

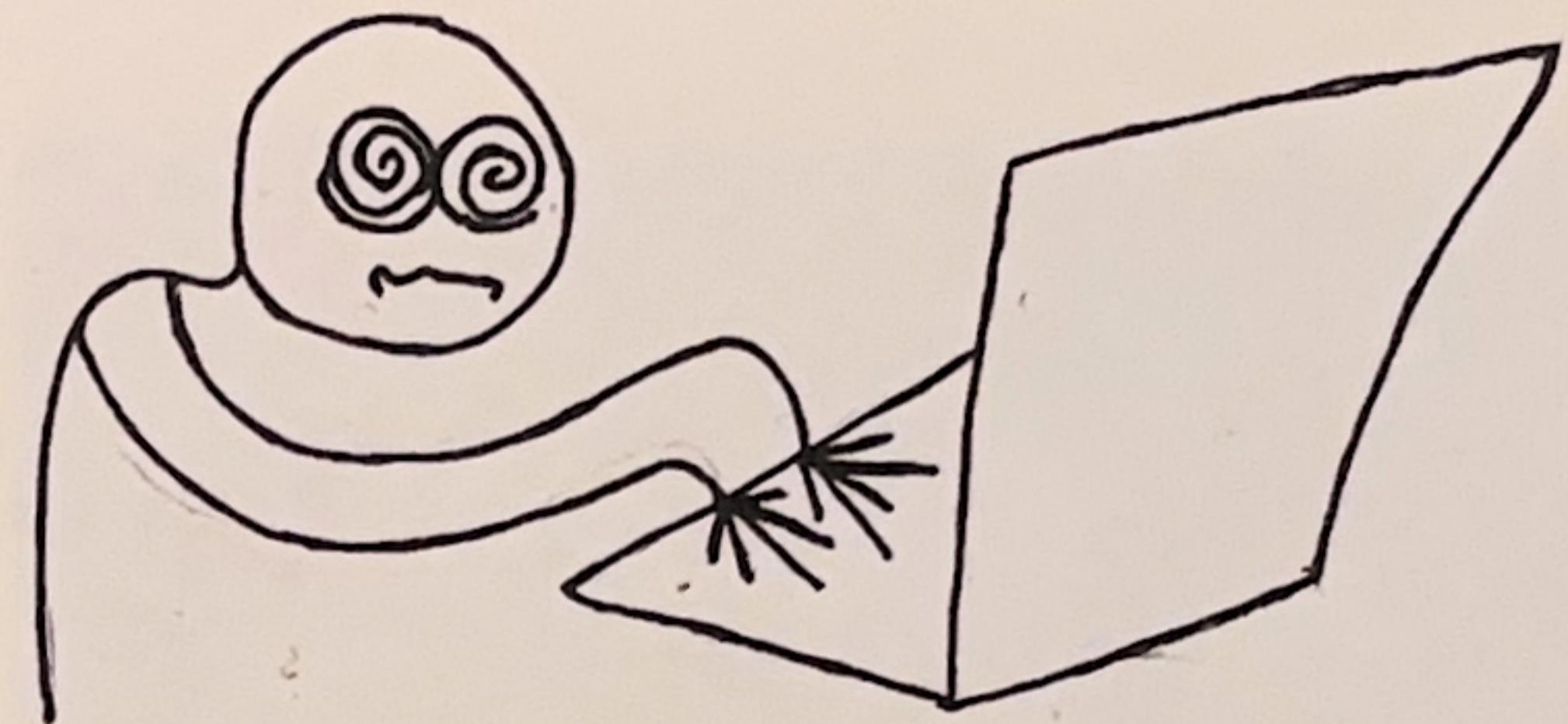
WALKING

TO

NOWHERE

alicja sobieraj-litwinski

I FELT CRAZY SO



I TOOK A WALK



TO TAKE PICTURES AND THINK

thoughts:

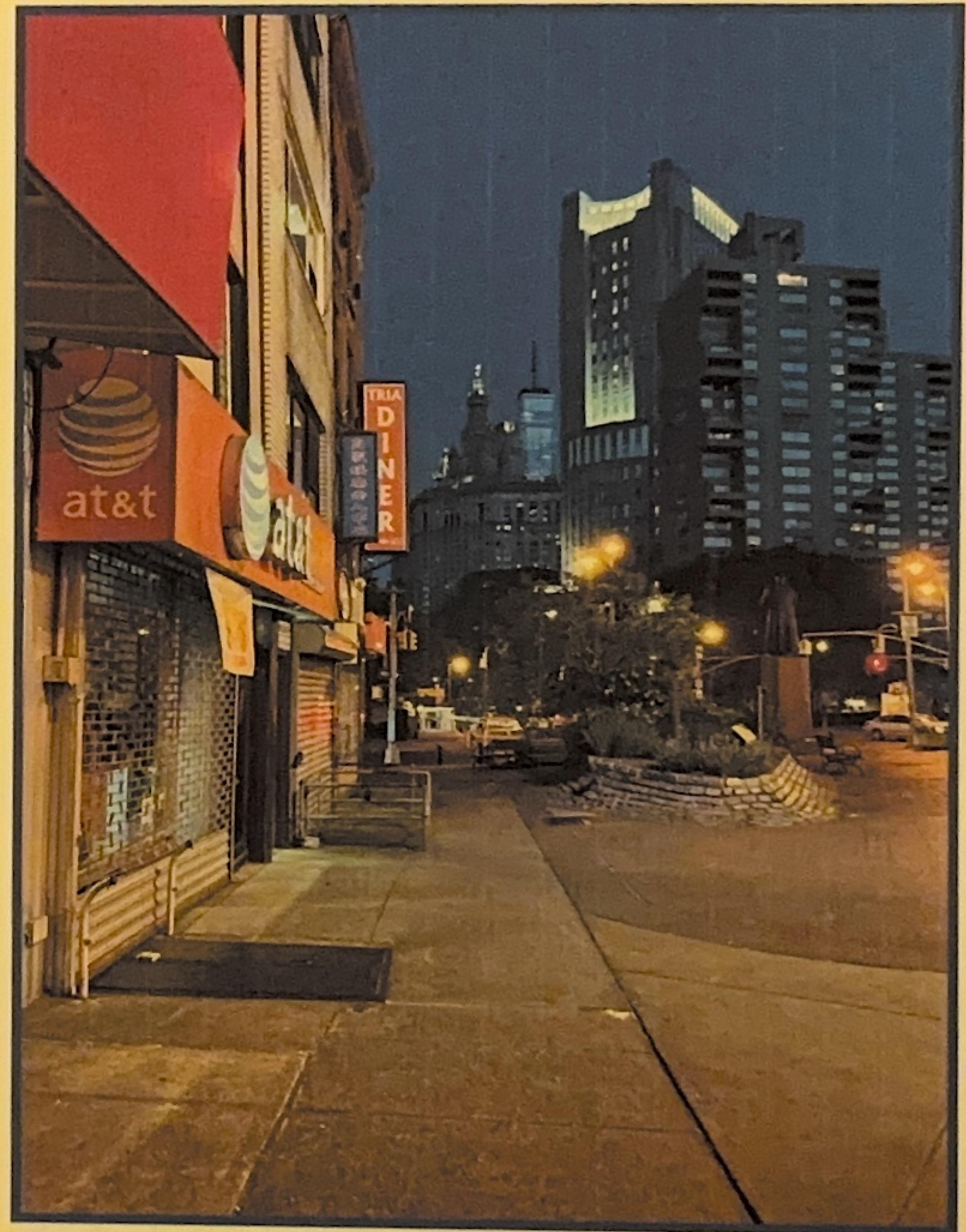
photographs:

to take pictures and work

I took a walk

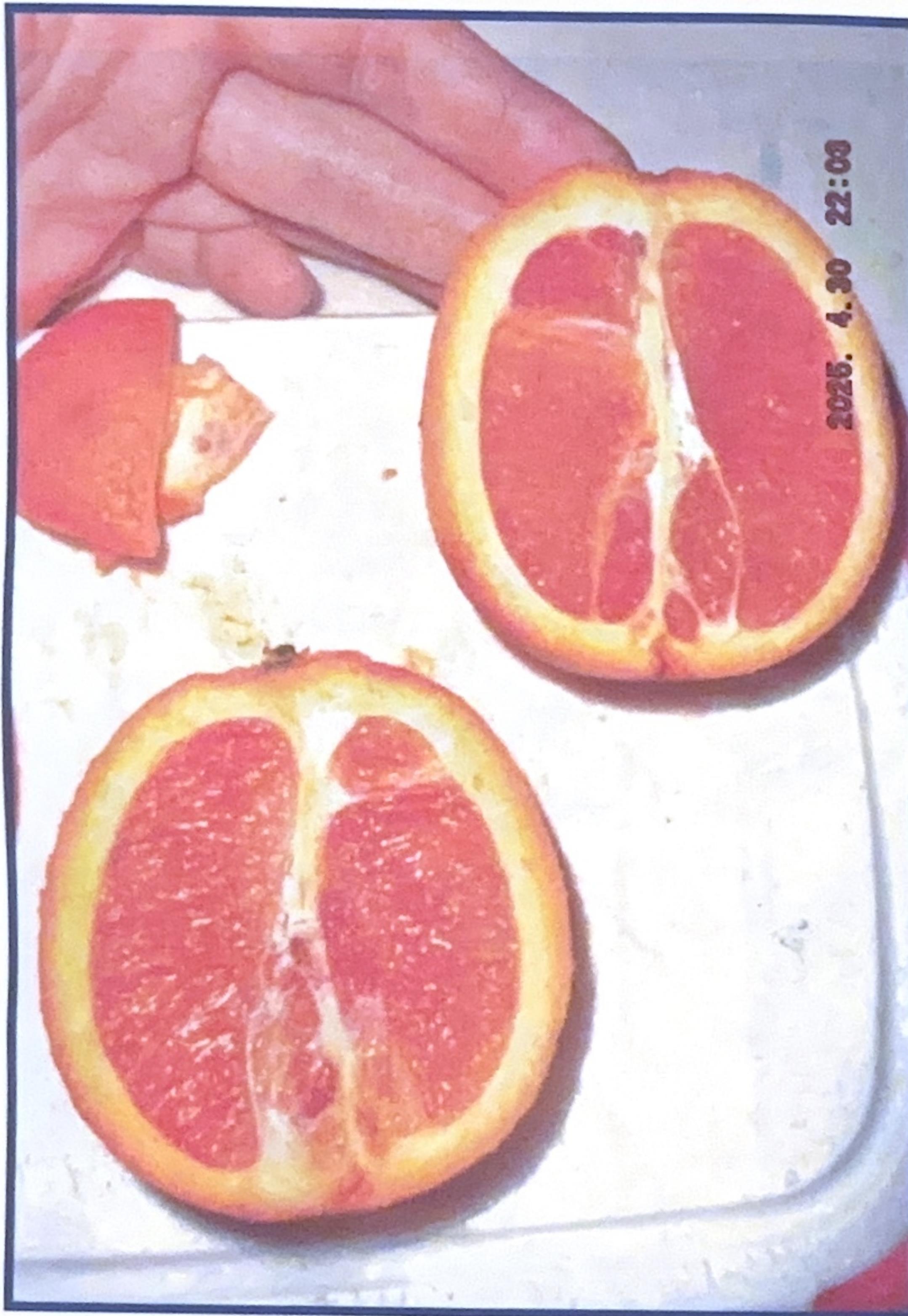


I went camping



“Reality” forms from a series of perceptions that can be represented as a ratio of truths to illusions. “Truth” is established relative to the definition of illusion.





There is nothing in a reflection that is not real. The reflection is only real when observed in front of the mirror. The chirality of reality and its reflection implies the existence of an inverted world. Yet there is no means of entering such a plane—there is nothing further through the looking glass, there is no passage from either side of it. Turning away from the mirror prompts the question:

Which side is this?

There is no such thing as reality.
What we see is just the effect of
the color of the room. A room is full
of colors. A room is full of colors.

Documentation of a baseline reality is futile.
Truth manifests individually to each observer,
scaffolded by bizarre internal logic. Infinite events
are possible, but reality does not split endlessly—it
stabilizes locally. A shared experience appears to
materialize. This is just a smaller infinity, and each
observer sees it through a complex filter of unique
distortions. Common understanding is limited to a
few constancies in the flux of experience. Although
we insist on distinguishing “normal” perception,
most of what we agree to be sanity is still furnished
by illusion. We agree on the names of colors but will
never transcend our individual
chromatic aberrations.



There is no achromatic purity—
white walls reflect the full spectrum
of color at once. A room devoid of
character is not filled with truth.

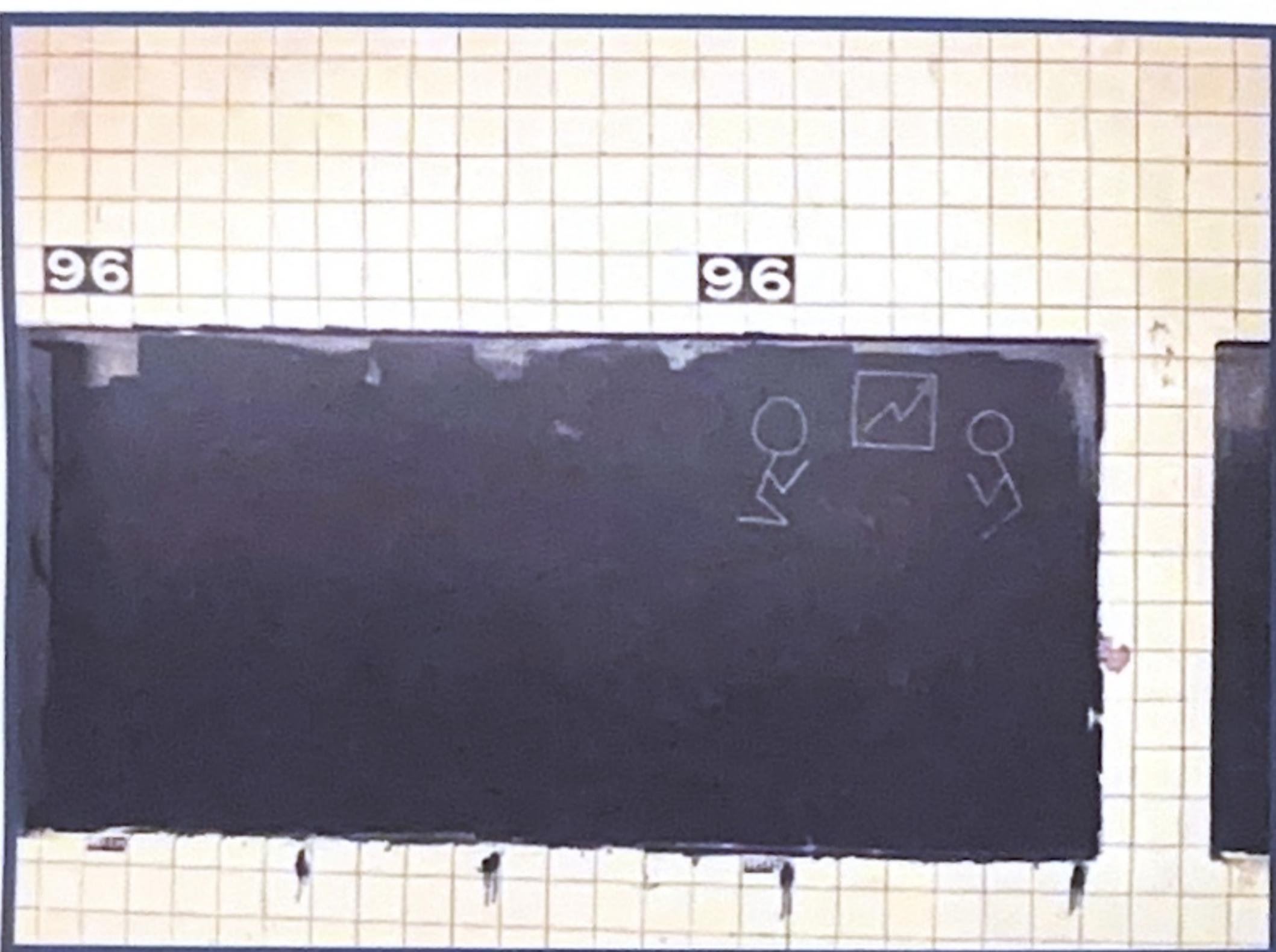


Work that attempts to avoid imparting
any sense of the humanity of the artist
will never fulfill its ambition of serving
as a neutral reference for what
reality actually looks like.

Attempts to objectively describe the form
of reality are as legible as if they were
designed to be impossible to read.



golosomu biles et signora fedi show
terre ed lo ylantur adi lo sano yu
golos in gomos an filid hene illi
takur rot sonorale i hane a se
sol edul vissatu ylantur
moli se ylantur ylantur et signora
etra yu le edule a tis vissatu
ben of sirkosan ed el hengash





Dr. Seuss' *Green Eggs and Ham*

As we to the early life motion to us again the jumbo
to jumbo. on a new basis for the the
writer. We are just as the the
as we write only stories of the decisions in
circumstances. However, always supporting our
the hillman. We back on psychology and set to one
after without saving our ribbon

Myths we whispered to ourselves as reassurance of our sanity, once repeated widely enough, evolved into all-encompassing institutions.

Like a mythological creature following a set of archaic rules, we follow the constraints of social contracts in order to demonstrate our rationality. We compose ourselves, we limit our behaviors and experiences to the boundaries of the normative and thus we synchronize our perceptions of reality.

Or so we pretend.

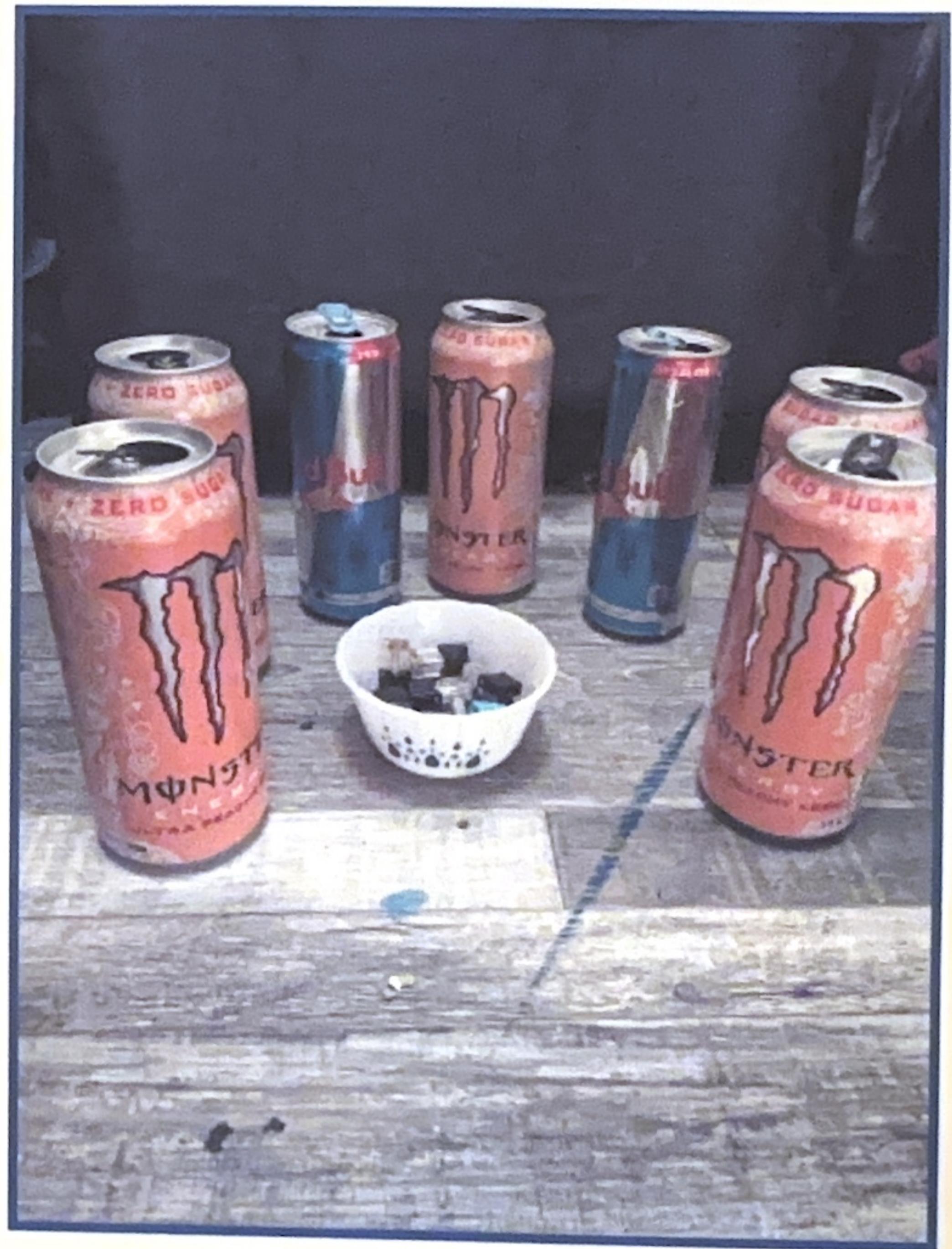
As we go through the motions of reflecting the image of lucidity, our schizoid fantasies prowl behind the mirror. We are lonely but we are desperate to be sane so we share only slivers of our delusions in circumlocutory conversation, always suppressing our true delirium. We pace our labyrinths and let no one enter without answering our riddles.



"Sanity" is a learned habit.

Habits shape the individual state of sanity.

Some will make you larger;
some will make you small.

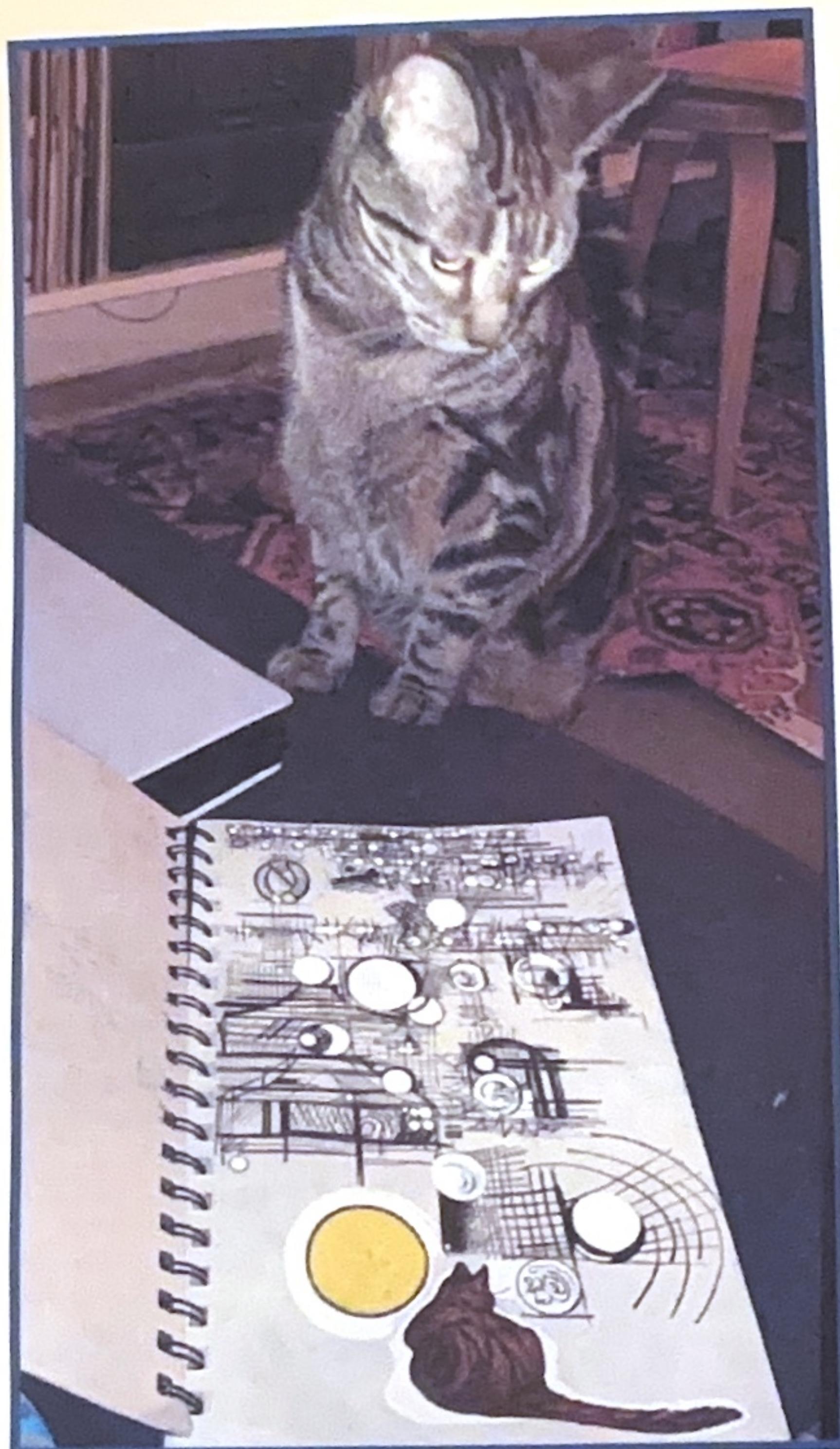


Attempting to define the unitary principle behind varieties of experience via chemical transcendence only warps the neural machinery necessary to perceive reality.

Clinging to futile aspirations of rationality by behaving as if in accordance with calculations from contextual data will not result in a more predictable experience. Neither a sclerotic nor a quixotic engagement with the strange malleability of things will lead to an ultimate Truth.

None of our ventures to reach this ultimatum can succeed. But maybe a core baseline reality exists, consisting of some phenomena that we never evolved the sensory organs to detect.





Maybe decisions about the metaphysical structure of existence are actively being made on a cosmic scale far outside our comprehension.

Maybe there is intelligence within bodies incapable of doing anything with it, trapped in the midst of strange happenings that have nothing to do with them.



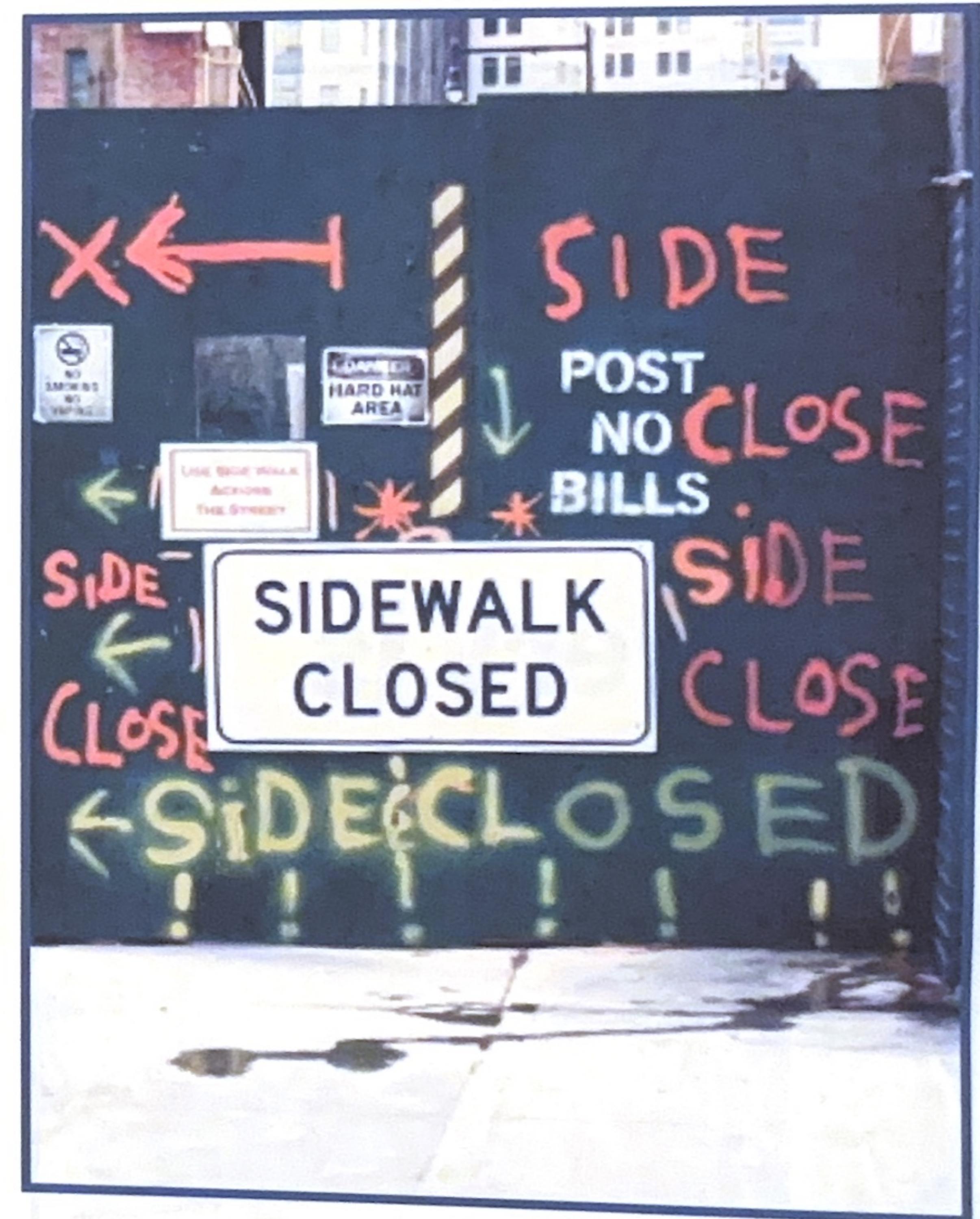
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baqqari jidtor qutibga jumla to oldiagnom
taff egninequad aschaa loobim adi ni
mordi amm chogniitun swad



The strange happenings we are stuck in have
everything to do with us--no human decision is made
outside the context of a feedback loop.







What is there to do?

