

ARTIST STATEMENT #171

Mouchette holding Mouchette. This scenario illustrates clearly the flexibility of the signifier, and its ability to slip between the world of fiction and the world of "fact." Actually, and let's be honest here, it makes it clear to me that there's a little bit of fact in every fiction and some conspicuous grains of fiction in every fact. The mere fact that a falsehood can be coherently expressed without logical inconsistency within the framework of language, and that truth can be pointed to (not exactly expressed in the same way as lies) with the functional tools of language, is a fairly definitive indicator that something isn't quite right with our symbolic universe. A lie looks just like a truth in language. "The sky is blue" functions just as efficiently as "The sky is melting," "The sky is afraid," "The sky is hermeneutics," etc. In each case the equation is balanced. Mouchette is a cat in my studio apartment just as well as she is Georges Bernanos' brainchild of adolescent confusion and complicated innocence, just as well as she is Robert Bresson's bumper car swiveling, swinging '60s teen antiheroine in black & white New Wave vignettes. And it is just as obvious that "she" is none of these things. *Mouchette* is a name. Each of these instances of association with this masque of the furthest shore (naming) is something else other than the name "Mouchette." I know, you are bored. "So what?" you wonder in your darkest head space. Well I am only going to add that naming is a hypnotic game we have played with persistence ever since Adam named all the animals in the Garden. And look what became of him.

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