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We dream of an age that is equal to our passions

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Virginia Commonwealth University

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We dream of an age that is equal to our passions

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A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

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Abstract:

We dream of an age that is equal to our passions is a series of soliloquies and ideas that look at the false narratives I tell myself in order to get out bed in the morning, at the depression that came after failed revolutions, at the unrealistic hopes of my politics, and of my desire to become a whole human being.
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To whom it may concern,

I used to say that I used the structure of painting and the imagery of basic architectural elements to create site-specific objects, or interventions, within the institutional space. At the time I was trying to use my work to point to what I saw as a problem, that is to expose the dream like state that I thought we lived in. But that was a few years ago, and what was outrageous no longer outrages, and my objections aren’t what they used to be.

In a world that has really been turned upside down, the true is a moment of the false

In fact what I meant was a theatre in which action (and poetry) would be expressly and deliberately
brought close to everyday life. When I tried to explain the meaning of the word 'epic', I used the example of the traffic accident, with witnesses discussing what happened and giving biased accounts of it, each implying a judgment (taking a stand, taking sides) and an attempt to make the listener share that judgment.

Much of my work and its titles are taken from previous eras of civil unrest. What I produce can be seen in relation to this.

Those of us raised in city and suburb (and many in the countryside as well) feel that we have lost contact with the world of earth, sky, and sea. We do not seem to be able to regain consciousness or even healing except by imitation or summoning up primal images that recall our lost connections.

Dear Lumberjack,

Weeks like these were made for us to find a new chapter in my life's story. He's smart enough to know when he's wanted. Life is short so are we. This house is still under repair. I woke up this morning. I'm on the bye. His loving touch is what and we will share another new years desert. I'm beginning to like it here. You know who you are. Perhaps those extra. You roll own tobacco, be still my heart. You've sent me a few marks, but I'm not a paying member.
all of this could change
I would like to get to
this is beautiful
is someone I can resist
you have know idea
there's something else
He told ya'll and told on ya'll
and there's a place for us
three weeks and its good bye
be flattered even if
Don't fret, you will see the world
I promise,

I love you

I recently asked him "What are you working on exactly? I have no idea"
"Reification," he answered.
"It's an important job," I added.
"Yes, it is," he said.
"I see," I observed with admiration. Then said. "Serious work, at a huge desk cluttered with thick books and papers."
"No," he said. "I walk. Mainly I walk"

By giving myself another name (or more accurately an alteration of my name) I am able to open a space of de-subjectification, one where I am able to express a plurality of views (many of which are not my own) in the form of an invisible community. This is not an attempt at
hiding my real identity, but an attempt to find an identity outside of myself, and my constraints.

right well this girls do sometimes told I'm VERY andlets conveversate a picture of your last vacation I'm not look-in for someone to

They take up the aesthetics that often look all too familiar from the onset.

We've heard enough about the city and the country and particularly about the supposed ancient opposition of the two. From up close or from afar, what surrounds us looks nothing like that: it is one single urban cloth, without form or order, a bleak zone, endless and undefined, a global continuum of museum like hypercenters and natural parks of enormous suburban housing developments and massive agricultural projects, industrial zones and subdivisions, country inns and trendy bars: the metropolis.

This was the place it no longer is the place but it was once the place

This is one opinion among many on the state of my life A possible manifesto for something that is yet to come

It's been a few weeks and I can't eat, sleep or live without thinking all of the time. I know I messed up big time. I don’t have the answers

I kill you with my thoughts daily And I struggle to care about you as a person for that I am sorry.

I drive a jeep I was there around five thirty
I pretended to be busy
I was on a business call
I just moved here
I drive a dodge avenger
I got an invite to the a neighborhood party
I was wearing a black jacket
I'm sometimes very insecure

It's the last week
I have no patience for these
The keenness to recognize it
it's a shame you turned off
There are a hundred places where I fear
discreet and would have
the abyss which separates
Guess you where not who I wanted you to be
your games out of fear
making it on the other side
or something else
Of four things I am reasonably certain
I'm too attached for such endeavors
We shared pics
montage became our life
and We struggled way too hard to get here
I just love texture
I love the trees in my yard
Leave as fast you came
And promise me that

No one saw me, and no one listened, and I’m not sure I wanted
them to. I came out here because I had no idea what to do or how
to deal with it all.
Maybe I’ll bring a table, and we can have coffee and talk about the weather. I have been thinking about this possible option for nearly two years now.

you wear you well right well this girls do sometimes told I’m VERY and let’s conversate A PICTURE of your last vacation she pointed to the horizon Hello, precious I’m not look-in for someone to I have letters on my wrist and am a home body be very well grounded but from I can see Something with asset maybe bod & face So Casual is defined as and see what happened maybe do something that who can relate to be lonely and as what you owed me What I would give for a Take 2 waiting on the curb for someone or was it just my gold tooth catching the sunlight? Just walk up to me and say and be rider ready I believe scandals had frozen up some ask if I am psychic don’t flame it was my kind of beautiful a smile like sunrise I’ll never get back to you Other than that we are cool but why Because we must On the regular
My view is that we ought to
I hope you find what you're looking for
I'm not sure if you'll see this
but hit me up with "radical"
it's going to take a different path
somewhere in the haze southbound
It's a choice
That is the day I live for
black begins
for a fire sign
Can you help us?

I don't think you do though
What do we change into?
I don't know
Will you do this?
It's about us
Love is for a quiet place
and other means, but I made the final
There are a lot of points
I want more too
in case you are unsure of what that is
Here's what I'm offering...
those baby blues make it easy
the only people I know around here are my customers
but you'll never meet him
go through it piece by piece
this is the metropolis
I mainly walk
In a world that is upside down
And what I meant by theatre
Is that I'll do whatever it takes

and that is what we need
In the not so distant past I believed that I used abstraction to explore the interstice of the physical and mental space of the studio, in order to reveal discrepancies between perception and reality. It was those discrepancies, and that ambiguous space that interested me the most, and served as the entry point for my studio practice at the time. Found forms, fragments of experiences, and the detritus of production became the building blocks for works that existed simultaneously in the realms of painting and sculpture, and investigated that space through their double existence. I mined the language of abstraction and pulled from all aspects of my interactions, to create palimpsestic images and objects that elicited characteristics of the interval, and began to exist in that negative space.

It's her birthday
And you say to a brick
He owns nothing that he possesses
You were standing on the corner
A place made for connections
We regularly share views
So I know it's you
I'm looking for a sign
A meaningful interaction
It's never too late
It's hard to tell the truth
In a theatre that is deadly
Citation, especially citation
Riding by daily
Destroys the very essence
Should be the expression of personal emotion
He's only waiting on time
You were the cuter of the two brothers
We live in a world of relationships
At the core of a revolution
Can and is already
people are starting to awaken
there on the grass
but it was a beautiful morning
we smiled at each other

waiting at the stop light
unoriginal lines
drifting through the streets
against the transparency
to name the
sun in our eyes
You aimlessly wonder to try and free yourself
Unbelievable, unbelievable, unbelievable
This place is never going to be the same
Make it fucked up
On the same plane
I tried

When I think of you, I don’t
AA BBC SWM MWM SBW
Make it old
DWM LTR CPL BBW
Is it just me?
Older Models welcome
Now hosting
NSA CWB
How you spend your days
Let’s get fucked up

Single and looking
Lonely and tired
Made in America
AAAAA I NEED TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE
but what the heck, maybe you’re curious?
I love the trees in my yard
if your down with that. :)
word to the wise love
playing passive and ignoring passing by glances
into my eyes
at a party
nine years this July
He puts a timid arm around her awkwardly
great condition
no one will see this
stages an imaginary voyage through
it deals with human experience
in loving Beatrice,
The keenness to recognize it
was suffused with the spirit
They then descend
He sees is always
You may play well or you may play badly;
Some have them curly
Such as omitting the entrance
The leading man is wormy
You were there with your family
The distance from center
It will first be necessary
Life in the suburbs
Peers around the half-open door
He pours out
Never work
You are a beach in his eyes
You are a traffic accident
I’ll never stop loving you
She stammers
Maybe you were just imaginary
quickly quietly wholeheartedly sheepishly quietly
with sympathy she shivers.
as they walk off into the dark turns around
with an elaborate simulation of being disturbed in
the midst of profound meditation coming toward her
but not too far—carelessly
Hesitating timidly
on the edge of the shadow coming toward her—
scornfully indignantly
On the verge of humiliated tears
She half turns back towards the path.
An upset stomach
Heart of the dark
Abolish class
And improper guise
Is greater than real
I’ve never died trying
Imagine there is a box in front of you that says U (the letter U) r (the letter R) Apathetic and lazy spelled L A Z.
This box insults you not the letter u, as you not the letter u you are its reader and thus its target.
U (the letter U) should not be offended for it knows no better
It only wants you to the letter u to sympathize with it.
It is there to use your emotions to make it love you
It is like an accident, with various parties trying to convince you, enforcing judgments and opinions
How about dessert
But soon
The people Are coming together but you need more,
Hello, again, We have been hearing a lot in the last two days, umm, about the impact of the ummm, May of 68’ convention on the 96’ convention and much of what has been said in this case much of what has been said about those days is being said by people that...
weren’t there. You ahh, remember my T-shirt yesterday, umm I have another T-shirt, unfortunately I didn’t bring it in today, but, ahh, but that T-shirt sums up what I just said.

But in our lifetime, I’ve only had the chance to see the effects of the __________ religion, this purism and extreme moralism that doesn’t help to change anything at all. We needed to make fun of such a paradoxical position.

But today, maybe it’s like shooting the ambulance.

My own literary interest is more about excavating the past, or sensing the past inside the present. This requires all kinds of exclusions and sleights of hand. There’s an admittedly antiquarian flavor to it, even though there’s enough of the present included to lull the reader.

She leans from one side to the other
Showing one breast then the other
And surprise without evil
According to this breast that one identity
And this produces from
One foot to the other,
They themselves
On the feet
Breasts
A kind of dance
Frightening sketch
And when immobile without moving

A nothing place.

Within a historical perspective but for us only right away
It exists so we won’t think ourselves to be lonely
Together in our mind’s eye, we picture that first night
A special silence in which there is much fascination
A FORCE, with no barriers to the outside world, a space where ideals and influences can freely pass
Born to five them
A Mobius strip, A body molded by others, a person without History
We can in full consciousness put back on our everyday mask
As long as my friends aren’t dying I won’t speak of death.
You don’t know me, and you sure as fuck aren’t my mother
The noise called me like a siren’s signal, awoke me from a slumber
No light from heaven could save me, no infomercial could tell me what I already know.
This is my existence, I can’t go on, until I find another,
As it goes, The life mask has a tight grip
The other elements are distractions
I’ve learned how to talk without ever talking
The names need not be said
It’s too much excess
We are all the same,
I will fill in the blank
Fuck, IF I KNOW, Nothing is new, anymore!!
It’s no longer us/me versus them
We are now one flesh And we cannot exist outside of it, it will find us in our sleep.
I can no longer embody the idea, imbibing in its solutions, I cannot inhabit its invisible worlds
I have conned them all, with these paradoxes, please poke holes in the weakest points, for they do not matter
There is too much fodder, and too many problems to solve,
The poor will always be with us, and war will always comfort us,
It’s good to be good, better to be better, but damn if I’ll ever be perfect
Its always chasing the wind, nothing stays, as it is for long enough
getting riled up like they did something against my lack of religion
My will to change is simply not strong enough
Nor is that weakness innate
What is outrageous no longer outrages, and my objections aren’t what they used to be.
Today only causes a short rage, not the lengthy one I want,
Length and depth are needed, prolonged pain and trauma, only necessitate it
Everything that happens is related to my capitulation
The pearl of great price
The leavening of a life
we only have to change the name of the jackals
They are men who are only active in destruction,
Converted to causes of high moral claims, can their Nihilism still be discarded?
Some say, I’m bound to get tired
But, I’m not sure if I can live another year dishonestly
Let it be like a plague
Gratuitous, and without profit,
Movements, and emotions without necessity
Do they give you what you want?
Surviving like an old monument
A quaint custom
As for us, we have doubts that we will ever do better, for example as soon as possible, I think we should ask about the relation between what could be done and what was actually done.

Conditions of possibility, repetition and stoppages

Being stronger than the fact in front of you

The elite are also inept

They started talking and acting as equals

The impact is still felt today, the legacy of the thing

They dare call it their greatest accomplishment.

Now only recalled in hindsight, and never for its shortcomings

Maybe dead permanently formed molded into the terrible rigidity of a corpse

Today, faced with the imperatives imposed upon us

We imprecisely use our freedom, We’ve drained our supply of delusions and we’ve hit rock bottom

The environment is nothing more than the relationship to the world that is proper to the metropolis and projects itself onto everything that would escape it.

Our new solutions resemble our old problems.

We are members of an organization that doesn’t even exist.

Resistance is still possible.

My practice is based around a series of soliloquies I wrote called *In Solidarity*.

These works use lifted text that is publicly produced, and ideologically oriented to create poems, videos and performances, that investigate neutrality, and excavate the past inside of the present. The language I use is sourced from texts pertaining to freedom and resistance and tends to be political tone or content.

This language is used to construct written works that introduce criticality in my discourse, and take up the unrest of previous eras as a way to find meaning in the present. The videos and performances use this language and signifiers of meaningless labor as entry points into the realm of ideology, and into a larger critical conversation about the use of language. Through tools like green screening and restaging, the videos and performances highlight their constructed nature, and the falseness of their existence, to bring into question the presentation and manipulation of information in our everyday experience.
The rejection of authority that was so palpable on the streets then is a spirit that lurks behind the work.

Everything starts from subjectivity, but nothing stays there. The present conditions of our lives will one day be nothing more than a memory.

Longevity has its place, but I’m not concerned about that anymore. They’re for not for us, and they do not represent us, if you’re not prepared for that than this is not for you.

They go to do their country good, but they have no country. It is a lifetime job, and there is no reward. Providing answers that do not answer, and conclusions that do not conclude. I shall not relinquish my share of the violence. All we have in common is the illusion of being together. Becoming as insensitive as a brick.

Unfortunately, I am from a younger generation and I’m not as patient, nor as compassionate as He. In you too the emptiness continues to grow. And most do not die because they are already dead. It is now or never. I do not fool myself that I am not implicated in these networks of oppressive practices.

I’m not here to make a difference, I just came to do some work. So far, the ‘last fight’ has only had false starts. Until now Tyranny has only changed hands. What room is left for experience?

Ungrateful and uncouth, the younger generation cares nothing for a glorious past. There remains nothing in culture or in nature, which has not been transformed. Unanswerable lies; an eternal present. A world without memory. Images merge, like reflections on water. Ineptitude compels universal respect and all argument becomes useless.

Once there were scandals but not anymore. There is nothing new under the sun.

Art should perform an interruption of the usual perception. The problem is determining how an aesthetic interruption can transform our lives, how this gap can or cannot provide us with weapons to fight our problems. Our work is a refusal to perpetuate a behavior that seems to be natural but actually creates a toxic dynamic. Of course it has to do with attacking authority but sometimes authority is also rooted in ourselves. So our work is a **way to change ourselves**, and through that to change all of the relationships people have with themselves. Relationships have the
It consists in thinking that everything you do every day can secretly help to prepare the event you expect. **It is actually an active expectation, much better than a depressive one.** If you wish, you can compare the work to this attitude, even though I wouldn’t summarize it in this way. We have different types of work that engage with different questions and problems.

Everywhere equal particles shimmer in the equitably distributed light of power. So much for equality and justice. An exchange of nullities, of restrictions and prohibitions. **Nothing happens dead time passes.**

It cannot be rediscovered, only reinvented as a worthy adversary. A torrent of goods that no one is likely to mistake for manna from heaven. The opaque zone that separates humanity from itself I don’t know what a man is only that every man has his price. All gradually shed their content and become pure quantity. At any instant boredom can breed an unanswerable rejection of uniformity. Moment by moment, time deepens its pit; everything is lost nothing is created. The reconstructing of life and the rebuilding of the world: the self same quest normal functioning serves to hide out truly catastrophic dispossession.

What surrounds us is no longer a landscape, a panorama, or a theatre, but something to inhabit. **We dream of an age that is equal to our passions.**

God, or the good, or the place, that does not take place, but it is the taking place of the entity of its innermost exteriority. The pure transcendent is the taking place of every thing. Common and proper are the only two slopes dropping down from the watershed of whatever.

I am beginning to doubt that I shall ever properly grasp myself I live out of step with what I am, in harmony with dead time. And oppression rules because humans are divided not only among themselves, but also within themselves. Yet the resemblance stops there: at the level of appearances.

One day, freedom showed its two faces: **We’re building a civilized space here.**

The life we invest in these figures is same life that is taken from us. The feeling that we’ve been tricked is like a wound that’s becoming increasingly infected. We are a civilization that has survived all the prophecies of its collapse with only a singular stratagem,
Sixty-eight is an idea, a deformed fantasy about inconsequent freedom, about rebellion without retaliations: a very unrealistic constellation of projections.

All the problems coming from an unachieved revolution and all the identities forged by hopes that just disappeared are never mentioned. It’s interesting to see how people dealt with the eclipse of that infantile idea of liberation after ’68. If you prefer, feminism, refusal of work, refusal of the identity imposed by the state and the family are all themes that inform the work and come from the Italy of ’77 and the Italy of that decade in general. We consider what happened in the ’70s more important, more radical, more precise. But of course these events wouldn’t have been possible without ’68.

Habit has mutilated us that we mistake self-mutilation for obedience to a law of nature

Perhaps the suppression of memory of self-loss is what clamps us most tightly into a pillory of submission

Survival is the raw material of its economic interest

To be radical is to grasp the root of the matter. But for us, the root is ourselves

It assembles us in order to isolate us, making a crowd into a multiplicity of solitudes

We don’t have to know one another to think the same things

This is why we’re envied for what we have, but never for who we are

Facts can be conjured away, but decision is political

There can be no question of revealing a mystery

Fetishizing action because others are doing our thinking for us
Sacrifice has an endless succession of tricks up its sleeve.

Inside, outside . . . these are things I don’t understand. Who says that? There is no such thing as a defined outside of capitalism anymore, and the inside is so full of holes that billions leak out of banks just because of some unauthorized trading by an anonymous broker. Maybe in our latitudes the idea of the outside was a childish illusion to begin with, fed by the two blocs that used to face each other during the Cold War. But there is a real impossibility of working outside a capitalist system. The idea of working against capitalism was born from the utopia that a different type of economy could exist, run by different laws, where the power wouldn’t produce oppression and repression. History has shown that socialist countries cannot make it without a world revolution. However, when those countries are convinced of this, they have already become dictatorships and/or ultracapitalistic countries.

Our present situation is highly complex; many pockets of the third world exist inside “rich” countries, and these same rich countries happily practice the new form of colonialism that some people like to call globalization. Social classes have multiplied but everyone inside them is a lot more isolated and structurally competitive.
I produce poems, videos, and objects that look at the remnants of a revolutionary past, and the contemporary malaise that is its aftermath. I employ low budget effects like green screen to look at the constructed nature of my ideologies. I use found text and objects to assemble narratives that mimic the falsity of their surrounds. I use meaningless labor, and my body to ponder my own shortcomings. I write poems in order to consider that we may be the cause of our problems. I make objects that superimpose these ideas, and often reference my past, as a means of implicating myself in the various networks of oppressive practices. I make images that search for freedom, for a wholeness, and resistance from themselves, and their surroundings. I produce in order to create the conversations I want to have, and those I did not know that I wanted to have. In all that I do I come to the viewer with no answers, or preconceived notions. I simply offer the opportunity to come along in a line of questioning, and to see where it goes. I feel the need to use my work to say that confusion can be poetic, a learning state, or a space where multiple truths can be valid. Much of what I do is often contradictory, and inconvenient, and I like it that way.
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