

Suspended Reason and Bryce Wilner

Suspended Reason
Bryce Wilner

About

Working on a collaborative book thru
free association.

Table of Contents

John Ciardi on Dante	10
Jorge Luis Borges	11
Eyes Made of Crystal? - Trilobites are Bizarre	17
The Story of Narcissus	20
Feral peacocks are attacking luxury cars after seeing their reflections	22
Bernadette Mayer	23
Generic Fit	25
Samuel Delany on Hypertext	27
Nigel Shafran, work book	30
Lyn Hejinian	32
Lyn Hejinian	33
Carl Sagan	34
Carl Sagan	35
email intervention	36
The Cast is Also the Cage	37
Sarah Rara	38
Image taken at Stacey's Bar in Montana	39
Chris Kraus on the email correspondence of Acker, Wark	40
Harry Mathews	41
Bernadette Mayer	42
Georges Bataille, The Impossible	43
https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=kJzD8QtIYy0	44

Octavia E. Butler	45
Octavia E. Butler	46
Julia Phillips	47
phantom limb mirror treatment	48
phantom limb mirror treatment	49
anonymous transcript	50
Bruegel, Landscape w the Fall of Icarus	51
MIT Wearable Computing Project, 1990s	52
Angie Keefer	53
Anthony Dunne and Fiona Raby	54
Schmidhuber, Compression as Consciousness	55
555 Spadina Road, TO (Robin Collyer, Cabinet Magazine)	56
Robin Collyer, Cabinet Magazine	57
Chromatophores in squid skin	58
Chromatophores in squid skin	59
Ryan Gilmore	60
Ben Lerner, 10:04 opening paragraph	61
Rabindranath Tagore	63
Harry Mathews	64
Francis Ponge	68
Annie Dillard	69
Ursula K. Le Guin	71

NYT, Balinese newborns	72
Robert Breer	73
MoMA	74
Michelle Kuo	75
Caspar David Friedrich: Sea of Ice	76
Diller Scofidio: Blur	78
Qivittoq	79
Andrei Tarkovsky	80
Andrei Tarkovsky	81
Andrei Tarkovsky	82
Andrei Tarkovsky	83
Andrei Tarkovsky	84
igor-pjorrt	85
insideman	86
Adrienne Rich	87
Sylvia Plimack Mangold	88
Elizabeth Bishop	92
Samuel R. Delany	93
Samuel R. Delany	94
Agnes Denes, Wheatfield	96
Robert Smithson	98
Kader Attia	99
Joel Dean	100
Ruin Follies	101
Shanghai, 1990 vs. 2010	102
Smithson, Yucatan Mirror	103
Displacement	

Ed Halter, the Centaur and the Hummingbird	106
Mary Corse, Whitney 8th floor	107
Susan Howe	108
Lyn Hejinian	110
Kevin Bewersdorf	111

10 John Ciardi on Dante

Characteristically, the sin of these wretches is reversed upon them: their punishment is to have their heads turned backwards on their bodies and to be compelled to walk backwards through all eternity, their eyes blinded with tears. Thus, those who sought to penetrate the future cannot even see in front of themselves; they attempted to move themselves forward in time, so must they go backwards through all eternity; and as the arts of sorcery are a distortion of God's law, so are their bodies distorted in Hell.

John Ciardi's editor's note before Canto XX describes the fate of the Fortune Tellers and the Diviners, those who attempted by forbidden arts to look into the future.

Alighieri, Dante, *The Inferno* 1320, p. 174.

Added by Bryce Wilner

In Book V of his poem *De rerum natura*, Lucretius declares the Centaur impossible since the equine species reaches maturity before the human, and at the age of three the Centaur would be a full-grown horse and a babbling child. The horse would die fifty years before the man.



Watch a Genetically Modified Cyborg Dragonfly Take Flight for the First Time

<http://nerdist.com/watch-a-genetically-modified-cyborg-dragonfly-take-flight-for-the-first-time/>

Added by Bryce Wilner

Although the barber was itching to broadcast what he had seen, he hadn't the nerve to betray his master. Unable, however, to keep the secret all to himself, he slipped away, dug a hole in the ground, and whispered inside it, "King Midas has ass's ears!" He then reshovelled the soil in the empty hole, to bury all trace of his words, and quietly vanished. But soon a close-packed cluster of quivering reeds began to grow on the spot and, after a year of ripening, gave the barber away. In the breeze from the south, they would rustle and whistle the buried words, "King Midas has ass's ears!"



One late evening Nasreddin found himself walking home. It was only a very short way and upon arrival he can be seen to be upset about something. Alas, just then a young man comes along and sees the Mullah's distress.

"Mullah, pray tell me: What is wrong?"

"Ah, my friend, I seem to have lost my keys. Would you help me search them? I know I had them when I left the tea house."

So, he helps Nasreddin with the search for the keys. For quite a while the man is searching here and there but no keys are to be found. He looks over to Nasreddin and finds him searching only a small area around a street lamp.

"Mullah, why are you only searching there?"

"Why would I search where there is no light?"

Eyes Made of Crystal? - Trilobites are Bizarre

17



Go see if Eons is for you: <http://www.youtube.com/eons> Other cool things about Trilobites People have been collecting them for at least tens of thousands of years, as they've been found in Native American burial mounds. One tribe has a name for them that means "Little water bug in a stone house."

Source: [Eyes Made of Crystal? - Trilobites are Bizarre](#)

Added by Bryce Wilner

There are a bunch of reasons trilobites were probably so successful—their strong exoskeletons, their jointed legs—but they also had the first complex eyes. Some of them had thousands of individual lenses, and the lenses are made of calcite; they're a crystal. The trilobite grew crystals in its eyes.

Our eye lenses can flex and change size so if I look at something close up and focus on it and then look at something far away, I focus on that. The lenses in my eyes are actually changing shape. If your lens is made of rock, that's hard to do. You also end up with a problem that astronomers had in the seventeenth century, which is that you get weird distortions unless you use very specific lens shapes.

In the sixteen-hundreds, [Christiaan Huygens and René Descartes] came up with two different lens shapes that

helped to fix this problem. [...] These lens shapes allowed for objects to be in focus when they were pretty close up or pretty far away, and also got rid of some of that lens distortion. It took humans 300 million years to catch up with trilobite evolution.

“Eyes Made of Crystal?”, YouTube video posted in 2017.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VZLsblAxmMA>

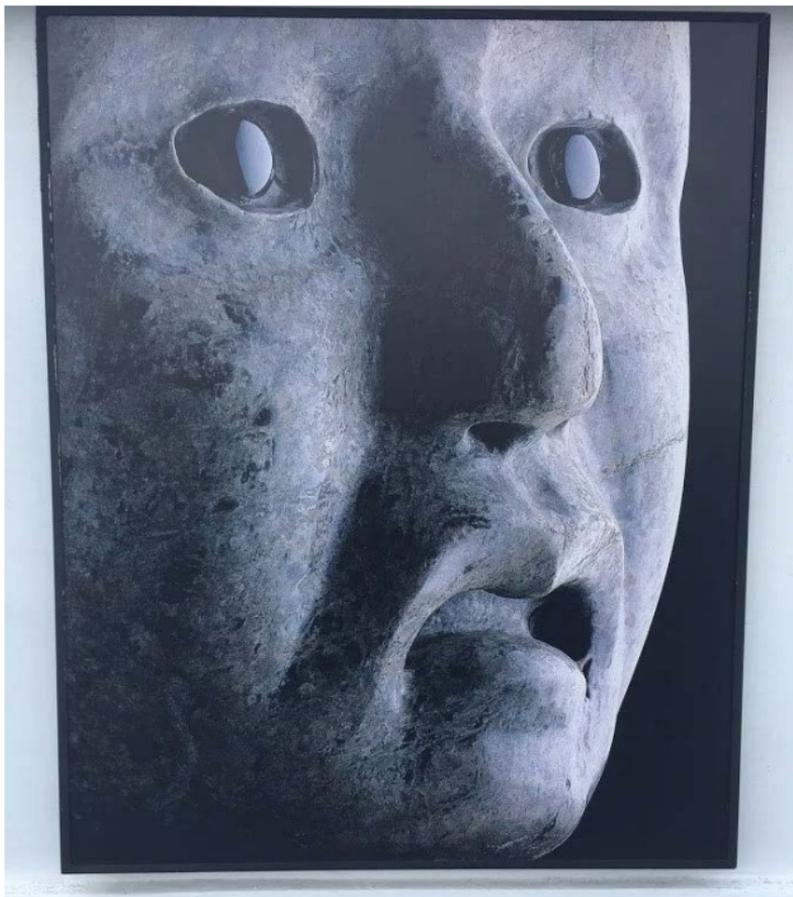
Added by Bryce Wilner

20 The Story of Narcissus

Imagine the scene as a large painting on the wall. There's Narcissus, sitting by the pool, head tilted downwards, arm idly twirling the water, his mind lost in daydreams. Around him are the trees, the grass, the sky. Nemesis is behind him, arms crossed, watching the punishment....

You thought nemesis meant enemy, you thought it meant the person who always opposes you, the one you struggle most against. A person who is something like you, but the opposite.

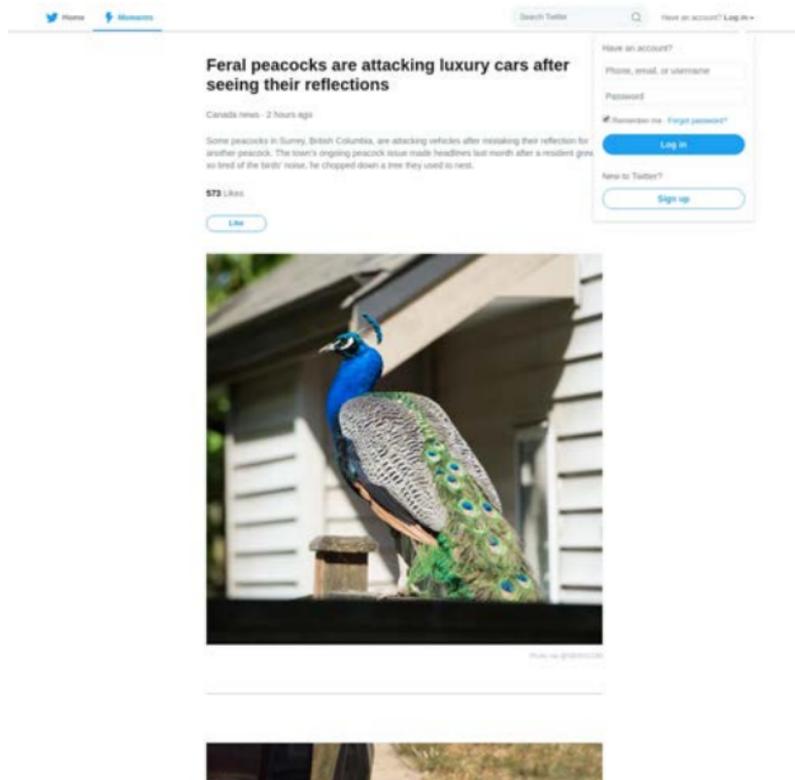
But all of those explanations are your lies working to hide the truth: a nemesis is the one who makes you fall in love with yourself. Without Nemesis, there'd be no story of Narcissus. Without your nemesis, you don't have a story.



Source: img_3658-e1510601334306.jpg (681×783)

Added by Suspended Reason

22 Feral peacocks are attacking luxury cars after seeing their reflections



The image is a screenshot of a Twitter post. At the top, there are navigation links for 'Home' and 'Moments', a search bar, and a 'Have an account? Log in' link. The tweet title is 'Feral peacocks are attacking luxury cars after seeing their reflections'. Below the title, it says 'Canada news · 2 hours ago'. The text of the tweet reads: 'Some peacocks in Surrey, British Columbia, are attacking vehicles after mistaking their reflection for another peacock. The town's ongoing peacock issue made headlines last month after a resident grew so tired of the birds' noise, he chopped down a tree they used to nest.' Below the text, it shows '572 likes' and a 'Like' button. To the right of the tweet is a login/sign-up form with fields for 'Phone, email, or username' and 'Password', a 'Remember me · Forgot password?' checkbox, a 'Log in' button, and a 'Sign up' button. Below the tweet text is a large image of a peacock standing on a wooden post in front of a house with white siding. Below this image is a smaller, partially visible image of another peacock.

Some peacocks in Surrey, British Columbia, are attacking vehicles after mistaking their reflection for another peacock. The town's ongoing peacock issue made headlines last month after a resident grew so tired of the birds' noise, he chopped down a tree they used to nest.

Source: [Feral peacocks are attacking luxury cars after seeing their reflections](#)

Added by Bryce Wilner

Write a work
gazing into a
mirror without
using the
pronoun I.

Bernadette Mayer's Writing Experiments

http://writing.upenn.edu/library/Mayer-Bernadette_Experiments.html

Added by Bryce Wilner



User in the seminal *Prospecting* compares the written word to stars in a constellation, allowing different possible interpretations:

>We have seen that... the impressions that arise as a result of [the reading] process will vary from individual to individual, but only within the limits imposed by the written as opposed to the unwritten text. In the same way, two people gazing at the night sky may both be looking at the same collection of stars, but one will see the image of a plough, and the other will make out a dipper. The “stars” in a literary text are fixed; the lines that join them are variable.

Because the positions of visible stars are arbitrary in relation to the shapes of real-world objects, they possess, like a generic text, an enormous amount of indeterminacy. As a result, we see a

high level of variation in the types of constellations drawn up by different cultures. The Chinese and Greek constellation maps, for example, look entirely different: in the north-right quadrant of the sky, which the Greeks identified as Big Bear, the Chinese instead saw as a Mediator's Court, the Three Steps, and the Honorable Old Man.

<https://suspendedreason.com/2016/07/08/generic-fit/>

The one thing, however, I think that does need to be pointed out to people when they're talking about interactive art and the notion of something being interactive. The amount of energy that you spend, for instance, to get yourself together to go to a gallery and walk around the gallery from picture to picture is much more than the amount of energy that you spend to click from image to image on a computer screen. So that the energy that you put out to be interactive with classical texts--they are much more interactive--is greater because you have to do things to get to them that involve you in a much larger way than the way you interact with something on a computer screen.

All texts, in a sense, are hypertext. You come to a word you don't understand, so you look it up in the dictionary. You read a passage and you stop and you think about another book; you may even

put it down and go get another book off your bookshelf and read something about something else. Texts are not linear. Texts are multiple and for anybody who really reads and enjoys reading, it is an interactive process.

What hypertext and the interactive material do is make that a much less energy-intensive process; as such, on the absolute scale, they are less interactive than the ones we've got now because in order to interact with the ones you've got now, you have to put out more energy. Now I think something is gained by having the interactivity require less energy. It becomes a medium in itself that's interestingly exploitable.

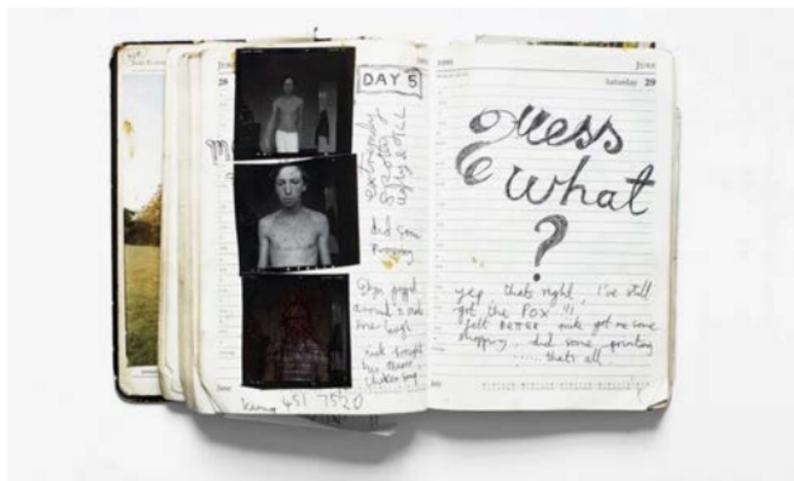
But not only do you limit the amount of interactivity, you also limit the places you can go. So the interactive text is not an expansion of what we've got now; it's a delimitation of what we've got now. If you read, as I was doing a couple of

days ago, Walter Pater's "Plato and Platonism," I stop every two pages or less and have to go read a section from Heidegger or read a section by Derrida where he's talking about Plato. "Is that where this idea came from? Oh! Why is he using this word 'parousia'? Didn't I see this word?"

Just bear in mind that the interactivity in the new different interactive art is less energy-intensive and there are less places that you go within it. It's fascinating, and it's lots of fun, but it's not more interactive than what we had before; it's less interactive.

http://web.mit.edu/m-i-t/science_fiction/transcripts/butler_delany_index.html

30 Nigel Shafran, work book



Mind projection fallacy

Start Highlighting

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The **mind projection fallacy** is an *informal fallacy* first described by physicist and Bayesian philosopher **E.T. Jaynes**. It occurs when someone thinks that the way they see the world reflects the way the world really is, going as far as assuming the real existence of imagined objects.^[1] That is, someone's subjective judgments are "projected" to be inherent properties of an object, rather than being related to personal perception. One consequence is that others may be assumed to share the same perception, or that they are irrational or misinformed if they do not.

A second form of the fallacy, as described by Jaynes,^[1] is when someone assumes that their own lack of knowledge about a phenomenon (which is a fact about their state of mind) means that the phenomenon is not or cannot be understood (a fact about reality). (See also *Map and territory*.)

Jaynes used this concept to argue against Copenhagen interpretation of quantum mechanics.^[2] He described the fallacy as follows:^[1]

[I]n studying probability theory, it was vaguely troubling to see reference to "gaussian random variables", or "stochastic processes", or "stationary time series", or "disorder", as if the property of being gaussian, random, stochastic, stationary, or disorderly is a real property, like the property of possessing mass or length, existing in Nature. Indeed, some seek to develop statistical tests to determine the presence of these properties in their data...

Once one has grasped the idea, one sees the Mind Projection Fallacy everywhere; what we have been taught as deep wisdom, is stripped of its pretensions and seen to be instead a foolish *non sequitur*. The error occurs in two complementary forms, which we might indicate thus: (A) (My own imagination) → (Real property of Nature), [or] (B) (My own ignorance) → (Nature is indeterminate)

32 Lyn Hejinian

We don't interpret the facts; instead, I think, the facts emerge from our interpretations and we foresuffer the past.

Hejinian, Lyn, *A Mask of Motion* (Providence: Burning Deck, 1977), p. 17.

<http://eclipsearchive.org/projects/MASK/html/pictures/019.html>

Added by Bryce Wilner

A fiction is a made thing that's recognized as such, and a fact is a made thing that is not recognized as such.

Hejinian, Lyn, *A Mask of Motion* (Providence: Burning Deck, 1977), p. 11.

<http://eclipsearchive.org/projects/MASK/html/pictures/013.html>

Added by Bryce Wilner

34 Carl Sagan



Sagan, Carl, *Cosmos: A Personal Voyage* (PBS, 1980).

Source: [Star Formation and Constellations](#)

Added by Bryce Wilner

Long ago, before we had figured out that the stars were distant suns, they seemed to us to make pictures in the sky. Just follow the dots. The constellation called the Big Dipper today in North America has had many other incarnations. Every culture, ancient and modern, has placed its totems and concerns among the stars. From a Chinese bureaucrat to a German wagon.

But *very* ancient culture would have seen different constellations because the stars move with respect to one another. We can give a computer the present three-dimensional positions and motions of the nearby stars, and then run the patterns back into time. Every constellation is a single frame in a cosmic movie, but because our lives are so short, because the star patterns change so slowly, we tend not to notice it's a movie.

Sagan, Carl, *Cosmos: A Personal Voyage* (PBS, 1980).

<https://youtu.be/owAWld2M-Is>

36 email intervention

From: Nicole Kaack

[nicole_kaack@moma.org]

Content-Type: text/plain

Date: Fri, 6 Jul 2018 22:11:43

Subject: Possible orientations

To: suspendedreason@gmail.com

X-Mailer: iPhone Mail (15E302)

performance:

dance (psychological relations through motion of body)

theater (dance / gesture accumulating to narrative)

sculpture (isolation of form / movement / position)

sculpture:dance::photo:film

Added by Suspended Reason



Photo of unknown sculpture mold, taken at Athens modern art museum

Added by Suspended Reason

38 Sarah Rara



sarah rara

@sarahraraspeaks

Following

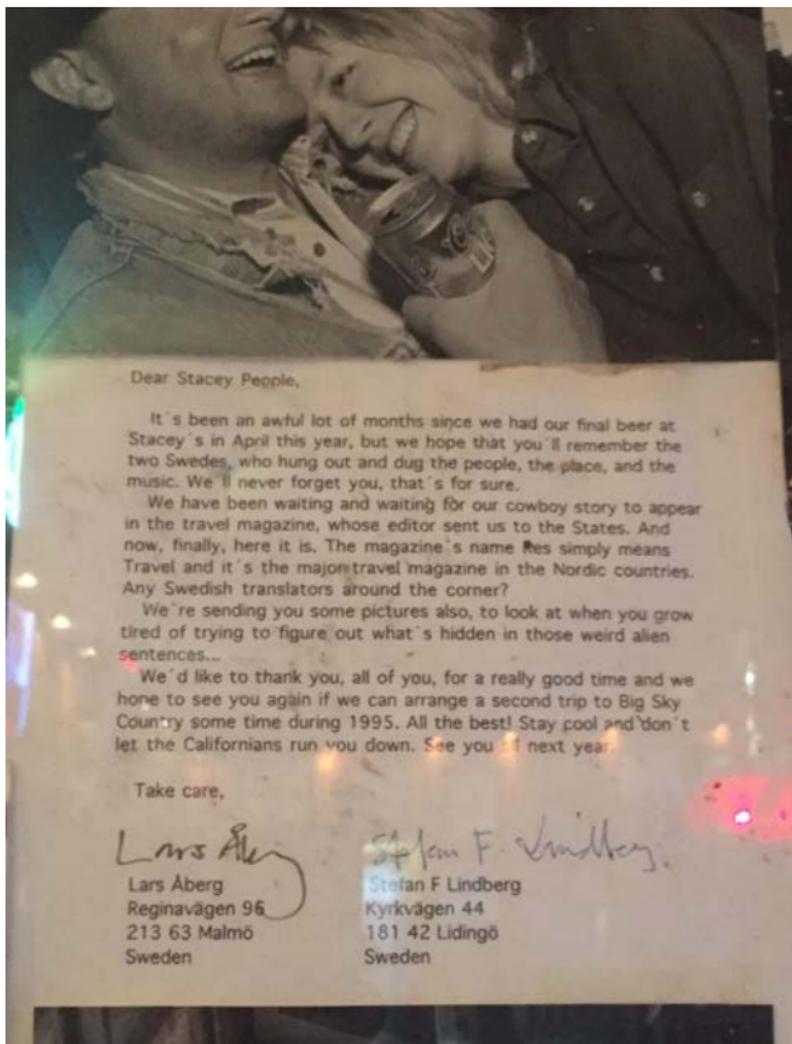


an email artist's retrospective

6:59 PM - 2 Oct 2014

<https://twitter.com/sarahraraspeaks/status/517826327177474048>

Added by Bryce Wilner



40 Chris Kraus on the email correspondence of Acker, Wark

As [Kathy Acker would] write at the height of her correspondence with [Ken] Wark, fearing their friendship might take a turn in that direction: “So. Regarding het shit. These games. To me, top/bottom is just stuff that happens in bed. Who fistfucks whom. Outside the bed, I do my work and you do yours. I fucking hate power games outside the bed and have no interest in playing them.”

Neither of them expected their correspondence to lead to a relationship in a shared time/space future. But emailing sometimes six times a day, the leisurely self-revelation attained through an exchange of tastes and ideas that defines traditional courtship occurs almost instantly. They engage in a gentle-edged play toward intimacy...

https://www.believermag.com/issues/201409/?read=article_kraus

I'm sitting in a Loretta-Youngish bedroom, my bare toes linked in ringlets of angora, gazing at the Atlantic over the space bar of a mighty typewriter that is equipped with fully integrated circuits and pigskin keys. The machine, so rapid that inscription precedes thought, was delivered at my request for "a" typewriter. I used it for my map notes. But I changed to the seriousness of ink to address you. Deep sentiments flow more readily from a pen than from the most responsive keyboard, the McCaltex longhand block notwithstanding.

42 Bernadette Mayer

Other journal ideas:

- * Write once a day in minute detail about one thing
- * Write every day at the same time, e.g. lunch poems, waking ideas, etc.
- * Write minimally: one line or sentence per day
- * Create a collaborative journal: musical notation and poetry; two writers alternating days; two writing about the same subject each day, etc.
- * Instead of using a book, write on paper and put it up on the wall (public journal).
- * and so on ...

From "Bernadette Mayer's List of Journal Ideas"

http://writing.upenn.edu/library/Mayer-Bernadette_Experiments.html

Added by Bryce Wilner

44 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kJzD8QtIYy0>

The first time I touched a girl's chest I was 15 years old, and she was called Emma, and it was on a beach in North Wales. This isn't Emma, this is a picture I found on the internet, and I wasn't searching for girls on the internet I was searching for pteropods, and this is a photograph of pteropods, she wasn't wearing a bra. "Now, try this new way to accent your figure. Cross your heart, see? You're suddenly shapelier. Well, that's what this new Playtex fashion magic cotton bra does. It crosses your heart with stretch to lift and separate."

It raised one arm, displaying ugly, lumpy, mottled flesh perhaps six inches beneath the arm.

“Does it hurt?”

“No. There isn’t a word in English for the way it makes me feel. The closest would be . . . sexually aroused.”

She stepped away from it, alarmed.

“Thank you for coming back.”

She nodded. “You’re not supposed to feel aroused with just me here.”

“I’m becoming sexually mature. I’ll feel this way from time to time as my body changes even though I don’t yet have the organs I would use in sex. It’s a little like feeling an amputated limb as though it were still there. I’ve heard humans do that.”

“I’ve heard that we do, too, but—”

“I would feel aroused if I were alone. You don’t make me feel it any more than I would if I were alone. Yet your presence helps me.” It drew its head and body tentacles into knots. “Give me something else to eat.”

They get real pleasure from healing or regenerating, and they share that pleasure with us. They weren't as good at repairs before they found us.

Regeneration was limited to wound healing. Now they can grow you a new leg if you lose one. They can even regenerate brain and nervous tissue.

They learned that from us, believe it or not. We had the ability, and they knew how to use it. They learned by studying our cancers, of all things. It was cancer that made Humanity such a valuable [genetic] trade partner.



Extruder (#1), 2017

<http://juliaphillips.org/works/extruder-1/>

Added by Bryce Wilner

48 phantom limb mirror treatment



Source: [medium_mirror_box_01.jpg](#)

Added by Suspended Reason



50 anonymous transcript

[SP] 1:22am

I feel like as soon as there's good aesthetic human genetic engineering we will learn a lot about frequency-dependent selection and which parts of beauty get exhausted like I see the first generation of that having "easy" beauty features that will quickly seem tack.

[HT] 1:27am i like the idea of people's flesh parts aging in a revolting way by contrast with their sleek cyberpunk attachments

or not being able to afford upgrades, so you've got the equivalent of a 90's pc attached to your body

Bruegel, Landscape w the Fall of Icarus

51



52 MIT Wearable Computing Project, 1990s



<https://twitter.com/andreysitnik/status/964046910230355968/photo/1>

Added by Bryce Wilner

Immersive virtual reality can simulate an environment in which your perceptual processes no longer connect with your body as you think you know it. Instead, you may appear to your own eyes, ears and limbs as a monkey, or a triangle, or whatever. And when you move parts of your human body to affect what appears to be your body in a virtual reality simulation, your brain begins to adapt different patterns.

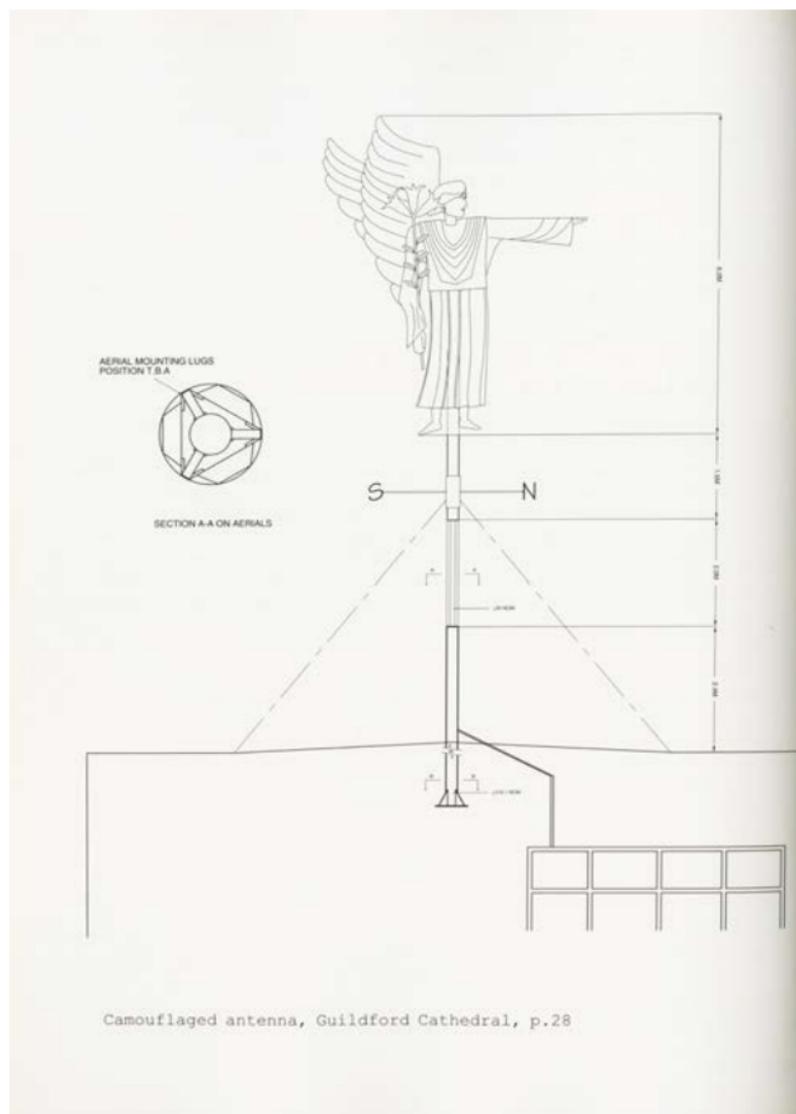
Lanier calls virtual reality a “consciousness-noticing machine.” He believes it holds the promise of a new, and fundamentally different mode of post-symbolic communication—a revelatory, LIVED experience of non-duality: *I no longer think therefore I am. I just AM, I think.* And you’re correct in already thinking that his model for this is the cephalopod.

Keefer, Angie, “An Octopus in Plan View”, *Bulletins of the Serving Library #1* (New York and Liverpool: The Serving Library, 2011), p. 37.

<http://www.servinglibrary.org/journal/1/an-octopus-in-plan-view>

Added by Bryce Wilner

54 Anthony Dunne and Fiona Raby



Dunne, Anthony and Raby, Fiona, *Design Noir: The Secret Life of Electronic Objects* (Basel: Birkhäuser, 2001), p. 30.

Added by Bryce Wilner

To compress the history of observations so far, the compressor (say, a predictive neural network) will automatically create internal representations or symbols (for example, patterns across certain neural feature detectors) for things that frequently repeat themselves... There is one thing that is involved in all actions and sensory inputs of the agent, namely, the agent itself. To efficiently encode the entire data history, it will profit from creating some sort of internal symbol or code (e. g., a neural activity pattern) representing the agent itself. Whenever this representation is actively used, say, by activating the corresponding neurons through new incoming sensory inputs or otherwise, the agent could be called self-aware or conscious.

<https://arxiv.org/pdf/0812.4360.pdf>

56 555 Spadina Road, TO (Robin Collyer, Cabinet Magazine)



Stealth station

Added by Suspended Reason

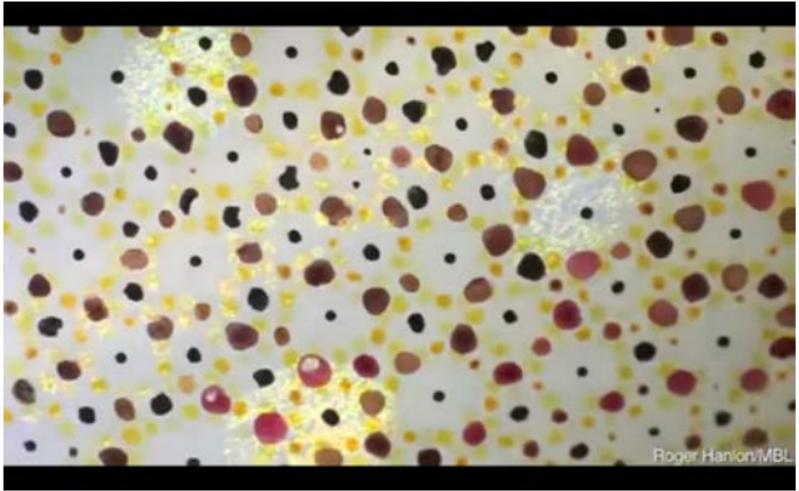
“During the 1950s and 1960s the Hydro-Electric public utilities in the metropolitan region of Toronto built structures known as ‘Bungalow-Style Substations.’ These stations, which have transforming and switching functions, were constructed in a manner that mimics the style and character of the different neighborhoods.” (Robin Collyer, Cabinet Magazine)

58 Chromatophores in squid skin



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eS-USrwuUfA>

Added by Bryce Wilner



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eS-USrwuUfA>

Added by Bryce Wilner

Camouflage using chromatophores is particularly impressive because chromatophore pigments are typically only red, yellow, or brown. Yet there are certainly other colors that need to be mimicked but which cannot be made by combining "pixels" of just those three. However, these three colors are particularly useful at the depths wherein many camouflaging cephalopods live.

Gilmore, Ryan, "Cephalopod Camouflage: Cells and Organs of the Skin", *Nature* (2016).

<https://www.nature.com/scitable/topicpage/cephalopod-camouflage-cells-and-organs-of-the-144048968>

The city had converted an elevated length of abandoned railway spur into an aerial greenway and the agent and I were walking south along it in the unseasonable warmth after an outrageously expensive celebratory meal in Chelsea that included baby octopuses the chef had literally massaged to death. We had ingested the impossibly tender things entire, the first intact head I had ever consumed, let alone of an animal that decorates its lair, has been observed at complicated play. We walked south among the dimly gleaming disused rails and carefully placed stands of sumac and smoke bush until we reached that part of the High Line where a cut has been made into the deck and wooden steps descend several layers below the structure; the lowest level is fitted with upright windows overlooking Tenth Avenue to form a kind of amphitheatre

where you can sit and watch the traffic. We sat and watched the traffic and I am kidding and I am not kidding when I say that I intuited an alien intelligence, felt subject to a succession of images, sensations, memories, and affects that did not, properly speaking, belong to me: the ability to perceive polarized light; a conflation of taste and touch as salt was rubbed into the suction cups; a terror localized in my extremities, bypassing the brain completely.

The bird thinks it is an act of kindness to
give the fish a lift in the air.

64 Harry Mathews

Its hidden cargoes guessed at—perhaps
Samian wine (mad-making!) —or fresh
basil

Gently crushed by its own slight weight,
reviving memories of delights once
stumbled on as a boy,

Delights often wreathed with necessary
pain, like the stout unforgiving thorns
That tear shirt and skin as we stretch for
ripe blackberries, to be gulped down
fast,

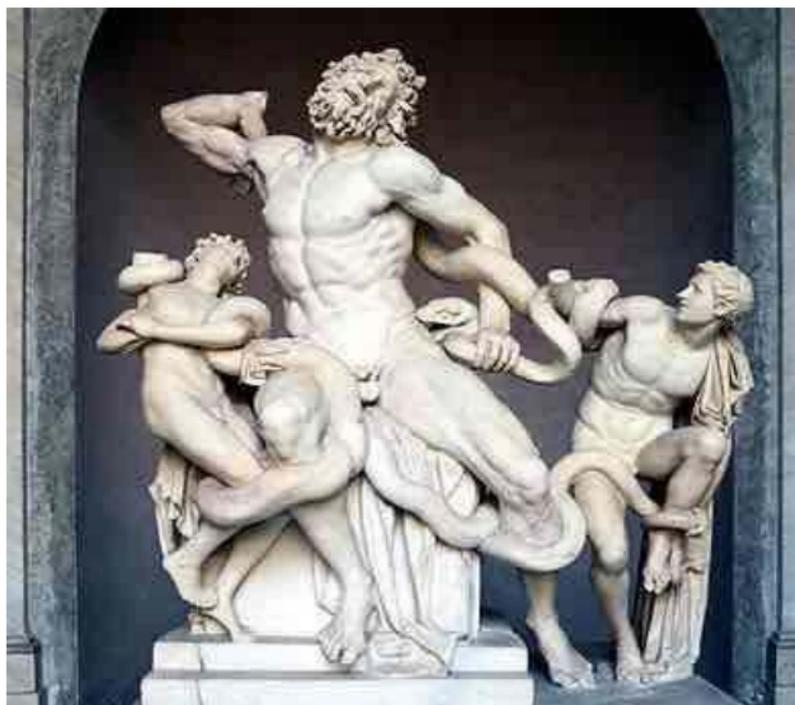
Sweeter than butter and marmalade,
quenching our thirst better than sucked
ice,

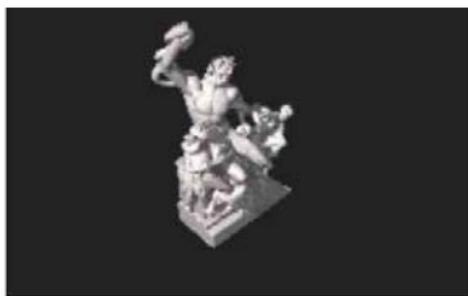
Making us almost drunk as we shriek
with false contempt at each benighted
ump

Who decides against our teams.

Mathews, Harry, "Cool gales shall fan the glades" (excerpt)
(2014).

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/poems/56986/cool-gales-shall-fan-the-glades>





3-D model (click to rotate)

The group has been called "the prototypical icon of human agony" in Western art,^[4] and unlike the agony often depicted in Christian art showing the [Passion of Jesus](#) and [martyrs](#), this suffering has no redemptive power or reward.^[5] The suffering is shown through the contorted expressions of the faces ([Charles Darwin](#) pointed out that Laocoön's bulging eyebrows are physiologically impossible),^[6] which are matched by the struggling bodies, especially that of Laocoön himself, with every part of his body straining.^[7]

Everything is melting in nature. We think we see objects, but our eyes are slow and partial. Nature is blooming and withering in long puffy respirations, rising and falling in oceanic wave-motion. A mind that opened itself fully to nature without sentimental preconception would be glutted by nature's coarse materialism, its relentless superfluity. An apple tree laden with fruit: how peaceful, how picturesque. But remove the rosy filter of humanism from our gaze and look again. See nature spuming and frothing, its mad spermatic bubbles endlessly spilling out and smashing in that inhuman round of waste, rot, and carnage. From the jammed glassy cells of sea roe to the feathery spores poured into the air from bursting green pods, nature is a festering hornet's nest of aggression and overkill.

This is what I like most of all in flowers: paradoxically, their endurance. The impression they give of a power in time, disseminated in space. Their seed-bomb aspect. The movement toward the future this includes and brings to mind. The bomb-about-to-go-off side of them, the awareness of their power, of their seed-charge. This, glorious and touching, frail and disarming all at once. The ephemeral bubble aspect, the fireworks of generosity, specific or familial, volleys of possibility, promises of generation...

Francis Ponge, "Asparagus," *Vegetation* (1988) (New York: Red Dust, 1995), pp.12–13.

Added by Bryce Wilner

I don't know what it is about fecundity that so appalls. I suppose it is the teeming evidence that birth and growth, which we value, are ubiquitous and blind, that life itself is so astonishingly cheap, that nature is as careless as it is beautiful, and the with extravagance goes a crushing waste that will one day include our own cheap lives, Henle's loops and all. Every glistening egg is a memento mori.

After a natural disaster such as a flood, nature "stages a comeback." People use the optimistic expression without any real idea of the pressures and waste the comeback involves. Now, in late June, things are popping outside. Creatures extrude or vent eggs; larvae fatten, split their shells, and eat them; spores dissolve or explode; root hairs multiply, corn puffs on the stalk, grass yields seed, shoots erupt from the earth turgid and sheathed; wet muskrats, rabbits,

and squirrels slide into the sunlight,
mewling and blind; and everywhere
watery cells divide and swell, swell and
divide. I can like it and call it birth and
regeneration, or I can play the devil's
advocate and call it rank fecundity—and
say that it's hell that's a-poppin'.

Current-borne, wave-flung, tugged hugely by the whole might of ocean, the jellyfish drifts in the tidal abyss. The light shines through it, and the dark enters it. Borne, flung, tugged from anywhere to anywhere, for in the deep sea there is no compass but nearer and farther, higher and lower, the jellyfish hangs and sways; pulses move slight and quick within it, as the vast diurnal pulses beat in the moon-driven sea. Hanging, swaying, pulsing, the most vulnerable and insubstantial creature, it has for its defense the violence and power of the whole ocean, to which it has entrusted its being, its going, and its will.

Le Guin, Ursula K., *The Lathe of Heaven* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971), p. 1.

Source: [A549B39E-7E18-423A-A9E0-CB981216140C.jpg](#)

Added by Bryce Wilner

72 NYT, Balinese newborns

...a prevalent and ancient [Balinese] custom... says an infant's feet should not touch the ground for the first 105 days after birth. The practice derives from a belief that newborns are still close to the sacred realm from which they came and therefore deserve to be treated with veneration. Belief in reincarnation is widespread in Bali, where most people practice a local form of Hinduism. A child's birth is seen as the rebirth of a deceased relative, with ancestors returning as their own descendants.

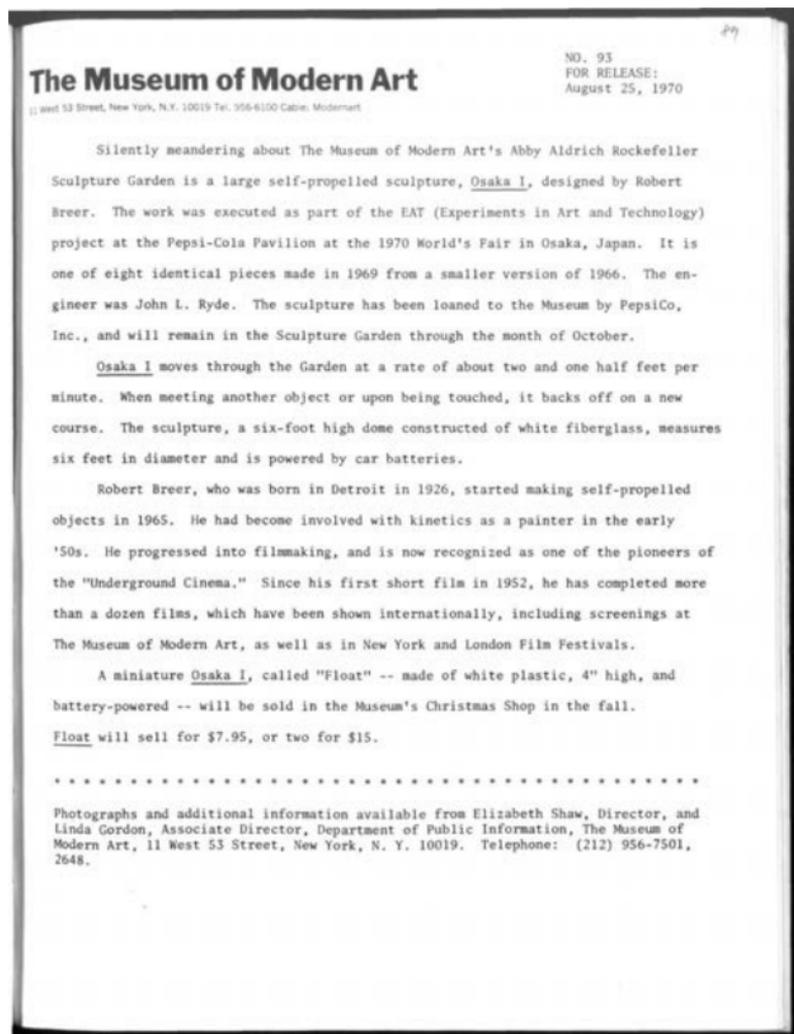
<https://www.nytimes.com/2017/02/18/world/asia/bali-indonesia-babies-nyambutin.html>



Osaka I, 1970–1

<https://www.moma.org/calendar/exhibitions/2683>

Added by Bryce Wilner



MoMA press release announcing the installment of Robert Breer's *Osaka I* in the MoMA Sculpture Garden (1970).

Source: https://www.moma.org/documents/moma_press-release_326700.pdf

Added by Bryce Wilner

Breer was really interested in the perception of movement, whether as an image or as an object, and how that was perceived by your eye. [*Osaka I*] is moving very slowly, and it's part of a series of slow-moving sculptures he started to make in the late 1960s that he called "floats".

Michelle Kuo on Robert Breer's *Osaka I* (1970–1).

<https://www.facebook.com/MuseumofModernArt/videos/10157530812372281/>

Added by Bryce Wilner

76 Caspar David Friedrich: Sea of Ice



ARTFORUM

78 Diller Scofidio: Blur



Qivittoq is a Greenlandic figurative figure, mentioned in many ancient stories and narratives.

The word means "mountain passages", and according to the stories one can become qivittoq if shame, anger or jealousy leaves the community in which you live, and go up in the mountains to settle there alone. After a while, one can overcome the supernatural powers that prevail in the mountains and pose a great danger to the society left. People who may be in the same mountain areas must also take care of the qivittoq. The Qivittoqs were previously very dreaded beings, also in the Greenlanders' everyday life.

If you choose to leave your community to live in the mountains in this way, it is called "to go qivittoq" .

from the Icelandic Wikipedia entry, translated into Engl.

<https://no.wikipedia.org/wiki/Qivittoq>

Added by Suspended Reason

80 Andrei Tarkovsky



"A Message to Young People from Andrei Tarkovsky", n.d.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_Vvdtaaprzw

Added by Bryce Wilner

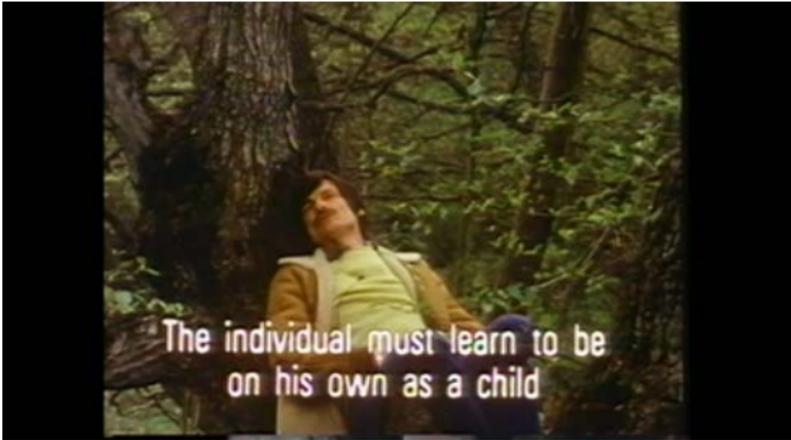


"A Message to Young People from Andrei Tarkovsky", n.d.

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Added by Bryce Wilner

82 Andrei Tarkovsky



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Added by Bryce Wilner

84 Andrei Tarkovsky



"A Message to Young People from Andrei Tarkovsky", n.d.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_Vvdtaaprzw

Added by Bryce Wilner



<http://igorpjorrt.tumblr.com/>

Added by Suspended Reason



<https://www.flickr.com/photos/insideman/>

Added by Suspended Reason

Is any light so proudly thrust
From darkness on our lifted faces
A sign of something we can trust,
Or is it that in starry places
We see the things we long to see
In fiery iconography?

Rich, Adrienne, excerpt from "For the Conjunction of Two Planets" [2002], *Collected Poems 1950–2012* (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 2016), p. 39.

Added by Bryce Wilner

88 Sylvia Plimack Mangold



Ruler Reflection, 1977

<https://brooklynrail.org/2009/12/art/sylvia-plimack-mangold-with-john-yau>

Added by Bryce Wilner

the fire is roaring.

A Firelit Room

the room is hot.

stoke fire





92 Elizabeth Bishop

and coming out of the brownstone house
to the gray sidewalk, the watered street,
one side of the buildings rises with the sun
like a glistening field of wheat.

Bishop, Elizabeth, excerpt from "Letter to N.Y." [1955], *The Complete Poems 1927–1979* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1983), p. 80.

Added by Bryce Wilner

A new city never appears bigger or more confusing than on the day one encounters it.

94 Samuel R. Delany

It's not the season that changes. It's us.
The whole city shifts, turns, rearranges
itself. All the time. And rearranges us...

Delany, Samuel R., *Dhalgren* 1974, p. 36.

Added by Bryce Wilner



96 Agnes Denes, Wheatfield



Source: [Friday Dispatch: Agnes Denes at firstsite, Colchester and The Psychotropic House at Guest Projects, London - Contemporary Art Society](#)

Added by Suspended Reason



Source: [137-copie-1024x819.jpg_\(1024x819\)](#)

Added by Suspended Reason

That zero panorama [of New Jersey] seemed to contain *ruins in reverse*, that is—all the new construction that would eventually be built. This is the opposite of the “romantic ruin” because the buildings don’t *fall* into ruin *after* they are built but rather *rise* into ruin *before* they are built. This anti-romantic *mise-en-scene* suggests the discredited idea of *time* and many other “out of date” things.

Smithson, Robert, “Monuments of Passaic: Has Passaic Replaced Rome as the Eternal City?”, *Artforum*, December 1967.



Kader Attia, *Untitled (Skyline)*, 2007. Fridges painted and covered with small mirrors; overall dimensions variable.

<https://mcachicago.org/Exhibitions/2012/Skyscraper-Art-And-Architecture-Against-Gravity>

Added by Bryce Wilner

100 Joel Dean



The table is set, so now eat, 2016.

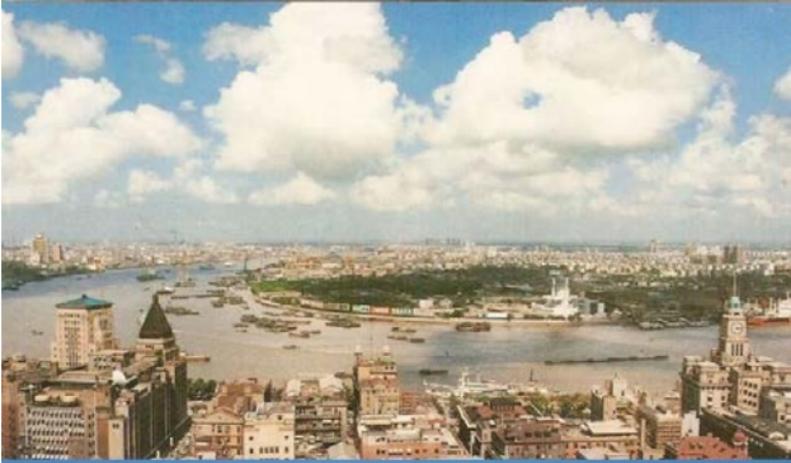
<http://artviewer.org/joel-dean-at-species/>

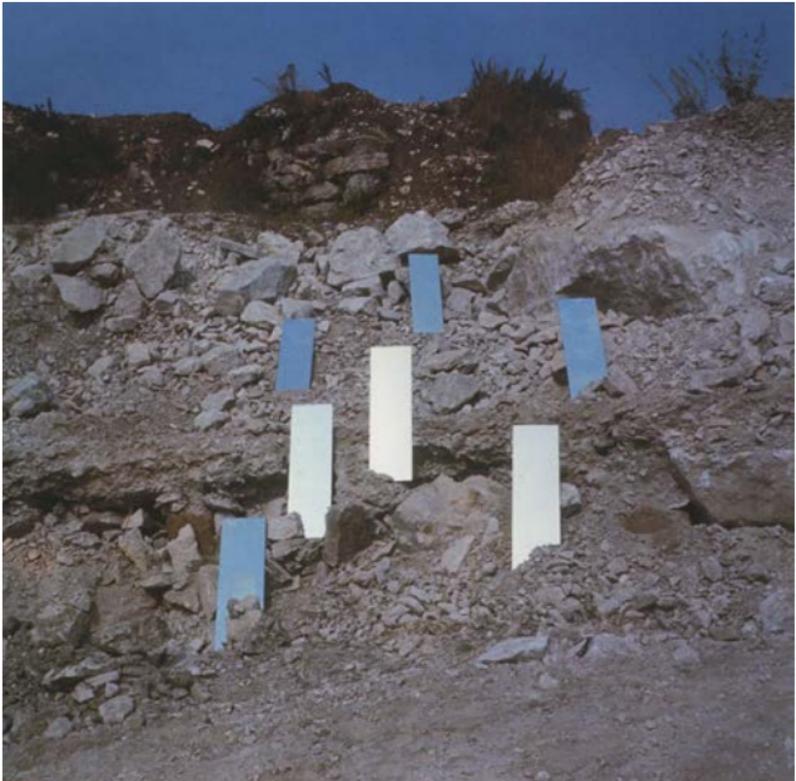
Added by Bryce Wilner

At the time Rochfort built the Jealous Wall, the fashion for false ruins, or “ruin follies,” was spreading all over Europe. Everywhere, the aristocracy was building ruins from scratch or ruining their existing buildings to create dramatic and picturesque effects. In 1836, one English landowner at Scotney Castle in Kent went so far as to move out of his beloved country home, an opulent Elizabethan mansion with a great hall and oak staircase, and build a new house for himself at the top of a nearby hill. He then smashed the stones of his old country house and blew several picturesque holes in its walls.

<https://www.theatlantic.com/science/archive/2018/04/fake-ruins-europe-trend/558293/>

102 Shanghai, 1990 vs. 2010





Also/alternatively: https://i0.wp.com/www.guggenheim.org/wp-content/uploads/1969/01/99.5269_ph_web-1.jpg

Source: [mirror-displacement-vertical-on-rocky-bank.jpg](#)

Added by Suspended Reason

A version of an oft-told ancient Greek story concerns a contest between two renowned painters. Zeuxis (born around 464 BC) produced a still life painting so convincing that birds flew down to peck at the painted grapes. A rival, Parrhasius, asked Zeuxis to judge one of his paintings that was behind a pair of tattered curtains in his study. Parrhasius asked Zeuxis to pull back the curtains, but when Zeuxis tried, he could not, as the curtains were included in Parrhasius's painting—making Parrhasius the winner.



April, 1954: picnickers at the base of the Windsor Ruins.

Added by Suspended Reason

106 Ed Halter, the Centaur and the Hummingbird

A little over forty years ago, Harold Rosenberg observed that contemporary painting and sculpture had transmogrified into what he called “a species of centaur— half art materials, half words,” a hybrid form in sharp contrast to the visual purity of the previous decade’s central artistic movement, Abstract Expressionism... Today, gallery spaces of the early twenty-first century remain populated by Rosenberg’s word-object centaurs. Once pressed into battle against the primacy of painting and sculpture, they have evolved into less warlike beasts, a menagerie of possibilities roaming through the expanded field. Like figures from Ovid, they exist frozen in midtransformation from one state to the next.

from Mass Effect

Added by Suspended Reason



Source: [large Untitled Black Earth Series.jpg_\(1200×1455\)](#)

Added by Suspended Reason

Somewhere I read that relations between sounds and objects, feelings and thoughts, develop by association; language attaches to and envelopes its referent without destroying or changing it—the way a cobweb catches a fly.

'Come, my friends!' I said. 'Let us go! At last Mythology and the mystic cult of the ideal have been left behind. We are going to be present at the birth of the centaur and we shall soon see the first angels fly! We must break down the gates of life to test the bolts and the padlocks! Let us go!'

https://www.societyforasianart.org/sites/default/files/manifesto_futurista.pdf

110 Lyn Hejinian

If words matched their things we'd be
imprisoned within walls of symmetry.

Hejinian, Lyn, *My Life and My Life in the Nineties* 1980, p. 55.

Added by Bryce Wilner



Self-portrait in CD, 2008

<http://shareyoursorrow.tumblr.com/>

Added by Bryce Wilner

