

PARTICLE MEDITATIONS II

“There's my life, why not, it is one, if you like, if you must, I don't say no, this evening. There has to be one, it seems, once there is speech, no need of a story, a story is not compulsory, just a life, that's the mistake I made, one of the mistakes, to have wanted a story for myself, whereas life alone is enough.”

from Samuel Beckett's “ Texts for Nothing”

I am searching for a visual formula to express my recurrent wonder about our being embed in this strange and puzzling pulp, called life. Life contains everything, there is nothing beyond or outside of it. What we perceive is a vast ocean of meaning, a grand library, if we only could read “correctly”.

I use Braille, the writing of the blind, to point this out, our weakness. However, nothing is said as yet with the Braille texts, which are laid over the works. They are enigmatic for those who see. They only give hints, act as stimuli and show, that there is something that wants to manifest itself. For the curious they open up additional contents, acting as clouds, impregnating the visual fields with poetical, philosophical fragments or those of creation mythologies. For the others the Braille positions appear as a play of orthogonal dots.

In other works the meaning dissolves through the random arrangement of dots. This primordial soup allows something new to emerge. Our brain rearranges the dots and forms new patterns. I have dedicated a series of works to the “White Noise”, representing the dance of the energy, 2.7 Kelvin, still existing in space as a witness of the Big Bang, technically still being measured and visualized. An exceptional and astonishing fact.

There is nothing solved, no question on the beginnings and ends answered, just touched on. But at least one point should be made: to consciously recognize and respect the miracle of our brief existence.

Meditation about the smallest and the biggest with ourselves amongst it.

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