

Maybe there's something here about iterations or versions or faces of the same, that flips language and behaviour around progressing from work to work to work in some linear, definable, conquered and marketable way. There's something here about walking through paintings, something someone close to me remarked in conversation that went on to inform so much that ends up, one way or another, forming things. The peripheral image, the annihilated image and the quantum image. There's also something here about documenting, yeah - documentary but also, what it means to document, its ramifications of being remembered by eyes again and again into futures, what does it mean to watch *the introduction to the end of argument*. a near 30 yrs later and to find ourselves back to where we haven't been; something too about this deeper understanding or revealing of crises, that *post-* rendered as *crisis of-* opens spaces between things, and maybe is more unforgiving; is more common sense; is more real? If i were to speak of post-orientalism i wouldn't mean the thing that succeeded because that would be ignoring the aftermath, the fallout, the decay - something we are good at too, and socialised to perform, but i can't carry that the whole time? - but also how that relates to iterations of things - what might it mean to admit or to confess the iterating nature of the art thing? as at least an acknowledgement of the multifaceted make-up, and their various lives; I find it insightful that when works split in this way, it's like a particular view onto making from the world around us is revealed, a view that undermines this taught fiction of violent forward motion towards newness upon newness - mayb? And this quantum state of the diasporan; how home and exile, being threads of the same rug, is suffocating - under the paint of the white orientalist; is the flattening in the lens of white image makers and all the shrapnel that sits inside words and the gazes that prompt them. and i know in writing this to accompany/to keep company, in my absence, if it will be that, or my presence also, that people might take these words as concrete when words are not; and i know in writing this that not all words are read equally; and, that there is an aversion to writing that is honestly gathered or that takes itself just above note form - but i'm tired and my thoughts in times of illness circle questions around how the muslim mind (the imposter, the deceiver, the infiltrator, the saracen mind) might reach towards wellness under these structures through the alienation of anxiety in the fear of publics and fear of the state. - and what even is wellness in a deeply, historically and fundamentally islamophobic, racist and hostile society(?). though, when i foresee my absences from things for the sake of health at least, i remember how present these absences can be rendered, and remember mahmoud darwish who spoke of those being tangled. Which is relevant to this somewhere, in being another annihilation of the thing; in cancelling itself out, contradiction in the whiteness of eyes, but transcendence in the heart - what might it mean to be both presently absent and absently present or in the presence of absence or the absence of presence? He held tension between narrative and poetics, and at the end of his life he wrote the presence of absence, a prose/poetry work, there's an intimacy with death that is testament, and a clear reflection on the nonsense of things, darwish also told us that poetic structures are 'formed by the movement of meaning through rhythm'; perhaps the collateral to the words, to the images, to the voice, should and can be heard, and an alchemy surrounding states of exiles in all their forms as potent in the transmutation of x-y-z. So there's space that opens there to conceive maybe, a state of being in the world through a multiplicity of iterations and simultaneous ones, non-consensually politicised stagings, presently absent in the confiscation and reproduction of these bodies and the narrations that compose them; presently absent in racist social imaginaries, iterations of the same and the tired persist. Speaking for others/speaking for oneself. but Bidoun mag summed it up a few years ago with "Twenty-six years and many media later, the film is simultaneously an artefact of 1980s-era critique and a refracted mirror on our current reality." and it would be a bit weird to sit here and reword the thing when that's still it anyway. Mapping though, it's important for mapping, where we haven't got to, where we will never get to and when we might not get there - i always feel unsettled by critiques of representation that halt at representing the thing, but i feel equally unsettled in the work when i simply strip those things away, isolate signifiers, fuck with their source and origin and spatial-temporal signification, it can feel like a self-serving gesture at best or self-sabotage at other times. Maybe it's all of that, and perhaps that's the case for confessing an iteration, and does it just feel those things measured against the straightness of whiteness and its policing of this mind; that seeing practice as revelatory and the artist akin to the mystic, is default a subversion or threat in it's retreat or dissent? I thought of screening mona, or akram zaatari, but figured this mirror, however refracted, was best for the gaze to rest on, because hopefully in it we see ourselves in all their distortions and reminders;

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