

It's Always Off

It is easy to hold on to familiar things, such as nervous behavior.
Or lingering in the assumption of not having been present at a given moment.

Breaking free from that constriction by taking a photo, an assurance for later, seems like a choice for treating symptoms. It's apparent that the issue is not the danger of fire, but it becomes the scare. It's an immediacy that I can grasp. Would there be some relief if it all burned down.

A way of justifying over-management of one corner of my mind is to claim it is recreational. As if by bundling the focus, I'm giving everything else a rest. Although, it is more likely that I'm providing distraction to cloud the view onto the bigger picture.

They describe psychosis as a creative solution to an otherwise unsolvable situation. I am undecided about what *unsolvable* means. What I understand is that from the detour, information can be drawn on why one needed to do that in the first place.

It is disturbing to return once one has really left. Does it reveal lack or force and who should know that.

Maybe, it's possible to prevent the urge to go back to the kitchen, or to anything, or anyone, by creating proof of needlessness. Or going back is the only proof there is when I distrust my own picture-taking.

Still, to do photography in art seems to be a leap of faith. Barely anyone trusts you. And they shouldn't. But for less obvious reasons than not providing reality or too much, showing you too little effort or grandiosity. And also being able to make editions easily. The true reason we can't be trusted should have to do with the ability to cope with the traits of the medium. Such as the ephemerality of its tools, the impenetrability of its machine and the high stakes of its *accidents*. To take a photograph in order to allow perception is as much of a bewilderment as the actual present can be.

When the stove is off and the door is closed, is the urge to triple-check, or alternatively, to take a picture really that intolerable?
Otherwise I have to understand it *all*?

But then there is another read. In which repetition is not tedious, and the world is captured in all returns, lacks and corners.

Text by Sarah Rosengarten