

*Ted Hiebert*

Thought hurling itself into the abyss and coming up with nothing is not necessarily a performance of extinction if treated as an exercise in feeling its limits.

— S. D. Chrostowska<sup>1</sup>

This is an attempt to exhaust a certain matter of fact, by which I really mean the facts of a matter of fact since what matters most is that facts impact matter without any reason for that to be the only version of the story. I'm interested in the opposite rendition—how matters impact facts, what philosopher Johnny Golding eloquently calls “radical mattering,” which in my case isn't that radical but is nonetheless still a matter of mattering facts.<sup>2</sup> But it's perhaps worth noting that facts aren't really required for this kind of mattering. That is, the matter of mattering—while related on a certain commitment to matters—does not require that what matters be a matter of fact. That is, mattering matters more than the facticity of what matters.

If the logic begins to sound circular, that's on purpose—an effort of ambiguity designed to circumnavigate the matter of facts in favor of the manners of mattering. Circling leads to a process of questioning, which is really the point since the questions are what keep the circling from becoming merely a circle. What matters is not the circle but the manner of circling since that is what anchors its materialized perpetuity

("Questioning builds a way," as Heidegger put it.<sup>3</sup>). The mattering of facts is in fact what matters. And importantly, at a certain moment of circularity, it begins to look like mattering matters more than the matters themselves. A reversal of direction, like the way that car wheels sometimes seem to be spinning backwards even while moving forwards. For what matters most—perhaps even more than mattering itself—is that mattering resists becoming a fact of the matter. An altering of direction is required, a perception of movement that refuses to correspond to the actual motions in play. An alternating facticity that sets mattering against itself such as to avoid mattering becoming alone what matters. It doesn't matter if mattering falls down. For one does not fight facts with alternate facts, but by alternating facts such that emergent veracities are less bound to structures of fact and more to the processes of circling, reversibility and transformation that keep them in motion. In this sense, questioning is catalytic in a way that answering can never really be. Don't be fooled that it doesn't make sense. That might be its criterion.

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In "Criterion Creation: A Metaepistemological Problem in Perspective," S. D. Chrostowska argues that conviction is a more important component of establishing criteria than certainty—taking on theories of knowledge in order to distill the metaepistemological nuances of criterion formation.<sup>4</sup> After the fact, I realized that I had misread the title, conceptualizing the idea of the criterion as a problem of perspective: thinking that the manner and mattering of a criterion might shift depending on how it is looked at. Rather

than putting the task of establishing a critical perspective, my mistake was to do just the opposite: to forego the search for cohesive singularity in order to establish what I assumed would be a relational theory of metaepistemological engagement. The misreading catalyzed a questioning, which is kind of the point of the article anyways, even in its non-misread form: to misread but still understand, or perhaps to misunderstand productively, to which an essay is still due credit even if that wasn't its point at all.

Catalysis is especially interesting when seen epistemologically, since catalysis—being generative of a reaction it does not itself yet contain—might be thus considered a fundamentally creative process.<sup>5</sup> But the idea of creativity as a process is rather opposed to the idea of creativity as an act of mattering since the “art coefficient” in creative matters (as opposed to creative processes) is directly tied to a dialogical episteme rather than to an individual actor. As Duchamp put it, “All in all, the creative act is not performed by the artist alone; the spectator brings the work in contact with the external world by deciphering and interpreting its inner qualification and thus adds his contribution to the creative act.”<sup>6</sup> Creative mattering has no proper subject and no stable definition, being dependent on relational constellations of engagement rather than determining factors of mattering facticity. It nonetheless manifests but eschews the romanticism of creative genius by acknowledging the metaepistemological condition of relational constitution. Creativity, from this perspective, is a (post-authorial) social process. Or—perhaps better stated—a pataphysical pedagogy in which “the defining moment of pedagogy occurs when one who speaks doesn't know what was said but those who listen nevertheless understand.”<sup>7</sup>

But it's all a little too neat. Romantic, even. It is a position that makes perfect sense, an inspiring amount of sense, so much sense that I wonder whether it isn't worth trying to push the argument right off the creative edge in ways that will inevitably fail to meet the metaepistemological challenge but might, in thus failing, add certain performative perspectives to the criterial debate. Or, in other words, socialize criteria, even if such a conceptualization risks tipping into a spiraling form of generative nonsense rather than cleanly orbiting the aspiration towards perspectival lucidity. Does catalysis have a criterion of sense?

### Drawing attention

I place my pen at the center of the page and begin to draw a line, spiraling outwards as slowly as I can. Always in a circle—or a close approximation thereof—around and around until the pen falls off the page. The circling can be loose or tight, it doesn't really matter. But what does matter is that it is purposeful—it matters that I am not doodling, for instance. Doodling in fact is the enemy of this exercise since its context is absent-mindedness. Not that there is anything wrong with being absent-minded (there are other great methods for that!) but that's not the current goal, which is focused engagement, and in focused engagement the cultivation of an ability to tune out to the noise of the world. To spiral is to attune—to tune into the act of circling, certainly, but more importantly to tune out to the rest of the world. Negative attunement: white noise as earworm. But to tune out to the world is not to tune the world out. Specifically, the distinction I am trying to draw—literally—is an act of suspension, not of rejection.



Ted Hiebert. *Spirograph*, 2017. Ink on paper.

Circling creates—under most conditions—an element of centripetal or centrifugal force, depending on how the circling relationship is enacted. Drawing is no different.

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One of the exercises in Marina Abramovic's method for attuning to the lived performance of presence is to write one's name on a piece of paper, as slowly as possible.<sup>8</sup> The goal is to take a full 60 minutes to write one's name, with the condition of continual movement (of the pencil or pen) and focus (of the writing intention). It's a big ask in a technological era that disrespects time that could be spent more efficiently—if one is to dedicate an hour to writing one's name why not see how many times one could write it, turn the process into something more virtuosic, and in the process construct a competitive platform for the comparative assessment of performance? Who could write their name the most times in an hour? That seems like a challenge. But to write it slowly? "Painful" is how one student of mine described the process—a full-on perception of time being purposefully wasted. Or, perhaps better stated, of productivity being suspended. The spiral, then, as a symbol of suspension.

Alfred Jarry's 1896 woodcut *Véritable portrait of Monsieur Ubu* depicts a costumed Ubu with a large spiral on his stomach—a scarlet symbol of pataphysical shame that is also an icon to the scientific insistence of an imaginary movement. The spiral is an intestine but it is also a failed circle—or perhaps more pointedly, an insistence on the ridiculousness of the circle as a biological form. Circles deride process by pretending to be self-contained. In other

words, circles are self-justifying and as a consequence neither criterial nor particularly social. Heidegger claimed that a technology only really reveals its metaphysical conditions at moments of failure. But what Heidegger didn't realize was that technological success is meta-failure. Or, a technology that does not reveal its edges fails in advance to actually be itself. Existence is failure (this is the natural extension of Camus's "I rebel, therefore we exist"), an idea built into the idea of the idea itself. Failure thus becomes the criterion of existence (or ideas), at least when conceived technically, which is to say metaphysically. Graham Harman's "withdrawn objects" notwithstanding, the failure of technological metaphysics reveals the relational structure at the core of pataphysics. Jarry claimed that pataphysics extends "as far beyond metaphysics as the latter extends beyond physics"<sup>9</sup> but perhaps more accurate would be to nod to Paul Virilio and say that pataphysics is the accident of metaphysics (just as metaphysics is the accident of physics), noting that with the invention of any technology comes the invention of its accident.<sup>10</sup>

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But the argument is slippery. If a spiral is an imperfect circle then it must also circle imperfectly. A spiral must fail to spiral in order to maintain its criterial contour. A perfect spiral is imperfect. Otherwise it lacks identity, and with identity, recognizable markers of difference. Or, differently put, a perfect spiral fails to differentiate itself from the idea of the spiral, thus foreclosing on the possibility of being recognized as itself. A spiral must fail to spiral perfectly in order to become a(n imperfect) spiral.

This is Magritte's "treachery of images," seen as a conceptual claim rather than simply as a painting. The image of a pipe with the words *ceci n'est pas un pipe* written underneath is normally taken as a statement of the obviously complex relationship between objects and their representations. But the title is significant, for if this painting is actually an instance of *treachery* (as Magritte claims with the title) then the insidious element of the painting is not its obvious meaning but actually the opposite. *Ce n'est pas pas un pipe*. Treachery is in the double negative that masquerades as a negation of presence. But images don't fail to represent their subjects. They succeed too well, so well that we confuse the two, ideologically short-circuiting the very difference between them. *Ceci n'est pas un pipe*. But yes it is a pipe! Though, of course, no, it is a painting. But one cannot smoke the painting. Well, one could, but only in the way that kids smoke banana peels under the high school bleachers, which is to say the opposite way from which one smokes a pipe. And in any case, to do so would ruin the painting. The pipe can be smoked without ruining it. The painting, not so much.

It's less a paradox than a harnessing of attention; specifically, that aesthetic form of attention that is not attentive to its own investments of attention. Differently put, attention is an aesthetic mode and because of this it has about it a certain element of treachery. Or, as the artist Andrew Buckles insists: one does not draw images; one draws attention—most often one's own.<sup>11</sup> That they look like images is simply the treachery of aesthetic masquerade. Or the failure that makes them a spiral.



Refrain: *I take it back. Or not. In fact, maybe so much not that the act of taking it back becomes the counterpoint to the failed attempt at establishing a criterion. Poetic leverage. It's a little too tidy—but it works. More a circle than a spiral. A failure to fail. Try again.*

## Laser Pointer Theory

I sit in a dark room with a laser pointer in my right hand. Facing me is a mirror, which I know because I put it there, not because I see it. I can't see it. The room is dark. So dark that I see nothing. But insofar as I know the mirror is there, I suppose I still do see it, in a certain manner of speaking. But what manner of speaking would that be? It's not really imagining, since my sight comes from knowledge, or maybe from memory, even though it's only been a minute or two since the lights have gone out. But it's also not really knowledge because I can't actually see it anymore, and the idea that it is a memory derides the fact that I put it there on purpose to be part of a present activity. But I did set it there. And a camera too, though I can't see it either. In my left hand, however, I have a remote—for the camera that I can't see but know to be there. I point my laser at the mirror and turn the camera on. It is set to a long exposure so that it will record an action rather than simply an image. In the dark, time and scale shift—knowledge becomes imagination, memories are second-guessed, and different ways of imagining vision become possible. I point the laser at my nose and begin to circle, around and around and around my face until the laser beam falls off.



In Hervé Guibert's *Ghost Image*, a theory of photography is inspired by an image that was never realized—a failed exposure of his mother that did not verify the elaborate details of the situation, but instead, in failing solidified the story as itself the archive of the moment. Baudrillard insisted that the world exists to be photographed, but in Guibert's rendition, the failure of the drive-to-documentation reveals its own haunting persistence.

My father forbade my mother to wear makeup or dye her hair, and when he photographed her he ordered her to smile, or he took the picture against her will while pretending to adjust the camera, so that she had no control over her image.<sup>12</sup>

In response Guibert did just the opposite—inviting his mother to dress herself as she pleased, to put on make-up, to experiment with poses, theatrics, *becoming*. And all the while, he took her pictures. It was designed to be a perfectly redemptive moment, except the film did not expose properly and the images all turned out blank. It was a real world failure, but one that Guibert confesses catalyzed the writing of the book itself: “the text would not have existed if the image had been taken ... this text is the despair of the image ... a ghost image.”<sup>13</sup> In his mind, the ideas were vibrant precisely because the images failed—perhaps more

Ted Hiebert. *Spirograph*, 2018.

Color photograph, laser pointer.

vibrant than any actual picture could ever be. The idea of his mother exactly as she wasn't—or a memory that refused the camera to insist on the incommensurability of the moment itself. Entirely un-verifiable, but all the more concrete for that ephemerality. *Ceci n'est pas un image*. Much less (there is no image) and much more (there is everything but the image: the memory and the experience!). And out of this complexity, a theory of photography is born.

According to Nietzsche, we only remember what hurts.<sup>14</sup> And while the camera largely now remembers for us, those moments where technological memory fails can sometimes catalyze—as they did for Guibert—a human relationship to memories as living moments waiting to not be forgotten. The trick is to try to find a way to do it on purpose.

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A 2018 UK law makes it illegal to “shine or direct a laser beam towards a vehicle which is moving or ready to move.”<sup>15</sup> The criterion for the crime—punishable by a prison term of up to five years—rests on the question of whether the laser beam “dazzles or distracts, or is likely to dazzle or distract, a person with control of the vehicle.”<sup>16</sup> This because a well-aimed laser can actually blind a pilot, “lighting up” the cockpit of an aircraft with an intensity that prevents regular vision from focusing on its surroundings.<sup>17</sup> It's not that surprising when one recognizes that a well-aimed laser pointer can certainly blind a camera—causing intense lens flare to the point of rendering the image entirely unusable. Point one into your eyes and you will find something similar. But a laser-pointer can also light a match on fire, igniting the combustible tip by the same power of focused illumination.

A light that bursts into flames before disappearing forever—causing panic, potential accident, or metaepistemological blindness. It's catalysis of a sort, though its sort feels somewhat violent (a violence that itself is photographic). Illuminated darkness.

There is something about S. D. Chrostowska's book *Matches* that resonates for me with Guibert's photographic story, grounded as it is in a theory of the unexposed. Only, maybe in an opposite direction. For me it's about darkness—not the image as a site of illumination but as representative of a moment waiting to burst into presence and then die. The kind of darkness you don't want to use a flashlight to see but a laser pointer or a lighter. A persistent light would illuminate too much and in so doing fail to actually reveal the dramatic power of the moment itself. And, if we follow Chrostowska and call her vignettes "matches" then this long book of short meditations is designed with combustibility in mind—ideas then worth torching in the process of encounter. Not made to last but made to quickly blind then extinguish, "to stand out and fall flat," leaving an afterimage that inevitably suffers from an ambiguity of memory—though images that also survive precisely because of this ambiguity.<sup>18</sup>

Matches are not ambiguous images however. Rather, they make ambiguous the world itself, casting beautiful shadows, dancing images, then extinguishing with dramatic flair. And to make sense of (or to orient oneself towards) such (ambiguous) situations, Chrostowska—in a slightly different context—argues that it is necessary to "overcom[e] ambiguity by an effort of conviction."<sup>19</sup> However, if instead one wanted to preserve this trajectory towards the experiential (or even epistemologically) uncertain, it might

be worth insisting on the opposite: to insist on the lived vertigo of undecidability, or the combustible destiny of ideas and experiences. To overcome conviction by an effort of ambiguity.

*Refrain: I take it back. Or not. In fact, maybe so much not that the act of taking it back becomes the counterpoint to the failed attempt at establishing a criterion. Poetic leverage. It's a little too tidy—but it works. More a circle than a spiral. A failure to fail. Try again.*

## Disorientation Exercise

I walk into a park, raise my video camera to chest-level and start spinning. Nothing fancy, just turning around and around and around. Until I fall down. Along the way I stumble and sometimes catch myself, I look up and around and notice that that does little to the project of staying upright, but that's ok. I know from dance and martial arts that there would be ways to avoid getting dizzy during this activity. It usually involves fixing the eyes on a point in the horizon or spinning the head first and allowing the body to follow. I don't use those methods. I want to fall down. The idea is to mess up the default ways in which the world appears. To see the world differently. The goal is dizziness. The method is spinning. I am searching for the simplest methods. It takes much less time than I expected—maybe 90 seconds at most (see the world anew in only 90 seconds!). Around and around and around. And then I fall down. But what I failed to factor in is that as my vision spins, so too does my body. Specifically my stomach. The world continues to spin after I fall, which is a great revelation, though I would



Ted Hiebert. *Spirograph*, 2017.  
Performance. Magnuson Park, Seattle.

be happier with my new insights if my belly didn't feel like it was about to exit my body two ways.

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The attempt to share disorientation presents a logistical conundrum since, in a relatively literal way, disorientation cannot be rendered representationally. That is, representation will inevitably fail to convey disorientation precisely at the point where disorientation itself becomes the subject of communication. Put differently, to talk about disorientation (in a way that makes sense) is to betray the spirit of that which is under discussion. This is not to say that disorientation is nonsensical (though it might be) but rather that its relationship to sense is superfluous. In this sense, disorientation might be best thought of as pseudo-sensical (para-sensical?) since it represents a state of mind that fails (and perhaps must) to bind itself to the (infra) structural conditions of sense. It has coherence but its state of being is not indebted to sense nor particularly dependent on any form of radical repositioning of sensical necessity. Disorientation is decidedly unradical and yet it is this lack of ambition that is its most ambitious mattering.

In *On Certainty*, Wittgenstein proposes the interesting idea that he has “a right to say ‘I can't be making a mistake about this’ even if I am in error.”<sup>20</sup> He does not really mean it as an epistemological generalization—the statement is catered to thinking through right and wrong ways to play the game of conviction. But I always wondered whether the inverse of this statement might be made to function with a certain performative cohesion—the idea that I might have the right to say (or even to believe) that “I am making a



mistake” about something, even if I am not in error? There is a certain operant theatricality here, one that Wittgenstein acknowledges too when he says: “The sentence ‘I can’t be making a mistake’ is certainly used in practice. But we may question whether it is then to be taken in a perfectly rigorous sense, or is rather a kind of exaggeration which perhaps is used only with a view to persuasion.”<sup>21</sup> The claim to certainty, seen in this way, is a social gesture. And my interest is not simply in the theatrics of error and conviction, but in the consequences of theatrics as an epistemological form. For ultimately, like Chrostowska, Wittgenstein’s argument is for the primacy of conviction over certainty—though less provocative (for me) than Chrostowska in that it is also less catered towards creative and metaepistemological perspectives. But both of these thinkers raise for me the question of how to be mistaken on purpose—how to commit to a framework that marks conviction rather than certainty as its epistemological strategy, to the extent that one then knowingly exits a certain form of language game (bound to certainty) by taking games themselves metaphysically.

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I always took Derrida as a phenomenologist, thinking that the only really interesting thing about undecidability is its ability to undermine structures of meaning in favor of those of experience. To crash critical distance by overplaying its game. It’s a form of Sloterdijk’s “critical proximity” achieved through a virtuosic acceleration of language rather than a tuning out.<sup>22</sup> A hyper-presencing of constructive potential that ultimately fashions a (deconstructed) aesthetic of ruin. What else could be meant by hauntology? A ghost is not

something that appears with any form of certainty but something that one feels with ambiguous but persistent intuition: a cold draft in a warm room, a sudden silencing of ambient noise, a shifting blur moving across an empty room, a crow calling suddenly just as one remembers something about crows calling. It should be apparent that I care little if I am mistaken about Derrida's work, even if—in my being mistaken—there is a certain Derridean indifference to the usual rules of the game. It would be justified to dismiss my thoughts on this basis, which would be to acknowledge the errors as errors rather than as themselves haunted failures to materialize actual interaction.

Motion sickness is a problem for virtual reality for the same reason. The ghosts in the machine are the bodies that fall down when hyper stimulated by technological input—in this case a phenomenological virtuosity that throws ambiguity on the synthetic capacities of the body. As it turns out, the virtual is not informatic after all—at least not in that posthuman sense where information loses its body to the simulacral possibilities of cognitive code. Instead, the body haunts virtual reality and corporeality falls down—on purpose. “Visually induced motion sickness is a syndrome that occasionally occurs when physically stationary individuals view compelling visual representations of self-motion.”<sup>23</sup> Less a failing of the physical than an unmet challenge to the simulations themselves. The (virtual) world keeps spinning even though the body has already fallen down—or perhaps precisely because the body falls down. It's potentially interesting that the virtual can be made to spin by the power of a body alone.

Perhaps disorientation occurs at a point where sense falls down.

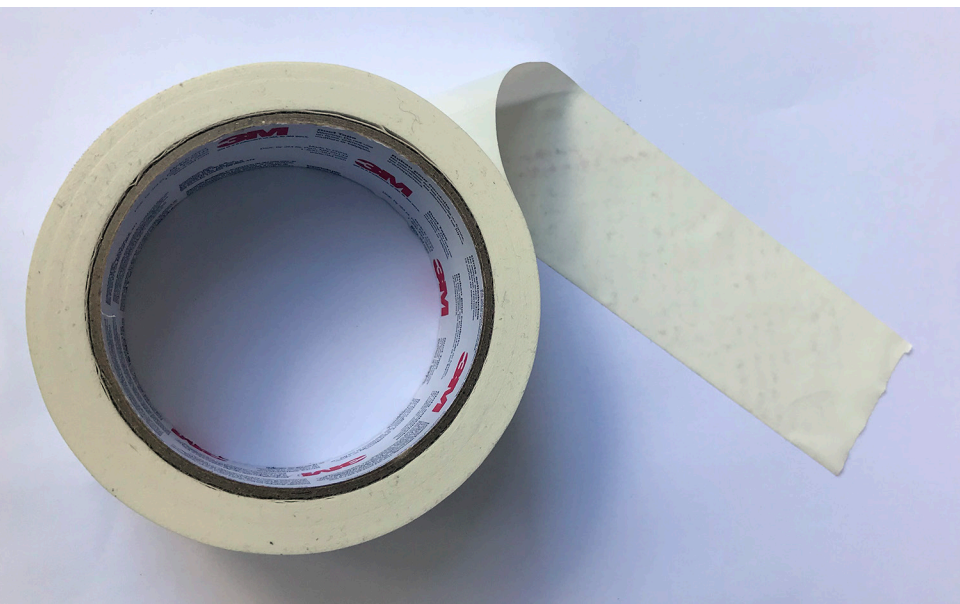
Refrain: *I take it back. Or not. In fact, maybe so much not that the act of taking it back becomes the counterpoint to the failed attempt at establishing a criterion. Poetic leverage. It's a little too tidy—but it works. More a circle than a spiral. A failure to fail. Try again.*

### Postscript. Amphib[i]ological reflexivity

For a better disorientation experience, spin the book. Attach a piece of tape to the page and swing it around your head. If reading on a digital device, the challenge is somewhat greater but the strategy remains the same: tape still works for phones or tablets. The idea of tape attached to a desktop computer is funny too. The key here is not to think of this activity as an intervention into the text or device—the only intervention is one targeted at habituated modes of human engagement that assume a text can only be engaged in one way. That is, it is important to try to read the book as one spins—otherwise one is simply undermining the medium on a formal level, which is not the point. To maintain the relational engagement with a particular book, an attempt to read is required. The act can only truly fail, as Nicolas Bourriaud puts it, by “not making enough effort.”<sup>24</sup> It might also be differently thought as a particular reinvention of the “birth of the reader.”<sup>25</sup>

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Is it possible to make an idea fall down? And if so would the fallen idea still count as an idea, perhaps even as an example of a fallen paradigm of knowledge? Or counter-knowledge, which perhaps amounts to the same thing? Would a



Ted Hiebert. *Spirograph*, 2018.  
Duct tape. Attach as shown.

fallen idea still be an idea at all (according to the criteria of ideas)? To consider it so might take a certain generosity of perspective, a performative acknowledgment of how concepts take on bodies...perhaps a phenomenology. Or a vitalism, a personification, an anthropomorphism: not “cautious” in the way Steven Shaviro describes redemptive anthropomorphism as a counter-maneuver to the problem of anthropocentrism,<sup>26</sup> but purposefully reckless in order to transfer agency away from oneself and onto the idea itself. That’s epistemology, after all—isn’t it?

What distinguishes (meta)epistemology, as knowledge of knowledge, is its amphibological reflexivity, as “a knowledge” (self-governing) like any other *and, at the same time*, formally, as “all knowledge” (other-governing and in principle requiring no further justification). In it, the creativity of the philosopher meets its match in the search for a grounding criterion that would encompass the possibilities of knowing: not only what has been and can be known (asserted, justified, verified) within any given cognitive-experiential framework, but also all conceivable paradigms of human knowledge.<sup>27</sup>

Can a criterion know itself as a criterion, or would such knowledge undermine the criterial nature of the criterion itself? Is a criterion like a technology—something that, if Heidegger, Guibert, Derrida and others are right, can only be understood when it fails? At least one must acknowledge that not all fails are the same—and in this case the differences rely on attentiveness to the information one is distilling in

the circular processes that one engages. That the result may not be sensical in the usual way is not an argument against alternate forms of engagement. For sense—especially as a criterion for engagement—is sublimely disorienting; not only does sense not make sense but its pretense towards making sense makes irritating the sensical pretense itself. Or not. Maybe even so much not that the attempt itself is better thought as a philosophical spelling mistake, or whatever might be the criterial equivalent of a failure to make sense. An exercise in ambiguity.

## Notes

- 1 S. D. Chrostowska, “Criterion Creation: A Metaepistemological Problem in Perspective,” *Parrhesia* 20 (2014), 87-101 (n. 41).
- 2 Johnny Golding, “Friendship,” in Lynn Turner, U. Selback and Ron Broglio, eds, *The Edinburgh Companion to Animal Studies* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2018), 272.
- 3 Martin Heidegger, *The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays*, trans. William Lovitt (New York: Harper & Row, 1977), 3.
- 4 S. D. Chrostowska, “Criterion Creation,” 87-101.
- 5 I am thinking around S. D. Chrostowska’s discussion of the link between creativity and creation. Quoting Deleuze, Chrostowska argues that philosophy and science are just as creative as any other disciplines. I disagree, but my disagreement stems not from a judgment on scientific or philosophical acts of creation, but rather on the difference between creation and creativity, the latter being a social process of mattering more than a constituted transformation of mattering facts. For Chrostowska’s discussion see “Criterion Creation,” 91.

- 6 Marcel Duchamp, "The Creative Act," in Robert Label, *Marcel Duchamp* (New York: Paragraphic Books, 1959), 77-8.
- 7 Collège de 'Pataphysique, *Les 101 mots de la pataphysique* (Paris: Press Universitaires de France, 2016), 75. My translation.
- 8 Marina Abramovic, "Have you got what it takes to follow the Abramovic method?" *The Guardian*, May 12, 2014. <https://www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/video/2014/may/12/marina-abramovic-method-video>. Accessed July 15, 2018.
- 9 Alfred Jarry, *Exploits & Opinions of Doctor Faustroll, Pataphysician*, trans. Simon Watson Taylor (Boston: Exact Change, 1996), 21.
- 10 Paul Virilio, *Politics of the Very Worst: An Interview with Philippe Petit*, trans. Michael Cavaliere (New York: Semiotext(e), 1999), 89.
- 11 Interview with Andrew Buckles, January 2014. See also Stacey Soli, "Thirty art works this month? I'll start them tomorrow." *Crosscut.com*, 10/3/2012. <http://crosscut.com/2012/10/stacey-solie-30-day-art-challenge>. Accessed July 15, 2018.
- 12 Hervé Guibert, *Ghost Image*, trans. Robert Bononno (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2014), 11.
- 13 Ibid., 16.
- 14 Friedrich Nietzsche, *On the Genealogy of Morals*, trans. Walter Kaufmann and R.J. Hollingdale (New York: Vintage, 1989), 61.
- 15 The National Archives, "Laser Misuse (Vehicles) Act 2018," <http://www.legislation.gov.uk/ukpga/2018/9/section/1/enacted>. Accessed July 15, 2018.
- 16 Ibid.
- 17 Tim Gavell, "Blackpool Airport pilots call for action after laser pointers target aircraft at night," *The Gazette*, September 27, 2017. <https://www.blackpoolgazette.co.uk/news/blackpool-airport-pilots-call-for-action-after-laser-pointers-target-aircraft-at-night-1-8773939>. Accessed July 15, 2018.

- 18 S. D. Chrostowska, *Matches: A Light Book* (New York: Punctum Books, 2015), xxvii.
- 19 S. D. Chrostowska, "Criterion Creation," 96.
- 20 Ludwig Wittgenstein, *On Certainty* (New York: Harper & Row, 1972), 88e.
- 21 Ibid.
- 22 Peter Sloterdijk, *Critique of Cynical Reason*, trans. Michael Eldred (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), xxxiii.
- 23 Lawrence Hettinger & Gary Riccio, "Visually Induced Motion Sickness in Virtual Environments," *Presence: Teleoperators and Virtual Environments* 1.3 (1992), 306-10.
- 24 Nicolas Bourriaud, *Relational Aesthetics* (Paris: Les Presses du Réel, 1998), 49.
- 25 This is, of course, Roland Barthes's famous phrase. See Roland Barthes, *Image-Music-Text*, trans. Stephen Heath (London: Fontana Books, 1977), 148.
- 26 Steven Shaviro, *The Universe of Things: On Speculative Realism* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2014), 61.
- 27 S. D. Chrostowska, "Criterion Creation," 91.