

## Preface: On Object-Oriented Writing

This book is the culmination of a method of writing I have been working with for the past several years, a writing that attempts to *inhabit* the object. That is, a writing that positions itself *within* the work of art, while simultaneously including all the contradictions and impossibilities that come embedded within such an approach. Impossible, because of course one can never *go inside* a solid object. What I'm attempting here is a metaphysics of art writing. If need be, the reader of these texts can evaluate each according to its degree of *failure* with regards to the original work, though in the spirit of *creation* – or, to be precise, *re-creation*, the cyclical nature of art's generationing – I have opted to exclude reproductions of the original sculptural works from this project in its various iterations, including the present volume.

It could be suggested that the father of object-oriented writing is the Gertrude Stein of *Tender Buttons*, the mother the Roland Barthes of *Mythologies*. Though object-oriented writing is more likely their aborted fetus, having been revived on a UFO by an extra-dimensional alien race that exists on a plane parallel to our own, and returned to this reality in order to contaminate it.

Unlike criticism, which is always necessarily *about* an object, and unlike poetry, which is *inspired by*, object-oriented writing takes on the task of *being*. As such, another writer's version of these 16 sculptures, selected according to whatever mysterious force drew me to them at various moments in my travels, would and should look very different from my own. This is a vehicle; not a school. I don't believe in definitive statements and I don't believe in endings. There is still so much more to be said and done.

- Travis Jeppesen, Berlin, 7 February 2014