

esoteric concussions

Terminal Project

By

Rachel A. Widomski

University of Oregon

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Terminal Project Committee:

Christopher Michlig - Chair

Euan Macdonald

Ron Jude

The cacophony of the city, muffled by our earbuds, becomes distracted by the aim of arriving rather than being attuned to the moment. We traverse illusions in everyday experience, oblivious to the sounds our bodies produce as they move over the earth. Noise drowns out the exploration of the ambient. Noise *is* ambient.

Boredom is underrated. I value the immanent life, the one that exists veiled by our quotidian experiences—esoteric concussions that reverberate in a hidden yet expansive milieu. I can't help but frame or reenact these events to attempt to reveal their often overlooked inner forces.

If art were language my work would be the subjunctive—a state unassociated and unconstrained to a location or person. It operates within the unresolved terms of the infinite—moving through experience with the endless interaction of opposing ideas. Ultimately my aim lies in the potential to transform familiar objects and events by shifting its recognition vis-à-vis perception.

I drift in the amorphous combination of ‘potentiality’ and ‘impotentiality’—inviting a viewer to pause with an altered experience of something familiar, exposing the ambient and transforming expectations of daily life.

Observation into daily life is foremost in my practice. I seek and embrace the interruptions of time, to capture and show these often overlooked moments to the viewer. My work aims for a suspension of experience, shared when a viewer's perspective meets my own. I work with video, drawing, collage, painting, photography and installation as way to rupture the spatial and temporal conventions of daily life—utilizing material from the quotidian as an act of resistance to fracture its intended purpose, and re-present it in an abstracted state.

“...the work of art gains aesthetic validity precisely in proportion to the number of different perspectives from which it can be viewed.”

-Umberto Eco, *The Open Work*, 1989

unabridged observations

“All is impermanent. And what is the all that is impermanent? The eye is impermanent, visual objects ... eye-consciousness ... eye contact ... whatever is felt as pleasant or unpleasant or neither - unpleasant-nor-pleasant, born of eye-contact is impermanent.”¹

Our daily experience is transient—attempts to constrain time are futile for it passes continually, absent of our awareness. Simultaneously what is, will be and has been. A submission to perceive control of time and language creates opportunity for another experience of daily consciousness. In Buddhism impermanence is a practice of heightened awareness which acknowledges that all things lack a fixed nature, essence or self.² Not only is our perception of time in flux, but also the language attached to environments, experience and objects. The expected outcome or definition is not pre-determined even at the time of consumption. We possess the power to alter our interaction with daily events.

Impermanence permeates my practice. By capturing fleeting happenings and representing them in an altered location I invite the viewer to reside in the flux of perception of the expected. My interest in the banality of the everyday is rooted in continually striving for an

1. SN, 35.43/vol.iv, 28, quoted in “Impermanence,” *Wikipedia*, accessed April 2, 2016, <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Impermanence>.

2. “Impermanence,” *Wikipedia*, *Ibid*.

alternate experience with given surroundings.³ This investigation is democratic, as my individual experience is merely a part of the the larger collective. By establishing a common entrance point, through utilization of familiar objects or everyday happenings, I open a door to reassess an experience with what I have presented.

The moment when two perspectives meet is when the art comes into being. The work remains alive, nourished by the various possibilities for interpretation. In re-evaluating the language and expected perceptions, a fracture occurs, allowing new and alternate experiences.

(...)

3. The material of the 'everyday' is a consistent theme in contemporary art. Various artists including Fluxus artists, Marcel Duchamp, and Gabriel Orozco use the quotidian as material. The intention is to re-evaluate the ambient environment, to call to attention the "potentiality and impotentiality" of all that creates our daily life.

“The past is never dead. It’s not even past.”

-William Faulkner, *Requiem for a Nun*, 1951

what is, will be and has been

I was only permitted to have 'healthy' food as a child so my morning bowl of cereal was a real bummer. My choices consisted of plain Cheerios or Rice Krispies (the suggestion of shredded wheat was just cruel). Cheerios were not horrible, they didn't get too soggy and I enjoyed the way the last few in the bowl were almost impossible to catch with my spoon. I imagined they were little life preservers; this was possibly influenced by *Honey I Shrunk the Kids*, a movie that was equally amazing and terrifying. The lingering idea of someone clinging to one of those floating Cheerios pretty much ruined the cereal for me. Furthermore, Rice Krispies were just better at their job. In my childhood that job was—how to hide sugar in everything I was eating. Sugar was under tight restraints but not stored far enough out of the reach of a fearless 5 year old ballerina with impeccable balance. Rice Krispies were perfect—they formed a sturdy floating layer on which camouflaged tablespoons of white sugar were supported (preventing the sugar from mixing with the milk, which equated a travesty). Aside from its job as a sugar barge this cereal provided a form of restraint in consumption. Rice Krispies, marketed on their snap-crackle-pop did just that—consistency in my solo morning routine. We had a large cherry wood grandfather clock in our dining room—the type that required winding with a tube like key that transferred energy to the long brass pendulum that loudly commanded—CLICK, *click*, CLICK, *click* with each passing second. ‘How long will it

last today I wondered?’ I would pour the milk onto the cereal and count—one, two, three, four...five six seven eight. For minutes I sat aligning my thoughts to the swing of the pendulum from a clock passed through generations, hearing the same clicks my great grandmother did when she sat near it years before. I was frozen, unable to consume the cereal until all the snaps, crackles, and pops stopped. I thought they were alive, awakened from a hibernating state by the application of milk. This was the only time they got to serve their purpose, a morning symphony created by their collapsing forms. Entranced I kept time like a metronome tapping my fingers on the wood table along to the clicks of the clock behind me. I had to let them finish their score.

(...)

“Time is the substance I am made of. Time is a river which sweeps me along, but I am the river; it is a tiger which destroys me, but I am the tiger; it is a fire which consumes me, but I am the fire.”

- Jorge Luis Borges, *Labyrinths: Selected Stories and Other Writings*, 1997

being - in - being

Tumbling, bouncing, twirling and stumbling atop a sea of fingertips she floated. Softly constrained in a cushioned bubble she drew an unknown path at the behest of the audience.⁴ The bubble engulfed her small frame, so large it served as carrier to the next anticipating hand. As she volleyed around the tent I eagerly longed for her approach. From afar she was a pink blob encased in a shiny sphere, her white face the only defining characteristic of human form.

Across from me a wave of hands stretched out to the sky to gently cradle her arrival, then quickly pushed her back into the open. As I anticipated her approach I felt invigorated by the other audience members doing the same. The joy in a tent of adults was palpable. This playful act *PAUSED* time, as everyone sat entranced with awe. At those moments people were present—in their seat, in that tent, in that parking lot, in that city.⁵

4. Kurios (Cabinet of Curiosities) - Cirque du Soleil

5. Jacques Derrida, “Given Time; The time of the King,” *Critical Inquiry* Vol. 18, no. 2 (1992); 168, accessed February 29, 2016, <http://www.jstor.org/stable/1343781>.

This experience came to mind when reading “The Time of the King” by Jaques Derrida. The consistent use of the circle as a marker of time through philosophy assumes that the movement is one of a sterile cyclical path wherein one would return to the point of origin. Derrida (and Heidegger and Aristotle) propose that “the gift” or the present (now) is impossible because one cannot be aware of the instance of occurrence. “A gift could only be possible, there can only be a gift at the instant an effraction in the circle (time) will have taken place, at the instant all circulation will have been interrupted and *on the condition* of this instant. Moreover, this instant of effraction (of the temporal circle) must no longer be part of time”, 168.

If the circle of time in which we inhabit is defined by a line— something that creates a boundary between inside/outside space/time, constructed by a series of points — then “the gift” is the point when the circle shifts and begins a new path. Akin to bubbles that build atop each other when blown through a wand. They are individual but also connected through a common web of line/boundary, forming an individual and a larger collective circle.

Each performance would have produced a unique invisible shape—a trace of movement in the constrained circle of the tent. I wondered what this movement looked like. Was it an undulating line snaking its way around the circle, or maybe a more rigid path forming sharp angles? Did the location determine the shape? Was there a rhythm of movement that connected them all? So much potential existed the action performed over and over again; each time a new experience which to the pink lady was probably a mundane task.⁶

Getting lost in my thoughts I almost missed her approach and quickly raised my arms and grazed the smooth plastic with my fingertips, and in an instant she continued on her way

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6. Umberto Eco, *The Open Work*, trans. Anna Cancogni (Cambridge Massachusetts, Harvard University Press, 1989), 1-23.

This particular even is reminiscent of Umberto Eco's *The Poetics of The Open Work* in which he discusses how instrumental music is linked because it is up to the performer to interpret the piece (1), in that it is a set structure (performance) where the outcome is determined by the individual(s) who participate.

F W W W W W W W
 Σ Σ Σ Σ Σ Σ Σ Σ
 O O O O O O O O
 ± ± ± ± ± ± ± ±

F H H H H H H H

F H H H H H H H
 O O O O O O O O
 Σ Σ Σ Σ Σ Σ Σ Σ
 M M M M M M M M

“The flâneur [has] immense joy to set up house in the heart of the multitude, amid the ebb and flow of movement, in the midst of the fugitive and the infinite. To be away from home and yet feel oneself everywhere at home to see the world, to be at the center of the world, and yet remain hidden from the world...”

-Charles Baudelaire, *The Painter of Modern Life*, 1986

compass island

home, *noun*

where you live at a particular time

homeless, *noun*

having no permanent place of residence

-ness, *noun suffix*

condition, quality, degree

In the Marguerite Bay off the coast of Antarctica is an uninhabited rocky island first visited in 1948/9. The explorers who found this island had difficulty positioning it and themselves in relation to the known location on the map because their compasses would not work properly. It was later revealed that their anorak coats had iron wire in the hoods instead of the usually used copper.⁷

This is an interesting predicament—the explorers are physically standing in a location unable to orient themselves because of an external item necessary in their daily life. They are

7. “Compass Island,” *Wikipedia*, accessed May 18, 2016, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Compass_Island.

not stationary, wherein they are alive at a location at a particular time (home), not having a permanent residence because they cannot locate themselves with the compass (homeless). They are physically and psychologically searching, a constant state of flux in anticipation for a means to locate themselves (-ness). They are in a state of homelessness.

In her *Passages of Modern Sculpture* (1977), Rosalind Krauss famously described the emergence of modernist sculpture in terms of a new condition of homelessness, as the traditional monumental vocation of site marking gave way before the newly peripatetic condition of objecthood. Cinema, while never originally site-specific in the same way, was nevertheless culturally bound to the cinematic theatre as its proper exhibitionary site. A whole complex of social, cultural and economic conventions would adhere to this particular model of exhibition. The postwar expanded cinema divorced the idea of cinema from the historical contingency of this exhibitionary model, creating a new and provocative condition of homelessness for the moving image within the institutions and discourses of contemporary art.⁸

Homelessness is where I also like to reside—not in lacking of a place to physically live but rather encased in desire to question my relationship to objects, experiences, and places of daily life, with the understanding that what is known is dictated only by perception and common language. The instability of potential is paramount. The difficulty the explorers experienced with their compass is what I strive for in the way the viewer experiences my work—formally unconfined to traditional constraints of medium specificity and conceptually open for endless entry points of perspective to define meaning for the individual. Consistently implicating the viewer in the work and asking them to oscillate in the potential for what they see/experience to

8. Andrew J. Urowskie “Homelessness of the Moving Image,” in *Moving Image: Documents of Contemporary Art* 2015, ed. Omar Kholeif (London/Cambridge, Massachusetts: Whitechapel Gallery & The MIT Press, 2015), 54.

be both what is 'known' (recognizable) and what 'could be' (another possibility other than what is expected).⁹

(...)

9. Giorgio Agamben, European graduate School Video Lectures, *Resistance in Art*, YouTube video, 43:12, 2014, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=one7mE-8yc&list=PLZEyMc2WUdaF9B7X75_C0ddtzie3ZcvH&index=3,

"Relationship between creation and resistance: in any poetic act there is something that resists the creation and counters expression. The verb resist comes from the Latin *sisters* which means etymologically 'to rest', 'to restrain something' also 'to stand still' this power that hinders and arrests potentiality in its movement towards the act is what Aristotle calls 'impotentiality', the power not to. 'Potentiality' contains within itself and ambivalence ... Contains in itself an intimate and irreducible resistance." (16:08)

“Nothing strikes you. You don’t know how to see. You must set about it more slowly, almost stupidly. Force yourself to write down what is of no interest, what is most obvious, most common, most colourless.”

- Georges Perec, *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces*, 1997

my favorite place is no place at all

A series of dots mirror the color of the sunrise that is both beautiful and blinding. These dots so small and so close accumulate into parallel directives leading me into the horizon. I'm at mile 515, it's the morning of day two and I find myself completely alone in the open landscape of remote Idaho. This is 'my place'; a packed black and white container of English steel traveling 12 mph over the speed limit. I'm entranced by the glittering of the sprayed yellow paint used to create the division lines on the highway. They are like ribbons floating in a shadowy residue of those who passed before me. I have such a love affair with line, its ability to lead the eye, contain a volume, connect points, and divide pieces. I think about line; a collection of moving marks that join to create a bound path. My mind wanders to the function of these lines; a cautionary sign of safety, a boundary, an illusion of division. How can something 2-dimensional create such a palpable barrier? A quick reflective flash brings my attention to the chrome fender of the semi-truck approaching on my left. Both hands are on the wheel now, my little car is easily swayed. The illusion of boundary is quickly broken as the wheel jerks to the right, responding to the gust of air created by the massive passing machine. For that brief moment, isolated in my protective barrier, I felt the presence of the other driver without touching or sharing a word. Our vehicles introduced us, passing particles of dust floating in the air.

(...)

“The imagery is a seduction. But at the same time there’s space; there has to be a situation that the viewer has to work out. It’s about investigating the construct...”

-Steve McQueen, *In Conversation with Adrian Searle*, 2013

may musings



esoteric concussions, 2016

This 2-channel video installation was created in response to my aforementioned essay (p. 13) wherein individuals are introduced residually without saying a word. The essay is printed poster size and displayed near the entrance to the 24ft x 14ft constructed environment housing the video installation within the gallery. Upon entry through open doorway the viewer is presented with two video projections on opposing 14ft walls, along with two white video projectors stationed on the floor, and 2 small external speakers in opposing corners. Both projectors are staggered allowing space to traverse inside the installation. The projected images look similar—both are simple flickering white orbs in lines evoking some version of horizon—but they vary in composition and content. The sound of frogs and view of flickering lights fill the room for over a minute until the sound of a car approaching calls attention to the bright headlights simultaneously entering the projections. Sound and light increase until the room is filled with blinding lights and roaring sound as the cars pass each other near center screen.

The intensity of the passing cars asks the viewer to consider their current location in relation to the video by heightening awareness through the displacement of sound and image. There is a paradox of internal and external experience. The viewer is able to place themselves in a landscape-like environment, but the location is disjointed in relation to the cars. The expectation is to be inside the car—as experienced in daily life—but the viewer is actually positioned outside both cars, placing the viewer between cars at the moment of passing. This fragmentation of experiences is amplified by the intensity of light and sound, Downing out any distraction from the moment at hand. The fundamental instability of film is present wherein

image and experience/perception are in flux.¹⁰ The suspension of experience is paramount in my conceptual work to encourage the viewer to be, ‘present’ in the here and now. This environment is a true installation that considers "...space, materials, embodiment, duration, site and participation" implicating the audience in the homelessness of their present location.¹¹



10. Andrew J. Urowskie “Homelessness of the Moving Image,” 55

“[T]he idea of expanded cinema that emerged in the 1960’s was not a straightforward repudiation of medium: its artists and critics were almost single-mindedly concerned with the specific ways in which cinema functioned to destabilize existing art institutions and practices. It was rather that the cinema had no specificity in Greenberg’s strict ontological sense. The material of projection was multiple - consisting of the celluloid strip, projector and screen, to say nothing of the original camera and processing. Varying across space and time, the celluloid frame indexed a reality both past and distant, while its projection constituted an event both present and local. The complexity of the cinematic *dispositif* included not simply the material conditions of production, but also the psychological conditions of spectatorship: conditions both innate in human biology and born of the disciplinary codes of spectatorship formed over a half century of industrial exhibition.”

11. Kate Mondloch “Interface Matters: Screen-Reliant Installation Art,” in *Moving Image: Documents of Contemporary Art 2015*, ed. Omar Kholeif (London/Cambridge, Massachusetts: Whitechapel Gallery & The MIT Press, 2015), 31



untitled (for her breath formed the desert), 2016



untitled (moved by 9 stars), 2016

Two highly reflective 36" x 42" black panels hang adjacent to the video installation space. The images are constructed from multiple intermingled layers of cut collaged circles in varying sizes. The circles are selections of chandeliers from Restoration Hardware magazines, some of which are layered with interference paint that flip select circles to gold or silver as the viewer changes position when viewing the collages. The entire collage is encased with layers of high gloss medium encapsulating the paper in a slick finish, while still showing the wrinkling of paper from the process of collage. The images of selected chandeliers range from warm tones to cool, high detail to more abstract, linear to highly textured. These variations are utilized to create

depth and movement in the larger image. Each painting has a different composition and movement growing through layers of refracting light on a contrast deep black panel.

Restoration Hardware, a luxury home goods retail store, sends five pound magazines as advertisement two times a year—enticing the buyer through glamorous imagery and materials in perfectly designed multi-million dollar homes. This idealized state of living creates a sense of homelessness with the viewer wherein the desire to obtain something other than the present state perpetuates a displacement of the value of the moment. I utilize material from daily life as an act of resistance to fracture its intended purpose, and re-present it in an abstracted state.¹² My interest in chandeliers as a material stems from the explorative drawings I did using circles to reverberate movement through a structured interior space. I was drawn to the capture of light from one stationary interior location then sent on a voyage to another location and existing in the same moment of capture. Light is a constant, it is the one thing that we experience at the same time individually and collectively because of its unobtainable speed. It is something we involuntarily physically respond to, it escapes the need for sight, it is part of our being. The use of circles for the capture of light in these collages reinforces its potentiality for movement and

11. Collage has been synonymous, from the post war (1918) Dada movement to present day, with a force of disruption. Hannah Höch utilized printed matter to extract disembodied images, nonsense words, and markers of industry and war to communicate post WWI opposition and instability. The act of collaging functions both formally and conceptually, wherein existing images are defiantly removed, torn or cut from their native production, and re-constructed by adhering together in the same plane to change not only the image but the way the image is read. This technique is also present in Martha Rosler's series "House Beautiful; Bringing the War Home", where images of homes from lifestyle magazines are opposed by the inclusion of images of soldiers, war, and death disrupting the blind and singular consumption of the American dream. My interest in this series of my collage works begins at its most basic form; taking an image, disrupting it through cut/tear and re-assembling it in conflicting directions, and subsequently changing its intended use visually. The conceptual expansion in this particular series is in the choice of material (Restoration Hardware magazines). Like Rosler I am concerned with the consumerist based idea of the American dream and how our rush as a society to obtain 'success' through the ownership of things blinds us to the systems that exist behind this push. My stance is not as political but rather an alternative way of consumption as an artist; utilizing magazines sent to entice me into buying things are deconstructed and used for my construction rendering both the image and idea invalid.

mimics the construct of the magazine by twisting and twirling through the constraint of the black panel. The layers of gloss medium is captor of my movement as creator and mirror to the viewers observational movement through a particular location—in this way it defies constraint to the two-dimensional display and re-creates a tranquil, aware, shared, shifting sense of homelessness.

Steadfast in opposition both works implicate the viewer for completion. The allure of the image is important to my work, and is backed by a poetic framework with potential for various interpretations. Utilizing everyday experiences and materials I fracture the expected response and open a location for investigation, a homelessness that rolls like a sphere, moment to moment, full of energy transforming as it seeks a new perspective.

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