Words don't come easy to me. There's no hidden meaning. — *Words* (1983), F.R. David 他的筆掌握他命脈. 求靈魂能隨創作不消失. — 畫家 (1989), 林子祥 Rhetoric is perverted poetry. — *The Ignorant Schoolmaster* (1987), Jacques Rancière

The year where Emil Cioran and Ray Johnson were buried, Tracy Chapman sang "We can start all over - In the new beginning. The world is broken into fragments and pieces. We need to make new symbols. Make new signs. Make a new language. With these, we'll define the world."

The same year, I found

my

s e l f (olivier)

(olivier) thrown into existence (time machine).

Objects rejecting to be identified; power t $\mathbf{O}$  the unidentifiable, uncataloguable, unnamable, unseeable, untouchable, indecipherable, imponderabLe!<sup>1</sup>

	Vehicles of recitation (linguistics <sup>2</sup> );
	repetitional dIfferences with paradoxes.
Impossibility of containment;	decontExtualisation through the act of deconstruction,
	failu <b>R</b> es are allowed.

Ephemerality of being; being betwixt and beTween— a bookmark declaring a pause, a pull slip proclaIming a return. Resonance of unseen things; Manifested objects through records and documents as mimics and intErpretations.

TransMediumness of			UF <b>O</b> s;
	trAnsness		hovering
	one's practiCe,	queerness situating one's	utterance.
Indexing <sup>3</sup> via drawings of languaging <sup>4</sup> .	Myt <b>Holo</b> gical	methodology & me	ethodological
mythology; queerness in the	becomIng, not be	, but being in the becoming.	
Ecstaticity in the state of uncomprehensive <sup>5</sup> slipperiNess;		free-falling	
		of meaningles	sness. <sup>6</sup>
	AnarchivE;	affect of archive	
	throug	h the manoeuvre of bodies in	
	(un)browsable shelve	es.	I

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Inconceivable bibliographies; tautologic annotations from editing and copy-and-pasting.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Exhaustion of semiosis; buried me with just me with you, next to you, underneath you, beyond you, loving you.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Navigational maps; finding aids for impenetrable structures for and as glimpses of utopia.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Hermeneutic circle; "O" is the portal, "O" is the circular movement of all unreadable origins, "O" is what makes objects go"Oh!".

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Content and contentless; to walk in languages one doesn't belong, to toy with drawings one cannot depict, to speak in bibliographies one has yet to build.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Marginalised poetics; for example, UFO citings and Big-foot-notes.

## Current work:

In the process of (re)building a time machine (again).

My current studio time involves a lot of "reading" texts; I am always looking for the edges: paratexts, metadata, marginalia, and poetics of languaging, where queerness (especially transness) lies for me. Queerness also lies in working in videos, drawings, site-specific interventions, performative lectures and happenings. Queerness; not because of the works' content, but their forms where they refuse to \*be\*, but is in the process of constantly \*becoming\*, subverting what "trans-" is.

## (0)

My current practice focuses on affect of archives, especially within the study of UFOs. I am taking an alternative approach towards ufology—rather than taking a stance as a believer or sceptic, I am investigating the "text-" and "book-as-evidence," and subsequently the status of books and texts as objects and souvenirs. I ask how the UFO archive is born from a lack of scientific evidence, and how collections of these unscientific "souvenirs" shape and chart the gap of the Archive. I situate my practice in the uncategorisable, uncataloguable, unseeable, indecipherable, imponderable book; it is born from Lynn E. Catoe's bibliographic work in 1969 and Mike Kelley's essay On the Aesthetics of Ufology (1997).

Trained in Painting (ruins), I only find shelter in Drawing. Titling as content, tautology as desperation; physically cutting, copying and pasting as editorial acts are key elements in my drawings. They are urgent objects that are charged by ephemerality with the yearning to return to a moment of "in search of . . ." content to make content with.

"Contentless" is how I see myself as a queer person of colour walking in countries, living in institutions, speaking in languages, and passing as genders that I don't belong to. And "contentless" as content is what being queer is for me. This is also why I am invested in the alternatives of ufology, understanding the impossible book, and simultaneously wandering in the impossible library and archive.

I build containers for collections of objects, to play with what Susan Lepselter might call the "resonance" of unseen things and Susan Stewart's definition of souvenir. When my body manoeuvres through displays and stacks, I imagine this is how the UFO archive desires and demands the patron to "gift shop" from it—using the process of browsing to embody the liminality of "content" and "contentless."

OH hey, also, I am building a time machine, please contact me if you know how. One seat only, don't come asking for a ride.

*olivier* is a queer research-based artist+writer, and archives worker, temporarily based in Chicago IL.

They speak cantonese at home with their demonic cat.

People have questioned if olivier is a poet; we are still gathering evidence for that.

Focusing their practice on ephemerality in archival theory, queer theory, and ufology, they work with speculative projects, artists' books, videos, performative lectures, happenings, surveys, drawings, installations, and lead a secret mail art practice/life.

olivier has lectured, performed, exhibited and published works in artist-run spaces, libraries, galleries, and institutions in London, Hong Kong, New England, New York, Chicago, and perhaps your dream state.

They are the founder of an institutional critique project, <u>*The Museum*</u> (2016-2022), and a speculative UFO archive project, <u>*The UFO Lobby*</u> (2021-).

They were also the first artist in residence at the Joanne Waxman Library with their site-specific intervention, <u>UFO Citing: A tribute to Lynn E. Catoe</u> in the stacks.

For the past ten years, their time-machine has been stuck in this dimension. So it goes.



Olivier made plans to conquer the realms of Hell, but needed an army.