

We Are Things

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I make paintings.



**Things which hang on walls.
The things are about Things
and the way we look at things.
The way things have an affect on our lives.**

**I can say things about life with things,
by having things, by giving things.
Through things I learn about myself.
I find out from things,
what I can't find out from people.
Things become real for me.
What's real becomes Things.**

**I wait for things to fall together.
Things fall into place.
Every thing has a place,
A place for every thing.**

**But normally, I wait.
I look. I think. I go away.
I come back later.
Suddenly, something happens.
I put it together.
It is meaningless.
I go away.
I play baseball.
I watch TV.
I eat.
I look at my food.
I look at my work.
I eat some more.
I sit and look and listen.
I try to mix everything up.
It requires all my attention.**

**I try to make the materials react to each other.
I experiment with dangerous chemicals.
I paint over some bad parts and create new bad parts.
There are more bad parts than I have paint.
I look some more.
I think about wood.
I feel the texture of metal.
I go buy more paint.**

**I look at objects.
There are so many.
I begin to question all meaning.
I begin to suspect
that there are too many objects.
Everywhere I look, I see Things.
I know there's a population explosion.
And now there's a Thing explosion.
Which comes first?
The things or the population?
Or just...
the Pop?
Who cares ?
It's too deep a subject, or too shallow.
But then, what's the point?**

**I like to use things to say what I don't know about myself.
So my work is designed to give me knowledge.
What I learn from the activity is its own reward.
So, if I already know about something
I won't be able to make a thing that tells me about it.
I make a thing that I don't know.
And I am not so different from Artists.
I just don't know what they already know.
But if I found out, I wouldn't make this Thing.
So I use my self as a medium,
Every once in a while.
I use other Things.
Symbolic Things.
Little Things,
Scary Things.
I get some pictures.
I make photographs.
And yet still, I am unorganized.
I am difficult and I am slow.
But I use Things to connect things to my heart.
I am a Thing.
A thing that makes
Things.**