

A likely pair: the image and the object

Luca and I work I very different ways.

I work around the house (on the kitchen table, on the floor, out in the garden); he works in the studio.

Luca needs separate space and time; I need to feel surrounded by time and the promiscuous space of daily life.

I mustn't ever notice I'm working.

I'm just arranging things, situations.

Then, without even realizing it, something shifts out of control, rears upward, slips into a different flow. Skips out the backdoor of the humdrum flow and keeps going on a different track, a parallel track, maybe just a notch higher, continuously winking down below.

That's how *things* become *works* of art.

There are also intrusions: people often knocking at the door.

And in a somewhat party vein (slyly, even), I lay out plates for them, too

I like chaos.

Or maybe: I like coming up against chaos and seeing if I can get some kind of form out of it.

A form doesn't always emerge, but I don't mind. I was living my day.

A painting (or any image) has a perimeter, and everything happens inside.

A sculpture moves in the same surroundings as we do, same light, temperature, same rain (same mood?).

"The closer an image comes back to real space and invading it, the more the timeless nature of the artistic image will be subject to discussion" (Victor I. Stoichita).

Whenever an image fades, it leaves the great beyond and enters the here and now, the realm of we mortals, reality.

That's what comes to mind when I look at the edge of a canvas, when I'm required to consider a painting as some object.

And when an image is considered an object, it becomes an icon, a relic.

I love idols.

What was simply wood, chalk, or color only a moment before becomes an idol at a certain point. (Or a work of art. It's merely a question of context).

The image and the object

The object of the image.

The image of the object.

The image is the object.

And even more.