

BODY is a word that slips through the sieve of our spatial reasoning because we cannot get outside our flesh to see ourselves. When we reason we are able to picture ourselves from a distance, like learning about a landscape by means of a topographical map. We are ridden with touch, with memory, with sensation. Our bodies buzz with information that can not be contained by the borders of thought.

Bodies are material. We can be touched and manipulated, harmed and cared for...we can reach out and feel. We touch the dirt and the pine needles with practiced fingers, making sock-less contact with worried toes. Our organs are barometers measuring invisible forces. Our brains are weather vanes that move with wind and point us where to go. We feel other people's temperatures when we press our lips to their cheek to kiss them. We squeeze each other's bodies. Our skin rubs against various surfaces. We encounter foreign objects. We explore, interpret, consume and decode.

On a grid we might place our bodies at the origin, balanced, like a token at the meeting place of x and y. Like our bodies, chairs and tables have their own respective coordinates. In a library we are positioned alphabetically amidst rows and columns of books. In the city we are situated within grids of blocks and building levels. Trees and people are scattered amongst architecture. Bodies of water form indefinable shapes and patterns that seem to slip sideways off the grid.

The body is an *object* situated amongst *objects*. There is a printed YOU ARE HERE hovering above our heads. This *HERE* is the point from which we maneuver. From (0,0) we make a choice to step left or step right. The steps that we take are fueled by our wishes: dodging encounters, swerving through obstacles, sensing warmth, moving quickly or slowly, towards light or shape or other people's bodies. The things we imagine form a world of vectors → arrows pointing towards potential futures, parallel and crossing over other people's lives.

On the map landmarks are coded as symbols (*tree, river, bridge*) marked on a key. We build our schemas to distinguish *rock* from *mountain*, *sister* from *mother*, *eyelash* from *elbow*, *tadpole* from *bird*. These systems of meaning simplify bodies. Words help us sort through people, places and things. Schemas allow us to negotiate impulse, to interpret sensation and catalogue thought. We superimpose frameworks onto what we experience. Absorbing some frequencies and deflecting others, we project back an image of the things that we want.

The word **PROCESS** points towards a destination. Like movement, like learning, like outward expansion. Our process is meant to take us a distance. Like a paddle boat. Like a train car. Or maybe more like a message from dendrite to receptor, from brain to pen tip, a telegraph from one voice to another ear. Process moves us. We are moved by process. We are progressing. Encountering obstacles, tripping on boxes, trudging through landscapes. We carry tools, weapons, books, water. We carry each other along. We are fueled by expectation, satisfied by TV, displaced by politics, shuffled towards endpoints, strung along by potential destinies or by others people's goals.

What might we learn by balancing on the unstable precipice? What information might our body integrate when navigating precarious space? I have been told that vestibular sense and proprioception are trained by movement. How else would we know when our bodies are tilting sideways, or how to find our fingers, to feel our feet? I know the book differently by its weight when I drop it than by the meaning of the words that I find on the page. I sift through and absorb information that is useful to my process. Much of this is unconscious. I can call upon my lived experience as a reference for how to proceed.

We drew handfuls of arrows on sheets of paper. We colored them in with geometric shapes. We cut the arrows out and taped them to household objects. The game was hide and seek meets treasure hunt. The goal: to lead each other, arrow by arrow, through the house. Instead of placing my body or a treasure at the end there were always only more arrows to follow. We stooped low and stood on sofas, searching for the arrows we had placed around the house.

Our goals may seem obscure, senseless and strange. What is the meaning of mud pie for instance? Pick-up sticks. Hop scotch. What is this desire I wonder to build a house of books and bed sheets? A fortress inside a fortress. A city made of sticks and leaves. The carpet is lava and the kittens are crocodiles. We clamber across furniture without touching the ground. Imagination becomes our collective momentum. *Is this real?* It doesn't matter because here we are. The armchair really is upholstered with floral, covered in cat hair. If we lose our footing we will laugh at each other for slipping. We will shrug our shoulders and return to square one.

I have an *ARCHIVE* of my body sitting on my bookshelf. It is two rows of black notebooks filled with snippets of conversation, thoughts and images, notations of sensation. The pages are very much like paths I imagine my brain to have, winding through similar patterns and lapping up against foreign territory, winding around words that repeat themselves over months or years. The pages themselves are gridded with schedules and checkmarks, strewn with sketches of people and dreams. These

A toy with a broken arm, a ticket stub, a photograph, a note that has been squished and smudged with the crayon that lays in pieces beside it, next to a clothes pin, next to a candy wrapper. The drawer in my kitchen is filled with memos and ephemera, pieces of things that nobody wanted but couldn't find the heart to bury. It is clear that these items once carried meaning. Now they are rubbing up against each other and losing their distinctions, turning each other different colors and leaving marks on the bottom of the drawer. This stuff forms a collection of what didn't belong elsewhere, a record of the hands these things have passed through. .

pages are proof of the time that is passing as my pen performs its gestures across the page.

Residue might be the negative space of bodies...evidence of the stuff we rubbed up against as our structures moved through. Materials contact materials. Transformation is inevitable. We lean up and push ourselves against surfaces. The softer stuff gives way, collapsing into imprints. Cushion into body. Finger into knife blade. Skeleton into chair. The surfaces move to complete each other. The marks that remain are artifacts. A kind of brail of what has passed between substances, a record of what would have otherwise disappeared.

The coffee ring on my notebook. The crumbs left on the counter after toast. The dust that gathers slowly on the windowsill. The impression of a head on a pillow. An eyelash. A strand of hair. How do we know when a body has passed through empty spaces? Is it a scent? A fingerprint? There are slumped articles of clothing left in the corner and tiny bits of pink eraser strewn across a letter. These are the traces that we refer to. These remainders are the stuff we pick apart with rubber gloves. Evidence of what has come before.