

*LIT*

NAC member's exhibition  
April 4, 2009  
Canada Hair Cloth Building

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Your eyes will adjust. Phenomenological tricks. Remnants of the visible world. We convert energy from Niagara Falls directly into electricity. The electricity is the content and driving-force of this work. It used to power textile-fabricating machinery. Weaving and sewing garments together, automated. Now, it waits for use. Remembering the routes it passed throughout this building. Burned into the neurons of its history.

Use your hands to protect yourselves from the dark. Feel your way through it. Listening is a good idea. This is where your clothes were made. The noise of the factory can still be heard echoing in the rafters. A few ghosts are annoyed by this. Entities of consciousness floating throughout the building pass through you. A chill, the feeling of being watched, or a hand touching your shoulder. Out of the corner of your eye. Someone who is not there. A vacuum, absent from host. Nothing to fear here. Keep moving. The dark is where the unknown was born. The unthought and unknow-able compete for attention, but no one notices. Ghosts dream these kinds of nothings.

The ancient Greeks shot light from their eyes to see. Plato's cave, a camera obscura within the visual cortex of history. Eight minutes for rays of light to arrive here from the sun. The Enlightenment's perversion with seeing. Art history's love affair with perspective. Seeing is anything except knowing. It is, rather, an affirmation that the visible world mirrors the mind's eye. Our ocular-centric history is blind to the ontology it has so graphically borne. Do you see what I mean?

Take note of your senses. Can they be commodified? Can we consume ourselves? The visual is consumed at the speed of light, the audible at the speed of sound. This stimulus is not real. This artifice is, however. The past, present and future of this moment depends on you. Be careful not to trip.

This building knows you. Feels you walking through. Hold your breath and listen. Creeking wood, remembering the seasons, expanded by moisture, dried by the winter. Traces of another time, now. Smells, textures, memories on this map. Counting footsteps. Not getting lost. Remember to breathe.

At the top of the building, there are others. They are celebrating their mortality. The ghosts won't be celebrating tonight. Spirits. Upset by you. Ideas that are looking for bodies. Searching through this building for meaning. Remnants of a civilization without anybody. These artists and their works are here for a short while. Mind your step in this well-lit universe.