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(translation Marc James Mueller)

DIARIUM, Notations

Looking into the large, rotating Mirror

(for Rebecca Horn)

Prologue

How to begin a diary that would itself like to grasp and spell, mirror glances from the alphabet of lightpromise and shadow shades of the soul? How to offer a diarium that must remain a sketch, and yet handing Rebecca Horn a wor(l)d sculpture of clear and light nearness? How do I start my diary? Perhaps in this way:

Rebecca, hola! I cannot intend writing a diarium for you that would be like others - time did not permit, and neither did the space. Not YOU. I want to reach for the FRIAR'S LIGHT but do hold the abyss, the fall in my hands. So, my text formation spans from your hand into mine for both from the memory. And yet, precision is a glutton - devours and raises upright constantly anew - because true accuracy shines realities only through light within the light. You have succeeded in this!

... and therefore I translate between tongues "the rapid river:mouth of languages/ la patera de la lengua que llega / hundiéndose ... as light that capsizes persistently mutates in us. Your fall is our fall. It would be trite to say that it could be this way. IT IS. A glowfall, in other words, it is something petrifying itself while falling. From the glow, the glow. I flowing of time.

... and I note accordingly, sound and mirror scripts, that are tone-bracing into each other as deep undaunted breaths: "G l o w". Longingflames of the desire to encounter oneself. In the essence of expression, immediately the sparked becoming. Things are not mere things. A mirror is not only mirror. A cactus is not cactus only. And water is not mere water. A renouncement, suddenly, as if skulls were open encouragement that burns and becomes with every step, becoming a step, flow of life, and continues to glow covetously. I could also note "I glowing Straight:away". Inside, the flickering and even shimmer. A lighting up, at the end, like meditations make one see. No tangible d wind ling of the moment in silent-polished light.

What do I experience, what do I feel during these Mallorcan days when I become a witness, a chronicler, as an installation achieves the mere impossible? "Imagery" interlacing itself from the lightpromise, creating sheer shadows. Also the language of want and desire would not be adequate as wor(l)d of inner understanding, where safeness describes the feeling--that invites--once I enter La Llotja, and the sublimity of the architecture becoming one with your composition, Rebecca. No. No "imagery". This term means something inanimate of breathing, and of breath, that sometimes is taken at the sight of what was designed over years, and planned, and meticulously built. It would be only a mechanized rhythm. A cold storm drift, and thus, an everlasting loss, fundamentally. A defeat, a self-surrender, a capitulation to the ultima ratio of lifeless immobility. Succumbing to the final and hopeless rigor mortis.

Space in language and language of space reaching into the infinity of a manifold vision led by the mastership of an artist, who knows what contemplation means, who bestows signs and markings to the EQUALITY of man. Such language would come ambiguously closer to the incomparable installation *Glowing Core*. As closeness always holds distance inside. And vice versa. The wideness that radiates into the unique, into the immanence, touching the skin, leading the eyes.

Once I enter this space, a wondrous feeling of devotion and dignity receives and fills me. This installation reveals to me a perpetual motion of silence that can be walked through, and that still speaks: me. What was, what is, what will be.

I

**Per me si va ne la città dolente,
per me si va ne l'eterno dolore,
per me si va tra la perduta gente.**

Dante Alighieri, *Inferno*, Third Song, Verses 1-3

or **: Where is the City of Mourning that is unwalkable?**

first fire poem F:OR YOU, friar's light & cactus

fallen for the wor(l)d
not risen from the dead

1 drive-will-o-wisp pours printer's ink
in every newspaper remainders

the words' fallen down into the wor(l)d
fallen for the wor(l)d are the words

when begins the moment
of sway:ing?

Buddha hangs at the cross
the Prophet is slain by a forest

the earth spits the world
from memory. If it were this way

to what affect(ion)?

speechlessness (1 plural) yelled itself deaf with heat
at the beginning were the word / golden antennas signs

II

**Noi eravam lunghesso mare ancora,
come gente che pensa a suo cammino,
che va col cuore e col corpo dimora.**

Dante Alighieri, *Purgatorio*, Second Song, Verses 10 – 12

or

: Where to, Where to? When Breaths of Air Re:main?

second fire poem F:OR YOU, skullwards
(in 9 falling verses)

flames licking further 1 fire eyelid de:lighted

in the heart of blaze 2 frogs, that is (air sculpture of heat)
love doggedness & BODYMELT of two

the glowpromise of the queens / whose grief
burns up / gleaming
the short neck of love. Not budging an inch

to rescue what someday, someday smelled of victory
1 SKINKINDLING / the divining rod tenderness
& lightafter RUINASHES / the donewards trace -- the maze?
mishymed

the wan uprising (1 predicate)
of the moongenders, who missed each other. Sprays
lonely now the mortal knowledge HUMBLE LIGHTNESS
the sparkhand out of burden & mouthdesire. 1 rustleaf
sways the wor(l)ds &

from the YORE of Everymen / Everywomen 1 pencilfrost is clotted / flows
speech-shouldered 1 CROSS calvaryretention & dry lichen
of fingers / 1 pain-

bay of impermanences (here are the dead life fern & leap up
so suddenly). Tell, fire eye, tell me
what means *frogtoad* in latin or arabic?
as foreign lullabies make
the unknown timedumps of history sound. 1 FROGWOR(L)D, toadlater
everything is STONE. It would also be 1 purpose / 1 wanderpose & though
: how to write with the heaven's ink of losses?
: who waves from where?

to whom? where to? why?

Is it me?

& tired as a gravel-dove? mutation of the seagulls?
in the face of warrior armies? ant-old and black path? 1 dark
directs & gently grows
the woundsilence 1 scar grove, that
is all risen roses & re-sprouts &
from musing
the image is long burned in these lines. Here -
since every breath 1 woundpoem interprets man & rigidly

glistens the fire sketch bleaching
under protection of mere flame eyelids
1 flickerthrow of tonguecolors
grown together wood (home out of need hearth) earth &
questions fall down like scale-
labels toward the unknown /
are fire
GLOWCORE
ashbelly

: the unsaid, the

one to us

III

**Sùbito sù com' io di lor m'accorsi,
quelle stimando specchiati sembianti,
per veder di cui fosser, li occhi torsi;**

Dante Alighieri, *Paradiso*, Third Song, Verses 19-21

or

: to Dwell in the Archaic Image and be Pilgrim.

third fire poem F:OR YOU, leaving the black

fire images in the eyes as stalagmites. From the wood
the pose of embryo heads long charred / numbness of a pocket mouse
or nape and neck composition
LAMBHEADED / right before palm sunday 1 sparktonguehissing. No animal
anymore to spot except a filigree flame breeze 1 BLUE
(fingertiplames, gentle)
in the blacker BLACK. The mourning
seeks out the silence here (WANDERSILENCE) & the glowground of the scents. You say
airiness were then in the soundheritage death
alivio I translate into spanish
alivio as in a tamed ken death as in alleviation & over-
burden suddenly / roomvertical horizon as in efforts that shatter
1 FALL IN of the name-bearing burden
& namelessness of names

Epilogue

In the glowground the answer. Light & gliding toward.