THERE IS NO WATER IN THE LAKE:
SYNCHRONICITY, METAPHOR, NARRATIVE, RHYTHM, AND DEATH, IN FINE ART PRACTICE

PhD Thesis Report, Appendices and Documentation
Vol. 1 (PhD Thesis Report and Appendices)

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24 September 2015

I, Aaron Henri Murphy,
confirm that the work presented in this report is my own.
Where information has been derived from other sources,
I confirm that this has been indicated in the report.

ABSTRACT

This report comprises five dialogues that were converted into chapters and united into a single voice. Chapter one is about C.G. Jung's theory of "synchronicity." This term is defined, and the Tarkovsky film *The Sacrifice* is analyzed for its synchronistic merit. Historical notions of synchronicity and subsequent developments are mentioned, including reference to cosmology and quantum mechanics. The experience of synchronicity is numinous and examples are given from my studio practice. Some figures include Wilhelm, von Franz and Pauli. Ideas explored in subsequent chapters are rooted in this first chapter on synchronicity. Chance and fate are explored in my practice and final artworks often depict a landscape. Chapter two addresses this use of landscape while referencing film, poetry and photography. Romanticism, "the sublime," and Japanese aesthetics, are all discussed in chapter two. Chapter three, on metaphor and image, draws from the philosophies of Paul Ricoeur and Gaston Bachelard, and references back to Jung and Tarkovsky. For example, "image" is more appropriate to my practice than "metaphor," though "metaphor" heralds the expression of an "archetype" for Jung. Chapter four explores "rhythm" and my practice is seen as a continuum between word and image. Synchronistic moments suggest the absence of rhythm, and yet they also arrive rhythmically. Rhythmic "time compressions" and "time signatures" are examined. The rhythm of the circle is pondered upon; and this is related to the "monad" discussed in previous chapters. Studio-based experiments working with rhythm are outlined, including a performance of Joyce's *Portrait*, as well as other studio-based projects working with verbal rhythms. The rhythms of grace, through the *I Ching* and St. Augustine's *Confessions*, are also explored. This circumnavigation of rhythm culminates in the Jungian archetype of the Self, with many synchronistic consequences. The fifth and final chapter is about death and the photograph, and is designed around the following texts: Barthes, *Camera Lucida*; von Franz, *On Dreams and Death*; Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*; Langford, *Suspended Conversations*; Cousineau-Levine, *Faking Death*; Ritchie, *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics*; St. Augustine, *Confessions*. Nearly all of these texts use the "eidolon" to illustrate their ideas. Like a mystical garment, an archetypal image or eidolon suggests its form. Death and synchronicity are inextricably linked; and it is argued that photography is inherently metaphorical.

PREFACE

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INTRODUCTION: DIALOGUE AND NARRATIVE [1]

AM: If I'm not reading anyone else, these dialogues[2] and my speech can become incestuous and stagnant.[3]

SM: I don't detect that actually. What I detect is your original thinking as a result of you having read all of these texts. As you've read all of these other people, you've digested them, and they inform your thought. It is like you are in dialogue with certain key figures: Ricoeur, Jung, Bachelard, and maybe bring in a few others as well. But your whole thinking, in the way that you have developed everything, your whole mode of discussing your work, and your work itself, is like a dialogue with these texts and these figures.

AM: What you have just said, about having a dialogue with historical figures, was in our text from last week. We did not talk about it last week, and I think it is nice that you should bring it up now. Last week we spoke of my lack or need for contemporary artistic references, and I remembered some notes from Richard Wilhelm's lectures on the *I Ching*. Sometimes the *I Ching* recommends seeking fellowship and guidance, and for this I have often misunderstood the need for finding somebody that is alive, right now. Actually, this means surrounding oneself with the rhythms and the ideas of anyone that is akin to you. This "other" person can be historical or even fictional: to have a dialogue with somebody that is historical. Wilhelm gives the example of Confucius having dialogue with the Duke of

[1] Concerning my thesis title — "There is no water in the lake" — see appendix "16. Thesis Title."

[2] Dialogue is integral to my practice as it bridges a perpetual conversation between the construction of my images and my continued astonishment. Dialogue was crucial to the creation of this Report, as nearly all texts were redrafted following key conversations with my primary supervisor, Professor Sharon Morris. This introduction is an extract from one of those conversations, from October 2014. Not only was dialogue used to draft this Report, it was also the methodology for many of my studio-based books. In my studio dialogues I was in conversation with other researchers and academics, and these dialogues have informed my practice significantly. They forced new ideas to the foreground. These extra dialogues also engaged in an interpretation of my visual works. They were hermeneutic exercises that surpassed my expectations, and on numerous occasions I was impressed by the reverie of my interlocutors. Their capacity to imagine alternative histories for my images was much richer than in a typical gallery setting. Even serendipity found its way into these conversations.

[3] Plato and Benjamin Jowett, *Timaeus*, (1994-2009), http://classics.mit.edu/Plato/timaeus.html. The *Timaeus* is critical of synchronistic phenomenon, and offers some insights. See appendix "19. *Timaeus*." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

Chou.[4] Hundreds of years separated them. If Confucius was only concerned with contemporary dialogue, we may never have known him.

[4] Richard Wilhelm, *Lectures on the I Ching : Constancy and Change* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1979), 18.

I. SYNCHRONICITY

Jung called synchronicity and an "a-causal connecting principle."[5] [6] It is a sequence of events that are, or appear to be, related and yet without any cause or effect to this relationship. There is no law of physics between them. These events are related through their meanings and through their formal similarities. Personally or psychologically, these are meaningful events, which seem to be way-stations that are extremely important to the lives of those that experience them. They are rarely forgotten, but are also rarely discussed.

The term "synchronicity" was invented by Carl Jung,[7] though not solely as a psychological principle.[8] Throughout history, in religion and in art, it was discussed under different names. An experience of Tao, following divination with the *I Ching*, and the affinities and the correspondences that might follow from such a reading of a hexagram from *The Book of Changes*, gives yet another definition and understanding of synchronicity, but this time from ancient China. I might look at the *I Ching* in the morning and read a hexagram which informs my thought throughout that day, and then mysteriously or strangely, and even wonderfully, certain events will fall in-line with texts read that morning. These are strange and numinous experiences.

> As Robert Aziz has demonstrated, the "meaningfulness" Jung associates with synchronistic events consists in four interrelated layers of deepening significance: (a) the intrapsychic state and the objective event as "meaningful parallels,"(b) the numinous charge associated with the synchronistic experience (from R. Otto, a

[5] C. G. Jung and Herbert Read, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche* trans. R. F. C. Hull, vol. 8, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1960), 421.

[6] Arthur Koestler and Renée Haynes, *The Roots of Coincidence* (London: Pan Books, 1974), 94. Jung's citations are from Jung and Read, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche* 8, 441. and ibid., 435.

[7] The OED Online has this word originating with Jung. "Synchronicity," *Oxford English Dictionary Online* (Oxford: Oxford University Press), http://www.oed.com.libproxy.ucl.ac.uk/view/Entry/196392?redirectedFrom=synchronicity.

[8] For more on the importance of synchronicity to quantum mechanics and medicine, see appendix "20. Jung/Pauli Letters, *Atom and Archetype*" and appendix "23. Harald Walach." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

feeling of "grace" is conveyed), (c) the import of the subjective level of interpretation, and (d) the archetypal level of meaning.[9]

The term "synchronicity" provides a modern or contemporary rational for explaining these encounters to a modern audience. Without it, we may dismiss them. One could call these experiences "religious," but on the whole such experiences would be abandoned if labeled sacredly. Synchronicity renames the experience, and rescues it from extinction, while lending it a somewhat rational explanation.

The term "synchronicity" informs two sides of my research: it is both the artwork that I make, and the reference that I explore. Although synchronicity splits my research into these two distinct areas, it also brings them back together. For example, whenever I read about or personally encounter a synchronistic event, from my own life or from literature or from film, these rhythms penetrate and bridge my practice and references.[10] The first act of Andrey Tarkovsky's *Sacrifice* deals with and outlines a number of synchronistic events and strange happenings.[11] It not only gives us examples of what this term implies, but also informs how the film moves towards its climax. In the first act, for example, the character Otto discusses a woman who takes a photograph of her son before the First World War, only to have this same photograph returned to her some 40 years later, after it and her son had been lost.

Tarkovsky's *The Sacrifice*

Why is Tarkovsky's final film *The Sacrifice* called "a sacrifice" at all? In *Sculpting in Time* Tarkovsky says that this film is a parable, and that it should be obvious why it is called "a sacrifice." He says it should be obvious that the main character is sacrificing. Perhaps Tarkovsky himself sacrificed something to make this film. All of this, he says, should be obvious.

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[9] Harold Coward, "Taoism and Jung: Synchronicity and the Self," *Philosophy East and West* 46, no. 4 (1996), http://www.jstor.org/stable/1399493. Coward is quoting from Robert Aziz' Ph.D. thesis, *C. G. Jung's Psychology of Religion and Synchronicity*, pp. 98-99; subsequently published by State University of New York Press, 1990.

[10] For a broader discussions about synchronicity and rhythm, see appendix "13. Jung and Ufos" and appendix "15. Marie-Louise von Franz." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[11] *The Sacrifice* has many synchronicities. For a thorough discussion on how this was achieved cinematically, see appendix "22. Andrey Tarkovsky, *The Sacrifice*."

Tarkovsky had left Russia, his wife and children, and was dying of cancer, while he made this film.[12] So perhaps he felt a personal sacrifice — that he was sacrificing his life, or the remainder of his life — to make this film. However, like everything else Tarkovsky did, there is likely more to the story. Sacrifice must reside in the film, somewhere. The main character, Alexander, at the end of the story takes a vow of silence. Disgusted with his career as a theatre actor (amongst other things), and with language in general, he decides to stop speaking. But how is that a sacrifice? Yes, he has sacrificed speech and language, but are not sacrifices something of a gift, given to humanity; and does not a sacrifice require the giving of something to someone else, and not just for oneself?

This film is about an impending apocalypse. A small family has gathered at a Swedish cottage along the coast, and at the start of the film three characters — Alexander, Otto and Little Man — crisscross the fields and exchange stories about strange and synchronistic happenings. They share stories about various types of coincidence, that each has gathered throughout their lives. It is like leisurely picking fruit from a field. Today is Alexander's birthday, and eventually Alexander will sacrifice his speech. But at the beginning of the film it is Little Man that cannot speak, as he is (ironically) recovering from throat surgery.

While gathered at the family home, and about midway through the picture, we find everyone sitting in front of a flickering television. We learn of an impending nuclear holocaust. Slowly, personalities unravel. Our protagonist (Alexander) is persuaded by his friend Otto that he can save the world. He becomes convinced that he can save his family and prevent a nuclear war, if only he can seduce his maid (Maria). And so he goes to Maria. He borrows Otto's bicycle and rides across the landscape. He finds Maria at home, whereupon he coerces her to make love and save humanity.

At the moment of consummation the film changes dramatically. Alexander awakens, and finds himself slumbering on a couch, whereupon he realizes that everything has been transformed into a dream. Alexander's nightmare has been our experience and his alone; and perhaps this is why Tarkovsky felt that this film was metaphorical or symbolic and like a parable: because the film could be considered a dream.[13]

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[12] Maya Turovskaya and Ian Christie, *Tarkovsky : Cinema as Poetry*, trans. Natasha Ward (London: Fabera and Faber, 1989), 154.

[13] *The Sacrifice* is not a dream. Its narrative is transformed into a dream, which then rescues Alexander and his family. See appendix "22. Andrey Tarkovsky, *The Sacrifice*" for a detailed analysis.

The fascinating thing is that, after our protagonist wakes, he fulfills his vow of silence. While the rest of his family is out for a stroll, Alexander piles their belongings on the veranda, dons a kimono and dials up the radio with some haunting and beautiful Japanese flute-music, and without hesitation begins setting the house on fire. Watching this house burn against the Swedish landscape is a great moment in cinematic history; in fact, for a long time it was the longest moment in cinematic history: at eight minutes, it was the maximum length of a canister of film. Tarkovsky reshot this scene once. He made his crew rebuild the entire house, just to film it burning again. The entire cottage was reconstructed, to reshoot this one scene.[14] [15]

Mid-way through the story there is an impending apocalypse, and to save the world Alexander seduces his maid Maria; but it was all one bad dream (or was it?), and when he wakes, Alexander decides to stop talking, and to set his house on fire.

Our main character has decided to stage his own apocalypse. That is: because the imagined bombs never fell, Alexander feels the need to destroy everything himself. A narrative had begun in his unconscious, and through the power of this subconscious narrative the disillusioned Alexander feels compelled to complete the horrible script, just to continue living. In an heroic act of destruction, Alexander breaks with Nietzsche's eternal return — a reference made throughout the film — and stages his own explosion, his own apocalypse, as an offering to God for saving the world.

This makes me wonder: pondering *The Sacrifice* in retrospect, is synchronicity not the continuation of a broken narrative? Perhaps those haunting and numinous moments that mark our lives, and those very encounters that we sometimes dismiss as pure chance — and then at other times overvalue as fated — are not the emergence of submerged narratives into consciousness.

Perhaps synchronistic events are an invitation to complete a broken narrative; that perhaps something has started, something like a dream, and this something calls to be finished: it requires completion. This is where synchronicity enters our lives: trigged by an archetype that prompts our attention, it makes us focus on our lives, and moves us in this

[14] Andrey Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time : Reflections on the Cinema* (London: Bodley Head, 1986).

[15]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 19: Tarkovsky, Andrey. "Offret (the Sacrifice)." 142 minutes. Sweden, 1986.

or that direction, and it points us toward the completion of a narrative that has begun in the unconscious, and to which we have remained ignorant.

Perhaps a story has begun and we do not know how or when it began. We have remained unaware, until the synchronicity happens. With it we recognize the emerging narrative. It marks an invitation, to share in the responsibility of completing this narrative.

Underground, an unknown first act has begun, which is brought to consciousness through synchronicity, and which is now demanding and inviting stern attention, and which is now demanding and inviting a finale: the completion of a broken narrative, resting ignorant somewhere in life.[16]

*

Synchronistic moments are strange and haunting experiences, and they happen to everyone. Whenever I experience synchronistic artworks or events, or whenever these things happen to me and to my own practice, they inspire more work; and this is the main reason why I am so interested in this topic. More than anything else, synchronicity helps to make more work, and that is the key to this research.

Previously I tried to inform my practice through linguistics and semiotics, through thinkers like Paul Ricoeur and Roland Barthes, but my practice stagnated. It was upon reading Carl Jung that my imagination loosened; like there was a cramp inside my mind that let go.[17] To imagine life meaningfully, through more than a surface exchange of energy brought about by cause and effect, opens life to infinite possibility; and although this might be considered overwhelming, it nonetheless aids the production of my work, while inspiring more work.

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[16] Tarkovsky's films are "slow cinema." Other filmmakers within this genre have also worked with chance, serendipity and mystical happenings. Slow cinema is characterized by long takes and loose narratives. Slow cinema might also include experimental filmmakers like Peter Delput (Dutch), as well as Peter Forgacs (Hungarian). Both utilize found footage in their works. They shape found materials into new works. Also see appendix "5. Peter Hutton and Kidlat Tahimik." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.] For "slow cinema," see Horton Andrew, "The Master of Slow Cinema : Space and Time - Actual, Historical, and Mythical - in the Films of Theo Angelopoulos," *Cinaste* 36, no. 1 (2010), http://www.jstor.org/stable/10.2307/41690970?ref=no-x-route:ba426343caad178f07fc557d27d98348; Nick James, "Syndromes of a New Century," *Sight and Sound* 20, no. 2 (2010).

[17] C. G. Jung and Joseph Campbell, *The Portable Jung*, trans. R. F. C. Hull (New York: Penguin Books, 1976), 337.

One could say that my discovery of Carl Jung was synchronistic. Yet, throughout my life I have been acquainted with these experiences and only recently has Jung shown how to organized them. These experiences are no less cosmic than they were before, and yet somehow they have become more familiar and better understood. There are parallels between these bizarre events and the way that my images, for example, come together. Through synchronicity my images acquire an emotional affinity between mutually shared histories. These images and the fragments used to make them start to overlap and share their narratives.

My practice is split between words and images, and the following story is mentioned in several of my smaller studio books. It is a vision from when I was 20 years old.[18] [19] [20]

I was at home and listening to the radio — as it was playing in an adjacent room — when suddenly the music got louder. The speakers began to crackle, as if they were going to break. There wasn't anyone home, and yet somehow this radio had turned itself up, seemingly of its own accord. I searched the house and found no one, and thinking it was bizarre, sat down opposite the radio and listened to the song that been playing again. This time I listened as the lyrics ignited a vivid daydream. I could see an eagle flying overhead. The bird came and landed on my arm, whereupon I asked it, why are you here? But the bird flew away. Thinking this was extraordinary, I restarted the song once again, hoping to change the narrative. As before the bird circled overhead, and again it landed on my arm, but this time I said nothing. I just stared at it. I studied its talons, its feathers, its shape, its eyes and its beak, and even the background — it was blurry and red, like a sunset, in warm light. The bird was a golden eagle or a dark-morphed hawk. It was brown and slightly small. In the midst of my looking I suddenly heard a voice. It said, “Don't think, just see.” Then, immediately after the voice, the music started getting louder again, and as I opened my eyes I watched, in astonishment, as the dial on the radio started turning clockwise. As before, the music grew louder and louder, until the speakers starting crackling from the intense volume.

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[18] Aaron Murphy, *I Can Hear Again* (unfinished (started 11 July 2013)).

[19] *Letter to Professor Sharon Morris on the Naive and the Sentimental* (unfinished (started 22 January 2014)).

[20] Following Jung, the word “vision” is preferred over “hallucination.” Visions are projections without the pathology connotations of an hallucination. This is discussed in appendix “13. Jung and Ufos,” and is mentioned by Jung in his book *Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Sky*, included in his collected works: C. G. Jung, *Civilization in Transition*, 2nd ed., vol. 10, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung (London: Routledge, 1970). Concerning “visions,” see footnotes 22 and 23.

This was frightening and numinous. Through Jung I have realized the following: that when I am capable of finding various pieces and fragments of landscapes — and then of successfully fitting these together with other fragments, and then of composing them into one new image — that I am able to re-experience this same kind of numinosity, and this same level of awe, which is also sublime, beautiful and graceful; then I know that the image is done.[21] Of course, there are other explanations for these sensations, and other ways of articulating them; but by providing a personal example of synchronicity, I hope to illustrate the poignancy of these encounters, while adding an authority to this term through my own recollection of a real life event.

This is what motivates my research. It motivates my practice, as well as my search for references.[22] This vision[23] occurred as I left film school. After spending many years preparing myself to get to film school, I had discovered that it was not for me. It was like climbing a mountain only to find out I was on the wrong mountain. It was an experimental film programme, and I liked making experimental films very much, and I still like watching and referencing experimental films — and one could say that my images are like films — that they are like frozen moments from an experimental film, or like films that have collapsed into temporal objects — but at that time I was not as optimistic and wanted to leave.

That vision helped my decision to leave film-school, alongside another event, that occurred in the company of an instructor at Sheridan College, Jeffrey Paull.[24] I had taken one of his visual design courses, and, knowing that I was bothered and hesitant about making films, he offered an alternative project for that year. He said I could produce photographs instead, and substitute those for the film I was obliged to make. I had never made a sequence of photographs before, and had just read Ansel Adams *The Negative*[25] —

[21] This conversation is continued in the "Conclusion." When a visual work is done it inspires a plethora of possible narratives. Visual rhythms morph into auditory rhythms.

[22] Concerning "visions" and shamanism in Canadian photography, including international aboriginal cultures, see Penny Cousineau-Levine, "Chapter 8: Underworld Geography," in *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination* (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2003), 238.

[23] More on visions and shamanism in appendix "8. "From the Forest to the Sea: Emily Carr in British Columbia"." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[24] Jeffrey and I recorded two dialogues: Aaron Murphy and Jeffrey Paull, *Dialogue No. 12 with Jeffrey Paull* (unfinished (started 15 May 2014)); *Dialogue No. 14 with Jeffrey Paull* (London, 2015).

[25] Ansel Adams, *The Negative : Exposure and Development*, vol. 2, Basic Photo (New York: Morgan & Morgan, 1971).

which was extremely dense — and took a darkroom course at a neighboring college to allow myself some darkroom access to make these prints for Jeffrey.

For my final exam I brought five prints. I put them on the table, whereupon I was asked where I had stolen them from. I panicked, pulled out my contact sheets and said, Look, Jeffrey, I really was there. He said to me, Do you not see what is going on in these images? When I did not, he gently put his finger on the first print, and without saying a word traced out its composition: he moved his finger from the darkened end of a tinned-roof, and then slid his finger toward the lighter parts of that same building. He then pushed that print aside, and putting a new image in front of himself, touched this one too, and pointed at the trees on the horizon, showing me how these points organized the composition. He then pushed that one aside, and did this exercise again, and again, and again, until all of my prints were reviewed. I had no idea that this kind of visual organization was taking place in my images at all. At this point I decided to leave film school, and to refocus my attention on photography. Jeffrey agreed.

Are these two moments "synchronistic"? They were certainly a "calling," and do illustrate how "meaning" is constructed from life; and they also show what someone deems meaningful and poignant to their own life as well.

I will give two more examples of how synchronicity has influenced my practice, directly, one from an image and another from a book; and at the risk of losing my reader, I will also mention the importance of time and narrative in this discussion. Narrative not only helps to construct my arguments, but it also helps to convey the authenticity of having witnessed these events. As Paul Ricoeur shows in *Time and Narrative*, both history and fiction are species of the same genus, specifically narrative.[26] Serendipitously — and ironically for me and for my practice — the more history I layer upon any one image, the more fictitious that image becomes.

It was 2009 and I was walking to the Slade for a supervisory meeting. I was somewhat nervous and slightly unprepared, and gave myself some extra time to walk that morning, hoping to find something to talk about in the process. That morning I took a different path and walked through Tavistock Square, and came upon the Gandhi monument. I noticed a little alcove underneath, where flowers and gifts are left. That

[26] Paul Ricoeur, *Time and Narrative*, trans. Kathleen McLaughlin and David Pellauer, vol. 3 (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1985), 101.

particular morning the Square was empty, but in that little alcove I found two photographic albums. I picked one up and looked through it — it was full of landscapes. The images were lonely and without people, but were organized into sequences of 5 or 15 images. They were vacation pictures of places seen: of parks and famous places, yet also sad. I felt as if someone had left this there, perhaps to purge themselves of that loneliness, and to finally give that emotion away. As I flipped through the albums I noticed that some of the images contained animals within the landscape; I also noticed the presence of one person throughout, the person standing behind the camera; and as my own loneliness subsided, more beautiful desires began emanating from the collection of images. In both albums, everything was sunny.

Thinking I could not leave these albums without taking something of them with me, I grabbed five or six photographs and headed to my supervisory meeting. With these new objects in hand I reached my meeting and put them on the table and said, "Here, I found these coming here this morning. Some of these will become an artwork, and this is where it all begins. This is what I am going to make work with, what I will make my images from, but I do not know when this will happen."

They did not believe me. They thought I had conjured my story — that it was a constructed event, and that I was using this fictitious moment as a catalyst for additional streams of creative practice. They thought that instead of the story being true and real, that I was giving them a fiction — which would have been no less a relevant place to start. They found my experience too unbelievable, to consider it had just happened only minutes prior. This was like my experience with Jeffrey, when he thought I had stolen those images for my exam; except this time my supervisors did not believe me. The images themselves were small photographs, approximately 4 x 6 inches and slightly faded, and were mostly landscapes. They are like many of the images I have made and collected over the years, to be used as pieces for future compositions.

These Gandhi images — as I like to call them — sat in my archive for many years. I had scanned them and they sat on my hard drive. Periodically I would look at these digital versions, and every once in a while I would dig out the originals and hold them too. The originals have always provide an ephemeral or kinesthetic connection, a relationship, which sometimes helps to show where or how I might use an image, inside of one of my digital compositions.

Just this past summer I used one of these Gandhi photographs within a composition, titled, *Egyptian Curtains Over Willows Over Gandhi*.[27] That Gandhi print became the background for this composition, although you really cannot see it. I used it to colour the background colour: as a way of shifting the colour tone within this one composition. Regardless, the Gandhi print finally made it into a composition, in the background, somewhere. No one can see it, though it remains as part of the story. It is where that image began, and my story informs the creation of that particular image.

Shifting focus again, I will talk about a synchronistic event that informed the creation of a book. Again this happened recently. I was again walking and pondering the "holographic principle," and other theories about black holes, discovered in a documentary the night before. The holographic principle postulates a universe that is only two dimensional, instead of the three dimensions that we perceive. It says that our experience of space is actually a hologram, and that somehow — and I really do not know how — our minds translate this two-dimensional space into three.

And so, out for my morning stroll, I pondered this obtuse reality; and thinking how sensational it really was, I started imagining how I could use this theory to construct an artwork. I vaguely recall an outdoor photographic installation, where a garden of grass-seed was used as a "photographic surface" to expose an image. An enlarger, with a very powerful lamp, projected a photographic negative onto the bed, causing the grass to grow wherever it was touched by the light.[28] This process would take a long time, and I thought of the way that the grass would grow taller, nearly to the light-source, and how this plant would eventually begin to shadow and distort other areas of the projected image, as these other rays of light tried to reach the ground.

The "holographic principle" says that information is stored in the circumference of a black-hole, and that my pen, for example, when sucked into a black-hole, would only be mostly destroyed (90% destroyed), with the remaining 10% somehow preserved in this circumference of the black-hole, and stored there in that outer ring as information. Strangely enough, the inside of a black hole is postulated to be the same as the outside;

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[27] Figure 1: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled No. 845 (Egyptian Curtains over Willows over Gandhi)." Pigmented inkjet print, 506 x 770 mm, 2014.

[28] These grass-photographs are likely the work of Heather Ackroyd and Dan Harvey, and an illustration of this is on the reverse of a studio book: Aaron Murphy, *Universal Slide* (London, 2015). See
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 20: Rear jacket cover. From: Murphy, Aaron. *Universal Slide*. 2015.

and from the inside, it may look exactly like our universe. The design of my pen would then be preserved as information, or as some "Platonic extra," swirling around the outer sphere of the black-hole; and from that outer region of the black-hole — which is the also the circumference of the universe — the design of my pen is beamed into (or is projected into, or is somehow manifested into) its interior universe, whereupon one perceives my pen in three dimensions, but where ultimately it is only a part of a two dimensional reality.[29]

To help others fathom this bizarre and astonishing theory I tried to imagine an installation that could translate this theory into something more familiar. As the grass in my bed grew taller, certain blades of grass would shadow other places of my projected image, and therefore the design would slowly become distorted, as certain blades encroached upon their source of existence — and one cannot help thinking here of Walt Whitman and his *Leaves of Grass*, which he says are as infinite and as numerous as the stars in the sky.[30]

> Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
>
> You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of suns left,) [31]

I was struck by how poetic this all was: that, if the universe is projecting designs — through us, around us — then perhaps there is a shadowing effect taking place; that is rendering a less determined universe, that is less categorical and less predictable, than any one theory would like.[32]

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[29] B. Greene et al., "The Fabric of the Cosmos," ([United States]: PBS Home Video, 2011).

[30] The following comments are in various appendices and are relating the archetypes with light. The Mesopotamians were the first to associate stellar constellations with various gods. In my discussion of *Timaeus* I mention a type of bird that navigates its migration patterns using the stars, and from this I wonder if light pollution might be robbing us of a vital map to the collective unconscious. The pseudo-intelligence of an archetype is described as a "luminosity." In his discussion with Wolfgang Pauli, Jung describes the illuminations of archetypes and atoms as "sparks" — they showcase archetypal light in a state of emergence. Von Franz echoes the anti-entropic behavior of birds, and then says that archetypes are like small candles dwarfed by the bright illumination of the ego. [See the following appendices' paragraphs: 15.3.3, 19, 15.3.13, 20.7.4, 15.5.12.] [Many of these paragraphs have been removed from the appendices.]

[31] Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass, (The Project Gutenberg, 2008), https://www.gutenberg.org/files/1322/1322-h/1322-h.htm.

[32] The holographic principle was also imagined as an image projected through a tank of murky water — watching the light travel through the cloudy space and landing on the opposite wall of the tank.

And so, as I was thinking about all this on my morning walk, lo and behold I discovered a slide.[33] [34] It was on the ground right in front of me, in the middle of the road. It was 10 o'clock in the morning, and in the middle of the street there was a slide — and this after thinking about a two-dimensionally projected reality for the last hour. Astonished, I picked it up and wondered, Who makes slides nowadays anyways? I have never found a slide in the middle of the road, ever. And so I picked it up, and thinking how strange this all was, I took it with me and went home to transcribe the whole experience into a book — into a text or a narrative about this series of events. Eventually I tried to convert that slide into a visual work, but that failed. The failure resulted in a book that was actually made.[35]

A few days after finding it, I went back to this slide again, this time making a copy of it with a Vivitar slide-duplicator, only to fail at creating a montage this second time. But again, my failure yielded another book. Exactly three books came from this finding of one object on the road.[36] And who knows, maybe in the future an image or a visual composition might come from it too. For now, that does not matter.

In these instances we have: the finding of an image that informs or guides the creation of a story or a book; and a narrative that helped and informed the creation of an image — although there were many years between my finding of those Gandhi prints and my using one in a final composition.

The German philosopher Leibniz once postulated the theory of "petites perceptions," where at any given moment our subconscious has an infinite number of petites perceptions of the entire working of the universe. Our consciousness filters these vast and minute awarenesses, thus allowing us the capacity to focus upon what is relevant in any given situation, and immediately at hand.[37] [38]

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[33] A "slide" is also known as a "35 mm transparency."

[34] Figure 2: Murphy, Aaron. *Universal Slide*. 2015. This is a copy of this slide.

[35] Two books were made: Murphy, *Universal Slide*; *Intuition Supreme* (London, 2015). Another remains unfinished.

[36] *Universal Slide*; *Slide Divine* (unfinished (started 13 May 2013)); *Intuition Supreme*.

[37] Frederick S.J. Copleston, *A History of Philosophy: Descartes to Leibniz*, vol. 4, The Bellarmine Series (London: Burns and Oates Ltd., 1965), 312.

[38] M. H. Abrams, *The Mirror and the Lamp : Romantic Theory and the Critical Tradition* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1976), 202.

It could be imagined, in some tiny or minute way, and from some vast corner of the galaxy that is the subconscious, that there was already a stream of thought taking place, and that I knew that there would be a slide in the middle of the road somewhere ahead of me. It was simply the encounter with the real slide that allowed this nascent subconscious awareness to finally escape into the surface of consciousness.

But is this still synchronicity? Or has synchronicity become a way of describing the emergence of petites perceptions into present reality? It is worth mentioning that Carl Jung borrowed much from Leibniz philosophy, and particularly from his monadology.[39] [40]

Once, I had dream about a childhood friend "Stephen," where I was chasing him around a donut shop. In my sleep I was chasing him, and eventually kicked him, when in reality I had actually kicked the leg of the desk beside my bed. That night I was at a cousins', and was sleeping on her floor in her study, and when I kicked her desk I screamed loudly. She came dashing into the room to see what had happened, and found me laughing on the floor. At that moment I realized something new about dreams: it is only through waking that we are allowed to remember them. Upon waking, we think that the sequence of events is linear. We think: I fell asleep, chased my childhood friend around a restaurant, kicked him, but actually kicked the desk, and woke up. But that is not what happened. I kicked the desk and then remembered my dream. Phrased differently, it was only because I had kicked the desk and woke up that I was allowed to remember any of my dream at all. And so, the sequence of events is actually like this: I smashed my shin against the leg of my cousin's desk, woke up, remembered the narrative that had playing in my head, saw my cousin, had this revelation, and then started laughing. In fact, if I had not kicked her desk I would never have remembered my dream.

Much like my dream about "Stephen," perhaps this finding of a slide in the middle of the road only allowed me to remember those events and thoughts that were already taking place immediately before my collection of this slide from the street. In other words: perhaps the present shapes the past favourably. Extending this idea until the end of time, perhaps it is only because we are dead that we are allowed to remember anything at all; that perhaps everything is just one long dream, and that it is only through the shock of

[39] Ibid., 211.

[40] C. G. Jung, W. S. Dell, and Cary F. Baynes, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1950), 157.

waking — from this pseudo three-dimensional reality, which actually becomes reality only through death — that we are allowed to remember places and people loved, and are allowed to remember those events that have informed and shaped the meaning of our existence.[41]

The relationship between synchronicity and chance still needs to be discussed.[42] Without exhausting this discussion here, I will quickly mention Koestler's book, *The Roots of Coincidence*, which is particularly critical of Carl Jung's synchronicity, and prefers another, similar idea that arose at the same time, namely Kammerer's "seriality." Koestler prefers Kammerer's "seriality" to Jung's "synchronicity."[43] I will also say that Koestler does not completely understand what Jung means by synchronicity, nor does he understand why Jung felt it necessary to invent such a term in the first place.[44] For example, Koestler dislikes the term synchronicity because it implies temporal simultaneousness. For Koester, Jung's term suggests simultaneous events, which would be outside of linear time, with the contradiction that these events do not take place simultaneously. Jung was not that stupid. He does explain how this kind of simultaneousness is possible, without contradicting any linear sense of time: for example, an omnipresent, eternal God can experience both the simultaneous and the linear; or again, perhaps there are additional strands of time intersecting our own linear time — at acute angles, where meanings cut through linear time at certain key moments. I was extremely surprised by Koestler's ignorance of these possibilities, especially given that he was a scientific writer for many years, and would certainly have known the research of Wolfgang Pauli.[45] For example, he does not seem to know that time can move forward and backwards. Koeslter ignores Jung, and ignores other research too.

There is much writing on chance and synchronicity in the Jungian field, both from within his own writing and from those that came afterward. Even when synchronicity is not mentioned explicitly, it still informs his writing on other topics like alchemy. The splitting of consciousness and the emergence of subconscious contents into consciousness, and the numinous experiences that flood the soul whenever these contents enter

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[41] Aaron Murphy, *Laurayne* (unfinished (started 21 March 2013)).

[42] Jung and Read, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche* 8.

[43] Koestler and Haynes, *The Roots of Coincidence*, 97.

[44] Marie-Louise von Franz, "The Synchronicity Principle of C.G. Jung," in *Psyche and Matter* (Boston, MA: Shambhala, 1992).

[45] See appendix "20. Jung/Pauli Letters, *Atom and Archetype*." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

consciousness, all reinforce how archetypes are said to be involved in the conditioning of synchronistic events. In this, there is also the research of Richard Wilhelm,[46] Mary-Louise von Frantz,[47] and Anile Jaffe.[48]

The Surrealists and the Dadaists also dealt with chance,[49] but many of them lacked that element of spirit that Jung attached to synchronicity: that basic drive for wholeness and totality that is missing from Freudianism, to whom the Surrealists and the Dadaists often referred. One thinks of the poetry of Mallarmé in this regard.[50] [51]

For the Dada movement in particular, chance was something profoundly unexpected. It needed to move beyond the meaningful, and so beyond anything that an artist could fathom. Chance went beyond the artist as well.[52] There is no meaningful chance or happy accident in Dada, like the kinds I research when making my books and images. Certain strands of Surrealism come close to this quest for grace,[53] like when it touches the unconscious, but I would prefer something that is more familiar, and prefer the more contemporary term "magical realism,"[54] which describes the work of novelist Ben Okri and his *The Famished Road*. That book uses the perspective of a 5-year-old boy to

[46] See appendix "24. Richard Wilhelm, *I Ching* or *Book of Changes*, "Book II: The Material"." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[47] See appendix "15. Marie-Louise von Franz" and footnote 331. [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[48] See appendix "25. Aniela Jaffé, *The Myth of Meaning in the Work of C.G. Jung*." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[49] See appendix "21. Harriett Ann Watts, *Chance: A Perspective on Dada*." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[50] Aaron Murphy, *Reading Stéphane Mallarmé's Toast,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 21 August, 44 seconds.

[51] See Footnote 290 concerning Mallarmé and rhythm.

[52] Professor Sonu Shamdasani believes that some Dadaists subscribed elements of "design" to their chance encounters. See our dialogue: Aaron Murphy and Sonu Shamdasani, *Dialogue No. 17 with Sonu Shamdasani* (London, 2015). [This has been removed for copyright reasons.] Also, Marcel Duchamp believed that chance created authentically subjective experiences — based on a Freudian repressive model, whereby chance breaks the chains of consciousness. See appendix "21. Harriett Ann Watts, *Chance: A Perspective on Dada*." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[53] "Grace" is discussed in "IV. Rhythm."

[54] "Others argue for a more politicized, but equally region-specific definition of magical realism as a postcolonial discourse that rejects traditional Euro-American emphasis on realism and positivism in favour of a worldview that permits the "magical" to coexist with the "real."" M. C. Strecher, "Magical Realism and the Search for Identity in the Fiction of Murakami Haruki," *Journal of Japanese Studies* 25, no. 2 (1999), http://www.jstor.org/stable/133313.

weave a beautiful tale of morphing fantasy and reality. It moves in and out of universal depths, to create a landscape that is at once here and there, and then beyond.[55]

Okri's book falls under the category of "magical realism."[56] His book is about a child — Azaro, a spirit-child — that is confronted with numerous visions and hallucinations. He is constantly venturing on strange and spiritual journeys. These visions and journeys are an escape for the child. They are an escape from, or a means of dealing with, his poverty and communal instability. This perspective and the story itself are both admirable. The story straddles a hard reality as well as a spiritual reality, and is able to fluctuate between them with descriptions of both. This is the source of its power. Selecting a child as a protagonist made this easier — and this mention of a visionary child foreshadows an upcoming discussion of Jung's archetype of "the Self," where the symbol of the child is a major component of this archetype. This mention of children also recalls our previous discussion of Tarkovsky's *Sacrifice*, which began with a mute son and ended with a speechless father.

Okri's book is anchored to the landscape, as can be ascertained from its title, *The Famished Road*. Often Azaro wanders into the forest, while descriptions of the landscape, both real and surreal, follow in his wake. The landscape is changing as well. Industrialization is creeping into Africa. The book is set around 1920, with its new machines and electric light. A gramophone haunts the local environment with its magic.

I found this book, serendipitously, through a simple Google search. I used four keywords — prose, spirit, landscape, journey — and this book came up. It was truly amazing.

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More than any other group of artists since the Renaissance, the Romantics have touched upon our topics mentioned so far. The landscapes of Caspar David Friedrich and the theme of the walking journey, or the theme of correspondence with nature through William Wordsworth, come to mind. Walt Whitman's blades of grass, sparking and universal, are also recalled, as is the way that American transcendentalism adopted these

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[55] Narrative prose has its own rhythms. Rhythm is discussed in "IV. Rhythm." Also see footnote 248.

[56] Footnote 54 defines "magical realism."

discarded theories from the Romantic movement.[57] From American transcendentalism there is a direct line to American landscape photography, as well as to literature during the latter part of the 20th century.[58] [59]

Specifically, Wordsworth dealt with synchronicity, although he never would have called it that. He may have, if that term had been around when he was alive. He was very much interested in making religious experiences secular. Jung did this too, but from a scientific, psychological perspective.

Before moving to other topics, we will mention Meyer Abrams' essay on Wordsworth and correspondence,[60] that shows how this poet's emotions were echoed by an affinity with the wind. In this essay, Abrams explicitly dislikes labeling Wordsworth's search for affinity as an "archetype." For him, there are disadvantages of labeling our correspondences as archetypal, and of latching awarenesses to the unconscious: there is no need to resort to Platonic forms when trying to explicate or enumerate the various themes that a Romantic might have exchanged in or dealt with.

Returning to American photography, and to Robert Frank. After he left New York and moved to Mabou, Nova Scotia, his work became very impulsive and intuitive; profoundly so, to the point where his happy-accidents, captured by video and film and Polaroid, are synchronistic events.[61] [62] He seemed to follow whatever was in front of him, and recorded whatever seemed to be fascinating. It appears as if he was following fate, or something close to fate — and even hating it, and begrudging it, simultaneously.

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[57] M. H. Abrams, *Natural Supernaturalism : Tradition and Revolution in Romantic Literature*, 1st ed. (New York: Norton, 1971), 412.

[58] Susan Sontag, *On Photography* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1977), 72.

[59] Following Emerson documentary photography was used to capture spiritual facts in nature. Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Nature* (London: Penguin, 2008), 17.

[60] M. H. Abrams, "The Correspondent Breeze : A Romantic Metaphor," *The Kenyon Review* 19, no. 1 (1957).

[61] Not to dismiss what happened to his children. "For my daughter Andrea who died in an Airplane crash in TICAL in Guatemala on Dec 23, Last year. She was 21 years and she lived in this house and I think of Andrea every DAY." Robert Frank, *For My Daughter Andrea,* 1975. Polaroid instant film. From: *The Lines of My Hand* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1989).

[62]

[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 5: Frank, Robert. "For My Daughter Andrea." Polaroid instant film, 1975. From: Frank, Robert. *The Lines of My Hand*. New York: Pantheon Books, 1989.

One artist under the Dada or Surrealist umbrella is Joseph Cornell. His work often features those harder edges characteristic of collage — which is also a characteristic of those two movements in general. My practice is different — I use photo-montage instead of collage — but this act of "cutting," or this notion of "the cut," is still found around the edges of my compositions, and finds its way into the textures rendered through my various images. Cornell was an outsider and a hermit propelled by wanderlust, and he built an archive from dusty and rotting materials, right in his own basement.[63] His basement was a warehouse of disgustingly filled boxes, with things that might or might not be used. He plucked from these to make his "portraits." I recall two boxes from the Peggy Guggenheim Museum in Venice, and remember how intimate and intricate, and how delicate and considered, they really were. One might call these boxes "cosmically intimate,"[64] which is reminiscent of the kind of "intimate immensity" mentioned by Gaston Bachelard in his *Poetics of Space*.[65]

Cosmic intimacy is a characteristic of synchronicity. Synchronistic and graceful moments are not public events; and I admire this about them. Synchronistic moments are private experiences. When synchronistic or numinous events become public, there is cause for worry. When this happens it is a warning of impending mass hysteria. Recall Jung's essay on the emergence of Ufos and of Ufo sightings during the Cold War.[66]

Although these Ufo encounters were in fact private moments, there were enough of them to warrant a collective investigation. The descriptions of these unidentified flying objects were strikingly similar: they were all described as being circular, comprised of a metallic, or a liquidly metallic material; they were observably capable of flying like an insect, and even of disappearing.[67] Like most circular symbols, Jung believed that these Ufos were the emerging representation of a greater totality. They were "mandala"

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 6: Cornell, Joseph. "Cornell's Basement Studio, Utopia Parkway, Flushing, New York, 1964." Royal Academy of Arts, https://www.royalacademy.org.uk/ article/joseph-cornell-a-beginners-guide..

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 42: Cornell, Joseph. "Untitled (Lilly Tosch)." Box construction, 254 x 35 x 54 mm. Washington, DC: The Robert Lehrman Art Trust, 1938.

65 Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1994), 184.

66 C. G. Jung, "Flying Saucers : A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies," in *Civilization in Transition*, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1981). This book is analyzed in appendix "13. Jung and Ufos."

67 *Civilization in Transition*, 10, 316.

symbols,[68] [69] [70] or something that represents the wholeness of the archetype of "the Self."[71] These spacecraft, with their connotations of alchemic Mercury — as something that is liquid and yet metallic, and as something that is preparing to fall to the earth in a drop, and as something that is evaporating or disappearing like a spirit — all point to the chemical changes of Mercury when it is heated. One does not have to strain the imagination to see this modern example of alchemy; with the exception that in this century, we are collectively looking at the sky for aliens and saviors and terrorists, while at the same moment these extra-terrestrials seem to be arriving on earth — a haunting coincident indeed.[72]

Did the inventor of photography William Henry Fox Talbot hold a cosmic relationship with his creation? He did call photography the *Pencil of Nature*.[73] [74] A horrible artist himself, Talbot was saved the need to draw his favourite landscapes through his new invention. He travelled with a camera obscura, and instead of drawing (or tracing) he decided to fix the shadows, and solidify the latent images that fell through his black box. This allowed nature to write itself. I do not know if one can call these first photographs synchronistic, but it must have been astonishing to witness nature write itself onto a sheet of sensitized paper. Saying that, the invention of photography, simultaneous in two

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[68] "Flying Saucers : A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies," 387.

[69] Richard Wilhelm and C. G. Jung, *The Secret of the Golden Flower : A Chinese Book of Life* (London: Arkana, 1984), 96.

[70] In "III. Metaphor and Image" there is more discussion on the mandala and the archetype of the Self.

[71] C. G. Jung, *Aion : Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*, trans. R. F. C. Hull, 2nd ed., vol. 9, Pt. 2, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung (London: Routledge, 1991), 64.

[72] Regarding shared synchronicities, see appendix "13. Jung and Ufos."

[73] M. Charlesworth, "Fox Talbot and the White Mythology of Photography," Article, *Word & Image* 11, no. 3 (1995), http://dx.doi.org.libproxy.ucl.ac.uk/10.1080/02666286.1995.10435914.

Since its inception, photography has remained precarious: it unveils cosmic truths, and then manipulates them. As Charlesworth shows in his essay, "Fox Talbot and the White Mythology of Photography," Talbot's assertion that photography could grasp the truths of nature, unimpeded by man, was as much an unfounded belief (and sometimes even a lie) as it was an attempt to manipulate the use of his invention. On page 21 of his article Charlesworth writes that the point of *The Pencil of Nature* was to show that photography was "a recording of the world that is unmediated by human beings." He also describes how Talbot believed in invisible cosmic rays that could be captured from a darkened room, and that could be used subsequently to produce images of the objects and the people found in the dark. Talbot called these truths of the camera, "the secrets of the chamber," while the records produced (on his photographic papers) were "its testimony." Talbot the photographer, like Hermes, moved between these secrets and testimonies.

[74]

[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 7: Talbot, William Henry Fox. "The Open Door." Calotype salt paper negative, 143 x 94 mm. London: British Museum, 1844.

different countries, in England and in France, is certainly a synchronistic event. Jung does mention similar scientific inventions in his writings.

To broaden this discussion of artists and movements, and to extended it beyond the mention of mere names, and beyond the use of collage and montage already mentioned, I would like to include the serendipitous use of found materials, and the use of archives by other artists, within this aesthetic realm of synchronistic art. Also, I would include the use of distortions, both organic and digital, as well as the incorporation of rotting and ephemeral materials like those used in land-art. Finally, elements of performance are involved here, specifically in relation to the kind of spontaneous and visionary experiences that are characteristic of synchronistic phenomenon.[75]

[75] See appendix "2. *Synchronicity's Keys*." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

II. LANDSCAPE AND JOURNEY

There are many ways that the landscape and the idea of landscape enter my practice. Firstly, my images are not quite landscapes. Although they represent some territory "out there," they also flatten space into something two-dimensional. Later, we will see how these landscapes represent loneliness, as well as aspects of the sublime, and also show how these landscapes showcase spiritual journeys of self-discovery. Elements of nature and the organic are conveyed through the idea of landscape that is represented in my images, with further connotations and references to lost civilizations.[76]

In the past I have used words like "liminal" and "interstitial" to describe the space or the terrain displayed in my photographs, as such they are on the cusp or the border of what one might call "landscape." They are on the edge, where the city meets the landscape, or where the decay of civilization and its "falling apart" are returned to natural and organic surroundings. Sometimes my landscapes are tight and intimate. One could call them claustrophobic; and I think here of Gaston Bachelard's theory that agoraphobia is really a fear of falling.[77] Sometimes these liminal landscapes are literally photographed in someone's backyard or at their home, and sometimes are found looking through the window of an abandoned store. Although these landscape are not vast, in that they are of a

[76] Brian Dillon, *Ruin Lust : Artists' Fascination with Ruins, from Turner to the Present Day* (London: Tate Publishing, 2014).

The 2014 Tate exhibition *Ruin Lust* showed how historical and contemporary interests in ruins have differed. This interest is said to be modern, or following the medieval period. Previously, ruins conveyed a loosened experience of time, and were even considered ornaments of time, or the reclamation of structures by nature. Moving into the last century these elements of the picturesque were commonplace and required self-reflection and irony to be taken seriously. This was certainly true of modern photography, and the use of photography in Paris specifically: first to record the reconstruction of the city by Marville, followed by Atget documenting everything that had escaped Baron Haussmann' restoration. The "Zone" from Tarkovsky's *Stalker* does not escape Brian Dillon's *Ruin Lust* (nor does the planet from *Solaris,* which had similar connotations). "The Zone" was a poisoned land bleeding nature and culture together where ruin and landscape fell into each other. The finalé of Dillon's catalogue is puzzling, and is partially the result of assumptions: that interest in ruins is modern — which might be true in the West, but is not true everywhere; that irony is demanded by the contemporary, to avoid the embarrassment of adoring ruins. The final section of the catalogue reaches a vexed nostalgia. It moves from land and architecture — those two aspects of the ruin loved by civilization until now. The ruin is a process and a motif, an action and an image. It is hard to define contemporary interest in ruins as "untimely." Contemporary ruins — like all ruins really — arrive with an incomplete past and point toward an incomplete future. Sometimes this future is fictitious — operating like a future memory of what might have been; but what the contemporary ruin truly represents is a move away from land and to the city, and also away from grand architecture. Interest is now focused on smaller, insignificant ruins: out-of-date tools and technology re-experienced anew, with impractical fascination because they lack utility.

[77] Gaston Bachelard, *Air and Dreams : An Essay on the Imagination of Movements* (Dallas: Dallas Institute Publications, Dallas Institute of Humanities and Culture, 1988), 93.

smaller and a tighter vista, they still convey a sense and the presence of a landscape, if only hidden behind the middle-ground. The horizon extends beyond them, as if covered by a heavy curtain.[78] One might call this an implied horizon. To give a parallel from fictional writing, when an author tries to do away with narrative, they end up relying on an audience's ability to decipher structures to complete their work.[79] Without this previous knowledge from the audience, the story would not be communicated, and the work would not exist — or at least it would not be a novel. Likewise, and with my own images, I rely on my audience's ability to understand an implied landscape, in order to aid the completion of the work and to inform its composition.

An excellent reference — for this type of space, that lies between civilizations, and that speaks of the inevitable collapse and return of all human inventions to the material world, from which it all arose — is the work of Anselm Kiefer.

I was first introduced to the photography of Anselm Kiefer in 2004, via a catalogue from an exhibition at Harvard University's Art Museum in 2002. The exhibition was titled *Surface Tension: Works by Anselm Kiefer from the Broad Collections and the Harvard University Art Museums*.[80] Early in his career, while documenting his Nazi salutes in various European cities, Kiefer also made smaller books and travelogues. Later he used these books to inform and aid the creation of his paintings. For example, he would photograph German farmers burning their crops — which was done to replenish the fields for future growth — and then would use these images as sketches to design his paintings that would address the Nazi scorched-earth policy. Throughout this Report I discuss similar uses of happenstance and utilitarian archiving. Kiefer's books were tattered, and included original photographs on photographic paper, made by himself.[81] [82] I find these

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[78] Ibid., 103.

[79] Paul Ricoeur, *Time and Narrative*, trans. Kathleen McLaughlin and David Pellauer, vol. 2 (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984), 97-8.

[80] Laura Muir. "Surface Tension: Works by Anselm Kiefer from the Broad Collections and the Harvard University Art Museums." Harvard Art Museums, http://www.harvardartmuseums.org/visit/exhibitions/2509/surface-tension-works-by-anselm-kiefer-from-the-broad-collections-and-the-harvard-university-art-museums. Accessed 01 July 2015.

[81]

[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 8: Kiefer, Anselm. "For Ingeborg Bachmann, the Sands from the Urns." Acrylic, oil, shellac and sand on canvas. Private Collection, 2009.

[82]

[Image removed for copyright reasons]

smaller works much more curious, and much more elegant, when compared to his giant and bombastic lead-covered books, with their great wings attempting to escape from the pedestal. And like Cornell's archive, Kiefer's books were catalogs of things that might be used, with notes and handwriting made overtop, that later found inscription on his painting.

There is something about this fake or intended utilitarianism that I admire, and it comes through in the work of artists that I reference, and it seems to be something that I utilize in my own practice as well. There is a slight laziness or an absentmindedness to this kind of gesture. It shows a loose ability to categorize something as utilitarian, and yet also produces a beautiful happening: if the handwriting is done in the right way, and the composition remains loose. These gestures convey a sense of honesty: that what was recorded was essential and meaningful. This topic was discussed in *Dialogue no. 12 with Jeffrey Paull*.[83]

Returning to our discussion about landscape, and the "not landscape" with its implied horizon, I would further say that my images exist in something like a "middle-distance." Furthermore I would say that this is a rejection of single-point perspective, which is often, and mistakenly so, used synonymously with the adoption of lenses and camera technology within art history, and by photography specifically.

I said earlier that my landscapes seem flat, and that they have this two-dimensional quality about them. Often photographs can be divided into two distinct groups, based on their aesthetic treatment of distance and depth: there are those that record depth in three-dimensions, and there are those that squish space into two dimensions. I, undoubtedly, belong to the latter. As such, and even though there is an implied horizon within my works, this horizon might also be called a vector, resting on a two-dimensional plane; or again, one might call this horizon something that is drawn, or illustrated. The majority of

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Figure 9: Kiefer, Anselm. "The Burning of the Rural District of Buchen." Bound original photographs with ferrous oxide and linseed oil on fibrous wallpaper, 620 x 450 x 30 mm, 210 pages, pages 10 and 11, 1974. From: Kiefer, Anselm, Götz Adriani, and Bruni Mayor. *The Books of Anselm Kiefer, 1969-1990*. New York: George Braziller, 1991.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 10: Kiefer, Anselm. "The Painters Studio." Oil, acrylic, emulsion, and shellac on original photographs, mounted on cardboard, 600 x 450 x 210 mm, 42 pages, 1980. From: Kiefer, Anselm, Götz Adriani, and Bruni Mayor. *The Books of Anselm Kiefer, 1969-1990*. New York: George Braziller, 1991.

[83] Murphy and Paull, *Dialogue No. 12 with Jeffrey Paull*. [A quotation from this dialogue has been removed for copyright reasons.]

my compositions exist in this middle-distance. They are not close-up, and yet they are not that far away either. They are hovering, in between. My images seem to be in relief, featuring a kind of "shallow space" — they are more this than a surface of textures; and this is true literally, because my images are often printed digitally. Although I search out and photograph texture, it is the relief, or this shortening and shadowing of space and texture, that is transposed overtop of my landscapes.[84]

Vermeer used optics to make his paintings and was successful without the use of single-point perspective. The "single-points" residing in his paintings are literally everywhere. His optics allowed him to focus, and to remain focused, while concentrating on the surface of his subject. This concentration of focus corresponded to the surface of his paintings. He painted through the optic, and therefore captured the knuckles of imperfect glass and blended light, which sometimes rendered themselves with the subject itself. He would mix his subjects with these optical imperfections, and paint them altogether into a menagerie of surfaces, rendering multiple, hyper-focused points. It was this use of optics in Northern Europe during the Renaissance that differentiated those painters from their contemporaries in the South, themselves using single-point perspective. Much of this is mentioned in Svetlana Alper's book, *The Art of Describing*.[85]

The implications of my rejecting single-point perspective are very interesting, especially when one considers that I am rejecting the type of single-point perspective that was practiced by Southern Renaissance painters. Those painters used mathematical constructions and geometry to humanize, and therefore also to secularize, infinity. By not allowing God to become the focal point of infinity, they shifted perspective towards the horizon itself. Also, they equally shifted our focus backwards, toward the viewer themselves, and thus bestowed some traditional powers of God forward to science and to humanity simultaneously. They drew inspiration from a single-point perspective because it deferred or transferred the public's focus away from a deity or a god and on to infinity; and simultaneously, in the opposite direction, almost as if in a mirror, they projected it backwards to the author and to the artist.

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 11: Murphy, Aaron. "The Silence in Which They Float Away." Pigmented inkjet print, 108 x 77 cm, 2010.

85 Svetlana Alpers, *The Art of Describing : Dutch Art in the Seventeenth Century* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), 70.

If, in the South during the Renaissance, artists were working with a kind of "virtual optics", like those offered by geometry, then in the North, like in Germany and in the Netherlands, artists were working with real optics, and were using them as a new invention that allowed them a more prolonged investigation of their subject matter, while at the same time allowing for an easier rendition of their visual world; a visual world that could also be distorted through the imperfections that were characteristic of their optics, at that time.

There is a poem mentioned in Gaston Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space*,[86] that discusses the way that a landscape changes when caught within these glazed imperfections, when it is caught in the web of these knuckles of glass. They render the landscape anew, while simultaneously individualizing the image. The distorted glass helps to mesmerize the landscape. Glass is liquid and flowing; at the same time it warps the subject matter. The image, caught between "inside and outside," has many implications for my own practice. I think instantly of Ingmar Bergman's film *Through a Glass Darkly*, where the title itself was borrowed from the 1st Book of Corinthians.[87] Jung also writes about 1st Corinthians.[88] At the same time, Bergman's title becomes a metaphor for a disintegrating consciousness, and the onset of madness that the story in the film unfolds.[89] Both "glass" and "title" filter our vision and act like a prism splitting light. This light is purposeful and creates something individual. It comes to rest where the artist has desired.

In the book *Faking Death: Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*, there is a section that deals with the topic of "inside and outside."[90] [91] [92] That book says

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[86] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, 156-7.

[87] "1 Corinthians 13," New International Version ed., vol. 2015, *Holy Bible, New International Version* (BibleGateway and Biblica Inc., 2015), https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=1%20Corinthians%2013&version=NIV.

[88] Jung, *Civilization in Transition*, 10, 410.

[89] Ingmar Bergman, "Såsom I En Spegel (through a Glass Darkly)," (Sweden1961).

[90] Penny Cousineau-Levine, *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination* (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2003). The second half of this book is titled "Inside and Outside."

[91] *Faking Death* is further mentioned in "V. Death and Photography."

[92] Here are examples of Canadian works looking both inside and outside. With the exception of the Robert Frank, the rest are taken from Cousineau-Levine, *Faking Death*.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 27: Ingelevics, Vid. "Bureau No.1" from the installation *Work Places of Repose: Stories of Displacement*, 1989-90." Wooden bureau, chromogenic prints, steel frames. Ottawa: Canadian Museum of Contemporary Photography, National Gallery of Canada, 1989. From: Cousineau-Levine,

that Canadian photographers often represent an amalgamation of exterior and interior space, and that these artists attempt a merger of cold and barren landscapes, while trying to maintain the warmth and security of the cabin. They absorb these two visions into one representation, and this practice is typically Canadian. Briefly I will stress the topic of "death" in the title of Cousineau-Levine's book, which is addressed in the final chapter of this Report.

In his book *Natural Supernaturalism* Meyer Abrams shows how Romantic literature often portrayed spiritual voyages and journeys through the landscape.[93] [94] These were epic journeys, from Paradise to a New Jerusalem, or from Arcadia to Elysium. The Romantics moved from here to there, but also came back again upon themselves in an divine act of return. They formed a circle, and their journeys through the landscape came back again at a higher level of existence. Like this, I too venture into the landscape with my camera or my audio recorder; and although I may end physically where I had once started, I am also elevated spiritually. An offering by the universe — or something latent in my subconscious — was allowed to rise, and through an interaction with the landscape, and through landscape imagery, this new content was discovered and absorbed into consciousness.

But why does the landscape need to be "out there" — in the field, so to speak —and not in a confined space — like an alleyway or a cave, or even comprised of more domestic spaces like the home or a room, or even inside of something like a moving automobile — or even emanating from an abandoned image, found underneath a monument in Central London? I think the answer to this is that there is a sense of searching represented in my images, and more specifically a "search for a quiet place." Again, this trait is characteristic

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Penny. *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*. Montreal ; London: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2003.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 28: Cohen, Lynne. "Dining Room." Gelatin silver print, 401 x 508 mm with frame, n.d. From: Cousineau-Levine, Penny. *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*. Montreal ; London: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2003.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 29: Gagnon, Charles. "SX-70." Instant dye print (Polaroid), 108 x 88 mm. Ottawa: National Gallery Of Canada, 1979. From: Cousineau-Levine, Penny. *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*. Montreal ; London: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2003.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 30: Frank, Robert. "View from Hotel Window — Butte, Montana." Gelatin silver print, 217 x 328 mm. New York: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1955.

[93] Abrams, *Natural Supernaturalism : Tradition and Revolution in Romantic Literature*, 284.

[94] Ibid., 285.

of the Romantic movement.[95] For me, there is a desire to move away from others; to reach out into the woods and find a quiet place. Silence is featured in my practice, as is the desire to escape noise.[96]

Yet again, why must I have the landscape, or the field or the vista, as opposed to the cave? This, perhaps, might be the difference between German and English Romanticism. The German Romantics were always tunneling and borrowing into caves, going down into things, and then erupting to the earth.[97] Here I think of Caspar David Friedrich's sailing vessel, wrecked and trapped in a sea of heaving ice.[98] The English Romantics by contrast were always walking. But then again, why the landscape? Why this walking? Why this, in and through the landscape?[99]

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[95] Marsha Morton, "German Romanticism : The Search for "a Quiet Place"," *Art Institute of Chicago Museum Studies* 28, no. 1 (2002), http://www.jstor.org/stable/10.2307/4113048?ref=no-x-route:3fd4c86505cbb47fa737431a436c77fb.

This essay shows how the Romantic movement was a reaction against the Enlightenment (because the Enlightenment was associated with Napoleon and France) and an attempt at nation-building for a culture that had been swallowed in the Napoleonic invasions and Wars of Liberation. This movement is emphasized through printmaking, and not solely through works from Germany. The Nazarene movement in Vienna is mentioned as well. The Romantic search for a quiet place was aimed at creating a sanctuary. It was against the horrors of their political reality, and was seen as a means of creating future hope. Morton's essay shows how the Romantics concentrated on the landscape to reveal religions experiences — two of its greatest themes. Regarding the landscape, the Romantics mixed "far" and "near" [space], as well as "light" and "dark" [illumination] to create these elusive experiences. By destabilizing space and light their works became metaphors for a confrontation with the hidden or divine. Spirits lie beyond the façade of nature, and the artist must overcome the "empty mask" of empirical observation. The Romantic represented a hyper-real world engulfed in details. For the Romantic imagination — according to Runge — flowers were the ideal object of contemplation. Much like through the Japanese aesthetic of *wabi sabi*, flowers were an opportunity to experience beauty and decay simultaneously. Many themes from my report are echoed in this article: the serpent biting its tail, rhythms borrowed from nature, fascination with alchemical and arcane literature. The Romantics admired fairy tales too, and the supernatural as well. Frederick Schleiermacher and Caspar David Friedrich are paraphrased, as both 'equated religious experiences with a feeling of the sublime.' The Romantic quest for what lies beyond the visible was something faced alone. Historians Charles Rosen and Henri Zerner thought Caspar David Friedrich's paintings were "the trauma of the self facing the universe." This reference to "self" approaches the Jungian archetype of the Self, as an organizing entity that corrals the collective unconscious; and it emphasizes the private and introspective tendencies of the Romantic as they sought to convey religious experiences through art.

[96] Max Picard and Gabriel Marcel, *The World of Silence* (Wichita, Kansas: Eighth Day Press, 2002), 94.

[97] Figure 3: Friedrich, Casper David. "The Sea of Ice (the Wreck of Hope)." Oil paint, 970 x 1270 mm. Hamburg: Kunsthalle Hamburg, 1824.

[98] Figure 3: Friedrich, Casper David. "The Sea of Ice (the Wreck of Hope)." Oil paint, 970 x 1270 mm. Hamburg: Kunsthalle Hamburg, 1824.

[99] Footnote 304.

Walt Whitman prescribed the experience and the grandeur of a magnificent North American landscape to anyone that felt hopeless. And it does change you. It does elevate you. It issues a challenge to look upon the landscape and to conquer it, and then to become weightless over it, like a bird, and then to seize this experience of grandeur and weightlessness and conquer the world (if only for the afternoon). This is something that only a vista with the stratosphere can accomplish. English Romantics were different. They walked on the ground, and canoed through the Lake District, and searched out rare affinities where the wind and the light from a distant shore might echo and resonate within. For them this marriage with the landscape was a reminder that we humans are also "nature." If science wished to tear us from "nature", by making us the subject to its object, then the Romantic did away with this separation altogether. They wanted a calm and a tumult, so that from this silence and energy an emergent realization might be triggered, that might aid the realization that our mutual beings are comprised of exactly the same substances.[100]

Maybe a new artwork or a new poem comes close to this kind of homecoming; and maybe synchronicity too, or even something stranger like telepathy or esoteric knowledge, can arise from this.[101] During my dialogue with Professor Sonu Shamdasani he was critical of Jung's theory of synchronicity, saying that it presupposed a Newtonian world-view, from which it was contrasted. We have not fully fathomed the implications of a universe that is only statistically consistent.[102] [103] Maybe these meditative modes and trance-like states will produce more visions that reach beyond what we know already. This seems to be happening already.[104]

Then again, maybe not; and who cares if it happens or not, right? We can simply enjoy the imagination of it — day in and day out — this pushing of our field of experience

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[100] Concerning Romantic influences on eco-art and eco-poetics, see Jonathan Bate, *Romantic Ecology : Wordsworth and the Environmental Tradition* (London: Routledge, 1991); I. Karremann, "Human/Animal Relations in Romantic Poetry the Creaturely Poetics of Christopher Smart and John Clare," *European Journal of English Studies* 19, no. 1 (2015).

[101] Jung and Read, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche* 8, 502f.

[102] Murphy and Shamdasani, *Dialogue No. 17 with Sonu Shamdasani*. [Quotation removed for copyright reasons.]

[103] Walach shares these views. See appendix "23. Harald Walach." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[104] Like Ufo visions and other common visions. See appendix "13. Jung and Ufos."

against the horizon of our own expectations.[105] But can we have "the simple produce of the common day", without first being "wedded to this goodly universe?"[106] Perhaps we can snag something from the realm of the unknown and pull it back into the empirical world.[107]

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Returning to the tradition of American and Canadian photography, I will mention a work by the Montréal-based photographer Sylvia Redman, titled *Self-portrait at Window*.[108] It is a self-portrait looking through a window, looking down at the city below. In the composition, Readman's head is seen reflected in the window, and acts like a frame that encircles the city like a halo, which then becomes something of a chiaroscuro around her figure. From an essay in a catalog of Readman's work, titled *The Tessitura of Images*,[109] there is discussion concerning the historical motivation of Canadian landscape photographers; about how they adopted their role of documenting and experiencing the Canadian wilderness from their contemporary colleagues, the painters of the late 1800s. Painters could only travel so far into the vast Canadian wilderness. At the turn of the millennium the landscape needs to be catalogued, and it was just this desire for mapping the terrain that coincided with the invention of photography. The camera took over from the painter and went further north, all the way to the North Pole.

In the southern hemisphere it would have been someone like Frank Hurley, from Australia, filling this role and travelling with expeditions to the South Pole, and making wonderful and beautiful images of enormous icebergs.[110] Hurley also photographed

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[105] M. Pickering, "Experience as Horizon: Koselleck, Expectation and Historical Time," *Cultural Studies* 18, no. 2-3 (2004), http://www-tandfonline-com.libproxy.ucl.ac.uk/doi/abs/10.1080/0950238042000201518#.

[106] See Wordsworth's "Preface to the Excursion" in Abrams, *Natural Supernaturalism : Tradition and Revolution in Romantic Literature*.

[107] These subterranean journeys are mentioned in "V. Death and Photography."

[108]

[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 13: Readman, Sylvie. "Self Portrait at the Window." Dye coupler print, 150 x 228 cm. Ottawa: National Gallery of Canada, 1993.

[109] Daniel Leger, "The Tessitura of Images," in *Syliva Readman* (Montréal: Galarie Samual Lallouz, 1992).

[110]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]

during the First World War, and was criticized for his use of Pictorial and Romantic imaging techniques against the backdrop of war. When the war started the camera was a wooden box on wooden legs, much like soldiers forced to march in straight lines and riding on horses into battle. When that war ended the horses had become tanks, and the camera had become a slick machine that could be fired like a gun, without the need of a tripod. Hurley's images, following the aftermath of Ypres and after the gas attacks, are both slow and meditative, and their Pictorial qualities give this episode of death and horror a timelessness that faster methods of photography cannot render. Hurley's camera could only photograph what happened before or after a battle. It was too slow for action.[111] [112]

Also mentioned in the Readman catalog is the way that Canadian frontier photographers needed to make multiple exposures in order to render their landscapes with the technology at hand.[113] There was an inherent need for montage, already present during the early days of Canadian photography. The sky, the background and the foreground, needed to be montaged, in order to create one final image. I, also, use montage in a similar way; and through a similar layering of times, so does Readman.[114] [115] This Canadian use of montage is less essential and less obvious with the aforementioned single exposure of Readman's with her reflection against the city-scape, but is much more obvious with her multi-layered images that also appear in her catalog, like the triptych titled *Petite histoire des ombres*.[116] [117]In using these multiple layers, Readman and I refer to

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Figure 15: Hurley, Frank. "No Title (a Turreted Berg)." Carbon print, 434 x 594 mm. Melbourne: National Gallery of Victoria, 1913.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 16: Hurley, Frank. "Untitled (Belgium: Western Front (Belgium), Menin Road Area, Chateau Wood)." Black and white, glass transparency (positive). Campbell, Australian Capital Territory: Australian War Memorial, 1917.

[111] The Second Battle of Ypres (WWI) was Canada's first major battle as a country, suffering 6000 casualties in 4 days. "Second Ypres." Canadian War Museum / Musée Canadien de la Guerre, http://www.warmuseum.ca/firstworldwar/history/battles-and-fighting/land-battles/second-ypres/. Accessed 01 July 2015.

[112] Regarding Hurley and Pictorialism, see "Frank Hurley 1885-1962." Australian War Memorial, https://www.awm.gov.au/exhibitions/captured/official/hurley.asp. Accessed 01 July 2015; "Frank Hurley." National Film and Sound Archive, http://aso.gov.au/people/Frank_Hurley/portrait/. Accessed 01 July 2015.

[113] Footnote 109.

[114] Leger, "The Tessitura of Images " 20.

[115] Ibid., 23.

[116]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 14: Readman, Sylvie. "Petit Historie Des Ombres." 51 x 61 cm, panel 2 of 3, 1991.

the history of Canadian image-making, while at the same time reject any authority of the static snapshot being indicative of a decisive photographic moment. We prefer a layered image, and a layered language, that allows us to travel through time, and allows us to capture traces that signal the existence and the passage of time. This Readman catalogue also referenced Gaston Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space*, as I do throughout this Report.

Briefly I will mention the final chapters of Paul Ricoeur's *Time and Narrative Vol. 3*, which specifically address this notion of trace. Trace remnants are the imprints of objects that insinuate a previous traversal of space. They state that something has passed this way. These observations indicate time, and without these traces our sense of time would be vastly limited. Trace is similar to the recording of dates and calendars, and to the observation of successive generations of peoples.[118] Against these we formulate our laws of time and space, and yet human time would not be human without these observations. We know what time is because of narrative, and the laws of physics are only one side of this bridge of time; they are only one abutment — and one that is based on the fluctuating improbabilities of quantum mechanics no less.[119]

The Sublime

I will start by mentioning Immanuel Kant's "mathematical sublime."[120] This is an encounter with something incalculable, and an example of this sublime encounter is found

[117] Sylvie Readman et al., *Sylvie Readman* (Montréal: Galerie Samuel Lallouz, 1992).

[118] Ricoeur, *Time and Narrative*, 3, 99.

[119] *Time and Narrative*, 2, 21.

[120] Paul Crowther, "Sublime," ed. E. Craig, *Routledge Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (London: Routledge, 1998), https://www.rep.routledge.com/articles/sublime-the/v-1/. [Quotation removed for copyright reasons.]

in Gaston Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space*. In that book we find a story about a scuba diver experiencing "absolute depth."[121] When a scuba diver reaches a certain point, at a certain level of depth in the water, they reach a complete and utter darkness. Once here, it does not matter if they go further into the water. Their experience of absolute depth is fixed. And this is extraordinary: that one can experience something absolute at all, and that there is such a place where it does not matter if one goes up or down, because the totality of the experience of blackness is complete and immense. This is an experience of the "mathematical sublime", this absolute blackness and depth. It is something incalculably large and yet threatening, simultaneously. For Kant, this sublime encounter is incomprehensible: it moves beyond human comprehension. This definition of the sublime is limited because it ignores the feeling of awe that accompanies the sublime — in that moment of encounter — and only considers the intellectual limitations as relevant.

I also disagree with some of the sublime dichotomies enumerated by Samuel H. Monk in his *The Sublime: A Study of Critical Theories*.[122] [123] In it, he explains how the sublime and the beautiful were viewed as opposites, and as resting at opposed ends of a single plane. You can have one but not the other: feelings of terror and feelings of order are antithetical. Again, I disagree. One can have the beautiful with the sublime, so long as one removes the Western sense of the beautiful — as something completely perfect or ideal — and substitutes this for an Eastern sense of the beautiful — something like "wabi-sabi" or an imperfect perfection. This comes back to my earlier mention of Eastern

"[Kant] distinguishes two fundamental varieties or modes of the sublime. First, the 'mathematical' mode arises through our perceptual engagements with vast objects. While his exposition of this is notoriously intricate and often obscure, his basic strategy can be described as follows. As rational beings, when we are presented with some perceptually overwhelming object, we strive to comprehend it – to find some measure whereby we can make its overwhelming aspect intelligible … The experience of the mathematical sublime therefore involves a 'mental movement' from privation to exhilaration at the superiority of our rational being over all sensible limitations … The second mode of the sublime – the 'dynamical' – involves a similar mental movement, in this case instigated by our experience of mighty or dangerous objects or phenomena (from a position of safety) … In both the mathematical and dynamical modes an overwhelming item in the natural world is contained by our rational comprehension of it. The fact that this involves a direct interplay between our receptive sensible capacities and rational insight (rather than intellectual comprehension alone) is what gives it aesthetic character. By characterizing it in these terms, Kant is also able to link it (albeit problematically) to general criteria of aesthetic judgment involving, fundamentally, disinterestedness and universality."

[121] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, 205.

[122] Samuel Holt Monk, *The Sublime : A Study of Critical Theories in 18th-Century England* (University of Michigan: Ann Arbor Paperbacks, 1960).

[123] See dialogue with Joy Sleeman: Aaron Murphy and Joy Sleeman, *Dialogue No. 18 with Joy Sleeman on the Sublime* (London, 2015). Longinus treatise on the sublime is mentioned throughout that dialogue: D. C. Longinus, *Longinus on the Sublime*, trans. A. O. Prickard (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1949). There is also appendix "17. *Longinus on the Sublime*." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

philosophy and synchronicity. Wabi-sabi is said to be derived from Buddhism.[124] [125] [126] Our existence is said to be equally imperfect, impermanent and incomplete. A good explanation of wabi-sabi, touching upon architecture and art, and even food, is found in the book *In Praise of Shadows* by Tanizaki.[127] Another great book on Japanese aesthetics is *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics* but Donald Richie, where he uses the technique of zuihitsu to formulate his essay. This method allows Richie to follow his brush as he drafts his treatise.[128] Incidentally, the word "tractate" is related to "trahere," meaning "to draw."

The imperfect perfection of wabi-sabi aesthetics is meant to remind us of our fleeting existence, of the changing nature of the universe, and of the perpetualness of this change when compared to eternity. Wabi-sabi presents a beautiful object that is not a Western ideal. One might say that wabi-sabi is inherently sublime within its scope. This type of imperfect perfection enters my own artistic practice. *In Praise of Shadows* contains a chapter where Tanizaki describes Japanese interior design, and the way that it filters and diffuses light through the home, so that it "dies" at just the right moment; so that, just as the light reaches the furthest and darkest corners of the home, it dies right there, and not one micrometer sooner or later.[129] [130]

Is the sublime in the landscape itself, or is it with the artist? Synchronicity would say both. If my work becomes too autobiographical — and whenever one side of this double-

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[124] Donald Richie, *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics* (Berkeley, CA: Stone Bridge Press, 2007), 46.

[125] Ibid., 47.

[126] Meera Viswanathan, "Aesthetics, Japanese," ed. E. Craig, *Routledge Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (London: Routledge, 1998), http://www.rep.routledge.com/article/G106SECT4.

"*Sabi*, or the ideal of loneliness or desolation, remains one of the most enduring ideals in the course of Japanese cultural development … *Sabi* implicitly acknowledges the darkness of life, even as it reconstructs the misery into a thing of quiet beauty … *wabi* or the beauty of impoverishment … Bashō, the haiku master, embraced the ideals of earlier ages, especially the notion of *sabi*, but sought to mitigate *sabi* first through the humanizing notion of *wabi* and then through the ideal of karumi (lightness). *Sabi*, with its unrelieved austerity and detachment, was in some ways as alien … While *wabi* helped to convey a more humanistic and egalitarian ideal, in that by elevating the disfigured and the discarded we attest indirectly to the resilience and beauty of imperfect humanity, the notion of karumi or lightness proved to be central to his poetry in relieving the weight and darkness implied by *sabi*. Both *wabi* and karumi are evident in a verse such as this excerpted from a haikai sequence: In the palm of my hand / the lice crawl forth / in the shade of cherry blossoms."

[127] Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *In Praise of Shadows* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1991), 31.

[128] Richie, *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics*.

[129] Tanizaki, *In Praise of Shadows*, 36-7.

[130] The following essay links Tanizaki with climatology. It shows how human methods are determined by history and weather. M. Long, "Tanizaki and the Enjoyment of Japanese Culturalism," *Positions-East Asia Cultures Critique* 10, no. 2 (2002).

sided sublime becomes too stagnant — it becomes healthy to see synchronicity in and through its "other," and to imagine the sublime as waiting in the landscape. It might be that the sublime is locked and determined inside of the artist — or inside of the viewer — but this awareness or knowledge does not help with the experience of the sublime. In fact, if one becomes too self-aware, and stops allowing the possibility of the sublime as something living in the landscape itself — if we do not have this alternative, and if we ignore our own desires for a cosmic invitation — then the sublime becomes wanting, and it too may not happen. The sublime must reside in both places. We decide to split the sublime with an either-or contradiction. As an artist, I do not care for these contradictions. Stretching this thought further, Meyer Abrams' mentions Thomas Burnet's *The Sacred Theory of the Earth*, which viewed the landscape through its meaning alone. This book proclaimed that ravines and oceans — located in specific earthy locals — were designed by God to elicit particular reflections.[131]

For me, I find the numinous, I find the sublime; and even if it is only through the suspension of my own disbelief — to imagine these things in the landscape itself — a walk through the landscape is a good metaphor and a good place to start when trying to find such things. I find them, and then I capture them, and then they become stale; and then I need to re-find them again, and to rediscover them again. The sublime is always new. If something becomes familiar — unless it is extremely haunting — it cannot remain sublime forever. The sublime is not familiar, or at least not immediately familiar. I hold these captured images, or my initial writings, and then push them away from me again, and destroy them so that I can layer them with something else. I need to reach a point where the processed material might become sublime or numinous again, and at this point I need to recapture them and freeze them again, and pull them back toward me as they did once before. At first there was a distance that was brought close, which was then pushed away; this was brought close again, and then pushed away again. Often I bring my compositions "too close" — by editing them too much on the computer or in the darkroom — and then at other times I will take the editing too far and destroy their inherent beauty, and then must work to have this beauty restored. To fix this, I push the work back and

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[131] Thomas Burnet, *The Sacred Theory of the Earth: Containing an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of All the General Changes Which It Hath Undergone, or Is to Undergo, Till the Consummation of All Things*, (London: Printed for John Hooke, at the Flower-de-luce againft St. Daftan's-Church in Fleet-Street, 1719), https://archive.org/details/sacredtheoryofea01burn; Abrams, *Natural Supernaturalism : Tradition and Revolution in Romantic Literature*, 99.

away from me again, until they are reunited with the sublime. So there is this oscillation, between the familiar and the unfamiliar.[132]

Regardless of their dissimilarities, the numinous and the sublime are both haunting, and they are both religious or spiritual experience.[133] The most striking difference between the numinous and the sublime is the negativity attached to the sublime, or the way that it is conceived as something that is only terrible and never fateful. Not that these encounters are without their rewards and virtues. We can realize a beautiful ideal through its opposite, through an encounter that is completely horrible.[134]

Distance is important to my practice. This is not only physical distance, but also emotional and historical distance. There is also an awareness of phenomenological distance as well. Literally, I will add "more sky" to a photograph, to push that composition away from myself. This addition makes the composition more immense. It creates an intimate immensity, like those mentioned by Bachelard in his *The Poetics of Space*.[135] For example, if the work becomes too emotional or too personal, it needs to be pushed farther away and become more autonomous and more objective; or, to bring the composition closer to me, I might add texture or send it through a re-mediation process. Sometimes I bring the image into closer proximity to my "Self" by intentionally applying a mask to a portion of the image, and do this whenever a composition has become too foreign.

Time is also negotiated and considered, and then reconsidered. Perhaps there is a narrowness of time in my work — or a stretching of time, or a weighting of time, as if time was thick with humidity. Regarding time and its references, I have a desire to avoid contemporary references, like street signs and contemporary objects, or like new clothes

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[132] The "unfamiliar" side of my oscillating practice might be "uncanny." Ian Buchanan, "Uncanny," *A Dictionary of Critical Theory* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010), http://www.oxfordreference.com/view/10.1093/acref/9780199532919.001.0001/acref-9780199532919-e-720.

[133] For Romantics, the sublime was equated with religious experience. Morton, "German Romanticism : The Search for "a Quiet Place"". 16.

[134] In *Paradise Lost* Milton shows how horror and evil can become catalysts for beauty and grace. John Milton, Paradise Lost, (Project Gutenberg, 2011), http://www.gutenberg.org/files/26/26.txt.

"O goodness infinite, goodness immense! / That all this good of evil shall produce, / And evil turn to good; more wonderful / Then that which by creation first brought forth / Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand, / Whether I should repent me now of sin / By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce / Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring, / To God more glory, more good will to Men / From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound."

[135] Footnote 65.

and new automobiles. My avoidance of "time" is not stretched infinitely. I do not extend this removal of temporal referents into a distant epoch.

Some hexagrams in the *I Ching* — itself a collection of time-moments — advise the seeking of wisdom and guidance. Previously I thought this meant someone specific, like a living relative or a neighbor. The ancient Chinese saw it differently. Richard Wilhelm's *Lectures on the I Ching: Constance and Change*[136] shows what is implied by this instruction to seek guidance. Wilhelm mentions Confucius reading the Duke of Chou,[137] who was not his contemporary.[138] [139] [140] [141] So this recommendation to seek guidance is not an instruction to simply travel locally and converse with someone you might know, but is rather an invitation to immerse oneself in those thoughts that one might find familiar, and to seek out a kindred figure with kindred rhythms; to seek out someone, or even the creative outputs of someone, that places you within a wise atmosphere. In a sense, this activity brings wisdom to you, without you going anywhere; and this "bringing towards," towards you with what is familiar, and this shaping of an imperfect perfection, is not necessarily determined by present society and circumstances. Of course, much of it is conditioned by community, and yet this might be lacking, and so one becomes forced to journey backwards, into history and to rely on the journals and the images of historical characters and other peoples to fulfill this personal need for wisdom and for rhythmical guidance.

Surely there will be similarities, but why spend my time searching out contemporary references that are only fragments, when I can have historical figures that are whole? Is Eugene Atget contemporary? I believe so. At least he is for me. Every morning he would wander Paris and make his documents.[142] These were never intended

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[136] Wilhelm, *Lectures on the I Ching : Constancy and Change*.

[137] Footnote 4.

[138] The following quote from Wilhelm shows how the *I Ching* proceeded Confucius: to write his commentary, Confucius had something to comment on. Wilhelm, *Lectures on the I Ching : Constancy and Change*, xx.

[139] Ibid., 4.

[140] Ibid., 26.

[141] After reading the introduction to *The Inner Chapters*, other research has Laozi and Confucius as contemporaries, and even as opposing contemporaries. *The Inner Chapters* is another major text for Taoism, equal to the *Book of Changes*. Chuang-tzu and A. C. Graham, *Chuang Tzu : The Inner Chapters* (Indianapolis, IN: Hacket Publishing Company, 2001), 5.

[142]

[Image removed for copyright reasons]

to be artworks in themselves. He only intended them as images to be sold to other artists as documents. [143] He had that "naïve utilitarianism" mentioned earlier. "Naïve utilitarianism" might describe the commencement of a synchronistic moment: when things fall into your lap or cross the road in front of you, naively or serendipitously, when you are trying to do something else.[144]

Figure 17: Atget, Eugène. "Le Parc De Saint-Cloud (No. 6502)." Photographic positive on albumin paper from gelatin bromide negative, 180 x 223 mm. Paris: Bibliothèque nationale de France, 1904.

[143] The sign outside Atget's studio read, "Documents pour artistes." Sarah Hermanson Meister. "Eugène Atget : Documents Pour Artistes." Museum of Modern Art, http://www.moma.org/visit/calendar/exhibitions/1216. Accessed 01 July 2015.

[144] A political discussion concerning land-rights has been relocated to appendix "9. From "Landscape and Journey"" See also appendix "14. Mysterious and Eschatological Space." [These appendices have been removed for copyright reasons.]

III. METAPHOR AND IMAGE

What is the relationship between metaphor and image?

My research started with an interest in metaphor because this term seemed to be the only word capable of describing the elusiveness of my images. Subsequently I have come to believe that it is not the right word, and this for many reasons.

For example, although metaphor is a contradiction — or an implied meaning resting over an explicit sentence — metaphor still contains an intended meaning. When an author makes a metaphor, he or she is aware of what they are eluding to. Often I do not know what my images are eluding to, or if they are eluding to anything. My images are "like metaphor," in the sense that they are travelling in the direction of metaphor, but do not necessarily arrive at any one "metaphor." Certainly other poets find themselves in this scenario, where draft upon draft a once elusive metaphors becomes clear, even to them.

My first response to this topic of metaphor is to say that my images are not quite metaphorical, and that although they are moving in that direction they also contain aspects of the unknown. By working the visual material, latent metaphors become clearer. Paul Ricoeur in his *The Rule of Metaphor* suggests that metaphors are a striving for language, and that this reaching outside of normal connotations is one of the genuine characteristics of a metaphor.[145] [146] He also says that genuine metaphors only arise when we struggle to communicate. Despite my ignorance of any implicit meaning — surrounding my metaphorical images — my struggle toward uncharted meanings is a characteristic of all genuine metaphor. Metaphors spring from not knowing. Sometimes they are the result of a poverty of language, or from a deficient communication; and at other times they arise from a disgust with language, where language is personally inadequate.

The Poetics of Space is very critical of metaphor, and prefers to substitutes this term for the discovery of new "images." Bachelard uses the word "image" throughout his

[145] Paul Ricoeur, *The Rule of Metaphor : The Creation of Meaning in Language*, trans. Robert Czerny (London: Routledge, 1978), 124.

[146] Appendix "4. Paul Ricoeur, *The Rule of Metaphor*." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

book.[147] Andrey Tarkovsky shares Bachelard's dislike of "metaphor."[148] For myself, the term "image" has overtaken the term "metaphor" in my research, as "image" offers a more pertinent way of explaining my practice. Having reached the limits of metaphor, I now find it more interesting to speak of something that is "like a metaphor," as mentioned above.

Is this newly adopted "image" a Platonic image, and is it immutable and set for eternity? Is this new imagine a totality? Does "image" mean representation? Is "image" only a Platonic form, or can "image" imply the emergence of a new design, or a newly immutable form? And, what would one call such a new Platonic idea?

It is this kind of newness, introduced by the creation of "images," that Bachelard speaks of in his *Poetics of Space*.[149] My own exhaustion with metaphor lead me to search for images. These new images suggest an ideal that is aspiring. Regardless, Bachelard provides a fruitful understanding of what "images" can be. When he writes about "image," there is an infinity of newness; and yet only certain images are felicitous enough to find place in his book. After a lifetime of scientific writing Gaston Bachelard moved to literary theory — with books like *The Psychoanalysis of Fire*, *Air and Dreams*, *Water and Dreams*, *The Poetics of Reverie* — and through these developed his concept of a "material imagination." This type of imagination is timeless and Platonic.[150] He says that, when we aspire to make images that match or have an affinity with one of the four basic materials of our known universe — fire, air, water and earth — that we are activating our material imagination.

Nietzsche's imagination had a strong affinity with the air, and Bachelard called it a "threefold imagination" that was comprised of coldness, silence and height.[151] When combined, these elements delivered a grandeur that was checked and balanced. To remove one of these three characteristics would render the other two unbearable and overconfident — and in all cases excessive. To imagine "cold" and "height" without "silence" is to be extreme — to imagine a biting cold at the summit of a mountain, is to imagine an extreme situation where silence alone is capable of calming and tempering the scenario. Likewise, when mixing silence with height, these two alone would become lofty,

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[147] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, xxxiv.

[148] Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time : Reflections on the Cinema*, 212.

[149] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, xxxiv. And footnote 147.

[150] Ibid., viii.

[151] *Air and Dreams : An Essay on the Imagination of Movements*, 140.

without the humbling qualities of winter, for example — the coldness encircles the image and rescues it from excessive verticality.

In the forward to the 1964 edition of *The Poetics of Space*, Etienne Gilson mentions Bachelard's shift from the material imagination to a more formal imagination. This transfer, from the material to the formal, is what initiated *The Poetics of Space*.[152] It is not that Bachelard abandoned our basic and material correspondences, from which poetry is derived, it is rather that *The Poetics of Space* is interested in those places where poetry is going, and specifically with a poetics of the future. If Bachelard's first type of imagination is material — and is about those things that resonates within us, and about what instigates poetry — then *The Poetics of Space* is about where poetry exits, and what poetry reverberates toward. As a phenomenologist, Bachelard says that he is only interested in these resonances and repercussions. His phenomenology oscillations between the origins and destinations of poetic images.

It is hard to describe and articulate how metaphor and image are alike without saying how they are first different. For now, metaphor is often dismissed. I recall a Pennsound recording — a *Poemtalk* episode with Al Filreis, where he takes four contemporary authors and they do a "close reading" of a poem. In this particular episode, Charles Bernstein says that metaphors are just embellished metonymy.[153] Filreis and his guests often exchange or substitute the word metaphor for that of conceit. This was done with Emily Dickinson, when discussing her extended or prolonged metaphors.[154] Regardless, Filreis and his guests rarely use the word metaphor.

A colleague once told me he did not like metaphors. He said he found them distrustful, and that he could not trust something that was intended to be elusive. But, is allusiveness not a characteristic of metaphor? Metaphor is not just one word: it is not one word attempting to change another word. Context is mandatory for metaphor: more specifically, the context of a whole sentence is required to make a metaphor. In metaphor, subject and predicate are battling: a new predicate, not normally subscribed to the subject, is being forced onto the subject. At least with good metaphors the predicate is introducing a foreign element that is trying to change how we normally describe the subject. Metaphors are an attempt to force a new predicate upon an old noun. The subject yields

[152] *The Poetics of Space*. Also footnote 150.

[153] This podcast is no longer available.

[154] Al Filreis, *Poemtalk No. 32 : Dickinson, Howe*, podcast audio, 26 minutes 15 seconds, 2010.

under protest. The subject initially refuses these new characteristics, but is made to shoulder them through an innovative assignment. Again, this comes via the context given by the sentence.[155] [156] [157]

Generally my images carry at least one obvious referent. In them, you will see or recognize "the landscape" — it will be there, and yet it will not there at the same time — and there will be an elusive element, a juxtaposition, that is found clouding or hiding the landscape. This "extra" does not belong; and this model of hiding the obvious with the evasive is akin to the subject-predicate relationship that occurs for all genuine metaphor. We will return to this topic later, when metaphors are drawn closer to my practice.

As mentioned at the start of this chapter, my images are not metaphorical, but lean toward the metaphorical. Even if they are metaphorical, I am ignorant of their meanings most of the time.[158] However, my practice is not limited to images. I also make books about my images — which are sometimes written when the images are done — and through these books I have attempted to interpret their slippery meanings. For example, *Dialogue no. 14 with Jeffrey Paull* discussed an image I had made of an elderly couple seen in a portrait studio.[159] This composition is a montage, featuring a grayish cloud that is found descending upon the couple and consuming them.[160] Jeffrey said that this gray-shaped cloud was an excellent metaphor for his disappointment and disillusionment with photography. Photography was meant to aid his memory and ease his psychic pain while he aged. He said that photography had made a promise that it would help him retain and share his memories later in life. But in old age, and with no one left to show his images to any longer, he felt that this promise had been broken, and that he was left adrift in this feeling of disillusionment. My composition of the couple provided a good "image", or a good representation, for Jeffrey's emerging inner state, as well as for his oncoming awarenesses.

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[155] Ricoeur, *The Rule of Metaphor : The Creation of Meaning in Language*, 2.

[156] Ibid., 255.

[157] Ibid., 257.

[158] Footnotes 222 and 155 have definitions from *The Rule of Metaphor*.

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 18: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled No. 851-G." Pigmented inkjet print, 750 x 595 mm, 2014.

[160] Murphy and Paull, *Dialogue No. 14 with Jeffrey Paull*. [A quotation from this dialogue has been removed for copyright reasons.]

Do images and metaphors struggle with each other? Metaphors do not simply represent a subject that is changed by a predicate. Through metaphor, the predicate is also changed by the noun; and in shifting this discussion back to images, I wonder if "image" is simply a reversal of these prescribed roles. Of course, both image and metaphor are capable of reflecting an inner state. A visual image does not point to the numinous any more or with any greater efficiency than a literary metaphor is capable of doing. Although this might appear to be incorrect, it is only true because images speak faster than words. This is a phenomenon of communication. Images happen to us faster than words. I do not wish limitations for words or images, and would like each to have immediate access to the numinous, and to engage with the synchronistic.

That said — and personifying "metaphor" for a moment — metaphors want to be addressed abstractly. They go out, emanating from the subject; whereas "images" tend to be inductive. "Images" start with a description of their immediate reality — of what one is dealing with — and describe or encircle a central "point" that is reached through discourse. One could say: "deductive metaphor" and "inductive image." Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space* is designed like this, where he establishes a sequence of leitmotifs. These allow him to circumnavigate and unpack images surrounding various themes, using titles like *Intimate Immensity*, *Corners* and *The Phenomenology of Roundedness.*[161]

With metaphor, one starts at a central point; the metaphor then consumes more and more material as it moves outward and toward its circumference; when it arrives at this outer circle the metaphor is reached. By contrast, images begin at the periphery and drive inward; they conclude at an ideal point resting in the center of their own circles — and if this middle of an "image's" circle is Platonic, it would then be eternal and immutable, and would reflect something like Bachelard's material imagination; but if this point is something new (even to us) it might be considered Neoplatonic — or whatever one might call a new Platonic form arriving in this universe.

A good model for explaining this phenomenon is the atomic clock. It is measured using the vibrations of a radioactive atom that is electrically stimulated.[162] Hours can be divided into minutes, minutes into seconds, and we can keep dividing this span until we reach an absolute zero — but absolute zero is impossible, because the space can always

[161] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*.

[162] Ian Ridpath, "Atomic Clock," *A Dictionary of Astronomy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2012), http://www.oxfordreference.com/view/10.1093/acref/9780199609055.001.0001/acref-9780199609055-e-323.

divide with whatever time remains, and thus one never reaches a timeless state. In fact, it is theoretically impossible to "measure" a timeless state, as measuring itself would take time. I suppose death could be "time-zero." Likewise when dealing with cold matter, the material world never reaches absolute zero, or zero degrees Kelvin. We remain fractions above it. Even more fascinating, as matter approaches absolute zero it transforms into a fourth state of matter — beyond solid, liquid and gas — and this fourth state is called the Bose Einstein condensate.[163] These condensates, like synchronic happenings, are in two places at once. Literally, here and there simultaneously: atoms are stretched like clouds or strings.

Absolute time-zero is so precise that any observer would disappear if it was reached; and the observation of zero-Kelvin is equally impossible, as the energy required to make this observation would increase the temperature within that environment — making the experiment impossible. Zero-time is an ideal, and is equivalent to "anti-eternity"; while zero-temperature is also an ideal, and is equivalent to "anti-infinity." Then again, it is also possible that these two ideals (or indexes) are attempting to reference the same thing.

Roland Barthes makes a similar distinction between the punctum and the studium in his *Camera Lucida*.[164] The punctum is the 'infinite point of infinite meaning.' It is what pricks us with meaning. That is fine, for Barthes. The punctum can be an infinite point, but maybe infinity and eternity are the essential ingredients that are required for spurring interpretations in the first place. If a quest for an ideal point dismisses the struggles required for reaching that point, then I do not agree with the method. But this is what Barthes does. Nothing is good enough. Nothing is precise enough. So why bother? Why bother talking about anything until absolute-zero is reached? Barthes is focused on the scientific and the linguistic aspects of language. He knows how to get there, and that was his research. Whereas individuals like Jung or Bachelard, knowing that this point is unreachable, rescue the futility of reaching zero and rediscover their material practically.

A synonym for "image" is "archetype," but unlike Bachelard, Jung sometimes substitutes the word "metaphor" for "image" too. Whereas Bachelard separates these two

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[163] "Bose–Einstein Condensation," *A Dictionary of Physics* (Oxford University Press, 2009), http://www.oxfordreference.com/view/10.1093/acref/9780199233991.001.0001/acref-9780199233991-e-317.

[164] Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida : Reflections on Photography*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1981), 26-7.

terms, saying that metaphor is not enough when it comes to poetry,[165] Jung believes that metaphors herald the expression of an archetype.

> "An archetypal content expresses itself first and foremost in metaphors. If such a content should speak of the sun and identify with it the lion, the king, the hoard of gold guarded by the dragon, or the power that makes for the life and health of man, it is neither the one thing nor the other, but the unknown third thing that finds more or less adequate expression in all these similes, yet — to the perpetual vexation of the intellect — remains unknown and not to be fitted into a formula."[166]

Mere metaphor is not enough for poetry, for Bachelard; and yet metaphor designates the advent of synchronicity, for Jung.[167] For Bachelard a poet that uses metaphor has not gone far enough. This poet has not attempted to reach the ideal. Andrey Tarkovsky also reflects on this striving for an ideal;[168] [169] and although he never expresses the metaphorical aspects of this striving, the symbols of fire and water that recur again and again in his films would suggest otherwise. Andrey Tarkovsky's repeated use of raw imagery suggests an approach to the ideal that is akin to Bachelard's material imagination.

Tarkovsky, in his *Sculpting in Time*, like Bachelard in his *Poetics of Space*, rejects metaphor.[170] He says that his films are do not contain metaphors — and that the rain and the water that characterize his films, are merely characteristics of the landscapes around which he grew. Because these are the facts of his childhood, the motifs of rain and water are not an attempt to layer meaning over his footage. However, it is hard to interpret the enormous inferno at the end of *The Sacrifice* — the burning of a Swiss house in the countryside — if not as metaphorical. Granted, Tarkovsky does call his entire film "a metaphor." [171] Because the main character (Alexander) is acting symbolically, the

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[165] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, 74.

[166] C. G. Jung, *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, trans. R. F. C. Hull, 2nd ed., vol. 9, Pt. 1, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1980), 157.

[167] Archetypes do not cause synchronicity. They occasion together.

[168] Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time : Reflections on the Cinema*, 37.

[169] Ibid., 103.

[170] Ibid., 212.

[171] Ibid., 223.

"metaphor" of a burning house remains inside of the film, whereas the audience experiences the facts of Alexander's actions.

For Tarkovsky, metaphor and montage held negative connotations.[172] For him they represented an attempt to force an intellectual opinion upon an audience. Tarkovsky was educated in the traditions of Sergei Eisenstein; and to watch a film that was blatantly metaphorical was seen as an attempt to communicate something intellectually through symbols; and this methodology was seen as an attempt to make an artwork devoid of soul. Perhaps historically, this is why figures like Bachelard and Tarkovsky rejected metaphor, because it was often used exclusively as the method of illustrating intellectual concepts. This might be because of (or might be the result of) the way that metaphor itself operates: because "metaphor" starts at one point and moves outward, it mirrors the methodology of making or constructing an argument; whereas "image", being on the outside, is not trying to argue anything, but is rather attempting to be understood.

There are many connotations carried by the term "image." It is an elusive term. There are relationships to "representation" and to the perception of sight. Eisenstein's films, which are highly constructed and symbolized through metaphor, had an ideological function, and it might be that metaphor also has this same trajectory; and it might be further that this is a representational function. Representations are very singular. They are not sitting in the ambiguous space of an "image," but are rather pointing at something.

Although representations might point at something implicitly, their narrowness is obvious, and this narrowness is always conveyed to the audience. Whatever (or wherever) this narrowness is aiming ... who knows.

My practice points toward an inner unknown, as opposed to a vast array of outer particulars. It is irrelevant if anyone "gets" or understands my metaphors or images. The trajectory is more important. It is interesting: the unknown of an "image" residing at the center of its own circle; whilst "metaphors" are aimed at the circumference of their own circles.

Carl Jung tried to rescue Platonic forms through the invigoration of his archetypes. Instead of residing elsewhere — in the ether or in heaven, shaping and designing our universe — these forms and images were said to be carried within each human being.

[172] Ibid., 118.

Platonic forms become psychological. They are like tracks of innate instinct or behavior; and like a vinyl record, where certain experiences throughout the day find grooves and resonate, they produce psychic sounds and music. Strangely enough, this metaphorical vinyl record is the same for everyone — is it same record for you as it is for me. We are born with it; it was shaped by human evolution, and by the evolution of animals and organic life forms that preceded us, and with which we share much of our DNA structure. Genetically speaking, we are not that different from the rest of earth's organisms. We retain more similarities then dissimilarities through our DNA.

Along this timeline of earthy life, from the molecular to the human, human life is only a fragment — it is at the top of an enormously large pyramid of time. A critique or differentiation regarding Jung's universalism could be mentioned here. Although his archetypes comprise the substrate of human behavior, it is the repetitiveness of our actions, coupled with stimulus emanating from our various and unique cultures, that provokes the archetypal representations into becoming unique. In a sense, the archetypes are discovered, and are then built slightly different, by different cultures. The archetype is the same and does not care for geography. The manifestation of the archetype, its "image," is always different, though the exact same archetype may be coaxed each time.

There is the archetype and the manifestation of the archetype; and we are all born with the same tracks of instinctive behavior. We all experience hunger and laughter, but there are nuances to these manifestations — and perhaps as many nuances as there are tracks — and maybe as many gradations of these figures, from the ideal to their representation. We use grander terms — like the archetype of "the Self" or "the Shadow" — because these point toward (or revolve around) an implied center. These broader terms draw more and more information inward, almost magnetically — and perhaps behave like black-holes.[173]

The archetype is a physical instinct and a physical stimulus, but it is also a mental intuition and a spiritual impulse. Jung divided the archetype into equal parts matter and spirit, much like Bachelard separated the imagination into basic material and formal characteristics. If we examine the archetype of our ideal other — the anima in men and the animus in woman — these archetypes are the same for everyone, with the caveat that we discover them slowly and throughout our life.[174] [175] [176] These experiences will be unique,

[173] See "Holographic Principle" in "I. Synchronicity."

[174] Jung, *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, 9, Pt. 1, 183.

and will be influenced by subjective experiences. Hopefully, there is motivation to conjure as much of this subconscious data as possible.

Much resides in the collective unconscious that is beneficial, to the individual and to humanity, but there is also much danger and much to be feared. If everything knowable rests within each person collectively, and is laid out like a network of psychic railway stations, then these tracks of experience that comprise our archetypes are akin to immutable Platonic forms; and if everything that could exist already does exist in each one of us, then all one needs is the right experience to bring these ideas to consciousness. This is similar to saying that Platonic forms reside outside the mind, with the caveat that we now take ownership of these forms — and this would be the key difference between them. Of course, one could subscribe to the belief that God is equally outside of the mind, as well as within us, simultaneously.

As mentioned in the opening chapter on synchronicity, if one believes that the archetype exists inside, limitations develop. Eventually the "images" must begin outside (as well as inside) in order for us to experience them all. In point of fact, Jung's work with synchronicity and alchemy would suggest that archetypes reside both inside and outside of us simultaneously. Jung wanted to remain subjective about this simultaneity, though he mentions it frequently, and often claimed that it aided his patients by maneuvering them away from harmful and one-sided behaviors.[177] [178] [179] [180] [181] [182]

The synchronicity of finding the right place, with its accompanying numinosity and associated archetypes, alongside my process of "finding" or compositing the right photograph, reintroduces my practice into this discussion.

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[175] Ibid., 183n.

[176] Ibid., 290.

[177] *Mysterium Coniunctionis : An Inquiry into the Separation and Synthesis of Psychic Opposites in Alchemy*, trans. R. F. C. Hull, vol. 14, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1970), 533.

[178] C. G. Jung and Herbert Read, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche* ibid., vol. 8 (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1960), 414.

[179] Ibid., 482.

[180] Ibid., 500.

[181] Ibid., 501.

[182] Ibid., 518n.

Finding the archetype is like finding the landscape, out there. This methodology is blatantly extroverted — to briefly mention Jung's personality types of introversion and extroversion. To search and find the external is extroverted. Searching within would be introverted; although, the act of "searching" is ill applied to the introvert.

I go out, into the landscape, and search — and it does not matter if I travel up or down, the archetype is reached either way. Jung alluded to this hypothesis often: that the archetype is equally found inside and outside, both up and down, and that it likely resides between pairs of opposites that need psychic integration. Taoism is based on this premise, where each hexagram in the *I Ching* is outlined as both above and below. We receive the opposites as fragments, and are encouraged to seek out their common root, and generate an expression of their totality.

Schiller's *On the Naïve and Sentimental in Literature* is an excellence example of this dichotomy from the Romantic period. It tells poets and writers to stop behaving naïvely and to start becoming sentimental. The naïve poet, acting instinctually and extrovertly, was ignorant — and they did not know what they were doing. Contrary to this, the ideal or sentimental poet, the Romantic, was focused introvertedly. The ancients were naive, the moderns were sentimental.[183] [184] [185] Knowing that the Romantics also valued the landscape, how can a "seeking" poet in search of "nature" be introverted? The only way to "search" for something — that is outside of oneself, surely — would require a naïve disposition that is closer to extroversion; and if the "ancients" (as Schiller calls them) were indeed naïve, why are the Romantics considered introverted?

The naïve wants an internal point for their external circumference, whereas the sentimental yearns for an external circumference that delimits their internal starting-point. Jung wrote an essay on Schiller's book. His essay is called *On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Poetry*.[186] [187] In that essay, the naïvely extroverted and sentimentally introverted parallels are well argued. After reading these two works, by Jung and Schiller, the possibility of being naïve was exhilarating, despite Schiller's

[183] Friedrich Schiller and Helen Watanabe-O'Kelly, *On the Naive and Sentimental in Literature*, trans. Helen Watanabe-O'Kelly (Manchester: Carcanet New Press, 1981), 35.

[184] Ibid., 38.

[185] Ibid., 56.

[186] Jung and Campbell, *The Portable Jung*, 311.

[187] C. G. Jung, *The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature*, trans. R. F. C. Hull, vol. 15, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1966).

insistence that modern art remain sentimental. Jung shows that it does not matter which way one travels. In either direction — via the naïve or the sentimental — we arrive at same place regardless, and at the same archetype.

And as we end at the "image" and the "archetype" I wonder: what happens with clusters of archetypes? What happens when galaxies of archetypes encircle each other? Jung called this dominating center, around which the archetypes ultimately orbit, the archetype of "the Self."[188] [189] [190]

The archetype of "the Self" is a self-organizing principle, and shapes not only our consciousness, but also our personal unconscious and the collective unconscious. This model of a dominating nuclei, with its varying galaxies and revolving satellites, with dominate spheres and subordinate spheres, nested within various domains, were all borrowed by Jung from Leibniz' monadology.[191] With this model of thinking, the trajectory of "the image" turns extreme.

When I montage my images and put together a series of paragraphs into a book, I construct galaxies and clusters that point toward an archetype. This "something" that organizes the archetypes, and that encompasses both the conscious and the unconscious, and that organizes forms, might be the same thing that allows me to find my images in the first place. This "Self" might establish fate.

Jung's book *Aion* is about "the Self," and the symbolisms of "the Self," and it is this kind of symbol that might link the various fragments scattered throughout this paper. This relationship between an archetype and an aesthetic might be more than just an intriguing observation, and I wonder if the one is not covered by the other: that my search for "self" is not governed by something aesthetic in a Jungian sense. I do not know if there is a relationship between the words "aesthetic" and "ascetic," but I often confuse them when reading. They likely have differing etymologies, but this kind of error is indicative of psychic complexes and archetypal formations. This search for "the Self" is something done alone: it is slightly claustrophobic and yet placed within an immense landscape.

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[188] *Aion : Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*, 9, Pt. 2, 198.

[189] Ibid., 202-3.

[190] More on the archetype of the Self in "IV. Rhythm."

[191] Footnote 38.

Freud writes about "image" in his *Interpretation of Dreams*,[192] and tries to look at dreams without using literary metaphors; he tries to exceed literary metaphors and linguistic metaphors, while trying to ground metaphor in signs that are haptic and oral, or visual; and again while trying to focus on how these types of perception work together to establish something that might be called an "image." Freud tried to locate sensory connections between objects. And for Freud, the unconscious was constructed by the mind. Things — perceptions and experiences — are forced into the unconscious. This is the repressive model, and although this and the superego only enter his theories later in life, for Freud every-thing "comes in." The only things that "come back out" of the unconscious, are those things that were "taken in" already. This ingested content might later become distorted, but this something-coming-out was previously something-taken-in already. I do not believe this. We display far too much diversity and nuance in our human behavior for everything done to be determined by what has already been experienced already. This is the major difference between Freud and Jung. For Jung the "things" of Freud are actually "patterns," that residing within us all, and when they emerge they bring meaning to life.[193] [194] Of course, Jung does not ignore the personal unconscious, nor does he ignore our struggles with power either. He also considers Adler.[195] [196] [197] Jung addressed the psyche holistically. Yes, we do repress things; and yes, there is a personal unconscious; but below this there are archetypes. It is feasible that an evil or demonic archetype could force repressive behavior. To break this behaviour, one circumnavigates the archetype; and this is how my artworks are received, and how my audience is led.

This discussion of the archetypes elicits spatial models — below, above, underneath, down — and these prepositions are often used to describe a palimpsest of behaviour below the surface. Often, the horizon is obliterated in my images, leaving my audience to search for an infinity, while they attempt to replace this infinity. The phrase "dissolve and

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[192] Sigmund Freud and J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, trans. A. A. Brill (London: Sterling, 2010).

[193] Not possessing these hidden forms or archetypes saves them from exploitation.

[194] In a recent lecture at University College London, Professor Sonu Shamdasani said that Jung based his psychology on "meaning." He felt his patients lacked meaning in their lives, and his psychology investigated the sickness of meaning. Sonu Shamdasani, "Why Study the History of Psychotherapy?," in *Inaugural Lecture : Professor Sonu Shamdasani* (London: University College London, 2015). "Meaninglessness" as an illness is addressed in appendix "25. Aniela Jaffé, *The Myth of Meaning in the Work of C.G. Jung.*" [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[195] Jung, *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, 9, Pt. 1, 43.

[196] C. G. Jung and Herbert Read, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche* ibid., vol. 8 (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1960), 23.

[197] Ibid., 258.

coagulate" comes to mind, mentioned in the opening chapter of Jung's *Mysterium Coniunctionis*.[198] One repeats this process of exchange — to reach the philosopher's Stone or the gold or the primal material — while simultaneously breaking with old behaviors and allowing newer behaviors to consolidate themselves. There is a constant bringing together and a breaking apart; and through these two actions, of dissolving and coagulating, we are brought downward and then elevated upward — to an archetype. This process continues, like the strata of pyramids found in Jung's *Aion*.[199] [200]

Allowing myself to be fantastic, I would say that my images are archetypes: and that each one is its own archetype. I do not believe that multiple archetypes operate in any one image. I would say that there is one dominant archetype per image, and that each image is different. I do not necessarily know which archetype is present, much like an alchemist would not know their materials entirely either. Each recipe is a struggle and a striving toward an ideal, and each image is very much an intuitive process.[201] This process helps to shape the activity, and informs the required steps.

There is something about this isolation and this discovery of a recipe that presents itself, through an alchemist's work, that creates an environment favourable to visions and hallucinations. The majority of Ufo sightings are made by pilots who sit for hours staring at their instruments, concentrating and calculating intellectually.[202] Just above the center of their visual plane is an enormously infinite space, where something could enter at any time, and from which they would need to flee immediately. Standing inside of a photographic darkroom is similar to flying an airplane — and both of these activities are similar to being in an alchemist's studio. Watching the image as it emerges from the chemistry, as if from a cloud, and then watching it disappear through the dodging and the burning of a print, gestures are made; the gestures are made, just to arrive at the next incarnation of the print; and then to the next one, and then the next. This relationship

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[198] C. G. Jung, *Mysterium Coniunctionis : An Inquiry into the Separation and Synthesis of Psychic Opposites in Alchemy*ibid., vol. 14 (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1970), v.

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 21: Jung, C. G. *Aion : Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*. The Collected Works of C.G. Jung. 2nd ed. Vol. 9, Pt. 2, London: Routledge, 1991.

[200] Jung, *Aion : Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*, 9, Pt. 2.

[201] *Mysterium Coniunctionis : An Inquiry into the Separation and Synthesis of Psychic Opposites in Alchemy*, 14, 483.

[202] More on Ufos in appendix "13. Jung and Ufos."

between photography and alchemy is not new. For the moment I will mention the American photographer Minor White.[203] [204] [205]

Digital photography lacks character: and this is why I continue working with analogue film. But what do I mean by "character?" Digitalized pixels are not the same as silver-halide clusters found in film. Pixels lack density; they are values, only. Personally, I believe I can perceive this difference in density, in negatives and in prints. Density effects the way we receive colors and tonality. Both the digital and the analog are molecular processes, but only the analog yields a sense of having touched the microcosm. With digital, the image is made from points with values, but with analogue these same points have depth — both physically and metaphorically, and therefore also psychically. In order to achieve something white in an analogue print, slices of silver-halide are layered with each other to create a substantial density within the negative — and each grain of silver-halide has the same capacity for diffusing and blocking a certain amount of light.

Digital technology attempts to render colors perfectly, but in doing so produces something fake. Colors are inherently elusive. They are wavelengths of light, coming towards me — like this tree, outside of my window — and its wavelengths of light are rendered differently on a bright morning and different again on an overcast evening. Film is capable of capturing these subtleties — rather, the right film is capable of rendering this difference, regardless of any external conditions — and we can choose to exchange renderings with film, and have the morning look like an overcast evening, even when it is actually sunny outside, in a way that cannot be done with digital.

Film cannot replicate tones perfectly, and this is one of its charms. But more practically, it renders texture and depth better than digital. Depth-of-field is easier to control with film, mostly because digital sensors in digital cameras are very small and the

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 22: White, Minor. "The Sound of One Hand Clapping, Pultneyville, New York, October 10, 1957." Gelatin silver print, 352 x 343 mm. Princeton, New Jersey: Minor White Archive, Princeton University Art Museum, 1957.

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 23: White, Minor. "San Mateo Country Coast, California." Gelatin silver print, 93 x 119 mm. Princeton, New Jersey: Minor White Archive, Princeton University Art Museum, 1947.

205 Kevin Moore. "Alchemical." Steven Kasher Gallery, http://www.stevenkasher.com/exhibitions/alchemical-curated-by-kevin-moore. Accessed 01 July 2015.

production of larger optics — that are capable of controlling depth-of-field — are unnecessary for contemporary consumer products. Vilém Flusser, in his *Towards a Philosophy of Photography*, expressed the way that the camera industry subsumes creativity, with each new incarnation of technology.[206] [207] I can recall countless examples of film and technology that have disappeared just as I was starting to master them. Contemporary digital cameras have an infinite depth-of-field, much like Renaissance perspective theory.

Alchemical processes reach for spiritual transformation, regardless of instruments or materials. The spirit reaches for the image, and it reaches towards its own center. My own practice reflects this methodology. On numerous occasions Jung said that an emerging archetype is metaphorical.[208]

As an art historian, Meyer Abrams saw no need for archetypes nor images. His focus was on the Romantic movement, and for this he researched patterns and themes that emerged through the Romantic output. He also found patterns in their beliefs. Abrams felt that transcendent archetypes were unnecessary. If the activities of nature ran parallel with the inner state of a poet — for example a correspondent breeze between them[209] — the awareness of this theme emanating from the Romantic legacy was enough. For the historian, it is not necessary to push this theme into the heavens and call it an archetype — or call it an image existing infinitely and throughout the universe. In fact, Abrams does not need archetypes.

But I wonder: are archetypes needed for own practice? Perhaps naming a theme is enough. But then again: is the knowledge of a repeatable theme enough; and are these themes persistent enough for any one artist to say they exist legitimately, and that they inform each other; and is this possible, without pursuing the extreme postulate of Platonic forms or collectively transcendent archetypes?

I will phrase this differently: why does a “correspondence breeze” need to be an archetype? Let us say that a correspondent breeze exists presently, between my emotional

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[206] Vilém Flusser and Derek Bennett, *Towards a Philosophy of Photography*, trans. Derek Bennett (Göttingen: European Studies, 1984), 19.

[207] Ibid., 34.

[208] Jung, *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, 9, Pt. 1, 157. And footnote 177.

[209] Abrams, "The Correspondent Breeze : A Romantic Metaphor," 126-7.

state and the wind currently blowing over the landscape. Right now there is a concurrent feeling of freedom, that is reflected through my protective surroundings, represented as they are by a calm and secluded valley, and then internally by my sensitivities to these same surroundings. Is this an archetype, or a theme? Why do artists need transcendental archetypes or Platonic forms? Why not simply call them subjects or themes, dealt with, by a certain generation of people, or by a certain collective of individuals, or even by a specific artwork alone?

Though I agree that it is not necessary for an art historian to postulate archetypes, I do think they are sometimes required by an artist; it is intriguing when an artist decides that they want to imagine something as existing outside of themselves, even if this is only an imaginative exercise. Call it an attempt at suspending belief, if only for a moment. Back at the thematic level — or perhaps at the level of problematizing themes and subjects — this is purely a problem of representation; at most it might be something personally psychological.

These thoughts remind me of Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism*, which takes the "world view" held by any given literary text — or within any given artwork for that matter — and places this global perspective on his "dialectic axis of criticism." Frye's axis begins with the ironic and moves toward the anagogic.[210] [211] [212] Although my artworks encompass many of the characteristics of Frye's ironic pole, this label dismisses the ethereal and numinous themes that run throughout my works. Unfortunately, the archetypal and the anagogic spheres are outside of the public's general interest, and there is violence done to works when their intended or projected world view is ignored.

One looks at my images and recognizes various themes, but these themes are only vehicles from which I point to an archetype or the numinous. It is not just any valley, it is a particular Valley: it is a particular archetype. It is not the night, it is the Day. There are specifics, for each photographic piece, but these guide the observer "elsewhere." And this might mark the difference between the artist and the historian: the historian handles specifics, and leads the audience back to the person making it, or to the broader cultural milieu from which that person and that artwork emerged.

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[210] Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism : Four Essays* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1957), 25.

[211] Ibid., 122.

[212] Aaron Murphy and Sharon Morris, *Dialogue No. 2 with Sharon Morris* (unfinished (started 07 October 2011)). [A quotation from this dialogue has been removed for copyright reasons.]

If I was to make an artwork that dealt with a theme I would need to know this theme beforehand: I would need to know the theme before I made the work. This would be a conceptual exercise. Alternatively, if I worked with (or from) the numinous — or with images and synchronicity — any "theme" would be discovered along the way — much like finding the theme of synchronicity through searching the topics of "word" and "image." This is the difference between illustrating and finding; and one could say the difference between researching and searching. Some themes are more obvious than others, like walking north or photographing the terrain in the Lake District (in England), but then there are other themes that are more elusive and are only discovered along the way.

As a segue into our next chapter, Jung says that in order to understand space, time is required, and that to understand time, one also needs space.[213] [214] Space is X, Y and Z: but without movement one cannot transverse this space. Time is similarly constituted. If time has nothing to move through, and if nothing has been negotiated, then time has not happened.[215] [216] This continuum of unbreakable time and space, which exists at the phenomenological level, is also a law of physics, mainly the "space-time" continuum.[217] The faster one moves through space, the slower one perceives time. The slower one moves through space, the faster one actually moves through time, relative to everything else. Space and time are elastic, flexing back-and-forth.

In the past I have said that I make my images in order to have something to write about.[218] This impulse to write indicates the completion of an image — when I am inspired enough to write something, it is usually done. This trend was discussed in *Dialogue no. 14 with Jeffrey Paull*.[219] During that conversation Jeffrey corrected me and suggested that, instead of offering a simple movement from "image" to "word", that these two aspects might be considered within a continuum, where time and space, word and image, metaphor and rhythm, reside together. Word and image would then become flexible, and independent, and at any one moment, word and image would propel me toward its other.

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[213] Jung and Read, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche* 8, 123.

[214] Jung, "The Undiscovered Self (Present and Future)," 33.

[215] Regarding zero-time and zero-space see p. 72.

[216] Footnote 118.

[217] Jung, *Aion : Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*, 9, Pt. 2, 24.

[218] Murphy and Paull, *Dialogue No. 14 with Jeffrey Paull*. [A quotation from this dialogue has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[219] Ibid. [A quotation from this dialogue has been removed for copyright reasons.]

In the opening chapter of Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space* — and in the chapter "Psychoanalysis and Prehistory: The Novalis Complex," from his *The Psychoanalysis of Fire* — Bachelard ponders the idea of a "rhythmo-analysis" or "rhythm analysis," as developed by the Brazilian philosopher Lucio Alberto Pinheiro dos Santos. Rhythm analysis postulates a means of navigating new images, whereby the same emotional rhythms that helped create the work is found resonating with the reader as well.[220] [221]

Although metaphor and image appear distant from notions of time and rhythm, they are very much related. A further example of this conceptual synchronicity is derived from Paul Ricoeur's articulation of metaphor: as a subject that is protesting under the influence of a hostile predicate.[222] Eventually, Ricoeur transposes this model over his theory of narrative, saying that our experiences of time are shaped by our encounters with narrative, both fictional and historical.[223]

But here again we are pointing at something central: how can one articulate an impossible vector that separates time and space, that is also represented along a linear continuum? Image and rhythm collide with each other, and to represent this interaction, using entirely spatial models, is perhaps an injustice. Trying to find a common vertical divide, or that point where the continuum breaks, is truly a waste of energy. It is much healthier to look for instances of image and rhythm, and to say how these two moments flow back-and-forth between each other, and to say how "this" space was important to "that" rhythm, or how "this" time was important to "that" image. These types of discussion create spatial models: they put things on lines. Yet there are other different ways of understanding a space and time, and still other phenomenon from the world of physics that provide more rhythmical models than the ones presented here.

Time and space relate differently, when reflected under different configurations. "The line," ironically, might keep "word" and "image" apart. To abandon the line would give a different sense of how they correspond. "The line," in this report, stems from my

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[220] Gaston Bachelard, *The Psychoanalysis of Fire* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1964), 28.

[221] *The Poetics of Space*, xxxiv-xxxv.

[222] Ricoeur, *The Rule of Metaphor : The Creation of Meaning in Language*, 231.

[223] *Time and Narrative*, trans. Kathleen McLaughlin and David Pellauer, vol. 1 (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), ix-xi.

discussion in *Dialogue no. 14 with Jeffrey Paull*.[224] It was this dialogue that raised the question of a continuum, and it was this idea of a continuum, resting at the heart of my practice, that freed my practice from the determination of word or image. Rather than claiming to make an image solely for something to write about, I am allowed to slide across this continuum, back-and-forth, from word to image, and from metaphor to rhythm.

How can we imagine a continuum without a line? Perhaps we could use a scale, or imagine a seesaw. Advances in typologies and in multi-dimensional geometries may provide additional ways of eliminating "the line," and for representing this continuum on different vectors.

When interpretation is introduced, the line becomes the circumference of a circle; and when I speak of an image, I am pointing toward time.

Earlier I spoke about vinyl records, and about the way that these resonate when images are introduced into consciousness. When I speak about time I point to the middle of a giant circle residing in space.

It is not a meaningless coincidence that the space-time continuum of our universe finds affinity with the metaphoric-rhythmic continuum of my own research. These are likely the same thing. They are, after all, from the same universe.

[224] Footnote 218.

IV. RHYTHM

Synchronicity and Space-time

To suggest a relationship between synchronicity and rhythm seems counterintuitive. How can two things, said to exist at the same moment, also have repetition in time, and therefore be rhythmic?[225] [226]Synchronicity suggests or postulates a timelessness in this relationship, as it relates events through meaning rather than cause-and-effect; and so if two events occur simultaneously, there can be no repetition and therefore no rhythm — that is, for any single synchronistic event itself. For the observer, however, there might be an awareness of repetition; and yet synchronicity — or the application of this term to certain situations — suggests the doing away with time altogether, and therefore also the rejection of rhythm.

During a dialogue with Hayley Newman,[227] I made an illustration to show how time might be understood spatially. My diagram came from the documentary *The Fabric of the Cosmos*, and as the title suggests, it covered a range of topics from physics, from the quantum level up to cosmology. In episode 1 of this series, Graham Green represents time

[225] And yet von Franz relates synchronicity and rhythm throughout her writing. The rhythmic patterns of synchronicity come through the patterns of the archetypes; and since archetypes are said to be constellated at the moment of synchronicity, a rhythmic correspondence emerges with synchronicity. Synchronicity, like the archetypes that condition them, do not emerge without reason. They emerge with meaning. Von Franz finds patterns in these meanings, and her best examples are from fairy tales. See appendix "15. Marie-Louise von Franz." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[226] There are numerous references stating that the archetypes create time. Von Franz illustrates the existence of established patterns in fairy tales, which are symbolic of rhythmical movements existing between the archetypes. Initially it is said that any archetype can create time, but then it is said that only the archetype of the Self can do this. Early in his inception of synchronicity, and in his dialogue with Pauli, Jung speculates that time is created when the archetype of the anima "moves." Aside from the rhythms of the body and those time movements described by the *I Ching,* the archetypes are also associated with various gods of time. When an archetype moves, it enters time. In the Jung/Pauli letters these rhythmical and archetypal sequences are ascribed to the anima, where time is created as she enters time. The Hopi Indian believed that time was either manifest or manifesting; that concrete objects were time manifested, and that our thoughts and conjectures about the future were time on the verge of becoming. The sublime is said to be rhythmic and this comes from Longinus' treatise on the sublime; he describes the sublime moving or passing like a vapor. And finally, there is the fascinating observation that most divination techniques involve counting backwards, and this act of counting backwards is the reason why divination practices are said to work — they undo time. [See the following appendices' paragraphs: 13.9, 15.3.2, 15.3.3, 15.3.12, 15.3.34, 15.3.32, 17.9, 20.1, 20.6.1, 15.5.24., 15.3.21] [Many of these paragraphs have been removed for copyright reasons.]

[227] Aaron Murphy and Hayley Newman, *Dialogue No. 16 with Hayley Newman* (London, 2015).

as a loaf of bread, which he then slices into various chunks.[228] His time-loaf starts with the Big Bang and grows horizontally as time grows into the future: it represents the evolution of time. Now, depending on where one orients themselves within this space-time diagram, it becomes possible to look forwards and backwards through time ... Yes, one can peer into the past and the future depending on physical orientation — literally by facing East or West. The implications of this are astounding: if one can look forward in time, then the future must have already happened!

Graham Green is shown cutting a passage through to the future.[229] On his diagram, there is one yellow line and two diagonal lines, red and purple. Now, it could be argued that synchronicity rests on one of these diagonal slices: on the red or the purple lines. The yellow line represents our current perspective — which continues to move forward as we move forward in space-time. Synchronicity, I imagine, rests on one of these other two diagonal lines, from the past or into the future.

To give an example, the following events may all reside on one of Green's diagonal lines: I found a camera outside the UCL Pharmacy building, before that I was hunting in the Senate House library for books on synchronicity, and before that I was on the steps of the UCL Slade School of Art drawing a diagram and trying to articulate a conceptual camera that could see throughout the entirety of space simultaneously, and a week before that I was still in Canada packing to come to London, and making the decision to leave one of my cameras behind — which, as it happens, was exact the same SX-70 camera I found on the steps of the UCL Pharmacy building.[230] It could be that all these events reside on one of Green's red or purple lines: that they are moving on the same diagonal trajectory, and that they are all different slices of time compared to the one we are on. To us, synchronicity is rhythmic, because our perspective grants rhythm, and for us the meaning

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 24: Episode 1, "What is Space?" From: Greene, B., Jonathan Sahula, Joseph McMaster, Graham Judd, Sabin Streeter, Randall MacLowry, Julia Cort, et al. *The Fabric of the Cosmos*. [United States]: PBS Home Video, 2011. Videorecording, 2 videodiscs (223 min.), NOVA6225.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 25: Episode 1, "What is Space?" From: Greene, B., Jonathan Sahula, Joseph McMaster, Graham Judd, Sabin Streeter, Randall MacLowry, Julia Cort, et al. *The Fabric of the Cosmos*. [United States]: PBS Home Video, 2011. Videorecording, 2 videodiscs (223 min.), NOVA6225.

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 25: Episode 1, "What is Space?" From: Greene, B., Jonathan Sahula, Joseph McMaster, Graham Judd, Sabin Streeter, Randall MacLowry, Julia Cort, et al. *The Fabric of the Cosmos*. [United States]: PBS Home Video, 2011. Videorecording, 2 videodiscs (223 min.), NOVA6225.

230 This camera is extremely rare.

related to these events is repeated. But synchronistically, they might reside at exactly the same moment in time, and are exactly the same event. This is my conjecture: that synchronicity slices through space-time at differing planes than the plane we are currently travelling as humans. I realize that this is highly speculative, but in a report that circumnavigates expectations and interpretations, and then revolves around daydreams and physics, it is permissible to allow these conjectures and projections, and these hypothetic overlappings between my various topics — all of which inform my practice, and all of which inspire my practice. For another interesting perspective on these encounters, I would point my reader to the three studio books that were made following the discovery of a single 35 mm slide in the middle of the road.[231]

Synchronicity is like a piece of paper. "Paper" was used to communicate Green's theory to Hayley, during our dialogue. Now, if that sheet of paper is the plane of an event, and on that plane is stored all of the relevant information, then on that sheet of paper everything happens simultaneously — all at once, like with synchronicity. And yet, when we read that same sheet of paper, we engage in a temporal leap, and initiate a rhythmic trajectory.

Practicing Rhythms

Returning to rhythm and images, there is a constant struggle to keep my compositions from stopping within their own designs. Early in their inception I may realize a dominant feature in a composition, and note that the rhythm of the composition misses certain key features that I would like to have noticed; or perhaps the composition is found floating around, and moving away from the frame. In both instances something dominant is pulling my attention; and because the design is stunted, my rhythms do not reach the viewer. And so I move things around and change the tonalities and the colors, allowing the rhythmic experience to better reach my audience.[232]

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[231] Footnotes 35.

[232] The more I edit my written and visual rhythms the more I risk erasing "dominance." Where a dominant theme is expanded and supported by subordinate visual elements, such compositions are usually organized around one main feature. Not all works are like this. With Hieronymus Bosch, a cacophony of detail floods the landscape. "The Garden of Earthly Delights" is organized symmetrically: outlined and quartered by circles and squares.

[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 26: Bosch, Hieronymus. "The Garden of Earthly Delights (Exterior Shutters)." Oil, grisaille, wood panel, 2200 x 3890 mm. Madrid: Museo Del Prado, 1480-90.

Particularly with my writing — which comes from dialogue and the process of recording — I will focus on the rhythm with such intensity that it becomes the subject itself. I often review how I spoke during an initial audio recording, and then attempt to change these rhythms through subsequent drafts. I do not believe that my texts should remain trapped by their initial rhythms. I can accept this first rhythm, and I can move it forward. I can ask myself: how can I can change this instigating rhythm and make it progress?[233]

Earlier in this Report, when I spoke of landscape and image, I mentioned a movement between the sublime and the beautiful, as an active distancing and a productive bringing forward, which I then push away from myself again. This is a rhythm. When I first looked at rhythm, I defined it musically. I began with a diagram with notes on a bar, and showed how musical rhythms were defined as the organization of these notes from bar to bar. Rhythm is the relationship between the notes as they are grouped over time. Afterwards, and fixated on this definition, I became convinced that rhythm include repetition. I soon realized that filmmakers dislike this kind of rhythm.[234] Rhythm is analogous — it is "like" a repetition — and it need not be the same pattern each time.[235] Rhythm is not necessarily repetitious. For example, cinematic rhythms are determined by the passage of time that was captured during the initial recording, and this rhythm remains alive regardless of editing.[236]

Bringing my own repetitions, and my own oscillations between the beautiful and the sublime, I wonder if the beautiful and the sublime are not just conveniences for something much more nuanced. I do not want my images to be "pretty" or to be "beautiful," but would rather they aspired to something like wabi-sabi, or to an Eastern aesthetic that is perfectly imperfect.[237]

I also want my images and words to retain their origins, and specifically I want them to preserve their haunting or spooky qualities. I want them to speak of these origins while simultaneously telling us how they were found. They must remember their sublime

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[233] This is possible with my images. Tarkovsky says rhythmic change is not possible within cinema, though footage can be changed with an optical printer.

[234] Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time : Reflections on the Cinema*, 119.

[235] Rather than 4 beats and 4 beats, cinema may have 4, 5, 6, 4, etc.

[236] Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time : Reflections on the Cinema*, 117.

[237] Footnote 126.

elements. Of course, I can and often do, edit these rhythms away, in both my writings and my images. It seems that the act of editing does two things: it organises and therefore moves the work in the direction of beauty, and in doing this also pulls the composition closer to me.

Often I edit too much, and realize that a composition has become slick or dead; and here it needs to be pushed farther away again — as it was before. But again, this is an attribute of wabi-sabi already, this act of pushing away. A ceramicist makes perfect bowl, and when fired will chip the corner. It may be that wabi-sabi inherently contains the oscillation that I am implying, and that it already has my resolution ingrained.[238] As a concept though, I enjoy its fluctuations between an ideal and chaos, or between organization and destruction — or between the beautiful and the sublime.

Earlier I mentioned the book *Faking Death*, as well as an essay on Sylvia Readman called *A Tessitura of Images*.[239] From these a definition of the Canadian landscape slowly emerged. It was a mixture inside and outside, and a montage of inner and outer spaces. John Szarkowski would have called these images "windows," in his book *Windows and Mirrors*.[240] These "windows" establish a rhythm for my own journeys, for what my practice is constantly negotiating. These are not themes but experiences: and they bring and push what is outside and inside.

Some photographs in *Faking Death* show domestic furniture containing traces of the landscape.[241] In this photo-essay on the Canadian imagination there are numerous examples of people gazing through windows, and of photographers moving through windows. In line with this, their images are taken at a distance. This is a safe distance, and the images are taken from behind a metaphorical window.

Many of my images have elements of warmth and cold, and of light and darkness. When trapped by a composition, I sometimes imagine myself in the reflection of a window, and attempt to fix the rhythms using this aesthetic. Often I find myself in front of a window with my camera. Windows encompass hovering apparitions, emerging with thinly sliced

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[238] Tanizaki, *In Praise of Shadows*, 45.

[239] "II. Landscape and Journey."

[240] John Szarkowski, *Mirrors and Windows : American Photography since 1960* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1978).

[241] Cousineau-Levine, *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*. Cousineau-Levine is discussed in "V. Death and Photography."

and overlapping transparencies. It is a very tricky space. This was mentioned in a book from 2011.[242] It dealt with the management of double-exposures and reflections, as well as with the use of optical amalgamations and distortions, and included mention of the overlappings of visual materials with sound. Together, it was a catalog of tools that were frequently used, and that I draw from when making montage.

Five Recent Projects

These five recent projects were done to familiarize myself with rhythm, and to broaden my understanding of rhythm. The first exercise explored the rhythms of James Joyce. The second was an essay discussing free verse rhythms; it was also critical of post-modernism. The third was a discussion of circular rhythms. The fourth was a collection of audio recordings produced by reading the poetry of other authors. And the last was a discussion on grace and spiritual rhythms.

But before I reach these five topics I would like to reiterate what was said earlier about cinematic rhythm. The Tarkovsky book *Sculpting in Time* is specifically about cinematic time. It says that recorded rhythms must be the same (or nearly the same) if they are to be edited together successfully.[243] *This quality of time is a "time signature," or a "time compression," or an "inherent rhythm."* The rhythm caught in a section of footage carries its own time compression; and this time compression is the way that "time" was recorded when the footage was originally captured. Rhythm is the way that time was imprinted on the material.

Tarkovsky would only splice two scenes together if they had compatible rhythms. To make his point he references Bergman and discusses his film *The Virgin Spring*.[244] In that film the protagonist is raped and is subsequently found lying in an unsettling and ambiguous pose in the forest. We cannot ascertain if she is dead or alive. Snow is falling on her face and she is not moving. Tarkovsky says that this cinematic moment "suspends" time: that the lack of movement, mixed with the impressions of a freak snow-fall, render any sense of time impossible. We do not know how fast the camera is moving, as the snow slowly descends on her face. Here, Bergman succeeded at imprinting time onto

[242] Aaron Murphy, *Untitled (Recording Nos. 400480-84)* (unfinished (started 25 November 2011)). [Quote removed for copyright reasons.]

[243] Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time : Reflections on the Cinema*, 113.

[244] Ibid., 213.

photographic emulsion. The snow is falling on the film and onto her face, in slow and gentle rhythms. I gather from Tarkovsky that he could not sculpt this rhythm against something ferocious, for example, as such an action would be ignorant and distracting.

Next, Tarkovsky says that rhythmic time moves like water compressed in a pipe.[245] When footage is recorded it acquires a "time signature," for that moment, and this time signature remains with that footage forever. Returning to my practice, I record my words and re-listen to these original recordings to gauge my own rhythms. I can edit or change the pace or the inertia of my words, to manage the stress and shape of the line, or I can change the speed of the line and alter the cadence more generally. For Tarkovsky, this editorial freedom is not offered to film. The filmmaker is stuck with the rhythms captured in that initial moment. The film director must remain vigilant when recording time. As a guide, Tarkovsky frequently refers to time-compressions as bodies of water. He calls them streams or creeks. They are like heaving tracks of ocean; like lakes or like trickling brooks, and even like relentless and refreshing springs.[246]

Copied Rhythm and James Joyce

An author gave me an exercise on New Year's Day, 2014. I stopped for coffee that morning and asked if he had consulted any texts about rhythm while he was writing his own books. He said there was nothing, and that he followed his own "narrative rhythms." He used this term without defining it, for himself or for anyone else, and yet I immediately understood what he meant: he meant that he built and shaped his characters so well that he could follow their inertia and momentum; and that he planned his characters and his scenes so well that he was allowed the luxury of watching his characters narrate their own story, as if he were merely a witness. He had constructed something in his mind that was so powerful that he could relax and watch the elements interact with each other. They followed their own logic and rhythm.

Another way of discussing narrative rhythm is through the completion of an action. Imagine the series of actions required for entering a house. Rhythm is the pace of those actions on the way to a final destination. Did you run into the house? Did you lose your keys? Does someone serendipitously open the door? There numerous ways to construct this scene, and even more ways of coaxing out narrative rhythms, each in their own way.

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[245] Ibid., 121.

[246] Ibid., 117.

Dissatisfied with the answer I was given, I pushed my friend further and asked if there was anything he could say about rhythm more generally. He gave me this exercise.[247] He told me to take a text that I liked and to copy it. He said I should type this text at a keyboard, and write it as if I were writing it myself. Then I should review it for its inherent rhythms. The exercise comes from China, from the practice of copying calligraphy and painting. Through the study of a master's works the apprentice comes to understand rhythm.

This idea sat on my desk for nearly a year, until I finally decided to try it with a selection from James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.[248] This was chosen for many reasons: because I loved the way that the sentences were constructed; because the sentences flowed like streams of water. Joyce's sentences are long and elegant rivers that never get boring. He repeats his words as signs, and then uses them again as indicators to bring the mind forward and backward throughout the chapter. Sometimes his sentences mirror the actions themselves. For example, the first sentence of the chapter I transcribed had Stephen Daedalus seesawing back and forth in front of a pub, while he impatiently awaited the news from inside the bar. This design was repeated three or four times throughout the chapter. It was used to describe the way that people travelled back and forth over a bridge, and the way that Stephen's mind meandered back and forth over his obsessive thoughts. The chapter also discussed rhythm directly, through the thoughts of Stephen Daedalus.[249] Later in the book Joyce elaborates on this definition through a dialogue between Stephen and his schoolmate Lynch.[250]

Joyce's *Portrait* covered rhythm on at least four different levels: through dialogue, through narration, and through repeated sentence structures as well as repeated word selections. To do this exercise I decided to type one chapter from this book.

It was a nightmare. I could not do it. To type as fast as Joyce can write, and to move one's fingers as fast as one can read Joyce, is a very hard thing to do. He writes so fluidly — and I think 60 or 70 words a minute is required just to keep up! I tried mapping my

[247] This was discussed in studio book: Aaron Murphy, *Rhythm Exercise: Joyce, Tanizaki, Tarkovsky* (unfinished (started 27 July 2014)).

[248] James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, (Project Gutenberg, 1916), http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/4217.epub. 300.

[249] Ibid., 304.

[250] Ibid., 384.

keyboard and aligning my fingers properly, but I was still not fast enough. Eventually I abandoned punctuation altogether, and finally arrived at the point where, I thought, I might be approaching the pace of Joyce's initial writing: where one can follow the rhythms of the characters and the scene, with space to follow at their own delights, and without the materials blocking the way, and without the materials interfering.

And so I typed the chapter without punctuation, and when I was done I could not read what I had written; and so I cheated, and stole the whole text from a digital version of the book, and pasted this right overtop of my original work. And when this was done — and I could finally read it with some punctuation — I gathered the rhythms and saw how these worked grammatically — through the repetitions of words and phrases, and through long and short sentences. And then, once I had read it and that was done, I recorded myself speaking the entire chapter to yield yet another version of the book's rhythms, this time verbally, so that I could hear it. Whenever I read Joyce there is a sense that I am listening to someone talk. Of course, this no different than any other narrated book, except that with Joyce the narration is almost sung.

Of course, no one is singing. One cannot sing through a printed page. And this brings to mind another conversation I had recently with two musicians about the difference between musical and poetic rhythms. I was told that musicians are allowed harmony, and that the writers of prose and poetry are not. Though some contemporary authors experiment with overlapping harmonies — like two readings performed simultaneously — any harmony produced would reside elsewhere. Harmonies explored through performance are not ingrained within the text itself. I told these musicians that my images contained harmonies, and that these harmonies were like the overlappings of sounds, but with colours instead of sounds, and at this point I was told that printed words do not convey speech.

While travelling, one is greeted differently. Wherever you are, the same words are spoken in a regional accent. All words are spoken when dictated.[251] [252] If someone says "good morning" to you in North America, their voice is likely flat; but ask the same from someone in Ireland, and their voice will likely come back in a trill, flowing up and down as

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[251] Aristotle and Malcolm Heath, *Poetics*, Penguin Classics (New York: Penguin Books, 1996), 24-5. "Diction" can mean "how the words are spoken." It also means the following concerning Greek Tragedy, "how the lines are metered."

[252] Ibid., 27.

their cords flex with each word. I wanted to extract this difference — in the way that syllables are articulated — through recording the Joyce text. By making my own studio recording, while I read his book, I excavated additional layers of rhythm and uncovered a palimpsest of rhythmical layers.

Honestly, I wish I still had that first draft, the one without any punctuation. It would have made a nice script: as something to read and then to re-read, and then as something to dictate further, for additional layers of interpretation. Sadly, I do not have this script any longer; and I think this fact is rather telling. It points to the fact that I was more interested in studying the inherent rhythms of the book than I was in studying my own rhythms. I wanted to study Joyce's rhythms, and not study how my own rhythms coincided or accompanied the original. If I had this first draft, and then performed it, it would produce extra rhythms; and if I had re-dictated yet another recording from this unpunctuated version, it would have presented me with a new conundrum. Are my extra rhythms emanating from the text, and are these extra rhythms doing violence to the text? Violence is a strong a word here, but I think that such an imaginary reading would have converted Joyce's novel into an historical document.[253] [254]

I understand that grammar and punctuation are late developments in the history language, but I also understand why we have them. How did anyone know when to breathe! I guess, once-upon-a-time, while reading, everyone decided how and when to breathe on their own. But then again, how did anyone know when to slow down and to speed up? How did anyone know when the words were exciting or dull? I guess these inner states were communicated directly or discursively (not likely), rather than having them subtly wrapped within the rhythms and the cadence of speech itself.

I find it extraordinarily difficult to read something that is not punctuated well, let alone reading something that is not punctuated at all. Regarding Joyce, this is the main reason why I have not read *Ulysses* (completely), and why I will never read *Finnegan's Wake*. Although I gather not many read *Finnegan's Wake*, from beginning to end.

The other night in the bar, I was with an Australian author. He told me a new way to read *Ulysses*. He said to start at chapter 4 when Leopold Bloom enters the story, and then to return to the beginning of the book after becoming acclimatized — that is, after

[253] Ricoeur, *Time and Narrative*, 3, 162.

[254] Ibid., 260.

becoming accustomed to the inner rhythms of Joyce's characters. He said that this helps readers comprehend the thoughts of Steve Daedalus, which enter the book at around chapters 2 or 3, which is exactly where I had given up reading *Ulysses* initially.

John Cage made a work called *Roaratorio*.[255] He read *Finnegan's Wake* once through and then recorded himself while doing so. He then made a second recording while listening to the first, and kept making subsequent version from previous recordings. Finally he arrived at the musical rhythms of Joyce's book, based on his previous recordings. He called this work *Roaratorio*. This work might be called an interpretation, but a better term could be taken from music: it is a variation. I generally dislike John Cage — as mentioned above on the topic of silence — but this particular work seems rather impressive, and it parallels my own practice. Given my previous comments about historical documents, this work by Cage does not treat Joyce's book as a novel.

Polyrhythmic Forms

There was also an essay on poetical rhythms, called *Body Music: Notes on Rhythm in Poetry*.[256] It was a technical essay. It talked about free verse poetry, and the way its rhythms are layered. The last focus of the essay addressed larger rhythms, or those polyrhythmic forms that take place within a poem. Here is section no. 54 from the essay:

> If polyrhythmic form is many-centered and relativist, it has a lot in common with the impulses of postmodernism. The latter rejects the Olympian perspective of modernism; it talks about disrupting master narratives, destabilizing unitary systems of meaning, revalorizing the margins. And that is an admirable job description.
>
> Yet in practice I find myself restless. Not with the project itself, but with the spirit in which it is often promoted. For a great deal of its discourse goes on within a screwy ontophony.

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[255] Marjorie Perloff, "Music for Words Perhaps: Reading/Hearing/Seeing John Cage's *Roaratorio*," in *Postmodern Genres*, ed. Marjorie Perloff, Oklahoma Project for Discourse and Theory (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1995).

[256] Denis Lee, "Body Music : Notes on Rhythm in Poetry," in *Thinking and Singing : Poetry and the Practice of Philosophy*, ed. Tim Lilburn (Toronto: Cormorant Books, 1998). This essay contains the following sections: I. Kinesthetic Knowing ; II. Micro-rhythm: Prosody ; III. Mezzo-rhythm: Forward/Lateral Action ; IV. Macro-rhythm ; V. Polyrhythmic Form.

> What leads me to balk is the assumption that decentering monolithic systems is an achievement of postmodern thinkers and artists. Or that it is a human activity at all. In terms of power politics, of course, that's precisely what it is. Every authorized system renders the truths of the marginalized invisible; reclaiming those truths demands a dedicated energy of subversion. But that said, the fact is that we can't decenter the stories. They're already decentered. Polyrhythm precedes us; being is plural, with or without our permission. And the appropriate first response is not irony, nor even struggle, but awe. For polyrhythm is not a human creation. To think otherwise is hubris.
>
> This blinkered ontophony has led to the shallow gamesmanship that vitiates so much postmodern poetry and fiction, and to the recombinant jargon of so much cultural theory. Its perpetual de-in and dissing can become a refuge; it can be safer to spin theories about polyphasic meaning than to head out and try to honour its cataclysmic demands.
>
> No recipes; no nets.[257]

Bachelard, Wordsworth and Ricoeur, all come to mind here. They all believed that poetry captured the ways that memories were acquired. It is through poetry that one knows how memories are acquired — and it is only through the rhythms of poetry that one can continue to access the deeper recesses of memory. The rhythms in a moment of mnemonic acquisition construct our ability to remember. The act of seeing or hearing, or of reading, about how memory is related to life, allow efficient access to memory. In the case of Wordsworth, life becomes more bearable through poetry, and our own rhythms become healed. In the case of Bachelard one learns how new mnemonic moments arise, and how one remembers more gracefully through the rhythms of poetry.[258] [259] [260] With

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[257] Ibid. This quote provides an example of a decentered Western order. It is an alternative to Western order that is not postmodern. Lee's "polyrhythmic forms" are anti-postmodern, while also representing an eschatological space. See appendix "14. Mysterious and Eschatological Space." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[258] Gaston Bachelard, *Water and Dreams : An Essay on the Imagination of Matter* (Dallas: Pegasus Foundation, 1983), 16.

[259] *Air and Dreams : An Essay on the Imagination of Movements*, 114.

[260] *The Poetics of Space*, 99.

Ricoeur, in *Memory, History, Forgetting*, forgetting is seen as the destruction of past rhythms as well as an aid to future rhythms.[261] [262]

In recent years I have been writing computer code, and am convinced that this activity destroys memory. The writing of computer code erases my ability to remember. The constant repetition of debugging (specifically), mixed with pseudo-mathematical equations, prevents reflection and prevents the linkage of current experiences with the past. I am very concerned about this: that the more code I write the more memory I lose forever. I do not know if this is strictly true. Likewise, I do not know if this is particularly true of only this type of writing. However, I am certain that forgetfulness has something to do with the intensity of the activity. It is an obsessive behavior, and an excessive writing. It is like trying to get something to work without error; or like turning a gigantic conceptual machine in one movement. Surely, not all obsessive behaviors are capable of destroying language. Obsessions also limit experience in order to reinforce themselves; but I believe that this particular type of writing, the writing and debugging of computer code specifically, produces a certain kind of destruction.

One can achieve much by obsession, and from this one may see the "good" or the "beneficial" sides of obsession, alongside my hypothesis that writing code is dangerous. I once drafted a book called *Popcorn and Memory*,[263] where I recalled childhood memories. There was a train, with its track nailed to a board, that moved in a circle. My father would drop marshmallows in the boxcars and I would eat them as they passed by. I then recalled him making popcorn. I was very short (not tall) and could hardly seeing into the pot. My book recalled these two memories, and when I drafted that book I was living in an apartment without a microwave, wanted to make popcorn, and recalled these two vivid scenes from my childhood. That moment of recollection revealed some poetic facts. Earlier that day I had been writing computer code obsessively. When these memories arrived that evening I became instantly convinced of their fragility: I was resolutely convinced that my memories were being destroyed by the obsessive code writing. I had remembered how to make popcorn, and this skill and its related memories came to the surface following a day of psychic trauma. Also, my injury carried with it the haunting revelation that this kind of behavior destroyed memories. It is an interesting hypothesis, and I am convinced of its

[261] Paul Ricoeur, *Memory, History, Forgetting*, trans. Kathleen Blamey and David Pellauer (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2004), 150.

[262] Ibid., 284.

[263] Aaron Murphy, *Code, Memory, and Popcorn,* unfinished (started 04 November 2012).

truth — poetically at least. I have not investigated this further, but there are likely parallels between my book and the kind of deep memories that survive during Alzheimer's.

Circles

As I dictate this prose I am drawing a circle.[264] I am doing this on a sheet of white paper: marking, circularly, with a rubbing action. It is an engraving, and there is a chapter about this in Jung's *Symbols of Transformation*.[265] That text places this action of rubbing above sexual connotations, to the mandala and to the circle, and to other symbols of "the Self" in general. Jung talks about how this action of rubbing or this act making of a circle, with all the connotations that come with it, are derived from the act of making fire, before they are derived from the sexual act. This act of rubbing was probably one of the first ways of engraving into a rock, and one can imagine the birth of language from this as well, which is close to this discovery of fire — both emerge from a happy action.

Yet here on my sheet of paper, and rubbing while I dictate, my actions are soothing. It is a soothing, repetitious motion, this rubbing, and it is opposed to the neurotic repetitions mentioned above. My present action reinforces bodily rhythms, and reminds me that rhythm is a feature of the body as well as of the mind, and that the two are related. What is above is also below, as an alchemist or a Taoist might say.[266] [267]

Here are five or six crucial references on the topic of spheres. Andrei Tarkovsky, in his *Sculpting in Time*, uses the idea of a sphere as an emblem for "poetic truths," which he positions against "scientific truths." Whereas a discovery in science is made by leaping upwards, following the foundational steps up the ladder of science — itself established on scientific laws —, the discovery of poetic truths are more like spheres, with each new truth

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 31: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled (Diagram from notes taken 25 October 2014, Page 1 of 3)." Pencil on paper, 210 x 297 mm, 2014.

265 C. G. Jung, "The Transformation of Libido," in *Symbols of Transformation : An Analysis of the Prelude to a Case of Schizophrenia*, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1979).

266 *Mysterium Coniunctionis : An Inquiry into the Separation and Synthesis of Psychic Opposites in Alchemy*, 14, para. 644.

267 Regarding mandalas, see appendix "1. Things Are Moving." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

having its own unique form, and with each one truth contradicting the others.[268] In the final chapter of *The Poetics of Space*, titled "The Phenomenology of Roundness," Bachelard introduces the sphere at the end of his eccentric topology of felicitous space. Throughout this final chapter he attempts to show how "being is probably round."[269] Between the monad and the sphere there is a strong relationship. This mandala formation is frequently mentioned by Jung throughout his Collected Works. The following notes are from Jung's *Aion*. They link the idea of the monad to synchronicity. *Note that the monad was replaced by synchronicity in his later writings*.[270] Elsewhere, synchronicity is called the fourth element of science: alongside space, time and causality; with the fourth element being synchronicity.[271] [272] As mentioned above, Meyer Abrams in his *The Mirror and the Lamp* ties Carl Jung with Leibniz', with his matrix of nested monads. He also ties the monad to Leibniz' petites perceptions.[273] Finally, the second chapter of Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism* introduces the spherical monad as the center of a literary universe. This center resides at the heart of whatever poem one happens to be reading; and this idea comes in the chapter titled "Anagogic Phase: Symbol as Monad."[274]

The human heart has its own rhythms, as does our breathing. There is a section in *The Poetics of Space*, as well as in *Air and Dreams*, where Bachelard unpacks the etymology of the word "soul," showing how it was originally (spiritually) derived from the action of breathing, and from expiration specifically.[275] [276] [277] [278] From this "in and out," and this repetition of a circular gestures, I recalled early agricultural practices and their relationship to song, and how this very early utilization of land required the collective to work united with song. The following was written by Matsuo Basho (1644-94):

Cultures beginnings

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[268] Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time : Reflections on the Cinema*, 39.

[269] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, 239.

[270] Jung, *Aion : Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*, 9, Pt. 2, 164n.

[271] C. G. Jung and Herbert Read, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche* ibid., vol. 8 (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1960), 505.

[272] Ibid., 511.

[273] Abrams, *The Mirror and the Lamp : Romantic Theory and the Critical Tradition*, 202.

[274] Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism : Four Essays*, 121.

[275] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, xx.

[276] *Air and Dreams : An Essay on the Imagination of Movements*, 35.

[277] Ibid., 44-5.

[278] Ibid., 241.

Rice-planting songs from
The heart of the country

Singing, planting rice
Village songs more lovely
Then famous city poems[279]

Here is what drafting computer code is like: I am now attempting to draw another circle — beside the one already completed, the soothing one — but this second circle is prevented from going around. To write code (or debugging code) is like trying draw a circle that never gets finish — okay, it rarely gets finished. It is like driving halfway around, and then starting again; and on this second attempt, not making it as far as you did the first time, and then restart again; and then tracing the circle for a third time, and not making it as far as you had hoped. This is what writing computer code is like: it is a perpetual attempt at drawing a circle that never gets finished – okay, perhaps finished once a day. Writing computer code is like forcing oneself to restart a circle countlessly, all day long. It is frustrating in the extreme, and tense. Attempting this broken circle repeatedly is parallel to the way I write computer code.

The difference between these two circles — the full circle and the half broken circle — is akin to the aesthetic that runs through my work, and throughout my practice. There is an aesthetic of wholeness related to Gestalt, and to the making of wholeness. This neurotic attempt at a broken circle that never gets finished is reflected in my practice, and I recall my "airmail paper series,"[280] and how that thin blue paper carried a residual numbness. That blue airmail paper seemed to sever my emotions: it was something that amputated the highs and lows of experience. It was like a broken rhythm, but it also reinforced the rhythms of wholeness. Wholeness was propelled through its opposite. This

[279] Richie, *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics*, 36.

[280]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 11: Murphy, Aaron. "The Silence in Which They Float Away." Pigmented inkjet print, 108 x 77 cm, 2010.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 32: Murphy, Aaron. "Silently, without words at all." Pigmented inkjet print, 108 x 77 cm, 2010.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 35: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled No. 544 (Malaysian Cemetery)." Pigmented inkjet print, 812 x 584 mm, 2015.
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 40: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled No. 595 (the Cauliflower)." Pigmented inkjet print, 808 x 571 mm, 2014.

may be the reasoning behind those two moments from my childhood arriving when they did. They were linked with an opposite, to a less than ideal activity preformed that very day.[281] My unconscious wanted this behavior jettisoned; and ultimately it wanted me to abandon this broken practice. Broken circles never experience a single loop — not until the day is done — and at the end of the day, when the code is finally working, only then is completion experienced — it is a completed circle, with one faint line, preceded by a trench of powdery graphite.

There is a piece of modernist music by the composer Stefan Wolpe that is reminiscent of this broken circle. The first movement of Wolpe's *Sonata 1* is called *Stationary Music*.[282] This first movement is close to my broken circle, and is something like a desperate hewing. Wolpe called it "stationary music" because it lacked the satisfaction of completion — like someone not permitted to completely illustrate a circle. The middle movement of Wolpe's *Sonata 1* aspires toward the full circle; which is then abandoned and returned to the broken circle once again. The contemporary artists Jayne Parker made a film using these rhythms. It too is called *Stationary Music*.[283] It is an excellent example that further links cinema and music through rhythm.

Hyper-cardioid Condenser

While writing at my keyboard I can get trapped by stationary rhythms. The sentence is started but not finished, and I remain trapped and awaiting perfection with nowhere to go. The introduction of audio recordings into my practice restored a healthier rhythm. These recordings overshoot the weighted perfection of a constant restart, and arrive at a frequently pleasant and graceful rhythm that comes through by remaining open to the flows of consciousness.

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[281] About finding beauty through the sublime, see footnote 134.

[282] Jayne Parker. "Stationary Music." Lux Artists' Moving Image, http://www.lux.org.uk/collection/works/stationary-music. Accessed 01 July 2015.

[283] Jayne Parker and Ali Smith, *Stationary Music*, *Jayne Parker : British Artists' Films* ([United Kingdom]: British Film Institute, 2008), 15 minutes, black and white with sound.

To say more about my recordings, they were performances of texts by poets and prose writers: William Carlos Williams,[284] Frank O'Hara,[285] Tomas Transtromer,[286] William Wordsworth,[287] [288] August Kleinzahler,[289] Mallarmé,[290] and Walt Whitman (*Leaves of Grass*).[291]

These recordings were made to study the rhythms of reading versus speaking. Some of them were also made to contrast my recordings with the performances of the authors themselves. Original and archival footage from William Carlos Williams was found on the University of Pennsylvania's *Pennsound* archive website. These were consulted regularly.[292] [293] These additional recordings were used to further guide my own variations. Often, the Williams' performances were "flat" and lacked expression. Alternatively, when another performer was heard reading the same work, it was often overdone and

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[284] Aaron Murphy, *Reading William Carlos Williams' between Walls,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 27 March, 15 seconds; *Reading William Carlos Williams' Danse Russe,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 27 March, 44 seconds; *Reading William Carlos Williams' the Host,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 27 March, 179 seconds; *Reading William Carlos Williams' the Hurricane,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 27 March, 11 seconds; *Reading William Carlos Williams' Tract,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 27 March, 168 seconds.

[285] *Reading Frank O'hara's Poem ["the Eager Note on My Door Said, 'Call Me,'"],* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 26 August, 53 seconds.

[286] *Reading Tomas Tranströmer's Allegro,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 25 March, 60 secconds; *Reading Tomas Tranströmer's the Couple,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 25 March, 54 secconds; *Reading Tomas Tranströmer's Track,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 25 March, 47 seconds.

[287] *Reading William Wordsworth's the Excursion from Page 161, Edward Moxon Edition from 1853,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 27 March, 99 seconds.

[288] William Wordsworth, *The Excursion* (London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1853).

[289] Aaron Murphy, *Reading August Kleinzahler's Green Sees Things in Waves,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 27 March, 131 seconds.

[290] *Reading Stéphane Mallarmé's Toast*.

291 *Reading Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, Book 1, from "as I Pondered in Silence",* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 08 August, 90 secconds; *Reading Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, Book 3, "Songs of Myself," No. 39,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 18 August, 65 seconds; *Reading from Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, Book 4, "Children of Adam I Sing the Body Electric," from Part 1,* 2013. Voribis audio recording, recorded 21 August, 48 seconds; *Reading Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, Book 10,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 19 September, 30 seconds; *Reading Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, Book 4, "Children of Adam I Sing the Body Electric," Part 9, Lines 28 through 30,* 2013. Vorbis audio recording, recorded 21 August, 28 seconds.

[292] William Carlos Williams, *The Hurricane*, *Reading and Commentary at Harvard University* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania, Pennsound Archive, 1951), MP3 audio recording, 26 seconds; *Between Walls*, *Reading and Commentary at UCLA* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania, Pennsound Archive, 1950), MP3 audio recording, 17 seconds.

[293] See appendix "6. Pennsound Archive, William Carlos Williams" and appendix "7. Pennsound Archive, Louis Zukovsky." [These appendices have been removed for copyright reasons.]

exaggerated. This difference is similar to what was just said regarding international speech.[294]

For myself, I use a Rode NT3 hyper-cardioid condenser microphone to record my performances. Each performance was shaped around the sound signature of this device. The selection of this particular microphone is reminiscent of the way I select my cameras before visiting a place, where I anticipate the optical imperfections required for the day. This Rode NT3 microphone is sonorous, and captures sound three-dimensionally. When pointed at my mouth I can hear the ambience of the entire room (and beyond). Listening to these recordings my words are like smaller circles drawn inside of the larger acoustic space of the room. These distinctions, between my words and this wider space, are maintained, while each sound seems to be a nest for a cluster of words. There is a third space, a third sphere of sound, capturing the crackling and the popping of moisture as it snaps against my teeth and tongue. This microphone captures all three levels of sound pristinely, and isolates each one immaculately.

This three-dimensional sound is akin to stereo. It is extremely sensitive, and I sit so very close to the microphone while reading, with a popping screen to keep the "p"s and "b"s from crushing the microphone's diaphragm. It is an intimate sound, and I believe that these poets and their poems were selected subconsciously to match this intimacy. They were all quiet poems. The Transtromer poem *Tracks* finds the poet paused on a train and peering across the Swedish countryside at night. This poem feels like an echo, where the poets voice is found echoing from the window beside him, ricocheting his words back to him, as the lights from a distant village remain where they are, and he remains stopped aboard his stationary train.[295] In Wordsworth's *Excursion* this same sense of intimacy is stretched throughout. It grows to a climax as the poet canoes and lounges beside a secluded lake.[296] With Kleinzahler the poet is locked inside a small room and found conversing with a crazy man, "Green, who sees things in waves."[297] With Williams' *Dance*

[294] See p. 96.

[295] Tomas Tranströmer, "Tracks," in *Tomas Tranströmer : Selected Poems* (Oxford: Bloodaxe Books Ltd., 1987), 44.

[296] William Wordsworth, "9. Discourse of the Wander, and an Evening Visit to the Lake," in *The Excursion* (London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1853), 315.

[297] August Kleinzahler. "Green Sees Things in Waves." Acadamy of American Poets, http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem/green-sees-things-waves. Accessed 01 July 2015.

Rouse the poet is also locked in a room, but this time alone and in his office at home. He is prancing around naked, confident and tucked in his own space.[298]

Each of these poems contains a strong sense of isolation and local. These themes were discovered in hindsight, accidentally or synchronistically; it was like their silence had governed my selection subconsciously, and was serendipitously relating to my practice — to word and image. Their remote and acoustic space is reminiscent of that shallow space, hovering in the foreground in nearly all of my photo-montages: there is a window, contained, with someone gazing through that window, and with sounds bouncing around inside of that space. It is interesting, the consistency with which I move across differing media and references.

Pulling back, these intimate spaces were reflected in my choice of reading. However, they also contained expressions of grandeur, like those relayed by sermons and great speeches. *Toast*, by Mallarmé,[299] is delivered as a naval salute, with connotations of battle and war. This poem is calling similar souls to venture onward, heroically. Another poem by Williams, *Tract*,[300] is about a public burial, with instructions on how to perform this ceremony properly. He addresses his "townspeople" with humor and clarified dignity. Whitman, throughout *Leaves of Grass*,[301] is consistently oscillating between intimate locations and broader overtures: "As I pondered in silence" is a small space, whereas "children of Adam I sing the body electric" catapults the reader into something much larger.

"Children of Adam I sing the body electric" strikes wide but is also communal. It is the good of the people, and not the worst kind of nationalism. These poems feature the best kind of communal action and belief. My research — both references and practice — addresses this kind of communal development and belief. Paul Ricoeur deals directly with institutional constructions, and the way that our national identities and personal identities are constructed through these institutions. Institutions are not buildings: they are the

[298] William Carlos Williams, "Danse Russe," in *The Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams Volume I (1909-1939)* (New York: New Directions, 1986), 86.

[299] Stéphane Mallarmé and Elizabeth McCombie, "Toast," in *Collected Poems and Other Verse* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006), 3.

[300] Williams, "Tract," 72.

[301] Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*.

infrastructure of citizenship and democracy, and we must ensure they remain "just."[302] "Children of Adam I sing the body electric" brings with it an identification of these national institutions, but touching those institutions and defining them with spirituality and grace. The funeral piece by Williams is similar, and Mallarmé's *Toast* turns life into an heroic charge.[303]

Grace

Is grace a feeling that accompanies rhythm or does rhythm take us into grace? It depends on your origin: from where you speak and from East to West. In the West, grace would come first. Grace creates rhythm. In the East the opposite is true. Grace follows a moment when managed correctly. In the East, one works toward grace.

In 2014 I recorded a dialogue about "grace." Like most things I do it happened spontaneously.[304] My interlocutor was travelling to Thailand to become a Buddhist monk, and I wanted to record his motivations. The *I Ching* reminds us that our emotional state in a given situation is more important than any formality.[305] Although it is often superficial and pretty, grace guides our return to what is important. [306]

This future monk was also an artist. For an exhibition he once collected his garbage for an entire year and brought this trash to the gallery every day. It was crammed into one suitcase and lugged to the gallery whereupon it was ceremoniously unpacked; and at the close each day the contents were repackaged and carried back home. It had a daily rhythm to it: and every day he would arrive at the gallery with his suitcase, unpack the garbage and then repack it again, and finally go back home.

I recall another piece. He was carrying a Christmas tree around the city. He was dragging this tree beside himself and I asked, why are you doing this? He said he was making marks. He said that the tree was his pencil and that the streets were his paper, and

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[302] Paul Ricoeur, *Oneself as Another*, trans. Kathleen Blamey (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1992), 194.

[303] More on this topic in "V. Death and Photography."

[304] Aaron Murphy and Dennis Hale, *Dialogue No. 13 with Dennis on Grace* (unfinished (started 30 May 2014)).

[305] Footnote 311.

[306] See appendix "3. Grace and Reverend Jennie Hogan." [This appendix was removed for copyright reasons.]

that he was making marks. He said, look behind you, there are needles all over the sidewalk and all over the road. And from that day forward whenever I see needles on the sidewalk after Christmas I think of him dragging a dying tree somewhere in front of me.

Our meeting was set for Friday 30 May, and to prepare myself I looked at the *I Ching* that morning.[307] It ignites my daily rhythms, and maneuvers my thoughts into more spiritual terrain. Frequently the *I Ching* matches the day, and at other times coincidences are lost; in either case, it aligns me to witness synchronicity. On this particular morning I collected my coins and book from the shelf and a sheet of paper fell in my hands from the counter above. It was a photocopy from St. Augustine's *Confessions*.[308] [309] The page mentioned Grace, and in particular Grace as expressed by St. Paul. Thinking this was nice, I considered taking it with me that afternoon. I then tossed my coins and located the hexagram for the day ... And it was the hexagram for "Grace."

Astonished, I read both texts intensely — the one from the *Confessions* and other from the *I Ching* — and prepared myself for a chat about this experience that afternoon. The *I Ching* says that grace is an ornament, and that it is something to be "added on" if possible.[310] Grace is the way that one trims the beard: there are more important things to consider. Beauty is achieved through grace, and grace is therefore an ornament of beauty. Grace is permitted, but not sought when the timing is inappropriate. A similar idea is repeated in other hexagrams, like when bereavement is discussed: one should remain focused on feeling and not on the formalities of ceremony.[311] Pulled parallel, grace is seen as a formal quality; and there are more important things to be aware of.

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[307] Richard Wilhelm et al., *The I Ching, or, Book of Changes : The Richard Wilhelm Translation*, 3rd ed., Bollingen Series (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1977). And see appendix "24. Richard Wilhelm, *I Ching* or *Book of Changes*, "Book II: The Material"." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[308]

[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 33: Book VII, "A Neoplatonic Quest," p. 131. From: Augustine, Saint, Bishop of Hippo, and Henry Chadwick. *Confessions*. The World's Classics. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992.

[309] Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo and Henry Chadwick, *Confessions*, The World's Classics (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992), 130-1.

[310] Richard Wilhelm et al., "22. Grace," in *The I Ching, or, Book of Changes : The Richard Wilhelm Translation*, Bollingen Series (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1977).

[311] "62. Preponderance of the Small," in *The I Ching, or, Book of Changes : The Richard Wilhelm Translation*, Bollingen Series (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1977).

This definition of grace contrasted with the Grace of Augustine's *Confessions*.[312] The *Confessions* shows how Grace is lived. It remains with us always, and we are often ignorant of its existence while it does its work, and this at the right moment. Through Grace, we discover the nuances of another's emotions, rather than viewing these emotions as beyond formality.

Taoism sets a relation between beauty and grace that is not readily expressed in the West, though there is precedence.[313] For the Taoist, grace shapes the beautiful, and this is not always needed. These two terms may seem incommensurate: the beautiful and the graceful. Perhaps this difference stems from differing religious backgrounds. The *Book of Changes* is inherently militaristic. Hexagrams are structured with references to military leadership: itself a paradigm for the family, and as well as a paradigm for the state. There are numerous metaphors and symbols to reinforce this idea. For example, when considering the idea of *Fellowship with Men*,[314] there is reference to soldiers hiding weapons upon a hill. This image is given to ward off the destructive influences of cliques, when trying to bring people together. Or again, in the hexagram of "water in the earth,"[315] an image is given of the emperor's army. It is said that, if one shares their wealth and respects their citizens, that they will congregate into a great and willing army — they become like an infinite supply of ground water, hiding in the earth. This ground water cannot be seen directly, and is comprised of legions of dedicated and devoted citizens willing to die. The *I Ching* holds other military references, as do Confucianism and Zen Buddhism, which come after.[316]

The Self

In some respects I am ignorant of my words and images, and they seem to organize themselves. Their organization remains unconscious. Explicitly, my research into narrative, metaphor and rhythm, led me to synchronicity. But regardless of my ignorance, this unconscious organization finds affinity with Augustine's *Confessions*, as well as with

[312] Grace in the West may imply the Holy Spirit and is therefore capitalized.

[313] Abrams, *Natural Supernaturalism : Tradition and Revolution in Romantic Literature*, 110-12.

[314] Wilhelm et al., "Grace."

[315] "Grace."

[316] Though Laozi and Confucius are rumored to be contemporaries, the *I Ching* is much older. See footnotes 138 and 139.

Wordsworth and the Romantics, and aligns itself nicely at the end of this chapter on rhythm.

When I found the term synchronicity the whole of my research became organized. A hidden organization had become apparent, behind the years of research, for which there was limited conscious knowledge. When this organizing idea arrived, I saw how my research and actions had been focused and pertinent to synchronicity. Most of my readings became instantly relevant, whereas before they had remained scattered and irreconcilable.

I am speaking at the end of a journey. Coincidentally, the idea of a fortuitous journey through recollection is exactly how the *Confessions* is constructed. We read St. Augustine's biography. He has already exited the garden at Milan, and has already encountered his visionary message to "Pick up and read." Throughout the *Confessions* St. Augustine recalls his sins. While remembering what has transpired, he knows his sins have shaped him toward his final transformation to Catholicism. Wordsworth is the same. He has already gone through his *Excursion* and is now recollecting his transformation in verse. Even visually, with an artist like Anselm Kiefer, as someone that has already gone into the landscape and made his photograph and drafted his journal entries, there is a sense that his paintings are a reflection of his discoveries in recollections; that his paintings are echoes from his diaries, resonating through his selection of found materials. This is also true for my own images, and of my own books, and of this entire Report as well.

This is nice — serendipitous, graceful, lucky — and synchronistic, but it is not rationalized. This entire process has existed between chance and fate. It is neither chance nor fate, and addresses the space between these two areas. This Report could be seen as an exercise in delimitation, between the extremes of chance and fate — and this is something Paul Ricoeur did often. He would bring two terms together, and then bring them even closer, slowly, to illuminate their delicate hermeneutic field. Many of his books are designed like this. *The Rule of Metaphor* starts at the macro, then tightens the space of metaphor, chapter upon chapter. In doing so, Ricoeur legitimizes metaphor, and creates a space for metaphor that is virtually indestructible. He eventually defines metaphor concretely, simply as "being as." Synchronicity has a similar existence: in a tight but cosmic

space that could be defined as *intimate immensity*; nestled between chance and fate; both pointed and immediate; like a cosmic invitation.[317]

Earlier when I spoke about "the Self" and its correspondence with circles and mandala symbols, I mentioned the Jungian archetype of the Self, and said that it was an organizing principle. Using this approach, and through this research, temporality begins to break down, and what was projected into the future has now come back into the present, to be organized by this organizing principal, by this archetype of the Self. The Self does not see time: it does not see the time that has taken place. For it, all is the same time. The Self is the locus of organization — or maybe it is with Tao, or maybe it is divine Grace — or maybe these are all the same thing. Where is the Self? It is at the end of a hermeneutic circle, where research jumps to another plane.[318]

This realization makes the future of my research unstable and difficult. Looking back at *In Praise of Shadows*, that work meanders from subject to subject in a way that is not readily accepted in the West. This criticism is mentioned in the commentary of that book: it warns that *In Praise of Shadows* may be too scattered for a Western audience, and then speculates that it could not have been published in the West originally.[319]

A Japanese audience enjoys witnessing organization. They appreciate the way that the mind organizes itself. As with Tao and the *I Ching*, the individual is offered pools of organization, which itself is a model for an organizing philosophy in general. Much of what we read is didactic, linear, and heavy with time. This generates intellectual prejudices to certain approaches to research. Practice-led research allows for differing methodologies.

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[317] The Jungian term "unextended intensity" is fascinating. Despite the fact that time has no extension in space, the human mind is capable of measuring it. In an appendix I relate this extensionless aspect of time to St. Augustine's conception of time and space in his *Confessions*, and then relate it to Bachelard's "intimate immensity," as outlined in his *Poetics of Space*. The final paragraph of my appendix on Andrey Tarkovsky's *Sacrifice* brings this idea of extended intensity to this film, through Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot*. Both that book and the film have characters that experience epileptic fits, which are described as incalculable. During an epileptic fit it becomes impossible to measure time. It would seem that when time disappears, any gravity within the mind also disappears, and this timeless and unextended space becomes tremendously intense. [See the following appendices' paragraphs: 14.4, 15.3.5, 22.31.] [Some paragraphs have been removed for copyright reasons.]

[318] C. G. Jung, "14. The Structure and Dynamics of the Self," in *Aion : Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung (London: Routledge, 1991), para. 410.

[319] Tanizaki, *In Praise of Shadows*, 64.

There are many ways of disrupting Western order, but I am not, nor ever was, interested in an all-out postmodern destruction of Western order. I prefer, and would suggest, an abundance of order and disruption awaiting discovery: that there are millions upon millions of emerging petites perceptions, and that through synchronistic encounters these emerging and numinous archetypes can become conscious.

We move forward and not backward, and I cannot return to Dada or Surrealism or Romanticism.[320] The Jungian archetype of the Self is very close to my principles of ordering; the narrative form of confession spoken at the end of a visionary journey is also similar. As Goddard said, narrative has a beginning, a middle and an end, but not necessarily in that order.[321] I remain interested in direction and still hold to beginnings and endings, though the ending seems to mark the beginning.

[320] See appendix "21. Harriett Ann Watts, *Chance: A Perspective on Dada*." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[321] Steve Rose, "Film & Music : 'You Don't Need to Understand Everything' : Apichatpong Weerasethakul's Surreal New Film Was This Year's Surprise Palme D'or Winner. The Thai Auteur Talks to Steve Rose About Never Playing It Straight," *The Guardian*, 12 November 2010.

V. DEATH AND PHOTOGRAPHY

> "Texts were important in bringing about the transition from death to a new life. They included prayers and hymns to the gods, the words of rituals, and spells to sustain, transform, protect and equip the dead. They also contained instructions which would enable the deceased to pass guarded gateways and answer questions designed to exclude the wicked from the afterlife and ensure that only the righteous were reborn. These texts were placed in the tomb, with the body."[322]

In the discourse of photography, Barthes and Sontag leave me wanting. Their articulations of photography, which are concerned with death, are based on portraiture, and not on landscape photography.

Barthes in *Camera Lucida* is particularly grandiloquent. For him the photographer chooses between landscape photography and photographing people. And this choice is merely rhetorical. The photographer's choice of subject is driven by style only, and is not a reflection of authorship. This rhetoric is astonishing.

The second chapter of *On Photography* starts with a discussion of Walt Whitman. This poet is hailed as the prophet of modern America; though Sontag says Whitman was never really a prophet, because modern prophets are impossible. She misses the point of Whitman's poetry. Whitman's poetry expresses a joy for humanity, and Sontag confuses this joy with the want of everyone to become a celebrity. Again, the rhetoric is astounding.

Yet we proceed with our discussion on photography and death, knowing that more critiques are inevitable.

Both books — *Camera Lucida* and *On Photography* — are redeemable. The way that Barthes describes his mother's passing, and the way that he wants her photograph to survive, is extraordinary. However, Barthes then confuses this longing with everything photography is capable of. It is an extreme position — and slightly mad — but again, he also says madness is a characteristic of photography.

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[322] "Magic for the Dead : Funerary Texts," in *didactic panel*, ed. British Museum (2015).

Camera Lucida, which falls after *Image without a Code*, and similar titles, contains an element of extension, connecting the photograph to something real in the physical world. The photograph is a temporal hallucination putting us in touch with an original subject. This narrative has a continuous causal relationship: from the subject light is captured, and this light is then absorbed by a photographic emulsion, and from this negative emulsion it travels to another emulsion, which is spread over top of a sheet of paper. Despite this anchor to analog photography, the activity of light has become symbolic of photography as a whole. Photography is now constructed around this language. From this causal chain of light, Barthes establishes two truths of photography: the one is *this-has-been*, and the other is *this-is*. The first is evidential, the second is exclaimative. And from these truths Barthes then distills photography to the meeting of life and death.

Barthes says that photography can never be metaphorical; that it is metonymic, but never metaphorical. And yet I wonder if photography itself is not inherently metaphorical. Imagine taking a photograph. This photograph would be an index of something that-has-been, and this thing that-has-been would be a noun, or the subject of a sentence. Following the noun photography contains aspects of life, of being alive in the present moment, and through this second aspect of photography pressure is placed on the noun. This second aspect is challenging and contradicting the idea that a photograph is an index of death. How can this be? How can a photograph be both alive and dead at the same time? Metaphors do this; they embody contradiction. And yet Barthes says no: photography is never metaphorical. Barthes says this, and also says that subject choices are rhetorical, though he never says why.

Photography is metaphorical, precisely because it embodies a contradiction between evidence and exclamation. From Page 88: "nothing can prevent the photograph from being analogical."[323] It is not metaphorical, but is analogical? Bordering on nonsense, the analog is a form of metaphor. Of course, much depends on the semiotics involved, and Barthes follows de Saussure. From Ricoeur, Benveniste is a better compass for photography. The semantics of photography comes at the level of discourse.

Barthes says that photography is concerned with death, because the photographic moment will never be repeated. This photographic moment is a dead photographic moment. The people in Barthes' photographs are dead, mostly. Barthes himself never had a family.

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[323] Barthes, *Camera Lucida : Reflections on Photography*.

If I captured the landscape with my camera, is it dead? Although the vegetation and the life of the landscape might be destroyed, the vista itself is not dead — unless it is obliterated, in which case we would no longer be standing in it. The landscape is continuing. It survives civilization — and even if we change the land, the grass will still grow over our buildings. The landscape might improve and it might worsen, but it is unequivocally not dead — any more than it is not alive. There is something of Heraclitus in my argument, and the river that no man steps in twice. But this does not mean the extinction of the river. A landscape is different from the land; and so the view of the landscape, which has specular connotations, alongside geological considerations, may in fact change — but much slower than any human being is capable of changing.

Autumn is an excellent symbol for the experience of photography. Each print is in a state of decay. All photographs fade. They are impermanent — we can digitize them, but even these are not permanent. They will fade; and if they do not fade naturally, they will fade in their relationships to people. They will become more and more anonymous. How anonymous each print becomes is imprinted as its story. One book, *Suspended Conversations*, suggests that the anonymity of the photographic print is not as elusive as one might think.[324]

Martha Langford starts her book with James Joyce's talking tombstone, from *Ulysses*, which she then reshapes into the model of performance, accompanying all family photographs and albums. With each print, a performance comes, "Oh yes, this is so and so." This is particularly true of personal photographs, where an implied or an intended narrator is almost always necessary. Our impersonal photographs, on the other hand, are usually accompanied by dates and place names, which are usually inscribed on the reverse of the photograph itself — or sometimes in the margins, or just off the photograph, or inscribed on the card that's holding the image in a book.

Langford explains that in recent times the rise of the photographic image has brought worry that photography has eroded our ability to remember, and that our reliance on photographic data might dumb us down, and that we are replacing words with images. This is not the case. It would appear that photography reinforces an already present oral tradition: it gives us something more, and something else, and yet another

[324] Martha Langford, *Suspended Conversations : The Afterlife of Memory in Photographic Albums* (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2001).

object, to talk about. Langford calls this our oral scaffold, and I think this articulation of an auditory plain underlying the photographic condition is an intriguing place for my practice, as my practice broadens into the creation of spoken images and dialogues that follow and precede from visual works. My practice has evolved into these oral areas, organically.

Returning to Barthes and Sontag, and to death and loss, I believe that the landscape is evolving. And I think this metaphor of autumn is highly accurate. The photograph is in a state of decline, and yet somehow it retains elements of hope and of rebirth, even after it has descended into the underworld. *Faking Death*, by Penny Cousineau-Levine, says that Canadian photography discloses a collective imagination that is somehow able to, "express its privileged relationship to the unconscious [and] the realm of images that is the underworld, through symbolism that corresponds to the cosmology of shamanism."[325] Cousineau-Levine shows that throughout the history of Canadian art, whether it be from literature or film or photography, there was a constant split between documentary and poetic practice — between a practice that was half documentary and one that was half poetry. There was a tradition of being split, that was half civilized and half wild. My practice straddles these opposites. I use found images and my compositions carry the connotation of being factual. And yet, I am also engaged with subjective experience.

Cousineau-Levine says that the Canadian use of photography is like someone descending into the underworld and then returning with images that are not indicative of our present surroundings. These are brave and serious and dangerous endeavors. Barthes says that the photograph carries its referent with it; but as one descends into an underworld, and returns with images that are different from our current state of being, these new photographs no longer carry their referent with them any longer. They have broken with their subterranean referents; and this is constantly what Canadian photography tries to do.

There is another quote from *Faking Death*, near the beginning of the book, that summarizes this succinctly:

> "One can become lost very quickly in a body of Canadian images if one attempts to read them as the analysis of Barthes, Sontag and others suggest photographs cannot help but be read. Barthes may feel, with good reason, that

[325] Cousineau-Levine, *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*, 245.

> the "presence of the thing" in a photograph is never metaphorical," and yet somehow, in Canadian photography, it almost always is. A pipe in a Canadian photograph isn't usually a pipe. It's probably a crucifix."[326]

Returning to the history of Canadian photography, and how this might be changing, I like that my works carry a strong lineage that straddles the subjective and documentary divide.[327] I like that this history exists, and it makes sense: something was missing before this explanation. I will not, however, position myself within a liminal space, and say that I am between the wild and the civilized. I do not believe that my works are liminal. They are more akin to having ventured into the wilderness and having returned to civilization. I do not remain in that space between; and I think that this going out and this coming back with the irrepresentable, is an excellent way of describing the experience of my images. I have never considered my completed works to be like orphans, but I have always considered my image fragments — those shards of image that comprise my archive — to be like orphans.

To return to photography, and to death and loss, I will divert this conversation to Japanese aesthetics — and perhaps this digression is typical of Canadian discourse, as it borrows the syntax from elsewhere — but my diversion is also an expansion, moving beyond the borders of Canada.

In general, Japanese aesthetics is obsessed with death — and if not obsessed, at least celebrating it. There are three terms from the book *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics*, by Donald Richie,[328] that I would like to discuss: wabi, sabi, and yügen.

The first two terms are very popular: wabi and sabi. These terms deal with death and decay specifically, and with the loss of time and the disappearance of things that death and decay also bring. Wabi is well described as offering a sense of poverty, whereas sabi is described as providing a sense of loneliness.

Perhaps the most interesting term for me is yügen. It offers a sense of mystery and depth.

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[326] Ibid., 24.

[327] Some text from here has been relocated to appendix "10. From "Death and Photography" Part 1." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[328] Richie, *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics*.

> "Yugen as a concept refers to "mystery and depth:" *Yu* means "dimness, shadow-filled;" and *gen* means "darkness:" It comes from a Chinese term, *you-xuan*, which meant something too deep either to comprehend or even to see."[329]

This is reminiscent of my discussion earlier, when I said that photographers venture and return from the underworld.

> "Arthur Waley has commented upon Zeami's use of the term and given a kind of definition: "[Yügen] means "what lies beneath the surface"; the subtle, as opposed to the obvious; the hint, as opposed to the statement. It is applied to the natural grace of a boy's movements, to the gentle restraint of a nobleman's speech and bearing . . . . "To watch the sun sink behind a flower-clad hill, to wander on and on in a huge forest with no thought of return, to stand upon the shore and gaze after a boat that goes hidden by far-off islands" . . . such are the gates of *yügen*.""[330]

If you travel beyond this world you die, and beyond this state of being there is only death. *On Death and Dreams* by Marie-Louise von Franz, and the *Confessions* by St. Augustine, both suggest otherwise. It would appear that the Egyptians and the Catholic Augustine believed differently. What is beyond is not just death, and death is not simply a transition into something else. I like the idea that a photographic referent can rest beyond current reality: a referent for an image that carries the feeling of beyond within its comprehension.

Both *Faking Death* and *On Death and Dreams* discuss the Greek myths of Persephone and Demeter. *On Death and Dreams* outlines an impoverished attitude toward death in Western society. Von Franz says this is partly based on the Christian faith, and the way that it shrinks death into a fixed relationship with heaven. Von Franz unpacks a number of alchemical — and Egyptian and Persian and African — understandings about those moments during and after the moment of death. It also discusses transformations, and different types of soul splitting, and ways that a soul fragments as it leaves the body after death. Some fragments move upwards while others descend. Purification rituals reunite them.

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[329] Ibid., 54.

[330] Ibid., 57.

Death dreams are the currency of *On Dreams and Death*. These dreams — that we have as we approach death — contain astonishing visions. As we approach death — or the end of this life, or a transformation into another existence — we become surrounded by strange happenings. The Jungian archetype of the Self overtakes the ego, and we prepare for death. Death dreams are a subconscious preparation. When they occur — and because it is the Self communicating, and not the ego — it is hard to interpret them objectively. These death dreams emerge from an omnipresent consciousness, that is higher and more objective than consciousness. The Self has many connotations. It is a diamond that survives death. It is described as residing with God, or as a piece of God, or a god itself. The archetype of the Self overtakes the personal ego as we approach death.

As we approach the threshold of death our current existence becomes more and more synchronistic. These events occur with regularity; so much so in fact, that one could easily speculate an afterlife of perpetual synchronicity. Von Franz says that dreams of individuation — and these are dreams of the Self, where the unconscious breaks the threshold of consciousness — and dreams about death are identical.[331] Personal development dreams and death-dreams are identical. And, if identical, the Self would be dominant in both instances. If these two types of dream are in fact identical — as is claimed — and if the frequency of synchronicity events increases alongside death dreams — themselves increasing when an archetype is said to be constellated or charged — and if there is a parallel between this and the uncanny or yügen-like moments from Japanese aesthetics, then synchronistic instances are profoundly lonely observations, that are seen in darkness and the depths of death. From the *Tractate* we read that yügen is, "an awareness of the universe that triggers feelings too deep and mysterious for words."[332]

Eidolons

Coincidentally, the term "eidolon" was mentioned in (nearly) every book quoted in this chapter.[333] Following the signs, I will follow this coincidence.

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[331] Marie-Louise von Franz, *On Dreams and Death : A Jungian Interpretation*, trans. Emmanuel X. Kennedy and Vernon Brooks (Boston, MA: Shambala, 1986), xiii.

[332] Richie, *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics*, 54.

[333] It did not appear in my translation of St. Augustine's *Confessions*. "Eidolon" is derived from the Greek "idol," meaning image, specter, phantom. "Eidolon," *OED Online* (Oxford University Press, 2015), http://www.oed.com.libproxy.ucl.ac.uk/view/Entry/59971?redirectedFrom=eidolon.

The poet H.D. wrote a long verse novel called "Helen in Egypt," where she says that Helen of Troy was an eidolon. H.D. says that either her eidolon caused the great ships of Troy to be launched or that her eidolon appeared in Egypt before the people. An eidolon is a ghostly spirit — a ghostly representation, a face.

Von Franz uses the term eidolon to describe something from hell or from Hades.

> "The late Neoplatonist Johannes Philoponus (seventh century) further differentiated the concept of the soul with the idea of a "pure soul part" that hastens away to the gods and that of an eidolon, a bodiless smoke or impure shadow which descends into Hades."[334]

This term is also mentioned in *Faking Death*. The following quote reinforces the idea of breaking with the photographic referent, while also confirming my comments earlier about descending into the underworld.[335]

> "The Land of the Shades the shaman is able to travel to and describe is, according to James Hillman, a "psychic or pneumatic" realm, one full of ghosts, spirits, ancestors, souls, daemons." Quoting Ovid, Hillman says the dead in this underworld are shades who wander "bodiless, bloodless and boneless." To Hillman, entering this underworld means leaving "the perspective of nature, flesh and matter" for that of the "immaterial, mirror like images the Greeks called eidola. The eidola of the underworld are essences, "ideational forms and shapes that form and shape life, but are so buried in it that that we can only 'see' them when pulled out in abstractions" … Eidola are "this world in metaphor.""[336]

From various definitions and understandings of "eidolon" this term is similar to Jungian archetypes and Platonic ideals.[337] But the difference is that eidolons are not found

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[334] von Franz, *On Dreams and Death : A Jungian Interpretation*, 137.

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 4: Frank, Robert, Mikael van Reis, and Center Hasselblad. *Flamingo*. Göteborg, Sweden: Hasselblad Center, 1997.

[336] Cousineau-Levine, *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*, 236.

[337] Concerning ideal and actual forms of the archetypes, Jaffé describes the archetypal image as a "mystical garment." Much like a ghost wearing a white sheet, we can see the shape of the archetype based on this garment — through its manifestation as an eidolon. The mystical garment allows us to speculate upon the structure of the underlying archetype. [See appendices' paragraph: 15.3.33.]

"up there." They are located chthonically, "down here." The realm of ideas is abstract compared to that of the eidolons. The world of the eidolons is different, and much more like an image. For all their ghostly appearances, the eidolon is recognizable, like a face.

Returning to *Camera Lucida*:

> "The Operator is the Photographer. The Spectator is ourselves, all of us who glance through collections of photographs — in magazines and newspapers, in books, albums, archives . . . And the person or thing photographed is the target, the referent, a kind of little simulacrum, any eidolon emitted by the object, which I should like to call the Spectrum of the Photograph, because this word retains, through its root, a relation to "spectacle" and adds to it that rather terrible thing which is there in every photograph: the return of the dead."[338]

The simulacrum is iconic of something: it is that which looks like something. It peers into the photograph and is as index of this relationship to something, while also being its symbol. Photographs reside in a world with other photographs, and act on this indexical relationship with specific things. Light fell, and an image was created from this light. The eidolon carries itself back to the light.

Both *On Photography* and *Camera Lucida* reference cultures that feared photography. It can steal your soul. This fear is mentioned in *On Dreams and Death*, where it is said that the human soul has layers, and hence many opportunities to be photographed.[339] Photographs can be taken, but not too many.

In Jungian psychology the collective unconscious is often described as a pool of great water, like a ocean, and from this ocean fish are drawn, which as an action symbolizes the drawing out of instincts. These are not easy fish to catch. The analogy alludes to the depths of the collective unconscious that are not easily reached — and if reached, registers the onset of madness. One must be careful, like a shaman is careful, when descending into the underworld — into that swamp of eidolons — not to be distracted and not to descend without a purpose. To go down and remain focused, and then to return with something, in Jungian psychology marks an act of integration, the act of individuation.

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[338] Barthes, *Camera Lucida : Reflections on Photography*, 9.

[339] von Franz, *On Dreams and Death : A Jungian Interpretation*.

The eidolon was once active, and like an essence it was stuck in matter. And like the alchemists stone it can be extracted from matter. This stone — the philosopher's stone — is the eidolon of eidolons. Walt Whitman expresses this idea of the ultimate eidolon in his poem through a series of represented ideals. While reading the poem one is struck by Whitman's excavation. He is digging while we read his writing. He does not snag eidolons as they waft in the air, but is actually doing some physical work. He is mining.

I met a seer,
Passing the hues and objects of the world,
The fields of art and learning, pleasure, sense,
To glean eidolons.

Put in thy chants said he,
No more the puzzling hour nor day, nor segments, parts, put in,
Put first before the rest as light for all and entrance-song of all,
That of eidolons.

Ever the dim beginning,
Ever the growth, the rounding of the circle,
Ever the summit and the merge at last, (to surely start again,)
Eidolons! eidolons!

Ever the mutable,
Ever materials, changing, crumbling, re-cohering,
Ever the ateliers, the factories divine,
Issuing eidolons.

...

And thee my soul,
Joys, ceaseless exercises, exaltations,
Thy yearning amply fed at last, prepared to meet,
Thy mates, eidolons.

Thy body permanent,

The body lurking there within thy body,
The only purport of the form thou art, the real I myself,
An image, an eidolon.

Thy very songs not in thy songs,
No special strains to sing, none for itself,
But from the whole resulting, rising at last and floating,
A round full-orb'd eidolon.[340]

The eidolon points to a strange referent, and my images are aimed at something too deep to know.

It is interesting that the underworld and hell should appear in *Faking Death* as well as *On Dreams and Death*. Von Franz reminds us that death-dreams are not very pleasant. This fear might stem from the fear of losing consciousness, and rightly so. We do not know death. It is dark. We cannot see around it. It is a threshold, and if not hell then definitely a place demanding awe.

My reading of St. Augustine's *Confessions* is the exception to what has been said about eidolons. He rejected the idea that worldly spirits were trapped in matter, and (likely) did not use the word eidolon.[341] It was not simply that he was a priest. In his *Confessions* St. Augustine outlined a theological argument against Manichaeism and Gnosticism. It is worth noting that Carl Jung constantly references Manichaeism and Gnosticism, and particularly in his later work *Mysterium Coniunctionis*.

I introduce St. Augustine for two reasons. Firstly because he had two visions, and second because one of these occurred around death. His Vision at Ostia, shared with his mother, occurred nine days before her passing. They were contemplating eternal life when they had a vision “beyond all things.”

> “This is how it was when at that moment we extended our reach and in a flash of metal energy attained the eternal wisdom which abides beyond all things.

[340] Walt Whitman, "Eidolons," ed. G. Fuhrman and D. Widger, EBook no. 1322 ed., *Leaves of grass* (The Project Gutenberg, 2008), https://www.gutenberg.org/files/1322/1322-h/1322-h.htm.

[341] Footnote 333.

> If only it could last, and other visions of a vastly inferior kind could be withdrawn!"[342]

St. Augustine's conversion to Catholicism occurred at the Milan Garden. Tortured by his own memories of sin, he heard a voice, a child, telling him to "Pick up and read, pick up and read." Taking this as a divining command reach for his bible and opening it read the following:

> "'Not in riots and drunken parties, not in eroticism and indecencies, not in strife and rivalry, but put on the Lord Jesus Christ and make no provisions for the flesh in its lusts' (Rom. 13: 13-14)."[343]

And with that his anxieties were dispelled.

St. Augustine saw death as a release from the pressures of space and time. Our souls are stretched with each new experience, and are perpetually stretched until we die. With each new moment encountered the soul exists in that moment for eternity, and the soul is constantly collecting these moments. The soul measures time: it is the soul that gives us the capacity to measure time; but with this, the soul is distended. When we die the soul is no longer stretched, and following death the soul is placed happily, staring at the face of God for eternity. We remain ephemeral, of course, because only God can be eternal, but his mercy preserves us there with him for eternity.[344]

Admittedly, I do not know how to reconcile these ideas of St. Augustine's with everything else just mentioned. Yes, visions occur around death; and this is in line with Marie-Louise von Franz's *On Dreams and Death*. Also, St. Augustine reinforces what has been said about synchronicity already, namely that moments of synchronicity are like death, because they mark a personal evolution, which is similar to dreams of individuation. Von Franz explicitly says that dreams of individuation and dreams about death prepare us for death, and that they are identical; and although I understand that having a vision can be like a moment of dying, I cannot accept the cliché that these

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[342] Augustine and Chadwick, *Confessions*. IX. ix. (26).

[343] Ibid. VIII. xi. (27).

[344] Ibid.

moment of dying are only a symbolic death — like the death of a previous personality. Salvation from distention is much more appealing.[345]

[345] Some text has been removed. See appendix "11. From "Death and Photography" Part 2." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

CONCLUSION

Recently I was asked how this image was made: *Untitled no. 845 (Egyptian Curtains, Over Willows, Over Gandhi)*.[346] More specifically I was asked, "How did that happen?[347] My immediate reply was, "I honestly don't know."[348]

This question is typical of my audience, and it points to at least three things. The first is "photographic surprise," as outlined by Roland Barthes in *Camera Lucida*.[349] Photographic surprise is inclusive of rarity, of a numen or spirit of a place or a time. It also denotes prowess and contortions of technique, like super-impressions and blurring, as well as luck — the lucky find. Of these, a sense of numen or spirit of a place, and the use of techniques, are particular to my practice.

This question — "How did it happen?" — exposes a desire to know the narrative behind the work, to know its story. In one of my studio-based books, *Synchronicity's Camera*, I unpacked the history of *Untitled no. 845*.[350] I had been walking through Tavistock Square and saw the Gandhi monument, and underneath it found some photographic albums containing lonely vacation images; on that morning I was walking to the Slade for a meeting, and so I took some of these 'Gandhi images' with me. When I got to the Slade I put these new images on the table and said, "Look. I found these coming here today. One day I will make an artwork from them. This is where my practice begins." No

[346] Figure 1: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled No. 845 (Egyptian Curtains over Willows over Gandhi)." Pigmented inkjet print, 506 x 770 mm, 2014.

[347] See appendix "12. Two things I hate about my practice." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[348] Also concerning my practice, this questioning of how it is made has been superseded by a more visceral reaction from my audience to touch the artworks. As the audience approaches my work it is good to have an index of silence and repose from which to experience the work. Also concerning my practice, one of my appendices mentions a mirror that I happened upon serendipitously, and through which I never looked at my own reflection, for I believed that it was only meant for looking at the world indirectly. Finally, there is a quote from von Franz that describes fairy tales as photomontages, and from this my images are seen as the emergence of new fairy tales. [See the following appendices' paragraphs: 12.1, 11.31, 11.38, 15.4.3.] [Some paragraphs have been removed for copyright reasons.]

[349] Barthes, *Camera Lucida : Reflections on Photography*, 32.

[350] Aaron Murphy, *Synchronicity's Camera* (unfinished (started 22 September 2014)).

one believed me. My supervisors did not believe that I could find this material while walking to meet them that particular morning.[351]

Questioning the origin of an image suggests a narrative, and if there is any irony in my work at all it is this: the more history I layer the more fictitious they become. Yes, this is a contradiction: there is an obvious incongruity between a "flat" print with "layers." Perhaps this argument exposes a poverty in the English language — where montage is spoken of "as if" it had layers, when in fact it is only a flat photographic surface. But are not "layers" the history of some-things having layered? This is exactly what metaphors and fictions do: they stretch human experience beyond representation. Irrespective of this debate, my interweaving of historical facts with fictional facts defines narrative, and this is exactly how Paul Ricoeur defines narrative in his trilogy *Time and Narrative*.[352]

The third thing that comes to mind when I am asked "How did this happen?" — and aside from surprise and narrative — is an implied break with the history of photography. Cousineau-Levine reminds us that, when we look at a photograph we typically ask, "When was this taken?" Instead I am constantly asked, "How was this made?" This suggests a break from the medium, and from the history of photography in general.[353]

Figure 12 is a work by British artist Tacita Dean, from her series of photogravure's "The Russian Ending."[354] It was in the 2009 Tate Triennial, *Altermodern*.[355] This work by Dean illustrates the numinous qualities Barthes subscribes to "photographic surprise." Moving closer, we can see that the artist has interrupted our sense of time by inscribing

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[351] The visual and synchronistic transformations of *Untitled no. 845 (Egyptian Curtains Over Willows Over Gandhi)* [Figure 1: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled No. 845 (Egyptian Curtains over Willows over Gandhi)." Pigmented inkjet print, 506 x 770 mm, 2014.] are shown in one of my books, *Bleaching of the Retinal Pigment* (unfinished (started 26 January 2013)).

[352] "[Narrative is] designated by the phrase the "interwoven reference" of history and fiction." Ricoeur, *Time and Narrative*, 3, 101.

[353] "Nearly 30 years later the perceptual psychologist Rudolph Arnheim remarks that a "different attitude toward time is characteristic" of our response to a photograph." "When was this painted?" means mostly that we want to know to which stage of the artists life the work belongs. "When was this taken?" means typically that we are concerned with the historical locus of the subject." Cousineau-Levine, *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*, 22.

[354]

[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 12: Dean, Tacita. "Erinnerung Aus Dem Weltkrieg." Photo-etching on paper, 450 x 685 mm, from the series "The Russian Ending." London: Tate Britain, 2001..

[355] Nicolas Bourriaud, *Altermodern : Tate Triennial* (London: Tate, 2009), 98.

messages over top of her re-appropriated Russian postcards. She calls these handwritten messages "directorial notes."

Figure 14 is by the Canadian artist Sylvia Readman, 1991, titled *Petit historie des ombres (The shadows of small history)*.[356] This work is an example of photomontage. In the lower left corner the background has been duplicated and moved, slightly askew. We are viewing this landscape (as if) through a broken glass. Again, these contorted techniques are reminiscent of Barthes' "photographic surprise."

Interestingly enough, Readman's use of montage signifies the history of Canadian photography. Figure 34 is from 1868. It is a photomontage by William Notman, called *Cape Trinity, Saguenay River, Quebec -Cap Trinité, Rivière Saguenay, Québec*.[357] To produce this image in 1868 Notman would have required multiple photographic plates, from which he could then montage this scene in a darkroom. Notman was internationally renowned for montage, and both Readman's work and my own recall this Canadian history.[358]

Returning to my initial question — "How was this made?" — and to my immediate reply that I continue to be impressed by their existence, I have collected theories and ideas that celebrate this vagueness and suggestiveness, or this mixture of surprise and narrative.

Aside from producing books and prints, my studio practice also includes the production of dialogues, like the one made with Professor Sonu Shamdasani at University College London in November 2014 (*Dialogue no. 17 with Sonu Shamdasani*).[359]

Jung defines synchronicity as the meaningful coincidence of two or more connected events. This relationship excludes causality.[360] My story of finding those photographic images underneath the Gandhi monument in Tavistock Square, while on my way to a

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 14: Readman, Sylvie. "Petit Historie Des Ombres." 51 x 61 cm, panel 2 of 3, 1991..

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[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 34: Notman, William. "Cap Trinité, Rivière Saguenay, Quebec." Toronto Public Library, http://www.torontopubliclibrary.ca/detail.jsp?R=DC-F1.

358 Footnote 114.

359 Murphy and Shamdasani, *Dialogue No. 17 with Sonu Shamdasani*.

360 Jung and Read, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche* 8, 482.

meeting, is an excellent example of Jungian synchronicity: neither the albums nor my meeting caused the other to happen. They were connected by meaning. Synchronicity is a coincidence that moves beyond pure chance. It is an episode of cosmic serendipity, and this Jungian idea of synchronicity explains the peculiar juxtapositions that are frequent shown in my practice.

But what do we mean by "meaning?" Mentioned above, in chapter "I. Synchronicity," Robert Aziz outlines four basic characteristics of synchronistic "meaning."[361] [362] Synchronicities are trans-psychic parallels that are electrically charged by a numinous aura: they mix subjective and archetypal interpretations. From these I will say that Aziz includes the numinous within his definition, as does Barthes within his "photographic surprise." Both authors mention the numinous.[363]

Professor Sonu Shamdasani believes that Carl Jung's idea of synchronicity fails as a scientific theory. However, he also believes that these events exist, though he would prefer to call them "fated." According to Professor Shamdasani, Jung offered three contradictory definitions of synchronicity; when taken together, they render the idea of synchronicity untenable. Jung's three definitions are : (a) that synchronistic events are evidence of "time-signatures," like those outlined in the *I Ching* ;[364] (b) that synchronistic events occur whenever an archetype is "constellated," with the result that external events coincide meaningfully with an internal and excited archetype ; and (c) that synchronistic events are

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[361] Footnote 9.

[362] Much is said about meaning as it relates to synchronicity, and the way that synchronicity acts like a bridge between mind and matter. Wolfgang Pauli described this as a coming-to-meet. Zosimos gives an amazing term for interpreting evil synchronicity. From Albertus Magnus, synchronicity is seen as a soul subordinating the world to its passions. Aniela Jaffé says, although archetypes are not the cause of synchronicity, they are its "condition." They are that basic form that is repeated when synchronicities happen. It is also speculated that synchronicity might be a fight or battle between consciousness and the collective unconscious, whereby the ego feels threatened. Additionally, synchronicity bridges an archetype that has been split, which is manifesting itself both internally and externally. Furthermore, metaphors might be "coincidences of the mind," whereby they bridge two or more archetypes internally, as opposed to an internal and outer model of synchronicity. My own definition of meaning is given at the end of Jaffé appendix. Since numbers are considered both discovered and invented, this same argument could be applied to the advent of all meaning. [See appendices: 13.7, 15.3.6, 15.3.7, 15.3.24, 15.3.35, 15.4.3, 15.4.4, 20.4.3, 20.8.4, 20.7.3, 25.1, 25.5, 25.6, 25.8, 25.9, 25.11, 26.9.] [Many of these paragraphs have been removed for copyright reasons.]

[363] Footnotes 9 and 349 respectively.

[364] Some interesting facts concerning *The Book of Changes*. Firstly, that although the Receptive is often associated with the earth, it is actually not of the earth. It is its own energy: a dark energy. This passive form of energy helps create change. When change moves from the active to the passive, this movement is described are transformative. Furthermore, it is said that we live in a realm of dark energy. [See appendices' paragraphs: 24.4, 24.5.]

only one example of a larger category of a-causal phenomenon, whereby we observe phenomenon without knowing the cause — the fixed speed of light is often given as an example.[365] Professor Shamdasani feels that synchronicity is the tip of a vast network of telepathic connections.

Synchronicity makes playthings of time and space. For something to happen here and there, and yet also refuse causality, is like saying that time does not exist at all. Also, when synchronistic events do occur, psychic energy is said to be attached to the archetype — and I will define Jung's theory of archetypes shortly. For now, whenever we experience a crucial moment in life, synchronistic events seem to follow. For example, the following is mentioned by Marie-Louise von Franz's in her book *On Dreams and Death*. One night she had a dream: she was hiding behind an enormous wall trying to avoid a vast explosion. The next morning when she woke, she discovered that her neighbour had committed suicide. Her neighbour lived on the other side of the wall.[366]

An excellent example of synchronicity is Andrey Tarkovsky's film *The Sacrifice*.[367] [368] [369] The film opens with a series of synchronistic stories exchanged between the various characters. In one of these stories a soldier is said to have died, while his portrait is found superimposed with his mother's decades later. The film moves through an impending nuclear holocaust. The protagonist, Alexander, becomes convinced that he can save the world if he only he can seduce his maid, Maria. Just as Alexander and Maria begin to copulate (and levitate), Alexander awakens and finds himself asleep on the couch. The entire story has been one bad dream — or has it been? Once awake, Alexander wages his own holocaust and piles his belongings on the veranda, before setting the house on fire. His family and an ambulance chase him around the field outside, while the house goes up in flames.

This film begins with synchronistic stories, and ends with one too. Synchronicity is like an unconscious story. When strange coincidences occur the unconscious is introducing a subterranean narrative, and is asking us to participate in its completion. We

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[365] Murphy and Shamdasani, *Dialogue No. 17 with Sonu Shamdasani*.

[366] von Franz, *On Dreams and Death : A Jungian Interpretation*, 84.

[367] Andrey Tarkovsky, "Offret (the Sacrifice)," (Sweden 1986).

[368] See appendix "22. Andrey Tarkovsky, *The Sacrifice*" for a detailed analysis. [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[369] Tarkovsky's *Sacrifice* is discussed in "I. Synchronicity."

are asked to finish it symbolically — like Alexander, who continues his nightmare into waking life and sets the family home on fire.

Since 2011, I have made numerous dialogues, like the one made with Prof. Sonu Shamdasani. But by far my favorite has been *Dialogue no. 14 with Jeffrey Paull*.[370] During that conversation we reviewed some finished prints, and attempted to interpret their meanings. Regarding *Untitled 851 G (The Couple)*,[371] Jeffrey said that it was a metaphor for his disillusionment with photography. He said that he had made photographs his whole life based on an implied promise — between him and the photography industry — that later in life he would have these memories to keep him company. Well, he does have the albums, but no longer has anybody to show them to. For him, my image (*The Couple*) captured this emerging awareness, of simultaneous disillusionment and loneliness.

I mention my dialogue with Jeffrey Paull as a segue into a broader discussion on metaphor, and in the following paragraphs I will illustrate the complexity of this relationship, between metaphor and my practice.

For some time I have said that my prints are like landscapes encountered as artifacts: that the size of my images are big enough for one to feel like they are immersed in the landscape, yet intricate enough to feel their status as "artifact." This "landscape redefined through artifact" is a good illustration of Paul Ricoeur's definition of metaphor. In *The Rule of Metaphor*, Ricoeur shows how metaphor is an instance of impertinent predication: it occurs when a noun (the subject of a sentence) is found yielding under the pressure of a hostile predicate.

> "The semantic and the rhetorical viewpoints do not begin to be differentiated until metaphor is transferred into the framework of the sentence and is treated not as a case of deviant denomination, but as a case of impertinent predication."[372]

Returning to Jung: Jung said that archetypes are expressed through metaphor; and recalling what was mentioned earlier, about archetypes being constellated during

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[370] Murphy and Paull, *Dialogue No. 14 with Jeffrey Paull*.

[371]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 18: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled No. 851-G." Pigmented inkjet print, 750 x 595 mm, 2014.

[372] Ricoeur, *The Rule of Metaphor : The Creation of Meaning in Language*, 2.

synchronic events, it would appear that synchronicity and metaphor are associated with emerging archetypes.

> "An archetypal content expresses itself, first and foremost, in metaphors. If such a content should speak of the sun and identify with it the lion, the king, the hoard of gold guarded by the dragon…"[373]

What is this relationship between metaphor and synchronicity? Clearly they "meet," psychologically, but their connections are not always considered equivalent. A metaphor contains two parts: a noun (or the subject of a sentence — which we will call the "genus") and a predicate (or a delimiting attribute — which we will call the "species"). Good metaphors bring new attributes to old subjects. New metaphors ascribe a new species to an old genus. The genus has not moved, but something new has been attached to it, through the metaphor. Synchronicity works differently. With synchronicity we are presented with two or more species; and because we know — or rather intuit — that these species belong together, we then imagine a genus that could unite them. According to Jung, archetypes perform this uniting function, with the caveat that archetypes remain transcendent. And so, the one (metaphor) is a species attaching itself to a genus in a new way, while the other (synchronicity) consists of two species, from which we infer a genus based on the existence of two or more species. The archetypal encounter that accompanies synchronicity might be better understood as an eidolon,[374] especially when discussing chance and surprise through a photographic practice like my own.

An excellent link between metaphor and photography is made by Penny Cousineau-Levine in her book *Faking Death: Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*.

> "One can become lost very quickly in a body of Canadian images if one attempts to read them as the analyses of Barthes, Sontag and others suggest photographs cannot help but be read. Barthes may feel, with good reason, that the "presence of the thing" in a photograph is "never metaphorical," and yet somehow, in Canadian photography, it almost always is. A pipe in a Canadian photograph isn't usually a pipe. It's probably a crucifix."[375]

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[373] Jung, *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, 9, Pt. 1.

[374] "Eidolon" is defined in footnote 333 and is discussed in "V. Death and Photography."

[375] Cousineau-Levine, *Faking Death : Canadian Art Photography and the Canadian Imagination*, 24.

Although critics like Barthes and Sontag would prefer to have their photographic referents carried around by the photograph itself, the majority of Canadian images are metaphorical, and they do not do this.

Gathering these comments together, photography is inherently metaphorical. Back to *Camera Lucida*: Barthes says that photography provides a grounding of reality; and that this grounding somehow twists impertinent truths: there is a reality (or a "that-has-been") that is found disturbed by its claims for truth (or a “there-she-is!”). If we take this as indicative of photography in general, the evidential qualities of an image are then found to be battling with the exclamatory qualities of the image. These are also the characteristics of a metaphor.[376] [377]

Returning to my opening scenario and question — “How was this made?” — and to my typical reply — that I honestly do not know how these things continue to happen — I will unite these two statements and outline ideas that encapsulate each side of this exchange. Between narrative and synchronicity, there is a dialogue and a rhythm.

How do I know when my images are done? When I feel inspired enough to write about them. I feel I make images to have something to write about. Jeffrey Paull, in *Dialogue no. 14*, gave an alternative interpretation: instead of saying I make my images to write about them, I should reconsider my practice as a continuum, whereby image and word remain constant throughout, but by varying degrees. This theory is fine, though in practice I still strive to make images that are inspiring enough to be expressed in words. My images inspire daydreams; and through my studio-based dialogues, I invite others to

[376] “[Photography] accomplishes the unheard-of identification of reality ("that-has-been") with truth ("there-she-is!"); it becomes at once evidential and exclaimative ; it bears the effigy to that crazy point where affect (love, compassion, grief, enthusiasm, desire) is a guarantee of Being. It then approaches, to all intents, madness …” Barthes, *Camera Lucida : Reflections on Photography*, 131.

[377] Related to truth, photographic truths are like confessions, as outlined by St. Augustine. They are like two types of narratives. The first are those confessions that we make when we have done something wrong and need to confess this wrongdoing. Under the second we know something to be true but do not know where this knowledge has come from, and so confess to knowing this belief to be true. Richard Kearney applies a similar narrative argument to the sublime. Instead of categorizing the sublime we should take each moment of the sublime and speculate upon its trajectory to imagine the possible narrative direction of the sublime into a possible future. Kearney’s argument is very similar to my symbolic reading of Tarkovsky’s *Sacrifice*. Both take the numinous as an introduction and invitation into an already established narrative. Also, in the Jung/Pauli letters, we learn that Jung often used the word “numinous” as a synonym for synchronicity. And this is interesting, when one considers that of the five founding members of contemporary psychology — listed in the appendices — only Jung addressed spiritual and parapsychological events. This a profound lack in psychology’s ability to be considered legitimate. [See appendices’ paragraphs: 11.4, 18, 23.4.2.]

join me in this hermeneutic exercise. In the history of a composition, at some point, I will begin writing about it, then I know that the image is nearing completion — as the image slowly emerges, verbal rhythms flow in its wake. The history behind a given image spurs the narrative verbally. These poetic and historical investigations address what could have been, and look at what could have transpired to produce this or that composition. In doing this, I reimagine their history. Regardless, each new narrative is founded in the present, while viewing the work; and this is the presence-of-the-past as mentioned by St. Augustine.[378] When they are done, they trigger multiple narratives.

In Gaston Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space* there is a chapter called "Miniatures," and in that chapter we find a wonderful account of someone gazing through a window. The poet is caught in reverie, while describing a landscape through old glass. The window is old and imperfect and is littered with "knuckles of glass." Through this sheet of imperfect glass, the landscape outside is rendered unique and individual.[379] [380]

Aside from this brilliant display of poetic reverie, Bachelard also gives an alternative to Jungian archetypes. For Jung, archetypes are like tracks of behavior (or instincts) that are passed genetically (or spiritually) from one generation to the generation. These instincts are triggered by stressful and unfamiliar situations. Although the root (form) of these instincts are the same for everyone, their manifestations (images) are always unique. Jung, almost exclusively describes archetypes symbolically using human and god-like characters. Jungian archetypes are never described using objects or places — and certainly never the landscape. There is one exception to this: the archetype of the Self.[381] Gaston Bachelard's "material imagination" provides an alternate, for an archetype based on material affinities.[382]

Yet another deviation is the idea of an eidolon.[383] Eidolons offer a better analogy — compared to Jungian archetypes and Bachelard's images — as they convey an element of

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[378] Augustine and Chadwick, *Confessions*.

[379] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*.

[380]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 41: Murphy, Aaron. "The Swimmer (No. 934)." Pigmented inkjet print on aluminum, 1434 x 1041 mm, 2015.

[381] See "IV. Rhythm."

[382] Bachelard's "material imagination" is discussed in "III. Metaphor and Image."

[383] "Eidolons" are discussed in "IV. Rhythm."

spirit that is aligned synchronicity. My works — images, books, audio recordings — all point beyond present reality. This is extrodinary, considereding the extension that photography implies — via light that is transfered from the physical world. But it is also not extraordinary, when considering the constant break from the photographic referent that is typical of Canadian photography, with its constant decent into the underworld. My images return from this space lacking a gauge to acurately measure what they represent.

Both Jung and Bachelard stress the importance of individualizing experience: the former wants individuation — which are provoked by the archetypes, and particularly by the archetype of the Self during synchronicity — while the latter wants a poetics of exaggeration, both fecund and felicitous. With Bachelard we have an alternative to Jungian archetypes, and a complete break from metaphor. Bachelard shows how metaphors are not enough when constructing a world poetically. Metaphors — great as they are for explaining what is hard to communicate — do not involve an instance of "absolute sublimation."[384] A broader discourse is required for the poetics of the image, and this poetics stems from an exaggerated sublimation.

My image — *Untitled no. 544 (Malaysian Cemetery)*[385] — is a multiple exposure taken in Malaysia. Simultaneously, it looks down at a graveyard, and behind the camera at a pyramid of white gravel. Contrast this image with Jeff Wall's *Flooded Grave*.[386] Wall was walking his dog in a cemetery and imagined a tsunami washed fresh sea life into an open grave. He wanted to capture the instantaneousness of his daydream, while actually representing the image from his daydream — together, into one photograph. The result does not elicit a shared sense of reverie, but a conundrum as to why these starfish have been dumped in an open grave.

Japanese aesthetics is mentioned throughout my paper.[387] Figure 37 is by the Japanese photographer Fukase, from his book "The Solitude of Ravens."[388] [389] One rhythm

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[384] Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, 169.

[385]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 35: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled No. 544 (Malaysian Cemetery)." Pigmented inkjet print, 812 x 584 mm, 2015.

[386]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 36: Wall, Jeff. "The Flooded Grave." Silver dye bleach transparency, aluminum light box, 2285 x 820 mm. Chicago: Art Institute of Chicago, 1998-2000.

[387] For example, footnotes 126 and 128.

of dialogue that exists within my practice — between how things are made and my perpetual astonishment — is gleamed through Jun'ichiro Tanizaki book, *In Praise of Shadows*. In that book, Tanizaki describes how light is diffused through the walls of a Japanese home, and how this light is managed so perfectly that it dies at just the right moment, and not one micrometer sooner or later. This diffusion and layering of light is evident in my practice. Tanizaki describes how these dying rays of light allow us to sink into absolute repose. His reverie is reminiscent of the demands made by Bachelard for an exaggerated poetics. Tanizaki writes,

> "Have you never felt a sort of fear in the face of the ageless, a fear that in that room you might lose all consciousness of the passage of time, that untold years might pass and upon emerging you should find you had grown old and gray?"[390]

Figure 38 is an unfinished work of my own.[391] It is a fragment for a future work that is not made. It was taken over Lake Ontario, and is very similar to the Fukase just mentioned.[392] I include this fragment (from my archive) to illustrate another aspect of Japanese aesthetics, this time from Donald Richie's *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics*. This concept is "yügen," and Ritchie describes it as being full of mystery and depth, and as being something too deep to comprehend. He says,

> "[Yügen] means 'what lies beneath the surface'; the subtle, as opposed to the obvious; the hint, as opposed to the statement ... 'To watch the sun sink behind a flower-clad hill, to wander on and on in a huge forest with no thought of return, to stand upon the shore and gaze after a boat that goes hidden by far-off islands' ... such are the gates of yugen."[393]

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[388] Philip Charrier, "'Becoming a Raven': Self-Representation, Narration and Metaphor in Fukase Masahisa's 'Karasu' Photographs," *Japanese Studies* 29, no. 2 (2009).

[389] Figure 37: Fukase, Masahisa, David Travis, and Akira Hasegawa. *The Solitude of Ravens : A Photographic Narrative*. San Francisco, California: Bedford Arts, 1991.

[390] Tanizaki, *In Praise of Shadows*, 35.

[391]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 38: Murphy, Aaron. "Untitled No. 909.3 (the Barge)." Gelatin silver print, 6 x 9 inches, 2014.

[392] Figure 37: Fukase, Masahisa, David Travis, and Akira Hasegawa. *The Solitude of Ravens : A Photographic Narrative*. San Francisco, California: Bedford Arts, 1991.

[393] Richie, *A Tractate on Japanese Aesthetics*, 57.

Yet another area of research is Romanticism, as it too describes the dialogue between the "how" and the "mystery" of my practice. There are obvious visual parallels between Casper David Friedrich's *Wreck of Hope*[394] and my own *Joan Selects*,[395] as both feature a background emerging through a matrix of heaving triangles, with similar geometric shapes. My practice also references Romantic poetry and philosophy, and to illustrate this I will say that my studio practice — aside from prints and dialogues — is also concerned with making audio recordings. These recordings are often performances made from my own texts, which are then displayed as installations; and sometimes they are performance variations exploring the rhythms of other poets.[396] [397] Meyer Abram, in *Natural Supernaturalism: Tradition and Revolution in Romantic Literature*, says that narrative is a defining characteristic of Romanticism, specifically when these narratives were driven by spiritual needs — like the crisis-autobiography.[398] William Wordsworth's *Excursion* is a great example of this poetic narrative. Also, Abrams shows how this Romantic prototypical was derived from St. Augustine's *Confessions*.[399]

The *Confessions* is the West's first autobiography.[400] It was written from the future while reflecting back on a life that was ordered by divine Providence. The events occurred with purpose, and their rhythms seemed to be meaningful. They were synchronistic. Recalling that synchronicity renders time and space relative, St. Augustine's book contains two chapters, one on timelessness and another on spacelessness. His book also contains two visions: one in the Garden at Milan, and another with his mother just before she died.[401]

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[394] Figure 3: Friedrich, Casper David. "The Sea of Ice (the Wreck of Hope)." Oil paint, 970 x 1270 mm. Hamburg: Kunsthalle Hamburg, 1824.

[395]
[Image removed for copyright reasons]
Figure 39: Murphy, Aaron. "Joan Selects (No. 718)." Pigmented inkjet print on aluminum, 1392 x 1045 mm, 2015.

[396] See "Circles" in "IV. Rhythm" for performances of poets' works.

[397] Aaron Murphy, *What If It Could Be a Stage,* 2015. Micro-computer with looped audio and headphones, 7 minutes 15 seconds; *Something of a Confession but Not,* 2015. Micro-computer with looped audio and headphones, 5 minutes 28 seconds; *Reading Bukowski's Drawing a Band Concert on a Match Box,* 2015. Micro-computer with looped audio and headphones, 2 minutes 15 seconds; *Broken Hardware and Apricots,* 2015. Micro-computer with looped audio and headphones, 10 minutes 30 seconds.

[398] Abrams, *Natural Supernaturalism : Tradition and Revolution in Romantic Literature*, 123.

[399] Ibid., 48.

[400] John Sturrock, *The Language of Autobiography : Studies in the First Person Singular* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993).

[401] Footnotes 342 and 343.

St. Augustine defined the human soul, and Paul Ricoeur used this definition in *Time and Narrative* to arrive at what he called "human time."[402] The human soul records time, and because it does so it is perpetually distended, by time. With each new moment, and with each new beginning, the soul is stretched from start to finish, with each new story it inhabits; and this layering of time continues forever; that is, until death, when we are reunited with God in eternity, and our souls are freed from the burden of time.

[402] Footnotes 118.

EPILOGUE: DISTENDED SPACE

The exhibition of this project showed the interdependence of the various works created. This is not to say that individual works faltered on their own, but that certain experiences and interpretations presented themselves more readily in the exhibition context, a context that included words, images and audio recordings, all displayed together. Most obviously, the fact that the books and the prints all appeared to be comprised of "pages" became apparent, and even between the prints themselves one became aware of how equal in size the predominant photographic representations were, despite the scale of the various works: the negative space around the larger images was considerably greater than around the smaller ones. The exhibition was displayed in pairs, or in groups, with two aluminum mounted prints at the rear of the space, placed to allow a long vantage and entry into their experience. Once drawn in, and then immediately on their right, there were a pair of similarly scaled prints mounted to the wall with magnets. These were displayed un-mounted and thus accentuated their subject matter, which were sheets of airmail paper, punched with holes and then glued together. To the right of these prints were two pairs of headphones, each representing an image that was never completed, and each one taking up the same amount of wall space to emphasize that what was heard, and what one could imagine from hearing these recordings, was of equal value to the rest of the images on display. Said blankly, these words spoke an image into being; and expressed with more nuance, the viewer was allowed to hear an image that did not exist, but that gave additional points of dialogue for the images that were actually shown. Those images that were finished called out for a narrative or a story, and invited these responses from their viewer: to create a narrative of how they might have come to be. Through hearing the audio recordings, one gained an example of how these poetic and narrative processes might unfold – and for that matter, the title of this report – there is no water in the lake – was also a catalyst for how to proceed with such enigmatic images – that when faced with an emptied lake, one wonders how this came to be, and must then construct a narrative, retrospectively. If the printed images called out for words and stories, and if the audio recordings painted pictures – again, said crudely – then the books did something similar, although their insights came through an oscillation of space and time, that the prints and the audio recordings only eluded to. Half of the room was reserved for a series of tables, each with written materials displayed, of studio-based dialogues with contemporary researches and theorists, as well as studio-based books that contained prose, poetry and images. A microcosm for the rest of the room, these books

created a dynamic space that was sometimes shallow or thin, and then at other times expanding or collapsing, but which was always in a state of distention. Finally, there was a hefty book of documentation that brought the entire room into one bound volume. From the vantage of these tables and books, one could pickup the written materials and look at what was displayed on the walls, and perhaps even listen to what was being whispered through the headphones across the room. Two further books were displayed upright and on plinths, because they lent themselves to sculptural experience. As sculptural objects, they contained folds that had been photographed, and were rendered so pristinely that it was hard to distinguish what was physical and what was not. The delicacy and the intimacy of these books, and the way that they forced their readers to circumnavigate the plinth, forced the viewer back into the open spaces of the room, where they could encounter the various works, large and small prints, audio recordings, books of contemporary dialogue and poetry, and where they could experience these things anew, having been enriched by being displayed together. Volume 2 of this report now shows 40 new photographs of this thesis exhibition, and in a strangely a-temporal disruption it now contains documentation of itself.

As just mentioned, my studio-based dialogues were designed specifically to engage with current research, and not only within a visual art practice, but also with contemporary theory – noting that literary and filmic references were limited to this report and its appendices. Unfortunately, some of these references were not mentioned in this report explicitly, and still others were lost in the footnotes and appendices. But keeping to the last 40 years, the following artists were mentioned in this report: for visual art and photography, Robert Adams, Robert Frank, Anselm Kiefer, Sylvia Readman, Vid Ingelevics, Lynn Cohen, Charles Gagnon, Jeff Wall, Masahisa Fukase; for film and video, Andrey Tarkovsky, Peter Forgacs, Peter Delput, Peter Hutton, Kidlat Tahimik, Jane Parker; for literature and poetry, Tömas Transtromer (2011 Nobel Laureate), August Kleinzahler (1989 Guggenheim Fellow), Ben Okri (1991 Booker Prize), Charles Bukowski. Al Filreis and Charles Bernstein were also mentioned through their PoemTalk podcast on Louis Zukovsky, and Margaret Atwood and Haruki Murakami were further mentioned as authors of magical realism. Atwood was again mentioned in an appendix, when discussing the Canadian imagination and the underworld. My first printed dialogue (no.14) was with photographer Jeffrey Paull, and the second printed dialogue (no.16) was with the artist Hayley Newman, and this dialogue referenced a work by David Askevold which was shown at the 2014 Frieze Art Fair, and a work from Carl Jung's *Red Book* which was displayed at the 2013 Venice Biennale. During dialogue no.17, with leading Jungian

scholar Prof. Sonu Shamdasani, himself the editor of the recently published *Red Book*, references were made to Hans Arp, Sophie Taeuber, Hans Richter, noting that these artists are outside of my 40-year window. During dialogue no.17, we also referenced a film by Robert Frank, and an art exhibition at the Leeds College of Art in 2014, titled *The Subterraneans*, which showed one of my own prints alongside the works of John Baldessari and Marcel Duchamp (again, outside of 40 years), as well as others. During dialogue no.18 with Joy Sleeman, we talked about the sublime and made references to, Robert Smithson, John Timberlake, Bas Jan Ader, Katie Patterson, and again Andrey Tarkovsky. Still more references were cut from this research, for example those that were mentioned in dialogues 1 through 13, and dialogue 15, all of which were never fully transcribed. In the first dialogue with Klaas Hoek we talked about the 2011 Venice Biennale, where we had both seen the Kurokawa video installation, *Octafalls* (2011), and the robotic arm installation by Diaz, *Outside Itself* (2011). As an example of an artist showing the process of their work within their prints, we discussed Richard Hamilton, who had a retrospective at the Serpentine Gallery the previous year, *Modern Moral*. Discussing other artists that utilized inexpensive photographic equipment, in intimate situations, we discussed the early works of Nan Goldin – albeit her intimacies are with other people, whereas mine are often done alone. Discussing other photographers working with subjective documentary, we further noted the works of Eikoh Hosoe and particularly his book *Kamaitachi*, which was an attempt to resurrect cultural myths through photographing performances in the rice-fields surrounding his home village. We also mentioned a Japanese photography retrospective that had been shown at the British Museum, about anti-photography – unrelated to the 2011 United Kingdom exhibition of the same name – and which showed Japanese photographers of recent birth undoing the strictly representational authority of the photographic image, and favouring a more subjective image-making technique that disrupted the photographic process – incidentally, this practice is similar to what was discussed in this report in the death and photography section, where elements of photographic surprised are reclaimed.

The experience of my images, books and audio recordings, although different, all share in a distended sense of space and time, and at least twice in this report the phrase "shallow space" was mentioned explicitly. Although the idea of a shallow or a thinly sliced space is helpful when viewing some of my images, and when hearing some of my audio recordings, it does loose effect when applied to my entire oeuvre, and especially when applied to my printed books of prose and poetry. Also, "shallow" carries unfortunate connotations, and if emphasized could present my works unfavourably – as trite or petty,

and even lacking in moral standard. Instead, my works exhibit a distended space that is experienced phenomenologically. Indeed, may of my images are experienced in an oscillating space, where the viewer is given an image at scale, that is big enough to be encountered as a landscape in natural surrounding, but is disrupted with more intimate representations of texture. As the viewer walks closer to the work, or is drawn closer to the work, they are confronted with a menagerie of textures and representations of materiality; and these are not just one material surface, but many, giving evidence of a history that the print has endured. One sees that the print has gone through many processes – some mechanically, as referenced by representations of folded and mechanically registered scrapes or marks – some optically, as evidenced by refracted and bending lights – and still others chemically, sometimes through sun-bleaching, and at other times by pools of soaked materials bleeding into each other – and finally digitally, where pixelated fractals, from various scans and scales, knock into each other, themselves like those knuckles of glass that would individualize the landscape outside Bachelard's window. These experiences of surface and materiality then push the viewer away, moving them further away from the object, until they reach that distance where they had begun, and once again see the work at a distance. But this oscillation is not isolated to the viewer, and is in fact a metaphor for the creation of my images as a whole. The materials are found – with the camera, or purchased like from an antique shop – at which point they become familiar, and are collected and placed in an archive – an archive of images and image-fragments that often carries degrees of surprise and excitement, and of degrees of serendipity. In the studio, these materials are then pushed away, like through the various techniques just mentioned – noting that this distancing is not just found at the level of representation, but is also present at the level of having found something, and then of having lost it or destroyed it. Eventually, and synchronistically, this process becomes interrupted, when through the magic of an unknown intervention or intervening processes the image snaps back into the foreground, and is found anew once again. Synchronicity itself is the conceptual synthesis linking my practice and the theory that rests behind it, because it is not only a concept used to understand and articulate a broad range of parapsychological phenomenon – like the finding of the right image, or the alchemical finding of just the right recipe – but it is also an experience of the uncanny or the sublime, encountered by an individual. Any distended space in my prints exists because they are – relatively speaking – flat and material surfaces, and because they carry well-bracketed and fluctuating points of focus; but this synchronistic experience is reiterated throughout this report under various guises. Other synonyms for this distended space of my prints, that help to articulate this experience for my entire practice, include

the notion of "intimate immensity" from Bachelard, and "unextended intensity" from Jung – which will be unpacked in a subsequent paragraph. Again, even the title of this thesis could be considered a synonym for this distended space. To experience a lake, confronted as a vast land or territory, but then to imagine this, or to encounter this, as having been drained of all water, is to look for (or imagine the disappearance of) that last drop of water, which is no where to be found. This topic of a distended space will be mentioned again when we revisit Tarkovsky's aesthetics, and will also be redressed in the following paragraph in a discussion on the "contemporary." For now, still other synonyms for this distended space exist for my works, and one is taken directly from Japanese aesthetics, that of wabi sabi, which places the audience in that precarious position of experiencing something that is slowly inching towards death (sabi), and yet retains elements of broken beauty (wabi); and this aesthetic finds strong affinity with all aspects of my practice when described in relation to the way that light is managed in a traditional Japanese home, which is filtered and cut and encouraged (like through gold leaf), such that it dies at just the right moment, in the most inner chambers of the home. Still other synonyms for this distended space come from my use of the term eidolon, which is a thin fabric or mystical garment that covers the eternal archetype, but which nonetheless allows a glimpse of the eternal form underlying. Also, the Romantic notion of a correspondent breeze that wafts between poet and landscape, or between writer and reader, or again the idea of an anagogic space that expands the terrain of possible experiences, by pushing the boundaries of our expected horizons. Next, the Hopi Indian idea of time as either manifest or manifesting, is also relevant. It splits time into what we know and what we dream, and is well placed for a practice that considers the distances traversed between the matter-of-fact textures of a print, and their broader representations – and then related to my books, with their matter-of-fact observations of the present, mixed with fluctuations of tense, of before and after, and of memory, dream and daydream. Additionally, there is the luminosity of the archetype, which lends all archetypes a slight or shallow sense of consciousness.

In the introductory text – which was a fragment from a contemporary dialog with Prof. Sharon Morris – an observation was made that I might be engaged in dialogue with certain historical figures, like Jung or Bachelard. On the heals of this idea of an imaginary dialogue, I mentioned a frustration concerning contemporary references – and hopefully this has been quelled by the substantial list of references made above. Nonetheless, that dialogue fragment reinforced my intentions: to show that dialogue was my primary methodology for drafting this report, and to show that I am more interested in researching

any artist or thinker, regardless of historical or contemporary boundaries. During that introductory text I said that Eugene Atget was my contemporary – and of course he is not my literal contemporary, but is my poetic contemporary. This comment about dialogue and historical figures also came in the context of Confucius reading the Duke of Chou, who was 500 years his senior. If Atget is my poetic contemporary, it is because I find affinity with his photographic practice, where an artist searches out photographs for an intended utilitarian purpose, and in doing so awakens a poetic nature within themselves that only comes alive through that exercise. Again, at the end of the first chapter on synchronicity this conversation about what is contemporary was repeated, and was made in the hope of removing any prejudice from my readers about having poetic dialogues with the past. It was said that some historical references appeared to be more complete, or to have more of an affinity with, my own ways of working, when compared to other references that are closer to my own generation – and this is also true, for example, of the poet William Wordsworth, whom James Joyce considered to be the greatest writer to have ever lived.

The Online Oxford English Dictionary has a convoluted etymology for the word "contemporary," and during the 17th century there was another variant of this word, co-temporary, which seemed to have overtaken the word "contemporary" for at least 100 years. The Online OED says that "contemporary" could have been substituted for words like "contemporal" and "contemporane," which might have been better words to describe the perpetual movement of the present epoch, as it moves through various historical periods. Regardless, the word "contemporary" does allow us a term to describe and to contrast the historical; noting that the Online OED also says that (in English) the word "contemporary" has little or no relationship to the word "temporary." Our contemporary period is the present period of time, or the present epoch, and is weighted toward the head of a forward moving arrow of time. Paul Ricoeur in his *Time and Narrative* begins by juxtaposing two experiences of time, themselves contrasting. The first is from Aristotle, and is the contemporary or the present notion of time as moving like an arrow, or as something perpetually at the forefront of evolution. This is the time of physics and the time of rotating planets. But a different experience of time also exists – and one which is much closer to my own practice, and one which is similar to that shallow or intimately immense space that was previously mentioned – and it is the Augustinian sense of time as a *distention*. As mentioned in this report, the soul is that entity that allows us the experience of time, and this experience of time comes at the expense of the soul being stretched or distended – that with each new experience of time the soul is burdened, or made to carry, layer upon layer of temporal experience. Now, it could be argued that the

archetype of the Self – or the Jungian archetype of the Self – experiences everything as contemporary, because for it all is happening simultaneously; and this is an intriguing notion, when aligned with what was said elsewhere in this report, that the archetype of the Self is the condition of synchronistic happenings. Granted, the archetype of the Self could experience everything as contemporary, with the caveat that it also experiences timelessness, and is therefore not entirely at the forefront of the Aristotelian notion of an unfolding time. At this point I will say that when we speak of St. Augustine's distended soul – which is the weight of the eternal on the fragile and the human – that we might better speak of it as something that is paradoxically unchanging, instead of saddling this space with the idea of being perpetually caught in an unfolding history. Yes, we can be with time when time repeats itself – like when a hexagram reenters time, as per the *I Ching*, which are time-moments that find themselves in a present iteration. But these iterations are our own encounters with time, and to the eternal archetype of the Self, all is not contemporary, because some fraction of *time* must be traversed for any temporality to exist at all. For any observation to take place, some degree of time must be navigated. Jung's notion of an extended intensity therefore provides a better means of articulating this moment, or this being with time and the archetype of the Self. Without any extension, and without any movement, there can be no time. This would be an a-temporal moment and not a co-temporary one, with the paradox that this same space-of-time further holds every iteration of time simultaneously, and would therefore be truly immense. In this space, as in Augustine's soul, time exists as distended space.

Despite the fact that synchronicity makes time and space relative, we are not incapable of articulating these encounters. We have poetry, and we have testimony and narrative, and we have artistic practices and works of art that, despite the near irrepresentability of these moments, we can still share them with each other. Furthermore, one should never forget the ethical present when faced with a demand for historical understanding, and this is exactly what Richard Kearney says we should do when faced with the uncanny and the sublime – which I have said are emotional types of synchronicity. Instead of categorizing these experiences as ineffable, we should look at them individually and as invitations to possible narratives, and as opportunities to practical understanding. As individual experiences, they are like the unpacking of a synchronicity, and like Tarkovsky film *The Sacrifice*, they pass us broken narratives that need to be fulfilled – in the present – with an ethical importance that is not to be ignored.

Some reiteration of Andrey Tarkovsky's aesthetics of time and rhythm might help to bring together what has just been said, while at the same time explaining how this aesthetic is transferred to my own practice. The *Book of Changes* offers 64 time-moments, time-signatures or durations, that perpetually repeat themselves throughout the unfolding of history, although to varying degrees. Andrey Tarkovsky believed that when time was recorded cinematically, that it was not recorded in that staunch sense of Aristotelian time, or cosmological time, where one tick of the clock would equal one tick of St. Augustine's distended soul. In fact, when a ticking clock is recorded on film it seems to move slower than normal. For Tarkovsky, and for me, time is recorded as a compression, and this is articulated metaphorically through bodies of moving water, like a lake (or an emptied lake), or like torrents and waterfalls, or like a trickling brook, or like an emerging spring. For each of these descriptions of rhythm – the movements of water, in these instances – time is shown to have a value, a meaning, or a *weight*. Within the cinematic frame there is a barometric pressure of time, which is expanding and contracting beyond linear time. Tarkovsky believed that he could not edit two pieces of footage that did not share the same time-signature – much like any two moments from the *Book of Changes* do not belong together, but are distinct time-moments. In *The Sacrifice* there are explicit examples of how this editing of time-compressions works. Prior to each black-and-white dream-sequence, the footage is slowed down, as for example when Alexander is giving his monologue and sitting in the grass with his son, he falls to the ground and the frame rate is increased, so that he falls in slow motion. This change in frame rate, which causes a change in our experience of time – because he falls slower than normal – also allows Tarkovsky to then edit this scene with the slower rhythms of the black-and-white sequence that follow. The example given in this report, which Tarkovsky also gives in his book *Sculpting in Time*, is taken from Bergman's film *The Virgin Spring*, where at the end of that film we find the protagonist lying on the ground, and we do not know whether she is alive or dead. The moment is ambiguous and is shot in close-up, and although it is springtime a freak snowfall has started to fall, dropping gentle snowflakes onto her face. Tarkovsky described these snowflakes as making a direct impression of time onto Bergman's film.

My own images are similar, and again mentioned elsewhere in this report, my images could be seen as the collapsing of an entire film into a single frame, or as the creation of a temporal object – or an a-temporal object. My own images are the visual equivalent, or the layered equivalent, of Tarkovsky's time-compressions, and could be described as a distended type of filmic time. Similarly, long durations of time are added together to create one, final montage, in my images. But as instantaneous as any given

moment of synchronicity might be, and as surprising as the events that are collected within the surfaces of my images might be, there is nothing instantaneous about their representations of time. These are distended spaces, and nothing has happened in them quickly; or if anything has happened quickly, it has long since been softened by a duration of unknown length; and even if of an unknown length, this duration is longer than anything measured by the present. This distended space offers an alternate explanation to synchronicity, which is often described as making time and space relative. Many divination techniques incorporate the act of counting backwards – as per von Franz – and this act of counting backwards seems to yield prognostication. Much like cooling matter to absolute zero yields the distended cloud known as a Bose-Einstein condensate, the act of counting backwards, which distends time in its reverse direction, might instigate an act of undoing time.

APPENDICES

[Many appendices have been removed for copyright reasons.]

1. ***Things Are Moving***
2. ***Synchronicity's Keys***
3. **Grace and Reverend Jennie Hogan**
4. **Paul Ricoeur, *The Rule of Metaphor***
5. **Peter Hutton and Kidlat Tahimik**
6. **Pennsound Archive, William Carlos Williams**
7. **Pennsound Archive, Louis Zukovsky**
8. **"From the Forest to the Sea: Emily Carr in British Columbia"**
9. **From "Landscape and Journey"**
10. **From "Death and Photography" Part 1**
11. **From "Death and Photography" Part 2**
12. **Two things I hate about my practice**
13. **Jung and Ufos**

13.1. There is much to cover here and surely we will miss something. Here are the main topics: weightlessness; the unsuspected and meaningful coincidence of the arrival of the Ufo phenomenon; the differences between visions and hallucinations; the arrival of uncanny and numinous emotions; the way that the thinking function is missing when an archetype emerges into consciousness; the way that an archetype gathers energy as it enters consciousness, only to take this energy down into the unconscious later, and the loss that can be felt when this happens — this is how the conscious mind must pay, when a numinous affect reveals new unconscious contents.

13.2. Weightlessness: Jung says that Ufos are like weightless thoughts. He emphasizes the correspondence between a seemingly weightless spacecraft and the weightlessness of thoughts. He says that the human psyche is the only thing that we know of that stands outside the laws of gravity. These weightless entities — thoughts and Ufos — behave like nimble insects, darting here and there at miraculous pace and velocity. Their weightlessness is related to synchronicity. Jung sees these two things —

weightlessness and synchronicity — as being fundamental to the Ufos phenomenon, alongside their "psychic nature."[403]

13.3. Coincidence: It is repeated again and again, in different ways, but toward the end of his book it is probably phrased the best: as the human race becomes more and more secularized we turn our gaze to the sky, and the sky reflects back a myriad of new and possible gods, and in there we find Ufos and extraterrestrials, or spirits and flying saucers, which is the results of our having lost symbols of unification and mediation. The fact that Ufos are circular is not lost on Jung: they are metallic; they can appear, and then disappear; they move whimsically; and these are the characteristics of the god Hermes.[404] To the point: at the same time as we look to the heavens and see more gods, we find extraterrestrials and Ufos visiting planet Earth. Yes, we project to the heavens, but equally true is the fact that we are finding flying saucers in the skies. These two happenings are coinciding at just the right moment. This would be an episode of meaningful coincidence en masse, or synchronicity on a cosmic scale. Also, when Jung talks about paintings and dreams of Ufos, he sees elements of chance and fortuitousness that suggest something more than mathematical anomalies.

13.4. Mandala: Clearly, flying saucers are symbols of the Self. They are symbols of organization and symbols of unity; they are symbols for a civilization that lives with chaos and fragmentation; they are that unifying symbol that Jung thinks we lack, and that he feels is the ultimate goal of all psychological development, namely individuation, or the integration of conscious and unconscious into one world, and the recognition of the *unus mundus*, and not only within ourselves, but between ourselves and with rest of the universe. This psycho-physical parallelism further reinforces the theme of synchronicity throughout this entire paper.

13.5. Numbers: There are two brilliant comments in this paper concerning "numbers." The first is that, whenever there is a lack of obvious meaning or design — and particularly when dealing with abstract artworks — the quality of "number" become the default method of organization. Jung talks about a "fourth dimension" in the background of a painting, which he calls visionary; and Jung says that the representation of this extra dimension is not simply a matter of pure chance, nor just a mere accident; he then writes, "When there are few or no characteristics that can be compared with one another, number remains as the ordering schema."[405] The other thing Jung says about "number" — and this is well reflected by Marie-Louis von Franz in her collection of essays *Psyche and Matter* — is that numbers form a bridge between our world and

[403] Jung, "Flying Saucers : A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies," para. 787.

[404] Ibid., para. 766.

[405] Ibid., para. 743.

what Jung calls a higher world. Numbers are discovered just as much as they are invented; and anyone that can intuit how numbers are 'discovered' will realize how numinous it is to witness something timeless enter the temporal world.

13.6. Visions: Much is said about visions and hallucinations, and about projections, throughout this paper. Most striking is his comment on page 314, in the footnote, where he explains his decision to use the word vision over that of hallucination for the rest of his book; elsewhere he explains that visions occur for health people, whereas hallucinations carry a more pathological connotation; elsewhere again he says that unconscious can express itself in both dreams and in visions — and this is a good quote to have, because most of Jung's writings mention the importance of dreams in psychoanalytical work, and do not talk about waking visions — though someone like Gaston Bachelard might also fill this gap.

13.7. Rhythm: From paragraphs 663 through 701 Jung emphasizes the interconnectedness of "visions" with rhythms, and with synchronicity. Visions are simultaneously historical and dynamic. "The vision is a symbol consisting not only of archetypal forms of thought but instinctual elements as well, so that it can justly lay claim to be a "reality." It is not only "historical," but topical and dynamic."[406] [407] The important and destructive qualities of rhythms are also mentioned, and this comes on the heels of a discussion about the synchronistic arrival of a letter containing a dream about a Ufo encounter, while Jung was preparing his book. Against an ineffable eternity — where those things that come together during synchronistic moments reside — we have the eternal rhythms of the day and night, which are sources of strength and of reassurance — and this is much like what was said above about numbers, as they too form a bridge between the human and higher worlds.[408]

13.8. Uncanny and Numinous: I will bring Jung's comments about the uncanny and the numinous together. His comments are made regarding the four human functions — feeling, sensation, intuition, thought. *When an unconscious content emerges into consciousness* — and since we are talking about Ufos, and we are talking about the archetype of the Self, and we are talking about the emergence of this archetype through visions as supposed to dreams — *we do not think. We react.* Elsewhere he

[406] Ibid., para. 663.

[407] This expands Ricoeur's definition of "narrative" nicely, as a bridge between times of the soul and times of clock, and as being equal parts history and fiction. With this quote by Jung the correspondence between "history" and "visionary" is made explicit; for myself, I would substitute Jung's "topical and dynamic" with Ricoeur's "fiction" — or rather supplement Ricoeur's fiction with Jung's dynamism.

[408] These deadly rhythms are reminiscent of Ricoeur's arguments in *Time and Narrative* where narrative bridges the hostility of nuclear time with human time; and obviously St. Augustine's *Confessions* could be mentioned here. Basically we live in a world that exchanges life preserving rhythms for the meaninglessness rhythms of a clock.

mentions the importance of the exceptional and the extraordinary, and how important it is that we leave room for the improbable within our estimation of reality.[409] The "numinous quality" of the Ufo phenomenon is not only responsible for the *spread* of the rumour, but is responsible for the *force* of its persistence.[410] He writes, "Besides the three other functions of feeling (valuation), sensation (reality-sense), and intuition (perceptions of possibilities), we need the reaction of the unconscious, which gives a picture of the unconscious associative context. Is this total view that alone makes possible a whole judgment on the psychic situation constantly to buy the object. And exclusively intellectual approach is bound to be from fifty to seventy-five percent unsatisfactory."[411] … Basically, when the numinous arrives, we don't think, we just 'see.' This book also gives an excellent definition of the numinous, "… a feeling value that is highly effective in practice," the repression of which creates an erotic consequence, where this affect seems to find a way of escaping "in some unsuitable place."[412]

13.9. Time Extensions: One final thing, relaying the importance Jung places on intuition when dealing with unusual and powerful emotions — like those that sustain and provoke the phenomenon of Ufo sightings — is that intuitions allow us to experience the extension of time. Jung writes, "… [intuition] tells us where it came from and where it is going. This cannot be perceived by the senses or thought by the intellect. Consequently the objects extension in time and what happens to it [are] the proper concern of intuition."[413]

13.10. This book — *Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Sky* — appears in Jung's *Collected Works*, *Volume 10, Civilization in Transition*.[414] The book has seven parts. The first is an introduction with preface. The first chapter is about the nature Ufos, as rumors. The second chapter deals with dreams about Ufos, where Jung goes through four dreams about flying saucers and analyzes them with a commentary at the end of the chapter. Chapter 3 is about Ufos in modern paintings. He analyzes three paintings that have flying saucers represented. Chapter 4 is about the pre-history of the Ufo phenomenon. Here we are introduced to four more paintings or drawings covering the last 600 years, which show the same Ufo phenomenon. There is a summary at the end of this chapter as well, drawing references from the dreams and

[409] I am immediately reminded of Bachelard's call for a poetics of exaggeration, with its fecundity and felicitousness, as expressed in *The Poetics of Space*.

[410] Jung, "Flying Saucers : A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies," para. 731.

[411] Ibid., para. 626.

[412] Ibid., para. 646.

[413] This is profoundly important and relevant to my reading of St. Augustine.

[414] Jung, *Civilization in Transition*, 10.

from the paintings previously mentioned in the preceding chapters. Chapter 5 deals with Ufos in a "non-psychological light." The final chapter is an epilogue, which covers three books published while Jung's manuscript was being prepared.

14. Mysterious and Eschatological Space

15. Marie-Louise von Franz

16. Thesis Title

16.1. The following explains my thesis title: *There is no water in the lake: synchronicity, metaphor, narrative, rhythm, and death, in fine art practice.*

16.2. May 2015

16.3. My thesis title will come from the *Book of Changes*, which only makes sense for a paper focused on chance and synchronistic. Ideally it would wait until after my report is finished, but alas it is needed today. When it is finally written, in a few months, I hope that the *I Ching* will reconfirm the title given today, and return the same hexagram that it will be revealed today. Marie-Louise von Franz starts her essay "Some Reflections on Synchronicity" with a metaphor: energetically constellated archetypes are like luminous cloud that are emanating miracles. Synchronicities are between chance or fate.

16.4. Throughout my research I have encountered researchers and practitioners trying to dissolve synchronicity into causality. Arthur Koestler makes this mistake in his book *On the Roots of Coincidence*. He says that Carl Jung's theory postulated archetypes that can cause parapsychological events — as if a psychoid entity, residing in the deep unconscious, could cause an airplane to crash — this was von Franz' retort to Koestler, in her reflections on synchronicity. When faced with miracles we tend to understand them causally, but Von Franz wishes to preserve them as transcendent. Synchronicities are "acts of creation in time," as Jung explained. Miraculous moments remain transcendence, and this continues to demand an argument. Von Franz believes that we will always have strange moments in life, and that these will always defy logic. We will always remember them, and they are always be valuable to the analyst.

16.5. Before consulting the *I Ching* I have one reservation. What do I do if I get a fundamental hexagram like *The Creative* or *The Receptive*? Such a hexagram would encompass the tenets Taoism, and reach beyond the scope my research.

16.6. Here are my previous titles: illuminated clouds; luminous clouds; unextended intensity; something of a confession but not; broken hardware and apricots; in the spirit of time so to speak.

16.7. My question today is: What title should I give my report?

16.8. No. 47: Oppression (or Exhaustion).

16.9. "The image. / There is no water in the lake: / The image of exhaustion. / Thus the superior man stakes his life / On following his will.

16.10. When the water has flowed out below, the lake must dry up and become exhausted. That is fate. This symbolizes an adverse fate in human life. In such times there is nothing a man can do but acquiesce in his fate and remain true to himself. This concerns the deepest stratum of his being, for this alone is superior to all external fate."

16.11. I was not expecting a negative hexagram; nor was I expecting a divination without changing lines. It is rare, not having changing lines: no sixes and no nines, no old yin or old yang. Without changing lines I am limited to reading only the judgment and the image — which might prove convenient for picking a title. The primary trigrams for "Oppression" are the joyous lake (above) and the abysmal water (below); the nuclear trigrams are both female, the gentle and penetrating wind (above) and the clinging or light-giving fire (below).

16.12. My question to the *I Ching* was for a report title, but it returned my dissertation title instead. I had not been considering my books, prints and audio recordings when consulting the *I Ching*. My thesis title will be: *There is no water in the lake: synchronicity, metaphor, narrative, rhythm, and death, in fine art practice* — a nineteenth century title for a paper featuring nineteenth century themes. Water is a dominant theme through my studio research, but more specifically there are dehydrated materials. This theme is not mentioned in my report anywhere, but is well reflected in my studio works.

16.13. An empty lake has drained into the ground to be with the abysmal. The water has returned to its limitless supply, tucked away in the earth. Finding a lake without water is more synchronistic than finding a lake known to have been drained. A mysteriously dry lake forces one to construct a narrative retrospectively, from the image at hand. This is what it is like to stand before one of my prints.

17. Longinus on the Sublime

18. Sublime Synchronicity

19. *Timaeus*

20. Jung/Pauli Letters, *Atom and Archetype*

21. Harriett Ann Watts, *Chance: A Perspective on Dada*

22. Andrey Tarkovsky, *The Sacrifice*

22.1. *The Sacrifice*[415] circumnavigates all notions of synchronicity, and then goes beyond them. Whereas synchronicity is an experience of coincidence, disrupting time and space by making them relative, this film changes time and space. The film ends a miracle.

22.2. This film has humour, and for the most part humour is completely alien to the Tarkovsky oeuvre. Right from the beginning we see the character Little Man tie his lasso to the back of Otto's bicycle, well Otto tries to peddle off into the Swedish countryside. Later on, when Otto tells his story about a fallen soldier — whose photograph miraculously reappears alongside his mother's decades after he has passed away — the characters around Otto ask him, Are you joking? He then falls to the floor in an epileptic fit. No one rushes to him — because they think he is still joking.

22.3. Otto is a comedic character adding humour to a rather serious story. For example, while trying to convince Alexander to go and seduce his maid, Maria — which must be done if Alexander is going to save the world — Otto takes a comb from his jacket and begins combing his hair — not once, but twice! Here, at the height of a very serious moment — and just after telling Alexander that he can borrow his bicycle to ride to Maria's cottage — Otto says that one of the wheels on his bicycle is broken, and that his trousers have been ruined.

22.4. Three essays were reviewed before writing this essay. All believe *The Sacrifice* is a dream. It is not.

22.5. Although Peter Green, in his article "Apocalypse and Sacrifice," alludes to the fact that it might not be a dream — though he still calls the sequence of events leading up to the film's resolution a "dream sequence."[416] Regarding the other two texts, the Turovskaya book *Tarkovsky: Cinema as Poetry*[417] blatantly says that *The Sacrifice* is a

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[415] Tarkovsky, "Offret (the Sacrifice)."

[416] Peter Green, "Apocalypse and Sacrifice," *Sight and Sound* 56, no. 2 (1987).

[417] Turovskaya and Christie, *Tarkovsky : Cinema as Poetry*.

dream, and even tells when this dream sequence starts: during that scene when Alexander (the protagonist) is seen staring into the glass frame of Leonardo da Vinci's *Adoration of the Magi*. Turovskaya is actually wrong "The dream" — if we can continue calling it that — begins two scenes prior to Turovskaya marker, when Alexander is seen walking outside, and the cinematography has turned monochromatic. Thomas Odde, in his article "Time Sickness in Andrey Tarkovsky's *The Sacrifice*,"[418] also believes that this film is a dream, though he is even more aggressive in his hostile language. Odde does not describe this film in a language appropriate to its content. He often describes the mysterious and the ineffable as simply "attenuated realty," or as residing outside of realistic explanations.

22.6. Peter Green's article describes how this film used color, in three layers, to demark the various states of being that are overlapped with the film. The first layer of colour represents present reality, and consists of an overcast sky over a lush Swedish countryside. The second layer is black and white, and it represents movements of hallucination — like the abandoned city street covered in ash, or Alexander's dream of walking in the snow barefoot. The third and final layer of colour is monochromatic, and this third colour space indicts our entrance into that "another time" — that time that both Turovskaya and Odde call a "dream sequence" — but which is actually a darker reality. Alexander eventually erases this dark reality.

22.7. *The Sacrifice* begins in the Swedish countryside, with Alexander and his son Little Man planting a tree. Their neighbour and friend Otto, the postman, arrives on his bicycle delivering birthday wishes from Alexander's friends. Otto leaves, and Alexander and his son make their way to family home. Otto returns to the home with a generous gift, a 17th century map of Europe. The map is admired by all; and just as this handsome gift is safely tucked behind the spiraled staircase, Alexander excuses himself, saying "I'll be right back." In the next scene, outside the home, we find Alexander hovering over a modeled version of the house, stuck in the mud and sand. Maria is with him. This scene marks the first to shift into that monochromatic colour space, and it is here that Alexander's "other time" — or "dream sequence" — actually begins.

22.8. Next we learn of an impending holocaust. The world is descended into World War III. In despair, Alexander falls to his knees and prays for his loved ones. 'Please God, if you can make this all go away, and make things as they were this morning, I will renounce everything.' Alexander promises to give up his home and his family and even his speech. And so, at the end of the film when Alexander awakens on the couch — and the audience is left puzzled — Tarkovsky's film appears to be one bad dream.

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[418] Thomas Odde, "Time Sickness in Andrey Tarkovsky's *the Sacrifice*," *Canadian Journal of Film Studies / Revue Canadienne d'Etudes Cinmatographiques* 18, no. 2 (2009).

22.9. There are a number of indicators to suggest that this film was not a dream. The television, which the family had been watching when they learned about the impending world disaster, is still in the same position it was the night before. The revolver that Alexander took from the doctor's briefcase, is still in his possession, as we watch Alexander place this gun back in the doctor's bag the following morning. Alexander has changed his clothes from the night before, though he is still wearing the same clothes that he wore when he visited Maria to save the world, in the early hours of that morning. All of these clues suggest that Alexander has grasped his ultimate reality: that God had actually intervened. God heard his prayers and granted his wishes. Everything was returned to the way it had been; and to make this happen divine Providence re-orchestrated the nights to make them appear as a bad dream. Only Alexander — and us the audience — know that the events from the night before really did happen.

22.10. There are number of ways in which the supernatural and the uncanny are delivered through this film, and not only through explicit dialogue. There are numerous examples of visual space being organized, and one attributes to our acceptance of this Tarkovsky vision. During the first half of the film much of the action takes place within the family home, and with subsequent scenes in this setting the cinematography changes. Different lenses are used. This change of perspective gives an peculiar sense of depth to the internal space of the home. In the first scene at home we find a piano on the right of the frame, and the furniture seems tightly organized together; but when we return to house after Otto delivers the map, the room has mysteriously opened up. We no longer see the piano, and the tables and chairs seems spread out and further away than they were before. The room has widened and opened up — without the characters realizing it. This decision to change lenses, to provide a wider angle for this second indoor scene, plays on the viewers subconscious — and this change is not easily registered.

22.11. Also, the camera is constantly moving — laterally. The opening scene, from the tree planting with Alexander and Little Man at the beach, all the way through Otto riding away on his bicycle, is one long take; the camera does not stop moving laterally throughout. Later in the film the camera tracks across the backside of the family home; its lateral movements mix with the openness of the home itself, creating an uncanny sense of space. We watch as multiple worlds unfold. We see Alexander running around behind the home, while we listen to the dialogue unfolding in the foreground; and front of that, we ourselves are found peek through some gloriously placed trees — these act like shutters, passing before the camera.

22.12. These cinematic decisions to empty and broaden visual space allow the characters to whisk there way in and out of scenes — often without us realizing it (at least not

consciously). And how strange this really is. In the first scene at home, and just as Alexander stops flipping through his a new book of Russian icon paintings, we see his daughter Julia enter the scene through the camera's right frame. But where did she come from!? Was she hiding in the curtains!? Julia's dress is so light and so airy, and it flows so well in the wind, that it resembles the weightless curtains fluttering around the room. Julia wafts into the scene — she flew into the scene through the window — she detached herself from a curtain rod and manifested herself as a character.

22.13. The other major component at Tarkovsky's disposal is of course time. The camera's slow and lateral movements are part of this scaffold. Thomas Odde in his essay believes that there are discordant rhythms butting against each other throughout the film, and that these discordant rhythms help create an uncanny reality that the audience and the characters experience. This is not true. The rhythms between the shot are miraculously similar. Yes, the tempo picks up as the warplanes rumble overhead, and yes there are many crescendos of action that build to a climax — or to moment of "suddenness" — but the rhythms themselves between the shots actually stabilize and create continuity for this strange film. Odd rhythms do not create discord for this film — the film is odd because its "meanings" from shot to shot are estranged: like when we jump from Alexander falling into the grass and move into a first black and white hallucination sequence. The rhythms of each movement are consistent: as Alexander falls, the frame-rate is slowed, so that as he hits the ground the time-pressure of this scene aligns harmoniously with the pace of the next scene. It is the juxtaposition of color and location — moving from the Swedish countryside (in colour) to an ash covered city street (in black and white) — that creates uneasiness.

22.14. Thomas Odde, however, is the only of the three authors to have mentioned the recurrence of "suddenness" in Tarkovsky's *Sacrifice*. These moments of "suddenness" help to move and shape the various synchronicity's encased by the film. As mentioned, there is the suddenness of Alexander's collapse, but there is also the collapse of Otto after his story about the mysterious and reappearing soldier. Both moments are sudden, equally, much like coincidences come to us with an abrupt intensity. There is also the sudden smashing of a jug of milk (again shown in slow-motion), after the equally sudden roaring of jet-fighters overhead. These sudden rhythms create more continuity and more acceptance for synchronistic phenomenon.

22.15. Peter Green is alone in mentioning the motif of creeping doors — that continuously open of their own accord; he mentions this as general Tarkovsky motif, and does not speak of its use in this film directly. Sometimes doors are flung opened by the wind, and sometimes they are violently disturbed by the jet-wash of roaring fighter planes overhead. Even the wind — seen as a symbol of spirit — should not be taken lightly. As Otto arrives with his map, we see Julia peering at him through the

window; as she does so, the cabinet door beside here (the one containing the milk jug) slowly creeps open. Later on, when Alexander realizes that his family has been saved, and we watch him wrapping himself in a black robe, the door to his bureau slowly creaks open, and we get to see his reflection — the wind spirits have opened his door so we can see his personality splitting.

22.16. The wind moves throughout the film. In nearly all scenes, the grass is moving; and we constantly hear the rustling of leaves in the trees — though we rarely get to see the leaves themselves moving. The wind and its spirits are moving during the whole film. There are references to dark angels — like the one that touched Otto's shoulder. Alexander himself becomes a dark angel, when he enters Maria's home at the end of the film — literally, he looks like a sinister angel spreading his black wings over Maria.

22.17. The tricks of the wind are not new to Tarkovsky. In his film *Mirror*, in the opening scene where Anatoliy Solonitsyn's character is found walking away from a woman sitting on the fence, the wind blows at his back and causes him to turn around and look at her one more time. Tarkovsky said that he wanted this character to turn around, but that he wanted an excuse for him to do so. The wind gave him that excuse.[419]

22.18. The mysterious movements of the furniture and the wind reflect everything discussed thus far. Each has a slow and mysterious rhythm; their movements are an "opening," and their rhythms add to an already uneasy sense of space. The fact they move without intervention makes them enigmatic and synchronistic; and even if their movements are caused by the wind, it is still a spirit that is conditioning their movement.

22.19. *

22.20. *The Sacrifice* opens with a close-up of Leonardo da Vinci's painting *The Adoration of the Magi*. Throughout the film the camera will return to this painting at key moments. The painting is part of a broader motif about divine intervention. It symbolizes the sacrifice of Christ himself, and introduces the theme of Christianity to the film. As the film begins we are focused on the hand of Christ touching a cup, which is lifted to him by a Magi. It is the Epiphany. While we watch the opening credits appear and disappear, we also listen to Bach's opera *St. Matthew's Passion*. In this one moment Tarkovsky presents the birth and the death of Christ — the child Saviour. Notions of "gift" and "sacrifice" are piled together. As *St. Matthew's Passion* closes we hear the sounds of water — a sea — and the sounds of water lapping against the sand;

[419] Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time : Reflections on the Cinema*.

we hear the squawking of seabirds, swirling overhead. And as we hear these sounds the camera beings its slow pan upwards, scanning and revealing more of the Leonardo painting. We then see Christ, and the Madonna, and excited worshipers, and a wild horse bucking in the landscape. The camera continues upward to reveal the Tree of Life — before finally coming to rest (frame full) on a patch of dark foliage. The film cuts to Alexander standing in the Swedish countryside, holding dead tree between his two hands, while he attempts to shove this thing into the ground. His son, Little Man, is summoned to place rock surrounded the tree, while Alexander tells him a parable. The monk Iona was told to plant a dying tree high in the mountains, and to water it each day religiously. Then, after three years of climbing and watering, this tree finally came to life — it bloomed. This is given as an example of the kind of sacrifice needed to truly initial a spiritual wakening. Rituals are required for miracle to come. This parable foreshadows many of the events that will occur throughout *The Sacrifice*.

22.21. Returning to the Leonardo painting, in the scene where Alexander is about to leave the house in search of Maria, we catch a glimpse of his reflection in the glass of the picture-frame. First, the camera is focused on the Messiah, and then it racks outward to focus on the trees at the exterior of the house — seen through the window. Alexander steps between these two points — the distant trees outside and the Messiah in the Leonardo painting — and the camera slowly focuses on him. When it finally stops we see Alexander's shadow outlining the Messiah and the Madonna in the painting.

22.22. To save the world and his family, Alexander is given a mission. The soothsayer and psychopomp Otto (the postman) brings Alexander a message. It is a holy truth! Alexander must convince his maid Maria to lay with him. Maria is a witch — in fact, this was the original title of this film, "The Witch." Alexander accepts his mission — and when we see his reflecting over the Leonardo painting. Alexander goes to Maria, and coerces her to sleeping with him by placing a revolver to his head. Rather than screaming Maria soothes and calms the suicidal Alexander. She undresses; and while they copulate under the floating white sheets, we see them levitate over the bed. Alexander begins to stammer: like he is learning to speak for the first time. Alexander has become childlike. Maria soothes him and reassures him, and tells him not to worry. Following this moment, Alexander "awakens" on his couch in the study — but not before calling out to Maria and saying to her "Mama." In his essay, Peter Green comments that Alexander has become the Child in Leonardo's painting.

22.23. The theme of sacrifice and its correspondence with miracles and synchronicity cannot be ignored. There are numerous layers and descriptions and definitions of sacrifice exchanged throughout the film. One of the dominant themes of sacrifice is

abandonment of speech. Echoing the Ionian parable from the opening sequence, Alexander's friend Victor — who dislikes Alexander's sermonizing — tells how Gandhi remained silent one day a week. This foreshadows Alexander's eventual prayer to sacrifice his speech, and his subsequent execution of this promise during the final sequence of the film. Little Man also enters this discussion. He has had recent throat surgery and cannot talk. He is silent, though not by choice. He is made to listen and to observe. Turovskaya calls Little Man "a seeker." Alexander does not stop talking during the first half of the film. He even gets frustrated with his own jabbering, just prior to his fainting episode. Recalling Hamlet, Alexander wants everybody to stop talking and to do something. He is impatient and longs for a time of action.

22.24. The loss or the sacrifice of speech is a constant theme. The sacrifice of Christ is an obvious example of this recurring theme of sacrifice, as are the gifts given by the Magi, and the sacrifice of Ionian — whereby he dedicates three years of his life to water a dying plant, just to experience his own spiritual renewal. Otto, when he brings his map to Alexander for his birthday, comments that all gifts must be an act of sacrifice — else they are not gifts at all.

22.25. *

22.26. One way we know that *The Sacrifice* is a film about a realized miracle is through its continuity of sound. The sounds themselves are haunting and otherworldly, but nonetheless exist across all realms.[420] The main sound is an eerie and musical call made by a Shepherd. Sometimes these calls sound like chanting, and then at other times they sound like vocal exercises. Sometimes they sound like someone is calling, and then at other times they sound like they were meant to push away livestock and evil spirits simultaneously. This call of the Shepard exist in that "other time" of Alexander's. It also persists during the hallucinations that are in black and white.

22.27. These chants are not recognized until key moments in the story. The audience hears the Shepherd, just before Alexander falls into his first dream sequence; then it continues to be heard as we switch into the black and white scene, and pan over the ash covered and disserted street. It continues to be heard at decisive and uncanny moments. Peter Green gives a good list of these moments in his essay — for example, we hear it just before Otto collapse from his epileptic fit.

22.28. Just before Otto tells Alexander about his mission, to go in lay with Maria, Otto hears — and becomes aware of — the Shepard's call for the first time. While cycling to Maria's house Alexander falls and lands in a puddle of water. He picks himself up and

[420] These realms are marked by the three levels of colour mentioned earlier: the normal but subdued representation of "present reality," the monochromatic and darkened palette of the "other time," and the black and white stock used for the hallucination scenes.

turns around to go home; but it is the call of the Shepard, from beyond the fog, that causes him to refocus and carry on with his mission. This is the first time that Alexander hears the chanting of the Shepard. These sounds have persisted throughout the film, and only now has Alexander awoken to their spiritual messages.

22.29. Other sounds too reshape our beliefs in favour of synchronicity — like the rattling of glass. This sound occurs each time we hear war–planes screaming overhead. These blaring jets rattles the glass in the maid's hands, and eventually shake the milk jug from the cabinet "causing" it to crash onto the floor. The sound of the Shepherd also relates to sheep: we find sheep racing past Maria's door as Alexander enters; they then pass again after he enters; and we can hear their hooves again, while Alexander is inside Maria's cottage and staring out the window. These sheep are an obvious reference to Christianity, and Turovskaya draws our attention to the meaning of sheep and the Lamb of God. Peter Green also extends these Christian references explain how Maria's washing of Alexander's hands is also a Christian ritual.

22.30. The character Otto is surrounded by synchronicity. He is a collector of synchronistic stories: 284 for them to be precise. He shares one of these in the family home, about a soldier whose image is found beside that of mother's, inexplicably. Otto is very dedicated to his job as collector, and actively acquires records that support their existence — though he does not care to explain them. Otto is like the god Hermes — that spirit that links desperate things. He also aids Alexander's spiritual journeys. Otto lends Alexander his bicycle — and one cannot but think of Hermes passing Alexander his winged shoes to complete his mission. After Otto tells his synchronistic story about the soldier, he coincidentally faints. No one rushes to aid him: partly because they are still soaked in the unbelievability of his story, and also because they are wondering if his fall was actually a joke. Otto's fall is synchronistic. Synchronicity's come through as objects and the body tremble in this film, like from the pressures of an emerging archetype. Otto says that he was touched by dark angel, and that this has caused his collapse. It was the dark spirits of the wind that touched Otto's shoulder and made him faint. This logic is bizarre at the moment when it is given in the film, but by the end of the film this logic become sensible.

22.31. The archetype of the Self is operating during synchronistic events. It is not the cause by the condition of their happening.[421] Von Franz tells us that dreams of individuation and synchronistic events are one in the same.[422] Otto's fainting, and the one by Alexander just prior, both suggest a broader look at synchronicity in Tarkovsky's *The Sacrifice*. When we first meet Otto he is delivering birthday telegrams

[421] Aniela Jaffé, *The Myth of Meaning in the Work of C. G. Jung* (Zürich: Daimon, 1984).

[422] von Franz, *On Dreams and Death : A Jungian Interpretation*.

to Alexander. These letters are from some of Alexander's previous colleagues, from his previous roles as Shakespeare's *Richard III* and Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*. Turovskaya says that these rolls are important for a character like Alexander, because they show that he has tested his soul with these two roles: the one of absolute evil (*Richard III*) and the other of absolute good (Prince Myshkin, *The Idiot*). Thomas Odde, in his essay, outlines the experience of an epileptic fit in Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*. Their experience is said to be one of varying timescales, where one becomes aware of their arrival just as they come. Time becomes incalculable during an epileptic episode: there is a build up of intensity, whereby one can witness infinite movement. This description, from Dostoevsky and applied to the fainting spells in Tarkovsky's S*acrifice*, is very similar to Carl Jung's articulation of synchronicity as a moment of unextended intensity.[423] Where the mind nuclearizes itself around the archetype of the Self, time and space collapse, and something of our soul experiences infinity. As this intense psychic energy reaches its summit, there is a collapse of mass and the elimination of gravity within the mind.

22.32. *

22.33. While Alexander sits in the long grass with his son, he tells Little Man the story of how he found their family him. Little Man was born in that house. While on vacation, Alexander and his wife found serendipitously — they happened upon into while walking. The morning was ugly and cold and drizzling, but just as they found the house the clouds opened up and glorious streams light descended from the sky. Alexander says that he felt sad in that first instance with the house. He said he regretted not having lived there all his life. By some miracle, the house was for sale.

22.34. We are all blind and waiting. This too is a recurring theme Tarkovsky's *Sacrifice*. Otto says that we are all waiting for something. As the film reaches its crisis point Alexander too says that he has been waiting for this moment all his life. For synchronistic moments, like the multitude that are shared in this film, we too are left waiting. We remain blind and waiting for indicators and directions, for invitations and those eerie calls from the Shepard that move us forward;[424] these test the soul and demand sacrifices and gifts when they arrive.

[423] The following is from appendix "15. Marie-Louise von Franz." "The term or the phrase "unextended intensity" is reiterated numerous times and is used to describe the nature of the human mind as both outside and inside of time." [This appendix has been removed for copyright reasons.]

[424] In "I. Synchronicity" I argue that *The Sacrifice* can also be read as the symbolic emergency of synchronicity: whereby an unconscious narrative emerges into the present, inviting us to follow its already developed and subterranean rhythms.

23. Harald Walach

24. Richard Wilhelm, *I Ching* or *Book of Changes*, "Book II: The Material"

25. Aniela Jaffé, *The Myth of Meaning in the Work of C.G. Jung*

26. James Hillman

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