

Tu non vedi. Ti chiedo di scrivere un testo senza vedere, senza aver mai visto.

Iniziamo.

I am asking myself: how to write or speak (i.e. how to imagine) without a referent?

How could one ever clear out a space of imagining that is not already infected by referents?



how to imagine

imagining: Quando parli di "immaginare" ti riferisce a questa attività mentale che raffigura un oggetto come presente nella sua assenza?
Assente rispetto a cosa? Alla sua materialità. Ma quale è la materialità dell'oggetto? Possiamo chiamare *immagine*, una forma di materialità dell'oggetto. Soprattutto quando ci troviamo in uno spazio in cui sono invitati persone a guardare.

In questo senso se la materialità dell'oggetto è la sua immagine, quale è la differenza tra vederlo e immaginarlo?

Forse la domanda ***how to imagine*** corrisponde alla domanda ***how to see.***

how to figure

raffigurare: My dictionary says this word means 'represent'. However without the prefix I'm told that 'figurare' means, as an intransitive verb, 'to appear'.... It appears.

What is being figured, what is being calculated here? The visible, I am immediately inclined to say, is incalculable, it is without number.

Except that is not so. The visible is not incalculable, not as far as it is see-able. There is, though, no accounting for what I see. What I see is beyond measure, indivisible.

What is being calculated here

L'invisibile

Nel primo caso: l'immagine dello spazio, abbiamo un immagine anticipatrice, che in assenza di un referente oggettivo presente, fonda un programma a priori per una possibile percezione futura, legata o meno di un azione. *L'immagine a-venire* ci trasmette un contenuto "come se".

L'immagine dello spazio cancella l'immaginazione in senso di rappresentazione irreali.

Nel secondo caso: abbiamo un qualcosa che può essere visto soltanto in vista del suo essere compreso. La comprensione (il calcolo) ci dà l'immagine determinata dalla consapevolezza di una mancanza. Questa immagine si presenta come immagine negata.

$$1 + 1 = 2$$

We know this one, it is an old favourite (the lovers' favourite, as opposed to the realists' favourite, $2+2 = 4$).

The lovers **imagine** how others **see** them: $1+1=1$.

About the lovers

"Che cosa è comunicazione? Un pensiero rivestito di parole pronunciate ad alta voce. E che cosa è un pensiero? Una parola sommessa. Dunque in fondo nient'altro che una comunicazione." Meyrink

Qui sembra che siamo di fronte ad un pensiero che non si comunica. Che per esistere non ha bisogno nessuno di essere condiviso. E' come una forma di intuizione, per quale non esiste nessuna parola.

Così come per certe correnti di pensiero la forza risiede nel nome, qui potremmo dire che la forza risiede nell'uno. L'uno che non può essere condiviso.

In questo si legge una forma di misticismo erotico di cui l'arte è l'espressione maggiore. Ti ricordi questa frase dell'attrazione reciproca tra mondo e linguaggio, come forma di mistica erotica nell'arte. Si riferiva a $1+1=1$.

$$2+1=3$$

$$2+2=4$$

$$2+3=5$$

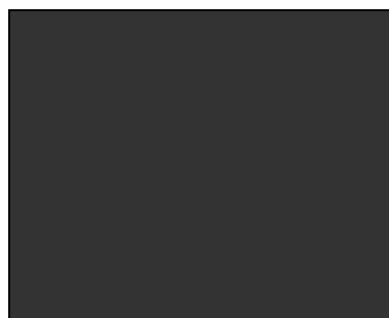
$$3+3=6$$

$$3+4=7$$

$$3+5=8$$

$$3+6=9$$

E' bellissimo lavorare insieme. ieri ero felice.
This evening I will sent you an image.



dal silenzio
in attesa

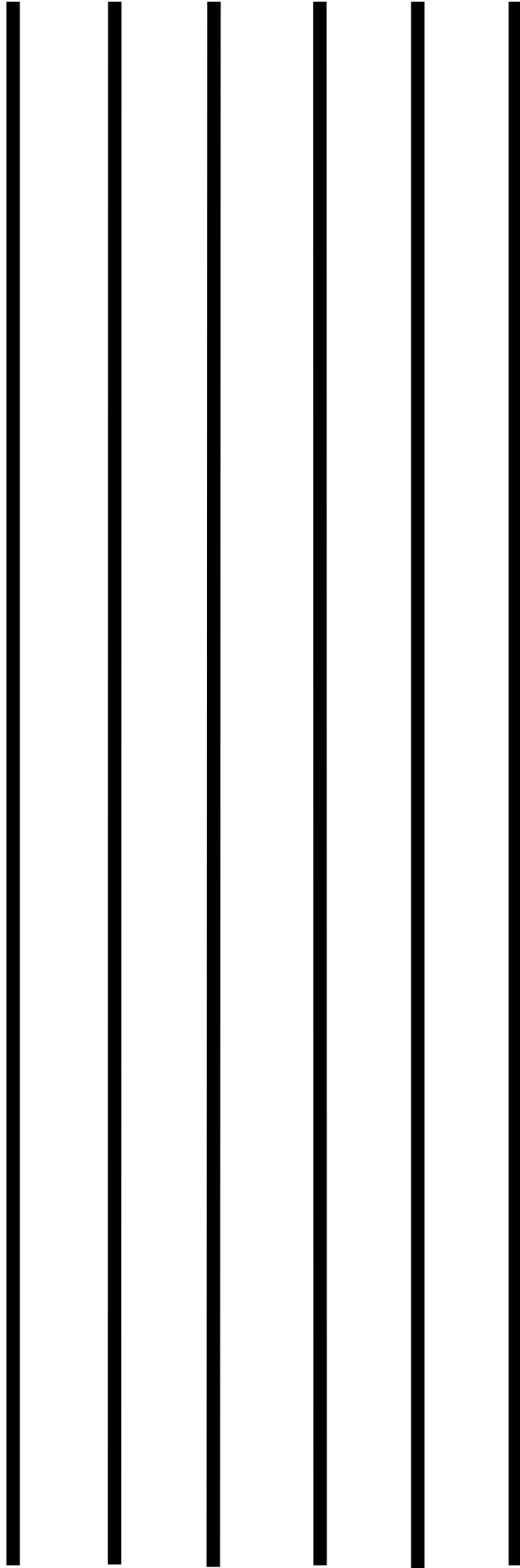
From Silence

A black square next to a white square. This is a basic rhetoric. I mean it's not a vivid, loud, insistent rhetoric, like the green cope and the yellow, red and blue front-feathers of ten parrots on a branch, on a poster, on a wall underneath the streets. A black square beside a white square, upon a surface, is a sort of primary rhetoric. Something is made visible, or it is given to be read. And that's what the squares insist upon, it has to do with the surface upon which they appear, as a condition of their appearing. This is what these mute signs say (not so mute after all). They say 'This is a surface'. We appear upon a surface. We send out messages.

I had things to say for whoever might be out there, whoever might be listening in to any of this, about the parrots and the rest of it, about what the parrots do and don't have in common and about the birds' indifference – or so I imagine things – to their appearance in this advertisement for some earthly concern or other. But those things don't seem worth saying today.

Someone else was speaking, dressed simply in black and white, an instructor or guardian perhaps, but already more uncertain than she should be about what she is there for or how to say what she has to say. She holds up on the palm of her hand a small body (a *petit pois*, let's say) that stands for her herself as she really is, while she stands in for someone who knows better. She wants to tell us something about how to survive in the world. 'Watch yourself', she says. And we do, as a thousand green peas on micro-thin wires appear to be dancing for joy and singing in the changing light, a theatre we can 'like' and understand.

I imagine a jungle somewhere that gives up barely anything of itself to the image through which I imagine it. A jungle, then, that I can't see at all but can somehow possess. The allowance I have to make is that the parrots there are not 'parrots', nor do they 'flutter' and 'squawk'. In the thick, leafy din of this scene brightly-coloured beings assemble and disperse, while pendulous among the fat watery drippings, struck by occasional piercings of daylight, pendulous, cornered, black and white fruit ripen upon the unimaginable air, ready to burst through.



First Glimpse of the City

There is something to be seen here, without doubt. The surface is a page now. There are vertical lines upon the page; or else (if I turn onto another page, or turn the same page around, or turn my head around the page) horizontal lines. I feel I can say this much without fear of contradiction. Looking at the page, mind you, is another matter. There is some factor involved that makes the lines seem to – how should I say this? – wobble and shimmer. Maybe it has to do with the specific spacing of the lines, or a specific thickness of line, or the way the lines do or do not extend to the edge of the page. Or maybe it is something in me, my distance, my thickness (not everything gets through to me although some impressions are indelible I think), but it seems infinitesimal motors are being turned on at the lines' edges the moment I look. Do you see what I mean?

On another occasion, in a circular arena, with music being played close behind our backs as if at the first and most familiar margin of the unimaginable, the dancers would keep coming on in changing colours that would change again, moment by moment, under the liquid light. It seemed as if something was being made here, something immediate and material, for example a way of portioning time in irreducible units just as later (or was it in fact some time before?) those lines across the page would portion out the space between them, exactly, and teach us how to see things in just that way. It seemed too, though, in the arena, that with every momentary arrangement of figures (although already transforming) and every chance (if chance it was) combination of phrase and detail, some other world was being evoked, an ocean world we could only inhabit as long as our breath held out, evoked and at the same time dissolved, as the elements that might have been used once to make such a fiction hold together are reduced to their sensible properties: line, direction, weight, density, measure, tone... the common stuff that any of us might feel we have a part in. At most something had been held over, held over or anticipated, from another way of seeing, of creatures not a little unlike us.

Meanwhile, that wobble, that shimmer as I'd like to call it, of those lines across the page recalls others – other eyes – for whom vertical lines (the buildings, say) and horizontal lines (the streets) say nothing about a city, others who have barely imagined a city yet. And then, others still who already won't be able to see things any other way.

city

VERO

FALSO

The Last Images

And then at last, in the very centre of the page, a small word, 'city'. It wasn't always there, but now that there is one word there are others on the other pages, 'VERO', 'FALSO', an unimaginable number. There are so many words you can just reach out and pull them down, like birds that have no timidity and come to your hand and let you touch them. People wear them as decorations in their ears, on their shoes, on their backs and bags and t-shirts, not like names but like brands that don't even go skin deep and when the words have had enough of this, or when the people have had enough of these words, they drift off and sometimes the people drift with them.

A singer sings her song. There is 'desperation' in her voice, 'longing', 'need'. I drift off upon these words, as if upon a small boat on a big ocean, which is not moved by any movement of mine and where I don't know how to read things so I don't know how to look. Whatever she is singing of is something or some place far away, but then so is she. It is the singing itself that is close, and feels no less close wherever I am in the city. I could be at home, I could be losing my way, I could even be falling out of the picture and this singing might still breathe by me at any moment. Or so I say. So I tell myself, using the sort of words anyone else might use, trying them on for size.

If the city – our city – is beautiful, this beauty has to do with the work we do on it in the films we play behind our eyes, surrounded by things that no longer speak of themselves in the same terms that we might use to speak on their behalf. I mean doorways, kerbstones, pieces of paper, whatever. Anything that comes to mind. Things, though, don't even *speak* now, if they ever did. That was an illusion. Instead they shift around us, moving in and out of vision whether they are looked at or not, while we turn over in our sleep. The work, then, is a very delicate business, a sort of resting, like being held in someone else's thought. I don't even know if a thought can do that. If it can, then, for a moment, the city is saved.

1.10.2006