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SPILL: Convergence and Expression

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The human has touched all things- sometimes knowing of her mark and sometimes without. The consequence of communication is that it eventually changes the scene. It starts to shift the ground beneath it.

Sign of the beginning appears in the first image- a black string that culminates from a set of lips and disperses onto a line of things that we call images. Yet, they are not merely just that. They are beckoning us to unravel them, to see them, and to touch them. This is what it takes to know.

An open mouth, and no sound. Yet, the black string is pronounced audibly, as the lips fade off like noise in the background. The black string travels onto other images. I know these *other* images are different from one another, as they are bound apart by color and space.

This traveling black string over all the other images evidences her voice's prolific presence. Her mark travels in transience, shaping and being shaped by all that it touches.

On the head of a goat, all the black lines converge onto its silhouetted head, which stands against a sky in twilight. This contrasts with the picture to its left where the blackness spreads in groups throughout the trees. A rainforest

spreads out as moss hangs from the trees, where the tree to gests in its voluptuousness. My eye makes it so.

The picture to its left is of a body, starkly photographed in black and white where the woman's skin is defined perfectly by the indoor stage light on her nude body. She is self-contained. Here the blackness acts through the backside of her torso. She is self-contained. Her long black hair, tied in a ponytail, falls down her back like a waterfall, whose strands create texture, a kind of roughness, which contrasts with the smooth curve of her spine and skin.

The rainforest scene depicts hanging moss that drapes through the frame. The black strings hover over it, holding it in a net. It's telling us of its presence. It shows us that its there. Yet, what for?

Our marks are left everywhere in the world of humans until they can no longer be seen. The pervasive presence of the black mark places our mark into the foreground, so that we may see once again what has saturated our sight, causing our blindness. In this piece, Liza Ryan critiques the pervasiveness of our mark on this planet, how excessive and self-absorbed we've seemed to become. This is most pronounced when our marks are left in places where we should not go. Our difference is shown.

At the same time, this might also be about fear. Perhaps, it would be easier to not venture into the wilderness, for our marks might be misinterpreted. They won't be understood; because our language cannot translate into those other places so easily, those places that are not our homes.

The woman looks forward into the darkness. The light hits her body from an overhead source, defining the curve of her shoulder blades. There is something metallic about her body. It's precise. Her right hand makes a gesture that we can't see. Her identity, her intention, we cannot know.

February 25, 2009

Here, this body appears to be dispersed, piled up piece by piece around the black lines. How does communication get lost in the process of transmission?

In the piece of the rainforest, Liza Ryan chose to continue the moss on the black and white photograph of the woman. However, Ryan chose to draw the rainforest moss on this photograph with a white pastel crayon, whose contrivance is evident. The mark of another reaches into the wilderness, changing its form in the new scene.

There is a wilderness to the woman's hair; the light's reflection cannot penetrate its shadows, whereas the light illuminates the center of her back, rendering it penetrable. Her head gestures into the darkness, until the only thing keeping it from the hands of invisibility is the roughness of her hair that catches the light. Nothing can show you where her head begins and where the darkness ends.

Form disappears and then reappears. The eye must be adaptive; it must see astutely without too much trouble to endure the treachery of being lost in a sea of voices. Sometimes in order to see, one must imagine the object of sight while being weary of contriving something borne from our desires. Yet, how can

we feel good and sure about our imagination, our sight, without wondering if we are inserting our hopes into what we see?

Still, she poses astutely, reaching forward to another place- into that darkness.

And then to come back to the mouth- who does it belong to? The voice- this black splotch starts at a shallow depth in her mouth. Well, with the look of tension of her mouth's open gesture, I can tell it's screaming- yearning to be known, to be heard. Her voice penetrates the whole image- all of it. I can connect to the urgency with which she desires to be heard. The starting point where her voice culminates at the beginning is defined by its bulk. There is this strong kinetic force that spawns from the strength of her voice. In this sense, does the black affect the agency of the other images?

No, because this is the point in communication where the possibility of listening presents itself- not the actual listening, but its possibility. Sometimes the listening can happen, and sometimes again, we fail to be touched.

February 26, 2009

Today, the woman's body appears to breathe in communion with the other pictures. This synthesis comes from what their share that is their aliveness.

Yesterday, the woman's body was a site of tension- the place where communication possessed possibility and risked falling into the oblivion of misapprehension. Language resides in a purgatory of symbols, waiting to be saved amongst the understood.

However, today, her body falls into a symphony of gesture. The goat's head leans in towards the ground, while the rainforest's moss and trees reach upward into the sky. The woman's body reaches forward into that darkness. It seems to me that all this trouble, all this apprehension over the volatility of awareness resists the acknowledgement that something has been done. At least we are stepping outside of ourselves to make that gesture and to seek connection.

That rainforest reaches over to the picture with the woman's body that reaches out into the darkness, connected by the black line. Here is where connection begins; that a sense of being touched when one is at the hands of isolation. This is here to remind you that you, too, once were a child feeling the tenderness of a mother's reach. Once, there was connection, pure and simple and without worry. There is a bird, wrapped by the traveling blackness in its death. There is also a hand that cuts into itself with a toothpick.

The idea that this traveling black mark appeared to me as forceful initially was because it had agency in its reach towards other things. It transgressed these bounded images, separated their disparities of form. At first glance, it appears as a gesture of violence to assert oneself in a new and foreign place. Rather, how important it is, at times, to cast that worry aside and just speak. To speak. Speak! Because we are bound to life, and therefore connected. What shame is there to gesture towards that communion?

This woman: Yes, she sits in a darkness that is mysteriously illuminated by only one light hung over her, which translates her body to speak in only a few ways. Yet, knowing all of this, she gropes into the darkness. One only needs a little faith.