

Transcript from an introduction:

I will begin in the very same way this book begins:

[The book: *The Crossing of the Visible* by Jean-Luc Marion]

In itself, perspective exercises a paradox. Even more than that, perspective and paradox are determined by similar characters: both indicate the visible entirely in its withdrawing, discreetly and radically. It attests to the visible, while at the same time opposing itself... it constitutes a counter visible.

The opportunity to write some more about my work came on Thursday, when I was delivering a Hopkins Appreciation Society group tutorial. The invitation to write came at the very same time a Hopkins quote was dropped into the chat. It read:

*Self-yeast of spirit a dull dough sours*

For those who are not familiar with this line, it comes from an untitled poem that describes a wait. In it, hours pass into years, letters die before their delivery, and introspection becomes like poison. You see that in the line I just read.

It came to me like a warning.

And I say this because writing about my work is writing about myself. My work does the work of metaphor. It moves away and so I write about what it leaves behind.

But clearly between an invitation to write and a warning not to write I chose the former.

Because even Hopkins could not obey himself. Remember, perspective exercises a paradox. He knew that even to write this warning was to write a paradox. The warning in this sense does not fail. Do you see how the poem describes itself, showing and unshowing itself? The paradox is laid bare from the beginning. The narrator 'cries like dead letters sent'. It is a delivery like a withdrawal. And here can you see how the metaphor moves away from itself? His tears have congealed into this paradox and so this letter is at once abundantly visible and not. Its summarised like this: *The poem is the letter is the poem.*

This incident followed so closely after my work it came as a shadow. It exacted what came before. But I could say this about any number of things, because in my single-mindedness, anything falls in service to description. It is a habit I have made.

I was thinking about how Hopkins would have read this book. Would he have differently said, perspective makes a habit of a paradox. Exercise and habit- they come under the *askeō*. It is the Greek root from is where we also get ascetic. Asceticism is one way to move towards perspective and there towards its paradox. Think how Hopkins lived in an ascetic order to come to his poetry of perception. It was in his habit that he saw both the spirit and the dough.

To see both the visible and the counter-visible is a kind of miracle. Hopkins would have agreed completely with this point in the book

I would like to do something miraculous now. I would like to give you a perspective to my work.

Later on, you will see a film that, if I can use a turn of phrase, cannot land the plane. The film would like to give you a perspective on my work, but it constantly defers that job elsewhere.

If my work has a subject, it would this:

Giving which is a giving away. I think of devotion, deferral, and designation like this.

The direction of the work is away.

You will see a film that will quote works as bodies. That means they have extremities and smells, and they shed things involuntarily. This is how it gives away.

I know this is not theatre, so I do not know if my address has broken any forth wall, but I think whatever break has happened has cracked open the work that will come. And though I would flatter myself if I called this break referential, I think my delivery shares something with a painting that had become critical in my work.

It is a painting attributed to Robert Campin's workshop. Here is *The Annunciation*.

[The Painting: *The Annunciation* by Robert Campin (?)]

Mary on the right and Gabriel on the left. It is a painting of an event announces another event. *You will give birth* are two events enclosed in speech. Do you see how there is one event inside another?

Now look above the mantelpiece.

[The Painting's top left corner]

The event about another event has already happened here. The whole painting has been cracked open by this image. This is an illustration of Jesus crossing a river. Now the delivery is moving forwards and backwards. I think of my delivery to you as this postcard. I am delivering in this cracked time.

But what does this image mean to Mary? Perspective might be an abstraction.

I am trying to clear the picture.

There are three things to leave you with:

-Numbers will correspond to bodies of work. You will see quotes from these bodies of works.

-I have titled the work, though I am not precious about its label. It's so I remember what's inside.

-I am telling the truth