Grey Man Devices

By

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Submitted to the Department of Architecture
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Master of Science in Visual Studies

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ABSTRACT

The Vision Slaved to Walking Device is one in a series of devices that are a result of the experimental ambulation series. The ability to see only when one’s feet are moving allows for a distorted perspective of one’s own perceptual world as well as the outside environment. The device is made up of precision electronic shutter systems, controllers, and foot switches. The larger goal of this and other projects in the experimental ambulation series is to re-establish connections with my perceptive systems to the outside world in order to remove my personal sensibility of numbness that I feel.

experimental ambulation represents a series of attempts at distorting, altering, manipulating, and reshaping sensation and perception while walking. Each attempt has lead a following attempt applying information gained in order to further involve the next walking experiment.

Often the stranger is someone who walks, both out of necessity and desire. With this in mind I engage the realm of the urban ambulatory environment. It is during this state, this state of not running and not standing still, that provides for fertile territory for the observation, re-arrangement, and re-formulation of difference aspects of the city. The desire to interact with the ground plane, with the city, with walking in non-traditional manners has necessitated the need for different strategies. Part performative, part fabrication, part documentation, and part social scientist these modes of operation are driven out of a desire to subvert and reexamine the world around me.

Thesis Supervisor: Krzysztof Wodiczko

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This process has been both lengthy and fruitful and would not have been possible without the assistance / advice / cajolament / encouragement people I hold dear and in high esteem.

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For my parents
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from
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I have never felt as close to feeling nothing. To being erased. To believing in disappearing. Than in the past two years. I thought that the work I would do here with experimental ambulation would be able to bring about a return to feeling. It is a horrible thought to think that it has not.
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—an explanation—

I have been numb to the world for quite some time. More disconcerting is that I have felt comfortable in my numbness. This work deals with a desperate attempt to re-warm, and shock those perceptive organs, which have contributed to my feelings of removal and disconnection.

I am essentially disconnected. In this state I am around people, live in cities, eat at restaurants, sign forms and yet still believe I am essentially disconnected. This essential state of disconnection is born both out of necessity and from factors placed within my midst. The awareness that I have been disconnected is as important to fathom as why it is that I am disconnected. This disconnection occurred gradually, not like the disconnection of a phone, or some other type of service from an institution. What instigated this process of disconnection is many-fold. This condition has forced me to become a walker. A walker who walks to get away from almost everything. A person who walks towards things but does not know what they are or why I was supposed to engage
them. Walking has been both a form of avoiding and confronting. Not running, I have no desire to escape from things too quickly. Not standing still neither am I willing to be swept up passively or remain static and stagnate.

Using devices, performances, diagrams and other means I have attempted to try to reconnect myself with the world to feel less isolated. I have tried to do this by starting a type of controlled burn with my perceptive system. A controlled burn which I had hoped would be fanned out of control and cause enough devastation to give me the permission, the necessity to rebuild everything. I have been looking for that special permission to rebuild. I am unsure that that has been the case here.

I have had to make walking devices. I have had to turn myself more into a machine than I would have liked. I have had to make cables my veins, change my eyes, the sound of my footsteps, the actual way I walk, the garments I wear (or do not wear) - all of this in order to cause a breakdown.
How often does one go through such labor in order to breakdown the larger, more vital personal sensory organs?

Walking to cause a breakdown. Seeing and not seeing to cause a breakdown. Saying the word 'terrorist' over and over again to cause a breakdown. Placing mirrors in front of outdoor surveillance cameras to cause a breakdown. The weight of the equipment, the tape, the precious instruments and wires, the multitude of connections, the cameras, the precious video tape— all with exactitude that was supposed to bring me down, slowly but with certainty and force all to cause a breakdown.

In my urgings for this breakdown I have found myself feeling vulnerable and at times I have tried to hide behind titles and concepts like The Grey Man, and The Stranger but to no real avail. For cloaking myself with these paradigms I have found myself in the realm of safety, a territory that runs contrary to the risks that are involved in this exploration/perceptual self-destruction that is based on need. To pass these investigations off on other metaphorical figures is to abdicate responsibility for them, these issues, these problems, these preoccupations are all mine, no one else’s nor are they meant to be. Like
the arborolic distortions that go about the shaping of the Japanese Bonsai so too have I diverted my own sensory perception in manners that mirrors that particular type of twisting, re-directing, re-engaging. And like the myriad of combinations permissible for these organisms my personal contortions too have been through a series of investigations and combinations.

My work via the experimental ambulation series has dealt with the engagement of ambulatory activities in this particular manner in order to demonstrate that there is a desperate need for a new way of perceiving the world. That current ways of perceiving only lead to disconnection, to placidity, to complacency, to apathy. Of this I feel most certain, for these dulled, benigned, sterilized, pseudo-equivalents of sensing and perceiving are most at home with me. These attempts on my part, rough-hewn, technical, contradictory in nature, humorous, deadly, all are the flailing attempt of someone with a selfish interest in regaining lost perception in order to retain some place in the world. Needless to say I feel it is a desperate attempt. An attempt born out of convincing people I am something benign. An attempt born out of numbness, and non-confrontational behavior. An attempt born out of
wanting to undergo a personal sense of erasure. I have placed in the act of moving throughout space, in walking, the hypothetical hopes of not mere collecting information but having what I find, what I glean re-define how it is I perceive. This need to re-perceive, to attempt to not just perceive differently but to perceive with a new set of standards, new values, re-examined settings carries an urgency that retains the same ardor and urgency equivalent to breathing.

Bringing myself to the ground, the ultimate form of respect, touching my forehead to the ground as a sign of humility. A sign of reconnection. Allowing for me to believe that maybe I have a better chance of things by staying connected with the ground. The closer to the ground that I am in different facets allows me to possibly have a chance at reconnection and therefore survival. Not dissimilar to a fireman staying low to the ground to both gain information about the distorted and flame chokes terrain but also because by crawling, but staying low to the ground there is a better chance of survival. By my attempts to walk re-connected to the ground plane I too have felt a better chance for survival by being close to the ground. Constantly in touch with the ground in
different, perceptive manners I peg my hopes for gaining constant humility, knowledge, and grounding, all essential for my survival as a re-connected individual on these actions.

I need to declare that as much as these series is called 'experimental ambulation' I am no scientist. While there have been experimental approaches to my actions my actions are also suffused with procedure that lends itself to ceremony and ritual. Ritual in the constantly hooking up of wires in proscribed manners. Ritual in the physical contortions of placing (and re-placing) switches on my feet. Ritual in placing the DV tapes in the cameras and removing them later. I need to declare too, that I am no priest or shaman or person of strong religious persuasion. My territory lies in between these two poles.
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-Argument for Building a Device-

There is a device that needs to be built.
A device that deals with activities of an individual, the territory of walking, and anonymous urban spaces. A device that deals with navigation and sensation within the context of the ambulatory experience. A device that begs the investigation, examination and re-defining of dualities and contradictions in previously held terms. Machine or device? Prosthetic or anti-prosthetic? Complex Cyborg or simple body extension? Most importantly, the author needs this device in order to correct a serious deficiency in his perceptual world. This is a device with ancient connective tissue that access and fortifies maps and systems in a corporeal
manner. This document is both treatise and guidebook for this device, a device which need to be built without haste for the urban ambulator while taking into account historical, epistemological, and philosophical reasons for the creation of this device (and others like it). The nature of the machine is varied but deals specifically with the conditions of ambulatory perception. This 'machine' is both the resultant and potential of many machines—some built, if in prototypical form, others that have yet to be built but vital for consideration nonetheless. In looking at 'a machine' it is the belief that out of the critical step of pursuing one many variations will most certainly follow, proceed, inform and enrich this process. This thesis intends to deal with that measure of perception from the ground level as well as the re-connection of head-based perception systems to the act of ambulation. In other words the construction of many different machines that deal with this subject. First it is important to define ground space, walking, and other terms as they deem appropriate.

With the nature of ambulation throughout urban environments comes the use of instruments of perception, which allow this endeavor to be used successfully. These instruments exist in our persons, sensing, generally from the head
region. This sensing of walking - different then the act of walking deals both with navigation and perception. So much urban information exists for the ambulatory individual. Most of this is considered visual. With that in mind, most of this is considered taken in from a head perspective. The formation of this area in a corporeal nature as being the seat of this perception and the idea that this comes with a visual superiority limits the ability of what can be perceived by the urban ambulator. When walking the walker perceives both actions of the body from with this motion is emanating from and the environment with is being walked through. Perception of both of these 'zones' comes from (to a large degree) the head region. Not to overstate the obvious but this act of walking is not just a dynamic physical activity, but a dynamic physical activity with a constant yet varied relationship to the ground.

In speaking about walking one must place it in the area that mediates two ends of a spectra, namely that of rest and that of extreme bi-pedal motion, running. This proposition will not be dealing with the most active state of bi-pedal motion, the reason being that with so much of the body devoted to the expenditure of energy towards going
forwards there becomes the narrowing of focus with as much attention being placed on such internal functioning’s as heart rate/beat as to the path forward. This ‘tunnel vision’ state as runners and scientist seems not to allow for the dynamic change of state that walking seems to have. That is not to say that aspects of this proposition could be utilized in a running state.

On the other hand the state of being at rest may well be apart of walking, both intentional (checking directions, window-shopping, waiting for a fellow ambulator) and unintentional (stopping for a traffic light, waiting for a policeman to check your papers, allowing the interlinked school children to cross your path and enter the museum). Yet merely looking at the state of rest, while still a state in need of a certain amount of active perception depends on the movement of exterior forces for any dynamism, whereas walking provides that in a constant physical mediation between movement and rest (or the state of ‘almost rest’). When Michel de Certeau differentiates between space and place one is relegated to being stable (therefore somewhat benign) and the other to being dependent on fluctuating conventions. “In short, space is
a practiced place. Thus the street geometrically defined by urban planning is transformed into a space by walkers."\textsuperscript{11}

What this ground surface is that the amublator is in contact with should also be defined. Ground in an urban environment is by its very nature contradictory, with hard, seemingly impenetrable surfaces being laced with orifices and fissures. Layered in these concrete and asphalt surfaces are archives of the act of urban revision, recreation, encroachment, and tacit acquiescence. Added to this is the information, (some could call it detritus) of personal journeys of others. These others maybe fellow amublators, or journey-people of other methods, either way they too add to this accumulation into a territory which Deleuze and Guattari called "the striated space par-excellence".\textsuperscript{12}

So with the focus of this activity being so far away from the region that senses it there becomes the need for

\textsuperscript{11}Michel de Certeau \textit{The Practice of Everyday Life} Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press, 1984 p.117

\textsuperscript{12}Gilles Deleuze Brian Massumi Felix Guattari \textit{A Thousand Plateaus:} Capitalism and Schizophrenia University of Minnesota Press: November, 1987 p. 478
considering what it is that we are missing in perceiving the ground from our lofty height. Height gives one the advantage of visual perception of distances that would be clouded from a ground perspective, one could also argue of the need to hear from a height that we are and to smell from the same height. However I posit that in doing so, in becoming too erectus we loose much of our understanding of the connectivity which is the brunt of such cliques like 'being grounded'. Also in being so 'head orientated' are we missing not just dynamic perceptions as they are occurring in the aforementioned ways but also the perception of previous actions and situations in the form of a larger urban archive? One can look towards language for indications of our proclivities against such consideration. Such concepts of the base, what is beneath one's feet, as given negative connotations, acts of peoples subjugated bowing their heads to the ground in humiliation, all speak of this terrain as been one of uncleanness and a space not to be dwelt in. Yet at the same time we find the need too, for certain people have found ways to mediate this 'base' ground surfaces (generally under the guise of being faster) in ways mainly involving the use of devices with wheels- bicycles, automobiles, rickshaws etc.
So here is introduced an important aspect of my thesis investigation, that of a social space and subsequent social act of walking. Walking as a journey or a communication.

This somewhat lengthy introduction sets the stage for the discussion of walking machine that engages the perception of walking. There are many objects that deal with the enhancement of physical sensory perception. While some of these extra-corporeal machines could most certainly be considered few at all deal specifically with walking. Glasses, being one of the most obvious prosthetics of sensory perception, enhance, often greatly, the perception of sight.

While the importance of glasses is realized they are not specifically for the use of the ambulator. I contrast the machine that glasses are with another prosthetic device in particular devoted to the ambulator that of the cane used by people who are blind. These canes, often called 'white canes' or 'long canes' traverse the ambulator's frontal surface used in a sweeping motion and provide for a perception that is not available to them as they traverse the urban terrain (figure 2). This object / tool / implement / machine is more walking orientated than say,
glasses by the very nature of a) its construction b) the way it is used, in motion, before motion, or after motion in order to re-orient, and c) and it’s ability to directly connect with the ground plane. This walking perception prosthetic device is closely related to the walking stick, one of the most basic ambulatory prosthetics, with the twist in that the assistance given is not just towards walking but the perception of what lies around the environment in order to continue walking. This transformation from stick of assistance - for the steep hill, for the aged, for the limbs, the broken bones to the stick of perception- sounding, probing (the basic precursor to sonar), feeling is one which. The stick as ambulatory sensory device is one, which has had other incarnations beyond the white cane.

One of the more interesting devices has been via the boon of the hobbyist/ weekend warrior during the 1970ies and beginning of the 1980ies, that of the portable metal detector. This stick with electronic sensing components running through it and its flat disc almost proboscis like tip scans the ground very similarly in the same way the white cane does. And like the white cane it too it provides not a physical type of support but a support via
the information that it potentially can provide to the walker. The portable metal detector, with it’s invective of finding hidden treasure does not provide but merely or rather essentially finds, locates, an anonymous something. The something needs to be revealed by the user, generally dug-up with a trowel and it’s identification and value discerned by the walker.

This not quite direct evolution of the cane (it brakes off into many directions, that of weapon as prosthetic, medical trauma assistance in the form of crutches, transportation—such as the Venetian boatmen with their poles pushing against the bottom of canals) yet very much an interesting one. In the linear exterior prosthetic comes the reference to a third leg. This leg seems to be granted with a special status by its nature of being extra-corporeal and at the same time that also includes for an implicit degree of expendability. As the blind user places their third leg into harms way in the case of the ‘white cane’ it is deem reasonable because it deals with the ability of sensing without risk to ones self (in this case the ability to become a traffic accident statistic). Is then the portable Geiger counter expendable? Are all prosthetic sensing devices made to counteract such corporeal risk? The answer
to these is somewhat complex. One needs to ask first whether or not one believes that there is something missing in the sensory experience of the walker, and then is there a desire to transform or access that which is unobtainable by present means. This desire then can be classified as a transformative one. The device allowing for the walker in their transitory state to become more of the embodiment of what it is that do not have naturally is often personified or maybe even more commonly- animized (Deleuze and Guattari, Becoming Intense, Becoming Animal). So it makes sense that the transformative process is a risky one, but not as much from the outside but rather from within. For it seems that true transformation have inherently encoded a journey to 'The Other'

"It can be said that becoming animal is an affair of sorcery because (1) it implies an initial relation of alliance with a demon; (2) the demon functions as the borderline animal pack, into which the human being passes or in which his or her becoming takes place by contagion; (3) this becoming itself implies a second alliance, with another human group; (4) this new borderline between the two groups guides the contagion of animal and human being within the pack."33

In dealing with devices for perception extension one needs to acknowledge, contend with, and possibly (but unlikely) settle the semantical interplay of words dealing with these

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33 Deleuze, Massumi, Guattari A Thousand Plateaus p. 247
types of devices, in particular that of a prosthetic versus a body extension. The one difference between body extension and prosthetic seems to be one of feedback. Meaning that the body extension is an attempt at making a being a prosthetic but whether it works or not is debatable and almost irrelevant. These two terms need not be looked at merely from functional point of view but from an aesthetic one as well. Whereas the prosthetic seems to be able to give the user information that is functioning in it's basic desire to do something sense something that the user is unable to. A body extension may exist in a gestural way speaking of an attempt at mediation.

Prosthetics seems to have many different components that go beyond the physical make-up of what the devices are and are not. One area in particular that these issues seem most dynamic is in the performative realm. Artists like Joseph Beuys, where the wrapping of felt around a chair or tying a slat of wood with cord to one foot becomes a charged gesture where the whole body is changed. Beuys engages more that just his physical audiences when he engages in performances using these (and making) these devices. He is engaging his metaphysical audience as well. The lighting rod that Beuys uses are these prosthetics of him, these
metaphysical prosthetics. With his background of surviving a great trauma during World War II this materiality of Beuys is prosthetically charged. Beuys is not alone in this attempt to not simply cast away from the body but to ride the tension between super-corporeal, sub-corporeal, and extra-corporeal surfaces. Rebecca Horn too, through her personal explorations of loss and illness has made objects with searingly connective tissue. The material maybe extremely non-corporeal yet they are suffused with a desperate attempt of trying to co-mingle with an outside world, which has constantly, dealt her much trauma.

To be sure there are many reasons to build this device that encompass issues of aesthetics, prosthetics, body extensions, urban and ambulatory space. One could speak much of sanctioned walkers that have come before this document and this device. Such Flaneurs, Derives, Dandys, Pilgrims, are all essential to the cosmological makeup of why this device needs to be built. Their existence provides for the foundation for this device and other yet to be built.
The Vision Slaved to Walking Device is one which came about in the energy that experimental ambulation provided for. The energy of exploration spurred on by an insistent need to re-connect, and de-thaw my numb methods of perception. Using electronic shutters, controllers, re-chargeable batteries, and foot switches the device links walking with vision. If both feet are on the ground then one cannot see out of either eye. However the moment one eye is off the ground then the corresponding shutter over the same side’s eye will open.

The basis for this would be the simple action of placing a hand over each eye and opening it in when the corresponding foot is off the ground. This while a rough approximation of what this device would do there were factors which made the approximation completely, intrinsically different than the actual device made. The main difference is that the body is not as reliable as the machine. With the machine
there is no hesitation. The moment the foot leaves the ground the switch opens and the shutter acts. Period. No hesitation. I see or I do not see. For me to see I must move. To see out of both eyes I have to jump or find some other way to place my feet off the ground.

This title of this device speaks about its most important characteristic— that of the slaving of walking to vision. This linking, or almost hobbling of vision is a type of reconnection that must be done in an extra corporeal manner in order to insure a non-biased re-connection. Approaches to this notion of having a device that slaves seeing to walking involved experiments using so called SPD glass film, a liquid crystal film that is normally opaque until an electrical voltage is applied to charges at either end at which time the glass becomes clear, with visibility from either side. Investigations with this were time consuming and fruitful to a degree however due to an inability to cut this material and the very erratic source of it lengthy work with this had to stop. However this material did provide for lengthy and fruitful experiences elsewhere where video / performance played a greater part and proved to be strongly suited. Instead electronic shutters were used and soldered onto normal eyeglass frames.
There was much searching for shutters, something which I found surprising with my needs be extremely similar to that of placing an old SLR on the Bulb setting with the only exception of it needing to be in reverse for me. The difficulty was two fold, firstly it was hard to find a shutter system that could stay open for long, with many being operated with a servo that would burn out if the shutter were to be held open for longer than 40 seconds. Secondly, the many electronic shutters required A.C. current and extremely large control boxes. Finally shutters with an interior diameter of 25mm were found from Vincent and Associates out of Rochester, New York where such devices could be fabricated to my particular specifications, including type of power, cuts and holes on the exterior metal surface. These shutters have a distinctive snapping sound, which added an additional benefit of resonance that travels through my nose bridge and into my head allowing me to feel my steps as well as see during those actions.

The shuttered were connected to their own controller, 24 volt re-chargeable battery and then on to the foot switches, a pair of removable ‘normally open’ pressure
activated switch that are housed on a fabricated hasp which was drilled and affixed to my shoes. I attempted to place the switches in the location which would least allow for any ability to set open the shutter without the whole foot moving.

To record for other people what movement through space while wearing this device felt like required the building of another entire device. This device, linked to the first one and the original foot switches was placed above my head with the same spacing as the original glasses and each shutter would move to the corresponding lower shutter. Behind these 'above' shutters was installed a pair of color lipstick cameras (one in each housing) to mimic what a pair of eyes would see. These walks recorded in this manner are displayed in a two-monitor format with each monitor representing an eye and two DVD decks to play each the right and left side of the walks. To further enhance these re-presentations as having a strong walking component microphones were added to the foot switches with each microphone picking up the individual foot movement and it's stereo representation giving a very left foot / switch / ground to right foot / switch / ground atmosphere.
To be certain I have constructed other devices that twist and detour my senses towards the ground plane and hopefully onto the plane of allowing me to regain something of myself. Some of these devices have only existed for moments, for a performance in front of an audience or a camera or an unknowing urban audience. The Vision Slave to Walking Device is the most complete system, a last lift on the collective shoulders of some of these other projects. That this device has more of an air of finish about it that the others should only give it slightly more credence than some of the others that I have been working on.
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Addendum 1

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Addendum 2

-The Need for Another Person-

While on this investigation there seems to have been an assumption that because of its personal nature that this would be a solitary endeavor. As I am writing this document my reflections allow me to realize that nothing could be further from the truth. While there were long periods of solitary investigations, performances in front of a camera, elaborate drawings and textual diagrams much of what I have worked on has involved / required / demanded there be a another person. This other person has been in many ways been overlooked initially in my investigations. This ‘silent person’ or ‘Third Person’ has had many roles— including that of a bodyguard, of a technician, of an ear, of a rope, of a reflective surface, of a shield, of a
conduit. It is this insertion of this individual which may
be one of the most important ‘devices’ that I have used in
my investigations in alternative ambulation. An important
device that may not have explored fully. While going on
walks using the Walking Slaved to Vision Device there
needed to be someone. Someone who would make sure I did
not trip over the myriad of cords and cables. Someone who
would protect me from power outages that would leave me
blind completely. Someone who would protect me from the
possible aggressive approach from people who feel
threatened by such a bizarre device. This lends itself to
the question of how many. How many? Devices, three? Me
(as device), the Third Person (also as device), and the
Walking Slaved to Vision instrument (as the given, explicit
device)? Or two? The device and the Third Person (as
device)? These questions beg the consideration that if
there could not have been more explicit, more sanctioned
interactions in these processes? Transforming the Third
Person into another First Person or at least a Second
Person. This person would be walking not just behind me as
some type of support staff but as instigator /
collaborator. Having a second device being worn by this
individual and the switches wireless allowing for my walk
to affect their vision and visa versa. This step would be
a large escalation in the intensity of my explorations. How lost and disconnected am I if disconnected with another person? This dual hobbling and placing the 'third person' in front / with me instead of behind me may very well increase the level of risk allowing for more intense sensory experiences. The notion of introducing the other individual in this manner is not to merely replace complacency with risk, as risk could be taken in all sorts of ways and manners, but rather to re-diagram the sentence structure of these explorations in the similar way that the very explorations themselves are attempting to with my sensory perceptual experiences.
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Addendum 3

-Grey Man Concerns-

"Grey surrounds us and we ignore it."

Derek Jarman, Chroma

The Grey man is concerned with many issues. Having the concern similar to that of a captain of a vessel on the high seas, the concern is made up of decisions that can be made and changed by controlling what devices are around him and by factors that are maddeningly out of his control. Some of the situations within his control include where he is going and how he gets there, however these factors as part of the nature of the Grey Man are nebulous at best.
Grey man is invisible...at times. With invisibility comes mutability. With mutability comes certain problems which require the Grey man to become more explicit. More ardent in his concerns and justify many types of public activities, devices and Detours and traffic, outdoor surveillance cameras are just some of his concerns.

**Grey man notes on snipers:**

There seems to be a real fear the Grey man as of snipers. And with this fear comes a great amount of envy, and identification. The Grey man is afraid of snipers and is at the same time trying to adopt a certain amount of sniper-ness. The sniper is a resilient, in psychological terms, an individual who tends to experience life on a more rational level than most people. Whereas the Grey man, no matter how far he was able to remove himself from seems to always go back to being inherently a reactive. The reactive, who experiences more negative emotions than most people and who reports less satisfaction with life than most people. By speaking about snipers the Grey man means to engage both the more explicit military/state manifestation of the term as well as using it as a metaphor for those events/peoples/incidents which exist to track/corner/pierce the very space which rhythmically
expands and contracts for the Grey man. These various manifestations of this type of military occupational specialty are found in these other venues and should be labeled accordingly- Social snipers, cultural snipers, spatial snipers, all with aim that desires to destabilize the current system.

Grey man Notes on strangers:
Wearing these devices the user often gains feelings of strangeness. The shoes aspirate, they click, the cumbersome eye devices look like bizarre goggles or glasses. Yet it is important to make the distinction that these devices only enhance strangeness. The user already feels strange. The user is, at least to a degree already a stranger. This sense of strangeness is not one which need be physically manifested, but more often than not is more covert, more internal, and harder to discern. The user is not only strange but is, pre-wearing this device ‘a stranger’. This is a fundamental step. To go from feeling as if you are a stranger to wearing this device and becoming outwardly a stranger may be akin to homosexuals ‘coming out of the closet. This becomes an announcement of ‘yes, I am strange, I am a stranger. You seem strange. All of this is strange- this act of viewing, this
perception of being seen, these buildings, that gas station, those people, you - all strange.’

Grey man Notes on Walking sticks and Blind Man’s canes-

There becomes a fundamental difference between walking sticks and blind man’s canes. Both objects are linear, keeping a similar physical format yet one engages the user in a extra-muscular / extra-corporeal manner, the proverbial third leg. The other engages the individual in a manner more like sonar, an engagement on a perceptual level, not a third leg but rather a fusion and removal of perceptual sensibilities. Eyebrows should be raised at this very delicate yet fundamental shift between physically assistive device and perceptually assistive device. It lends itself to the question of whether one is more closely related to a notion of the Cyborg than the other. It is sure that merely physically assistive devices like the wheelchair to DARPA researched Hyper-assisted lifting devices do qualify for Dana Hardaway’s definition of the Cyborg, however the blind man’s cane allows for one fundamental difference in assistance- its’ sole purpose is to provide for information which can them be interpreted by the individual that is using it. This ability to provide
information, information which can then be interpretive as being it's sole function gives this physical (or these types of physical) device(s) an inherent flexibility than puts it in touch with a more ephemeral terrain.
Grey Man Devices
from
experimental ambulation

Addendum 4
- Notes on Flying -

Flight 1
I'm so tired. I love the high altitude sun. Wonder what will happen whence I land. Alone. Bianca comes to mind as a beautiful representation of what I will arbitrarily call my unattainable exteriority. Arindam would warn me right now of being overly western and romantic, erring in the realm of exploitation. Who would I be exploiting? Myself in some ways. I have surrounded myself with a lot of exteriority this fall, this arbitrary semester. I have missed the displacement of fall leaves and the promised walks in mountains in order to surround myself. Are these truly the thought of the nomad? How true to this lifestyle of nomadology am I? A sheep in sheep's clothing?

Flight 2
People with bombs in their shoes taking planes. Bad for my thesis. It is important that I push this. This being my thesis. My feelings of lost-ness. There is an acknowledgement of the merging of boundaries. In some sad
way my thesis is all I feel like I have as an interiority. That placed with my toasting my parents who are 10,000 miles away from an airplane shaking violently at 30,000 feet. Yes I am a romantic. But I think I can hear altitudes bells from the front. Alarms. Should any of what I need to feel or feel be cause for alarm? Again questions of wolves and nomads seep into my thoughts. These thought are virtually unstoppable like some journey necessary but not completely unpleasant. Soft. Do all surfaces need to be smooth or striated?

**Flight 6? 7?**

these lonely crowded journeys bewilder me. Whose voices now? and in an engagement occurring within predictable spaces. where is Foucault during my travels? and where are more conscious thoughts than this? somewhere over turkey and I wish I was down on the ground...walking of course. need to a) wake up and b) write my manifesto dealing with my current focus and it's place in the world of things. where do I fit?

is the nomad on this plane? taking my flight? sitting crammed in economy?

I know I want to reach people. what does that mean? to move people? painting? no, something more fleeting, no, - temporal. temporal and far reaching. but not weak, confusing, and convoluted. Shoveling snow. so what can I learn about walking while in this strange and familiar environment? maybe it is about steps.
Flight 8

happy new years broken luggage conveyor confusion and dirty reality. mosquitoes and sweat and the security guard who want a cough drop. funny how the wedding works into what I think about my work. my work is about my life. that's why I want to meet the nomad. civil thinking about a noble, idealized existence for me. last flight for a bit. last flight of the nomad accompanying me on this flight somewhere for sometime. I want what I do to mean something. '...as I went down in the river to pray...' 

who's flight where? need to put it out during the next weeks. stay longer, fine but work on taking risks, moving, speaking, walking, full moon on this, morning of the 1st. started at night, stopped at dawn, stopped again at night, ending at the edges of pre-dawn.

do I need a type of salvation? if so where does it come from? find me or I find it?

Joan- interested in epic journeys, some of which never take place. I wonder if mine actually take place? or do they simply accumulate? like a residue from a machine. I tend to look at some of what I am doing as collecting, mixing and re-assembling. similar to cooking.

singularity. how many?

my relationship to the olfactory memory, embedded-ness of a physical location as manifested as many. where? now I
know I was drugged during the flight. this concept of a physical manifestation of purposeful (dis) orientation - example: Jet Airways flight 2144 on January 1, 2002. first flight of the day, of the new year. departed gate 6, Mumbai Sahar Airport at 3:02 am. dark. yet no photographs allowed. no record of this journey taken in darkness.

(dis) orientation.

**Flight 11**

small compared to recent aerospacial activities that I have taken part in. should I consider myself to be a participant? now flying small not big. still crossing borders though and this should be part of my considerations and deliberations. sleeping one night in my bed only to constantly keep waking up thinking about what time it is where am I and why I didn't call upon those dreams to activate different aspects of my life. why not call? the ambivalent phone. the sardonic motivator. the inept dream. the lost desire. the unfast made fast. calling the quality, the grade, of wonderment into question. high winds the pilot says, yes indeed, high winds.

one thing is for sure. this flight is part of something larger. flight 9 -retro-visited- taking place entirely in darkness. leaving, saying goodbye to someone too important to mention. how could so much of someone could be so important? mosquitoes finding their way onto the aircraft. nighttime departure, early, predawn arrival. that nighttime flying space going beyond sound, beyond the rumble, beyond the ordained static sphere. night,
stratospheric, high altitude night, seeps beyond the controls of pressurized cabins and containerized drinks. time seems on hold, under maintenance, being retrofitted like the new titanium locks installed onto cockpit doors.

back to this flight. light. small. forms passed out dealing with borders and regions. what about regions that I have crossed? impossibly subtle borders and boundaries. the one where the iv is inserted into my left hand. there lies a boundary crossed. a frontier encountered as the drip increases to hydrate my corporeal existence. close crossings. where am I compared to my work? where are my risks? when I take all my things out of my pockets to be searched. I wonder what I am leaving behind. what traces of me exist in the plastic trays? The pieces of cloth used to check for explosives. residual traces that seems ever so slightly significant.

I want to be the fast typist. the consummate traveler. the able spokesman. the subtle whisperer. the flexible nomad. building devices that attempt to re-explain, re-encounter, re-endanger only gives me one form of need-based satisfaction, and always leaves me in askance of my awkward desires.

**Flight 12-**

searching further and being asked to communicate during these rapid frenetic swaying I attempt to woo allegory from random musing. it's not just the sway and vibration but the indication of an omnipresent, vast sound. it is about
classified air, classified and clarified. air pressure plastic and the nomad sits wary but excited by the peeling away of layers of landscape and space that takes place in these venues.

**Flight 13—**

how much is the pre-journey a part of the journey? the ability to wait, to leave, to close the door on something. or is it a separate entity? an orange before an apple instead of a pre-apple (apple scent, apple juice, an apple seed) before the apple. included in this pre-journey is the act of storage- packing. for potential needs of the leaving, prediction of what to take and what to leave behind. this packing is both for transition’s end, and the transition. this in-betweeness, including the pat downs by agents of the state who seem hopelessly out of place, the waiting on generalized chairs, the examination of pictures and shoes and the leanings again elliptical pieces of glass.

pressure dots the landscape from the impositional perspective of the aircraft. what I see is dotted. this goes beyond any type of baseline music tempo concordance. leaving the generalized sense of what we see behind, this deadening, distorting, romanticizing, occurs in concert with the numbing of taste buds at high-altitudes. lake water with clouds and air columns rising cause more than just casual distortions in what is tentatively called stability. does the nomad get airsick? take Dramamine?
feel vulnerable to the elements outside which exist only at a conceptual level? conceptual weather.

I still have longings for this romantic space in which interstitial existence is clean, friendly, and spacious. and at that very moment of realization of these guilty desires I understand the error of want in the distortion of longings that take place during accelerated spatial trajectories. my paths diverge from the perfect cylinder into messy directions trips thoughts into memories and allows the physical and socio-mental to commingle. traveling in order to express flows and directions unknown to machines and older maps.

**Flight 14-**

frontality, after the rush, before the aching lull that allows for the small formations to accumulate. frontality, sitting the same way Lindbergh sat. no window in front. by turning I see out. but not front, forward, where I am going. am I going? is the window an ovoid, inert window? asexual? or simply sexless? double planed hole of dubious credibility. pressure tight. idea tight? does the nomad prefer aisle? or window? maybe like Lindbergh, the nomad is not concerned with visual frontality. certainty of trajectory. belief of trajectory. commonalities of trajectories.

more on trajectories: Krzysztof’s kissing me on the cheeks-one then the other, then the first one, then the other again- this too contains a trajectory- journey, passage,
destination, journey, memory, destination, journey. all with the same certainty of trajectory on his part, and awkward reception on mine. all seemingly linked with journeys' end. Or temporary roosts. untitled definitions. I am softly anticipating the tweak of rubber and other significations of a 'return' or of a casting out. away or a removal from the secret warm spaces found in unknown, random seatings and anonymous metal. is all this leading to a slowing down? Or just a spinning from out and under?

**Flight 15-**

zero. does it have a different meaning up in this space of abstract velocity? zero tolerance. could I tolerate being outside this encasement? enough for now. I always thought of the compass to be like a large zero with direction contained within it's borders. circularity. the zero as being an aspect of containment. if this plane's body were to be sliced vertically I would have many circles. many zeros. one of these zero slices contains me - on this airbus a319, seat 23f. I am in zero. altimeters contain an excessive amount of zeros. going up or going down I deal with an accumulation or a shedding of zeros. the zero as an indication of all things being equal the sum is irrelevantly nothing. zero irreverence.

the word 'other' starts with a type of zero. it looks the same on this keyboard. to get to other/otherness you start from zero.
otherness on a flight with 15 passengers and I attempt to feel out the spaces unused or neglected with a care and earnestness. It's not that I need to feel them or use them, at least not now. For now it is enough to notice and for this I feel as if I am doing something illicit, something with a pall of negative overtones, something that would attract the interest of men with dark clothing and ill humor. There is the great desire to use these spaces as my dead letter box, depositing this text for an agent to pick up that doesn't exist. Would my fallback be another reach in my sedentary location? Another sad space looking for the attention of some other inadvertent agent. At this moment of discovery do they become this agent? Do they become my agent? Communications via anonymous spaces, anonymous conversations, anonymous agents, anonymous oscillations of anonymous engines plowing through air currents that seem to be a solid as they are clear. Crazy ideas seem to be underfoot for me as I try again to bridge gaps between spaces, and the disparity of memory. The aesthetics of disparity, risks, how many? Many of these desires come from these very spaces that surround me on this icy flight. I occupy them if only in name, make myself small enough to attach some type of signal, some type of beacon, communicating zero-ness. Is zero different at night versus during the day, does it feel heavier, lighter? Is zero the nomad's lucky number? Is air travel likened to the stage between taking the photograph and developing the film? Schrodinger's cat, Schrodinger's plane? My plane? The nomad's private jet? Flight 0?
nocturnal flight allows for the transition into dusk to take place elsewhere as I attempt to evade the irritating spot check. Hood your eyes, look bored, look busy, all to kiss the outer aluminum epidermis with my hand (Always!) and enter inside. Twenty-six F this time. Why me? Why here? I'm tempted to ask my neighbor but in the end prefer the conjecture.

Placement. Placement phenomena. I place things. I place myself in this position. Place and position. My sedentary place changing via my dynamic position. Positionality seems so random, pointless or pointful? At one point in time on this shaky journey I share the same position as some farmer in upstate, New York. Not next to him, on top of him. Uncommon realities, un related yet for a nano-second - placed, right on top of each other. Sharing positionality to the finite degree.

My dreams are generally visually positionless. For unknown reasons I find this sad. Roads are roads, rooms, mere rooms. Yet they sometimes smell of a position. In my dreams I can smell home, if ever faintly, and other places. And like scents in the real world some scents tend to bleed together. I would love to ask our old, departed family dog what home smells like. I would probably have to rephrase the question. Our dog, my location, his position. His reaction to this bumpy, hermetic environment would likely be less than thrilling. I wonder how many people flew over him during his lifetime and shared his position?
Is the nomad a dog person or a cat person?

Flight 17-

isolation. how much movement can be contained in isolation? or rather how much isolation is needed to contain movement? can isolation be empowering? moving through an isolating space? transient passage? aren't all passages transient? or empower transient? am I looking for a type of liberation phenomena related to movement in isolated space? is the nomad aware of isolation or is it an intrinsic part of existence? does he/she feel contained? how do emotive factors figure into the equation of isolation, movement, and space?

does the nomad go to travel lounges? drink in Hemingway like quantities?

sitting in this chair can I say I am performing? performing secret, subversive thoughts? performing isometricly against this chair? not merely sitting, but pushing? is it possible to attempt a displacement? to entertain resistance? is pushing the basic act of resistance? how much pushing is needed for legible, noticeable movement? resisting isolation? or resisting containment?

Flight 18-

rhythmic placements have large aluminum buttresses for companions, dealing overtly with cycles and larger
cadences. at times I think rhythm has reptilian connotations. is it the skin? or the flexing of what is underneath? the plane has always seemed less bird-like but more reptile. a reptile with many faces. each window a face. individuals framed. located within the structure and caught from outside, they are simplified to faciality. eyes, mouth, nose. the front of this monstrosity has the obvious faciality, yet smaller mechanics too form this type of hieroglyphic intersections and these are the most interesting. the turboprop air intake with a gaping mouth, along with rivets screws, and odd vents. all made even more animated by the bumping around by air currents of the moment.

when will cloud patterns and ground structures merge into cohesive nomenclature? the nomenclature of sky or ground. is that like German and polish? or more like the same language with two very different distinct accents?

I am looking down all the time. believing I have amazing powers of vision I imagine I find a snow covered rhizome in the mountains below. I could never think of eating it. at least not the first one.

**Flight 19-**

migrancy, how often? and through which borders? note: flying back from Toronto you go through u.s. customs and immigration before leaving. the arbitrary border? the muted arrival? the transient border? does that mean I am under u.s. law after that? can i seek asylum? sanctuary? could I ever seek sanctuary anywhere? does sanctuary mean
that you have to believe in something? believe that you need to be saved?

still on migrancy. does it require that one travels through:

zones
borders
territories
boundaries
lines of control
checkpoints
frontiers?

is there something called extra-territorial migrancy? am I moving back and forth constantly? and can I call that constant migrancy? does having a constant migrancy give me agency? under what conditions?

migrancy may need/require/allow for/induce portable memory. compressed memory? expandable memory? a memory that goes beyond the bulky traditional archive. memory that is contained on shirts and in hair and in the strange bits of written paper in wallets, in crumbs and odd shaped folders and old brochures. a memory of suspension. a memory more fluid and volatile than would be expected. this portable memory- can it be set up at any location? put up as needed then taken down? can it be dispersed, like flyers or confetti? or maybe like a virus small amount of this migrant memory can be injected to grow and induce a reaction?
then I have to ask about the mutation of migrant memory. first, is there a way to discern what memory is meant to be private and what is public? is there some type of tag? second is this memory more prone to distortion or dispersal because of its compactness?

**Flight 20-**

auto-suspicion. infiltration. systemic adoration. adoring the system? or using the system to adore?

is that me? infiltrating a system through thought? patterns and obliqueness. infiltration seems different than resistance. maybe they only difference is one being a more pro-active version than the other. migrants may want to infiltrate to resist? most likely not. and for what motives?

other people always seem to infiltrate my thoughts. not people here but people more certain, of solid destinations of memories on solid ground. and not that I mind. there seems to be some preconceived notion to separate what is going on from what is going on.

now I am thinking in terms of extensions. body extensions. memory extensions. extensions for resistance. extensions for infiltration. extensions for the infiltration of memory. these extensions have everything to do with this mitigated space in which I currently occupy. this space, as abstract as I tend to poeticize it is real, and physical. I push against the emergency exit door with my shoulder. and the door (loaded window/part of physical air
frame) becomes my agent, I, in some micro or less than micro way am, via intent, using it. the window/door combo is inert, but with potential.

other extensions need to exist in order to fulfill a need, if a metaphorical one at that. this metaphorical need - essential. or this plane would not fly.
Grey Man Devices

from

experimental ambulation

Addendum 5

-Visual Manual-
Ambulation

EXPERIMENTAL Ambulation
Before Device
After Device
Foot (Body)

Sensors

Diarctan around

Anything could go here
\[ \text{Form of Disability: } \]
10 PRINTS IN 36 INCHES DIVIDED BY 2 = 5 PERSONS

Figure 8-3. 36-Inch box method.
Figure 8-6. Walking backward.
Figure 8-10. Arctic circle.
Normal Ambulation
Trauma's relationship to disorientation?

Events → Trauma

Fictionalized

Memory
Walking Investigations

(Performances that deal with Ambulation)

1. Brick Rotation
   - Outside, where?
   - Do it myself
   - Ask others to help

2. Limery Silver
   - Sit, take shoes off, line soles of feet with Vaseline
   - Put shoes back on
   - Walk outside

Dias on Feet

- Wrap feet in Cotton Wool,
- Wrap with String
- Soak in 0.1
- Pinch large wick in front
- Light, attempt to walk outside
Light, don't forget to walk outside.
Pilgrimage

Procession

4
Sniffers

To Sniff

To Smell

To Sense
Device to help sniff ground surface while walking.

- Matte Charleston
- Wiring connector
- Earhook left/right blended
- Flow tubing
- Adjustable "nose" cones
Device to help sniff ground surface while walking.

Air Flow
Tube for ground air to tube to pump

Receptor

Pro-Bis-cous

Pump
1052 ° CONES
camera on exterior of structure.

Output: Information

Optical viewpoint

scope of influence

Expelled/processed

Earthworm

Raw dirt

Condenser umbilical
These lead to UNI 4. Mannequin control by anonymous person. So camera.
(Multiplier)

Human Enhanced

Steps to Project

many more
Sound from many ambulances
NON-Threatening Environment (condition normal)
what it means to compass, picture here
Gary man.

Needs people.

Gary man Device

Other people for
Swell & Dim

\[(\text{Dis}) \text{ORIENTATION} \]

\[\rightarrow \text{Sound}??\]
\[\rightarrow \text{slow down}\]
I try to speak one language.

I like I belong here,
like I do not belong here.

It is in an in-between spa,
in apparent

Mediation of grand
by using a combinad.
Sometimes skin itself
Urban experience
More complicated forms of communication and action, describe the difference.
Output in front of face using flip out screens.

Perception.