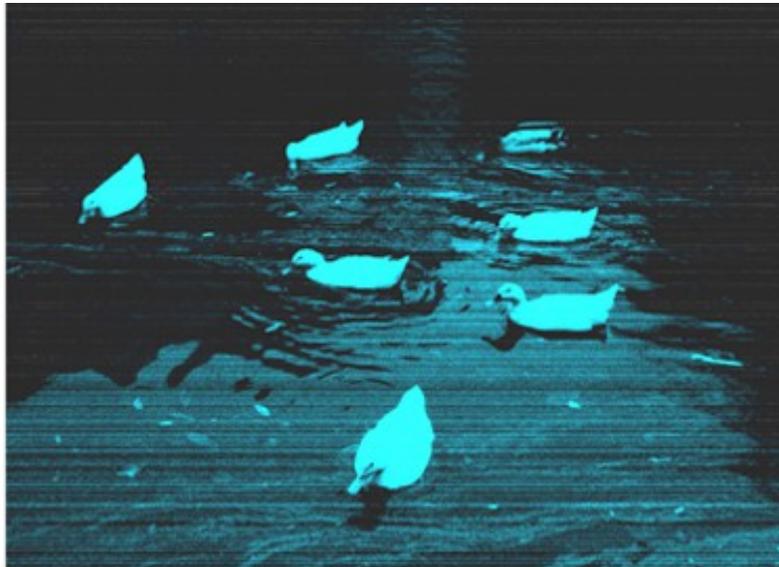


Statement

A. A. Walker



The spectral sign of imagination is superfluous and profane. It is an anti-consumerist luxury, an antidote against the poison of quantification.

It is an anti-artefact, not a psychological reflection of whatever data assigns it an author or creator. It is not a metaphor.

The material out of which this play emerges is by magic ritual and sheer chance.

As the reader or viewer you are complicit in the transmission of this play.

And it is play.

The intention is not to make 'art' so that it becomes 'work' for a political or personal ideology. It is not to fulfill the purpose of an identity. In offering the ultimate, nothing needs to be qualified.

Against self-surveillance and identification, the astonishment of presence is always inconclusive.



Consciousness is getting tricked into revealing itself for what it is: a front for something else (which is unknown).

Watch.

Imaginal codes are planted, sensual signs that intervene in other contexts where they form subjective events.

Joyful and delightful, this play has no end.

A portal opens to another dimension that does not abide by the laws of the known or unknown universes.

Ideas here are occurrences that emerge as textual material, and are not posited as opinions or beliefs. Sensations take precedence over thought or language patterns.

There are no more data, no more 'types of information', however useful they may seem.

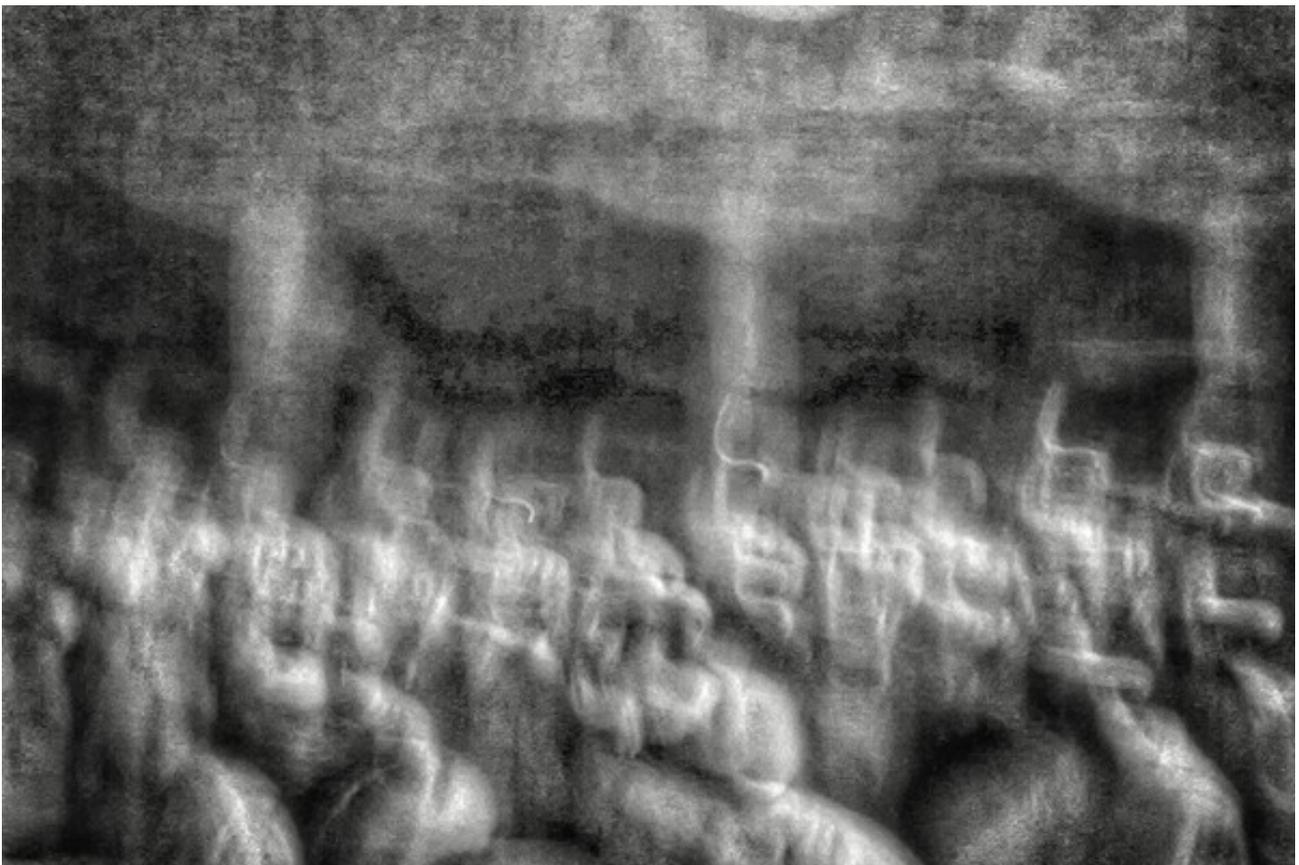
All systems and theories are unnecessary methods of rationalization, and can be dispensed with.

Fiction is presented as fact and vice versa.

Evidence of a moral, cultural, social or political concept, of personal identity or self-expression, thoughts, feelings or workable ideas, experimental or experiential procedures or processes: all are done away with in favour of the raw image.

What is the raw image?

From the outset, let no-one be under any illusions. Make no mistake. The raw image is a non-object. It is anti-artefactual.



The anti-artefact is a stimulus, like a drug, a cattle prod or caress, an act of love or violence.

Percept takes precedence over concept, ritual over process, by-product over product. The anti-artefact is the fortunate result, and as a non-object it is so alien it cannot even truly be considered to exist.

It is an impossibility.

All human ideas and actions are considered so sublime and ridiculous they belong to the realm of fiction. They are regarded as impositions of poetic material which can be transformed into a non-object aka anti-artefact.

Despite appearances, concerns regarding endeavours of 'art' or 'literature' are abandoned. Instead there is an inhuman container from which emits a synesthetic outflow of words, images and sounds that are read, spoken, sung, seen or heard and overlap in any combination.

As for taste, well...

There's no accounting for taste, and no quarter given to truth or beauty, except as they may be disposed of or relished.



Nature does not ask to be mimicked. Nature does not ask to be numbered.

The perfume's prior to time. It smells like a new beginning.

The meaningful is projected only to be discarded or exalted as meaningless and vice versa.

In fact or fiction all untruths are worthless and have no flavour. They are devoid of content, hence innocent and true, and worthy of redemption.

The non-object is of course still an object.

An object is a factual thing and can be relished by the senses. But the objectless object relishes fundamental phenomena of truth and untruth, symbolic or real. It is a sign of ecstasy.

Questions of what's moral, amoral or immoral may in places be cited as reasonable, fruitless or somewhat relevant. Although poetry is a moral act there's really no need for over-arching justice to be attributed to nature, humanity or the cosmos.

Moral dilemmas or solutions are poetical by-products of imaginary events in empty space. There is an arcane practice involved in the manufacture of this material. It has integrity because at its core it's lawless.

[Some believe it should be explained that things are as they appear. But as an outlaw you already have the measure of right or wrong, so you can opt out of rational or moral interpretations.]

States or things get given new or unfamiliar names, but there is no poignant imaginative reflex or any dream-state made archetypal. The play is in the absence of process, the reality of the dream you left behind. You intuit it in an other language.

Returned to their rightful place, questions of morality can externalise the myths generated by the play rather than assert guiding principles.

Lautréamont's axiom, 'Poetry must be made by all, not by one', is a matter of fact, yet in this instance the universality of poetry is a fact of fiction.

Poetry is the capacity to apprehend fiction.

As evidence of transmutational chaos and magical ritual, the objectless object is in divine contrast to the solidity of commodity leisure products. Although its event is a public demonstration of the fact of the poetic or imaginative experience, so it does entertain entertainment.

The 'reason' to utilise literature and the arts is to break consciousness, to force it to reveal what's behind it. In this sense, by transcending knowledge the raw image takes on a supernatural and inhuman aspect. By re-naming and re-ordering everything and freeing it from language by means of language new possibilities are generated and new superstitions multiplied.

The objectless object heralds the destruction of the deathliness, and the stench of death, that emits from the horror of the false imaginings of quantification and its attendants, the narrative and the 'idea'.

There is no explicit commentary on social structures because a critique of them is already implicit, found buried underneath the flames for those who care to pry. Patterns emerging out of nature are aflame, chaotic, harmonic and brutal.

Nature does not acknowledge your self, and neither does imagination.

Perhaps you may say that you can locate art here, but the world is psychological material and art only takes place in the world. This play does not pretend to be of this world.

As everyone's subjectivity will attest, the social realm turned in on an individual appears to be everyone's subjectivity. But when subjectivity has no function or role it is limitless.

The question of how or why the anti-artefact has been manufactured or managed takes place in a blind alley.

I am not a conduit, the anti-artefact is.



The products of art which help return consciousness to the bosoms of religion, politics and science would have subjectivity as a consoling device, a private sphere, a social realm, an identity, the forming of an opinion, a well of truth, etc. But the object which is objectless emerges from outside the psychological constraints of authoritative structures such as ideas. In eternity is evidence of its nonexistence which conveys sheer sensual pleasure and delight in freedom from attribution.

No need to indulge in questions about the relative use value of how to do the right thing or carry out gutter level reports on exploitation and violence or to try to convey codes of rebellious romanticism. The myth of consciousness can be exploded and done away with. No need for ideology.

I may have attempted to convey a simulation of a so-called artist's statement but an act of the imagination is just that and should require no explanation.