

Right on the Rim

“March 1st

Many unusual phenomena now indicated that we were entering upon a region of wonderment and novelty” reports Edgar Allan Poe in “The narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym” on his journey to the edge of the world, traversing the Antarctic expanse of white miracles.

Risking his mind and his life (both are lost and found in the same place, Poe’s book) Pym delves in to the world of fantasy and imagination, crossing the last frontier of common sense (it makes sense no more), and arrives at the heart of the periphery, well away from the centre of power and influence, at the rim of the world, where what has no place otherwise will take place, taking its rightful place by inventing itself.

It is there, beyond the reach of law&order’s long arm (and long fingers!), at the end of certainty, that things start to happen, ideas shape up and come into being that are worth existing, and the margins become a fitting address of the marginalized people of imagination, impudence and passion, as it is in the margins that we write the text making sense of the increasingly murky book of homogenized “life” presented by the powers that be, but needn’t.

Artists turned migrants, inventors and outlaws, exceptional but unacceptable, put themselves to work, un-bid and un-paid, without help from above, and create new life in the Dead Sea of Conformity.

Traversing the miraculously divided Red Sea has helped once before, so it pleases a painter - not just for this, it is the color red that attracts - to pass through the sea of colors as it, miraculously, obeys him and his hands, rising and breaking in silence under the gaze of its creator, and even at its shores much remains to be seen.

Ignorance, on the other hand, the powers that be’s favored child, spoiled, pampered and overweight, remains close to its overly protective guardians in their province of boorish might, grows and prospers until the whole world turns provincial in its image and likeness (the true meaning of globalisation?) - ruling the capitals of pride and punishment and their vast hinterlands of waste and neglect.

From all this there could never be enough distance, but we must try, and the rim promises some relief, even the freedom to live up to our dreams and desires. Nothing has to happen in hiding at the edge of the world, - to exist unobserved and free from undue curiosity turns out to be the perfect state of and for ideas; right on the rim, in the heart of the periphery, we get to the heart of the matter as it comes into focus.

“March 21st

At intervals there were visible in the wide, yawning but momentary rents, and from these rents, within which was a chaos of flitting and indistinct images, there came a rushing and mighty, but soundless wind, tearing up the enkindled ocean in their course.”