

We are no longer needed by what we created

Maria Fusco

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one day we will use ourselves up

the symptoms of our speed will wear bare

parched contact between finger and thumb

fleeting

A rock in our path. To hurl ourselves upon this rock as though after a certain intensity of desire had been reached it could not exist any more. Or else to retreat as though we ourselves did not exist.

We will not be able to

faster

*Human misery would be unbearable if it were not diluted
in time.*

We will keep to the shade

away from reflective surfaces

clock time

precise monster

*Universal history is the history of contingencies, and not
the history of necessity.*

We will make exactly the same movement one hundred
times an hour

control our

the next break

now the machine controls the pace

owns our

the machine is never tired

touched with tender

fitted with surprise gifts

the machine's future

too far

unknowable

from where we sit here

machine oil smells sweet

our end is accelerating

same time every morning

except this one

chin drops

*Given a network of a certain density, the higher the local
prestige of an individual, or the larger the number of his
or her contacts, the more likely it is that a variant
originated by that individual will become collective
and eventually become part of the accumulated history.*

We do not know how to

everything

It is said that large mushrooms are large from the moment they first appear. One morning there is nothing, and the next morning the mushroom is there as large as it will ever be. A small mushroom is not a young large one.

We were only shown

not necessary to see the

this bit and this bit do not necessarily finish this bit

no one under twenty five

nimble

eyes more washed than ours

beginning from slack scraps

started in sun

allowed nothing with your hands except for the needful

death is detail

Questions of epistemology are also questions of social order.

We skim shadows

arriving early to catch the dawn

leaking gracefully

borders are created only by the repetition of our hands

simply binding shallow hem to hair

can almost make

out

layers stacking

not able to move about

our necks

the window

light pumping

soft notes

loose road

the window

On the one hand there is the condition of a priceless archive, the body of an irreplaceable copy, a letter or a painting, an absolutely unique event (whose rarity can give rise to surplus value and speculation). But there is also paper as a support or backing for printing, for technical reprinting, and for reproducibility, replacement, prosthesis, and hence also for the industrial commodity, use and exchange value, and finally for the throwaway object, the abjection of litter.

We leave a small gap in the pattern

by hand

the pattern completes itself without us

learns more quickly than we ever will

Tread lightly upon the earth, both because things are alive and have value, as such and because we should be cautious around things that have the power to do us harm.

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