

SATURATION POINT

'Temporal Objects'

May 31st - June 21st

Della Gooden

A resentment of the 'ravages' of time (the decline in our health or the depreciation of our car) is common-place, as is possibly a disinterest in, if not neglect of, the fuller and more complex machinations of Time; these being so beyond our ken, why bother? The nature of Time is nothing short of grand-scale alchemy and it's so much easier to just leave that tangled monster be. It has always done its thing, so let it get on with it. Life's complicated enough, isn't it?

And yet, each of us must cope with our own perceptions of a temporal, material world as it unfolds about us and we all nurture a certain level of competence as we operate within it. Our endeavours are perhaps less resolute than the word 'operate' implies, but we have a tool - we've done some work. Under the cold, reliable gaze of the clock we regulate our lives; keep appointments, get paid by the hour, know how old we are... This is useful stuff, and it's all because we created units of measurement based on an understanding of the movement of our planet around a star. An invention of necessity has given us a version of time that suits us well.

When I think about the Earth circling the Sun, it triggers in me a curiosity for such unimaginable distances and a sense of wonder at the invisible force of gravity that causes motion on that scale. It isn't concepts of *time*; it is concepts of cosmic geography at play in my head. How clever we were to invent 'clock-time' as a function of celestial-terrestrial *spatial* relationships.

In contrast to the measured, linear progress of clock-time, consider the personal experience of time passing, of duration, of life and living. Consider how memories of what has happened and expectations of what might be, can become compressed into a dynamic, *living-present*. I can make decisions now, that are entirely wrapped up with what has happened before, but I don't scroll back through my mind's diary, build up my case, plot my course; I delve into myself. I am myself, and I keep going. If I make efforts to recall something important from say 20 years ago or 2 years ago – it isn't the *numbers* I'm thinking of, it is the *thing* itself – and its sense and relevance to me now. In this way time is entirely my own, and all about my personal, mortal choices.

Occasionally I find myself accosted by an involuntary memory, caused by an encounter. Perhaps a familiar colour, a name, or a smell. Such things can swiftly 'reel-in' the past, fling it uninvited into the present; and so, it becomes new, and it becomes 'now'. I have an emotively driven and reasoned out

internal system of functioning, which somehow works in tandem with whatever mysterious and external structures of time and space exist.

It is these thoughts that are relevant to the two works 'Rue III' and 'Rue VI' in the exhibition 'Temporal Objects'. Although completed this week, they have evolved from 'The Call' (2018) an installation made across a large wall, next to a window. It started with a single, material object - a black wooden hoop pinned at an angle. Graphite lines and more hoops followed. Over time I added and removed hoops, drew and rubbed out lines and created alternative light sources. I lived with it, watched it, worked with it. 'The Call' inevitably spread across the whole wall.

'In a practical sense the role of the artist in this shifting parade feels no more or less significant, than that of the sun. The sun moves the shadows, the artist fixes a circle at a new angle, rubs out a line or lengthens another. Such developments are absorbed and waited upon... more change will occur. Meanwhile zones of intensity become identifiable from the herd, even possible to name like constellations in the sky. 'Dinner Plate' and 'Egg and Spoon' were so discovered.'

Extract from 'Stuff Happens', 2018, published by Arthouse1, London

These 'constellations' as I came to call them became instruments of the immaterial: of light, time and change. Shadows moved, spaces opened up, viewpoints differed... nothing so amazing, pretty much what you would expect (but then we 'expect' so very many different things). In the end I took the whole thing down, I had no room for it.

The significance of 'The Call' is in its inexhaustible possibilities. The configurations and reconfigurations were done in earnest; the shapes and spaces, the lines and air – there was an intentionality that may have presupposed a relationship to future work, I'm not sure; I was too wrapped up in it. But the configurations I **didn't** make, and which I now hold in my imagination, are indistinguishable from all of what can unreliably be said to have actually happened. 'The Call' is always there, an amorphous, miasmic mix of potential that is ready to press any part of itself into any future-present of mine.

'Rue III' and 'Rue VI', in this exhibition, are a footnote in the overall accounting. They existed as possibilities alongside an infinite number of potential possibilities, it's just that this week, I happened to make them real...

Della Gooden, May 2020