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History and Theory Graduate Studio 1995-1997 Catalogue

Prosthetic for a Lost Love

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There are still souls for whom love is the contact of two poetries, the fusion of two reveries. The epistolary novel expresses love in a beautiful emulation of images and metaphors. To tell a love, one must write. One never writes too much. How many lovers, upon returning home from the tenderest of rendezvous, open their writing desks! Love is never finished expressing itself, and it expresses itself better the more poetically it is dreamed. [\(note 1\)](#)

A prosthetic device artificially replaces a physical loss. Thus, a prosthetic for a lost love can be imagined poetically as an attempt to replace a love lost. The narrative of this prosthetic was developed through the making of three working drawings that depict the relationship between body and machine. The first is an investigation of personal body memory and simple machinery. The second drawing studied body image and mass production. The final working drawing explored the scientific body and information culture. Combined, the three evolved into a simple story written as a series of letters...

Dearest love,

I write this letter knowing you will never read it. In doing this I hope to once and for all escape the impossible myself. I returned everything that passed between us, including your letters. You, though cut from my visible present, I still feel.

This prosthetic device I'm making with objects we shared will never replace you. I wish only that, for a brief instant, it might replace the time passed after us, with something of the space once between us...

Running my fingers over the broken vinyl seat
Reveries of a summer weekend for two lovers unfold...

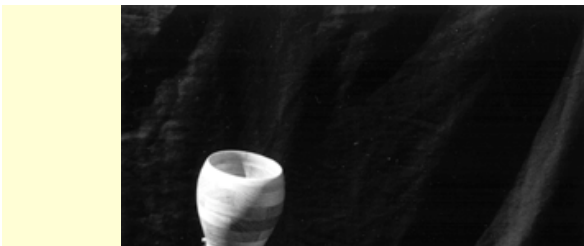
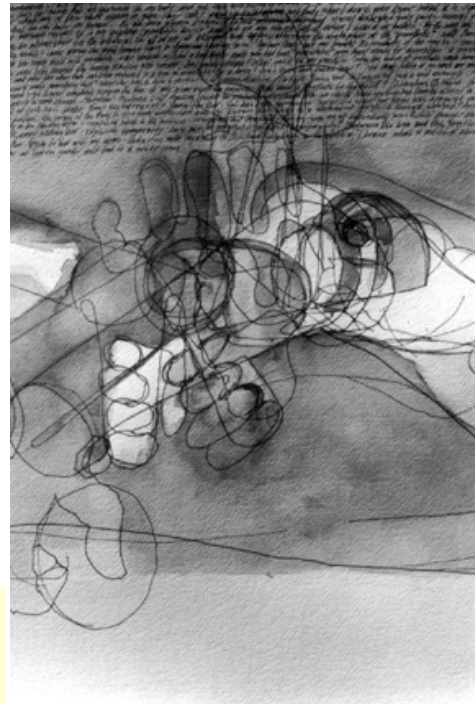
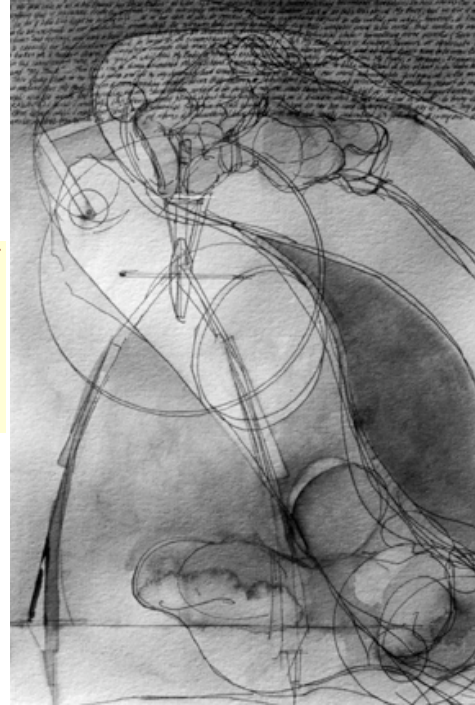
A small foldable stool once again seats you
The Spanish guitar rests upon your thigh
I stare through our many difficulties
At the wooden support breaking between

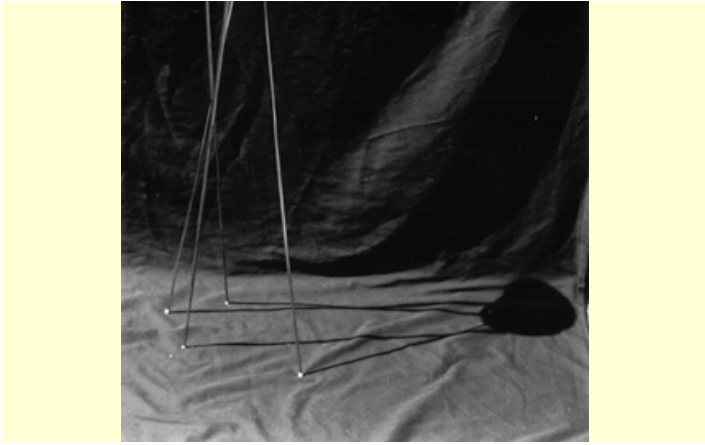
The rowboat at midnight in the centre of the lake
Within your water I play the gondolier
Only close to shore the oar breaks
Isolated we are left only with a handle

Your fear of spiders is subsided
Upon the realization that daddy long legs are harmless
Spindly legs are severed leaving only four
Since no spider can walk on three

Three holes in each letter mark three years
Two book covers for two months
Within lie fourteen letters for fourteen days that are unfinished
Still

A wake
Working drawings exposed above
I'll wear the prosthetic in a gallery surrounded by wooden spiders
And struggle to explain your letters...





Notes:

1. Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Reverie*, tr. Daniel Russell (Boston: Beacon Press 1969), 7-8.