


Superinterior

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in the spirit of some new and exciting kind of amnesia – avalanche – adidas – I’m talking and dressed in orange Patrick stands holding a lighter and says it’s the same fire as always and ! I agree – flashing lights are magic – don’t waste time ok – light and fast and strong economical – that the apocalypse will come slowly, painfully, continuing on its arrival path the way it is, lumbering, instead of gorgeously drowning us all in giant and successive waves of lava and water and mud and wind and with asteroids too – with optimism! – not there, there – just throw it! – dealing with other people’s sensibilities – leering, sleazy horn sections – dark hair – ice – that time in the park, in the summer, SO hot out, after the funny kid running around cheering with his hands up, saying yeah! then over where we were laying down on the side of the hill, in the grass, and I could feel the earth move – lighting is important; I’m sayin – I can’t see magic eye prints – there’s too many people in the world – my halloween costume needs to be intense – video is like a jacuzzi; as an adage, like a discovery – don’t ever live in the suburbs – I think maybe my formative years were too boring – huh – too late – giant squid – I’m gonna get doored and, not die, which would be fine, but be paralyzed, and suffer, probably because I got hit, after drinking heavily, and actually wearing my helmet, which will “save my life”, but only insofar as I’m a paraplegic – verbal overflow – friendly manitoba – the wars the wars the wars the wars the wars - two squares inside one square, proving some maths – gross – is the brita filter too old? – what’s wrong with your eyes; are you crazy – no, I’m pretty sure no, but sometimes, for instance when I drive, I have a sensation that’s like a synaptic leap from seeing this to seeing that, and the filling-in in that gap that reminds me of that great line in All The President’s Men that goes

“You know if you go to bed at night and there’s no snow on the ground,
you wake up and there’s snow on the ground,
you can say it snowed during the night although
you didn’t see it snowing.”

then I imagine doin the I’m-gonna-turn-the-wheel-quick-on-purpose-headlong-into-oncoming-traffic bit –

Nystagmus is an involuntary rhythmic shaking or wobbling of the eyes, characterized by a smooth pursuit in one direction and a quick flit (saccadic movement) in another. Also described as “dancing eyes”, the term nystagmus is derived from “nystagmos” a Greek word used to describe the wobbly head movements of the sleepy, drunk, or generally fucked-up. There are at least 45 different types of nystagmus. One of these, Horizontal Gaze nystagmus, is used as one of a battery of field sobriety tests to determine whether or not someone has been drink-driving.¹

Congenital motor nystagmus – being related to the control (or lack thereof) of muscle function – rarely worsens over time, and can be alleviated a bit by a surgical procedure in which the muscles of the eyes are detached, then reattached, to alter the amplitude of the jerking eye by tightening the attendant muscle tissue.

Lying flat on the gurney, post-op, looking up at the ceiling, eyes watering and very light-sensitive, sutures coming out of my eyes, like really long weird wiry eyelashes, and the doctor telling me to look straight up at the ceiling, that fucking drop-ceiling, and not to blink, as he adjusted the sutures, fine-tuning his previous arrangements, tugging inside my skull, which now that I think of it, was a little like the scene out of *The Third Policeman*² with all the chests that start out modestly-sized and horribly work down to invisibility, mixed with sleight-of-hand magic, where certain methods of card-arrangement have as their goal a certain ‘naturalness’ in which the perfection of the skill necessitates its own imperceptibility.

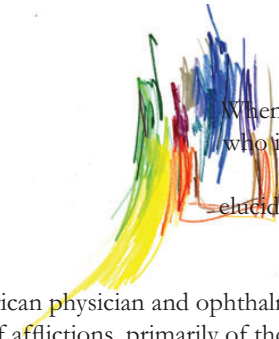
Astronomers discovered a one-billion-light-year-wide pocket full of nothing in the sky.³

Following Shot

A shot in which the camera follows behind or along with a moving subject, which, somehow, is different from a shot with a moving camera shooting a stationary landscape, as it continually falls away, an ever-disappearing index.

Detached Shot

When Spike Lee focuses on a subject, who is stationary and yet hypnotically gliding through a space, further elucidating Malcolm's spiritual and/or psychological transcendence.



William H. Bates (1860-1931) was an American physician and ophthalmologist who developed controversial techniques to cure a variety of afflictions, primarily of the eye, from myopia (nearsightedness) to cataracts. The Bates Method centers around rest and relaxation of the eyes, using exercises such as controlled blinking and a technique which involves standing before a point of focus, and swaying the body back and forth while moving the eyes in the opposite direction. His ideas were published in the magazine *Better Eyesight* (published by his own publishing company Central Fixation Publishing) and also in his book *Perfect Sight Without Glasses*, from 1920. Bates believed that the eye focuses not by a change in the lens, but when the eyeball itself changes shape using the surrounding extraocular muscles. This stood in contradiction to the science of his time and still does today, though some of his methods are used in concert with corrective lenses and surgery. One of his more controversial theories proposes “perfectly remembering black” as a substitute for anesthesia during surgical procedures. Bates also wrote extensively on illusions, particularly of light and color, and in May of 1886 reported his discovery of the organic substance epinephrine. More commonly known as adrenaline, it lies waiting inside the body, and when secreted into the bloodstream, prepares one for action.

All these flakes were kicking at my face. Soft, small nicks at my cheeks along with the wind biting. I try looking at two swirling slivers at the same time, the jaunty crystals, but just for a second. Like Teddy and the orange peels in that Salinger short story. I pretend to be distracted by the lights, by that girl, by the illusory cant of the post-box on the corner. This is like the winter equivalent of a bike ride alone at night in the summertime; the urgency of the hyperborean fantasy in the city. Hey let's go over there – I know, our world is small – you can get a beer, I just want to get my picture taken, with my face like this; with my face looking like this.

an ever-disappearing index – static – breathe out – field recordings –

“I followed a few philosophies and codes throughout. Starting with our first top-bill shows in '79 and continuing up to now, what I do is the night before the first performance, I'll show up extra late when everybody's gone after a rehearsal, nobody there but a couple of crew and a night watchman. I get a big bath towel, and I get on my hands and knees, and I wash every square centimeter of that stage. Sometimes it takes me quite a while, but it reevaluates for me that if I'm willing to do that... then there's nothing else left to do. There's no further commitment that you can make.”²⁴

“Sergio Leone established a rule that he follows throughout *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*. The rule is that the ability to see is limited by the sides of the frame. At important moments in the film, what the camera cannot see, the characters cannot see, and that gives Leone the freedom to surprise us with entrances that cannot be explained by the practical geography of his shots...for example there is a moment in a cemetery where a man materializes out of thin air even though he should have been visible for a mile. And the way men walk down the street in full view and nobody is able to shoot them, maybe because they are not in the same frame with them.”²⁵

horizontal gaze type, mild amplitude – I should call Heather – and Philip – shitihavesomuchtodo – ever play the game where you try and draw the perfect island/continent? Making what must be the perfect peninsula, lagoon, or port – gigantic piles of dirt – the nest of antlers above the gem saloon bar, the best tv sculpture ever, a home in a home made by death and energetic, firm hands – the ghosting of the replay footage in the Olympics, especially the ski jumpers, where the camera follows, and follows, and follows, and there’s the ghost of his competitor next to him, comparing form, as she/they, in slo-mo, wipe down to some bottom, some place, with the blur of the background in the background, until that funny delicate landing and CHEERING! – and the evil of the mid-day sun, 2:30 pm, which is so depressing, like an end, not a beginning, screening everything through it, and seeming like it’s squashing melancholia into everything, I hate the sunny, cloudless afternoon – blues, indigos, violets, reddish-purples, hot reds, fluorescent greens, near-blacks, especially dark blues – purple perspex – PURPLE! – stellar regions – oh, come on! Come on – push ups! – a picture of her eating a chocolate cupcake, next to a green (that green) lightpost, gray streets in the fall, wearing a sweater with the color of caramel I think on the cuffs, after I just bought some violet so-strong tint, that crazy glass/ceramic retro design reflection explosion store, and that smile, those mischievous eyes, facing west, West, the future – shadows – Raul Ruiz – when you’re depressed, do you listen to music to get you out of it or keep you in it? – the title of this lecture is called marriage is almost inconsequential: and I raise my open palms slightly above the lectern and set a quick pace – I want to be a runner! – don’t look at her, pretend you’re lost in your own world – what would I do if I ran out of gas, uh, ok I guess really, it would be funny, I would start walking, let’s say it’s along a highway, and I would start walking, and eventually come to a place where I could get a red jaunty plastic gas pail, and trudge back, then go back again, driving... enjoying the sweet, humid air, and maybe some silence, for once – Sun Ra – maybe I should have vodka instead of beer; it probably doesn’t matter – nothing worse than overcooked pasta – well, mealy apples – I just winked at myself – I don’t even know you – need to eat a giant bowl of rice – I can’t decide if I like the nickname peaches – ball lightning – amazing laugh – when I was young I rocked back and forth for a while before going to sleep, backforthbackforthbackforth and sometimes it make me dizzy but mostly I just needed to work it out, get tired – I want to crush things in my hands! – squeeze your eyes shut squeeze them shut! – the girl I was dancing with where is she – I need some bacon – are those gunshots? No. they must be fireworks, but fireworks? At 2:22 am in march? –

Muscae Volitantes – “flying flies” – the floaters in the field of vision, miniscule deposits in the thick fluid of the vitreous humor. I’m layin on the beach in Chicago, staring up at the sky, and saw them; meaning that I didn’t look at them. One of them looks like a small line with a dot next to it; another is just a tiny curved line like half an eyelash. They’re suspended.

small carbonation lifting up from the bottom, from the sides, running upwards so fast from the interior of the glass, then mixed with remembering swimming, underwater, stopping and at the bottom of the pool, letting all my air out, following the biggest half-dome/jellyfish shaped silvery, wobbling, air pocket up to the top, where it POP! disappeared into the void – walking slowly up a staircase, eyes closed, and eventually you reach the top; your body knows it before your brain does

The ‘unveiling’ photo by Richard Drew for the AP is like a magic trick...there was a photograph printed in the business section of the New York Times in 2005, in which the CEO of IBM is in the

act of pulling a huge sheet off of their new z9 mainframe computer – the sheet is a shimmering blue-violet, which I didn't know until a friend got a digital file for me – so originally in black and white, this huge swarthy mass (dark) was being pulled off a cube-ish mass (dark), like some minimal transmogrification. The thing that's so perfect, is that the photo's not of the sheet on the mainframe, or the thing itself, but the in-between moment, this event...which I guess makes sense with the story, though the action of pulling a cover off to reveal something that is in a sense inscrutable is bizarre and frigid. With its purpose and potential both encased in a matte black cube, the mainframe is already always obscured.

Herman Doomer was a 17th century German cabinetmaker working in Amsterdam; in the Rijksmuseum there's an enormous cabinet whose oak structure is entirely veneered with ebony and peppered, on its four twisting posts, with mother-of-pearl inlay in the shapes of flowers and butterflies. Not made for any particular client, Herman produced this tall, dark, glistening capsule during his free time.

Shoulders; the place that all movement originates; negotiating space, relationships; an assertion-point

reckon; the way Alexis said it – swath wash slurry – draw – what time is it? fuck – walking down the street, reciting verse⁶ – also, looking at people out on a sidewalk or in the bar, not knowing if they're looking at me or not, I can't tell – the idea that you can fix imperfect eyesight with strange exercises that involve blinking and patterns and fingers and swaying and test cards –

There was a study, the results of which were published in 1996 in *Dreaming: Journal of the Association for the Study of Dreams* in which subjects spent two nights sleeping in hammocks, which were gently rocked back and forth to explore the relationship of vestibular activation (balance and equilibrium) to dream lucidity and mentation. The dreamers were wakened during various stages of REM sleep, and data was recorded on different scales such as self-reflectiveness and bizarreness. While the researchers pondered over their data, the dreamers slept, and there was an increase in nystagmoid-like compensatory eye-movements during the rocking periods.

{I'm in a corner in the ocean, laying back with my arms spread open, one to each side, my back in the corner. My head is thrown back and I'm laughing and a big grey tiger shark is eating my guts out – just taking huge chunks out of my stomach repeatedly, blood everywhere, and I'm laughing, head back, uncontrollable laughter, tears in my eyes, and I wake myself up laughing for real.}

constant movement – constant tight movement! – in John Adams' naïve and sentimental music the guitar in the first movement especially is like a mirror of the cadence of the rest of the orchestra, as an after-effect, an echo, also like foot-tapping, nervous, anxious jangling of a leg under a table – salad – there's a way that you could build something so all the pieces fit together snugly but the whole thing is teetering, seeming like it's on the edge of exploding – Penderecki! – the sensation of trying to remember something you actually know, but can't think of at the second – was there a beep? I didn't hear a beep – garbled message – can't hear shit – a totally solid thing made in gaps in time – it seems like it's going to rain – cones are for color rods are for motion – the wire the wire the wire it's like it's always in the current, the undercurrent – it's cool; remain calm, just like Rakim – i'm bulletproof fire and dirt, super-fluorescent green

Inspiration and sources not cited, and besides Wikipedia, include 1. lowvision.org; 2. Flann O'Brien; 3. Harper's Weekly emails; David Lynch; 4. David Lee Roth, describing his performance prep in his 1987 autobiography *Crazy From The Heat*; 5. Ebert; 6. Ghostface; *Eye Movements: A Window on Mind and Brain* (Murray, Fischer, Gompel, Hill, 2007); *Zen in the Art of Archery* (Eugen Herrigel); my people in Chicago; VCU 07-08 Graduate Sculpture Team; All the liner notes I've ever read



