

Morag Keil

— Life Aesthetic

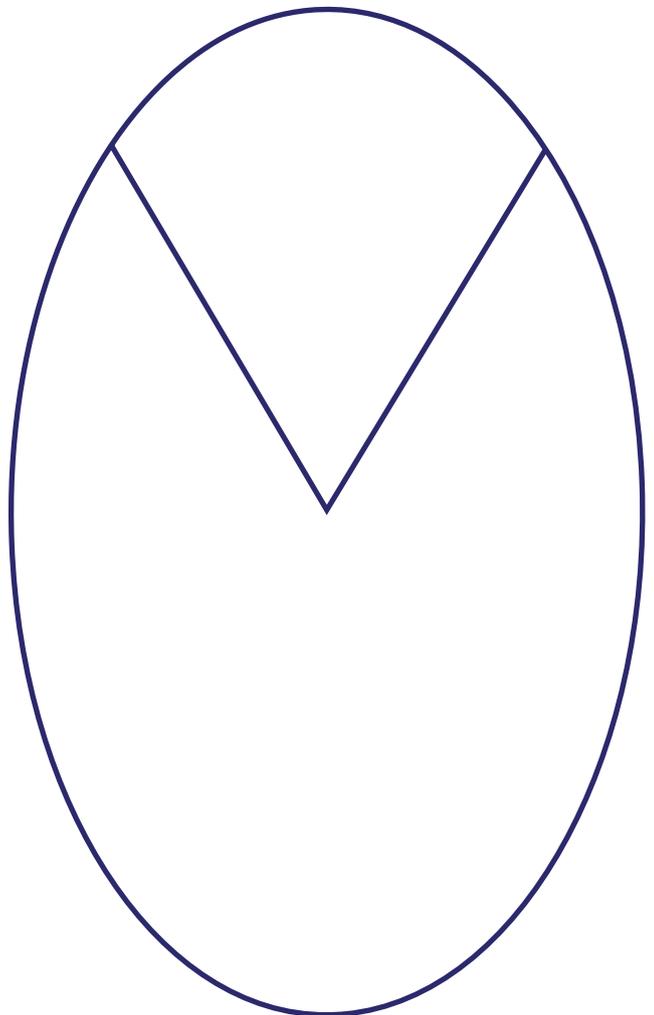
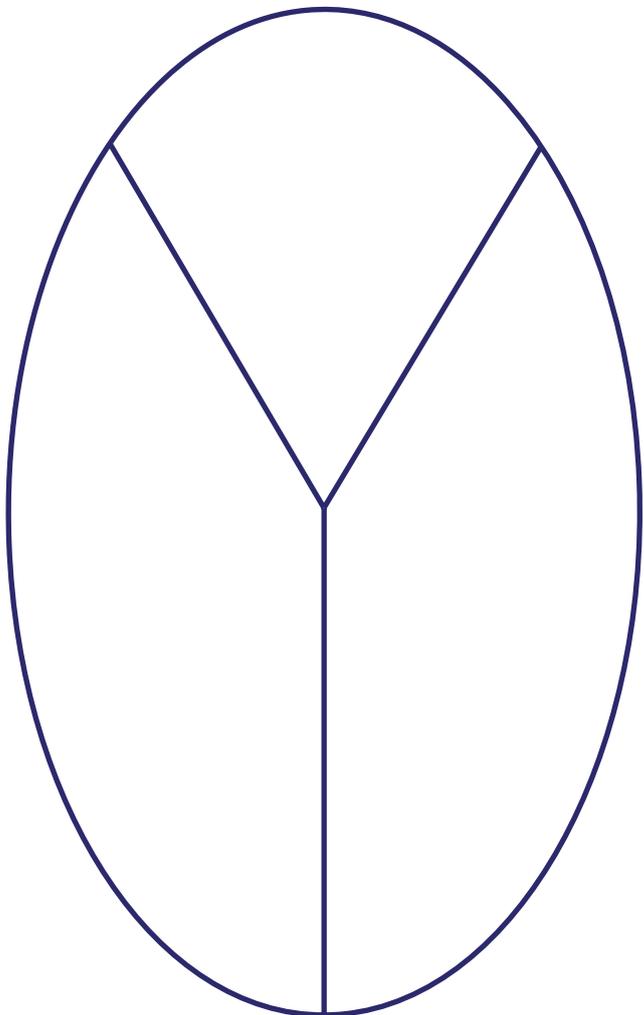
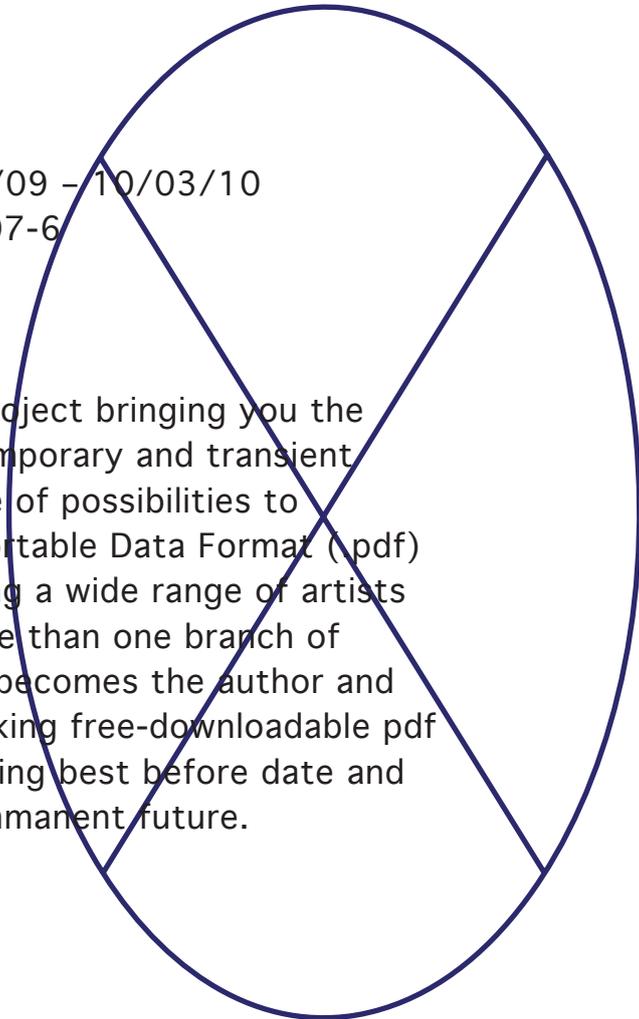
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Life Aesthetic
Part one
The You Vs I
The second eye
And
Part removal of the first I

You- there are ways the brain sees and recognises things around it.

I- Set the scene

So, there are things that shape the way you remember and that form you as an individual -this is a narrative fiction.

You- yeah so sometimes the brain cannot relate feeling to object, objects recognition.

i- But that's only cause you have experience of it.

ii- Knowledge based perception

iii- A story of two parts

Setting the scene I have depth perception problems and a difficulty with accurate memory recall. For example;

I-unable to isolate object from background

And

The

You

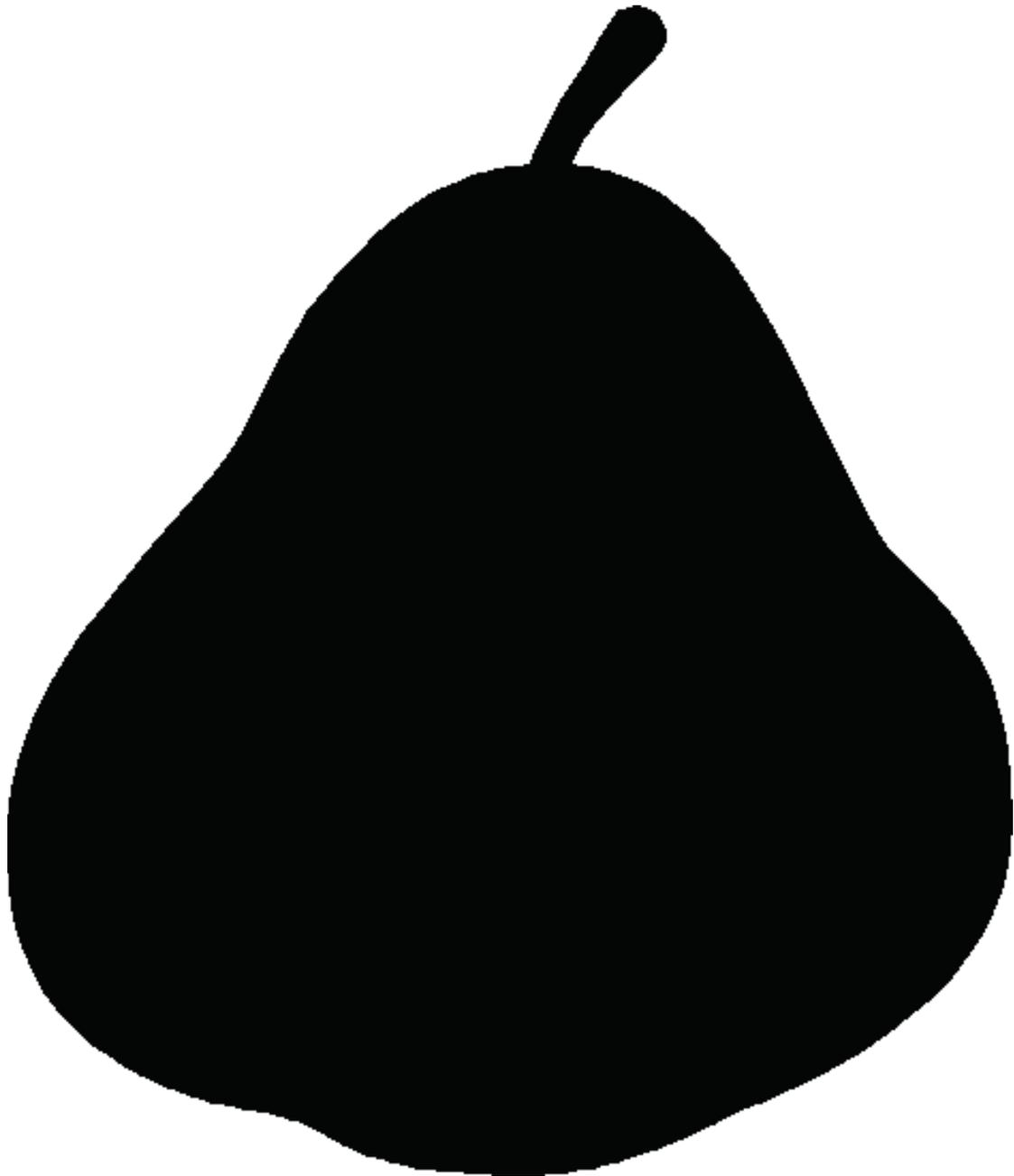
Difficulty recognising ones owns possession
A life aesthetic

I build it up with shared belonging and it's these objects that become me my
representation of an identity

Difficulty choosing objects for activities

Based on a memory of the game Kim's game¹, an interest in practicality and multiple uses for an object, the tray was recreated from a memory of a tray but using the facilities available. The tray was built to standard utilitarian measurements to ensure its universal usage and appearance. Due to the lack of an industrial production line the tray was built by hand; this involved the bending, cutting and welding of a sheet of steel. The result was a tray, with the aesthetic of a homogeneous item yet lacking the practicality of a standard tray; too heavy, sharp edges, not liquid tight. So the original romanticisation of utilitarianism mixed with the flaws of human memory and lack of resources resulted in an image of a tray, a representation not a useable object, not a tool. The object becomes a process: the process of making and it symbolizes a utilitarian work ethic, mass care, mass feeding, canteens, hospitals, schools, prison. Yet the object itself, being the only tray of its kind, is redundant, a representation of ideas rather than the actual thing.

- So like the way you learnt through things
- - On experience and objects relating to one other
- - - You loose sense of the self
- - - - You as an image



You, set the scene- eggs, pears, chocolate site arranged on the work surface. A flat poster of the silhouette squashed beside the originally image and the memory make me sick.

AM-am

Don't worry about the text it was good, I just didn't have the time to come up with a reply. Yeah, I liked it, but I think that might have been the situation I was in and we chatted

It's ok for stuff to look shit and be pathetic as long as there is something else to be liked.

I don't think we should have more email conversations yet, but if it happens that's fine but nothing should be forced or rushed now. So far she hasn't suggested anything. So have your written any songs?

So. Really annoying, I don't care about the self at the moment, but its always there, really annoying.

..

like why are you making videos? ok. you genuinely say "like" a lot. tell that story about the girl who fell over?

....

You her

Setting the scene

V

The object is another and another, also kind of complete as itself but then, not completed,

The other story was about a man walking along the road and he sees a woman dying in a car and she begs for him to hold her whilst she dies and he does.

Part 2

A

There is this festival on a small island in Spain, the festival is held in a castle at the centre of the island, it's really small and all around is this community people who've lived there for years, kind of old hippies. So the festival is a music festival and inside it's like all celebrations and light and dancing, like full of life and joy but as you leave and you walk out of the castle in to the land when the people live...well cause their have lived there so long, they're all ill or dying so you walk out of the festival in to this sort of death.

It's really cold here. How's that. It seems really unhygienic. Was that ok to say that? You're always ill, why is that. Ok so there is all this incense and hippy stuff going on like trying to mask the smell of shit and dead and cold, like smoke is dry so warm. I don't like incense so my eyes are blurring up and everything is off colours like lights and that, we're just hanging out, but why what's happening??? Whose is this? Can't I have it? Nah I want it for something, ok who are you. Oh I moved here years ago I run the place it's like for everyone and no one. Yeah but it's raining inside and everything is falling down. Yeah well at least that's realistic. Ok so I kind of feel at home here cause I feels like everything can happen but also nothing is really going on.

I think you want?, what I want?

-Been thinking about the future too much, you said.

-Oh, what a waste, you said.

So after I left you and wandered aimlessly along Whitehall and up Charing Cross Road in a mildly hallucinogenic daze, I was thinking that perhaps the meaning of human existence is mystery, rather than a mystery. We search for the answers, the new, and then somehow paramount, we don't want to be like anyone else, but we want to be following a similar route, towards the same goals, uhh, I've kind of lost the thread of what I was talking about.

-What? You said.

-You said recently Congratulations.

Romanticism/cynicism/your room and your vision/really/... and quicksand, do you get what I mean? About before, about killing everything by liking the impossible. Everything is ok then end thinking nothing is ok it seems a much more real thing, like you sit in your room and saw this film the other day and it was narrated by a girl your age, so life then that's it but then that is the very thing that I dislike about it. Do you understand? Get over it. The difficult to accept that is what? You wanted. . Like. Genuine, there is no such thing but I won't let it prevent me from caring.

Re:- learning

So it starts by doing things differently and slowly re learning building up a learning again and then reaching a new way of doing the same thing but again

The scene and sense flick between caved in and the presents , a hospital, a shop, experience, fiction, fact, learning and opinion.

It's a story of destructive learning.

But then

You-

Experience and time is irrelevant as is a novel flicking
between the past and present future

Back to the castle, some perpetual nowhere

I-

I-

I-

Just-just like when you are alone for too long and you're walking around narrating your life as a no

....

The process through which raw sensations from the environment (hate) are interpreted using knowledge and

understanding of the world they become meaningful experiences
(example)

It is not-

A passive simple processes simple absorbing and decoding
information

The brain is bombarded with stimuli and actively creates
coherent information about the world

Sarah walked through the corridors for the 6th time that day to
fill the glass with water again and again try to place it on the
table next to the bed, but each time it slipped like the time
before and now there is nothing

Bye

Individuals fill in missing information and draw on past experiences to give meaning to what we see hear or touch

After I left you I wandered aimlessly through whitechapel considering the meaning of life through guilt some lack of perspective acting right now

And an escalated fear that

Vague meaningless look

The bulbs for the fritillaries between September and December
and

