

öv, a Journey

*a journey things beings thread draw a path of an egg an orbit ellipse going wide outward hungry a system configuration of arrangements agencies relaxed taxonomies elastic essence yielded to a field a gravity falling inward with an echo a world a moon a song a riddle a vector a line a drawing
Catharina van Eetvelde, Catalogue Ilk, Kunstmuseum Basel, 2016, p33.*

There is a path towards what shines first from afar, aloof it shows its rays daring. Born my own, on this earth, to this earth, within a body, a gender, a color, a time, a civilisation, I was born, in a world within the world, where it was smug being. Born in a world that presented itself as understood, categorized, and saved, and with it, its future. In this world, a place for me felt to be a place, small and displaced, in order to belong, and so I strayed.

The shining that I feel upon me shines straight through the airs of worlding, it shines throughout millennia, to where the earth and I belong, and each as such. It beckons me and I respond. I hear, as artists hear, one ear within my time, one ear sensitive to trillion years, a million miles around. My practice, life, a daily picking up of this line, I follow it home.

There is a path towards what shines that does not bend to mirror a society, that does not give in to the inner moods of outer systems, or allies with its currents. I hear the throbbing, there is a path to a more common, covered, well from where we feel we still belong, from where we feel we know how to care to take our place amidst of all what is, amidst and other, next of kin. Of this path I relate.

There is no fast track, no straight line to it, but life itself. I live, I draw. Between, a movement in which both life and art are actual, are moving, towards new forms of work, towards new forms of living. They inform each other, I make art together with the tremble of me living, I live within the magic of a practice. Nothing is held as being known, nothing is ready to repeat itself. Such life, such art asks for a fierce embracing of half a moon unlit, where eyes are not the tools to bring but are: our heart and senses. Those senses that as artist we, with struggle, face and become acquainted with. We live. And through time, our hair turned white and only then is there a thickness in our findings.

Complexity becomes simplicity, forms find strength in their belonging, what is made becomes translucent: a carrier to the energy it holds, so close to its viewer that it is one with their senses. Here then is where barriers fall, we recognize each other, here is joy.