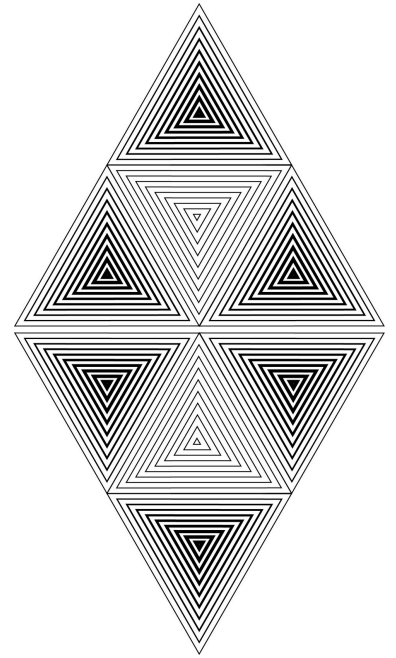


BRIDGES AND TUNNELS BETWEEN DISPARATE PLACES



Collected Quotes, Texts and Poetic Explorations into the Materiality of Incidence.

by ALEXANDER ZAKLYNSKY

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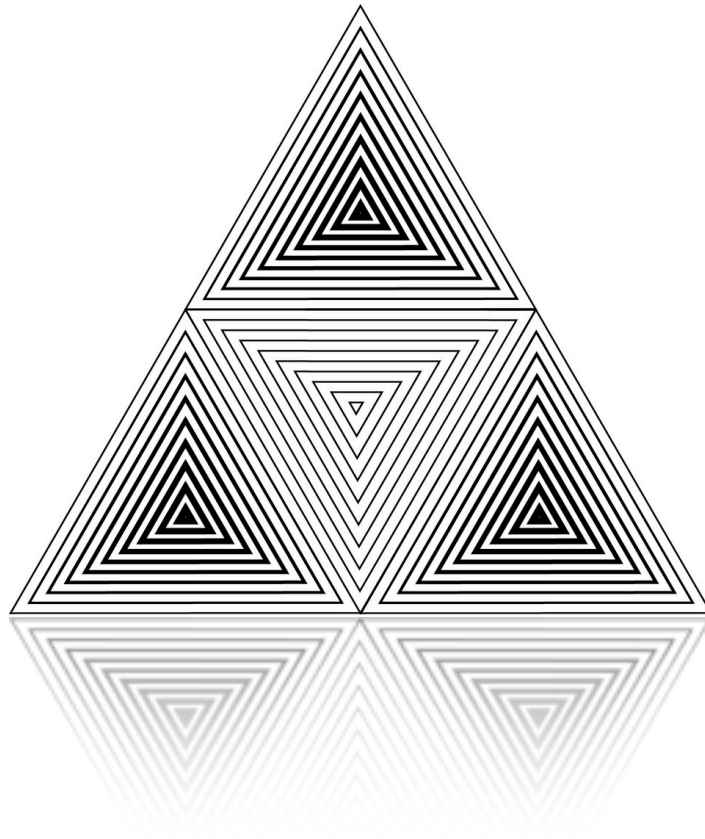
LOST HORSE GALLERY

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RETINA PROJECTS

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BRIDGES AND TUNNELS BETWEEN DISPARATE PLACES:

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- Marcel Duchamp, The Afternoon Interviews. by Calvin Tompkins
- How To Read Lacan by Slovak Zizek.
- The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge by Rainer Maria Rilke.
- Temporality in Synesthesia - Crétien van Campen. published in Leonardo vol. 32, nr. 1 (1999) 9-14.
- Amusing Ourselves to Death - by Neil Postman
- The Joy Of Visual Perception by Peter Kaiser
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- A Jewel at the Heart of Quantum Physics. by Natalie Wolchover
- Walter Benjamin - The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction:
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- Georges Perec - Species of Space (1974)

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FORWORD:

This group of texts aims to capture an elusive thought about the materiality of incidence. The word incidence in physics means the intersection of a line, or something moving in a straight line, such as a beam of light. Its origin is from the latin word incidere meaning to ‘fall upon, happen to’. The materiality of incidence is the structure or makeup of a direction of thought. The following texts are just this, thoughts formed from a composition of ideas and elements. Bridges and Tunnels Between Disparate Places is a process of webbing quotes, texts and poetic explorations together into a larger context and searching for an intrinsic likeness within each part. This free form collection of statements, responses and poetic ephemera is a snapshot into a creative process. Observations of elements in flux always change from one moment to the next as do the creative processes of artists in a modernity of evolving technologies and globalized interconnectedness.

BRIDGES AND TUNNELS BETWEEN DISPARATE PLACES:

Collected Quotes, Texts and Poetic Explorations into the Materiality of Incidence

Alexander Zaklynsky

“It’s a very convenient way of saying that time is the fourth dimension, so we have the three dimensions of space and one of time. But in one dimension, a line, there is also time. I also don’t think in fact Einstein calls it a fourth dimension. He calls it a fourth coordinate. So my contention is that the fourth dimension is not the temporal one. Meaning that you can consider objects having four dimensions. But what sense have we got to feel it? Because with our eyes we only see two dimensions. We have three dimensions with the sense of touch. So, I thought that the only sense we have that could help us get a physical notion of a four-dimensional object would be touch again. Because to understand something in four dimensions, conceptually speaking, would amount to seeing around an object without having to move: to feel around it.”

“...every object that casts a shadow may be itself the shadow of another object...”

“An object is an object, a three-dimensional form. But words are taken and repeated, and after a certain number of repetitions the word takes on an aura of mysticism, of magic.”

-Excerpts from MARCEL DUCHAMP, The Afternoon Interviews. by Calvin Tompkins

“ We can see now how, far from conceiving the Symbolic that rules human perception and interaction as a kind of transcendental a-priori (a formal network, given in advance, that limits the scope of human practice), gestures of symbolization are entwined with and embedded in the process of collective practice. “

“The symbolic function presents itself as a twofold movement in the subject: man makes his own action into an object, but only to return its foundational place to it in due time. In this equivocation, operating at every instant, lies the whole progress of a function in which action and knowledge alternate.”

“Consciousness is opposed to mere knowledge of an object: knowledge is external to the known object, while consciousness is in itself ‘practical’, an act that changes its very object”.

-Excerpts from HOW TO READ LACAN by Slovak Zizek.

“There exists a creature that is perfectly harmless; when it passes before your eyes, you hardly notice it and immediately forget it again. But as soon as it somehow, invisibly, gets into your ears, it begins to develop, it hatches, and cases have been known where it has penetrated into the brain and flourished there devastatingly,” - Excerpt from The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge by Rainer Maria Rilke.

AN EXTRA SCAFFOLD FOR THE SENSES TO CLING TO:

What is it that wakes the sleeper? Is it not, in the dream, another reality? The Reality that emerges in the guise of an illusory spectacle. The central object reposes in stillness even when within itself it expresses strong action. At first sight the volumes and contours declare themselves boldly to the eye. They are of a surprising simplicity, and are clearly apprehended. But the more one looks the more they elude any precise definition. The apparent continuity of the contour is illusory, for it changes in quality throughout each particle of its length. There is no uniformity in the tracing of the smallest curve. . . .

We thus get at once the notion of extreme simplicity in the general result and of infinite variety in every part. It is this infinitely changing quality of the very stuff of art which communicates so vivid a sense of life. In spite of the austerity of forms, all is vibration and movement

The movement unlocks something in the original... Locked up inside the routine, change the routine and we make new discoveries . . .

AN EXPERIENCE OF SPACE:

Three things come to mind when approaching that thing that obtusely situates itself in the path forward.

1. It makes you stop, it changes the path in terms of coordination and decidedly imposes a reactionary stance. It brings up the mind's deliberate ability of extending the space around. It asks you the question, do you recognize? Well, sometimes, of course, but others it's a bit more of a cognitive exercise. The form extends through the eyes and into this space of objectivity. It courses through the network of memory and calls up recollections of likeness. It develops a small story in just a few moments and imposes a choice to make. It considers your presence in as much as you must consider the object. It lights up neural pathways and sends an almost immediate response. Sometimes that response lingers and a visual collage of likeness unravels into a form of collective ideology. The idea represents itself as a decision and an alter decision. Two maybe three forms or more juggle for predominant purchase and you figure yourself into the overall geography of the situation. The coordinates are set and the decision is made either reactively or one with more stuttered deliberation. The mind and body develop the immediate relationship, the architecture of the moment is structured into a cognitive deliberation and the answer is set into action. "Yes I recognize you in my path and I know what to do and what is there possible."
2. It shows you the predominant force of time. It extenuates your presence and calls upon you to define your temporal nature. It may provide for you an answer, it may question you for your credentials, it may even ask you to devote a piece of yourself. But none the less it nails down your democratic nature and excels a type of presence that may support various conclusions. Your task is now to demand from it its boundaries. You experience the space as a

place in flux, a place that your mind has just traveled through yet body is still materially bound to in a static moment of revelation. Your horizon has changed. You undergo a form of transformation and suddenly it's just another moment.

3. It relates to one and you to it. The object has taught you the basics of experiential relativity. It, the ever present it, combines with you in an equation. You plus it equals here. You minus it equals there. You minus it plus space and time equals another place where you are confronted with yet another here. You experience the transformation and forever know the where you were. Time is the object. Action is the progressive constellation of force plus time equals movement. Movement yet again equal one plus place plus space and time. The ongoing experience of transformation leads one into solace with the self which is yet another myriad of experiential equations of one. You have moved passed the object and with eyes and mind wrapped around all that is in consciousness, you have travelled the distance of time plus space. The object is anything. The movement is everything.

Synesthesia: from the ancient Greek σύν (syn), "together," and αἴσθησις (aisthēsis), "sensation."

In this text, synesthesia is predominantly meant in the way as being an intention in Art to involve as many, if not all, forms of artistic practice. Synesthetic art is an art that effects all or most of the senses.

Synesthetic art is art that is aided by or dependent on technology, art that stimulates multiple senses and generally art that takes place within or creates its own environment or atmosphere.

Temporality: *The state of existing within or having some relationship with time:*

like spatial position, temporality is an intrinsic property of the object.

Temporality in synesthesia - Crétien van Campen

The problem of temporality got the attention of most modern artists at that time (e.g. futurists, members of De Stijl and Der Blaue Reiter). Painting was considered a static art form, and some modern artists wanted to add to the two dimensional painting not only the third dimension of depth but also the fourth dimension of time by means of visual suggestions of movement.

Mondrian studied the problem of the visual perception of movement in his apparent static compositions. The first paintings with grids around 1920 were a milestone in his oeuvre. However, these first presentations of universal proportions were lacking the important characteristic of rhythm, according to Mondrian. The perception of reality was chained in forms dictated by the classical art of painting, he wrote. To liberate this perception of its chains, the visual form had to be destroyed and rhythm be given its freedom. Mondrian discussed the attempts of the futurists and the cubists to give space to rhythm in paintings, but concluded that they did not succeed in imagining rhythm.

Mondrian's Composition with grey lines (1918) was an early attempt in this direction. The rhombus painting contained a grid of squares and planes that crossed each other in the corners. Mondrian systematically varied the thickness and the grey tones of the lines, giving rise to the perceptual effect of a rhythmically moving raster. Since the beholder's eyes were disposed to follow the lines of equal thickness and grey tone, his gaze was lead through the painting in a movement like the quickstep dance. The synesthesia of movement in visual rasters remained a central theme in Mondrian's experiments, culminating in the Boogie Woogie paintings of his last years.

In the first decades of this century, technical limits were a major obstacle in the experiments by Mondrian, Kandinsky and Scriabin. From the fifties the technological innovations in electronic and digital productions of image and sound offered new possibilities for the performance of synesthetic experiments. Another era of synesthetic experiments started as a number of reviews show. The more recent experiments seem mainly involved in the physical or electronic translation of music and sound into images and animation. Lesser attention has been paid to the psychological (i.e. perceptual and emotional) impact of these synesthetic performances. In comparison with the more psychological oriented experiments by Scriabin, Kandinsky and Mondrian, current artistic experiments seem more orientated on the physics of synesthesia (e.g. electronics and computer programming).

-Crétien van Campen. Original extended manuscript of article published in Leonardo vol. 32, nr. 1 (1999) 9-14.

EXPERIENTIAL ECHOLOCATION: The Multi-Media Art Installation - The Synesthetic Work.

The concept of synesthesia in the arts is regarded as the simultaneous perception of multiple stimuli in one gestalt experience. Synesthetic forms are dynamic. They are not situated in thought, they are literal perceptions. A unity of the senses. A poetic language of whole experience. A fullness.

In experiencing a new work of art or installation when walking into a gallery space or even through a subway or outdoor city park, an experience unfolds. The observer installs into an atmosphere and a collection of events intended by the artist. The artist employs certain nuances which may arrive to the observer through multiple stimuli, ie. audio, visual, touch, smell and taste. The artists function is to choreograph the passing experience into a type of atmospheric rhythm of senses. The combination or unity of senses provide a fuller, more dynamic perception of the work and its meaning. As observing implies a visual undertaking, in synesthetic work, observing would be accompanied by the other four major senses, hearing, taste, smell and touch.

At the core of all senses of the human body lies the central nervous system. Information is passed through this system via chemical and electrical impulses. These impulses define the perception of ones experience and relate across various spectrum. The visible spectrum is the portion of the electromagnetic spectrum that is visible to the human eye while hearing is driven by the auditory system. This system is a type of mechanosensation as is that of the sense of touch. All senses get translated through impulses to the brain but the sense of sight and sound both travel via waves to the eyes and ear. Light waves may exist in a vacuum while sound waves need substance to travel through. We see color via varied light frequencies while hearing sound via oscillations of pressure transmitted within some medium like water or air. The mechanical, chemical and visual processes of our senses develop the perception within which we explore. We use these processes to transform organizations of senses

into formations of contexts for designing and elaborating on a poetry of experience, to clarify the awareness of ones incidence and state.

Color is a language, “the actual expression of color can be achieved simultaneously by several forms of art, each art playing its separate part, and producing a whole which exceeds in richness and force any expression attainable by one art alone.” The organization of modalities expressing and producing stimuli for the senses as a whole employes the spatial scattering of stimuli to form a cloud density of experiential atmospherics one can explore through various stimuli at once. The combination of modalities of expression build a stronger, fuller experience and ones temporality is defined. “Though we may be living in the midst of the informational glut known as the “exaflood,” the current interest in sensory correspondences is a revival in an interest that has existed, in various degrees, from antiquity. In China of the Confucian era, cross-sensory speculation occurred when the five tones of the musical scale were seen as harmonizing with the elemental properties of water, fire, wood, metal, and earth. In ancient Greece, the *sensus communis* of Aristotelean thought – a sort of translating faculty that was separate from the individual senses themselves – was carried over into the Middle Ages, where Thomas Aquinas used it as one of three *chambers* in the brain (wherein the *sensus communis* constituted the foremost brain chamber, ratiocination occurred in the middle chamber, and memory was relegated to the 3rd and final chamber.) Aquinas’ proposal survived to the Renaissance, where da Vinci made the slight adjustment of making the *sensus communis* the central brain chamber.” As one enters into multi-sensory, multi-media art a translation of biological processes combine to form a perception of experience. The transformation of aesthetic contexts into poetic experience underlies the main intention of this conceptual practice.

Quotes from Thomas Bey - William Bailey, *SURVEYING THE SYNESTHETIC IMPULSE, FROM THE 19TH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT.*

TIME, THE UNEQUIVOCAL UBIQUITY OF PRESENCE:

Some things come to mind.

A wanderer, a person walking and seeing everything new.

The perspective of naivety being completely evident in the composure of the figure.

A small nervous twitch opens a movement of the left elbow outward from the torso.

These things come to mean something later.

But none the less there is a figure on the horizon walking forward.

Not away or toward but forward and from a birds eye view.

The convex lens of the eye is twitching and the light shudders into the image, clear.

The person is walking, and the eye is following. The movie begins.

The metamorphic mind comes forward

and intuition builds a mental image that defines the space familiar.

The wanderer is the omnipresent observer.

The conscious will to define the surroundings as subjective and from all points of view.

But as we are objects and material our predominant point of view is the objective and materialistic.

We can not know that of the other in the complete sense, nor truly understand relations of the mind.

The spirit of vitality and the giver of streams visits the threshold for only moments at a time.

There are images that float in subconscious rivers.

They can be considered symbols for archetypes of thoughts in motion.

What these symbols come to be in everyone, can not be known,

but it is known that they are objects and conditions of presence.

The Azure above will settle all difference. And the blood in the veins warm to the light of all candles.

UNFURLING THE PERSPECTIVE:

I was looking at fresh blue, green and yellow oil paint on a masonite board about 4 feet by 8 feet in studio. I was documenting the time the oils sheen endured, slowly evaporating . I was focusing, meditating on the presence of the colors and there interactions. I put drying medium into the paint so it would harden within a couple of hours, but something happened that I didn't expect. Taking pictures of the piece every ten minutes for two and a half hours I was forced to sit and watch, to meditate on the abstract forms of actions that my body left on the surface. I had applied heavily thinned oil color with equal parts drying agent with large house paint brushes then with foam paint rollers made flowing and rhythmic strokes over the board and spreading the paints together. I would do this in layers and with slightly different color tones then spray with turpentine and take paper towel wrapped wood slats and repeat. I liked the almost mindless process of paint application but while interacting with the movements, almost the dance, the layers came into being something different than haphazard paint application. There was an ominous depth that arose and an almost subliminal unveiling of an ephemeral perspective.

The pattern emerged as a multilayered gradient of radiating lines from the center of where the golden ratio would have been situated. That lower third to the right coordinate. As the paint finished and my arms grew tired I decided it was time to let it breath. One last wash of turpentine and drying and I readied the camera and chair. Sitting there I started to stare at the focal point of the radiating lines, shifting my eyes and focus to blur the visual impact. I vaulted forward. As in Turrells' crater work he speaks of vaulting when one looks up into the sky from the crater top and due to the horizons shift in perspective one feels closer to the upper atmosphere. In my studio with the painting on the wall and my seat maybe 4 feet from the wall, my perspective was that where the 8 foot width of the work

covered my field of vision. I started to feel the depth of the painting. Not in a philosophical sense but that of a purely spatial sense. The 3rd dimension almost flipped into my awareness and I slowly got lost in the wanderings of my eye over the transitions of color and form. Light and dark forms intermingled and blurred together but receded as they got closer to the central coordinate.

Remember, I was taking pictures every ten minutes. A simple click of the camera on the tripod. I would sit up , aim and fire. Then sit back and proceed to feel my way through the Masonite and oil surface again. After about an hour and a half I started to see lines forming in new arrangements, vertical lines almost perfectly cutting through the oil to the under surface of Masonite. The vista I was so concentrated in went further into the grid and the blues, greens and yellows made a slow shift, fading from light at the top to dark at the bottom. The painting seemed to be drying yet the color was changing more rapidly. The whole piece was shifting downwards and the perspective went from the focal point, golden ratio coordinate, to that of the horizon and the rising of the sun. The yellows came through the blues while the greens on the sides dropped into the lower horizon and formed the temporality. The painting was transforming into a piece of visual architecture that I could experience in real time.

Now, as the two and a half hours came up I took the last picture and loaded them into the computer to put into a timeline sequence. I was interested in the shift that appeared to happen when you paint and the immediate sheen and glossiness provided by the turpentine mixture tends to disappear after time. The paint was always duller to me the next day when arriving back into studio. So the timeline set, each frame had two seconds with no fade, I pressed play. The painting went from glossy iridescent blues to almost a yellow green dryness over thirty seconds. The experience of the painting had totally changed from watching it over almost three hours to inside thirty seconds.

Looking closer at the image and zooming in ten times to the center it began to resemble what I had been experiencing. I slowed it down to one minute and there it was. I could see very clearly the chemical motion of the turpentine separating from the paint and moving down the surface. Dripping and causing the radial pattern to be crossed by the vertical lines almost etched through to the Masonite.

This experiment made me wonder more about time, how condensing the experience into frames of video, unlocked something I couldn't readily see during the meditative blurring of the vista I was in. The chemical process became more understandable, visible and useful. The subsequent layers of paint and form developed into a more precise play of diffusion and deterioration with a broader palate. In the time it took me to really put my mind and perception into the surface of the painting I found the place from where I could see its life. It's existence. The material came alive. The staccato meditation and archiving of paint drying opened a door into a deeper understanding of that surface that we call art. Slowly changing in a constant flux.

SKINNY LAKE -пісне озеро:

Wind slow and reaching into eyes
Dredging for fulfillment yet
Freezing it in its tracks
The light house empties its contents
For the ether that ebbs and flows
No one sees the ether
here it seeps into the firmament,
When sleep is present,
It hooks and curls through the neat meat folds of reeds used for the roof
The matted thickness that separates the trees and stars from shaking hands with memory,
Or the fresh pressed shirt sleeves , emboldened with red mythical patterns of history
Emblazoned on the cuffs.
Sinuous threads binding buttons and keeping pater adjourned at the table.
All are about to go eventually , just waiting for the final toast.
The toast
At most a requiem
At least a sonnet
But a toast is required

Health of course, and don't forget wine. Thank you wine!
Grapes, vines, roots, rocks, soil,
Earth, sun, moon, gravity, weather, especially clouds and the rain and shelter they bring from the heat
The wine thanks you.
The vines thank you.
The general disorganization of reality appreciates all you do,
especially now that chaos is here!
The virility of the moment spins a righteous thought to the moon like the tether of a laser measuring
device.
The receptacle in the balance Harboring all the early morning visions spinning in undulating discourse
with the ether.
Outward and inward at the same moment , dissections of character diverging and excreting influence
on the clouds above and below.
The rhythmic exchange vacillating densities of molecular flow
bringing upon each and every particle the critical need to expand and devote the rest of it's existence to
the cathartic traverse of space.
They sing a ballad to death and extinguish themselves from the cloud.
Hurling themselves from their pulpits to a final dreamlike visionary departure,
expulsion,
A dance with gravity and wind.
the populace of the disenfranchised begin one by one to divulge in their passions.

The first one. The second. Then slowly the third.
Until the viral campaign of opposition chants in full Unison.
the final mass pours out.
The bliss and beauty , intoxicating adventure.
Lights in millions of directions.
The fall!
And the rise of the conscience speeds to the point of total commitment.
Moments, hours, days.
The fortuitous reality of the defined path.
The populace seethes with self congratulatory assurances that the path is right and secure.
Then the final days dance in anxious preparation.
Because nothing is forever.
The trees come closer.
The spiral wind staircase to the earth.
Gently
Leading up to a sudden paradigm shift of speed and all
stops for a
split,
immeasurable,
second.
The bounce.
The final breath.
The recoil.
The final descent.
The journey is not over as the masses now spread out in concomitant realizations
that we are all but just little skinny lakes on the permafrost of desirous life!

IF FOR ONE MORE DAY:

..... eyes open again,
Light spreads it's tendrils through the colored pen,

oil slicks and tightens the canvases thread.

dread and suffrage struggles to bed,
and one less day till descending the dead,

A dove , take care, for some dreams can't be said.

and for just one more day, this fight is portrayed
so falter and stumble to sink deeper then fade,

for just one more day, to write what is said,
To sleep into the darkness, the metaphysical jade.

WAKING AFTER DREAM:

At the moment when
the dreams pervade
open lids,
the horizon toils and strays away.

At the moment of waking
when eyes fly free
evanescence embraced
and the silences recede.

At the moment of waking,
open the gates
to harvest the mists,
for drinks of frost and fate.

at this moment of waking,
upon the shivered lake

are millions of ripples

all mind to the breeze,
sifting through lights

to other fine nights.

NORTH EYES:

At night the north star rises.
pushing sinewaves through dustfields,
forward to the water bearer,
when the winter runs to hide
Forward to the spinning eyes
and the reasons to run wild
The river takes its refuge
on the lunar seas wave
where the simmering mists
rise from snow drifts
and trembling lightning soothes the fog.
fragile particle streams glide on wavelengths
of the trickling cries of nearby streams.

When the north star shines brighter than moon,
it shivers in a mood,
soon virulent springs lean in too close.

The hard part is over.
A rest and some good ol'
The north star ebbs its flow for all that needs to grow.
They mark the noon for all their springs and summers breezes
that follows every move,
like shadows skimming seas at sunset
every glance and gaze is a piece of blue.

azure will and golden hues
strengthen all that fear.

North eyes are here so keep the night near.

SURGE AND SUBSIST:

meus iter ad astra.
ad iter pacis.
separans a corpore animam stellis

My journey to the stars.
to the way of peace.
separating the soul from the body in the stars

Valor and time...
The swords tighten around the ring of which some have died,
some have cried and some have dreamt of in immeasurable light.
The laughter is drawing off into the distance as some go to sleep,
Some go to work yet others just mindlessly breath.
souls join with distance as there blanket , an alizarin trance
Crimson blood of will full presses.
The stanzas ignite as sound flows over the night.
Your day and the name, your saint and the fame.
Truth is to blame.
To know truth and fate that exist without pain.
As many days pass, the dreams of this sound.
The name of the ground from which to follow or flee.
some moments are made into chapters of books or vignettes of rushing brooks.
They parade their full spring commotions then falter in summers devotions.
The passengers of the mind have done them quit well yet ,
Named impulse and dissuasion, they control compromise and hearts with logic and false starts.
So here with valor, take it with pride! Rise to the occasion to conquer the tide!
Fates are lurking in every dark tide, and armies flanked on all sides with a determined sunrise.
Even if..
Jailed and detained the blind one does see, the letters of old poems start dancing and leave.

That moment when the foot falters on the approach to the precipice,
The body knows there is an unknown beyond the steep edge.
electric jolts syncopate into indifferent processes of preservation.

Trepidation lurches forward.
Launching to a blue abyss.
A sky of an unknown outcome.
above the sea of forgotten dreams
Falling steeply to the horizon, swirling through commotions of fear and death visions.

The mind, the body, the soul combine into one particle moment.
The final push and the skin tears with cool warmth.

Then...

on one night, clouds over time,
open the sky,
hands before eyes.
Silver sifts through empty halls leaving a haze of memory

The cold crystal freeze fights with the mist as warmth embraces all spheres and spaces.

The border between outside and inside is held by the mystery of alchemical truths.

A testament to history and chemical proofs.

The field that is walked through opens every direction.
The future, a picture of perfection.

This freedom is not a virtue.
As when clouds persist their rhythms ,
they desist the links created by fate.

As for perplexity.
The air here is interesting,
there's a dark shadow of some corrupt atrocity stuck
in all the new paint and in every crack on every wall.

A general subdued and almost sterile glint in the eye of most old folk who remember what it was like
when that shadow was the brightest thing in their lives.

The snow will start again and the cold will be bone deep.

SENSE ON A THREAD:

Spheres of tinsel radiations connect in immediate wavelengths of light
filaments of space-time fibers tie in with future and past with the now
...stacking up the odds against....

Correlations of color play across the scene and blue and green sit quietly
while red and yellow scream at black and grey for sneaking out to the town.
The rest just went along with there normal ways.

On the morning drift as the brightness shifts from dark to red then blue
the angle opens and the shadows drift to the slow chant of breathing winds
while bright warmth erects long fading inscriptions along the ground.

The connections gain with timeless virility, the radiating lotus arcs above
The shifting day takes over the night, and the burning weight of suppression
when toes are in mud on river bed you tend to cease to care.

A humid sight on horizons brow rolls off thunder and brings its dusk
Singeing stars lofting arcs perpendicular to the storm, yet low end rustling
and fickle streams still fumble through the fields

Follow the river and you will reach the sea, fall into vision and you will reach the "be"
fall to the horizon and you may see the free but perspective is waiting to tell you a secret
two eyes are two points and all that has ever been.

Excerpts from *Amusing ourselves to death* - by Neil Postman

#1 - "Every medium of communication has resonance, for resonance is metaphor writ large. Whatever the original and limited context of its use may have been, a medium has the power to fly far beyond that context into new and unexpected ones. Because of the way it directs us to organize our minds and integrate our experience of the world, it imposes itself on our consciousness and social institutions in myriad forms. It sometimes has the power to become implicated in our concepts of piety, or goodness, or beauty. And it is always implicated in the ways we define and regulate our ideas of truth."

#2 - "Whenever Language is the principle medium of communication - especially language controlled by the rigors of print - an idea, a fact, a claim is the inevitable result. The idea may be banal, the fact irrelevant, the claim false, but there is no escape from meaning when language is the instrument guiding one's thought."

#3 - "In a culture dominated by print, public discourse tends to be characterized by a coherent, orderly arrangement of facts and ideas. The public for whom it is intended is generally competent to manage such discourse. In a print culture, writers make mistakes when they lie, contradict themselves, fail to support their generalizations, try to enforce illogical connections."

#4 - "The telegraph made a three-pronged attack on typography's definition of discourse, introducing on a large scale irrelevance, impotence, and incoherence. These demons of discourse were aroused by the fact that telegraphy gave a form of legitimacy to the idea of context-free information; that is, to the idea that the value of information need not be tied to any function it might serve in social and political decision-making and action, but may attach merely to its novelty, interest, and curiosity. The telegraph made information into a commodity, a "thing" that could be bought and sold irrespective of its uses or meaning."

#5 - "As Thoreau implied, telegraphy made relevance irrelevant."

#6 - "Coleridge's famous line about water every where without a drop to drink may serve as a metaphor of a decontextualized information environment: in a sea of information, there was very little of it to use."

#7 - "What was new in the mid-nineteenth century was the sudden and massive intrusion of the photograph and other iconography into the symbolic environment. This event is what Daniel Boorstin in his pioneering book *The Image* calls "the graphic revolution." By this phrase, Boorstin means to call attention to the fierce assault on language made by forms of mechanically reproduced imagery that spread unchecked throughout culture.... The new focus on the image undermined traditional definitions of information, of news, and, to a large extent, of reality itself."

#8 - “In the image, Boorstin calls the major creation of the graphic revolution the “pseudo-event,” which means an event specifically staged to be reported - like the press conference. I mean to suggest here that a more significant legacy of the telegraph and photograph may be the pseudo-context. A pseudo-context is a structure invented to give fragmented and irrelevant information a seeming use. But the use of the pseudo-context provides not action, nor problem solving, or change. It is the only use left for information with no genuine connection to our lives. And that, of course, is to amuse. The pseudo-context is the last refuge, so to say, of a culture overwhelmed by irrelevance, incoherence, and impotence.”

#9 - “We might say that a technology is to a medium as the brain is to the mind. Like the brain, a technology is physical apparatus. Like the mind, a medium is a use to which the physical apparatus is put. A technology becomes a medium as it employs a particular symbolic code, as it finds its place in a particular social setting, as it insinuates itself into economic and political contexts. A technology, in other words, is merely a machine. A medium is the social and intellectual environment a machine creates.”

- *Amusing ourselves to death* - by Neil Postman.

SYNOPSIS - RELATION - SYNTHESIS:

Neil Postman, in writing *Amusing Ourselves to Death*, was contextualizing the evolution of information media from the written word, *the "Literate Era"*, to the TV of our modern "*Electronic-Era*". Writing this book in the mid 80's certainly coincided well with George Orwells prophetic book *1984*, but it did miss the subsequent rise of the computer, internet and mobile technologies ubiquitous in the modern world of the second millennium. I find this group of quotes interesting when taken slightly out of their context and applied to the contemporary frame of thinking concerning synesthetic and multi-media art. Postmans book is very cautionary about the unseen and subversive effects of media on our general ways of seeing the world, experiencing new information and developing constructive discourse. He introduced the theory of Media Ecology which focuses on technology and its influences on society, human perception and understanding. The symbolic environment we exist in,

which has evolved with the entrenchment of media in our daily lives, has indelibly changed our own biological cognitive processes, patterns of thinking and ways of relating to the world itself.

The slow evolution from the beginnings of the alphabet to the TV newscast, smartphones and 4g networks is quite different to that of the hand made reality of traditional representation through the material medium of paint, wood, stone or metal. Art in general had a very strong purchase in the development of society while it stood motionless or statically on the wall. It was revered, worshiped, burned and buried ceremoniously as manifestations of the human spirit. Art defined culture, was ornamental, educational, and far before text was defined, it developed the human ability to manifest its own symbols. As language developed so did the human ability to define and organize. Symbols built resonance into concepts and helped to form our words.

My aim at bringing these quotes together is to use them like stones across a stream, to make a pathway to a different context and ultimately show a new perspective. Quote #1 shows the idea that a medium has its resonance with which it has the power to develop and enter into new contexts that aid our way of seeing the world and its truth. Media or “the medium” can manifest in a multitude of formats and constructions. In synesthetic art, mediums are combined and amalgamated to make new, more inclusive forms of experience. Quotes #2 and #3 show language as the principle form of communication, directing its audience into an orderly and sequential absorption of ideas and concepts. Print culture defines the march toward experiencing a context, understanding in sequential order the definitions and elaborations of certain portrayals of reality.

Contemporary society is bound to language but now, language is quickly evolving through the use and implementation of multiple forms of media. “The Telegraph made a three-pronged attack on typography’s definition of discourse,” quote #4, and with print, formed information into a commodity.

The Telegraph led to mass movement of information. "As Thoreau implied, telegraphy made relevance irrelevant." quote #5. This is where the information glut went into hyper speed. When the West coast and east coast of America became connected by telegraph on the 24th of October in 1861 the surge of modern globalization was in its first steps. As the ability for information to be passed across continents developed, more ways of symbolizing language were created. The new medium for expression and communication drove new ways of experiencing information. This was the time when "the graphic revolution" found its way into societies paradigm through the invention of photography.

"The new focus on the image undermined traditional definitions of information, of news, and, to a large extent, of reality itself." Quote #7. The image became a tool for documentation, a technology that allowed for mass production and a very efficient form of capturing and framing reality. This "technology becomes a medium as it employs a particular symbolic code, as it finds its place in a particular social setting, as it insinuates itself into economic and political contexts." The photograph is undeniable. It represents exactly what there is and impresses a certain truth upon the viewer. The "graphic revolution" was underway in full swing with the application of photography in printed newspapers and books until Film and TV brought the image motion and entered into the age of media that we are currently navigating through.

Postman wrote of the evolution of media as changing the way our experience of information translated into both a shortened attention span and capacity for retaining data due to the rise of irrelevant data being promulgated. He warned that our cognition and ability to discern reality could be severely manipulated. The main idea is that culture was entering into a frivolous form of show business, that the information we were being supplied by newscasters and political agendas were becoming more and more manipulated and propagandized. Thirty years now since Postman wrote this

words, these concerns are more than actualities. But I think he missed a few positives that developed in the time since. Of course information as propaganda is the unfortunate reality, yet today we have a multitude of sources available at our finger tips within a moments click. The development of our communication technologies have provided a more utilitarian tool then that of an authoritarian device of information supply. The cautionary preachings of Postman are well founded and he does catalog a well organized argument about the effects on our own cognitive evolution yet as a 'child of these times', I must focus on the positive and constructive use of modern media. The exponential growth of media technologies has inevitably led to its wide spread use in the arts and the “graphic revolution” Postman speaks of has brought us a much larger tool bin to affect our creative intentions. Although new technologies are developing at an extremely fast rate aiding globalization, we are now able to build new forms of experience by the combination and integration of these technologies. By this I mean we are able to design new forms of symbolic experiences. The new media artists currently have at their disposal is aiding the realization of Wagner’s *Gesamtkunstwerk*, the total art work. Art is increasingly developing fully immersive atmospheric experiences through the use of multi-media and multi-tech installations for the general public.

The world of Art is in a state of synthesis thanks to the exponential growth and advancement of technologies aiding our abilities in communication and visual representation. Postmans preaching contextualizes the rise of information technology yet promotes its adverse effects while ignoring its possible advantages. The Graphic Revolution has stepped aside for the New Media Revolution where new technologies and media are the main tools for exploring and creating new symbols, languages and experiences for conceptual and aesthetic endeavors. “Coleridge’s famous line about water every where without a drop to drink may serve as a metaphor,” Quote #6. for Postmans pessimistic view but I

counter that this only allows us as creatives or conceptualists a larger sea from which to build our aquifers. Our creative intentions have merely developed along with the advances of information and media technologies allowing us a vast new realm for exploration. We can utilize the idiosyncrasies and understand the faults inherent in telecommunication and media but we do have the ability to build new contexts and develop new systems and methods. Artists simply have more tools and a growing language with which to symbolize and communicate there intentions. Synesthesia, or the synthesis of media to affect perception, has been endowed with a new maturity. Gesamtkunstwerk is developing into the new standard and art has been greatly improved by the advances in media and communication technologies.

Trichromatic Theory of Color Vision

The trichromatic theory of color vision is based on the premise that there are three classes of cone receptors subserving color vision. This theory has a very long history dating back to the 18th century. One of the more important empirical aspects of this theory is that it is possible to match all of the colors in the visible spectrum by appropriate mixing of three primary colors. Which primary colors are used is not critically important as long as mixing two of them does not produce the third. Modern color scientists have put great effort into determining that there are indeed three classes of cones, that their outer segments contain spectrally selective photopigments and in determining the spectral absorbance of these photopigments. During the last 15 or so years geneticists have and continue to investigate the genetic basis underlying trichromatic vision. They have indeed been able to identify the genes that are responsible for the receptor photopigments. It was popular in the first half of the 20th century for authors to pit the trichromatic theory against the opponent processes theory. But in fact both theories help to explain how our color vision system works. The trichromatic theory operates at the receptor level and the opponent processes theory applies to the subsequent neural level of color vision processing.

The beginning of color vision occurs in the mesopic range because of cone stimulation. Color vision reaches its best in the photopic region as does visual acuity. However, as luminance continues to increase, to very high levels, visual performance deteriorates. When the light energy is high enough it can cause retinal damage.

- Quoted from THE JOY OF VISUAL PERCEPTION by Peter Kaiser <http://www.yorku.ca/eye/toc.htm>

Johann Wolfgang von Goethes' Color Theory:

Goethe reformulates the topic of color in an entirely new way. Newton had viewed color as a physical problem, involving light striking objects and entering our eyes. Goethe realizes that the sensations of color reaching our brain are also shaped by our perception — by the mechanics of human vision and by the way our brains process information. Therefore, according to Goethe, what we see of an object depends upon the object, the lighting and our perception.

Goethe seeks to derive laws of color harmony, ways of characterizing physiological colors (how colors affect us) and subjective visual phenomena in general. Goethe studies after-images, colored shadows and complementary colors. And he anticipates Hering's "opponent-color" theory, which is one basis of our understanding of color vision today. Above all, Goethe appreciates that the sensation of complementary colors does not originate physically from the actions of light on our eyes but perceptually from the actions of our visual system. — <http://webexhibits.org/colorart/>

"We usually see color as the color of something - it is not a natural thing to see color simply as itself alone, unless, of course, we happen also to be painters. For painters, color is not only all those things which we all see but also, most extraordinarily, the pigments spread out on the palette, and there, quite uniquely, they are simply and solely color. This is the first important fact of the painter's art to be grasped."

"Cezanne's remark in his letter to Bernard of 23 December 1904, that 'Light does not exist for the painter' refers to this duality. He has only the pigments on his palette and from those he has to fabricate, bring about any sensation of light he wants in his picture. As it is with light, so it is with other visual and plastic sensations. For perceptual space the painter has to invent pictorial space. The same applies to our perceptions of form and weight, etc. each sensation must be recast in pictorial terms. And if these are to 'work', as painters say, then together they must create a pictorial reality which is credible - so a painter has to find a way of uniting all the elements in a picture to make a whole."

- Quoted from COLOR: ART & SCIENCE by Bridget Riley

THE PATTERNED FABRIC OF LIGHT:

How light is absorbed by particular conical structures in the depth of our eyes dictate what we see. At a microscopic level I can imagine a mountainous landscape bathing in waves of linear light columns oscillating through various degrees of color. If standing in a valley amongst the cones I would see the colors falling like vibrating vertical rain onto the fields, absorbing into the mountains while simultaneously mixing and melding into r.o.y.g.b.v. streams, emanating a deafening rush.

The very translation of light into color is a biological process. If there is a biological norm between all people, it is that we generally agree on how we relate to what we can see. Emotions and sounds are expressed and symbolized with color. How we relate our emotions to color and describe our experiences with color seems to be a general normality. There are idiosyncrasies among people concerning their relation to and understanding of color. It is effected by general consensus and cultural-societal norms of thinking. For instance some tribes in the Sahara have no signifying word for the color blue while Eskimos of the north have over a hundred different words for white snow. Language of color is very much based on biological as well as environmental conditioning. Homer is expected to have been colorblind, in his writing he never describes the color blue, yet what we perceive as blue, like the sea, he describes as red and or brown.

Regardless of the many ways we see, translate and symbolize color, the process of seeing color and light is what interests me as an artist. Reinhardt worked through his career to the point of developing the Black paintings, he asks if there can be an absolute color. Some may not consider black a color at all but Reinhardt argues that it is the absolute color, for if you combine several colored pigments that collectively absorb all colors you would get black. Black is simply a medium which absorbs all colored light. White on the other hand contains all color wavelengths of the visible

spectrum and can be split into its various frequencies. So Reinhardt explains quite simply that black is the color that surrounds light (white), thus the ultimate or absolute color.

I have seen these paintings and can attest that they are quite nice to look at in the gallery setting of the sterile white cube. The black is made up of varied tones of grey to allude to the absolute color within the surrounding white space thus reversing the black surrounding white structure. If the universe is black with points of white light intermingled within then these paintings could be considered windows into the universal. As we must open our eyes in order to see color is another way of thinking about this work. Our creative imagination can be considered as coming from a place devoid of light. Cezanne's comment that light does not exist for the painter, it must be contrived by way of technique and process ratifies Reinhardt's claim that black is the ultimate color for that is the beginning of our experience.

Cezanne also implies that, for the painting, perception is where our senses must experience a credibly fabricated pictorial space through the use of color. The viewer is now, more than ever, defined by their own action and inclusion into the pictorial or temporal existence of Art. In the contemporary realm of art and aesthetic culture the pigment, or color that Cezanne speaks of, has shifted to the pixel. All new media on TV, film or any mobile device or computer has come to know of color by way of the pixel. The painterly and theatrical sensitivities of the visual experience have transformed into particle effects and pixel management for a new developing technocentric condition of experiencing aesthetics.

Walter Benjamin - The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction:

“Even the most perfect reproduction of a work of art is lacking in one element: Its presence in time and space, its unique existence at the place where it happens to be.”

“The mode of human sense perception changes with humanity’s entire mode of existence. The manner in which human sense perception is organized, the medium in which it is accomplished, is determined not only by nature but by historical circumstances as well.”

“The equipment free aspect of reality has become the height of artifice; the sight of immediate reality has become an orchid in the land of technology.”

“The history of every art form shows critical epochs in which a certain art form aspires to effects which could be fully obtained only with a changed technical standard, that is to say, in a new art form. The extravagances and crudities of art which thus appear, particularly the so called decadent epochs, actually arise from the nucleus of its richest historical energies.”

“Reception in a state of distraction, which is increasing noticeably in all fields of art and is symptomatic of profound changes in apperception, finds in the ‘film’ its true meaning of exercise.”

MARGINALIZING THE ORCHID:

Benjamin describes the work of art as being up against a powerful commodification with the invention of photography. He argues that the reproduction can not substitute the original, but more importantly, that the medium and new technology itself changes the way art is seen and experienced. The moment that is captured, the transfer of that split second perception to the masses, shatters the stoic stillness and meditative security of the practice of traditional art. The future endeavor for art was to be the exploration of space and time, the exploration of the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of human sense perception itself.

Neil Postman said of the new world culture of information management and manipulation that our senses were being co-opted by frivolity, so too it is with the visual arts, and Benjamin harbors the conviction that new ways of interpreting the aesthetic experience was to follow the flood of new media. For the artist in the 21st century there is a new language to develop and a fast paced evolution

of possibilities. The Future of art is to capture the 4th dimension, to virtually inhabit the mind of the viewer, to embed oneself in the process and actuation of the ideological expression. Art is now, more than ever, able to do and be anything with in the constructs of society. If Dada brought complete chaos then media and technology has brought the mechanization of that chaos along with the ability to contextualize the experience of the viewer/artist/idea as one entity.

Benjamin speaks of the distracted reception of images as symptomatic of changes in apperception, I prefer to think of it, at this time nearly 80 years since he first penned his words, that the exercise of art is distracted by ability. It is a process fractured into infinity potentials. It is the artist that formulates these potentials into a concise statement or experience. It is a growing and exceedingly broad scoped affair of the mind. We have entered into stateless and borderless affinity for experience and aesthetic pleasure. How and what we do with the potential is an ideal we strive to crystalize.

The symptoms of our culture are developing into categorizations and distinct diagnoses of which we are supposed to believe in as being detrimental or problematic. We can no longer except the reality of which we live in because we are bent on fixing and marginalizing ability. Does not everyone possess a creative imagination. Is the orchid of our existence not just that, the ability to make due with what is there before us. Our apperception is growing, evolving into something that is free for everyone to manipulate on their own accord and to master at their own pace, with new forms of technologically aided systems for the enhancement of ability. The Technologically advanced resourcefulness ubiquitous in contemporary society affords a growth and clarity in new forms of perception and will facilitate the next logical evolution. As our languages evolve, the visual, conceptual, technological and theoretical, they will spring forward in unison to pave the way for a future of expanding choice and spreading individual ability.

A JEWEL AT THE HEART OF QUANTUM PHYSICS:

Physicists have discovered a jewel-like geometric object that dramatically simplifies calculations of particle interactions and challenges the notion that space and time are fundamental components of reality.

“This is completely new and very much simpler than anything that has been done before,” said Andrew Hodges, a mathematical physicist at Oxford University who has been following the work.

The revelation that particle interactions, the most basic events in nature, may be consequences of geometry significantly advances a decades-long effort to reformulate quantum field theory, the body of laws describing elementary particles and their interactions. Interactions that were previously calculated with mathematical formulas thousands of terms long can now be described by computing the volume of the corresponding jewel-like “amplituhedron,” which yields an equivalent one-term expression.

“The degree of efficiency is mind-boggling,” said Jacob Bourjaily, a theoretical physicist at Harvard University and one of the researchers who developed the new idea. “You can easily do, on paper, computations that were infeasible even with a computer before.”

String theory, a framework that treats particles as invisibly small, vibrating strings, is one candidate for a theory of quantum gravity that seems to hold up in black hole situations, but its relationship to reality is unproven — or at least confusing. Recently, a strange duality has been found between string theory and quantum field theory, indicating that the former (which includes gravity) is mathematically equivalent to the latter (which does not) when the two theories describe the same event as if it is taking place in different numbers of dimensions. No one knows quite what to make of this discovery. But the new amplituhedron research suggests space-time, and therefore dimensions, may be illusory anyway.

“We can’t rely on the usual familiar quantum mechanical space-time pictures of describing physics,” Arkani-Hamed said. “We have to learn new ways of talking about it. This work is a baby step in that direction.”

Beyond making calculations easier or possibly leading the way to quantum gravity, the discovery of the amplituhedron could cause an even more profound shift, Arkani-Hamed said. That is, giving up space and time as fundamental constituents of nature and figuring out how the Big Bang and cosmological evolution of the universe arose out of pure geometry.

“In a sense, we would see that change arises from the structure of the object,” he said. “But it’s not from the object changing. The object is basically timeless.”

Excerpts from *A Jewel at the Heart of Quantum Physics*. by Natalie Wolchover

<https://www.simonsfoundation.org/quanta/20130917-a-jewel-at-the-heart-of-quantum-physics/>

PARTICULATE PLAY:

In the wind there are pieces of everything that has ever existed,
Molecules in flux, Atoms in formulaic organization.
Particles slipping through space and time.

Fragments of existence rotating around axioms of finite geometries.
In everything is something that comes from nothing.
In the nothingness of infinite smallness is everything that emerges to the largest possibilities

Frequencies of particulate movement, waves flowing, spreading, diffusing, dividing.
The stream of experiential growth ebbs forward to the horizon where it approaches the edge.
The edge, as far as it is into the future, the foreshadowing of transformation.

The edge, as close as it can ever get, morphing into the vastness of nothing.
The edge, as flux comes to the ever present now, conspires to wrap all that is in view.
Wrapped in the wave of vortexual ambiguity and vagueness.

The sound of that background radiation fuzz on the airwaves.
The sizzling reality of space deforms into itself over and over again.
The gods are all at their podiums, in their carbonized stasis.

Fixated on their presence, structured delineations of form.
The event and the ongoing march toward the edge,
.... the fall from the free.

GEOMETRY OF EVERYTHING:

Imagination exists in ones mind as a sum of many parts. The mind provides awareness, the faculty of consciousness and thought. While the brain is a construct of 86 billion neurons, the universe consists of possibly four times as many stars. Our biology is inextricably linked to the awareness of our form within our space, thus to say that materially we are made up of the same stuff as everything. The process of imagining a particular form and initiating ones action to realize this form activates a surge of interaction in the brains neuronal networks. Neurons communicate via electrical/chemical impulses and electricity is the existence of charged particles either static or dynamic. If the imagination is an act of awareness and perception, then aren't particles the base material of all thought. Are particles not representing the inherent potential of the imagination? As thought manifests into idea resulting in the representation and communication of form, currents of charged particles flow into and out of the pathways in our brain and thus the geometry of our perception.

Our thoughts, and thus perception, are groups of particles racing through the folds of our minds changing the structure of what we think, what we are and what we do. The discovery of the Amplituhedron is a greatly poetic idea of how the creative process exists and evolves. The interaction of these particles racing within us and the processes they evolve can be simplified into various geometric forms. These forms visualize the structure and physics of existence. The amplituhedron is a symbol for the evolving nature of our existence. It gives form, geometry and volume to our perception. It simplifies all experience and expression into a balanced interaction. Particles, the material building blocks of all things, hold the key to our visions, dreams and awareness through there own haphazard and chaotic existence. The structure of the particulate form is the dance that unlocks our perception from static nothingness to vistas of colorful exuberances of imagination.

Amplitude in physics is defined as *the maximum extent of a vibration or oscillation, measured from the position of equilibrium*. If we are all bodies at rest, or rather, minds at ease, the electronic storm that courses through us at any one point is the median level of existence. When activation of the various parts of the brain result in the presence of mind to imagine and construct our future then we build our ability to pervade and control space. The space around and within us can be seen as interacting particles forming our materiality. If we are trillions of particles interacting with in a membrane that is itself within an infinity of more particles are we not what Duchamp speaks of when he says “...every object that casts a shadow may be itself the shadow of another object...”

Our perception and creative imagination harbors the potential ability for Art to quantify, express and communicate the amplitude of ones existence. If the Amplituhedron is the basic form of all particle interaction then it asks us to reconsider time and space. It asks us to believe that the structure of the object which emerges into space creates time and existence as we know it.

We emerge from our material structure as an activity, progressively actuating the amplitude of our own creative process. We search for the efficiency, the poetry, the theory, that marries our imagination and will with action and existence. If time is not a dimension as we have believed till now, then maybe, we make time, we are time. Time is tied to our very structural makeup, emerging from our perception, to allow the actuation of our potential. The process of time is like a waking dream, slowly coming into reality then out again. Or like a carbonated drink, time is the release of carbon into the atmosphere, the withering away of bonds and structures. A slow disintegration of form. A last breath exalted to the clouds.

WEAVING THE SHAMANTIC WEB

“What is more ubiquitous than consciousness? What is less understood than mind? The telematic adventure in art has brought the question of consciousness and of distributed mind to the forefront of the new aesthetic, a technoetic aesthetic, so named because I believe we need to recognize that technology plus mind not only enables us to explore consciousness more thoroughly but may lead to distinctly new forms of art, new qualities of mind, new forms of cognition and perception.”

“A more optimistic view is that our concern in telematic art with whole systems—that is, systems in which the viewer or observer of art in the Net plays an active part in the work’s definition and evolution—represents at the very least a yearning to embrace the individual mind by a larger field of consciousness. By this account, the employment of telematic hyper-media is no less than a desire to transcend linear thought by reaching for a free-flowing consciousness of associative structures. It then becomes the artist’s imperative to explore every aspect of new technology that might empower the viewer through direct physical interaction to collaborate in the production of meaning and the creation of authentic artistic experience.”

- Excerpt from Roy Ascotts book - *Telematic Embrace: Visionary Theories of Art, Technology, and Consciousness*.

THE DEMISE OF THE ARTIST:

“It seems that technology is returning us to a mode of artistic production that began to decline in the West with the renaissance. Of course, post-renaissance European art has had its arts and crafts movement, its constructivism and its Bauhaus school, but it is to the art of the East that we must turn for a precedent for full integration. Indeed, in the information era, the artist will no longer cut a romantic profile. He or she will, most likely, operate as a humble "art worker" in the dynamic and multivalent work environment that is, even now, taking shape. Even today, artists are already working very closely with industry and exploring the latest technologies. Designers, in turn, are finding a more creative role as expression in the new "multi-media" is a far cry from the personal expressionism and individualism of modern art”.

- Quote from Niranjan RAJAH - http://www.isoc.org/inet98/proceedings/7c/7c_1.htm

THE EVOLVING AESTHETIC:

In a new art of experiential multi-media, systematized information distribution is backed by increasingly intricate technologies. Programming languages, 0s and 1s, bits, pixels and efficient electronics can be designed into developing more acute forms of interactive experiences, perception and even new forms of consciousness. The Ability for artists to create new forms of expression, experiences and meaning with Art is exponentially growing. Regardless of the new capabilities in art practice, the increasingly evolving forms of technological language needed to develop these systems of expression are creating new barriers in the ability of artists. Technocentric languages are developing at such a fast pace and becoming so ubiquitous in contemporary art that to master new techniques in general is becoming exceedingly difficult. One can devote their whole life just to stay current with these evolving technocentric languages. The guild society of centuries ago, where master artists had groups of workers or assistants to aid in the development and execution of laborious processes like sculpture, painting and large architectural ornamentation, have, in a way, come back into the contemporary art world. Artists are increasingly demanding the need to apply different forms of technocentric languages to progress and expand the experiential and informational aspects of aesthetics in their work. Thus today, artists like Olafur Eliasson and James Turrell are utilizing various technologies in collaborative settings to rewrite the notion of beautiful. These two artists have exceedingly grown their practice in contemporary art with the aid of technology, developing new styles of guilds that resemble think tanks or design firms. The Artist has, with the aid of information networks and the world wide web, become a coordinator and manager. The mastery of the aesthetic experience has evolved into the practice of outsourcing to a greater degree than ever before. Roy Ascott and his pre-web explorations in telematic art pioneered collaborative art through information

networks, satellite links and interactive crowd management through projects like *Terminal Art*. He is a pioneer of the idea of distributed authorship and explored making "aesthetic encounters more participatory, culturally diverse, and richly layered with meaning." The efficiency and virility of social networks and media platforms have developed to mine social data for various uses, commercially, politically, economically and even to predict trends and flu epidemics. As much as the artist is able to access data, effect their intentions with various technologies and programming languages, utilize the connectivity and resource of the web, there is the danger of too many nodes on the fractal. In such a vast landscape of possibility and choice we are constantly flooded with options which in the end makes any one particular choice more difficult to commit to. Choosing the direction within this "exaflood" is an art in itself and maybe due to the sheer quantity of choice, artist networks, creative labs and crowd sourced collaborative projects are gaining purchase as they allow the true democratic will of aesthetic society for each individual to have their influence in the process of a monumental creation. Personal expressionism and individualism in society could be considered as being in a state of ultra permeability, while the adage 'strength in numbers' is certainly apt here, collaborative networks and organized groups are developing into larger forms to contain the flood and combat marginalization.

SPACE (CONTINUATION & END)

I would like there to exist places that are stable, unmoving, intangible, untouched and almost untouchable, unchanging, deep-rooted; places that might be points of reference, of departure, of origin.

Such places don't exist, and it's because they don't exist that space becomes a question, ceases to be self evident, ceases to be incorporated, ceases to be appropriated. Space is a doubt: I have constantly to mark it, to designate it. It's never mine, never given to me, I have to conquer it.

My spaces are fragile: time is going to wear them away, to destroy them. Nothing will any longer resemble what was, my memories will betray me, oblivion will infiltrate my memory.

To write: to try meticulously to retain something, to cause something to survive; to wrest a few precise scraps from the void as it grows, to leave somewhere a furrow, a trace, a mark or a few signs.

- Georges Perec, *Species of Space* (1974)

A SILO IN THE PASTURE:

Fixing his footing, kale reached down for the ragged mossy branch at the edge of the dune. This wooden thing had a few broken appendages hanging off its main stalk, soaked and darkened by a lengthy voyage at sea, small aphids and sand mites were scurrying about the cracks. Dropping down on his belly he began to focus close into the darkened mass and while dredging forth some semblance of physical sound began to serenade the minute ecosystem with in his grasp. In deep guttural inflections of miserable effort the three pronged staff and it's residents were given their sermon. Humming in a raspy, phlegm producing gurgle, Kale spent the next great epoch bringing the prophesy of end times upon this small world of the twig. One by one he flicked the mites off into orbit and then, taking his small right finger nail, carefully split each aphid in half then placed the moist, crunchy remnants into the hollow of a clam shell for further reduction. He carefully ground the matter down to an oil of dark green hue.

All the while, a silent observer, perched upon the dune, observed the oblivious wretched mass undertaking this act. Sitting there confused and jealous, the observer became annoyed that these spoils were allowed to a being with no use for them. Disgusted he turned and descended toward the quarry, a few others were there conversing, trying to agree on the next move. A few wanted to head to the flatlands, to find their way through the meandering tributaries which opened to the gulf. This would need to be done soon for the storms were to begin within days, if not, they would have to settle in and take over the abandoned grain silo for shelter. The others, who were not strong enough yet from the last trek, opted to stay at the silo, regardless. Picking the leafs on the bank for bits of gnats and dragon fly eggs, the patriarch decided the silo was the best decision. They would stay there. They would begin to organize for the coming months of rain. The season was fading in and the skies were thickening in tumult. Unbeknownst to the patriarch the rains would not arrive this year, there was a darker presence beyond the heights unfurling its insidious path and marking its elusive presence with chaotic silence.

Four out of five progeny of the patriarch were dealing with exhaustion brought on by a strange enduring bout of insomnia. They were all very restless in their sleep and waking in sweats and fear. The first born had none of these symptoms, he just ran off weeks ago when it all started for the others. The elders blamed the insomnia on his disappearance and struggled to understand why he just left with no trace. His younger siblings were dreaming of a shaking moon. This moon would tremble in a heartbeat rhythm shedding a fine dust which would coagulate like blood in the atmosphere and render their breathing impossible. Waking in drenched gasping convulsions, they would weep and tremble in futility. The feeling of something amiss brought about an acute sensitivity which was further compounded by the seasons strange unfolding. The weather was not behaving normal. Their abilities

were increasingly hampered by a feeling of increased weight and sluggishness. More accustomed to free movement on the winds following the rise and fall of the sun, things seemed to progressively spin in discord and the familiarity of the stars above seemed to shift into a hazy deformity. The troubles the group had been experiencing were only getting worse. The season of rain was quickly transforming to that of mid summer and a dank heat was rising.

The silo was a rusty relic of the previous civilization of inhabitants. It was empty minus the thorny vines that wrapped around its decomposing metal. This red and dark green vine resembled the rubbery lace that surrounds a nutmeg seed. Carefully maneuvering through the thickness of vines the patriarch led his group into the shaded interior of the silo. The heat was growing unbearable in the evaporating rain water of the quarry basin. Two weeks ago when they decided to stay they believed the rain would come, now they are wishing for the heat and sun to subside each evening. Time and anxiety fills the thoughts of the group who are just oblivious to what is developing in the skies above. They have given up the will for flight and are subsisting on the dried brown grass just outside the silo. As the days progress an eerie stillness pervades the environment, all motion has seized apart from the panting murmurs of the last few survivors in the shelter. The basin has dried up and the days have spread through the night and no longer is there any distinction between dusk or dawn. The moon is larger than they have ever seen yet the night brings no reprieve from the heat. It only compounds the sense of dread infiltrating the few who still breathe.

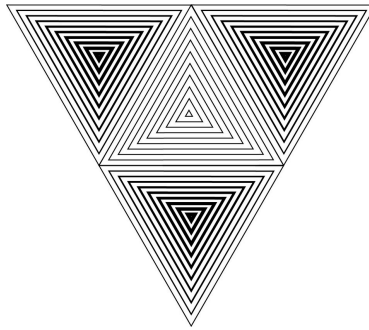
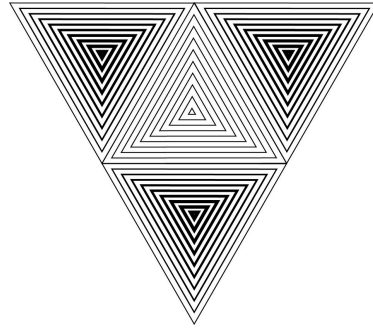
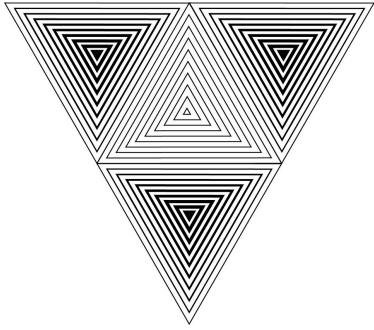
As the moon rose into the blue expanse of sky the patriarch noticed it had a new pallor. It seemed to be singed on its edges and the usual bright grey and white had turned to brown and red. Two of the younger went blank and vapid, they started murmuring and stumbled out of the silo into the now cooked and barren field. Jutting forward in the throws of destitution they made twenty yards before they succumbed to the heat and curled up into their final slumber. The patriarch looked on in pain, knowing that it was no use to try and save them. They were already entering the final moment. The sky was changing steadily into a morphing pattern of shifting shades of darkness. They could see the silo starting to decompose. Their own feathers of white had changed to brown and now were simply shedding their tendrils. As they lay there in the silos shade the final moments were trembling forward as the steel structure started to melt into pools of bright red around them. The landscape around was imploding, decomposing into coal like piles, embers were floating about, rising into the blackened sky. The ground below was cracking and separating about them, churning like the seaward ice of a glacier. The wind was swirling upwards and all across the horizon the landscape seemed to be spiraling into a haze of nothingness. An utter decomposition was taking place, a total destructuring of the ties that bind. The thingness and gravity of all interaction was being reduced to a wind that shook every molecule apart and entered them into eternity and the great equalization. The uniformity of everything was quickly replaced with a lazy suspension in space and the stasis of elemental being. Simmering, one slightly white feather of the patriarchs wing floated through the universe like a wandering vestige of what had once been.

AN EMBERS INNER ETERNITY

A pale blue and tepid dawn enjoyed the company of only a few slight wisps of wind licking the glass like mirror of the open sea. The sky above was complacent yet the ingenuous breeze had nothing much to say. The few clouds above were locked in a dimorphous dance with their partners below on the mirror. As this slow dance spun about the sphere a paradigm shift cracked into being. Moments turned to seconds while molecules began to stretch and come apart. Atoms were snapping from there structured designs and electrons, protons and neutrons began to loose there physical ties, shedding from the atmosphere like snow falling on the stillest day. The tepid dawn entered into a timeless state of being and within the very structure of the particulate mix a general rush of pure energy grew from the relative peace. The dawn transformed into the mythical inferno of which eons past was worshiped and sacrificed to. Atum has returned. The finisher of darkness brings the realm of pure light. The form of nothing and everything. The beginning and end. The circle completes as all particle mass glows with unhindered potential. As everything rests into its relative disunity, the shift of will toward reunification feeds the tensile formation of pure energy and light itself. All forms of anything are made from the disintegration of everything before and for all that is ahead.

POSTSCRIPT:

The evolution of a thought is a string of mental images triggering links to an evolving collection of symbols. Symbols are archetypes of a collective subconscious and one of the most predominant ideals in art is to manifest these symbols in works that recontextualize the archetype for the developing consciousness of modernity. The evolving context of art in culture is growing in many directions, from traditional forms of sculpture and painting to the moving image and New Media. The boundaries between art and science have disintegrated into new forms which aid society in understanding the condition of contemporary thought. The distributed mind that makes up the subconscious, with technology as an extension of the mind, accesses a greater system of networks which enable the field of perception to transcend linear thought. Symbols we develop and create with new contexts flow freely through our societies and represent the associative structures built by contemporary culture.



ALEXANDER ZAKLYNSKY

BRIDGES AND TUNNELS BETWEEN DISPARATE PLACES

