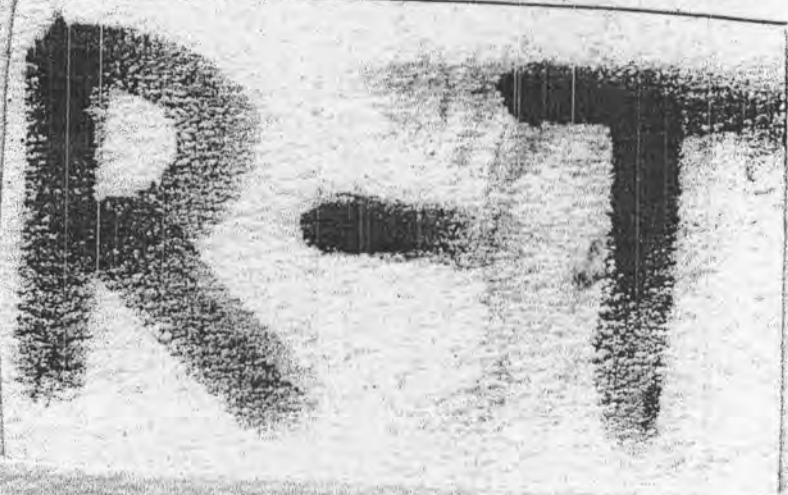
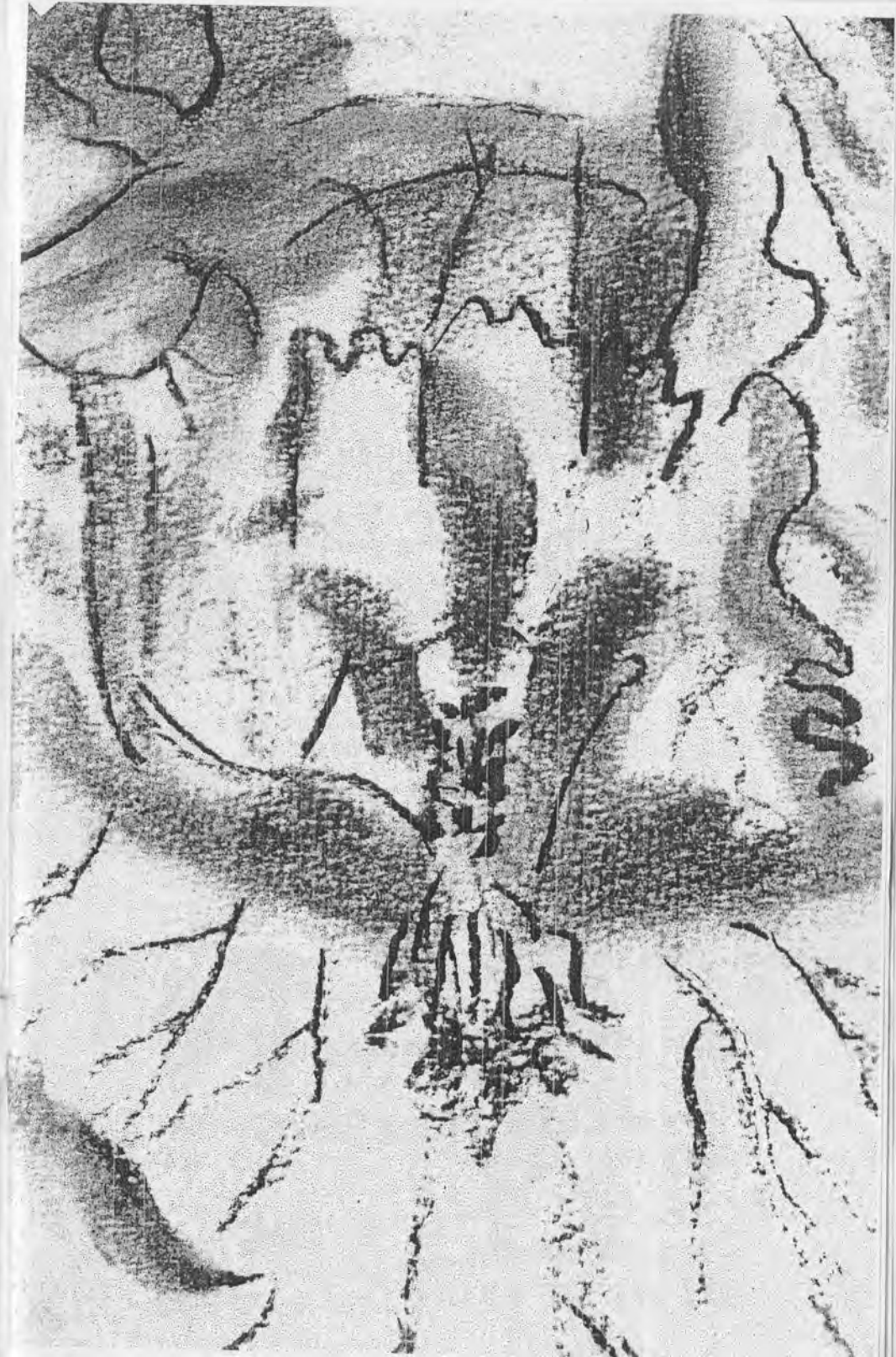


LOOKING AT
NOTHING,





Looking at Nothing, Real-time

MAGAZINE

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Looking at Nothing Facilitates Memory Retrieval

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Introduction

- Humans integrate visual, linguistic and spatial information to form an episodic memory trace.
- Upon processing spoken words, participants make eye movements on a blank screen to locations that were previously occupied by the named objects or related to those [1].
- [2] suggested that 'looking at nothing' facilitates memory retrieval when spatial information at encoding and at test match.

Hypothesis

- Memory retrieval is facilitated when participants are allowed to make eye movements on a blank screen to locations that were previously occupied by named objects or related to those.
- Due to a mismatch in spatial coordinates, remaining central fixation during memory retrieval is hypothesized to lead to performance decrements.

Conclusion

- Performance accuracy is worse in conditions of central fixation.
- We observed no RT differences within or between the experiments.
- Mismatch of spatial coordinates might be crucial for memory retrieval.
- Maintaining central fixation during linguistic processing affects performance accuracy.
- Analyses showed no RT or accuracy difference between visual shape and semantic similarity judgment task in Exp1 and 2.

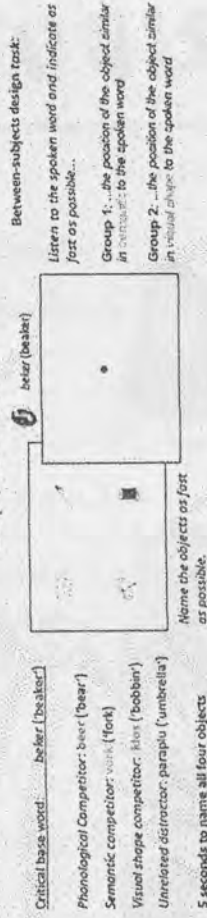
Open issues

- The exact role of spatial indexes in language-vision interactions.
- Increased cognitive load in Exp2 due to dual task situation.
- Working memory as a source of information binding.
- Neuronal substrates of information binding.

References

- [1] Altmann, G. (2004). Language-mediated eye movements in the absence of a visual world: the 'blank screen paradigm'. *Cognition*, 93(2), 879-887. [2] Ferreira, F., Apel, J., & Henderson, J. M. (2008). Taking a new look at looking at nothing. *Trends Cogn Sci*, 12(1), 405-410.

Experiment 1



Results

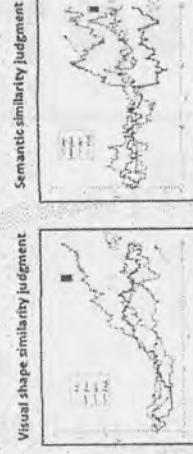
- Performance accuracy between the two tasks (semantic vs. visual shape) was similar.
- We found no RT difference between the two tasks.
- In both tasks participants made fixations to locations on the blank screen that were previously occupied by the respective target objects.

Experiment 2

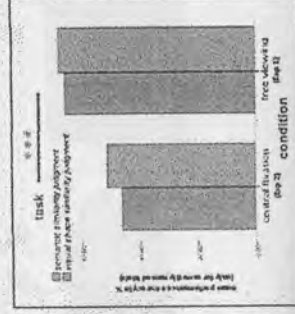


Results

- Performance accuracy between the two tasks (semantic vs. visual shape) was similar.
- We found no RT difference between the two tasks.



Performance in Experiment 1 & 2



- Performance accuracy in Exp 2 was significantly worse than in Exp 1.
- We found no RT difference between the two experiments.
- No interaction between task or condition was observed.
- When spatial coordinates at encoding and at test did not match memory retrieval was impaired.

T-Ed

Looking at Nothing, *Real-time*:

What does it mean? From the psycholinguists we learn how the mind integrates not only vision and language, but also *space*, to form a memory. This bundling of inputs—tethered from a frayed cord, fuzzied out of vague components—generates an episode in the mind's eye that is complex, dependent, and comprehensive. And this information is *literally there if we know where to look*. The eyes betray the site of remembrance, looking to the place once seen. Up, and a little to the left. That's just about where the thing was seen.

McLuhan Notes:

The resonant interval is where things happen. So, between no-thought and a-thought there is an interface of recognition: either to witness a sentimental picture or to be fired into the present. A thought can be categorized as being distinctly remembered or forgotten (forgetting is to be cannonballed into awareness). We interface in order to bring change. There are distinct qualities of change, some are more calculable, others more disruptive. Different qualities of change can become addictive if they resonate with your core being. Ritual is always the activity of transformation turned into an act, where you feel familiar jolts of pleasure that wear out the same old interface into a cliché. All games function to produce this sensation of pleasure, and as McLuhan sort of puts it, ever since the first photograph of earth from outer space, human's picture themselves on earth as if it were a theatre of fun and games. This is to basically say that all activities are quotational regardless of their material basis or craft, regardless of their histories or complexities. Being cool here matters a lot. And at the furthest end of being cool is being "not there".

What can't be retrieved is the turn that was made by photographers like William Eggleston, who at one point decided to purposely treat that which was barely noticeable as something worth capturing. So I have to ask, why can't this conversion be made today? It can't be made because that which is sentimental about reportage vanishes with the digital camera and also with the digital conversion. And the capturing of nothingness is well, the most sentimental idea. The heightened presence of nothingness, it doesn't really exist anymore. There is no point in the process of making that can be said to ultimately produce anything in particular.



Nothingness is everywhere and nothingness is meaningful. As a metaphor of movement, affect comes in the manner in which material is shed in a process that seems indifferent - the manner in which something is produced and cast off.



The speed at which intelligent thoughts can disappear and reappear is the brain's agility. Everyone prefers the costumes of familiar roles and cartoons to make up their thoughts. Some can retrace the familiar paths of a dense and vast jungle of only the richest and wildest beasts and treasures. Others pick their thoughts from the shelves that are reachable in the line up at Safeway. Reaching for the act is not the solution of the agile.

DON'T PLAY





There's no stream of consciousness, just the mirage of an interface. Desperately seeking collaborators for feverish nightmare. Speaking into the screen today.

A phone rings.

Hello?

No answer.

Hey, whats up?

No answer.

Not bad man, not bad at all!

No answer.

Just been you know, sitting here, in my chair, looking out the window. Doing my thing...

No answer.

What have you been up to?

No answer.

I totally ... me too.

No answer.

Yea, sometimes its not what you've been haven't been thinking about that is the know be your guide, you know what I

No answer.

Yea, its not about the journey that alw 'appreciation time'. That's a resignatio but what the thing is about. Its no long in other words.

No answer.

The trope of the series of unanswered a narrative structure that allows the vi thought as a series of progressive im; affect or role or costume or what have

No answer.

When thinking about, it's what you starting point. Let what you don't mean?

ays sounds like a pause for n speech. It's not about anything per about doing anything special

I answering machine messages is power to witness the unfolding of loading presuppositions - nested you.

It's always about going deeper but never about becoming more authentic. Like the baboushka doll, the smallest one is not the most real. In becoming smaller, there is less area and less resolution. The image begins to blur the deeper we are unfolded.

No answer.

I went to the store today and I didn't have a single authentic encounter. And I'm happier that way.

No answer.

Hello?

Hey there.

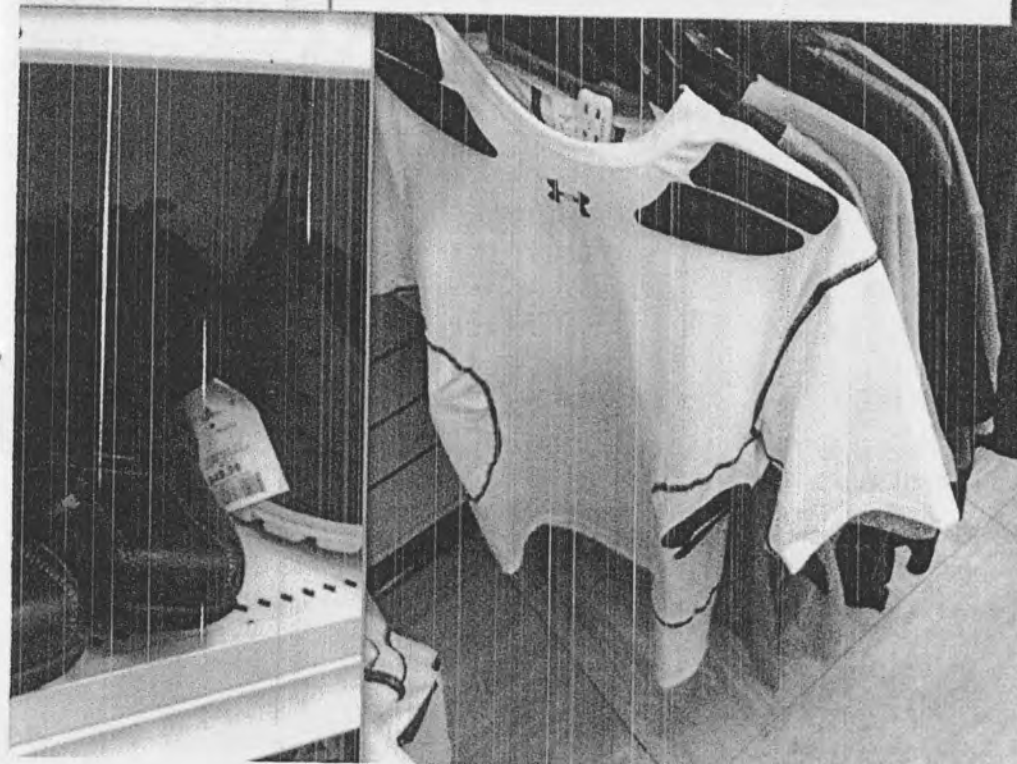
No answer.

Not much, how you doing?

No answer.

That sounds great. What have you been up to?

No answer.



La force qui s'use et celle qui ne s'use pas
(Wearing and Nonwearing Forces) November 1914

"Slip and Slide, Transcendent Ass."

I remember Lispector via Cixous - the story of the little girl who comes to the narrator's house and criticizes everything she does and how she does it until she hears the chick in the kitchen and wants it, but can't express the desire for it, can't admit the desire, and Lispector's narrator knows she can't ask her if she wants the chick, knows she can't offer it to her, but has instead to be silent about it, but attentive, and obscure, to let her make her own way to wanting what she wants, and when she finally goes to the chick, allows herself to want what she wants, she kills it after a few seconds, because she can't handle the shock of wanting, and of being able to have what she wants. She doesn't know what to do with it.

The Cixous-Lispector reminds me of Nancy Ring, jogs the importance of permission and internal knowledge.

It's clear when you look down into it, or black further out, but in the shallows you can see the dirty sandy yellow and grey browns of the rocks. There is lots of light, lots of pale, and lots of fading. I like the fadedness, how the sun wears away rich colours so that everything gets whiter and faded. There is no fealty to horizontal lines.

I like the wood of the dock, the poles worn away in painful cuts from years of ropes and chains. The wood is whiter above water and dark yellow-grey where it's wet. I like the glassy thickness of the lake. It pushes you around, not easy like you might imagine water to be when you think about it as this medium in which you can float. Probably there are different thicknesses of water, depending on what else is in it, like chlorine or salt or oil. I know it is easier to float in salt water. What did you do to this? Also listen to it, and do something that it wants to do. Like float.

-Megan Hepburn



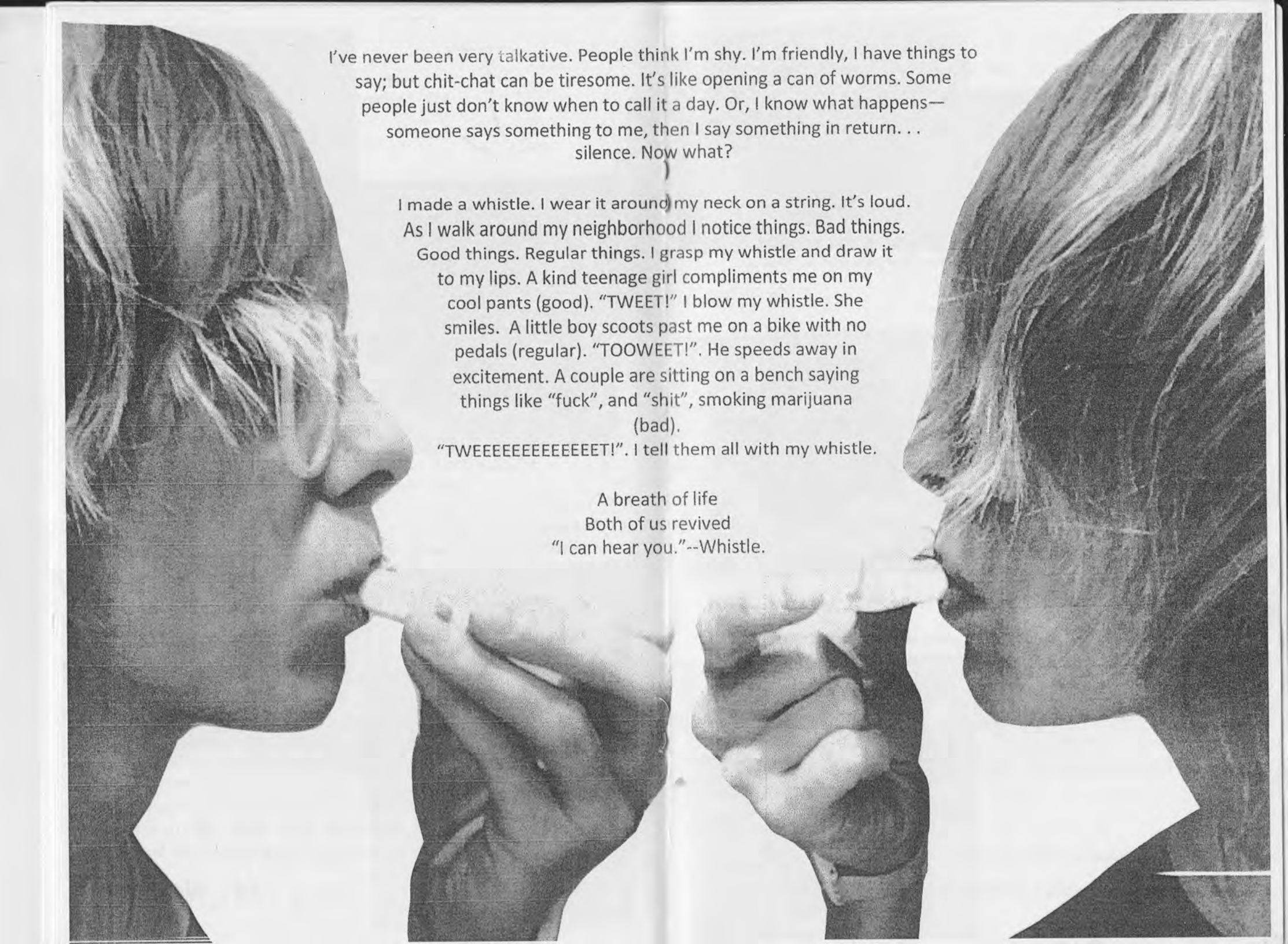
WEAR



CAN



YOU
by M. HUBERT

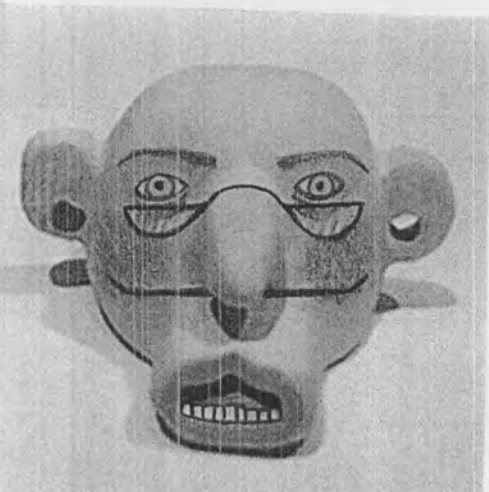
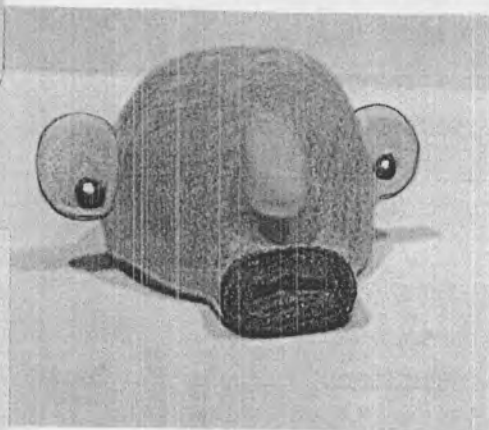
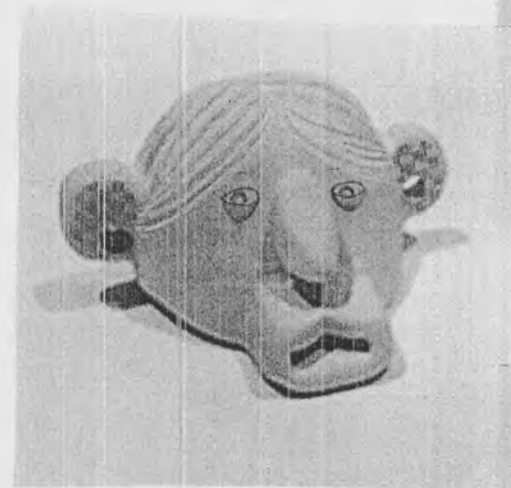
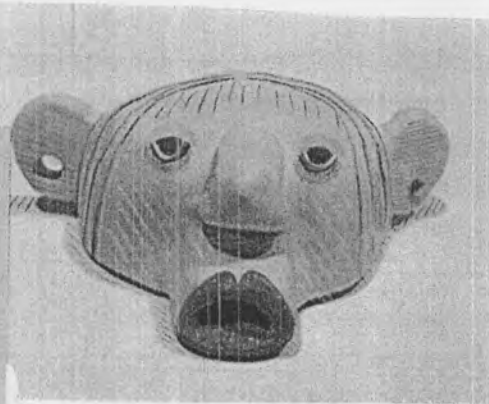
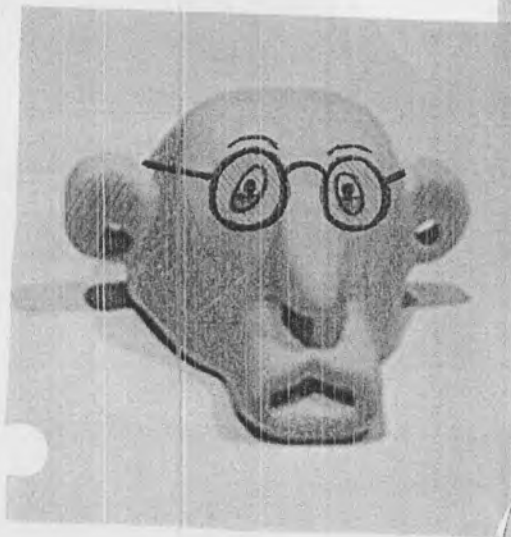


I've never been very talkative. People think I'm shy. I'm friendly, I have things to say; but chit-chat can be tiresome. It's like opening a can of worms. Some people just don't know when to call it a day. Or, I know what happens—someone says something to me, then I say something in return. . . silence. Now what?

I made a whistle. I wear it around my neck on a string. It's loud. As I walk around my neighborhood I notice things. Bad things. Good things. Regular things. I grasp my whistle and draw it to my lips. A kind teenage girl compliments me on my cool pants (good). "TWEET!" I blow my whistle. She smiles. A little boy scoots past me on a bike with no pedals (regular). "TOOWEET!". He speeds away in excitement. A couple are sitting on a bench saying things like "fuck", and "shit", smoking marijuana (bad).

"TWEEEEEEEEEEEEET!". I tell them all with my whistle.

A breath of life
Both of us revived
"I can hear you."--Whistle.



Conversation with Tommy D of Comox Taxi

On Wednesday the 6th of October, LaN-RT got a ride from North Island College to the Comox Airport. The following is a pretty much verbatim account of that conversation.

T Where to?

RT Airport please.

T Oh are you from Emily Carr? [there's a travel account with Comox Taxi that he knows about]

RT Yup.

T I like to paint. I use oil on canvas. Just make up the things out of my head.

RT Cool. When did you start?

*Figs. 3+4
7*

T Well, it started with this book here (hands me his taxi manifest).

RT Wow. Nice. I like the way they build outwards.

T I just like to work on things when I'm waiting in the car.

RT Are your paintings the same?

T No. Do you want to see them. I live right across the street.

RT Um. Sure. I think I have time.

[We go across the street to the place he shares with his Mom. It smells nice, like lavender. We look at a painting or two of landscapes and his Mom says, "that one he didn't really care for". After that Tommy shows me some ink drawings that he really seems to like (facing page).]

RT Hey these are really cool. *[Figs 1+2]*

T I don't know what you would call that. You can have them if you want.

RT Really? Are you sure?

T Sure. It's just a drawing. I always give them to people.

RT Look at this: the street goes straight up a wall or something.

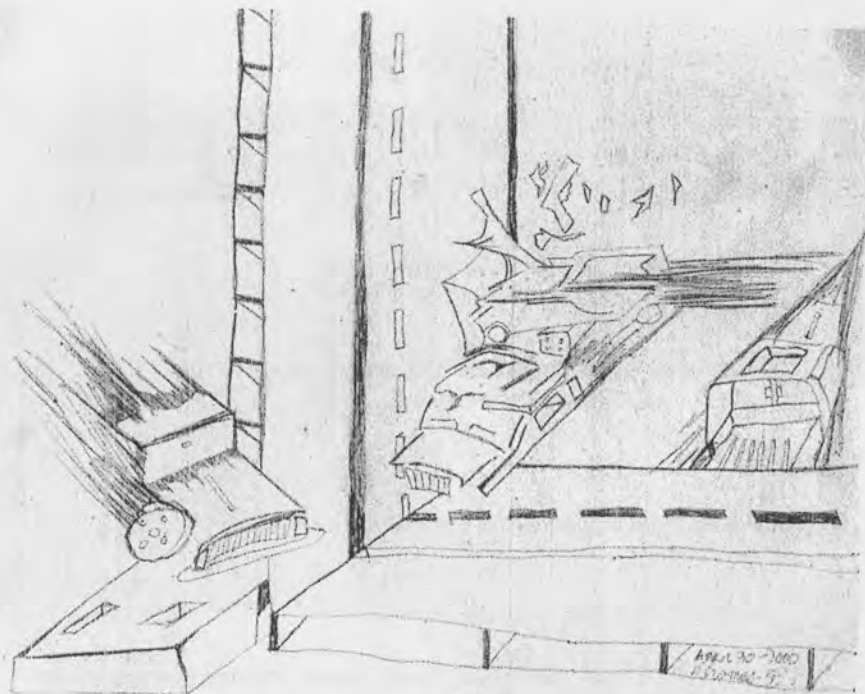


Fig 1



Fig 2

- T That's the kind of stuff that pops into my head once in a while.
- RT And here you've got a little cliff, a little city.
- T That one's a hillbilly thing.
- RT A hillbilly thing?
- T Like the kind you see in the cartoons.
- RT And the hillbilly lives in the city or something?
- T Well he's a rich hillbilly.
- RT Oh, and what are the woods here?
- T [laughing] Well it's like a past and future thing.
- RT How do you come up with your ideas?
- T I don't like to know what I'm doing too much. Just add until it's finished. I hate planning things out. And I hate it when paintings look too much like the real thing. [laughs] Why not just take a picture? Might as well. It's just stupid.
- RT I feel the same way.
- T Well just look at my hand here. Like some people paint it with all straight fingers. But look here: my fingers are all curved. There's nothing perfect about them.
- RT Yes.
- T The hand isn't perfect. With perfectly straight fingers. It has all these little things that aren't quite right.
- RT But I really like *how* you add to the things. Is it meditative for you?
- T Sure. Everything is meditative.
- RT So drawing in the car helps keep things mellow? Like is it kind of a zen thing?
- T Zen is too religious for me. I don't know where we go when we die. But people are always living like they're scared for the next life and not being themselves. I don't do that. Who knows what happens. I think you just come back again. And God or whoever says "good luck!"



fig 3



fig 4

by Roland
Eickhoff

Zen tells of an old Master whose estate regularly received Pilgrims. These wandering mendicants came to ask Questions and the Master, in Answer, would raise his thumb, doubtless indicating complexity, greediness, and the perpetual quest. Erstwhile neophytes were sent scurrying for the door, minds pressed to limits. And so it happened one day that two Pilgrims, arriving while the Master was out, met a young Apprentice who raised his young Apprentice Thumb in answer to their query. Their question remains a mystery. However, upon the old Master's return, said infraction being related, the Apprentice was summarily beaten and the offending thumb severed from his hand. While running from the estate clutching the bloody stump, wailing Apprentice was hailed. "WAIT!" Turning back, the Apprentice cried, "What?" Whereby, Zen states, the old Master raised a thumb.

First People tell of how a young Warrior, paddling out early one morning to a new Island, came to meet Bear swimming across. The Warrior slowed beside to taunt. "Nothing-Bear you look tired, lost cub-Bear. I would test my strength against you old, fat Bear." Making it to the Island, obliging Bear wrestled the young Warrior, uprooting trees, tossing boulders. Three times this Warrior was bested. With each match lost, Bear walked away as Warrior threatened, berated, taunted Bear into one more fight. Finally, beaten but spewing insults, the Warrior took leave home to tell tales of a most powerful Creature whose unmatched strength uprooted trees, tossed boulders. Days later a Party paddled over to find the Forest torn asunder but with no trace of the Beast. Searching further inland the Party found discouraged-Bear dead.

The West tells of Enlightenment's simultaneous discovery of liberties and invention of disciplines. Under duress the Bourgeoisie invested in a public judicial system for the Masses, while underwriting rule of Law, the Educations, Medical Institutions, Government etc. Creating and maintaining this web of soft Subjection became a secular means of rendering duty and efficiency unto so-called free individuals. Over time the value attributed to this web was reciprocated by the Masses. As living objects of information made visible, this Mass Subjection today allow us to be both master And bear, apprentice And warrior.



What beats a good slice? BY CASEY WEI

One time while stuck in rush hour and hungry, a game was invented that took us all the way to our stop. 45 minutes gone. The game was to transform philosophers into candy bars.

Foucault: hard toffee cuboid dipped in molasses, dipped in white chocolate; Kierkegaard: a hole inside a soft nougat center, dipped in crushed hazelnut rolled with honey covered in coconut flakes; Kristeva: layers of alternating raspberry and vanilla wafers rolled coated with pink chocolate, light dust of cinnamon gold leaf; Butler: like an Eat More bar but with walnut pieces; Derrida: creamed honey surrounded by pecans, coated with a 1" layer of hard maple syrup, comes maybe in a lemon Jolly Rancher frame or some shit; Deleuze & Guattari: chopped dates, fruit gummies, and dried apricots sandwiched between checkerboard

licorice and plain shortbread; Barthes: dark chocolate with a thin layer of orange fruit reduction; Sartre: rainbow gradient gummi log coated in milk chocolate; Bataille: a chilli 90% dark cocoa fondant (like in those Lindt chocolates) log center, surrounded in layers of 80%, 70%, 60%, and milk chocolate; Irigaray: nine layers of praline, wafer, and caramel, dipped in white chocolate; Nietzsche: asymmetrical chunk of raw rock sugar embedded with pop rocks and small gummy chunks; Lacan: dark chocolate in the shape of a stiletto shoe on an imaginary foot; Zizek: a black salty Finnish licorice center surrounded by big round sugarcomb layer (like in those Crunchie bars) dipped in milk chocolate, dipped in crushed macadamias, dipped in white chocolate, rolled in donut sprinkles, drizzled with cherry reduction.

Now do the same with slices.



Review of Lee's Electronics by Nikolai Gauer

Are you an artist ready to take the step from making regular art and start making *interactive* art? I mean, look at your sculpture work, so dull and inanimate, imagine if your sculptures were *kinetic*! What if I told you there is a store in this city that sells all the tools, gear and components that you would ever need to make art that will be relevant now, in 2014, and way into the future.... I am pretty sure you'd want me to tell you the name of the store! Well, alright, ever heard of Lee's Electronics?

Lee's Electronics sell audio and electronics components at decent prices. They stock all sorts of useful stuff like soldering irons, LEDs, sensors, arduinos, motors, amps, switches -you name it. If you have never worked with electronics before, but want to try it out, they sell affordable kits for beginners that will get you started. If you are a musician wanting to build your own custom FX pedal, look no further. Lee's Electronics has got sturdy stomp boxes and circuit boards.

Sure, you can get better deals on some stuff online if you buy in bulk, but Lee's offer extreme customer service at no extra charge. If you have a great idea, but can't hide the fact that you don't know anything about electronics, they won't roll their eyes at your arrogance. I once walked in and explained what I wanted to do (while concealing the fact that I was an artist). The lady behind the counter proceeded to scribble down a simple schematic for me and found me the components I needed. I walked to my studio, slammed the circuit together and finished my piece.

So, next time you are up on 29th and Main Street, perchance to browse records at Red Cat, you should pop your head in at Lee's Electronics.



REVIEW OF LEMON KITTEN'S 'CHALET D'AMOUR (1979)

By Scott Lewis

I stayed at the Chalet D'amour by happen stance. I had no intention of stopping but the rain was insistent and the thought of continuing on was exhausting my perceptual awareness. Hypnos was screaming through my eyes and out my ears in a light tapping rhythm that would make any torture victim divulge *heavy* secrets. The driveway went round and round taking me in endless circles before casually dislodging me. My eyes weighed heavy and my breath fell short. The door under my left arm swung open swiftly. I was ushered into the foyer missing every drop of water pounding the pavement around me but still managing to make a mess of myself and the floor upon which I was standing.

The bell hop was no ordinary capped man with a gold chain and hat. The bell hop was not a bell hop at all.

It wasn't until the fifth try opening my door with the fucking electronic key thing that the door finally gave way.

Shoes and jacket were still serving their purpose when I awoke a few hours later, draped over the tv table listening to the gentle voices of actors arguing. For the rest of the evening I fell in and out of sleep, wishing I'd bought a tall cup of coffee and put on the radio instead of stopping at this dreary chalet d'amour that did not live up to its name in the least.

THANKS SCOTT!!!