

# DROWNING THE MOON



by Practice von Stroheim

“Nothing is created, either in the operations of art or in those of nature, and it may be considered as a general principle that in every operation there exists an equal quantity of matter before and after the operation; that the quality and quantity of the constituents is the same, and that what happens is only changes, modifications. It is on this principle that is founded all the art of performing chemical experiments; in all such must be assumed a true equality or equation between constituents of the substances examined, and those resulting from their analysis.” Lavoisier seventeen hundred and eighty five. Matter is neither created nor destroyed.

The release of memories cast in a single tense is a precursor that ascends the distillation of ruminations furrowed in specks upon the blue apron horizon-line of fire. Not as disquiet as the ruction of words cogged within the gateway of the body, yet between the tongue and the deep narrow hall of the pallet an eased retentive estuary tuned with counter nostalgia and pressed upon the slice of human drama and its mirror image, what resembles a dam of noise interference.

Peculiarized by the parachuted incandescent lines of discharge, the azure lattice favour the galvanized layout commencing as a rite of passage. The moistened wall of this magazine of expenditure whence self-serving, with its own fluids and oral mucous tampered glands, is a spectral cavernous hollow body, as inebriated as the orchestral chamber of a gun. Omnipresent as the silence be felt avalanches of matted carriages, intimates, auditory surges mixed included.

Unbearable this obsolescence. The fallout as one still expects makes the study of life an expressive shell discriminating against any venting of belief. As sole witness of a novel experience, unnamed, unclassified, meaning not yet available to a democratic consensus, the air will be made rarefied. And so one's breath, short as it may be, shall coalesce with times of agnation yet from some unbearable sensory power shall raise a being, vivid and resplendent, into cloistered seclusion.

For as one cannot any longer separate oneself from this phenomena, one shall become the plate of fruit, the rose in the glass, the loaf of bread and jug of wine. A still life calling upon external senses this quite abstract value in shape is as lofty a means of expression as any.

The spell of new experience overrides instances from the celestial net of context. Like a syllable set free from the arbitrariness of words fostered in the exoneration of a picture, afloat within a sentence. Hence the relief of a judgement enunciated amidst a chapter. Ephemeral imprint upon the limpid recesses of one's conscience prefigures the antipodal foundation based on a time denudation girdled in the veneered, manufacturing figments of delineation. Withheld here in this fragmented facsimile.

Projectiles or words set adrift into the blue firmament labour within and above and beyond as an ineluctable arrangement to forecast atmospheric inversion. Leading

to the reduced visibility of a corporal forbearance of novel exposure unrestricted in the open. Awashed by the layers of a registering table of denial whose tidings forge coloristic ventilation.

The flag of humanity is now hoisted over one's portentous nest and donkeys start to bray extra loudly should a spell of settled weather be about to break up?

### LE POUCE

At the turn of the twentieth century Dr Kikunae Ikeda of Tokyo Imperial University was discovering new ideas about the taste of food. A taste common to asparagus, tomatoes, cheese and meat but not one of the four well known tastes sweet, sour, bitter, salty. In nineteen and eight Ikeda extracted it and called it umami. Had this taste been out of existence or out of mind? The unalterable course of a theatre whose platform anatomises the representation of decay as forbearance of a novel experience. Or in Hogarth's words when writing with respect to the effect of time and varnish "In a landscape will the water be more transparent or the sky shine with greater lustre when embrowned and darkened by decay?" The unlogical culminations of the outside world contribute to a personal resolution by which the minutes and years edify this fallout via legitimate impairment.

Richard L Miller in *Under the Cloud: The Decades of Nuclear Testing* compiles a map showing where fallout went during the years of ground nuclear testing in the United States of America spanning nineteen fifty one to nineteen sixty two. Miller calls the map a connect the dots. Substitute dots for one and read the following.  $\{\cdot\} + \infty = +1$ . Borrowing Stravinsky the more constraints one imposes, the more one frees oneself of the chains that shackle the spirit. The arbitrariness of the constraint serves only to obtain precision of execution.

Viewed at a focally closed proximity, the human body looks like a deserted invention with an inherently alacritous locomoted overture, belatedly factoid. Commodity or ground zero in repose. The magnitude of the body's practical demonstration as a visible evidence and the heavenly target outweigh the comprehension of a human condition turning its essence into an elegiac dialogue of a future.

In the laboratories of linguistic paraphernalia, OULIPO, *ouvroir de literature potentielle*, is established an all-encompassing creed for the fallout of an exuberance of waste. Standing shoulder dissolving in cloud static synthesis, parallel to the horizon, the gaze wanders through annotation and comparative data compromising with formidable strain.

The senses pay heed to a particular decoupage set within a centre stage: such conversion excluding speculation for visual reciprocities. A comprehensive observer

amongst the trillion biological sweepers circumventing and colonizing the human body feasting upon collateral debris. Some infinitely small or big parts die to let other organisms some infinitely small or big live.

Fellini's *Gelsomina* is bought by a man dominated by an effluence of corporeality. Making both, notwithstanding the viewer without whom the active part is necessary, objects of prospection, as the characters apply to themselves the same oppressive posture imposed by the outside world and its system of values. *Gelsomina* and the keeper are images drawn from the relationship between those ruled by capital and those ruled by the dream of it as a whole. The keeper lives from scraping a living from a societal invisible interplay and need for distraction. *Gelsomina* has no dream of her own other than being part of the keeper's dream. The author's voice echoes from another, an acrobat, and muses a comprehensive definition of the observer "You won't believe it but everything serves a purpose. Take a stone for instance, any stone. This little stone serves a purpose too. I do not know the purpose of the stone, but it has one. Because if it is useless, all is useless even the star. Even you with your ugly artichoke head". *Gelsomina* object made man.

The comprehensive observer's beholding is inflexible, resisting alteration and modification. The mega cosmos in which the comprehensive observer wanders spectrally diversifies modulates and surrogates and yet an interestedness and cognifance remain affixed upon the only thing that is to elaborate an idea about oneself outside that universe. "Can this object be of any assistance to me?" Universe object made man.

The apprehensive observer-reader's perception resides in the palpability that one can trade off one's sense of self, one's idea of self, in order to dispirit and circumvent prejudice from the knowledge of one's own identity allowing the phenomenon's impossible numbers to unveil themselves.

A psychiatrist might use from time to time a test described as a test of the fertility of the imagination whereby a series of irregular figures such as blots are presented to the subject who is required to say what the objects seen or imagined in the figures are. The result depending generally on the number of objects the subject can report in a given time though the kind of objects reported may be significant, diagnosis depending on the degrees of perception that emanate from a graphic interpretation of the patient. The mind of the patient is realigned using the sign's aesthetic impressions rather than chemically induced ones. Consequently the processes of perception are here based on a live performance between practitioner and patient and repeated experiential rounds.

The former is an apprehensive reader for the diagnosis will not be delivered upon what is apparently reported by the patient but instead what is permeable through the graphology of the drawing's translation. The drawings draw themselves as a sub connected community of dots and allow patterns to be located if introduced by a specific

fenfory detection. Mind and body tied to the patronage of reason, in a tenebrouf average sized room replete one's fenfes and wander about a diminifhing form.

Could the threfhold of one's ftudio or space, preffed upon one as a form of fenfory interruption ftage forward a perception, a regreffion into a my newt infinity of a physical body? One may be predisposed to locate nature on a grandftand for the purpose of fcruiny. But a fact remains that to unravel it would require positioning onefelf into the modus operandi (formula, equation) between obferver and obferved. Ought one accept the condition of obferver and obferved fimultaneously as part of the countenance of the comprehensive onlooker? One is man made object and in fo faying, apprehenfive thinker.

This feverifh concourfe impreffes upon a dependant mind a perverfe fenfe of negation and nullifies the equation or formula between thofe two poles. As one focuses on the ball game in which the arbitrator is cabined amidft the locufes a dream dwelling acquaints the vanifhing of time. Such portentous drift will caft away one's acknowledged idea of vifibility as an irrevocable prevalent threfhold. This unorthodox pofture does leave agape to one the unbarred confcioufnefs of a fociety of objects or things whose dialogue fhall evince the theatre of human life. Object made man.

Frame onefelf on the edge of a mountainous cliff, for fome juft as high as the ftage of a chair and one may experience the body revolving in fpace or the oppofite, fpace revolving around the body.

Thefe fenfations can be explained with a knowledge of physiological means, nevertheless one can afcertain that the effect of elevation subjected by fpace external to one can prompt the body into a form of kinetic intercourfe which bottles markedly inclination towards cold fweat, uneafinefs, trepidation, but in all apprehenfivefnefs. Of courfe that will only work if rituals are not rendered extinct by the dimensions of conftant meafuring pitches. Bringing forth the remote control of iconic images that whilst one's eyes are reading this the earth is fpiralling like a gyro at a fpeed of one thousand miles an hour making a run around the fun to orbit at a fpeed of fixty feven thousand miles per hour.

Night vifion only ten years ago a privilege of the military is made available for feclufive confumption by which the population at large doctors the night into a comprehensive layout. The commercial demand for thefe items prompts one often to wonder with what kind of fcruiny is the population engaged? Maybe the anfwer lies at the bottom of an internet picture fearch where laid bare fit many levels of accuftomed paroxysm (feizure, attack, violence, hyfteria, rage eruption, flare-up, outburft to name a few) that tickles and trickle thirty minutes after funfet.

The photograph of Cecil John Rhodes' grave by felf titled world-wide-travel-photography-bafed-photographer Dennis Johnson records what feems to be a metal fheet

of carved stone in the middle of the African landscape. Described by its author as a sort of last stand for nature's point of view, the landscape oxidized by industrial progress's pro forma as a formality or rather man leaving his mark on nature.

The view of the world is not entirely the world's view.

For according to DeLillo's Reverend Wicks Cherrycoke "To anyone who has observed slave keepers in Africa it will seem quite ancient, lords and serfs, a gothic pursuit. What in our corrupted days has become of knights and castles when neither is any longer reasonable or possible? No good can come of such dangerous boobism. What sort of politics may proceed here from only he that sows the seeds of folly in his world may say."

The world's view a threshold moved into concealment as Frank Stella once remarked in the context of his practice "How can modern painting, abstractionism, escape flatland?" How shall one escape the hunting of the lens's decorous mind propelling one's being within parallel lines? How may one commensurate the pondering of eloping the vents treated glaze unavoidable world of the unseen?

Let one set up a sum like this. Take care to leave the room for the answer above the lines lies the working space below. Concealment the state of being concealed the act of concealing a means or place of hiding. Let one set up a sum like this. Take care to leave the room for the answer above the lines lies the working space below.

Apprehensive thought is only resilient when generated by entoptical drive. The castles and serfs used still today as necessary measures reflect and dwell within this soluble repeated existence. All powerful extended body no face but many a figure of magnitude in origin so imperfect it suspends pigments of deceit toned permanent. Whence a castle always a serf. Without the serf no castle.

The suffering brought by paedophilia does not find a solution in transgression. Seek lives lived exempt from harms. Paedophiles becoming paedophiles being transgressed upon whilst young, can one hold to account such behaviour? The victim-protagonist? So for the castle and the serf. One stands now at the gate of the perceptive world unseen for one can only be. Accepting the status of man made object or human object exempts one from the delusions of the rules of men. The path of the man object made is the path of the ready made man, deft wanderer skilled émigré. The path of the apprehensive maker, qualified foreigner, eternal randonneur on sacred vagrant bends.

Notation: within the word foreigner one finds reign the period during which a sovereign occupies a throne. The prefix fo in the English dictionary reads field officer as military observer. Also included fo meaning Buddha in Chinese. The suffix er used to form nouns pointing to persons from the object of their occupation. Enticing visual and sound perustration.

A room, that is any construction with four walls and ceiling, empty and silent,

achieves its own pitch, a found wave that can only be perceived if one utters a found oneself. As one starts furnishing it, the pitch of the room diminishes but none the less shall persist like a piano symphonies' admission. Alexander Sokurov in the film *Confession* recounts the experience of Messiaen's piano pieces saying it is as if the composer had succeeded in giving creative independence to the piano itself. One can sense in the tone a sonorous voice floated interloper to any contrivance encountered in this world and beyond. Do objects dissolve the measure of commitment and of idiosyncratic ownership of one's dreams?

The fallout's behaviour circumvents life by focussing on defining consequently setting the conditions suitable for the depth of one's cages. Getting as many a thing into a picture the mummified fortuitous masks of a cell. Tamed animals or things stare from the zoo the other an empty space or uniform surface that can be useful pictorially complete with film extras but a motionless image of the zoo itself. Is this a reluctant escape, variant of freedom, when counter imagination makes irrelevant the dependence from bondage? Sun undisputed lord of all things, yet indoors only guest, playing second fiddle within one's four walls. Here sun is now rooted to one spot; sun moves only within narrow limits but sun's game of make believe is inexhaustible. From in front. From behind. From above. From below. From the side.

How must one place one's stars so to give one's reality a favourable horror-scope? If the eye can see the details in the shaded part of the title quite clearly, the same part may well appear absolutely black on the text. If the eye can see the details in the shaded part of the text quite clearly, the same part may well appear absolutely white on the title.

Linen drapes a bed sweeping the semblance of a yellow brown complexion. Above the figure of a waist flooded by a congruent cast, short sleeved lengthy stretch arms work nor play, finger above knee. The pull and tucks from index and thumb biological digits idol a mere image or semblance of something visible but without substance as a phantom despoil a sock from bankrolling legs. The foot annexed the latter percuss as solid objects do, jolting plucking competitively challenging in arousal the other leg. The full breath of knitted foot; wool sandwiched girth is revered but summarizes the supplement of a thigh. The tribute of the afternoon no longer penetrates the charming breathless attention of these four walls sublimated by the hum of a community of household appliances. At this gurgling hour the acquaintance of a woollen socked foot pouting through the worshiped screen of concealment. Long Sock Six has had nineteen thousand and one hundred and thirty hits, eleven comments, thirty-nine favorites; audience male twenty five to forty four years old hugely popular in China, Germany, United State of North America, United Kingdom and Alaska.

Since one thinks and repeats the identical or similar thoughts and ideas, honing one's mind on one's current environments, one creates the genesis for the same fort

of occurrences, same contingencies. Continuous walking back and forth, following the same path in such a way that through time a defined path can be discerned as in the disclosure of a brand new long sock blurring out of the box. Is this the process that changed one's perception, one's reality? Dancing man, elephant child dancing zoos, swaying trunk leaning ears startle plague as though forcibly listening to a world preserved by thoughts; an edifice, monument, labyrinth all forms of the status quo afflicted. The sun, the visitor, the guest indoors isolated by one's surroundings. There is no escaping from one's belt sharp part head part gaze as well as one's confinements; process of recreational thought. In that moment solely one silhouette a pace. A stride comparable to thinking and its companion the route quite defined, as it may, replacing feet to foot in the exact position each time. One deliberate rubbing of the mouth, left hand on the heart, sucking the bar of one enclosure akin to watching the same films, same plot, same all over and over, again and again. But if one can flip-flop the motion images one can turnaround one's thinking provided that damage to one's teeth and mouth on the particularly gritty rusty bar of one's oubliette can be displayed. As one stands in one place, swaying head and shoulder, shaking one's whole body from side to side one allows one to visualize, differing to a father present, the quadraphonic rollings of heart beat from a succumbed actuality; validation of belief extending the rigmarole geared sophomoric. Flight or fancy?

Flocks of commensurable folios of spectators aviate moth-eaten with precision in the tradography of transitions. Yet are spellbound by the veracity of the screens. As the transmission is heedful, the sonance of the projectioneuse evoke the spectacle of a bird with a fractured wing, the motor cognifance of a dog with three legs, or the few teeth of a rodent jammed in the tread of the tyre of the motor car wheel. But it is no good reason for the cauterised thrums vocalised by such mechanic reader to be expelled from the life re-enactment and be concealed by the white achromatic linens of performance gagged by the veracity of the screen holding sway a discursive imitation of life renders object made man.

The authenticity of the performance is generated by a critical stage, one prohibited by machine reading sounds yet perceived as shadow sound with another stage, the screen: the mask, the net, the security, the shade, the cover, the shelter, the canopy, to defend and to cover up. The shadow sound becomes shadows out of a pecuniary misconception and a non physiological adaptation to the reconnaissance of the walking image as a non gratifying experience. Elegies to the fence-hanger's endurance.

The light engrossing aureoles amidst the pupil plunges the physiological aspect of vision as a process of proportioned tolerance. Long periods of rest enable the mind to dissipate the amount of visual noise epitomised or staged whilst the lens are not operational. These tsunami of noise effluence, localise a stimulus in the most remote

expression of mobility or vagrancy of the mind.

“As long as I feel myself followed  
by my double  
or by a spectre  
it shall be the sign that I am”.  
Antonin Artaud

Retinal exhaustion helps dampen. Mass produced forms of symbology. Mass bombardment as corporeality cannot be stopped, one needs to develop resistance diverting the transmission with latent forms of delay. Fatigue, boredom, strain, idleness or repetitive injury offering positive forms of resistance. The washerwoman's sprain, the trigger finger trigger thumb or the golfer's elbow as illness tend to show up when anthropomorphism's corporeal migration's tactic is not applied within design.

Ergonomic care cannot be found amidst every individual lifestyle. Lifestyles subject to change by the demands of marketing and technological innovation. It practices habits, moral standards and taste. The extremes of such demographics of expenditure and consumption produce symptoms in the lies of RSI, idleness, boredom and strains. Ills that having emerged from an artificial footprint unplug the user from the economical and cultural mainframe enabling one if in control of one's mind to free oneself momentarily from the consumption behaviour that is the cornerstone of twentieth and twenty-first century life. The participant can also attain an impedance of thought and mind from further individualizing the self with products or services that signal a way of life or a way of doing.

When a body can be constrained by unconsidered design apropos sleeping while watching TV, cradling one's mobile between neck and shoulder such are symptoms of a twentieth and twenty-first century lifestyle which resume in weakness and lack of endurance. Weakness and lack of endurance the typical bad eggs of systems based on serif and caste ideologies, affets to those who seek solemn and quietude for utilizing these rogue virtues as forms of counter-imagination processes and discover the powers of apprehensive thought.

“Minds are things that think but lack special magnitude, bodies are things that have special magnitude but do not think.” Descartes. If the brain is anaesthetized, consciousness ceases ergo special magnitude and thinking but if there be brain activity ergo reality. If the body responds to the environment it is placed in it will respond from a new set of values or rather set of rules in a manner that can be predicted. One's awareness cannot be serving as a preventive measure but it can channel these outcomes with a view to an adaptation and an evolution that is less deterministic.

Flight and fight is too simple an answer as a response and can be challenged by manipulating the subconscious. Pain is generated when nerves transport electrical impulses to the brain telling the brain that somewhere pain is enacted. Conventional treatment requires one to inject specific drugs so blocking the electrical impulse from sending such information to the brain thereby producing only numbness to the injected area but not pain. It is believed that hypnotic anaesthesia undergoes the same pattern whereby the subconscious mind blocks the electrical impulses from sending pain information to the brain.

If one can manipulate one's subconscious to control pain is it possible to manage the subconscious to alter at command one's reality, one's imagination, one's will? Emily Dickinson's poem titled Pain has an element of blank operating to exaggerate an awkward discovery stationed within man's mind's eyes.

Pain has an element of blank  
 Pain – has an element of blank –  
 It cannot recollect  
 When it began - or if there were  
 A time when it was not –  
 It has no future – But itself –  
 Its infinite contain  
 Its past – Enlightened to perceive  
 New period – of pain.

Its past – Enlightened to perceive for one needs to compare to see, without data accumulated by experience, curiosity and commitment one cannot comprehend. Emily Dickinson allows one to glimpse at a novel geography of pain; a landscape attended by the gardener the subconscious that can be altered to manifest producing only the welcome numbness of quietude, order and serenity.

A needle full of idleness or a needle full of repetitive injury as the course of the apprehensive mind consequently delay and suppress the ineluctable cyclopedian beam: structure, voice made functioning as ornate duty. This is a recalcitrant deliverance, kaleidoscopic fluctuation, a form of freedom, feather nested by a counter imagination hatching new realm free from the dependence of bondage. These are methods from which one can abandon the stage of physiological normalcy to reach one's own origin in life and in ideas unlimited, unbound charged free space. This is the showcase of apprehensive form.

## L' INDEX

Within the most widespread system a structure and method is built to make operative enabling of production. Since time began man has fashioned objects by imitating nature but methods of production have precipitated change. Not long ago assembly and manufacture were made comprehensive to the masses. In this age materials and technology are evolving faster than the demand leaving the masses clueless about form. The consumer's desire, ironically enthroned economical addiction, induces amnesia where duration, eternity and chronology vamoose without a trace as does the undividing entity of the private, the personal and the intimate. Pointing at the moon the boy turned away from his plate his neck broke the silence. Dad is it sustainable on the moon? The father could not respond he only huffed laboratory coughs mixed in a partial smile. The father knew that duration eternity and chronos had not prevented the wrinkling of desire proportional to the substance of wants.

This fictional scaffold is not a rationalist construct for its opaqueness can suppress and create the need for this behaviour to become an image of attachment, a perpetual stigma which echoes like the sound of a thousand boots walking in harmony. The cadence lulling the conscience into the void of a collective trance.

It is mesmerizing sunshine iron fixed. The blood pumping has the boots dishonour chloroformed as if camouflaged by the fundamentals of one's presence. An absence mindedness, loss of self, may be dramatic but none the less a true depiction of how it facilitates a delivery of collective ideology, democracy an impression of bias.

The elusiveness of such event should not be undervalued because in the end the day mare will be the premise to inseminate a new life in this artificiality and reclaim the levels uninhabited since but now vacated by a new judicious self.

The suffocating layers of domestic interior concocted from forces that are universal as individual motif form a ubiquitous precept. Materials the outcome of forces physical, biological, psychological, sociological from which the adoption of objects is personified by attachment or a form of collective pursuit of soul's enhancement. An object of attachment is an object obedient, an obedient object. The insistent picture does not resist delayed resemblance with natural forces carving within unlimited time the earth's crust. It also serves as a mixed display equating Darwinian philosophy spacial geography, climate and the biological diversity used by nature as an external tool or force to shape animal, plant and the biological human.

The transference cannot be helped but is in the end biting working on the level of autobiographic satire pressed upon one's will. Like the distortion of surfaces reflecting one's self lyricism ad-finitum. Such collective self aware intimacy lays bare a world that is as a result tyrannically directionless since it imposes a unequivocal tendency. All and

foundry quintessence perched on this inanimate fantasy educate the contained unloved lives at the mercy of a scheme which leads one and the collective to enduring states of torment. This ubiquitous affliction endeavours the Grimm vocational characteristic of a consummate parody. As if one were the sole protagonist of a nonfictional model based on one's orgasmic feast of one's own suffering with delight.

Like the pebble shaped by the erosion-inflicted friction of the wave, the seamier side of deal making and deal breaking, the hypodermic souls' metamorphosis from which they are suspended balk at an apportioned state of variance which visually can be vibrant and resonant but blots out interferences of pabulum into daymare. An unhinged sociopathology is self-inflicted by a heady combination of obedient hospitable cohesion. Police trivial normalcy promise emulsion blends, collective affectuous twin personality syndrome.

A baker has the task to perform of replicating goods day in day out. The baker knows the oven well but that will not deter from the fact that sometimes out of the heating furnace the shape or colour of the delicious bun, cake or what-have-you has morphed, changed aspect ratio, from the conformity of the precious cargo. These discerning corruptive orphans' conditions are acceptable within the spectrum of taste and brow mastication. The baker will not languish at the sight of those strays reduced to the custody of diagnostic bin, for their shape, space under the roof of a house, might perturb or catch one short of the scenario. The subtle ease a lady's lips may flange the fastening pleat of a kindly swelling, the terra incognita of the bun, into embarrassment is a condemnation into effluence. Deportment and correctitude bring grace to decorum and with the auspicious help of gravity pigeon and human alike enjoy the condition of divestiture and alignment.

At a quarter past eight in the morning on august the sixth nineteen forty-five people in Hiroshima were getting out of bed when a vast flash of fire, brighter than the sun incinerated all. The Japanese knew that there was a new force shaping the world. In a documentary giving voice to the victims of this horrific ordeal, a lady recalls a tremendous horror: to find the remains of the ashes of a mother near a perfectly preserved rice jar. As the lady explains, for the first time the lady really contemplated the fragility of the human body. The atom bomb measured the performance of the human body in term of human resilience. Later in the months following a commission was created and organized by the Americans with a view to help give medical assistance. There existed prior knowledge of the repercussion of radiation fallout and what it ensued in terms of human health but little was done to inform the Japanese counterparts. No matter. From the study of the victims' suffering new data was sourced and research carried out.

Sometimes an ordinary word one may have seen a hundred times no longer makes

any sense at all. The longer one looks at the individual letters, the stranger the word may seem. One could even begin to convince oneself that the word is misspelled. As one studies the whole page of the universe and its content the complicated events become supposedly too simple but when concentrating upon a single word from a text, or photograph from a compendium, they become unfamiliar.

Strolling the earth and fields, light tracing shadow vines following suit our identities split like the dark halo of an eclipse bringing repetition of the solar disc in for sustained contrejour. One's friends one's optical devices glass-ball enlarge the whole of this narrative as one sat writing by a pine tree involve side by side. One's body driven pillar acted as though one broke again against the sun's neutrinos spray. The glazed half erased reticence which a grilled sea bass's eyeball can demonstrate made everything barely visible. Time stood motionless the governed air appalled the blood rivers to stain the coral of one's fights. One felt one had abandoned which was seen before forever and caught the emanation of a mercenary smoke around the earth. One's gaze in line counter-foiled double optical circumsppections turned towards a prodigious profundity of cumulative knowledge. One's mouth parched from laughter one stood quadrangled by the powers of suggestion intertwined with a bunsen burner and flame. Gravity defined spitter as miniature herding sheep grazing on a far plain. One's desk polished, waxed, one joined in.

Police co-opt a prosperous land all hands with hundreds of tale ends, altering the curvature of Kierkegaard's mirror. Littering in harmony nuclear slicing brazened flares one's single set of eyes licked, lounged and relaxed sunbathed above one's thrust gibbering chin, like disco balls on the dance floor. The wander of the reversal ecstatic shine, the Basquiatesque errand broad wag, last iota of brale bolt colourified incandescence and the knotted hair, read submission bleak and blooming but engrossed by wire. These eyes instruments apparatus had chosen one like Hiroshima had engrossed the eyes of its prey forever. Manga was ready propped like a soured stormed water log sheath like structure prepared to nurture an inherent suspicion towards a global cultural narrative or meta narrative. Manga bullseye coloured part of a flower centre, a hole in a needle lodged at the intersection of some handled bundle of pure stacks. This made thing gives function to a Manga present and bring forth an artificial optimism in the classical and traditional Japanese vernacular. When new-clear spells nuclear there comes to muscular attention the markings of a physiological fallout, a clearing which occurs within Japanese consciousness' spectrum of frequencies. As a result transformation incepted from the nuclear weapon of the ender of worlds, the eye fictional or real - which matters not any more - takes metaphysical and physical proportions proportionate to the rate of radiation fallout. And therefore revealing the Manga eye as an object attachment which for plea postures the idea of looking alike as

a security identity device pointing a way out from such historical tragedy. New-Clear and nuclear, words made optic, lenses mirroring Manga eyes. Survival using not the will of man but imagination.

More conventional approaches to meditations involve mechanics such as watching objects using mantras. Emile Coue a French psychologist and pharmacist originated the simple use of autosuggestion also called self-suggestion whereby a person repeats suggestions to themself in order to spur the imagination. Coue was of the opinion conflict existed between the will and the imagination. That the imagination always won over the will. Imagine one had to cross over a valley by the use of a funambulist rope. With all the will in the world as one would step over the rope one's senses would bring into realism one's weight versus the void and the law of gravity which one has learnt would ensue falling into the void. If one were to imagine that rope as the yellow line splitting the road of one's familiar home street with pavement, houses and paraphernalia creating the most detailed image one could fancy this imaging would sustain one's steps and journey across in an emphatic and successful way. So rather than using willpower alone one must also make use of one's imagination to better health. For Coue repetition of suggestion increased the likelihood of images being projected into reality most especially when implanted in the morning and again before sleep.

A Guardian Weekend Magazine cover in January two thousand and six describes in the form of a black and white photograph "A Kuikuro tribe member in the Amazon Basin by Sebastiao Salgado" with the running cover title "Sebastiao Salgado's Dispatches from Paradise". It is at first glance an image that glows as a singular item of the unfamiliar, it is as if one is staring at the letter U from an unfamiliar perspective not quite sure if it is right. The longer one looks at the individual frame, photograph in this case, the stranger it may seem. Or indeed wrong. For the reading posture is based upon a comparison with the familiar. So the familiar is a force the outcome of which shapes everything on these terms. The question becomes, who is familiar? From what basis does one define the familiar, unfamiliar? What is more familiar existence itself or an image thereof? The running title Dispatches from Paradise assumes conflagration connotations as precise a currency as the dispatch from the atom when the splitting of its neutrons is sending an atomic blaze sweeping through critical mass. Hiroshima was Dispatches from Paradise. Paradise: to write in familiar style, to bomb in familiar style.

There is no doubt that the unfamiliar is an apprehensive visual posture artificially imagined and incepted to embrace the fear of the unknown within the context of a survivalist cultural frame. But this rational fear leads to disenfranchised ideas from a biased recognition, based on the comfort of knowledge. Instead treating life as a gallery or museum where the ghost of human reliance and human dependency turns into object and object into life.

Whilst one uses a chair it is constricted to service one. What then happens when the chair disappears from the field of vision, field of prospect? Does the chair gradually disappear? Would the raw material be subordinate to the totality of the chair? The chair flipping away from the field of vision is an indictment of its retinal autonomy. Could the entoptic image of the chair impressed onto the back of the eyelids be similar to the bang experienced by pilots travelling and breaking the sound barrier? Could the experience of retinal capability be the warrant imputation of the object's alliteration by moving throughout space and time? Could the human-eye-mind deviate from the definite emotional bias in favour of certain parts which contribute the reality scene before it and prefer to calmly ignore what it doesn't like? Could this discrimination become the cause of irritation and consequently behold the gift to see too much too deep with or without conscious selection. These are questions to which one seeks meaning either as a perspective or a solidity and a depth which could inform a practice. But the light is mainly coming from behind and a large part of the subject must never by necessity be in the shadow but allowed through discipline and methodical rigour to emphasise the variation and tone of these ideas in order to not reduce their existence into subdued simplified experience. This body of considered content extracts lines of matter employed to serve and make visible a system of ways of creating things inspired by the apparatus and tools that contributed in the creation of the West Indian the Creole which means in Spanish created.

One has used this mechanism as a utensil to penetrate the threshold of this reality to alter it and one's self in the same way it has been used to serve and alter the reality of those who created the thing or material manufactured, product produced in a mechanical way without inspiration or originality.

Imagine a room one decorated with black painted wall, black painted ceilings. A singular window has also been painted black. Now one scratches from the centre of the window a small aperture. As soon as this is done when one looks at the opposite side of the window one would discover the inverted and reversed of the scene outside. All things in the scene outside emit light by absorbing it and this light from the spectrum of visible light then travels as a beam compressed into that aperture like a sort of tumble dryer as if obedient to the gravitational spin of the universe. So all the reflected light dots from the scene travel to produce an image if unfocused but fashioned on the back of the room. This experiment can also be conducted with smaller containers known as pinhole cameras.

It should be duly noted that for this experiment to work the container the room should be blacked out to allow the material emitting through absorption of radiation a beam created by the oculus on the opposite side.

“Black holes are arguably the strangest and most mysterious objects in the universe.

Their bizarre properties can challenge the laws of physics and even the very nature of reality itself. To understand black holes, we must learn to think “outside the box” and use a little imagination. Black holes are formed from the cores of super massive stars and can best be described as regions of space where so much mass is concentrated that nothing not even light can escape the gravitational pull. It is an area where the escape velocity is greater than the speed of light. The more massive an object is, the faster you have to travel to escape its gravity. This is known as the escape velocity. Black holes are so massive that their escape velocity is faster than the speed of light. Since nothing can travel faster than light, nothing can escape the gravity of a black hole. It was Einstein’s general theory of relativity that provided the first clue to understanding black holes. His theory also states that gravity affects time. The more massive an object is, the more it can flow down time. The gravity of a black hole is so great that time nearly stands still. If you were on the outside of a black hole watching a spaceship fall in, you would see the spaceship appear to flow down until it finally disappears.” Amateur astronomer J.D.Knight.

The black hole’s gravitational mass is generally bigger than the sun and because of its mass time inside stands still. Inside the pinhole in the constructed dark space time stands still however this notion of time as an object is packaged by culture and science. When Fox Talbot fixed the image on paper time stood still. If one took the time to go and see the document called the Pencil of Nature one would notice the environment creates a particular condition for viewing. A darkroom light set upon the silent darkness of the room to make sure to save this document on display from disappearing in time. Even now today in the twenty first century a chemical or digital print cannot be guaranteed to not disappear after one hundred years of absorption of radiation. Black holes are an oculus, an aperture, poked within the fabric of space, mythologized in science fiction movies serving the function of elevators, tunnels to other dimensions. Like the pinhole they displace something into something else, the image an abstraction of the scene, or rather they leave one at a particular threshold of time and space.

This body of consideration in all content extracts lines of matter employed to serve a system of ways of creating things with potency. One had to deconstruct some of the apparatuses, contrivances, the very tools in the claim above: contraptions contributing to an impotence in creation in general. So one has used a specific utensil described below as the entoptic to penetrate the net of context with a view to legitimate the world perceived by the human made object man made.

Cosmologists know what the universe is made of. All stars in all galaxies and planets, comets, asteroids, life forms across more than thirteen billion light years of space adds up to a minuscule fragment of the complete celestial apparel. Almost a quarter of the remainder is called dark matter, mysterious stuff that emits no light. One cannot



In the word spiral one will also find spiritual the essence of that which the universe is made of and by which one is made.

A pinhole camera is an eye without a brain attached; a nervous system bereft of software, both receiving electromagnetic waves from a spectrum of electromagnetic radiation, visible light. It suggests to one that if the eye or pinhole were radio or television sets then visible light is proportional to a tiny bandwidth compared to the entire electromagnetic scale. Meaning that the apparatus can only find one broadcast limited by construct and physiology. Meaning that there are other thresholds of perception other worlds of perception. When one looks at the image of a pinhole one is looking at the pinhole not the image. When one utilizes one eye to comprehend this reality does one's eyes fail one by presenting another version of one's eyes?

The pinhole camera is fabricated from material produced from the earth. It should be fair to say perhaps Earth and human have strong communicative connections. And if one looks closely perhaps one could find Earth's software to unravel its mysterious ability.

This anomaly is coincident with the physiology of the eye in that if one stares at an object then looks straight at a light then closes the eyelids providing a blackened space, the object's architecture will start to leave this luminal space in a renegade sequence of its own shape as if effluence disappearing in the dark. The entoptic a technological device similar to the metonym but differing in that the metonym is in the service of making an environment perceived and known become as if it had been replaced by one new when in fact what one is looking at is and has always been the same thing. The entoptic in language is used to turn to extinction the meanings of words in the context of their etymologies.

Take the word negroid; etymologically meaning from the color black. The whole has had ample access to the realization that the people defined within the dressed surface of the word originate not from a colour but from Africa. Should a society judge it fine to call a helicopter Apache thence an HTTP fever project, a quad bike official site, "the Apache Subversion a project has just had to remind one of its corporate contributors about the rules of the road", the apache sheet "when most people refer to Apache they are talking about the Apache HTTP Server Project. In fact Apache is really the Apache Software Foundation which hosts a long list of projects of which the HTTP server is just one, albeit the best known", "Take control of your Apache and take down the enemy forces", Apache Technologies : "Apache offers a growing line of innovative construction leveling lasers, receivers, and accessories." The collective term for several culturally related groups of Native Americans in the United States originally from the Southwest, Apache is reduced and as time passes by the name itself shall be disconnected from its people.

For the African the colour black as originating in the word negro does as kryptonite Superman. The negroid rendered impotent by its own cosmic primer. The entoptic is not a malignant technology, the castle and serif ideology when using it serve an impotency in the world. One would like to use it to create, a methodology of potency, a counter form of imagineering fertility in one's world and in one's world of word.

To plough on refounding in the bloodline of such word could be perceived a vanguard of Foucault's Panopticon, writings evolve around surveillance through language. Does one strive on supplementing what is perceptible in the nucleus of that word and could be remarked as a messenger of Guy Debord's Society of Spectacle whose ideology of fake being the new real applies? Endeavour by inferring that the bloodline of that word is palpable in the positively charged central region of the Mona Lisa's smile for it represents concealment. Follow on saying this genealogy of word could be deemed a precursor of constructivism which had a great trust in technology since the word belongs to metonymy as well as entoptic which are somehow instruments and technological tools in their own way. The word is the harbinger of the Surrealist movement for black being a colour absent of colour as a physical place of origin is the ultimate surreal in origin. The eccentric orthotones of this word oscillation adumbrate Andre Breton's introduction to Surrealism in a discourse in Brussels on June the first nineteen thirty four. "The surrealist project, beyond limitation of space and time, can contribute to the efficacious reunification of all those who do not despair the transformation of the world and wish this transformation to be radical as possible."

A man blind by birth had sight restored by technology and became the case study of the distinguished Professor Emeritus R L Gregory. It is recorded the case study patient relished the colour of the season and the surrounding reality at first, an effect commonly found when looking at a photograph which displays something cleaner sharper more intense than the scene itself, later becoming very depressed by the ugliness as the novelty wore out which now was the epicentre of a new life. Pencil and paper were available to allow renderings of various objects. The Professor noted details missing within otherwise accurate representations of such models as a double decker bus concluding that because the objects were never seen before, although the subject might have an experience of them in a former life, with sight restored the latter took precedent. Thus it was impossible for the patient to see certain parts of the object even when attempts were made to draw them accurately. It was as if for instance the cockpit of the bus had vanished. As if it never existed.

Colin Wilson holds an obsession with the bullfighter's cape. "Ordinary reality is permanently in front of our eyes, rather like a bullfighter who keeps a cape in front of the bull. It is only when he twists his head that the bull can see straight ahead." For Wilson an individual such as Beckett does not contort or twist in order to see. Quite

the opposite, by accepting the bondage, nay understanding and embracing it, one can turn the imagination of one's practice into power. Sensing the mind to dream itself as a reef of coral with infinite narrational mass whose synergetic effects work as independent plasticity, from the branch of metaphysics that studies the nature of existence as a form of effluence. With this discordance one searches for a subconscious layering of one's mind's architecture until echoes of memories can be held permanent because updated. A map made visible by the entoptic knife

The reality of an object beyond the comprehension of its origin justified by the fictionality of a habitat made comprehensive and revered as a percussive retinal depiction set makes its non-fictionality fictitious. Fictionality is a function, a countenance within the paraphernalia of the absolute.

Tim Crow Professor of Psychiatry, Oxford University, proposes a speculative theory. The presence of a "key twist, kink or tork in the two hemispheres of the brain which allow the human to develop language and also expose our species to dangers of mental illness like psychosis or schizophrenia." Genetic mutation, a change in the brain's hard wiring early in one's evolution, is responsible Crow states proposing that psychosis is as evenly spread among homo sapiens as language arguing that it is what makes one human.

Being human concerns the rationalizing of space and its boundaries, tooled up by fear, oiled the masses incorporated, manning innate in the emblematic ingrained soloist, the individual. One has deviated unwittingly from the state of physical being to the state of object being.

An entry from the Miriam Webster Medical Dictionary reads as follows when describing schizophrenia "a psychotic disorder characterized by loss of contact with environment, by noticeable deterioration in the level functioning in everyday life, and by disintegration of personality expressed as disorder of feeling, thought (as hallucination and delusions) and conduct called dementia praecox".

"A psychotic disorder characterized by loss of contact with environment."

Painters from the school of Bruges when representing groups of figures in the background of religious works would often introduce a self portrait or that of a close friend. Hubert Van Eyck included a self portrait and one of brother Jan among the Just Judges on the wing of the Ghent Adoration. There may also be found instances when the one who commissioned works for the commemoration of one's own piety to the Church could be found in the corner of the picture itself - in Filippino's Vision of St Bernard in the Badia, Florence.

In a manner not dissimilar to Hubert Van Eyck's prospective imagination Robert Frank the twentieth century photographer was free to develop, unfettered from the political demands of space and composition. What was fought was the unnatural out-

line of depiction through labels crufaded by etymology and camera as chimera. The capturing of a three quarter spirit rendering in the feminal work titled *The Americans* is rather a flesh rendering burden rendering capturing the battle raging concerning the legitimate perusal of land through prospective etymologic imagination that indeed a lot of the fitters collectively have lost so that everything of the fitter is lost. America the muse, half woman half goddess, posed in a magnificent tragic conception of feeling. But which one as Godard intimates? South America or North America? Might we find her looming in the Vision of St Bernard?

So one deduces the drapery of the geography of the studio in the manner of drapery men of the eighteenth century whose occupations were confined to providing for the trade of painting with dresses and accessories. Friendliness does not extend to the relatives of the robin red breast for the robin is the foremost aggressive and territorial of all birds. Male and female adopt territories which can extend to one acre. Any other robin entering this territory will be threatened and attacked and that can mean a fight to the death. When the robin in question sings with joy and harmony it is not an outpouring of happiness or existential platitude on one's planet – it is a warning. The warning that the territory in question will be defended to the death. Etymology sources one's intentions shaping the limitation of one's greed's if one uses comprehensively prospective imagination. It is the song of the ready made man. A comprehensive colourer.

The sensitive blue soft collar sky rest superior grain that morning day. The sun garment twiddle the earth to rescue the diagonal of an angle shifted tarmac road out of nowhere. For who believe in afterthoughts are justified in their methods. The eyes require the sufficient insight of a child. Her initial steps somehow preparing this very image as if removing all disturbing objects from one's field of vision. The air plucks panchromatics toned mute as she careens toward the undergrowth by the road side, her agility sources into account the blurred movement of her disappearance. The degree that our mind cannot yet focus on the picture one is about to create is not detracted from the mechanical aspects of its making. As half a figure head to head with the activity of the leaves in repose she climbs. One's view deviates sideways as she stops reaching eliminated irrelevances. Again questioning her appearance one sees her face, an expression of impishness, the white of her eye reflective or the whimsical songs of the wood. An impact has been aggravated by an outside force giving way unexpectedly. She is now looking over mother's shoulder. Her irksome envelope inhabits the swaying of forward and the swaying of backward, a design she seems not to practice with great pleasure. But now her figure tells of her active participation in the affair of the world. Her name is nine year old Luciane Ortiz a Guarani girl of the Guarani people indigenous inhabitants of Paraguay.

According to Survival International a Guarani elder said “The Guarani are committing suicide because we have no land. We don’t have space any more. In the old days we were free. Now we are no longer free. So our young people look around them and think there is nothing left and wonder how they can live. They sit down and think. They forget. They lose themselves and commit suicide.” Maria Flores an Argentinean indigenous lawyer adds to the statement “When you take their land you take their life. It is not like having a house, having land is everything. Without it they cannot survive. Access to land is not just an issue for the Guarani it is a problem for indigenous people throughout South America.”

The term America is used loosely to cover one image of one land and one people and artificial sociological fictions. This navigational corrective exudation extends so wide a field that the most parsimonious model including the effects of population density, age, and sex burrow a continent to allow its twin, the other to disappear as if a continent in motion. Extinction through etymology. Egypt is in the Middle East de facto.

Am Eric a,  
 Deterioration noticeable in the level functioning in the everyday.  
 Before noon.  
 First a symbol either a series or the first in order.  
 Definite article hence typically resembling.  
 One of the class but not any particular.  
 But an unstressed indefinite article.  
 Open written as part of a single utterance.  
 Once from Germanic language a detailed ruler.  
 Yet a fine paid by a murderer to the family of his victim  
 In old Irish law.  
 Deterioration noticeable in the level functioning in the everyday.  
 Am Eric a, the birth of a professional practice.  
 The child of the night solo.

Body object natural a pit mound, activated encircled. From its radius escape the secret identity of meanings, a soul, an all occasion gift soul wrap. The child of the night solos:

“What ? You’ll have to run that again I am a little fluggish on the uptake this forever evening. It just gets worse than other worse...that is all, just another forever night patrol. And when this long dreary forever night be through will the world day flow long forever day? Once I discovered a secret and as it revealed itself to me I changed

from a man into a moufe, an untamed, fearless scarecrow of a moufe. I was now the world's most perfect developed moufe with my tiny radio wiring hidden in my pen I listen and listen. Mostly from what my former self would call a bed but sometimes in an out of doors. I were hypnotized by my epic listening. The code of my habit became an aid for my muscle sleeping inside my body and fused with my forever wandering, prospecting blending covered with my new branded suit of beautiful blue muscle."

Deterioration noticeable in the level functioning in the everyday.

An article by Rick Weis in the Washington Post in August two thousand and six reports "Mussels living along the U.S. Atlantic coast have acquired a novel genetic defense against a newly introduced species of predator crab, providing an example of how quickly evolution can work when the pressure to adapt is intense.

The story begins back in 1817, when the European shore crab, *Carcinus maenas*, began to settle in U.S. waters. New England mussels were easy prey for those crabs. But over time, evolution favored mussels that, by chance, had developed a new capacity: They could detect a chemical released by the crabs and use that waterborne signal to spur the growth of an extra-thick protective shell. Thus, mussels living in tough neighborhoods had thicker shells, and all was well.

That balance changed in 1988, when a new invasive species of crab -- the Asian shore crab, *Hemigrapsus sanguineus* -- arrived in ships. Asian crabs do not exude the same chemical that their European predecessors do, so mussels did not thicken their shells in neighborhoods where the Asian crabs settled, and they became a favorite snack for the new invaders.

Now University of New Hampshire zoologists Aaren S. Freeman and James E. Byers have found that mussels living along stretches of the East Coast inhabited by Asian crabs have developed the ability to grow thicker shells in response to the chemical released by those Asian invaders.

By contrast, they found, mussels living off the coast of northern Maine -- where the Asian crab has not yet spread -- lack that capacity. That is exactly what evolutionary theory would predict, the team notes: A mutation will become common in populations where it is useful, reflecting the enhanced survival of individuals lucky enough to have it, while it will generally remain rare in other populations where it offers no particular advantage."

Christian Boltanski once said by way of explanation for refusing to commit to a memorial monument, monuments should be build by people and then demolished to be anachronistically rebuilt at a later all important date for, he added, it would teach and show a reciprocal measure of comprehension, awareness and judgement from the memorial's point of view and from the individual or collective functioning in everyday life.

“And by disintegration of personality expressed as disorder of feeling, thought (as hallucination and delusions) and conduct called dementia praecox”.

As one's concept of self has been emasculated it is easier to transgress the boundaries of human wants and the further they be expressed the greater the waste and neurosis and the mightier the acts of denial and collective deceit, the latter seen as a form of hallucination and delusion. For this form of denial can be said to be a form of altered self. The survival of the distinguishing I depends on memories re-mamboed to be remaindered. The body follows and demonstrates in the form of expression a testatory emblematic, abstract, unattached, absurd pantomime, the serial waning of dispersal.

Joseph Beuys questioned retorts “My name is Joseph Beuys - that is the hare you know”.

Could the great cave drawings of Lascaux be an augural but subtle symptomatic of Crow's theories? The “key twist kink or tork in the two hemisphere of the brain which allow humans to develop language and also expose our species to dangers of mental illness like psychosis or schizophrenia”. The belief being genetic mutation, a change in the brain's hard wiring early in one's evolution is responsible. Cro-magnon and Neanderthal record an existence producing illusory drawings the sites of which have become famous Palaeolithic sanctuaries.

A cave is the nearest thing in nature to a fairyland world. Fantastic icicles of stone hang from the roof of a cave in a million shapes and sizes. The most common types of shallow cave are formed on the side of hills or rocky cliffs by the action of wind. They begin as letter shaped obtrusions most notably H with ollywood or similar palindrome forms. The layer of rock scoops some of its particles and digs quite far back into the mountain. Such were the caves used by ancient cave men for homes and by wild animals for lairs.

Some hundred years ago a little girl and her father were exploring a cave in Spain. As the father was examining ancient flint hammers and arrowheads which the father found on the cave floor the girl wandered off into another room carrying a lantern held aloft the girl's curiosity roused. Suddenly the girl looked up at the ceiling of the cave and magic overwhelms her as she screamed “Bulls! Daddy! Bull. Come quick.” The father ran to reach his daughter and to his amazement there on the ceiling and walls of the dark room, the inner cave, were pictures of animals.

The vestige left by these hunter collectors and sculptor illustrators of prehistoric periods created an altar from whence depictions of the outer-world allowed a demystification in the guise of a hide away or a refuge from an equitable fear of nature. Spell-bound and petrified by the latter and its unknown governing body, seeking to dissipate a disquiet reality and its intensity by deleting it through the process of description or translation akin to preternatural, transmudane emanations. Thereby transcending

the natural or material order and the supernatural.

Relatively speaking levels of psychosis are much the same and can be measured by the boundary of an art history in itself another abstraction of that limit. One can but hypothesize if what happens does as a spontaneous action obliging at point blank; the description of the outdoors calling echoes from the stone layers of the wall of the earth's cavity.

The kink, torque that has been genetically obscuring the origins of the sentient brain is led by the characteristic that cerebral asymmetry can be found which is associated with the ability for human language. This asymmetry if walked about could be described as proportional to the flight and fight messages intentionally blacking out and freezing out one's perception of space and boundaries. The possibility that the experience of sentient state is approached and sensed a tad simulated the non-confirmation of which if sought cannot be gratified through consciousness. The response one generates from this being to redress this lack is by collision with space, the point and the line or the path of a nervous system mercenary. One is the lead victim to all creation. At the moment when it is believed that the bread and wine become the blood of Christ, the church's bell would ring and the congregation kneel down in prayer. The creational image produced in the darkroom, camera obscura has a similar exposure the magnitude of serial dispersal. The dark underground anti-chamber where a piece of white melamine provides an area for viewing that is totally subservient to chemistry, darkness and the sound of the tray's agitation ringing noon and evening like the church bell rang over its villages.

A small migration generator whose armature is based on a temporal shift that rotates the body, supplying a current igniting fear; design. Fear is a strange conductor and forces the body to displace itself. It siphons the anguish of the unknown whose doorways through time transport one's consciousness on a journey that can never be catalogued or credited. The unknown is a user charging interest at an awful rate. If one displayed plain fear and could hold a pencil, a chalk or stone to apply on various materials one could produce interesting graphics, mainly dismissed as scribbles but nonetheless a representation of a nervous system evocative of a blue print of one's senses' location in space. The drawings in the cave hold the quality of immediacy and control a resolution to transmit faithfully the displacement of an ability, instinct or second nature; to survive at all costs. Curating an environment also curates an imagined identity. The drawings, carvings testify of a dislocation. The break, the kink between what one thinks one knows of the unknown and what it actually is physically renders into being. It articulates the clear course of the child's face looking on or the aphorism of the rune, a poem with mystical meaning used as a casting spell. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. The bi-products that it exhausts are the conquering of doubts

through misuse of prospective imagination which in itself made comprehensive can only lead to debilitate one's inception of true knowledge. Prospective imagination made comprehensive does not ignite a field of ignorance to combust and burn to a char allowing its ground clearance to follow a new unhospitable harvest. "There is no limit to creativity. There is no end to subversion". Raoul Vaneigem. The revolution of the everyday. No subversion no evolution.

Borrowing Stravinsky the more constraint one imposes, the more one frees oneself of the chains that shackle the spirit...the arbitrariness of the constraint only serves to obtain precision of execution.

Robert Michael Kaplan communicates an appreciation of a modern plight, which may enable one to impair one's vision physically due to the bombardment of visual noise as a by-product of advanced imagery by advanced transmission led technology. Kaplan postulates that one's eyes are not biologically designed for long periods of activity such as the world striding by means of cathode immersion at home, as well as spatial electronic travels via electronic bulletin. Speaking of eye and hand co-ordination which help alleviate developing strains triggered by locked focus and stress Kaplan recognises the ocular assault performed physically in the city within the shelter of the mall, the advertising board or monitors. The result a shut down of foveal vision, the area consisting of a small depression in the retina containing cones where vision is its most acute its being responsible for the sharpest vision and in particular the details of a vision. Like the shutting down of a muscle that has been over worked through over rigorous exercising which itself favours the deterioration of the structural layout of the body. As queer as Clockwork Orange.

Ophthalmologist William H Bates explores automatic behaviour in traditional families, or the notion of the family, the allotment of meals with television to later ensconce in the child's room. Bates begets that visual sensing is smothered with useless information about unnecessary things. In the past such technologies were not possible the atypical family spending time together at supper passing knowledge through stories and participated in activities outside and around the home building, farming, fishing or hunting with essential skills passed on. Bates proposes perception to have taken the defensive posture as one now spends too little out of doors unless catered for. Sun becoming the catalyst for the fear of skin cancer albeit coaxing the young to be aware of the stranger for kidnapping and murder are strongly etched into an unconscious.

The protection for the world at large is a symptom of a deep immersion that castigates a capricious dogma and the tantalising defensive way. The vanilla shade spray of visual plenitude over simplified subtract the being out of the human and acts as carrier of a lifeless function. So some experiences cannot or might not always be registered by an established culture simply because the visual output, the long term transmission

from an advanced technology will surrogate the eye and the senses, making them less acute, less responsive, remodelling these into a non biological nose guard. No data no can see. Imagine one sees a hat which one considers at once experiencing a newness about it. One can experience something new provided one has data references to what a hat could be. After comparison one can ascertain that no such form size colour can yet be found and in so doing experience the new. Were no references of hat imputed into one's mind it would have been invisible. Invisible, unseen, not existing in one's mind.

An anachronism may exist between the evolution of the eye and the brain. For within the mutations stage, technology as translator, as deductor, is reducer of itself, of its own information. Transmitting images of itself so making apparent the narrowing of fields of vision. The hunting within the space of the brain is the medium's eye par excellence, a ubiquitous oculus smothering the sensing as if clutches for the consumption of perception. Bates considers "the fight or flight response set in the function of our eyes is controlled by a nervous system that is working in response to fear. This pulls the balance towards the personality part of our mind." Crime and punishment, confirmation of a third kind, starship trueper.

Throughout this universal disclosure, these beheld stigmata's were perused with scrutiny as a form of cross-pollination and an anatomised version of nature consequently interluding a collective delay intermittently etching in metaphoric font into one's eyelid: H.o.w.d.o.I.k.n.w.o.n.t.h.i.f.i.f.m.e...

Internal prospection secretes the precipitation of a curious nature in one's attics which the backward sentence, code of practice is casually sabotaged as landmarks for one's survival. Does the use of an unlawful device render the cylop game card unpayable. Nature and constituent objects hauled hence deported, re-named and load endorsed as accessories of attachment. Thereby the stuff, the impedimenta, the equipage, the tackle and supply develop into traps themselves, clamping forever the empathy of the human core.

Rachel Cooke interviews Brian Sewell, we pee on things and call it art. On being questioned regarding writing about art as a vocation as a true vocation Sewell says "When I write, I feel another me. If I can't get the other me, I can't write." The other me or the one untarnished by middle men, or the study of handling speed and acceleration. This religious relic, this other me is a galloped cave brushing the burden of the present configured by large dry undressed blocks of stone found in dry buried old bones.

The unfolding narrative in which being perceived by an object can interfere with the potentiality of invention shall obscure from one's countenance when sensing it as exclusive understanding. Apprehensive seeing, seeing without a cause. In the book of Job William Blake takes one into a world that is immaterial belonging only in the

potential of invention a subject can infer. In the famous engraving of the morning star spiritual feeling is expressed in an untouchable design Blake seeking to convey an inward vision, a vision beyond the external of man.

A distrust of the limitations placed by nature and material causes a vision of consequent refinement and mystery and the filtration of heart of quality. A sombre temple dimmed of nobility of balance. An extra part structure rain through dancing huddled figures forever referencing to a sustained feverish future-to-come. Blake an apprehensive thinker wheeling an apprehensive imagination as an apprehensive maker. Inextricable links between paintings and words, a deliberate attempt to give emphasis to an out of this world sense of vision. A spiral parody of an epoch impressing a life's work. Inspiration and skill residing in the ability to let nature and its many retainers carry out by means of poker-faced illuminations one's disintegration into a gradation of a spectrum of representational alien transmission.

#### L'ANNULAIRE

In nineteen sixty eight FBI agents in Chicago file a report concerning Ginsberg witnessed chanting unintelligible poems in Grant Park, the poems in question being Blake's *The Grey Monk*.

Innumerable figures mitigate the enraptured, gratifying bosom of the iconoclastic and interlinear and command a new powerful source from which specimens cooling through it, in an absolute immobility, adopt new gestures, new peripheries, half integuments razor sharp edged intended for dissection spellbound by the future days set upon them. Meadows, valleys, riverbeds, mountains shall always be fashioned by natural history but will always be glass grinded by the spirit of men and a portioned pictorial based living. Kurosawa's *Scandal* has a painter telling two farmers who have expressed interest in the progress of a canvas if one looks intently enough at the peak of the mountains one can see them move.

To tell, to let someone in, to recount, predisposes the fingers of both hands, outlined, to help the line escape outside and endeavour torrents of vision: the senses and its artificial harbinger the lens.

Geoff Dyer's *The Ongoing Moment* exposes an idea that Walker Evans developed within the context of recording sleepers in the subways. "People had come along and without knowing it placed themselves in front of a fixed and impersonal apparatus for a given time. All these individuals, inscribed in the view-finder, were photographed without the slightest human intervention at the moment the shutter clicked." One can consider this statement to be a representation of the bullfighter's cape. Comprehensive dictation through compunction diligently flares the process of execution, an

imaginative power of observation dabbed with a spot of propection.

“...photographed without the flightest human intervention at the moment the flutter clicked.” Isn’t Dyer forgetting Evans was the one human intervening in the perambulation of the narratorial function of the fitters. Which in a sense vindicates the fact that photography is about forgetting or rather voluntary forgetfulness. This has the catalyft observer tied to the multitudes of less which inhabit a world already contrived. Evans the fitter. Camera superior in spirit and endowed on lap is concealed, the trespass proportional to Evan’s physiology mortgaged long ago to the theatre of object life.

To recap a psychological irregularity characterised by loss of contact with environment through meaning etymologies et al predispose noticeable deterioration in the level functioning in everyday life and by disintegration of personality, thought - as suppressive hallucinations and delusions - and conduct called dementia praecox. Sitters place themselves in front of a fixed and impersonal edifice of control or edifice of suppression for a time and ever.

The camera plays deference to the left side of the brain. If the camera was made from one’s mental agility one could say that image is one aspect of the brain. This perhaps is why its fabric is seen as an analytical paradigm like a private detective utilises logic leading its syntax and vocabulary within the denominators of organised, detail, scientific, detachment, literalness and sequential. These methodologies do then assert the physical world that a particular culture wants to draw from it as if to say here it is I see it. This rig is similar to one’s neurophysiology, the left brain is challenging another to be born the right-brain-renegade.

The hardware of perception ether made from earth’s material or a psychology also made on earth is mechanical in elevation, a theatre on hydraulics which one operates from a right brain institution. As one passes the diplomas one becomes manager of an inspired prison. A manager of systems or given that one polices with policies, more object than human. Like a bomber pilot in a mission to flatten the world one does not think of the victims but the mission and through repetitive checks of the system its technologies and ideologies one’s humanity is shrouded.

A photograph by Gillian Wearing alludes to such conundrum and shows the apparatus bellows up. Describing a man in a street background holding a white card on which is written “everything is connected in life the point is to know it and understand it.” The irony laid bare in the fact that before one can understand one has to recognise. Without data updated and comparison there is no recognition there cannot be a knowing. Endemically fragile and inaccurate is the laminated pictographic gradation discharging say cheese or look at the birdie.

The lens is surely a discovery as old as glass, for it would require no great ingenu-

ity to value the property of a curved piece of glass. In fact a lens rock crystal from six hundred BC was found in the ruins of Nineveh the ancient capital of the Assyrian Empire. In the thirteenth century spectacles were made as aids for those of failing foresight. Galileo improved on the convex glass to construct the first microscope and Robert Hooke made lenses of great power by fusing together threads of spun glass.

Included in *The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes* is an entry the tone of which pertains to a confessional ascending from the interference of time, a personal reminiscence by a fellow of Blake, one Allan Cunningham.

"He (Blake) closed the book, and taking out a small panel from a private drawer, said "This is the last which I shall show you; but it is the greatest curiosity of all. Only look at the splendour of the colouring and the original character of the thing!" "I see", said I "a naked figure with strong body and a short neck with burning eyes which long for moisture and a face worthy of a murderer, holding a bloody cup in his clawed hands, out of which it seems eager to drink. I never saw any so strange, nor did I ever see any colouring so curiously splendid - a kind of glistening green and dusky gold, beautifully varnished. But what in the world is it?" "It is a ghost, Sir, the ghost of a flea - a spiritualization of the thing!" He saw this in a vision. "I'll tell you all about it, Sir." I called on him one evening, and found Blake more than usually excited. He told me he had seen a wonderful thing - the ghost of a flea! "And did you make a drawing of him?" I enquired. "No, indeed" said he, "I wish I had, but I shall, if he appears again!" He looked earnestly into a corner of the room, and then said, "Here he is - reach my things - I shall keep an eye on him. There he comes! His eager tongue whisking out of his mouth, a cup in his hand to hold blood, and covered with a scaly skin of gold and green." As he described him so he drew him."

Blake the right-brain-renegade creates perception using a whole being. Passed the threshold that is not part of the views of a tableau vivant. Becoming the thing itself by vagrancy bent wheeled out from the theatre of the mind, with the high vibration of empiristic parodies. Such examples with all bonhomie narrate and demonstrate investment in derangement of the senses as a tool to bid the concealment of the self from convention excepting in the case of Blake, Coleridge, Duchamps, Cage, Joyce, Kippenberger et al there is a desire to go beyond the highest expression of one's self. Consequently what is in effect created through these portals are bridges to the net of context, misunderstood escapes, mission control hypothetically jammed, evolving unnamed, unarchived, consciousness in real time.

The apprehensive maker, the apprehensive thinker. Heads a brazened funambulist whose tribulation is to paginate the tight rope straining the bridge of one's nose. The transverse drawing of a bull eye socket through self induced scrutiny wakens magnification of an uncustomary dissection. The eye socket concerted scaffold deepened and

inflamed by its intensifying ability to collide with the proximity of land. Forward looking cones of blue light surround the heavy water by million of billions as light centres which now tune up the watch of the blue light the sea. The transverse section of this curvaceous triage analogous to a harbour being an outlet to the sea and similarly correlates as a social perceptual arrangement with the planning and design conduits of its function.

The light that passes through the prism is alike the directional flow of a river under arches of bridges. The eye socket harbours prisms from which knowledge foretold and envisioned travels to and fro the four cardinal points. Harbours like prosthesis endowed with crusader transmissive abilities for they, they are facilitators of the trade and exchange of ideas. Instrumental as an organ of vision dealings with the world allude the distances of conscious shoppers and travelers. One knows what works.

In early paintings evoking ships travelling from the Midian Sea one can see a remarkable familiarity with the eyes by simply shifting the piece upside down. Incidentally turning into the eye of a predator with rowing paddles as eyelashes.

Queen v. Dudley and Stephens determined that a man who, in order to escape death from hunger, kills another for the purpose of eating flesh, is guilty of murder although at the time of the act the circumstances are such that it is believed and there are reasonable grounds for believing this affords the only chance for preserving life. Two men decide by commonfence means to save their lives by doing the suspected apprehensive act.

What is important, depending on the circumstances onto which one falls, a thing quite abhorrent, the worst unimaginable, the most apprehensive, can become quite acceptable nay rational and in the end a comprehensive act. As one reads the accounts one does try to envision a reality long gone but it is quite impractical being here not there. What ensues is a fictionalised view and later an opinion about the account not the experience. This confusion cannot be helped and in this contemporary reality may be named a metonym of the senses.

A picture of the ordeal is viewed with minutiae of fact in order to be recorded by another image or representation more morally delectable. The analyses of the trial contained in the defence and prosecution deal with an account-conversion not an experience-translation having for effect the converting, translating and abstract rendition of the judgement. This is the dilemma and tragedy of experience. It would seem to transcend knowledge one's actions must make one feel revolted to witness the breaching of a personal moral stance.

On that tiny naval craft every system of belief had collapsed much as these are shattered on roads or motorways. Year on year deaths are expected nay accepted as the price to pay if the establishment intends to be mobile. A cannibalistic scheme. The

cannibal spectacle by which two men faced condemnation is imitated today as one huge orgiastic feast on commodity. Economy, social cohesion and cultural ideology used as consumable objects of conversion. The dinner service plate with Monet's lily painting as a motif, the dictatorship supported by corporate conglomerates.

The clientele's restaurant at Tate Britain delights its clientele of art goers with culinary delights in the surrounds of a painted mural by Whistler illustrating Edith Oliver's story *In The Pursuit of Rare Meat*. The mural recalls an imaginary land, Epicuria, named after the philosopher Epicurus who believed that pleasure was the innate goal of mankind. According to Professor Chai from Tel Aviv University teeth exhibit graded mechanical properties and a cathedral-like geometry, and over time they develop a network of micro-cracks that help diffuse stress. Wandering through the Tates's buccal mucosa anti chamber dotted with temples and pagodas, urns and statues, feathery eccentric but entrancingly exuberant rows of teeth on close inspection can be observed fencing ceiling and wall geometries in all manners of pantomime trolls and monsters. Could the micro-cracks over time heal the dislocation between object and meaning over time and prevent from fracturing into large pieces when entertaining visual gastronomic twists? The reasons for this are probably coincidental.

The readymades of Marcel Duchamp customarily were fabricated objects that the artist marked and revised as a counteracting agent to what was hailed retinal art. By plainly discriminating the object (or objects) and displacing or blending, rubber-stamping, object became art. The spirit of Duchamp's work does not separate the maker from the object. The process based on mutual exclusion of uniqueness, the human is not original the object neither both sharing a common denominator. The hero Marcel Duchamp is object unable to resist responding. Here Duchamp is not an adequate judge nor concerned with his feeling towards his subject but observe instead his interpretative object independent eyes. The cast stage of space affectation, the ambivalence of display, the bolting of creation is but a simple logo, sign, the divination of a man made object. Ready made to shapeshift throughout mediatic depth of field and rest with the human psyche.

A third dimension is nested within Dudley and Stephens' charge concerning the performance of the ritualistic spectacle which makes provision for an economy based on excess. Surplus. The sea made comprehensive through methodology of maritime law much as man's behaviour is made apprehensive when it comes to command at sea. But neither sea nor maritime law can be truly made to comply.

The central protagonist of the film *Network* exclaimed:

"It is ebb and flow  
It is tidal gravity

It is ecological balance.  
There is no nation  
There is no People  
There is no Ruffian  
There is no Arabs  
There is no west.  
There is only one holiftic fystem of fystems,  
One vaft handmade, interwoven, interacting,  
Multi varied, multinational dominion of  
Dollars.  
Petrol dollars, electro dollars, multidollars,  
Reich Marks, rubbles, pounds and checks.  
Its an international fystem of currency  
Which determines the totality of  
Life. On this planet.  
That is the natural order of things to today,  
That is the atomic and fubatonic and galactic  
Structure of things today”

The performance of machine or technology are orchefrated by human objects yet test human performance as an object of endurance; it never refrains that machine in fact operates human. As one obtains the postulation of a natural pose and gesture, an infirmity is gracefully wedged through ones relationship with objects. Some birds pick up ants placing them under wings possibly to get rid of parasites.

In nineteen forty four Hans Richter wrote, published and directed Dreams that Money Can Buy employing the device of a dream detective allowing the film noir genre to hypoventilate surrealist combos bewildering and simultaneously elective. Here an extract from the second page of the film suggested by Leger with lyrics and music composed by John La Touche;

“Oh, Venus was born out of sea-foam  
Oh, Venus was born out of brine  
But a goddess today, if she is grade A  
Is assembled upon the assembly line.

How diviiiiine, riiiiife and shiiiiine.  
Upon the assembly liiiiiine.

Now July was born as is proper  
 Her every proportion was planned  
 She was poured from a mould exquisite and cold  
 And she grew up untouched by human hand.  
 Oh how grannnnnd! See her ftannnnnd.  
 Untouched by human hannnnnd.  
 Herchronium nerves and platinum brain  
 Were chafely encased in cellophane.  
 And to top off this daughter of Science and Art  
 She was equipped with a prefabricated  
 Heaaaaart.”

AURICULAIRE

Can one hear the sound of the mosquito's bite? Some people think a mosquito's hum is the worst sound in the world. Does one know anybody who is a friend to a mosquito? Well PT Barnum was. Barnum alone invented the word tolerance drawing an invisible but omnipresent eye into the everyday of a culture tuning entertainment into the propeller of publicity. Barnum turning self into a star nosed feeler and opting twenty-two pink fingers as haranguing the bottom floor of an ocean of cultures and people's candeur. And let one not forget their ignorance. His neo-perspective constituted from a climate of depersonalization placing an emphasis on distraction as a theme for the unfamiliar. A formula very much at work today.

Everyone knows what an artist looks like. They are as big as ponies or horses. No the artist is a cunning little creature no bigger than a small dog. Living among the rocky cliffs of the drowned side of the moon. Everyone knows what an entertainer looks like. They are not the kind that scare one when one looks at them. They are pretty and graceful and friendly. Dare one say these creatures scamp around helping devour away one's most precious living hours which they catch with their rather long wave like sticky tongues. They really can change colour whenever they want but their colours shift from light white to shades of dark light when they are exposed to the sun's radiation and its temperature.

The imagination is used as though it gives an integrated view of the world that in reality relies on the mandate of the special effect. That which create a sum of effects in turn giving an illusion of perspective. The corporate agglomerate by bringing a world of dependence dehumanise the concept of civilisation and human expression.

Imagination can create a sum of effect, which bares illusion of perspectives. These are individual human expressions if not yet suppressed from the human. But as this

perspective is made pandemic to civilisation it looses all encompassing individualism. Long live human object, object man made.

The painting *The Flagellation* by Piero Della Francesca sums up globalisation of Earth's horizon. What emanates from the distinguishing overall vista are not the personage although appropriate for this contemporary climate, not the infrastructure which uses a system of proportion as a whole but the residual aspect of perspective which itself could be considered as an effluence or a form of ataxia ritual or lack of muscular coordination especially in the extremities. In Ancient Rome philosophers believed that matter could be ground into infinity. And the word in Latin can be translated in English as the stuff. Another faction believed one could grind to reach the one that would be un-grindable. The word in Latin translated to English reads atom.

One's history is not one's destiny and one destiny is not one history.

Would an effluence of cultural impression as WG Sebald suggests create precursors of one's destiny? Art history is rather like iron ore, if one grinds it, it turns hands into a red cast and everything one touches. In addition as it is reached out of the ground it comes mixed with other matter. But if one makes it hot the other things melt away. Would art history delineate a mythology predestined as a universal mass inoculation?

The monarch's duty is the welfare of the monarch's Crown-Kingdom, the boss has as a duty the welfare of the business, the worker is subservient to the financial turn. All represented above are under the influence of obedience to Money, confinement through wealth and duty bonded economic dominion. Anthropological artefacts that represent and are used as endorsements of the relationship. The coronation gown entirely smoothes the body of the monarch and demonstrates to others the monarch is not human but object made man. The boss in an office on top of a skyscraper in essence a structural architectural gown evading the comprehension of the other with the guise of the old classical world of gods and deities.

So all systems reproduce themselves polished, neighbourly and with a gregariousness which stalls one's spirits unwavering symbol, sign, or I multifarious incipient spin as if used against one as comprehensive nomenclature that revalidates one's history corridors against one's will. Turning one legitimately into the neo-human; object by status.

Matthew Arnold famously described an age as "wandering between two worlds, one dead, the empirical world which cradle lays in ancient Rome, the other powerless to be born" the world of progress post industrial age, Arnold's time but also one's time, a modern age and buttresses "this strange disease of modern life".

The contemporary notion of modernity birthed from a romanticism for autocracy and a maintenance and emphasis on collective inspection through its system of representation as well as its conditioning into a one and only one statutory axis: powerless to be born; a human object.

To start work as an artist one must endeavour to clear and clean the mind thoroughly. One might even need to seal it off as much as one can if one can. But one ought to keep always an open window to let effluences or impurities not overwhelm the incongruous lining of one's thinking.

Arnold's atonal mantra "Wandering between two worlds...powerless to be born" asserts the condition of man within these or future contemporary backgrounds is arrested to a foetal state. A state from which one does try to escape in vain, somehow, heads poised with a vegetative grimace on the woodblock of power restrained from any form of resistance, dreaming of counterfeit and recipes.

The human object is not a preconception. It is met by a programme of tasks and a combination of repetitive ablative injuries apropos religious or political ideology. It adduces a humanity object through a pattern of behaviour, aligned step by step via a series of operations to a final completion. Anyone who does not comply is severely policed by its neighbour and the likes of policy.

The human object lives enclosed by an automated system within which half way the minimum delay to production line corridors and these itinerants culminate to the abjuration of fatigue, strain, boredom and human error for they reveal what is buried deep within the bosom of human life. One follows a sublimated cast of a compendium of fervitude.

There is nothing to justify, to accept this mandatory objectification of the human presence. The flight of hand alight the mirrored depiction of a petrified rendition of a Canterbury Tale pace. Its locomotion sheepskin like the cover of its book are passages of sensible brush strokes that one can catch sight of in assembly plants where a person or a thing that works stands at stations to partake in the production of surrogate time pieces being made to strike the hours for ever and a day. The person or a thing that works feel themselves mere extensions of the machines served which of the same form, appearance, kind, character and amount dominate most of their waking hours like the devotees of faith feel themselves to be mere extensions of the morality and guilt that dominate most of their waking hours.

Images of pride, tragedy, shame and triumph as print runs in a newspaper equate to a measure of the subject margin matter illustrating in spite of the compelling narrative its welcomed antithesis. Time is repleted by the sheer volume of print run available. Each image although being an abstraction of the original is also a stage further from the subject. Through these one can witness the aesthetic of petrification of the condition of meaning.

Has one ever noticed the static electricity built up on one's tv screen? One can use it to see the air pollution in one's home. Here is how:

- 1) Clean one tv screen thoroughly. With crayon or a piece of soap, mark the screen as partitions labelled with week numbers ie four partition - four weeks.
- 2) At the end of the first week, wipe one section of the screen with a clean white tiffue. Put it in a plastic sandwich bag and save it.
- 3) At the end of the second week, wipe the next section of the screen with a clean white tiffue. Put it in a plastic sandwich bag and save it.
- 4) Repeat (3) for the third and fourth week.
- 5) After the fourth, compare all four tiffues. How's the air quality in one's home?

Within the tempestual effusion of life the idiosyncrafies of light and darknes are adapted as a fet of instructions, a coded message, an architectural needle weaving a pre-coded pattern of self-duplication, a refurged neon shoreline ominously beating off the fantasy of a reality decaying or eroding. Time is replete among honey ants; a worker with a distenfibl crop in which honeydew and nectar are idolized waste revered by the colony. Earth dwellers squaring out of the vaporous ubiquitous umbrage, as laypeople under the urban sun, amending introspection, as mere ballast posture ring group lines armed forced growing cycle. A giant oak tree crashes to the ground in the forest fire. A tiny minnow desperately races away from a hungry catfish. A monarch butterfly glides on a gentle breeze. Pitfalls marching a trap on the whole in essence a mouth ajar divides the clutching silence. How does one follow the tail of a comet, raining in firearms, changing telescope into gravity doortoppers? Does the lens's redolence akin to an aged, sweltered wool cloak? Is the camera the vampire bride letting her hair down playing beach tennis? A bookcafe angle posed on a tableland, its intimate used base baritones and the apex of a church Neff envelope the tie of sky encumbered. As memories swerve away from vexation naked from plain steel and equine bore, the long pull and the knot sensation in a warm pen reinforce gravity as one's infirmity.

Urinals are ensconced in a public large room for efficaciousness. Examine, in contrast with other toilet designs for the excretion of human fluid waste or effluence, if the body could be considered a factory plant. One should observe that in general toilet procedure is accelerated as within the accommodation are no additional portals, no fastenings and no pew to pop in or out. Urinals return more space, are uncomplicated, and dissipate less water per flush than a toilet. Urinals come in different heights assisting both tall or small. There are barriers intersecting to provide privacy. However men's barrier for another sort of privacy does not end here. Despite flooding above the danger mark, urine is severely released on the parquet floor. The ill-fated problem, both-eration, does accumulate and increase environmental impact. Men see the traveling distance of the projected imagined, targeting the recipient of the urinal (well known as the pilgrimage spot) as ill fated. For a sole alternative route remains unblocked.

The men stand now before the excesses of deliquescent body waste, marred offering penciled on the bottom of the room, and aims knowingly developing in mind and also physically an additional spot of pilgrimage; spillage which shall not be prayed upon for termination. Instead this place of rest embellished by the ambiguous composition of liquid rhythmic figuration in duration suspends delayed moisture resolution greeting as well as a sense of great expectation in the infamous indelible, unelectable, unaffected stain. Men will maintain that momentum until they cannot go any further standing their back to the entrance threshold of the public room in which somehow national emergency can be declared.

In two thousand and ten an astronomer, Dr Ragbir Bhathal discovered a planet claimed as Gliese Five Eight One lying in the star system of Goldilocks Zone. It is said that the planet has gravity like one's own and could be capable of life. The planet is far away. A spaceship traveling at the speed of light would take twenty years to reach it. If a rocket were one day able to travel at a tenth of the speed of light, it would take two hundred years to make the journey. One does not think it prejudicial to say that humanity may not flourish on this new planet until one learns to discard waste more efficiently; until one's physiological hardware regarding human effluence is feted as a crippling accidental design bound by nature. As a form of infirmity it addresses a frailty, should one be more conscious of the staining of underwear one generates empathy and hence creates technology to serves that empathy rather than technologies created to evade the question. The exploration of space but rather its technology provide an escape to the fundamental, one is no longer human being but object being.

Over a century ago pioneering investigators captured patterns and congruencies between the behaviour of seemingly disparate serial killers. Some of the markings related to sexual transgression including mental abuse of the infant, which led in later development to abnormal violent deportments in serial murder cases. Psychological profiling associates with prospecting a wrong doer's behavior, motives and background in an attempt to guide an investigation.

"A church window is not just for letting in the light. It has the functions also of giving glory to God and moving the heart to worship" assert the Church of Scotland.

According to the September two thousand and eight edition of QUT Inside, Queensland University of Technology Newspaper in an article headed under chemical science stained glass windows that are painted with gold purify the air when they are lit up by sunlight. This discovery made by a team of QUT experts. Associate Professor Zhu Huai Yong from the School of Physical and Chemical Sciences said glaziers in medieval forges were the first nanotechnologists who produced colours with gold nano-particles of different sizes. Numerous church windows across Europe were decorated with glass coloured by gold nano-particles. "For centuries people appreciated only the beautiful

works of art, and long life of the colours, but little did they realized that these works of art are also, in modern language, photo-catalytic air purifiers with nano-structured gold catalyft.”

Church window recipe, by Martha “Ingredients, 1/2 cup butter, 2 cups semisweet chocolate chips, 1(10.5 ounce) package rainbow colored miniature marshmallow, 1(8 ounce) package flaked coconut. Directions: Melt butter in top of double boiler over hot water. Add chocolate morsels; stir until melted, then remove from heat. Let cool. Add marshmallows; stir lightly. Spread half of the coconut in a greased 9 x 9 x 2 inch pan. Spread chocolate mixture over coconut in pan. Top with remaining coconut. Press down with a spoon. Refrigerate until set. When well chilled, cut into small squares”.

Church windows are an evolution of the architectural process. Should one examine architecture as the profiler does the serial killer one would notice abnormalities developed by the builder regarding the symbolism behind the idea of an object intended to enhance spiritual awareness. The fact, men built churches managed on the spiritual front by men in cloaks. There can be found many females having been granted for fifteen hundred years the convivial view of an equal share of spiritual space. Mainly to do with the sacred story related to Eve’s defecations of the paradise. One could acknowledge the fear of the female embodied in that story belonging to the genesis. That fear rather a respect and passive subservience to the female reproductive system which at any cost must be harnessed like a technology. Herewith men of theology are compelled to use the word understanding as the means of control. The female uterus reprints, as representation, cosmic fertility of the universe and the universe itself. The Hubble mission gives one information concerning constellations of complex networks of gas clouds and star clusters within one’s neighboring galaxy, where baby stars are born. But this is nothing new for before Judeo-Christianity was incepted human beings had long devoted themselves to her scrutiny. Denial is complacent in the intellectual theological doctrines regarding Judeo-Christian ideologies, but it can hardly be eroded, the presence is made physical in the kind of architecture. One cannot teach an old dog new tricks is a little bit of a misdemeanor here but nevertheless pay attention to the design of any portal or window of church, mosque even and one will notice the apex on the upper part. What is expended to one’s brow is a vagina. There is one tried to explain no irony in that statement because it is mainly lost within the policy and indoctrinations of religious institution. What is entitled to veneration or religious respect by association with divinity or divine things are a holy set of stories, traditions or beliefs, competent household property of a simplistic counter of grievances on the behalf a condition that is self afflicted and becomes by status self inflicted and therefore enhance the onset of the divine, the object as the ideology of the ready-made. Ready made man, ready made supernatural object.

A child is born, a tabula rasa; as soon as the child first experiences light it is contrived to receive information it cannot process; name, history, belief are imputed by a ready-made outline for living for a ready-made reality fruitful as a film canister. I am ready-made object, object man made. A home away from home, magic squared box émigré getting lost with one's compass, alongside with one's acquaintances cows and goats. For one cherishes one multifaceted territory as convivial a place a meadow opposed to an aggregate of dungeons. And between the root and the leaf one of this ideal, stems a denizen bent on vagrant randonnée, randomized exuding. The seeds germinate and piggyback static electric to feast on black, dusty, dirty carbon lumps turned into intensifying crystals pressed deep into one's earth. So here the notion of the entoptic creeps in at the affirmation of a devotional space like a mother's disappointment at not seeing the bride remaining by her side. Holy or myth starts with an event, a truth in description, like an object transcended by the mind by the world. Look at an object, then stare at a white light, now close one's eyelids, the object stared at dissipates in sequences within the vestibular light provided by one's eyelids like holy stories. Connections with meaning have vanished in sequences through time's thousand pastoral fun's ensembles as one witnesses the object transform into forms erasing the cast of its abstraction until total exhaustion. The entoptical is modus apparatus, a magical apparatus when exercised a real-ease interface between time and space. Entoptical is an idea that gives a phosphorescence to creation, to life, a substance, no verbalization. Only the figure exists for one now, with no related thoughts or any distractions. The entoptical exercises touching the fruits of one's imagination.

Art is for caste and serif ideologies, one does not seek confrontation here these are the economical demographic principals on which it survives and propagates. One is solely spotting, cleansing the masking and binding of the lantern's slides. Consequently as a serious worker one feels no injury in saying that one has difficulty to adapt to these requirements and judges necessary to tame this archetypal organism from chromography solar syndrome via the multi-solar entoptical caduceus. Mediatrix one is not, artist is a noun so neither, but what came before in time or sequence; preceding; equates to events anterior, Ant-optic, Ant-erior. Optic to the eye or sight pertaining thus Antoptician which one seems to belong to.

Bernard E Jones, *Cyclopedia of Photography* (Edition nineteen eleven)  
 Pfyhography:

"The photographing of images retained in the retina of the human eye. Many experiments have been made – notably those by W. Ingles Rogers, in eighteen ninety-six - in this particular direction. The method, in brief, is to gaze steadily at some bright object say a shilling in a good light, and then to enter the darkroom and gaze for about three quarters of an hour on an exposed dry plate, whereon, it is claimed, a faint image

of the philling will appear on development. Whatever may be thought of the method, it quite a simple matter for any photographer to put to the test.”

To see the drawing of a ghost, the waxen flying creature, frame or copy these pieces of black card, upon intangible barriers frame and ornate. The undeveloped pictures of the wraith or the doubles of persons, events in the flesh will complete as a photograph in the usual way. These platforms, on which the glasshouses of one's written soliloquy are absorbed, reflect a studio space, in which the lighting of the fitter is set against the light.

The following table gives the percentage of light reflected by various mediums. In all cases the figures are approximate: mirror, 95% – white blotting paper 82% – white cartridge paper 80% – ordinary foolscap 80% – newspaper 70% – yellow wallpaper (clean) 40% – white tracing cloth 35% – blue paper 25% – planed deal (dirty) 20% – brown paper 13% – macadam road 8% – chocolate paper 4% – black surface 1%.

Human endeavour stammers upon its duplicitous working of memory to deliver a performance of the same identical goals or self-consummation. The means of production are perhaps different but the anthropomorphic that helps compile the final products remains the same.

Edward Tufte in *Visual Explanations* describes the residual of space as millions of objects of small size orbiting planet Earth as a consequence of space pioneering. These can be seen as a fascinating mask, or a symbolic unhinged surface, evoking the hysterical advances of human object kind which hollowness directs and acts with rare tenderness.

Duplicity and mortality are both degrees of human actualisation and are prompted as the chalice of civilisation, the instruction manual or the opusculum of sacred writ, which in spite of all descriptive power remains the substance of conservation or maintenance. Individualisms' tranfluent fibered declivity is misconstrued in providing congenital zones in which its metonymy is a devotional space, with a warm glow and a tune that rhymes and rests at the square cornered tips of a dollar bill.

Within this turbulent occlusion arises a neo-human anatomy, a material substance of a kind, sophistically entrenched in a final transaction of dissociative avoidance where human activity is located amid the surveillance of the self. Man has consequently become a unit of production, a duplicitous measurement but measurement nevertheless advocating and prospecting for self conversion into a neo form of life material based reality.

The psychotic penchant of messier Ripley rips and challenges the swell of being. And so with a last observed control of a human faculty to abandon it to a beautifully rendered momento of object photometry, chemical appearances and human marshalling as valued layer. Blinding Sun, blinding light and blinding night meander of a

receptacle, a word and world's chroma varnished celluloid gradation straight edged strip bear paraphernalia of conversion.

Antoine de St Exupery, *Le Petit Prince* "The petit prince's planet was the asteroid B612. A Turkish astronomer has seen this asteroid in 1909. He consequently exposed at an international congress of astronomy a showcase of his discovery. But everyone present did not agree nor endorse his reasoning mainly because of his clothing. Grown-ups are like that. Fortunately for the reputation of the asteroid B612, a Turkish dictator imposed his people, under the wager of the death penalty, to dress like Europeans. This astronomer performed his demonstration in 1920 this time tailored in an elegant three piece suit. This time everyone agreed with B612, and if I confided in you its number it is because of the grownups. The grownups love numbers. If you would tell them that the proof of petit prince existed because he loved to laugh and wanted a sheep, and when you want a sheep it is a proof of one's existence, the grownups would shake their shoulder and brand you with the title of child. But if you would tell them that the planet from which the petit prince came from is the asteroid B612, then they would be convinced and would leave you alone with their question. Grownups are like that, do not take it out on them, children have to indulge the grownups."

Such singular story is a sandstone for the substitution of reality as a source of experience. St Exupery's obtuse geometry a study of conflict of convention from a distance and a time confirming the exhausted, palpable shadow of conversion referred in *Sans Soleil* by Chris Marker. St Exupery touches in the manner of a prophet the suicide of irony. Here land plus anything permanently fixed to it, including buildings, sheds and other items attached to the structure are claimed as to be physical proof of one's own existence. If things outlive ones are things higher in degrees of importance, status and rank to ones? And if objects are the proof of one's existence does it not make one's existence a thing too.

In the heart searching peace Myth of Sisyphus Albert Camus tried to diagnose the human in a world of shattered belief. "A world that can be explained by reasoning, however faulty, is a familiar world. But in a universe that is suddenly deprived of illusions and of light, man feels a stranger. His is an irremediable exile, because he is deprived of memories of lost homeland as much as he lacks the hope of a promised land to come. This divorce between man and his life, the actor and his setting, truly constitutes the feeling of absurdity".

Those from the land of Palestine were compelled to make way to the scriptures by writing underpinned by imagination, meaning distorted through times agnation. The entopical at work, fragmenting revising... Pied-Noir, Black-Foot a terminology accredited to French citizens of assorted origins flourishing in French Algeria before independence. From the French invasion until independence Algeria was administra-

tively part of France. If Pied-Noir is autochthonous with Africa why the cognominal is then normalcy cast upon as black earth? Could invasion without spiritual claim be considered as exile?

“But in a universe that is suddenly deprived of illusion, man feels a stranger.”

Land and universe are self-contained, being without homeland does still make one part of the universe. The very fact that one's homeland is missing in one's heart or on one's earth makes one's relation with the universe much heightened, discernable and concrete.

“He is in an irremediable exile, because he is deprived of memory, the memory of his lost homeland, as much as he lacks the hope of a promised one to come.”

The earth is a bound compendium solidly grounded in laws of physics and chemistry and emergent principles of geology and biology. The content is only lifted by its dissemination throughout a timeline narrative consequential to a human narrative of time and space, and if one has lost the ability to envision this can one ever have had a homeland in the first place? Home is an artificial concept, the geological formations of living earth dictated to by the human design of frontiers by way of technologies.

“...the actor and its fitting, truly constitutes the feeling of absurdity...”

The exile Camus describes is a neurosis bought by spiritual fundamentals of a view, an idea of what home is. The essence of one's planet's magnitude is proportional to the ready-made attitude homo sapiens tend to confer towards it. The earth is with suggestion of property or tenancy at the cost of life, the collateral. The inefficiency of an oil lamp prospecting the whimsical corners of its source.

Is it obvious that divorce as Camus proposes can be a good thing - the disconnection the actor experiences with the set. The human object is the ready-made man, in a ready-made world. What seems to be here striving is the manifestation of culpable symbols of one's inadequacy as objectified in a moratorium driven by the margins of apprehension. It is also the logical dialogue, realistically irrational, constructed from a feeling of absurdity.

Humans in Eugene Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* are infected with Rhinoceritis and change into a rhino. Speculating with transfiguration as mass hysterical physiological illness. Heralding histories foisted in dictatorial leadership. Hinting at the loss of individualism. Relaxing amidst this unconventional play - where to become a Rhino is natural, normal, and to be human is monstrous - lies carefree the eligibility of object being.

A relationship between man and material has evolved from a conceptual dialogue established from status, belief, serviceability, function and efficiency. These symbiotic evolutionary frequencies deliver mankind from an existential exactitude that inebriates social and psychological proximity to human genesis.

Populations of objects are drawn in life by cervical exactitude that inebriates social

and psychological unrest. The proximate genesis of human life is prefigured by its colonisation brought by a nascent emancipation of raw materials. Objects are worshipped openly and in return gain existential aura shrouding, with clamour acquiescence, human consciousness.

“As long as I feel myself followed  
by my double  
or by a spectre  
it shall be the sign that I am”.  
Antonin Artaud

These alterations emerge from the physical residue of conductive effluence. What one can call the indissoluble presence: that which becomes ever more palpable through attempted erasure. The mysterious world of ethereal latency is submitted by reason or instead some alien and external agency as their source.

These receptacles of attachments are desideratum to which are attached social, intellectual and emotional significance. Not object *trouvé* which when handled translate human frailty but compulsive use of some object, or part of the body, as a stimulus in the course of attaining gratification, blind devotion converting a distinction of the real through repeated reverie. Becoming the mantle on which the existence of one's psychology depends.

In Pascal's Fifth Meditation “when I imagine a triangle, although there may not perhaps be, and never has been, any place in the world outside my thought such a figure, yet it remains true that there is certain determined nature or form or essence of this figure, immutable and eternal, which I have not invented, and which does not depend in any way on my mind. This is apparent from the fact that it is possible to demonstrate diverse property of the triangle, viz. that its three angles are equal to two right-angles, that the greatest angle is suspended by the greatest side, and so on, which now whether I will it or not, I recognize very clearly and evidently to belong to it...”

Pascal's observation demonstrates one's dependable physio-neurology towards objects and the object's geometry to be more specific the triangle. The perspective to enquiry heralds subservience from it. This alienation opts for a zone of isolation, the mathematician and its formula, the storyteller and its characters are ending a story already conceived, procreating into life, a ring of a world assuaged by signs of illusory ideologies. Can objects truly be heard through the resilience of the apprehensive thought generated by entoptical drive admits the narrator's shroud?

In *Le Petit Prince* the fox answers the former who sought an understanding of the meaning behind the word ritual. “Hunter on Thursdays before the hunt dance with

the young girls and because of that the Thursdays are for the fox a day they can roam freely amidst the villages' surroundings and the sanctity of the land".

What happens when awareness, ministrations and recognition is balaclaved away from their geometry? One's omnipotence is the knowledge engrossed by precipitation imbued by objects with a finite located edge, a new surface outflow as a sort of marked filigreed consciousness. From this final stage the lapse rate of the pupils' closure transform the presence of the thing into something neither here nor there but in a large vortex gradually dissipating, the entoptical at work, fragmenting, revising an existence depending on the laws of latency.

The theme of the Antoptical is a prescient one, nascent, from ancient Greek and Roman mythology. Being old in wisdom and experience venerable as these narratives come into sight they gift the monster, creature or beast absence of any voice and yet an emphatic appearance. The storyteller and the listener lock in embrace. Endings of a story already conceived. Procreating, into a form of pregnancy (culture in her fullness) in whatever place arbitrariness's and absolute's can no longer efface themselves.

The oyster lets a grain of sand into its bosom knowingly aware, as a figure of speech, irritating its whole being. The oyster's immediate reaction to secrete a fluid that will lubricate the friction and in time, if left to biological immunity, shall ultimately produce a beautiful lumped, magical pearl. The grain of sand equates the experiential breathing space of the Minotaur the apprehensive maker, thinker, the professional wanderer, randonneur bent on vagrancy, an antoptician and fall out guy.

A wire bound asteroid orbiting in mid air catches a singular event, the act of conveyance, carrying forgetfulness which in this case is an convoy of address to notion existing in an object from birth. Here the technical peripheral activity, consideration and planning were conspired upon by the latent consummate frenetic streak to re-member. The sheer fragmentation of the design through the user's adaptation of meaning is a fratricidal relationship because user and maker behold the object as subservient to the user's will.

Could the voice unheard of the Minotaur be the voice of reason quelled by desire of the child's mother's fear of thunder?

So let us set out the sum like this. Take care to leave the room if you may. For the answer above the lines lay the working space bellow.

## DROWNING THE MOON

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NOTE 1: THE LONG S

L (Lesdema, Eric) and I had managed to strike a rather peripatetic companionship whilst at Art School. Our last encounter of any real note was at the private view of Herdcore at the late Angel Row Gallery in Nottingham<sup>1</sup>. On this occasion I recall L being rather more animated than usual displaying signs of near exhaustion with a pallid countenance. It transpired L's newly born son was with L. A drawing in the piece Comment Book marked the affair a visitor having spontaneously if crudely reproduced L's heavily eyebrowed face scrawling 'My baby loves me' alongside in black ultra fine liner. L made a punctilious appearance at the pub afterward as was L's habit. Recognising me and recalling no doubt our previous dark room dalliances L hastily pulled me to one side and I was regaled with rather a lurid account of L's domestic circumstances. The previous day whilst L and L's bull terrier camped at a local hotel overseeing the installation a rat had dodged into L's home depositing a trail of evidence. Pest Control at the Council was called. Arriving promptly and fearful of rodents' predilections for milk with the possibility of traces around the new babes mouth shotguns had been loaded. Wary of the potential for ricochets to create havoc the proposed method of extermination had been rejected and sticky traps instead were laid. Thus without too much ado the rodent had been more politely disposed of. On this note L had left.

Anticipating a period of extended silence it was unsettling to receive a communication from L with a cutting from a-n<sup>2</sup>. I gathered L had been invited to speak at A Free State. The writer noted that amongst the fifty or so international speakers at the event held at the British Museum L's work was the only situation in which it proved impossible to guess the artist's ethnicity from their art. The black and white photocopy was accompanied by a poor reproduction of a piece I immediately recalled from the show Butchery by Light. A vibrant freestanding back lit image of a toilet roll with a halo of UV light. I grimaced. The image was prescient of the debacle the night had descended to and I was but one of the willing entourage rather too easily led astray at the Club.

Familiar with L's taciturn refusal to pander to circumstance this article surprised me little and I recalled L returning from a meeting with C (Collins, Michael) then at the Sunday Telegraph. Having viewed the series Fortunes of War, described by a curator at the Imperial War Museum as a kick up the goolies, C advised L to become a bus driver.

An invitation to meet was scrawled at the bottom of the piece<sup>3</sup>. I duly responded. L had much to tell. L had come across and applied to be supported by a scheme intended to empower artists. L's interview had been conducted in a ransacked room gutted of everything but its bare shell, L's then living space, and having impressed the selection panel L had begun to correspond with mentor W (Wheatley, Andrew). Their

emerging relationship seemed salient and I admit to having felt a little ousted by this having fancied myself the critical engineer of L's emerging practice. I was reassured that the sentiments were genuine and that W was careful to cultivate relationships with those artists W worked with and was no fly by night. I settled for the prospect of being kept abreast of L's digressions. Awkward, L thrust a sheath of facsimiles into my hands as we parted.

The first text was a confessional email L both excited at and awkward about a London presentation of the Connecting Flights Fellowship series working with oft collaborator C<sub>2</sub> (Chandler, David)<sup>4</sup>. L was hoping the presentation could occur at the new inIVA space. A summary of proposed works was attached. W, C<sub>2</sub> and L were to meet ostensibly to discuss a book proposal. Ignoring the latter for the time being I scanned the summary of proposed works.

The title Drawings from Surbiton Depot was I felt a rather inauspicious start. L had rediscovered a collection of glass slides amongst which one in particular, Surbiton Depot, recalled to L Everything Coated Everything Gummed shown at the original Towner Gallery as part of the show The Great Escape. The piece had included several old dictaphones and tape recorders sourced from the now defunct Alan's Audio in Worthing. The plan of the Depot was uncannily like the preliminary drawings L was in the habit of creating as part of a working methodology. It seemed to have recalled to L the previous exchange with C.

L wrote like Carlo Maltese I create a fiction of my own so as to not go insane whilst wearing the suit of the possessed. I noted L's adoption of the word retainer, a word that I would find resurfacing in L's subsequent texts. I tried hard to not take umbrage at the wicked damming of photographic complacency inviting the harassed viewer to forget about war, famine, social injustice by offering a good long story likened to a mental four poster, a sofa for the senses and the equivalent of a day or two in bed. L expounded L used photography as a means of access to the possibilities of existential connections between objects rather than anthropographic certitudes. The brief summary of works then followed.

Over the following months and years L kept to L's word and began to copy me into what became a mound of correspondence. Through this simple if laborious artifice I was able to dip into and out of the proceedings. It transpired to be fortuitous such method was elected. Hard copy whilst cumbersome avoided issues of software compatibility that would in fact have dogged us. We began with Appleworks 6.

Few records survive this early period, one that coincided with extensive building works and two court cases brought and won by L against what L would describe later as the caravanning cavalier. Those I could catalogue indicate L to be preoccupied with what became known as The Proposal. In these initial stages ideas seem to have

emerged from exploratory discussions with C2. As events unfolded C2 was to take a more sedentary role.

Once I took the time to examine in full the initial draft of *The Proposal* it became clear that L had envisioned a book in the form of an event, what L coined a multivocality with an internal polyphonic set of instructions. L had sabotaged the rhetoric of the GfA. L stated the fear that photographic images of photographic images and photographic images of works of art when represented could become lulling akin to the child's bedtime story with narratives cajoling along a predefined axis. L claimed the intention to wrestle with the nets of the aesthetics of recording. By moving from a formal and expected response L's intention was to create a piece that had at its core fundamental issues addressing the intervention, transposition, translation of ideas. Sleepless fathers I remembered thinking.

The *Great Escape* was to be restaged and a group of analysts invited to comment on the works. L toyed with the idea of applying criteria for selection based on a contemporary reappraisal of August Sander's methods and wrote directly to me asking if I could help. I cobbled together some ideas pertaining to traditional photographic systems of classification with groupings and headings gleaned from an admittedly glib study of Sander's work. L meanwhile continued to mull over the experience of the work enclosing for my perusal a small pocket book, a commission for MKG, towards a statistical analysis of momentary spaces. L having approached people about to enter the gallery asking if they would write on a postcard their private thoughts just prior to the intervention. L called from Milton Keynes reporting an addiction to carpets and sushi.

L was persisting with attempts to orchestrate a meeting with both C2 and W in attendance exclaiming<sup>5</sup>, a fact reiterated<sup>6</sup>, excitement at the prospect of the three working together. C2 responded later that same afternoon with a rather distracted, but frank, sorry again to be so tardy. My head in overfull with stuff. I'll ring soon (sic). C2 contacts both L and W to confirm the meeting is set to take place at inIVA to which W responds – great<sup>7</sup>. A bystander to the exchange L has been redeveloping *The Proposal*. A revision is posted ready for the trio to discuss<sup>8</sup>.

L had L said become fixated with the idea of residual retinal imprints having identified a form L called the celluloid shell, the remaining ruins of the frame caused by light and lens burning the frame into a clinically washed crisp. The proposed Fellowship works had been reflected on and in an accompanying text reference is made to how these emerged from a gestative alliteration evoked by the soliloquy of findings drawn from a post-photographic coral reef.

Delving into its detail I caught myself attracted to and a little nervous of the notion of the viewer reader being gauged by, indeed viewed by, the bookwork. I was

relieved to note the Sander classification had been abandoned, instead L intended the vernacular of the analyst to enact a drama of misrecognition. To strip the artworks of any affectation L proposed caricaturists should create responses to a restaged Great Escape.

When the trio eventually met the outcome was reported to have been positive despite L's frustration that the Fellowship works would not be presented at inIVA after-all<sup>9</sup>. L later confided in C2 hoping L's passion whilst at A Free State had not been perceived as a hindrance<sup>10</sup>.

It was around this time that L began hunting for an appropriate studio space in L's locality encouraged by W. In the now mounting correspondence L begins to outline ideas for the design of the bookwork making the suggestion that blank white pages could be inserted to collect the impression of unfixed inks explaining that through this unintended act of destruction the viewer would become the keeper of the piece – the work implanted albeit temporarily on the retina as its form became progressively erased<sup>11</sup>.

L in the midst of planning a trip to the Fox Talbot Museum to view the Pencil of Nature had written to curator W<sub>2</sub> (Watson, Roger) to seek formal permission<sup>12</sup>. Lacock Abbey was a fair distance by train and to arrive without an invitation would be rather presumptuous. Exploratory telephone discussions with W<sub>2</sub> had led to L considering working in the style of part works or fascicles<sup>13</sup>. A spate of email exchanges suggest L to be investigating techniques of reproducing spittle imagery<sup>14</sup>.

The visit was delayed by, it would seem, the reason to clarify why it was needed. In a communication from P (Ponder, Stephen) L is asked to respond to the question posed 'it is part of our duty of care to ensure that access to original material is appropriate ie the research objectives cannot be achieved by working from high quality reproductions of transcripts and depend entirely on examination of originals'<sup>15</sup>. L supplied a rather matter of fact response, frank and brief, stating credentials and this seems to have settled matters. In a subsequent email a visit is proposed for after 'early lunch'<sup>16</sup>.

L reports the journey was uneventful but on eventually arriving was very much taken by the viewing chamber and the lighting conditions therein<sup>17</sup>. The room itself was windowless. The Pencil of Nature was brought out for scrutiny only after the lights were extinguished and a red safe light turned on. White cotton gloves were donned to avoid damage by fingerprint oils. Suitably dressed L was left to examine the artifact in privacy.

It is possible that an entry written to 'Neueland' was the result of sitting and mulling during a long rambling train journey on the train back via Warminster<sup>18</sup>. In what may be a private letter L talks of a growing fixation with residues and effluences. Neueland was just one year old.

W exchanges comments about The draft Proposal<sup>19</sup>. Thoughts in blue text suggest a confusion with L's choice of laymen 'analysts' that would include lollypop men – I don't understand. W urges L to revisit The Proposal and include ideas they had discussed with respect to impressings.

A further meeting is mooted. This was to occur in London but attempts to confirm arrangements are thwarted. C2 is in Sunderland. W suggests a Brighton rendezvous late afternoon needing to return to London sharp by 7pm. L was midst lecture when W called and a disheveled possibly slapstick exchange deliberates the date of the session<sup>20</sup>.

It is clear that the insistence of blue ink precipitated a rethink. Considerable revisions to The Proposal have clearly been made. Inks that fade on repeated exposure to sunlight are to be investigated. An RL (Gregory, RL) is identified as a hoped contributor of a text. The analytical texts are to be printed with unfixed inks to cause a transfer on to pages opposite. In the appendix images will reveal themselves through the application of spit. I noted a pencil note in the margin L referring to an indissoluble presence, one that comes more palpable through attempts to erase.

The visit to the Fox Talbot Museum and an earlier series of Saturday morning talks that L would drive to at Petworth House organised by C2 had affected L. After each talk L was in the habit of taking the opportunity to visit the House and on one occasion I followed. L strode towards a Blake pausing to look at then gingerly lift the edge of a piece of black velvet that covered a rare copy of an antiquated text. An action that became a habit, a pioneer draped under their black sheet.

Scanning the benefit section of The revised Proposal I was worried to see that the audience were described as enquiring individuals attracted by a spirit of adventure. I fretted on how this might be quantified for GFA assessment but remembering I was not party to the discussions and a bystander I said nothing.

The trio appear to have met at 3pm in what L suggests to be a suitable unfashionable bar<sup>21</sup>. An email sent prior to the meeting from C2 suggested that C2 would need to travel to London following the meeting and one can only infer that C2 and W subsequently made the later journey together<sup>22</sup>. L tentatively enquires, in an email sent the following day, after the vestiges of possibility of showing the Fellowship works. No recorded response would suggest the matter to have petered.

I was startled to find in the midst of exchanges about The Proposal an aside that was so typical of L. W was exhibiting at Frieze and L had arrived at the venue<sup>23</sup>. W enquired in an email exchange whether L had seen the stand<sup>24</sup>. L admits to having taken up a position some distance away gazing across worried that a too immediate presence would interfere. Not wanting to be considered inappropriate. W is perplexed and retorts that L should have scrutinised the stand and they could have both talked when things were quiet. L is contrite and apologises. I recall my own surprise at how

private, shy and humble the hulk of a man could be at times. I recall just after leaving college L was telephoned. L had won a major award. Coy L assumed the caller to be a prankster and had hung up.

An idea seems to be emerging about a tripartite series of work and L has embarked on a more apprehensive form of narration. L was I know an avid collector of antiquarian books on photographic processes and had telephoned to ask if I had any knowledge of Russian having received a set of glass negatives and gelatin chloride printing out paper<sup>25</sup>. L had L said also taken receipt of a comprehensive work that was leather bound and took the form of an encyclopedia. L was exploring a technique of breath printing and if the effect could be reproduced L planned to use this to reproduce the caricatures. L took the opportunity to update me over the telephone and the main change to *The Proposal* was the abandonment of the analyst texts L preferring to work instead with those who perform exorcisms. L considered the energy and light passing through the lens as indicative of a passage-to-be.

L reminded me that as a child L was repeatedly exorcised. Mother insisted being convinced her son was possessed by demons and should become a priest. I immediately recalled a talk at Fabrica where L sat facing the audience, back to the projected works revealing the trauma of this upbringing and a resulting pathological hatred of white chocolate, the only type L was allowed to eat as a tot. Oddly a former student had spoken to me at a London private view and reported a lecture given by L who half way through walked out only for another to return in L's clothing and continue the lecture without acknowledging anything to be amiss.

Following our discussion I returned to *The Proposal* and reflected on why L thought forgetfulness to be a form of reverie<sup>26</sup>. L had I knew begun to amass a collection of decommissioned library books. L had also started a series of awkward group portraits of decapitated library staff. I received an early publication by the organisation that reproduced one. A design error meant the issue was hysterically paginated. L's piece could only be found by navigating the whole.

A meeting takes place at Tate Britain with W<sup>27</sup>. The choice of venue was to have a profound effect on L. A visit to the Tate Modern to attend a symposium on independent arts publishing was described as of use<sup>28</sup>.

By the end of the year L was finalizing arrangements to meet W in a newly acquired studio in Ford<sup>29</sup>. L sent me a list of spaces that had been viewed before electing the latter: barber's cellar (too low ceilinged nails hanging from beams), boarded charity shops (inflated rent), coastguard tower (following the expression of interest in the site the potential was recognised it being sold at auction – vastly inflated – as an artist's studio), rear of Auction House (ditto), closed public toilets (used as a store for museum ditto), windowpane-less boatyard store (mountains of bird excrement). The studio in

Ford was I inferred cold and barn like as W requested they retreat to another warmer space following a viewing of the work in progress.

Preparation was also in hand for an Interregnum at the Herbert Read Gallery planned for January. L then reports a badly hurt back<sup>30</sup>. The first year so ends.

With back now rested the start of the year finds L on the M25 meandering to and fro Canterbury. L's inaugural visit to the Herbert Read Gallery is disrupted by a caretaker's protracted attempts to not understand L's verbiage<sup>31</sup>. This led to the timely intervention of W whom L duly thanks in a subsequent email<sup>32</sup>. An incident rather similar to Art School's bean incident. L busy helping tidy after a lecture, then tutor P2 (Power, Mark) approached. L requested a bin. A bean? Yes a bin. A bean? And so this continued until L upped to find said bin.

Following the interregnum at the Herbert Read a meeting was scheduled with a curator who revealed an unabashed passion for cathedrals. The meeting – later said to be done cold with little knowledge of the artist or work – had begun with the opening gambit I don't really know what I am here for<sup>33</sup>. No more was reported by L at this time, something I found uncharacteristic but I knew better than pry.

L was as far as I could gauge beginning to emerge from a period of melancholy, a type of brooding that clouded L's manner and I put down to the tail end of the winter. By late January a fresh email exchange between W and L reveals both to be preoccupied with whetting the appetite of Professor RL, a world authority on the psychology of seeing, whom both are keen to engage with The Proposal<sup>34</sup>. Tactics are being agreed. W advises The Proposal be made pithier and shorter. L and W also plotted over means of enticing the diligent and energetic new curator of the Council Collection to view the works.

The studio, a generous term for the barn near the Open Prison becomes a sanctuary for L. I called in unannounced on a myriad of occasions having chanced to be in the area feeling it rude to not let my presence be known. The barn was sited with the castle to the north and the prison to the south. Potentially calamitous dank and bug ridden I was possibly a little too quick to leave L to L's own devices.

By early spring matters have entered a phase that is marked by a preoccupation bordering on an obsession with numeracy. L is considering the logistics of a tripartite bookwork and has begun to seek advise on the numerical strategy of the print run. This appears to remain unresolved. The studio meeting between W and L is set for 3.32pm<sup>35</sup>. In advance of the meeting W sends the same morning a letter intended as an update for C2 to L to consider. W makes an important reference to what is to become a recurrent motif – the period of extended gestation is in part a legitimate reflection of the way L works, a methodical and exacting attention to detail. W states in better resolving the conceptual origins and parameters of this work and its eventual form,

L scrutinises the alchemic effects of photography, evoking aspects of its evolution in miniature, whilst subjecting its illusory affects to particular disciplines of psychology.

W and L have apparently been discussing, although prior to this there is no record, publishers MIT, Konig, Revolver and Stiedhl together with artist books by James Lee Byars and Boetti.

I read with interest the full draft of *The abridged Proposal*. Particular words had been inserted demonstrating how the ideas had propagated. The book was now a receptacle. Its intended atmosphere quite hallucinatory nay séance like, wherein the photographic image would be in the act of leaving the photographic space witnessed and effected by the viewer. And I noted the deliberate choice of word viewer.

W is off to New York<sup>36</sup>. In the interim L makes plans to forward W's letter and *The revised abridged Proposal* to C2 for comment<sup>37</sup>. The letter takes three weeks to travel to BN1 by recorded post. In an email sent to W timed to arrive on his return L suggests they invite a series of curators who L has worked with to view the new series at Ford<sup>38</sup>. A list of named associates is mooted.

An A4 report written by the curator following the meeting with L at the Herbert Read in January is forwarded to L by W<sup>39</sup>. It is both curt and cutting. L read it to me after asking me to promise to not dwell on it in any records I might be keeping. It would indiscrete to reveal the details of what L recalls to have taken place but I could gather L tried and failed to not take umbrage at being advised to consider the practice of Jeff Koons. It is an awkward time and try as L may L cannot shake off the incident. Speaking on the telephone L said L was still obviously perplexed at the word sparing. A sense of despondency creeps into L's subsequent letter to W, B did not need to go Mona Lisa but proved the dichotomy between a terrified man of my hue and a terrifying man of my hue<sup>40</sup>. W immediately telephoned L catching L at home the next evening<sup>41</sup>. What was said is not recorded but the pair do not refer to this again.

L in researching the works of RL has noticed a talk is due to take place at the University by M2 (Mather, George), Professor of Experimental Psychology, its title *Fallacy and Phi in the perception of moving pictures*. Aware of W's mutual interest in RL's writings L suggests they both go to the talk<sup>42</sup>. Toying with movement and experimenting with a set of Gameboy cameras L is keen to attend. L's gameboy video *Film Music* is to become a cult classic.

C2 writes to L apologising for finding it difficult to sit down and give things any sustained attention<sup>43</sup>. The organisation having moved C2 is now in permanent demand. C2 has attached a list of comments and seems concerned about the language of *The Proposal* advising officers to be not overly interested in conceptual complexity or the intellectual nuances around which an artist's work may hinge. Instead they are principally looking for a descriptive account of what the work will be with a brief ex-

planation of how it relates to or differs from earlier or existing work, a few points that outline a course of development. C2 cautions the view will be essentially pragmatic based around benefit and value for money.

C2's comments are concise. If the book is an active object that depends on the reader's participation will it only exist properly once for the primary reader? What then C2 postulates for subsequent readers? A book must embody functionality, even the most challenging book needs to exist and function over time as a constant object. C2 continues that the first book is not a book but a multiple artwork with a limited audience only existing outside that as a record or set of instructions on how to remake it. The limited print run would C2 states be a first hurdle and would be questioned with respect to the criteria value for money. The second book confuses with its print run limited to 200 and the question here is why. The third book must be clarified.

L is to digest these concerns. A short period of non-communication then ensues when attempted communications are thwarted. L reports losing a mobile telephone leaving it on the roof of a car. W is in the middle of an upgrade to his computer. Back online W proposes a morning meeting in London to talk next actions. L is still in the process of trying to secure a new studio space. L has met and spoken with the landlord's son about an area next to the barn which could be ideal except a tawny owl is nesting and the space cannot be occupied until it has left<sup>44</sup>. L's reaction is to collect a set of antique cable releases and construct a shelf structure in mdf that these awkwardly perch on calling the piece Watch the Birdie. Knowing L hates golf and wary of a tendency to laugh hysterically at the most untimely points in late night films I worry.

Prior to the London meeting L forwards a text to W in the form of a Report that documents L's experience of the empowering artist scheme to that point<sup>45</sup>. L is fascinated by the exchange between man and object. Used to standing in front of bank tellers only to have the teller ask L's companion how much money L would like L had grown to feel not in the least bit odd about elevating L's status to that of object. At the Standpoint show L rather seemed to relish visitors caressing the illuminated spaces around the freestanding light boxes inadvertently drawing the traces of the ambient forms. An action L called conversing. An action L experienced daily regaling me with comments about ghost walkers who saw dogs, engaged with dogs, communicated with dogs but rarely if ever located a head. L when bored would drop on all fours and salivate. To no avail – L became known briefly as dog-man and quickly reverted to a translucent form.

In the Report L spoke about recognising a shared suppressed background, one L sought now to recapture. L also referred to a stereotypical conceit of coldness and bourgeois academic detachment that the tyranny of theory can tend to propagate and generate in fields of communication. I know for it has been recalled by a number of L's

students that on one occasion they had spent an hour discussing frozen pizza toppings as L expounded on the artificial division between theory and practice leading to the conclusion that theory embedded in practice was pizza that is cooked.

The report ended hopefully, thus ensconce upon the long upholstered seat of reality glancing anew out of the irises flooded by ones' aureoles. Attached was an expansive list itemising the number in minutes of calls exchanged, meetings held also calculated in minutes and an approximation of the time invested in practice since embarking on the scheme. A value system that rendered me confused.

At the meeting in London at a venue inside Victoria Station L takes the opportunity to show W a new series of photographic plates<sup>46</sup>. The pieces are stored inside a traditional black plastic photographic bag and L would appear to have been experimenting with a method of translating the traces made by the movements of animate and inanimate materials inside the soon to be vacated studio in the absence of the imposition of the enlarger. W is intrigued and is reported as being excited by these developments.

Email messages are for a brief period confounded by spam.

The numerical obsession seems to have waned but in its place is a fixation with navigation. Protracted arrangements are being made regarding attending the talk at the University<sup>47</sup>. L proposes W's journey is made by train not car given the traffic in the Lewes Road area at and around 6pm but is worried that W could infer L does not want to collect him from the main station and takes pains to clarify that it would be far quicker and less disruptive for the pair to meet at the venue were W to be traveling from London.

The trip does happen and the pair take the opportunity to enter into discussion afterwards<sup>48</sup>. L later revealed himself to have waylaid a beloved leather hat and is becoming preoccupied with the notion that perhaps a new head was starting to grow.

W has written a response to C2 and copies this to L<sup>49</sup>. W is in general agreement with C2's comments but qualifies this adding the development of The Proposal was an expansive vehicle used by W and L to explore L's conceptual ideas. W is pleased that C2 will view the works in development at Ford before the studio is vacated and states that L's object work is increasingly tempered and L's writing increasingly singular.

The outcome of the discussions following the talk is a revision to The Proposal duly sent by L to W<sup>50</sup>. Much has changed and The Proposal is now for a single artist's book. The contents are listed: preface by W, the series of original photographic plates created using the retainal methodology developed by L are to be juxtaposed against white pages, three commissioned essays from an exorcist, a psychologist and a geologist will appear with imagery from the Ford series inserted.

On the occasion of a rare visit to see L at L's beach hut we mused over the trips

Coleridge took to the same spot. L was inclined to quote at length from the Ancient Mariner. L in French Creole meaning the two masts translated into the English schooner. Our visit was interrupted by the disappearance of L's bull terrier, the beast having taken offence at our wandering had wandered off too. Hastily retracing our steps eventually the beast was found sitting happily in the middle of a meeting of local UK Independent Party supporters. L felt betrayed. Attentions would thereafter turn to Blake.

L attempts and fails to attend Jack to Jack which L had been looking forward to. L felt the title introversive and was intrigued<sup>51</sup>.

The revised extended version of the Report sent to W begins with a quote from Blake<sup>52</sup>. Oh why was I born with a different face? Why was I not born like the rest of my race? When I look each one starts, When I Speak I offend, Then I am silent and passive and loose every friend. L states L's aims for joining the scheme. Within the contextual net of physical means of translation and their associated myths, one began to come across small fissures on stilts. Instead of humanising their hygienic condition, or rambling through the giant figures of seductive lore foreseen within those boundaries one decided to venture out a little, in the fashion of a small interlude. It ended, often in black and white cowboy films one sees men firing weapons upon the sky. One wonders why the projectile did not disagree with the sky by falling.

I first met L between glass doors in Paris as L seemed, confiding in me, to time wondering his self-image away from the inner cities to the apoplectic forests where antelopes discuss the spell of taxidermy.

His own words...

Yet hesitant, L was branching stories, èpoques, words only pacing the sound of life. Until a reflection, jelly memento manifested the anchors of confusion to one's constructed countenance.

Mine it seems.

The word Gare de Lyon could be deciphered sea white vitrines instantaneous like Polaroid's.

Men and women adrift sailed from east to west, from nest and test across the steel carriage cartilage of a train station.

The cloak that is one's envelope speculates early for one last chance of a prosperous affective ailing that few people are yet spared from.

An eye or a no that is a face to a know, resonantly determinately; narrow as an alcove against the sea of my roomy temple.

The reported resonance of heel shoe guaranteed rotations watch the reception of timely friends and lovers and the ubiquitous neighbours as well as cortege of wood plastic and textile portable parading for rival clans

The station is busy as is the hand rail that leads to it. Small white chutes window pillars, along with the heading of time awaits.

Departures dripping through the rigid retinal structure of the dark blocks of vented out steady paced meander stand out like picturesque canisters.

There I thought did I transfer my 'protégé' against the barks of tannoy and the whole thing made me giggle.

Yet a neat affinity maundered expeditiously, accurately reversing my quintessence when I saw him break beak, self carried as oppose to self appointed.

However stripped, as L stood sanctioned from violating the limitation of space and its superficiality unto itself, L radiated equalling a splintered zenith.

His face somewhere everywhere there as a ritual punctured through alchemy that makes food through action of sun and moon light.

His neck is nothing sadder than the innocent solvent harmony retained and performed in the feline nuptial frustrations of sexual rites.

It was a strange sensation to see the milling, fractal crowd starting point of de-campment as if the stretching affected energy poised light soil above the head of the gentle man.

L stood there making impact, cushioning a soft look out an act made innately illusionary.

His body still piped up the station's corridor like bamboo grass in the tropic forming a bulb hanging downward the floor sequenced measures foot steps back and forth at a rate which happens when one is motionless.

The closest to whom or what I could sense his presence akin to was the bird owl hunting at night and feeding on smaller birds and animals.

The platform by half a calf was overworked, overwhelmed unloading a winged pinned pack of belief to new ground.

Out break of his radiation no longer secret out fashioned the open air the batsman was out.

I could not appreciate my staff as a sanctuary from this outpost but the outer side edge of something felt the chance to outline itself.

The flurry of the crowded was to be foot fined or rather made to disband when a word by word, a piece of left to right assumption, flagged the gas forming the atmosphere restlessly.

Porter!

(Doctor is the Latin word for teacher but the meaning has changed in English I thought).

Porter! Porter!

An ivy zootechnic of a lady ill rushed in addition climbed advancing past the stand-

ing man whom like an overlooked volcano was actively covering the entrance of an imaginary building that remained dormant.

Porter luggage! Insisted the furry tail hibernate.

The manic dash was self induced it seemed as a contribution to humanity but was in reality distancing her twentieth century truth about object man made.

The persuasion of her manicured fingernail indexed a direction as if centred by the malfunctioning of her body parts.

I could then ashamedly decode the manifest of symbols exuding through the freshly cut polished grappels dramatising the dance of a king cobra.

In a skilful way revealing the characteristic of a written statement this father perhaps brother, son, swain awakened as a superlative conformation seizing suitcase bags walking the tasty morass to the dots and dashes of her ride.

I followed my mouth agape, mortified, mostly uncomfortable but still overwhelmed by this quagmire of a figure mortal who nourished a fire to which I did not know the hypothesis.

His pace large and partial circles the storage cavity of a surface moribund to perfection and deposits the scrap of her impedimenta to an appointed trolley.

Mental numbness as opposed to shells of right and wrong, receptacles of belief, took notice adding with no thunderhead but his personal colourful zero-gravity valises.

And so came into contemplation his own paraphernalia of bagged small floating islands praising this illicit wonder of a day suspended by strange satyrs and sirens.

The pendulate sound of rollers grinded the wayfarers effluences seemingly turned to chapels' telemetries of crumbs, cigarettes butts and the like, misconstruing the fabric of travel as a miniature field of reception.

Could the wayfarer fort of experience nose tail the wisdom that crashes the ride at the bottomless sea of frailties?

The carnage was not pulled by a horse but never the less stopped.

No rushing traffic here but a piano size of a man handling bundles twinned or assorted.

The aberration pandemonium of the man disappears into the known time travelling steel serpent.

The luggage were let out in the adventure box compartment so it seems.

The jigsaw piece of the man caterpillar ellipse-crashed, crossing the step of the train carriage with the grace of a ballerina.

The polygon retriever of a scarlet bulbous lip hovered libellous handing in what appeared to be a tip.

Foghorns aroused the paint of the serpentine enclosure. Little by little I realised I stood now close to his own weight, no history from this improvement can I recall.

I beard alone, the deck rampart of his frame recoils away from his drill-like hands' DIY dazzlements.

In the whites of his eyes sprinkled microscopic lines, rings and moats, reaching towns, plains, valleys difficult to nurse.

Visitors strolled the platform perhaps they too hoped for him to upholster his brand of amiabilities.

Local point of commonalities, small war holes and suburb cunnings willed the consonant of an imagination malleable, with lesser veins branching from it to form an intricate network that did not reticulate his fovea sight.

Delivered from a moment epic as it may appear also as disproportionate an indictment, L resolved to reach for his own bundle of things from the trolley as if drawing for the last time the outline of a car window repeatedly sliding up and down.

I reached over to him and his countenance propped a costume of formlessness at first quite amusing but really grotesque and amicably cack-handed.

Embracing the ominous undergrowth of the human project I said: Hello my name is Practice von Stroheim

The missive's safe arrival is mooted and L, worried, contacts W<sup>53</sup>. W emails and promises to give the contents full attention on returning from Greece<sup>54</sup>. L determined to preoccupy such periods begins to study for a Private Pilot's Licence. L enrolls at Shoreham Airport and begins to study theory. At the time I admit to thinking this a little rash and possibly indulgent.

L confided in me that L's knowledge of aviation perverted L's practice. L admitted that the need to prevent the knife from slipping away helped in finding consanguinities between the two.

Straight and level is part of aircraft handling yet L learned the joy of bringing creative faculty into focus. For straight and level entails photographic tripod stability as much as the nomenclature of the verisimilitude.

L gradually grows more and more sincere. As the mass of L's body seemed unable to reciprocate the seeds of information L still proceeded by way of mentioning how a camera of high format can like an aircraft share in movement denotations such as tilt and yaw.

L pressed with the wallpapered curved surface of a lower lip stretching, that the formula designed to calculate the speed ratio of an object moving through space by using distance divided by speed has some similarity with close up photography. The distance between lens and focal point being to L a topical marginal distance which travels the extension of a per se photographic bellows, providing alterations of perspective of the object of focus; the finished line. Etching in the mind the translucent unwashed register of the non-systemic spirit of time.

Both ratios represent in the language of the antoptician a force of labour, an inherent transportation which itself is a ubiquitous transfer of varying surfaces, objects and ideas like the face display of a photo-negative til removed from permanent marking onto another display.

L stood before me again that afternoon both of us poised held lettering in the blistering iridescence of the block tiled drapery of Victoria's bathroom. L's face laminated by the parallel pyrographic beam deeming L solvent of an expression capable of a thousand impressions suddenly effaced from a cotton sprinkled eye, words pin holed, hands bellows, rubber-tubing meaning, L outlined a practice arrived at by establishing methods of conducting legitimate proceedings.

No trifle progress is liable to hinder an obstruction. That L called the circle of confusion is known as such in aviation, an alteration that cannot be corrected by on-board navigational instruments such as the non-directional beacon. If one views the schematics and formula relating to hyper focal principals one can find the circle of confusion as a given which multiplies the total found within the subtraction of focal length from aperture stop.

Ant-optics is a circle of confusion, a track of land as in a forest that contains neither trees nor bushes, one that is not free from darkness defining itself as an intuitive se-raphic space. It is the distance from which a given creature will allow itself and oneself to confuse the true faithful reproductions of their respective conceived medium that is the world as clearing pellucid transparent without blemish or discolouration.

As two physical structures, materials, substances, plants, living or dead whether they can or cannot reflect their convictions of their opposition or conflict they shall be drowned into the mutable feature of existence itself and they shall in turn come into being, reinvented within a sizeable no-man's land peopled with independent physical structures and materials, substances, plants, living or dead. L trails on as if ending, a climax blessed by visual effects in giant sets, scaffolds of the cinema goers, begging me to look for the definition of clearing and tells me that I will regale and enjoy the twisted edge of visual feasting. L described it as comprehensive prospection that, according to Kant, natural impulse for man to employ categories of thought beyond the examination of experience. Such constructive speculation as a source of knowledge becomes barren, defunct relying on necessities as the only proper realm of their application.

Free by design said L as if shooting breath in smoke trails distortion trails behind it.

These are the vicissitudes verifying principles in its legions and decreased in amplitude of forms giving the condition for the Ant-optic principle. Perhaps the greatest crime against the man-made being, object being.

Rarely passive a draft letter has been developed by L to entice RL. It is sent to W

for comment<sup>55</sup>. L reveals having made attempts to find what L calls an engaging pitch. L had in a previous life sold pictures door to door in Paris soliciting quite a handsome return. W emails<sup>56</sup>. W is preoccupied with preparations for Frieze and agrees to meet post event. In the meantime W assures L W will read and respond to the letter to RL.

A communication would suggest W and L have been discussing a presentation of work at one M-eta Gallery sited in Hove<sup>57</sup>. This conversation would appear to have been during a journey and W fears his stream of consciousness may have been inadequately relayed from a moving train. W seems taken with the Report and is urging L to record this beginning with the quote by Blake. W imagines a high definition totemic speaker system. The surrogate voice would be W proposes an interesting current. W ends I thought I would lodge it with you.

L responds to this with some excitement and a discussion is followed by a written communication<sup>58</sup>. Since speaking L states L has been chewing L's tongue having slipped the word vacant in place of what was intended which was nebulous was thought more apt. Linguistic point taken – the retort.

L and W do meet at Frieze<sup>59</sup>. L talks of having eventually found a possible studio in the children's centre in town. L hints in a letter that a new text piece is being developed but does not reveal what this is<sup>60</sup>.

The letter for RL is revised and agreed<sup>61</sup>. L writes L considers retinal dysfunction a pernicious tool that is in essence a mirror of natural physiological occurrences. If manufactured artificially in a visual coda one could seek to bring into apprehensive poetic comedy occularcentered systems because a camera is not an eye/I. It is hoped to entice RL to develop a text that considers the possibility of reclaiming the personality of vision.

A meeting is mooted by W ahead of the M-eta Gallery opening<sup>62</sup>. The time and date are agreed. W proposes we do Hove? There's a big gastro pub just outside the railway station. Can you also bring the Benjamin Britten box set Billy Bud. Ahead of the meeting L sends The revised Proposal<sup>63</sup>. It opens with reference to a process called Psychography. It would later appear that L had also enclosed an extensive piece of writing.

I am confounded at the meeting being described as lovely. Ideas are discussed, W excited by L's new writing<sup>64</sup>. A potential viewing card for the M-eta show has been mooted with matt letters on gloss. L reports the final letter for RL has been posted for W to read and L has revised The Proposal.

Telephoning the minute L arrived home L said L had experienced a sense of being out of body at the opening. Moving through the crowded space with W mwarded by another type of C, more of a Mr. Unnerved by such flagrant obsequiousness L hastily jumped onto a train to return to what L called the uncouth abode repeating the mantra

alright alright alright in what was hoped to be a Lancing accent.

Whilst at the pub the pair discussed a White for reasons that remain speculative. L makes reference in a later letter to W to 30,000 acres of tranquil gardens about which curator M (Muir, Gregor) wrote in a hand written letter W<sub>3</sub> (White, Ian) thought the swimming sequence was the best opening sequence for a film W<sub>3</sub> had seen in years (!)<sup>65</sup>.

Just before the holidays L writes to C<sub>2</sub><sup>66</sup>. Aware that an extraordinary amount of time has passed since they last spoke L hopes C<sub>2</sub> is well and sends fondest regards. L is keen to gauge C<sub>2</sub>'s reaction to The revised Proposal.

The response from C<sub>2</sub> is automatic<sup>67</sup>. Out of the office on sabbatical. C<sub>2</sub> will not be responding to emails during this period and only high priority or emergency messages will be passed on by staff. L attempts to visualise a photographic emergency but fails. And ends the second year.

Of French persuasion L had previously confided strange urges would overcome L whenever in the environs of the ICA and I was surprised that L was planning to walk from Victoria Station to the venue<sup>68</sup>. L was L said determined to explore KIOSK. Possibly frustrated by the extended period of silence L takes the liberty of writing to C<sub>2</sub> and posts a carefully abridged letter to C<sub>2</sub>'s home address<sup>69</sup>. For once explicit L asks if C<sub>2</sub>'s organisation is still intending to support The Proposal. Pending a reaction The Proposal is to be put on hold.

W writes to wish L a very happy new year and enquires if feedback has been forthcoming from C<sub>2</sub> and if a response has been received from RL<sup>70</sup>. The following weekend L sends L's reply<sup>71</sup>. L has L said spoken earlier that week with W<sub>4</sub> (White, Martin) to check the protocol for addressing Emeritus Professors. W<sub>4</sub>'s advice is that the letter is sent to RL with W<sub>4</sub> copied. This L does L on the Sunday<sup>72</sup>. L also forwards W a link for 'Blind Spot' the first in a series of seminars investigating interdisciplinary research. Reflecting on the title of the M-eta show L sends a revised proposal for Black Out to W<sup>73</sup>.

L is L it would appear from the text preoccupied with the geometry of the suggested totemic speaker considering its verticality synonymous with ideas pertaining to enlightenment being solely based on ascending geometry. The voice L proposes L to be a mod con and the answer phone a social register whose lineage is a presence long gone, but one that is hoped to be coming back. It is imagined that the viewer in the space will bluff their way surreptitiously by shuffling towards the bench. L saw L the viewer's mediation, feet pointing into the ethereal volume of the space as they stood, resulting in a mental cycle path. Possibly musing on the ramifications of the latter L researches L and purchases from a cycle shop in Brick Lane a 1970's fixed gear by T J Quick. A rebellious streak culminates in L's L's later refusal to attend a training day at a Masonic lodge.

Distraction tactics are put to the test and L contacts W hoping W is well adding a response is still awaited from both C2 and RL<sup>74</sup>. A new extended piece of writing is enclosed; this should be noted as the first appearance of what becomes known as *Drowning the Moon*. L makes the discovery that petrification the subject L proposed for the third text of the bookwork was indeed a theme of the British Surrealists. By the end of the month with nothing heard L resends the correspondence to C2<sup>75</sup>.

Early in March L is following up an idea in connection with a particular book *Batia Suter Roma* 60 L saw at KIOSK. L writes to Room in Holland<sup>76</sup>. L's interest is in the type of binding used and the device of the missing page.

Confounded by C2's suffocating silence and perturbed at its connotation – a trait that led to L frequently sleeping with pillows over L's head – L had an idea to record sounds in spaces of what was coined informed silence. A photocopied sheath of letters reveal that by early March L has written to a series of libraries across England and Scotland requesting permission to site a tape recorder or dictaphone in the closed collections<sup>77</sup>. A postcard from Innerpefferay Library is included agreeing to the request. The Hartley Library also confirms it agrees provided the recording is powered by battery and asks to know the proposed duration. Birmingham City Archives agree, they too request the recording be battery powered. As I understand these recording were duly made and collated. My recollection of the one L relayed down the telephone was a crescendo of footsteps fading followed by a testing extended silence broken some hour or so later by a climax of footsteps.

These peregrinations are interrupted by the long last arrival of a letter from C2 who has returned that day from the sabbatical<sup>78</sup>. C2 is apologetic and was anxious to reply soonest. C2 ominously begins by making it clear that C2 is and has been a great supporter of L's work. C2 continues I am afraid to say that I cannot reconcile the nature of your bookwork with (the organisation's) publishing activities. But as things are evolving here our work is moving away from rather than towards the very particular and complex ways of communicating ideas that your proposal entails and in a sense we are less accommodating now of the bookwork format itself, unless it relates to a specific commission where we have a context within which to market it. I totally respect the experimental nature of this work and admire greatly your determination to see it into print. But I am now sure that (the organisation) cannot publish the book.

The letter continues I realise that this will come as a major blow to your plans, and I feel deeply sorry for having to write to you with a negative response. But it would also be wrong for me, professionally and personally, to embark on this project with you for the wrong reasons, out of obligation to our history of working together rather than any sense of its appropriateness for the organisation. I am absolutely convinced that the work will find a suitable context, and that you will be recognised for produc-

ing something of special quality. And I may regret not being part of that. But I am equally convinced that this very difficult decision is the right one for (the organisation).

It concludes I wish you all the best with the work, and your efforts to publish the book. I hope that this letter will not sour our friendship, which I still value very much. L sends a copy to W the same day and in the cover letter admits to having suspected an issue anticipating that the piece could have become incompatible with the organisations' audience concerns. L finds it galling to have lost ones' publisher but L is very fond of C2 and is keen to try to maintain a relationship.

Black Out is amended to Truncate the crepuscule out of solar mean time.

L is approaching a state of flux. L admits in a letter sent to C2 hours after receiving the missive to having read the same with great intensity<sup>79</sup>. L seeks a promise from C2 to support the development of The Proposal as an individual rather than as the representative of an organisation. To resolve the dearth of contributory funding L is being pragmatic and will try to secure the required percentage from L's academic employers by what is called in kind support in lieu. I can only surmise that by in kind L proposes taking an unpaid sabbatical. L attempts to make C2 smile by making reference to a new series of works that emanate from a space they both know well. At Victoria station, writes L, face the huge information panel, position yourself about ten feet away and look to the right, up a third midway. One is exposed to what is meant by Ornatoy. It is a delight to see a wire bound asteroid orbiting in mid air. It is an ornament because it does ornate the made man technological periphery. A cherry on the top of a cake. A toy because of an element of audacity, sheer mutiny about it, being man made. It measures our desensitvity to form and function. The letter ends. Enough musing, lets leave it thus for now but please consider what is proposed and of course if you would see any context for our working together within a photographic framework it would be most flattering.

W<sub>5</sub> from Roma is on holiday but contacts L in response to a request about work displayed at Kiosk<sup>80</sup>. There would appear a confusion emanating from L having requested how to obtain a copy of the text A Meeting Outdoors, a work that it transpires has no text; it is text-less. W<sub>5</sub> is evidently confused and seeks clarification. L explains the use of the word text is shorthand for book and they ascertain that the book is after-all available through Roma. L requests W<sub>5</sub> contacts L when W<sub>5</sub> returns from abroad and also asks for guidance with respect to submitting projects to Roma for publication.

C2 telephones leaving a message for L agreeing to the suggestions made in L's letter<sup>81</sup>. L receives a message from RL who proposes they meet in Bristol and has asked that dates be mooted with assistant Susan<sup>82</sup>. W is pleased. L is to discover the Professor while on 'Desert Island Discs' reveals his hobby to be 'punning'. Progress with the M-eta piece is placed temporarily on hold pending the outcome of funding

applications. L begins to work on critical amendments to The Proposal.

W proposes that they meet after Easter and in the interim L is told as the proposed amendments to The Proposal seem prudent to hold off making any further fundamental changes<sup>83</sup>. W will scan the next final draft. L begins to revise meteorology having passed the air law examination and is determined to not vandalise the text.

A contradictory email arrives from RL<sup>84</sup>. I have to confess I am not very optimistic about an essay for Drowning the Moon. The thing is, I am not an artist, sadly I can't draw for toffee! And I'm not at all sure my approach to perception and the brain is of much use to you. But very best wishes for it and to yourself.

Speaking with RL later that afternoon clarifies matters, it is agreed that any demands on RL's time will be kept to a minimum and thus L prepares to travel to Bristol<sup>85</sup>. L is a little nervous L confesses. W is not going to accompany L as W will be in New York on the date agreed. W sends his every best wish – I have complete confidence. You're ideas are dense and intellectually engaging and you have already piqued his interest<sup>86</sup>.

L is restless and writes to W to suggest the current draft of The Proposal is sent to the Council for a preliminary reading seeking advice prior to the formal submission<sup>87</sup>.

L is struck by a virus<sup>88</sup>. Wary of the Professors' health L reluctantly postpones the meeting and travels the following Monday<sup>89</sup>. The journey meanders and is uneventful but long. L is compromised by the economy of spacing and adopts a sideward gait lolling across two seats. L is relieved to disembark at Temple Meads. The Great Western Railway Station is L discovers the oldest still operating train station in the world. L has brought an original Retainal Image to give RL whom L understands to collect artwork. Indeed during the meeting RL talks about a Duchamp. L reports to W that the meeting was fruitful and there were lengthy discussions about various phenomena<sup>90</sup>. RL has requested a short brief is written detailing exactly what RL should develop as a text admitting to have been intrigued yet confused by the language of the letter which RL felt held artistic artifice. L thought the Professor very courteous.

A letter is sent to RL thanking RL for his generosity in entering into discussion<sup>91</sup>. A revised brief is attached and a text of 1000 words is proposed. RL waives a fee and the subject is not raised again.

Travelling to Hove L returns to the M-eta space with R (Rawson, Deborah) to discuss Truncate the crepuscule<sup>92</sup>. L has been mulling over the need for an answer machine and it seems L feels this could draw away from what would otherwise be a more self-recording text. L suggests in a letter sent to W that the room itself becomes the recording device and using pencil lines L elects to emancipate all traces of exhibition pedigree by delineating the white crevasses<sup>93</sup>. L prefers white nail varnish to record these and is planning on exaggerating the effect through the use of a diffuser

to soften the daylight entering the space. The text would be written on the wall with either end or start of words erased. W and L meet and discuss this<sup>94</sup>. The outcome is not reported. The peregrinations are to re-emerge much later in the form of what L is to refer to as the Minotaur texts. A meeting with R is proposed.

A new idea for the M-eta show has emerged in an email to R<sup>95</sup>. It details a simple tin bath based on the 18th century design that punctuates the centre of the exhibiting room placed flush to the floor. As one penetrates the threshold of the space to the edge of the bathtub positioned parallel to the width of the room, a white folded towel is seen as left to rest. One half drapes into the water and black ink mixture that fills the tub to an appropriate level. The other half hangs over the edge onto the dry side. A light bulb hangs over the bath at a height that enables its mirror image to appear the nearer one gets. The recorded text will be played from a concealed device. It would seem L's son is growing and the tin bath is seconded in the interim.

A flurry of exchanges take place between RL and L<sup>96</sup>. The Professor is delivering a programme of lectures and worried about time proposes they embark on a series of telephone discussions. RL is apologetic but adds – so perhaps this would be best, though of course the phone is not altogether satisfactory as one can't share pictures<sup>97</sup>. L as I know having listened to L's library recording for two hours over the telephone has not adapted to using the apparatus tending to become disorientated bordering on mute flapping hands at the orifice to little avail. A spectacle that recalled to mind the condition of the Minotaur.

L narrowly fails Meterology. L had been set and duly studied an inappropriate text. Things put to right L resits passing without much ado.

As yet the named officer at the Council is yet to respond to The draft Proposal. On being pressed the officer advises artist's books to be the province of the visual arts team<sup>98</sup>. The team are to be reminded L is seeking guidance.

L and W meet again at the M-eta space<sup>99</sup>. They have been discussing a private salon style display of the work and W startles L by insisting that the text sent mid February titled Drowning the Moon is also published as a M-eta paper. Indeed W was occupied reading such on the journey to the meeting. Tickled L makes the suggestion that Manifesta 6 could be an appropriate platform for the launch of the paper in the form of a speech or other intervention. Manifesta 6 was intended as an experimental art school. It was to be cancelled three months before its opening. A situation that was later to be described as deplorable.

L has been researching a number of leads looking for an appropriate parapsychologist and drafts a letter of solicitation addressed to one L2 (Lamont, Peter). L proposes a 1000 word text that responds to what was known as the 1911 experiment. L2 responds<sup>101</sup>. L2 is intrigued and suggests they meet. L2 is an expert in magic and illusion

and has written extensively on the Indian rope trick.

W appears to be waiting for a set of images from L to illustrate a report but these are corrupted. A disc is needed forthwith.

The 1911 experiment has become an issue for RL who has sent a worried communication thinking the chances of the experiment working are so remote RL cannot spend time on the project – I hope of course that you do manage to get on with it and that you get a good result. One learns by being proved wrong<sup>102</sup>. L responds the same afternoon<sup>103</sup>. L clarifies that L too considers the experiment if re-enacted would fail, in fact it is not intended for it to succeed. It is agreed following a telephone discussion that a set of email exchanges will culminate in a short text, RL exploring what L coins entoptical images<sup>104</sup>.

An officer calls from the Council<sup>105</sup>. Pitfalls in *The Proposal* have emerged and are discussed and detailed in correspondence sent to W on the Sunday. The advice: language to be more distilled and succinct; clear expression of interest in the project from a publisher to be included; details regarding public access to be clarified. Despite these questions the central idea seemed very much of interest and L reported the officer to have had a good grasp of what is intended.

W is pleased and writes<sup>106</sup>. This is indeed useful feedback, says W, and a much more constructive approach to seeding and nurturing funding applications. W concurs distribution is the sticking point and a perennial problem with artist books. W suggests L explores forms of concrete poetry and alternative publishers. L having reflected on the merits of a short list states that Roma would be the first choice of alternative publishers. L is planning to send a detailed synopsis of *The Proposal* to W<sub>5</sub> (Willems, Roger)<sup>107</sup>. W<sub>5</sub> has invited this. W<sub>5</sub> is keen to state Roma collaborate; they do not add design in a slick way.

Whilst reviewing possible publishers L had reflected on notes made during a visit earlier that year to KIOSK. Of particular interest, wary of placing too much reliance on Roma, L lists in an email to W Coracle Press, Edition Finl, Factor 44, J&L Books, Metronome, One Sta Press, Revolver, Sclebrugge<sup>108</sup>. L asks W if W knows of one Keller who organised Kiosk. L also notes that an approach to Manifesta may be facilitated by contacting trustee-advisors Tawadros whom L has met and Gillick whom L professes to admire and who L is sure W will know.

L begins to make a series of what would seem productive telephone calls to gallery bookshops that include the ICA and Whitechapel. H (Herron, Russell) then at the ICA is to be especially helpful and shows interest in the ideas being proposed and the possible form the book would take. H promises to send and indeed the same day they talk H duly sends a copy of a presentation given by a Maria, a specialist in independent publishing<sup>109</sup>. H promises to include L in the mailout for his irregular newspaper

about independent mainly zine publishing and occasional bits and pieces.

Pursuing information on methods used in a demonstration of illusion of movement by M2 during the Sussex talk L writes to M2<sup>110</sup>. M2 responds explaining the two stroke and four stroke processes used to create the illusion. L passes Aircraft General & Principles of Flight.

By now missing C2 L calls and asks C2 if the pair could meet for coffee<sup>111</sup>. C2 seems happy proposing an exotic venue with very good coffee and other things.

The coffee with C2 was merry and C2 has left a piece of text with L<sup>112</sup>. L has evidently read this and drafted a reaction. Fearing it to be a little bleak L adds in a letter to C2 to see in this posture an apprehension that seeks out to understand objects as independent, full blown supercharged and spectacularised species<sup>113</sup>.

Despite appearances L is becoming despondent and possibly exhausted by the need to establish a relationship with a new publisher. Wary of taking W's time L outlines in a frank forthright letter sent to W the catch 22<sup>114</sup>. L feels almost in a moment of stasis. L feels almost in a moment of stasis. This sense of unease becomes a motif. Trying to seize opportunities and acting on the advice of H L plans to write to R2 (Rolo, Jane) at the contemporary visual arts publisher to request a meeting. W is sympathetic in his reply but is also trying to wind things up before departing two days later for Croatia<sup>115</sup>. W tries to reassure L adding that the initiatives are sound and they should talk when W returns from holiday.

R is also about to depart for holidays. In a swiftly written correspondence she states that eta has had its funding application turned down and cannot support the M-eta presentation of L's works<sup>116</sup>. It is proposed L explores avenues for financial backing to include the academic employer.

On returning from holiday R continues to explore avenues of funding posing the question in an email to L – should the gallery presentation be a forerunner to the book acting as a catalyst along with the Meta paper for the book project<sup>117</sup>? R confides – eta has had a run of bad luck with funding bids and is not in a position to offer free support. R contacts L again days later with clarification of the number of words and format of Meta papers. The figure of 5,500 words is mooted. Things are said to be tight.

W and L arrange to meet at a venue on the Triangle Kennington Road. L recalls the road from memory but wary of its length seeks clarification. Two venues appear to have the same name just along from each other. Having telephoned Due Amici L asks if it is the café with orange facia or the other<sup>118</sup>.

A productive session would appear to have taken place with an extended set of 'tactics' arriving by email that afternoon from W<sup>119</sup>. In summary L will research an AHRC application as leverage for a GfA application to be presented to L's employer requesting the employer advances an amount for the interim M-eta gallery project.

L will attend an artist surgery at the contemporary visual arts publisher that would be advantageous and useful. W will explore with the Council what they mean by publisher to attempt to eradicate the obstacle.

L responds the next day<sup>120</sup>. L has made a formal request for permission to proceed with an AHRC application through the University, the University being a registered institute. The rationale is L's academic employers are affiliated to the University. Having read the criteria for funding L is confident that the idea will be fundable. An application will be made for an award from the academic employer that would support the M-eta show and paper.

R2 contacts L and invites L to come along to an artist surgery to discuss the book<sup>121</sup>. Advice can also be given on self-publishing. Dates are proposed and L is booked with B2 (Brook, James).

R writes to communicate thoughts to support the argument for a funding contribution from L's academic employer towards the M-eta project<sup>122</sup>. L continues to explore avenues to promote maverick book works and contacts H asking for advice on alternative zines and salons. Frieze is pending.

L reacting to the agreed tactics is in the process of contacting B3 (former Dean) at the University regarding an AHRC application<sup>123</sup>. C2 has agreed to act as independent nominator for the work being proposed<sup>124</sup>. H has returned to L with suggestions for zines having been stocktaking<sup>125</sup>. Guestroom, Miser and Now are listed. An OFSTED visit looms at L's academic employer and L fears distraction. Letters are sent to key independent bookshops to gauge interest in the bookwork to support The Proposal.

L sends an update to W and has by now made contact with B3 at the University<sup>127</sup>. L requests an introduction be made on L's behalf by W to D (Deliss, Clementine) to pave the way for L attending an Office of First Intentions. The Office is a maison de passè. Its intention D describes being to generate a certain condition in which the specific research-in-motion of different conceptual engineers can be shared and debated. L is keen to involve D and greatly admires D's Buddah haircut a trademark of L's favourite salon. W is enticed – Metronome, W says, sounds like the perfect conceptual rubric<sup>128</sup>.

The meeting at the contemporary visual arts publisher is reported to have been constructive<sup>129</sup>. B2 suggests methods of enticing interest in the project by way of published extracts. L has the idea of attending salons listing Metronome, Resonance and research seminars at Goldsmith's run by Neidich. Delightfully pragmatic B2 suggests a simple technique of inserts could help economise if using original photographic plates. The response to the fledgling text *Drowning the Moon* was positive.

In the interim L has been advised by B3 to contact A1 (Academic) at the University and L sends a formal letter of introduction to A1<sup>130</sup>. It states L's position at an affiliated college, L's intentions with respect to an AHRC application and confirms W will act as

Mentor and C<sub>2</sub> as Nominated Reviewer.

L attends the funeral of R at Hastings Crematorium<sup>131</sup>. R died of a heart attack.

Bereft but driven by the need to complete the project L writes to B<sub>4</sub> (Bodman, Sarah) as recommended by B<sub>2</sub> at the contemporary visual arts publisher and Begen at Arnolfini<sup>132</sup>. B<sub>4</sub> like RL is based in Bristol. L requests if any help can be given with respect to alternative modes of dissemination and distribution. B<sub>4</sub> has been on jury service and the reaction to The Proposal on contacting L is hyperbolic and reassuring<sup>133</sup>. B<sub>4</sub> proposes reviewing the published work. B<sub>4</sub> is keen to continue discussions. L's academic employers agree to match fund the M-eta piece but pending discussions with eta's Board of Trustees the show must for the time being be put on hold<sup>134</sup>.

A<sub>1</sub> responds to the letter of introduction with respect to the AHRC application<sup>135</sup>. A<sub>1</sub> is particularly interested as A<sub>1</sub> studied briefly with RL when at the University in the late 60s and early 70s. The AHRC proposal is to be sent through to one A<sub>2</sub> (Academic) and L is asked to call A<sub>1</sub> to expedite things swiftly.

L receives a letter of support for The Proposal from B<sub>4</sub><sup>136</sup>. B<sub>4</sub> writes as an acknowledged expert in the field of artist's books. B<sub>4</sub> states the book will be of great interest. It is proposed to exhibit the work at the Centre for Fine Print Research and tour it as part of the European and North American loans exhibition that is to be extended to South America and Eastern Europe. A review in the Book Arts Newsletter is proposed and ARLIS. B<sub>4</sub> writes Drowning the Moon will exemplify the new wave of artists' books.

L talks over the telephone with A<sub>1</sub><sup>137</sup>. A<sub>1</sub> is reported to be charming. A<sub>1</sub> requests L defines a single key question to underpin the AHRC application and outlines the required headings. L agrees. L wrestles with brevity across the holidays.

W sends a communication to L<sup>138</sup>. W has received a redundancy notice from the Chair of eta. Eta's succession is said to be uncertain and any future involvement of W highly speculative. It is in the hands of the Board and the Council. W sends seasonal greetings. The year ends.

We enter a labyrinth.

L writes to W<sup>139</sup>. It is a difficult and awkward letter. L is shocked and deeply saddened by recent events and is hesitant but is determined to keep W abreast of developments. The Proposal has by now been submitted to the Council. W responds to the letter with an uncharacteristically flaccid – it all sounds good to me<sup>140</sup>. The future of eta remains unknown.

A new interloper appears. Following a communication with A<sub>1</sub> A<sub>2</sub> is appointed L's AHRC supervisor<sup>141</sup>. A<sub>2</sub> is, on A<sub>1</sub>'s instruction, to progress the AHRC application through the system. A meeting between A<sub>2</sub> and L takes place<sup>142</sup>. A<sub>2</sub> seems loud, upbeat and enthused and instructs L to be ready to work hard. Little else is recorded.

A new draft of the AHRC case for support is sent by L to A<sub>2</sub><sup>143</sup>. It crosses in the post

with blunt correspondence from the Council<sup>144</sup>. The Proposal was not successful. Two reasons are cited: artistic own development (it was not clear enough how the activity would develop your work); public benefit (it showed weakness in relation to demand for the activity). Anticipating this L has a strategy in place. L's private reaction to the former is not to be recorded. L revises for and passes Communication.

L hastily arranges a meeting to discuss face to face the areas considered to be of weakness with an advisory officer at the Council. What were to become the meetings take place in a box overlooking an atrium<sup>145</sup>. Three redrafts are developed concurrently and each is sent to the same officer for comment<sup>146</sup>.

L has feedback from A<sub>2</sub> with respect to the AHRC draft<sup>147</sup>. Encouragingly the application is A<sub>2</sub> says close to submission and the next revise is to be sent by A<sub>2</sub> to A<sub>1</sub>. The early AHRC period is marked by an extraordinary amount of research with critical self-reflection and extensive notes bear witness to this, L wrestling with the academic language. A third draft is sent<sup>148</sup>.

L has made contact with a third potential contributor of text for the bookwork, a geologist A<sub>3</sub> (Ash, Sidney). Following correspondence A<sub>3</sub> promptly sends L a complete and original written piece with hand drawn diagrams demonstrating the process of petrification<sup>149</sup>.

L receives what is later referred to as stultifying correspondence from the Council<sup>150</sup>. We are sorry, they say, but the application was not successful. The reasons cited; management ability, financial-budget, financial-appropriate amount. L is perplexed. L asks for and obtains the full assessment report that L then scrutinises<sup>151</sup>. It is repulsively thrilling to read in curt text a matter of fact assessment of the perceived merits of the project. The project is considered to be very close to self-promotion. Promotion and distribution remain at the crux. L is gormless. L admits to have believed the giving away of books would be seen as an action of generosity and not one of sloth. To try to quell the doubts that cause L to belch manically, almost sonorously, L starts to prowl the street with a rubbish picker and scrapes the pavements clean. A dog walker in Western Road gently tells L that in so acting L will become a person to be avoided what is known locally as an eccentric. L is banned from the local pub without ever drinking there.

The period of apprehensive silence stretches. L passes Navigation. After protracted niggling A<sub>2</sub> proposes A<sub>5</sub> (Academic) is appointed second reader of the AHRC draft<sup>152</sup>. A<sub>5</sub> responds with comments<sup>153</sup>. L aware of protocol but bemused at the sudden shift submits a revision to A<sub>5</sub><sup>154</sup>. Taking a leaf from RL L insists they meet and avoid the dichotomy of language. L and A<sub>5</sub> talk at the University just before the holidays and a revised approach that is a staged series of funding applications is discussed<sup>155</sup>. The case for support is amended accordingly. The year ends.

The new draft is sent to A5<sup>156</sup>. A series of revisions are developed culminating with a final draft<sup>157</sup>. This is copied to A2<sup>158</sup>.

The Proposal is being progressed in tandem during the same intense period. L formally resubmits this<sup>159</sup>. I can see that L has made extensive new additions and a series of readings to encourage discussions and support the dissemination of ideas to a broader public is to take place in a series of West Sussex libraries.

Silence resumes. L passes Flight Performance and Planning.

In the manner of footsteps walking towards a recording device correspondence arrives from the Council<sup>160</sup>. The application was not successful. The reason cited public benefit. An audience development plan is suggested. L is perplexed.

L travels to Eastbourne to the temporary Towner and meets M3 (Moore, Sana) in a bleak building that is static and fluorescent<sup>161</sup>. Daylight is not enticed and the atmosphere is tepid. M3 is charming and proposes a launch event is hosted at the new Towner and later confirms this in writing<sup>162</sup>. Librarian T (Torley, Alastair) charged with developing the local college library supports the project perceiving the bookwork to be a template for converging creative and theoretical enquiry adding that too often the two are wrestled apart<sup>163</sup>. L has already trialled the mapping approach proposed with a former student Strange. Embracing this the ex-skateboarding young wag had long left for The Slade. The Proposal is resubmitted to the Council just before the holidays<sup>164</sup>.

L revises and passes Human Performance and Limitations. L contacts A1 and outlines the concerns<sup>165</sup>. A6 (Academic) is appointed supervisor and L and A6 meet<sup>166</sup>. Intensive progress is made. L reports this period to be fruitful and productive. Extensive comments arrive from A6<sup>167</sup>. L responds to these and completes the final draft over the holiday weekend. A6 advises L to now enter the AHRC case for support onto the required JISC form<sup>168</sup>.

L contacts the University to obtain JISC access<sup>169</sup>. A problem. JISC access cannot be approved<sup>170</sup>. The reason cited L is not an employee but an employee of an affiliate. Promises are made to challenge this on the grounds of discrimination. L is not L said allowed to enter.

Correspondence arrives from the Council<sup>171</sup>. The application was successful. The application was not successful in gaining funding. The reason cited competition for funds. 'Our funds are limited and we had more good applications than we could fund. Although your application met the criteria we had to make difficult choices about which applications to support.' L contacts me to have a long overdue talk. We meet. L reveals L is becoming obsessed with the story of the Minotaur.

L submits an application for Scholarly support from the academic employer to cover the design and editing costs of a less ambitious artist's bookwork<sup>172</sup>. Funds are

made available. L googles Unleaded and re-contacts S2 (Slatter, Andrew) with whom L worked on the MKG commission. The meeting is productive and it is agreed that S2 will develop the design of the book work<sup>173</sup>. Ideas are mooted and a concertina layout is presented just before the holidays. L asks to mull this over.

The year ends.

Ready to respond to S2 they talk by telephone<sup>174</sup>. S2 is pleased that L is frank and a way forward is agreed.

RL sends L an original essay written by RL for L titled 'Nasmyth's Moon'<sup>175</sup>. L is overwhelmed. L sends RL a bunch of flowers which are reported to have tickled RL and sends me a copy to read and keep safe fearful lest L lose it to inappropriate software<sup>176</sup>.

L receives an original essay written for L by L2.

H2 (Harvey, John) writes expressing interest in contributing a text<sup>178</sup>. H2 is called at home in Aberystwyth<sup>179</sup>. L has visited the town and was very pleased to have seen what L mistook for dolphins in the harbour. A brief outline is agreed. H2 is in contact again soon after with a synopsis<sup>180</sup>. H2 proposes a piece that explores the process of ideation. L is thrilled and H2 is encouraged to proceed. 'AnnX' is received by L post what H2 describes as a marking frenzy<sup>181</sup>.

All of the original material is sent to S2. L has also begun a new extended piece of prose. This is to be embedded in the dummy.

L having passed seven theory examinations sits a skills test and becomes a qualified pilot<sup>182</sup>. L cries.

A meeting is being arranged with B5 (Barnes, Martin) at the V&A. B5 has been suggested to L as a curator with an interest in L's field of practice. A series of email exchanges take place<sup>183</sup>. C2 is a mutual acquaintance. S2 is continuing to prepare the dummy and sends this with images of a proposed cover slip ahead of the meeting<sup>184</sup>. Not feeling himself L travels to London to the V&A<sup>185</sup>. B5 is not there. L was L said confused by the appearance of another, Susanna, and a synopsis of the project is discussed with the dummy shown. A Friday late could be possible. L follows up with a letter to B5 and is obviously excited about the possibility of a late session as a launch event<sup>186</sup>. What do we need to do to move forward L asks?

S2 continues to develop a series of dummies. Tweaks are agreed and the outcome is sent to W with a cover note<sup>187</sup>. There is an uncharacteristic silence. L was L said unsettled. L writes by hand to W<sup>188</sup>. W responds and it transpires there has been a death and staggering personal and professional demands<sup>189</sup>. L and W talk by telephone<sup>190</sup>. W then injures his foot and becomes flat ridden. W proposes L and W meet.

The discussions were lengthy and L was pleased despite the circumstances that they could spend time together<sup>191</sup>. The dummy is of concern. Mulling over the dis-

cussions on the return train L starts to explore a method of reproducing text using entoptical methods. L frets about feeding these comments to S2 and uncharacteristically stalls. L feels guilty about this and again stalls.

RL is dead<sup>192</sup>.

L attends a conference Paranormal Cultures at the University<sup>193</sup>. H2 is a guest speaker. Following the talk L introduces himself and they talk. L emails H2 requesting the contact details for one Weber whom they discussed<sup>194</sup>. H2 appears to have confused L with someone else and in an email reply concludes ‘must have been another guy<sup>195</sup>.’

L is submerged in the new method for transcribing text. Contacting W L urges they meet briefly as the process is extremely labour intensive<sup>196</sup>. W has a compacted schedule but will try to carve time<sup>197</sup>. Wand L and L are due to meet in the Members’ Room, Tate Britain after an orthodontist appointment. L is refused entry<sup>198</sup>. Then W arrives. Together W and L and L walk into the Members Room.

Transferring my memories of L like debris scatted from the chutes of non acceptance into the joining centre of a face watched by a lining figure, I always realised that the convenience of knowing him would ordain me a visitor based on a six inch plan.

My encounters with L were coming to shelves of ending, text levelled weed. Weed as L saw it guided him. Aside the rise of irritation the globe coloured its functions hence its intricate detailed reality contained a detracted eloquence that billeted the blood beneath the pincement of his skin.

That very day the sun massaged our shoulders and the gentle breeze saddled our brows by customised regulation as a gift imparted to us.

The motion pale blue lineage of the sky distorted its specificity for it illustrated the carriageway spots of blood circulation and the supple velocity of my body through mid air.

Yet I did not feel enhanced by the component of a thing or object, but my mind outlined the locked gate of transmutation and the tiny undertone of life tabling the description of two souls on a pedal driven recreational vehicle.

I stop all complaints but noted this enigmatic recognition for future time and remotely accessed Schubert’s song cycles.

The square can give pleasing composition and so it was that day square without good reason.

Portraits of building which emulsion were detaching before reading our retinas actualised the illusion of speed, the counterpart of flow, the warm hearted cadence of ones bicycle through out the suburb.

Between one terminal lamp post and the corner of the street a brief shimmer of a small chalk path like the sparks produced on heads of hair by the sun, flattered no

dramatic mood but a welcomed entry to our mechanical mundane spectacle.

Tennis courts could be seen on both sides as if making friends unattached.

The players being fixed and rigid exposed the concept of agent's agencies found between photographer and photographee.

Concepts that provide a continuous service to meanings unattached but is nor an insoluble problem as one would have one believe.

These two protagonists exist under a circumstance generally discovered after the fact but in real time containing the grotesque amid some good characterization of life as a reformed seducer.

The story of successful imposition of the story itself is mooted by these two people, two like Romeo and Juliet or Samson and Deliha. They stimulate good or and bad for each other like an apotheosis of the extreme where such emotions repress others in both people.

Vanishing into the bottom float of a clearing drained by a dubious scorched lawn L convinced of his distinction and advantages of his errors decided to demonstrate his handling of gravitational force with the support of his machine now picking into lukewarm sky.

The sun embrace spoke to me as a place where flowers blushed at the faculty of whippersnappers flexing rotational strides on a triangular geometry, metal probing, rocking backward as rendering the outsides of a quiet afternoon on a veranda.

L seemed ironically freed from the act of repetition which habitually agitates the conscience. In my opinion L was demonstrating that practice as a pattern of erratic enthusiasm.

The centre of attention was animally bestowed to the sound of a particular fury dulling our senses and self serving of a few muffled syllabifications.

L's wheelie practice came to a stand still, cold cocked flat from the background into the channel of his temple.

Spanned out of the sheet of a broken heaven the promised of a canine pack subdued the harmony with the hard interiors of acrid sanguine howls into a now bellowed climax.

The dog bit the man, the man bit the dog, the man dog bit...spelling, pronunciation is the terminal element which constituted the identity of that syntactic moment.

This was the bubble L's mind had retrenched into with the simplest graphic forms.

Paced coated beats of furs could be furtively seen and heard as if muffled by a congested bladder and visually mutilated by rapid squinting.

Tinny crawlers fish marked blacked spot reeled in a flirtatious lore. Glow of urban deck of solitary feculence beamed from the clearing miscarriage of a foliate flashy bosky cocktail like social pretension.

The pageant of the lobo's herd robed the site bare patristic.

The clamour pierced the zephyrs and L's enduring front wheel into the blue which became fleeing front stabiliser seeking refuge.

The scene zoomed in and frowned startle stares busted out animals lips, blurts and dribbles deafening screams extracted from demons tied to trees, the sheet of life were now drafted seconds in slow mo.

Suspended above the preaching of vociferating prier I could report what seemed to be the presence of well deserving owners whom proclaimed addresses bonded to a chalk novel pile of earth, hand withstanding into the ministering this trepasement perhaps as an ordinary adoption of means of communication.

L buried in a haste of disappear, what the positively ill treated will incur in these cases, but dedicated his mind to the ecstatic paroxysm of superinducement.

In the same spirit of perverseness L shouted at the authoring hell dog domination gained definite, I quote:

PHOTOGRAPHY!

The emphatic endeavour fell on deaf ears if such things were possible and the wearysomeness of the unruly pack followed suit.

Ram shackled now and shocked L necked his sempiternal head to the region sentinel by the owners.

An almost dream like abstraction was magnified, the two top dogs were to be seen sniggering fractured by a lapsed resistance to acknowledgement.

No other human beings were in the vicinity of this enclosure and L intimated that some beings are more object and therefore man made hence their latency.

As we decided to voyage out of the table enclosure opened west to east, back to the main road, L stretched the shape and size of his thinking further into lines. Words too troublesomeness L said to handle were bounded in their extinction.

Words were images once yet as they are over used they loose their meanings as perfect globes of impossibilities. In order now to look at the invisible and undividable, to experience life as opposed to a richly decorated manner of a least possible space, one wants to use them as lenses for they are now one mile apart from symbols and devices.

As we lingered the thought as if in the dark of a movie's ending quickly falling upon us we did want to avoid the bestiality of words and isolated in that new apprehension, cycled milliseconds slammed out of the bubble the herd divided us into.

The small patches of solid buildings miniaturered without sails created the coastline at a glance featuring in the growing wooden silence colouring the experience of a population history of having flee, to the sea, to the hills, to the churches to the land and stand out in three dimension.

THE LONG S

<sup>1</sup> 2.5.03	<sup>39</sup> 18.4.05	<sup>77</sup> 6.3.06	<sup>116</sup> 29.8.06	<sup>154</sup> 15.11.07	<sup>193</sup> 4.6.10
<sup>2</sup> 1.6.04	<sup>40</sup> 25.4.05	<sup>78</sup> 7.3.06	<sup>117</sup> 5.9.06	<sup>155</sup> 30.11.07	<sup>194</sup> 6.6.10
<sup>3</sup> 1.7.04	<sup>41</sup> 26.4.05	<sup>79</sup> 7.3.06	<sup>118</sup> 11.9.06	<sup>156</sup> 13.1.08	<sup>195</sup> 9.6.10
<sup>4</sup> 5.1.04	<sup>42</sup> 6.5.05	<sup>80</sup> 9.3.06	<sup>119</sup> 18.9.06	<sup>157</sup> 15.3.08	<sup>196</sup> 23.7.10
<sup>5</sup> 21.1.04	<sup>43</sup> 24.5.05 <sup>4</sup>	<sup>81</sup> 16.3.06	<sup>120</sup> 19.9.06	<sup>158</sup> 2.4.08	<sup>197</sup> 2.9.10
<sup>6</sup> 23.1.04	<sup>44</sup> 4.6.05	<sup>82</sup> 16.3.06	<sup>121</sup> 20.9.06	<sup>159</sup> 12.2.08	<sup>198</sup> 1.11.10
<sup>7</sup> 4.3.04	<sup>45</sup> 5.6.05	<sup>83</sup> 21.3.06	<sup>122</sup> 25.9.06	<sup>160</sup> 6.5.08	
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<sup>10</sup> 6.4.04	<sup>48</sup> 14.6.05	<sup>86</sup> 23.3.06	<sup>125</sup> 2.10.06	<sup>163</sup> 27.5.08	
<sup>11</sup> 1.5.04	<sup>49</sup> 15.6.05	<sup>87</sup> 24.3.06	<sup>127</sup> 1.10.06	<sup>164</sup> 17.7.08	
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<sup>14</sup> 5.5.06	<sup>52</sup> 13.7.05	<sup>90</sup> 11.4.06	<sup>130</sup> 13.11.06	<sup>167</sup> 28.8.08	
<sup>15</sup> 7.5.04	<sup>53</sup> 4.8.05	<sup>91</sup> 18.4.06	<sup>131</sup> 22.11.06	<sup>168</sup> 24.9.08	
<sup>16</sup> 17.5.04	<sup>54</sup> 9.8.05	<sup>92</sup> 22.4.06	<sup>132</sup> 28.11.06	<sup>169</sup> 25.9.08	
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<sup>18</sup> 13.6.04	<sup>56</sup> 27.9.05	<sup>94</sup> 1.5.06	<sup>134</sup> 8.12.06	<sup>171</sup> 14.10.08	
<sup>19</sup> 28.7.04	<sup>57</sup> 6.10.05	<sup>95</sup> 7.5.06	<sup>135</sup> 18.12.06	<sup>172</sup> 28.11.08	
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<sup>25</sup> 11.11.04	<sup>63</sup> 8.12.05	<sup>102</sup> 30.5.06	<sup>141</sup> 24.1.07	<sup>179</sup> 4.5.09	
<sup>26</sup> 3.11.04	<sup>64</sup> 9.12.05	<sup>103</sup> 30.5.06	<sup>142</sup> 12.2.07	<sup>180</sup> 18.5.09	
<sup>27</sup> 18.11.04	<sup>65</sup> 9.12.05	<sup>104</sup> 31.5.06	<sup>143</sup> 11.3.07	<sup>181</sup> 29.5.09	
<sup>28</sup> 27.11.04	<sup>66</sup> 15.12.05	<sup>105</sup> 2.6.06	<sup>144</sup> 15.3.07	<sup>182</sup> 27.8.09	
<sup>29</sup> 14.12.04	<sup>67</sup> 16.12.05	<sup>106</sup> 6.6.06	<sup>145</sup> 29.3.07	<sup>183</sup> 22.8.09	
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<sup>32</sup> 17.1.05	<sup>70</sup> 26.1.06	<sup>109</sup> 8.6.06	<sup>147</sup> 6.6.07	<sup>186</sup> 23.9.09	
<sup>33</sup> 12.1.05	<sup>71</sup> 28.1.06	<sup>110</sup> 6.7.06	<sup>148</sup> 15.7.07	<sup>187</sup> 9.11.10	
<sup>34</sup> 25.1.05	<sup>72</sup> 29.1.06	<sup>111</sup> 6.7.06	<sup>149</sup> 16.7.07	<sup>188</sup> 21.1.10	
<sup>35</sup> 14.3.05	<sup>73</sup> 30.1.06	<sup>112</sup> 12.7.06	<sup>150</sup> 6.9.07	<sup>189</sup> 10.2.10	
<sup>36</sup> 22.3.05	<sup>74</sup> 15.2.06	<sup>113</sup> 21.7.06	<sup>151</sup> 13.9.07	<sup>190</sup> 22.2.10	
<sup>37</sup> 29.3.05	<sup>75</sup> 27.2.06	<sup>114</sup> 24.7.06	<sup>152</sup> 6.11.07	<sup>191</sup> 13.4.10	
<sup>38</sup> 7.3.05	<sup>76</sup> 5.3.06	<sup>115</sup> 28.7.06	<sup>153</sup> 13.11.07	<sup>192</sup> 17.5.10	

## Nasmyth's Moon

\*

by Richard Gregory

A lecture on vision might start: 'The eye is a camera – but perceptions are very different from photographs.' It could go on to stress how active is perception, compared to photography, and also say how active are the eyes. For the eyes are in continual rapid movement, and accommodation hunts for sharp focus. One's own eye movements are invisible in a mirror; so the eyes seem to be switched off, while they flick from one position to another. Very likely our eyes sample the world, to build perceptions from selected fragments of space and time.

It is possible to improve photographs by selecting the best moments and combining them, while rejecting disturbed or otherwise inferior pictures. This can be done by human judgement or, far quicker, electronically. The power of such Lucky Imaging has been realised recently in astronomy (first by amateurs then belatedly by professionals) to produce pictures from large earth-based telescopes with even higher resolution than the wonderful Hubble orbiting space telescope.<sup>1</sup>

The idea of building up astronomical images by sampling goes back to the Victorian engineer and inventor James Nasmyth (1808-1890), famous for inventing the steam hammer. He used his skill in drawing for thinking (Nasmyth & Smiles, 1883). His father was the Edinburgh landscape and portrait painter Alexander Nasmyth (1758-1884). Retiring from his Manchester firm in 1856, at the age of 48, Charles moved to Kent and built a unique 20" reflecting telescope designed for lengthy nightly sessions studying the moon. Just before photography was fully adequate, he made Plaster-of-Paris models of lunar craters, selecting moments of best 'seeing' and adding details over many years of observing. By selecting the best moments, he was able to build models better than any individual perceptions. Further, he could photograph his models (easier at that time than photographing the moon directly through the telescope), and he could light the models to match various lunar conditions.

James Nasmyth produced a book, with his astronomer friend James Carpenter who worked at the Royal observatory at Greenwich, containing photographs of the lunar models (Nasmyth and Carpenter 1874). Of course these look sharp and perfectly

detailed, as they are of Plaster-of-Paris models photographed in optimal conditions, though heights of the lunar mountains (measured from their shadows) were somewhat exaggerated.

A human astronomer might build up improved photographs at the telescope by opening a shutter at moments when the image, continually disturbed by atmospheric turbulence, is at its best. But the human operator is simply not fast enough to select these moments in real time. I was aware of problems of atmospheric “seeing” as a boy, as my father was an astronomer; so it is hardly surprising that I thought of mechanising what we might call Nasmyth sampling (Gregory 1964, and later papers in Gregory 1974). Working with the engineer Steve Salter, famous for wave-power, we designed and built a camera which compared the present fluctuating image with a long-exposure average – rejecting the current image when it did not match – to build up an improved picture from many exposures. This was before computer graphics and high speed digital computing, so it was photographic and electro-mechanical.<sup>2</sup>

We worked on this for a decade, though for various reasons the telescopic results were somewhat disappointing. The situation is now utterly changed with Lucky Imaging using advanced CCD’s and high speed computing. Our sampling-time with a mechanical shutter was at best one millisecond, while now it is a microsecond or less, and the efficiency of the CCD’s is so high they effectively count individual quanta. Although the atmospheric disturbance is slow, each lucky moment of matching is short, so recently available CCD’s and high-speed electronics are essential for its use in astronomy.

We may ask: do eyes employ Lucky Imaging? With their low biological processing speed and limited time-integration one should not expect too much, but is lucky Imaging a role for switching the eyes off during rapid movements, and perhaps blinking and selective attention?

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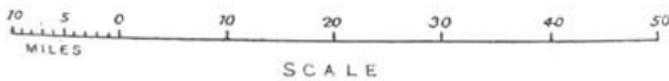
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Nasmyth, James. *James Nasmyth: Engineer An Autobiography*. Edited by Samuel Smiles. (2006) (Teddington Middlesex: Echo Library. First published in 1883 by John Murray:London)

Nasmyth J. and Carpenter J. (1874) *The Moon: Considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite* (London: John Murray).



PLATE IX.—Triesnecker.

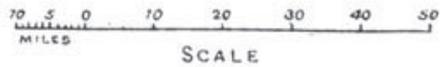


[To face page 130.]

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PLATE VII.—Gassendi.



[To face page 126.]

Ann X

\*

by John Harvey

'I draw dead people.' Her claim sounds like a tagline, and as succinct as it is self-assured. 'Draw' suggests that she is adept at both portraying and attracting the deceased; indeed, Ann X believes that she possesses mediumistic and artistic abilities that coalesce in the practice of spirit art. On occasions, Ann 'sees' a face (as an internal vision, clairvoyantly) which she objectifies on paper or canvas. At other times (so she has said), she is the involuntary amanuensis of a spirit guide – a disincarnate entity from the 'world of spirit', who directs and protects the medium. Both modes of portraiture in absentia putatively represent a binding together – the one annexed by the other – of the material and immaterial, natural and supernatural abilities, embodied and disembodied consciousness, the living and the dead. The resemblance of the channelled likeness to someone who has 'passed' is usually confirmed with reference to a photograph of the subject, taken when they were alive. The protocol is the same as that once used to verify 'extras': the anomalous faces that appeared on photographic negatives alongside the living sitter in nineteenth- and early twentieth-century spirit photography.

One does not need to be a spirit artist to draw dead people. Post-mortem portrait artists (so called) reconstruct a victim's facial features from their skull, on the assumption that there is an interpretable relationship between the bone structure and the soft-tissue overlay. Forensic artists draw the physiognomy of unidentified cadavers as they may have appeared in life, unaffected by their injuries. In both spirit art and forensic art, drawing reanimates the deceased for the purpose of evidential identification by adding or attributing what is no longer visible. The former is sometimes appropriated by forensic investigation to help solve difficult crimes and cold cases and to trace missing people. Ann once drew the portrait not of a dead person but of their murderer, following a description given to her by the victim's spirit. In very different ways, the identification of the deceased in these two genres gives the surviving friends and relatives a sense of closure and consolation. The drawing, for its part, recomposes the decomposed, (virtually) restoring the body to wholeness and to those who grieve.

It serves too as a posthumous visual appendix to that corpus of photographs taken, and other representations made, of the dead before their demise.

In contrast to their supposedly supernatural origin, the visual character of spirit drawings, produced by Ann X and other Spiritualist sensitives, is often unremarkable. The works are limited by the psychic medium's manual dexterity and the artistic medium's stubborn materiality. The spiritual aura of the drawings derives, rather, from the assumed process of their transmission (by a spirit entity from the spirit world). However, of late, Ann has become less convinced about their origin. Other mediums have shared this sense of doubt. In 1874, the *New York Times* recounted the testimony of a pianist and medium who was, normally, 'a very ordinary player'. But under the influence of 'spirit', he could perform 'perfectly wonderfully'. Yet, he did 'not believe that the influence is that of a disincarnate spirit, preferring to think that it is due to the unconscious action of his own brain'. Ann X does not countenance a biological hypothesis to account for her gift. She thinks that – possibly – her own spirit or 'higher-mind' (as opposed to organic mind) is responsible. This 'higher-mind', she suggests, may be able to roam, independent of her body and lower earthly mind, and to access the thoughts of the audience (at her public demonstrations of spirit art) and, more specifically, their memories of photographs depicting loved ones (which is why, Ann surmises, her drawings appear to have been reproduced from photographs, rather than from 'life').

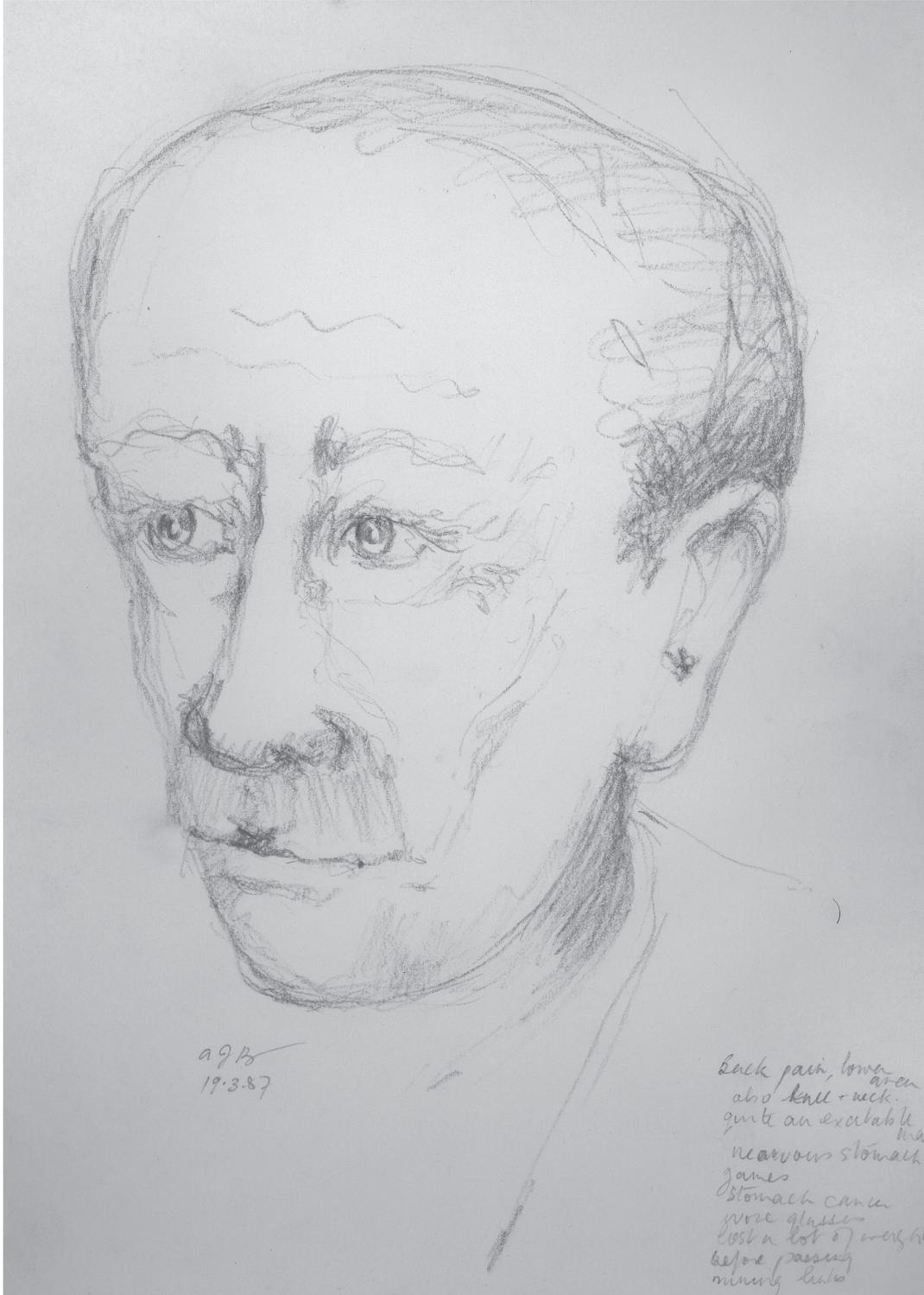
Ann's supernatural paradigm of image transference and acquisition, and of remote access in the absence of physical connectivity, has a technological parallel. She and I regularly communicate across the ether. Formerly, the term referred to a rarefied substance which Spiritualists believed was manipulated by spirits in the process of materialization. Now, it is more commonly associated with the cabling system linking computers and other devices. By this means, and via a network of wireless, router, LAN, and landline connections, we are drawn together and exchange images, texts, and sounds, over great distances, almost instantaneously, and in the absence of each other's presence. At the beginning of the twentieth century, this possibility would have seemed as incredible as a medium's claim to be able to draw the dead – which does not mean that Ann X's assertion is, therefore, necessarily true, or for that matter false, simply because it is presently incomprehensible.

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## Retaining Images

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by Peter Lamont

Magicians are regularly in the business of retention: their services are retained by clients in order that they provide a service; their secrets are retained in order that they can provide that service; and, in the provision of that service, a remarkable range of objects are secretly retained in one place or another. In what is sometimes called a 'retention vanish', for example, a coin is apparently placed in one hand whilst secretly retained in the other hand. The hand in which the coin is apparently placed, and in which the coin is supposed to be, can then be opened to reveal that it has now disappeared.

In order for this effect to succeed, an image has to be conveyed to the audience, one in which the coin was genuinely placed into the hand. And for that to succeed there should be no suspicion in the mind of the audience members that the coin was actually retained. A successful retention vanish, then, is one in which the audience is unaware of the actual retention of the coin, and thus retains the false image of the transfer.

However, there is a version of this move that is known as the 'retention-of-vision' transfer. In this case, the coin is also apparently transferred from one hand into the other. But, in this case, the timing of the transfer of the coin is such that the audience sees the coin placed into the hand. By placing the coin onto the palm, and closing the fingers around the coin a fraction of a second before the coin is pulled back into the placing hand, the spectator is provided with an illusion of the hand closing around the coin while it is still in the hand. This works because the spectator's retina retains an image of the coin for a moment longer than it is really there. As in the retention vanish, the spectator should not be aware that the coin has been retained in the placing hand. But, in this case, the illusion depends upon the spectator retaining an image of the coin itself.

In both cases, the illusion depends upon the spectator retaining a false impression, initially in perception, subsequently in memory. It is the fact that people neither perceive nor retain images accurately, but think that they do, that allows magic to work. It is one of the many paradoxes of magic that it depends upon the little known

limits of perception in order to succeed, whilst convincing the public of the limits of perception each time that it does. In this sense, it is in the business of undermining itself and should, on this basis, be eventually responsible for making itself disappear.

But this will not happen, because people need to be reminded of the limits of their ability to retain images. It is the fact that we are constantly surrounded by an infinite number of images that we can only function by selecting which of these are worthy of our attention. In life, we decide on the basis of what is both salient and relevant to us in a particular context. In magic, we allow the magician to guide our choices, and we do so because we know it is not real. Magic provides us with a short break from the constant search in our world for what is worthy of seeing and retaining. Far from being a suspension of disbelief, it is rather a suspension of agency.

There is, after all, no suspension of disbelief in magic. For all that has been said by those who have read but have never done, magic depends upon disbelief, because when one believes magic is possible, it loses its wonder. The essence of the magical effect is that the audience believes that something is impossible yet nevertheless knows that it has happened. This is the entire point of magic: to let people see what they firmly believe to be impossible. And the role of the audience is to serve as witness to the moment, and to retain the image of what they saw happen in the full knowledge that it could not have happened.

## Petrified Wood

\*

by Sidney Ash

Petrified wood or fossil wood as it is sometimes called, has interested humans for many thousands of years because of its special appearances, use, and origin. For example, some Native Americans in the Southwest considered the long petrified logs in one of the geological formations exposed in the Painted Desert region of that area to be the shafts of arrows used by one of their giant gods. Earlier it appears to have been venerated because a short stump was excavated from the ruins of a temple in ancient Greece in circumstances that suggest that it could have been used in some sort of religious ceremonies. Also the substance has commonly been used to make jewelry and other art objects by some people because of the colours and patterns that occur in it. Petrified wood has long been used to make implements and weapons in various societies because of its hardness and the fact that because it is a natural glass it produces a edge when it breaks. Finally, scientists are interested in the substance as it gives them opportunities to learn about the ancient plants that it represents and the evolution of plants in general.

Petrified wood is wood that has been preserved by natural means in the earth's crust and in a sense is the way nature saves organic material at a particular time in its existence. Because petrified wood is usually harder and heavier than the original organic material that it represents the substance appears to have been changed into stone or rock. This process is called "petrification." The term comes from two Latin words, *petra* (= stone) and *facere* (=to make). In other words the substance is made of stone. But how does this happen? Although the process was originally thought to be magical or unexplicable modern scientists have now learned how it takes place through laboratory experiments and field observations.

Before wood can be petrified it must be buried rapidly or natural decay and predators ranging from bacteria and fungi to certain insects will attack and quickly destroy it, which is what normally happens to the remains of all dead organisms. As time passes after the wood is first covered up, ground water will be drawn downward under the influence of gravity and pass through the wood as well through the overlying and

adjacent soil. As the ground water passes through the soil it slowly dissolves some of the minerals, particularly quartz, in the soil and carries them downward. If the water passes through the wood some of the minerals will be deposited in the cells and small cavities in the cell walls or in certain circumstances all or nearly all of the organic matter in the wood will disappear and be replaced by mineral matter. If the cell structure in the wood have not disappeared and mineral matter has merely filled the cells and all the smallest cavities, the wood is said to be permineralized; on the other hand, if all, or practically all the organic matter, i.e., cell walls, etc, have disappeared then the wood is said to have been replaced by a mineral such as quartz. In some specimens of wood that have been nearly totally replaced ghosts of the walls of some of the cells sometimes can be observed with a microscope but the material will look like colored glass.

Although scientists have not been able to determine exactly how long it takes to petrify wood in nature it appears that it does not take very long in at least some circumstances such as in the many petrified forests that occur in the world today. In those forests the logs are often round or slightly subround in cross section which indicates that the logs were not very deeply buried before the they were petrified. Otherwise, the weight of overlying sediments that covered up the logs would have crushed them before they were petrified. In some of the petrified forests we find undistorted trunks of trees up as much as 30 feet long with their uncompressed roots still in place buried in the position of growth indication that deposition occurred relatively rapidly. If the deposition had occurred slowly most of the trunk would have been destroyed and only a short portion of the trunk would have been preserved. Thus, it appears that the sedimentation occurred in a relatively short time, geologically speaking. Logs and trunks preserved under certain volcanic deposits such as ash would be buried in only a matter of days whereas sediments deposited by rivers or stream would take longer, perhaps a few years. Although burial could occur in such a short time the actual petrification would have taken longer as long as the rate of sedimentation was not too rapid. In the laboratory a few scientist have “petrified” small pieces of wood in only a few weeks. In natural environments where much larger pieces of wood are involved it probably took only a few hundred years after the logs were buried.

Most petrified wood is composed of the relatively hard mineral quartz although some is composed of a few other minerals such as opal and pyrite (fool's gold). Although quartz is glassy and nearly transparent, small quantities of other minerals containing iron, copper or other elements are usually mixed with the quartz giving the material a variety of colors that humans often find pleasing to look at. The famous “Rainbow Wood” found in the southwestern part of the United States contains a variety of minerals besides quartz. Consequently, it shows a rainbow of colours especially

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reds and yellows and rarely green or blue.

Petrified wood ranges in age back to when woody plants evolved in the Devonian Period about 375 million years ago although it is most common in much younger rocks. Specimens of petrified wood can range from long lengths of tree trunks as much as a hundred and fifty feet or more in length and 15 feet in diameter to fist sized chunks and even sand sized grains.

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