

# End of the intention— where do ideas go?

The Aftermath of Experiencing Performances.

Perhaps one may begin to understand ideas of how difficult it is to make art.  
(Presence of the proposal-proposition, execution-performance and full bodied-reception)

what is the experience of life, where does it all go?  
I keep losing it so easily – those forms of being and forms of functioning. My roles, and that is why I see millions of things that aren't really there.

**But presences presence themselves.**

That is, I still exist, —

arrested, a falling away.  
within dialogue.

memorise and write down all of this and retreat into incoherence

the music was really beautiful,  
but it could not touch or engage  
me...

Not like four minutes and thirty-  
three seconds of silence. I kept  
thinking.

DOES KNOWING EVERY DETAIL, EVERY  
FACT, EVERY THEORY, EVERY AGENDA,  
EVERYTHING EVER SAID BY  
ANYONE HELP ME SEE better?

I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO BORED BY  
MUSIC IN MY ENTIRE LIFE

AMBIVALENCE (TO ART) IN DEGREES.  
LISTEN TO A LITTLE  
INDIFFERENCE.  
THERE YOU GO, AVOIDING THE  
BEAUTIFUL.

SCRIPTED: Speaking from inside

I could have said anything, and it would have made sense,  
because this is all scripted and controlled, predetermined,  
that is. That I follow, so that I won't get lost.

*Naïve Representations: metaphors for the simple minded, or for simplicity's sake. These metaphors are not limited to speech or actions.  
Would it be that some things that remain constant, a laugh, a cry, a foot, a pink. Can I start speaking painting, and writing without irony again?*