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## Foreword - Summer 2025

A simple reflection on how language is used to describe art, and describe the meaning of art to others. In a world that has made so much beautiful progress towards the un-empowerment of labels and assumed identifiers, we have somehow come full circle and begun to re-stress and re-institutionalize identifiers onto others, which, at the end of the day, only show us how truly cyclical humanity is through our quote-unquote progress.

As I determine to remind us through this writing, there is an old saying: "the devil is in the details." To hell with details, as that is where the devil belongs. And in our modern society we have "no room" for icons, details, sayings, or devils.

Are Art?

Art

A reflection of what is called art, as encountered at Wayne State University

Wyatt Thiry, Spring 2025

I had learned from reading Merleau-Ponty over this past year that language, in effect, cannot actually describe anything. We can only use language to erect a series of equivalences, and thus can only describe things in means of the observable similarity or difference to other things that are somehow easier to classify (or at least appear that way). Regardless of our agreement (or lack thereof) with Merleau-Ponty's ideas, it proves a useful exercise to think empathetically for a moment and to ~~jjjjkkkkjjjj~~ take his words as truth. What a confusing reality this would be. We would find ourselves in a collective state of confusion, across all aspects of life which language permeates (which, from my limited understanding, is at every aspect in which language is used as a means of classification.) We would be unsure of which politicians to trust, what media to trust around our children, etc. Everyone would be a lawyer, attempting to convince the jury of their peers to align with their proposed truths, utilizing and twisting the both explicit and implicit bodies and canons of language-law which we all use for daily function but only the lawyers of us can understand and manipulate.

We would attend art institutions and encounter a vast majority which wishes only to DEFINE art through professionalism and jargon, and assumes that due to some hierarchical standing within said institution that they hold the answers and they get to choose who ~~even~~ converses with the oracle.

But, thankfully, we are only imagining Merleau-Ponty's supposed truth and are in no way asking ourselves how we allowed the world to become like this in the first place.

To be perfectly clear, language is not the enemy, neither are the peep people who use it. ~~Language was~~ We would have ourselves believe that we have enemies at all. Maybe the belief in a supreme and overarching enemy is in some way a comfort. It could be another form of escapism to further remove ourselves from the grim far future. The reliance on a supposed enemy seems to have existed as long as we have, though. Maybe we are all just as confused as our distant genetic ancestors who ~~steed-en-twe-legs~~ realized they could stand on two legs for the first time and ~~whe~~ unaware of what to do with this new found strength.

I will not go into detail on what this has to do with my experience of art inside of Wayne State University, as the devil (as they say) is in the details. We've concluded through this writing together that we don't need him for shit.