



Context as Object

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*...(the thing as bearer of its characteristics)...
...makes an assault upon it [the thing]...*

-Heidegger, "The Origin of the Art Work"

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A clarity of lateral movement i.e. a transition,
in that each gesture and its intention is clear.
What isn't clear is the transition to the next
gesture, i.e. a transition from a transition.
Say I decide to go the library and decide to

take the train, what I'm talking about is the relationships between the decisions, or how deciding to go the library influences deciding to take the train. What is not in question is the right or wrongness of either my decisions, but the consideration of the relationship between the two as a singular thing; a black box. A metaphor, like a computer, where we have a machine that produces complicated results like imposing pixilated letters onto a screen, but for the most part, we have no idea how all the pieces inside are working together on route to our result. We know that if we press down on the letter 'p', the letter 'p' will appear on the screen. P. We, for the most part, take for granted the internal workings of the machine. When something goes wrong, we look for solutions through interface and operating systems. We modulate and tweak the settings to get these complex machines

to somehow do what we want them to do. In a sense, we assume the role of a mediator, taking control of how the flow of information is dictated but not the information itself. This leaves the information untouched, as fully self-realized as it can ever be. *To be sure, the sculptor uses stone just as the mason uses it, in his own way. But he does not use it up.*

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A plant sprouting from a seed is as pure a manifestation of will as there is: the will to live is life itself. The problem is when one will conflicts with another. And I don't mean as a disagreement, but the psychic, physical, sociological, biological, ontological, etc. impossibility of two things existing in the same place and time. Seemingly it's not impossible as we do it everyday. Holding a given conflict within ourselves, for example:

I smoke too much but will go ahead and smoke. We see one will (to smoke) come up against another (a desire for health), and go from here. A result of these two wills working against each other is not just a decision to smoke (or not) but the creation of this conflict as a singular entity: the crisis of smoking. The impossibly complex reality of two wills existing in the same place at the same time is reduced to one through the acceptance of binaries as singular complex units. And we move these units as we might move bricks or cans of food: as stable, predictable objects for our use and/or disposal. When the ideas themselves are treated as furniture to be used at our leisure, we can't help but notice their relation to each other.

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The problem with sequencing or attentions

paid in full to the order, the order as the message, is that when the order is the message, it is dependent on the reader "being there." Content takes precedence when it comes to memory or thinking about a given work. The best we can do is hold an order, perhaps hang it on our walls. It waits for us whereas words, specific names of things, appear regardless of our intention. To remember order, we tell a story in hopes of passing by the way we came. I remember attending a funeral where the preacher was giving a eulogy, and in this speech it was not until the statement "She loved the sea." that finally, moved me. It was the simplest language. This kind of phenomenon has always confused me. How does a statement so simple and seemingly neutral get imbued with so much meaning? Surely if the preacher had begun with the statement at the

beginning of his speech, it would not of had such an impact. If something else had been said in its place would that new statement have had a similar impact? In other words, is there a hierarchy of meaning implicit in context?

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What I'm trying to come to is a recognition of context as form, and form as content. In a surprising sense, content as context; the inversion of attention. Context not as a vague notion of malleable categories but as a fixed and known property. The acceptance of imperfect ideas to get at the larger picture, or origin of ideas. In a sense, an idea akin to triangulation or trying to locate an unknown through two related knowns. Instead of three points on a map, perhaps just two and the freedom to recognize the map itself as a

third. Take the Frank Lloyd Wright house in Gary, Indiana, that burnt down. It would have fell down anyway. An art form devoid of continuity, its straight lines a signifier of wishful thinking. Houses built without futures, in the sense of decaying material and design, as if it were a coincidence that strip malls were soon to rise from parking lots. A singular mind's conception of utilitarian beauty, but unsustainable as anything other than objects of ritual in constant need of attention; their significance dependant on a suspended disbelief in the effect of time.