

*[draft fragment of what was to be a passage to serve as Preamble for the chapter "7 Things," in the book "If with Insistence on the Tension Gravity as Intercessor a Future Interject," which it was decided is still an originating nascence towards another text, whose scope still needs some further working through]*

I had planned another set of circumstances for this second attempt at a preamble, but circumstance at large intervened upon my capacity for an arrangement thereof. And that's life. But all the same I'd suggest, in a writing of now tilted towards what's to come, that a simplicity of arrangements for reception of contingency provides a key to a method for what to do. I had wished to confine the putting down of these words to a night at 1166 St. Catherine St., Montreal—address of Sauna G.I. Joe—it being a realized concretization of infrastructure addressing a dichotomy all at once of Need and Desire. I did stay there, but my quarters in tandem with my state of mind then, what with the many distractions, overwhelmed what has at other times been a capability for attention in weird contexts. I do not here put the place on a valorizing pedestal, and the sensitivities in analysis of its All Men policy in relation to gender relations in our society at large would be but the tip of the iceberg, insofar as the understanding that I make no utopian claims about it is concerned.

Given the prisms within prisms of sensitivity in orientation of how gender and sexual identities are embedded within society as it is given today, it is a policy I have no wish to judge or rebuke; but I do imagine an evolution of venues and events I see as overlapping with what this place does, the specifics of which would tie into a vision for infrastructures that would meet the imagination where it's going in the 21st century. And this vision would make for facilitation towards new concepts of identity for 21st century sentience. Today, being as it is a fact that it functions, in its day to day actuality, as a realized state of affairs within a rubric of zoning laws and economic realities according to which it must uphold itself, it stands as a building block to start with, and not just an idea. Sketches towards what might be derived from the factuality of such a building block can therefore begin with a traction of plausibility.

Here I will not venture beyond articulating its embodiment of the dichotomy of which I speak, in terms of what I mean by Need and Desire. There are a range of sleeping quarters on offer there, which, in contrariness to the way things tend to go, move away from the gates and the barriers that block facilitations of Need in conjunction with experiments in Desire, in terms of the ability to finance one's experience. Cheap single bed cabanas and more or less deluxe size versions of same with a larger mattress can be had with a degree of affordability that is quite surprising. Geared towards facilitating encounters of an erotic nature, of course, but nevertheless baring sufficiency as a place to lay one's head to sleep. That's the Need part. It enables a mobility for strata of society that otherwise do not have access to the necessities for an engagement in travel as an end in itself. For travel for the sake of sociality as a pleasure in itself. This variegation of possibility for who can participate, as an actor in the theatre of desire described, beyond its valor as an ethic expanding access, invigorates the potential for acts of imagination in mutuality, even in the simplicity of its boosting of possibilities in combination and reactivity between that variety of actors. The rest of the facility resembles all manner of other such places designed for meetings between men at varying registers of erotic contact. And the music is quality. That's the Desire part. I should point out this relation of Need and Desire does not follow a linearity of Needs taken care of first, with pursuits of Desire only then permitted after—no: it is this zone of their communion that is of interest. If I were to essentialize a vision for culture's future, amidst collapses of all manner of culture infrastructures taking place now, I'd say a basis to which to return would be to start with this simplicity of a meeting place between Need and Desire.

One collapse this book tries to construct a response for is that of the loop made between the appearance of culture phenomena, and their need to be taken into a memorialization in writing, for their attainment to a status of being realized. It could be said artworks coming from a certain language of modern art in a sense do not really exist until there is an index committing their memory to writing. If I have already presented the artifacts and material elements of thought experiments relating to material constructions and poetry—the sculptures I have shown in group shows and galleries and the like—I've yielded to given conventions for context because the language I'd like to see develop, that would cease to depend on them, remains as of yet the stuff of ideation. That, and the fact that I have not managed to all at once make the art and do the work of filling in for those services rendered unto it by the culture industry; and here I must say that every effort to do so has only come to further expose the poverty of what those services really offer.

Since every instance of culture (and for that matter anything at all [the universe in a grain of sand described by Borges, Thoreau and others]) can be investigated with language into whatever depth one is willing to go, I dedicate as much writing to one sculpture presented in a "group show" as I would for the outcomes of a so-called "solo show". It is also by way of dignifying with acknowledgement the arc of diminishment in the enfranchising of culture behaviors I have borne witness to since at least

2008, despite whatever finance inflation has pumped up the culture sectors that affiliate with the art market since then. It's an attempt at wedding foresight with acts positioned to anticipate a period wherein an informed prognosis would expect to see harsh reductions of resources for culture. Writing in depth about experiments with art is one method to deepen the exploration thereof, when there isn't much room to go on with the directive to not think too much, and just make more. If you want to call that "Minimalism" or whatever else, go for it, I could not give less of a fuck.

If I have drawn from the experience of making sculpture as a source for writing, and in turn integrated with sculpture its memorialization therewith, in one sense this has to do with formalist questions and decisions (though nevertheless attempting to draw into itself a topicality of the history it finds happening around itself). But if I have elected to behave under the premise that as they stand, the given structures, cycles and rhythms by which such activities are carried out today, are not fields wherein imagination can do its thing, the decision to include with the making of sculpture its written memory bypasses those fields. And this is a politics of refusal beyond the choice to do art in the first place: it is a choice also to try and reconnoiter how, when and where art is encountered, and intervene upon how it is remembered. It is an attempt to find and reorient the interstice between forms of art in their Need of language to complete them as memories, and the Desire that drives a rhythm between act and commemoration into a living state of imagination.

If it is a response to an inability to evolve by publishing, education, gallery, and museum bodies as they stand, it is also a method that cannot be sustained. This because, in its self-enclosing nature, it falls victim to a solipsism it cannot escape, without a shift beyond its own scope, in the flow of relations now bound up with those channels. Whether they are to be transformed, replaced, or bypassed in a manner I have myself not been able to see or act on, is the question this text must pose, and leave open. Now if I say the solipsism in this method cannot be sustained, maybe I should amend this statement and say it is not a solipsism I myself ever intended to go on with, being as it was an attempt to find another field in which to live my life and make art, and not just envision one.

Which brings me full circle to Need and Desire. Their fusion elevates oneself to a state of luxuriance, which I must stress is not at all about things of luxury. That the body that senses, before there is even interpretation of any sense inputs, has capability for pleasure originating in itself, and by the sense impressions it responds to, as stimulus from the foreign and unknown, can reflect on these experiences through this circuit of pleasure originating in itself, makes of the body a fundament for communicating states of luxuriance. This condition runs parallel to the imagination. Luxury, as an externalizing object that functions as signifier preordained for its interpretation as a pleasure, obviating surprise, is the antithesis to that body-originating pleasure that meets the unknowns of sense-stimulus, and so completes the circuit by which, by the alien inputs inducted through it, the body becomes an experience beyond itself. This fundament of a luxuriance in experience itself is where a culture growing into the imagination, with that imagination to be grown into another possibility for history, must return: luxuriance in the friction between Need and Desire. Discovery of a field, beyond the solipsism I have described, necessitates that it develop out of such a friction.

And why have I gone to this length to make a postulate now on the composition of pleasure, and to describe a sauna where you can have a bed, as if it's layout were a remedy for the threats of collapsing 20th century meta-narratives? I would do that because I want to gain focus on an outlook that can find the potential for my time: the magic that is a capability of the orientations of catastrophe with whatever leaps in consciousness and aptitude open up with the crosscut of factors colliding that qualify what is now. And to do so, I have thought with this piece of writing how to find in my life's experience a basis to take as fundament, whereon I can get at a way to see things, that will allow for detection of the potentiality for this time that will in some parts of this book, as here, be discussed as having to do with magic, and its conjugality with life. My instinct is that life in its magic capacities works with a desire that would extend itself out of solipsism, into another order of contact and communication. Pleasure is the harbinger and tell-tale sign signaling those states of affairs and tendencies where life has entered upon the possibility for magic capacities, although a cultivation of pleasure in itself does not always of necessity align with those capacities it might share with the magic possibility in a history. But when there is understanding of where the pleasure is going in a period of history, there can be analysis of how the magic of a time has the chance that it can be brought to bare upon that time. Magic is that orchestration of pleasure that serves to either diffuse or one might even say sublimate war into its orders, and takes the movement of Need and Desire—which wherever there is life cannot be stopped—off whatever tracks restrict their commingling to a poverty, whereby production and expenditure cannot communicate survival into a luxuriance of the body as an imagination.