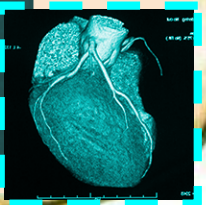
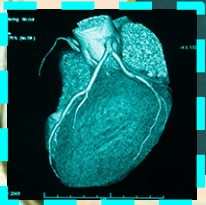


Word of Art

Exchange



Beginning in the of 2021, students at Everglades Correctional and students at Tropotrope: Arts Learning Lab embarked on a twelve week exchange course called **WORD+ART**.

The "Outside" Tropotrope class met every Tuesday afternoon, the "Inside" ECI class met every Wednesday morning. Both were connected anonymously by the facilitator, me, Sara Haley, and the piles of paper that would come to hold participants' creative works for collaboration.

It was a brain teaser to design this class. The central challenges included questions like:

- How can we engage in meaningful, deep, probing exchange while maintaining **anonymity** and **sensitivity** to **highly diverse** life circumstances?
- How can we promote **both writing and art** for student bodies that include many who've never personally connected with one or either of these disciplines?
- How can we produce **ambitious collaborative products** together **remotely** while honoring the additional parameters of the prison system?

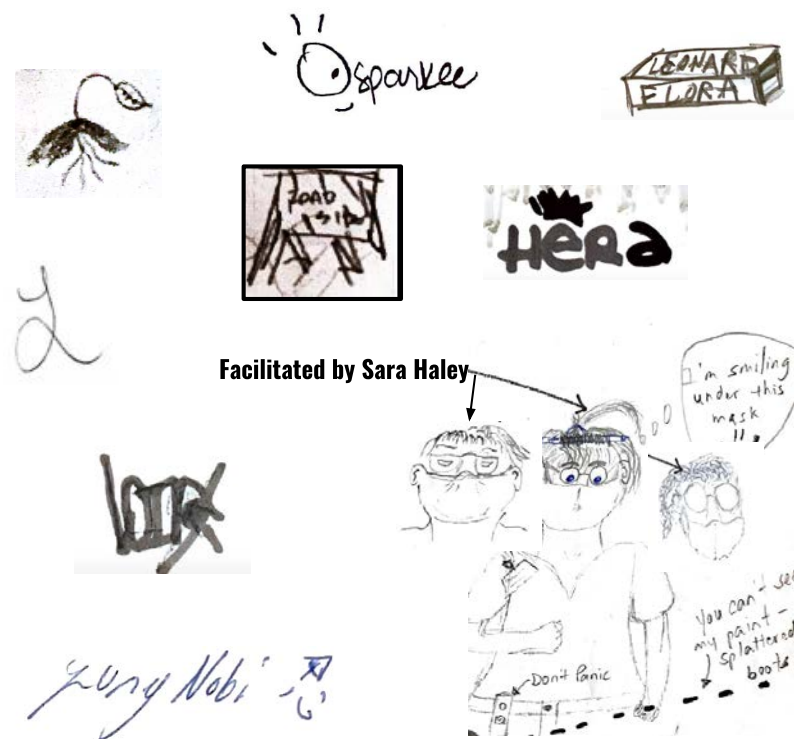
This publication holds traces of the exchange experiments that took place between these insightful, open, deep, curious, brilliant participants. **Thank you**, all of you, for your dedication to this collaboration. I've learned more from all of you than I can wrap my head or heart around. Thank you.

Sara Haley
Dec. 1, 2021

by...



and...



Facilitated by Sara Haley

Hand-drawn sketch

a large



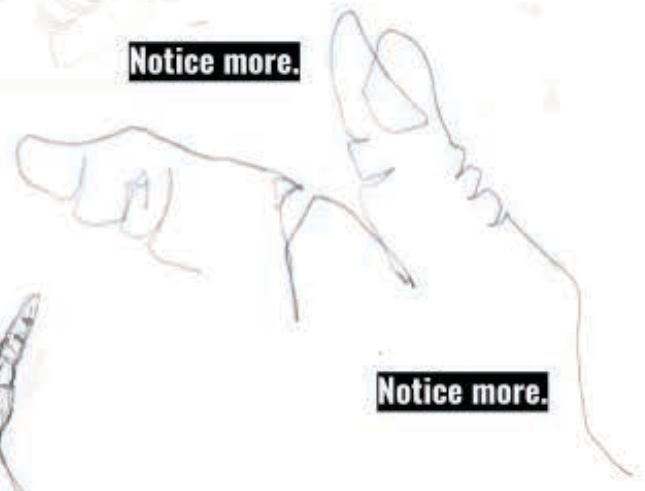
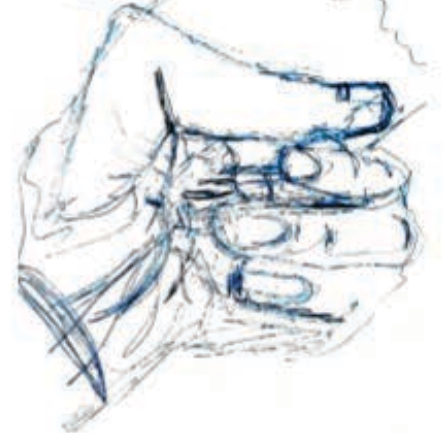
Notice every detail you can about your own hand.



Notice more.



Notice more.



Notice more.



Notice

CHAPTER 1 INTERIOR SPACES Artifact Inventory

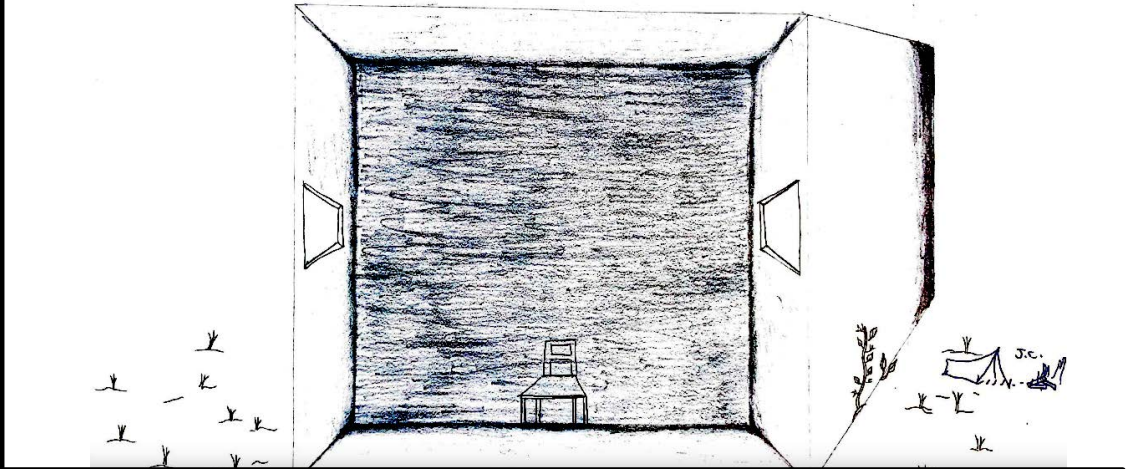
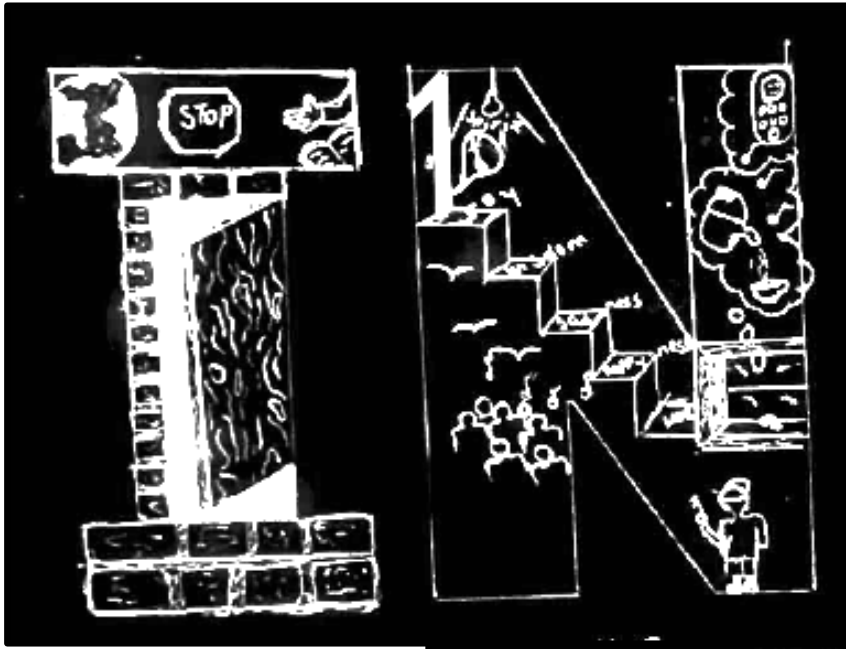
CHAIRS

- I. **“Intimacy”**
Print by Wanda Carrera
Miami, FL 2017
- II. **“Where’s the Power?”**
Theater game remembered from class with Judy Leeman
Boston, MA ca. 2007
- III. **“1550 Chairs Stacked Between Two City Buildings”**
Public installation by Doris Salcedo
Istanbul, Turkey 2003
- IV. **“Fairytale”**
Sculpture by Ai Weiwei
Kassel, Germany 2007

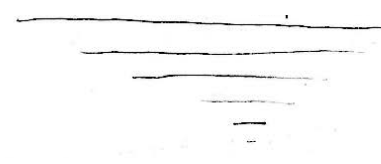
WALLS

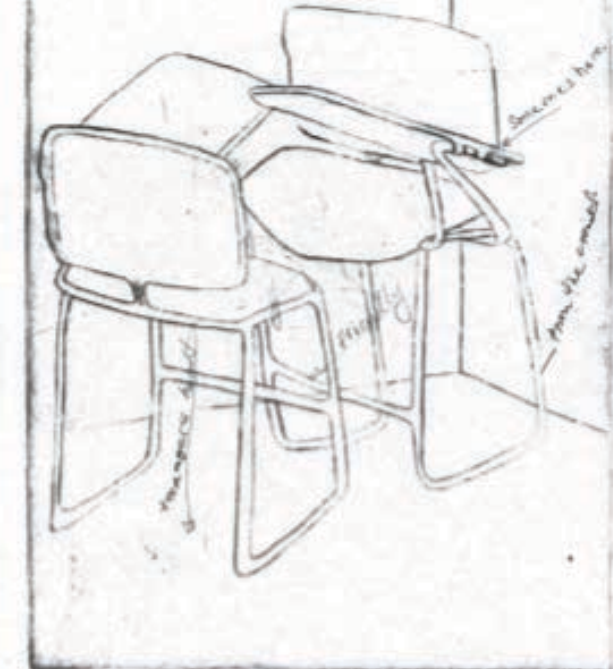
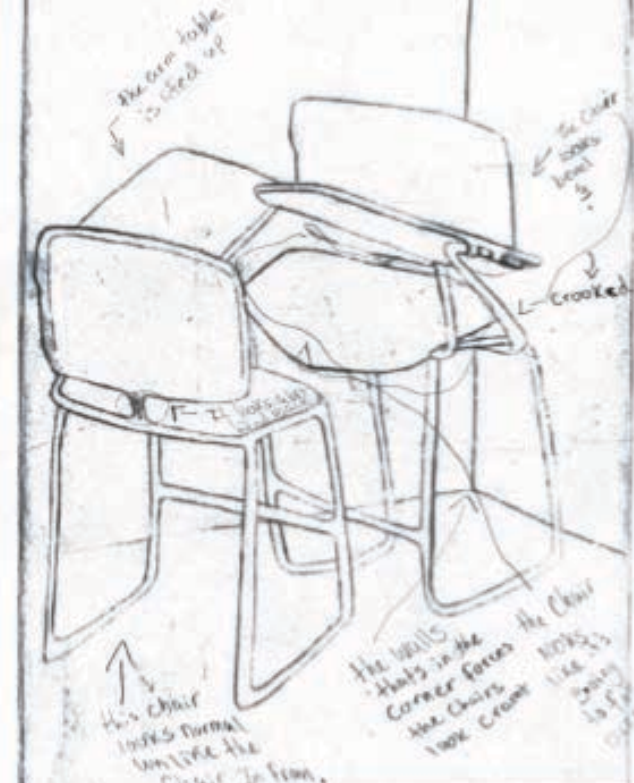
- I. **“Wall”**
Definitions by Merriam Webster Online
Accessed in English, 2021
- II. **Tower of Babel Lore**
Various sources
Iraq, ca. 3000 BCE
- III. **Wall Sculptures by Richard Serra**
USA, Late 20th - Early 21st Century
- IV. **“The Two Kings and the Two Labyrinths”**
Short Fiction by Jorge Luis Borges
Argentina, 1939
- V. **“Pale Sunlight”**
Poem by Rumi
Iran, 13th Century

CHAPTER 1

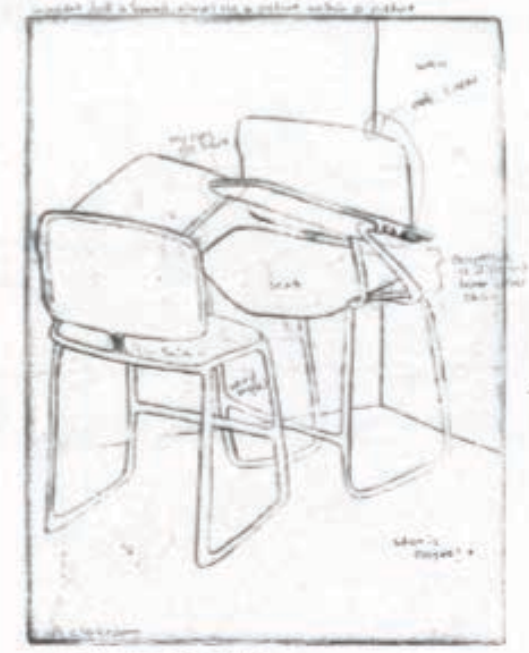


SPACES



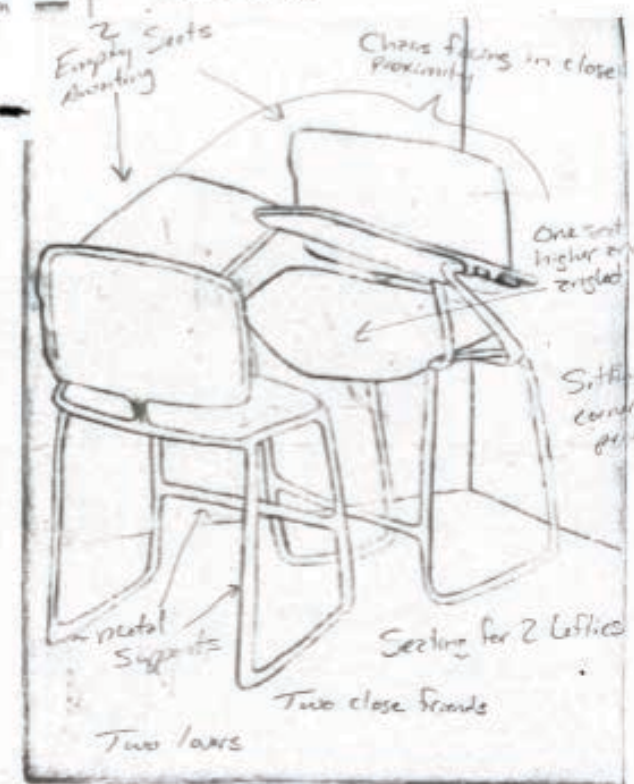
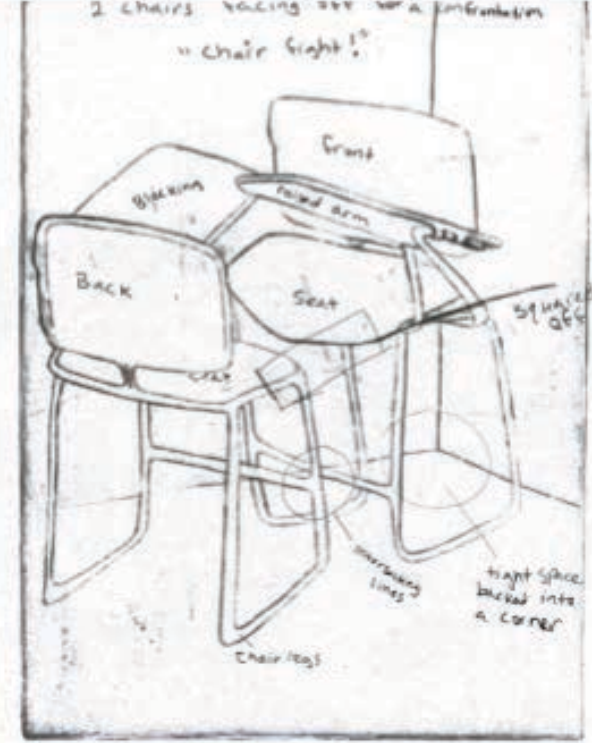
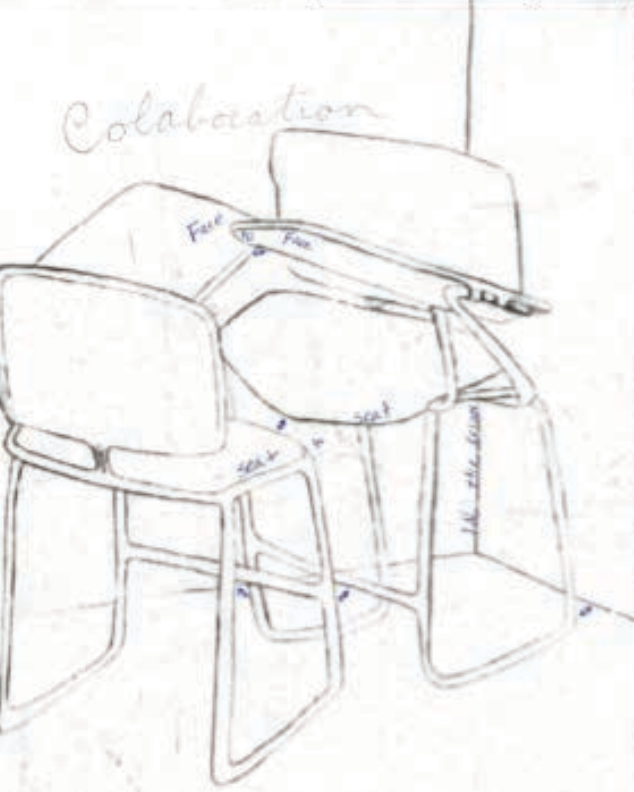


There are two chairs - they are standard chairs - is attached to a writing desk/support - they are facing each other - four legs - two legs on each side - connected - cross bar at front - back rest.



Two chairs facing facing!
There is to back & side

Annotate the print by Wanda Carrera with everything you notice about it.



Can't see whole room

Privacy or opposition
similar yet different

There is a corner of a room with the nearer wall more prominent. A chair with a desktop at a 45 degree angle is settled with its back into the corner. A similar chair is placed directly in front of it with its desktop seemingly touching. The chairs are empty and their metal legs appear entangled, yet the chairs are not touching, but they are so close together that it would be impossible for anyone to sit in them. The lines and angles are so sharp, yet they are smoothed around the edges.



Empty chairs show an absence of life. There should be children sitting in them. Where are they? At home attending school virtually? Beneath the ground, another statistic related to Covid-19's mortality rate? Or is it their parents that have lost their lives and the children have been placed in the care of the state? If there was life sitting in these chairs, the angles and lines would not look as sharp.

PARTNER 1 - Interpret the chair print in words. PARTNER 2 - Interpret the writing in drawing.

DANTES



There are two typical desk chairs that have the ability for the "desk" portion of the chair to rotate up, creating easy access to stand up or sit down. These two desks are face to face with their desk slabs in the down position. They are empty and close together. They are placed in the corner of the room which appears plain. The chairs are not particularly well drawn but are simple desks that would be found in a school setting. This drawing was done in pencil with only solid lines, no shading, perhaps, aside from some smudging.

These two desk chairs offer the ability for two people to be in close face to face, leg to leg collaboration. Isolated in a corner away from distraction



Two school desks are facing each other in the corner of a room. They are drawn with thick but clean lines, in a representative fashion as not all the lines connect. The picture embodies most of an 8 1/2 x 11" sheet of paper. The two chairs appear to be situated haphazardly as they aren't stacked and each attached arm pieces are at different heights. One chair has its back to the viewer in the foreground while the other chair has its back in the corner so that the viewer sees the front of it.

I labeled this picture as "Chair Fight," I've done this based on the situation of the chairs where one is backed into a corner with the other chair facing it. School desks represent two individuals with differing views and personalities embodying them, so it may be a clash of ideologies between each other. Perhaps its a struggle between student and teacher.

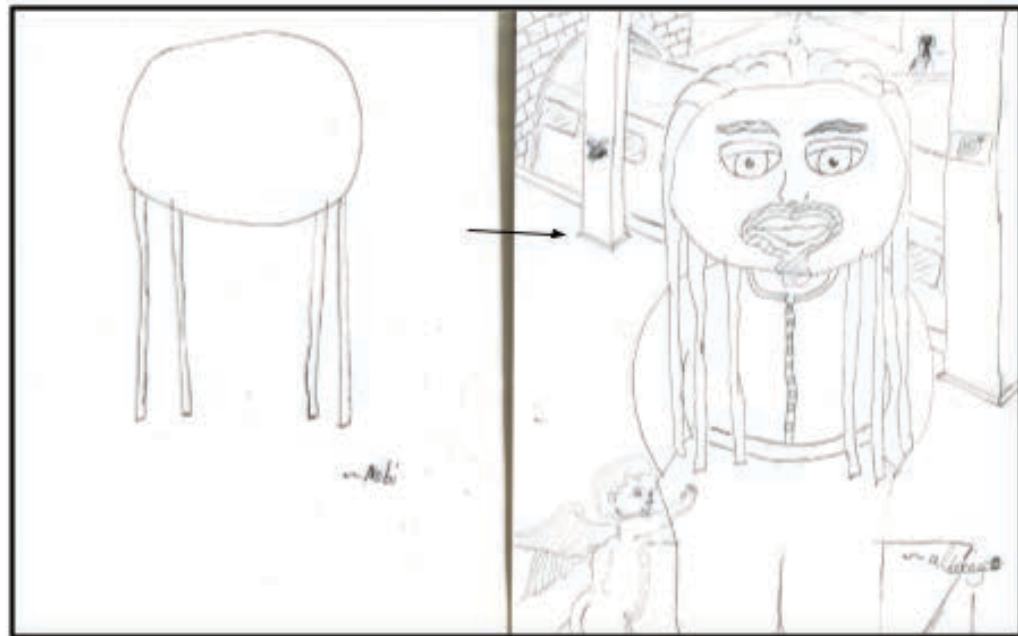
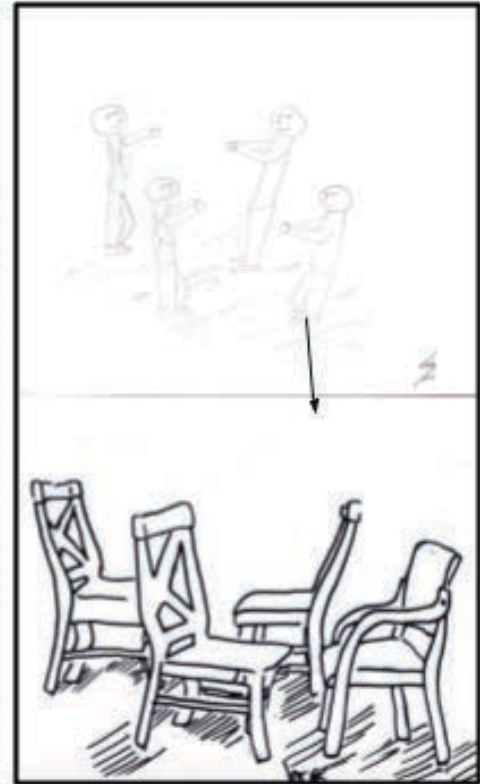
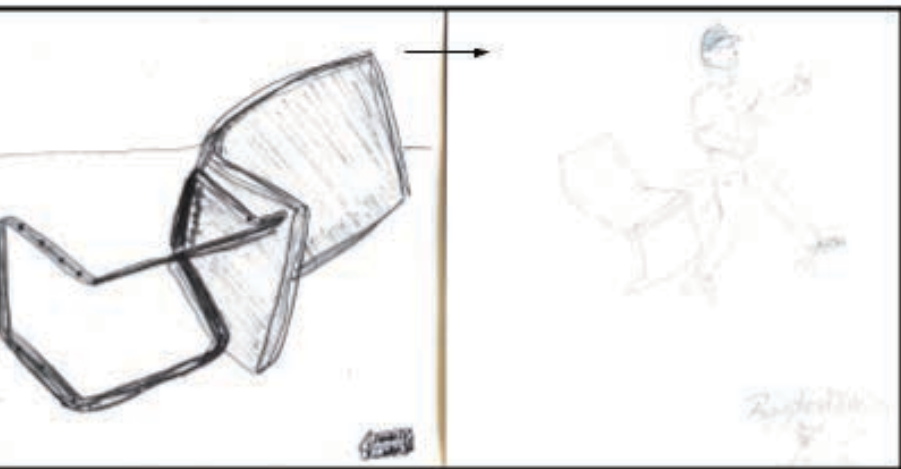
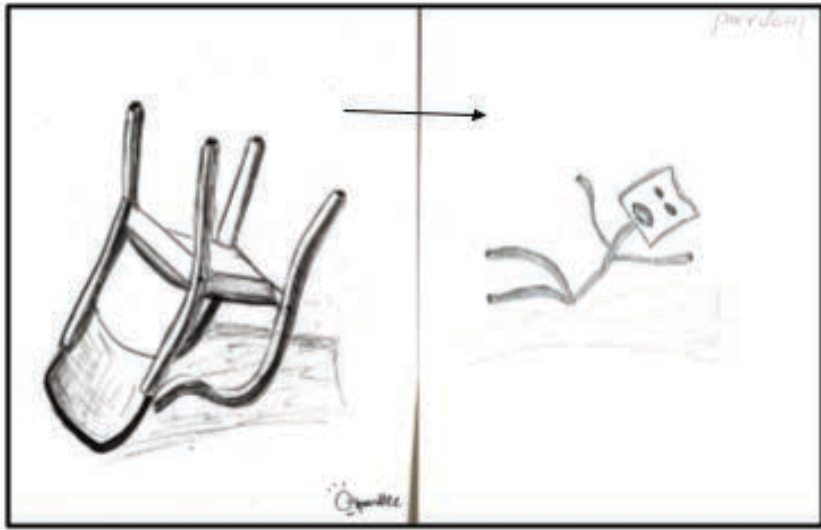
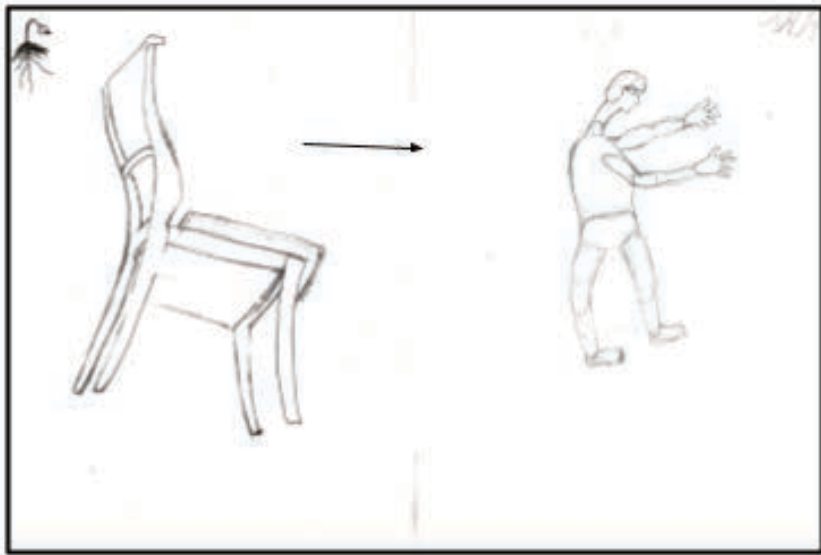
I think the artist is depicting in this art a relationship here of two students interacting with each other. It is a good interaction. maybe they're working on a project together or just sharing something. the closeness of the seats indicate welcome, familiarity. The straight back on the chair indicates an uprightness in its occupants, certainty of themselves — confidence. The space around the chairs indicates self-awareness or even seriousness of conversation.

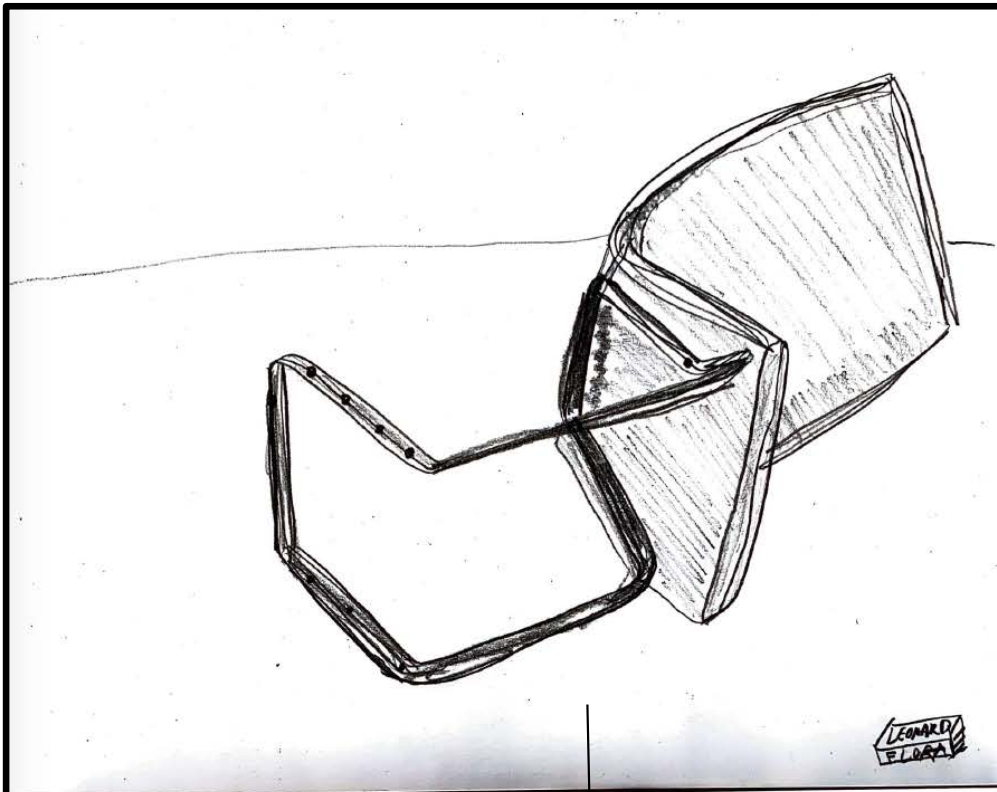
RAH



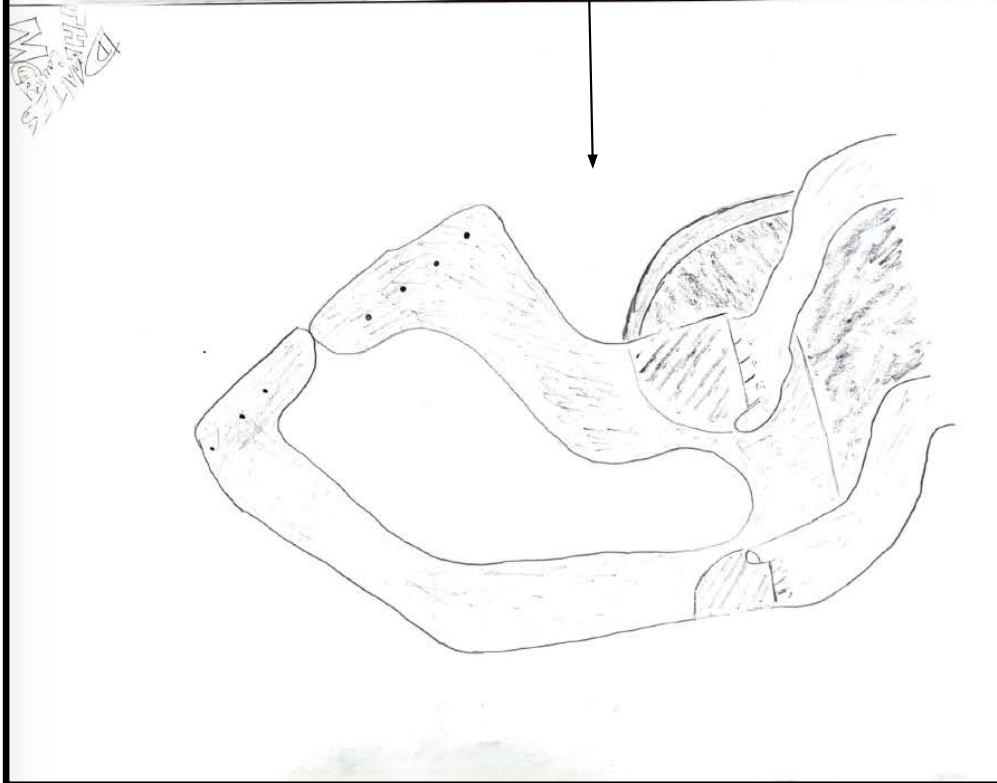
RAH'S WRITING INTERPRETED BY HALEY

PARTNER 1 - Draw a chair(s) in a position to suggest a story.
PARTNER 2 - Draw this chair as if it was a character in a story.

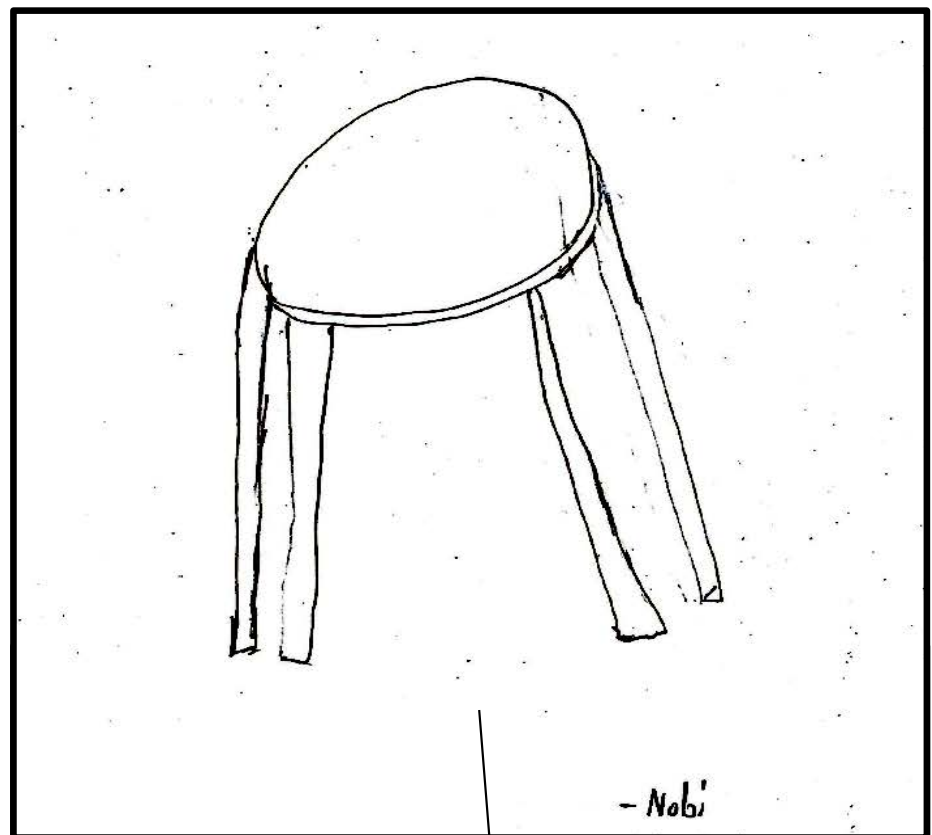




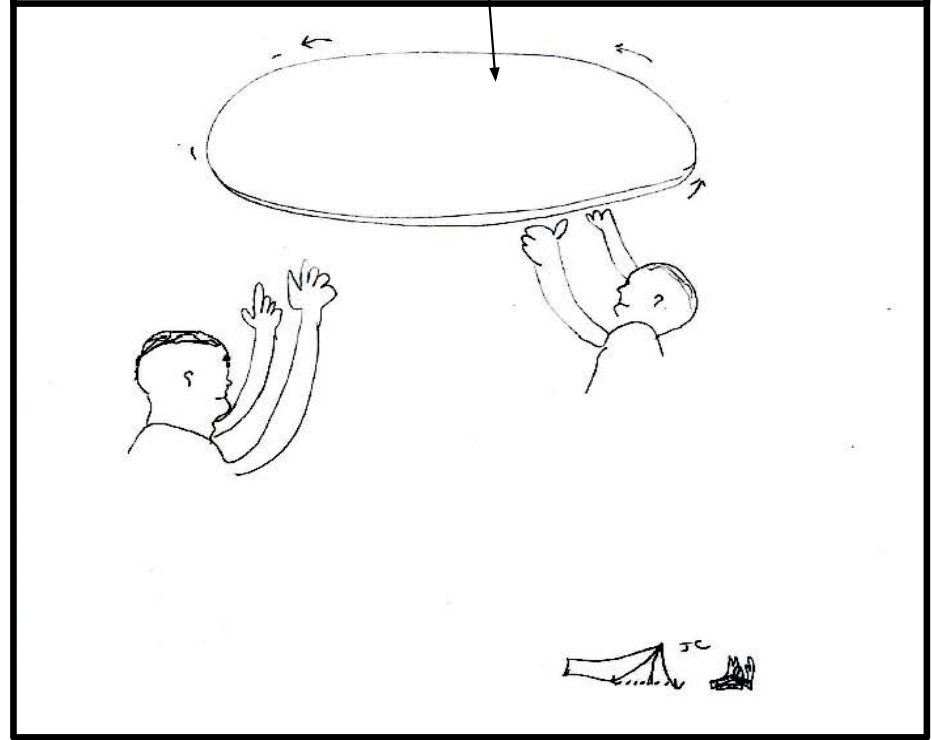
LEONARD
FLORES



THIS
MAY
BE
A
MISTAKE



-Nobi



SC

Another country

Waterfront

Chairs are deemed illegal and are all accumulated in this area to be burned.

Downtown

People walking by - comes?

Artist

Casual observation used to:



Doris Salcedo - Untitled, 2003. 1,550 wooden chairs, approx. 10.1 x 6.1 x 6.1 m (33 x 20 x 20 ft.), 8th International Istanbul Biennial, Istanbul, 2003

Annotate the page with everything you notice.

Neighbors
broken walls
The Victims
passerby
observes



Doris Salcedo - Untitled, 2003. 1,550 wooden chairs, approx. 10.1 x 6.1 x 6.1 m (33 x 20 x 20 ft.), 8th International Istanbul Biennial, Istanbul, 2003

... ..

Found hundreds of buildings missing the building is filled with chairs. An individual walking past me pay'd no attention to this occurrence.

Is the city closed due to war or blight?

So many chairs. pardon
They forget and!
What story does each one of these chairs tell?
I would love to sit down and rest



Doris Salcedo - Untitled, 2003. 1,550 wooden chairs, approx. 10.1 x 6.1 x 6.1 m (33 x 20 x 20 ft.), 8th International Istanbul Biennial, Istanbul, 2003

Now we know why everyone is standing.



11 x 6.1 x 6.1 m (33 x 20 x 20 ft.), 8th Oct. 2003

Some buildings 20 above. However, no one is not just looking in they are trying to see what is all this while other stand on the street further down looking

This was Doris Salcedo's impressive chair installation

July 19, 2021 / 5 minutes of reading / Installations / 2003, Art in Istanbul, Doris Salcedo, in public, Turkey

Public Delivery



The meaning

[Redacted text block]

Who is Doris Salcedo?

Doris Salcedo, Colombian artist, Jorge Tadeo Lozano

Chairs

Chairs related to...

...and tra... myste...

Ac
wi
pi
B

Analysis



powerful and the powerless, violence and forceful migration.

Analysis

Chairs is with... the pres... and colle... this all de

Using the absence... ch... and colle...

Some art viewers... acquire th... communic

However, the view... typically

The chain of the bui... the chairs

To come a... humans a... interpret... the met

Create a black-out poem from the text about the photos...



...then run with it...

Chairs

Chairs crammed into Istanbul
The Question of forgetting and memory
Memorials of displacement
First look provides answers,
Distinct and bold,
Everyday chairs.
Chairs create war, shed light
Wooden chairs, piled mass graves,
Anonymous victims,
Chaos and absence,
Wartime violence,
Victim or perpetrator,
Narrating experiences impact
Faceless migrants, silenced
Lives of the isolated and
Marginalized between the
Powerful and the Powerless
The Victim, the Defeated
Horrific clash, guerillas and
The State, people being
Burned to death in Justice
It marked me nothing.
Dead patients' discarded shoes,
Veiled in web-like fiber.
To give form is an act of power.
Architecture says, "I had the
power to build this." Heavy-
Duty materials turn it inside out,
Porous and impenetrable,
Riddled with dichotomies,

pardon

The Presence, the Absence;
Mechanical Integrity, collapse;
The Novel, the Ancient;
The Domestic, the Organic;
Colossal scale of raw
Human connection, individual
And collective experience.
Evoking the imagination of
The chairs occupied by humans.
Chairs rising to the heights,
Space occupying space.
Chairs hold humans now.
Space occupying space.
Color: purple, yellow, brown.
Chairs feel overwhelmed
And afraid, also intellectual
wonder perfectly stacked
Together as a whole,
Monstrous figure, living
creature, alive inside chairs,
A society of sorts.
A way, a roadblock,
The space, the doorway,
Different, large, impressive.



Colossal Scale.

Chairs

raw sculptural material
absence as well as human connection
an individual and collective experience

Communicates on its own
the artwork is left to the imagination
together
a space occupied by humans

piled up between two buildings
rising to the heights
space used by architecture
chairs
occupying a space
where people could be

Chairs

hold humans
now
taking up a space
that humans occupy

meaning of the volume
meaning of occupying a space

RAH

E4 Change

~~Chairs~~ CHAIRS
Salcedo's chairs examining the question of forgetting and
Memory,

A stack of chairs transformed for the history of
Migration and displacement in the city/cities

Mysterious artwork - chairs provide answers,
Distinct and bold, ^{create} something described
~~the~~ 1550 chairs ~~provide~~ as the topography of war.

Shedding light on war in general and a specific
Historical event

All wooden chairs, piled between two buildings.
Reminds me and you of mass graves,
of anonymous victims, of chaos and absence
the effects of wartime violence.

the element common in all of us (surfaces),
experiences of war, we all experience the same...
Not narrating a story in particular - rather (shared)
just experiences

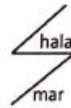
Powerful in its impact, evoking the masses of
faceless migrants, our
underpinnings of a globalized economy
express the silenced lives of the isolated and
marginalized.

[what of] the gap between the powerful and the
powerless

[what of] the victims of violence and forced
migration?

I'm a third world emergee of that perspective -
with eyes of the victimized, the defeated...

10/14/2021



'14/2021



Chairs...

Chairs, chairs, everywhere
stacked so meticulously
the height of this exhibition
a wonderment to be...

The time and task required
to position every one
with a façade so sleek and sheer
it won't be soon undone

The eye beholds quite grand designs
with workmanship so great
but too there are the ones untoward
who knew no loving fate

Some of them appear quite ancient
with lots of wear and tear
others perchance not so much
or handled with much care

Some have arms, others without
with solid back or lathed slats
some contoured for comfort
other seats - just flat

Still many a person refreshed
For relief they sat upon
or could a few be more macabre
as above it someone hung

Over, please

The reason for this piece of art
provides a story too
but the beholder is the one
who truly gets to choose

For we all view something different
in the elements perceived
pine, cedar, spruce or oak
the sort matters not to me

So many questions just unknown
the tales that could be told
if they had just been written down
as each was bought and sold

But alas we're left to wonder
at the mystery afore
and gauge with lofty impact
what resides within our core.

Chairs, chairs, everywhere
stacked spectacularly
let's never forget the impact
of wonderment so free...



DWART WALL



GREEN WALL



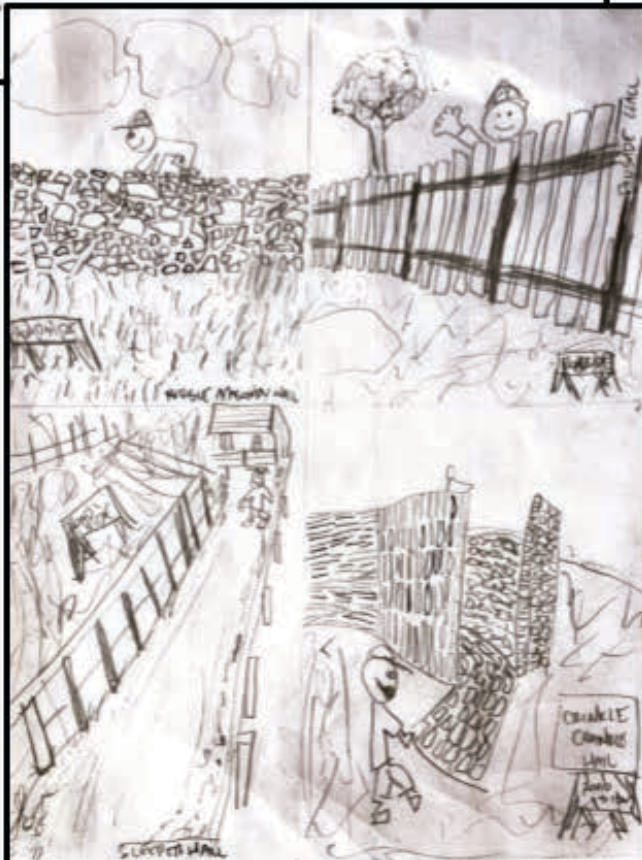
SEPARATING WALL



EXTERIOR WALL

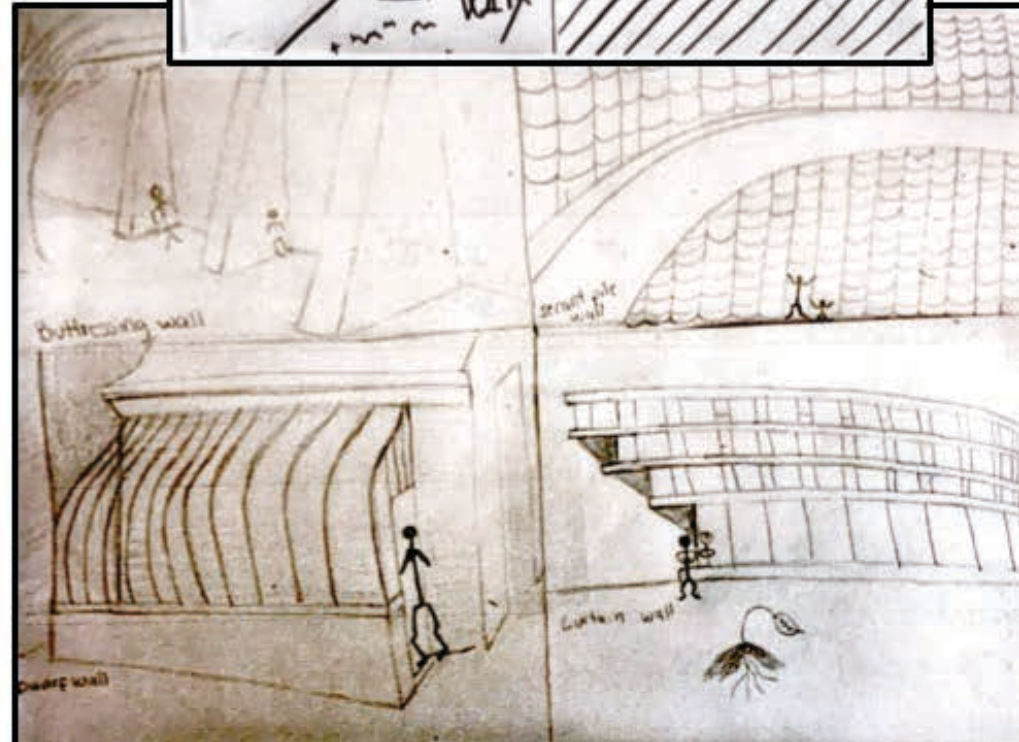


Here



Research four different technical classifications of walls.

Illustrate them with a person interacting with each.



Write a short creative text inspired
by one of your partner's wall illustrations.

Green Wall

Hai Bun

Giving Life Rebirth

Attention and care for all

Green Plants Give US Life

A simple seed minute in size. Planted
only centimeters beneath the earth,
growing deeper and even further to
the top. Sprouting life, giving air to
those who breathe. Kindness returned
to show thankfulness for what is
given. Not singular in color, shape, or
size. Beauty deeper than the eye.
Giving then returning all back to the
earth.

Buttressing Wall

Is it friend that comes calling
or foe, is it a foe

From what I see in this picture
proves that I just don't know

One is quite a bit larger
perhaps it is a man

the other slight of frame
hiding best as they can

Clearly the one approaching
is seeking the one who hides
blocked from view by the walls
into a corner he abides

The walls surely sought for protection
will soon become a trap
as the looming figure nears
hope could close with a snap

Should we root for the one in hiding
or be glad that ~~other~~ ^{they are} caught
so much is unknown - yet perceived
a tribute to all we've been taught.

help
mer

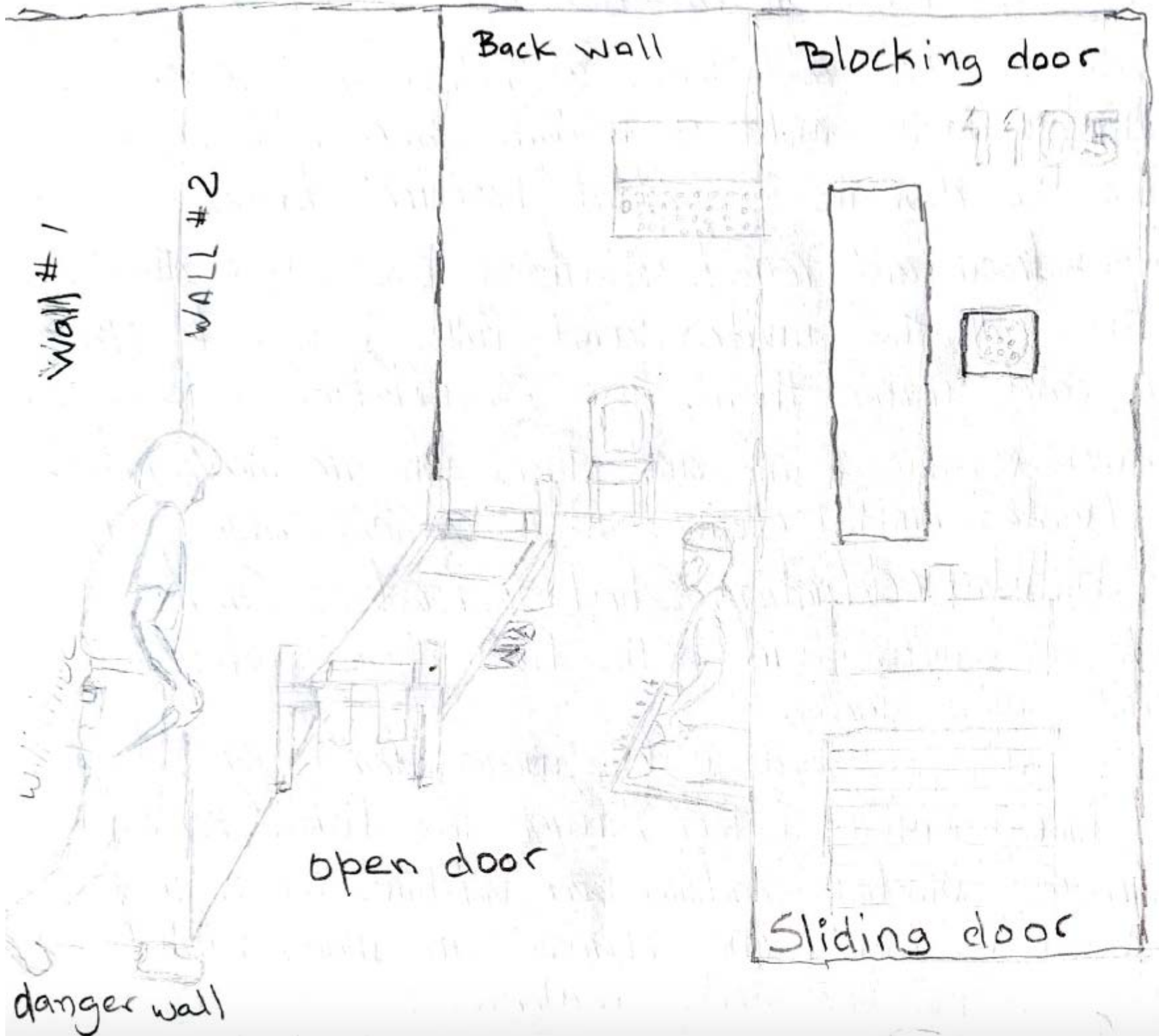
Create a drawing inspired by your partner's short text.

Exterior Wall

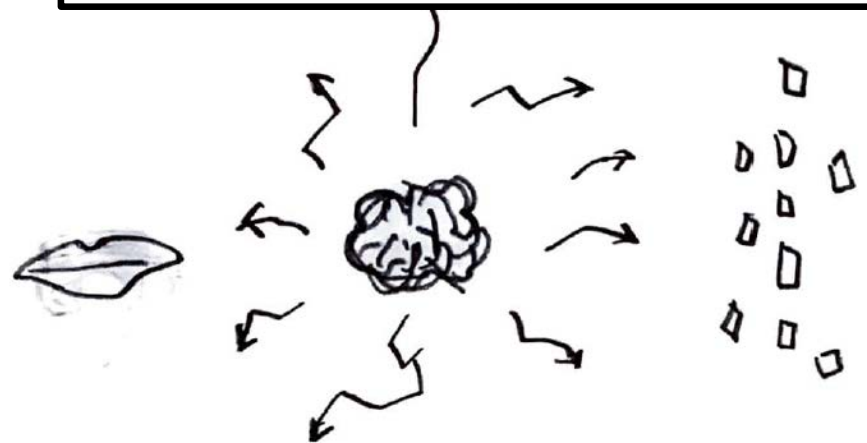
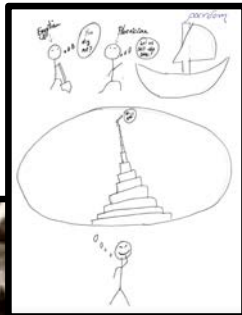
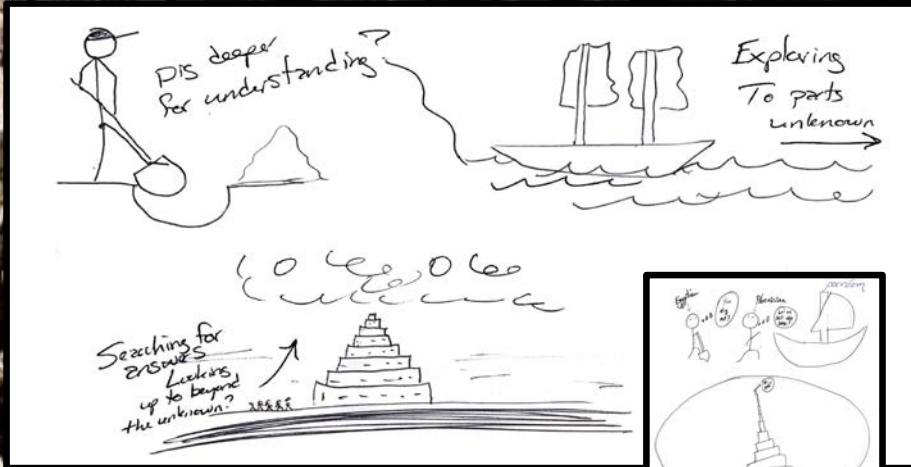
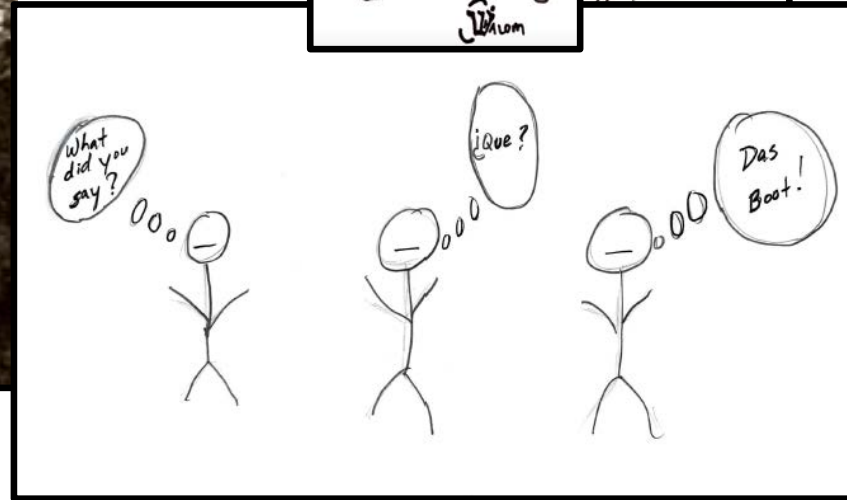
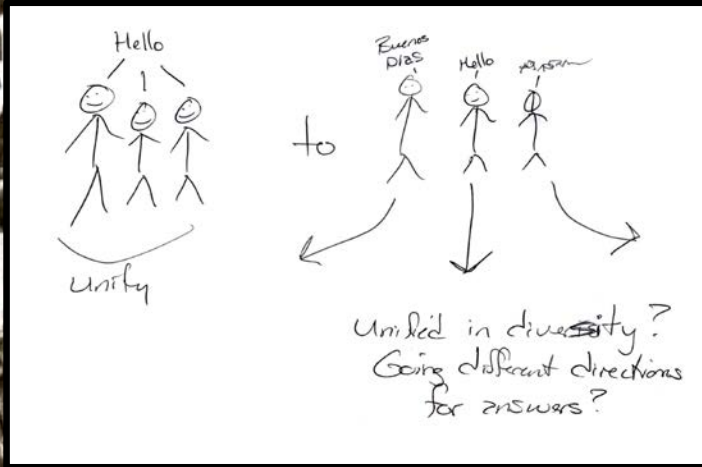
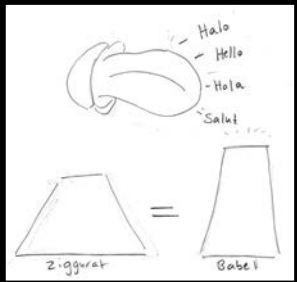
The Portal of snakes

The Reptilian-Humanoid Appears before my eyes. She shape-shifts slowly camouflaging leaving me Delusional... Where did she go? As I'm looking closer watching for movement slightly frightened, I notice a glimmer the 'jewel' on its Head. Finally the Serpent-woman shifts slowly into the stone wall dematerializing! Now I'm in a state of confusion, Skeptical "I don't believe" what I saw, I say to myself. But as I got closer the wall starts to accumulate waves and the serpentine head appears and the crystal reflects the small light that's around me on that lonely night.





Read the stories about the Tower of Babel.
Summarize each page in a drawing.



Create a haiku inspired by the stories.

We reach up for god
Brick stone, Bitumen mortar
Now we are confused

THE Gods live on High!
Babylonians doth cry
Lift them to the SKY

Inspire we are thus
Babel tower most high god
scatter us our pride!

Tower to heaven
No invitation to come
a hole in the ground

buried history
according to Genesis
the Lord descended

The gods ~~united~~ ~~united~~ unified
Babel stood Almost finished,
confusion of tongues!

People Dig The Well
Dirt Goes In And Dirt Goes Out
Man Went Up Then Down

Poor Babel Tower
why Did They Get Crazy for
Greed Can Be Madness



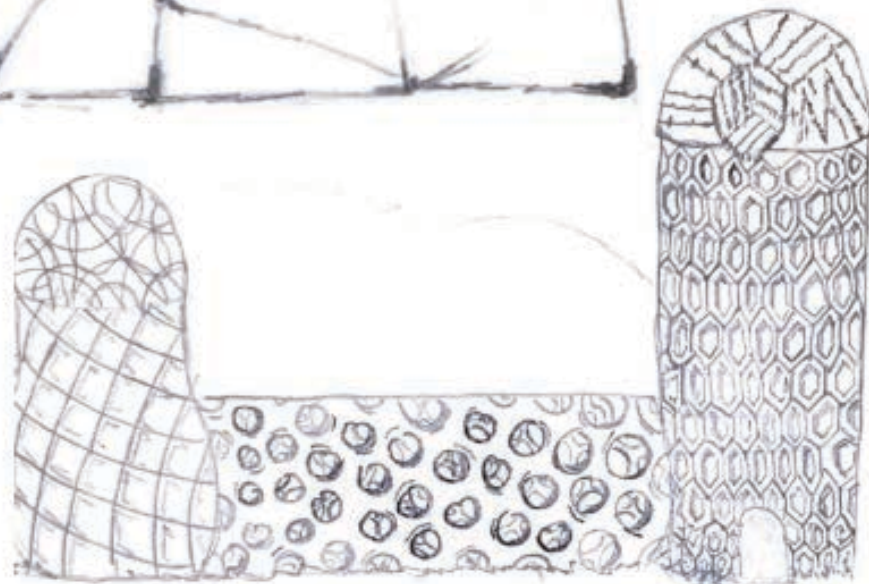
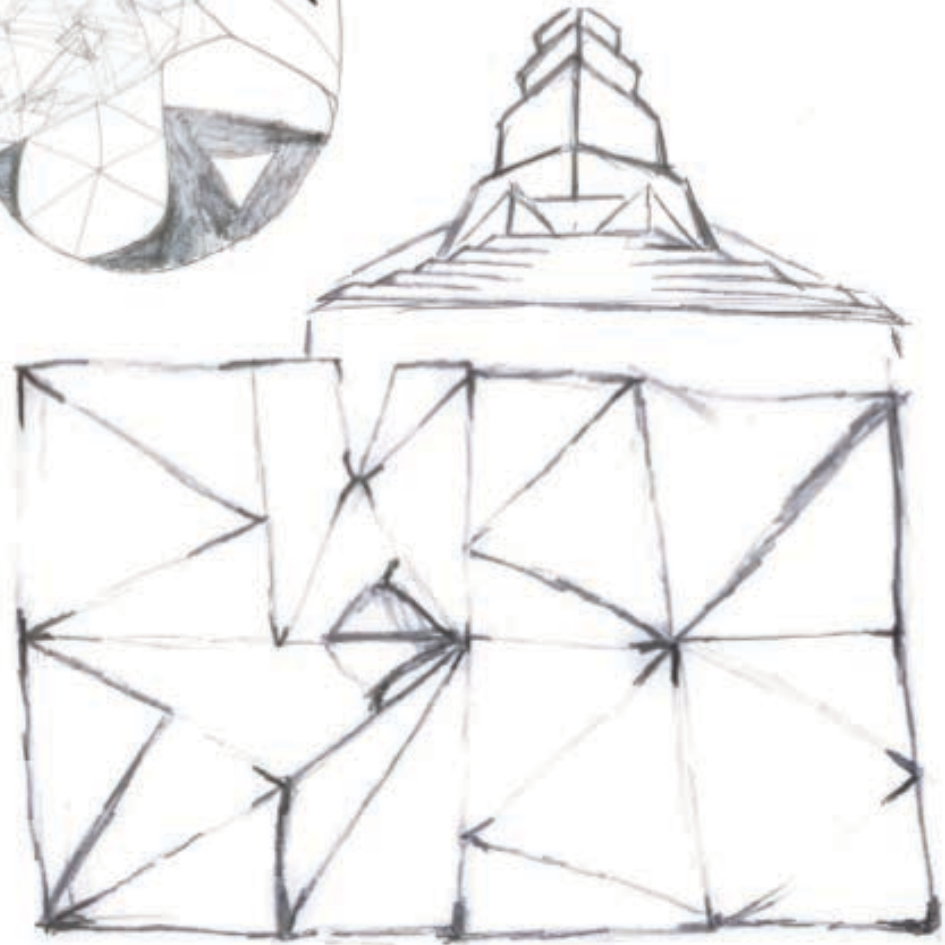
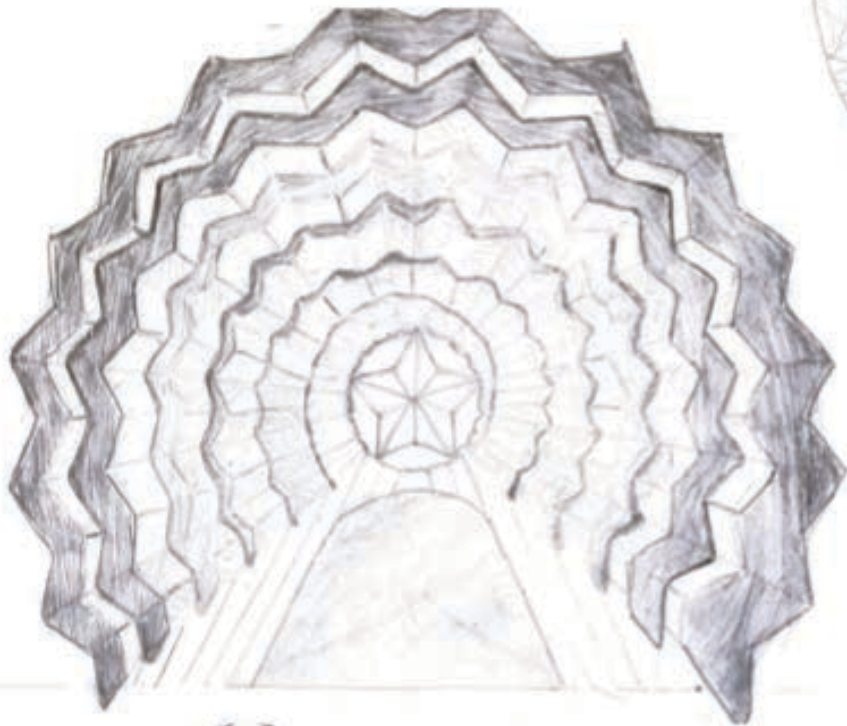
Now we are confused



Take photos of the walls you notice.



Design your own walls.



Read Two Kings and Two Labyrinths. Write a short fiction about the labyrinths in your life.

There is a wall in front of me massive and looming over my short stature there is no way around it, the only way is through ripping brick by brick with my own bare hands until their raw and I have created a passage. My eyes settle on two paths, one with many twists and turns, the lighting is bright and blinding, the other passage is full of walls I can overcome, dark walls that do not block my way yet it is cold and gloomy. I take the brightly lit passage and shove and climb above walls, I dig under them to get through. As I pant and feel my body's exhaustion I can only keep on going and not regret my choices. As I go on the light becomes brighter and brighter and I reach a dead end. Is this what all my effort brought me to? And as I collapse onto the ground my knee bangs something hard, I dig and dig until I find a cover and curiously remove it, it leads to a tunnel which ends with a staircase leading up. As I climb the steps with trepidation I start to feel the kind and loving warmth of the sun. When I finish climbing I realize that I'm out, I'm really truly out with no more blockades in front of me. My eyes are greeted with a feast, the results of the fruits of my labor have payed off and benifited me, And now I may gather these plentiful ravishing gifts and feed my loved ones as they once did for me. ~~DIK~~

Waking for a Swim ~ Nobi 27
I keep waking up at whatever time it is before sunrise. I go back to sleep soon after. Waking up, probably to get back in the water. Wanting to take a swim. ~~and~~ Not a regular swim. A growing-gills swim, a Stachyria ^{Swim} and to go ~~deep~~ deeper and deeper. But no gills ever open up, so I have to go back up, get out for a bit, trying to bring a friend or two along, they're usually by the shore or not too far from there. Keep hoping to meet a mermaid, doesn't have to be a real one. I want to stay in for as long as I can and get to know the sea weed and sea shells - see the crustaceans with those little homes on their backs with all the crazy streaks of beige and brown - but taste the salt water - but I don't. I make my own pool of pseudo waves that ~~now stand still~~ ~~and never~~ sit still and never go past my six-foot frame. I probably wake up for the sun too. Wanting to walk through street after street of it feeling all the warmth used to get the grass tall and the iguanas feeling good. Wanting the zig-zags of his spot lights wherever they build. I can't get to that, though all the signs show right where to go and always have everything I need to stay on the slightest well-gardened path. I wake up, ~~just~~ maybe just to see a little bit of that ~~too~~ upside-down-no-way-out ~~back~~ water.

She wakes to the sound of the baby crying, and checks the clock to see it's nowhere near her Sam wake time. As she calms the baby her phone pings with a meeting invite, "Meeting with CEO" - 4pm.

~~9pm~~ 4pm meeting. For this mother the 4pm meeting which ~~seems~~ seems innocent enough - just a time, is a maze to navigate all within a simple, single number.

Navigating the clock all day - each timepoint a new set of challenges, obstacles, and sudden changes in the course.

6am - baby talk and sweet snuggles. 8am - power suit presentations and negotiations. 10pm moment of lunch solitude to find yourself again for just a moment. 5pm school pickup and back to mommy. 4pm meshes both worlds together as she tries to get dinner on the table while listening to Sesame Street and answering after work emails.

Night comes and she must then find her way to the role of wife and partner. The subject matter turns from toy cars to car payments.

The whole day - navigating a series of labyrinths - all with their own narrative - sometimes none that come together and other times they all meet beautifully as the day ends and sun sets.

11

10

9

8

7

12 ~~WIK~~

1

2

3

4

5

6



Encroaching Tech / Curious Mind

He was fighting to find coherency in the noises that spray in your face sometimes a gentle mist at others a fire house. Did I get enough sleep last night? He struggled off... No time to dwell on that about to run forward into another waterfall of information as you click through pages while listening to talks at 1.5 times speed struggling to fill in your understanding while piecing the puzzle together. Can I integrate that platform with this idea? Or do I need a coder to bring it together.

Mind bending pace during sprints through a maze corridor with neon blue walls on dark black backdrop. Illuminated tokens light up the path. Each give an additional energy hit, like a electric bolt of more inspiration. Should I go deeper.. but where are the limits to my understanding? And when the mind hits that wall can it not break through it. Brute force is no longer the hammer, found with calm reflection.

During resting times turning to look inward cannot find the one that is looking wondering about what could really be going on here. Even understanding the impossibility of the task, still scraping ways and still trying.

Resolving our partial understanding with fragments of good and bad logic are chasing unclearly wrong or right paths in this maze of our "best" system. Who cares he said to himself its not the destination its the journey anyway. Full speed ahead dive right into the... encroaching tech splashed onto an ever curious divergent mind.

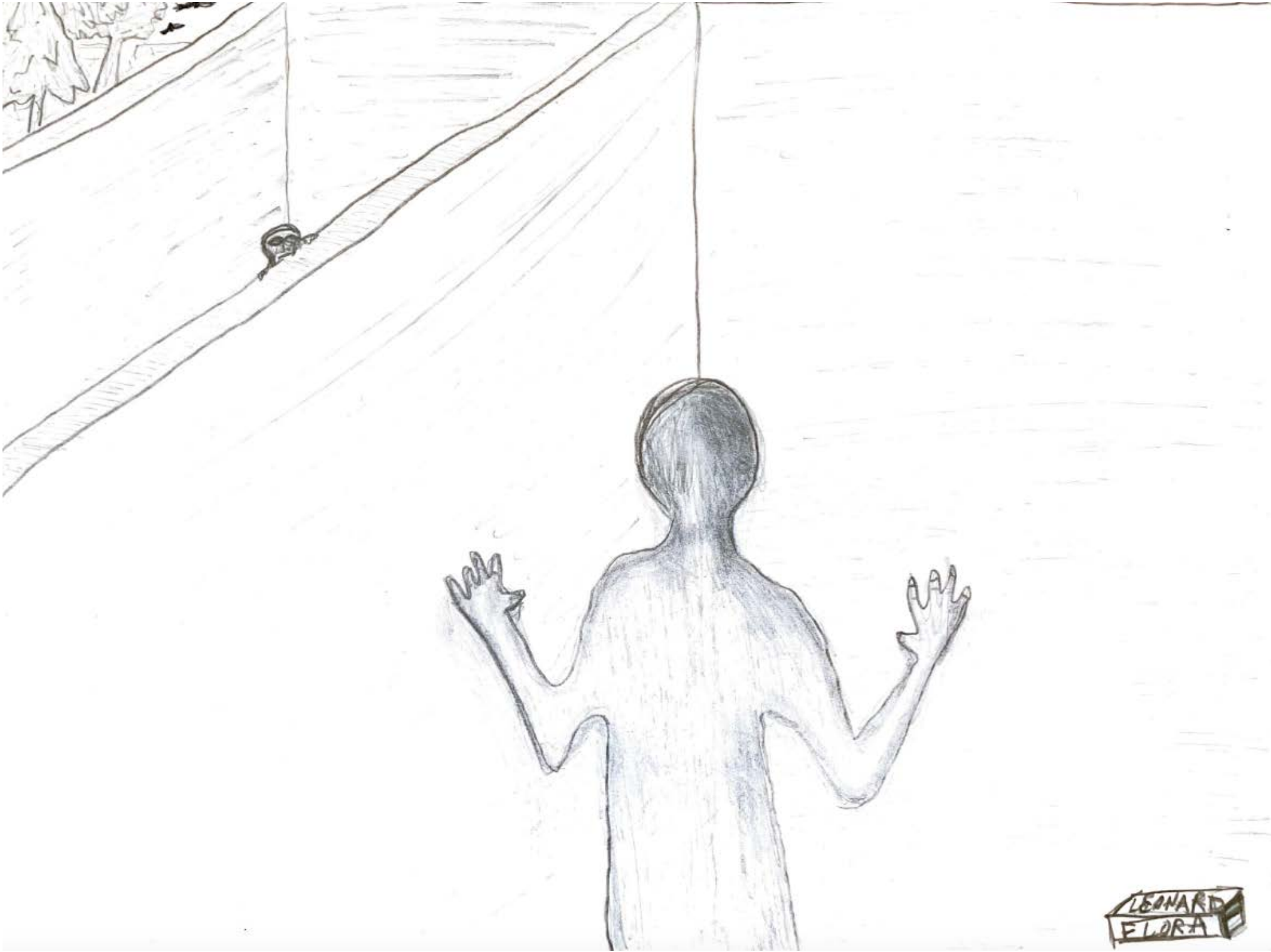


Illustrate your partner's short fiction.

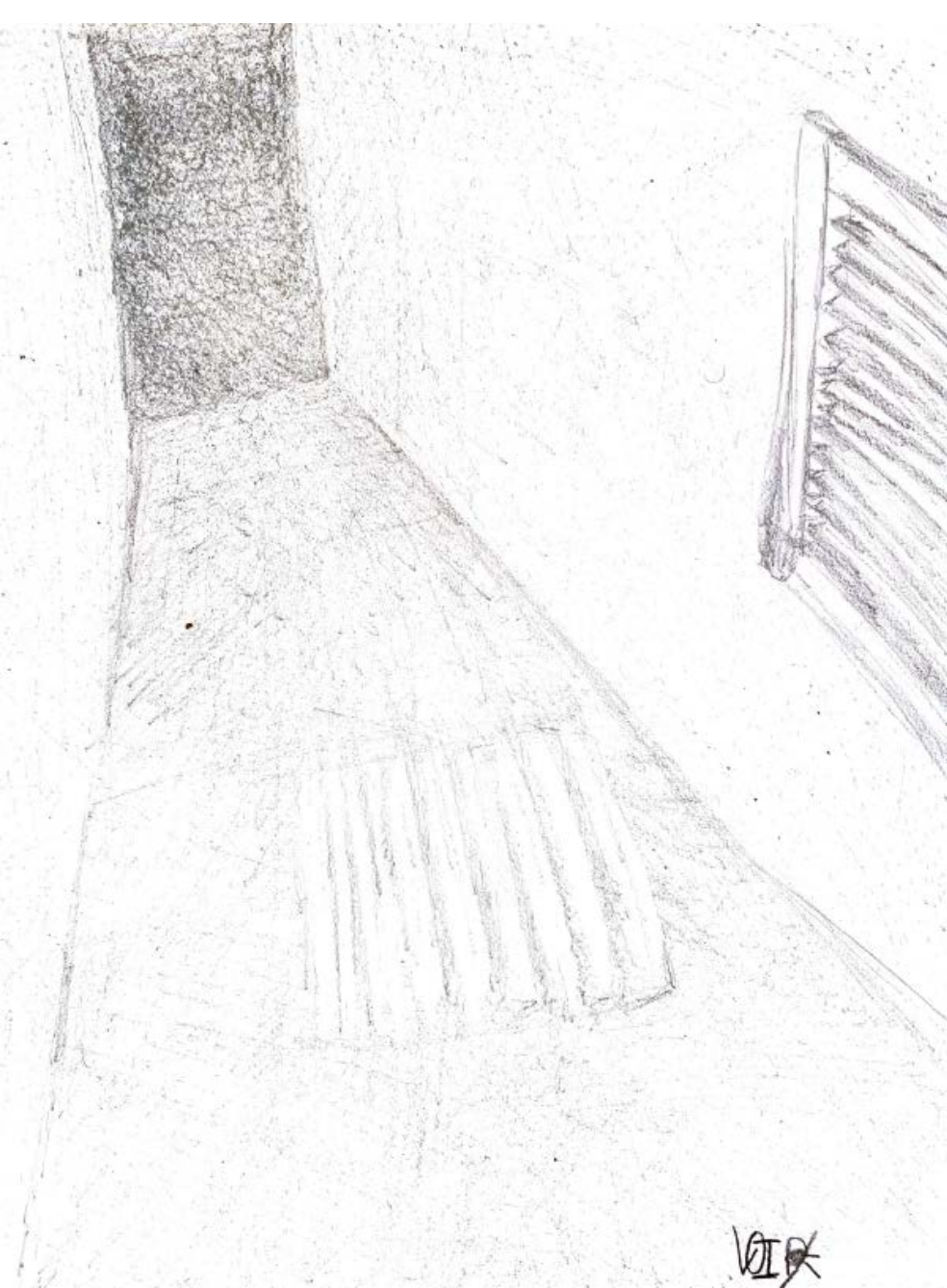


Babylon
1 MI

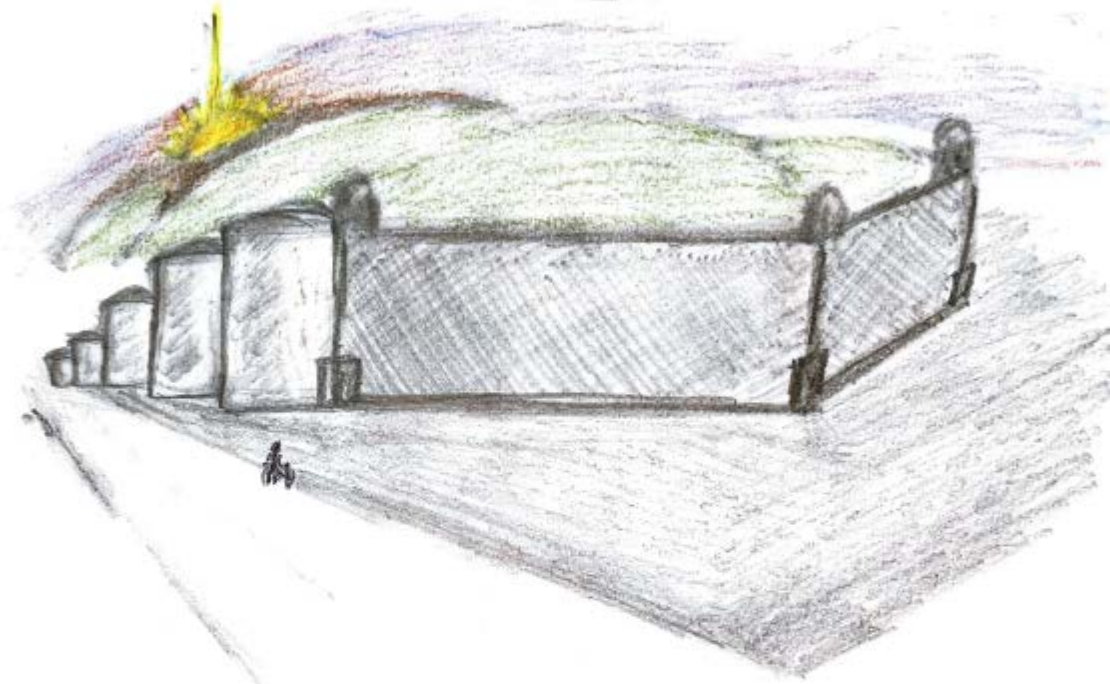
tb



LEONARD
FLORA



**Read the Rumi poem.
Create an artwork inspired by the poem.**



The Annals of
Rumi
pale sunlight, pale the
wall. Love moves away
The light changes. I
need more grace than
I thought.



The wall that I've built is strong. If it was hard to construct, never the less, it has been done for better or worse. It was a necessary evil. After all, it was for my defense. The wall has stood new for many years, and for many more to come. I will do my best to defend the wall from any and all attacks I must protect that which is inside. As time moves forward this wall will grow stronger. This wall is guarding my mind.

Nobi 忍

The color won't stay the same, walkin two inches above everyday for a garden to keep its thorn and juicy berry pricking and pecked, is tough its cool, the night don't swing light at all It can be a cannonball of watching paint dry That doesn't have to be the water leak turned tsunami poltergeist-or over blown, plight when it's all benign Some soft trumpet, light keys makes the floor feel right, dust two inches below no more even i

. I need more grace than I thought. I need more than I thought in case
I love. I'm learning to love learning to break down walls learning to unlearn
years of pale hearts. I find beauty in the shadows I find grace I never
knew existed. I find me staring into walls taking deep exhales
learning into nothingness more than ever without thought without effort
Heart speaks pain exists joy is learned acceptance. in
the. pauses. and. pauses in the --- honesty. self honesty
requires pausing requires feeling requires being here. not there
or here or there or there here. what is here? light & shadow
Pain & freedom? Freedom changes meaning day by day
moment to moment minute to minute.

Deadly Walls

These walls do not defend.
Attack, maim, destroy
Prickly cinder blocks
chipped with stale paint
Sever, separate, swallow
Smiles and shouts and sobs
These walls do not protect.
Tombstone gray concrete
Enclose dead men's bones
Putrid with time's decay
These walls kill.

learning. learning when enough is enough. is it ever
enough? am I enough? what is enough... too much
of something good... pauses, honesty in the pause.
light & shadow. Sounds that move me closer
to the center.

INTERLUDE

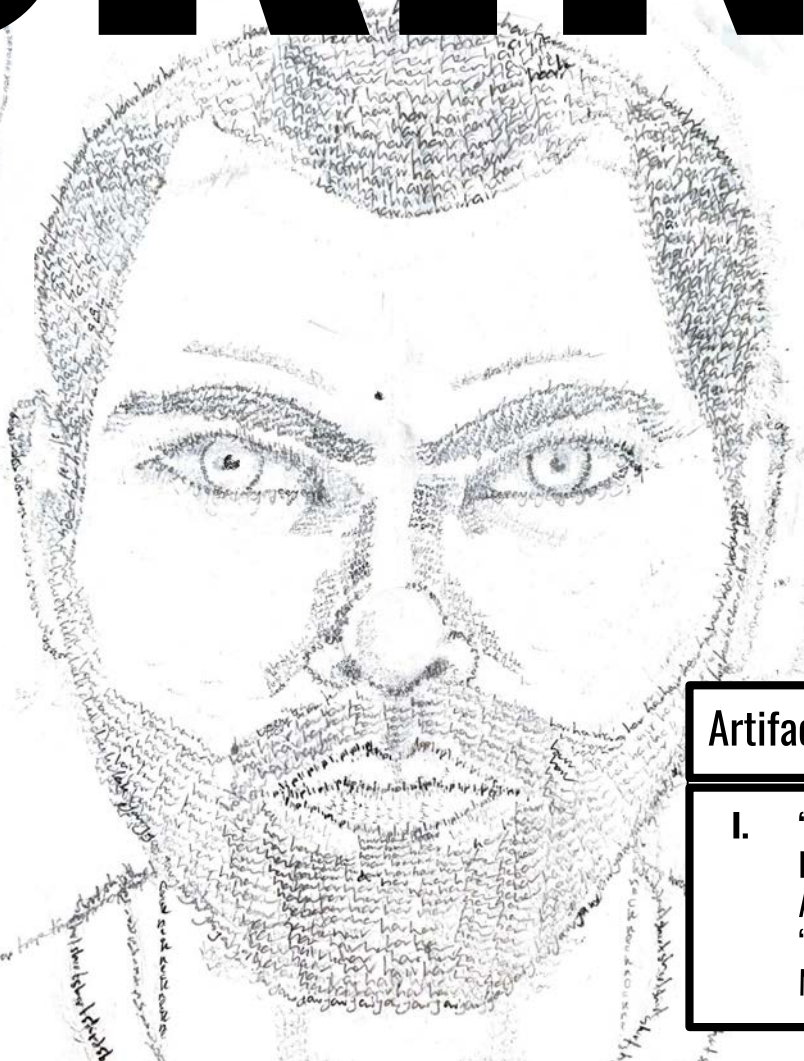
SKIN

What is skin?

Skin is a shield. It protects us from the outside and things that may cause us harm.

What is skin?

A continuous porous membrane



Artifact Inventory

- I. **“Where is Everybody?”**
Domusweb article by Filipa Ramos
About Tomas Saraceno’s interactive art installation,
“On Spacetime Foam”
Milan, Italy 2012





Kumple Still SK.

The Dragon's Heart is separated from the Body and its surrounded by people reaching the Knowledge of ~~the~~ Serpentine. The Energy that emits from the Heart compels All people when they feel the truth they all react in joyous love jumping and praising the one that has been slain. The Heart is still beating After Its Extraction and the people kept it because of Its magical properties. A wave of universal love is sent and the people fall in love with the Dragon's Heart. Every moment lights up their life and Dragon shares its truth!

imitation of life, a path forward, solid yet soft and unsure. Like life, slippery, easy to fall, hard to stand back up. Bottom of the bottom to king of the top, Worlds within worlds. Meant to be fun. Many paths traveled, the majority on their own. Air like uniqueness trapped within. Mirroring reflections like in life going by unnoticed. At the top with nothing to worry about but the fall, plenty of space to roam yet not wanting to be alone.

What is atmosphere?

Atmosphere is the swirling infinite experience that glides around us all, all the time. It morphs and adjusts through every doorway. At times it is completely out of our control and at other times we are the commanders of our atmosphere. Atmosphere is sometimes so thick like a heavy syrup that we can taste it. It consumes us. Atmosphere is sometimes so thin and vacant that we must use our words and emotions to build it up. Inhaling and exhaling, the atmosphere and our bodies eventually become one.

What is a boundary?

A formation to outline our existence. A boundary creates territory through physical objects or mental lines we draw. Boundaries are drawn in our mind and mapped out in space by our eyes. A boundary exists only as we exist around it. A boundary's existence is completely contingent on our own.

What is distance?

Used most often as a reference to measure something arbitrarily, it is so much more than that. It is tangible, visual but also a deep deep feeling inside. To be physically far from someone or some situation can impact humans just as much as separating ourselves mentally from something. In the same token, drawing ourselves mentally nearer to an ideal or goal can transform our life even more than if we are up close to object.

What is sound?

Tiny vibrations create a beautiful dance among tiny delicate bones that transport sound to our brains. Our brain takes this information and develops immediate conclusions. We develop patterns to protect ourselves. We develop patterns to survive. An alert. An amorous feeling. A joy. A secret known. These tiny vibrations are unassuming and simple. What we do with something so simple is truly incredible.

What is measurement?

Whether we realize it or not all of life revolves around measurement. Our judgment and instincts are heavily impacted by measurement. Our lives rotate around it, at its mercy. Days, months, and years. Feet and inches. Even more informal measurement, "Over there", "Far away", "Right here" dictate our routines. Maintaining count and knowledge of these measurements help us maintain control over our lives. Knowing where we fit in to the measurements of our space can keep us safe.

What is texture?

We close our eyes and run our fingers over a surface. Our brains begin running through their catalog of materials. Smooth? Rough? "Where did we store this information?", says our brain to our body. Sharp is not good- brings memories of pain. Smooth is comforting. Rough is confusing. Bumpy is intriguing. Our eyes also work to provide information. Does the texture look inviting? Does it look intimidating? Our mouth joins in at every meal time. Immediate judgments are sent to the brain. Over time our body builds a database of textures and preferences. All organs in our body eventually join in with their evaluations. If we connect well enough we can begin to associate certain textures with certain emotions, tastes, and physical spaces.

What is sensation?

Science teaches us as children to use and develop a relationship with our 5 senses. Biologically this will keep us safe, help us find food, and help us survive as humans. We agree as told to this arbitrary task but as we grow, new sensations are discovered. Some of these cannot easily be explained. It cannot be encapsulated in one word like "smell". Some of these sensations cross the lines. Smells like happiness. Feels like the ocean sounds. Sounds like a pear tastes.

What is proportion?

As humans we are always comparing ourselves to other things. Have you ever noticed that? A blue whale is 18 times the size of a 6 foot man. The space we take up in this world in comparison to the space something else takes up in this world. It is interesting though to think that the proportions of something are only important or exist even because we gave them this importance. Or the powers above us have given them importance and commanded us to give them importance as a means of control.

What is reality?

Vague un-answerable, likely beyond our comprehension. The where / what / when are we. Context in which we exist. Something we are bouncing around inside of, not unlike the lasagna membrane in the shared artist interviewed, or the idea of the spider not seeing but navigating through on a bubble guided by wind and vibrations.

What is compassion?

Human emotional connection. A deep acknowledgement / understanding of another's experience with caring.

What is consciousness?

The right question not enough people are asking. Another possibly beyond our comprehension. When attempting to answer a trip down the road of even more questions. Where is it located? Are we a distinct iteration of it? Or are we just a part of it? Where does the edge that is us end and everything else begin?

What is value?

Intangible subjective assignment of worth, often in context of comparison against something else. Remove the comparison you have empty space, a void, a deeper question. Within a culture of exchanging things that have necessity and / or utility have desirability, also rarity or commonness of a thing changes it's perception.

What is ownership?

Claim to possess or control something. A silly construct, as nothing we possess is truly ours. The best case for anything we have being really "owned" is our awareness, our attention, our bodies, and what we do with them.

What is important?

Simultaneously both nothing and everything. Why take any action? Why take no action? What is important is to be comfortable with difficult questions, be okay if you do not have any answers to them, and be okay if the answer is determined to be there is no answer.

What is good?

A moral / value judgement. Caring for yourself and for people around you. Doing your absolute best at anything you decide to do (any other way only works against you - even if conditions that do not recognize your "goodness"). Working towards continuous improvement.

What is god?

An abstract human explanation for reality and /or an entity that is aware of everything and permeates all of reality.

Roadside

**Read the artist interview that accompanied the photos.
Write an 8 word interview based on this format.
Both you and your partner(s) will answer your interview questions.**

RAW

Word+Art Assignment
11/9/2021
Lucy

What is atmosphere?

Atmosphere I know is all that's above, below and around me..
I can't grab it, move it - get away from it.. It's just there always
beckoning me..

What is a boundary?

Boundary is the space others give me and I give to them..
I can see it, but most time my sixth sense detects it.. Boundaries
are sacred, should not be violated, must be respected..

What is distance?

It's when I'm away from those I love..

What is sound?

It's the "big bang" It's getting your attention

What is measurement?

Trying to figure out our life span on this earth - getting
our selves right.

What is texture?

It's my wifes hair, my baby's skin, comfortable seat, cushion

What is sensation?

It's the tingling in my tired legs before a cramp..
the water in my mouth before my favorite ice cream

What is proportion?

More of what I give compared to less of what I
ask of others..

Word+Art Assignment
11/9/2021
Lucy

What is atmosphere?

The surroundings, emotional, or feelings/attitude
that you find yourself in at a moment or physical
location

What is a boundary?

A line that only a few people may cross

What is distance?

A physical or emotional/time of place

What is sound?

Something pleasant or unpleasant to your ears

What is measurement?

Something to be judged by space or time

What is texture?

feel or taste

What is sensation?

a physical touch or mental/odor experience

What is proportion?

An amount to be allotted.


Rumple Still Skin

1) **What is skin?**

Skin is a shield. It protects us from the outside and things that may cause us harm. It keeps us from being vulnerable, the skin is a metaphorical wall many keep as tough as metal to protect themselves and their emotions.

2) **What is comfort?**

Comfort is the feeling of the sun coming through a window after a long day inside. The warmth the sun rays bring onto your skin is the definition of comfort for me. It feels like a warm hug after a terrible and gloomy day where the clouds loom over your head threatening a storm.

3) **What is purpose?**

Purpose is the itch under my skin to make, to create. To fill a canvas with colors and be the best I can in what I love. Without my passion I simply would not want to live it gives me purpose and drives me forward, I wake up with my hands shaking with the need to make something anything and that will keep me going and sane as long as I am able to use my hands to express myself.

4) **What is gender?**

Gender is boxes others put us in for their own comfort. They can't comprehend the in between the gray that exists in the world, it's simply not black and white or girl or boy. Gender is expected from you from others it's oppressive at times and is used to limit you in many ways.

5) **What is blue?**

Blue is a gloomy Friday after a tiring week. When you draw the sheets all the way up to your neck and simply listen to the music and Potter patter of rain. The time you spend in the orange kitchen light unwinding by making baked goods is blue for the peace is unmatched even if you burned your cookies.

6) **What is air?**

Air is what surrounds us, it's everywhere it supports us from all sides as an invisible pillar.

7) **What is images?**

Image is simply fake, they're your own perception on multiple things, no one perceived anything the same therefore disregard that and simply believe based of of sensations not what your eyes feel think with your emotions and not your eyes and logic and it will grant you peace.

8) **What is light?**

Light is simply something unusual that cuts through your life, a person can be light. They can be positive and upbeat or light can be bright white illumination that burns your eyes when you look at it and is shocking but soothing as you can see everything under the light. It clears up the darkness and suddenly everything is clear.

1) **What is skin?** A continuous porous membrane that covers our bones, muscles and various internal systems & organs. This layer both contains and protects us.

2) **What is comfort?**

Comfort is subject to the individual and what precisely brings them relief, peace, and fulfillment.

3) **What is purpose?**

Purpose is either an object or persons function, or a persons intentions imposed on their community.

4) **What is gender?**

Gender is a reference to one being either male or female as attributed to bodily reproductive organs.

5) **What is blue?**

Blue can be one of the 3 primary colors or a state of emotional stability or feeling.

6) **What is air?**

This is the substance of elements which we breath. It "contains" the elements lighter than itself.

7) **What is images?**

The perception of what the viewer peers at and interprets a specific meaning for.

8) **What is light?**

The absence of darkness, something weighing less than something heavier, or maybe a physical object that provides us with the ability to see at night time.

What is reality? Something that doesn't have to be accepted.

What is compassion? A thing that is lacking in the lives of many.

What is consciousness? Being aware of things that are overlooked by the masses.

What is value? Whatever you made sacrifices for.

What is ownership? To hold power over something.

What is important? The things most don't want to talk about.

What is good? Rocky Road Ice Cream

What is god? The One you put above all else

Roadside

WALOM

What is reality? It's what's in front of you.

What is compassion? An emotion, love, caring

What is consciousness? Being awake

What is value? How much a person cares for someone or something.

What is ownership? something that is owned rightfully

What is important? Anything, depending on the person.

What is good? what ever a person likes

What is god? The creator of the heavens and the Earth.

Roadside



a kereg

HERA© SEVEN1

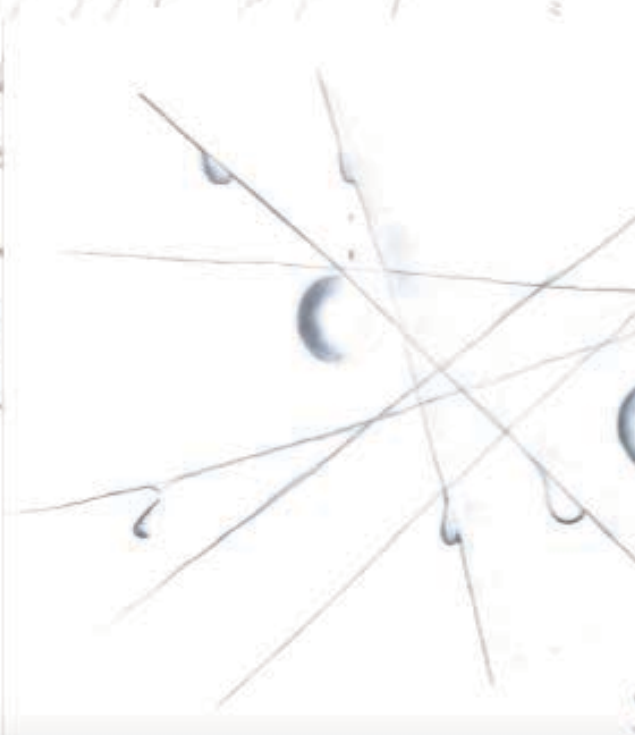
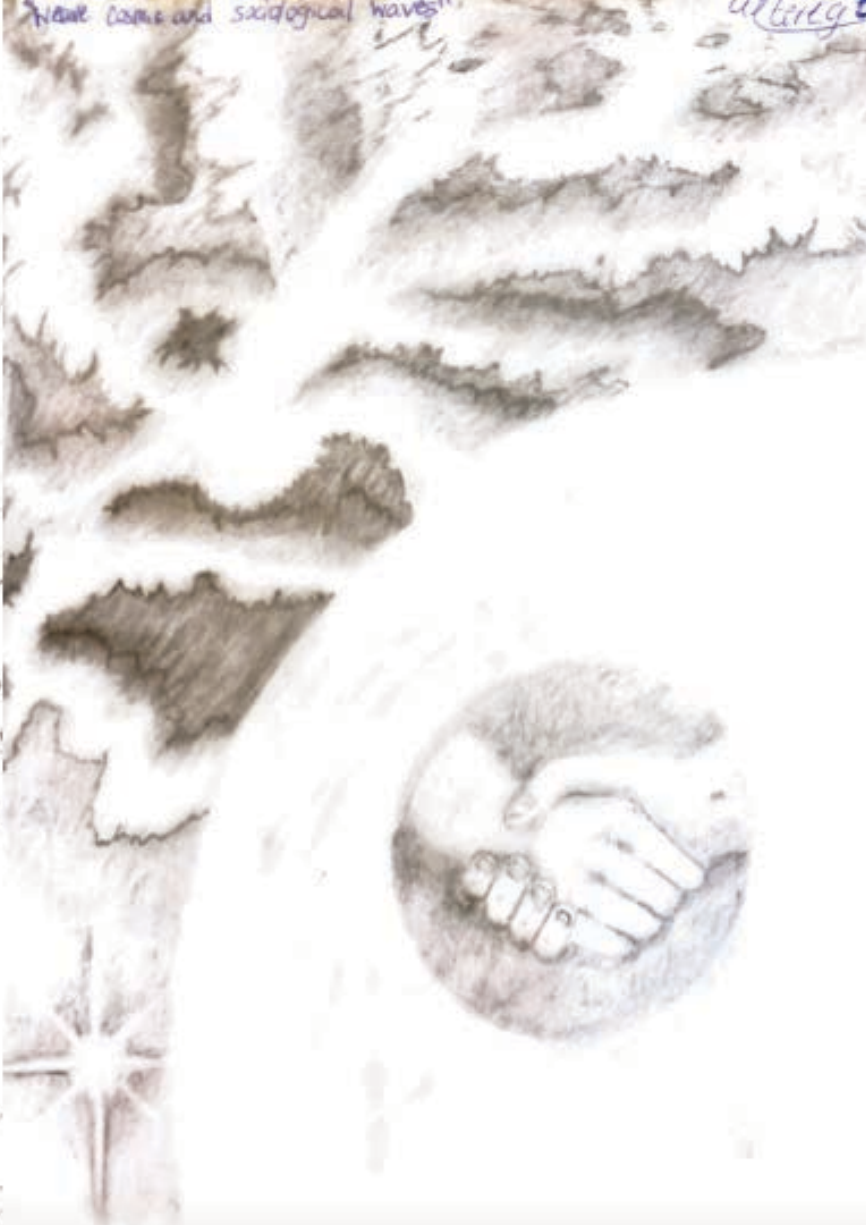
What is balance? Its the ever shifting responsibilities of our life, which, rationally, is difficult to ever keep in balance.
What is sensation? Our ability to sense stimuli from our environment.
What is perception? A subjective point of view that if scrutinized that is never the same as someone elses
What is uncontrollable? Everything and nothing. Its our inability to set our standards or mold something to our specifications
What is mythology? Fiction created from real life people, events, places
What is art? Its this burst of creativity that calls on human beings then turned into something physical.
What is light? The rays from a powerful source of energy that powers us and the world we live in today-
What is isolation? A state of being by oneself that can be either a form of punishment or enlightenment.

HERA© SEVEN1

What is balance? Either end of competing forces that have equal influence.
What is sensation? Sensation is feeling of response. It requires a reaction.
What is perception? The way I see, feel, hear,
What is uncontrollable?
What is mythology? The study of the fantastical
What is art? I never knew what art is until I see it, hear it or feel it.
What is light? A force stronger than darkness. It takes energy to produce light. No effort is required of darkness.
What is isolation? Isolation is severance. The lonely path. That which is no longer sought after. "I AM ISOLATION"

Handwritten scribbles and text, including the word "MONEY" and other illegible marks.

...any of my movements will condition yours



SE THE BLUE
CANDOR'S THE
WILL

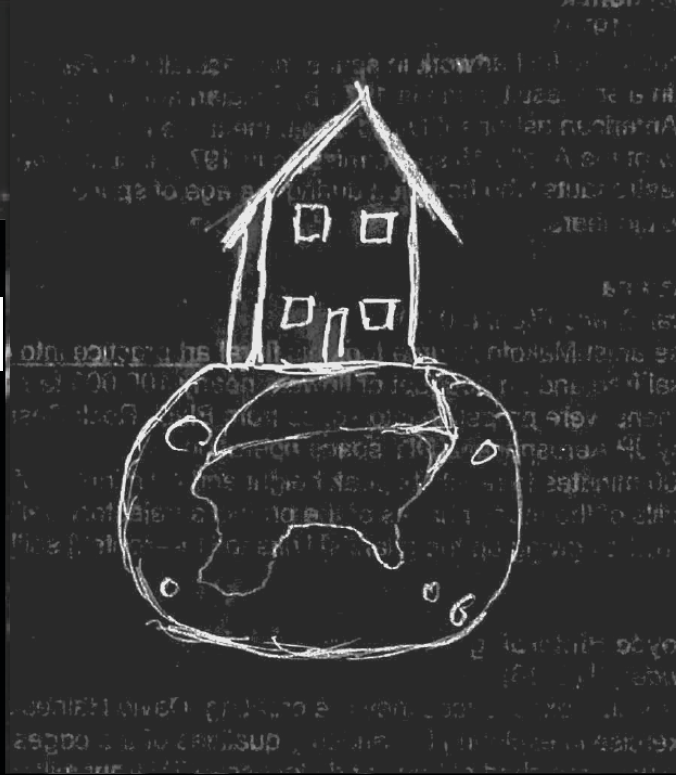
Read the artist interview that accompanied the images you annotated.

Create an artwork inspired by one line from the interview

Silva

CHAPTER 2

EXT ERIOR



SPACES



CHAPTER 2 EXTERIOR SPACES Artifact Inventory

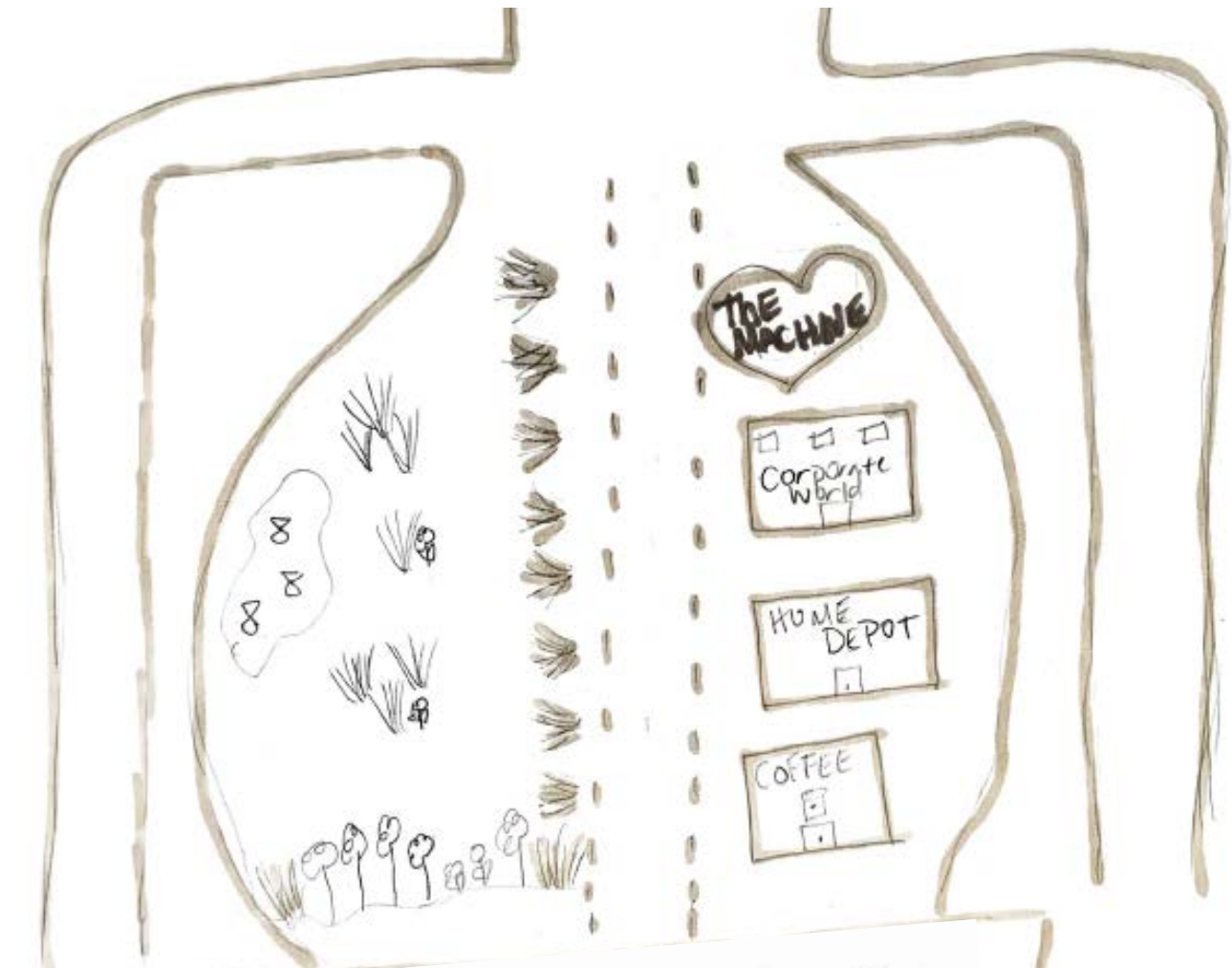
SWAMPS

- I. **“River of Grass”, Chapter 1**
Book by Marjory Stoneman Douglas
Florida, 1947
- II. **Everglades Photography by Clyde Butcher**
From Clyde Butcher’s Website
Florida, 1980s-2010s.
- III. **“Great and Small”**
Short Fiction by Lillie Franks
for the Swamp Ape Quarterly
Florida, Summer 2021

OUTER SPACE

- I. **Artwork in Space**
Articles from BBC.com, Artnet.com
2018, 2019
- II. **The Golden Record**
Details from the NASA website
USA, updated 2021
- III. **Poetry by Sun Ra**
Selections from The Immeasurable Equation
Composed in various US cities, 1940s-1990s

The lights glow bright - almost
 so bright - some areas a cool toned
 home depot lightbulbs and other areas are
 lit up in the harsh fluorescent light of that
 corporate huddle office where the light is
 always on - never turns off. The road forms soft
 areas for children to run barefoot and play
 but in other areas the terrain is cold concrete and
 all business "no play here" says a neon sign, next
 to the factory down the street. A cafe on
 the corner churns out the juice to feed the people,
 their only sustenance besides the abundant shelf
 and faux organic food they feel forced to buy by the
 world. Along the edge of the city something can be
 seen - green? It's a harsh contrast to the grey
 and white. We dare not get too close - not during
 the work week. Tales of energy loss are told in the
 green spaces. The city calls us back - back to work.
 We make, we move, make news, feed the machine
 that gives us life. The sound of the machine is
 so loud the people need to take a pill at night
 to drown out the sound in ~~urban~~ living
 computer. To be able to sleep a bit better for the
 next days work. The machine needs all people
 to have a full battery to move and navigate the
 streets and navigate the maze put before them.
 A few times per year the ~~city~~ machine allows
 for joy and for ~~the~~ the landscape of the city
 to transform with color and light - many lights,
 these lights are different from the one-bulb
 cool toned lights. They twinkle - they
 remind us of the stars that
 once upon a time could be
 seen. That day is soon
 now for the stars
 covers the stars -
 out their money
 lives on.



The wind blows
 Nature disrupted,
 Green grass grows
 Lush play areas call
 Paths long to be explored
 Nighttime stars begin to dance
 Sweet dreams

from the force of the machine,
 for its own selfish gain,
 to feed faux organic cattle
 to children stuck to the TV.
 by adults caught in the ground.
 Man made light blinds
 you may never sleep again

Describe the transitional zones of a South Florida Landscape.



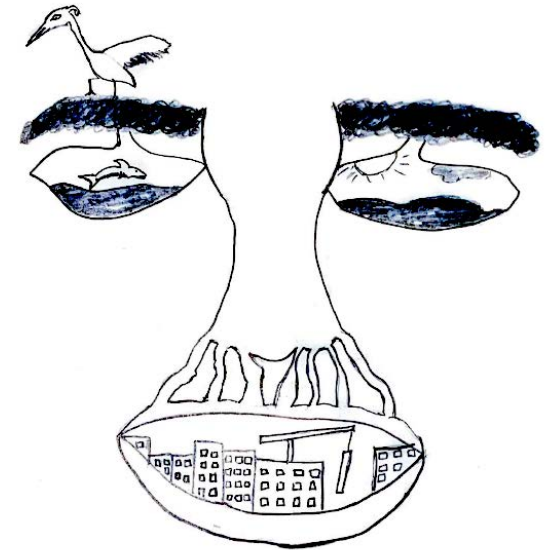
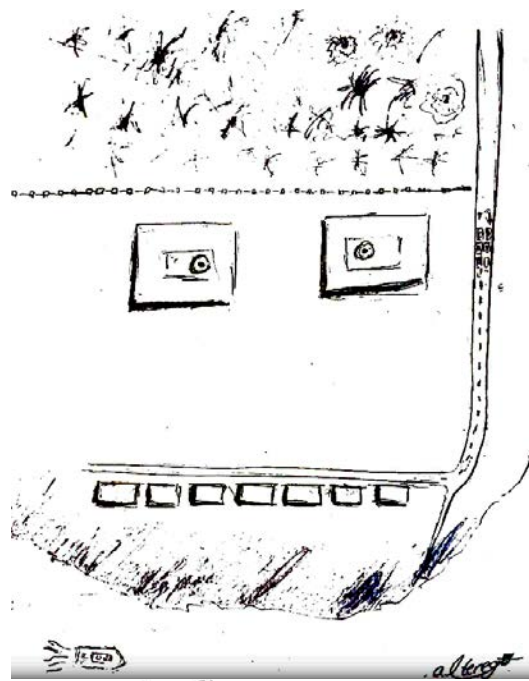
INSIDE WE IS A MATRIX OF NUMBERED STREETS NORTH SOUTH WEST
 LIT ON THE SPONSORED GRID. CARS WHIZZING. DELIVERIES. AN OLD
 WOMAN ON A PORCH SMOKING A CIGAR. WHOLE BUILDINGS UNOCCUPIED.
 WIND THROUGH THE ALLEYS. MASTERS OF INDUSTRY IN SUITS
 WITH PLACES! TO! GO! IN A HURRY. WE'RE SUCCEEDING HERE
 BUT NOT EVERYONE. SOME OF ME IS HUNGRY AND WET CARPOURED
 IS SIRENS. WORKING OUT WARDS SUBURBS. FAMILIAR TOBACCO
 ROWS OF LITTLE HOUSES HOAS WITH BORED HOUSEWIVES
 AT THE HELM FIGHTING TO GET THE NEIGHBOR'S UNSIGHTLY
 SWING DOWN. BEIGE SCHOOL. BEIGE SCHOOL. SHOPPING PLAZA.
 SHOPPING PLAZA. PAWN. PAWN. SALON. GROCERY. LIQUOR. MENTHANE.
 PAWN. SALON. COFFEE. LIQUOR. BEIGE SCHOOL. RED LIGHT. RED
 LIGHT OUT FOR MILES. FOR MILES. REPEAT LITTLE HOUSES.
 SAME FACES ON JEDATE PARTS THAT DONT EXIST ON
 TOP OF EVERY STOP LIT WITH WITCHES
 CORNER. THE CORNER ON EVERY CORNER. BUT THE
 THE SUN HITS THE PRECISE SPOT WHERE THE WESTERN
 DRIVERS' EYES SO. THEY FLICK THE VISOR DOWN TO BLOCK
 THAT

A pen on quiet streets leading to push and pull crossed
 blades, open arms makes the loudest loud quiet ever heard

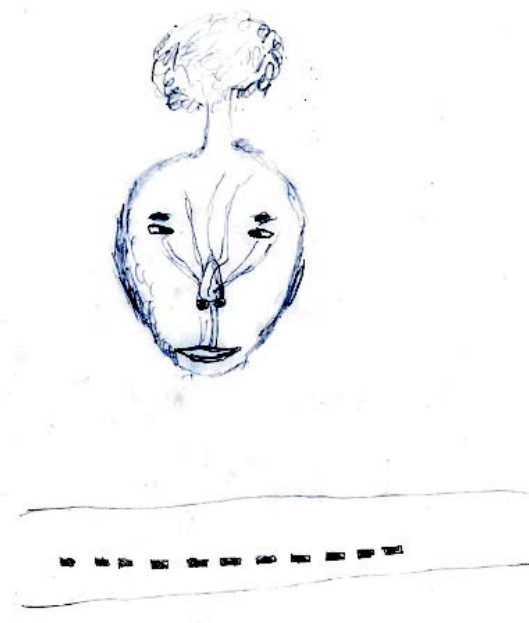
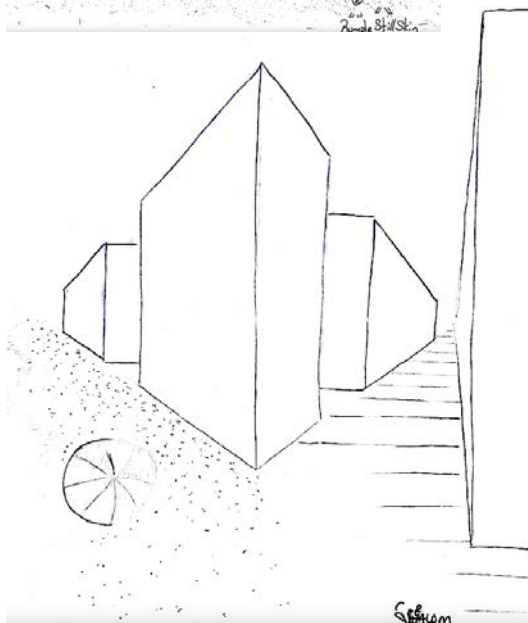
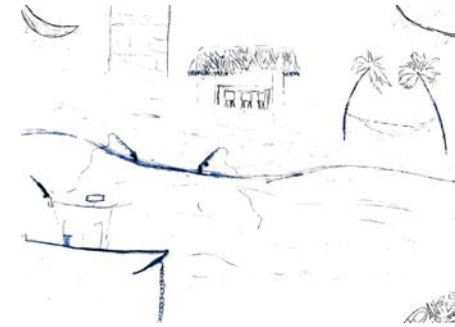
Hey How you
 Doing
 I love
 when are we there
 getting it's so hot
 hung up I can't breathe

And I sing with that loud louder quiet making
 the ripples into trampoline rocket launcher
 stagings and goings having ginger tea
 while the kids play at 9pm on a weekday
 Not thinking about how I used to be the same
 Still doing the same - wanting to

Nobi 37



Draw a self portrait as a South Florida landscape.



Create a stream of consciousness writing about the idea of a "swamp".

MUCK

MUD
I
R
IRE

H
R
T
O
T

L
A
G
O
O
N

A
I
N
L
E
T

W
A
T
E
R

L
I
G
A
T
O
R
S

I
R
B
O
S

P
A
L
M
T
R
E
E
S

T
S
A
W
O
R
A
S
S

B
U
G
G
I
E
S
P
O
P
L
E

air-boat-ride
m
wet

Swamps are muggy like saunas, sucking the sweat from your pores as it whittles away at your patience, peace, and purpose. Swamps are quicksand dragging you down to its unknown depths and the more you struggle to get out the more you are stuck and descend into its muck. Swamps are Florida's blackholes, swallowing human life and remains into darkness. Swamps are where most of Florida's other blackholes are built to warehouse criminals, dragging them deeper into its system the more they try to get out. Swamps contain predators, gators with their shank-like teeth and immense strength, boas and pythons with their ability to coil around you and starve you of oxygen, panthers with their night time eyes hunting you patiently and purposefully. Swamps are nature's prisons.

pardon

pieces

from a
adaptable
ser-



**Read the first chapter of River of Grass.
Identify vivid details that interest you.
Create a work inspired by these vivid details.**

Flame-stained pink leather
 A snowbank on a feet
 Silky Silvery pompoms



WALOM



In the luminous unseen dark of the night the numbers
 open vast open into a black white stream of light like
 and still. Looked like under some darkly under the big pink
 reflections of the stars.

beam wild cats
 diamondback rattlesnake
 quart black gliding Florida coars
 desolate tropical jungle
 serenity



RAH

Word Art

The smooth sliding water Moccasin glided across the rich swamp of the Everglades. It's almost mating season and he needed to get his energy high for his possible bride. He didn't want to be on the hunt this ^{early in the} morning. He had been resting in the muddy root of the ~~about~~ ^{well} rotted pine tree when along came this ~~stiff~~ ^{well} rebellious, ill-mannered and raucous woodpecker ~~came~~ banging above his head. He hated birds but woodpeckers topped the list. All had to share this beautiful and lucious swamp he thought to himself - but why do these woodpeckers always have to make such an uproar. They must suffer from an attention issue he concluded.

This morning he has an appetite for worms. Fishes are good but worms seems to do more for his body. At least they make him less sleepy and with no bones its better on the digestive system. As he approached the bend leading to the edge of the fertile ground who would you believe he ran into? Mr Rattler himself. The King of the Swamp himself. The water Moccasin never recognized the kingship of any rattler. Yes, he agreed, rattlers have a longer reach but pound for pound he would give any shaking, rattling

big-eyed musky muscular rattler a run for his money. Now here is Mr Rattler in the middle of the path pretending not to notice he's blocking the path. The Moccasin thought to himself - "Should I make this a fight or a flight situation?" He chose the latter. He thought of his future bride, and no respectable lady Moccasin wants a wounded mate. He slithered to the bank of the path a good distance from the rattler as the rattling noise got louder.

As he entered the the swamp to indulge he noticed a group of vultures doing what they do best. They were feasting on the dead ~~car~~ carcass of an alligator. How disgusting he thought. Who waits around for death so they can eat?" he wondered. One of the vultures came towards him and ~~st~~ stantly he jumped into his fighting stoma. ~~the~~ Head leaned way back, mouth white and ~~a~~ cotton wide open ready for a strike. Without hesitation the vulture took flight. The water Moccasin slowly recoiled, tactfully glided towards a muddy pile. "I see this is gonna be a trying day," he muttered to himself.

DAN OF THE
FIVE
MOUNTAINS

The Name

I knew the giant landmass - without form, topography or landmass - was, for good reason, unexplored. I have no quixotic fascination with the area known to the Spaniards as El Lago del Espiritu Santo, but I am drawn to the pristine majesty of the untamed Flatland.

Entering the wetland required months of preparation. I knew this river of water, grass and wilderness would be my most challenging expedition yet. The heat never relent and the humidity was a heavy blanket, suffocating the life out of the rolling breeze. The water is an ethereal endlessness, constantly submerging my green rubber boots. The tall grass gnawed at exposed skin like a lumberjack's whipsaw. Chopping at the thick grass with our machetes was the only way to ease the next man's passage behind you. Trampling had little effect and actually caused the sawgrass to shred more than it already did.

We were never struck with tropical fevers or malaria as we would be lead to believe. We did encounter underwater monsters that pulled a man's feet from under himself, twisting the shrilled screams into a feasting pit. They are stealthy creatures almost always, seemingly, underfoot.

The conditions here are changeless repetitions of itself. Marsh, swamp, sawgrass, few trees, just an enormously endless river - an Everglade.

paradox

No Man's Land

Jake slowly opens his eyes. He feels the blood pulsing through his body as aftershocks to a massive earthquake right in the center of his head. *What the hell happened?* he wonders as he attempts to take in his surroundings between the bursts of lightning between his ears. His blurred vision begins to take the shape of a panel with many levers, dials, buttons... *Cockpit*. The word materializes as does the steering wheel still clutched in his white knuckle grip. *Crash*. This time it's the pain searing through his left arm that triggers his memory as he remembers how to move his extremities. *Where am I?*

As his right hand undoes the ~~seat~~ belt that most likely saved his life, Jake recalls the last thing he saw as his propeller plane reunited with the earth: a ~~rolling~~ sea of saw grass ready to spark anywhere and burst into boiling red flames, crackling like a vast frying pan. He actually heard the crackling and even smelled smoke, a smoke that was apparently coming from the plane he was still sitting in. He didn't start to panic until the door refused to open, shifting quickly yet carefully in his seat to place the soles of his boots on the windshield while wary of his left shoulder that was definitely separated.

Thwack! His boots felt strong resistance by the glass and his adrenaline pumped harder. Thwack! A second blow brought him nowhere nearer to the outside, get the smoke slowly began to seep into the cockpit. *Gun*. He remembered that he always carried it with him, but never thought that he'd have to use it like this. He reached towards the compartment that held his would be savior and grunted in pain as he bumped his left shoulder into the wheel while trying to unlatch the panel. There. The panel fell open and he reached inside coiling his fingers around the cool handle and firm trigger. This was one day he was glad he always left a round in the chamber.

The shot rang out as it left the barrel and pierced the glass turning it into hundreds of bands. It sounded as if a cannon went off in the small confines of the cockpit and he silently prayed that the ringing in his ears wouldn't be permanent, but Jake set that thought aside as this time his boots

The wild life, owls hooting
whistling echoing cries.

Beasts prowling. ^{bear}
The black Florida rooting
and grumbling eating grubs
and berries scorning no
mice.

Panthers digging for turtle
eggs, Prey snarling never
to be tamed.

The Cypress pools, watery
glades from lake to sea.

The otter with webbed
hands more cunning than
Raccoons.

The herons standing rigid,
The ibis flying high.

Trees centuries old, mosses
around their roots.

Bald eagles lazily lifting,
Ospreys fishing.

Lake Jungles, Pine, live oaks,
Palmettos, Cypress, subtropic
place to the south.



"Look at any randomly selected piece of **your world**. Encoded deep in the biology of every cell in every blade of grass, in every insect's wing, in every bacterium cell, is the history of the third planet from the Sun in a Solar System making its way lethargically around a galaxy called the Milky Way.

<https://thecitesite.com> › authors › brian-cox

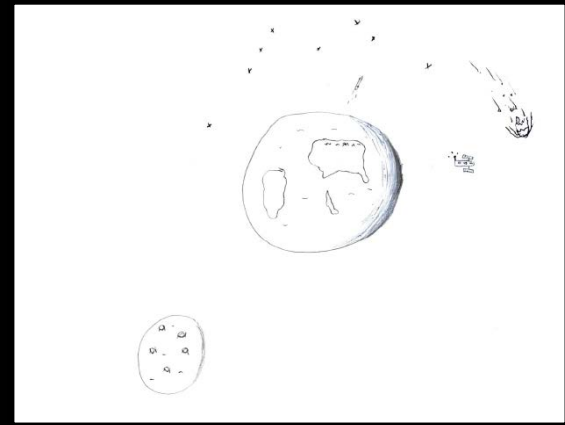
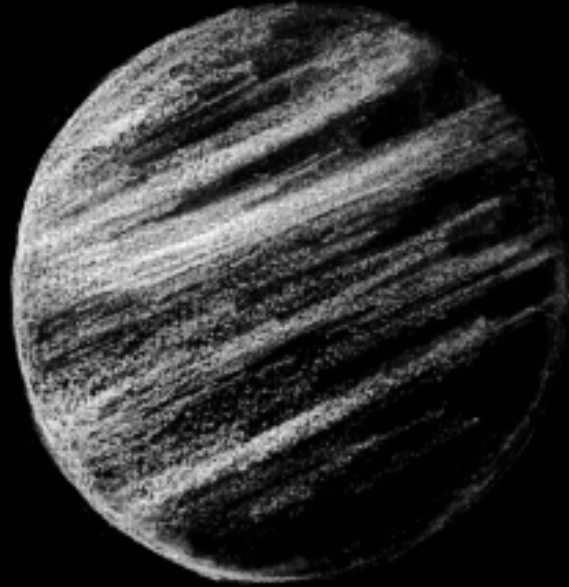
[Best 22 Brian Cox Quotes - The Cite Site](#)



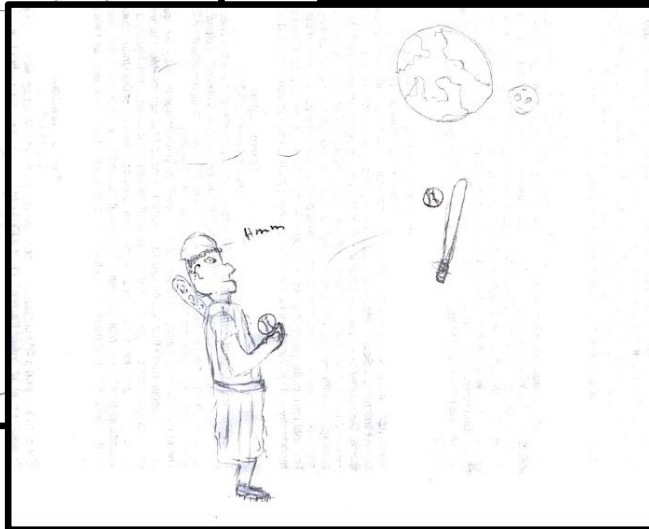
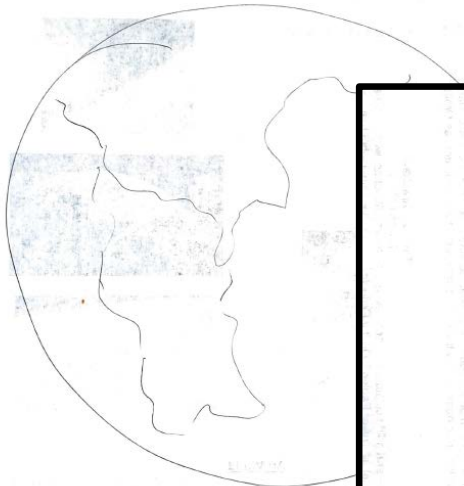
I Ask myself what is there before space
(From what is space)



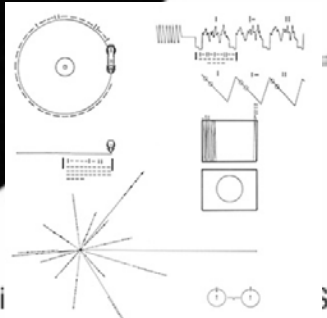
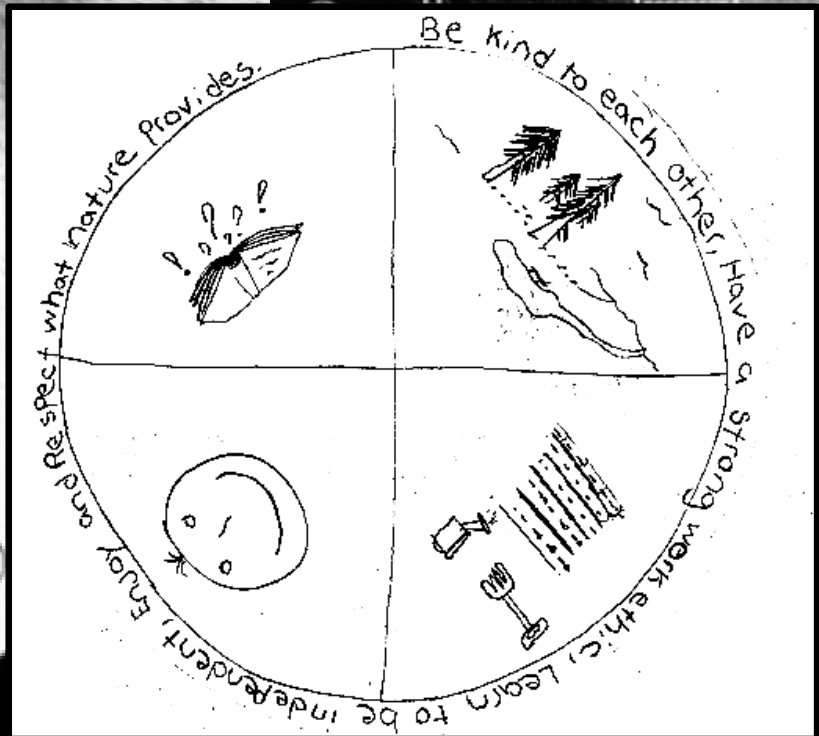
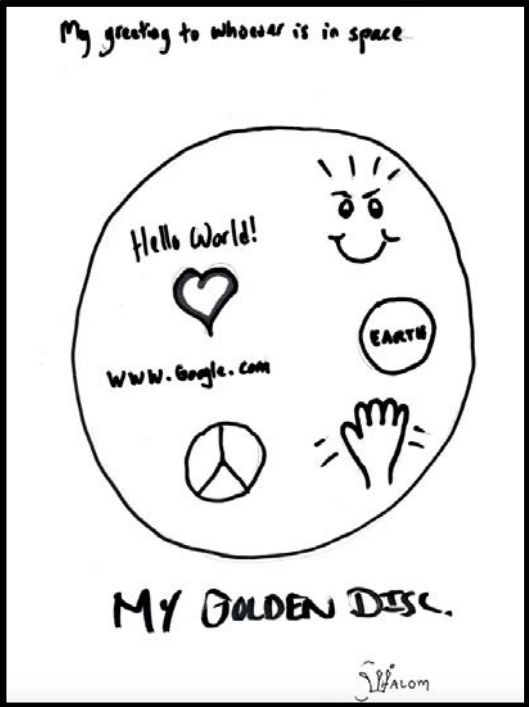
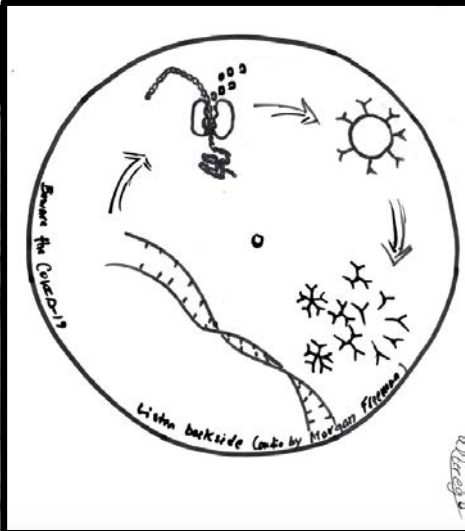
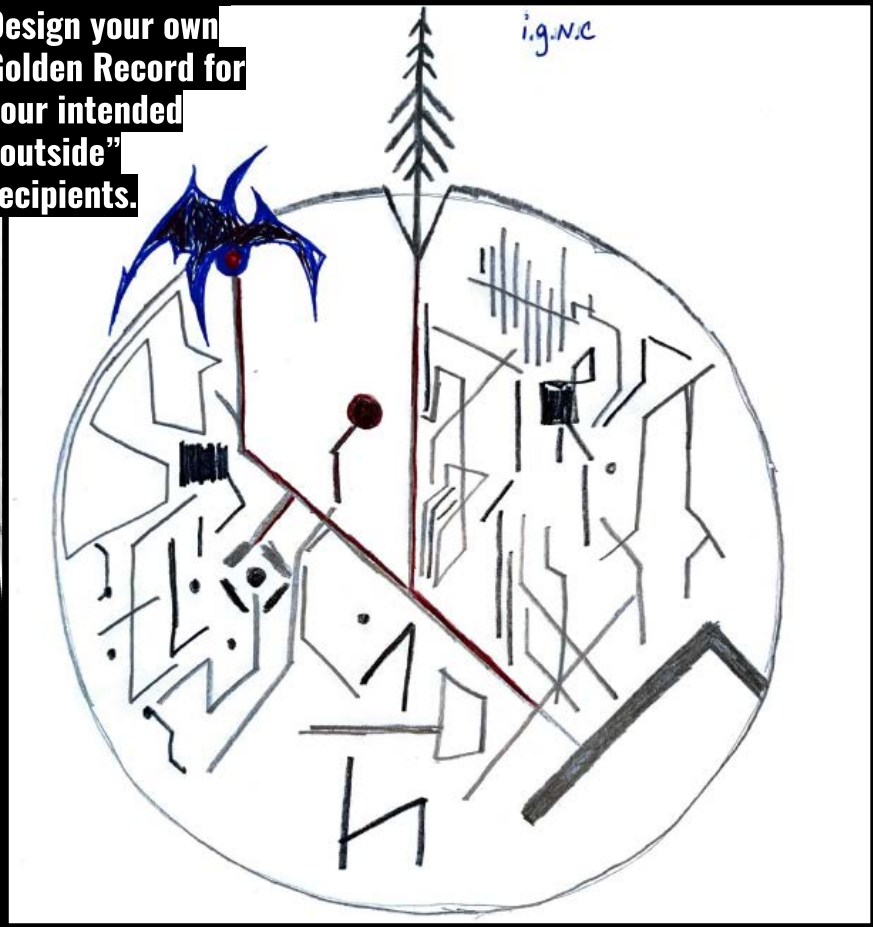
SPACE



HELLO?



Read about the Golden Record that humans made to communicate with future humans and/or extraterrestrials. Design your own Golden Record for your intended "outside" recipients.



The Golden Record cover shown with its extraterrestrial instructions.

Read selections from Sun Ra's poetry book.
Write a piece inspired by this work.

Sun Ra

The Immeasurable Equation

The Collected Poetry and Prose
compiled and edited by
James L. Wolf and Hartmut Geerken

The Arm

The arm thrust itself through the dry-baked earth
Its fingers moved and reached toward space
And searched like eyes, in far places for
The sight of beauty.
The arm twisted and turned with lightning
Imperativeness as if to reach the point
Of the borders of the day that touch
Each other on the rim of the precision-discipline.
Where is the place of the circles of
the eternities?
Suddenly the arm played music sounds
The world had never heard before . . .
And yet the world knew the meaning of the sounds
The sounds commanded another weight of the way.
Like a greater light, a living fire
They held the greater day of the alter-age
Through sundry equations of projection-being.

pardon

The Toes

The toes wriggled themselves into the sands
sands of Miami Beach
90th and Collins
sands of time
time gone by
trickling
trickling
trickling
sands of the universe
uncountable
untouchable
unfathomable
sands between toes
priceless memories
now unreachable
sands as far as the stars
sands as many as the stars
sands on another star

Control over those who are

Every person has a place

Paul Van Hooydonck, *Fallen Astronaut* (1971). Courtesy of the artist.

Sloshing from place to place

Level Revelations falling in space

David Haines and Joyce Hilsbosch, *Soudsblo (descender 1)* (2016). Image courtesy of David Haines & Joyce Hilsbosch.

Float with meaning and purpose

Looming questions continue to reign

Trevor Bogle, *Orbital Reflector*, rendering. Courtesy of Trevor Bogle and Nevada Museum of Art.

Stylized signature

A still from an animation of Tavares Strachan's *Epoch* (2018) in space.

