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On Ted Warnell's alinearity

Shall – and can – could speculation on alinearity be linear? If not, what alternative do we have to speak on the language?

We definitely have to deal with the inevitable choosing of words, and placing of the chosen words in an order that had already been chosen for us (almost like if we were traveling along a landscape painting while recognizing: it's bound to be flat, and there is no depth behind the background, or between us and the background). Speech is linear by random, and yet it never reaches the true random.

The structure sort of comes in the very last moment, when chaos seems to be inevitable. This inevitability is always there, and it disturbs even when looking at the perfectly crafted and balanced pieces of art: behind the possibilities that a piece gives, there it also the impossibility to choose one particular state of things that would match the “vision” of a “visionary”. For does a vision have to be static, or might it also be changing, though always at risk of not-being-there, not taking place as a particular, shaped thing?

But what is that “place” that's “taken”? And what sort of a place is taken by an art piece that is already enacted as a situation – as something that happens rather than “occupies place”, while its formal boundaries act as a “starting point” that could indicate the – slightly – new time and the – slightly – new space of the artistic?

Ted Warnell's alinearity pieces at times create an impression similar to “found poetry” or “found art” in general: they are “out there” in their end-being, finished and natural as trees and stones. However, the final touch of creation – or perception – is always on route, about to happen, and when it happens, it only creates more possibilities and prolongs the wait: this is approaching that with each step makes you further from where you're going.

The reason is: it might look like pop-art (Love Sketch or The Count, for instance), but where a pop-art piece ends (with it's spatially limited patterns of design and “fitting”), these works begin: what's behind the bottom line, and what comes after the reproduction?

There might be no reproduction in Warhol's and Benjamin's sense if there is no end to creation. Our role is uncertain: we participate mentally by the fact of observation, and we participate physically by clicking on the works and moving to the next “screen”, but first of all we're drawn into the process of creation, and re-creation: the work repeats – and changes itself – according to its own reasons, and these reasons are themselves shaping in this process of constant change and un-change.

How far are we from the “canvass”?
How close are we to the “canvass”?

Are these questions even about one and the same thing?

Taking control of a work is something that challenges viewers the most, perhaps: we can try to figure out what happens when we “click” on the picture, but from the point of view of physical interaction there is no way to reveal the true connection between what we do and what we see. This “control” only leads to further confusion, this interaction makes us phenomenologically further from the “picture”.

There is certain depth that is revealed in an artifact being done, and autoaction that engages all it can reach out for – including the viewer – in order to speak to itself. This autoactivity denies the ideas of both constant reproduction and ultimate “bottom line” of a work. The work is neither ultimately “finished” nor eternally “prolonged” through repetition – it sort of escapes from both scenarios to the autoaction and constant change of work-in-progress that doesn’t take, but rather opens up new places and new perspectives within an artwork that constantly reflects itself, and on itself.