

PRISES/REPRISES

Our relationship to landscape is circular. The horizon over there is tightly embroiled with our *here*, our ever-shifting presence rendering us unplotted. As the *there* progresses we can no longer distinguish any point of origin. Looking upon this reality, we can then say along with *Henry Maldiney* that " the Real is that which we were not expecting - and which, nonetheless, was always always already here. "

In this perdition, this dissolution, it is hardly as if we are building a harmony between "there is" and "I am there". We are a point trying out a rhythm with a surface of which this point itself is an element. Sometimes we succeed in identifying syncopations as if gaps, a break from routine, peripheral rhythms. However, when we believe we have "taken the rhythm", it is in fact the rhythm that has taken us, carried us, encased us.

At this point the rhythm is also here to serve as highlighting differences, to help us end our relationship with unanimity, with a certain kind of beat. It is then a solitary and a non-individualistic off-the-count, in front of an on-the-count for all.

Denis Mariotte december 2010