

Copyright is owned by the Author of the thesis. Permission is given for a copy to be downloaded by an individual for the purpose of research and private study only. The thesis may not be reproduced elsewhere without the permission of the Author.

# Phenomenal Tense

A thesis presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements  
for the degree of Masters of Fine Art  
at Massey University, Wellington, New Zealand.

Chora Luz Carleton

2018



*Thank you Marcus.*

*Thank you Simon.*

*Thank you Mum.*

# Abstract

This exegesis attends to the conceptual and practical enquiries adjoining the perceptual and phenomenological concerns of colour, space, moment, language and light. By dwelling in the interface of experience as a spatial, temporal, sensory experience, my creative practice aims to create a dialogue between the intuitive knowing of sensation and the constructions of these qualities as descriptions within the language of watercolour painting and the language of the written word. In this exchange of ideas, my practical methodology moves between using material in two dimensions to render a description, rendering the space as a moment of its own description, and pulling forth the intangible description of language into describing itself within space. Enacting a moment held in reflection by a simple shift in tense. The possibilities of colour, materiality, language, duration, dimension and tense unveil through affordances how these elements might come forth to a viewer to attending to a live exchange of phenomenal occurrences.

# Table of contents

<b>Abstract</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Table of contents</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Preamble</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>The gist of it</b>	<b>6</b>
Phenomenal	7
Affordances	8
Dimension	9
Sense-data	10
Tense	
As then, now, to be	11
As a rendering of discription	13
Colour	
As a medium of affordance	19
Within a frame of practice	21
<b>Contemplation of</b>	<b>23</b>
<i>Being Blue</i> 2017, Engine Room	23
<i>Gloaming</i> 2018, Toi Pōneke	30
<i>Canopy and Wrote</i> 2018, Engine Room	52
<b>Repose</b>	<b>64</b>
<b>Pause at this moment</b>	<b>66</b>
<b>Images cited</b>	<b>67</b>
<b>Work cited</b>	<b>69</b>

# Preamble

The exegetical component of my MFA attends to the conceptual and practical enquiries adjoining the perceptual and phenomenological concerns of colour, space, moment, language and light. By dwelling in the interface of experience as a spatial, temporal, sensory experience, I aim to create a dialogue between the intuitive knowing of sensation and the constructions of these qualities as descriptions within the language of watercolour painting and the language of the written word. Through questioning the possibilities of colour, materiality and duration unveil how these elements might come forth to a viewer to attending to a live exchange of phenomenal occurrences.

This exegesis has two principle chapters. It begins by posing a review of the conceptual framework to my research, delineating how my practice operates within the conceptual and philosophical contexts of phenomenology. The second chapter investigates, reflects and hypothesises as to the development of my practice: its concerns shown to be refined by me through critical reflection so as to sharpen the research foci. Findings from three major projects are employed to contextualise my work in reference to historical precursors within a wider art world.

## The gist of it

Throughout my study, I have looked to theories on perception and phenomena as a means to define and separate the intricate and discrete acts or ideas that occur within philosophy, literature and art criticism. In this chapter, I will identify and elaborate upon the philosophical terminology specific to the foregrounding conceptual framework to my research project. To grasp the gist of how I structure these discrete definitions I have dissected the nebulous sphere of phenomenology and pulled out six key terms which seek to draw one inwards into smaller and smaller notions of perception. The terms being: phenomenal, affordances, dimension, sense-data, tense and colour.

# Phenomenal

The terms *phenomena* and *phenomenal* are key to my project's conceptual foundation. *Phenomenal* as Maurice Merleau-Ponty describes, it is the source of sensations, values and meanings that refer to the body a state of liveness. He uses the term *phenomenal* as the action and occurrence of this raw information in exchanges with a body. "Sense experience [of phenomena] is that vital communication with the world which makes it present as a familiar setting of our life. It is to it that the perceived object and the perceiving subject owe their thickness" (61). A *phenomenal* experience is then the holistic actors upon a body as well as the subjective state of the body sensing the effect of the space, even acting upon it itself in units of sensation within the *phenomenal field*. Merleau-Ponty delineates that this *phenomenal field* is a space not held in the mind or an inner calculation of state; it is the field or interface of our sensory connection to the physical world (8). This *phenomenal field*, as I rudimentarily understand it, is the whole account of units of sensation coming in contact with the organ of perception. This field is not grasped all at once. Instead, it is perpetually occurring, only to become revealed when brought into the relationship of the perceived and the perceiving.

My work examines the limits of natural light and its effect on the value of colour, for example, the cyclic transformation of a gallery flooded with natural light on a day when clouds obscure or reveal the sun, a temporal shift that causes drastic changes in the qualities of the space. The essence of the natural light, materials and construction of the space and the external environmental effect become the *phenomena* with which my artwork interacts in order to conjure a *phenomenal* sensation or experience. The act of falling into a conversation with the *phenomenal field* is a heightened state of perception where consciousness allows information of bodily, spatial, momentary state to pervade over preoccupations, where the moment as units of sensation are recognised, and where passing and moving as a *phenomenal act* are transformed.

# Affordances

In *The Ecological Approach to Visual Perception*, James J. Gibson examines how both animals and humans encounter the world through an aperture of seeing (Gibson 1). He looks to the medium, surface and environment along with the nature of seeing these things in a taxonomy of scientific characteristics. He aims to define and untangle the complex interactions involved in such an ecology. Noting and accepting the entirely empirical approach to his theory, I adapt Gibson's notions to re-examine the complex nature of phenomena to shift the action of seeing to that of sensing. This shift stems from understanding that perception is far more integrated into all the sensory organs as a system. In a similar way, philosopher Maurice Merleau-Ponty defines two types of sensation in his consideration of the human body as a sensory organ: "The visible is what is seize upon with the eyes, the sensible is what is seized on by the senses" (7). Transforming Gibson's visual aperture to wider view of sensation, I employ one of his key concepts by using the term *affordance*. Gibson describes *affordance* as the way which things or the environment offers a function, action, use or understanding of the value or meaning of said material (Gibson 127). This principle influences much of how we interact with our environment; how we perceive that we can stand, walk, rest, and sit or what can be, should be picked up, investigated and, what is foreground and becomes the background. Gibson highlights that affordances of environments are, in fact, situated in both the physical, real, objective sense as well as the mental, subjective and phenomenal aspect: "An affordance cuts across the dichotomy of subjective-objective and helps us to understand its inadequacy. It is equally a fact of the environment and a fact of behaviour, it is both physical and psychical, yet neither. An affordance point's both ways, to the environment and to the observer" (129).

Gibson's concept of affordances provides a framework for understanding how we inhabit the world as a system of ecologies and how we enact our presence. Bringing *affordances* into my conceptual practice allows me to examine how the viewer may be influenced by a specific space and wonder what the artwork asks of the body in relation to it and how I can balance the affordances of the whole experience towards a state of heightened perception of intuitive sensation. The concept of affordance enables me to manipulate a space to reveal the ecological interchange to trigger a heightened *phenomenal experience*.

# Dimension

The term *dimension* refers to the measure of a thing against another thing, a relation that refers to scale, it gives rise to understanding the dimensional nature of an environment as expressed in quantitative aspects of size, depth, mass, volume, and weight in relation to the body or body of which measures it. Early 20th century phenomenological psychotherapist J. H. van den Berg describes *dimension* as the relation of how we perceive something relative to its environment and affordances in a phenomenological manner. In his book *Things: Four Metabletic Reflections*, he observes a porch baluster seen at a distance. Upon throwing the baluster onto the lawn from the shaded porch where it had been rejected for being too short for the project, he notes that it's exact empirical measurement was already known. Van den Berg develops a sense of doubt as to whether or not the *dimension* of the baluster is truly too short for it seems much larger when viewed against the landscape of the garden. His reasoning is influenced by the effect of the baluster laying out on the country lawn in the hot summer sun. Every aspect of the phenomenal sensation of the experience seems to raise doubt that the 'two' balusters are one in the same (3-5). This effect of *dimension*-- how we as viewers are in relation to the thing-- is a key affordance of how we measure ourselves against our environment including how much space is in the field, how far away it is, and the angle it is experienced from. The empirical measurement of the baluster does not reveal it's affordances and how those affordances change when the environment of the baluster changes. *Dimension* allows us to mentally expand and contract space and enact an examination of the subject, even if we inhabit another dimension. My own experience of this phenomena is that when the true dimension of something is revealed, the sensation is unnerving, like seeing your house empty on moving day. Everything is larger, is filled with a grey light and has more volume than ever before.

## Sense-data

If we were to delve deeper into a single moment of perception, teasing out each factor into smaller and smaller fundamental units, *sense-datum* would be as small and discrete as you could go before falling into the realm of physics. In his book *Sense and Sensibilia*, British philosopher of language J. L. Austin unpicks a principle set out by a collection of philosophers, primarily A. J. Ayer, about perception. This principle is outlined as: "[W]e never see or otherwise perceive (or 'sense'), or anyhow we never directly perceive or sense, material objects (or material things), but only sense-data (or our own ideas, impressions, sense, sense-perceptions, percepts..." (2). *Sense-datum*, then as I understand it, becomes the medium of how one distinguishes the building blocks of the tangible concrete matter as well as the conceptual and social constructs of the world which we navigate as conscious bodies. Our perception uses them to distinguish between the minute changes in space or moment, perspective, density, material and dimension. The ecology of a space or moment is gathered by our sensory organs in a patchwork of information including every bodily sensation ranging from the groggy sluggishness of an early morning wakefulness, to the fervour of a frenetic dance amongst the cool dark shadows of the evening, to the cooling effect of laying down on a concrete floor of an empty gallery space. *Sense-data* could be considered the feedback we receive from acting within dimensions. We rely on it to differentiate between the now and the then, and, the probable or improbable. In this ever so contingent situation, we apply what we already know and what we are looking for in order to gauge and investigate the nature of the ecological situation we find ourselves in.

# Tense

As then, now, to be

One of the aspects of *dimension* is *duration* or time. While *dimension* relates to the transformation of visual information in relation to perspective and scale, the *duration* of an experience can transform the perception of the moment from a fleeting catch of the eye to the slow movement of the earth tumbling around the sun, wobbling back and forth on its axis. J.H van den Berg touches on this dynamic between *dimension* and *duration* in describing the difference of traveling along a road by foot in the heat of the day to an unknown destination, as an experience that is unrecognisable to the experience of driving the same road. The journey is as long as it seems and certain factors affect the perception of our existence within a moment (20-21). The timescale of how something is experienced alters the ecology in which the body acts within. Sometimes a body can just sit and absorb the duration of an interaction in a state of meditation, other times *duration* is measured to contextualize the sensation of time into the *then, now and to be*. Harvena Richter describes how this interaction plays out in the characters of Virginia Woolf and how they experience time. Richter terms this as 'rate of experience or rate of being' and how the becoming of a body between the *then, now and to be* occurs: "man does not experience time as such but rather the sensation, motion, change. Experiencing the wealth of the myriad impressions of one moment of consciousness, he is in transition to a new moment which the duration he has just passed through will enrich" (39).

Thus a moment has no real demarcation though we use measurements and subtle differences in verb tense to attempt to frame how we describe the perspective of the moment. Examine the term *dusk* is arbitrarily neither light or dark compared to the numbers and calculations which can also mark out hours, seconds, days. The use of verbs to communicate the tense of *duration* is where my conceptual framework expands to include the use of language as a site of codification of raw sensory information given through experience and perception and transformed into description. *Tense* is how it is possible to communicate the subtle differences and changes of *sense-data* becoming a new moment taken in by the mind it is given in whatever manner suits the perceiver, as imagery, an internal dialogue, as a colour. The body remembers past experience and uses what it has learnt to depict the narrative of information that forms the basis of perception. For example, my eyes tell me that, on a desk sits something purple, blue and cream. I know it is a book by its shape and form. I know this book; I have read it. Before reading the title, I know that it is *Virginia Woolf; The Inward Voyage* by Harvena Richter. I remember discovering it in the library and the way the purple made me think that this

book is important; it was crafted with care. If I were to pick it up, my skin would tell me that you can feel the printed illustration, the gloss of the ink on the rough fabric. The frayed edges and missing dust cover tell me it is old, old and used. It sits there filled with bookmarks, offering suggestions. This reading of the book employs my sense-data; it allows me to form a perception of how it is coming forth to me and what phenomena is acting upon the experience of the interaction. This reveals that *tense* is not limited to the construction of written or spoken language but is intrinsically a language of perception as duration and experience act within our memories and *sense-data*.



Figure 1. Carleton, Chora. *Image of the book An Inward Voyage*. 2018

## As a rendering of discription

Early twentieth century modernist writer Virginia Woolf has informed my understanding about the transfer from phenomenal experience to written language. I looked to her works of fiction as a form of mentorship so that I could learn how to employ a more sensitive touch to expressing a phenomenal experience. My texts pulled people out of the moment or overtook the experience of viewing the painting. The text and painting operated in different tenses of experience, which was the dilemma that sparked my undertaking of this Masters project. Where Woolf always seems to be able to express being in the moment, I observed that the texts in my own artworks took people out of the moment or overtook the experience of viewing the painting; the artwork fell into a dichotomous relationship of painting and text rather than the mingling of their co-existence as one experience. Woolf's texts captured the whole of the moment rather than the dichotomy of illustration and narrative. In a critical literature review, Harvena Richter describes Woolf's work as:

The centre or meeting place for experience was, to Virginia Woolf, the moment – a cross-section of consciousness in which perceptions and feelings converged and formed for an instant something round and whole. To render these moments of being in their entirety, to describe the consciousness of experiencing the moment – receiving from all sides a shower of atoms as they fell, those myriad impressions of perception and emotion- was her task as she saw it.

(27)

This effort to render the moment became my mantra when writing whereby I tried to capture a moment in text and allow the text to become a moment in itself. One of the skills that I learnt was how the view of the reader is affected by two or more voices within the text. In her fictions, Woolf uses characters to become the viewer; the reader is absorbed into the character's minds and bodies. In her essay *The Moment* (Figure 2-6.), she describes a vertical slice of a summer's night, using sensory impressions to portray the sense of physically being aware of the durations in each dimension acting upon the body. "The reader is made to watch the external scene and to participate in it through corresponding reactions in body and mind" (Richter 28). My goal is then to create an artwork which inhabits this same realm of participation of corresponding body of mind, or go even further to generate a scene within itself that the body and mind conjure in unison.

## The Moment: Summer's Night

THE night was falling so that the table in the garden among the trees grew whiter and whiter; and the people round it more indistinct. An owl, blunt, obsolete looking, heavy weighted, crossed the fading sky with a black spot between its claws. The trees murmured. An aeroplane hummed like a piece of plucked wire. There was also, on the roads, the distant explosion of a motor cycle, shooting further and further away down the road. Yet what composed the present moment? If you are young, the future lies upon the present, like a piece of glass, making it tremble and quiver. If you are old, the past lies upon the present, like a thick glass, making it waver, distorting it. All the same, everybody believes that the present is something, seeks out the different elements in this situation in order to compose the truth of it, the whole of it.

To begin with: it is largely composed of visual and of sense impressions. The day was very hot. After heat, the surface of the body is opened, as if all the pores were open and everything lay exposed, not sealed and contracted, as in cold weather. The air wafts cold on the skin under one's clothes. The soles of the feet expand in slippers after walking on hard roads. Then the sense of the light sinking back into darkness seems to be gently putting out with a damp sponge the colour in one's own eyes. Then the leaves shiver now and again, as if a ripple of irresistible sensation ran through them, as a horse suddenly ripples its skin.

But this moment is also composed of a sense that the legs of the chair are sinking through the centre of the earth, passing through the rich garden earth; they sink, weighted down. Then the sky loses its colour perceptibly and a star here and there makes a point of light. Then changes, unseen in the day, coming in succession seem to make an order evident. One becomes aware that we are spectators and also passive participants in a pageant. And as nothing can interfere with the

### THE MOMENT: SUMMER'S NIGHT

order, we have nothing to do but accept, and watch. Now little sparks, which are not steady, but fitful as if somebody were doubtful, come across the field. Is it time to light the lamp, the farmers' wives are saying: can I see a little longer? The lamp sinks down; then it burns up. All doubt is over. Yes the time has come in all cottages, in all farms, to light the lamps. Thus then the moment is laced about with these weavings to and fro, these inevitable downsinkings, flights, lamp lightings.

▷ But that is the wider circumference of the moment. Here in the centre is a knot of consciousness; a nucleus divided up into four heads, eight legs, eight arms, and four separate bodies. They are not subject to the law of the sun and the owl and the lamp. They assist it. For sometimes a hand rests on the table; sometimes a leg is thrown over a leg. Now the moment becomes shot with the extraordinary arrow which people let fly from their mouths—when they speak.

"He'll do well with his hay."

The words let fall this seed, but also, coming from that obscure face, and the mouth, and the hand so characteristically holding the cigarette, now hit the mind with a wad, then explode like a scent suffusing the whole dome of the mind with its incense, flavour; let fall, from their ambiguous envelope, the self-confidence of youth, but also its urgent desire, for praise, and assurance; if they were to say: "But you're no worse looking than many—you're no different—people don't mark you out to laugh at you": that he should be at once so cock-a-hoop and so ungainly makes the moment rock with laughter, and with the malice that comes from overlooking other people's motives; and seeing what they keep hid; and so that one takes sides; he will succeed; or no he won't; and then again, this success, will it mean my defeat; or won't it? All this shoots through the moment, makes it quiver with malice and amusement; and the sense of watching and comparing; and the quiver meets the shore, when the owl flies out, and puts a stop to this judging, this overseeing, and with our wings spread, we too fly, take wing, with the owl, over the earth and survey the quietude of what sleeps, folded, slumbering, arm stretching in the vast dark and sucking its thumb too; the amorous and the innocent; and a sigh goes up. Could we not fly too, with broad

Figure 3. Carleton, Chora. *Image of 'The Moment: A Summer's Night'*. 2018, from: Woolf, Virginia, and Leonard Woolf. *The Moment: And Other Essays*. London: Hogarth Press, 1947

## THE MOMENT: SUMMER'S NIGHT

wings and with softness; and be all one wing; all embracing, all gathering, and these boundaries, these prying over hedge into hidden compartments of different colours be all swept into one colour by the brush of the wing; and so visit in splendour, augustly, peaks; and there lie exposed, bare, on the spine, high up, to the cold light of the moon rising, and when the moon rises, single, solitary, behold her, one, eminent over us?

Ah, yes, if we could fly, fly, fly. . . . Here the body is gripped; and shaken; and the throat stiffens; and the nostrils tingle; and like a rat shaken by a terrier one sneezes; and the whole universe is shaken; mountains, snows, meadows; moon; higgledly, piggledly, upside down, little splinters flying; and the head is jerked up, down. "Hay fever—what a noise!—there's no cure. Except spending hay time on a boat. Perhaps worse than the disease, though that's what a man did—crossing and recrossing, all the summer."

Issuing from a white arm, a long shape, lying back, in a film of black and white, under the tree, which, down sweeping, seems a part of that curving, that flowing, the voice, with its ridicule and its sense, reveals to the shaken terrier its own insignificance. No longer part of the snow; no part of the mountain; not in the least venerable to other human beings; but ridiculous; a little accident; a thing to be laughed at; discriminated out; seen clearly cut out, sneezing, sneezing, judged and compared. Thus into the moment steals self-assertion; ah, the sneeze again; the desire to sneeze with conviction; masterfully; making oneself heard; felt; if not pitied, then somebody of importance; perhaps to break away and go. But no; the other shape has sent from its arrow another fine binding thread, "Shall I fetch my Vapex?" She, the observant, the discriminating, who keeps in mind always other instances, so that there is nothing singular in any special case—who refuses to be jumped into extravagance; and so sceptical withal; cannot believe in miracles; sees the vanity of effort there; perhaps then it would be well to try here; yet if she isolates cases from the mists of hugeness, sees what is there all the more definitely; refuses to be bamboozled; yet in this definite discrimination shows some amplitude. That is why the moment becomes harder, is intensified, diminished, begins to be stained

Figure 4. Carleton, Chora. *Image of 'The Moment: A Summer's Night'*. 2018, from: Woolf, Virginia, and Leonard Woolf. *The Moment: And Other Essays*. London: Hogarth Press, 1947

## THE MOMENT: SUMMER'S NIGHT

by some expressed personal juice; with the desire to be loved, to be held close to the other shape; to put off the veil of darkness and see burning eyes.

Then a light is struck; in it appears a sunburnt face, lean, blue-eyed, and the arrow flies as the match goes out:

“He beats her every Saturday; from boredom, I should say; not drink; there’s nothing else to do.”

\* The moment runs like quicksilver on a sloping board into the cottage parlour; there are the tea things on the table; the hard windsor chairs; tea caddies on the shelf for ornament; the medal under a glass shade; vegetable steam curling from the pot; two children crawling on the floor; and Liz comes in and John catches her a blow on the side of her head as she slopes past him, dirty, with her hair loose and one hairpin sticking out about to fall. And she moans in a chronic animal way; and the children look up and then make a whistling noise to imitate the engine which they trail across the flags; and John sits himself down with a thump at the table and carves a hunk of bread and munches because there is nothing to be done. A steam rises from his cabbage patch. Let us do something then, something to end this horrible moment, this plausible glistening moment that reflects in its smooth sides this intolerable kitchen, this squalor; this woman moaning; and the rattle of the toy on the flags, and the man munching. Let us smash it by breaking a match. There—snap.

And then comes the low of the cows in the field; and another cow to the left answers; and all the cows seem to be moving tranquilly across the field and the owl flutes off its watery bubble. But the sun is deep below the earth. The trees are growing heavier, blacker; no order is perceptible; there is no sequence in these cries, these movements; they come from no bodies; they are cries to the left and to the right. Nothing can be seen. We can only see ourselves as outlines, cadaverous, sculptresque. And it is more difficult for the voice to carry through this dark. The dark has stripped the fledge from the arrow—the vibrations that rise red shiver as it passes through us.

Then comes the terror, the exultation; the power to rush out unnoticed, alone; to be consumed; to be swept away to become

### THE MOMENT: SUMMER'S NIGHT

a rider on the random wind; the tossing wind; the trampling and neighing wind; the horse with the blown-back mane; the tumbling, the foraging; he who gallops for ever, nowhither travelling, indifferent; to be part of the eyeless dark, to be rippling and streaming, to feel the glory run molten up the spine, down the limbs, making the eyes glow, burning, bright, and penetrate the buffeting waves of the wind.

“Everything’s sopping wet. It’s the dew off the grass. Time to go in.”

And then one shape heaves and surges and rises, and we pass, trailing coats, down the path towards the lighted windows, the dim glow behind the branches, and so enter the door, and the square draws its lines round us, and here is a chair, a table, glasses, knives, and thus we are boxed and housed, and will soon require a draught of soda-water and to find something to read in bed.

Figure 6. Carleton, Chora. *Image of 'The Moment: A Summer's Night'*. 2018, from: Woolf, Virginia, and Leonard Woolf. *The Moment : And Other Essays*. London : Hogarth Press, 1947

# Colour

As a medium of affordance

My own sensing body is particularly attuned to colour; I evaluate a moment's saturation, hue, density, reflection, brightness (and therefore light) and how these things respond to the environment as high-value information, even over temperature, tactility and sound. This heightened attention to colour likely stems from my experience as a painter. I once described my experience of colour as a haze that floats above, around or within how I identify things. I could never define what makes my perception of colour different than anyone else's. All that I can say is that it is a primary force that bends and shapes my way of being in this world.

Thinking about the visual nature of colour, I am drawn to the writings of mid-twentieth-century artist and educator Joseph Albers. In Albers' landmark text *Interaction of Colour*, he quite clearly places his examinations of colour in relation to colour phenomena rather than colour theory. "Practical exercises demonstrate through color deception (illusion) the relativity and instability of color. And experience teaches that in visual perception there is a discrepancy between physical fact and psychic effect" (2). Between these two states of colour, sensation comes rushing in. All at once, the capacity of dimension and sensations describe quality through the affordance of colour. In this respect, the green-blue expanse of a body of water takes on another dimension than the tinge of refracted light in the shadows of a glass of water. Colour is an affordance of material, substance and surface. In his introduction to *Interaction of Colour*, Albers refers to his study as an attempt to "develop- through experience- by trial and error- an eye for colour"(1). He does not aim to define a *safe* theory of colour interaction, but instead, addresses the practicalities of working with the qualities of colour to gain an understanding of "seeing colour action as well as feeling colour relatedness" (1). His theories do not champion optics and scientific analysis of the wavelengths of light; he does not redefine the order or spectrum of colours in a new graphical representation. Alternatively, he asks his students to sit with and observe the colours they see from their own bodily perspective. In understanding that colour becomes more than a treatment that can be achieved when it is allowed to interact with the dimension of an artwork, I began to foster an understanding of colour as a quality in the whole ecology of a space. Albers' observational techniques trained my body, not just my eyes, to see the shifts of blue in shadows and the yellow-whiteness of natural light.

In addition, colours denote states of *duration* as it communicates such things such as the sun receding underneath the horizon or charred surface of the overcooked the bread

in the oven. I then conceptualize that the language of colour operates as the language of *phenomenal tense*, in other words textual language developed using colour signifying states of change, representing the way in which we describe. J.H van den Berg relates his version of colour perception to a series of rules which explains the nature of colour's transformations of state. He claims that while colours themselves are not stable, they are consistent in the same manner that dimension is, in every moment of the day under every form of illumination. "Grass remains green at night. Or should I say that my knowledge of the grass' color remains green? In that case I would not look with surprise at the grass when I am told that in the moonlight the grass is black...I don't rectify my knowledge but my perception" (51). At the same time as knowing the colour of a thing, every material and surface contains all colours in principle; this is the rule of the moment that is linked the rule of *duration*. In my art works I tease sense out the slightly baffling sense of colour; I know colour to have two lives: the wild ephemeral transformative colour under the shifting illuminations moment by moment as the sun's light changes and the version of colour, which in your mind, signifies the palimpsest of sensing that colour, for example, as I wrote in *My Perception of Colour*, a poem-essay about an orange:

Even when a particular sensate is heightened  
the colour of an orange cannot  
be disassociated  
from its citrus family  
waxy surface  
and bursting vesicles.  
(Carleton 4)

However, such attempts to name the colour of objects is fallible. With this in mind, I am drawn back to Maggie Nelson's novel *Bluets* when she ponders her blue couch: "Is your blue sofa still blue when you stumble past it on your way to the kitchen for water in the middle of the night; is it still blue if you don't get up, and no one enters the room to see it?" (Nelson 20). The limits of perception, especially when subject to the temporal and transformational forces of duration, curtail the full understanding of the lives of colours. Furthermore, every eye, every body, and hence, every sensation of colour, is different. Joseph Albers provides a perfect example by reminding us that there is ultimately a version of Coca Cola Red in each individuals mind (3).

## Within a frame of practice

Colour, for me, is the most versatile of tools to enact experience through art. It can take over a space, or simply co-habit with a space as natural light that is responding to whatever it passes through or against on its journey towards the body. These notions are key to my reading and comparison of well-known artists Mark Rothko and James Turrell. Of the many artists who examine colour I have chosen to highlight these two in relation to colour because their dichotomy represents the journey my practice has taken from a painting a colour, to affording it.

Rothko and Turrell employed the use of colour in very different ways, their methodologies and intentions reveal each's stance on sensation. James Elkins' book *Pictures and Tears: A History of People Who Have Cried in Front of Paintings* details the emotional whirl storm caused by Rothko's paintings.

If you step too close to a Rothko, you may find yourself inside it. It is not hard to see why people say they are overwhelmed. Everything conspires to overload the senses: the empty incandescent rectangles of color, entirely encompassing your field of vision; the sheer glowing silence; the lack of footing, or anything solid, in the world of the canvas; the weird sense that the color is very far away, yet suffocating close. It's not a pleasant feeling: the painting is all around you, and you feel both threatened and comforted, both cushioned and asphyxiated.

(13)

Rothko uses colour as a soliloquy for emotional states of being, drawing on the symbolic meanings of colours to affect the viewer in a wave of emotional sensation, coming forth from the painting as an object to body relationship. The size and scale of his paintings take over the space but they do not become part of the space, they are installed. Turrell on the other hand overtakes the space, infusing it with gradations of colour. His architectural interventions curating a space where the exact nature of colour becomes infused with body and experience. By using technologies such as neon lights, Turrell turns architectural spaces into fields of colour. "Void and solid are inverted optically; the negative spaces of the cutouts appear solid while the walls themselves seem to disappear" (Clark 44). In other works such as the Skyspace (Figure 7.) at The University of Texas at Austin, there is an entirely constructed space to observe the natural transitions of colour heightened by the spatial constructions such as the use of enclosed spaces with an echo of an anechoic chamber, a disk cut through the ceiling, opening in an absorption of the inside and outside. Irwin notes the experience of light within this space opens a whole new dimension that stimulates the thought of light as a thickness (Auping 96). Perhaps brief in prospecting Turrell's work, this description of the thickness

of light affirms the theoretical proposition of colour as a medium of affordance, a mode of phenomenal state. This contemplation helps me locate my own colour practices, how I have developed over this period of study to shift between these two ways of utilizing colour. Settling somewhere on the verge of painting and architectural intervention, my practice has taken many turns to express the conceptual framework as an affirmation of theory.

# Contemplation of

Mine is an expanded painting practice, one where the sensation of paper fibre surfaces, applied pigments or treatments allows colour to bloom. However, as my practice has matured, I have been drawn away from traditional pigments and paint to engage with new mediums that develop the experience of colour as a material, spatial and temporal phenomena. Three projects undertaken in the master's programme offer significant example towards increased understanding, skill and insight into this aspect of my practice. As I offer my own critical assessment and reflection upon the successes and failures in each work, I also point to how other artists have informed the technical and conceptual generation of each work. What I pose here is crucial by way of asking the reading and viewer of my work to *arrive at* the final project of the degree and the conclusion of this exegesis.

## *Being Blue* 2017, The Engine Room

At the beginning of this research project, my practice sought to resolve one main issue: the role of language and description of colour and abstraction. My early attempts revolved around understanding the language of colour and the language of abstraction related to shape and words. In *These things that are different*, a 2017 Masters of Fine Art group show at The Engine Room, my contribution *Being Blue* presented a series of paintings accompanied by a book. The premise of *Being Blue* was to capture and understand the scope of how I experienced descriptions of blue inspired by the philosophical writings *On Being Blue* by William Gass, where the notion of blueness is examined as a social and symbolic resonance of describing states. Drifting through states of blueness, Gass' text motivated me to create a work that tried to capture the different states of blue in their many colloquial terms to describe everything from scientific names, idioms and emotions (11-13).

*Being Blue* included watercolour painting, woodworking, cyanotype, writing and bookbinding. The handling of the paper was paramount to the refinement of the final product: each piece was measured to size, cut, soaked and then stretched onto wooden



Figure 8. Carleton, Chora. *Being Blue*. 2017, The Engine Room, Wellington, New Zealand



Figure 9. Carleton, Chora. *Being Blue Book*. 2017, The Engine Room, Wellington, New Zealand



Figure 10. Carleton, Chora. *Being Blue East wall paintings*. 2017, The Engine Room, Wellington, New Zealand



Figure 11. Carleton, Chora. *Being Blue Book*. 2017, The Engine Room, Wellington, New Zealand



Figure 12. Carleton, Chora. *Image of bottlecap on Parthanon steps.* 2017

boards, drying like taut canvases. Respecting the fibre and glue of the paper and gum-tape in the stretching process yielded sharp edges and a smooth surface texture. Every decision down to the thickness, pressing technique and hue of the paper was considered in relation to the contrast, weight and texture of the final painting. Such attention to detail belies my love of paper in general and all of its material characteristics and properties. I always have been drawn to the hot-pressed paper to achieve sharper edges. Yellower papers give warmth, blue-er blends more into the colour temperatures of the conventional *gallery white*. The preparation of a successful watercolour painting called for many sketches, swatches of colour and paper combinations as there was no room for corrections once I started the process because pigments often stain the paper. Such contingency makes mis-colours and on-the-fly compositions potentially disastrous. For *Being Blue*, I riffed off of my painting processes by taking my habit of creating swatches for testing colours and turning each of them into a singular painting, a singular stroke or shape as seen in Figure 10. This shape and the 'letting happen' of the nature of materials is a process which I acquired from painter Helen Frankenthaler.

Although familiar with her work through books and the internet, I first encountered Frankenthaler's painting *Stride* (Figure 13.) in 2016 at the Metropolitan Art Museum when traveling to New York on a study tour. This painting became my favourite Frankenthaler piece. When turning a corner within the gallery, I was blindsided when confronted by this painting. Standing almost three meters tall, the peachy swathes appeared to fall down towards me. If I dared to toe the white line on the floor, I could have investigated the line of a space between the unpainted linen and the colour. Created with Frankenthaler's signature acrylic, the colour is suggestive of something ripe, summery and in movement. The title *Stride* makes me imagine wearing a pair of peach corduroy pants walking through New York in early summer.

In 1960's, New York, and as a female painter, Frankenthaler emerged as part of the Color Field artists who were developing new techniques to explore materiality of form and matter. Describing the effect of Frankenthaler's characteristic technique, American art critic and art historian E. C. Goossen writes of the effect it had on Frankenthaler's colours: "Colour could lose much of the materiality if the physical medium associated itself directly with its airy essence. Moreover, since the raw canvas was palpably and visibly real and obviously absorbent, it became resolutely neutral, a no-man's-land where the distance from the eye in terms of its non-colour was a purely relative matter to be determined only by the colour forced into it" (9). This stroke, the sense of movement embodied in a singular shape, materiality revealed in form of Helen Frankenthaler's seminal paintings, informed the early forms and compositions of my paintings. As my art practice further developed, the sense of my work began to reveal the medium of colour as a material and not a representation of something else. This way of working with colour as a material has a tendency to exalt the properties or



Figure 13. Frankenthaler, Helen. *Stride*. 1969, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Photograph by Carleton, Chora. 2017.

possibilities of colour, especially with regard to how the pigment rests in the texture of the paper and how the paper rests against the supporting element, such as a frame, a wall or a shelf. No gimmicks or hidden materials were to be employed. In *Being Blue* the paintings leaned, supported on the wall by a shelf of rimu. The shelf acted as the very limits of framing the delicate works and as such, exposed the paintings to humidity and air movement. With such a vulnerability to the ecology of forces in the space, some of those paintings did fall to the floor, their dimensions not quite in the balance with the depth that the shelf afforded.

The final element of this work was the book (Figure 9.), which rested like a painting on its own shelf. Every single page had been dipped in cyanotype fluid and supplemented with a single handwritten word calling out another name for blue. The pages crinkled as they dried unevenly and slowly; parts of the book opened to exposed the cyanotype to the sunlit space. The book became a taxonomy of the instances of blue. Despite the book's striking aestheticized and changing condition, I found the book undermined the conceptual depth of the project as a whole. I came to understand that a name is a definition rather than a description of the phenomena which affords colour's richness. A name like Prussian Blue does not place that blue bottle top into the stairs leading to the Parthenon. This was a realisation which came to me when finding blues 'in the wild' on a European art tour. I understood that whatever I made next needed to be more live; the colour had to be responding to or part of a space specifically rather than segregating pigments into etymological histories. Using language became a more delicate art the more I probed into it.

## *Gloaming* 2018, Toi Pōneke Art's Centre

In late 2017, I had a solo exhibition at Toi Pōneke Arts Centre in Wellington, New Zealand. Open from the 1st of June 2018 till the 23rd June, the exhibition gave me the opportunity to challenge and expand both my creative practice and real-world art-making skills. I took this exhibition as a chance to achieve a polished professional work and yet, at the same time, trial my ideas of bringing colour into a state of liveness. My proposal to Toi Pōneke was initially a rather ambitious response to the space of the gallery, a goal that none of my previous works had considered. I had previously adopted a firm stance that the vibrancy of the watercolour pigments were best seen in bright sunlit white gallery cubes: this was challenged by this when faced with the prospect that few galleries have perfect ambient natural light. *Gloaming* was an installation that grew out of my search for live, real, found, phenomenal colour that could react and transform within a gallery space, whether it was natural light in equal proportions or the dimness of an unlit room.

*Gloaming* was initially based on the astrological twilight and the transformations that occur in the atmosphere as the light fades or unfolds on the horizon. I knew that I would be producing paintings with colours that would react well in different light conditions, but I had several different ideas about how I would both conceptual and physically alter the gallery experience. This spatial transformation was stimulated by conversations with my supervisors about the history of phenomenology and art movements associated with perception. In many ways, I had resisted or was overly cautious of moving my practice this far away from painting towards something that straddled the line between spatial or sculptural elements and painting. Robert Irwin's work helped me make this transition, and understand that my conceptual practice was part of a new generation of Light and Space Minimalism art and that I should extend my methodologies to reflect that.

The Light and Space branch of Minimalism developed on the west coast of America in the 1960's. Curator and writer, Melisa E. Feldman's survey *Another Minimalism; Art After California Light and Space* offers an exemplary overview of how minimalism developed as two polarising regional movements, it examines how they had conflicting conceptual issues and reveals how both movements bracketed their concerns against philosophical theories. Revealing how the two movements differed, Feldman created a table, even if a generalization, of their key concepts:

## NY

MATERIAL  
CONCRETE  
RETINAL  
ANTI-ILLUSION  
OBJECT-BASED  
SELF-REFERING  
(21)

## LA

IMMATERIAL  
INDETERMINATE  
SENSORIAL  
OPTICAL  
AMBIENT  
SITUATIONAL, EXPERIMENTAL

Light and Space's use of colour, unstable, immaterial and ephemeral nature developed at odds with the physical, object-orientated model of New York Minimalism. Feldman clarifies that these differences stem from two different understandings of the philosophy of perception. With New York Minimalism privileging the unitary within space to exalt objecthood, their theoretical frame work was based the gestalt experience (22). Light and Space as well as contemporary renditions, however does not need a centre of formal unity, rather it concentrates around the human sensory experience within an ecology of space filled with apparitions of colour to rouse the senses. Settings replace objects, spatial over sculptural (Feldman 50).

A natural adjustment to the ambience of the space was not my first design concept for *Gloaming*. The initial intention was to use acrylic or vinyl to tint the windows of the gallery into a sunset of colours. This began to conceptualize the space as a medium to create affordances and suggest movement though the gallery and the staging of a narrative from one end of the gallery to the other. Because of the long term nature of this project, several months were devoted to trailing and redeveloping concepts as well as observing how light inhabited the gallery spaces. This extended duration to develop the exhibition works became crucial when I had a realisation about the material impact of using the plastic light filters. Shown in the floorplan sketches in Figure 14. the narrative of the light changed as it developed through several iterations, including the realities of obtaining quotes for installation and materials.

When applying tests, I was struck by the overwhelming smell and suffocation of the plastic material. Immediately it was clear that a re-evaluation of the intervention into the space was needed. This was when I realised the *tense* of the spatial intervention was wrong. The liveness of the slow transformation of a sunset was being artificially prescribed to tincture the space in a fake twilight at all times stifling the wild colours that occur in the space and petrifying them in plastic.

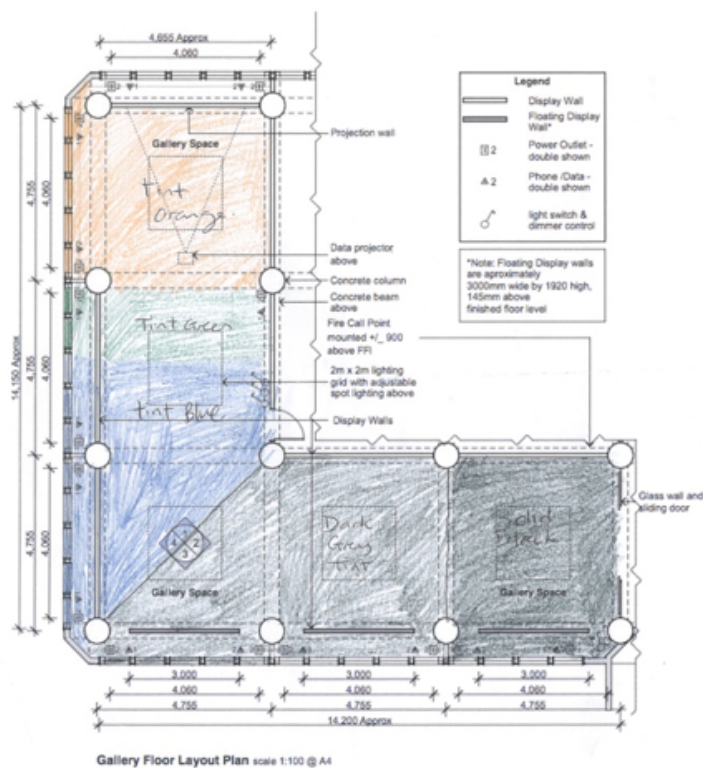
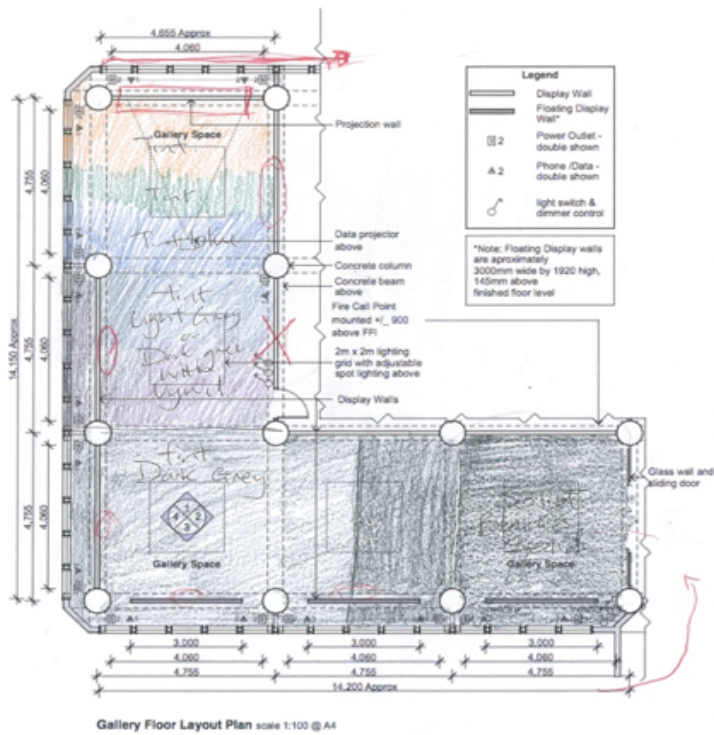


Figure 14. Carleton, Chora. Image of floorplan sketches of Toi Poneke Arts Centre. 2018



Figure 15. Carleton, Chora. *Image of curtain installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018*



Figure 16. Carleton, Chora. *Image of curtain installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018*



Figure 17. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming'* Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018



Figure 18. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming'* Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018



Figure 19. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming'* Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018



Figure 20. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming'* Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018



Figure 21. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming'* Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018



Figure 22. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming'* Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018



Figure 23. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming'* Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018

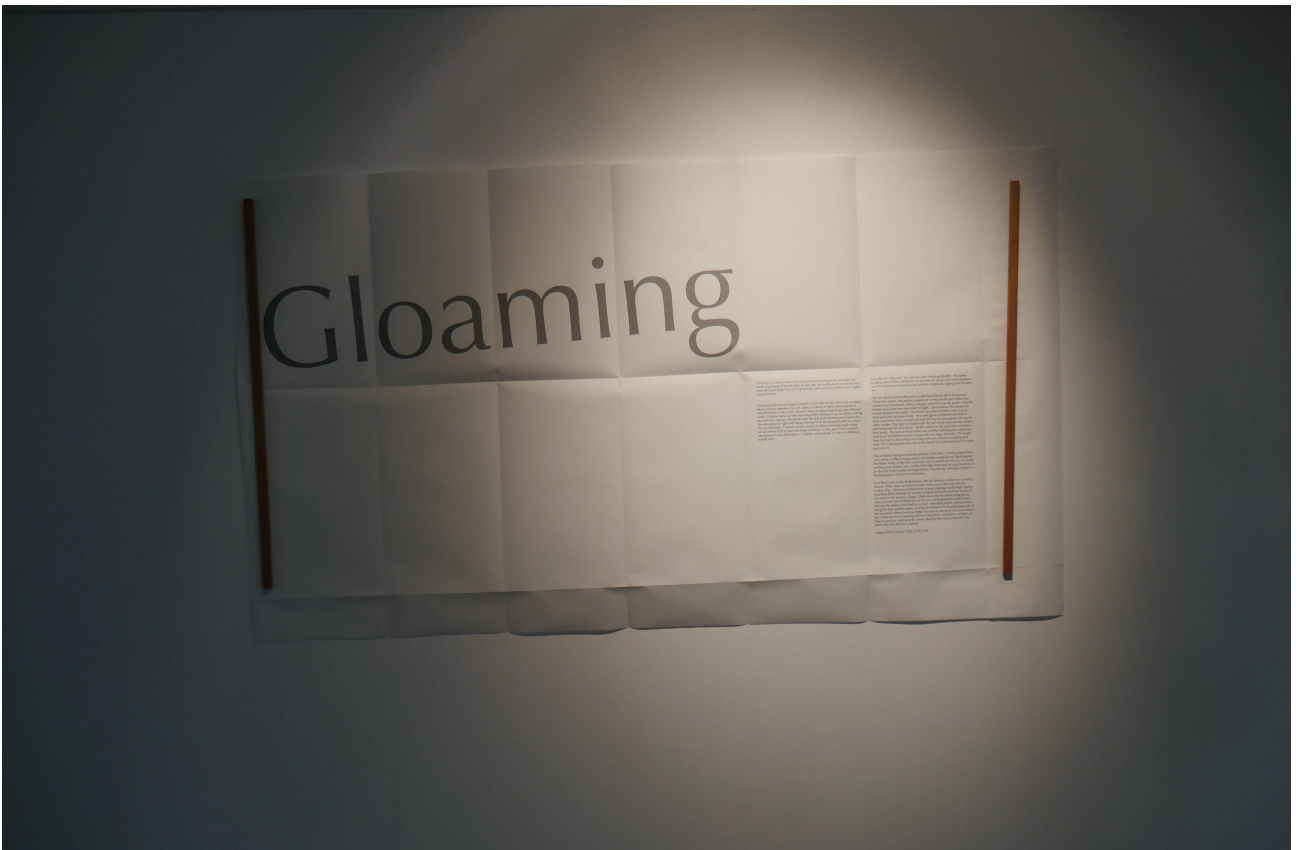


Figure 24. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming'* Toi Poneke Art Centre. 2018



Figure 25. Carleton, Chora. *Frosted Winds in Gloaming*. 2018

frosted winds

Frosted wisps  
of cloud tumbled over ranges  
standing aside a harbour basin. A stiff wind  
pushed the cloud eastward and traveling at altitude the  
gusts swept down across the harbour. The coldness of the air caused the  
upper atmosphere to shimmer with a pinkish-orange as the sun sank at an angle,  
coming from somewhere just beneath the ridgeline of the mountains. A dusky  
grey soaked the underside of the vapour and mixed with the pinkish-orange.

Figure 26. Carleton, Chora. *Frosted Winds text*. 2018



Figure 27. Carleton, Chora. *Moondogs in Gloaming*, 2018

A sense of things sleeping. Soft covers of white linen; now in the darkness, a grey cyan lay crumpled over sleeping bodies.

A system of orbits the two masses grew closer. Falsely soaked in indigo, the name suggesting much more than an extra full moon could produce.

A thick duvet of darkness suitable for reading under brought everything closer, bringing the light close, closer to your eyes to see, closer by rotational variation, mass drawing mass between a state of empty night.

A dusty red remnant of light, penumbra casted by the shadow of the world. A deep red blue blooded moon rose above in the clear sky. Soaked in red waves shadows crept slowly in tidal transformation.

A lunar surface in a passage behind, soaked in and rinsed out. The moon dog awoke, racing out into the obscurity. Oblivious to the atmospheric performance.

A coffee stained ring around the moon was all that was left.

Figure 28. Carleton, Chora. *Moondogs text*. 2018



Figure 29. Carleton, Chora. *Aphotic in Gloaming*. 2018

They walked examining the footpath. The clouds thickened, the  
city lights grew brighter in compensation. Traffic collected daubs  
of blinking red intermittently shot through with streaks of yellow.

At once the rain came and even the orange of the streetlights was  
obscured. Such a wet gloom, it made the avenues turn into the  
deepest trenches of the ocean. The light was filtered, aphotic; only  
blue wavelengths passing through the atmosphere.

People wavered into a cautious persistence through the half  
world, half ocean. The noise of water moving across every surface  
was deafening and defining.

As the volume decreased in measure, it left the rhythm of tyres  
across wet asphalt.

The street emptied its ocean down storm pipes.

sbjornc

Figure 30. Carleton, Chora. *Aphotic text*. 2018



Figure 31. Carleton, Chora. *Pink Mortar in Gloaming*. 2018

pink mortar

Spotlights spread a slick of electric light that shattered into glassy fragments once it met surface tension. Each piece rotated, floated, undulated in the force of unseen wave patterns lurching below, eyes of the sea flitting and flirting in conversation. Bright blue and incandescent yellow flashed as headlights carved curved temporary paths. A not yet darkened sky left a hazy pink stain on the mountain to the west. At the point of highest saturation, the pink blushed against the film of water. A mosaic bound by pink mortar, moving, coursing into a deepening blue by the bold face of a south wind.

Figure 32. Carleton, Chora. *Pink Mortar text*. 2018

The resolution was to simply cut the intensity of the natural light coming into the gallery to let the whole space sit in a state of half-light or gloaming. This transformation of the gallery merely necessitated curtains or curtain-like scrims made of linen. Treating the fabric like a painting, the natural fibres were respected and the edges ripped instead of cut to achieve a refined edge that could blend into the space unobtrusively and yet precisely. Hung using magnetic strips, a technique I had developed as minimal frames, the linen obscured the windows but let in figures of light and shadow lines generated by the gallery windows. The space of the gallery was brought to life. The lighting was dynamic; the intervention didn't take over the space and the viewer was really left to connect to the time of day and the phenomenal conditions occurring within the gallery.

In this way *Gloaming* began to reference Robert Irwin's 1977 work *Scrim veil - Black rectangle - Natural light* (Figures 33. and 34.). The space of his work is altered by only two elements, the scrim and the black line. The work acts upon the whole space at once and the sole focus is set in expanses of architectural elements, their material and the effects of light. By using translucent scrims and hidden lighting, Irwin's work could be registered as empty rooms, filled with proportional, evenly distributed light. The lack of object-orientation found in Light and Space artists work reveals the nature of noticing change. Feldman quotes Merleau-Ponty on the observation and duration of knowing the space as an expression of becoming aware of the bodily knowledge that accumulates as one inhabits it.

When I walk around my flat, the various aspects in which it presents itself to me could not possibly appear as views of one and the same thing if I did not know that each of them represents the flat seen from one spot or another, and if I were unaware of my own movements, and of my body retaining its identity through the stages of those movements.

(qtd. in Feldman 50-53)

Upon reflection the window hangings became a work in their own, and have been the core conception of future works. One moment in which I tried in vain to capture on camera was the shift into true darkness. When a light turned on outside the gallery, a purplish hue would come through the windows at the far end of the space. It was eerie and unexpected, exactly the phenomenological transformation which I had desired to experience in the space. This was the moment that it occurred to me that the *duration* of how a body interacts with my work would be how I afforded the heightened sense of perception I yearn for.

One of the technical issues that arose in the development of *Gloaming* was scale. Being a solo show, I desired the gallery to be delicately full, yet not overfull or an expanse of empty space. In tests just prior to *Gloaming*, I was yearning to create swathes of colours

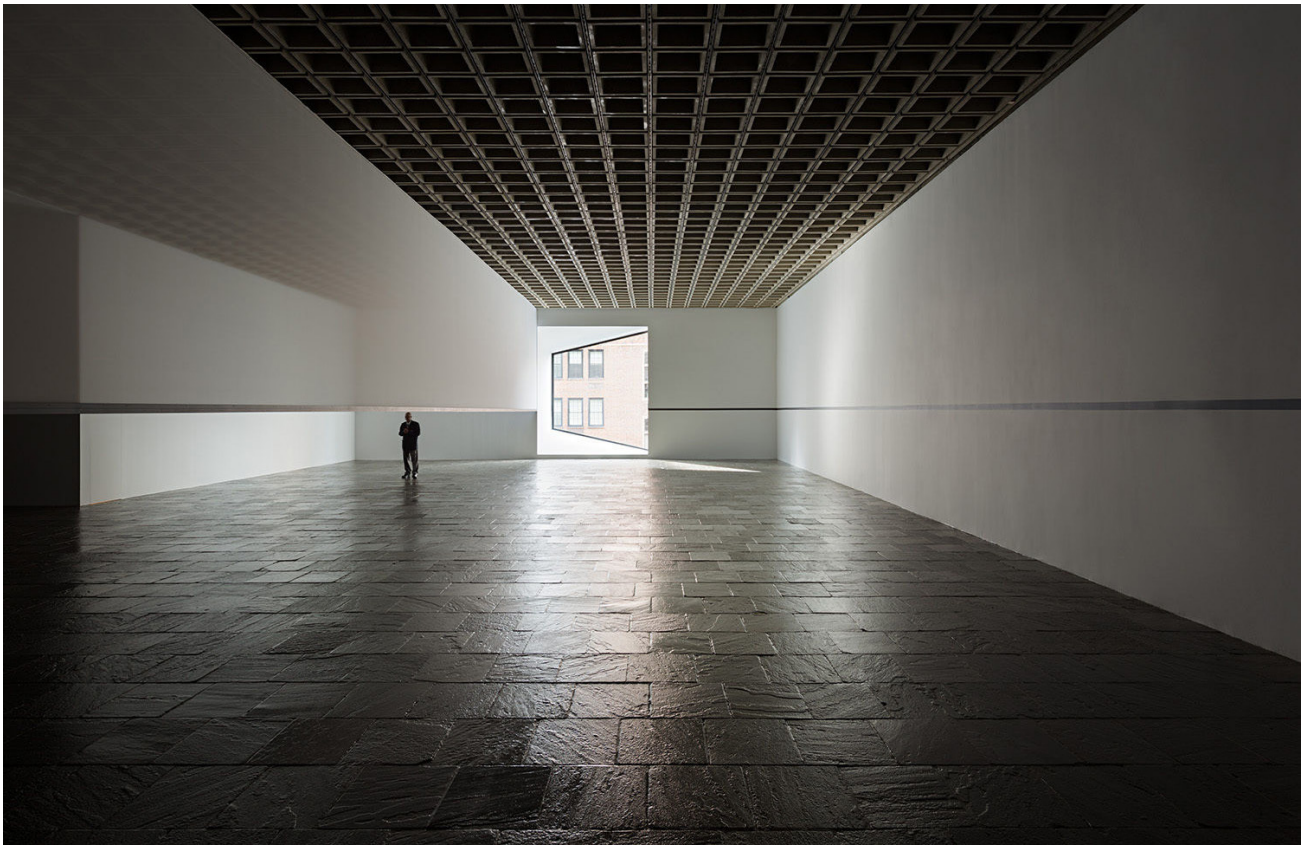


Figure 33. Irwin, Robert. *Installation view of: Scrim Veil-Black Rectangle-Natural Light*. 1977, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Photograph by Philipp Scholz Rittermann, 2013



Figure 34. Irwin, Robert. *Installation view of: Scrim Veil-Black Rectangle-Natural Light*. 1977, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Photograph by Philipp Scholz Rittermann, 2013

in the paintings, akin to how the pigment lays on the paper and in recollection of Helen Frankenthaler's colour technique. However, as I found out, the scaling of watercolour paint in larger surface area changes both the nature of the paint's production in water solution as well as the characteristics of the finishing swathe of colour. This fact and sourcing large high-grade paper were the key points that limited the dimensions of my early painting practice. Creating an artwork that responded to phenomena meant that, at the largest, I could only create watercolour paintings on a scale smaller than a body, a finding that has driven the changes that resulted in my final master's work. In many ways, I struggled throughout this research with the desire to bridge the wholeness of phenomena with the discrete object-ness of a painting in earlier formations of my spatial interventions and installations. For *Gloaming*, I conceded to having swathes of colour, which present a discrete but manageable size in which I could achieve the brushstroke and textural effects with the pigment necessary. Expanding the size of the paintings would play out in later works.

With concessions made with the interventions of the space, I activated my philosophical research to create the content or focus of the exhibition. Unlike *Being Blue* where the paintings and the text became definitions of moments or types of blues and separated objects in function and display, the paintings in *Gloaming* referenced moments and alluded to an experience that was open and responsive to the changing light of the gallery. *Gloaming* mediated this aspect through the use of tense and narrative found in the physicality of the texts. Virginia Woolf's *The Waves* brought a further sense of dissolved description to the narratives of *Gloaming's* paintings. It was during the production of the *Gloaming* texts that I realised to potency of tense. One passage in particular resonated with the *tense* and perceptive state that my texts strove for.

The sense of both metaphorical and phenomenal transformation sets up moment after moment of a morning's dissolution into a world filled with detail. Each affordance is given weight and action. The tense suggests a culmination of an event, a closing act but also revels in the beauty of the cycle of life. For the content of *Gloaming*, I sought out observations or experiences that captured the beautiful, damp, changeable, chaotic, dismal moods of the deepest of Wellington winters. Choosing four moments, I created four paintings and texts which were spread evenly around the gallery space. By repeating the same format; square painting and a folded unlimited print text on a rimu shelf, I enhanced the individual character of the text and painting, each like snapshots of moments in time. Moments were chosen for how I could describe through language and form an abstracted image in my mind, neither prompting the other. Achieving this aim demanded several iterations of each painting, using sketchbooks to refine the words right there up against the swatches of colours. One of the issues that I struggled with was capturing an impression of the sense-data, the delicate pinkness of water and how it hovered between pink and blue. *Pink Mortar* (Figure 30.) I achieved this visual

Now the sun had sunk. Sky and sea were indistinguishable. The waves breaking spread their white fans far out over the shore, sent white shadows into the recesses of sonorous cave and the rolled back sighing over the shingle.

The tree shook its branches and a scattering of leaves fell to the ground. There they settled with perfect composure on the precise spot where they would await dissolution. Black and grey were shot into the garden from the broken vessel that had once held red light. Dark shadows blackened the tunnels between the stalks. The thrush was silent and the worm sucked itself back into its narrow hole. Now and again a whitened and hollow straw was blown from an old nest and fell into the dark grasses among the rotten apples. The light had faded from the tool-house wall and the adder's skin hung from the nail empty. All the colours in the room had overflowed their banks. The precise brush strike was swollen and lop-side: cupboards and chairs melted their brown masses into one huge obscurity. The height from the floor to the ceiling was hung with vast curtains of shaking darkness. The looking-glass was pale as the mouth of a cave shadowed by hanging creepers.

The substance had gone from the solidity of the hills. Traveling lights drove out a plummy wedge among unseen and sunken roads, but no lights opened the folded wings of the hills, and there was no sound save the cry of a bird seeking some lonelier tree. At the cliff's edge there was an equal murmur of air that has been brushed through forests, of water that had been cooled in a thousand glassy hollows of mid-ocean.

As if there were waves of darkness in the air, darkness moved on, covering houses. Hills, trees, as waves of water wash around the rises of some sunken ship. darkness washed down streets, eddying round single figures, engulfing them; blotting out couples clasped under the showery farness of an el tree in full summer foliage. Darkness rolled its waves along grassy rides and over the wrinkled skin of the turf, enveloping the solitary thorn tree and the empty snail shells at its foot. Mounting higher, darkness blew along the bare upland slopes, and met the fretted and abraded pinnacles of the mountain where the snow lodges for ever on the hard rock even where the valleys are full of running streams and yellow vine leaves, and girls sitting in verandas, look up at the snow, shading their faces with their fans. Them, too, the darkness covered.

(Woolf 197)

impression the best, using a technique where a heavy opaque pigment is mixed in solution with a lighter transparent pigment with a higher ratio of transparent to opaque, an effect as if sediment has settled at the bottom of a pond is created. In *Pink Mortar* (Figure 31.), the elongated pink shape is just barely tinged with a grey-blue. Using descriptive words and forms that mimicked each other, I was attempting to capture the subtle oscillations, the sense of shifting colour and giving a richer sense of being present to the original experience. This process of creating the paintings and the texts together simultaneously made *Gloaming*, in comparison to previous works, achieve a much more close textual-visual integration. The choice of descriptors and the flow of the text matched the *dimension* of the moment. Words like 'hazy', 'slick' and 'south wind' conjured a sense of the immediate environment. A moment held in reflection was suggested by a simple shift in *tense*. Markers of the local environment and conditions of the 'harbour basin' made the *tense* of the text seem like the *now* of Wellington winter. *Pink Mortar* was the last text I wrote, the last painting produced. I feel that together they are the most successful in integrating the sensations of colour and description of moment, to generate a now-ness. It felt genuine and fleeting.

Returning to Virginia Woolf, one of the reasons that passage in particular struck me, was the actual lived moment in which *Gloaming* was occurring. The exhibition concluded just days after winter solstice, a natural migration towards darkness, which allowed the conceptual framework of the exhibition to resonate with the outside world's natural state as it reiterated the mental and physical feeling of the depths of winter. Extending the importance of the literature within *Gloaming*, not only did I create a set of texts alongside each painting, I attempted my first course of three public readings, one a week for the duration of the exhibition. I started with a poem by Nina Powles *Apophenia* from her collection *(Auto)biography of a Ghost in Luminescent* (11), a text that, truthfully, had little bearing or relation to the project but built up my confidence and cadence to read my own texts. The readings were held 'at dusk', an intentionally oblique time designation that asked that attendees become attuned to the changes in light, timing and atmospheric conditions. The second reading, *Pink Mortar* is one of the four texts I wrote especially for *Gloaming*. With each reading, I challenged myself to become bolder as the enacting of the words charged the space audibly with descriptions. The texts came alive and I felt the line between the text and painting grew thinner. The final reading was on the eve of winter solstice. I invited my friend James Tapsell-Kururangi to do a reading with me. His text was a personal reflection on his own art work in relation to our on-going conversations. *What if colour* (Figure 35.) was a text that I had written as a response to the moment, the gallery space, and the small details which made the day a turning point. It was a moment of reflection, a culmination of the whole exhibition experience.

What if colour came down like sunbeams  
filled with dust? A curtain of heat, a wave  
of cold air moving towards your ankles.  
Would the grey-blue of the concrete cover  
everything in sight? Would you taste the  
sunlight like a butter soaked slice of fresh bread?  
Exactly at the moment the first cut releases steam,  
the butter puddles into the almost doughy bread.  
Dimension and sensation define how we inately  
measure by the hours of sunlight and we  
know, pallid as clothed cream and with weary  
complexion, we are nearing the peak of our  
precipice of gloaming. Seek shelter, company,  
warmth and good heart tonight, for the  
shadows shall lurk ~~and~~, lengthen, occupying  
all space untill we begin our journey anew.



Figure 35. Carleton, Chora. *What if colour*. 2018

## *Canopy and Wrote* 2018, Engine Room

After *Gloaming* I spent a lot of time reconsidering the core values and concerns of my practice. Often, I have rejected feedback that suggested the two aspects of my work, painting and poetry, act separately or overpower each other. What remained important in my research inquiry was the ambition to open a dialogue between the intuitive knowing of sensation and the constructions of these qualities as descriptions within written language. Post *Gloaming*, the sense that my practice drifting grew stronger, the paintings seemed to be doing less of the enacting of conceptual forces than the space or text. Closing the rift between written description and sense-data as the grammar of sensory perception seems like an awfully impossible task, something which I began to suspect was being held back by representation. The two-dimensional plane of the painting as foci of the artwork was holding this weight of *representation*. With so much of the artwork revolving around the object-ness of the painting, it pulled one's sensory attention into the representational plane. Instead of being in the current *tense*, the paintings were self-referential of a moment outside of the direct space of the gallery. Essentially, I came to realise that my painting practice was operating under the qualities and intentions of New York Minimalism with the foci being presented at an-object orientated; yet my conceptual aspirations of my work operated under the morals of the Light and Space Minimalism.

In realising that my conceptual framework was misaligned with my practical processes, I sought out new sources of material and aesthetic inspiration and found the work of Uta Barth and Kim Pieters. Two women of the generation before me engaging in the recent conceptual uptake of the principles of Light and Space, this generation of artists reviewed by Melissa E. Feldman "rely on the viewer's physical, cognitive, sensory and social participation in lived space and time...[works] tacitly advocate self-awareness and individual agency with the idea that the viewer can begin to apply these skills- like pilates exercises that activate the imperceptible yet vital muscles that support the spine-out in the world" (84).

...and to draw a bright white line with light (Figures 36. and 37.), a photographic series by Uta Barth, traces the tactility of the sunlight inscribing the material, the gesture of being with it in space. Feldman in describing Uta Barth's work writes: "[H]er off-kilter, incidental views capture the liminal experience of being there and the perceptual micro-transformations that attend that moment-to-moment experience" (54). Her use of the line of shadow brought me back to the purple glow that came from the

Figure 36. Barth, Uta. *...and to draw a bright white line with light (Untitled 11.8)*, 2011, Uta Barth, <http://utabarh.net/work/and-to-draw-a-bright-white-line-with-light/#image-11>

Figure 37. Barth, Uta. *...and to draw a bright white line with light (Untitled 11.3)*, 2011, Uta Barth, <http://utabarh.net/work/and-to-draw-a-bright-white-line-with-light/#image-5>

shadows of Toi Pōneke's gallery. I saw her work as documentations of an installation, an understanding that may not align with the way it was curated but, one where the elements demonstrated a relationship that I wanted to bring into further works.

Kim Pieters, on the other hand, has a rich art practice which has many ties to similar conceptual touchstones as my own. Peiter's film *the golden fields* (Figure 38.) freely viewable on CIRCUIT, is a slow-paced meditation on observing the changes in light conditions transforming the fields of a New Zealand countryside bathed in varying conditions of a late afternoon golden sun. It is dreamlike; a sound scape plays while the golden browns and shimmering yellows lull you into a phenomenal journey. I was captivated by how the light oscillated, the image shifted, and the colour breathed. In the book *what is a life* published alongside the 2014 exhibition of the same name, Christina Barton situates Pieters use of colour in relation to Julia Kristeva, a wonderful way of thinking that suggests I should explore her writings in the future, Barton writes;

According to Kristeva, colour is not entirely contained in by the codes of language, there is an excess that can be linked to the instinctual, the biological and the phenomenal. Colour is where the 'subject escapes it's alienation with a code,' where the unity of self is rendered permeable. This is because colour is carried vis light, the connecting medium within which everything is bathed. Colour, finally, is a fluid spectrum that binds together and articulates everything it touches by means of complementary and contrast, projecting out from the surface to touch the viewer's senses.

(10)

These two sources inspired me to affect the phenomenal experience of a space. I isolated the phrase 'How does it feel to have colour fall like sunlight on your face?,' a phrase extracted from *Gloaming* that came to me when observing the effect of the light against the scrim-curtains and how the warmth of the light came through but was visually imprinted into the fabric. I began to wonder how I could cast a shadow of colour using the gentle fibres of the fabric, how they might react to environmental changes, mildewing if left damp, or almost breathing as a draft is sucked through the window. My response was to create a breathing painting in fabric using dye, in particular natural dye, so as to stay away from the artificial sensibility of the modern alternatives. To say the least, this idea took me down a rabbit-hole of experimentation. Over a few weeks, I researched and practiced using the chemicals, methods and recipes integral to the basic process of natural dye. My aim was to create a scrim of fabric that was thin enough to allow light to pass through, saturated with colour and involving some sort of mark-making linked in my painterly tendencies.

To note is how the process of preparing watercolour paper for painting runs parallel to

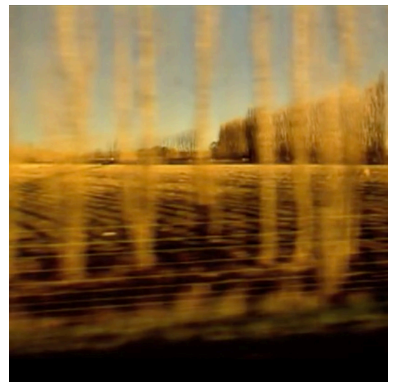
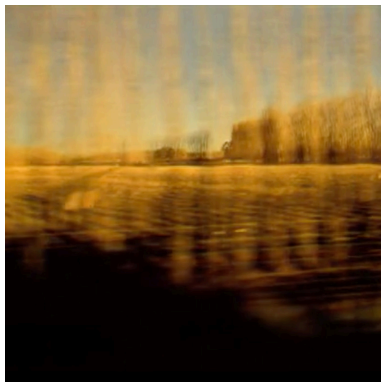
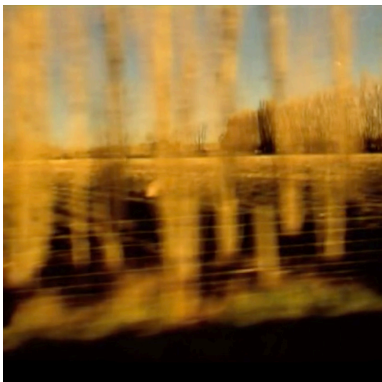
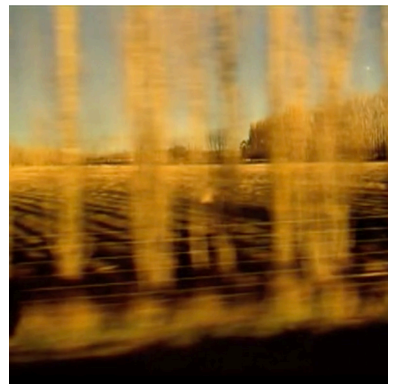
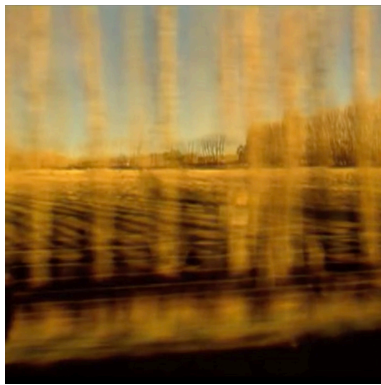
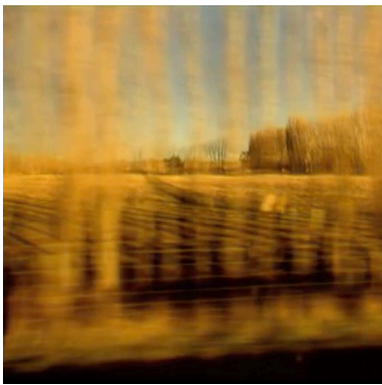
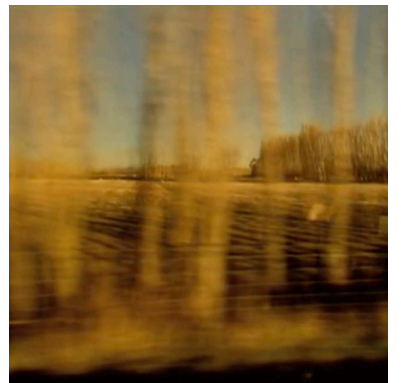
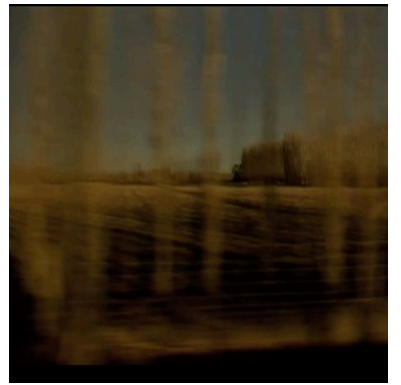
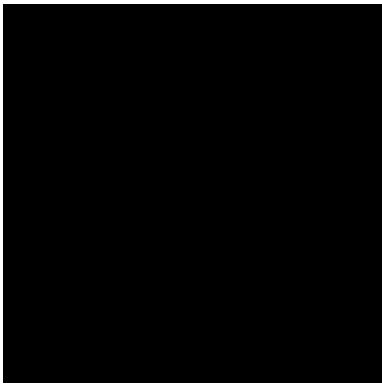


Figure 38. Pieters, Kim. director. *the golden fields*. CIRCUIT Artist Film and Video Aotearoa New Zealand, 2009, <https://www.circuit.org.nz/film/the-golden-fields>

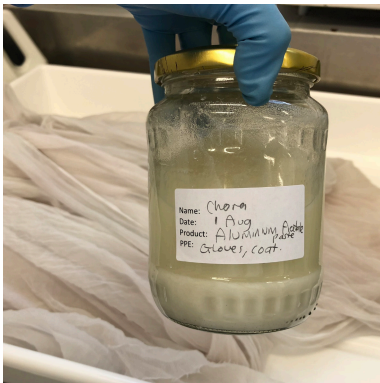


Figure 39. Carleton, Chora. *Images of dye process.* 2018

preparing fabric for dying. Both processes prepare the surface to accept pigment. This is partially because the mordanting method I chose emulated the act of painting, which involves the application of Alum Acetate paste as described by Michel Garcia in his educational film *Natural Dye Workshop with Michel Garcia : Colors of Provence Using Sustainable Methods*. This paste allows dye colour to be adhered to the fibres in any pattern or shape by application of the paste through stamping, brushing or in the case of my experiments liberally dabbing in a diffused pattern. Drying overnight, the mordanted fabric and the stretched paper fixes the fibres, almost waiting for the colour to pool into the surface. Mordanting is simply the fixing of a salt or tannin into the fibre, which when heated in a solution will bind the pigment dissolved to the fibres, resulting in a fabric which is coloured. In Figure 39. documentations of the full process of making a naturally dyed painting.

For the work entitled *Canopy*, I chose a length of organza silk, a wonderfully thin, light textile that has ever so slight of a sheen, and capable of capturing the delicate nature of gentle winter sun against your skin. Dying the fabric using the Alum Acetate paste, I worked to cultivate a mixture of foliage dark green from rose petal dyestuff, overlaid with a brightening yellow of artichoke. Together they created an olive-yellow variegation of colour. Intending on imitating a Robert Irwin work, I tried to install this length of silk into one of the few full-length windows or skylights in an available test space. However in the end, the fabric was installed in the foyer of The Engine Room as part of an impromptu show. Eight and a half metres long, the silk was hung from the height of the double story space, pulled across and secured against the steel framing of the window before cascading to the ground. Using the magnetic strips to secure the fabric created a seamless drape though the space, wall to wall.

Also presented at this time was a text-based work entitled *Wrote* (Figure 45.) that I displayed underneath the fabric in hopes that the colour would be cast into the texture of the paper. The work consisted of a text laser-cut into a piece of MDF and embossed by hand on a A3 sized piece of 300gsm watercolour paper. The content of the text was written in response to the ideal affect which the fabric piece would have on the space; that the green canopy would filter the light from the large expanse of glass windows and tincture the shadows in the embossing and space. I observed how *Wrote* held an enormous amount of conceptual exchanges, particularly the embodiment of the description of real-time phenomenal effects within the space. In this work, the text took on an even more self-referential quality, specifically speaking to the space of the gallery, of itself and its own affordances, which married as an unified experience. It was not an experience translated through me, but alternatively, an observation of the moment standing in front of the art that belonged to its viewer in the moment of a specific space and time.

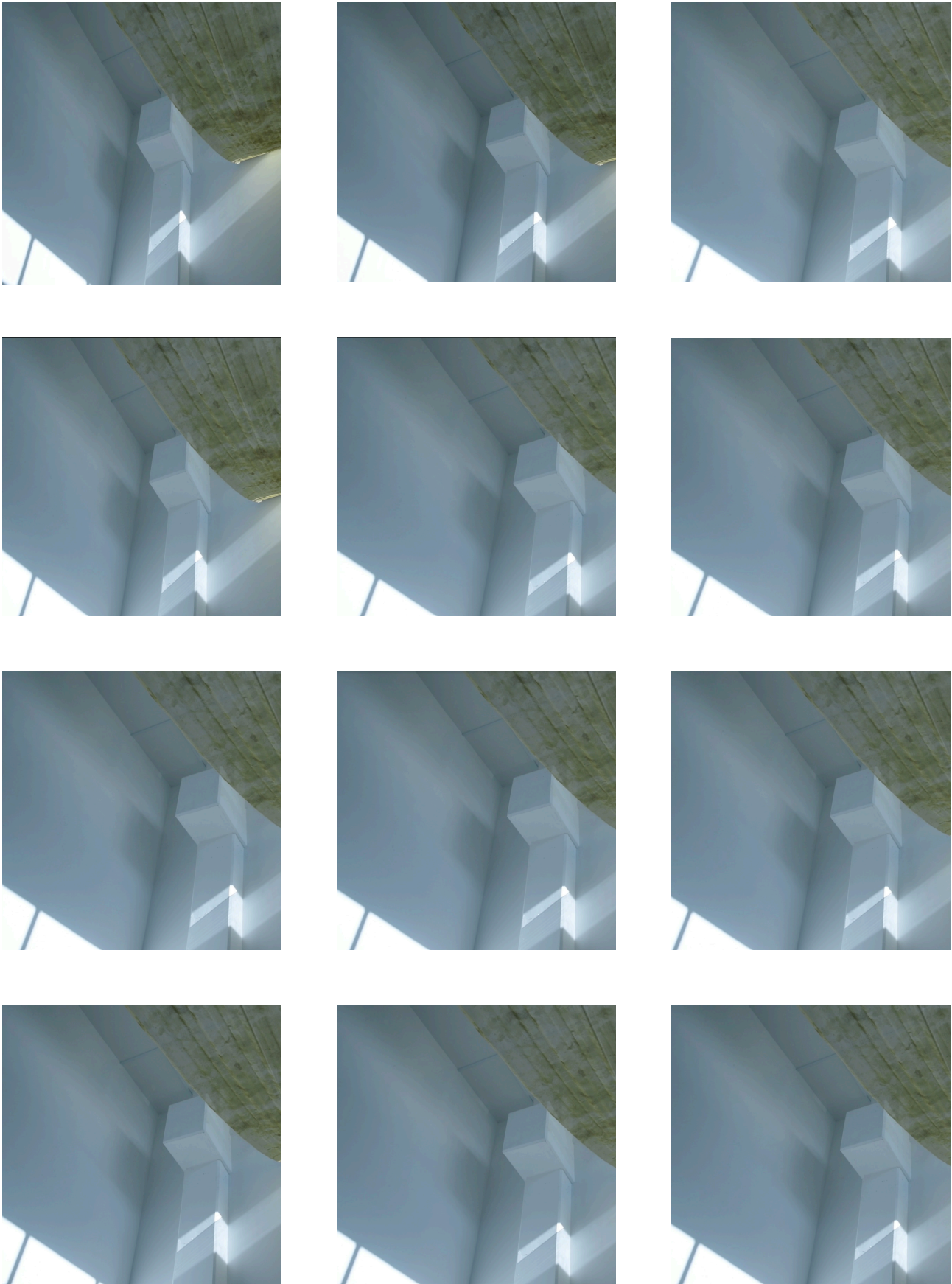


Figure 40. Carleton, Chora. *documentation of Canopy (film stills)*, 2018

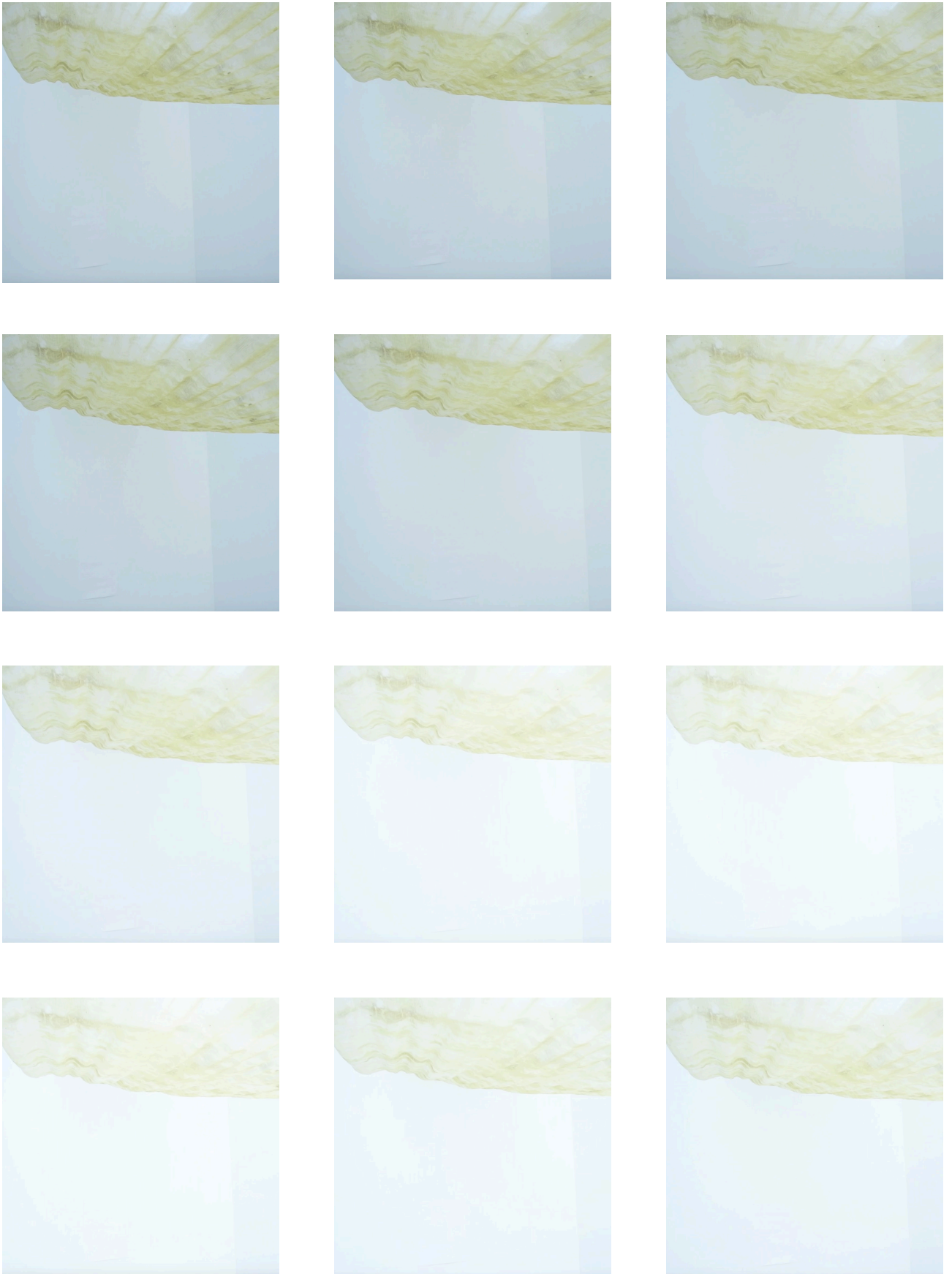


Figure 41. Carleton, Chora. *documentation of Canopy (film stills)*, 2018



Figure 42. Carleton, Chora. *Canopy and Wrote*. 2018



Figure 43. Carleton, Chora. *Canopy*. 2018



Figure 44. Carleton, Chora. *documentation of tests for Wrote*. 2018

The feedback I received on *Canopy* and *Wrote* became honestly and deeply important to my research. The conversation predominately revolved around the enacting the space of The Engine Room foyer as a whole. It became clear as the conversation developed, and as I sat in the space and observed, that both art pieces were dwarfed in comparison to the ecology of the space. The sense and weight of the glass and concrete overpowered both works, reducing their forms into objects rather than affectual installations. The line between intervention and sculpture was dependant on what the space afforded. The fabric refused to suspend the illusion of a spatial construction. It was neither a ceiling, covering, curtain or divider. It attempted to activate how a person moved through the space and reacted to the lightest of air currents, and at the same time, failed to capture and take over the entire sense of the space. It lived within the ecology of the concrete walls, lino floor and modernist architecture rather than encapsulating the space as its own.

This was possibly one of the harder problems to resolve. The time and effort to create the fabric had major consequences and conflicted with the limitations of time and available spaces that working within the university requires. I decided that *Canopy* as a whole had potential for future post-master's study works and proceeded to investigate the real question at hand; how I might create art that probes the intuitive knowing of sensation and the constructions of these qualities as descriptions within *written language*. I abandoned the fabric and natural dying and proceeded to draw out the potential for the textual embossing to be both a description of the space and the material surface affected by the situational conditions.

above a wind beckons  
panes sting from winter rain  
in the corners green foliage gathers

feeling outward to a dimension of variations  
how the wall forms around constructions  
a punctuation of greyness

dense poured concrete  
sucking heat away

thin and unfurling  
being caught in a breeze  
soft sunlight inscribes  
a canopy

a message both indecipherable and evident  
being without thickness  
a gauze  
a heat  
falls onto skin

it comes on gradually  
a body can feel the difference

the tinge falls across

Figure 45. Carleton, Chora. Wrote. 2018

# Repose

As this exegetical document closes, I become more acutely aware of how the research has been generative in the oscillation between writing this text and creative practice, which has also included writing of a particular form. The core of this research has been carried out through processes that revolve in and around how I might achieve a conceptual weight to the creative works that communicates discrete glimmers of sensation. Effectively employing the theories of phenomenology that support how sensation, particularly the enriched, heightened or pure perception of sensation, is realised. My reflections reveal that perception has many half-lives that occur at different depths of sensation. The entanglement of these concepts proves to be delicate, and yet rich with provocations that draw out my urge to create. The very core of perception is imbedded into the nature of life- the way that a body passes through the space of a moment, how it rubs up against surfaces, and how it might create a conversation with the *phenomenal field*. In the experience of traversing through moments and navigating the perceived *duration* and *dimension* of the moment, the body finds orientation of its place within the ecology it inhabits. As one comes in contact with substances and surfaces within the ecology, one builds an impression of what is being perceived and how a body might go forth and act within the ecology, using the *affordances* to gauge the action or state required. These *affordances* become ways that the environment can be affected to change how objects or spaces are perceived. This is an instance where art and design can impact the state of the *phenomenal experience*. By altering the *affordances* of something, one calls attention to the changes, asking for investigation, leading the perceiver to pay attention to their sensory information, their *sense-data*, with care. This ability to shift or tincture the *affordances* of an experience has formed the backbone of my artistic research. Of equal significance is my fixation on the transformation that this survey of sensory information goes through in the act of description facilitated in making language a phenomenal agent. In response to these core principles, I have formed a practical methodology that applies the nature of substances and mediums, such as colour, in ways that affords an altered perspective.

As an expanded practice that does not prescribe solely to either traditional mediums such as watercolour painting or literature, I have ended up at the boundaries of painting. Occupying a space between installation, two-dimensionality and capacities of language, my work renavigates the dimensions given to painting, both in scale and representation. I look towards applications of light as having thickness, applied as a medium, to afford states of colour shifting under the effects of dimension and duration. Artists working

in the field of abstraction and those who focus on capturing the tiny sensations which fall upon the body and consciousness in moment to moment occurrences have infused my practice with a long-term conceptual foci. In this exchange of ideas, my practical methodology moves between using material in two dimensions to render a description, rendering the space as a moment of its own description, and pulling forth the intangible description of language into describing itself within space. Enacting this delicate balance of sense-data has been the mission of my Masters of Fine Art thesis.

# Pause at this moment

At the moment, as the reader of this text, you are inhabiting a space filled by gradations of natural light. In standing here with you, I see that the corners are gloomy; an outline of the sun might be still passing through the doorway. The space seemingly is offering emptiness within its cubic dimension, the low ceiling and concrete floor. And yet, the surface of the space is altered. A piece of paper is intervening with the texture of the smooth painted walls. Shadows are being cast into embossed recesses in the paper. Where the light reflects off the surface, words are emerging. Then, there is your body in relation to the space- how it is manifesting your own dimensions, affording propositions towards encountering the text before you, around you. This is a state of becoming, a state that is revealing and obscuring words above and below, and stirring subtle changes in surface that call themselves out as blue-grey rimmed with yellows. The words are deciphering themselves in a nuanced, subtle and durational series of phenomenal shifts. In the moment it takes for the 'e' of 'blue' to become illuminated, it is humming with ephemeral transformations whilst the blue-ness of the word 'blue' is remaining. You are shifting your position; the space is becoming again different. The chairs outside in the hall are beckoning you to rest, pausing to elongate the experience. A deceptive simplicity in material construction might prompt you into an observation of a complex, nebulous interaction of phenomena in that one discreet moment.

# Images cited

Figure 1. Carleton, Chora. *Image of the book An Inward Voyage*. 2018

Figure 2. Carleton, Chora. *Image of 'The Moment: A Summer's Night'*. 2018, from: Woolf, Virginia, and Leonard Woolf. *The Moment : And Other Essays*. London : Hogarth Press, 1947

Figure 3. Carleton, Chora. *Image of 'The Moment: A Summer's Night'*. 2018, from: Woolf, Virginia, and Leonard Woolf. *The Moment : And Other Essays*. London : Hogarth Press, 1947

Figure 4. Carleton, Chora. *Image of 'The Moment: A Summer's Night'*. 2018, from: Woolf, Virginia, and Leonard Woolf. *The Moment : And Other Essays*. London : Hogarth Press, 1947

Figure 5. Carleton, Chora. *Image of 'The Moment: A Summer's Night'*. 2018, from: Woolf, Virginia, and Leonard Woolf. *The Moment : And Other Essays*. London : Hogarth Press, 1947

Figure 6. Carleton, Chora. *Image of 'The Moment: A Summer's Night'*. 2018, from: Woolf, Virginia, and Leonard Woolf. *The Moment : And Other Essays*. London : Hogarth Press, 1947

Figure 7. Turrell, James. *Skyspace I* . 1974, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York Panza Collection, Gift, 1992, on permanent loan to Fondo per l'Ambiente Italiano, <https://www.guggenheim.org/artwork/4089>

Figure 8. Carleton, Chora. *Being Blue*. 2017, The Engine Room, Wellington, New Zealand

Figure 9. Carleton, Chora. *Being Blue Book*. 2017, The Engine Room, Wellington, New Zealand

Figure 10. Carleton, Chora. *Being Blue East wall paintings*. 2017, The Engine Room, Wellington, New Zealand

Figure 11. Carleton, Chora. *Being Blue Book*. 2017, The Engine Room, Wellington, New Zealand

Figure 12. Carleton, Chora. *Image of bottlecap on Parthanon steps*. 2017

Figure 13. Frankenthaler, Helen. *Stride*. 1969, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Photograph by Carleton, Chora. 2017.

Figure 14. Carleton, Chora. *Image of floorplan sketches of Toi Poneke Arts Centre*. 2018

Figure 15. Carleton, Chora. *Image of curtain installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018

Figure 16. Carleton, Chora. *Image of curtain installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018

Figure 17. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018

Figure 18. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018

Figure 19. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018

Figure 20. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018

Figure 21. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018

- Figure 22. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018
- Figure 23. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018
- Figure 24. Carleton, Chora. *Image installation 'Gloaming' Toi Poneke Art Centre*. 2018
- Figure 25. Carleton, Chora. *Frosted WInds in Gloaming*. 2018
- Figure 26. Carleton, Chora. *Frosted WInds text*. 2018
- Figure 27. Carleton, Chora. *Moondogs in Gloaming*. 2018
- Figure 28. Carleton, Chora. *Moondogs text*. 2018
- Figure 29. Carleton, Chora. *Aphotic in Gloaming*. 2018
- Figure 30. Carleton, Chora. *Aphotic text*. 2018
- Figure 31. Carleton, Chora. *Pink Mortar in Gloaming*. 2018
- Figure 32. Carleton, Chora. *Pink Mortar text*. 2018
- Figure 33. Irwin, Robert. *Installation view of: Scrim Veil-Black Rectangle-Natural Light*. 1977, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Photograph by Philipp Scholz Rittermann, 2013, <https://whitney.org/Exhibitions/RobertIrwin#artworks-6>
- Figure 34. Irwin, Robert. *Installation view of: Scrim Veil-Black Rectangle-Natural Light*. 1977, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Photograph by Philipp Scholz Rittermann, 2013, <https://whitney.org/Exhibitions/RobertIrwin#artworks-12>
- Figure 35. Carleton, Chora. *What if colour*. 2018
- Figure 36. Barth, Uta. *...and to draw a bright white line with light (Untitled 11.8)*, 2011, Uta Barth, <http://utabarth.net/work/and-to-draw-a-bright-white-line-with-light/#image-11>
- Figure 37. Barth, Uta. *...and to draw a bright white line with light (Untitled 11.3)*. 2011, Uta Barth, <http://utabarth.net/work/and-to-draw-a-bright-white-line-with-light/#image-5>
- Figure 38. Pieters, Kim. director. *the golden fields*. CIRCUIT Artist Film and Video Aotearoa New Zealand, 2009, <https://www.circuit.org.nz/film/the-golden-fields>
- Figure 39. Carleton, Chora. *Images of dye process*. 2018
- Figure 40. Carleton, Chora. *documentation of Canopy (film stills)*. 2018
- Figure 41. Carleton, Chora. *documentation of Canopy (film stills)*. 2018
- Figure 42. Carleton, Chora. *Canopy and Wrote*. 2018
- Figure 43. Carleton, Chora. *Canopy*. 2018
- Figure 44. Carleton, Chora. *documentation of tests for Wrote*. 2018
- Figure 45. Carleton, Chora. *Wrote*. 2018

# Work cited

- Albers, Josef. *Interaction of Color*. 50th anniversary edition ; 4th edition, Yale University Press, 2013.
- Auping, Michael. "Practically Nothing." *Phenomenal : California Light, Space, Surface*. edited by Clark, Robin, and Michael Auping, Berkeley, Calif. : University of California Press : Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego, 2011.
- Austin, J. L., and G. J. Warnock. *Sense and Sensibilia*. Oxford : Clarendon Press, 1962
- Barton, Christina, "The Harbour Studio Years, or How to Ask the Question, 'What Is a Life?'" *What Is a Life?*. Edited by Pieters, Kim, et al. Wellington, New Zealand : Adam Art Gallery Te Pataka Toi at Victoria University of Wellington, 2015.
- Carleton, Chora. *My Preception of Colour*. Chora Carleton, Wellington, New Zealand, 2014.
- Clark, Robin. "Phenomenal: An Introduction." *Phenomenal : California Light, Space, Surface*. edited by Clark, Robin, and Michael Auping, Berkeley, Calif. : University of California Press : Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego, 2011.
- Elkins, James. *Pictures & Tears : A History of People Who Have Cried in Front of Paintings*. London : Routledge, 2001.
- Feldman, Melissa E. *Another Minimalism: Art After California Light and Space*. Fruitmarket Gallery, 2015.
- Garcia, Michel, et al. *Natural Dye Workshop with Michel Garcia : Colors of Provence Using Sustainable Methods*. Berkeley, California : Slow Fiber Studios : Studio Galli, 2012.
- Gass, William H. *On Being Blue: A Philosophical Inquiry*. 6th ed., David R. Godine, 1985.
- Gibson, James Jerome. *The Ecological Approach to Visual Perception*. Boston : Houghton Mifflin, 1979.
- Goossen, E. C., et al. *Helen Frankenthaler*. published for the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York and the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art, New York by Frederick A. Praeger, 1969.
- Merleau-Ponty, Maurice. *Phenomenology of Perception*. London : Routledge Classics, 2002.
- Nelson, Maggie. *Bluets*. 1st ed, Wave Books, 2009.
- Powles, Nina. "Apophenia." *Luminescent*. Seraph Press, 2017.

Richter, Harvena. *Virginia Woolf; the Inward Voyage*. [Princeton, N.J.] Princeton University Press, 1970.

van den Berg, Jan Hendrik. *Things; Four Metablotic Reflections*. Duquesne University Press, 1970.

Woolf, Virginia, and Leonard Woolf. *The Moment : And Other Essays*. London : Hogarth Press, 1947.

Woolf, Virginia. *The Waves*. 1931. Oxford Paperbacks, 2008.