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April 2011 | Text for the Collective Show "Contemporary American Imaging" | China

My photographs are like memories of an impression, about space connecting to something else, searched for, undefined. Filling gaps not yet labelled and organized. Recording with a conviction that it is needed at some junction of time/space not yet identified. A stepping stone towards something else, which may be sharing, developing, showing, analyzing, changing....

Like a cat sitting still by a mouse hole, patiently waiting, attentive, my eye filters through the objective, freezing time into traces of ephemeral constructions, models, processes. Photographs, sometimes feel like crutches, helping with an underlying impatience for results. Sometimes they take on a life of their own, their two dimensionality trying to be the work, relegating the spatial installation to a backstage status. It may happen that the space be transformed only for the camera. Photographs nevertheless would remain interdependent of what they represent.

So there is space, a need to play with it, a certain notion of work. I look forward to the gestures, the rhythms of drawing, cutting, scratching, tearing, preferring to work and experiment in techniques with no gap or delay imposed by a device or process.

Running away and rebelling, I fled West from my home country at 17, fled East for philosophical answers, fled South to exotic promises, fragmenting / assembling into an experiential mixture definitely of my own making. From reading, watching, hearing, America was a land of possibilities. That was the American dream of the sixties, the appeal to a teenager growing up in Switzerland.

Then in 1981 I took a chance and trusted an intuition, or did what a lot of girls do when finishing college, I took a break from the art world. I made a choice to raise a family, four children who ground me and teach me still. I progressed through mazes and tsunamis, through the construction of mental stories interfering with day to day living, which turned

out to be just not so important.

Time unrolling, stretching or shrinking for nearly thirty years. Ideas, words and sketches populated sketchbooks. The feeling is as if the image/voice belonging to what I am unfolds regardless of apparent time rupture.

One of the endless searches for guidance took me to the north of the West Coast hoping to meet a certain medicine man, that year the bus was our home, our house was our bus. I took a stroll into the woods carrying small baby Eos. It must have been afternoon and those woods were nothing like the ones of my childhood. I got lost and it would not be long before dark. The baby was getting heavy and I kept on walking, trusting my usually excellent sense of direction. Finally I came to a crossing path and a chance to make it back before night - 4 directions, 4 choices – Looking up, a crow passed over me, right over the crossing. I followed his direction straight to the camp.

The only truly powerful insights I have experienced came from inside, shifting reality around with no further intent. Finding meaning in concentration, in being present, no mind, no thinking - whether it be while cooking, raising children...or making art, holding no matter how briefly the joy found in living the present. My life is a filtering / interacting manifestation, product of a context, local, cultural, searching for meaning and development, a creative, intelligent heartbeat communicating, connecting, intuiting, channelling the infinite, the nonbeing.

To show / share things coming from within is a profound personal gesture towards others. Who can tell / judge of the meditative state of a person sitting for an hour in the middle of an old barn, absorbing something of the installation atmosphere created therein? Do we have answers and "how to books" when it comes to what to share of ourselves with others? The only true existential responsibility rests in growth within. The rest is details.

The philosopher Chang Chung-Yuan presents in his book « Creativity and Taoism » a clear definition of creativity in the context of Taoism. He confirms the idea of a higher purpose of art. The artist searches for the nonbeing or reality which will benefit him as would

meditation if he succeeds.

The purpose of art making is the revelation of the spirit. When the spirit is not revealed in the form, what is carried by the form is not in action. What is in motion is revealed through form, but is itself not the form. When spirit is not in motion, it is the hidden reality in the form; when in motion, it vibrates in the vision of the beholder. In a work of art, the spirit is that which is in the form, which goes beyond it to the beholder.

It is with the realization of spiritual reality that expression is accomplished. With this realization the art media is no longer limited. It does not impose any conscious limitation. All measurements and rules are transcended when the artist has gained inner, deep freedom. The media becomes the creative agent for all form.