

Readings: John Brown: New Work

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John Brown: New Work

Olga Korper Gallery

17 Morrow Avenue, Toronto



Field of Forces

a) My Hand ...

Writes me into being,

Not straightaway and all at once,

but in loops and curls.

The body of the man hides

the imagination of the child;

in old age,

the reminiscence
restores strength
to the failing body.

At the end,
one is suspended
between the light and the dark.
Endings are awful,
but human.

b) Public Service Announcement

We your benefactors have heard you,
and we have taken care:
to prevent the unexpected,
to exile the unanticipated,
to organize experience
predictably, in advance,
to anticipate the possible,
and organize it
in the interest of your happiness.

All this we have done for you.



c) **The Other's Hand**

The eye

that makes the observation

is connected

to the hand

that takes the notes,

that compiles the data,

that discloses the pattern,

from which you are a deviation.

The mind

prescribes the remedy,

the hand

writes the prescription,

which restores the natural order,

by curing the affliction.

The mind
imagines the numbers,
the hand
writes the code,
that drives the apparatus
of security and surveillance,
of comfort and control.

In love for you our hands are joined
to write the rules and regulations
that:
divide in from out,
like from unlike,
known from unknown,
us from them,
citizen from refugee,
the desired from the shunned.

Within this architecture of security
an obligatory good
has been elaborated

by us, for you.



d) Being There

Anxiety: to vibrate out of phase

with the promised sleep

of pacified happiness.

No network application

can still the mind

that has felt

the impermanence

at the very heart

of things.

Where you are now

you cannot stay.

Being here

is a moment

of the nowhere

you will someday be,

forever.



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