

# Dear Hanna,

When you use the word (You) in your letter to mark words I once wrote I feel the (Me) now inverted. From your reading of my words “you” points back to “me” now defined externally as a “you”. In receipt of your letter, in accepting this invitation to talk, and now inviting others to talk with us the “you” becomes an address to all those bodies. “you” and “me” when gathered becomes we if we let it be so. This is a decision not a linguistic given.

How do we make collective images? How do we share the world around us with and through those images? In many ways we already do this but the language of authorship is heavy and embedded in the physicality of the singular body holding the camera. But are those images of the world not made and owned in equal part by those who live in and of the world that is imaged? How threaded is this notion of authorship to capitalism and recognition? How do we make spaces to acknowledge this so we can let it go, or at least put it down, leave it outside the door for a spell. I assume we pick it back up later but every time we put it down we practice the creation of *desire lines*. Practice is what we have as an anecdote to the habitual.

I am thinking about Gestalt psychology, the premise of which is that the mind forms a complete whole composite out of self-organizing tendencies. The mind creates this whole independent of the parts. Gestalt psychologist Kurt Koffka says, “The whole is other than the sum of the parts”. The emphasis on other as opposed to greater. The implication here is that the parts can be broken down. Broken into. Broken apart.

You are correct in saying we most often know where we are. The factors that allow for this particular orientation are varied. Bodily with sensorial acuteness. Socially and architecturally imposed. I see the comfort of a body that does not have to question its position in this world as an imposition. An imposition that is now our shared material with which to disrupt a choreography strictly hierarchical. I am not without structure, however I am ok with those structures breaking down. They are only propositions.

Questions around light and the horizon emerge again and again. Pushing through the conversation with urgency. Urgency, and an agency of their own, no doubt they are participants in the establishment of *hereness. Now-ness. Thing-ness*. I am thinking about light as a stable paradigm of orientation, and darkness as a place where grounding becomes an illusion; (and) relative positions of above and below, before and after, oneself and others no longer exists: boundaries collapse into free fall. I think about night and darkness so complete it obliterates the face into its molasses fold. Talking in the dark. Talking without face. I would like to began instead with disorientation. This is how to go looking for it.

I want that *Point of view*.

I (Me) (You) (we) want that *Point of view*. Viewership with nothing to view. What emerges from this lack?

Let us remember there is blood in the eye.

Thank you for writing me this letter Hanna, thank you for being willing to return.

All my love, as always,  
Katie