

**Starting with a frustration** – that’s what I thought at least - and your time, or your lack of time. I wanted to create a setting or an infrastructure or whatever that might solve that a bit. I see now the difference between giving you a space and giving you time. I might have given you a space but not time. Not at all.

I couldn’t get hold of you: “we’ve got to meet up to see what we’re doing no?” I couldn’t do anything until we’d talk about it. I now see that I didn’t have to. That organising this was enough to an extent. I’ve book-end the discussion. I started it and now I present it. This was a good idea.

I said that I wanted to see some of your paintings – the ones that you’d been doing somewhere else, in another studio. I didn’t understand why you were doing things outside this studio, why wasn’t what we had enough?! Why wasn’t this space enough for you to do these other pieces?

When you told me about these paintings, you said something like “you would not believe what I’m doing” or something. I said I wanted to see them: “that’s never going to happen” you said. I said I want to show these paintings in this space. For this thing we’re doing. You’ve agreed to let them be shown and I thank you for this. Thank you.

I thought you said that you were painting blue birds. So I started writing this or started to think about this with blue-birds in mind – a sort of blue birds in the sky honey. Happy optimism. Stay positive. Don’t let the bastards grind you down etc. Sweet/sad and a bit empty.

Then the other night: “Hey do you want to see the picture of what I’ve been painting?” and you pulled out the picture of the gross two little parrot chicks. I felt anti-climatic but now I see just how exact this is – this is exactly what I’d hoped to see.

“They were born in captivity”. You said this at least twice. I didn’t understand what you were saying, if anything at all, but looked for the relevance. Because I saw them as you somehow – that there is a subjectivity in painting that is important to you. I think, I could be wrong.

So: are *we* born in captivity? Is this something about civilisation or autonomy or something? No it’s closer than that. You are born in captivity, in so much that you are in your body. Your body is your prison; you’re captured in your body.

And all the failings of that particular vehicle and how it has let you down. And how it has let down the people you love. That awfulness of how we fall in love with the person but that person is born into a body that puts a time frame around how long that love can last. How delicate that hair skin flesh covered machine is. And so we cling to each other in catching moments which compensates for the vulnerability. I wish there was a better word for it than ‘vulnerability’; it’s exhausted.

I’ve had to trust you that this would happen. I have been crying and have questioned that this would ever happen, I’ll admit I thought that you might let me down and I’ve just had to trust that you wouldn’t. And you haven’t. At all. This is sweet enough, this is enough for me in fact.

If I don’t want to be part of this world then is that suicide? Shake this feeling of being from a broken line; like an interruption occurred and the trauma ripples keep on going on. But then that trauma could be life happening maybe? Life or creativity - things coming into being, the deeper it’s looked into, I see it all springs from the same shocking moment.

Becoming aware of, and then dealing with, an Oddness. The Oddness - acknowledge it, laugh with it. Do not try to hide it. Trying to hide it or pretending it doesn’t exist will only make you look like you’re being sly, unable to look people in the eye.

Time to take my seat at the table thank you very much. Not to join you but because I deserve to sit here as much as you do.

There's loads to do.

I don't believe that everyone who wants to be, can be an artist. There needs to be a concentration and a prioritisation of your practice maybe, to develop an engagement with your art. And to do that you need to have time and space and money and support and education and a hundred other things that I haven't and can't mention because that's another piece.

Yeah well you need to adapt. ADAPTING being the word that means shut up and get on with it. Tough luck sunshine.

So I am faced with a choice. Feeling embarrassed and inadequate in having a position OR frustrated and muted. I chose the former.

Just finished [very important author]'s book and looking at her picture and thinking about what will happen when she dies? Who is going to carry on her work? And then thinking about the letter that my dad's cousin wrote to him when his (my dad's) father died.

I remember that bit when he said something like how strange (he didn't use that word, it was a better word – it was a word that combined disconcerting and upsetting and unsettling and lonely all at the same time) it was when your father dies and you realise that you are now the eldest generation. Like there was no one left in front of you now.

I wish I could remember what he said because he said it very well. It talked of aging and dying and loneliness and responsibility all at the same time and all without any sense of (self/)pity. Just a life acceptance, another one.

Then I thought about what B was saying about worrying about when [very important public academic person] dies, what's going to happen, who is going to carry on his work and then I had this

horrid feeling that it's us. It's us now. We are the ones who are going to carry it on now. We're carrying it on and adding to it – the adding on is part of the carrying on. It's us and our work and what we do. We are the torchbearers and the canons and the baton holders.

Demand the impossible. Oh Fuck Off.

And so to make. Or to time travel perhaps. Or time looping: make it for the younger person who saw something in art and in artists which made you wished you made things like that. The ones you loved then. Does that make sense?

This thing we do, it is something else, our engagement with a problem. That we stare at over and over again and repeat actions, we get good at our practice because we repeat it over and over again. In our heads and in our media. We asked the question over and over and we do not passed it on for others to solve, we talk to others with a similar aim and a similar desire to see through a problem and share what we've discovered so far. And that's helps. And so we carry on.

An act that marks a radical passing of time.

Capitalism thrives on keeping people isolated and alienated from each other. So that they don't compare, they don't act and get organised. It helps keep their bodies exhausted and separate from others.

If the above is correct - to be anti capitalist is to bring people together and to free one and others time. But I have not freed your time have I? I've become another person wanting your time, taking it away from you. Something else you had to do. I have become the capitalist in this situation. Where does the sucking out, the exhaustion stop if even your friendships are taking something away from you?

So maybe it's easier than I think it is. I can defend the act of making art as an anti capitalist state of being, simple. And not take things away from my friends – freeing up time.

This current part feels very much like I am in opposition – I don't want to be part of this. That I don't want to pretend to be feel comfortable and not depressed. I don't want to be hopeful anymore. I want to be pissed off. This is a fucking shit situation and fuck the optimist feeling police. I can't win – someone else is profiting whether I want to throw myself under the train or whether I take pride and hope in deciding not to do just that.

I wanted to ask you if you wanted me to make you a piece of work or something, anything. More, I wanted to give you space, but in fact I took your time. You said to me once, about your practice that you have a very different relationship with it than maybe other people. From talking to them, seeing how they present themselves and their practice, you felt that they are on a very different trajectory from you. You've been doing this for over thirty years. You will always be doing this. You don't worry about that.

All I can do is show you forms that my practice takes, the way I live my life, the way I insist on certain positions or whatever. These 'things' are just examples/evidence of my life, daily protests. Oh and but that's not enough, it's never enough.

You bother me.

You're very breathy and filled and fluent and being near you is like finding an air hole or something. You think about all this stuff all the time don't you. The getting-it-out is the important bit out. And you're an artist so that's what the stuff that comes out becomes: art, that makes it sound less complicated than it is, I apologise.

You bother me.

You've set me a new example. It makes me not want to do anything else. To live in a pile of crap alone as long as I can keep on putting stuff out there. Breathe breathe breathe. Not worrying, it will all come together yes.

Now is the time.

Now is the time to let go. Smile. Friend. Out we go. I'm giving myself back that time and space to make this stuff. You've given me back a space of engagement. A little reminder. Giving me back this as the thing that is more important than anything else. I really do believe it is. You have done this. I have done this. Again best when brave. Again.

And now that I've remembered this again I don't want to let it go. I don't want to forget again. Thank you. I will tell you this one day. If I can. I'm sorry. And sorry for saying engaged/engagement all the time.

I want more time now too. I want that time and space and it will probably mean that I damage something here. Something that exists here already.

I find myself unable to distinguish my relationship with you – whether you are a person or a practice. I don't know if you are a person or a practice. If the person is a metaphor for a practice. You.

Writing another love letter like the one from last summer – like that feeling like I was in love, that was a real feeling. And it's still here

I wrote and edited this in a couple of days, maybe it could have done with a bit more time. I've been thinking about it for longer however, but it was always going to be like.







Thinking with a headless...  
I don't know what headless means to me, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what headless means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what headless means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it.

My My...  
I don't know what My My means to me, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what My My means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what My My means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it.

Thoughtful...  
I don't know what Thoughtful means to me, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what Thoughtful means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what Thoughtful means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it.

What do we do...  
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Can always...  
I don't know what Can always means to me, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what Can always means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what Can always means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it.

The...  
I don't know what The means to me, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what The means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it. I don't know what The means to you, but I can't think of anything else to say about it.

