



Martin d'Orgeval

*SURFACE*

November 3 - January 12. 2019

*At a table in a bar, Martin let me take a quick look at a small-format version of his collection of visions. The text that follows records the impressions left on a person who isn't easily impressed.*

But where does he see such things? In what sort of place do these photographs exist? I've roamed this world for longer than him and I've never found the like—nothing to remind me of what these surfaces display.

They are statements of matter revealing itself to him, saying: *I am this*. Yet it is said only to him, to the apple of his eye.

His first gift is that—at this point, before the shutter clicks, Martin realizes when matter reveals itself to him.

*A sound of sheer silence*—when Elijah heard it, he knew immediately that the divinity was whispering to him.

Martin sees particles floating next to things and covers them with cells of light. He can, I suspect, perceive the presence of photons.

He recognizes the moment. Before understanding what he's doing, before checking what he's got in focus, Martin recognizes. And to recognize before you cognize is not time run backwards. It's the unexpected hiccup that happens in a poet's brain, before the poem arrives. The poet recognizes before he writes, identification before knowledge.

Here are found revelations: they are given to an artist who inscribes matter with light. We know that *photo-graphy*, in Greek, signifies "light-writing". Martin inscribes matter with fog, with the brake lights of a car, with dust, with an aurora borealis. This lexicon could already serve as the recipe for a poem dedicated to light.

Confronted with these works, I have no wish to know if they were the product of careful study or a burst of inspiration. I don't need to know what happened, either three seconds or three years earlier. To my mind, what I chance upon in them is that "moment's thought" that Yeats found characteristic of anyone struck by the beauty of a well-wrought line in poetry.

Reading... indeed, instead of looking, I'm reading. I experience the same impression when a sentence makes me shiver. For example: the future of the river is at its source.

So it is, such as I see it here: I go back to what came before, to when I first thrust open my eyes and as yet had nothing in my head, no tongue to speak, no word to box up the world.