

## Always Pushing...

There's no 'chance' for it is absolute

– the process of waiting and existing is forever in the 'throw' of matter. To flow is to sense and sense allows only for the abstraction to be channelled back into (a/the/this) 'form', which its content can be comprehended and transformed into the temporal space of interpretation – not known to 'be' or to be in any sense, accurate. **This, the unachievable objective**

**– falsely achieved.**

Travel with this in mind, as particular attentions here have done or might not have after review; a beauty and un-relinquished actuality of all immediate, relatable and acknowledged sensing. **Their sensing and not shape**, is the same as the one felt here. It's real, real as what one 'see's' outside themselves, in their physical surroundings. Attentions overly focused on the immediacy of their immaterial; the adverse if that is, led to this – one action or through some other means. The cotton suit, seeming so serene but revealing itself not so and the gaunt look, holding as straight as possible, for all lives manage to, going slightly and fundamentally awry and thus completing the definition of the 'life' itself. In a time, other than theirs', this moment and perception would have been very *different* – and it is certainly different from this one.

**Ice cold, a sense of the skin both exposed and during the interior extensions of cognition.**

To see the face and then walk the land; feeling upright against this nature as this **body** did and especially so within the heightened moment that was recorded and protected – as he would have been, whether knowingly or not, nursed and cared for adequately or loathed and harmed in some fashion – it cannot now be felt and therefore known through those observations.

To pace here, captured by all of the surroundings and senses; thinking of an unreachable 'home', a place unlike here and of course, itself. **They are all hurt**, inside these now heralded peaceful tranquil spaces and the equally deemed soft, delicate and natural materials, which seem so sophisticatedly tailored, made by contemporary ambiguous standards, gentrified by these so sought after, artisan styles and techniques – but just not then. **This is lost the sense and the moment** as the depiction of hurt and torment is etched onto the facial contours and their structural foundations; looking so wondrously at these pines and being careful in the heat on this old path – pathed for existences before and directing those after, towards a destination yet and always unknown.

The distractions are

**different**

– focusing on the familiar face of a Parisian appearance –

reminds again of the **face** of another – this acknowledged subject is around but better to know this as before and not through the pretence of all the other unmanageable and stifling forms of computation, data and ‘connectivity’; once **deemed / championed** as the new revolutionary change but now recaptured and appropriated into the typical social relations that have created and manipulated all existence, pervasive **futurity** and epistemological determinations and inscriptions.

*from the brown notebook...*

– **section II** –

They sit upright, held straight, like that which brought them into consciousness and the body into matter and materiality. The final push of life is reflected in this **representation** and yet again in all bodily actions. **The travelling from local to local, building to building, nature to another** and back to rest is all part of this **striving**.

To reflect on this experience; to fictionalise the event therein,

is only a problem if this is undertaken.

The **facticity** of such unknowns, as these are in definition, is appropriate when considering the subject and their **circumstances**. Institutionalised, and as a result **fictionalised** much in the way a patient is, and becomes – and which is why they become picked out, imaged and recorded in this moment or mode.

Now though, they are **dust**, both subject and image of subject.

Like all things, the spurt and **striving** become dust but these movements and transformations are always contingent and are necessarily so.

This makes radical thought and the humanism or utopia envisioned in the flickering movement of the **unseeing eye** that has been depicted, an overarching desire and an **overwhelmingly contingent** possibility. The construction of a life, like the one seen here, **need only be unjust if we cannot believe in a redemptive inexistence**. They lived and strived and were held. The dust is around and facticity makes the only consideration a possible surface, and an uncertain one at that.

**So therefore, this need not be in vain.**

Moving through the forest and buildings surrounded by them, the mind is and was alone, as is their only state. The abstraction contained and conveyed by them is the most accurate internal inaction. Looking at the lens in this impersonal event and thinking of something instinctual or trivially instinctual captures the thought but can **never** transfer it.

The isolation is what binds all subjects, as they are this; paradoxically united in and by this exclusion. So, to represent the **abstractions** of these senses and the interiors with no witnesses is the closest connections to, and with, this step towards reality – **but never closer, just more conspicuous in this position.** Did they get a glimpse of this in the unseeing eye whilst inside and by being captured during their time in Skogen?

The outside is beyond and immaterial, and this material (the photo) is also there. In the past, brought forward and forced out into the surroundings; the space from which it came; puncturing the moment now and now again – **ad infinitum.** In an attempt not to think and then not to think thoughts and then again not to think such thoughts of 'better and worse or relativized materials' for them, as for the present, everything and / or the smallest acknowledgeable moment or physical object, could always be different from how it appeared to them and to their present space. Change will come, and change is necessary and keeps coming constantly. Even this image has changed and will change any number of inconceivable times.

Less this depiction of an existence in a sealed moment, held but never 'forever' – and more a representation of matter in matter itself.

The fetishisation of all such representations and the objects and events that hold and are considered in them, is what it is to exist but only establishing partially the whole. The **spitting out** of valuable, and inconsequential oral by-products of brain functions is what **created this image, this work** and both the contained lives therein. Nonetheless, to see the image; to inaccurately think on the times spent here in this place is all that can be done in this instance and all others besides. For them therefore, everything is different, perhaps without ever having access to 'real' knowledge. And maybe all things are different for the **punctuating present** also? – Or just some, most or a few 'matters of fact'.

If the most radical of all novelty has already occurred (or so the 'happening' and circumstances would have it), this 'means', by equation that, all change and alteration is possible, even in what has already been established.

For them as for 'not them', there is no certainty other than **everything is uncertain** in degree.

In the future or present that never comes, something other than the selectively considered *absolute* 'being' could exist – for now they do not. Moving forward, this contingent state, which is labelled the present or better, 'now', allows for all possibilities. This was for 'us' as it is for them and if the body could have allocated this knowledge, of a redemption, peace and serenity residing in this state, then what was there behind the head or

objective world – the unknowable potential – may have brought some of this reprieve to the photo's primary focus. Then again, it may have done, which follows the central 'factual' problem, and all of those contained within.

'Can be' is the moment and never 'to be'. No all-pervasive controlling narrative, this false idea is what holds back the subject

and why this choice of speculation is adopted now. Only eternal chance or 'God', depending on perspectives, can direct definite/actual progression; like the divinity of the accounted for '7' and '0', which can be only one, and this fundamental matter has alluded to and hidden so often. In past documented moments, which have been but never now known adequately; the assessments they received, the others they addressed, the movements and actions they made, and so on regardless.

The planning in such junctures might have seemed relentless.

Such a concept, untangled, would help support this notion of not knowing but still surrendering to the illusionary, grand prevailing systematic structures and unseen ruling powers. In this image, these factors are electively observed but as the subject left this frame, the hope of a realisation of constant change and the positive arrival of such speculation, will hopefully have given the ever so familiar gaze a welcomed thought – one being that, "I should realise that this will change and I control how this difference is presented to me".

In this represented frame – both of them – the core of human thought still flickers and its potential can emerge but will not be known

– photo or no photo.

*(Powers sleeps, he sleeps – more sleeps – signalling cosmic time - which is running out: Brassier on Ballard and a little on Time and its 'complex'; a future in the present, a present lost and a future always dodging and weaving, out of reach...)*

Tam Hare, September 2018