[ANTI-SENSE]

[pt.2]

Grant Emenheiser

This is an abstract, non-linear, non-narrative construction/illustration of a state of ungrounded uncertainty. Containing visual and informational research, autotheory, biography, and rambling thought, this is best absorbed as an experiential object in conversation with [and challenging] your own personal milieu.

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ANTI-SENSE pt.2
was born out of the dark, the unkown, the dehumanizing void of our existence.

ANTI-SENSE is an installation experience that emphasizes art-as-situation rather than art-as-object. This means the piece is an effect largely felt in the physical body– internal and sensual, allowing viewers to become more aware of their own body, their senses, and the power of their brain to construct reality.

In this space, viewers will be able to confront and explore uncertainty through projections of darkness itself, with glimpses of light that will require viewers to engage in sense-making that is entirely internal. The space is not just devoid of light, it is also devoid of the constant bombardment of information our brains have become accustomed to. By removing viewers from the visual grounding of everyday surroundings, the installation promotes sense-making using only our eyes and internal memories and associations, which creates a space for introspection and meditation that is individual to each viewer but experienced collectively.

The installation was open for viewing in AA&B room 1450 April 26th and 27th 2-5pm, and April 28th 12-9pm.

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From the first bitter lines of the passage we recognize our augomaniacal narrator as one of uncompromising nihilistic outlook, indicting the 'mean world of wretchedness and misery'. And yet these are in actuality three separate, loaded accusations: the world is mean, as in callous (insensitive) or tight-fisted (withholding what ought to be given freely), whether through colourless indifference or spite; it is wretched, fallen into degradation (an inferior or abject standing), wallowing in the lowest register of selfhatred; and it is miserable, prone to impositions of abstract pain (the reservoir of intangible sorrows or distress). Hardness, shame, emotional destitution: these are the apparent parameters of our continuum of being, the reigning order against which light will appear as a minor violation, a lone contrasting streak that wagers on turning around these otherwise repeatedly vile principles. This self-sufficient ray of ecstatic peculiarity, this flicker-in-haste. And yet it is crucial to note the author's insistence upon the transience of such shining alternatives: he clarifies that it 'was not sunlight' (still too monolithic a concept) but rather

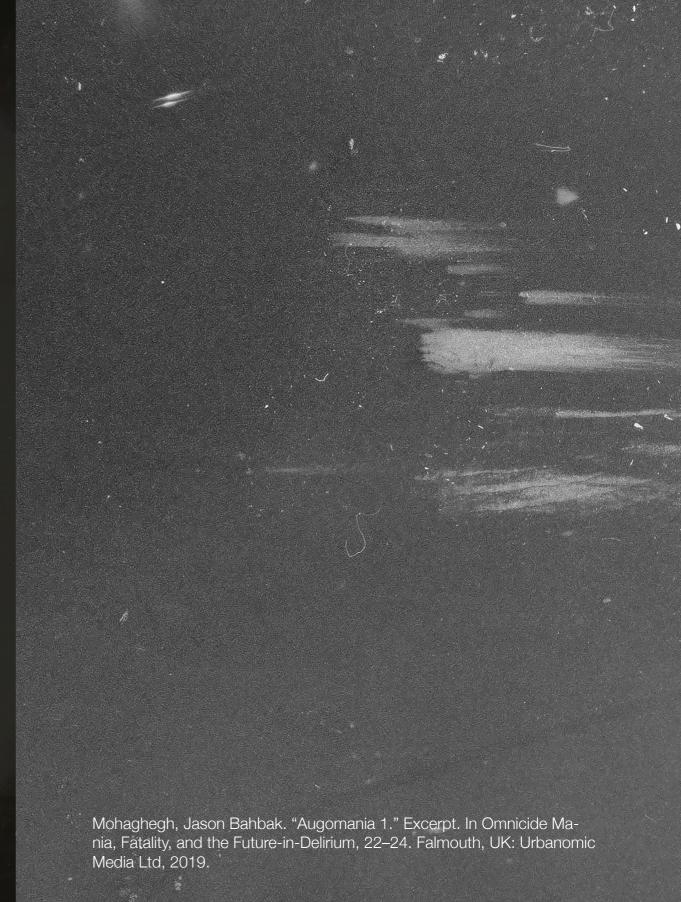
AUGOMANIA

a passing gleam, a falling star, which flashed'-for to fall beneath the dominion of a flash means simply that we are doomed on arrival, our perceptual attraction drawing us toward an ever-waning current, a telescopic intoxication that begins its exit upon entrance, begins dying as soon as it lives, but which, in its rapid procession/dissolution, may perhaps also serve to dislodge its spectator from the tired world to which he was previously beholden. This is the liberating abrasiveness of ephemerality itself, according to which, as the blind owl rightly notes, this 'brightness [that] disappeared again in the whirlpool of darkness' was bound inevitably to disappear': its mysterious power of Intrusion and unsettling rests precisely in its propensity to vanish, and this fatal sparkling is the very precondition of the terms 'glory' and 'splendor' to which it will subsequently be entitled (elevations that always exact a tragic payment, for they occur only as an aftermath, the rich rewards of a defeated romanticism). So what are we to conclude from this bold augomaniacal touch which immediately plummets back into the cavities below? Perhaps the more drastic implication is to be extracted from the word 'apprehension', in the semi-veiled middle sentence of the excerpt above, for it suggests a type of knowledge akin to a state of capture: an enlightenment that binds one to some kind of anti-destiny, that makes beholden the beholder, transfixed by its own abductive writing on the wall. Beyond this, it attunes the unlikeliest of believers to

OMNICIDE

an attitude of adoration, only to relinquish him to peril as the amorous stare gives way to prior drained states once more, the viewer-turned-lover (though of a depleted eros). And yet what does it mean to become obligated to a lost glimmer, neither a futural ideology of permanence nor a god-structure of infinity but rather a come-and-gone ethereality, the mania of the 'passing gleam'? Perhaps it restores his consciousness to an even more violent stratum of discontent than the normal one of vacuity, despair, hopelessness, and absurdity; perhaps it introduces some further acrimony into the blood; for this was not quite an experience of pure nothingness, but rather one of temporarily interrupted nothingness, the nothing that for a brief second became something, an exception which then had to drown again beneath the former inescapable weight of futility—a dispossession which then leaves us (still clutching after the fleeing light) only one conceivable recourse for the rest of time: to seek revenge. This is how the deepest nihilist becomes the most profound maniac, a convert with a vendetta, determined to retaliate for the transpired, for the already-fleeting, the already-fled, for what cannot return, can never return, having been reclaimed by the all-seeping darkness that rules; yet who still pursues with redressing arms that same elapsed wrong which cannot be made right again: the extinguishing of the one fallen star.

Light and wretchedness; misery; passing; falling; flash; moment; apprehension; glory; splendor; disappearance; inevitability



"Many contemporary philosophers have pointed out that the present moment is distinguished by a prevailing condition of groundlessness.1 We cannot assume any stable ground on which to base metaphysical claims or foundational political myths. At best, we are faced with temporary, contingent, and partial attempts at grounding. But if there is no stable [i. Light//Remembrance] ground available for our social lives and philosophical aspirations, the consequence must be a permanent, or at least intermittent state of free fall for subjects and objects alike. But why don't we notice?" (Hito Steyerl, In Free Fall: A Thought Experiment on Vertical Perspective)

Night has for a long time felt more comfortable than the day, the time when the "real world" is sleeping. Everything seems to stand still at night. Time doesn't noticeably pass for hours and hours until that first light pushes its way onto the scene, shattering the illusion. It creates space that is theoretical and malleable, where anything feels possible, unbound from the limitations of reality, from the oppression of the light. Darkness is key to this, enveloping you, hugging you tightly yet expanding endlessly in all directions.

I am lost.

It's hard to know which way is up, which way is right, which way is true.

How do I move forward?

Groundless, directionless, searching.

The uncertainty is not in a literal sense, I know the streets I walk like the back of my hand.

I know I reside in Michigan, which is a state in the United States. The United States, in turn, is a subsection of North America, which is a subsection of the western hemisphere, which is a subsection of the Earth.

But what does that actually mean?

These harshly clear and defined boundaries were arbitrarily drawn at some point or another over the course of hundreds of years, by whichever humans shed the most blood, or had the most wealth. They are fabricated, constructed, fictional lines. And yet, they are more real than the instinct to survive.

Our constructed reality has gotten far from human.

The structures we are forced into are dehumanizing.

They ignore the internal needs and desires we have as sentient animals, which we don't really understand or even fully recognize, instead focusing on the very tangible and simple power of objects and capital. But how did external objects become more real than the feelings and experiences we have internally as sensemaking beings?

How have we come to take something so sublime and miraculous for granted?

Why do we run away from that which is complex, confusing, unknown?

My mother in all realms of her life, most prominently in my memory the kitchen, had clocks, each always set to different times, none of them holding the globally agreed upon reading. They weren't set to random times, nor did they have mechanical issues.

This was a voluntary uncertainty.

In some ways it made the individual (subjective) experience of passing time more real than the constructed (objective) numbers we so ardently obey.

Embracing uncertainty with open arms, she was protesting; it's a simple, unconscious defiance of the dominant time flow.

A minor recognition of the grandiose subjectivity that infects every aspect of our lived experience.



Where is the wonder?

There is a disconnect between physical and mental spaces of uncertainty. In many ways mental uncertainty is what drives me to my darkest places. It's an extremely discomforting experience trying to ask questions and make sense of a chaotic world with more questions than answers. While grounded in a safe space, these thought cycles can make one feel lost in their safe space, losing sense of your body completely.

Spaces of visual, physical uncertainty, though rarely encountered in day to day life, prompt different feelings. Though the initial instinctual response is a similar fear. The unknown is a dark terrifying thing, allowing our imaginations to get the best of us time and time again. But after this first wave washes over, you are left with a beauty, a world of possibilities and creations, with your own brain at the helm. You are confronted with the power of your brain and optic system in the absence of everything we are accustomed to absorbing. It's a relief, a healing, a rejuvenation of the senses, bringing you simultaneously out of and more aware of your bodily presence in ways you can't in the everyday world.

Why is one calm and meditative to sit in, rejuvenating and enlightening, while the other dreadful and exhausting. Is it easier to fear the familiar?

Does the tangibility and level of conscious experience change the context?

Why are the physical most often weighted more heavily than conceptual/intangible?

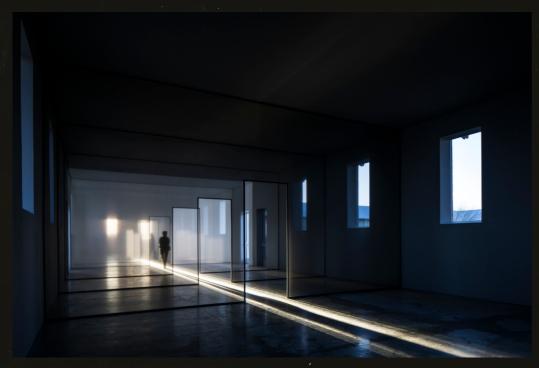
Mental darknesses can be just as all consuming as physical darkness. It's rare to experience total darkness nowadays though. Light pollution is rampant and even in the comfort of your own home the light seeps into the night through window blinds and power strips.

We are losing our natural sense of night vision. Where it was once a necessity to survive and be able to do anything at night, we now have phones that we constantly flip open to light the way. In this way, true darkness is jarring. Not in a wholly negative way at all, it's an overwhelming absence, which our brains fill with an afterimage of sorts; trying to fathom the pure blankness it's confronted with, it fills in the gaps the best it can, which with no sources of light or space to discern, becomes a sensory experience unlike any other. A sensing feeling exploration of the void allows higher consciousness and focus to these sensing processes and the construction of experience the brain creates. It hones in our senses, sight included, you can feel not quite a strain but the exercise of the senses working to understand the nothingness. In return to the environment, there is a heightened sense of visual awareness. Having been reset and refreshed, the eyes and sensory system is ready anew and further opened to the wonders of the environment they inhabit.

For me this stems in part from the feeling of driving at night. Once you get to the outskirts of the city, to the backroads or freeways without street lights, the world outside of the car begins to disappear. It all fades into the blanket of darkness, with the two headlights cutting through the space in front, just enough to see the shape of the road underneath you. For just a moment, you are the only person in the world, flying around the world in a vessel of light. The landscape constantly escaping underneath you, everything becomes theoretical, drawn, fake in the most beautiful way. It's freeing to be traveling through memories or ideas or problems. Feeling closer to the intangible, the conceptual, the nonphysical. That's where some of the greatest wonder and awe is found.

Starting my junior year, my work became heavily rooted in the context of light and space artists such as Turrell and Robert Irwin. I became particularly obsessed with Irwin's Untitled (Dawn to Dusk) installation in Marfa, using a complex arrangement of scrim and windows to create an ephemeral space separated into a light and a dark side, ever changing with the sun's movement. The materiality and presence of the light in both that piece and others like Turrell's wedgeworks fostered interactions with light that rarely, if ever, occur in the natural world. At the time I wanted to make the light physical to bring it to the forefront of the mind in terms of our experience of the world. Light gives birth to the objects and environments we inhabit, creating this third entity as Jad Abumrad explains with his concept of the third(insert citation). This third is our conscious experience. It becomes multifaceted by our other senses, though the basis is formed through the eyes. By bringing this companion that light is into a more physical form, viewers would be able to interact and experience it directly.

Darkness is inescapable. It's a shared experience across cultures, continents, and epochs. Both comforting in its silence and calmness and fearful in its uncertainty and expanse. I was afraid of the dark for a long time. Running into bed after turning the lights off, refusing to go to the basement alone.



[Untitled (Dawn to Dusk), Robert Irwin, 2016]

My time in James Turrell's piece Hind Sight, was one of the most radically powerful perceptual experiences that my eyes have had the pleasure of filtering. It begins with directions from an attendant preparing you to enter a darkened room, with seemingly no visible light. They instruct you and your viewing partner to each grab your own railing on either side of the hallway, walk in with one hand in front of you to feel for corners and eventually the chair you would be sitting in for the majority of the piece. They direct you to sit down in the chair and after fifteen minutes inside, the attendant would come back and let you know that time was up. Knowing that you were going to be walking into a completely dark room still didn't prepare you for the experience of entering the darkness. Slowly shuffling down the first stretch of hallway, the light seemed to be sucked out of the other end, quickly becoming dimmer and dimmer. I lost all sources of light after the first turn, then relying on my hand in front of me and the sound of our footsteps as my only delineations of space, shockingly not very accurately. The darkness was thick, it felt shockingly foreign, yet simultaneously taking me back to the feeling as a kid, anxious that something will come out of the darkness and grab you. It's hard not to have fear of your environment when it is both new, and completely non existent to the eye. Bumping into the wall in front of me or my viewing partner as we made our way slowly around two winding corners, the lack of light enacting a serious sense of disorientation, the railing felt like the only solidity to ground yourself with.

After turning the third corner and taking a few steps, we bumped into our respective chairs and carefully shuffled into the seat. The cushion was soft and when I looked forward. I was confronted with a void. It was the same darkness as the hallway we came through, but there was a sensation of a greater openness to the space. Waves of color washed across my vision as my eyes were searching for any cues of space in the room. Met with nothing, I could feel my eyes (or was it my brain?) straining to find anything, something with which to ground myself, my sense of place, my sense of self. The washes of color replaced themselves with more ambiguous morphing shapes across my vision, aurora borealis is the closest articulation that feels somewhat accurate. These moving shapes and colors aren't as bright or clear in your vision as a TV screen or your phone, rather taking the form of something closer to an afterimage, the kind that occurs after looking at a bright light then closing your eyes or looking away. These kinds of low level hallucinations continued to occur as my eyes were adjusting to the light levels, opening up as much as possible for the chance that there might be discernible light somewhere.

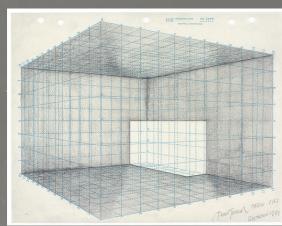
Inspired by my experience of James Turrell's work, as well as by pieces like Varese Room by Maria Nordman, I began experimenting with light and space.

My first experiments were recreations of Turrell's corner projections like Carn. From there I began experimenting adding shapes to confuse or complicate the visual space, aiming for a greater uncertainty documented here in the polaroidis.

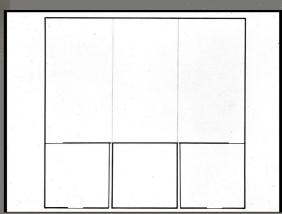
Ambiguity has for a long time played a role in my work.

The art and writing of Micah Weber (Reservoir-2), referenced throughout this work, was key in the development of a theory and aesthetic that worked in tandem to promote a timeless, narativeless, decreation (see page). The work breaks and redefines the realm of art and the role of the artist in ways that pushed the scope and goals of my project.

It helped me escape the confines of my own brain and reevaluate the possibilities inside. Something I want to recreate. v



Carn, James Turrell, 1967



Varese Room, Maria Nordman, 1976

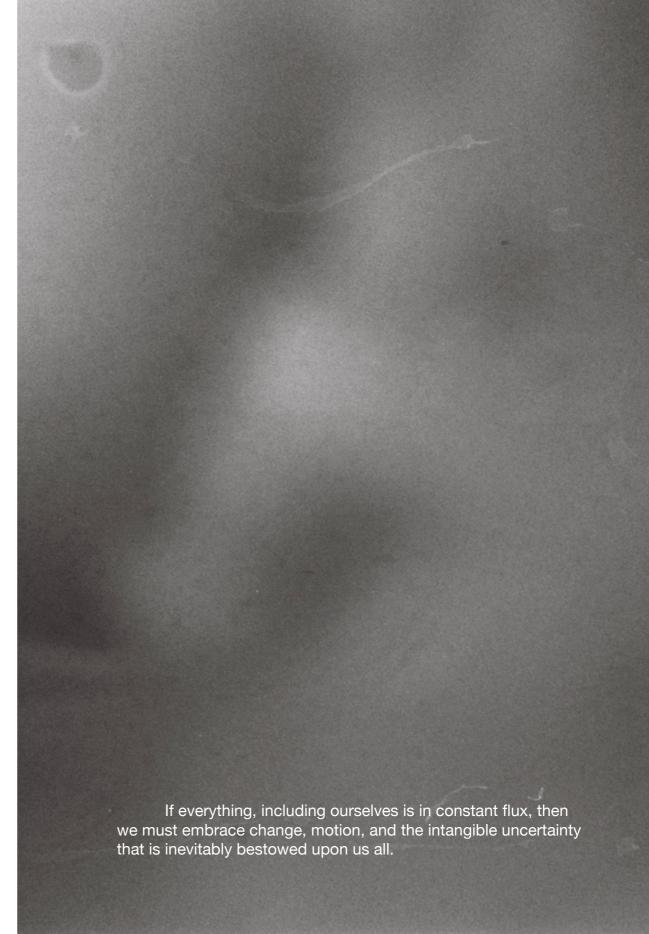


Is there such a thing as certainty? To some extent yes, the sun will "rise" and "set" each day, and you need to eat and drink water in order to live, those are certain but maybe the only things that are certain are either physical phenomena outside of the control (generally speaking) of humans/animals or are constructed by humans in order to build or "further" our society. 24 hour days are certain, seven day long weeks are certain, 12 months in a year is certain. It is certain that you will need money in order to survive. It is certain that you will die. It becomes easy to get caught up in this elaborate web of constructed certainty, and to some degree is necessary to survive, but it remains extremely important to remember just how constructed it all actually is. We get so extremely stuck on these external certainties that we completely ignore the wonderfully confusing beauty of the uncertainty inside of us that makes up our entire existence. Learning to embrace this, explore, and seek to (I feel that it's probably not possible) understand the uncertainty will work to place the power back into the individual. It brings hope in a world filled with monotony and anguish.

As humans we are inherently drawn to purpose. This comes, at least for me I think, from a desire to be doing something "that matters." It's extremely subjective what that means and often leads to a rabbit hole of disappointment or a wild goose chase. I don't believe that we have a singular, certain, inherent purpose and that that idea of purpose itself is a construction that we have made in order to make our work here on this earth certain. Certain that it aided something larger than the individual, certain that something was accomplished across however many years of life, that it wasn't all a waste.

One of the definitions of purpose is a person's sense of resolve or determination. Why do we search for this outside of ourselves? I think part of the answer is because we are forced to in our society- we spend so much of our lives and our time day in and day out working and committed to our work. So I think in some ways it makes sense that we become focused on finding some form of work that fits our "purpose." But this focus on work shows just how focused on external objects and concepts we have become.

I guess we have to be influenced and inspired by the things outside of ourselves in order to know ourselves and find resolve and determination, but I think it's a task of futility to search through the world for some concrete, certain form of meaning or purpose. Myth of Sisyphus, for example. Meaning or purpose, if we want to even frame this search that way, is far more ambiguous. To satisfy this desire, looking inwards would be far more productive.



Physics has found no straight lines – has found only waves – physics has found no solids – only high-frequency event fields. THE UNIVERSE IS NOT CONFORMING TO A THREE-DIMENSIONAL PERPENDICULAR-PARALLEL FRAME OF REFERENCE. The universe of physical energy is always divergently expanding (radiantly) or convergently contracting (gravitationally).

- Richard Buckminster Fuller

Everything is situated within a process – everything is in motion. This not only applies to comprehensive systems like entire societies or the development of an international search engine on the internet, but also to our perception of a given space, here and now, and to our interaction with other people. All these relationships are evolving and they are not merely situated in the midst of their time; rather, they are *of* time.

Despite this, contemporary culture has a tendency to objectify a vast quantity of systems, relations, situations, and ideas by depriving them of their temporal dimension. As a result, we have grown accustomed to regarding objects as timeless and our conception of space has been formalised. The entertainment industry, especially, has developed a strategy of communication that consciously omits the notion of temporality, since this makes it easier to set up universal utopias and desires for consumers. The separation of time and objects is thus to a large degree driven by commercial aims.

In this short essay, I hope to reintroduce awareness of time as a constituent element of objects and our surroundings through two small case studies. The first traces the relationship between an idea and time, whereas the other explores vibrations as a language with which to describe space. By focusing on time and vibrations, we can create a perspective – a construction, of course – from which an alternative spatial conception springs.

Let us look at the reintroduction of time into matter through a small model I have made for the occasion:

1. Idea:

An idea or concept is processual

2. Application of Form to the Idea:

In order to communicate the idea, I have to find a language for it. In this way, content finds a form, and – in order to keep this experiment simple – we can state that the form becomes the 'carrier' of the content (although the relationship between content and form is in reality much more complex).

3. Communication of the Idea:

The form applied to an idea is not only the one that I myself choose. When circulated, every idea picks up dimensions and meaning that I haven't considered and couldn't foresee – regardless of whether they are productive to my

original thought or not. Forms are therefore temporal, caught up in the tissue of exchange, constantly coloured by the ongoing negotiations and renegotiations with their surroundings, and time adds relativity to the idea as it travels through the world. Unfortunately the global commodification of both forms and our senses considers the idea of a relative or malleable object to be counterproductive to the core of capitalistic value systems.

4. Time Is Individual:

The clock is not our only tool for the measurement of time. It seems more attractive to talk about *your* time and *my* time; that is, the lived experience of time, instead of being concerned with the universal construction of temporality that so many people take for granted. What is fast to me may appear slow to you. It is not only our immediate experiences that are a subjective matter; our memories and expectations also have a highly individual impact on our perceptions.

5. Your Engagement Sequence (YES):

The relativity that temporal engagement inevitably introduces should, for scientific laboratory purposes, be given a name: I suggest 'YES' (Your Engagement Sequence). YES attunes our attention to time, movement, and changeability. It makes relative what is often considered to be true. Whenever a so-called truthful statement is made, you have to add YES in order to relate to, see through, and make use of the statement. By regarding YES as a central element of our perceptions, you can negotiate the governing dogma of timelessness and static objecthood, thus emphasising your responsibility for the configuration of the concrete situation.

6. Consequences:

If an idea only exists as a process, the traditional definition of truth and non-truth is shattered. And when objects are relative to various factors, such as context and engagement, even basic communication seems to become a challenge, especially because the language in which we usually speak and write is promoted by communication trends within modern society that do not favour such relativities. If we accept and implement the relativity of so-called truth by using YES, a general sense of responsibility in our relationship to our surroundings may be achieved. In other words, engagement has consequences, and these entail a heightened feeling of responsibility.

This is but a model. And with it I merely wish to suggest a few schematic principles that may illustrate the general idea that experience is a cultural construction.

Not only time has been formalised in contemporary life; space, too – fundamentally inseparable from time – has been made stable. Influenced by an essentially modernist point of view, we have – consciously or not – conceived causal relationships between the right kind of space and the good life as such. Even after the end of postmodernism, we still find modern dogmas dominating our conception of space.

On the other hand, if people are given tools and made to understand the importance of a fundamentally flexible space, we can create a more democratic way of orienting ourselves in our everyday lives. We could call our relationship with space one of co-production: when someone walks down a street, she co-produces the spatiality of the street and is simultaneously co-produced by it.

This brings us beyond the classical Euclidean conception of space as consisting of three dimensions - height, length, and depth - each of which defines the object's relation to the others. From this system, another conception of space has developed: the theory of topology, in which the temporal aspect of objects and spaces is central. Time is here traditionally referred to as the fourth dimension. Where the classical system was one of coordinates in a clearly defined field, topology sees objects moving over time, thus adding duration to height, length, and depth. Topological objects or figures are never static. And to continue the small experiment above, I would suggest that we introduce yet another component - another dimension: the objective categories are connected to the life of the individual subject through his or her engagement in the situation -YES. The fifth dimension is only possible when the fourth dimension is present; without temporality the idea of engagement does not make sense. YES creates a personal perspective on the world; it individualises the other dimensions of space. I am interested in the potential inherent in giving the individual subject this dimensionality as a sort of tool that can relativise the other dimensions upon which our conception of space is based.

YES is only one tool with which to create alternatives to the modernist conception of space. Another is waves. These can be waves of information, but also the communication of information through physical waves such as microwaves, long waves, and frequency. Electricity is a kind of wave, as are my words when they leave my mouth as condensed air, spreading radiantly, entering your ears. Also light, absorbed by our eyes, is usually described as waves.

At my studio, I have, together with a group of architects, developed a system of three swinging pendulums that cause a measurable small point the sum of the combined movements of the pendulums - to move in three dimensions. This vibration machine is a spatial development of what is traditionally called a harmonograph, which exists in various versions. They are almost always two-dimensional; that is, they have two pendulums only. By linking each pendulum to a digital interface I can ascribe to them the coordinates of x, y, and z, and then digitally draw the spatial result of the three frequencies. They are easily tuned to a C major chord, for instance, with one pendulum sounding the note C, one E, and one G. If they are given the correct frequency, the chord is harmonious and the vibrations form an orderly whole. This solidifies over time, thus drawing the contours of a three-dimensional object in space. In other words, sound vibrations can be turned into a tangible object. It is almost like building a model. One could develop this experiment into vast spatial arrangements by turning harmonious chords into spatial shapes. If we were to use a whole symphony, like Beethoven's Fifth, we might build an entire city.

My interest in creating spatio-temporal forms based solely on vibrations and measured by my three-dimensional harmonograph is not so much in the mathematical, computational specificities of the machine as in the possibility of inscribing the understandings derived from the experiment into a wider, spatial context. And, as is clear, architecture consists of other materials than stones, concrete, and steel. Music and sound also have consequences for our experience of space; in fact, they are co-constitutive, shaping our environments in a quite literal way. As with my initial case study, the vibration machine should only be seen as a model, a medium through which we can make nonnegotiable spatial situations more negotiable. By considering various kinds of waves, you can ascribe different dimensions to a space in constant transformation.

The fields of waves are connected to my fundamental interest in exploring the relationship that arises between visitor and artwork. The experience of space – walking down the street, for instance – is a negotiation in which a co-creation takes place. What I am aiming at is to try to isolate the negotiation or engagement; that is, I am neither looking at the person nor the street, but instead at the in-between. The three-dimensional images created by my harmonograph are one such basic attempt.

Finally, you may ask what role art plays in this extended discussion of time and space. To put it simply, I am interested in enhancing the role of art as a participant in society and find that art can contribute with reflections of a spatial nature; it can have political, social, and aesthetic impact in non-artistic practices as well.

The potential of art is made apparent by the self-reflexive activities of the people engaging actively with it. Ultimately, art can raise fundamental questions about the development of our feeling of selfhood and identity. My interest lies not in the emphasis on a specific identity, but rather in the conditions that allow for the formulation of identity as an open field characterised by a multiplicity of voices. The value system suggested by society at large unfortunately tends to favour fixed identities and few voices, and is based on limited concepts of what is good and bad, acceptable and non-acceptable. In the face of the entertainment industry's commodification of experience by excluding relativity through the suspension of time, the questions about self-reflection and identity have to be seriously reconsidered. We should avoid what we might call a Disneyfication of experience in order to leave room for individual evaluation, feelings, and thoughts. When preserving the freedom of each person to experience something that may differ from the experiences of others, art will be able to have a significant impact on both the individual and on society.

Eliasson, Olafur. Olafur Eliasson - Your Engagement Has Consequences ... on the Relativity of Your Reality; on the Occasion of the Following Exhibitions by Olafur Eliasson; 'The Light Setup', Malmö Konsthall, September 10, 2005 - January 22, 2006; 'Notion Motion', Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen, Rotterdam, October 8, 2005 - January 8, 2006; 'Your Light Shadow', Hara Museum for Contemporary Art, Tokyo, November 17, 2005 - March 5, 2006. Baden: Lars Müller, 2006.

What is real? How can we tell? Is anything real? Can we return to real?

If everything is a perspectival construction then the power returns to the individual. I would love to awaken viewers to this idea, and show the most real we can get in my opinion is the consciousness and perception we experience everyday. The subjective ever changing is real. Nothing is concrete. Even atoms, the most concrete form of mass in our physical world, are not still or certain! They are not only constantly moving, they are also mostly empty space, and both the electron cloud and the nucleus (separately) move in and out of existence. There are times where electrons and the nucleus cannot be located. Scientists have no clue where they go. How can our reality be reliable and certain if the very things it is built of are extremely uncertain and ever changing/moving. In this documentary What the Bleep do We Know? A physicist says since our entire basis of knowledge, science, all of human understanding is through the selective, subjective human brain, making it entirely possible that everything we know is an illusion or simulation.

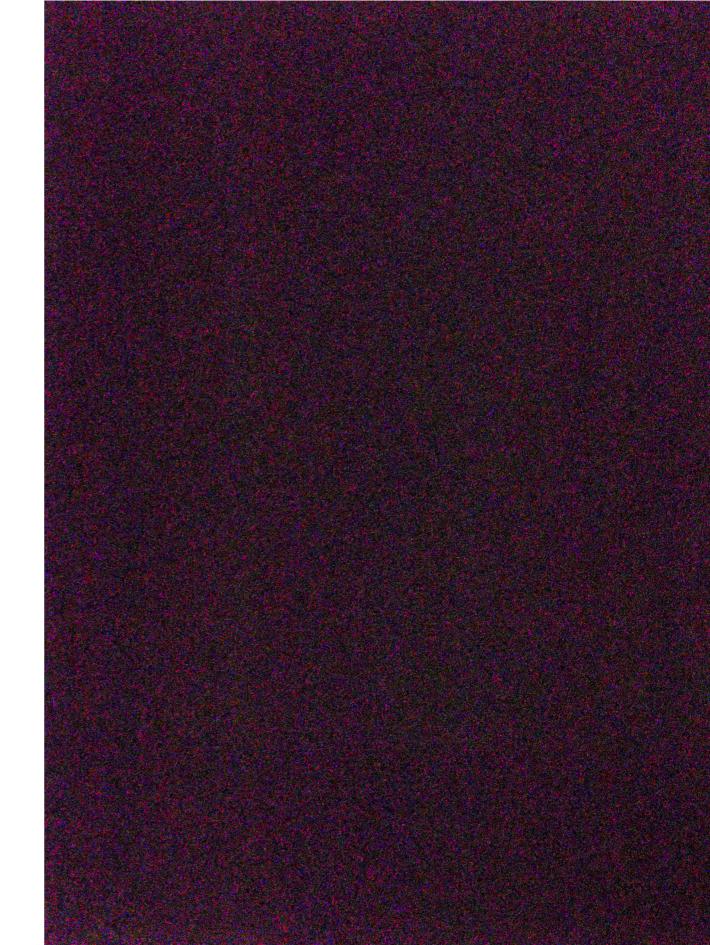
True certainty is an idyllic fallacy.

These pixels displayed in a great symphony of an LCD display become adopted as reality much more easily than our sensual experiences. It makes sense in some ways though, looking back to Baudrillard's Simulacra and Simulation, Disneyland presents itself as a fantasy or magical place in a lot of ways. This allows for the rest of the experience i.e. costumes, sets, etc. a simulation of these places, to become more real than the actual places, times and people or ideas they represent. In the same way, we are presented with these technologies that are from start to finish completely human constructions, with screens that literally, physically, simulate images, ideas, information, sound, and more which are obviously steps away from the sensual, experiential reality that makes us living beings. This becomes so integrated into everyday life and is presented as this moldable form that can shape the things you want it to do. It becomes more real and immersive in a lot of ways than the day to day sensorial experience.

WHAT COULD HAVE SAVED HAS ALREADY BEEN MISSED-WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A DARKNESS, WAS A LIGHT NOT YET AP-PEARING-IT WAS THE LANGUAGE OF LANGUAGE—AN UNWRITTEN WORD— WHERE NAMES, MEANING, AND CERTAIN-TY ARE NONE OF MY BUSINESS-LIKE THE UNBLINKING STARE OF A SPHINX IN THE CLOUDS-WAITING, DOING NOTHING-IN-OPERATIVE—ALWAYS NOT FOLLOWING, ALWAYS NOT LINGERING-YONDER, OVER THERE, 'LA BAS'—AN ANTI-APOCALYPSE— IN SEARCH OF NEITHER ATTENTION NOR INATTENTION—'IS THIS A SPEAKING VOICE OR IS THIS A SINGING VOICE?'-IT'S AN UN-REMARKABLE VOICE-BETWEEN APPEAR-ANCE & DISAPPEARANCE —THINGNESS SET APART FROM IDEA—EASILY LOOKED OVER-UNREMARKABLE-HOW THE TEM-PORAL IS THE VERBALITY OF BEING—THE SILENT RESONANCE OF THE ESSENCE OF BEING-ALWAYS FROM BEHIND-JUST OUTSIDE—A 'GOODBYE' IN CURSIVE. (From Carryon, 2019)

Weber, Micah H. RESERVOIR-2. CUCUY.STUDIO, 2021.

Wall texts or didactics in art define the time for the space on a directional, literal level, but the true marker of time in these pieces is in your physiology, background, your brain and the memories, instincts and habits you carry more generally. Your eyes, how fast they dilate, where you look in the room, and what you focus on will allow the piece to constantly evolve for the duration of your time in the space. The physical experience is so sublime and irreconcilable in the context of our "normal" lives between an environment of darkness and a constantly shifting perception of space and form. The space becomes the center of each viewer's confrontation with a radically new, phenomenal reality that is deeply confusing for the brain in terms of what sources of visual information it can trust or not. This lack of faith in the senses leads to many of the same questions that Baudrillard asks.





If Stand and not been a firmulate, he would be bailed goods, is not to say it only a large of the many of any in the land not been a firmulate and income a firm

NOTE:

(On decreation.) To withdraw oneself from a dominant time-flow is a decreative act. To disengage from a conversation in which the terms have been set by another, is also a decreative act. To decreate is to make something pass into uncreation.

We participate in the creation of the world by decreating ourselves. We only possess what we renounce; what we do not renounce escapes from us. (Simone Weil, *The Simone Weil Reader*, "Decreation", ed. George A. Panichas, 1977)

To renounce the world is also to renounce the conclusions of the time in which we live, to renounce a world of things, and to renounce our selves. Decreation is not a reduction, but rather a fulfillment of becoming nothing so that something else may arise.

All human life, from the very beginning of its development within capitalist society, has undergone an impoverishment. More than this, capitalist society is death organized with all the appearances of life. Here it is not a question of death as the extinction of life, but death-in-life, death with all the substance of the power of life. The human being is dead and is no more than a ritual of capital. (Jacques Camatte, "Against Domestication", originally published: *Invariance* Année VI, Série II, no. 3, 1973)

The Death of Empedocies, or When the Green of the Earth Will Glissian, Jo. You have, (1906) and Black Sin (1909) form a fundamental language in the cinema of Daniele Hallier and Joan Marie Guado. The first opening for the Lives of peasants and matter. Marie against a death of the Lives of peasants and matter. Marie against a death of the Lives of peasants and matter. Marie against the language of the line in the Lives of the line in the Lives

impedion, onto one and the of the mounting play The Death of impediotics, (ancompleted between 1772 and 1000) by Friedrich invitation, the films revolve around the figure of 5th century DCD play in the first of the mounting in which has a little of the play and the play and the play of the first of the control of the play and th

The politics of The Death of Empedocles and Black Sin, and be found in each time development as a matrice materially opening improveding the content of the content of resolutions of cities in and extreme transparency. (In response to accusations of cities in and easterly, Paulice has maintained in Time The Death of Empedocles and Diack Sin, "having it all," is all misistent refusal to comply with the demands of a culture that would not be included in the content of t



My installations seek to create isolated moments of uncertainty. The work began as collections of personal darkness; scavenging and archiving the moments and places in my life that felt the darkest, both physically and emotionally. The act of collecting while reflecting on my own physical state creates a space of meditation, seclusion, and suspension from the standardized time flow. I utilize repetitive visuals both analog (film tape loops) and digital (feedback loops) as a way of engaging with the futility and repetition of existential thought while addressing the expectations (as opposed to pure observation/feeling) with which we see the world through and rely on more than physical sensations.

After a few minutes in the dark, though I truly couldn't tell you how long it was, there appeared to be a hint of a light straight ahead in the distance. Whereas the hallucinations I was experiencing based in the eye/brain moved with your eyes/head as you changed the focus of your vision, this mysterious source remained relatively still. It was still enough to catch your eye as different from the rest of the lights and shapes you were seeing but not still or bright enough to be an obvious spatial cue. The light stood out slightly, though it also seemed to appear and disappear. The only visible light in the room catches my eye as different from the hallucinations I had been seeing up until this point. The instinct when something like that catches your attention is to look directly at it, which I did. The problem is that when you look directly at it, it disappears. The first time it happens, I am confused, it seems to become one of the other morphing shapes and colors shifting in and out of my vision. But then I shift my focus to one of the other shapes, and this light appears again. After some time observing this new light, trying to discern what it is, where it comes from it becomes clear that it is just bright enough to be visible in your peripheral vision, though not bright enough to be visible through direct observation.* This resulted in an opening of the vision that didn't seem possible before it happened, but washed over me in the form of a radical shift in my perception of the shapes and space. The ability of something that my brain was convinced was so real to disappear in plain sight reframes or redefines your idea of reality. It ungrounds you in many ways, working against the sole source of stability you thought you had. I sat there searching through the visual hallucinations focusing as hard as I could for any sign of reality in these blobs of light. There were now more realistic glimpses of light flashing in and out of my vision in different places at different moments, some clearly created by the eye/mind, while others at first sight created some level of spatial understanding in the brain that were only rendered false when they disappeared just as rapidly as they appeared. For how simple the piece was technically, the effects were profound. I left the space feeling blown away by the capabilities of my own brain.

Vision is something that we take as truth, certainty, reality. And reasonably so, vision is the dominant sense with over ½ of the brain dedicated to processing it. There are almost no times when the brain and eyes are presented with environments or experiences that they can't comprehend after childhood. So when presented with spatial ambiguity it's a particularly novel sensation, which often comes with anxiety and fear. The animal instincts in us fear darkness as we are unable to see and anticipate if any predators or threats are imminent. This is the first way in which our brain starts to trick us.

When I was in Hind Sight, I knew that I was in an art museum, which wouldn't have a jump scare or someone hiding behind a corner, yet I still anticipated someone or something coming out of the darkness towards me. Another complication is the level of reliance we place on self-reflection, and being able to situate ourselves in a context or space. Humans use spatial contexts to locate, create, and affirm our own consciousness. It is so ingrained in our being that it isn't a consideration of our conscious experience day to day. We take in an unprecedented amount of visual information, way more than we can consciously perceive. After years of this, it is the norm, it is what we accept as reality. As we grow and experience more of the world, there is little distinction between learning about ourselves and learning about the world. They happen simultaneously. We learn about ourselves through situations and experiences that are almost always based in vision as the main sense. Our entire sense of self is based in the context of the space we are in both physically and mentally. Thus, when we come into a space that obfuscates both context and form, our sense of self starts to dissolve.

Our brains hate uncertainty so our natural reaction is often to avoid it. Some people turn around before they start to experience the piece itself. This was a common theme in many of the Turrell's that were on display in this exhibition. There is a level of commitment or surrendering that is required, though it pays off with great dividends. The pieces, like others associated with light and space, reward the patient observer, they "solicit a willingness to endure in order to transcend," as Dawna Schuld articulates.

Dawna Schuld's dissertation played a large part in the research and contextualization of the entire project. Titled *Nothing to Look at: Art as Situation and its Neuropsychological Implications*, the work functions as a dictionary for situational (experiential) art, the impacts it has on the body physically and mentally, and the artists who have been working in this realm thusfar. The sources Schuld cites became the backbone of my research. She discussed many of the works I had been directly inspired by in the past few years, works Schuld categorizes as

situational forms that disorient the viewer, suspending her in states of perceptual uncertainty, prolonging attention to perceptual thresholds at the "fringe" of consciousness, and heightening awareness of the biological nature of aesthetic experience. (x) These were effects that alligned directly with my interests and prior research.



Schuld's definition of art as situation defined the way I moved forward thinking about what the piece could be and how to acheive the goals I had. In her words, situational art is,

...work [that] is not instantiated by an act of naming or describing, but rather one of perceiving and engaging...it erases boundaries with uncertainty, enveloping both objects and viewers in "atmosphere."...dynamical relationships between contextualized body states and neuronal body schemas in the mind. (1-4)

In order to acheive this, I chose the route of the cave, as Schuld defines it. The term refers to Plato's allegory of the cave, and the shared experience of darkness and ignorance. It is used to describe works which create an experience of the immersion and creation of a void. I began doing this by creating spaces that were sheltered from the stray light, like above, from which with the lights off, when sitting inside the edges of the world started to fade.

Through experimenting with creating voids and the mysteries that you can find within them, I became obsessed with situational forms and art. It opened up a new realm of medium, materials, and tools to address the concerns and topics that I have struggled to accurately and artfully articulate. ANTI-SENSE is the closest I've gotten thusfar.

Situational forms address the intangibility of the concepts and ideas my work focuses on by allowing the work itself to become intangible too. I want to push that line with this project and beyond. Finding the edges of our perception and blurring them. Opening eyes and minds up to new perspectives and reflections. Creating a space to think without boundary. Creating a space without boundary. Experiences that create a bodily sensation as a way to revolt and reset ourselves.

ANTI-SENSE works towards these goals by utilizing low light projections to at a surface level test the limits of your sight. The projections were developed using neutral density filters commonly used in photography to dim the projector bulb, then adjusting the light levels digitally in order to acheive a level of light so dim, that it is invisible to the human eye until dilation occurs. Images are hardly detectable at these light



levels. Your eyes and brain work so hard to understand what they're seeing which allows the situational form to take place. There is a bodily sensation that occurs a sort of reflexive feeling of the straining of the eye. You can feel yourself trying to see and trying to understand the environment around you. With nothing to go off of, your brain takes over.

This response, a result of sensemaking, is individual to all, but there are some commonly shared responses. The sensemaking is the focus of ANTI-SENSE, creating an environment to experience more consciously and directly this extremely human process firsthand. When the external elements of the environment are removed, the eyes and more importantly brain go into a form of shock. It is something they are very unaccustomed to. In response, the brain takes over, creating images of its own to reside in your sight. These low level hallucinations highlight the power of the brain in the subjective construction of sight and the reality experienced every instant. This is emphasized in ANTI-SENSE through the experience journals participants are asked to write/respond in following their time in the installation.

Page xx - Final external installation in IP studios, detail.

Page xx, upper - Full view, final external installation in IP studios, with viewer

Page xx, lower - Map used to locate internal installation from IP studios.

Page xx
Page xx
Page xx
Page xx -

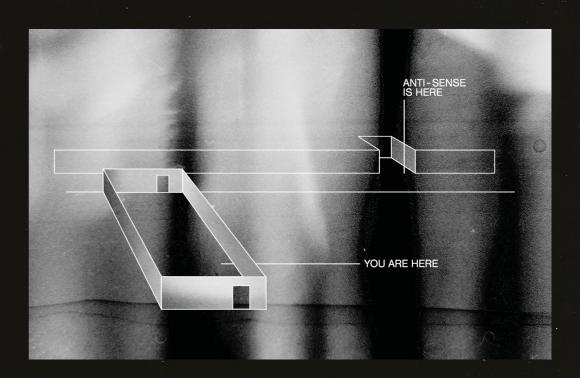
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Pages xx - Full view, final external installation in IP studios.













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Let the flat, Tank of Change (1007) by Albert Ziementomi, a middle aged man discount discount

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To be mortal is someone who is dead while someone who is still alive. Dead while alive. (Jalal Toufic, paraphrased from lecture, \$2018)

At this point, then, I must say what I think of death (and I leave readers free to ask themselves, skeptically what all this has to do with cinema)...

Man, that is, expresses himself primarily by his action—not understood in a merely pragmatic sense—because it is with it that he modifies reality and engraves it on the soul. But this action lacks unity, that is, meaning, *until it has been completed*...

Until I die no one can guarantee to really know me, that is, to be able to give a meaning to my action, which therefore, as a linguistic moment, can be deciphered only with difficulty...

It is therefore absolutely necessary to die, because, so long as we live, we have no meaning, and the language of our lives (with which we express ourselves, and to which we therefore attribute the greatest importance) is untranslatable; a chaos of possibities, a search for relations and meanings without resolution. Death effects an instantaneious montage on our lives... (Pier Paolo Pasolini, Heretical Empiricism, "Observations on the Sequence Shot", 2005, italics in original)

