

manifesto for
asking a stone to say sky

coyote weeps

;

*coyote weeps for the great
dane whose name like
stinging nettle barks out the
window calls back a
sapping sound like one one
one on the mind*

May 21, 2022

*Not very long after did Cole
prove to be the most psychotic
liar I've ever met. On Thursday 5/19
Cole broke up with me. Friday 5/20 Cole
leaves on a private jet to NYC
to see billionaire David Geffen –
HOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW?
I have no idea – this boy is literally
mentally insane. I've been talking to
him on Grindr today 5/21, where
he told me he fucked someone
last night 5/20 (after I couldn't sleep &
watched him be active literally alllll
night).*

*Despite a crazy heartbreak &
so much hurt and anger – I think
something in my mind is obsessed.
Is it for getting hurt?*

*On Friday 5/20 I ordered a tracking
device off Amazon for \$30 bucks,
free overnight shipping. It arrived
at 7:13 AM Saturday 5/21
I set it to my phone to receive
updates every minute (of exact
location) for \$25, a monthly
plan. The battery would last
1-3 weeks.*

*Tomorrow 5/22 before Cole (presumably)
returns from NYC, I will put the
device on his car parked at the
airport – I have already tested it out.*

On May 22, 2022, I would go to the airport. Find Cole's car. Place the tracking device on his car. Photograph – twice. And begin tracking him until the time I left for California on August 4, 2022 (75 days). This summer, the longest days of, I documented daily. Everything. Date, time, place – this happened, here, with these gestures, under this lighting, looking through the window: it is a documentation of absence, of reciprocal absence^[1]. 338 pages of text documentation. 18 35mm film photographs. 31 ephemeral objects. 3 audio recordings.



May 22, 2022
- At 1:44 PM, I take the first picture of Cole's car parked in the lot.
- At 1:45 PM, I take the second photo of the tracker placed under the rear bumper.

You may ask –

(there are a lot of questions you may ask, but)

These questions are of no importance here at this moment.

The work questions ethics of documentation. of Truth through Transgression. of Love and Loss and Love again.

The work here is not pointing towards a dictation, but rather a conversation. A conversation with the viewer to which there is no reply. Looking into the window of loss and longing. I leave you with the vibrations of the glass. It is as if I have breathed this breath of bereavement onto the glass and fogged it with my memory, and you, on the other side, cannot wipe it away. Cannot change its matter. its Form. its happen-ness and then gone. Love is this moral agent, it is the unknown which drives moral obligation [2].

Though I understand, there is a need for truth! It is time (for so long now we have been left without)!

Searching for lightness (truth) as a reaction to the weight of living ;

I remake myself, seduced into shadow, barely existing, looking for answers. I sweat and I am alive! Still looking.

It is already too late when you wake up inside of a question.

The work asks for opacity, but then gives only its shadow quality.

This venture into the unethical.

room as constellation;

/ the room is arranged with objects as constellation, telling the story within the spaces between. The text, the materials list, becomes the key, the legend. The journey becomes the (wisdom)line.

Documentation becomes disintegrated only to have to be put back together again. Everything is always on the verge of loss (forgetting), longing to hold onto that which we cannot know.

modes of redaction;

/ and so what does it mean to reduce the information to its most immaterial substance – for it to exist within shadow, complicating the binary between lightness and darkness, between looking in and looking out, (under)exposing the saturated notion of photography or language as telling the truth. We must know but cannot!

This resistance has something to offer, withholding from insincerity. There must be a longing for the longing to know. One becomes complicit in the search for answers.

An edge draws one in, as with something more precious to offer, until coming to face with answers, lifting the veil of obscurity. The truth can sometimes be unknown silence.

Buried within my love for you is the hatred of truth – it must be the same within the work.

It is that (wisdom)line. Of that journey between reality and truth. What we perceive in front of us (reality), the longing it creates for us, and having to live with the fact of (truth).

It is my window;

/ the window as a means of looking in, but to also look out. Who has the power here? There is no victim to besides shadow (truth). The window becomes the physical boundary between space, the space between you and I (as in language), where it is so full of opacity either side may be (created) truth. This line is the sharpness, that edge – this is the glass I kiss. This truth requires a transgression of boundaries.

“To be intimate with my body I must like to be close to death. I must be willing to tell what I’ve seen. I must bear witness. I must transgress...”

In pain there is also the possibility of connection. It is easy to dominate which you see and never know. To want to know is to transgress. [3].”

I must live in this place. The truth of transgression, of witnessing, but also the truth of a deteriorating mental state.

And thus, the desire becomes the objects – everything in the path of obsession becomes victim to the search for truth.

The following becomes material. A transubstantiation of an object through metaphor pointing towards loss.

Something lost provides us another found truth – this shift from far to near, from unknown to know.

These notions all imply separation. Separation is painful.

And I pursue.

footnotes ;

[1] term reciprocal absence used in Jean Baudrillard’s analysis of Sophie Calle, “Please Follow Me”

[2] terming Michel Foucault’s structures of ethics (subjects of knowledge, fields of power, and moral agents) as the determinants for moral obligation. In this case, claiming that love and longing become the structures which drive moral obligation when the unknown is present – the unknown which becomes the most impulsive.

[3] Bell Hooks from “Being the Subject of Art”