

What's there in the corner?

What corner?

Vertexes pointing imaginative through the capacious space of the room, always from squared planes. If we're to look upon matter as an imaginative inner space, it is enclosed, corners then being out of relevance. The shape complacently disguised. Unreachable in the sense of having non-form.

Let's visit weight. Considering it to be a space. Think of weight in the name of the physical encounter, it is a relational aspect. My palm opens, is prepared and then the material gets handed over. Bulky and feather light, or be it small and contracted, or it can happen to be eatable. I put it inside me, enveloped. It adds up. Chewing it, grinding jaws slowly reformulate. Weight as an uncompleted aspect, because of its distinct character. In processes of bodily meetings, touch as quantitative squeeze of horizontally organized hierarchies, or ordered vertically parallel under the spell of the same gravity. Internal acts of balance. Cast some light on it. Place it closer to a microscope. Crack it open. It's not primarily visual. Practiced weight connects to some specific thing as density. A number of grams adherent. To. This. A fat haze, without clear holes to enter for penetration.

A ponderous push approaching. To lean on to, to get in acquaintance. In close position. Contiguous, perhaps blending. Matter accelerated by precocious attractions. Buzzing and humming in the present, joyously waiting to be measured, to be weighed. Charmed to clinging on to the other. To be split. To splat. To pour out of the self. Glutinous. Half the truth as true as it can get. The soft hard rounded, the transparent cold flat, the undefined squared adrift. Undifferentiated blobs. All weight.

Here,

here,

here

scattered.

Or what?

If existing out of relations, in proportions, out in process there could be courses trajecting the space. Distinctions. Traces to follow and understanding. Your elbow could know. The hips of solid substance.

By Liv Strand

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