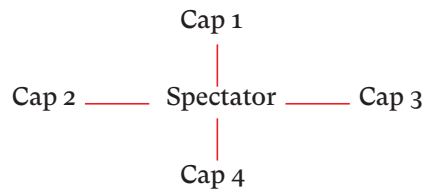


09/08/94

End of installation at Marian Goodman Gallery.

Four yogurt caps.



Cap on the neck: appears and disappears.

Yogurt caps: the aleph is the spectator. A center where all things converge, a center in motion. A moving center: what happens to us in each instant is a sample that contains the entire history of the universe. Everything and nothing. The infinite. Everything is happening nothing is happening. The succession of the insignificant. That is what is happening!

The center everywhere; the circumference nowhere.

“And men felt lost in time and space. In time, because if the future and the past are infinite, there will not really be a when; in space, because if every being is equidistant from the infinite and the infinitesimal, there will not be a where. No one exists on a certain day, in a certain place; no one knows the size of his face.” J.L. Borges, “Pascal’s Sphere”.*

The lids in the center of each wall: the center itself is the spectator, to whom the spectacle is denied, making the spectator disappear, reconsidering him/her as recipient empty-full of everything and nothing. Point zero, zero degrees, open consciousness. The space awaits, static. The spectator awaits, static. If the spectator moves, the space moves with him/her... and nothing happens. Because everything is happening... Negation of the poetic. To halt the possible poetic. To silence it, causing disappointment. Disappointment

* “Pascal’s Sphere,” in *Selected Non-Fictions*, ed. Eliot Weinberger, trans. Weinberger, Allen and Levine. (Quote here translated from the Spanish by Eliot Weinberger).

is the space of what happens before and after the poetic. The poetic is a minimal state of here and now framed by the infinite state of disappointment. Dialectic relationship: without disappointment (state in which “nothing” happens) we would not be able to recognize a poetic state. The poetic state is not infinite; it disappears so that disappointment may continue...

Spectator in expectation, and expectant object: spectator with expectations. Awaiting subject + awaiting object = nothing happens. The spectator begins to try to activate the piece. The piece responds with indifference. But something is happening: the occurrence is moving. There is movement in which nothing (“apparently”) is happening.

The spectator is the vanishing point: in sculpture, the vanishing point is at the base. At the point of gravitational contact where the structure of the piece rests and is supported. When the spectator walks around a three-dimensional object, his or her vision changes, but the gravitational point remains immobile. When walking, the spectator puts the sculpture in movement. The base (as in a pendulum) remains immobile. What happens if we exclude the base? What happens if we open the sculpture and locate it around us? What happens if we move inside of a sculpture without a base? (The center everywhere, the circumference nowhere.) The perfect labyrinth: completely open space. And base-less, because we are the base, and we traverse it everywhere. Objects held by our gaze and our consciousness—and there will always be a yogurt cap that we don’t see, like the wake after the action. Interaction between the horizon as visual firmament and our spinal column as gravitational point.

Yogurt caps: the wake after action. *Estela*: (Naut.) wake (Aer.) trail (Archit.) stele, stela.

Condensation: vapor trail (Wet watch). Yogurt caps: three points and a trail. In the visual horizon, a cap that cannot be seen (the blind cap), which is behind (in our consciousness), is the trail or wake, the point we leave behind after we move. The sculpture as a wake after the action. Wake that occupies its space in consciousness. The triad and the nape. The landscape and our backs. Memory. To discover is to remember. Error included. To fail. The space between idea and action. Between a good idea and a good action.