You can’t cut that, it’s not yours. It is mine. I bought it. Who made it? Christopher Williams. Why did you cut it up? It’s too big. I couldn’t afford to frame it in one piece. Then I couldn’t afford to frame it in four pieces. Now it is part of the show. I like it best like this, not mine, in four pieces, inside a table, under my small sculptures, in a room, with other people around it, people I don’t know. This is ideal now.

Wanda the wanderer. She is often lost in the frame, hard to keep track of, not the personality, not the material that can easily be captured by the frame or hold the attention of the lens. We tend to find her out of the shot has been established, almost of the backdrop, the context. A woman drifting, abandoning her parental and maternal role. She is illegible to social norm to become an outlaw, living aside from society, not transparent, but described by negative space, handing herself over to the will of others.

What did we need, to be called needy? What did we ask for, to be called demanding? What was so enormous in us, to be called monstrous? How do we fail so fast? How is there no credit? I tried to not ask too many questions. What did we need, to be called needy? What did we ask for, to be called demanding? What was so enormous in us, to be called monstrous? How do we fail so fast? How is there no credit? I tried to not ask too many questions. What did we need, to be called needy? What did we ask for, to be called demanding? What was so enormous in us, to be called monstrous? How do we fail so fast? How is there no credit? I tried to not ask too many questions.

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I have always been quite quiet, quiet, the Germanic root. I am odd, odd, odd. As I said, quiet. It turns out you could even believe it? I am actually autistic. Oh, and procreation inolerant.

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1796 Models, there are no more models.

1797 We do not write our books in advance, we do them as we write them. What is best about our work is hidden by scaffoldings; our texts are filled with what must be kept and what must be left behind.

1797 ‘Yes, please cut up the pieces for me,’ he said, ‘but don’t chew them.’

1798 To be in one’s place, to be at one’s post, to be part of the order, to be content.

1798 When children ask for an explanation, and we give it to them and they do not understand, they are still satisfied, and their minds have been put at rest. And yet what have they learned? They have learned that what they no longer wish not to know is very difficult to know, and in itself this is a kind of knowledge. They wait, they are patient, and with reason.

1800 When? you say. I answer you: - When I have circumscribed my sphere.

1800 In our writings thought seems to move like a man who is walking straight ahead. On the other hand, in the writings of the ancients, thought seems to move like a bird that glides and advances by turning round and round.

1798 Every body is no more than a film (I speak of bodies that move and that have a soul in them). All depth is only a point. All weight is the weight of a straw, a particle of feather...even less.

Extracted by the artist from The Notebooks of Joseph Joubert