

Marion Llewellyn / EVERYWHERE(?) IS MEMORY!

The current suite of work is directly informed by a braided memory of a childish question and a flight of fancy.

As a child I asked myself where Memory was contained. This became my primary question, one that addled the adults around me. How could they begin to supply a satisfactory answer when all these years later, scientists, despite their profound knowledge of the brain, still cannot pinpoint Memory's exact location?

I grew up deep in the English countryside. Along with my peers I was sent outside to "play" until the next meal time. To amuse ourselves we invariably ran across fields and hillocks and waded through streams and ran more — sometimes for miles. Occasionally, during intermittent rests, I lay on my stomach and scrutinized the wheat, a gnarled tree trunk, a dandelion — anything up close. Inevitably, the world appeared in sharp relief from the macro to micro form. A common activity was holding a leaf up to the light but one particular day I was staggered by its delicate meandering veins, the markings that seemed to signal a recording of an *event*. And each leaf had an original marking of an *event* or a series of *events*, a unique filigree, a divine pattern. At that point I thought, with mild grandiosity, I had the clue to where Memory was contained and preserved — in the veins of a leaf! My magnifier revealed each leaf from the same tree to differ subtly in color, form, line, and texture and consequently I was more or less persuaded.

The Buddhists have intimated that we'd all be better off without Memory. I have challenged this appealing notion believing Memory to be cellular and therefore ubiquitous without precluding autonomous ownership or acknowledgment. Obviously, as a child I didn't have the language to articulate this idea. It was fleeting. It refused to be lassoed and tethered into any child's form of coherence. The suite nevertheless attempts to manifest an

underlying coherence because as an adult I continue to believe Memory to be cellular and not stationed in a specific vicinity. This is a belief as opposed to a theory since I am not *au fait* with cutting edge scientific investigation. In fact, I have consciously avoided any such research — curious as I am. To deny myself this alluring research has been an act of will. In the future, research may precipitate a second suite, a third suite, like a long poem.

I have not made any distinctions between individual, collective, or genetic memory. This too could inform other works, not necessarily created in visual language alone. Rather, I have isolated and recorded a single potent, personal Memory. Hopefully, the viewer will concede a certain transposing or transfiguration and be stimulated to ask other questions. Where is Memory? Is it finite or does it cut across another dimension? Perhaps they will be challenged to come up with their own musings — scientific or otherwise.

Acrylics & spackle on wood

24 by 36 by 3 inches

Photography by Owen Carey, Portland, OR















