

*What I see each moment I've never seen before*

A few months ago I made a sign for my studio, which still makes me burst out laughing. "NO IDEAS"\* may seem like a declaration of defeat, but for me it's a deadpan directive back to the here and now, clearing my head of projects, theories, explanations, metaphoric parallels. They're all distractions from things like this little spot of light projected from who knows what, slowly coursing across my wall.

The work I'll present at Centre Space is, like everything I see, made of reflective surfaces. They move when we move, giving back scraps of whatever is around them. The displaced air that sets them adrift is the same air that touches our skin. We feel what we see. Tellingly, some of this work began with photographs. One was of a place too personal to get across without betraying its intimacy, though I tried - shredding and reassembling it, blowing it up very large, slashing it into strips dangled with reflective materials, until, at last, the photographic image was unnecessary. Everything unsayable about that image is whispered by these simple wafting strips, alive in a way the photo couldn't be. It reminds me how the past continues in us, never held still.

Maybe any *meaning* outside your / my experience of this work is irrelevant. There is this: material responding to the slightest shifts in light and air, returning me again and again to here, where I live.

Karilee Fuglem  
January, 2016

text to accompany exhibition at  
Pierre-François Ouellette art contemporain, Toronto (Centre Space)  
Feb 6-27, 2016

\*My studio sign took root from reading the poet Fernando Pessoa, his voice a tonic as Alberto Caeiro, in *The Keeper of Sheep*, which I know through translations, (and my favourite, a translation\*\* by poet Erin Mouré as Eirin Moure). I stole (and paraphrased) my title from the Edwin Honig / Susan M. Brown translation. So many voices.

\*\* *Sheep's Vigil by a Fervent Person*, Toronto: Anansi Press, 2001