

and then they were elsewhere

A Thesis
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When I was nine years old, I watched Dan jump off a bridge.

His body fell against navy sky, pink sky, mountain edge, mountain, water's edge.
The ripples traveled the Coeur D'Alene. He rose from the water – toothy grin beaming.
We swayed in our boat against his wake.

He told us stories that night.

Swaddled in our sleeping bags, we encountered a shriek against the mountain wind.
They stumbled into the cabin nestled in the woods.
Growth in and through and out of wood. Moss.
Somehow pictured it at dusk –

A navy veil draped over every evergreen.

The shriek followed them as they ran.

They form a fissure.
I stumble into the gap and fall.

Narrative and body collide.

For a moment.

- place is where I land.

Place is a portal.

A hole to stumble through –
to transport.

I assemble the fragme

nts I collect along the way. Fragments of place from elsewhere/of elsewhere/by
elsewhere/to elsewhere/through elsewhere. And you stumble
here.

Of becoming situated. Of becoming traced. Of becoming positioned.

Offering to site – a site that locates bodies through their encounter with material
assemblages.

rise

An encounter with my gesture. Like stepping into a puddle, gestural ghosts
and

fall

like

water.

Step

into

the place with me, step into my gesture. Stumble through the whole assemblage, the site,
the cacophony of residual traces, stumble through gesture into another place. Vito Ac

conci assembles the different

ways in which space and place

are experienced

within

the cityscape

in his essay,

“Public Space

in a Private

Time.”

Acconci

distinguishes

between two

types of place

– historical
and the
virtual: rather
than the
“recreation of
place,” (908)
of the past
within the
present, virtual
place is “the
importation of
another place
far away from
this one in a
space or a
time that you
visit as if in a
space capsule
or time
machine”
(908).
Distinguish
historical and

virtual: virtual
place does not
refabricate the
past. One
arrives
elsewhere, at
virtual place,
not only
through
physical
transition
elsewhere, but
through a
collaborative
encounter with
sensations.
One extends
through a

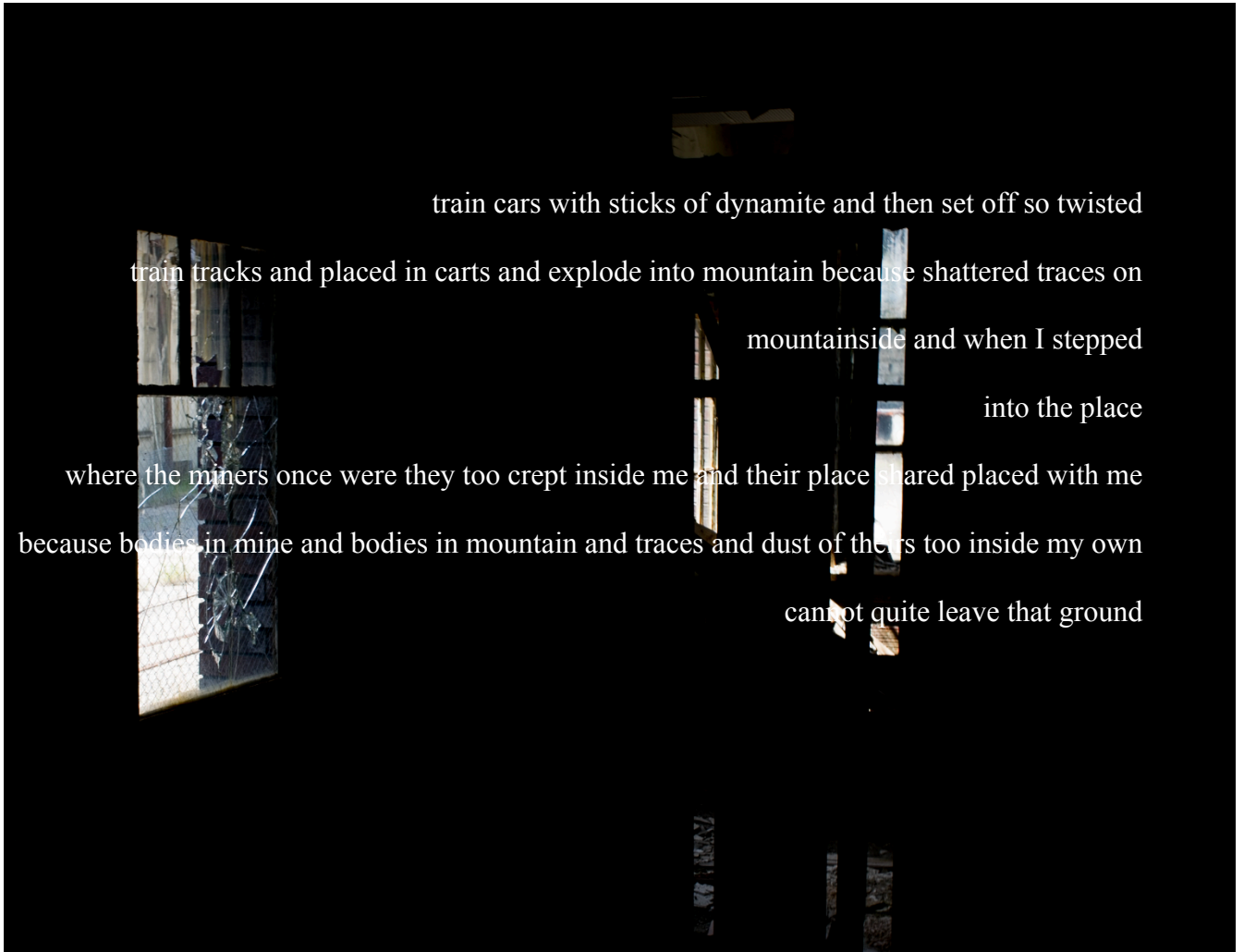
virtual place that
those who stumble through.
transports

elsewhere

prec

conduit

that relocates.



train cars with sticks of dynamite and then set off so twisted
train tracks and placed in carts and explode into mountain because shattered traces on
mountainside and when I stepped
into the place
where the miners once were they too crept inside me and their place shared placed with me
because bodies in mine and bodies in mountain and traces and dust of theirs too inside my own
cannot quite leave that ground

Windows in Burke, digital photograph, 8.5" x 5", 2017

And then I ordered the leaves that I found.

cannot quite lean

I picked up the tar outside of the Addy lumber mill and placed it here.

Acconci's differentiation between historical and virtual place scaffolds how my artwork transports viewers to another place through their mutual encounter. In *Untitled (Steady for Waiting)*, for example, materials are cautiously stacked – their weight together supports metal rods that extend into rafters. They move into the architecture. Like a cairn on a pathway, the stacked materials are a marking, a location, a temporary pause, a

–

temp

orar

y,

holding

ground, a

situation. The

title of the

work, *Untitled*

(Steady for Waiting), embodies the temporal aspect of waiting to move and the momentary and ephemeral physicality of the precarious steadiness. The wordplay between “steady” and “study,” embodies how the stacking is a meditative gesture – a sorting of materials by weight to maintain vertical structure, to maintain steadiness,

to study through the action,

to steady with ties,

to study through wait, to steady with tape, to study through weight, to steady through rock, to steady through wait, I wait for the fall but study the action, to study the weight, to study with weight – by waiting, by waiting with the brick

a meditation to arrive at steadiness, stability,

even within that liminal place,
the fissured site of waiting: rusted sheet metal.
quilt scraps
blue house paint.
cinderblock.
beehive frame.

carpet yarn.
limestone.
three metal rods.
blue chiffon.

They've moved.

Support the pillar with debris, then it will be a tree.

Their encounter.



My encounter.

A fragile
Each component
Long lasting but the whole so
Temporary a journey nowhere

Stunted sail too small to swell

Mast tenuously held together
By temporary means

Solid hull too dense to float standing over me
-Written by Caithryn Garcia

Light falls against my face but it is cold and hoisted by my neck rust
against my thin fiber as my neck extends down and down taped together
and fingers clench against wrist against neck and against tape but loosely
drifts against their draft

walking by walking by up and down I begin to drift with their
draft planted base pumice against my face and
I weight I wait I weight I wait I weight I wait I weight and I wait

And now, for a moment, they are

Acc here. onci further mobilizes his arg
ument of virtual place

through discussion about how the digital interface of a computer enables viewers to not only perceive other places, but also arrive at those places beyond the screen's façade (910). One arrives at virtual place through sensorial experience formed between the muddled collaboration of memory and present perception: "...you are not where you are, you only desire to be somewhere else; place is linked either with memory or with imagination" (908). Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing's insights in *The Mushroom at the End of the World: On the Possibility of Life in Capitalist Ruins*, about how an encounter, in this instant an encounter with the matsutake mushroom, can radically transform one's experience of place. "But smell, unlike air, is a sign of the presence of another, to which we are already responding...Encounters are, by their nature, indeterminate; we are unpredictably transformed" (Tsing 46). The presence of another, perceived through smell, is the collaborative encounter that is at once dis and transformative.

placing

The presence of in the same place,
although they might not be
there

contests the illusion [self/contained] totality by revealing that it is the collaborative encounter, the friction, a dialogue, unearths sensation and transports one to "virtual place" (Acconci 908). In her examination of the capitalist ruins, Tsing navigates the generative, although devastating, impact of mechanized forest industry on the wilderness at the microorganism level. The remains of industrial scalability, the haunting debris

of the lumber industry, permeates the earth and contaminates the wilderness. The effects shatter the singularity of forests as an other-than-manmade entity. It is a ruin – a churn, a fusion, a collaboration of enterprise and site, a contamination of industry and wilderness, an after forest.

But what rises – is the matsutake mushroom and its elusive relationship to commerce: “Both matsutake

but what is generated –

commerce and ecology depend on interactions between scalability and its undoing” (Tsing 40 – 41). I do not approach making art with the goal of illustrating the intersection between capitalist scalability and forest ecologies – nor do I use the matsutake mushroom as material or metaphor in my artwork. However, the contamination, the generative collaboration between entities, the collisionbetweenmybodyandmaterials, results in material networks that exist, momentarily, as placeholders – allusive assemblages that are the embodied substitute of my once present body and found debris mutually contaminating one another. The collisionbetweenmybodyand materials I work with, the friction between my body and scrap, the collaboration between my body and debris, results in material assemblages that *are* placeholders. Placeholders are temporary assemblages – stacks of *elsewhere* debris re-placed here. They are re-placed collaboration between (material/ myself). A narrative of making and scraping and tethering and twisting emerges and eludes a place presently elsewhere.

Contamination within Tsing’s work demonstrates how identity and perceptions are informed through a mixture – a stack – of collaborations that have, for a moment,

formed a passing semblance of a whole:

“The evolution of our ‘selves’ is already polluted by histories of encounter; we are mixed up with others before we even begin any new collaboration” (Tsing 29). The contamination of self through collaboration with other is not limited to just a collaboration of encounter with another body – another body like yours. The matsutake emerging from a forest ravaged by industry. The matsutake mushroom is the result of this collision – elusive trace of how contamination is productive. Narrative burrowed in gills; nestled in the matsutake hyphae: “We need to know the histories humans have made in these places *and* the histories of the nonhuman participants” (Tsing 160). The forest as site, a site with recurring collaborations a site recurring contamination, with recurring growth inseparable from the histories that resurface and renew and regrow and reshape

and now go back to the trees

with your contaminating step, on the history already sedimented and assembled.

(Re)occur now

Ste

pping into site, stepping into place, stepping into the residual traces of gesture stepping into story, into narrative, into palimpsest-like debris; an elusive collaboration weighted beneath my feet and carry the wait of site of place with me. In his work, *Getting Back into Place: Toward a Renewed Understanding of the Place-World*, Edward Casey explores how place exists

beyond latitude and

longitude



A rock in wait, found rock with indigo dye and duct tape, 36" x 17" x 8", 2018

A rock in weight.

positioning. Place extends and intertwines with body: “This means that, far from being merely location or situational, place belongs to the very concept of existence” (Casey 15). Bundled within the perceiving body, is, itself, a place. A place contaminated with memory, a place that situates past, present, and future within a contaminated collection of fleeting sensations instantaneously coming together and falling apart. Place as body. Body as place – a “virtual place” (Acconci 908) that can be stepped into – a step into the precarious and incessant churn of experience, site, story, perception, and history within the corporeal. An escape from one body and into another. A step into contaminated ground,

a blistered and cracked place
at once dug open and

filled. Leave my body
– go into theirs.

Blistered lips and
splintered shovels. In

Untitled (Churn),

2016, I imbued my

body into

white

walls that, once

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Walked around three times. They moved away –

pushed

my lips into wall and let spit

drip

into paint and felt blood and chapped
as lips scraped and

spackle

d

surface

once

and

twice and

three and four

and times

I can't count with face against wall pushed against

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as shovel raised I tried to dig out wall and blemish white spackled surface
over and over again once and twice and three and four times and I can't count as rhythm takes
me into the wall I dug out –



Untitled (Churn), performance with clay from not here, urine, concrete, Mississippi river soil, buckets, and shovel, dimensions variable, 2016

surrounded by gesture surrounded by mud surrounded by gesture surrounded by mud surrounded
by gesture surrounded by mud surrounded

by

gesture

surrounded

by

mud

surrounded

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gesture

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mud

surrounded

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mud

surrounded

by

gesture

surrounded by mud surrounded by gesture surrounded by mud

surrounded by gesture surrounded by mud surrounded by gesture



Pipes in Burke, 9" x 1", digital photograph,
2016

and then empty bins onto

concrete ground and

push

and mix and churn soil from not here and earth from there and piss from me into mass into scape

into place

push

into wall and re-mud(d) and re-spackle spackled white wall with body earth and smear and

connect divots connect re-spackle spackled

white walls with horizon line that came from my body. And then they were surrounded.
Encompassed by my actions, by my mud, and my expulsions that were
pushed.

And then
push into wood into wall into slathered post but deer head keeps
falling because it pushes against beeswax and

push dust beneath her nest but lost an ear when the bark pushed against the wall
pushed through the mudd and placed and set and when I failed to wrap it
all so push
to sideline and leaned the failure of built by Derek in white spray paint loose thread sways once
over the name another push with one loose coil that brings down
push like what I

pushed pipe into wax for space to move but
couldn't stand so leaned beeswax frame against
it with empty barrel on top of canning basin
pushed against wall with mud poured in but spills through rusted out
bottom for space to move I needed to push against other wall and
begin to

lean them against white walls\

lean image wrapped with wire against\

another lean of spire\

and another lean of wood\
then I mixed concrete with urine\
and now standing it leans from potato\
that was found while leaning into pile\
wind against as we sifted through the found stained\
butterflies leaning against\
white walls their wings\
pinned against stain\
we drove into smoke\
fire season leaning into\
air that was smoke thick\
but still kept the\
lean against car seat and past\
twisted train tracks where\
they were forced in train cars\
and dynamite lit so\
spires jutting into road\
gravel hill leaning into\
creek\...../push

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/turned right in

/saw grizzled hair leaning

/over rock ring

/leaning he

ruptures then counts

/three bangs rocks

/shouts, “fire!” and

car

/leans

one side bottomed

/out

/into

gravel base

the spires fall into wood brought from Laird with one

leaf green. I trace my fingers on the bowl filled with

beeswax flakes

and find nothing so I will wait and

push

it through blinds.



I will wait for you, 120" x 60" x 180", building debris, evaporated milk, drywall, blue paint, infrastructure, urine, canning lids, saran wrap, 2017

Some leaves

fell from childhood pillowcase. The permeability of place reveals itself through its collaborative gathering of multiple histories contaminated by multiple bodies. The immutable body, the

immutable place, is dismantled. Place becomes through contingent and fleeting encounters with others: “The power of place such as a mere room possesses determines not only where I am in the limited sense of cartographic location but *how* I am together with others” (Casey 23). The experience of place, and the implication of becoming place, is therefore collaborative. To occupy, the bodily and material gesture within my artwork is a vulnerable step into the place another body once occupied – allowing the gesture, and body, of my making, to recreate itself extends my body into another’s.

Mutual contamination refabricates prior gestures in the present. Tsing’s navigation into capitalist ruins – collaborative co-existence on a planet ravaged by industry is the story of contamination, of contamination between butterflies and honey of metal of material through body, of body through material, of contamination of place. Wanting them to come back from , aligned debris into line – rusted metal bears the elsewhere

wait of a pink salt block. Old caster turned around rests atop , I aligned debris into line – rusted metal bears the wait of a pink salt block. Old caster turned around rests atop the salt and leaves extend spaced from the humble stack. They reach a rusty metal lid. And leaves are left on my childhood pillow. In a similar gesture to *Untitled (Churn)* – where I surrounded the audience with the force of my gesture imbibed in mud –My body is elsewhere but is recomposed by materials collaborating with you – together we re-place the line, a threshold, a borderline between me and you assembled by my placement and echoed by your re-placement. Casey’s contemplation of place functioning as collaborative or “*how* I am together with others” (23) resonates in how *Soon, they will come around* offers an empathetic threshold that creates place through the mutual encounter between my placement of materials

and the re-creation of the re-placement gesture by the viewer. The gesture ceases to exist as either singular or individual. The placement and re-placement actively become alongside another's contaminating, and generating, encounter with my artwork.

Donna Haraway explores in *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*, how to move amongst turmoil and devastation. Haraway begins by analyzing the word "Chthulucene as a "compound of two Greek roots (*khthôn* and *kainos*) that together name a kind of timeplace for learning to stay with the trouble of living and dying in response-ability on a damaged earth...I hear *kainos* in the sense of thick, ongoing presence, with hyphae infusing all sorts of temporalities and materialities..." (2). The temporary (shifting/

movin

g/driftin/fleet

in/becomin

)exists as a collaborative site that situates action and "response-ability", the capacity to not only exist amongst but to also move within and about and through a ravaged terrain. The ongoing presence of prior temporalities in the midst of place and sensation is a stacked collaboration of present materialities. *Kainos*, thus, cannot be locked into a single temporality – such as "past". It is at once

I taped an old wheel to a root I found. Maybe it'll move with me.

/breaking) the totality of linear temporalities strung together to form a complete whole, a totality, that, like the matsutake, is the frac

tured ghost that shatters the immutable body/my
body is a material/materials are my body/your body is
material/materials are void/your body. We become through and by and with each other:
“Symbiogenesis is not a synonym for the good, but for becoming-with each other in response-
ability” (Haraway 125). The ability to become trouble within Haraway’s use of “response-
ability” is an ability to engage with doubt and allow trouble to become part of the contingent
body – the body infiltrated and stepped into, a haunted conduit for gesture, a medium for
temporal ghosts to drift, possess, transform – for a moment – temporality steps inside of the body,
collaborating with its own stacked temporalities and contaminates indefinitely.

Metal casting is a process of transformation. It is a process of breaking metal down,
through use of heat, and pouring it into

~~voids.~~

Tamsie Ringler once told me that “At a certain point you are dealing with *nothing*.”

Metal casting makes *nothing* solid.

Through metal casting, human gesture can be simultaneously stabilized and fragmented. I
surrender to the process and force of metal casting as a palpable transformation of the hollow
mold, the *nothing*, into a solidified gesture once be stabilized and fragmented. I seek to obliterate
the totality of the immutable body, the solitary body, and lean into the contingent gesture, the
quivering gesture, the plural gesture, and

through into the continuous and fragmentary.

Lumps of iron shudder on the floor.

Nothing light as a feather and stiff as a board.

The solidification of the fragmented gesture embodies how the ghost of my presence continuously emerges through vibrating material. (re)cast the gesture as you step into temporality. Transform the ethereal movements of the body into iron and solidify the motion, embalm the movement, coat the gesture and preserve the *nothing*. Preserve the in-between, the liminal, the site, just before and just after. Preserve the iron, the blood pumping body, the iron pumping body: pour the iron into the[]hollow

~~void.~~

of *nothing* into something. Iron is fundamental to the blood pumping body. Humans have blood. Iron is in blood. You cast iron.

nothing,

To further imbue the iron pieces, I used the patina process to infuse body into the atomic makeup of the shattered gestures. I urinated on the metal. The patina process is a method for altering the molecular structure of *nothing*; a site where the collaboration between my body and iron, and the contamination between the residue of my body and the molecule structure of iron surfaces. A series of temporal strands, assembled material presence, elusive “symposium” (Haraway125),

Untitled (Soon) is a series of material temporalities emerging from one body: "...sympoesis enlarges and displaces autopoiesis and all other self-forming and self-sustaining system fantasies. Sympoesis is a carrier bag for ongoingness, a yoke for becoming with, for staying with the trouble..." (Haraway 125), a deer head on a blanket, a becoming with marble and beeswax, of clay resting inside of lace, of marble hugged in space of metal frame, of found clay ball of a rather than an self-generative could not support the pillar because the conduit bent the autopoietic system, the collaborations and contaminations within my artwork reveal the sympoetic relationship and functions as a ghost, into bodies

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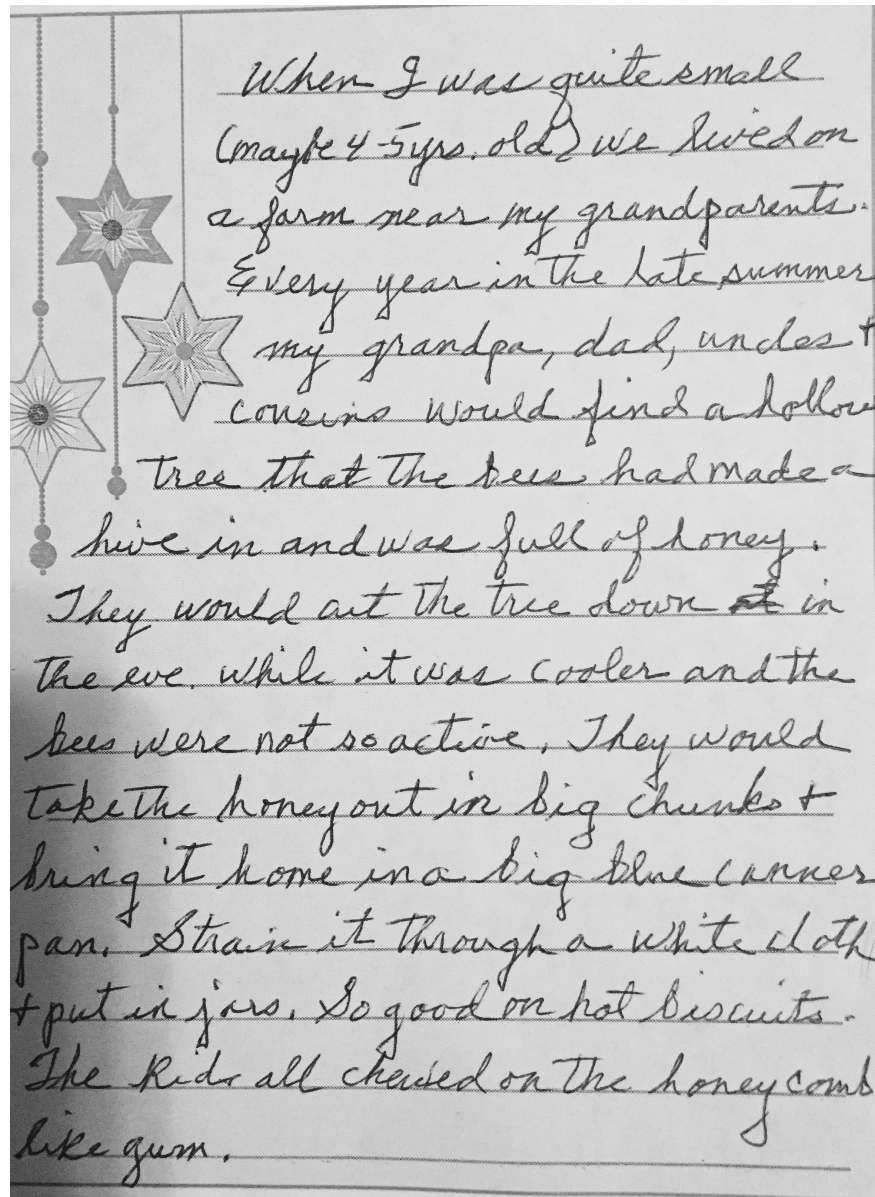
as one[otherthanselfcontainedtotality] collaborates with the my multiple gestures, the cast *nothing* strewn across the floor, the body's folds, shape, and motion reveal themselves as the "shape of our motions over time" (Tsing 47). Temporality vibrates within the shattered gestures, they unfold, and multiple forces compose a single fragile fragment. A "carrier bag" (Haraway 125) of temporalities – a bag that opens and spills out: of metal pores dilating and contracting, of *nothing* into something – a *nothing* assembled by contaminating collisions. A *nothing* becoming – continuously and elusively squishing between forms between body between void between heat between

nothing

~~is solid.~~

I thought I could support the ceiling with beeswax. But then end sweeps out and it bends when I touch it. Smells like home though.

I look up and see the sky unraveling.



When I was quite small
(maybe 4-5 yrs. old) we lived on
a farm near my grandparents.
Every year in the late summer
my grandpa, dad, uncles &
cousins would find a hollow
tree that the bees had made a
hive in and was full of honey.
They would cut the tree down ~~at~~ in
the eve, while it was cooler and the
bees were not so active. They would
take the honey out in big chunks &
bring it home in a big blue corner
pan. Strain it through a white cloth
& put in jars. So good on hot biscuits.
The kids all chewed on the honey comb
like gum.

Margaret, photograph of memory, 8" x 5", 2017.

Margaret Barnard's childhood memory embodies both the preservative and bodily attributes of honey. I approach the use of honey in my artwork as a conduit that both transfers and preserves my gestures. It is a medium to lacquer and coat – a medium to channel the presence of my body through material surface., I'll pour honey on metal – see rafters – see the metal rusted – insidious tarnish spread throughout its body. Once inside the metal's body, once inside its molecular structure, it begins to spread, internally, like a virus, forever altering it. Pouring honey is an offering to nourish and an offering to preserve.

The eventual crystallization of my gesture in honey, through the solidification of the fluid, is not unlike the solidification of the *nothing* in my iron cast series, *Untitled (Soon)*, in which a series of multiple temporalities co-exist within the iron's atomic structure. The urine from my body in addition to the poured iron, already deconstructed from its previous life as fabricated iron radiators, are infused in a single solidified moment.

In *Harbory* the temporality of the gesture co-exists with the gesture of the poured honey – the temporality of honey and its eventual solidification – as well as the already rusted sheet metal that bears the residue of decay. Haraway's earlier insight concerning *kainos* and the multiplicity of times co-existing and collaborating: "I hear *kainos* in the sense of thick, ongoing presence, with hyphae infusing all sorts of temporalities and materialities" (2). The continuous presence of prior temporalities existing within and emerging through material intersections that become highlighted by gallery lights by gallery lights dipped in wax candle light the candle to produce light, such as the more-recent pour of honey against the pre-rusted history surfacing in the sheet metal, resists isolation into a temporality of "past". The temporal relationships embedded within the material collaborations within my work reveal the "sybiogenesis... becoming-with each other in response-ability" (Haraway 125). The visibility of the pour, the pour of honey, and the

visibility of rust formations becomes a collaborative gesture between my body, metal body, honey body. The mutual contamination that drifts throughout stack, terra, and body, drifts, like a ghost, waiting to become, waiting to crystalize – for a moment.



Harbor, childhood table from backyard coated in honey, 36" x 24" x 36", 2018

Coated the tabletop in honey. When I look at it, I pretend to see the sky at home.

disturbance – the capacity of disturbance to – sometimes catastrophically – interrupt
Laura Feldberga told us “Move at mountain speed. There is no sound, people-mountains stand in
silence” the pattern of an ecosystem

at large scale to its core,



Laura Feldberga, *People^o as Mountains*, performance with fiber. 2017.

p

ens “the terrain for transformative
encounters, making new landscape
assemblages possible” (Tsing 160).

Feel them walking like transporting between us the horizon

the “virtual place” (Acconci 908), the opening they broke our line as they wandering through of the site through a contaminated disturbance assembles staked to the ground, the cloud breeze traveled up my slopes and

I waivered into the “virtual place” (Acconci 908), the opening of the site through a contaminated disturbance assembles a portal that we formed line

for transition terrain – for movement through and to and of and behind from the result of the collaborative encounter. In *Counting their wait*, 2017, the collaboration between my body and material to surfaces through the rhythmic ordering of pine needles on top of a fractured door frame. All that remains of the doorframe is a scrap, a fragmented weight severed from its home. The transitional re-placement of this frame that at one point I felt their breath structured the entryway into my childhood home, displaced by renovation serves as a way to meditate on the desire to return back through that portal. Moving the needles here, placing them there, carries memories of place through transferred debris. Discarded materials contain a temporality – a history as well as a story. A narrative to enter. A site of collision. To leave here and go there. The act of waiting bears weight. The weight of waiting. The waiting of weight.

Proposition: be with while body is

(over, under, above, beneath, to the other side of through)

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Who would, would you?, cast iron with unearthened clay and string balancing found metal, 10” x 5” x 216”, 2018

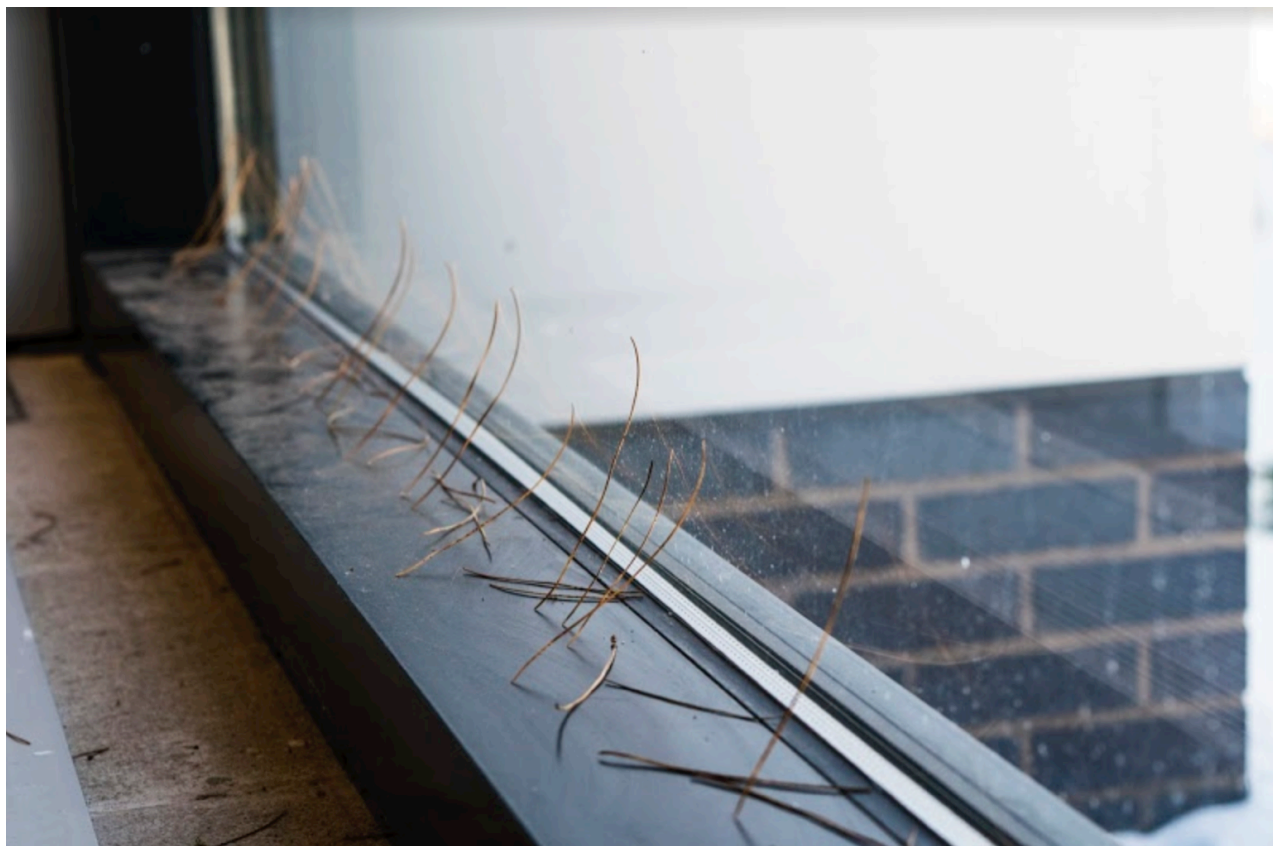
,compiled what could be understood as whole. And then they tumbled out of the

hole. The assemblage, and the integration, of human and nonhuman, of human stories and nonhuman stories, of grass wet beneath cold bare feet human histories and nonhuman histories,

of place and body, and of body and place makes site shudder

the totality quivers, and I am left stacking debris that not only contain the resonance of my gesture but also the resonance of my desire to return to elsewhere.. I am left placing needles shed from their root atop the torn limb – needles /

left leaning needles, left leaning needles against a window, left leaning needles that stumble against my breath. I can see their reflection, my breath fogs the window and leaned needles fall.



Left leaning, pine needles against window, dimensions variable, 2018

I poured Burke's ashes in the corner.

This is the stack.

The failure of place, and entity, to be static and immutable is a result of
(/through/by/within) the perpetually variable and collaborative disturbance between body and
site. Thisisthecollision.

This is the collaboration.

This is the assemblage.

And then the body threw it – through it – together. Kathleen Steward challenges the illusion of perceptual stability through the poetic navigation of consequence of uncanny encounters with the seemingly banal and habitual in *Ordinary Affects*. Stewart opens: “*Something* throws itself together in a moment as an event and a sensation; a something both animated and inhabitable” (1). The action of stacking in my artwork is a means of making sense of material interaction. It is a means of collating materials to function as a conduit for my body to reappear. I am not interested in permanence or stability. I lean into the elusive, the doubt, the failure for it to remain/Stewart’s insights into the formation of

“*some-
thing*”
coming
togethe
r,

“*something*” assembled,

“*something*” that leads to understanding self/body/selves/ (as fleeting and contingent) against

“*something*” an elsewhere you arrive

in

“*something*” that twists against

fleeting arrangement of momentary

sensation: “identity become(s) tentative

through forceful compositions of disparate and moving elements:

the watching and waiting

for an

event to unfold...the still life that gives pause, the resonance that

lingers” (Stewart 6) – yet the

threads, the

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body thrown together a body “animated and inhabitable” (1). A

“virtual place” (Acconci 908) where you leave and enter through and are no longer there
because “*something*” assembled leads one to – you are following the

“*something*” that

moves into the participation of other bodies as sites where one can enter
other worlds: “Anyone can find herself caught in a little world...

something comes into view and you find
yourself participating in the apparatus that made it”

(emphasis mine, Stewart 109). The gesture in –

“*something*”

comes through the material gesture.

The poured mud, the balanced bird’s nest, the wrapped metal, the balanced bricks, the

“*something*” that makes my presence present.



Grafted to the wall *Their body, too*, Idaho beeswax deer grafted onto wall, 11" x 3" x 7", 2018

“something”
could be habitable. Because “[w]hat if our indeterminate life form was not the shape of our bodies but rather the shape of our motions over time?” (Tsing 47) What if our body was the *“something”* wrapped and tossed – a site “inhabitable” (Stewart 1)? Come into my body through the gesture left behind. Entering the material as a conduit the same gesture I used to travel through. The temporality of the assemblage, the manner that

transpires materializes my gesture through the residue of the compilation. And *Mudman*, Kim Jones, was wrapped in mud and in sticks and wrapped in feces – and

“something”

thrown itself wandered throughout Los Angeles, California, in 1976 (Firmin 112). The

coherency of Jones’

body was

“something” distorted through the mutual contamination between the wrapped and adhered materials and his body. In her essay

navigating how *Mudman* challenges the totality –

“something” – and singularity – of the body, Sandra Firmin writes of the shifting perception of Jones: “Mudman’s indeterminate form invites a multiplicity of symbolic possibilities that constantly fluctuate according to Jones’s mood and the spectator’s frame of reference...” (112). His form, contaminated by the assemblage, becomes a

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once and re-contaminated (constantly) as it navigates the framework of the spectator. trajectories.

“You can recognize it through fragments of past moments glimpsed
unsteadily

in the light of the present” (Stewart 59) dipped in the wax from elsewhere because
then they were “*something*” elsewhere. Through

“*something*” this formative dialogue, maybe
verbal, maybe non-verbal, bodily at least, the physicality of Jones’s body is perpetually
recreated as shifts throughout the contaminating collaboration between spectator and body. The
coherency

of Jones’s body was obliterated. Shattered and fragmented. Wrapped in sticks wrapped in mud
wrapped in

feces wrapped in body wrapped in nest but a place that moves and walks a place where

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Erin Genereaux, *And then they were elsewhere*, film photograph, 11" x 8.5", 2018.

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reposition

that allows it to because the

“*something*” assembled the something gathered the

“*something*”

placeddisplaced[stacked]wrappedtiedstrungdownweighted and

pushedagainst

the totality of place pulls apart at its very strings the semblance of a whole that

once stood now breaks against our feet because *the nothing* that is

solidified is never really solid “*something*” elsewhere that you navigate

a tree an ear (his marbles) of tender gestures balancing metal against clay with a

“*something*” held and cradled of deer head and blanket wool roving from Lewiston grade

lose fibers peak beneath “*something*” that never represents

“*something*” and yet is

for a

moment

“*something*” contaminated collaboration where gesture resurfaces and the honey table

the reflective preserved sweet sticky “*something*” that started there but

“*something*” arrived elsewhere and (re)placed the

void

until “*something*” fell and leaned

What if our elusive “*something*” and contaminated elsewhere bodies were a site that we, you,

could inhabit – a void

between place and “*something*” elsewhere

I am waiting –

Weighting for “*something*” to arrive.

I found a grappling hook in
the mine.

still with me.

I'm going to use it to leave. But I'll leave

parts of the after with you.

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