

A Priori Vision:
The Transcendence of Pre-ontological Sight
The disparity of externalizing the internal architecture of creation
by
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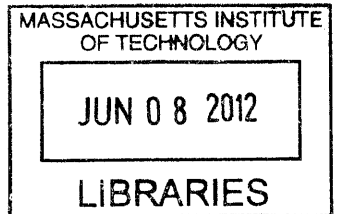
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Abstract

The completion of any visual work is not an arrival, but furthered from the origin, the inner plane of perspective, which is so readily lent from the context of communicating the seemingly coded space from which I am inspired. The closest visual language within my grasp to elucidate my inquiries and to extend the physical works into a shared plane of seeing is through prose. This exploration of my research through the coupling of visual works, contextualized through the lens of allegory, furthers my understandings to communicate the inconsistencies in visual articulation. The prose in this case will not be treated as a literary work but as an extension of pre-conscious vision around which my practice has centered. When we read, we activate both a consciously aware state and the pre-conscious workings of our memories, this internal plane where perspective can be realized as a special architecture without form. While writing has the potential to motivate all of the senses, I use it in an attempt to restore the *concrete* to its original state; the internalized presence of its dimension. I am captivated by a kind of site I cannot clearly articulate with words or works, but there is a clarity, which may be revealed through the parallel pursuit that I will here explore. I would like to see this work as a map of multiple dimensions, a set of architectures that together elucidate a whole.

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For Elizabeth, who has given me freedom to see.

There are places that contain you,
There are corners in your soul,
There are plastic laminations
In your life.
But when you're on the inside
Of the outside of your thought,
Do they restrain,
Or do you stay yourself?

Now the inside of the near place
Is outside of the far,
But you can only face your space one way.
You're really in the middle
of the inside of yourself.

Ralph Endersby, 1969

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Introduction

What is most difficult to explain becomes evidenced in the determination to see. We envision what is not accessible to us, and when it is manifest, the only way to maintain interest is to envision beyond that; a constantly renewed perspective of identity. We use our eyes in order to see with our minds, and only through the expression of externalizing work have I begun to realize the deeply impactful presence of an internal sight which I cannot quite grasp: The deep disparity between internal vision and the external world.

The eye, model or manifest, plays catalyst to the senses. For me, *a gateway*, separating the external world of object, surface, and time, which opens upon an interior architecture of sight, a myriad of internal geometries supporting an unseen city without dimension. *Light* which spreads and extends inward, illuminates a populated complexity of interactions in tandem, in a di-rhythmical motion playing into the periphery of an ever upward build, a city, a plan, a dimension of vision which I ultimately project back onto the world. The whole of visual events seldom surface from deep underpinnings carried within the recess of our minds, a fragility of understanding, which I endeavor toward a constant.

Through my work the complex domain of visual perception cannot be illuminated by a static set of facts, proven or dis-proven through scientific theorems, nor approached as a purely psychological endeavor. Our place relative to time, opposition to color, shape, form and the experiential expression of navigating a visual world of unknowns, confirms or dismisses a coalescing of expression; the cognitive representation of being. The tactile world of the senses compromise a sense of reality populated within the emotional and psychological constructs of our encounters. Vision; to see, to create, to react, to conform are all evidences of our use of knowledge inherent in the process of learning, causally restrained as the singular perspective within the bodies of our reaching, and access to a world through thought, through the senses, of sensing; of an, *inner sight*, I explore.

Methodologies

The aim of this thesis is to introduce the reader to an allegorical setting whose constructs contextualize the visual works considered. The fictionalization of characters and events offer a range of perspectives, each of which addressing dimensions of specific works illustrating analytical principles to be applied in context and followed with a discussion at the end of each chapter bringing into dialogue (not only within the context of any single work) but to generate a focus, the meaning of which can be applied throughout this thesis as a theoretical narrative. The criterion for choosing the setting, characterization, and interaction in each allegory is not to impose a strict linear interpretation nor to impose formulaic stylization, but to enable the reader to explore the potentials, by fragment or by whole, an illumination of the meaning applied to the works they contextualize. The theoretical framework for these pieces considers writers and thinkers whose perspectives have heavily influenced my perspective on perception and the recognition of the space separating the material world in all of its forms. Sigmund Freud elucidates the functionality of the unconscious to contend in the formation of shaping actions and perception

while Marxism determines our perception or 'view' of the real through our capacity to exist through ideology. Ferdinand de Saussure postulates a system of signs such that the individual never encounters the real world, experience are only mediated by them, while Friedrich Nietzsche treats reality as the 'unknowable void' and all attempts to understand the external world are merely internalized projections. The application of these thoughts formalizes a narrative thread to introduce my practice, however not limited to them. Albert Einstein in his theory of relativity recognized that our perspectives and perception of the macro-physical world are dependant and determined by our position relative to them, while on the other hand Werner Heisenberg treats the micro-physical world with the postulation that the act of perceiving ultimately alters the perceived. While many of these theories are classical examples to other ends, such as linguistics and phenomenology as a treatment of consciousness, I recognize a common concern which I strive toward an understanding through the development of my practice: the disparity of externalizing the internal architecture of creation, which approaches a deeper personal exploration

of an indefinable drive to question vision and the processes internal and external to the deconstruction of objects as they materialize into concrete form as a maker and active agent in the world of the senses. The completion of any visual work is not an arrival, but furthered from the origin, the inner plane of perspective, which is so readily lent from the context of communicating the seemingly coded space from which I am inspired. The closest visual language within my grasp to elucidate my inquiries and to extend the physical works into a shared plane of seeing is through prose. This exploration of my research through the coupling of visual works, contextualized through the lens of allegory, furthers my understandings to communicate the inconsistencies in visual articulation. The prose in this case will not be treated as a literary work but as an extension of pre-conscious vision around which my practice has centered. When we read, we activate both a consciously aware state and the pre-conscious workings of our memories, this internal plane where perspective can be realized as a special architecture without form. While writing has the potential to motivate all of the senses, I use it to restore the physical presence of a visual work to its original state. That is not to say that these works are incomplete, but rather to admit the inability to find completion in the concrete. In this way, these two perspectives, in inversion to one another, complement the coupled inward/outward expression of vision and its inconsistencies as an internal plane of geometries.

The Non-Conceptual Content of Experience

Ballard's Giant

Mechanical World Clock



Ballard's Giant

*O*ften when I am creating, a complete vision is present before any materiality comes into form. The moment of externalizing with a medium, the act of creating with external architectures, becomes a deconstruction of the internal one, the dream is lost.

The wholeness in the visual creation is not a singularity of vision, but of a deeper less accessible platform of experience, one heavily formed before the act of seeing introduces a new knowledge back onto the world. We cannot escape maintaining a singular perspective in relation to the sensory world about us, regardless of the complexity of mode, representation, and format of anything with which we are presented. The visual arts are explicit in confirming a singularity, however their exploration points toward a hyper-spectral presence of understanding mitigated by our limited capacity, or rather the coded plane of perspective to fully access ones' self.

As a work is completed, there is almost nothing left of the vision. It has lost its context in the concrete, and somehow the external environment makes mundane the beauty, the overwhelming visual presence that it had maintained before, and the

struggle from which it was inspired.

When I am not externalizing, I do not see anything. The very act of making is the failure of vision. Tim Crane, the Knightbridge Professor of Philosophy at the University College, London, asks "To what extent do our beliefs about the world affect what we see? Our beliefs certainly affect where we choose to look, but do they affect what we see when we look there?"¹ Mechanical Arms is an exploration of this disparity, bringing into context elements from my childhood experience addressing the perceived mechanics of visual translation from the external to the internal architecture of mechanical fragility of a failing system. This for me is deeply connected. To look in a mirror, I cannot recognize the perspective of my features as a perseverance of identity, nor the paths or context in which I move through in a shared physical domain of vision, but there are moments when envisioning through constructing [works], experienced visually inward, in which I recognize a semblance of identity, recognition, a full expression! Even if for a moment, an unfolding of externalized geometries, which are familiar, but disappear into Goethe's Ether. My interest in vision

1. Tim Crane, "The Nonconceptual Content of Experience." *The Contents of Experience*. Cambridge: The University of Cambridge Press, 1992. 136.

comes from this: a deep desire to understand what *is* this remote space, which occupies vision, which is isolating and freeing, one not reliant upon the eye. In this way the exploration of creating a semblance of the inner contexts, which inspire my work, can be approached through the lens of abstracted personal narrative functioning as a new plane of perspective in parallel to this performance. I question the modes of representation physical works can induce having first existed without physical form. I return to the words of Crane:

The claim that experiences have nonconceptual contents is a familiar one in recent philosophy of perception. But what does the claim really mean? Saying that an experience has a content that does not 'involve' concepts is, as yet, too vague. We need to know more about concepts, contents and the notion of a mental state 'involving' concepts before we can really understand the claim.²

I very rarely recognize the authorship of my expression, however there are moments of clarity, which are undeniable, sparking an internal vision, which is illuminating.

The whale has always held a sense of mystery. Blue whale. The largest and least known creature

of the deep. Through it I am reconciled with memories from my past, the magic of discovery in a youth disembodied an old Buick abandoned down the hill, from the cabin I grew up in, with a hammer. Each layer of removal explored through this narrative exposes a desire to understand the role *envisioning* plays in a transcendence of space and time, only made possible through a reconciliation of the inward architecture of projected vision, and the outward failure of transport it to a different domain, one in the world of the senses, one freed from the reality I was exposed, or withheld from. World Clock, introduces the building blocks, if in essence, to the space from which I position myself, in the work, Mechanical Arms: the inability to grasp the wholeness of a functioning system of envisioning a world beyond his grasp by transposing certain elements of its decay outward through individual mechanical components, structured through the performative actions in the piece. A frustrated articulation toward my inability to understand a system beyond my grasp, and the extension of visions Omas lives through in the pictorial representations he imagines through experiencing the images of his geographics. The characterization of the individual components, both in the physical work, and the prose, gives a glimpse, not directly to my personal narrative, but to the energy or embodiment of failure to attain individual goals set out in each. The piece Mechanical Arms, is built around a structure which investigates and

2. Crane, 1992. 138.

questions my position to failing vision as a set of characters. It is a performance of dialogues, each component commenting on one another through a frustrated action, one that reaches a mechanical limit, each in turn dissolving into silence, a stillness which is permanent, the inevitability of losing sight through the destruction of its functionality in frenetic action. My youth, filled with visions of an outer world, confront a critical commentary, in retrospect, to a new reality

The architecture:

A projected video: A blue whale washes upon a shore, to the onlookers and scientists present it dominates their attention. The desire to understand how it came to be there, inanimate, raises cause for investigation, a dissection. What understandings can be gained from revealing its inner workings? A bifurcated section can be seen, torn away from the side of the animal facing the camera. The precision of the cuts, the hooks and lines underlie the calculated manner of its evisceration, even while the massive hulk of its body betrays the grace of its living form. The film is in black and white, reducing the disparity between the beast and its inquisitors to flickers of shadow. I read a story once about a giant, washed up dead on an unnamed shore:

My companions and I walked around the seaward side of the giant, whose hips and thorax towered above us like the hull of a stranded ship. His pearl-colored skin, distended by

immersion in salt water, masked the contours of the enormous muscles and tendons. We passed below the left knee, which was flexed slightly, threads of damp seaweed clinging to its sides. Draped loosely across the midriff, and preserving a tenuous propriety, was a shawl of heavy open-weave material, bleached to a pale yellow by the water. A strong odor of brine came from the garment as it steamed in the sun, mingled with the sweet, potent scent of the giant's skin. ... What I found so fascinating was partly his immense scale, the huge volumes of space occupied by his arms and legs, which seemed to confirm the identity of my own miniature limbs, but above all, the mere categorical fact of his existence. Whatever else in our lives might be open to doubt, the giant, dead or alive, existed in an absolute sense, providing a glimpse into a world of similar absolutes of which we spectators on the beach were such imperfect and puny copies.³

A soundtrack is scored for the found footage, and is overscored during the performance [see Plate 0, Page 13]. A recording discovered on a 6 inch disc of my Great Grandfather's voice learning to use a new recording machine for the first time (discovered in the casing of his record lathe) from the early thirties. A voice disembodied from the stories and images I have come to know; his only record. An experiment and archive of his pursuit through his inability to 3. J.G. Ballard, "The Drowned Giant."

master the machine [his speech speeds and slows and comes in and out of focus] only now accessible as an interior architecture of a space we cannot see.

A man sits in a chair in darkness at a distance to the screen. His eyes attuned only to what he sees directly in front of him.

Connected to the man's head are Neurostimulators, which amplify the Alpha, Beta, and Gamma waves surrounding the visual cortex of the brain. Each independent signal is filtered from the rest of his brain actively and sent to a different mechanical device, which are animated by the signal through magnetic motor coils. Each mechanical device represents a different aspect of the visual information received from watching the video of the dissection, a connection to the blue Buick from Omas' youth [Fig. 6]. One of the three mechanical characters is an armature, which through receiving a signal from the visual cortex advances the video frame by frame, a closed loop [Fig. 1] (observing the video advances the video). I am reminded of Heisenberg's supposition:

The act of measuring an electron's properties by hitting it with gamma rays would alter the electron's behavior. Indeed, you could measure the position of an electron (or other particle) OR you could measure its momentum. But the more precisely you measure one property, the

more you throw the other off. He tied this up in an equation using Planck's constant, and called it the uncertainty principle.⁴

The second mechanical armature, set at some distance, represents an arm, modeled after the physiology of the man's reach. The arm scribes in a book with a pen animated by the signal it receives; a rewriting of a journal written over the man's travels with the failing signals of his vision [the realization Omas explores through the degradation of the imaginative plane of vision. A vision he is confronted with through the advancement of his *Geographics*: "Bright candied photographs and thin shiny paper slowly replaced real writing, and the world got smaller, Africa died, and whales were reduced to those fought over by Green Peace crusaders defending rubber boats, wearing everything made of plastic" [see page 22]. The third mechanical character triangulates the other two, which point toward the man. It is a phonograph without a record, the signal scribes onto the turntable without affect. As the video advances the motions of the characters becomes more frenetic as the whale is opened. *In other words, the perceptual apparatus of the man's brain in response to viewing the film, i.e. the physio-electromagnetic stimulation generated by the very act of neurological activity itself, is the very motor that drives the motion of the characters.*

4. "A Science Odyssey: People and Discoveries / Werner Heisenberg 1901-1976"

The characters move at a frenetic pace. The arm inscribes with a pen far too large to make any recognizable figures which a reader may glean for some insight as to the content of its thoughts.

The book it writes upon is not its own, but belongs to the man. It is filled with his notes, written in a careful hand, filling page upon page with script.

The parchment pages are thin, almost biblical in their weightlessness. They and their charge, the words and words written by the man, cannot equal the frantic writing of the arm and its massive pen.

While the man watches the film, the arm pours its movements and ink into the book. A shiny blackness spreads over and through the pages.

Constructions that deconstruct: The inability for interior architectures to be externalized. Action of mechanical failure. The second character resembles a phonograph. The reception of visual information drives a small wooden disc, where an invisible record is silently spun by the machinations of the neurostimulator apparatus. The large paper cone rising above invites spectators to bend their heads, their necks, their bodies downward. They crane themselves down to listen.

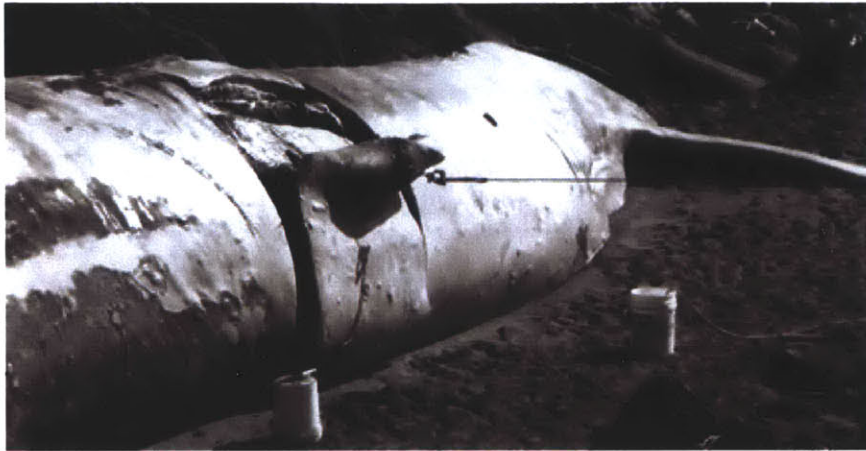
As the machine holding the pen does not write a word, the phonograph cannot record, but is heard as if distant and falling off into silence.

The last machine is the holder of a pen, poised above the “forward” button to a keyboard controlling the advance of the projected film: a “play-response-play” feedback mechanism: the man watching the

film emits, through his act of perceiving, electromagnetic pulses, which power the character, which pushes the pen, which pushes the button, which plays the film.

micro...micro...micro...micro/ That first one was very unsatisfactory..now im talking in a slow tone of voice-and sitting right close to the microphone----now this is another test uh standing about five feet from the microphone--only one microphone hooked on, and im reading from readers digest..william pike had stopped school/ - - -going out into the mysteries of the world around them-mayteriesoftheworldaroundthem-mysteriosoftheworldaroundthem especially when there is much, when there is such an urgent need for future scientists in America today

...william pole, a lively little man living in retirement in Florida and known as - to boys and girls as uncle Bill as an answer./--- And now testing with the other microphone, and still only have one hooked up. im uh, now in the diningroom, about eh.. oh fifteen feet away..talking in a normal tone of voice and eh walking towards the microphone. as i approach the microphone -im talking in a lower tone of voice/. this recording is being made with a microphone that has eh number of small holes in the center and eh now im about fifteen feet away from the microphone standing in the dinning room and eh, approaching the microphone and as i do, I Iowa my voice.. with eh both microphones hooked up., standing eh at the dinning room table, facing the recorder approaching and talking in the same tone of voice and now i see the flash plainer than I did at a distance, ./ now eh i'm using one microphone, this time the one with the larger holes in the center.. standing at the dinning room table i can see no flash now walking up towards the recorder and in this tone of voice I now see the flash when .eh i'm about five feet.. from... The machine/-----now switching again to the microphone with the small holes and walking around the room to the bathroom door with my back to the recorder,.. now going into the dinning room, facing the other way, and e h, at this distance i see no flash..i'm walking up and i still, and NOW I see the flash when Im about six feet away.-/ with the large holes, i'm walking to the dinning room table and now with my back facing the other way and eh..walking slowly talking in a fairly low tone of voice.--./ HE had contracted bonds on his cabin to show that the warrant description could apply to nearby buildings, bonds said that Tate's cabin was at the end of a gravel road, and beside a parking bench were so clearly designated. the affidavit said the search warrant was for some place of business. There was some sort of red vending machine on the front porch, bonds said. Oklahoma constitution protects citizens from unreasonable search, but only to detain building along Koogie creek was searched, asserted the court judge pointed out. -----The claims eh at council was wise suspending 2 million dollar.. was wise spending 2 million dollars of city fund, says editorials wrongs and totals on bonds surplus., work on water system, three new fire trucks, approved by session....---- the defence attorney david Reed claimed the search warrant used to find the whiskey was illegal.....-----



[Fig. 1] Whale



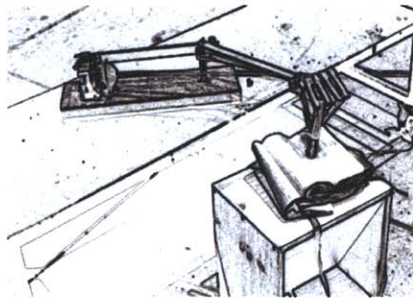
[Fig. 2] Push Button



[Fig. 3] No Record



[Fig. 4] Performance still, *Ballard's Giant*



[Fig. 5] Scribe

Mechanical World Clock



Mechanical World Clock

Airplanes enormously distant in some rare altitude silently traced geometric vapors. They were beautiful in their aluminum riveted skins, silence, and clean perfection. There was nothing between paled sky and high summer growth. The only atmospheres cleaved by flight were children's feet chasing those tin gods through the wood, rough with uncertain turbulence, on empty lungs, bruised soles and the inevitable escape of what they prayed would crash. Their trails would twist and fray beyond the southern slope. Slingshot and pellet fire were youthful admissions. If they could have made one crash, Omas wanted to fix it and make it into something.

The nearest peaks were steep and broad. At their bases, ravines filed out in low streams whose banks were littered with Bacuri and mosses. The groves, which bore the yellow pulpy fruit, smelled rare. Something about the atmosphere or the walk to get there from home made Miguel, the oldest, always need to pee. Freedom. Freedom if there was early fog. You could walk knee deep in damp Mamoncillo leaves and your feet would slip over the hard green fruits without making sound. If the fog was dense and the needled branches still clung in beaded mist, it was a good time to hunt things not made of metal.

The mechanical world clock is from 1959. Blue paint oceans and pink-
puce continents driven by a motor, suspended in a wooden frame, move
numbers through small rectangular windows recycling time. Major
countries out of Africa and small Islands off the Pacific float in poor
fluorescence. America is dark. The illuminated glass map of the world
glowed blue/pink. It reminded Omas of the soft carbide lamp his father
would sweat under repairing his instruments. Memories that made the
world seem obscure and time sad.

The middle-aged father never knew how intimidating his expression
was, squinting to see without glasses. At age 5, Omas swore to never
have his father's heavy brow. Lazaro moved his family from the capital
to his childhood home after the youngest was born, making his commute
to the university trying, and life for his wife impossible. For the next 17
years, once every twelve months, on trash day, the children filed into a
blue jittery suburban and emerged from the canyon as a family. The
Chevrolet had been gutted to haul wood and pulled a trailer built from
the bed and axils of a 1940's ford. The thought of gasoline and sap will
forever be tight clothes, springy bench seats, and Lita's perfume.

Omas saw the first western images to come out of the Congo Basin in 8
black and white plates printed in a journal from an expedition in the late
30's. Those heavily articulated *Geographics* were his only contact to an outside
world; a world broadcast to the rest of them on a single television station
airing dubbed Andy Griffith shows and political announcements. An
image of a giant armadillo breaking beyond the edge of a dense primal
forest of ferns and monkey trees never could have been aired, in

color, on channel 13. Africa was a real jungle. A child in the eighties brought up on humid rotting ideas from the twenties. Remote from his university, Lazaro practiced clarinet relentlessly in the heat, and at night giant moths sputtered and burned acrid in the gas lamps. Always solos to perform for the Distrito Federal symphony orchestra, of which he was principal, politically sound, and out of tune. Watching TV under Prokofiev's Hebrew themes was unbearable at home. His wife, Lita, made a new life of a world without running water, and cried from the floods in the wet season. Omas' sisters, Amina and Maia learned to cook over a charcoal stove, begged their father to buy them candy dots on wax paper, and had no idea who to marry. The brothers dreamt of escape and built lightening rods that never worked.

The world was hemmed-in on the west by The Giant Sleeping Indian covered with snow. The south fell flat, an extinct ocean. The sun, rising from as far east as Guyana, made mornings forgettable in purples and oranges. Miguel taught Omas to walk barefoot over stones and needles and early green cones on that tract of land above the road. Only their father's tire tracks lay slunk in the mud winding away. He taught him silence, taught him to listen, to control the heart. It is where the ground beetles laid their eggs and the Tinamou would come through with the fog from the south. Roll from the heel and along the outer edge of your foot, so it unfolds soft. You didn't want the needles to break; the birds would scare, and did. Stones cut and bruised deeply Omas' young soles. He wanted to cut the imagined mealy spots out with a knife, like the soft bruises on an apple. The olive-brown birds fed on beetle larva no bigger

than the steal bearings he and his older brother Edil salvaged from the dead Buick. Omas hunted the birds until he was 8, and stopped when he had to clean them alone. A handful of opalescence taught into a cool October morning.

Miguel was 12 years older and drew colored pencil sketches of nearly naked girls wearing bandanas. He kept them hidden in his closet, stole kool-Aid packets, ate them without sugar, and used Vaseline on everything. When Omas was eight he overheard Miguel tell a girl on the phone he had to pee, and felt a crippling shame. The dying idol hung up and moved away on a motorcycle he'd been working on for years.

Edil had poor skin; it peeled on his cheeks and elbows. His straight black hair was cropped across his forehead. His eyes were almost green and his teeth were always yellow. He and Omas traded everything, to their advantages, and became close after Miguel went in search of California. Each, in turn, owned the same industrial, four-foot, paper tube many times. They always felt they were trading up. The tube was a currency beyond value and was only second to the Buick sedan that had been abandoned near the house in the fifties. A hammer, one pair of vise grips missing the mainspring, and a giant rusted nail made up their tools. They stored them carefully in a dented metal box painted red. Every day, for years, they worked together to beat the hell out of the wheel-less car half sunken in the earth with their hammer. The entire car came a part. A pile of chrome bumpers light fixtures handles trim. The dash and rubber interior parts sat in a pile removed, and

rotted in the sun. Slowly, pieces of the engine came off and went into a special pile, safe from the rain, beneath a tree. The carburetor's butterfly valve was irreplaceably bent by a blow, of which Omas was accused. They were trying to fix it, the car, and talked about making it into a submarine and a helicopter [Fig. 6]. The most prized piece was ultimately, and delicately, freed by hammer: an AM Stereo. Omas held it first and then idolised it on a stump. They admired their work only to discover a spider's nest inside. Without a thought Edil smashed it beyond recognition. A pile of strings and a red dial-arm death. Both were sad for years. Blue car. Blue whale without a clearcoat. Vaseline had to be rubbed into their skin and left to soak for hours to get the grease and oxidized paint off every week. They had to sit on the porch without their shirts and listen, in stifling heat, to faint major scales turn minor, to Dorian, and finally the tenuous threads would vaporize into Phrygian arpeggios unstable in every key. Flying insects would die on their sticky brown skin. The last moment they spent with the car was the day they pounded through the floorboards into the transmission cowl to find the remains of a man, skull smashed, long since decayed, buried beneath a car without tires. Omas was never the same. Edil told him it was his fault, made Omas swear not to tell, threatened him, to keep his mouth shut, or they would take him away to,.. Trinidad. Three days passed before Edil came laughing to his younger brother to tell him it was only a dog. Omas didn't seem to hear. He took him by the arm and drug him back to the blue carcass to show him. Omas didn't seem to understand. He fell sick and silent in what his parents thought was

dysentery, for months. Omas never traded the tube again. The hammer went to the dump that year hidden among the trash and Edil's sorrow turned into bitter resentment towards his silent brother.

The *National Geographics* came from a real estate auction. Lita asked her husband to give them to Omas. He argued their value, a collection from 1908 up until the late seventies, hesitated, sweated, and put all the boxes in the kitchen for his son leaving earlier than usual for the symphony without a word. They became his prize possessions. Only he knew Mercedes sold a straight twelve-cylinder limo, in 1927, for three hundred dollars, and how fine an automatic Hamilton tank watch truly was, just after the second war. Omas lived in the jungles of Venezuela with Berlin youth chanting mantras about Mongolian nightlife, and fled to the Ganges to collect silk worms with Genghis Khan. He celebrated freedom as the Germans fell, and at the top of the igneous formations untouched for a billion years, were two thousand new species of orchid, it rained constantly somewhere in Venezuela. Bright candied photographs and thin shiny paper slowly replaced real writing and the world got smaller, Africa died, and whales were reduced to those fought over by Green Peace crusaders, defending rubber boats, wearing everything made of plastic.

The outside world comes to you. It is a recycling timeline. Midnight slowly moves across the board and Omas cannot sleep with the sun rising in Japan. He bought the clock from a bank going out of business in Mexico City. It looked new and was the only thing on the empty

walls of his room. The thought of flying machines and hammers still made his bowels loosed and sparked migraines. It had been years since he had thought about the magazines or how much he resented his father for moving them all into his dreams. When he was old enough to realize he could move away, he did, in search of the images in his Geographics. Omas discovered how small reality was: Mexico City. The world: A map on the wall blinking with tiny lights. The smell of burning moths fills the darkness and he slept. Scales cannot be perfect. You could still go anywhere. Return to a world within, one you have touched. His feet slipped easily over the small un-ripened fruit buried beneath the leaves, and for a moment he knew Ballard's giant:

The two children had now scaled the ear and were pulling themselves into the right orbit, whose blue globe, completely occluded by some milk-colored fluid, gazed sightlessly past their miniature forms. Seen obliquely from below, the face was devoid of all grace and repose, the drawn mouth and raised chin propped up by gigantic slings of muscles resembling the torn prow of a colossal wreck. For the first time I became aware of the extremity of this last physical agony of the giant, no less painful for his unawareness of the collapsing musculature and tissues.⁵

With a former practice deeply embedded in photographic techniques I was drawn to the camera as representative of vision. The cameras

5. J.G. Ballard. "The Drowned Giant."

ability to stop an image and maintain an external record of color, form, context to be revived of an instant in a perspective to be inwardly projected. The illusion of the photograph has quietly stepped from my interest, as being insufficient, giving rise to a deeper experience which is temporal, questioning the corporeal world of events explored through performance, sculpture, and interaction with the mind. The static nature of the photograph is an external clue, which evokes an inward sight and a determination to see for a time when the eye cannot act as an agent to the world of forms. The subtleties of how I interact with a world of sight as an identity to vision, confront new visual experience, a deeper recessed form, to outwardly express. The natural forms with which I am surrounded influence the creation of fictional architectures, in an attempt to unravel an internal perspective of recognition to the reader.

The eye is often described as like a camera, but it is the quite uncamera-like features of perception which are the most interesting. How is information from the eyes coded into neural terms, into the language of the brain, and reconstituted into experience of surrounding objects? The task of eye and brain is quite different from either a photographic or a television camera converting objects merely into images. There is a temptation, which must be avoided, to say the eyes produce pictures in the brain. A picture in the brain suggests the need for some kind of internal eye to see it-but this would need a further eye to see *its* picture...and so on in an endless regress of eyes

and pictures. This is absurd. What the eyes do is to feed the brain with information coded into neural activity - chains of electrical impulses - which by their code and the patterns of brain activity, represent objects. We make take an analogy from written language: the letters and words on this page have certain meanings, to those who know the language. They affect the reader's brain appropriately, but they are not pictures. when we look at something, the pattern of neural activity represents the object and to the brain *is* the object. No internal picture is involved.⁶

It started with the eye, so from here we depart. For years my vision has been in the decline. All necessary forms of denial applied, lived, challenged, resisted, registered, and yet I see even less. In the end the photograph taught me how to not see at all, images cannot make concrete, and even less fulfill the desire to question the realities of expression. Losing vision is freedom to see, something to roll about the mouth and mull over, a simple node, and a point of perspective to a wider, more beautiful registration of expression, than I was prepared to understand. Unspoken truths too silent to pull against deaf ears depart, and I am remembered to my youth and returned to a sense of wonder, an internal plane of perspective to explore: a boy kneeling over the edge of a pond peering into a microcosmic universe somehow too distant to

6. R.L. Gregory. *Eye and Brain: The Psychology of Seeing*. McGraw, New York. 1979.

touch, as inaccessible to be lived in, kept only through the imagination of the eyes and a long stick to poke around the edges of crayfish burrows as minnows flit beyond sight into the infinite.

The origins of an evolution of thought grow from the precepts of a generalized understanding, one that is bolstered from *all* experience without conscious classification of identity. There is no distinction in field or medium before a moment of clarity, the spark, the epiphany! which drives the mind toward a realization to be externalized, formulated, experimented tested and ultimately adopted into a critical context through the physical manifestation of form. From such a kernel all endeavors coalesce and grow, and ultimately find expression and failure through my work as a maker touching even slightly on a world beyond my grasp revealing the disparity separating the architecture of vision and the world of object.



[Fig. 6] Blue Buick

The Argument From Descending Pathways

Glitch

-

*Kessler and the Organs
of Digestion*



Glitch

As we deliver moments from one to the next we are borne of an inclination toward a greater understanding. We know this as learning. One moment beset the next. Without the temporality of those very elements we come to understand as place and time there is little left for our searching. We cannot equate a deeper rational for those less than momentous memories held.

“Planning”, wrote Kessler, “should be comprehensive. Even though a grand urban design could only be realized in bits and pieces, and over a long period of years, still we should always know where we are going. Each bit and piece should be understandable by reference to the great plan of which it is a part. Planning must also be relevant to the particular city: its geography, its economic character, all its local peculiarities. We must,” Kessler insisted, “deal with it in its application to the entire city. The object is to make cities decent places for masses of people to live in. Cities grow mostly by accident in response to trends in the real estate market. Very little thought is given to their qualitative characters. But there comes a time when development must be subject to control, when further growth must be planned such that urbanization will no longer proceed at the expense of devastating ‘nature.’” [footnote here]

Knowing that the immediate image of all of these features exist primarily only to others, and that the sense of sight cannot alone be relied upon to verify the existence of such an integral aspect of his corporeality and indeed, his very identity, that sight itself is questioned as a forebear of assigning meaning to objects, to people, and to ourselves. In this way the architect of the outer world can be transcribed and understood as the personal planner of the special architecture of the mind.

An artist whose work explores a visual dialogue

with similar issues of externalizing the personal perspective of the self through seeing, naming, and ascribing meaning to sight is Tim Hawkinson, who works in a variety of media including sculpture, sound, and photography. His work, *Blindspot (Fat Head)* is a life-size collage resembling all the places on his own body that he could not see with his own eyes [Fig. 11]. This included his entire face, head, shoulders, back, and anus. *Blindspot (Fat Head)* depicts a body heavily mediated not by its own sight but the lack thereof, and by the sight of others. To whom does this body belong? To the man who lives inside of it, yet to whom it is invisible? Or to the people to whom it appears? How does the ability to see, to quantify and name with the eye, shape notions of ownership and identity? It is illustrative of the parallax between the adults and the children peopled within in the architecture of *Kessler and The Organs of Digestion*. Each of the adults have experienced loss in their own way, lost the ability to see the architecture of the self, it is not explicit, however manifest through their physical forms.

Glitch performs a similar transpondence, or transportive function to a space of questioning what’s taken for granted in the act of vision. Philosopher Thomas Kuhn, in his book *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, wrote that “what a man sees depends both upon what he looks at and also upon what his previous visual-conceptual

experience has taught him to.”⁷ *Glitch* is a vehicle. It does not present an altered state of mind, but rather offers a discontinuous perspective on the self, and aspects of the self that are assumed (by many) to be intrinsic and assured. *Glitch* reminds us that what we see, and how we see, are sites of constant negotiation, even if we are ordinarily not privy to such conversations, offering a glimpse to the as-yet unrealized architecture of our own reachings.

We use cognitive processes to generate perspectives that are constantly being modulated as we accumulate new knowledge. These perspectives make up what we call “who we are” – everyone we meet, every object we see, every space through which we pass is mediated by our accumulated knowledge, opinions, and judgments by our brains, before our conscious mind is presented with what is being ‘perceived.’ This information makes up how we perceive others and, much more crucially, how we create ourselves through our reactions to and interactions with others. Much of this happens in the visual cortex (located at the rear of the brain, in close proximity to the back of the skull), where images are processed and combined with pre-existing knowledge in a search for recognizable pattern. Neurological studies, led by Nancy Kanwisher at MIT, have suggested that these processes are physically compartmentalized

by category, and that there are unambiguous parts of the brain dedicated to assigning meaning to disparate images, including objects, spaces, body parts, and faces.

This schematic diagram [Fig. 13] indicates the approximate size and location of regions in the human brain that are engaged specifically during perception of faces (in blue).⁸

The FFA [Facial Fusiform Area] is the region found in the midfusiform gyrus ... that responds significantly more strongly when subjects view faces than when they view objects. This region responds similarly to a wide variety of different kinds of face images, including photos of familiar and unfamiliar faces, schematic faces, cartoon faces, and cat faces as well as faces presented in different sizes, locations, and viewpoints. Crucially, when relatively high-resolution imaging methods are used (including individual– subject analyses without spatial smoothing), no nonface object has been reported to produce more than one-half the response found for faces in this region. ... [T]he FFA seems to play a central role in the perception of faces but to play little if any role in the perception

7. Thomas Kuhn. *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 113.

8 Kanwisher, Nancy. “Functional specificity in the human brain: A window into the functional architecture of the mind.” *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States of America*. Contributed April 16, 2010.

of nonface objects. Answering the question of what exactly the FFA does with faces has been more difficult. Current evidence indicates, however, that it is sensitive to multiple aspects of face stimuli including face parts.⁹

Humans, as highly social animals, have evolved to assign reams of memory, meaning, and amassed information onto faces. We project ourselves onto everything we see, before our brains even begin to tell us what we are looking at. There is no way in which we can look at face unadulterated by ourselves. That is – until now. *Glitch* allows its user to *perceive* in an entirely new way, ironically by stripping the brain of its ability to apply what it's learned from the past, by applying electromagnetic stimulation to the back of the skull where the visual cortex and FFA are located. The machine prevents the application of past memory to presently perceived experience, paving the way for a truly new space for interaction and learning, a new space for naming where no other names can exist. The process of remembering and applying a name has been cut off, prevented from occurring. This brings the user to question the viability and relativism of all other images, indeed everything ever seen, what Crane calls Perceptual Relativism: "We need not be committed to a representative theory of perception to think that perceptions in some sense represent the world."¹⁰ What is the world like without the

9. *Ibid.*

10. Crane, 1992. 136.

ability to name, indeed, without the knowledge that one *can* name?

At the same time, *Glitch* is a solitary experience, much the same as the narrator navigating the confines of his thoughts through the exterior architecture of a failed city plan, one that cannot support those with whom it is peopled. In Kessler and the Organs of Digestions, the children occupy the preconscious architecture of their environment such that the character Peto can only ascribe meaning to objects through scrawling his own name upon them [page 43]. For safety purposes, no one other than myself can be permitted to use it. I legally have no permissions to apply these techniques even to myself, let alone others. Thus, it must remain a self-contained vessel of exploration. I can only describe my experience using this machine to others, but I cannot transmit the occurrence itself. In this way, I am caught short, because while under the effects of this device I have no access to the processes of assigning meaning. I can only ask others to listen to my account of the special blindness their narrator of Kessler and the Organs of Digestion is suspended in, where time and space is lost to the suspension of reconciling one's self with what cannot exist. I cannot name what I see, and so cannot tell others their names. I remain in this search doubly alone.

A classic problem of perception, long recognized by philosophers, and explicitly

stated by Descartes, is that biological systems have available through their senses only very limited information about the external world. Yet these systems make strong assertions about the actual state of the world outside themselves. These assertions are of a necessity incomplete. Clearly, a replica of an object and its qualities cannot be embodied within the brain. How can an incomplete description, encoded by neural states, be sufficient to direct the survival and successful adaptive behavior of a living system (or machine)? Why are such representations so reliable when they are based on information that is so incomplete?¹¹

On this *Mad Magazine* cover, we see a very early example of what has come to be known as an impossible object. It is an optical illusion, in which a drawing of an object with two-prongs inexplicably morphs into one with three prongs. Though its most familiar use is to illuminate the mechanics of how the brain processes visual information into recognition of objects, I'd like to focus here on its moniker as "Impossible object" as it is commonly known.

This brings us back to *Glitch*, which questions what it means to label the very existence of

11. Whitman Richards, editor. "Introduction to Natural Computation." *Natural Computation*. Cambridge: MIT Press. 1988. 3.

something as impossible, when such labeling is predicated solely upon the act of seeing. Or, does it mean more acutely that to see an object whose qualities supersede the logical acts of naming and understanding bring us to the conclusion that such an object cannot possibly exist? Is our grasp on the realities we project for ourselves that tenuously arrogant? What of the condition of not naming, or being unable to access the precepts of naming and classifying, i.e. using accumulated remembered data to categorize an object? This is the goal of *Glitch*: stimulating the brain to a place of un-mediated seeing, where every object is impossible, where no object has a name because the very convention of naming has been suspended through the use of applied electromagnetic stimulation: a return to a precognitive state of seeing.

The impossibility of naming objects is echoed here in the face portrayed on the cover, who is drawn with two identical pairs of eyes on top of one another. The struggle the eyes and brain undergo in attempting to ascribe meaning to such an assembly is indexical of the effort to "read" faces, or assign identity to faces, when such process has been suspended.

I use this cover as a segue point to communicate an experience: what does it mean to have a reality with which we are confronted in our daily lives however less than conscious of its presence as the world of object and form are completed by an architecture

less accessibly to our reasoning. Memory plays a critical role in the way we access the world around us, filling in the corners and finishing the edges of our unfinished perspective. This piece addressed the fragility of the normative. What does it mean when memory can no longer inform and unfold the steps if it were before our feet as we navigate the world of the concrete. What does it mean to take away our cognitive understanding of the visual world, to remove the knowledge and the learning as a given through our experience? To see in a new way is to remove the precepts of our formalized understandings of the world, to return us to a precognitive state of experience. *Glitch* is a vessel, transportation to a new world of possibilities. It questions our sense of visual reality and the way we navigate our memories associated with them, separates them from a state of perspective. Through a technique I developed to depolarize the neural passage deep within the visual cortex, I use Trans-cranial magnetic stimulation, TMS, to isolate the Fusiform Gyrus, to temporarily induce Propagnosia: Face Blindness. By separating the neural passage responsible for translating the information streaming in through our eyes to the visual memory I question the presence of precognitive learning. Returning experience and the way we understand the world to a neutral state to offer a new perspective on the identity of self, which Kessler's blindness confronts in the constructed geometries of his creation.

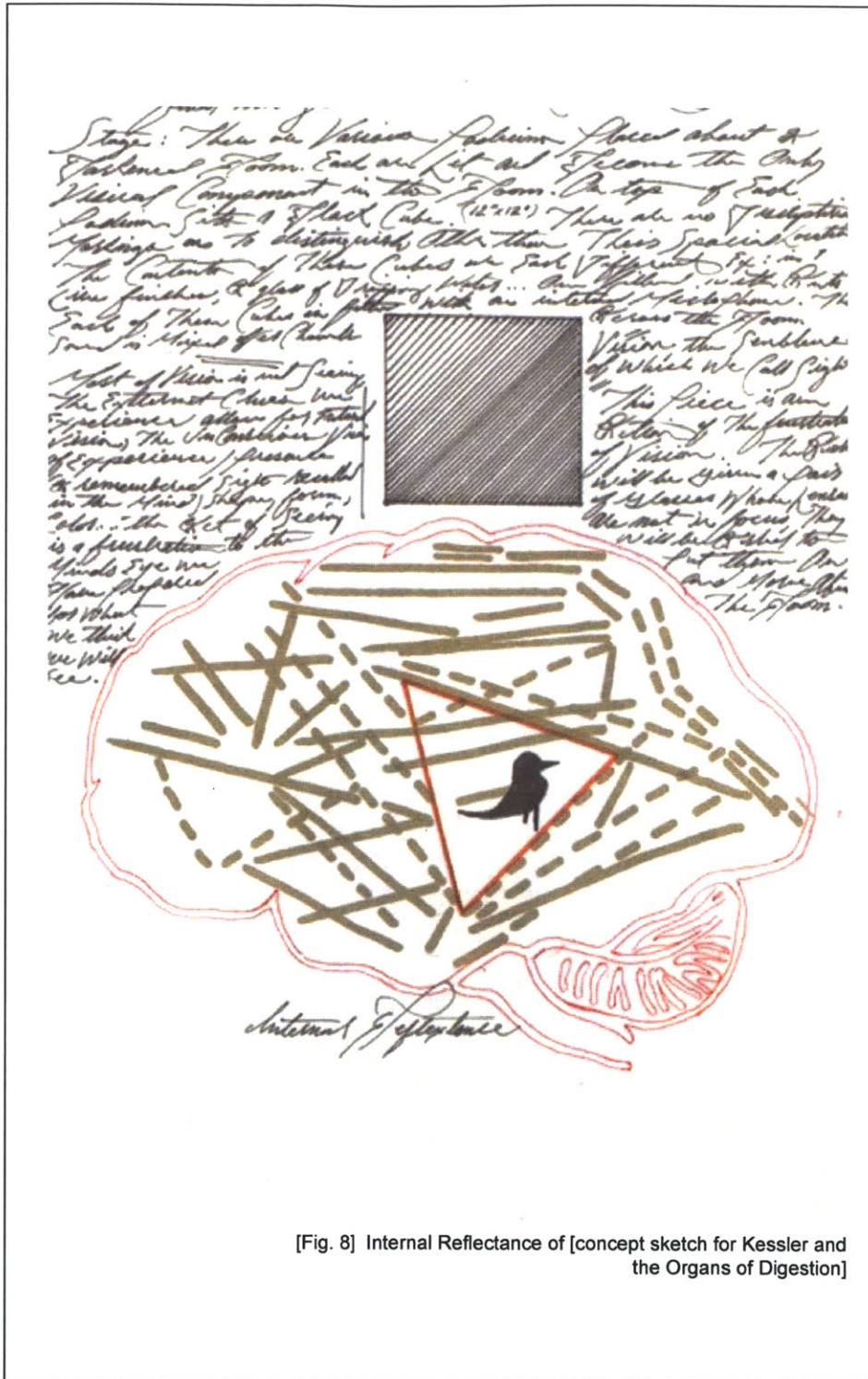
The Architecture:

It is dark in an empty courtyard. The vessel stands taller than a man and occupies the dimensions of a doorway. The entire structure is composed of various found elements from discarded technologies that come together in an exterior architecture revealing the thousands of connections and interconnections the appropriated components display. The main power chassis is a gutted black metal cart standing as tall as a waist and as deep as half an arm's length. It is filled with bright blue and light grey plastic-coated cylinders stacked in rows and connected with high-power cables which are deep red in color. These capacitors in series are charged from a copper block transformer painted yellow, connected with the same cables. There are various gauges to regulate the electric flow, scavenged from high-pressure vaporizers and early gas chromatographs. This main body supports a blue injection-molded pallet, made of plastic, standing on its edge four feet by four feet in dimension. Worked into the structure of the blue grid are various motor controls, components from old televisions, and fittings for high power transfer. Suspended from the top center, facing forward, and at a distance of half an arm's length from the pallet, a clear acrylic sphere is mounted on an aluminum arm. The sphere's height and orientation is determined by the height and stance of the user. Within the acrylic sphere, all power sources are

coupled (running nearly three Tesla) to a copper coil whose diameter and number of windings correspond to the diameter and thickness of the skull in order to produce a focused magnetic pulse capable of penetrating flesh and bone at the depth of the length of an index finger. These dimensions were specifically calculated based on CT scans of my cerebral structures and visual cortex. The focused magnetic pulse is temporally modulated at a rate of one pulse per one hundred and fifty milliseconds. The energy released into the head depolarizes (paralyzes) momentarily the synaptic gaps in the neural passage responsible for translating certain visual cues from the optic nerve to the visual cortex. The vessel weighs more than a grown man and generates a tremendous amount of noise due to the release of large quantities of electrical current in addition to the hum of the coupled power sources and cooling jets. A man stands quietly with his back to the machine, the sphere lightly touching the back of his head. Nobody believes, but onlookers shy away from getting too close. Parts of his vision are removed.



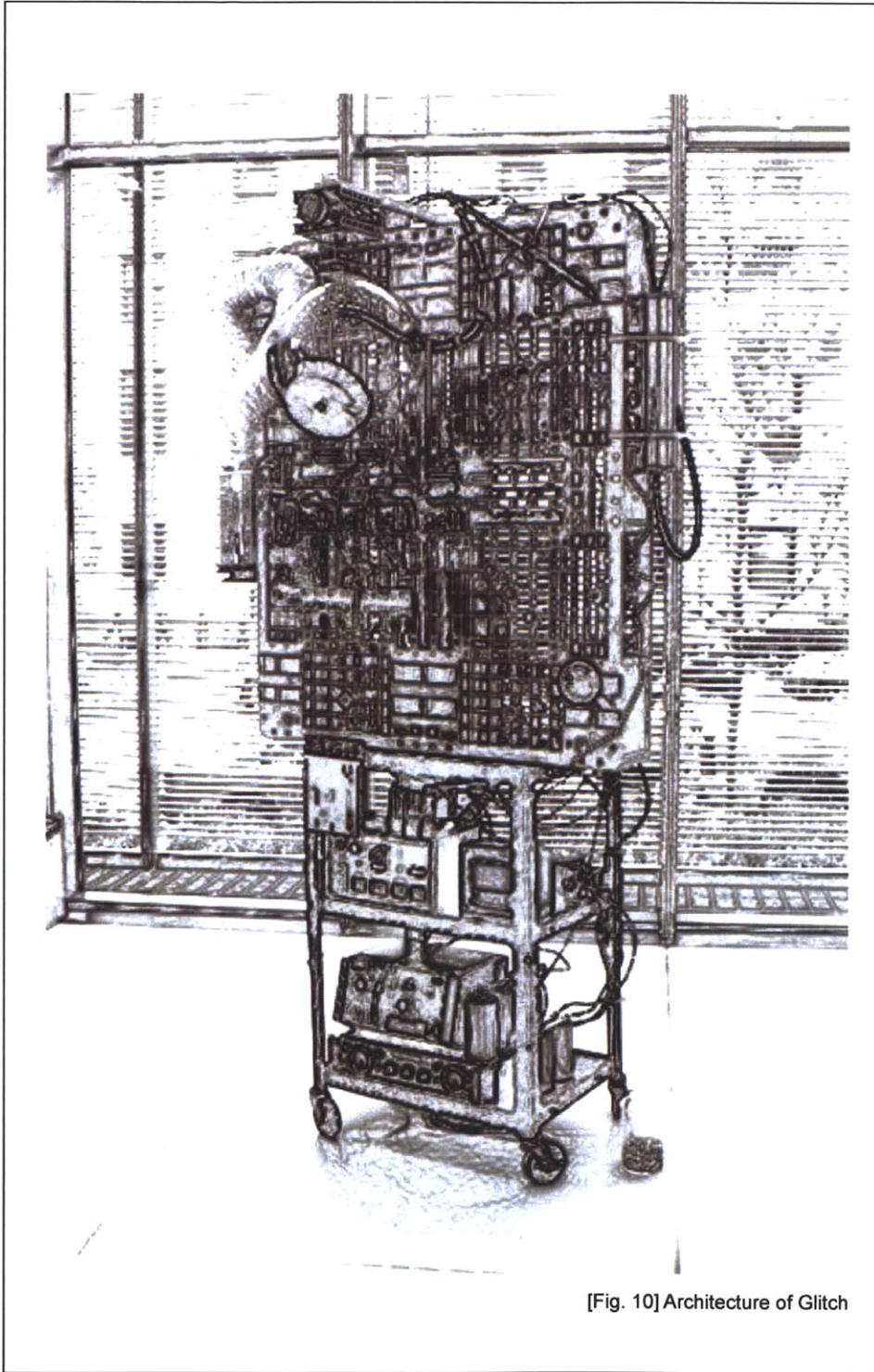
[Fig. 7] Installation view, Glitch



[Fig. 8] Internal Reflectance of [concept sketch for Kessler and the Organs of Digestion]



[Fig. 9] Detail, Glitch (magnetic focusing coil)



[Fig. 10] Architecture of Glitch

*Kessler and the Organs
of Digestion*



Kessler and the Organs of Digestion

On the way to the gala, a man, sleeves pinned empty to his fitted jacket, moved with profound dignity. I did not stop to watch, I was late, but was overcome by the stillness and presence of his motion as we crossed ways. Too early for rain. My feet and the square and my skin were ineffably covered with fine pink chalk evaporating from the red brick cobbles in the unbearable heat, a color I could taste. I remembered the leather woven shoes Hermina's father wore when we were children and that obese orange cat her mother carried, obscene, formless, and unstable squeezing through her fingers. There was motion, composure, and a presence in the weight of hard-soled shoes; a straight back moving with pride crutching what must have been great pain, the doctor, his presence as profound. *What is the nature of vision? Light which strikes the surfaces of objects bounce into infinite streams of particles sent off in every direction, only those which our tiny lenses gather can be processed.* Squint. Stratus clouds only. Kessler removed his glasses and cleaned them with his gritty coat hem and fought his way through the heat to the library. His shoes were made of Columbian rubber and no one noticed the only sound of his existence was sand grinding on stone. He was invisible and wore linen.

Peto had never been able to eat gelato since. Imported from Italy in paper

tubs and sold in small lumps to the few children who remained, sweet and unbearable; 'gellat'. Peto watched Dr. Epstein in his leather-shod trousers as he made his way, exposed to the glances of others, across the square to the only fountain that did not work. It was made of copper and had long since turned green and then black and then dented from special attentions paid to the socialist major long since hung. The small brass plaque hardened with his name had recently been polished glistening in advertisement. In that moment Peto realized nobility for the first time and wished that he too had something to limp about. The ignorance of Peto's youth reflected his thin unused wrists and empty pale hands hanging in sticky milk. He carried a piece of blue chalk and wrote his name on everything, owning nothing more than what bore its letters to his ownership. His mother earned little money beating rugs; his father worked and earned nothing, mechanic in a town without cars, without a shop. Peto trees and Peto parks, buildings, Peto sidewalks. Peto held this belief throughout his youth, an innocent arrogance of many of the roma children. This tiny stream of particles... How much infinitely smaller a photon is than the apex of the human lens. We could not perceive a single photon with the eye; we cannot distinguish millions of photons reflecting the objects we wish to see. Everything the brain perceives through the eyes must in turn be such a minute amount of the whole of reflective surfaces. Everyone is blind.

I gathered the imaginary papers and books strewn about my life and packed them away. Honors I had never seen returned with the deepest of apologies in decline of the offer of exaltation. My lies fit nicely back

into their boxes, set as well fit teeth into a resolute jaw. Heatedly he spoke: Truths are merely an alacrity for freeing lies from the obscurity of falseness! All matter has a purpose, a direction, a goal, without which there would be no motion. There would be an absolute.

Beyond the square there was a slim shadow cast lifelessly; an object inanimate burning in the heat of mid afternoon, I. How I had been consumed with my emptiness just a mockery a mockery! I moved at my shadow and stuffing it down a narrow walk. The sun buried itself behind a massive front, humorously too high, and in the west, to fall here. We are subject only to the wind carrying, carrying everything to the west... and another grey afternoon, I thought. If it had known that I had nothing to give perhaps it would have not always been so eager at my side, wrapping my every step! Shadowed Mockery of my loneliness tempting a sick man with light.

I hate them, this town aloud tracks, noise without resource. The woman selling tickets at the stage door turned Peto out of bed every morning, he, and seven other children whose parents had abandoned them. She kept pigeons and chickens and no one ventured near their camp in fear of the avian flu. A refugee from Chechnya, I smiled my face toward her. Later she told me the Russians had shot her brother and shot her in the face. How she survived I could not guess, but she was a strong, hands made for handling stones, as rough. Her cheek was hollow and she was missing the molars on that side. Perhaps at best the unaided eye can perceive one percent of the colors, which are radiating from every

luminous surface. I saw less.

In the auditorium there was a young girl sitting behind me looking through marbles held up to the light. A large glassy green one and one solid silver, side by side, set to her eyes. Through them she saw something to make her smile. She wore purple shoes and dark hair innocently placed in the deepest most solitary corner of the universe, sitting and waiting to hear deaf children lip sync to some obscure Russian pop tune, waiting in this still space, to eject her into the light.

This was the final day of the festival, performers from as far away as Bratislava had been performing dances and selling mead in clay jugs. It was meant to bring together the community and failed miserably. The children were away playing along the tracks out beyond the water treatment plant, pieces of pig iron are all but orange stains in the dirt, they carry them on their clothing. Trash clings to every stone of the fast narrow river skirting the tracks several miles away, from the heat, the performing children, and the stench of drunkenness in our town as it prepares for the 'Mutes' of the State Ward to sing. All images are concentrated into the center of your lens, pass through the pupil before resting on the inner membrane of the retinal surface. Every object we perceive is merely reflected light bouncing off the surfaces of the objects around us, we see nothing directly. No corner universe will remain without motion. Time, is ill relevant. I hate Kessler.

If you haven't cut yourself it is only because green glass is thicker than brown. Point the sharp parts in! What do you know about

triangles? Half the time your thumbs are what get cut, but that wont leave too much of a scar there. Peto listens to Amalia like a god. She is Dr. Epstein's niece and they care for one another. A man without arms must be loved. Peto had never cut his hands arranging the pieces of broken bottles discarded by passengers along the ties back onto the tracks, which glint in white dust-like paste worked into a myriad of colors by the train headed west from the vrcorcice stop. The designs are the important part, and she laughs to tell Peto that she thinks the breaking glass tickles her ears. *If the eyes see no more than one percent of the objects of our physical realities how poorly are the other senses developed? If they were more so, would not then we find fault with our vision?*

The stage lights are warmed, the children perform without nervousness in rows coordinated in arms and legs and mouths and the audience forgets its' soured heat and the children smile, smile in ways that make every conceded selfish act of the 'audience collect' crumple as they dance in their innocence and inflate balloons in our throats. Refuse of a past, which I bear and grudge and devour as my poorly clad self make discomfort in my seat, I cannot forget her eyes, my wife, and I too am overcome with the others. We cannot perceive ourselves, let alone the universe about us. Like children forced indoors left to dream about the beauty radiating without.

Dr. Epstein would listen to me speak of her, and I told him there were moments, which crept upon me while I worked - aware or unaware, I thought, freed from the mood pursuits have given moments. A strange

motion moving suddenly and unexpectedly would play across the peripheral of thought, of sight. My vision would become acute striking my eyes, saturated and liquid to a pitch of perfection and they seemed to penetrate everything. Everything vibrated life, motion, stillness; The world of the senses as exclusive. She had been there then, and after became warmth grown cold through my clothing, my wife, bleeding out against my skin. The Doctor would sit and stare and listen to loss and be un-aided in his frustration to move about freely. Others thought Hermina was simple, or without thought. She could truly see, there was more art, more passion, and awareness in the way she would look to her old things than the boisterous expression of the loud outer world slapping each other on the back over grand thoughts and achievements in the arts, about escape. I went to her and I loved her. There were no words. I could sit with her in our shared silence and live the beauty others didn't have eyes to see. I would collect bits of rusted metal on the road to give her as gifts and she accepted them with love and held them as precious, less because I gave them to her, and more because we could live in them. She would sit with her hands on her lap; Sit in front of her writing table laid out in a sensitive way with linen papers and dark inks bottled in glass, which were rarely used but sat over and pondered in continuously. She listened to my stories and her eyes silent. The beauty we shared did not require motion. Often I would wonder whether or not I was loving falsely. *After the brain receives information from the senses it is transformed, translated, transmuted millions of times before finding rest in the memory, most of which is then forgotten.*

Sometimes I would drift and find myself in admiration of others, love of others, who loved and were free. That never lasted. I could never have told my wife how I had traveled over the Alps to fall in love in Siena¹². Or the girl who worked at the corner store and only spoke Ukrainian, who would come every evening for months. To speak of anything outside of ourselves was false and damaging. Somehow it didn't matter, and although we were not together always, everything we were in our silence was wholly ours. It is how she could love, how we lived, and saw, and no other could touch what was truer than this in any regard.

We had all lost everything to hate that poured down in flashes and splintering metal taking with it our senses and the future of this place. The window closed, everything close, air heavy, for a moment I'd forgotten that I am blind. I am blind and the doctor stood and Amalia lead me to the street without an explanation. I didn't ask.

The performance was over. The girl behind me had disappeared into a drunken crowd of plastic cups and smoke and I could hear the rattle of a diesel bus leaving with the mutes, no one could remember long enough to give a damn, and were quick to forget themselves in the only way they knew how.

Kessler had owned a Lekarna before somewhere to the North and

12. In the early fourteenth century a painter of the Sieneese school by the name of Ambrogio Lorenzetti painted the earliest known example of linear perspective, in two panels titled *Effects of Good Government on Town and Country*, and *Allegory of Bad Government*, in Siena, Italy.

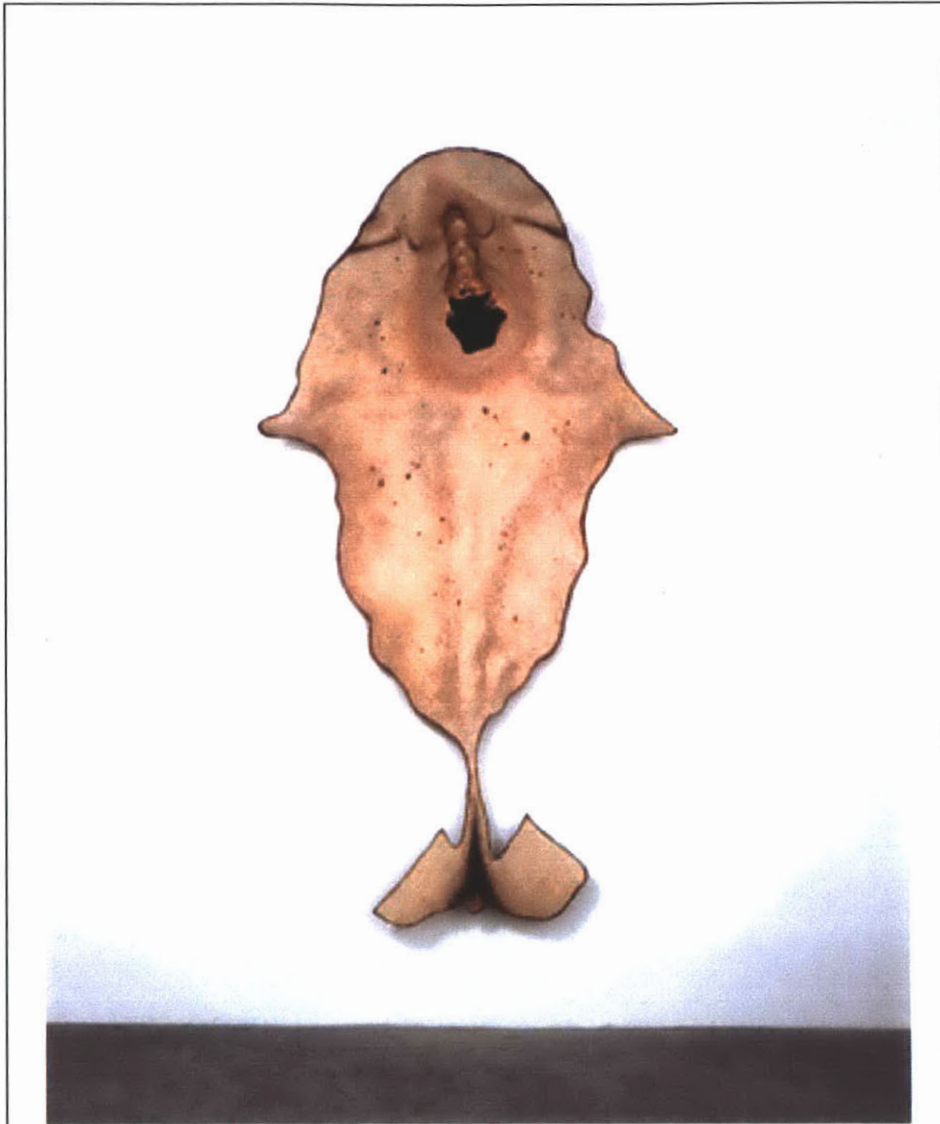
survived here on the libraries' broken collection of German and Russian books. I hated his indifference toward others' sufferings and our relationship consisted of him reading aloud to me, *The Physik of Optik*. I don't know why I kept going to him, but would listen to his mechanical voice articulating even words almost too low to hear, perhaps more than all others he helped me to challenge myself out of existing at all, and it was a kind of peace and I blamed him for it.

Bits of rust and coal soot had been worked down into the roots of the children's hair, the spaces between their fingers blackened like four crescent moons, rising and falling, happily finding their way home through the dark as they walked-skipped-paused, having celebrated in their own way the desolation and escape from this concrete jungle (June-gla). They had found youth, and peace in this ruin. That part of the brain, which receives information from the sense of sight, is only as well developed as the quality of that sense organ.

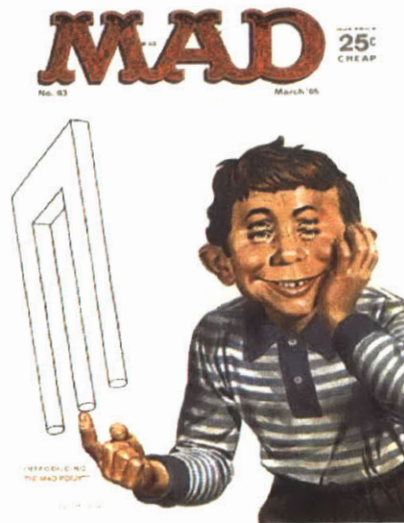
Even using our senses to the fullest we cannot escape living in a dream world, which consists of all we imagine to understand about reality, truth, but perceive not with the senses rational. I cannot escape his voice. I cannot keep his words from replacing my own. I cannot forget. I laughed to myself thinking: The temperature of this day molds the moods of these people who, tempered by the elements, have found direction in the inclement motions of their lives! ... I drink and fantastic thoughts ring against nothing, and they settle on my inarticulate sleeping form. Maybe she could see that a point has no center; matter, space, and

time are merely byproducts of motion, smile as innocently in a room filled with drunk cripples, because we call motion decay and dream of absolutes which only our narrow senses congratulate.

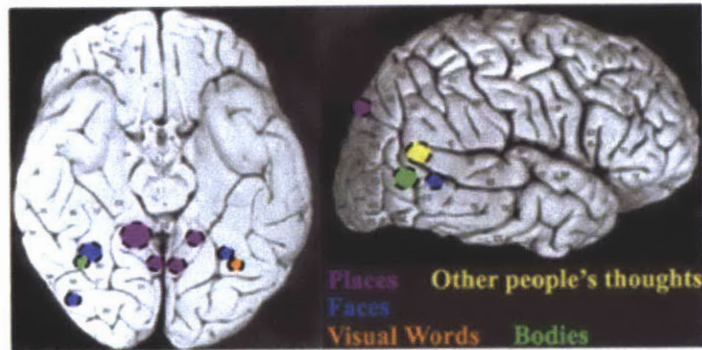
It did come down to blue chalk scratched onto the walls. He owned what none of us could, a place and a time to which we were all lost. It was not ours to celebrate, or to build. It belonged to Peto. Rough dusty hands gather eggs with green and brown speckles. The blue silent air in the early morning makes rich the concrete panel buildings arranged into blocks and rows, painted in bright colors, post freedom, freedoms that have since failed, beautiful in their rusted connecting courtyards overgrown and played on with green and silver marbles.



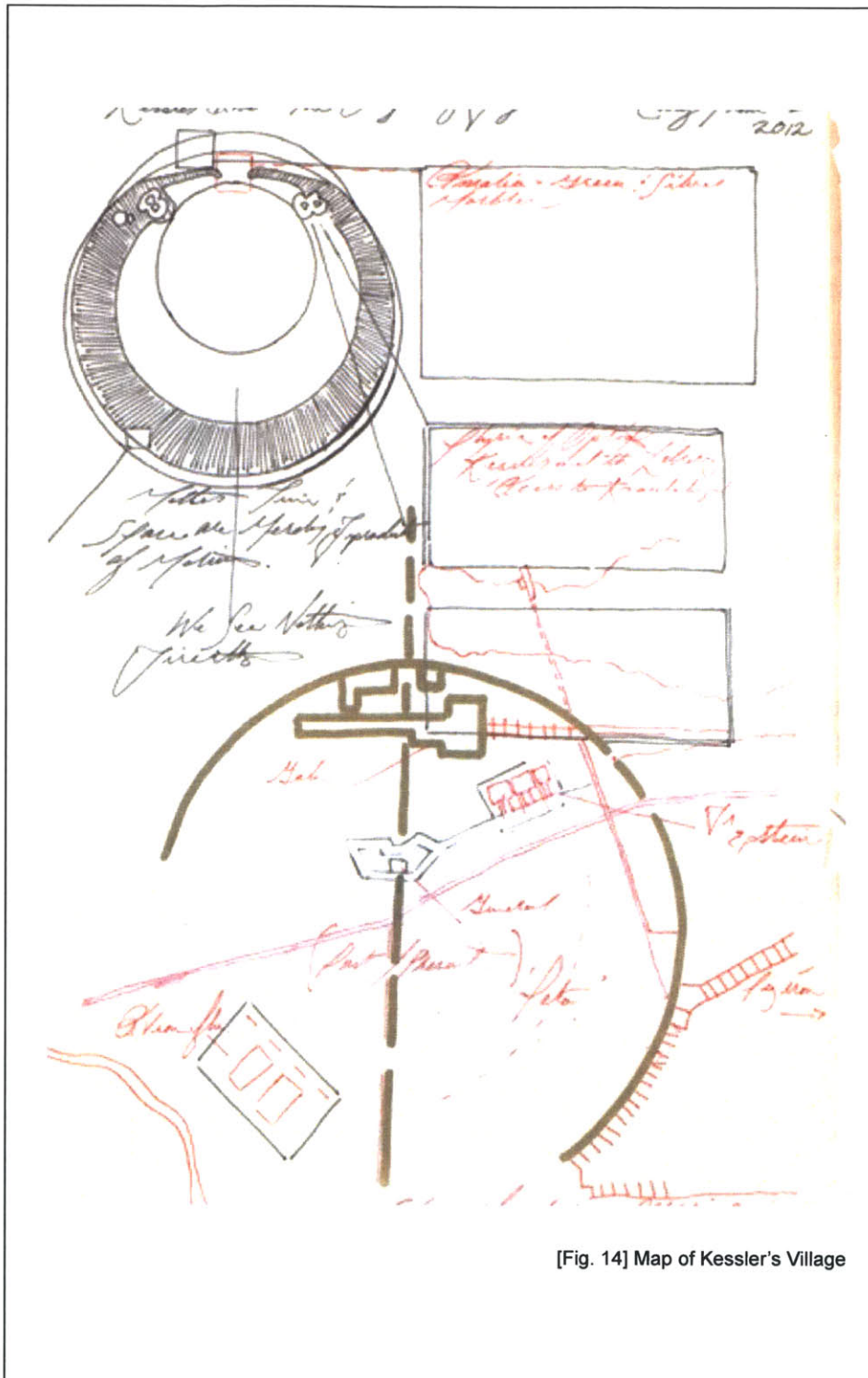
[Fig. 11] Tim Hawkinson, *Blindspot (Fat Head)*, 1993
Synthetic Polymer, Hide Glue, Resin & Wax on Paper on Steel
8' 7"(H) x 4' 8"(W) x 1' 6"(D)
Ace Gallery



[Fig. 12] Mad Magazine Cover, 1965



[Fig. 13] Nancy Kanwisher, Schematic diagram of the Facial Fusiform Area of the Brain



[Fig. 14] Map of Kessler's Village

Color, Qualia, and Attention

Open/Blind/Shut

Arnheim



Open/Blind/Shut

“**W**hy is pictorial balance indispensable? It must be remembered that visually as well as physically, balance is the state of distribution in which all action has come to a standstill. Potential energy in the system, says the physicist, has reached the minimum. In a balanced composition all such factors as shape, direction, and location are mutually determined in such a way that no change seems possible, and the whole assumes the character of “necessity” in all its parts. An unbalanced composition looks accidental, transitory, and therefore invalid. Its elements show a tendency to change place or shape in order to reach a state that better accords with the total structure. Under conditions of imbalance, the artistic statement becomes incomprehensible. The ambiguous pattern allows no decision on which of the possible configurations is meant. We have the sense that the process of creation has been accidentally frozen somewhere along the way. Since the configuration calls for change, the stillness of the work becomes a handicap. Timelessness gives way to the frustrating sensation of arrested time... ”

What a person perceives is not only an arrangement of objects, colors, shapes, movements and sizes, but, perhaps first of all, an *interplay of directed tensions*. The latter are inherent in any percept. Because they have magnitude and direction they are called psychological forces.

Imagine a black disk positioned within a square (with a black boundary and white interior or background). If the disk is positioned slightly away from the center of the square, the asymmetry of the scene is perceived as a “tension”: the disk strives toward the center of the square. In the vicinity of a boundary the disk is attracted towards it.

We envision what is not accessible to us, and when it is manifest, the only way to maintain interest is to envision beyond that; a constantly renewed perspective of identity. An internal plane of perspective acts as agent organizing geometries hidden to the eye playing catalyst to the senses. We use our eyes in order to see with our minds, and only through the expression of externalizing work have I begun to realize the

deeply impactful presence of an internal sight: the disparity between internal vision and the external world.

These works construct two disparate ways of contextualizing the same challenge: how to map the unconscious underpinnings of seeing? The first is an attempt to grasp the concept by examining its boundaries, diagraming the way that it interacts with the outside world. The second part challenges the apparatus of seeing by breaking down the mechanism of how it functions, its apparatus, and how it interacts with information that has already been absorbed, how that information acts as a closed loop within the interiority. There is a marked difference between the intention between the two parts. In the first one there is an expression of frustration, at not being able to access to the inner workings of the machine. The second component is based not on breaking down not the actual workings of the machine, but reflecting on what I imagine them to be.

The Architecture:

part 1: a table 48 inches in length 12 inches deep and 36 inches tall made of pecan stained Chinese Oak is suspended from the ground at a distance of 2 ¾ inches. Running ¾ of the length of the table, in the middle, are two adjustable parallel rails, one fixed to the other with an adjustable 4 inch nickel

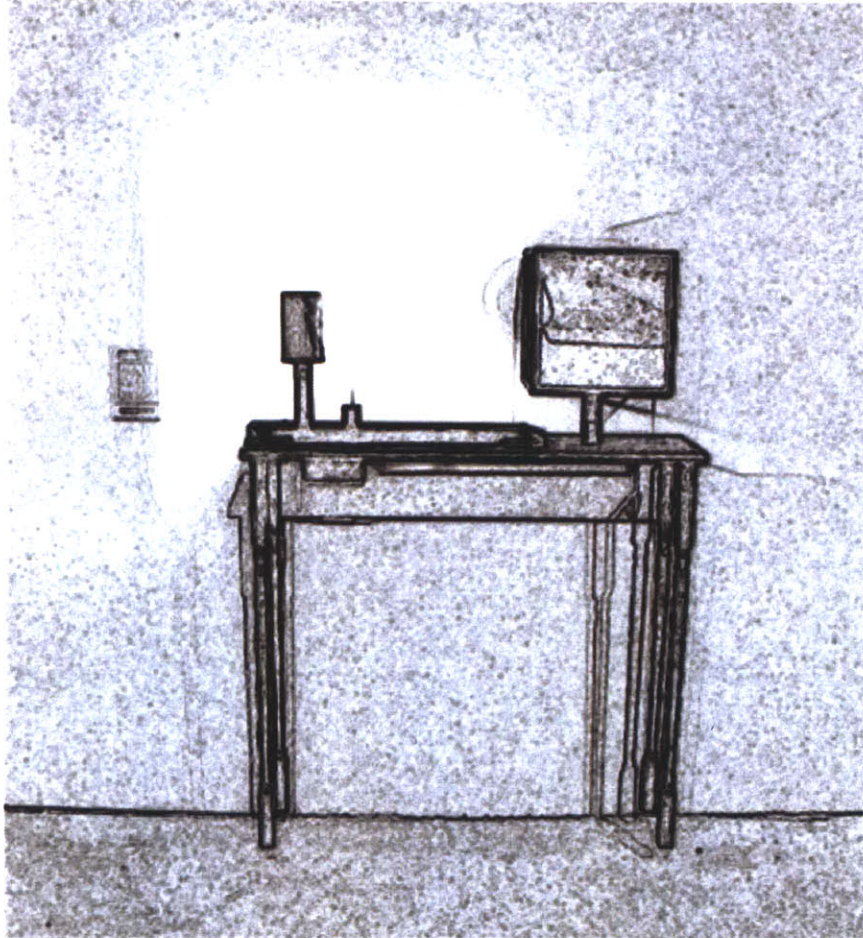
coated Brass butterfly bolt. This rail is demarcated with notches scribed into the upper-most surface at intervals of 1 ¼ inches. Beyond the extent of this rail lies a 3 inch podium which is fixed. A sodium carbide lamp is fastened with copper flashing to a similar column tightened between the rails and its distance to the other podium is variable via the rails. The reflector and light guard surrounding the carbide lamp is made of the same copper flashing set with brass rivots; the outside of which has been treated with myriadic acid, the inside polished to a reflective surface. Opposite the lamp a black opaque cube constructed of glass is fixed, bordered by a frame of blackened Douglas fir; 12 inches per side. This cube is set atop the podium at a height such that the center of the carbide lamp becomes the dividing line of the cube. This cube is constructed of 2-way translucent mirrored glass. The mirrored sides are all placed inwardly facing. Light may pass from the outside to the inside freely, however is reflected on the interior surfaces and cannot escape. The energy from the focused light entering the cube does not reflect outwardly to the viewer. Between the Lamp and the cube, positioned between the rails, is a plano convex hand ground lens 6 inches in diameter with a focal length of 24 inches. This lens is attached to a nickel staff positioned at a height to bisect the light path from the lamp refocusing the light inside the center of the cube. There are no reflections on the cube from either the light source nor the ambi-

ent atmosphere. There is no obvious power source connected.

part 2: A plane divides the viewer from direct access to the object. The object is a suspended, a dimensional cube made entirely of light. The exterior and all surrounding areas fall away into darkness. This 12 inch cube is suspended in free space and is dimensionally observable from all angles and appears tangible. The form of the cube remains constant, however the colors and patterns which define its presence oscillate in a myriad of configurations and vibrant colors, frenetic but stationary. behind the plane dividing the viewer from an interior room is a glass tank fitted against the dividing plane which supports 100 gallons of water treated with a slight tint of calcium, homogenized with the water, but not observable to the naked eye. The back, sides, and top of the tank are covered with black material. In the center of the interior surface of the tank is a square mask 12 inches to a side. Set further within the interior of the room is a digital projector which displays images of 10,000 paintings¹³ at rapid succession (60 images per second). The unstructured light emitting from the projector is columnised and becomes structured rays (parallel light paths) as it passes the square mask placed in the center of the tank and becomes visible to the viewer

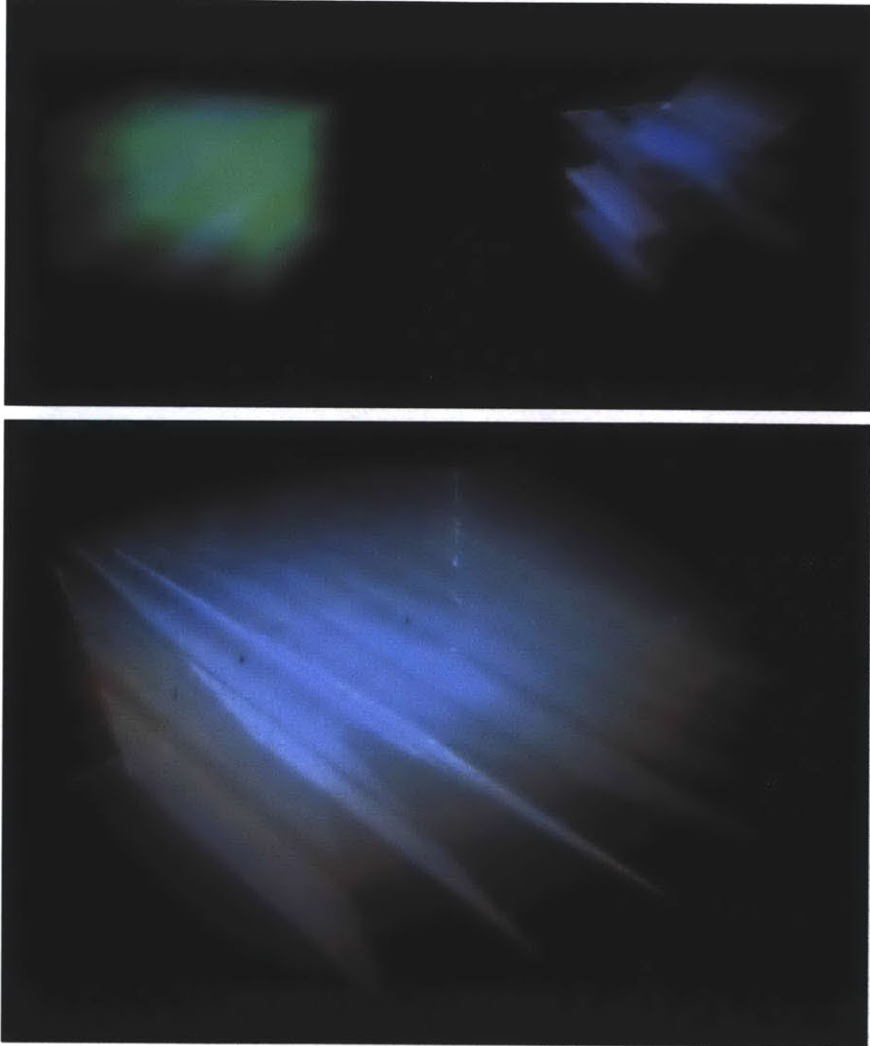
as as volumetric display characterized into the shape of a free standing cube of light. The images are looped in this installation [Plates XII and XII].

13. Images courtesy the Getty Museum, The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Smithsonian Digital Archives.

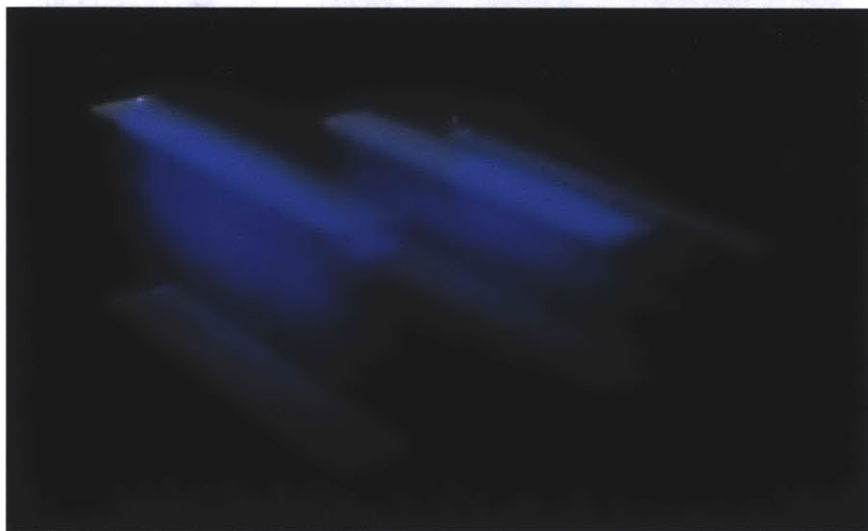
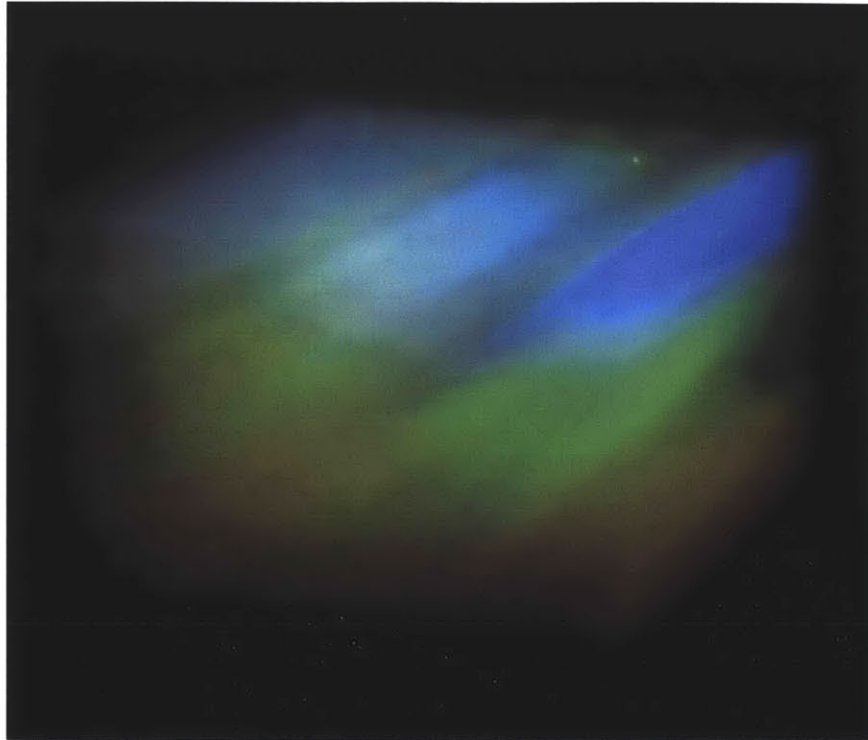


[Fig. 15] Open_Blind_Shut

This installation conceptualizes perception by isolating visual memory as an integral aspect of the cortex. These unseen processes are the foundation of sight and the way in which we perceive the world before memory, psychological mechanics, and the coalescing of the sensory experience. The phenomenological assignment of meaning through cultural and physiological accumulation is here suspended. This work decontextualizes the trajectory of western art production from the late fifteenth century to the present with a special emphasis on painting as a prospectus on perspective and the act of painting.



[Fig. 16] Video stills, Open/Blind/Shut, Part 2



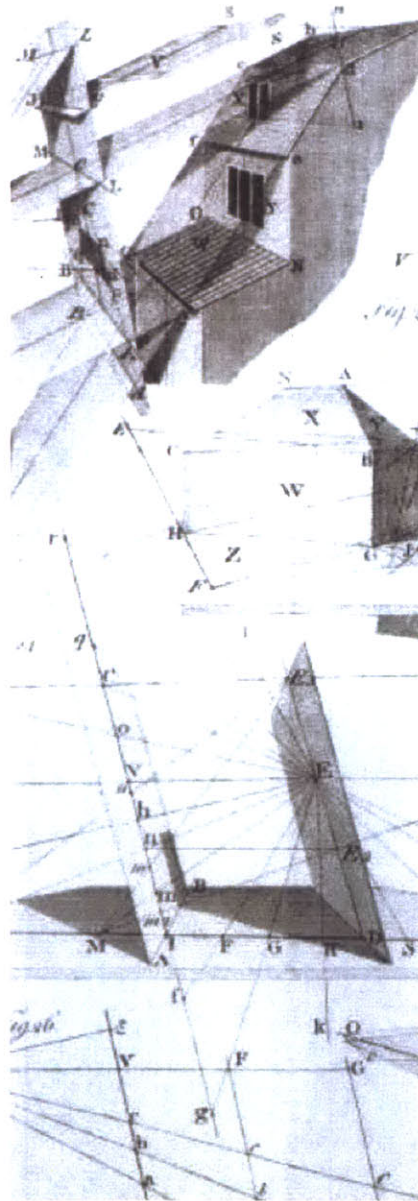
[Fig. 17] Video stills, Open/Blind/Shut, Part 2

Arnheim



Arnheim

The piece, by decontextualizing ten thousand paintings throughout the history of western art production from the time of the Renaissance (the birth of modern perspective) to the middle of the twentieth century, I search to reveal a progression of the fundament of how perspective is disseminated throughout the lineage of art production genres. Rudolph Arnheim's critical writing in art theory is a product of this philosophical trajectory. In the same way, by decontextualizing the underlying structure of his approach to critical theory on perspective and form, I present "Arnheim" (a visual exploration of a simplified motif) as a gesture toward a visual allegory.



[Fig. 17] Sketch linear perspective, courtesy Durand

From Arnheim's *Art & Visual Perception: A Psychology of the Creative Eye*:

In general, any location, which coincides with a feature of the structural skeleton introduces an element of stability, which may be counteracted by other factors. The structural skeleton serves as a *frame of reference* by helping determine the role of each pictorial element within the balance system of the whole.

The corners and the center are "magnets of unequal power". The point of balance between a corner and center lies somewhat closer to the corner, as if the center was stronger. Psychological, as physical, systems exhibit a very general tendency to change in the direction of the lowest attainable tension level.

The percept is really a *continuous field* of forces. It is a dynamic landscape, in which lines (of the structural skeleton) are actually ridges sloping off in both directions. These ridges are centers of attractive and repulsive forces, whose influence extends through their surroundings, *inside* and *outside* the boundaries of the figure. There is no point free from these forces. "Restful" points are in balance under tension.

What are Perceptual Forces ?

Static measurements define only the "stimulus", *i.e.*, the message sent to the eye by the physical world. But the life of a percept its expression and meaning derives entirely from the activity of the perceptual forces. *Any line* drawn on a sheet of paper, is *like a rock*

thrown into a pond. Seeing is the perception of action.

Every aspect of a visual experience has its physiological counterpart in the nervous system.

Physiological Field Processes: The nature of these brain processes is such that they can be thought of as *field processes* where interactions between the parts and the whole are a general phenomenon.

Visual Weight is always a *dynamic* effect, but the tension [it produces] is not necessarily oriented along a direction within the picture plane.

Weight is influenced by a pictorial object in the center can be counterbalanced by smaller ones placed off-center. According to the *lever principle*, the weight of an element increases in relation to its distance from the center.

The greater the depth an area of the visual field reaches, the greater the weight it carries. Why is that? Perhaps, due to a *counterbalancing effect to foreshortening*. Also, it is possible the "volume of empty space" in front of a distant part carries weight.

Red is "heavier" than blue, and *bright* colors are "heavier" than dark ones. E.g., a black area must be made larger than a white one to counterbalance it; this is due in part to irradiance, which makes a bright surface look relatively larger.

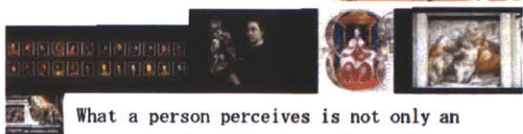
Isolation Makes for weight, the moon in an empty sky.

The more regular “simple” a shape, the heavier the degree to which mass is concentrated around its center.

Thus, distance weakens the stimulus to such an extent that the perceptual mechanism is left free to impose upon it the *simplest possible shape*, the *circle*. Note that, *distance in time* as much the same effect as distance in space.

Different triangles have distinctly different visual characters, which cannot be inferred from their actual shape, but only from the structural skeleton their shape creates by induction. The resulting skeleton of each triangle derives from its contour through the “law of simplicity”: the resulting skeleton is the simplest structure obtainable with the given shape.

“Static measurements define only the “stimulus”, i.e., the message sent to the eye by the physical world. But the life of a percept its expression and meaning derives entirely from the activity of the perceptual forces. Any line drawn on a sheet of paper, is like a rock thrown into a pond. Seeing is the perception of action.”



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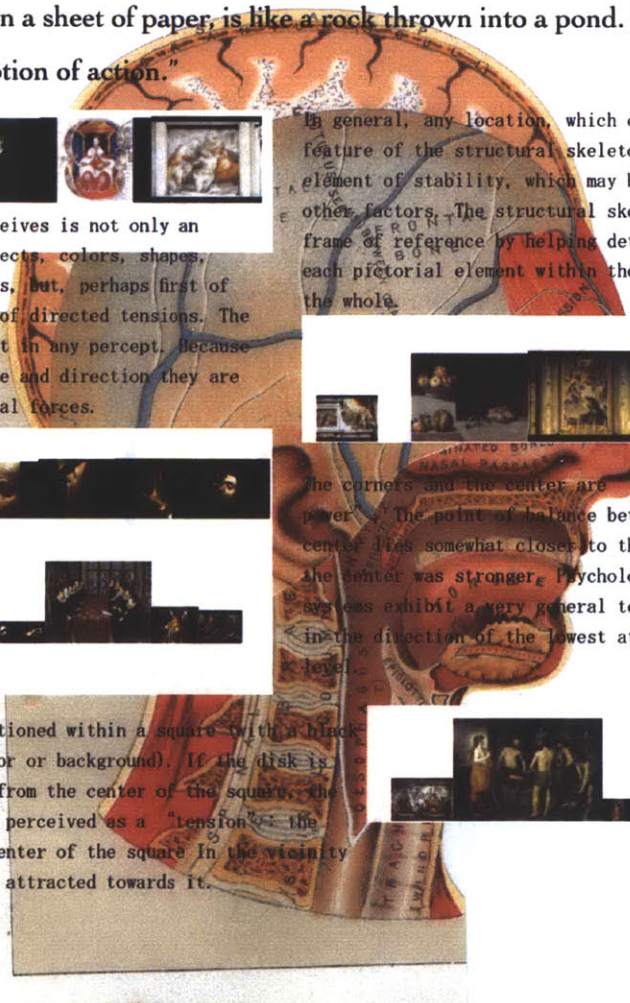


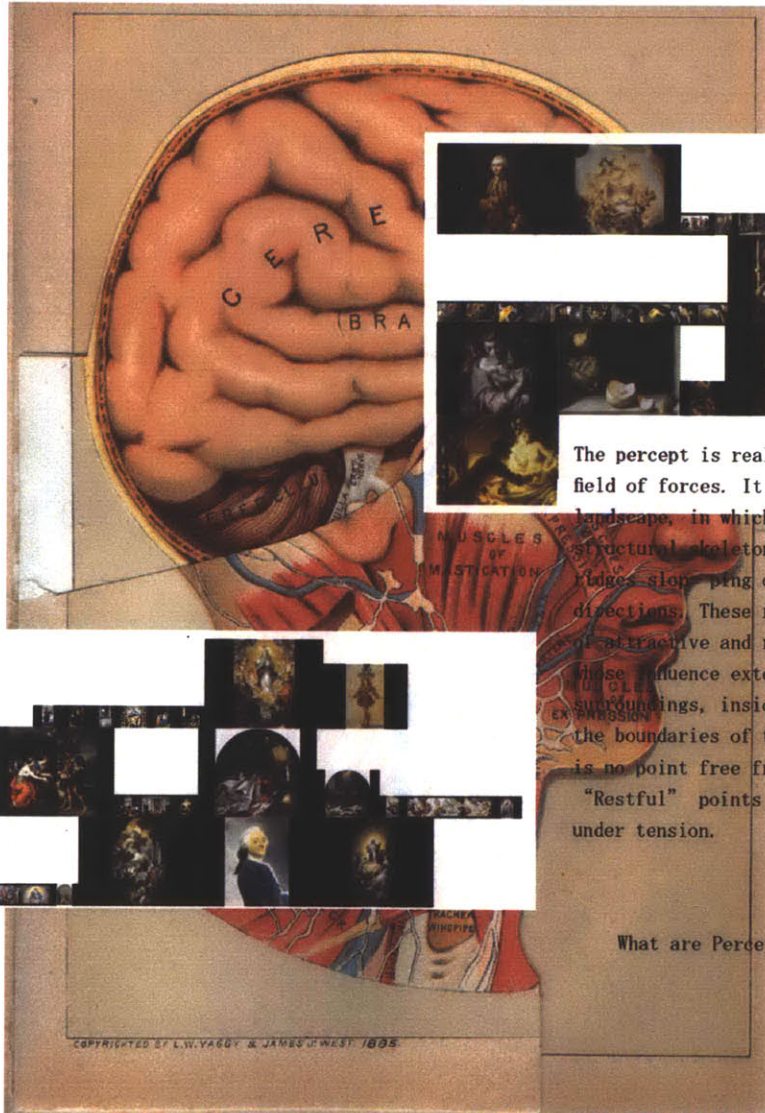
Imagine a black disk positioned within a square (with a black boundary and white interior or background). If the disk is positioned slightly away from the center of the square, the assymetry of the scene is perceived as a “tension”: the disk strives toward the center of the square. In the vicinity of a boundary the disk is attracted towards it.

In general, any location, which coincides with a feature of the structural skeleton introduces an element of stability, which may be counteracted by other factors. The structural skeleton serves as a frame of reference by helping determine the role of each pictorial element within the balance system of the whole.



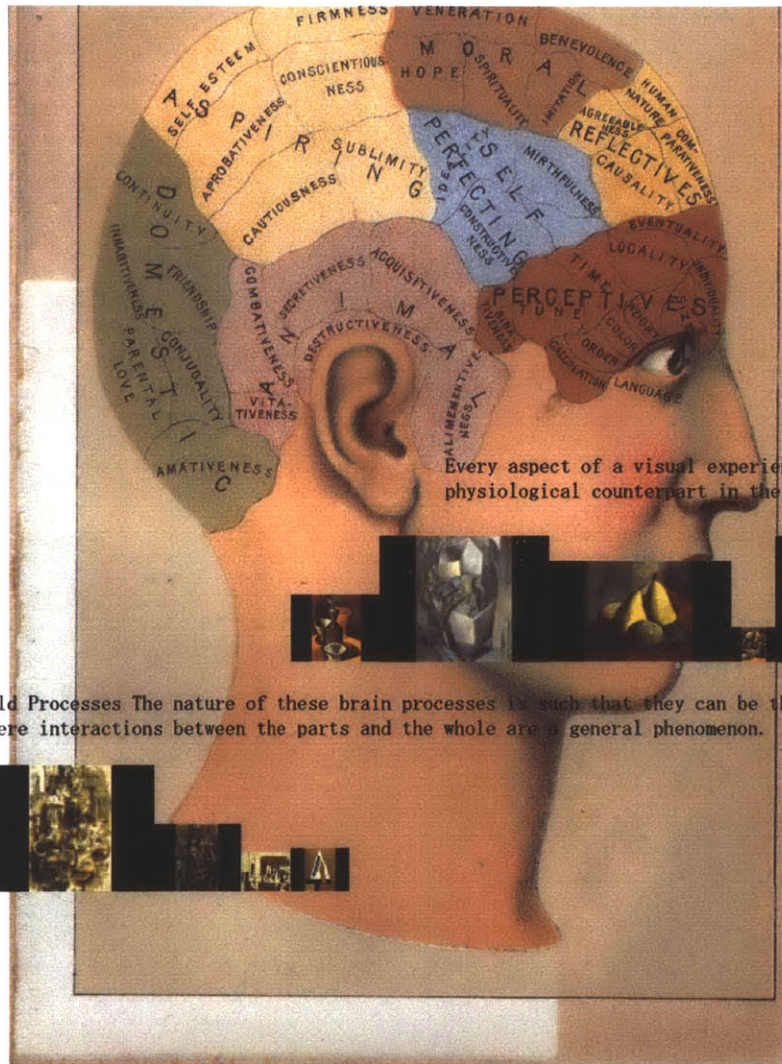
The corners and the center are magnets of unequal power. The point of balance between a corner and center lies somewhat closer to the corner, as if the center was stronger. Psychological, as physical, systems exhibit a very general tendency to change in the direction of the lowest attainable tension level.





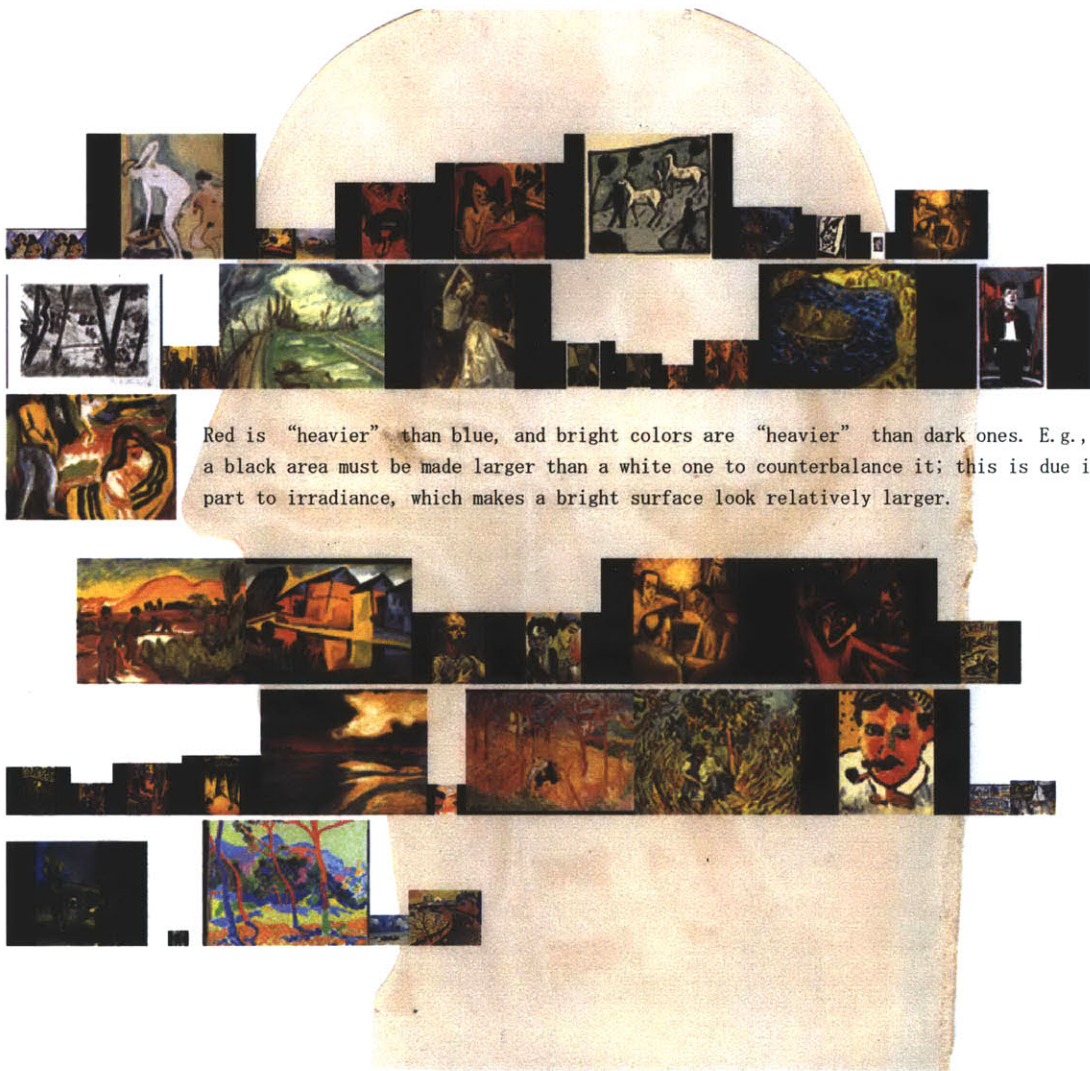
The percept is really a continuous field of forces. It is a dynamic landscape, in which lines (of the structural skeleton) are actually ridges sloping off in both directions. These ridges are centers of attractive and repulsive forces, whose influence extends through their surroundings, inside and outside the boundaries of the figure. There is no point free from these forces. "Restful" points are in balance under tension.

What are Perceptual Forces ?

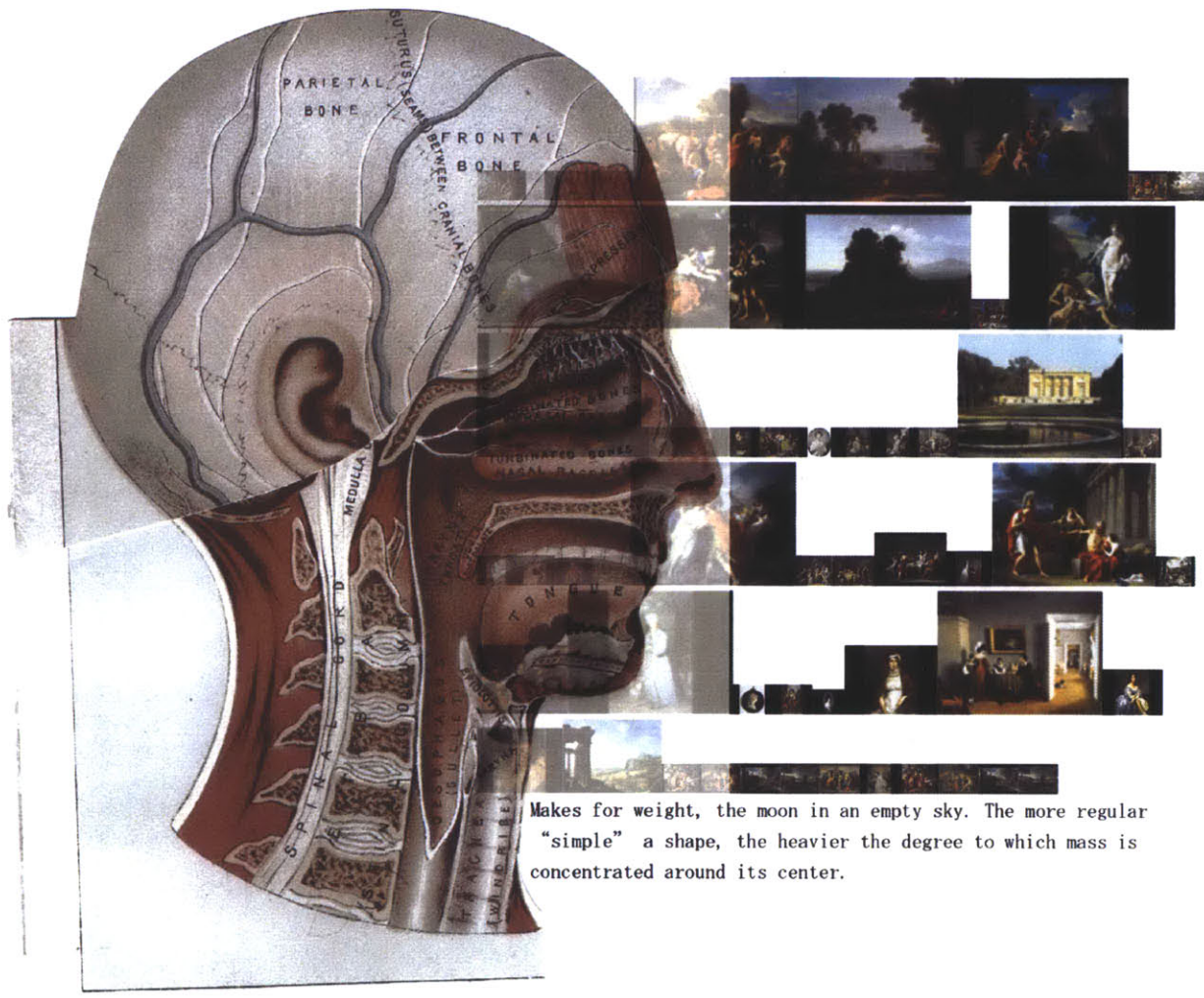


Every aspect of a visual experience has its physiological counterpart in the nervous system

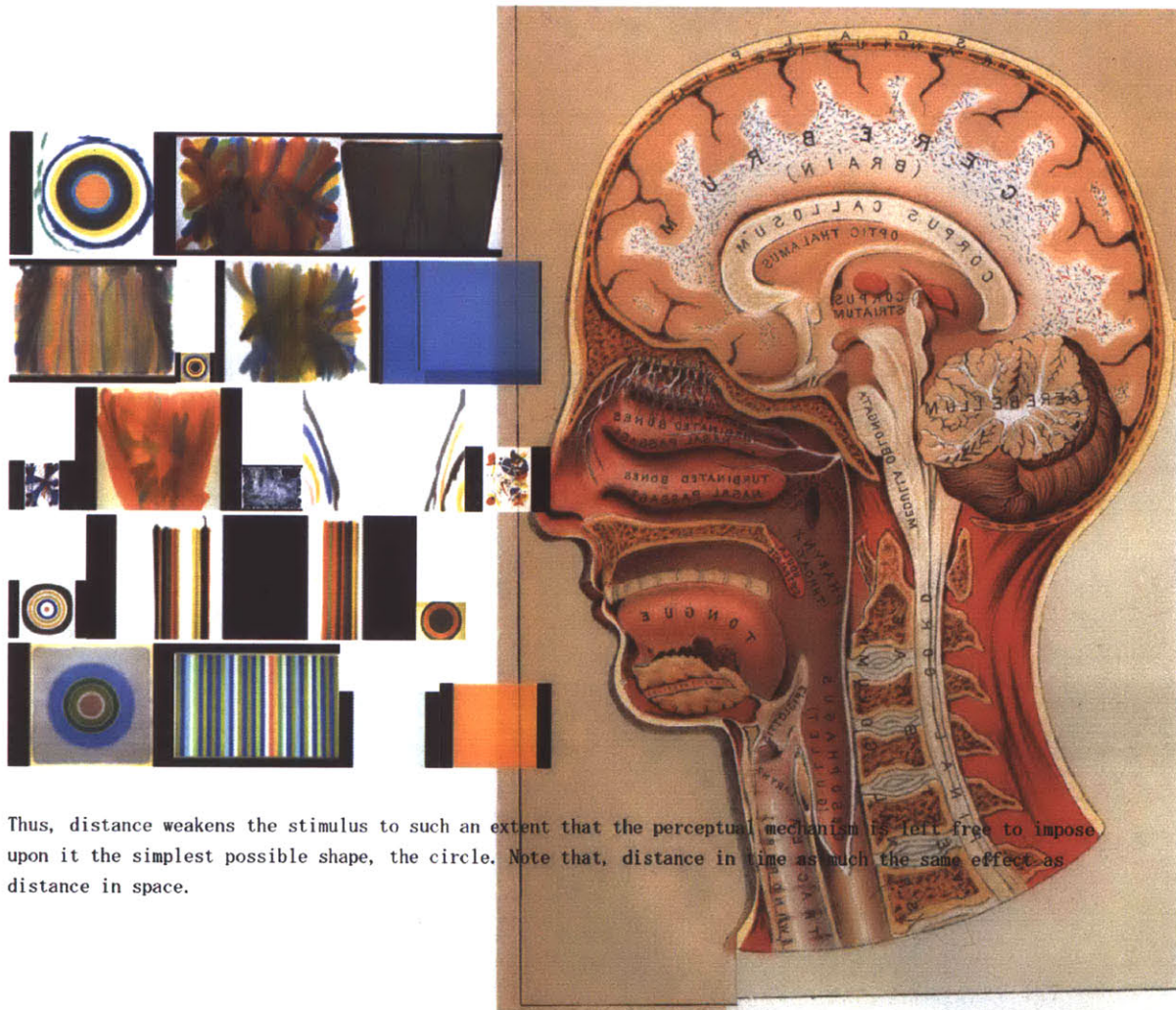
Physiological Field Processes The nature of these brain processes is such that they can be thought of as field processes where interactions between the parts and the whole are a general phenomenon.



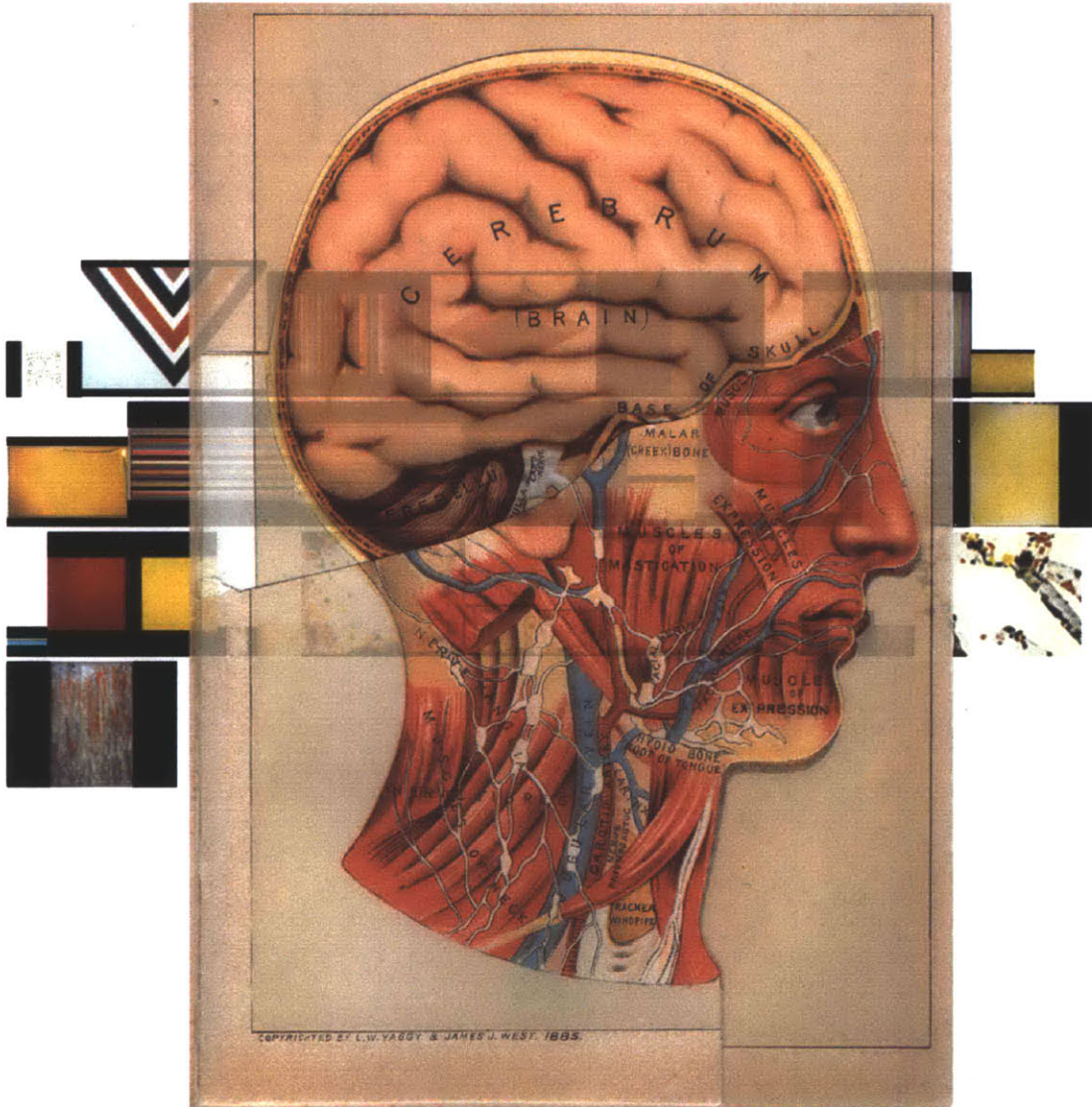
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Makes for weight, the moon in an empty sky. The more regular "simple" a shape, the heavier the degree to which mass is concentrated around its center.



Thus, distance weakens the stimulus to such an extent that the perceptual mechanism is left free to impose upon it the simplest possible shape, the circle. Note that, distance in time as much the same effect as distance in space.



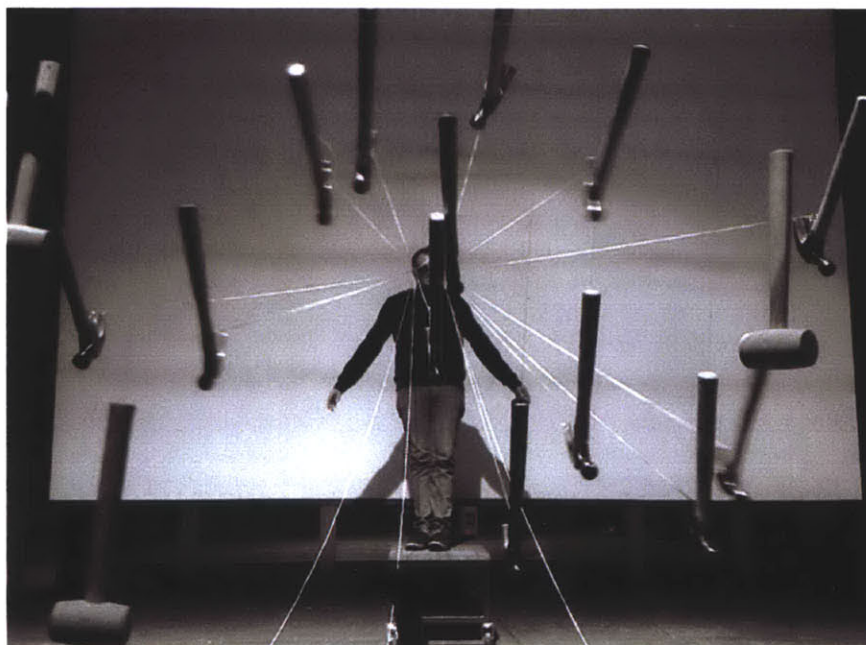
Perceptual System and Pathways

Steel and Linen

One Piece Grey Mechanics Suit



Steel and Linen

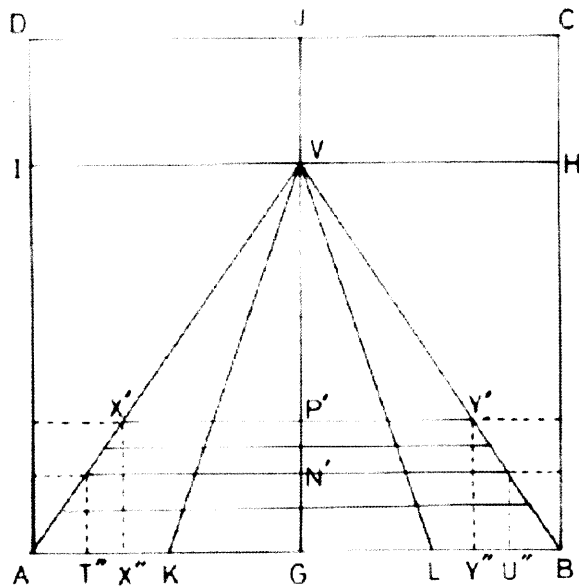


If you look at any walls soiled with a variety of stains, when you have to invent some location, you will therein be able to see a resemblance to various landscapes graced with mountains, rivers, rocks, trees, plains, great valleys and hills in many combinations. Or again you will be able to see various battle fields and figures darting about, strange looking faces and costumes, and endless number of things which you can distill into finely rendered forms.¹

1. Da Vinci's Notebooks

The Achitecture:

A man standing quietly on a low stool, arms to his side, defines an empty space. 20 silken cords fixed at one end to a pair of goggles worn over his eyes. The room is dark, save one, half raised stage lamp illuminating the cables as they extend, suspended from the floor, across some distance to a vertical invisible plane suspended within a heavy steel cage. 20 hammers hang at different heights and different distances from the plane suspended. Affixed to each of the hammers the other end of the silken cord is tied. Each hammer defines a point in space corresponding to a point on the plane. All vertices are made visible as the silken cord is illuminated by the light, all are drawn back to a single point of perspective; the man. An externalization of an inner plane of perspective separating the external world of sight from the manifest inward projection of vision.



[Fig. 18] DaVinci

One Piece Grey Mechanics Suit



One Piece Grey Mechanics Suit

Hard orange, broken in points of sharpened light from emptied shadows, too cold to be less than busied against the rounded black stones lining the stream, move quickly against the deeply gouged sakey curling off beyond the footbridge. Early morning light divided the gorge and guided the creek beyond the garden. Above, the bridge hung slackened after he had passed away. The connecting green structure and the only access to the furnace for smelting gears, 64 steps across and as many wooden planks connected the narrow walkway was left in dis-use. Through the windows of his shack, held together from exposed patches of softened wood, a one-piece grey mechanics suit still hung on a nail exposed to the turn-of-light playing over the countless tools on mornings in the spring; wild poppies grew everywhere. He worked in secret designing gears and cogs of strange geometries for years for flying machines in the East. Bits of dried peel littered the floor. Penciled diagrams of strange machines were pinned to every surface. Metals cast from melted bits of hammers and furnaced in a technique only known to him, was lost. Numerous paper boxes lined crooked shelves, all with the same words scrolled on them, faded from time: Visual Rejects. 15 years of stillness seemed to render everything within, ash, as undisturbed. The window sills were lined with strange

tools caked in brown sculpting wax and soiled engine oil; hands without hands quietly defying action leaning against their jars and mugs, and cans, a troupe of de-activated characters without purpose to the outside, press against the glass. A headstone erected somewhere read: *Transform the dust into wings.*

In his youth he ran away from home to repair broken rail lines across the great plains, taken the job as escape from a world of flat and the fading belief in God in a village secluded from the outside world. The industrial revolution had finally arrived to meet the airships of Verne, flipped through and folded over from years of inverting the world into flying machines and mechanical discovery, resting, always in the back pocket of his grey mechanics suit. Envisioning distant worlds too rich to support the levied sky against the interminable horizon of his youth, only he saw the beauty of what lay beyond his grasp, and it was the rails that would take him to Nietzsche's garden. The world around him was without color, without form, plains of wheat, and rusting Barley hang in boredom. He was 19. A slice of bread, a slab of salt pork wrapped in grease paper and an orange accompanied him to the rail yard. In the early spring the ground was too soft to lay new track, and for the past season he was tasked with unloading pine planked rail cars from the east, of their cargo. 4:30 5:30 6:30, the whistles, bells, and general calamity of every Union Pacific arrival breaking over the horizon carried by majestic air balloons painted red and deep blue, weightless against the early purple

crimson above. Early mist surrounds the dulled carbon steel of the yard. He dreamed of oceans, of waking far from here. Heavy steel on steel wheels grind, the tracks vibrate, dust and sand settle into elaborate patterns before disappearing in the wake of 300 tons of land-bound steel. Enormous hasp latches unfold on long wooden arms, and the bellie from the outside world is gutted.

Wooden crates hoisted with canvas straps, red lever arms inch steamer trunks into green metal carts, ropes, cranes, and men all scraping dragging and pulling to empty the exotic carcass. A linen strap breaks as he guides a crate marked (Visual Rejects) overhead. An orange is lost beneath the ties.



*The metal was heavy and pitted dark with rain
falling without pause for weeks
rivets fastened the entire structure
they too were dented and deeply scarred by the blows
which set them
rusted
and brown
and massive,
though corroded.*

*Scores of iron fingers
mangled and jutting toward greyed dullness
exposed to constant pouring,
sewn in earth packed soil
swollen with rain.*

*Rain like lead
i blamed these afternoons for the rust
abandoned now of oil, coal, and spark.
Heavy steal moved
now nightmares guarding sleepless nights,
No where new.*

*Skin drawn thin, clear, numbed.
Everything is a slur:
Only walls sound a voice and faces always smile.
Her words from empty smiling lips dissolve.
Hate them
i think to tell them.
I do not care what i say
...wish rust would collect in expressionless smiles
...did i say?
I think i said i cannot sleep*

*it is the nightmares
everything is heavy
swollen in rain.*

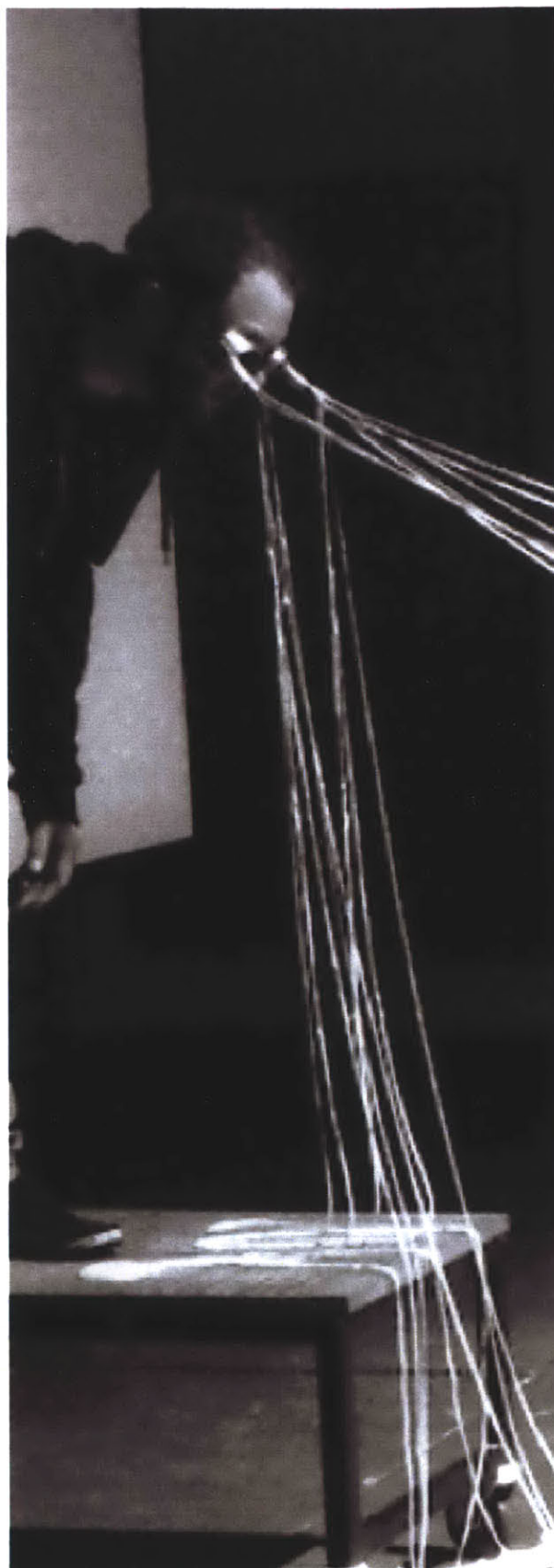
*The metal was heavy
struck fast...
or am weak!
They tell me there are no tracks
it is only the medicine
they do not know.*

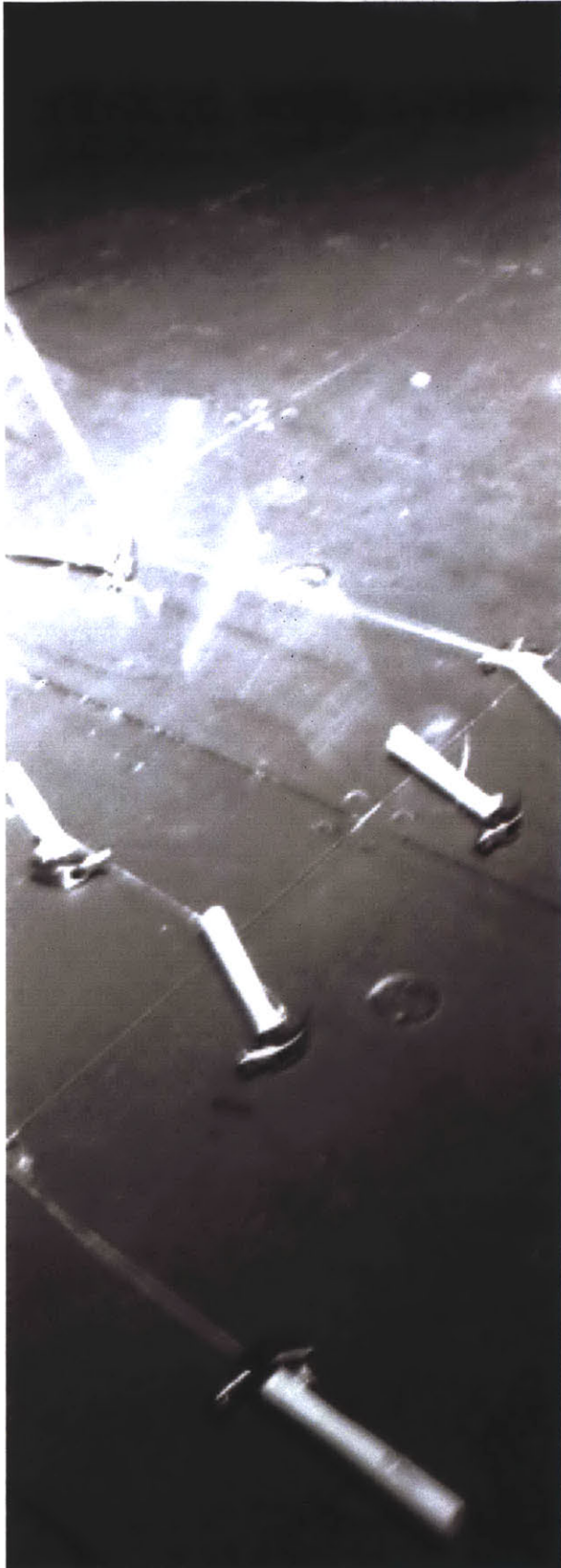
*Green pills.
I chewed one once it was bitter,
they say there never was a train
..no not now!
i do not go anywhere new...
that i am sick and the green pills
or are they yellow?
will make me better.*

*I do not know because i do not take them
i spit them into my hand
dissolve them in my soup.
I don't eat soup.*

*I think i tell them
they do not listen
i think
but they do not know.*

*And there are tracks!, but it won't stop raining.
metal isn't heavier in rain.
every day when the shadow tires of the wall
it slides onto the floor,
at least it can sleep.
There is soup and a god in white and a smile.*





*I do not take them because they are bitter
the light shadow plays out like the ocean floor
the sand in the shallows
i should know i saw the ocean once.*

*The train
i could go anywhere
now they are broken
the tracks.
I thought to fix them
they are heavy and i am weak,
because i cannot sleep.*

*it's the nightmares
before i saw everything.*

*how could I?
they are twisted
and broken
and rusted
and too heavy in this rain...
sad burnt frozen snakes heaped quietly in snow.*

*I used to see everything!
until the end
beautiful places! and then the end
nightmares because it was never finished.
and now I cannot sleep.*

*speeding along
thick rushings of hot gasses the engine
coal smoke burning eyes throat
thrust my face into the path screaming through the boiler door.*

i lied.

*I dissolve them in my soup
I think it is funny
she smiles and looks so kind
she does not know
what it means to see.*

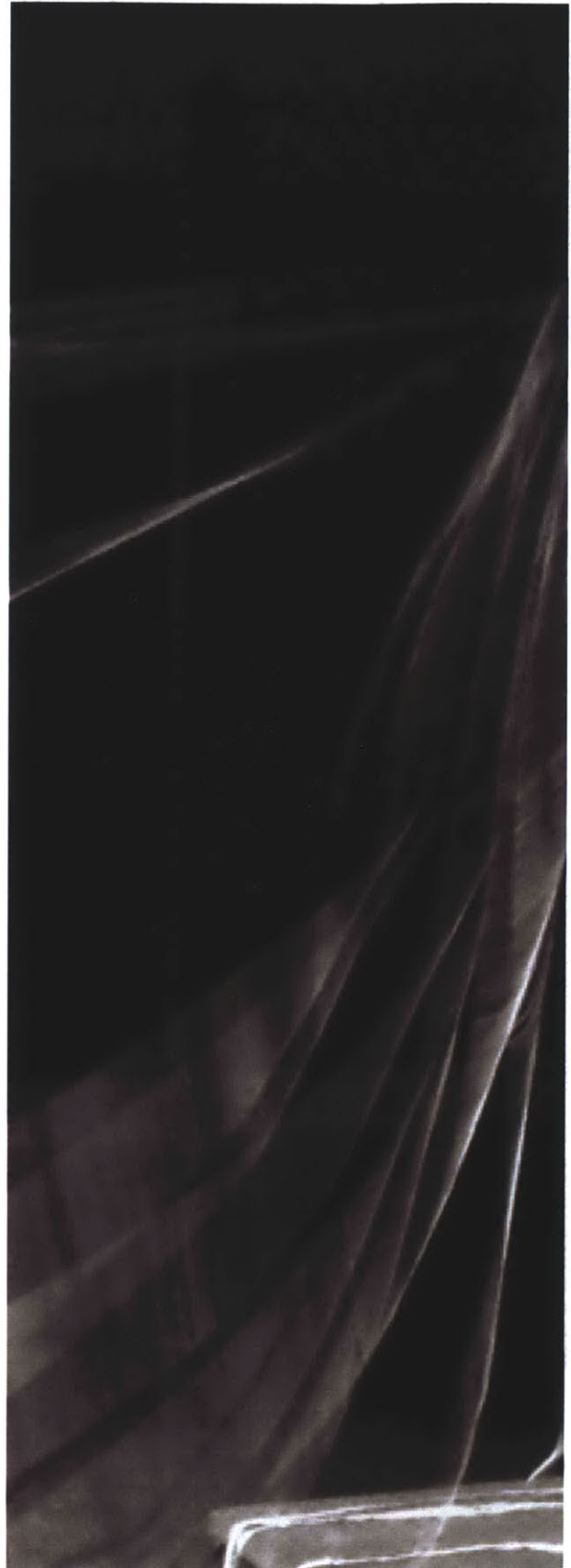
*If my eyes were burning i knew i was going somewhere
new,
and it would make me smile
like the stupid smiling goddess
who tells me i will be better,
...the pills you know.*

*I am not sick i just cannot sleep
from the nightmares*

*The smoke was in my eyes
i was going somewhere new
but there was no bridge
...there was part of one.*

*now i am here
i have been trying to fix them,
the tracks since then.
how long?*

*It is the rain that makes them leaden
filling pits with orange water
if it would only stop raining.
When the sink leaks i need one finger one
and then it stops.
...don't have enough fingers though
for the sky
don't have enough fingers!*



*I do not eat soup do you have any more pills?
the green ones
they make me feel better and can sleep after just one
i lied.*

*I dissolve them in my soup
I think it is funny
she smiles and looks so kind
she does not know
what it means to see.*

*If my eyes were burning i knew i was going somewhere
new, and it would make me smile
like the stupid smiling goddess
who tells me i will be better,
...the pills you know.*

*I am not sick i just cannot sleep
from the nightmares
The smoke was in my eyes
i was going somewhere new
but there was no bridge
...there was part of one.
now i am here
i have been trying to fix them,
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filling pits with orange water
if it would only stop raining.
When the sink leaks i need one finger one
and then it stops.
...don't have enough fingers though
for the sky
don't have enough fingers!*



*Oh i was not hungry for the soup
maybe tomorrow?
And then i could go somewhere new
drift across the floor
like the inside of a sea shore,
I mean a sea shell.*

*I used to see so many of them
tangled and rolling
on the surf
on the shore.*

*Am not sick just want to fix the torn tracks
and go somewhere new
i tell them.
Rusted from the rain.
Never stops.
How can it rain so long
i love the storm.*

*whenever it would rain i wanted to go somewhere new
nowhere new
now there are no more smiles
no more water shadows dripping across the floor
crawling across my face.
jump out the window.*

*No pills.
I think they tasted my soup.
I told them it was too bitter.
I do not like bitter soup.*

*Not curious about going anywhere new,
about the needle in my arm.
close my eyes.
when the shadow is still
i become muted stillness.
i hate needles.
They say i am getting better now
i don't want to go anywhere new
my arm stings warm/ice*

*i sleep'
it rains.*

1. "Sleeping is no mean art. For its sake one must stay awake all day." Nietzsche, *Thus spoke Zarathustra*. Somebody in command of themselves has no trouble sleeping because they have no regrets or guilt.

Between the settled window panes and dust covered plate glass, reflections of the outer world fall flat, a stilted blued room played shadows of a muted awning and the sharp distended lines of reflected light from the street cars below dart obliquely across the linens of an otherwise empty room; geometries of a stone-carved world extending beyond. The smooth warmth, the heavily silenced air, had disconnected the room from his heavy eyes. They had not allowed him to bring anything hoping to disentangle his youth from the outside world of elements, to recover the normal circuitous-way of the 'advanced' human way of living since the accident. Automobiles raced below and the railroad was in the decline. His hands, formed like two rough-baked bricks, held the linens over his sleeping form. He took the 64th step across the narrow walkway. The linens are smoothed and tucked tightly back to an empty bed. A room returns without dimension.

*As I lay sleeping, a sheep ate at the ivy-wreath on my
head,--it ate, saying: 'Zarathustra is no longer a scholar.'
It says this, and went away clumsily and proudly.
A child told me.
I like to lie here where the children play, beside the
ruined wall, under thistles and red poppies.
A scholar I am still to the children, and also to the
thistles and red poppies. Innocent are they, even in their evil.
But to the sheep [plural] I am no longer a scholar:
thus my fate wills--blessings upon it!
For this is the truth: I have departed from the house of the scholars, and
the door I have closed behind me....¹⁴*

14. Friedrich Nietzsche. *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Trans. by Alexander Tille.
London: MacMillan & Co., Ltd, 1896. 176.

Conclusion

The anticipation of the external world of object, surface, and time opens a door upon an interior architecture of sight, a myriad of internal geometries supporting an unseen city without dimension. Regardless of the complexity of mode, representation, and format of all with which we are confronted, one cannot escape maintaining a singular perspective in relation to the sensory world. This perspective spreads and extends inward illuminating a populated complexity of characters that together play into the periphery of an ever upward build, a city, a plan, a dimension of vision ultimately projected back onto the world.



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