

## A 3x3 grid of film strips. Each strip shows a sequence of frames from a video. The frames contain the words 'I', 'am', 'looking', 'for', and 'words' in a stylized, fragmented, and overlapping manner, creating a sense of motion and visual noise. The film strips are arranged in three rows and three columns, with each strip showing a different sequence of frames from the same video.

*-Jorge Luis Borges-*

*-Maurice Merleau-Ponty-*

*-Edmond Jabes-*

-Carole Maso-

-V.N. Volosinov-

*-Vincente Huidobro-*

-M.A.K. Halliday-

*-Niels Bohr-*

*-Ferdinand de Saussure-*

Which began as a search for an epigraph.

Turned into words, reproducing like bunnies.

One of the things I love about them, even though they scatter when they hop in fright, and are often very fragile when born.

I wanted to break out in song, in a flowering meadow, in Alpish mountains, in pristine weather...in unmistakable joy. Delight. Celebration. Freedom.

Words are like that.

It's one of the things I really love about them.

An elaborate paean, in the manner of Gass or Gerard Manley Hopkins, full of play and wonder and mastery, akin to his "on Blue" because words do deepen like night, often press our thinking further, lend our emotions gravity, darken our griefs and fears. Resonant and reverberating, echoes and penetration where they begin.

Even description – a thousand words for a picture – refracts that image a thousand ways, turning what you thought you saw into Pandora's Box, calling-recalling a bottomless well of fascinations and possibilities, ever triggering more.

Eminently reproducible, free of copywrites, simple to use...and uncontrolled, slippery, shape-shifty, mercurial. Which immediately enables its use again, anywhere, anytime, freshened by each context, new repartee, addressors and addressees, even if deceased. That moves me about language, garners my respect and awe.

(Like the honey badger – it "don't care")

Utterly egalitarian, impossible to own – any mouth, body or mind can participate, but no one possesses. Like moonlight and mist. Like air. Simply mimic and repeat. I love that.

Can calm and cool you, soothe fears, diffuse anger, or incite fierce passions – even hatreds and loves – mottoes inspiring wars and peace. Sounds different in a crowd and shout than whispered in ears behind closed doors, or haltingly on a mountain climb.

Works under water.

Flying in air.

Words, words, words

They'll work anywhere!

I cherish how they make you as you make them. Your thoughts, emotions or intent press them and strain, twist and manipulate, while they offer solutions, sidetracks and pains. Lead you on chases and even have little invisi-shields – when you just can't – ugh! Not the right one! But you *know* it is there, on the tip of the tongue, can exist, what it would sound like, how it would feel, what it could mean or effect. Muse and its music.

Where making always means to be making *more*.

Self-perpetuating, never still, even when fixed to an arm or a page. In marble, stone or steel.

Ever in wait. Ever approaching. Ever available.

Engage

Devour

Disgorge

There's a limitless supply. The pleasure that is its desire. The process also its goal.

Communicate!

Express!

Imbibe!

Infuse!

Dance with them, lie close to them, throw them, be prepared to catch, swim in them, with them, reaching for them, searching, striving, yearn; receive, study and labor to apprehend. Gather, and release.

They depend on us.