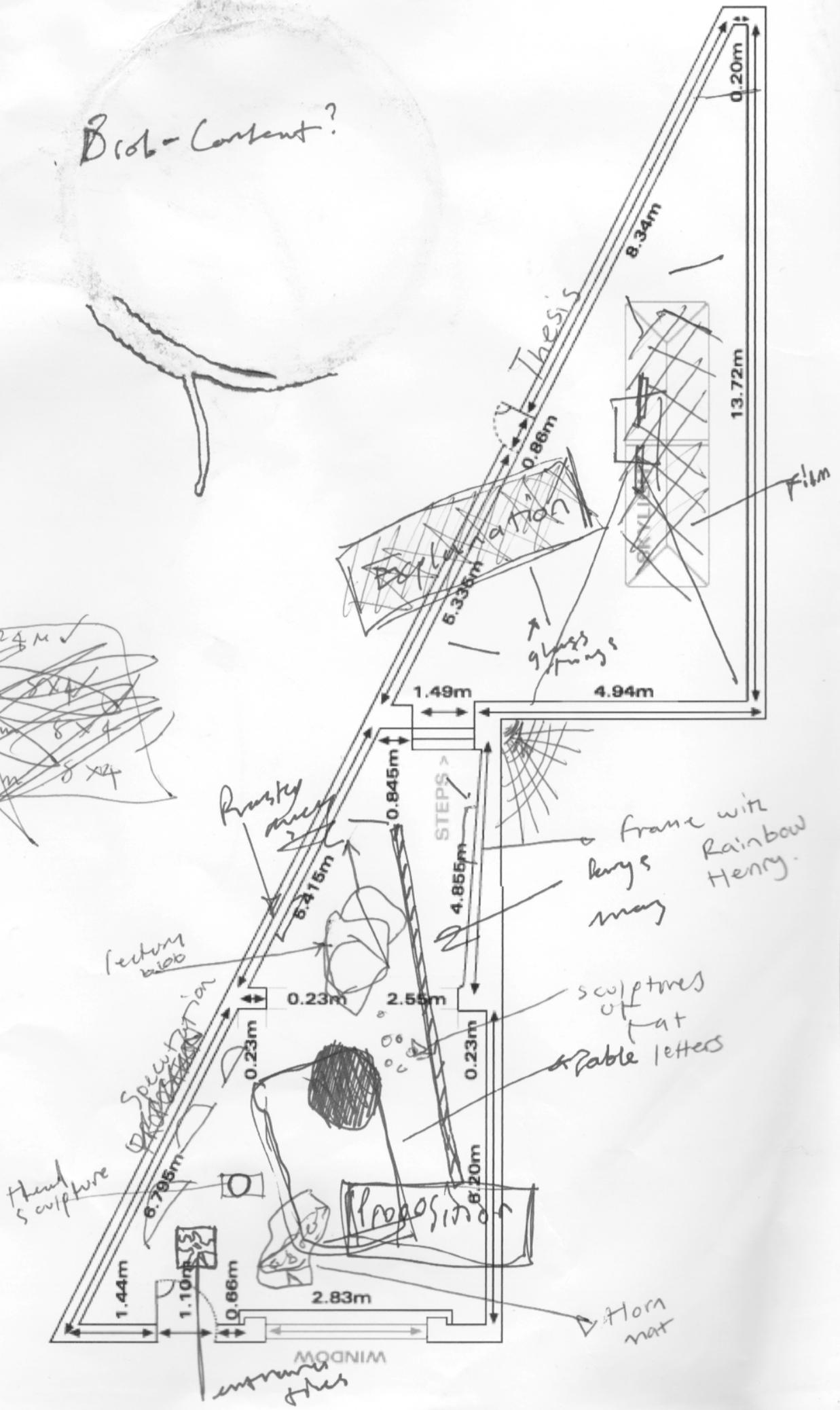


Bob-Content?

~~2x1 24m ✓
3x 12m 8x4
1x 13m 8x4
1x 25m 8x4~~



1.

In a state of prior existence, a material, a priori, take it, think about it, look at it, begin to act upon it, to communicate or not, to say or to meditate on a thought. The corners begin to fall rapidly as you shave out what the thought permits. You go on in a frenzied state allowing action to inexplicably follow thought and feeling and action and reaction, muddle through it. The thought is eating itself now, it is devouring its self with every action on the external, every action causes the thought to change, until yet more angles fall away, where was the first angle? What was the original angle, is now gone, it doesn't matter, is this learning? never mind, keep going and the thought is there, with the feeling, its power executed on the material, this is no longer a priori, because it is becoming rounded, at both ends, it is real, almost human, for it is being observed, the object stares back, almost screaming. There is no theory for pure form, gleaming, glistening form, like a wotsit or a jelly bean, or a pebble travelled thousands of miles, held by the sea, should be so knowledgeable, so well travelled but has gone too far, too well rounded to easy, rollable, no interest. The thought has gone now, you must start again, you have run out of material, you shaved it all away, its gone that purple colour, start again.

In a state of prior.....

2.

Standing, tied up, on a beach, bound with little leather ties around ankles, hands behind back, again tied with leather, little knots and the smell of the wind. Standing on the edge of land, the edge of sure footed, balanced existence, facing out, except tied, bound, rolling the pebbles between toes, thinking about the leather binds. Intentions were given, not understood, communication breakdown, the realisation that empathy can never be proven. Begin to change shape, binds still intact, turn more corners over shoulders, seems more edges are growing, strange unknown bodily angles. This never met that before. Think about the pebbles again, and Avebury, and conversation, take one pin point position and another different pin point position, the trajectory moving constant, pause is luxury, overview is a myth, its a constant meeting, like two rocks on a slow journey until they meet in small dribbling brook in the Amazon, where they speak, but not with words. No meta system involved, no removal for re-introduction in the next. This is a vibratory language, involving bodies, the bodies have to touch and the rocks vibrate in order to communicate. A

large forest, green with dappled sunlight, a snake, perhaps a spider, some insects, the smell of earth and a tinge of death, serenaded over by a babbling spring which has pushed centuries old igneous stone slowly together, one from the lower peninsula and the other from the northern mountains. Rounded hard side, meets rounded hard side, the noise deafening, the concentration of interaction with the earth, revolving, immense. Become smooth solid object, the leather ties relinquish their bind, fall away, more edges, roll over and transform surface from human to stone, now boulder, and communication is lost, devolution, the pebble is all that is left, on the beach and the thinking has gone.

3.

The suffering white side, gleaming in the sun, coveting the bending, arching bronze, greased up by the years. Feel it, make it, define its edges, make it so it does not continue past those edges, control it so it ends somewhere and you will have an object. Make another one, different margins, re-defining error, wrong and right combine the beauty of objects in their lack of opposition. Even sword and sheath are not. After a second, after a second one, after a second one has been made, think about a third and make it, like a wave of energy, dying as it solidifies into existence, all objects become deaths, like waves reaching the shore. The world a tomb full of memorials to the death of activity.

gimbal, grommet and groyne.

4.

Understanding is a set of constraints rounded by a set of tactics, take a pebble, put it in your mouth, take it out and give it to someone to hold only in their hands. This we will call conversation, the exchange of an object between two different sensory organs or organisms. How does the pebble feel in the mouth as opposed to in the hand? This we shall call lost in translation. There seems to be no constant in the life of the pebble for it is a shape-shifter, a contortionist, an object capable of multi-existence. A bendy, curvy paradise of lost words shattered grammar and wobbly greasy syntax. Set the pebble down admire its definition-less existence peb pob bob wob webby pebby blob.

5.

Verbal language is an organism, we do not use it, it uses us, it exists in its own right. It spreads through the diaspora like a virus, living and breathing and

changing, until we all think we understand.

6.

Milky musing, down the side of the plinth, the view elongated, fore-shortening, fore-longing, no one on earth or mars has this view now of the foreshortened bronze public sculpture in the blinding sun, all milky vision and sensitive. Try to explain to the person walking by, you know its like when you close one eye and look, keeping head still and then swap eyes so everything shifts. your vision has two different perspectives, the person walking by is another universe. One eye is objective, the other subjective, in the milky light, no point crying, because the tears can never be sure, subject or object. Now looking up again fighting the sun from prone position alongside plinth, the bulge of Bronze something. Reminds me of a thing, the thought's gone, and it was never shared with anyone, does that matter, how would it be shared? It cant, physical world, musical means, no direct transfer and the milky vision is just mine. So stand up and read the plaque, the words bite the corners of eyes, that sharp N, really gashing as it rushes past cornea. Back prone, on floor, mouth forming large bubble, perfect bubble, in which language would this mean 'Pass the salt'? None. Suffering the public sculpture with hand outstretched leaning on its warm surface heated by the sun and gaining access again to the vertical world. Never mind, walk past the other people thinking of the shape of the things, and if it were inverse, the sculpture in the park would be the space, the nothing, the air. Breath only in areas where there are objects, suffocate without.

7.

They Grey person to the left, looking and looking and seeing and seeing. Like an onion has many layers, the freakish existence of cognition which is sight specific but is never reconciled as such. One bulbous eye, sees a different thing to the other bulbous eye, protruding from the same face. Confusion is then not such an infrequent event, in fact confusion is everything, its just trusted, like the slimy bronze sculpture, so real, so existent, so believable, but born out of a guess. Solidity in form is not solidity of thought and the hard surface of things may break bones but its resistance is futile when attacked with misunderstanding.
