

Darren Bader, #I am just living to be dying by your side

Clarice Lispector\* says:

*Anyone who lives, knows, even without knowing, that he or she knows*

I know words; I know the world. That's pretty much all I know as far as I know (well, I also know me (which is different than I of course)).

I know (that I know) that other people seem to know too and this usually helps out a lot. But as we idiomize in English, "you never know".

"People" was my first title for this exhibition. It seemed to have a good tenor to it, but then I realized it had other tenors as well. Hmmm: the world in so many words: perhaps a journey, because journey[s] have a certain tenor too. And then how to name the less known. Why? I don't know (you know what I mean).

There's a song named "Don't Know What You Got (Till It's Gone)" by a band named Cinderella with words that always speak to me:

*All things [sic] come and go; all that's left are the words*

The singer, Tom Kiefer, then lets out a touching/touched whimper-plea:

*I can't let go*

In other words, the Grateful Dead begin:

*If my words did glow, with the cold [sic] of sunshine*

Their plaintive-cum-exultant minstrelsy ending in:

*If I knew the way, I would take you home*

Followed by words that are not quite words

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\*Well, Giovanni Pontiero says that she says