

The hearth, the architecture of heat, is the first primal architectural element to be necessarily erased. Standardised during the Industrial Revolution, the tasks of the fireplace – heating, cooking, lighting, a gathering place and focal point for culture and media – have been divided up among other devices, and its function shifted from necessity to visual interest. In London the fireplace ended its existence, to some degree, as a symbol of prosperity, a social facade or casing and a counterfeit shelf.

TONIGHT spells NOTHING, with the coherence of a container. It is the structure that is descriptive and can speak with the soul. Detail this, provide an outline:

O

exclamation mark

untimely death

full stop

new line

Death

exclamation mark

King Lear, Act IV – quoted from
Mourning Becomes the Law (Gillian Rose)

Our psyche is like a camera inside a fire. It takes longer to cool down than to heat up.

What are you doing, *Tonight*? The structure of *mourning* is an expressive empty box. Social methods of mourning like covering the face, exaggerated precautions, vigil, dark glasses, stalking, blackmail... I want you to know I am hiding something, I want you to know the depth of feeling (in pure losses) I don't want to show you. To hide a passion is inconceivable because a passion is, in its essence, made to be seen. I wanted to paint the fireplaces the colour of your eyes. From Barthes: 'I advance pointing to my mask: I set a mask upon my passion, but with a discrete (and wily) finger I designate this mask.' Irony and sympathy are interconnected, how many ironic contortions are required to pass on through to a future?

Views from the point-of-view of the fire inside are patched on the face.

Portraits as worms cut in two act as guide to the space, a guide that resembles the process of thought. A parody and extension of my line of inquiry on the page. The worm divided in two is not a version of a version but a new consciousness, raw and cosmic. As actors they are constructed and positioned, and they are free. In the space of a cut there is the knowledge of how to bring forth from the very powerlessness to do so.

worm drawings: Jacob Blandy