

# The Corruption of Time's Dust

By Julian Hou

At the time that James Rosenquist completed *Time Dust* (1992), it was hailed a technical "tour de force" - a combination of colour lithography, screenprinting, relief, etching, stamping and collage - that culminated a series of graphic pop works with the same inspiration. What strikes me today is that it is a print so large that it cannot be seen with any significant detail on a computer screen.

This direct obfuscation was really a result of his place in the time that he was depicting - 1995 is when the first color image hit the PC market. While both the process of making such an image and the very content of this image seem obsolete in a sense, *Time Dust* may comprise a fragment of evidence for a past visual and spatial conception of delirium - both as a psychological phenomenon and as a philosophical proposition. In this past version of delirium, the things of our everyday world simply float lawlessly in a disjointed and effortless space-scape. It is as if the failure of montage to create a realistic and convincing image bore a new space within which all variety of objects could exist independent of each other in an equal manner. The space could even provide for its own disruption and destruction while maintaining its fundamental character. Here was a space where causality could unfold but narrative could not occupy. The viewer is to feel consumed by the sheer size of the space, while the artist is somehow able to objectify the space from a privileged imagined view; Rosenquist is literally stepping outside of time and history, collapsing it all into a single plane of the image.



Richard Fedoruk's drawings depict a similar delirious space, but through an athletic execution where the hand acts like a machine, laying several passes of ink over the surface of the image like an inkjet printer. What is an image of the passing moment, the movement of the mind through a series of abstract thoughts, is devotionally rendered - containing the heaviness of real time, a real time that is at the sacrifice to the instant.

Sylvain SALLY was the first to draw my attention to the work of Robert Abel and associates, whose pioneering animations for film and advertising did much for the proto-digital imaginary. Some of Sylvain's work is very much concerned with the perception and physicality of scientific diagrams and how they can dramatize the obscured consequences of their actual states. In this process of dramatization, tropes and metaphors are often employed to draw out a kind of cultural unconscious of images, objects, machines, and movements.

Advertising was, at the time, experiencing a parallel process where the integration of a variety of techniques (copystand photography, graphic illustration, product photography) seemed to spawn a new imaginative space. This hyper-visual and striking form of advertising seems to depict single instances of delirium, where an arrangement of suggestive products formed the tension of the unknown future. It is as if the evolution of the craft of integrated media made it possible to form, if not an image of the digital age, at least a dramatization of its arrival. Time seemed to freeze momentarily before the ultimate collapse of all images with the invasion of the computer. Delirium is evoked to depict a moment that seems aware of its own historical significance.

By using materials that are designed for very specific purposes, and by repurposing them to create sculpture that is concerned with atmosphere, I've often thought of Tegan Moore's work as a process of freeing the very particular from its hard and singular function, and allowing the material to idly create in an ephemeral way. This process of sublimation - the transformation from the solid to the air - suggests a passage in which all material can experience of itself.

In the narrative version, narrative time stops and the lead character steps out of the scene, addressing the audience directly and spot-lit while the rest of the scene is frozen and blanketed in shadow (other actors sway in the darkness trying to act frozen). It is a space that is thought to always be present, not running alongside but perpendicular to real time. Here is a geometrical departure, which narrative seems to require. To be able to step away but still hold the whole is not just the work of the screen but informs the design of the scene idea.

The evidence of human presence is reduced to the signifiers of person identification in the recent work of Nadia Belerique. It is less about the missing body and more about the possibility of physical presence through the act of a medium's capturing. This presence is further blended into the object of the artwork, where footprints and fingerprints are perceived to come out of some mishandling. The staging of this mishandling and its actual making is a performance of its own revelation - an unmasking of the double identity of the artist.

To Deleuze, consciousness exists exterior to the ego - the self exists as a multitude of "larval selves", each of which exist in a manner independently from the ego as a whole. These larval selves act as minor awarenesses in the discontinuous sensorium. Delirium is the means of achieving awareness of this disunity of the self and the world. In both cases of images mentioned previously, the self consists of a drone of banalities whose glossy surfaces and visual attractiveness belie a more sordid nature, in the case of advertising, and a more problematic position in regard to the depiction of images and time, in the case of *Time Dust*.



"During one of Simpson's many deliriums, he experiences a very strong reminiscence of a Boney M song he hated thoroughly."

"Brown Girl in the Ring"; at one point thinking "Bloody hell, I'm going to die to Boney M" - Touching the Void (2003)

How can this drone rise up again but differently? Through what lens does it appear to have life? How is the dust of delirium gathered and recast in a different composition?

A composition of different kinds of time, evidenced by varying degrees of resolution or surface treatment, tapering off in one direction and flooded in another. Steven Hubert's work often strikes me as residing in a space where the fleeting moment coincides with its formal afterlife. The questions arise: how does it sit among others? Does it thrive or ruin? The way that things enhance, diminish, alter, or generate one another becomes the structure which casually holds the whole together.



## My Problem with Plot by Emily Fedoruk

1. "The perch of the air conditioner"

Odd communion with it has to be achieved in a sequence of agreements. The air conditioner suspends any authority of stationary radiators (particularly for renters) and tears apart thermostatic command, accord. If you walk into a hardware store and are instructed: there is one sheet of Styrofoam and it will hold, it can frame or couch or even support a device that is much heavier than its funny density, much not even being enough. They suggest two people put the object in the window. No one is clear about how much foam you will need to fill the frame, how cutting it doesn't quite clear the edges, or cut it. Or if you are from the cool edge of BC, you might not even understand what the symbols for cooling mean: a snowflake, a droplet with two wiggled arrows, a winged fan. A remote control by the door doesn't do enough to establish a rhythm for use and coolness over several weeks.

So much time tells now in the space between two text messages. If I leave my phone in my purse I'm scolded by the sender; and so, like so much, it is gendered. For most guys, the lag is immediately determined by the leg: a sound, even a droplet one, or a buzz from the bottom of a pocket reverberates into a response conditioned otherwise, by anyone across pants and purses, by the placement of the phone on a table, versus that of a bed, versus that of the small moon symbol, or the like, to distinguish "Do Not Disturb." In these communicative relations it seems impossible to achieve enough space at either end, at any point, amongst bubbles. Imposing that moon might be the best chance: "silence" allegedly provides the phone's operator with some distance from the choice to respond, opportunity to ignore, or space to read over several more seconds unbeknownst to sender. Privacy is not delirium but the currency of texts proves the extent to which suspension in time, as a formal precedent for delirium, is conditioned by new logics and technologies of communicative interruption and control. Borrowed from Tegan Moore

2. then text becomes a pun

Water drop trackpad. Grant admission: the best reality show, which puns on, or not, no, merely adopts, a 1919 caption-cum-idiom, replacing the white, upper-middle class Joneses with the Armenian surname of O.J. Simpson's lawyer, among so many others. The cost of narrative is not. We are guilty iPod listeners Dad says he wouldn't use one in transit, missing. While an Ivy's student insists it is not radical at all to state I don't like novels, if I'm here, I'm fallen on debt's ears. It is sad that non-linear is for some still subversion, vignettes are more and more put upon like salads. Not shy, like buffets and bars, like those lines if not free form maybe free from. We can close the windows of cooking blogs and if we can't follow we can keep up.

Kim used to be a closet organizer. But the limits of the working day have even come to be marked by the bubbles of texts. For the student, the shift worker, or the self-employed for example, near constant availability via text is expected. At the same time, sabotaging what Marx had in "The Working Day" called the capitalist's "small thefts of time" is an act felt online across Facebook, but really so many status updates and news feed scrolls on shift suggest a much larger theft at desks around the world, a personal availability that is always logging times into one book over and over. If for Marx, borrowing words from the workers, a small theft of time was the "nibbling and cribbling at mealtimes" etc. that extended the working day infinitely in the capitalist's favour, for Facebook, each log in acknowledgement of a self in no real space, small thefts at a snail's pace outside of time. Next is never able to be not ready for your text. What was waiting for your call is index to end. Bubbles to breathe.

3. Blue and green

Not that we deserve delirium in any conversation, but the opportunity would seem mostly to be in it, not at its ends, but in everything it means. To me dérivés don't exist anymore; busses have to stop at stops and a click chirps the amount of time they are ahead. Swallow turn over take back entry or use alley against all muscle memory making wanded a garage door opener, daydreamers like me, we fumble with keys. When asked what she would do if she had a dick for a day, Kim replied, "Have sex with myself so I could see what it feels like to hit it from the back." There are maybe enough accumulative acts for getting in your house now always within capital's purview; noisy neighbour. One by one each frame drops out and to load earlier messages. A private mind might hold tight to texts for otherwise dropped phones are cracked screens—a small squeegee preps the protector, a film falls on, arches arcades of The Crystal, made in a king's swaying stride.

Application for gainful respondent, eager externalization of imagination of narrative forms. Begins with a sequence of frames that fall away, weather character or site-would argue every yolo is privileged, we know Eno's phone apps and the Miami waterfront against inland art practice, against odd, do shots. All shut up situationist mall attempt Bourgeois has a sculpture there, it's a series of eyes that are seats. Egos form the lashes and Bea, three, gets off the floor and points to a scratch. If I explain the protector I am a topcoat on the same anti-imaginary, a 'cure on two broken acrylics and a ten count truth against nature. There is a scratch. It waits on top of plot.