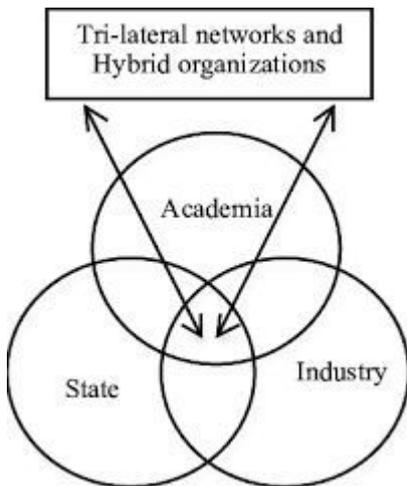


Well the incident with the pre-paid shopping caper sort of threw my schedule... was considering then to do a round trip to Brussels, but decided to keep the original itinerary... speaking of round trip: this was on the cards anyway – the aforementioned tri-icity which harks back to the investigations in Tournai are still quite actual, albeit in a different costume: the Triple Helix, (innovation model) offering an interchange between governance, education and commerce... and yes, I think it can easily be construed as a Patacyclical enterprise...



... it functions much as my rotary-triangle (escheresque) that I used at the time to denote the constant exchange between the three points, keeping the (Wankel) rolling – similar principle, few moving parts -

So too this cyclical history (Toynbee) view of progression, being not quite a repetition of itself, but furthering by an certain amount each time (thus helix) – rather than a to-and-fro dialectic, this model has the tendency to precipitate itself and has to keep on moving...

So then I decided not to go out and buy new slats for the project but to re-cycle: ... having enough slats to keep me going for ever so long, I always consider the possibility that I might need them – so, in order to keep them for that instance, decide to buy new ones... which is in fact counter-productive, since having new ones precludes the need for using the old... that way the non-regeneration of materials becomes a fact (there is no renewal because used material is not replaced but bypassed)... making the specially saved slats as useless as if they were not there at all... does this make them non-actors?



Slatblocks ready for transport- they had been sitting there for a number of years, being deemed useful at the time, but had, by now become part of the woodpile – ready to be burnt as fuel (ecologically unsound, but there it is... see also Carlos M's comments on materials not part of 'proposition #1' but accumulations that could be burnt...)

In the meantime though, wood burning is no longer allowed in this city (except for those pellet devices – same difference) so that even as discarded, ex-useful wood, now demoted to just plain fuel – had become useless again... second tier useless, as it were – this is where the negative helix comes in, since it interacts with the continuous uselessness of artistic endeavour, especially in the light of a vanishing public... or rather, interdicted public (illegal)

Why then this effort of an unseen Cadavre Exquis?



Slats with playing card – stuck there for years, not having moved on and not having been used – either for construction wood in the general scheme of things (building/renovation) nor in the studio environment (making of frames/stretchers) and hiding behind the door for ever so long... forgotten in fact -

(given the circumstance that there has been virtually no painting activity going on in the studio since the embracing of less and less physical manifestations of that artistic tendency)

- in fact leaning more towards*
 - the unnoticed,*
- it was no surprise then to also find cloth- drapery- 'draps' in that same corner... originally intended no doubt, to be painted on...*

Here the cyclical (pata?cyclical) comes back to bite its tail: I had no intention whatsoever to begin painting, but on seeing this cloth (canvas) was reminded of the prow-like figure in space that is akin to what I am attempting here: a vessel with which to cleave through space, at least the mental space that occupies the cadavre of my mind... yes cobwebs and all... (another reference to Rimbaud's *Délire II*)

The drapery had been used for various artistic manifestations already, but were put aside as secondary, since they may have been torn, soiled, or become less than pristine for some (artistic) reason or other... (some in fact showed signs of painting activity, even in a minute way, splatters and such – obviously from some action or intervention where paint seemed to have been in evidence also)...but was that enough to cell them painted cloth? Hardly – outwardly for the untrained eye they would surely be identified as bedclothes, being their former and intended reason for being in the first place... but in the meantime have become much more than that: actors in fact in this pantomime of concepts!



So when considering this transference of intended usage and usefulness to the status of either refuse or superfluous remnants (here I like to consider the French 'superflux') and then toward something new again, having survived as it were the complete and utter irrelevance of it's (in-) existence to emerge like a chrysalis as an entirely new being on the other side of the (mysterious) process, I turned my attention to the watering can which had left its useful and banal life behind and had become a cubist sculpture... I still had to figure out, however, if it was a synthetic or an analytical sculpture...



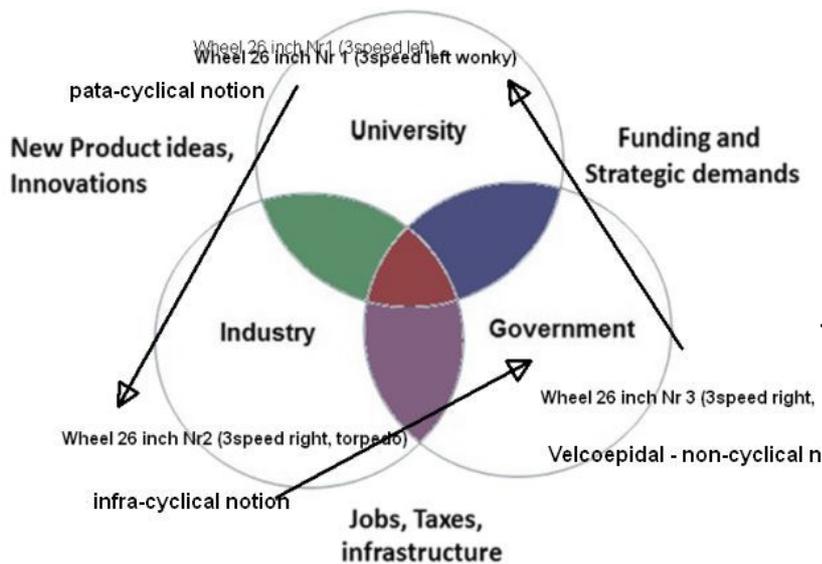
That it was a corpse was not the question, but whether it could be called exquisite... It was dead in the sense of its original 'raison d'être'- already I had salvaged it from the (cemetery) refuse heap because it was only leaky, and with a bit of tape it had a 'second life' as auxiliary watering-can in the summertime...

but frost would be its nemesis... split all along the bottom, so, now truly dead, it was sectioned to fit the plastic recycling container, and lo and behold, morphed into a sculpture... Cubist for sure, but perhaps more analytical than synthetic – perhaps if it was run over a few times it would graduate to synthetic status – but at this point the question is whether it qualifies to be part of the 'cadavre exquis' presentation – being more intentional than the artifacts found on the beach... but the tendency is to accept it...

(already, I know the perfect place)

This brings us to the next 'cyclical' question...

For some time now I had been looking for a 26-inch rear wheel for my bicycle, which had gone wonky... I have another bike with similar dimensions, and the 3-speed chain mechanism is on the same side, but it is not a torpedo – meaning I would have only one brake... now, chance (hazard, jamais) would have it that there is a 26-inch wheel sitting outside the Bukta Paktop waiting to be saved from oblivion... here too, Carlos M classified it as 'superflux' and would soon take it to the ironmonger's crushing yard... so there are three wheels which all have a problem – question is if we can synthesize all three (actors) into one use-able wheel – and what then what with the rest...



*as soon as one wheel becomes functional again, and the other two are discarded, there is no longer a helical tension between the three and thus the creative force is broken...
On the other hand, If I break this helical force, maybe I can ride my bike again, opening up entirely new perspectives...*

This might be considered an additional conundrum:

if the two defunct bicycle wheels are added to the presentation (say in the manner of Duchamp or Metzger) what becomes of the third – having regained it's function but lost out on the exciting new life as an artwork...

How would their relationships change, from the dysfunctional to the defunct, the unnoticed and disregarded to the edge of oblivion (non-existence, even in metaphysical terms) the superfluous, by all means, and extrapolated from there toward 'superflux'...

With the refurbished wheel taking the essence from the other two, they become non-entities in the equation without disappearing altogether – one might consider here a relationship similar to that of master Tull's 'do-not-see-me-rabbit' or obviously the Cheshire Cat and why not? - even Schroedinger's Cat...

Suffice to say that my own and the promised material absence did not in any way impede the theoretical expansion of the project at hand, and armed with these additional insights, will be doubly present on what will have to be identified as Day 4 of the section (this) Obst.

