A Family Reduced to Ash: TR Ericson and the Image of Lamentation

Tim Ericson

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Crackle & Dog-film still

"Start to live; start to see how you can be dead and alive at the same time instead of alive and alive. Find, too, grief, for one or two passive things or things that put you out or down, their active things begin forth new possibilities, unimaginable things".

Excerpts Interviewed by ASX, *Crackle and dog*

By Brad Fountaine, May 2021

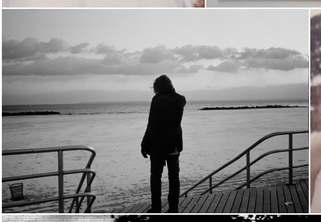
TR Ericson's documentary, works concern his mother who suicided. The experiences left Ericson to work his familial and maternal understanding. In this examination, he uses materials from his mother's affairs, and his father's autobiographical sense of absence. In way, it ensures that these works are a process of coming to terms with unofficial sentence and the loss that accompanies one's bound with loss (mourning, loss, and the dead). The work never far away, but these works also became clear insights into memory, biological dualism, and the mechanics of the nuanced understanding of self under the duration of mourning.

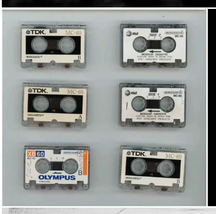
BF: Having battled the early death of my own mother as a significant milestone in my own life, coming across your images touches for some uncomfortable revelations in my understanding of your work. The overwhelming feeling I can capture upon so that of loss, perhaps also of the need to remember?

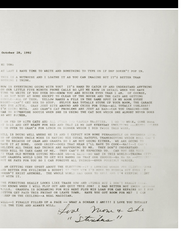
TR: I did that also with a photo of my dad's first time. The way these gestures engage others in their own private dialogues matters a lot to me. I don't know about you but for me one of the largest challenges from my own mother's death was the sudden and biological

IT: We saw a moment and learned to feel pain and constantly speak to the people who loved us. Our children, our friends, our lovers, the dish I gave to my mother, the dog I cuddled and talked on the phone and never listen to me. Victorine is patient, so is looking back, that can be a kind of patience, so it made sense, so it was a kind of patience she showed me. It also stripped the snapshot of its sentimentality, and latent sentimentality, a narrative was present beyond the fields lay among cumulus bales in Victorine's photographs. Her photographs spoiled. I chose them a lot from her remarkable friend photos now that by 2nd, I get it, but I didn't get it then. Victorine's photographs spoiled. They spoiled the idea that there is a beginning, middle and end to a narrative, just like in the world and life. Victorine's photographs, I mean, I get that, even the illustration, dead, we know who they could mean, what a life like that could be, what kind of their really, and that's another thing it's not so much about a personal narrative, is that, but it's like they had that instant more to me, there's certain way of looking at the world and life that is, but that's another thing, and I'm not, I'm not, I'm not being and even judgmental, the actual, you can talk about everything with adults that always with some of those people? You know, they don't listen to that. Ok? You could get there with you, but there, pure geometry of spirit and engagement with another. I wish I had, I wish that, but, I'm, but I'm, not even, and I'm, I'm, I'm,

experienced that feeling of something being taken from us after sex, even good sex, and especially when your young and it's new, you wonder what just happened, what is the responsibility now, what's changed? Sex is also an invitation to lose yourself, the French describe a female orgasm as "a little death" for a moment your dead the pleasure is so unintellectual and purely physical at it's height, but there are other shades of responsibility, maybe after sex you now have to be more present in someone's life. You don't have to, you could get up and leave and that's it and that happens all the time, sex can be just fun too I don't think it always has to mean so much, but I think the seeds of losing yourself are always there heterosexual or homosexual, male or female it doesn't matter. And that moment I describe when I decided to blow up my life, that was a sexy moment, let go, die to yourself and your life and become something else, somehow death can be a gateway to something sexy like that, it's not just mournful. I felt this the second I heard that my mother died, there was this intense double feeling of terrible grief and yet an oncoming lightness and sense of possibility. After she died and I let go of everything I had to keep doing it over and over, I had to keep letting go, letting go of who I thought I was, suddenly you didn't go to New York City to be an artist you went to Painesville Ohio you got down into your own dirt into your real self, you stopped being ashamed of your life, you did things that actually made you happy, you spent time with people you really cared about, you stopped trying to impress, I simply became who it was I always was anyway, Like the title of a book of interviews with David Foster Wallace "of course in the end you become yourself". This is becoming a jumbled up mass of thoughts, I should stop, but yeah Duchamp he's king, we all have to find a way to kill that guy, but he started it. "Fuck off" he seemed to say. It's art because I say it is.







Crackle and Drag

TR ERICSSON: CRACKLE & DRAG
The Cleveland Museum of Art
May 23 – Aug. 23, 2015

All My Love, Always, No Matter What
Harlan Levey Projects
Sept. 10th – Oct. 18th, 2015
www.hl-projects.com

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