

05/24

Manifesto

A handwritten mark or signature in the bottom right corner, consisting of a vertical line with a horizontal crossbar and a diagonal stroke extending from the bottom right.

Fixed yet in flux, the true nature of our quantum reality is contradiction. But to directly live this vital and ancient experience as it is occurring, one must be shocked from their rigour and watch the cloth before their eyes collapse, precisely so that they can experience the joys, tastes and homecomings of rebuilding it anew. This cyclical process of first unmaking, then recreation and finally amnesia is the tide of authentic life. The final stage of amnesia is its most indefinite and can last many years if left untended, or, for some, forever. To break its spell, one's habitual reality-building - their default mode network - must be wholly disturbed. Introducing a third element, an intrusion between the subject and object, 'the world and I', initiates the crucial collapse. Art is this most vital tool, the scalpel on definition's corpus. Just as it makes no sense for the artist to reason, it makes no sense for the art writer to witness flux and describe stasis. Art writing has fossilised into a perversion and has forgotten the word's potential to transcribe directly ancient music, and orchestrate new genesis. For a New Art Writing to be reclaimed, it must exist only in flux, in the nature of change which is of three characteristics: the visceral, the individual, and the unknown. If all of art is the unravelling of one perspective in order to hallucinate another, then art writing must record this daydream, leave the amphitheatre stalls, and dirty its hands by joining the song.

The Song

Tell me.

The Big Ship is not in conversation, it is in creation.

Does art reflect an unmoored universe? Or impose an eye atop the harp?

In writing, one moors the matter of noun with the bonds of epithets to the forces of verbs.

It's soup.

It's an ocean.

To accurately reflect our world

Magnetized

Beyond comprehension,

Writing must also crystallise all possible outcomes into the word,

With the faultlines of its prenatal fission still visible.

The best art sees the artist roam a garden

Of chaos particles and pluck the ones most vital.

This is how worlds are built.

Reality forms.

Mapmaking.

One should feel that any number of words could apply to the meter.

The meter is its mathematical absolute.

Its anima.

But that the word chosen was the most accurate,

collapsing into place precisely when observed. Just as reason, intoxication, and sex allow

One to briefly glimpse beyond the veil of order,

Art and its making exists right in the mix.

The Big Ship knows

that in each confrontation with a work of art,

One's very interpretation of reality is intruded upon, and then

Gives with the word,

Like torn grass from fat palms

That same wreckage back to the winds.

One is permitted to relax behind the veil.

Through empathy.

Through knowing.

The cadence of the soul is the cadence of the page.

However, precision can never lend itself to radical formulas.

Experimentation is a ravaging decreation.

Every artist worth their salt should try and break their medium,

Like protein when it heals will be better for tearing.

The Big Ship is not a weatherman, but resides within the cyclone, as part of the global amplitude of creation. Beneath the multi-coloured hail of art, meanings cease and paradise is intuited in flowers of rhythm.

The word.

The Big Ship writes under the possession of art in search a novel medium with no name.

The Big Ship is not a historian, it strives to forget

So that it can find.

Beyond the fences of the trance-state, the artist and writer returns translating rules to a new

Consciousness.

Submerged into the oily mosaic on water, at all points

Drowned and yet empowered towards altering the play of word.

At all points born from the visionary reality as aggressively undular as ribbons whipping in the wind and yet at each decision momentarily

bunched into transient geometry.

But never so tight.

Apocryphal but authored: the turning fount.

Sensemaking in procession.

Spectrum razored by ego as light through the prism of self,

Or character, Or world,

And all three lost as they are found.

Which is more vital?

More true?

The eye or the harp, the mud or the stone?