

Anti-landscape, time, interpretive acts

I've had to write a few things down, because over the 12 months or more of working on this, things have become quite compressed, compacted, but, still, all the same, it could come apart too easily.

I am not a photographer.

But I have this device for producing pictures of a photographic type. To be specific, it produces sets of time-ordered pictures of a photographic type. Too sophisticated for me. I'm not comfortable with something like that in the way of my seeing. In fact, it hurts.

But I got this device, and I suffered it, because I wanted to deal with some questions I have about images: how they are made and what we do with them. Consequences and implications. Logically that means the same thing but we are temporal.

It had to be a photographic-type image because that's the one that has supplanted all our other picture-making practices, and it still bears the burden of truth.

I have become interested in this because of my drawing practice. I mention that because people always say how diverse my work is but to me it just keeps circling back to the same thing.

The place where I was, where I took these images. I was interested in it because of its qualities—fluid, effaceable, precarious. Its contingency is so apparent—on a windy day you can see it all coming apart right under your eyes. I have no attachment to it. I did what you do when you know nothing about the other and became formal. I had no reason for anything else. It would have been presumptuous and delusional.

What I did, every day, was walk in with my camera, from the west, through the pines, then head to the lagoon, run along the face of the dune, and then turn in, and turn again, to some degree following the form of the place. An anti-clockwise coil. Over and over again.

What I ended up with after walking in my crazy coil for two months was a completely disordered heap of stuff: images in some order, words and some sound recording. What you see now is a stitch up. It's disjunctive, discontinuous, disharmonious even. But it tends in a direction. And it somehow hangs together.

The question is: what order can be brought to things. I wrote that in the passive voice but an actor brings order to things. An actor does this. What does she do? She does an interpretive act, and like all acts it blurs together purpose and not-purpose. So, if it's an act, an image-making act, then, I guess, to some degree, I have control of it. And if that's the case, what should I do with my image-making powers? Make landscapes? I don't think so.

People will say, have said, this is so different! But it's not. There is a development, a significant development going on, but it's attached to something which has the same structure as what has gone before in my drawing. Making this work, the first part, when I was there, was like being *in* one of my drawings—the same introspection, the same attention to the interpretive act, the same doubt and uncertainty met with a counter-action of useless rules.

The product of that was a pile of images and words and sounds which I had to assemble, somehow, according to some sort of rationale, an anti-rationale. This was different to my way of working till now. Up till now I have not been able to face up to the consequences of my actions. Up till now, the anti-rationale was just to stop and say: this is what it is, only because I have stopped. With this, I am trying out another way.