

Over the Idea of Time: Artist's Notes for the Installation 'Between Things'

*Between Things** is an artistic meditation over the idea of time. What more can be said about the idea of time, an idea that received such a broad attention since the dawn of human history? Human beings tried to understand this idea, to analyze it and to capture its meaning with the assumption (or hope) that this can be done at all.

The artistic attempt in this exhibited case somewhat contains rational, abstract, symbolic and conceptual characters; Thus it is a logical attempt, whereas art, so it seems, contains a 'force majeure' that is not of such kind. The artist, as it is often said, uses intuition. The artist creates a work of art in the world, upon the world, in order to better comprehend it, to find the private within the public, to attend something from the metaphysical, to unfold beauty or various other causes to this activity we call 'art'. Intuition differs from critical thinking. In *Between Things* I tried, to a certain extent, to bridge over these two different modes of cognitive process and to comment over the idea of time.

In the installation, various printed texts (as part of the installation) pay attention to the idea of time from different perspectives. They try to articulate or interpret that idea and despite the uniqueness of each attempt (and many others textual meditations not included in this work) we are still not able to determine and agree upon what time essentially is. Even though, whomever conceived those

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thoughts and formalized them on a piece of paper, acted (in one way or the other) as part of a jointed, continuous human attempt for understanding. Whatever the result may be, those actions were executed and made at a certain point in time. An action over an action, an abstraction from a second order.

The hanging texts float within the gallery's space like angels. The viewer, positions oneself in front of the objects which continuously escape to different directions, forcibly tries to read the texts, to capture them and use them as one's own. But the texts remain unreachable in part; They sometimes accede to human volition, to its (almost) absolute necessity, and sometimes ignore it in a passive mode of rejection. Despite its character of passivity, this mode of rejection constitutes an equal balance of forces with whomever, apparently, holds in power and has the ability to compel a human-object interaction of a certain kind. How much time will a viewer dedicate to this aerial play? Will the viewer forever dance with the texts until a success of some sort will be declared? For how long, if any, will the text lend itself for that play?

At the gallery's space, beneath the angelic texts, leftovers (whether physical or metaphysical) are piled together on the floor. The space divides and separates them as it divides and has been divided by time. What therefore exists between successive events which coming to be in time? Does time exist within time? Can we at all speak about a 'between things' mode of existence? Or whether this is a different type of time that requires a different comprehension?

An act occurs in a certain relation to time. This relation, potentially, unfolds different meaning. It can reveal itself in light of an anticipated final result and therefore desperately cling to the speed of change and its purpose; Alternatively, it can manifest itself through an involuntary and temporary conspicuousness, as a deviation from a somewhat predicted and routine path; Perhaps as a pure act of abstraction in the world, or numerous other abundance relations. Each action matches a different relation and it seems as if we can't comprehensively generalize the exact nature of this relation. Moreover, perhaps other, infinite relations exist and therefore infinite types of time exist as well; These time essences will always refer to various actions in themselves and in relation to other actions.

The ventilator lays down on the floor among other leftovers, embalmed with bandages, and although still connected to the power outlet it doesn't function. It rests there as a body that its time has come. This is the end; Maybe now it understands, at the end of the process as the Hegelian idea tells us, the meaning of its own life... and maybe not, simply because there is nothing to understand. The horizon will always stay unblock and the play will continue forever. The ventilator can no longer shift the floating angles above it, in the spirit of times (the 'Zeitgeist') or so it seems.

The most interesting aspect of time occurs between things. An action occurred, a body appeared, an object installed, a cat crossed the street, stopped and sat down on the sidewalk. What happened at the point of transition, a moment before it started and a slight moment after it ended? Could we at all split or bound the

action and consequently the time it took for it to happen? Does this mean that time stand still? Or alternatively, that infinite essences of time correspond to infinite types of events which their theoretical summation is 'the' time that we talk about or intuitively relate to? How, if at all, time exists between things?

Time indicates life, whether intensive or almost static, short or long, fulfills with actions or reduced to the smallest measure needed to keep life going. Time means living souls, it cycles, from morning to the next, it always exists within things but also (and especially) between things, where it exists in the strangest way. The breath indicates life, life within the body, alive, which continuously helps time to be created. Every breath feels differently. So is time.