



—  
Someone got lost.

Got lost where?

In the wilderness.

The question is answered in another line of text, a flow continuing seamlessly without punctuation: 'been in a real love hole / terrifying place to be.' To clarify: the person lost is not the person tunnelled in love, though in this lover's discourse, considering such an event as it unfolds might as well be equivocated with being inundated with emotion. Let's say, becoming disoriented in the wild isn't necessarily unlike being "too" in love; both are about feeling engulfed; and probably the result of losing ones bearings through simultaneous impulses towards survival and pleasure (unfortunately for the amorous, there is no search-and-rescue party, unless cloud communications count.) From woe or well-being, sometimes the desire to stray overwhelms: that morning space is made elemental as emotions bore down in trite repetition. That is how it happens sometimes: lost in thoughts that rationalize through self-made loops, all spiralling, it occurs to him to talk about love, or better yet, possession: a frankly more deliberate notion, which spurs a sense of monogamy like sticking to a route that is meant to keep you 'on track,' but doesn't.

To indulge in this idea of love's coiling domain, when immersed in such untamed environments (like forests, or deserts, or relationships) people tend to stray in common directions, resulting in what professionals commonly call 'desire lines.' These pertain to the uncharted pathways and marks made by those trying to take short-cuts where prescribed routes seem circuitous, crowded, or overblown. Like the adventurous, love is no longer patient, nor particularly kind, and tends to go off on its own: it searches for alternate routes to make up for time, to find anonymity, or to seek some fantasy of openness attainable only where control seems side-stepped. Yet in moving away from the main avenues of affect, especially those crowded with sticky pathologies such as narcissism, voyeurism, or elsewhere libidinal impulses that come with being 'open' to other people; in 'losing ones structure as a lover'; or in learning to intuit love rather than follow its course, we drive out an image of self that seems to no longer have a use value. I follow his voice, explaining very carefully and in lucid detail that the will-to-possess comes with an anticipatory sense of disappearance: 'It's fraught with tension,' he tells me: 'The end is about a loss of relating to the world.'

On another day, during an afternoon drive by the same area, my mind fixates on the density of all this. It comes out in partial lucidity: 'what's the problem? / love's inherent lack of reciprocity / or that you feel possessed by emotion?' He reminds me that the latter fuels a distorted version of the first, which I take to mean that the desire to have, to own or control something is an evasion; it dilutes the self in order to avoid confronting an asymmetry of affection. Slipping in and out of this emotional excess, the amorous subject is extracted for all their worth, yet is ecstatic: to be "too" in love is to conscientiously lose oneself along desire and its lines, or in other words, to resist direction entirely. Only ever represented by its own end, love is given an expression in repetitive ambivalence—off piste, not seeing the forest for the trees, failing to position itself. He tells me it feels alarming, but in expressing this affirms something entirely other: to let desire circulate is to love absolutely. It is to be lead along lines that make the surface of things volatile and unpredictable; to dissolve in order to escape the cyclical density of discourse, and in that, be able to say (over and again:) I have a really honest relationship with uncertainty. Existing inside the vague and unnerving places between meaning, you slip in and out to say: I don't care / I love it.

— Sabrina Tarasoff

1 Barthes, Roland. "A Lover's Discourse: Fragments," (Vintage: London, 2002.) Pp. 10.

2 Barthes, Roland. Ibid.

Andrew Norman Wilson (born 1983, USA) is an artist based in Los Angeles. Recent exhibitions include the Gwangju Biennale (2016), the Berlin Biennale (2016), the Bucharest Biennale (2016), Bread and Roses at the Museum of Modern Art Warsaw (2016), On Sweat, Paper and Porcelain at CCS Bard in Annandale-on-Hudson, New York (2015), Office Space at Yerba Buena Center for the Arts in San Francisco (2015), Art Post Internet at Ullens Center for Contemporary Art in Beijing (2014), Scars of Our Revolution at Yvon Lambert in Paris (2014), and Image Employment at MoMA PS1 in Queens, New York (2013). His work has screened in Les Rencontres Internationales, the New York Film Festival, Prospectif Cinema at the Centre Pompidou, #VOICEOVER at the Palais de Tokyo, the San Francisco International Film Festival, and the Images Festival. He has lectured at Oxford University, Harvard University, Universität der Künste Berlin, and CalArts. His work has been featured in Aperture, Art in America, Artforum, Buzzfeed, e-flux journal, Frieze, Gizmodo/Gawker, The New Yorker, and Wired.