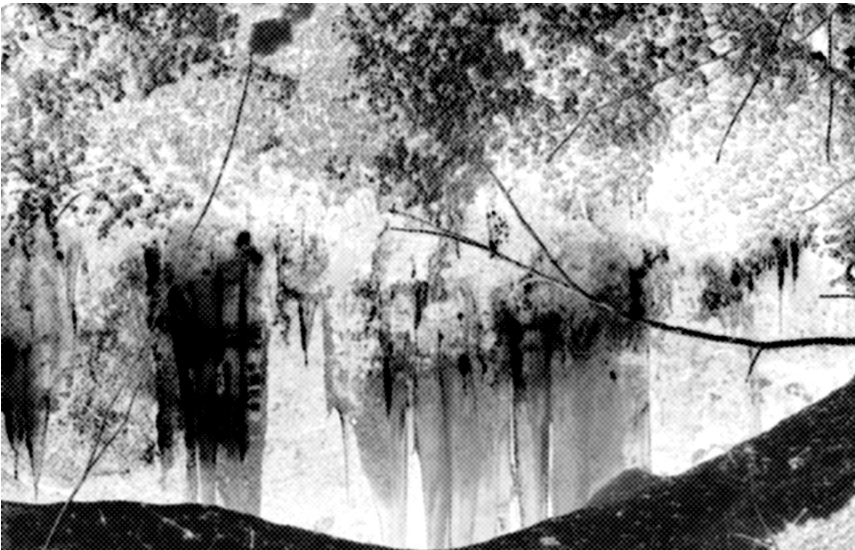




Taking a line for a walk. Walking the line for a talk. Talking the walk. And walking the talk. The line is the pedlar of presence. It communicates.

The line walks through you. It becomes information. It is a seed. It enfolds forms unfolding. It adds memory to the moment. It is present. The matrix.



During a group tutorial with Jan Pettersson, Ruth Pelzer and myself, we had an interesting exchange over a cyanotype try-out that one of the MA students—Geetanjali Prasad—had done: an interesting discussion on how we think about the matrix came out of this discussion. And also an idea for a walk.

We talked about many things. But the point I am thinking of **now** is about when and how to stop reductive techniques: basically to reduce the reduction, as a key to a **sustainable** concept of **information** in printmaking. That information is in formation, it is a seed: it wants to become form.

The walking practice that I know. is based on a similar idea. When our communicative interaction—with media or people—is stifled, reductive and lifeless, we **lose track** of information, and it doesn't feed our work anymore. I teach in the design-field, so I think a lot about things like this: **constantly!**

When our work is stifled we need to **move** to the outer **edge** of our **situation**, where there is **always** something else. Walking in nature is a very **direct** approach when this happens. It is **not** like sleeping on it, because when you are in situations—such as outlined here—you **don't sleep**. Your limits **harden**.

Dreamland is unavailable and you have white nights. Better, then, to **walk**. You can alternate between talking and walking—no matter!—because the other is there and **interferes** all the time: nature. Sometimes, when the ice freezes on deep lakes towards the evening, it is like contemporary music.

Because when the water freezes it expands and cracks, the sound reverberates from the deep and boosts the crack in propagating in a million of smaller ones. It is simply not possible to remain a prisoner any more, because your body is affected directly by the sound, the wind, the light, and the walking.

Of course, this does **not** happen every day. But then the woods are full of things that happen only **occasionally**. If you are not talented in boredom, have a good pair of shoes, warm clothes, something to eat and a knife you can get a long way. Besides, 'occasional cause' is an exciting idea/concept.

Walking defines an **edge** where the **non-same** can come out with the underlying **unity** of the **real**. Then information belongs to the realm of the **affect**, multiplying crossovers **between** object and subject: where memory is not a repository of the past, but folds into the **next** moment, maintaining presence.

Walking **too** is reductive: nuances are lost in conversation over books we may have read—things that we have seen or done—while their presence is enhanced. This is a **trade-off**. I had a walk-and-talk with Samoa Rémy, who is part of the programme: we found microscopic icicles extending from moss.

There are also greens that persist despite the snow, and are edible. Erlend Grevskott from MA design knows a great deal about this. The point being that conceiving of the **matrix**, in terms of growth on the edge of something, we are in a position to collect **beyond** impressions; the **joinery** of agents **and** bodies.