writing making making writing:

retaking the side of things

conor wilson

# **lan Bogost**

Play Anything: The pleasure of limits, the uses of boredom & the secret of games

Play invites us to draw an overdue conclusion: that the potential meaning and value of things — anything: relationships, the natural world, packaged goods — is in them rather than in us. Play is not a kind of self-expression, nor a pursuit of freedom. It is a kind of creation, a kind of craftsmanship, even. By adopting, inventing, constructing, and reconfiguring the material and conceptual limits around us, we can fashion novelty from anything at all. Although they refer to poeisis the making that grounds poetry — instead of play, the philosophers Bert Dreyfus and Sean Kelly come to a similar conclusion about finding meaning in a secular age: "The task of the craftsman is not to generate the meaning, but rather to *cultivate* in himself the skill for *discerning* the meanings that are already there."

### Mikhail Bakhtin

A dialogical text is made up of many different voices, unmerged into a single perspective, and not subordinated to the voice of the author. Each of these voices has its own perspective, its own validity, and its own narrative weight within the novel.

Bakhtin criticises the view that disagreement means at least one of the people must be wrong. Because many standpoints exist, truth requires many incommensurable voices. Hence, it involves a world which is fundamentally irreducible to unity. It denies the possibility of transcendence of difference (as in Hegel; this is a major difference between dialogics and dialectics). Separateness and simultaneity are permanently with us. There is no single meaning to be found in the world, but a vast multitude of contesting meanings. Truth is established by addressivity, engagement and commitment in a particular context.

In a fully dialogical world-view, the structure of the text should itself be subordinate to the right of all characters to be treated as subjects rather than objects.

#### the significance of sensory states and objects

What is an object? Object Oriented Ontology¹ challenges the philosophically (and scientifically) privileged relationship between a (human) subject and an object and extends the definition of object to all sorts of things – a rail network, a unicorn, the colour purple, a person. For Graham Harman, Heidegger's key insight was that objects withdraw from our perception – we can never fully know them, no matter what means of analysis we bring to bear. He builds on this insight, speculating that all objects, animate or inanimate, interact with and withdraw from one another. We are all 'strange strangers'.²

Sometimes, when lying between dream and awake, I have a sense of having slipped my moorings, lost my orientation - part of me has become separated and directionally confused. In this state, I feel unboundaried, attentive to 'communications' that I am happy to not understand. Helene Cixous, talks of the artist, the writer, as someone who receives messages, who practices a '... kind of receptivity, of openness, or "hospitality"...'<sup>3</sup>

I play with a to and fro between material and word - exploring how making might generate a different approach to writing about material; how words might directly influence making. Making becomes a method for uncoupling from consciousness, a meditation — how do I speak the language of the clay; how does the clay think me? David Abram writes about Merleau-Ponty's 'Flesh of the world', the reciprocity of perception: '...my hand is able to touch things only because my hand is itself a touchable thing, and thus is entirely a part of the tactile world that it explores.'4

#### interpretation of an art object

Interpretation so often engenders the habit of judgment. Let's say that, rather than judgment, our aim is to facilitate meaningful interaction with both human and 'more-than-human' objects, to become an object among objects.

Don't worry about the 'meaning' of the work, but focus on how your senses place you at the centre of a composite, 'display' object, consisting of space, light, sound, smell, text, displayed objects and, of course, bodies. How can I use my ears, my eyes, my nose, my skin, my voice? How can I contact a strange stranger and how might a stranger contact me? Imagine that you are a beam of light, playing on the surface of the art object; a sound wave bouncing off it; a fly about to land...

Imagine yourself to be a Benjaminian critic. Enter into the work and activate its subjectivity rather than making it an instrument of your own subjectivity.

<sup>1</sup> Graham Harman's philosophy, central to Object Oriented Ontology, is set out in several books (e.g. Tool Being [2002] Guerrilla Metaphysics [2006] & The Quadruple Object [2010]) and papers, some available on his website: http://doctorzamalek2.wordpress.com/free-articles/

<sup>2</sup> Timothy Morton (2011) 'Here Comes Everything: The Promise of Object-Oriented Ontology.' Available at: http://english.rice.edu/uploadedFiles/mortonquiparlerice.pdf

<sup>3</sup> Helene Cixous (2010) Writing Not Yet Thought.

<sup>4</sup> David Abram (1997) The Spell of the Sensuous.

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a fat bag: text-image

Daily the same pantomime was repeated. Kien's life, shattered under the fists of his wife, estranged by her greed and by his own, from all books, old and new, became a serious problem. In the morning he got up three hours before her. He might have used this, his quietest time, for work, and so he did, but what he had once considered work, seemed far away from him now, postponed until some happier future. He gathered the strength he needed for the practice of his new art. Without leisure no art can exist. Immediately after waking, one rarely achieves perfection. It is necessary to flex the limbs: free and uninhibited the artist should approach his creation. Thus Kien spent nearly three hours at leisure before his writing desk. He allowed many things to pass through his head, but he kept vigilant watch on them all so that he should not be drawn too far away from the matter in hand. Then, when the timepiece in his head, last vestige of the learned net with which he had ensnared time, rang its alarm bell - for nine o'clock was approaching — he began very slowly to stiffen. He felt the coolness gradually extending through his body, and judged it according to the evenness with which it distributed itself. There were days when his left side grew cold and stiff faster than his right; this caused him the most serious anxiety, 'Over with you!' he commanded, and streams of warmth dispatched from his right side made good the error on the left. His efficiency in stiffening grew greater from day to day. As soon as he had reached the consistency of stone, he tested the hardness of the material by lightly pressing his thighs against the seat of the chair, This test for hardness lasted only a few seconds, a longer pressure would have crushed the chair to powder, Later on when he began to fear for the fate of the chair, he turned it to stone as well. A fall during the day, in the woman's presence, would have turned his rigidity to ridicule, and hurt him a great deal, for granite is heavy. Gradually, by developing a reliable for his degree of hardness, the test became superfluous

From nine in the moreover to seven in the evening, Klen retained his incomparable pose. On the writing desk lay an open book, always the same one. He vouchsafed it not a glance. His eyes were occupied entirely in the distance. The woman was at least clever enough not to disturb him during these sessions. She busied herself zealously in the room. He understood how deeply housekeeping had become engrained into her body and suppressed an unseemb smile. She described a wide curve round the monumental figure from ancient Egypt. She made it no offerings, neither of food nor of reproaches. Kien forbade himself hunger and all other bodily vexations. At seven o'clock he infused warmth and breath into the stone which speedily came back to life. He waited until Therese was in the furthest corner of the room. He had a sense of her whereabouts which never betrayed him. Then he leapt up and hurriedly left the house. While he was eating his only meal in the restaurant, he would all but fall asleep out of exhaustion. He enlarged on the difficulties of the past day and when a good idea for the morrow came into his head he nodded his agreement, Anyone else who tried to turn himself into a statue, he would immediately challenge. At nine o'clock he went to bed and slept.

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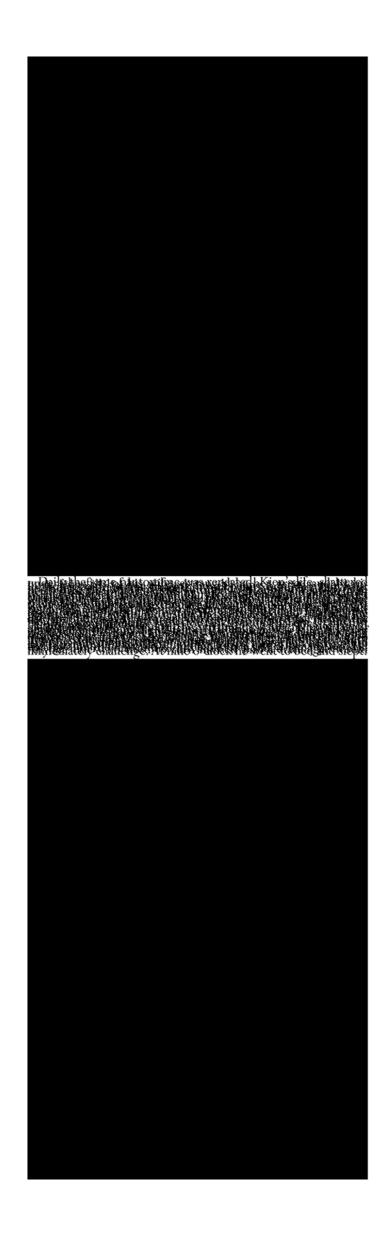
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Centre: video still with transcript

K: Flex it so you've got a blade - push in - and up and over - put the two thumbs together f you like - go on, push in and squeeze up and over, let's make to a real, cone - let's really go for - push in - squeeze, square trueeze - and lift it up, lift it up,



Centre\_2: video still





## Centring

1. "Centring."

Press the clay

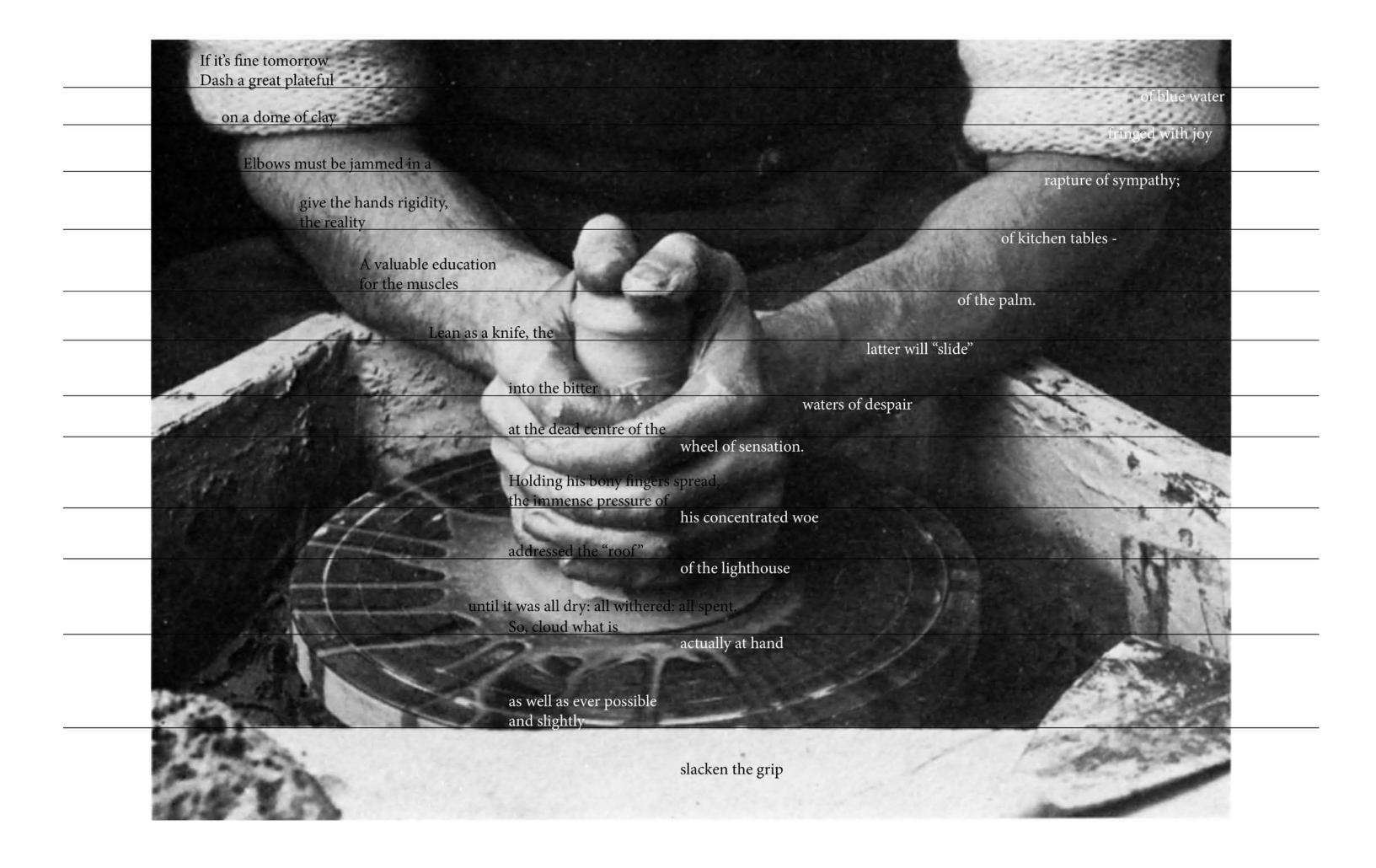
firmly with the palms. The rotation of the wheel will now force the clay through the space at the top of the hands, and cause it to assume the shape of a cone or lighthouse. This done, place the thumbs on the "roof" of the lighthouse, press hard, slightly slacken the grip of the palms, and the clay will assume a dome shape. Bear in mind to keep the hands wet all the time. Then make a lighthouse again, and then bring the clay back to a dome shape. In making a pot this operation is always repeated several times, because it serves to satisfy one that the clay is in good condition for work—if it reveals any deffects in the clay take another piece. Illustrating, as it does, the principle of the working of the wheel, it is also a valuable education for the muscles of the palm, and may be regarded as an ideal preliminary exercise.

Henry and Denise Wren, Handcraft Pottery for Workshop and School (London: Sir Isaac Pitman, 1928), p. 50

#### Centring

Kev: NOW (.) add your right hand to: (.) that? (1) Flex it (.) <fast> so you got a bla:de </fast> (.) push in? (1.0) and up and over (.) put the two thumbs together if you like (.) <soft> so they-</soft> come on (.) push in (.) squeeze up and over = let's make it into a real (1.0) COne = let's really go for- (1) push in (1) squeeze squeeze squeeze = and <fast> lift it up? lift it up? lift it up? lift it up? </fast> keep on (.) <whispering> come on = allright = push push push </whispering> (2) OK? (1) GOOD (2) Con: Not enough pushing Kev: No? (.) it's OK? (.) but you're still circulating the clay? (.) I mean with familia- familiarity you could (.) you know (1) AGain (1) a really practised thrower (.) and if I'd been throwing (.) you know (.) all week (.) it's a sort of <fast> one-two onetwo </fast> and off you go Con: Mm:mm Kev: Em (.) but (1) you NEED to know the fundamental nature of it which is actually (.) again (.) I've mentioned the sort of the breathing quality the systolic dia (.) you know (.) you you (2) I:N and over with the right hand (1) DOWN and round with the left = so now the right hand slips down to the bottom? (.) down to the bottom? = keep going? (.) don't take you hands off (.) let's just slide them down (.) right hand slides to the bottom (0.8) and at the same time you're pushing down (.) with the THumb of the left. (1) Oh (.) <fast> woa woa woa </fast> (0.8) no (.) you're still (.) you're still inclined to push on TOP (.) drop your hand down (1.5) an:d (.) you're struggling (1) Take your hands off (.) there? (1) You're trying to control it = I can feel that force going through <1> your hand like <1> that Con: <1> Ye::ah <1> Kev: <fast> Yeh </fast>

Video\_15\_Centre\_1 transcription | Mark-up conventions: VOICE Project (2007) VOICE Transcription Conventions [2.1].

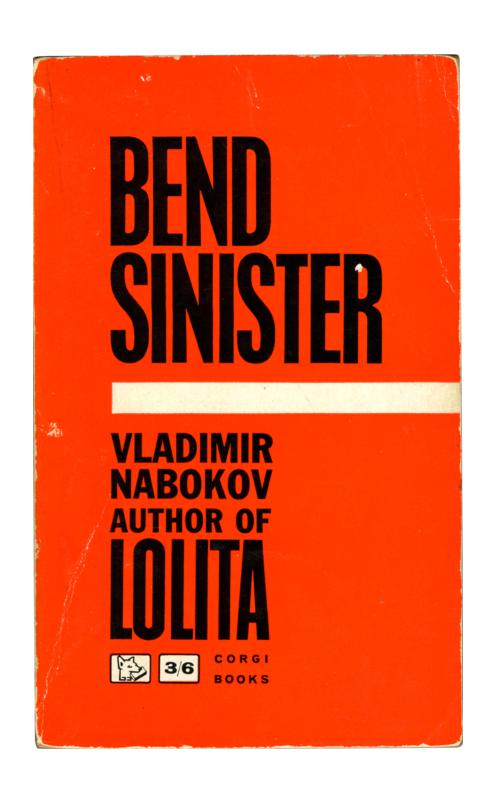


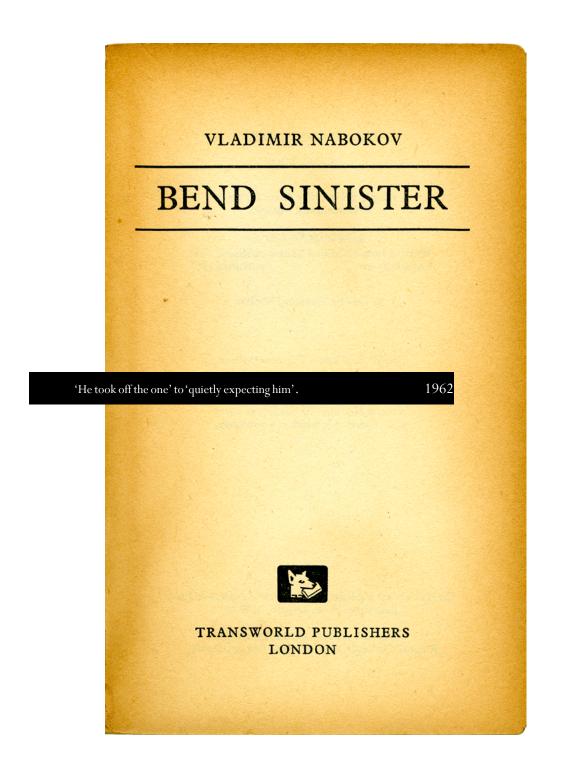
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PORCHED, on the threshold, Macliam strove to identify his front door key, unbathed as it was by the light that refused to emanate from above, whichever way he had arranged the coded coppers. An internal reflection on arrangement caused pause to consider the efficacy of referring to himself in the third person, but he concluded, perhaps unwisely, that more pressing, more physical failings might be permitted to shoulder themselves to the front of his queue. 1 Not least the eyesight, which deteriorated at a rate that seemed, if not unfair, then certainly uncaring and was inadequately assisted by a pair of spectacles, overdue for replacement. Like a lot of things around here. The very timbers that hung between out and in, for instance, while dressed in a tasteful tone of purple, exhibited various signals of distinctly unbourgeois distress. Entropy appeared to be fucking agency, as per usual. In this, of all moments, it seemed somehow wrong to identify

What form of communication are we dealing with here? What would the ideal relationship be, between experience and sentence? Should the greater weight lie with the experiencing - the feeling - or the making up? Should the arrangement of the words be ambiguous and beguiling, or direct and truthful? Is the latter even a permissable word in such a communication, or should flags be flown to signal his learning? If the arrangement was in some way lacking, as with the wiring in his dark light, would the reader fail to be communicated with; to be illuminated? And what might the reader be seeking — simplicity, complexity, or perhaps a fresh arrangement of the two. A recognition of their own corporeality in that of the writer — a sharing that creates order that creates meaning? The making up begins, he thought, as soon as the feeling is reflected upon. Reflection begets words. Was he a false witness, never mind an unreliable narrator?

by trial, to risk the steely jar of rejection. He desired the satisfaction of things in their proper place. The correct discernment, by eye (there were only six other keys that it could be, for christ's sake), followed by the little thrill, the ripple of acceptance. Minor entrance effected and poised for the major, that less than gimlet eye was seduced by the small glass, a square balanced, on one of its four, above its station, yet set at a convenient height for the conveyance of information from the interior of the house to the interior of Macliam. His delicate family was clearly visible, arranged like petals around the shining dining table. He took off the one glove he had on, disposed of his overcoat and hung up his wide-brimmed black felt hat. His wide-brimmed black hat, no longer feeling at home, fell off the peg and was left lying there. He walked down the long passage on the walls of which black oil paintings, the overflow from his study, showed nothing but cracks in the blindingly reflected light. A rubber ball the size of a large orange was asleep on the floor. He entered the diningroom. A plate of cold tongue garnished with cucumber slices and the painted cheek of a cheese were quietly expecting him. This isn't your house, said the tongue, with more relish than was strictly necessary... fuck off.









A Game of Jug | MediaWall, Commons Building, Newton Park, Bath Spa University

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'The Thing' 10 cm<sup>2</sup> block / 6326 words retyped in Microsoft Word & Adobe InDesign [Martin Heidegger, in *Poetry, Language, Thought*, trans. by Albert Hofstadter (New York: Harper & Row, 1971)]

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pad own moral code, which I will. · Struggles with poetry - a Hitade and stands that I like - did mas less in literature Peter Redgnore - mud - snorkelling past the point of total souliness Gertmale Stein - loving it at in the moment, bu on activi nowness of it Emma and I get really exerted about gertie Explanation (p) as rolling tu words award m Your tongue. Looping 137

