

IAN WHITE

I thought this was going to be straight forward, but it isn't.

In writing I am writing about my own work. Which of course is nothing of the sort—neither as a piece of writing, nor as the thing itself to which I am referring. What do I know. In my work, whether it's a piece of writing, a performance or something else, there is often a process of selection at play which is why I am writing about it here, I think.

In my performances in particular what is selected is often blatant—that is, it is either clearly visible (a film is shown, an object or a copy of one is presented) or audible (the radio is on, a recorded bell played) or physical (an action is repeated, a naked man is knitting) or visible-audible-physical (a wind machine is switched on, sentences are broken off artificially) or any other combination of these. In each work, selections are compiled with different senses, or no sense, of purpose. Of course, this isn't necessarily anything other than a general act of making: some things are included, others are not. But what is selected is often borrowed, it can be seen and how it can be is important: what makes it noticeable might be an unnaturalistic pause between sentences as a text is read, a staged accident, risks or mistakes, contradictions, a proscenium arch. Any frame is a thrown voice. Division.

This process and its implications are not a strategy, they are more like a condition: not the default of all making, or a strategy *in*, but a condition *of* the work, of work, of conditions in general perhaps, which is what the work is. That's all. But it aims temporarily to reflect-suspend-dismantle that with which we might otherwise be familiar, or conditioned by, by those things being shown in the situations they were in, but are not any more, and the terms or conventions of our encounters. This is political. Nothing is taken exactly, but another situation is established that has characteristics, or maybe loses them, just as we do, or can—thank goodness.

But what do I know. What can I see? Nothing is owned because choices about material, let's say, have been made rather than something having been invented. And this has a lot of implications that have repercussions, two of which might be dependent upon each other: the introduction of time where it might not previously have been, or not in the same way at least, and a subjection to space.

Ordinarily an institution like a museum functions by subtracting time from the things it compiles, ourselves included (e.g. objects are preserved forever and we are reverent, as in silent) as if to subtract life itself. Maybe the time I am talking about introducing is better described as a function: a kind of discussion thought between what has been compiled, ourselves included, that could also be known as a correspondence in the way that the French use this word to describe the place where an interchange between one Métro line and another occurs. If this could be cast as the possibility of chance, and it cannot be.

Ourselves included. By which I mean, this process of selection is not an attempt to prove *something* to *someone*. Not taste, not access, not myself. But neither is it an abnegation of responsibility. It is an occupation, which is multiple, not an inscription, which is singular. It does not last, exactly. It is something to do that is also a repositioning against or because of its own grid which is temporary. It is not an address, it is material itself, a condition etc., e.g. if I am speaking it is not to ask you to witness my feelings or what I am pretending to feel, which is nothing anyway. Here are no confessions. It is because the thing said is to be there, thrown from me, not of me. "I'm not here" cannot be spoken, stupid. But it is one way of describing agency. And desire. (I'm trapped.)

If objects that ordinarily are removed from time can have time introduced to them (again) for their own erasure, and this is political, so might the opposite be: a thrown voice or subjects subjected to something like architecture, a split. As we are, that is, amongst material.

Here is information. Mobilise.

Such a move-away, a pointing at something other than that which is there—or here—is always, can only be, a kind of comedy.