

## A PRISONER'S NEGOTIATION

Patricia Graham

"The mental act of being moved illuminates the psychological act of being moved and rescues it from the darkness." -- Johannes Itten

### *Esther's New Place*

Esther liked to party and she liked to listen to music and she thought beautiful things were happening because James, an American man, had sent pictures of his beautiful home in the country to her via messenger.

He met her for the first time at the airport with flowers and a top hat. She had never seen a hat like his before because of how tall and black it was. Maybe the temperature and formalities are different here.

She used her nearest words to say thank you for the flowers. His car seemed very nice so she was excited. It was small and difficult for him to climb in. He called it his toy Miata. They traveled with her baggage in her lap because there was no room for it, so she looked out at the mirror to the right of her.

It was a strange place that they were entering and unfamiliar. There was an enormous amount of road and concrete and then an enormous amount of empty sprawl. What if she had the language to describe the differences of how she thought this place was not beautiful like she was told. But she thinks that she should like it here with him, because this is what she has looked forward to, and she was among one of the lucky ones to meet someone that wanted to bring her here and out of her small village with the internet cafe.

### *Tools*

-- I have a control variable and that is black. -- no light. I can now continue to drink into the day because I have a concierge to haul me around at no detriment to my future. I keep in good shape, just in case luck were to smile upon my shoulders and suddenly I was granted a bit more for my time. I was taken to go get pancakes once when I was high. Now I creep and I hide because I know I was the only one that my damaged friend really saw beauty in, innocence, but I cheated even her.

I don't think the opacities are necessarily skin or shadows but a blockage, a void, an intrusion, an absence.

### *Recording*

Brian Eno believes methods of recording music and chopping it up turned music "into a plastic medium." When he removed the figure (lyrics) from his pieces and they became entrances, its malleability, its adaptability became an open weave, the body internalized.

*Observations of Long-term Survival*

1. Black door arched
2. White door steps, splitting
3. Foggy room
4. People on bed waiting for me
5. Rash, remember to record small moments
6. Enter room, a meeting, fidget
7. Transitioning shadows
8. Oil building, quiet delirium, repented shapes, origins are questionable
9. Pipes meet, expanding space
10. Open Wound, pending
11. Light vision fan

*Picture steps going upward -- only moving around a center*

So the center is the spine, the spine of a book, the stretcher behind a canvas. To find the spine is to freeze a moment, to forget the past, but to still see time. A mapping of a particular composition and removal. The center makes room for editing, events, holidays and singularities.

Virginia Woolf and Roger Fry talked to each other about the spine of her book and the form that his paintings took. Her mothers talking while he talks about art history and her isolation.

*An Adaptation, Not Necessarily a Refinement*

A fragment becomes an artifact. I only remember the time when I was little enough to be disappointed by large things, those things never seemed to play large roles. Therefore, my reactions, I deem to this day unimportant and selfish.

*What is the difference between recognition within an association that is seen based on observation and experienced optically and recognition that is based on sensation?*

What and when something becomes real. When something becomes about excessiveness or indulgence- - but maybe the opposite -- maybe it's about a lack -- only just enough light -- just enough goodness to keep going. I started letting go of these structures and if a black opacity is acting as an eraser does the context in which the black opacity is in change meaning? It is always the most outward structure -- the structure closest to the viewer -- the heaviest. The closest to experience -- a blockage of experience.

#### *The Rough Triggers of Recognition*

A fragment becomes an artifact of an experience that becomes part of what is accumulated to create an experience in its context, through triggers of recognition. But also in its context certain elements are established that are not recognizable in their context but still speaking or announcing with the rest of the piece. Something that is talking about discounted other (part of the trust factors.)

#### *The Executive Offices*

Glass doors and the Executive Offices. I cannot tell you that I would have been here if not for my own merit -- to answer my old dreams finally addressed with transparent glass walls and the low far away hum of drastic intonations -- neutral smells, lens walls to catch the light and reflect it inward. The elevator is always opening and sizzling, but sharp sounds and big leather chairs that only my favorite people pick up every day and my friends skitter in bright colors 5 minutes late to their next meeting. Do they fit the neutrality as their woven bright colors sit on top of the background -- or should they let the beauty of the building move to the foreground, its permanence. How much of their work follows them all home.

#### *Thursday's Meeting*

Carey sits at the head of the table saying something's always critical to someone. She leads the Thursday meeting. I realize today there is probably no place here for my spine to stand.

#### *Merging of the institutional and individual?*

There is an inconstant hole that is in need of filling. Is it a need to shine light in dark corners or to fill it?

*If we are left with what should be we are left with what is already*

It is no longer the physical feat that keeps him going. Anything seen can be done -- when the mechanics are stripped, the bones become bare. So he tries writing a book, "Asking God Some Tough Questions: And What He Said."

Anything that he sees, he will do with efficiency.

*What are methods of control?*

What becomes the purpose of architecture, atmosphere, or light. Where does weaving come from, in its creation of structure. It is a collaboration, or another organism.

*James' daughters*

The daughters of James are very nice. They have clothes that she has never seen before. One has holes in her ears. But it's nice because they like the same things that she does: partying, Just Dance, videogames, books . The oldest daughter gave me some of her books to read, 1984.

James also gave her books that he wants her to read while he is at work, "How to Be a Good Wife."

He tells her that she's not allowed to go outside while he is at work. He recently threw away her book that she had borrowed with the option of burning them.

*A Subtlety that is alarming --*

I read about Robert Irwin taking over a space by cleaning its edges. Complete ambience and no artificial lighting. Like a scar, it manipulates the layers of space around it from morphing its form, dictating response.

*Staying Indoors is New to Me*

His daughters were very tall and unusually forward. She rarely saw them which was unusual for her because there was not enough room for family to leave family where she was from. So she saw them maybe once a month. As for anyone outside of the immediate family, she frequently, silently watched their interactions because there was no space for her in the conversation -- they spoke quickly and with anger on their faces. Sometimes they spoke about the daughters. She hopes they do not speak about her.

*How are you planning on evolving from the initial programming?*

To change the direction of a one lamp light as he faces another way -- she jumps over the grand woven couch and grabs her clothes and clutch and clit as he throws envelopes with his bills at me.

*Why would it end at the edge of a canvas?*

Why should fixed ailments not carve out a place, or space -- because I need more than to freeze a moment.

*Pay for your bills*

The frustration of an assistant, anchored by Tagalog, in another room with the daughters but the walls are too thin to ask for help. Starting to see the cracks on the doors, tables too small. She will only drink a little from each bottle, leaving no traces in his living room.

-- noise close up and noise far away

He's gone right now, in his cathedral, talking through a vent about an abandoned addict.

*How to Be a Good Wife*

She can't tell you that she has been here before because of her own merit. If what it means to devour another is to accumulate power, like One-face from *Spirited Away*, what does it mean for her to cook for him every day, a big pot of rice, some eggrolls, but I don't remember now because she couldn't taste anything in the presence of a blackness competing to be palpable.

*The Little Ones down the Street*

There is a little kid who plays outside. He is around 7-years-old. He always comes to talk to her with his younger 4-year-old brother on his tricycle, trailing behind his elder. She gives them candy sometimes. Sometimes she brings gifts for them from the thrift shop where she volunteers. James believes that these little boys are not innocent. He demands that she no longer speaks to them. He says that the 7-year old will one day want to fuck Esther. James is much older than Esther.

*His Children Do Not Speak to Him*

It takes him quite a few drugs to sit in his one lamp light room alone. At his folding table, he searches for another Filipina lover online --

*First loves Writhing in Red Pain*

--- I try to talk to my mother everyday

--- I imagine what my mother would say to my father

in a room, things that he thanks the father for. He never, after a certain age, became so certain as a he was, in that lime green room [certain of what?]

So he moves to the floor on his knees and pray for his children to come back. They huddle together, stunted growth, fidgeting in the back of the room.

*How color hits the ground and makes a decision.*

What are you on.

When were you shaking.

What about a color for coldness/stiffness for when she started missing gradients in her eyes.

*Planned marks on surface*

Perspectival lines become a way to map out a surface. If space functions in this manor, if viewing functions in this manor I would be surprised. I would feel surprised because at the same time

-- I am standing looking at these stairs and taking a picture I'm thinking about giving people what they need; I'm thinking about when this attic was once James' apartment. I'm thinking about the way and the reasons why he stored beer cans in a large pyramid shape in his living room. There is the space of the attic but there is also entertaining static, entering into an attic as an addict.

-- I've been thinking about response -- how to set up a scenario to respond to, in this response, especially given natural/artificial lighting, scale, surface, movement, through scale, also optical scenarios, I was able to see what and how I responded to a duration of the day into the night.

*What are you using as model(s)?*

To mention the word collaboration -- collaboration with what? Found objects, recorded sounds, the architecture of the other space -- light. What does it mean to weave, to create structure out of these things -- where is response happening and why. Will it become singular, autonomous: An open weave is only good for taking larger nails.

*So Where is Recognition?*

She believes that there is no direct answer or extremity to the question of why we perceive things as individuals. So establishing an individual structure within the parameters of the canvas may help for a specificity. Color is creating a passage of time. If the canvas is the light then there are layering of time.

*What does it mean to work in a fixed space, something that finds specificity.*

Showing different kinds of labor -- countering the fracture.