

## *Drop Shaped Time*

### *A history of Non-Causality - Three conversations*

In 1913 a group of Russians freed themselves from the flow of causality.■ The sun's orbit halted. These 'will-be' people now occasionally appear to me, <sup>Δ</sup> living as hermit tramps. The book will be constructed around three conversations that intertwine event and conjecture. The structure of the book will be ghostly, careful order prone to subtle derangements.

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The Alien Architect argues: *'Building is not a structure, it is an activity of thought. Thought is a volatile substance acting both as a cement and as a solvent'*.

*'The problem'* he said *'was not moving, but standing still. The stuff of the investigation will be concrete and porridge'*♥.

The Persistent Midwife has constructed a shack from Abstract Expressionist paintings and Donald Judd sculptures. *'Culture provides the surplus to house imagination, the rest is trash. I am so fucked off with all those toyshop utopias. That is just a sweet nostalgia for the posture of a radicality. I am the Ice cream empress, a particular suspension'*.

Lou Loa was perhaps the most difficult to understand. *'I hold the stuff of my being in a leaky bucket'*. Lou pointed towards the bucket of black ink. I rebuild the library all the time. A

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■ 'The Victory Over the Sun' Luna Park St Petersburg 1913 Kruchonykh, Matiushin, Malevich.

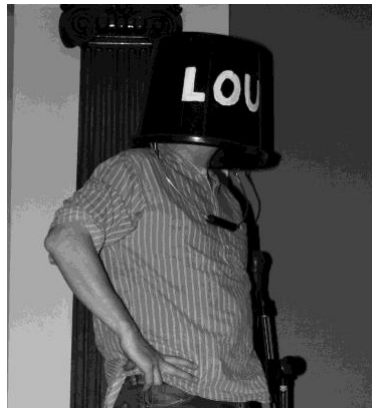
<sup>Δ</sup> ME? ...I was a historian given the job of investigating a set of abandoned military bunkers on the East coast. They were the only static objects in an estuarine landscape of pebble dunes, freezing winds and yellow flowers. Everyday I crunched around these concrete objects trying to discern their original purposes, how they interlinked.

I used to hear noises from inside - singing, swearing, shouting. The voices' pitch and accent veered widely. I would call in through the slit like window and eventually started a conversation.

The people who had asked for the survey disappeared; their department shut down and amalgamated. I was told to continue, but to not actually do anything...

♥ A reference perhaps to Kurt Schwitter's use of porridge whilst interned on the Isle of Mann.

newspaper cutting hung from brown string.<sup>1</sup> *'To repeat is to invoke, to become both wavelength and matter (solid?)'*. Lou claimed to have been born on pacific island in Micronesia, to have visited several famous Utopias and also somewhat implausibly, to have been present at the creation of the White Horse of Uffington.



This history will be a flowing interview that positions the experience of conversation as the point of access to what those Russian pioneers referred to as ‘the vital dimension’. I will look at how historical time is apprehended through ‘significant’ artefacts and documents and whether this forms or disrupts an individual’s temporal landscape. The work will combine text and image in emblematic entanglement.

I want to present existence as an activity, a process of making; humanity not to be considered like Benjamin’s Angel of History facing backwards and horrified, but as a group of athletic gibbons swinging through a shop full of precious artefacts.

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<sup>1</sup> (*Lou-Luis, Luo-eye-Luo-eye, Louwaay-Louwaay, Lowaai-Lowaaaa Lou Lewis, Loa Loe and others...*), a multiple fiction phantom who has repeatedly emerged. The name and the experience of the name continuously reforming, elusive, ethereal, yet ever present, familiar, all pervasive.