

ON THE DELAYED SONGS OF JOAN JONAS

The organic honey dripped over and over  
A veritable vertical roll passing  
down the cone seen from both sides  
A mirage road moving endless loop  
like a drawing erased over and over  
Yet the image remains  
A journey through the volcano into the heart  
The dog with one blue eye howls  
The moon turns to sun  
The heart becomes a bug  
He saw her burning  
But the flames did not damage  
Only a passage  
From good morning to good night  
Dreams of things foreseen  
Questions asked of Basic Nature  
Mirrors reflect the watchers  
Music stops when the needle is lifted  
We are listening to the space remaining  
Beauty and its edge  
Dancing with a skeleton  
Rolling up inside a wooden hoop  
Bird whistles late at night

Winters, Robin. "On the Delayed Songs of Joan Jonas." In *Joan Jonas: Works 1968-1994*, edited by Dorine Mignot, 62. Amsterdam: Stedelijk Museum, 1994.

Sometimes an artist will throw a thought into the whispering pool of our community consciousness. Suddenly everyone has this thought on the tip of their tongue as though it is their original idea. In fact once it is an image freely given in the world, it is public domain. The public has a short and self-serving memory.

The audience is consuming the amalgamation of the latest trend, the popularity contest winners of the moment. So what often happens in art is that the original source is hidden while the imitators become stars. This is because someone has paved the road of ideas and feelings for them. Imitators may also shed light on the original source, for example - The Rolling Stones representing American black blues music.

Joan Jonas is an original source. Her influence can be seen reflected in another generation's, activities in object making, performance, installation, film, video etc. This is not to say that the current generation's is merely imitative. In fact this is not the case. It is more an inheritance of possibilities - a language developed and passed down.

Joan Jonas is responsible for developing and extending this language - full of movements and images culled from our archetypal myths and dreams - for all of us.

Thank you Joan for the gifts which you keep on giving.

Robin Winters  
Cooks Falls, New York, 1994

Robin Winters

Juniper Tree, Joan Jonas' loft, New York 1978

