Hugo García Manríquez

Painting is Finite

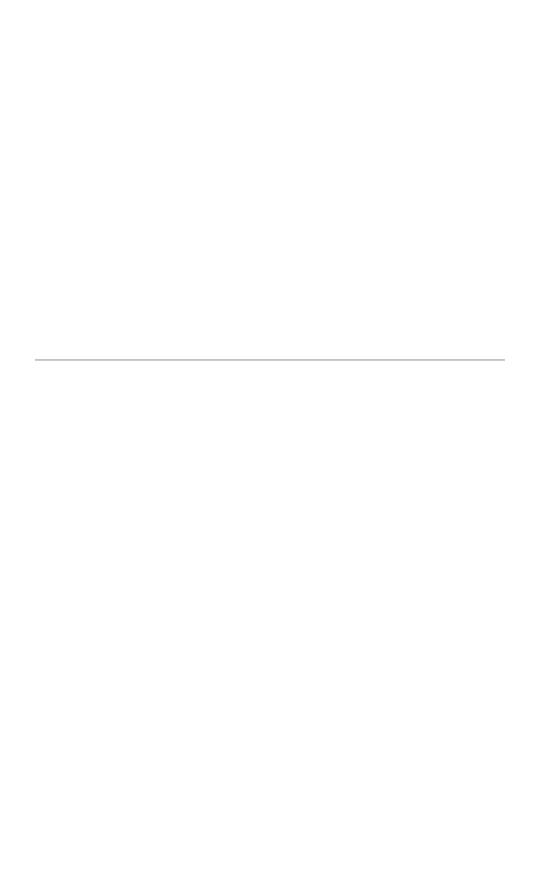
LRL e-editions

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Series Editors: Julia Drescher, Ash Smith, and C.J. Martin





the objects

"themselves"

materials

fires or successive fires

the prior condition	of all docur	ments is the	eir existend	ce without i	us
the prior condition	of all docur	ments is the	eir existend	ce without u	us
the prior condition		ments is the	eir existend	ce without u	us
		ments is the	eir existend	ce without u	us
a mass that slowly		ments is the	eir existend	ce without u	us
a mass that slowly to resemble them		ments is the	eir existend	ce without u	us
a mass that slowly to resemble them		ments is the	eir existend	ce without u	us
a mass that slowly		ments is the	eir existend	ce without u	us
a mass that slowly to resemble them		ments is the	eir existend	ce without u	us
a mass that slowly to resemble them		ments is the	eir existend	ce without u	us

ro	cks, like all matter
e	very thing in order
wl	hat remains of him added to the watercolor

whenever the voice occurs it is in the most unstable places
the materials abandon their speed and rest in opposite manner
among native grasses and others

memory behaves in both directions
the result that it casts
the present, that is, mobility

winter colors without multitudes

long summer full of parallels

capital moves

nothing that preceded you has prepared you for the experience

"the return of painting"

in correspondence:

"the occasion"

"painting is infinite"

the present at least in current terms is the failure of place

who wants that mantle of nontranslatability between their work and the world?
we say it has no meaning, which is a very strange idea

a turn towards foliage
objects in this room are moved more frequently than in others
there is no fiction on plateaus
image does not find a place to resolve

/visibility

history

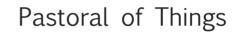
a "public space," the idea of which they make for themselves and which in turn they sell to us publicly

memory belongs to this occupation

to the fields

at the age of seven

What is content?



Or one,

One writes in the cold

Believes he's moving away from abstraction, only to enter through the back door

The fear of representation, of going back to representation, that is,

to animosity

•

The unit suspended in some sense of duration reduced to a zone unknown

All the natural phenomena heavens included

The mysterious "quality" of action

•

A mobilization of arguments

A supposed return to the void prior to the project, *da capo*, for there is no inside that remains attentive to the position of its object

Only outside of nature, not inside, can there be time

Fire is the company one keeps

•

The city, the poem, and in both the nature of human occupation

•

What awaits is love as language awaits the terms of its own insertion in the world

If asked, they'd say words grew bitter. Related words grow bitter too, necessarily

Better write the "poem" in letters with "personal communications"

•

•

Alone or in groups the mind in a landscape

In the corner of the painting in that right angle the moon closes the circle the moon eats her quarters

When needed crows will remove marginalia

Someone glances into the photograph something dark is added

juxtaposed against the stars fixed in the dew of the mind

Reeds, Grand Dark Black Masses /

pastoral of things

the range of their movement

some traces of dependency

vast tribe of flowers

constant unchanged

certain mistakes left open phrases open

diving into the opacity
of that region of the world

in that opacity
touching land like products without history

movement infects the surroundings
in immeasurable quantities and in precise quantities
revise that nature
from the steady just as from the unsteady

what rejects fixation

in the poem is an "unknown quantity"

bugs attached

the Embroidered Virgin attached to the portrait

and the city is open so is the poem

the word war is used

thickets of laurel
and advancing, what kind
of advancing

your voice raises the sun the fog thickens panorama replicates from tree tops

```
you go on with that desire
"plenty of external facts"
            in turn/
            the stone plenty
            among facts
            any nest in the silence or
            "i like darkness"
            or "the stars speak?" or "i noticed it, too"
            "waiting"
            waiting
```

notation towards a mass

that it is, deleted that it is,

in that movement alone

a sort of contact

"to capture history"

to have a pony and then name it pony-pony that's something, isn't it?

these, varied materials

out of what is

open

one to

each other touching one to each other

this, "varied writings" this, "first writings"

a single kind of materials

a long series of questions / all of the same kind at the end of the postcard, Grammar. "grammar" underlined

an exposition, a "series of works on paper"

divided, just as among other things,

the inventor of a catalog

and the "untitled" paintings are presented

even the "archetypical" forest of the mind of a man/ among others
from whom change is expected and change from one state to the other

and who lives with those sounds visiting his ears/ with those images visiting his ears remnants of contact with others
without the predominance of action upon
process

what survives on the surface on the softest side of the name on what will never leave you reeds, grand dark black masses/

lilies from one shore to the other rocking/
a form of life sustained

Tiépolo Sky / In the Ribs of November Seeded with Quotes

caravans of orchids

simple dense facts
landscapes dense or simple

what's the remnant of a landscape or
where is it deposited?

where is the surplus deposited *as* history?

tiépolo sky / in the ribs of november seeded with quotes

where is the surplus of ourselves deposited *as* history

on the surface,
you say, where what's written is written

history is the only matter excreted by that which dies

politics of the quote

"dear i: positive pleasure i felt hearing your talk on interesting to witness that your fine feminine sensibility has been able to capture so much of this... among the ... tribe...

. . .

because a dark bloody christ is venerated... what i am telling you here, dear friend, is only in order to make clear to you the admiration that your friend and s.y. feels toward you."

docile dolce foolishly yours a melancholic conquest

survival hastens toward new objects

and your love has disposed

of facts

and your love/ bent by that present

translate, "he is outside of himself" or also "he is outside [as beside] himself"

that notion we preserve

of what love is

in a more recent photograph you appear already obscure already as they say "turned inwards"

or maybe it is just the expression that has in the photo its own expression its own innate history

which is by no means the oldest and already the features are held towards life or the first features working with it [with time] instead of working against it

we read and reread
and the world seems anew in us

throughout the translation he replaced "spirit" / "mind" / "soul" with *phantom*

and also *necessity*means or should mean *that-which-stays*; *that-which-will-not-go*

we read and that
marks the cadence
of love

or the notion
we preserve
of what love is

the place where/
with its faults or mistakes

therefore we write

we reread

on the edge, on that edge, if you like, a doubt is deposited and on that edge (or the edge) love

people under the stars
or under crickets which are stars
or like stars

to shelter people, that is, the first fact, that's the space

something like the love for that first fact

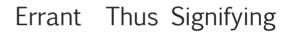
but even just as mere dust it rises

"history is made with documents"

or with

diseases of blood

lives of others



for Martin Ramirez, painter (1895-1963)

the trajectory of the line must face this,

"to fall is to fall"

also, "a controlled line is admirable"

first he described him as "he doesn't speak,
just mumbles." later he went on
to say, "he was mute," "he could not
speak," and eventually
"he never spoke"

living the second half of his life in a search of institutions

he never dated his drawings, although the doctor did date some of his works

a controlled line is admirable and contains the human figure

the materials contain the human figure and the figure in its history contains them all.

errant, thus signifying

in opposition to the authority of endings

you relocate re-title segments

as response to local landscapes

in which sky of the mind that sky dazzles

Untitled

UNTITLED

With language spread out over the rocks, we walk under Antares that rules the cold,

down white paths, unfolding. We are written

by November, holding the rest of the world with a letter and last fingernail

"Like sitting down to rest in the dark heart of a friend," not pale but contrary

UNTITLED

Footprints sleep on earth,

later lit by what we call memory

they rise to coincide with their name, on

what we call snow

In clusters the letters turn inward, to the "region of the heart"

Newspapers seek volunteers for the shadow on the front page

UNTITLED

January takes another chair in the room last names jealously guard their acquisitions in the hyphen that unites them now

there's a mistranslation piling up on the edge of the map professors arrive at the coast of a poem years later

The crows join in chorus and the translation improves at the foot of the chain that has the primrose tightly bound

PAINTING

In the valley of the last movement a hand turns toward reality

Verbs clearing time of the fog of its action in the paint

Now more fog is added from the time of their action

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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ON SOURCES

"Painting is Finite"
Lines on page 14 from the interview "Generosity as Method:
An Interview with Myung Mi Kim." Yedda Morrison, Myung Mi Kim, 1997.

"Errant Thus Signifying"

Notes for this poem were taken during my visit to the exhibition of Martin Ramirez's work, at the San Jose Museum of Art, in 2007. Martin Ramirez, now recognized a master painter, was a self-taught painter, born in Jalisco, Mexico, and died after years of confinement in a mental institution in Northern California, where he produced his entire body of work.

