

TURNER WAS MY COVID HOOK-UP

(Love Letters Across 172 Years)

a painter responds

Missives sent from the beginning of the Collapse (2020)
by Kate Howe to J.M.W. Turner at the dawn of modernity (1842)
through Communication Point 51.4135702, -0.3125015.¹

Kate Howe

Royal College of Art: Painting

2021

Word Count: 9,098

¹ The SW corner of the rear building at #55 High Street, Hampton Wick KT1 4DG. (per Google Maps accessed 21 January, 2021.)

2 “Kairos is the instant, the moment of rupture, and the opening of temporality. In opening time in this way, the opening of being is signified. Kairos is connected to poiesis (or the coming into presence) and is located at the interstice of the void and the act of naming. We require such an edge if we need to capture hold of something that is in the air or excessive, in order not to lapse into a reified notion of cultural progression or chronos. There is an edge to the work of art but in being an edge it stands apart from urgency. If something is late, then it becomes urgent that time might be found for it but the work of art never arrives on time. This is because it cannot determine such things such as its arrival for it is not in time in any ordinary sense.” (Miles 2020)

This implies that ruptures in temporalities are not only possible but probable, and that it is through the causal relationship of trembling and the edge which produces the “danger of the reification of a notion of cultural progression,” thus our temporally-challenged love affair is confirmed as a plausible platform for research. (Miles 2020)

ABSTRACT:

This dissertation charts the path of an intimate, secret love affair carried out during London’s third pandemic lockdown in the winter of 2021 between painters Kate Howe (communicating 2020-2021) and J.M.W. Turner (communicating 1840-1842). In their correspondence, carried out via paintings and letters left for each other in the ruptured temporal void created by Covid-19, Turner and Howe examine the consequences of the urgent development of the modern age from the bent funnel of its disgorgement in Howe’s time. The Rupture point is located at 51.4135702, -0.3125015.

Keywords:

Speed, Temporalities, Longing, Rupture,² Globalization & Industry, Turner

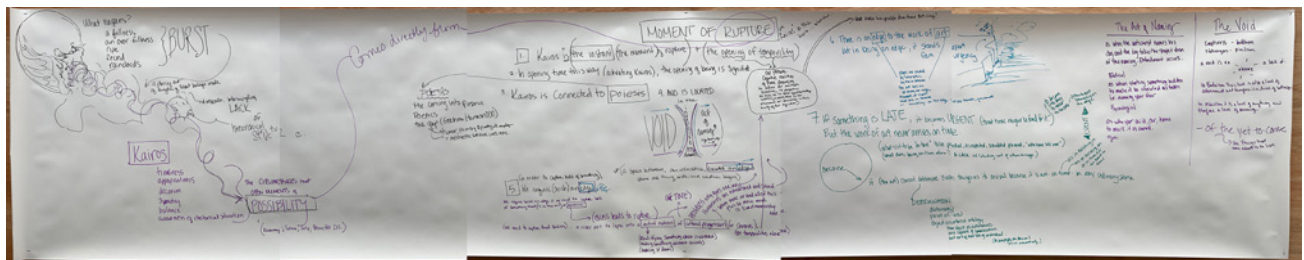


Fig. 1. *Moment of Rupture Think Box*. Photo by author. 2021.

This conclusion is based on the Think Box interaction and response to Miles’ as-yet-unpublished book of aesthetic philosophy, *Fragments*, shown in the photo above. (Miles 2020) (See Notes 5, 7)

Dedication

For Betsy.

a teacher is much more than a person who opens the door to knowledge

a teacher holds space for who you can become

Acknowledgements

As with any large undertaking, nothing is done alone. Celebrations of gratitude must be undertaken so that the faces of all who pushed the project forward and helped it exist can be seen.

Tom Wight: Editor. Layout, design, edit, lift, carry, build, mount, hold, hug-make-better.

Skye Bond: Project Historian. First indication of the portal came through him. Stomp, point, laugh, demand tea, repository of history of the Arcadian Thames.

Phillipa Bond: Right Hand Sister. Listening, caring, there's not a list I can do with her that isn't too reductive: when she brings scones to the studio, she's not mothering or feeding. She's offering healing from a place of compassion so deep that it actually allows me to step over locked-in hurdles like they are nothing. It's not the scones. It's Phillipa.

Ellen Wight: Studio Assistant of Doom. Wash, lift, cary, sort, clean, prep, work work work, laugh, sing, act, hammock, cuddle. My darling, brave muse. My daughter.

Bodhi Wight: Fellow Tortured Artist. Disruptor of deadlines, chaos incarnate, my heart walking around outside my body. My kiddo.

Rowan Bond: Founding Member: Silly Art Club. Draw, look, feel, paint, climb, run, wonder machine.

Elliot Bond: Don't like don't like. Puddy gaga to the rescue. Is the squidge in my painting.

Veronika Benk: Studio Assistant. Wash, prep, clean, keys, packages, gallery, work, work, work. Comes complete with mini studio assistant whose incredible smile makes us all happier.

Miriam Nakiwala: Studio assistant. Wash, scrape, prep, laugh, hug, work, work, work, stories, commiseration, dream together.

Charlie Quilter: Bad-ass Historian Pilot. Interviewee, collector, cousin. Who I really want to be, secretly, when I grow up.

Annie Quilter: Head Cheerleader. If you ever want to accomplish something, tell Annie. She'll believe it until it's real.

Jonathan Miles: Wingman. Your language, our letter-writing during lockdown, all of it taught me how to open to Turner.

Gemma Blackshaw: Alchemist. How can you take a seething mass of seemingly disconnected thought, stroke it gently until it stops fighting, and hand it back to me, same as it ever was, just clearer?

Sam Smiles: Researcher, Author, Source. Dogged, curious, organized, not messing about.

Anita Gat: Mother. Painter, bestower of art, she of the sanity bindings, she of the strength of a hundred.

Contents

Abstract	2
Keywords	2
Dedication	3
Acknowledgements	4
Figures	7
Fallacies of Hope	12
Introduction	14
Prelude	17
Chapter 1. We Meet	20
Chapter 2. Into the Gale	24
Chapter 3. Soaking Wet on the Deck, He Brought me Cocoa	28
Chapter 4. Through the Tunnel	34
Chapter 5. Illicit Letters Late at Night	35
Chapter 6. Even in my Sleep I Hear You	38
Chapter 7. Emboldened, I Trespass and get my Heart Broken	40
(Sudden) Conclusion	48
Appendix 1: <i>On Horizons</i>	50
Appendix 2: <i>Horizon and the Guiding Binary</i>	58
Appendix 3: <i>The Supernova on the Second Floor is Sad</i>	62
Appendix 4: <i>Haunted by the Future</i>	72
Appendix 5: <i>Research as Fascia</i>	76
Bibliography	78
Bibliography Appendix 1	85
Bibliography Appendix 2	86
Bibliography Appendix 5	87

FIGURES

Fig. 1. *Moment of Rupture Think Box*. Photo by author, 2021. In artist's possession. Page 2.

Fig. 2. *Turner likely sketched here, near Petersham*. Photo by author, 2020. Page 11.

Fig. 3. *I broke into your garden today and wrote you a letter from the bench under your window*. Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 200 x 200 cm. In artist's possession. Page 13.

Fig. 4. *Snow Storm – Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth*. J.M.W. Turner, 1842. Oil on canvas, 91.4 x 121.9 cm. Tate Britain, London, UK. Page 15.

Fig. 5. *View of the Suez Canal*. Albert Rieger, 1864. Oil on canvas, 127 x 180 cm. Revoltella Museum, Trieste, Italy. Page 15.

Fig. 6. *The author adjusts a yoga student in a workshop at the Sri K. Paatabi Jois Ashtanga Yoga Institute in Mysore, India*. Photo by Christine Hewitt. 2015. Page 18.

Fig. 7. *Pain Map 1*. Kate Howe, 2019. In artist's possession. Page 21.

Fig. 8. "Umbelicus." Kate Howe, 2020. <https://www.instagram.com/p/CG5VqzHFQj1>. Page 22.

Fig. 9. Detail: *Rape of Europa*. Titian, 1562. Photo by author, 2020. Page 23.

Fig. 10. *Philip II in Armour, shortly before he married Queen Mary I of England*. Titian, 1551. Oil on canvas, 193 x 111 cm. Museo del Prado, Madrid. Page 23.

Fig. 11. *A Lion Hunt*. Peter Paul Rubens, 1614-15. Oil on oak, 73.6 x 105.4 cm. The National Gallery, London, UK. Page 23.

Fig. 12. *Snow Storm – Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth*. J.M.W. Turner, 1842. Photo by author, 2020. Page 24.

Fig. 13. *Sketchbook Page I*. Kate Howe, 2020. In artist's possession. Page 25.

Fig. 14. *The Defeat and Death of Maxentius*. Peter Paul Rubens, 1622. Oil on oak, 38.3 x 64.5 cm. The Wallace Collection, London, UK. Page 25.

Fig. 15. *The author's mother, Anita Gat, at the Peggy Guggenheim Museum*. Venice, circa 1980. Photo courtesy of Anita Gat. Also pictured: *Sea Dancer*. Gino Severini, 1914. Page 26.

Fig. 16. *Heavily Mylenated, I went that way again when I was trying to go the other. Will try again tomorrow.* Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 160 x 200 cm. In artist's possession. Page 27.

Fig. 17. *Chilean Swift Fox.* Wikimedia Commons, 2006. https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Swift_Fox.jpg. Page 27.

Fig. 18. *Red on Maroon.* Mark Rothko, 1967. Oil on canvas, 266.7 x 238.8 cm. Tate, London, UK. Page 28.

Fig. 19. *Sketchbook Page II.* Kate Howe, 2020. In artist's possession. Page 28.

Fig. 20. "Cancer Radiation." Kate Howe, 2018. <https://www.instagram.com/p/BgRxMVwBp1X>. Page 30.

Fig. 21. *The Treachery of Images.* Rene Magritte, 1929. Oil on canvas, 60.33 x 81.12 cm. Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, USA. Page 30.

Fig. 22. "Kate at Keith Code." Kate Howe, 2017. <https://www.instagram.com/p/BbVofWUHHES>. Page 30.

Fig. 23. *Phillipa, Skye, and Elliot Bond under King Henry's Bridge in Richmond.* Photo by author, 2020. Page 30.

Fig. 24. *Rowan Bond, Eel Pie Island.* Photo by author, 2020. Page 31.

Fig. 25. *If my eyes left grooves in the cleft of your rupture they would look like this.* Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 160 x 200 cm. In artist's possession. Page 33.

Fig. 26. "Strange Times, Indeed." Kate Howe, 2020. <https://www.instagram.com/p/CGQKnMF15c4>. Page 33.

Fig. 27. *Strolling Under the Skin.* Jean-Claude Guimberteau, 2017. Photo courtesy of J.C. Guimberteau. Page 33.

Fig. 28. "Cat Scan." Kate Howe, 2018. <https://www.instagram.com/p/Bhry9VTgpVz>. Page 33.

Fig. 29. *the ribs of Hephaestus, greased with easy grace, are unrequited.* Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 160 x 200 cm. In artist's possession. Page 35.

Fig. 30. *Almond Blossom.* Vincent van Gogh, 1890. Oil on canvas, 73.3 x 92.4 cm. Van Gogh Museum, Amsterdam (Vincent van Gogh Foundation), Amsterdam, Netherlands. Page 35.

Fig. 31. *Jason.* J.M.W. Turner, 1807. Graphite and watercolor on paper, 18.5 x 26.4 cm. Tate, London, UK. Page 37.

Fig. 32. *When I looked through my lens, there was your eye on the other end, looking through yours.* Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 200 x 200 cm. In artist's possession. Page 38.

Fig. 33. *Now that the tunnel is open, I can find you more easily but the world looks stranger every time I return.* Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 160 x 200 cm. In artist's possession. Page 39.

Fig. 34. *Portrait of J.M.W. Turner ("The Fallacy of Hope")*, engraved by J. Hogarth. Count Alfred D'Orsay, 1851. Lithograph on India paper, 32.8 x 22.5 cm. Tate, London, UK. <https://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/hullmandel-dorsay-portrait-of-j-m-w-turner-the-fallacy-of-hope-engraved-by-j-hogarth-to5029>. Page 40.

Fig. 35. *slipping in, sitting with, looking for you.* Kate Howe, 2021. In artist's possession. Page 40.

Fig. 36. *Sandycombe Lodge.* J.M.W. Turner, 1813. 40 Sandycombe Rd., St Margarets, Twickenham, TW1 2LR, London, UK. Photo by author, 2021. Page 41.

Fig. 37. "Christmas Eve at Turner's View during Lockdown." Kate Howe, 2020. <https://www.instagram.com/p/CJOAMXvFald>. Page 42.

Fig. 38. *Christ In The Storm On The Sea Of Galilee.* Rembrandt van Rijn, 1633. Oil on canvas, 160 x 128 cm. Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston, MA. (Until 1990). Page 44.

Fig. 39. *Still: Un chant d'amour.* Jean Genet, 1950. France: Connoisseur Video, 2021. Page 46.

Fig. 40. *I'm wearing a groove in myself trying to hail, the arms of the ocean won't stand still long enough for you to see me.* Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 250 x 214 cm. In artist's possession. Page 47.

Fig. 41. *Corked.* Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 214 x 214 cm. In artist's possession. Page 48.

Fig. 42. *When I see you fast on the deck my arms leave a wake fast enough for the dolphins to play in.* Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 200 x 200 cm. In artist's possession. Page 49.

Fig. 43. *Stormy Sea.* Abraham Willaerts, 1626. Oil on panel, 85 x 114 cm. Hermitage Museum, St Petersburg. Page 50.

Fig. 44. *Colonel Charles J. Quilter II, USMC(Ret), PhD. Photo taken during Operation Iraqi Freedom after being recalled from retirement to active duty as Senior Field Historian for Aviation.* Photo courtesy of Quilter Family Archives, 2003. Page 52.

Fig. 45. *Strolling Under the Skin.* J.C. Guimberteau, 2017. Photo courtesy of J.C. Guimberteau. Page 52.

Fig. 46. *Villa of P. Fannius Synistor Cubiculum M alcove. Panel with temple at east end of the alcove, the north end of the east wall.* Middle of the first century B.C. Boscoreale (Pompeii), Italy. Perspective Lines by Jonathan Janson. Image courtesy of Jonathan Janson, 2021. <http://www.essentialvermeer.com/technique/perspective/history.html>. Page 54.

Fig. 47. Kollsman MA2 periscopic aircraft sextant obtained from the Netherlands. Photograph courtesy of Huibert-Jan Lekkerkerk, 2021. <https://hydrography.pro/presta17>. Page 56.

Fig 48. *Charles Henry Howe in front of his Piper Apache*. Photo courtesy Howe Family Archives. Circa 1974. Page 56.

Fig. 49. *Christ In The Storm On The Sea Of Galilee*. Rembrandt van Rijn, 1633. Oil on canvas, 160 x 128 cm. Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston, MA. (Until 1990). Page 58.

Fig. 50. *Ellen*. Kate Howe, 2021. Oil on canvas, 214 x 214 cm. In the artist's possession. Page 59.

Fig. 51. *Strolling Under the Skin*. J.C. Guimberteau, 2017. Photo courtesy of J.C. Guimberteau. Page 77.

Fig. 52. *Gemma Zooming*. Kate Howe, 2021. In artist's possession. Page 86.



Fig. 2. *Turner likely sketched here, near Petersham.* Photo by author, 2020.

FALLACIES OF HOPE

Aloft all hands, strike the top-masts
and belay; Yon angry setting sun
and fierce-edged clouds Declare the
Typhoon's coming.

Before it sweeps your decks, throw
overboard The dead and dying –
ne'er heed their chains Hope,
Hope, fallacious Hope!

Where is thy market now?

– J.M.W. Turner ³

³ (Turner n.d.) Composition date unknown. Sections of this poem accompanied several of Turner's paintings when he exhibited them. This portion of the long and evolving poem entitled *Fallacies of Hope* made up part of the wall text when Turner exhibited *Slavers Throwing overboard the Dead and Dying—Typhoon coming on*, exhibited in 1840 at the Royal Academy, two years before *Steam-Boat* was exhibited.



Fig. 3. *I broke into your garden today and wrote you a letter from the bench under your window.*
Kate Howe, 2021.

4 (Turner 1842) This painting is known by many names, for the purposes of this paper, we will use the name displayed by Tate Britain at the Exhibition *Turner's Modern World* (Tate 2020) where I first encountered it. I will at times refer to this painting by its short name, *Steam-Boat*. The full title of the painting is also known as *Snow Storm - Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth making Signals in Shallow Water, and going by the Lead*. (See Note 12)

5 What happens when a Rupture occurs? (See Fig. 1) A fullness, an over-fullness, ripe, fecund, it is a rending, a tearing, an opening, a burst. A spilling out of everything formerly contained. The spilling out causes a mixing, an intermingling, this intermingling creates a lack of hierarchical structure, an equalizing, like all of your belongings after a flood, the only photograph of your father with a you that you recognize, stuck upside down to a sequined top you once wore to the Belly Up, Aspen. An erasing of status. (Miles 2021)

6 The present moment. Right now. Look up. Notice three things. That was the moment.

7 Therefore, we are at the Rupture, which is “Kairos: Timeliness, appropriateness, decorum, symmetry, balance, awareness of the rhetorical situation: these are all the circumstances that open moments of possibility...” (McIntyre and LeVan 2011, 79) Possibility therefore coming directly from the Moment of Rupture (Miles 2020) i.e. the leveling chaos resulting from over-fullness is analogous to possibility.

8 Turner and others had painted that icon of modernity—the smoke stack—previous to *Steam-Boat*, however

INTRODUCTION

Turner's painting *Snow Storm - Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth*,⁴ first exhibited at the Royal Academy, London in 1842 and now at Tate Britain is one of the most shockingly prescient paintings of its day. It not only captures the moment of the introduction of mechanization and speed into every aspect of contemporary life, but it presages the effect of our embrace of this technology on the world we inhabit today.

This perilous moment is the moment when industrialization touched not only the well-to-do but heralded the beginning of the cycle of human dependency on mechanization. Suddenly, not only are factories beginning to streamline production of goods, but the laundry you send out will likely be pressed and washed by steam power as well.

As things become more efficient, more “progressive,” the need to produce more, faster, cheaper, to waste less time, to find more time, to create time in your day - begins to intensify. We now sit at the Rupture⁵ point in history: on the sharp and consequential end of the linear time spectrum, on the needle head of historical time,⁶ where the capitulation of humanity to its desire for speed reckons with the planet's ability to survive our insatiable hunger for more.⁷

Looking at Turner's painting, we are sucked into the vortex of a terrible storm. We can see three things: a mast and series of signal flares, a smokestack with its plume of beautiful pollution, and the endless, raging sea. The ships are too far away to hail. The modern world is steaming ahead, speeding up, and we can not stop what has begun. Eight years after Turner enshrined modernity as a topic worthy of pushing the medium in *Steam-Boat*,⁸ the Suez Canal⁹ was dug.¹⁰ It was dubbed the “ditch in the desert,” and the world sped up again.¹¹



Fig. 4. *Snow Storm – Steam-Boat off a Harbour’s Mouth.*¹²
J.M.W. Turner, 1842.

Turner captures the vertiginous genesis of this hybridization of temporal acceleration and industrial globalization in the frenetic, layered vortex of storm, sea, and steam. He does this by taking away our horizon (See Appendix 1: *On Horizons*), our point of reference, and therefore our feeling of agency as a viewer. We are tossed into the sea, bobbing up and down, no horizon in sight, the snowstorm raging on.¹³

The more I engage with this painting the more I feel like I am painting a letter to Turner from the future and all of the marks are moments where we traveled back and forth to each other, trying to send messages. I found out yesterday that #HowToRealityShift was trending hard on TikTok¹⁴ during Covid; apparently there was more than one temporal anomaly created.

Covid-19¹⁵ and Brexit have shown what happens when global supply chains, sped up by the introduction of steam, are disrupted. Not only is your can of Cheeze-Whiz from Amazon going to take three weeks to arrive, but your vaccines may also be delayed.¹⁶

no image before this one melded the great tradition of seascape painting: with the audacity of both looking to the modern world for subjects and bending the rules of traditional painting into a vortex. Here we have a ship tossed in the waves, with that symbol of the modern age, steam power smack in the middle of it. These forces are combined in the painting in a way that not only symbolizes the modern age’s staying power, the unstoppable flywheel of progress, but also challenges the genre of seascape painting and simultaneously pushes painting itself into new territory. (See Appendix 1: *On Horizons*)

9 “Suez Canal, Arabic Qanat al-Suways, sea-level waterway running north-south across the Isthmus of Suez in Egypt to connect the Mediterranean and the Red seas. The canal separates the African continent from Asia, and it provides the shortest maritime route between Europe and the lands lying around the Indian and western Pacific oceans. It is one of the world’s most heavily used shipping lanes.” (Smith 2021)



Fig. 5. *View of the Suez Canal.* Rieger, 1864.

10 The ditch was dug first by hand with forced labor on top of the ruins of an ancient canal, and has been discovered to have been originally built in 1850 BCE. (Smith 2021)

I can see it now, hands digging in the sand, most of the tiny, dry crystals sliding back down into the hole as it is scooped. You know how it does that? When you are at the beach and you want to do that thing where you dig a hole in the sand until you get to the water and the hole fills up like magic from below?

But when you first dig in hot sand, it burns your skin and it slips back down, every giant handful only removing a teaspoon, and you dig faster knowing that eventually you'll hit it... cool grains packing under your sore fingernails, and then damp, clammy grit, and then liquid solid sand—ooblik sand, sand thick with sea water and then the tension...

I used to slow down and just run my finger through the deepest part of the world I'd just made, moving slowly, rolling the grains under my fingertip - removing them one layer at a time and feeling the welling of the sea below my hand and knowing there would be a moment when I was not the master any more, the ocean would win and the cold rush would cover me, and some of the walls would slide and my fingers would get buried in a little slurry if I kept them still. And then the water would settle and come clear again.

11 Of the several unintended consequences of speed, loss of life directly attributable to events precipitated by climate change is likely to climb to the top of the charts this August, 2021 due to extreme weather events globally in the months of July and August 2021 (IPCC 2021), as the 2019 Covid-19 pandemic has eased as one of the leading causes of death globally. (Troeger 2021)

The pandemic has shown how instantly and incredibly mobile humans have become. During the outbreak, a commercial flight docked at the International Space Station¹⁷ while our family moved to London for school. The world is so fast and so small that the virus is not stopped by oceans, deserts or mountains—it has found its way to every corner of the globe.¹⁸ The world is so fast and small that an angry mob can arrange a coup on their phones.¹⁹

There is beauty here as well... there are deep relationships and miracles of science. (A vaccine in ten months!²⁰ Autopilot to ISS!²¹ My growing, changing, strengthening relationship with my amazing family! The return of letter writing! “*Staged*” with David Tennant and Michael Sheen!²²) The world is remaking itself again.

This is another moment of collision, an epoch—a Moment of Rupture.²³

PRELUDE

My paintings are letters to Turner. They are filled with all the traces of our time travel—the course corrections and possible other outcomes—things that could have been, dawning at the moment speed became ubiquitous in our lives through mechanization.²⁴ For the first time, we could go faster than a horse, we could go more predictably than wind and sail alone. And go we did. Faster and faster, accelerating into the present. Turner created a wormhole into which I step secretly, willingly, obsessively every day.

No one knows I'm time traveling. Everyone is inside, and my studio is an island in a sea of back gardens, a hidden bunker behind four locked doors.

I am almost always in the sea trying to hail him, drowning and waving and trying to stop him by saying: "Wait! Don't let them do it! The Paris Climate Accord²⁵ is necessary because of this moment! This thing you saw, you documented, this is the moment it all goes wrong." He waves back, but he can't hear me, the wind is in his ears, and the sea is rough with Covid and coups while teenagers fill silent empty streets littered with masks as trash.

I don't care how I paint.

I feel weird when I paint.

I talk to myself.

I paint alone.

The color relationships are chosen based on their affective quality.

This occurs when they are in conversation with each other and my mood. Sometimes I feel like vibrating.

I always feel like vibrating.

12 The original and full title of Turner's painting was *Snow Storm – Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth making Signals in Shallow Water, and going by the Lead. The Author was in this Storm on the Night the Ariel left Harwitch.* (Smiles 2020, 260)

"I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it [like Homer's Odysseus, resisting the Sirens]; I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape, but I felt bound to record it if I did." (Smiles 2020, 262) Smiles thoroughly researches the veracity of this claim and is unable to verify it, though Turner told this story through the years, most insistently. What we take from this must be that Turner felt a deep need to express that this image arose through lived experience rather than hearsay. (See Note 4)

13 Before this painting, as an American artist mostly preoccupied with the figure, to me Turner was just "that guy who is good with the light and the clouds." After this painting, I was lashed to the mast against his salty skin, the ocean roaring as it tried to consume us both.

14 Reality shifting has a lot to do with mesmerization, a practice I participate in when I am in the process of skill or knowledge acquisition or the process of making, whether that's writing or painting.

I put the practice to its first test when I was living in India and working as the assistant to Saraswathi Jois at the Sri K. Pattabhi Jois Ashtanga Yoga Institute in 2014.

Waking up at 3 a.m. and going through all of the rituals of kria and finishing my work day at 1 p.m., every day was the same, six days a week. It was through this single minded devotion

to discipline that I found a slippery tunnel which led directly to freedom.



Fig 6. *The author adjusts a yoga student in a workshop at the Sri K. Paatabi Jois Ashtanga Yoga Institute in Mysore, India.* Photo by Christine Love Hewitt, 2015

It was as though a part of my mind, which had previously been preoccupied with the thousands of decisions I was making a day was suddenly freed from that burden. There were no decisions, only actions taken with as much noticing and focus as possible, all day, every day, and it could focus its lens, all of those lenses, previously prismatic, on the practice. And the practice changed, vibrated, hummed, fed me, and I changed, too. (Andrews 2021) (See Notes 28, 30)

15 The first ever global Coronavirus pandemic is in full force as I write this. (Liu, Kuo, and Shih 2020)

It is shocking in ways we can't really understand yet. We are realizing that the unthinkable really has happened and it will be with us with some intensity for at least 3-5 years as variants rip through the inoculated population. It is because of the trauma of Covid that I met Turner, and because of the pandemic that I found the Rupture. (Miles 2020) Krios was indeed in play here: most of the things that directly affected me (not my family, that's a different story—one of my children was severely mentally traumatized by the fear of what feels a bit apocalyptic at the moment. See Appendix 3: *The Supernova on the Second Floor is Sad.*)

Sometimes I want it to be percussive, and sometimes I want it to grow to a roar.

I am not good at whispering when I'm trying to say something.

I'm afraid of not being heard.

I mix my own colors.

Then I paint straight from the tube.

I use obscenely expensive mediums in a secret recipe I learned from an amazing painter named Mark Strickland,²⁶ which I then tweaked to be my own. I shit you not, I found that guy. I loved his medium. I scraped his palette for a month, and I got that recipe.

I paint when I get seized by an understanding that usually emerges from a collision of philosophy, poetry, and research that makes me stay up later than I should and forget to make food. Then suddenly, I have six canvases as big as will fit in my room going at once. No one comes in. The music is loud. Sometimes it is Chopin because that's what Turner likes.²⁷ Sometimes it's Beyoncé, and sometimes it's Mozart's Requiem because that's what I like, and he has to accept me for who I am.

I paint in a fever that is dreamlike. I mesmerise²⁸ myself through repetition: when I am painting I wake at the same time, with my music already playing in my head, because I listen to the same three songs on repeat until I have to change them. The tunnel to Turner, the vortex, is fragile. I build the oily energetic shells which form our Rupture²⁹ through the ritual of repetition. I swing my feet over the side of the bed the same way every morning. I put my feet on the floor the same way every morning. I obey the ritual until I am mesmerised³⁰ and then I am free inside of it, activating the convergence, like docking at the space station. It's terribly dangerous, but I've done it a million times in simulations, and sometimes for real.

I go through a quart of medium a day. I draw back in, I draw my own body, my neural network, my pain from radiation poisoning after cancer.³¹ I draw my cells and MRI scans and

my greasy, rewired anatomy into my work. Anyway, I realize later, when I wake up after they've all finally stopped talking, that's where the marks come from.

were overwhelmingly positive. (See Note 7)

16 “A 400m-long (1,312ft) container ship has become wedged across Egypt’s Suez Canal, blocking one of the world’s busiest trade routes.” (BBC 2021)

17 (NASA 2021)

18 Coronavirus has been recorded on every continent after at least 36 people in Antarctica tested positive for the disease in December 2020. It was the only place left on Earth that had remained untouched by the virus. (Booker, 2020)

19 “How a Presidential Rally Turned Into a Capitol Rampage.” (Leatherby et al. 2021)

20 “How Has a Covid Vaccine Been Developed so Quickly?” (Davis 2020)

21 “SpaceX’s first crewed spacecraft successfully docks with the International Space Station.” (Etherington 2020)

22 (Evans 2020) “Staged: thespian Zoom miniseries plays perfectly with the format David Tennant and Michael Sheen squabble as exaggerated versions of themselves, capturing the chaos of life in lockdown.” (Golby 2021)

23 (Miles 2020) (See Note 7) See Fig 1. *Moment of Rupture Think Box*. Photo by author. 2021

24 One of the most important improvements to the lives of Londoners brought on by steam power was access to more reliable clean drinking water. The first steam pump was invented to move water out of mines, and was patented by Thomas Savery

in 1698. It wasn't until Thomas Newcomen invented an atmospheric pressure engine in 1712 that steam engines became commercially viable. By the mid 18th century, two enormous steam-powered engines were pumping the majority of London's drinking water. (Kempton Steam Museum 2014)

25 "Climate change: US formally withdraws from Paris agreement." (McGrath 2020)

26 (Strickland 2021)

27 "In the final period of his life, the paintings of J.M.W Turner (1775-1851) baffled his public with the daring originality of their colours... As soon as it is revealed that Turner was friendly with the organist and composer John Danby, who very likely fostered in the painter a love of music, a new dimension to his art is uncovered. Direct connections between his paintings and works by Berlioz and Mendelssohn, for example, draw the two worlds together, and encourage a broader perspective of each." *Art and Music: Turner - Music of His Time*. (Griffith, n.d.)

I tried. I listened to the glees by John Danby. We'll compromise at Chopin.

28 "When I'm in writing mode for a novel, I get up at 4:00 a.m. and work for five to six hours. In the afternoon, I run for 10km or swim for 1500m (or do both), then I read a bit and listen to some music. I go to bed at 9:00 p.m. I keep to this routine every day without variation. The repetition itself becomes the important thing; it's a form of mesmerism. I mesmerise myself to reach a deeper state of mind. But to hold to such repetition for so long—six months to a year—requires a good amount of mental and physical

CHAPTER 1. WE MEET

I walked into the Tate Britain because it was open.

I'm lying just a little here. I walked in because I'd been living in an 800 square foot cabin in the woods outside of Aspen, Colorado for thirteen years and I was starving for art. We moved to London in August 2020 so that I could attend the Royal College of Art for graduate studies in painting.

Knowing how contagious new art can be, I was, in a strange way, okay with the fact that the RCA's studios were closed. While I was aching to see what was new and real in the world, at the same time I didn't really want to go to gallery openings and see all the fabulous contemporary work that was out there.

Like a predilection for picking up accents, I didn't want my work to get infected, pick up a twang or a lilt unintentionally just yet. I am here to break my practice open like smashing your mother's most precious possession on the floor, like smashing fluorescent bulbs in the dumpster because they explode in a way that makes me feel. I am here to hook in, to undo, to evolve and to emerge. When I got here, I assumed the buzzing RCA studios and packs of us going from opening to opening would be the mechanism by which that happened.

Instead, it was the quiet of our new rental, that sparsely furnished home, and a tunnel of light into the faces of my tutors, calling in live from across the UK. The Zoom-scape became my umbilicus³² and, after an awkward three weeks where we all settled into the strange super-intimacy of having your tutor in your living room while you are in their spare bedroom with them, a Rupture occurred.³³

I was going to the museums every time they reopened between shifting government guidance on Covid-19. Grateful to have any guidance at all, as the President of the United States was at this time calling the pandemic the "kung flu"³⁴ and was not holding press briefings while there were refrigerated morgue trucks parked on the streets of New York City,³⁵ I did as I was told and booked ahead for the National Gallery.

I started with Titian, he of the direct mark and the spank-bank bounty produced for King Phillip II of Spain.³⁶ I said hi to Rubens³⁷ on the way because his line, along with Schiele's,³⁸ are like two limbs of poetry colliding in the center and burning me. Seeing the marks in person, especially the unfinished works, produces a Pavlovian salivary effect which could be off-putting if masks weren't mandated. I don't know if there's a Schiele in London, I haven't stumbled across it yet. But my Methodology of Holistic Research³⁹ keeps unearthing Rubens.⁴⁰

I also, for comfort, seek my old friends in "contemporary" art which always brings my mother to me through the rent in space-time created by the work. She comes hurtling through the Albers and ends up sitting next to me looking at Klein, Judd, Rothko, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler... the list is long, but then, so is my mother.⁴¹

I'd been living in an "open studio" for a year and a half, all of my studio experience prior to that also included an alarming lack of silence, privacy, slowness, research, relationship, and autonomy.

No matter how much I wished it was not, painting was always to some extent performative.

I had gone to Tate Britain to see the new home for the somber Bordeaux colored Rothkos,⁴² which was not nearly dark enough to capture the vibration of depression and introspection the way their old home had. While I was there, I bought my first museum membership. After all, we live here now. It didn't matter that we'd have to book ahead or queue to go in. I was living where there was more art than I could eat in a lifetime. And I am voracious.

I returned because *Turner's Modern World*⁴³ was on and I was hungry. And then I met him. And everything changed. The Rapture happened. Like the rapture, only different.⁴⁴

strength. In that sense, writing a long novel is like survival training. Physical strength is as necessary as artistic sensitivity." (Murakami 2004)

29 (Miles 2020a) (See Notes 6, 8)

30 Regarding Dr. Mesmer, "...the observations by the Commissioners of the powers of the 'imagination' in producing dramatic effects and goes so far as to suggest that they will form the material for a new science. ...But the phenomena observed allow several more results that we shall put forward. These results concern the imitation and the imagination, two of our most astonishing faculties; these are facts for a science now new, that of the influence of the mental on the physical, and we ask that we be permitted in this respect to enter into some preliminary and purely philosophical details." (Donaldson 2014, 6)

31



Fig. 7. *Pain Map 1*. Kate Howe, 2019.

32 I am surrounded by mad genius and connected by a cable of light that runs under the earth, even though I can see the sky.



Fig. 8. "Umbelicus." Kate Howe, 2020.

33 (Miles 2020) (See Note 5)

34 (BBC News 2020)

35 (Cherelus 2020)

36 After I entered the chapel of Titian, and my own eyes were free to roam the seamed, impastoed surfaces off-leash, for as long as they liked, as I was leaving one afternoon after staring at the marbled thigh of Europa and its ochre reflection, I caught a glimpse through an adjacent time tunnel. There was King Phillip of Spain, one hand splayed against the wall, head dropped, breeches unlaced, leaning hard, cheeks pink, hand working as he stared not at her, but at the eyes of the bull looking right back at him. The bull is his co-conspirator, you see. Only Phillip could truly understand that gaze—he is the bull, the Godlike man, the ordained monarch. It is a look of complete entitlement, surety, and audacious behavior all rolled into one. The bull has taken his delectable treat away from her friends, she is far enough out to sea now that should she let go, she would surely drown. Or be eaten by those demon carp-dolphins,

It's a strange relationship, really, I mean most Covid hook-ups are, and he is a bit of a recluse, quite quirky, and a bit depressed and withdrawn. And getting through to him could be challenging, I mean, he left drawings all over the place. I have always felt I needed to apologize for loving pre-contemporary art... as though it was the mark of one who refused to evolve. But Rubens, Gentileschi, Bonheur, Toulouse-Lautrec, and yes, okay, Rembrandt, Titian, Fra Angelico, the list is embarrassingly endless and all of it is old. I'm in love with ghosts.⁴⁵

I had devoured them from my bed in the cabin in Colorado, recovering from cancer while doing my degree in Art History. The screen glowed blue inches from my face as I read, and looked, zooming as far in as the *Heilbrunn Timeline of Art*⁴⁶ at the Met would let me. I would stare, late into the night between fits of neurasthenic symptoms left over from the effects of radiation sickness,⁴⁷ at the rounded calf of Europa sliding off the bull, her soft, dimpled leg catching the smallest reflection of ochre fabric, at the dry brush, at the sfumato. Which stroke came first? What was from age and varnish? What was a choice, and what was happenstance? How could Titian just throw his brush full of white paint at a newly finished canvas like that? Wasn't he scared?

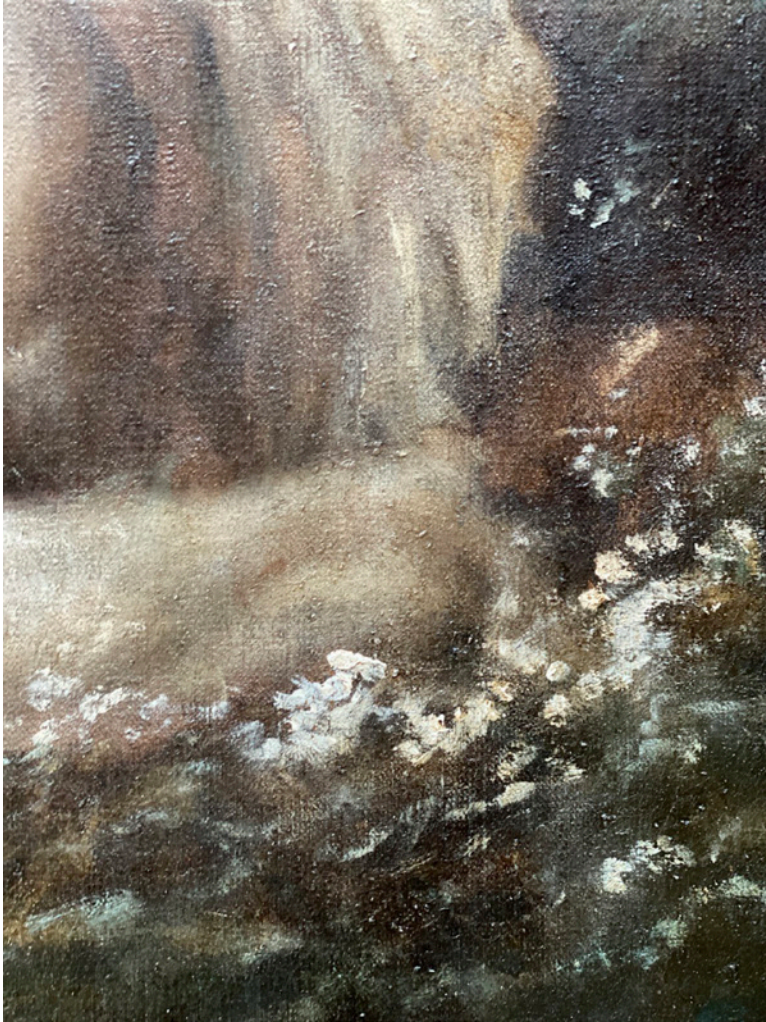


Fig. 9. Detail: *Rape of Europa*.
Titian, 1562. Photo by author, 2020.

Turner I had known as “the guy with the clouds,” and, “really great with light,” but I’ve never been a landscape person, myself, as a painter that is. They always have wanted more than I could give and what, really, can beat the landscape itself? No, it was the flesh that captivated me. It was Turner who taught me the most valuable lesson the Matrix has to offer.⁴⁸ There is no spoon.⁴⁹

Turner pulled me into the vortex. And held me there, breathless, lashed to the mast against him as the storm raged all around us. I sat down in front of *Snow Storm – Steam-Boat off a Harbour’s Mouth* - and I didn’t leave for nearly four hours.

or shot to death by Zeus’s minions, crowding around her, threatening her with weapons, forcing them on.

Zeus looks at the viewer from this picture plane, and who is the viewer? Not us for sure. King Phillip alone, leaning against the wall, whacking one out in private, the erotic thought not for her thigh, or her belly, or her breasts, or her softness, or her intellect, or her talent. The erotic thought that makes him explode in his breeches and howl for someone to fetch new ones is the absolute ownership over her agency.



Fig. 10. *Philip II in armour*. Titian, 1551.

37



Fig. 11. *A Lion Hunt*. Rubens, 1614-15.

38 (Kallir 2003)

39 Rules of the game: I am a Holistic Researcher/Detective in the mold of Douglas Adams’ *Dirk Gently* (Adams 1987). I follow clues that I recognize

but don't yet understand as they appear in my world, trusting they will lead to a deeper understanding. This is also the way I understand how to interact with the study of philosophy in general. Every time the same question is asked a new thread unravels. (See Appendix 5: *Research as Fascia*)

I suspend disbelief in order to play the game. In this instance, perhaps the "universe is telling me something," although I in no way believe that to be the case. The universe is indifferent, it is humans that need pattern resonant validation. But we are in Covid-time and everything has been warped by that. Why not believe there are parallel timelines, my studio is in a space that gets created every morning by the unreality of the thinness of the time-space continuum that exists in Hampton Wick? Maybe no one discovered it before because it took the strain of the time suck of Covid to change our perception enough to experience it. How's that for an argument?

I get on a train to nowhere that goes through a thin spot in the fabric of time and it leads me to a random town on the Arcadian Thames, it just happens to be the same place I could find to open a studio.

The train is a time machine.

I walk along a deserted street to a series of four locked doors that lead to a bunker surrounded by gardens where I can be loud and messy. Turner is waiting. He is not in the studio. He is in the painting. He is in his painting, and I am in my painting, and I have to find him, make the final connection, make the paintings communicate, wave, signal, call attention, and then, exhausted, I rest, sleep, walk, eat and realize I'm in yet another place where Turner walked, touched the golden

CHAPTER 2. INTO THE GALE



Fig.12. *Snow Storm – Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth* at the National Gallery. Photo by author, 2020.

I took this photo on 8 November because my ass had fallen asleep and the guard really was starting to look at me funny. I needed to move on or they'd start to think I was either planning theft or rough sleeping, I'm not sure which.

I have a friend, we'll call him Skye because that's his name. He figures prominently in this story because it turns out he is the medium by which Turner first began to send me messages after our four-hour folding stool date. The DMs must have been disabled. Skye says that the white in the center of the vortex is a series of signal flares, not a sail. He is right, but at this point, it doesn't matter. We had a lively argument for about an hour shoving the proof of our position pulled up triumphantly on our phones into each other's faces while our partners looked on, amused but sort of over it. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Skye, the Rupture,⁵⁰ and the time tunnel come later.

As I walked through *Turner's Modern World*, I was looking for food. I often go to the museums to visit with a particular piece. My practice is to visit, sit in front of, and look and look and look, up close, from the side, from in front, in quiet, with a sketchbook (which often gets filled with words, more than marks).

Later, as I walk to the cafe for tea afterward, light-headed and buzzing, I let myself get hailed by passing pieces that I'm unfamiliar with. I'll walk over and have an awkward conversation, shifting weight, wondering who they are and what they are really like, and why they are here... if it stays with me after I go, I'll visit again on purpose. In this way, my paintings have ever-expanding networks. I don't always get on with all of the other paintings they introduce me to, but I inevitably learn the most from those with whom I am the most surprised to engage with.

I walked by *Steam-Boat* and it did that thing. It wasn't even an awkward conversation. It was that horrible thing where you fall, instantly, vertiginously, and dangerously in love with something you don't quite understand.

I had flipped open one of those fold-up stools that I always feel slightly bold and very silly and a bit selfish to carry, but am at the same time so grateful for. I looked and looked, sucked into the vortex of the image. I watched my eyes travel into and around the painting, spit back out only to be sucked back in. I started drawing the movement of my eyes.

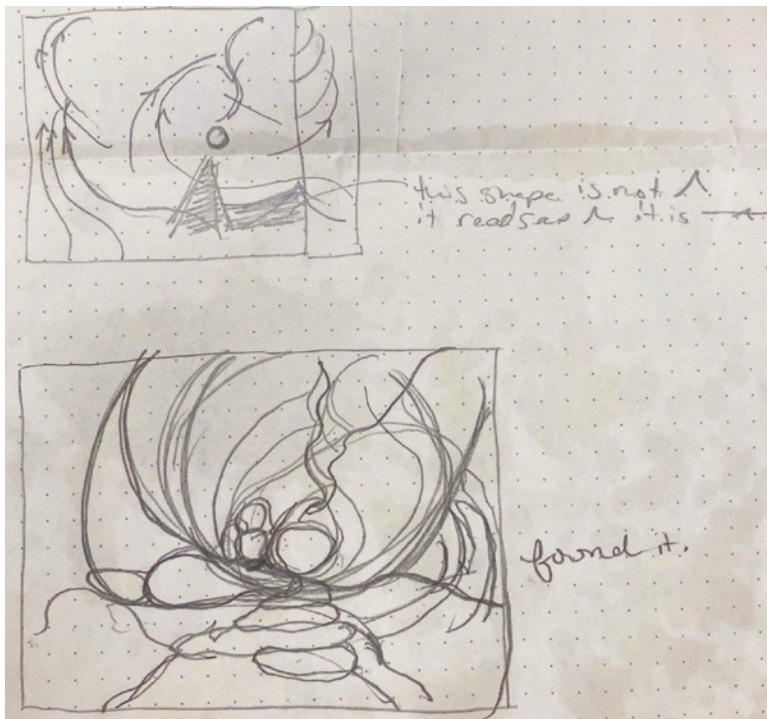


Fig. 13. *Sketchbook Page I*. Kate Howe, 2020.

grass, watched the stags, and drew.

When I find something like this, other appointments must be broken. When a Clue comes, or a Message, often through Skye (See Note 64) but more and more frequently through others, I must stop everything and follow that clue, follow it through books, papers, letters, images, and source material wherever I can find it.

40 One of the greatest joys of art in London that I have discovered so far is the Wallace Collection. Pamela Golden suggested that I go have a wander, and it was such a strange and intimate collection of objects of fascination from a time when to have the object itself was to have the image of the object.

Not only is the obscenely baroque Fragonard there, but there is a lovely little collection of tiny studies by Rubens. They have a bunch of big ones in the main hall, but these tiny studies are mesmerizing. (See Note 28) Like Turner's vortex, the swirling lines of the horses and riders spilling intermingled over the bridge and onto the earth below become hypnotically fluid, animating the action in a way that is hard to look away from.



Fig. 14. *The Defeat and Death of Maxentius*. Rubens, 1622.

41 My mother is split into shadows of herself, and I can not let the painter that she was die. What is it like for her not to paint, still, today? She insists she doesn't miss it, but I can't see her through any lens other than my own, and I know when I gave it up it did nothing but hollow me like a husk, and everything else was always a lie. I hope she knows that she is and always will be the painter she was, even if she never paints again. That's what I found out when I came back.



Fig. 15. *The author's mother, Anita Gat, at the Peggy Guggenheim Museum. Venice, circa 1980. Photo courtesy of Anita Gat. Also pictured: Sea Dancer. Gino Severini, 1914.*

42 The way in which Turner showed up in my life repeatedly was either the most singular and extraordinary haunting or it was like every person ever who insists that a fox is their spirit animal because they see foxes everywhere they go.

But, I want to ask, what about the fact that you always go to where there are foxes, but not because of the foxes, so foxes just happen to be where you are, and what about all the people that live there where there are lots of foxes, and bear, and stoat, and deer, and elk, and everything, are they not their spirit animals? Are there just so

In 2017, before I was diagnosed with cancer, I had gone to Superbike school and had learned to race a BMW S1000RR on the Las Vegas Motor Speedway.⁵¹ While I was at race school, I had the opportunity to look at a device that tracked pupil movement, and we could watch a Point of View video of the track unfolding before us, and two orange dots on the screen showed us where the pupils of the rider were focused.

I learned about saccade,⁵² the way the eye moves, the way it drops information as the eye skips along its resting points, the way the brain fills the gaps in. I love the study of how and why we work, how we interact with our own body machines, how we can learn to understand them better and exploit their capacities along the path of life. There's more on that, but I'll return to it. Remind me, I tend to wander.⁵³ Filling in the gaps we edit out is something that Turner brought up to me later, through a conversation regarding horizon, a sextant, one-point perspective, and the human need for binary categorization. I *know*, intense, right?⁵⁴ So remind me of those things because I want to tell you, it was a great day that pushed me further into the wormhole.

Here I am, then, on this fabric folding stool in the middle of Tate Britain, watching my eyes race around the painting, trying to slow them down.

I try entering from unpredictable points, I begin to mark down where they insist on traveling, I find new paths, but I also find that there is a surrender point like a swirling drain.

As usual, I fell in love with him before I knew he was depressed, withdrawn, difficult, odd.⁵⁵ I don't think it's really love, this aggressive condition I find myself in periodically. It's more like an addiction that my hedonistic self can't resist tasting. I left Turner bruised, and when I looked down, this was all that was left.



Fig. 16. *Heavily Myelinated, I went that way again when I was trying to go the other. Will try again tomorrow.*
Kate Howe, 2021.

many foxes that they are just the spirit animal of everyone? But then if you are where I am and I am where there are foxes, so it's everyone's animal, does it matter that its yours, too? Never mind, I think I know what you mean. I got the tattoo anyway, I love you that much, Peter.



Fig. 17. *Chilean Swift Fox.* Wikimedia Commons, 2006.

What does the fox say?

My point is that the *Seagram Murals* (1949-70) by Mark Rothko are some of the paintings I've loved the most in my life. In the nineties I was told that it wasn't cool to love Rothko any more, and that seemed a pity because I was only just getting old enough to form serious crushes. Painting was unrequited for so long. I've longed for them, the moody, broody, sexy, dangerous, paintings. If you want a wound, fall in love with a poet like Rothko.

When I was able to visit London in 2017, we sat in the dark Rothko room, Bodhi and I, and the paintings hummed. He doesn't remember it, but his little mind was blown at the time. It was only four years ago and it was so amazing and special, why doesn't he remember it?

I digress. Guess where Rothko wanted to have the Seagram murals positioned? Yeah, in the room next to the Turner bequest. (Tate, 2021) Because he was a huge fan of Turner. Me and

Rothko. We got that in common. I feel like he just slid into my DMs.



Fig. 18. *Red on Maroon*. Rothko, 1967.

43 (“Turner’s Modern World” Tate Britain, 2020-1)

44 (Miles 2020)(See Note 5)

45 John Strutton and Emma Talbot gave a lecture called “Ghosts of my Life” (2021) at the RCA in winter. Most of my relationship to the RCA is incredibly intimate, but also completely removed. I know two things about the RCA: they were able to get writing out of me that I’ve never even considered before, and the teaching staff and the institution are two completely separate entities. For me, the RCA is just the letters that we gathered under, in my living room or studio, to talk about how incredibly scary and crushingly difficult it is to try to do something as normal as go to school during a plague. I will say this: The institution failed us all, tutors included, spectacularly, and it was this Krios, (See Note 7) which allowed us to bond together, a raft of angry fire ants determined to stay alive, our sentries weary from years of ferrying other victims of Grad-School-During-Covid across the never-ending, always re-occurring divide. These tutors welcomed

[28]

CHAPTER 3. SOAKING WET ON THE DECK, HE BROUGHT ME COCOA

I went home and took out a sketchbook of delicious paper I’d picked up at the Wallace Collection during that Baroque feeding frenzy. (By the way, Rubens was in there. Twelve beautiful little tiny paintings hiding above a side table.⁵⁶ I didn’t know Turner was stalking me. I was eating the cotton candy of swirling falling storming horses on a bridge,⁵⁷ completely unprepared for what was coming.)



Fig.19. *Sketchbook Page II*. Kate Howe, 2020.

I started producing these drawings on my couch in oil pastel while trying to get a lease executed on a studio that I arranged in August from the States before we moved during the dip in the pandemic. It was November and still the lease wasn’t signed. The RCA studios were closed. I’d been in London six months and I’d never stepped foot on campus.⁵⁸

My drawing language had changed, I noticed. Rather than a kind of mark for this and a kind of mark for that, now there were just marks. A language is coming. I’ve been making drawings of the pain in my body from the neurasthenic trauma left over from that radiation “mishap” for about three years, now.⁵⁹ Those marks have crept into everything.

My son, Bodhi, was really hoping that a “radiation mishap” (not something you really ever want to tell your kid) would end up differently... for sure when they rotated that massive gimbal and aimed it at my breast, if it DID malfunction and shoot a structure-altering amount of radiation into my neck and chest, the result must certainly be some sort of superpower.

I’m going to hold on to that one and see what develops. Maybe I’m a radioactive late bloomer.

These drawings with Turner started to feel like the pain maps, like neuralgic firings, like my body, like my internal landscape, like caverns of fascia,⁶⁰ decades of emotion held in the body, stored in the tissue, forming into tumors, scooped out with a melon baller, pulled out like a string of pod filled kelp.⁶¹ I ended up here, staring into the cavern of my heart, my life, all the threads that led me here. I was shedding old ideas, old impositions about myself. I have always been perceived as too odd, too big, too fast, too eager, too audacious, too ambitious, too willing, too intimidating, too kind, too boundary-less, too much about me.

But my GOD PLEASE TELL ME what the hell can I do with this life other than investigate what is this living thing that I think is me? I’m so preoccupied I can’t even see anything else. It’s a shameful, selfish obsession and I’ve managed to get permission.

us with arms gently perfumed clouds of compassion, and we responded. I have had a more intimate, more interesting, deeper evolution of self in this last year than at any time previous. And if I didn’t have friends with cash, I would be telling a very different story. In order not to squander my time at the RCA, I entered into a commercial studio contract, pushing my debt up by 24,000 pounds per year, plus rates. No support in finding studios, in paying for studios, no relief was or will be given. What happened to the students before us is almost unbearable to think on. When I think of those silly, wide-eyed, open young things headed to the RCA in the fall, well, I pity them. I know just how they feel. (See Appendix 4: *Haunted by the Future*)

46 (“Heilbrunn Timeline of Art History | The Metropolitan Museum of Art” 2021)

47 I was diagnosed with breast cancer in 2017, had a lumpectomy in 2018, skied through the whole season, underwent radiation therapy to the right breast in March of 2018 and have been unwell since then. I have a randomly striking, debilitating, undiagnosed chronic illness. I feel, almost all of the time, like someone is trying to strangle me to death. The only thing I can do when I am ill is paint. As I heal I can write. Then I can read. Then I can research. Only when I’m super healthy can I compile. This, this glorious interweaving of every clue along the way, this springboard from which the Image Arises. (*Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, n.d.)



Fig. 20. "Cancer Radiation." Photo courtesy of author, 2018. (See Notes 31, 60)

48 (The Wachowskis 1999)

49



Fig. 21. *The Treachery of Images*. Magritte, 1929.

50 (Miles 2020) (See Note 5)

51



Fig. 22. "Kate at Keith Code." Photo courtesy of author, 2017.

52 You forgot to remind me, but I caught it in the end. Sometimes I go all around the thing trying to show the thing without ever saying what the thing IS, and then I never can be understood, you know? It's so frus-

I lost the studio. I'm painting in the sitting room again. Everything is so tenuous. Nothing is fixed with me and art, ever. It's so fraught.⁶² I filled the sitting room with drop cloths and turps. I knew I couldn't play with Turner until I could meet him in private. He called to me. I sort of stalked him, I suppose, though his Facebook leaves a lot to be desired, he is so opaque and secretive. Here is where Skye finally comes in.



Fig. 23. L. to R. Phillipa, Skye and Elliot Bond under King Henry's Bridge in Richmond. Photo by author, 2020.

When we first came to London, we had angels at our sides. The story of the move is an epic in its own right for another storybook at another time. At the end of that ordeal, we were sweating in our hollow, echoey home, my mother holding us together like Peter Parker,⁶³ spinning webs that caught us as we fell and zipped us back into our family, into sanity. But there were bank accounts and quarantines and grocery deliveries and only one good chair. Enter Phillipa, glorious Phillipa, the spouse of Skye. (How I met her is another great story, remind me and I'll tell you later. But remind me, because I'll forget.⁶⁴)

Phillipa arrived at our doorstep during our quarantine with a bag of kale from their garden, wine, fresh basil, and a beautiful home grown squash. Every Saturday we started meeting the Bonds and their two young kids for stomps through Richmond, Kew, or Bushy Park. We went for an Urban Walk along the Thames to Petersham, our children chasing their

children laughing and stomping in puddles, climbing trees, a decade-plus in the gap between them, none of them caring. We were outside, with good friends, and it was glorious. It was sanity. It was more physical activity than I'd done in three years.



Fig. 24. Rowan Bond, *Eel Pie Island*. Photo by author, 2020.

Early on, I'd told Skye that I'd found *Steam-Boat* at Tate Britain, and this crystallized some sort of tenacity in him of bringing up Turner at every, well, turn. I mean, honestly. Everywhere we went it was Turner *this* and Turner *that*. Apparently Skye is a fan. At first, I was being polite. The light, yes, the clouds, yes, the formal composition of *Steam-Boat*, but I wasn't going to suddenly depart on a rabid Turner journey. I had enjoyed our intense connection, and I was planning to use that moment as a map for the way I interacted with other, non-landscape work I went to visit in the future, in the hopes I might unlock some great secret of compositional awesomeness from the Masters and make a Leap. I tried it, by the way. I have a drawing of the *Rape of Europa*⁶⁵ produced in this manner. It was interesting for a moment, but now it is a mess.

trating. I feel like everything that is connected which produced the idea is so interesting that sometimes the idea itself melts into the ether. And then, I'm re-reading for the gazillionth time, and I find this. And it reminds me!

So it turns out that as your eyes move across the landscape in a scanning pattern, they are really skipping from brief stopping point to brief stopping point, all of the information in between those stopping points is lost, it drops out. That's what a saccade is, Keith explained to me. So when you are on a motorcycle, or skiing, or riding a downhill bike, or just generally being Kate before 18 March, 2018 in any way, shape or form, you should always have your eyes on the "intended path of travel" as Keith put it. That way, your eye is gliding from target to target and it never comes to rest on an object off of the line of travel. If you can do that, you drop less information than the other guy, you have more data, and you can push the bike harder in the corner.

We watched our pupils against that of a professional superbike racer. His eyes were smooth and he was very, very, very fast. Even the seasoned riders in our group had wandering, scanning, undisciplined eyes.

What does this have to do with Turner? Take this information, and sit on a folding stool in front of a painting like *Steam-Boat*, and try to only look at the intended path of travel. You can go really really fast, you can slow it down like when you are memorizing a track, only this is six tracks superimposed, maybe more.

This is freestyle superbike racing. Sit down in front of Turner and go a

hundred and seventy two miles per hour down the back straight. I did. He bought me dinner after. The rest is history. (Don't tell Ms. Booth.)

53 (See Note 52)

54 See Appendix 2: *Horizon and the Guiding Binary*

55 Ruskin wrote “He wanted to make some drawings to please himself; but also to be paid for making them.” (Smiles 2020, 216-219) God, me too! You go, Mal. Jesus Christ almighty what they do to us. I am so incensed when I read this, and there's electricians and undergrads in the portal now, its turned in on itself, but I'm going to write anyway, I think you'll tune in somehow. I just called to say they can suck it and why the fuck else are we doing this? It has to ring that bell, right? I bet you never had any of your ships ask you if you could make their nose smaller or their tits bigger though, did you? Well, I'm out of it now, my friend and part of the reason is you. Thank you. Now we just have to figure out how to keep this shit show rolling.

56 (See Note 37)

57 (Rubens 1622)

Now, this is the important part of the story. Skye's stories, told while we were walking along with our kids, a flask of tea in hand in the December drizzle, kept hooking me deeper. “And if you look here, at this island, Turner painted this from up there.” He would point and there was the protected view off of the terrace at Richmond. Later, we'd end up there, looking down.

Everywhere we went, there he was. We were wandering through Twickenham on the way to “a cool sculpture of naked ladies and sea horses” when we walked by Turner's house.

Wait, what? This was just... on the way? Am I missing something? Am I not paying attention? Is Turner trying to get my attention? Yes, his actual house, with the blue plaque. I peeked over the fence at the garden. The house, like everything else in London, was closed.⁶⁶



Fig 25. *If my eyes left grooves in the cleft of your rupture they would look like this.* Kate Howe, 2021.

58

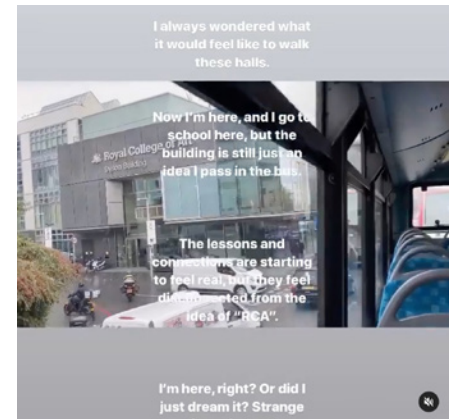


Fig. 26. "Strange Times Indeed." Kate Howe, 2020.

59 (See Note 31)

60



Fig. 27. (Guimberteau 2017) Begin at 10:35 for a look at the incredible system that is fascia.

61



Fig. 28. "Cat Scan." Kate Howe, 2018.

62 I know. I know I should, and here is where it would go, and it's a story that I need to write down so I can let it go finally. But not right now. It's

too much drama, and this is a love story. I mean, you don't want to pollute your new relationship with shit you impose on them from your last wounded lover, do you? So no. We'll try again another time, if we ever need to go there again. I've gained and lost the ability and permission to make art so many times I can't count anymore. I'm glad I made it here. I feel like I outran Cerberus.

63 (Martin 2021)

64 Phillipa's best friend in the whole world is Amy Arman. Amy and I worked at Samahita Yoga Retreat together in 2014 where we taught Ashtanga. Amy married her longtime partner and father of their two kids that summer, Tony, and Phillipa came out for the hen-do. We had an incredible long weekend of yoga, bodywork, diving, eating, dancing, laughing, singing, and boating. It was one of those moments in a dirtbag life, one of those fabulous charmed moments where you look around and realize that everything is because of good choices, not because you conned your way into the *Surfers Journal* party in Bali in a cute dress. It was like that, it was real. And so, when we moved to London where Amy and Phillipa are both from, there was Phillipa.

It turns out that on the way back from the wedding, which took place on a remote beach in the The Ao Phang Nga National Park, a bunch of people had sunstroke and were downstairs on a boat which couldn't travel because of heavy seas, so the bridal party was dancing up top and there was basically the middle-class equivalent of steerage below, party guests strewn about the floor, asleep with heads on laps and shoulders. Headaches abounded. Skye apparently was one of those, and I remember now, the

CHAPTER 4. THROUGH THE TUNNEL

*the sextant*⁶⁷

the sextant
to fix to stick to stabilize
to stop
l'arrêé
what do we lose as we hone
gazing into that unknown distance
fixating to find
deleting
eliminating
all the multiples that we must lose to the tyranny of the
guiding binary⁶⁸
this horizon
that horizon
we agree together on the fiction of our fixation
this is where sky meets sea
nothing

CHAPTER 5. ILLICIT LETTERS LATE AT NIGHT

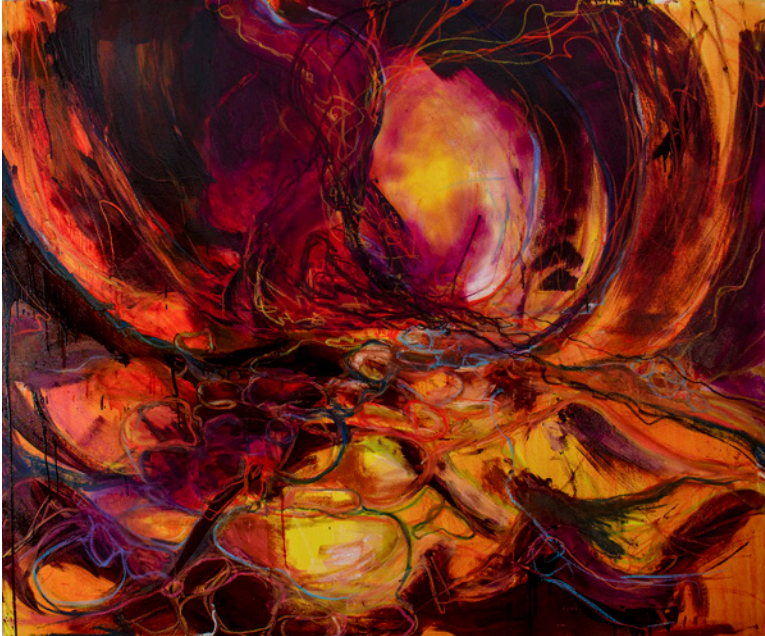


Fig 29. *the ribs of Hephaestus, greased with easy grace, are unrequited.* Kate Howe, 2021.

22 January, 2021

Dear Mal,

I didn't know you were for the underdog. I was walking up the stairs when I got your message, gold leaf? Gold something? Were you into alchemy? This seems like either the best idea in the world or craft shit that is going to get me in trouble. But I think of the gliding of the Buddha and the gilding of the robes and I think of Japan⁶⁹ when I see this color. I don't know if you've been there. I think if you can push it for a couple of forty years or so you'll see some very cool stuff coming from Japan. Van Gogh, who you'll just miss, wanders around the same grassy slopes as you, and Skye says he preached a sermon in your neighborhood.⁷⁰ He really dug the woodcuts.⁷¹ I wonder what you'd think of them.

heat coming off his skull in the damp dark whimper of hung-over sea-sick party guests. I took his headache from him and doused it, hissing, in the rain-soaked sea, and he slept.

65 (Titian 1562)

66 (See Note 42, on foxes)

67 See Appendix 1: *On Horizons*

68 See Appendix 2: *Horizon and the Guiding Binary*

69 "Toulouse-Lautrec and His Japanese Influences: Inspired by his Japanese counterparts, the painter re-invented form and technique within his art and is indebted to printmaking techniques." (Zissman 2020)

70 "When Vincent lived in Isleworth, he attended Monday evening prayer meetings at the Wesleyan Methodist church. On 29 October, 1876, he delivered his first sermon there, and he hoped to give many more. He wrote enthusiastically to his brother Theo: 'When I stood in the pulpit I felt like someone emerging from a dark, underground vault into the friendly daylight, and it's a wonderful thought that from now on, wherever I go, I'll be preaching the gospel.'" (Van Gogh Route, n.d.)

71



Fig. 30. *Almond Blossom.* Van Gogh, 1890.

72 “The First Blue Pigment Discovered in 200 Years Is Finally Commercially Available.” (Cascone 2021)

When I go to Japan, I go to the northern island and I always want to stay. The snow is so white, so silent, so deep, the flakes are so fat, the streets so narrow. The sake so warm, the bars so friendly, the food so plentiful. The onsen like an enfolding blanket with the powers to suspend pain in the air like steam floating in a cold sky. They don't like my tattoos, of course, and I always need to do a little planning to make sure that I'm allowed. Sometimes I have to go to the private onsen and that is just fine with me. For a supposed extrovert, I sure like being by myself and doing my own thing.

Anyhow, I'm either going insane from missing painting or I'm having visions or I'm tired or wired or all of it, but this has been a week to remember. Today, I read an article that they have found a color of blue that has never been used before,⁷² now available to the public. They say it resonates in a way that no other blue can. That it fills a color gap somewhere between Cobalt Blue and Prussian Blue. Can you imagine getting that vibrancy without reaching for teal? I think this is what Klein was after, I think we should make one blue square of this and send it to him so he can take a break. It's exhausting, being on the hunt all the time like I am for you. If I can get a hold of some of this elixir, I'll sprinkle it on my next recording of our concourse. Of course, I have many colors you don't have. I have quinacridone violet and CADMIUM CHARTREUSE which is beyond lightness. The one you'd really fall for was the one that I split my guts open on last week, that sail and sky and sea, it was all one color, the impossible green gold that shines violent yellow and fades to pleasing olive green when it is thick.

Can I say, really quickly, that the last one was nice. I loved how it took the shape of us together. I was surprised the whole time. But we should savor that, I'm not really ready to unpack it, it's still shining on my skin like the echo of a first touch. I have another color, Cobalt Teal, I don't think you have, anyway I just found it again. When I started painting, I started so disciplined, no white, no black, make your own green, no burnt sienna, no brown. Strickland gave me a love of hunting for new colors, but the discipline to stay restricted and pay

attention and cross-pollinate. Now: straight out of the tube and mix on the canvas or in the bucket. I made a painting to you using it, remember, the teal and pink one, the one I said we should secretly call “*Bitchin’ sea, bitch of a day,*” but really have it be named something serious because that was the first time I found you. Remember? That was the first time I had ever used Rose Madder and now I wonder about what it would be like to use it as a straight pigment like I did with the *Entombment*. What do you think? If you were here you would say do it. Anything to push me into the vortex.

There’s gold under that one too, this is very 1972 Russian-mid-century-modern-meets-opium-party of you.⁷³ Let’s roll with it. Why do I think if you showed up you’d be in a mock turtleneck? It might suit Young J.M.W.T. but sir, your waistcoat is large and the fashions of the era you are pulling me towards for color are form-fitting. Be warned. Smoking was still okay, so that’s one benefit.

I know what it was in the teal one that did it, that moment where we started, where I got you, where I let you lead me: It was that big orange wave cresting over my head, over your head and the deck of the ship the whole sea was being sucked up into the sky and me with it and turning into steam and soot, we were all being thrown around by the arms of the ocean.

I would like to use that color so you can see it, that new blue one. I have something here, something gold but in the end, you probably wouldn’t see much, and something rust and something vibrating blue, and then Jason, maybe.⁷⁴ They didn’t really like that one did they? I’m not so into the myth, or the guy, although I do like his taste in women. I think the huge thrusting serpent back points straight to the Rupture⁷⁵ where I’ll find you, though.

I’ll sneak up on it in green first.

Ever yours,

K

73 I wish it was a ‘62 aesthetic. Miles has me grooving with the 60s, all capri pants and smoking. Very #mood. I didn’t use it, the gold and pink, but I will.

Rowan wants to help me put gold leaf on my painting. All I can think of when I think of this era is the ridiculous amazing room divider in the video where the guy sings “Trololololo.” (Khil 1972) I have never had so much fun as I did in the three months when the kids and I were acting this video out in the living room, turning it on at full volume, everyone would come in singing. It was amazing.

Pre-pandemic was also pre-teenage wrenching, and it feels like Covid took our closeness. I think the stress and trauma are so much deeper for our children—and ourselves—than we realize. I’m in school, I mean, it’s slightly unreal, don’t you think? There’s a plague, and I’m wondering what makes my paintings autonomous rather than nursing my children back to health. And how would I nurse them, anyway.

There’s no way through this nightmare for any of us except for on our own. I’m in the dark with my flashlight. I hope they know I’m here with them. (See Appendix 3: *The Supernova on the Second Floor is Sad*)

74



Fig. 31. *Jason*. J.M.W. Turner, 1807.

75 (Miles 2020) (See Note 5)

76 (Gaiman 1989 - 96) I was listening to this audiobook as I walked through the drizzly empty London streets to platform 11 at Clapham Junction. I stood by myself in the rain, strangely the Costa was open, and Hubert would make me a flat white, and I'd stand on the platform with the sky the color of wet newspaper and listen to *The Sandman* while I waited for the train that left reality to arrive. Hubert was the last human I'd see before slipping into the portal every morning.

77 See Appendix 1: *On Horizons*

CHAPTER 6. EVEN IN MY SLEEP I HEAR YOU

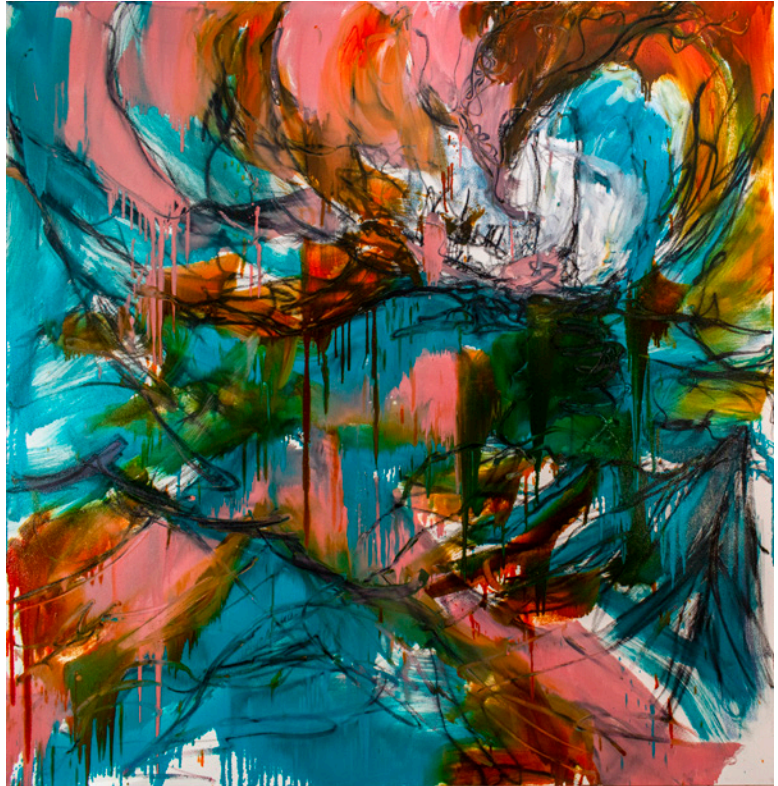


Fig. 32. *When I looked through my lens, there was your eye on the other end, looking through yours.*
Kate Howe, 2021.

*The Sandman*⁷⁶

i take the train through time to my studio i unlock the asylum
or the secret lab

at first i didn't know if i'd be able to get through or if i did what
in the world we would talk about or why i kept visiting. i had a
mild interest

it was the sextant⁷⁷

the mast

the view

our new home

the light in the winter bushes the islands in the thames you
flowed to me like water

when i cross it on the empty train⁷⁸ i feel like i am getting
closer to you are you already on the ship, waiting?

do i have to start the ritual again to find you, or will you be
sitting in my studio and get caught

putting extra sugar in the tea you've made? am i late are you
waiting i'm coming

78 I made a film, sort of accidentally, to try and explain what it was like, to see if someone watching it would get mesmerised like I was. *Train to Nowhere*. (Howe 2021)

79 (Ziff 1964, 193)



Fig 33. *Now that the tunnel is open, I can find you more easily but the world looks stranger every time I return.*

Kate Howe, 2021.

“One word is sufficient to establish what is the greatest difficulty of the painter’s art: to produce wavy air, as some called the wind... To give that wind... he [the painter] must give the cause as well as the effect... with mechanical hints of the strength of nature perpetually trammelled with mechanical shackles.” - J.M.W. Turner⁷⁹

80 It's not a terribly flattering image. And I'm sorry d'Orsay thought it was okay to call you, your personage, a *Fallacy of Hope* (embodied). He doesn't understand, perhaps, that hope lives in Krios, which is necessarily a part of the new, and therefore, the difficult to understand. (See Notes 5 and 7)



Fig. 34. *Portrait of J.M.W. Turner ('The Fallacy of Hope')*, engraved by J. Hogarth. Count Alfred D'Orsay, 1851.

81 "Regular readers of *Gramophone* will surely know that there are numerous exceptional recordings of Bach's six *Cello Suites*, from Casals and Fournier through to Gendron, Starker, Schiff, Shafran, Isserlis and many, many more, all of them essential listening for all those who love this divine music. But even by those exalted standards this set stands out as rather special." (Cowan, n.d.)

82 I wanted to ask Turner if he wanted to take over the Bluetooth today as I can be a bit repetitive. Then Skye comes along wondering about Gleys and John Danby, (See Note 27) and we end up at despair. I can't paint to that durge. A woman who owned a house we are looking at moving into says, off hand, that afternoon, TO SOMEONE ELSE... "Turner would have listened to Chopin, wouldn't he?" and I go to look, I can verify it, well, there

CHAPTER 7. EMBOLDENED, I TRESPASS AND GET MY HEART BROKEN



Fig. 35. *slipping in, sitting with, looking for you.* In the garden of Turner's home. Photo by author, 2021.

Dear Mal, (you do seem a duck in that engraving I just saw of you at dinner, Mr. Booth.)⁸⁰

I'm listening to Bach's Cello Suites.

I just can't take the harpsichord in some of your favorite music, so I'm listening to YoYo Ma,⁸¹ who you won't get the chance to hear, as nothing is playing live now anyway, and you seem to struggle with mp3 files. That's okay, lots of my friends have problems with technology. I did find the Chopin you wrote about.⁸² An actor I love used to say "Frederic fucking Chopin,"⁸³ and I've always thought of him that way.

Radical, confusing, fast, lyrical, a bit mad. Maybe like you. Maybe like me. FFC, all the way. That's how I'll find you today. Painting like FFC.

You asked how I found you... it was friends, honestly. They said I should look at your work. As I told you earlier, I'd heard

of you: light, color, clouds, but I've never been a big landscape fan... I just find them thuddingly dull. I've never been able to hook into them as I do into flesh until now. Until this one. And then we found the Rupture⁸⁴ in my time that led to the Rupture in yours... I kept receiving your messages, it just took me a while to figure out what they meant and where they were coming from.⁸⁵

I regret the shameful sloppiness exposed by my attempt at an architectural drawing accompanying this letter (drawn from the bench in your backyard). Still, when I found the (back) gate open (well, unlocked even though the house is obviously closed), I felt sure you wouldn't mind if I slipped in and put my feet where yours had been.



Fig. 36. *Turner's House (Sandycombe Lodge, 1813)*
Photo by author, 2021.

London is empty, everyone is hiding inside as they should. The breath escapes in vapor, this is how it is transmitted they say.⁸⁶ If you have time, talk to Lister, he's in Edinburgh⁸⁷ and can explain these things better than I can. He's a bit of a mad genius, the two of you would probably get on, though he looks at the landscape of the internal body, and you at the one the body inhabits.

The curtains in the upstairs window of your home on Sandycombe Road⁸⁸ in Twickenham are only twelve minutes from my studio, another total accident, and honestly, I'm starting to feel a bit like you are stalking me.

he is, loud and clear, answering all my questions if I'm patient and paying attention. Everything is connected. Apparently they used Chopin in the film which I won't cite here, because I still haven't seen it. On purpose. More on that later. (Naxos 2002)

83 I'll paint a picture. Val Kilmer as Doc Holiday in *Tombstone* (Kosmotos and Jarre 1994). Pale. White. Coughing blood. Sexy as hell. Plays the piano. Shoots straight. Faithful to a woman he admires for being as wild as he is. Sigh. This is why I fall for the morose ones. They are usually skinny though. Mal is my first middle-aged fatty.

84 (Miles 2020) (See Note 5)

85 (See Note 65) That's where the conduit came from. He lives in St. Margret's, you see. The time space continuum is warped here anyway because of all the Roman coins ("*Lincolnshire Roman coin hoard 'is largest find in Britain.'*" BBC News 2019) and Neanderthal remains (Mills 2019) and such. I have a *Scientific American* (2021) link around here somewhere for both of those. Come back in a bit, I'll get it in here eventually. (See Appendix 3: *The Supernova on the Second Floor is Sad.*)

86 Letter to the future: here's the website of the organization that has probably been disbanded now after they discovered corruption around sequencing the virus when the race for the vaccine was on. But anyway, for posterity, right now, where I'm sitting, it's still a functioning organization that I basically trust. Well, it's the best we've got, and at this point I realize there's nothing that's not corrupt. (World Health Organization 2021)

87 “Joseph Lister, the pioneer of antiseptic surgery, is the hero of this story of Victorian doctors with grubby hands and infected knives.” (Fitzharris 2018) “*The Butchering Art* by Lindsey Fitzharris review – grisly medicine.” (Moore 2017)

88 Turner’s House (Sandycombe Lodge, 1813)

89



Fig. 37. *Christmas Eve at Turner’s View*. Kate Howe, 2020.

90 (Townsend 2019)

91 (Brown et al. 2020)

92 Thanks, Mr. Smiles, for your incredible insight and deep, deep research. I’ve read every word I can find that you’ve written on Turner, and I envy you holding the pages in your hands, but not the painstaking hours of deciphering and cross-referencing. You are a treasure, and Mal and I really appreciate your enabling of our affair.

93 Part of the problem of mesmerization and reality shifting is that the paintings talk. I lock them behind four doors when I leave, I leave Jonathan in charge, but they all talk, it’s like locking the inmates in the asylum and hoping they don’t burn the place down at night. (See Note 28)

Who am I to talk? I’m sitting below your darkened bedroom windows right now, and the curtains are open just a few inches. I keep looking up into the dark slit to see if I can catch a glimpse of you. Foolish, obviously. The house is closed, the lights are off, the shutters are fast. But here I am. I am laying in the grass of the gently sloping hill you built in this lovely surprisingly modest garden, and looking at the curve of the path you laid. I’m thinking it echoes the bend in the river where I watched the autumn sun sink and splash its gaudy colors around in the steep misty light that day in Richmond⁸⁹ after we walked back from the gardens at Petersham. Now you’ve got me writing with the gaudiness of that ridiculous color of yours - Mars Orange.⁹⁰ And I thought I was a bit on the bright side. How did you pull that one off?

I don’t want to Google you before we have dinner; it seems rude to come to a friendship pre-loaded with facts. I’m glad I resisted the urge (for the most part) and instead learned your character through mutual friends. It is so much juicier this way, don’t you think?

At some point, I’ll read the books and watch the films that I’m embarrassed to tell you I know exist and some of them may even be on my shelf. Still, those all seem like things other people have decided about you. They did a lovely book at the exhibition at the Tate,⁹¹ by the way. I did read bits of that, where you’d marked it for me. After all, my friend brought it to me when she swung by while I was indoors hiding from the virus. That one I regard as sent from you, along with the rest that shows up out of nowhere and I stumble upon.

It feels like a delicious secret, our connection. I like the messiness of you; I like the fact that you show up everywhere I look... today, my friend told me that some of your work is the subject of her mentor’s life’s work. His name is Sam Smiles,⁹² and he is apparently an expert on you. How does that make you feel I wonder? Did you know there would be experts on you?

And thank you for your message - I miss you, too. I can’t take this many calls, though.⁹³ I will be back. I have other things I have to do at the moment. I also feel the ache of suddenly severing our connection. Please rest assured: the series isn’t

necessarily done; I just can't travel like that, nine paintings in thirteen days, all the time. I love it; it is the frenzy of insatiable hunger that brings me back to you over and over again. But I also must rest and sleep.

Also, your poetry is morose, and I want to talk to you about that.⁹⁴ Because I believe too that hope is a fallacy,⁹⁵ but hereafter we may differ... I think it is necessary and important and that we should be aware of its facetious nature.

Will you still stand behind me and let my sightline rest on yours as it soars off the hill in Richmond if I do start seeking rather than reading all you seem to send to me?

I need to take a breath here and tell you... I did hear of your investment on the Jamaican plantation,⁹⁶ and it was frustrating for so many reasons. I know you must have changed your views by the time you painted *Slave Ship*,⁹⁷ which by the way, I can't see, as you strongly suggested I should, because it is too fragile to travel from Boston, and I am too fragile to travel to it.

For now, I will do with your descriptions, some reproductions which are "quite good."⁹⁸ (But really. Looking at a painting is different than looking at anything else, isn't it?) Did you know the plantation was run with slave labor? Can I forgive you for this?⁹⁹ You know the issue of racial and gender equality is tearing us apart on this end.¹⁰⁰ It started with all this colonial expansion, your great age of discovery.

Now we can't breathe,¹⁰¹ that's what happened to us when you invested 100 pounds sterling in the plantation. Don't think it's such a paltry sum that it doesn't matter? It almost stopped me from returning to you. I don't know yet if I can. It was the first wound, a deep one, and it makes me feel, honestly, after all I've learned from you, betrayed.

I'll leave that for now; I have to sit with it. But it made me step back a bit, and perhaps that is why the longing is so strong and why the series ended at nine, or paused. Yes, I can hear you calling me from my bed in Clapham.¹⁰² The empty train to the accidental tear in time we found is running, it squeals by my window. I have to put the show up now, and rest, and wait for

94 It's always nice to find my personal opinion backed up by not only critical, but scholarly response. I am so curious to sit down after supper with the men and get him talking about the intricacies of learning something that is not his main focus of study. What kind of an ego have you, Mal? You seem to me to be one who is eager to study, eager to learn, okay with being a beginner, but always striving for more. Am I imposing that on you, is that the impression of the age you lived in and not the impression of you, in particular? Oh, but when I look at your stacks of notes on poetry, music and painting, I can't help but think we are kindred here. (Turner 2012)

"...It is clear, however, that by about 1810 Turner's analytical powers so far as poetry was concerned were by no means meagre. He could not translate this knowledge into good verse of his own making, but he did enjoy the insight of an intelligent, probing reader. It is also apparent the Turner's interest in poetry was inseparable from his interest in the relationship between painting and poetry." (Ziff 1964, 202)

95 (See Note 3)

96 "In 1805 he bought a £100 share in a tontine scheme to fund a cattle-breeding ranch in Jamaica worked by slave labor." (Brown et al. 2020, 20)

97 "Although he later sided with the abolitionists, in the early 1800 his client's ethics and incomes are unlikely to have perturbed him any more than his own." (Brown et al. 2020, 20)

98 At the exhibition *Turner's Modern World* (Tate 2020-1) the painting *Slavers Throwing overboard the Dead and Dying—Typhoon coming on* (Turner 1840) was represented by a beauti-

fully produced print. It only made me long to get on a plane and go back to Boston, where I lived in the 90s for a time, just down the street from Fenway. Interesting fact, the Isabella Stuart Gardener museum was robbed when I was living there and going to art school - it's just six blocks from my old apartment.



Fig. 38. *Christ In The Storm On The Sea Of Galilee*. Rembrandt, 1633.

I was looking at this the week before it was stolen, it was the first Rembrandt I ever saw with my own eyes. A seascape, a boat, tossed in the waves. Note the discernible horizon.

99 These issues still to be resolved. They are on hold until I can find a way to get more intimate again. I want to ask this before we fall into bed again, after dinner, inches from his face. I want to read his reaction, so I can know if it's true.

100 "#BlackLivesMatter was founded in 2013 in response to the acquittal of Trayvon Martin's murderer. Black Lives Matter Global Network Foundation, Inc. is a global organization in the US, UK, and Canada, whose mission is to eradicate white supremacy

your response on *Slave Ship*. I do think it was amazing - the rebuke you made by exhibiting it at the R.A.. It is exactly that kind of bravery that draws me to you.¹⁰³

I'm glad our affair is a long-distance one, though this modern plague we are living through insists all affairs must be, I suppose you and I are not alone in that. In any event, it keeps me from drowning in passion; I lie completely when I say that - I miss you. And us. And it's only been a week.

It's not the passion of being consumed by someone else. It is the mind crackling moment where my understanding of your clear-sighted critical thinking and skepticism collides with my terrier nature and creates leaps and connections. I feel like you and my mentor on this end¹⁰⁴ worked together to connect all the dangling plugs of my mind. You don't get that yet but give it a bit, and it will come to you.

When I think of you, it's not your hands on my flesh I long for but the taste of the shockingly new experience of being in the world from your perspective that makes me want to wear you like a skin.

Just because it's good doesn't mean it's healthy, right?

Ever yours,

Kate

and build local power to intervene in violence inflicted on Black communities by the state and vigilantes. By combating and countering acts of violence, creating space for Black imagination and innovation, and centering Black joy, we are winning immediate improvements in our lives.” (Black Lives Matter 2021)

101 “*How George Floyd Was Killed in Police Custody*. The Times has reconstructed the death of George Floyd on 25 May, 2020. Security footage, witness videos and official documents show how a series of actions by officers turned fatal.” (Evan et al. 2020)

102 (See Notes 28, 30)

103 “We have tried in vain to learn to like Turner as he now is; we have tried, in justice to his acknowledged powers and genius of old; but our sense, our taste, our reason, revolt at the threatened subjection. We can only say, This is a man who, tired of the actual and true representation of nature, is become ambitious of something beyond! ... We respect originality so much that we are never disinclined to go with it. But see where the chiera has led him! These pictures by Mr. Turner are said to be highly imaginative. They are certainly not actual. Would they be less imaginative, then, if founded in fact? Would Mr. Turner’s picture (to take one at random) of *Slavers throwing overboard the dead and dying, Typhon coming on*, have lost anything if that scene were sincerely represented before us and as it might have occurred in nature and in fact?” Review of *Turner’s Slavers throwing overboard the dead and dying, Typhon coming on* by the Examiner at the Royal Academy in 1840. (Smiles 2020, 108)

104 Jonathan Miles, slowly driving me mad, showing me films of prisoners sharing a cigarette through a hole in the wall, whispering secrets of aesthetic surprise in my ear.



Fig. 39. (Genet 1950) (Miles, 2020)



Fig. 40. *I'm wearing a groove in myself trying to hail, the arms of the ocean
won't stand still long enough for you to see me.*

Kate Howe, 2021.

105 “Perhaps the biggest of these unsolved problems is to establish human history as a historical science, on a par with recognized historical sciences such as evolutionary biology, geology, and climatology. The study of human history does pose real difficulties, but those recognized historical sciences encounter some of the same challenges. Hence the methods developed in some of these other fields may also prove useful in the field of human history.” (Diamond 1997, 32)

106 “Alok Sharma, the UK minister in charge of the Cop26 talks to be held in Glasgow this November, told the Observer that the consequences of failure would be “catastrophic.” “I don’t think there’s any other word for it. You’re seeing on a daily basis what is happening across the world. Last year was the hottest on record, the last decade the hottest decade on record. But Sharma also insisted the UK could carry on with fossil-fuel projects, in the face of mounting criticism of plans to license new oil and gas fields.” (Harvey 2021)

(SUDDEN) CONCLUSION

The portal slammed shut and I am bereft. Anyway, the point is, what we thought was progress, wasn’t really.¹⁰⁵ It was one loop that we ran exhaustively in the direction of one kind of energy to power¹⁰⁶ our insatiable need to move faster than the homeostatic nature of the world tells us is safe.

Progress is possibly letting go of moving faster before we figure out how to move at all if moving at all can not be dependent on utilizing resources that contribute directly to the end of mankind. The progress argument of old is shown as fallacious.

If nothing else, Mal, you’ve painted the weather we are heading into quite well, its cause, its outcome, and us, lost at sea, unwilling.



Fig. 41. *Corked*. Kate Howe, 2021.



Fig. 42. *When I see you fast on the deck my arms leave a wake
fast enough for the dolphins to play in.* Kate Howe, 2021.

1 And really, isn't this what the notion of progress is? Man overcoming nature, dominating it, winning in the battle, persevering. But if you take the notion of man against nature and you examine some of the epic battles (Imperial Trans Antarctic Expedition (Shackleton 1919), Herzog et. al), they are, indeed, just that: the battles, not the war.

In each triumph of seas or mountains conquered you can see the threads of ambition leading directly to the harnessing of coal, petroleum, atoms all, and this harnessing is not at all a complete understanding - the cart is running alongside the horse. A complete understanding would include a vision to the consequence, which we, incredibly, still turn a blind eye to. Myself included, I just opened a box from Amazon this morning. They've put out the fire in Turkey as I write this, but Greece and California are still on fire.

2 (See Conclusion)

3 "Soapsuds and Whitewash" was a favorite derision thrown at Turner's more expressive, frothy, vertiginous works. (Smiles 2020, 88)

4 (Smiles 2020, 263)

5 (Smiles 2020, 265)

Appendix 1: On Horizons

Turner and other artists had included that icon of modernity—the smoke stack—in artworks previous to *Steam-Boat*. However, no image before this one melded the tradition of heroic seascape painting: a ship battling the waves, man against nature,¹ with that symbol of the modern age, steam power. All this in a way that not only symbolized the modern age's staying power, the unstoppable flywheel of progress,² but also challenged not only the genre of seascape painting or historical painting, and challenged it enough to simultaneously push painting itself into new and misunderstood territory. This painting is prescient of moves the Abstract Expressionist painters would make over a century later.³ Author Sam Smiles puts it this way: "...none of them (other contemporary images by Turner or others) pushes the business of representation quite so far towards the elemental."⁴



Fig. 43. *Stormy Sea*. Abraham Willaerts, 1626.

Note the implied horizon which orients us in the pictorial space.

In fact, Turner's insistence at being lashed to the mast in order to "author" the memory of this moment speaks to a sensorial or experiential approach to painting: he was "bound to record"⁵ the sensation of perceiving the sea during a storm, from inside the storm itself.

Turner was obsessed with atmosphere, with creating illusory depth through representing the very air itself, pregnant with water, spilling its fecundity into the sea. The interdependent relationship of the ocean and precipitation is present in this painting as the sky violently empties its contents into the raging sea and sucks it back up again, only to disgorge it continuously upon the two (or more?) ships struggling and foundering at the Harbour's Mouth. The depth in this painting feels endless, as though it was created by dissecting space one raindrop of depth at a time, an MRI of the memory of distinct glimpses of the impossible and unfixed horizon.

Interestingly, the painting was ostensibly made from memory, and an in depth of the veracity of this claim can be found in Smiles' book on this count.⁶ Assuming it to be true enough, regardless of the particular circumstances, we, the viewer, are not situated on the mast of the ship with him, looking at the deck below and searching for the horizon beyond. We are miles away, and the space we observe might be thought of as Turner's out-of-body vision of himself, tied to the mast of the foundering ship. As I engaged more and more with this painting, it occurred to me that the atmosphere through which I was searching for Turner on the mast was one through which he was looking back at me, at us.

The pictorial space is built out of gossamer veils of rain and snow intermingling with the rising, railing fingers of the sea, creating a space which, were it to be extruded like an exploded diagram, would grow to look like a neural network, like fascial caverns, an incredibly complex space derived of spikes of frenetic activity and the voids between them.

7 (Guimberteau 2017) At 10:35 look at the incredible system that is fascia.

8 (“Calculating Distance to the Horizon” 2011)

9 (Smiles 2020, 264)

10



Fig. 44. Colonel Charles J. Quilter II, USMC(Ret), PhD. Photo taken during Operation Iraqi Freedom after being recalled from retirement to active duty as Senior Field Historian for Aviation. Photo courtesy of Quilter Family Archives, 2003.

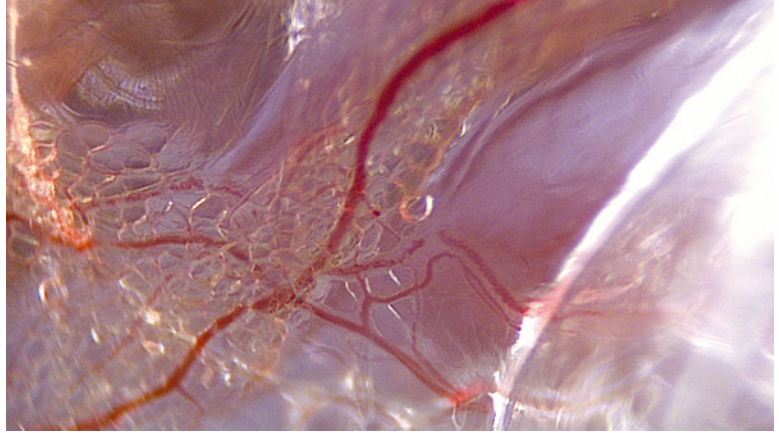


Fig. 45. Human Fascia. Courtesy of Jean-Claude Guimberteau, 2017.⁷

Turner took away our horizon and tossed us into the sea—we don’t even have the luxury of the mast he was tied to. Our eyes are underwater, now only a few inches above it. In a calm sea, the horizon would appear to hover around a mile away.⁸ From Turner’s perspective, lashed to the mast (possibly of the *Ariel* or the *Alisa Craig*),⁹ Turner should have been able to see the horizon curving away from him for miles.

If the record he left us tells us anything, therefore, it is that in the ever-changing seas, the horizon, which I will argue further is an agreed upon fiction to begin with, is essential to locating yourself not only geographically but in space from moment to moment.

I spoke with Colonel Charles J. Quilter II, USMC(Ret), PhD¹⁰ on the topic of orientation in the sea and air. Quilter commanded a fighter squadron and is a military historian.

He also was chief pilot of an overwater aircraft delivery service from 1973-1987 and was a captain for Delta Air Lines. We spoke about the experience of fixing your eyes on a horizon, what a horizon does for us, how we came to find and rely on the horizon as a way to locate ourselves, and the concept of that horizon as a fictitious marker. Following is our edited conversation.

Howe:

Thank you for taking the time to give me your perspective¹¹ on orientation, Col. Quilter. Here is some background information so we can slot your real world experience with navigation on air and sea via sextant, instrument, and sight next to pictorial representations of the same in order to further understand the implications of Turner's choice to situate the viewer in the sea in an image which contains depth but no real discernable horizon.

Landscape painting from its European beginnings in the 16th century relied upon the science of perspective fixed by a horizon line. (Chinese painting takes this tradition back to the 4th century CE).¹² This horizon line was originally used along with a celestial body for navigation.

Looking at Turner's painting *Steam-Boat* and removing for a moment the obfuscation of the horizon, let us consider that when standing on the deck of a ship (perhaps also in an airplane or any vertically unstable platform) that the eye is rising and falling, causing our concept of the horizon to be multiple. Our brains therefore are editing out all of the choices of the unfixed horizon and either condensing them or discarding them to create a binary: this is the sea, this is the sky. When we lose our binary orientation is when we get vertiginous.¹³

When I think of orienting ourselves in the air or sea via sighting the distant horizon as part of that stabilizing equation, I think along the tandem track of the use of perspective in painting: a way to show the viewer where they are situated via "lines of sight converging at some point on the picture plane."¹⁴ This convergence is also how we find the horizon in pictorial space. It is the discarding of this ability to converge which makes Turner's painting so startling, as it still contains depth but without a fixed horizon, or a horizon that only appears momentarily.

Turner does indeed employ perspective, but the hints he gives us are stingy: they are in the oily wake left by the ship still visible in the roiling sea, in the use of reflection and in the shape of the ships themselves. There is a definite vortex they

11 See what I did there? Perspective? Haha.

12 (Blumberg, 2020)

13 This is most certainly a jumping off place to look at gender studies and our need to find the binary. Editing out that which is other than in order to see things clearly and orient ourselves is not only a navigation problem in transportation, but also in sociological navigation. (See Appendix 2: *Horizon and the Guiding Binary*)

14 (Janson 2021)

15 See Fig. 29, *ribs of Hephaestus*, page 35.

16 (Janson 2021)

17 (Janson 2021)

eye follows back into space to arrive at the ship, desperately signalling. I engage with these hints of perspective most visibly in my response painting, *the ribs of Hephaestus, greased with easy grace, are unrequited*.¹⁵

These hints of perspective in Turner's painting are just enough to hint at a logicity of space without needing to be mathematically accurate, as in pre 16th century painting. This is demonstrated in Jonathan Janson's excellent essay on the History of Perspective.¹⁶



Fig. 46. *Villa of P. Fannius Synistor Cubiculum M alcove. Panel with temple at east end of the alcove, the north end of the east wall. Middle of the 1st century B.C. Boscoreale (Pompeii), Italy. Perspective Lines by Jonathan Janson. Image courtesy of Jonathan Janson, 2021.*¹⁷

My questions are many but let's begin here, Col. Quilter: What is it like to try to fix on the horizon when it is obliterated and only flashing through? Do you find yourself relocating the horizon continuously, and do you think this could be part of this editing of information, that in a storm like this one, Turner is seeing all of the horizons, in other words, the shifting horizon?

Col. Quilter:

First, I think you are on the right track as to the physiology of the senses: the brain somehow filters out all the “false” horizons to come with the “correct” one. However, as any instrument-rated pilot will tell you, there are plenty of ways the senses can deceive one as to which way is up; i.e. - vertigo. It’s when there is no visible horizon that non-rated or inexperienced pilots become disoriented, often with loss of control and fatal consequences. JFK Jr’s accident is one of the better-known examples of this.

I think that what you are really looking for is the concept of an artificial horizon. This is a device—or artistic construct as you point out above—that substitutes for a real horizon. It gives the pilot—or viewer—a sense of where “level” is. Believe me as a pilot, there is no more uncomfortable situation while flying an aircraft than not having a reference to level. Flying in cloud has been likened to flying inside a milk bottle.

More on the sextant: It was when European mariners in the 15th century decided to cross oceans that some idea of latitude - North-South location - became vital. (Determination of East-West longitude required precise time measurement and only became practical with the perfection of the chronometer in the 1760s.)¹⁸

Although the Polynesians and probably the Vikings beat them to the basic technology, the classical European sextant (or the earlier astrolabe and backstaff) absolutely depended on a visible horizon to derive the angle or “height” in navigation-speak - of a celestial body to it. If the ship was rolling and bobbing or it was night or in fog, it was almost impossible to get an accurate sight. It was only when the ship was still - or the navigator was actually on land - that the most accurate readings could be obtained.¹⁹

When aircraft began crossing oceans, sextants became equipped with “bubbles”—something like the bubbles on a carpenter’s spirit level. The pilot-navigator had to hold the sextant precisely so its bubble was straight-up in the viewing lens before aligning the sextant with a star, moon, sun, or planet. Voilà! The artificial horizon!

18 (Janson 2021)

19 (John Harrison’s *Marine Timekeepers*, National Maritime Museum, 2020)

I still have my Kollsmann MA-2 bubble sextant that I used while ferrying aircraft overwater back in pre-GPS days.

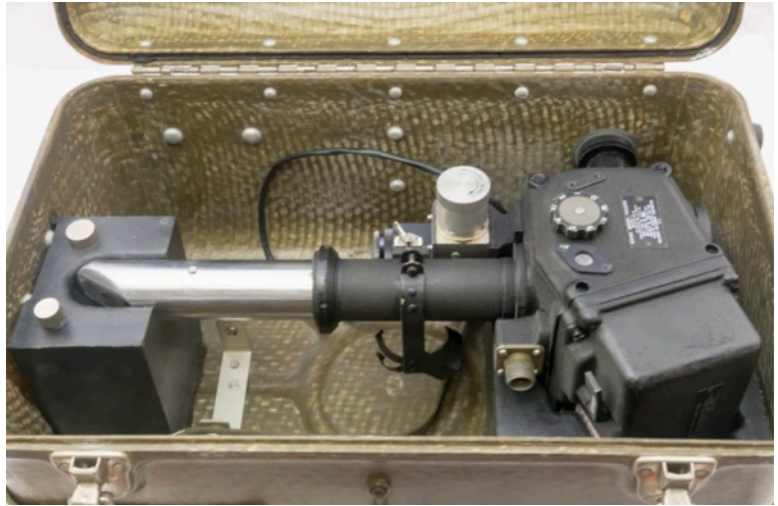


Fig. 47. Kollsmann MA2 periscopic aircraft sextant Obtained from the Netherlands. Photograph courtesy of Lekkerkerk, 2021.

The gyroscopic artificial horizon was one of the great inventions that enhanced safety in flying. The early ones were just a white line against a black background like in your Dad's Piper Apache.



Fig. 48. L to R: The author's father Charles Henry Howe in front of his Piper Apache, Anita Gat, Elizabeth Howe and friend. Photo courtesy Howe Family Archives, circa 1974.

Later ones were more intuitive with blue above the horizon and brown below it. Modern computer-generated displays

resemble the actual terrain you are flying over combined with magenta lines of desired flight track. They all serve the same purpose: To show where “real” level is even though it is a fictitious one.

Using a bubble sextant, you don’t need to see the actual horizon because with the bubble aligned, the sextant is perfectly vertical. I have gotten into discussions with ships’ officers who weren’t aware that bubble sextants existed. They could only shoot with a visible horizon.

That meant if they were shooting stars, they had to do it at dawn or dusk. At night or in fog, they couldn’t use their standard sextants. On the other hand, ships don’t go very fast compared to aircraft where one needs to know more exactly where exactly one is.

That’s all very old school. In the era of GPS and high-resolution radar, most ships’ officers wouldn’t have a clue how to do celestial navigation. Still, for some 17 years, sextants got me safely across the seas in the ferrying business. It’s a lost art now.

Interesting factoid: When I was a fighter pilot flying very high, I noticed that you can begin to see the curvature of the earth at 50,000-55,000 feet. At sea level, very precise measurements left and right of the direction of view would reveal that the horizon is in fact not level.

1 (Strutton, Talbot 2021)

2 (Branan 2010)

Appendix 2: Horizon and the Guiding Binary



Fig. 49. *Christ In The Storm On The Sea Of Galilee.*
Rembrandt Van Rijn, 1633.

When we think about what is edited out¹ in order to make sense of what is in front of us, it is impossible not to think of the human mind's predilection for classification as a means of making sense of our world.

We are pre-loaded with a bias to the binary, and we will call this the Guiding Binary. This system of automatic classification enables us to recognize the difference between things we encounter in the world which pose a threat, and things that are harmless.²

It is this very urgent, very primal need to know if we are safe or not that drives our need to classify. It is much, much easier to classify things if they are binary: is this a hammer, yes or no?³

When a ship rises and falls, as we stand on the deck, we see multiplicities of horizons. Our minds edit them together into an average horizon, something which can tell us quickly, through a long lens, “This is the sky, that is the sea.” This operation must be binary. We are editing out everything that is in excess, everything which does not occur to be probably sea, or probably sky.⁴

We run into trouble with this very efficient way of being in the world when we begin to look at people. Male or Female? This is the binary. If we can classify quickly, our lizard brains are soothed, this is classifiable, therefore understandable, therefore not a threat.

3 That may be a bad example, as all craftsmen worth their salt know, everything in the toolbox is a hammer.

4 See Appendix 1: *On Horizons*

5 “Avoidance coping involves cognitive and behavioral efforts oriented toward denying, minimizing, or otherwise avoiding dealing directly with stressful demands and is closely linked to distress and depression.” (Holahan et al. 2005)



Fig. 50. *Ellen*. Kate Howe, 2021.
A painting made after the author’s child came out as a transgender woman in October 2021.

Coping mechanisms are our mind’s way of classifying traumatic information,⁵ and turning it into something

6 (Amir, et. al. 1997)

7 (Howe 2014)

other than what it was. Our minds have the capacity to take something that was too horrific to look at, say an act of violence, and turning it into something quite different as we store it in memory. I was treated for post traumatic stress disorder⁶ in 2003 after we cut my abuser out of our lives. In my mind, the spectre of him had become something else entirely, a phantom figure which bore no resemblance to the man himself. This transformational capacity of our minds is so strong that I did not recognize the source of the trauma that we were healing for many years, it was too cloaked by my powerful coping mechanism.

The body also has coping mechanisms. When you hurt yourself, the fascia around the injury thickens and tightens, like nature's Ace bandage.⁷ Swelling comes to the area, making it stiff, hard to bend or move, hot, and tight feeling. The heat encourages nutrient exchange in the fluid which makes up the swelling. Swelling is actually the act of healing: it is uncomfortable, but it is appropriately so: the tissues of your intelligent flesh sack know that it is injured, and it needs rest to heal. Taking away swelling reduces healing. (There are, of course, exceptions, like compartment syndrome, where the swelling response is too great for the skin to handle. This is beyond the scope of this paper.) (Finally! Something is!)

The body is a great mirror for the mind. Coping mechanisms - in this instance, the body tightening the fascia to HOLD ON for you, are incredible, and fairly easily activated. However the body, like the mind, has a very hard time letting go.

Months after your injury, you may now be stiff and in pain from the very guarding which was helping you to heal.

We often need physical therapy: massage and other manual manipulations, to help your body let go, now that it is safe to do so.

The mind works exactly like this. It is so easy to protect, and so hard to unwrap that coping which served us well once, but is now doing more harm than good.

How does this relate to the Horizon and the Guiding Binary?

Your mind is wired to categorize and eliminate excess information. You can see that the body works like and with the mind in this task, take a look at the saccade (note 52) in the body of this paper. If we do this automatically, all the time

with all the visual information we accrue, no wonder it is difficult and scary to teach the mind to relax around the issue of gender and humans.

The non-binary is confusing, eludes classification, and is, therefore, unknown in its threat potential. That is the ungoverned response most minds have to people who do not conform to gender norms. The good news is that, just like you can teach your shoulders to stop hiking up towards your ears out of response to stress, or sitting at your computer, you can also teach your mind to relax its need to classify and discard information around gender.

The key to this relaxation of our automatic healthy response, which is not serving us as we walk about interacting with humanity, is to notice. Re-notice. What I am looking at, I am unsure of, and, gentle mind, that does not make it a threat. Re-classify as human. Start there, the rest will take care of itself.

APPENDIX 3: THE SUPERNOVA ON THE SECOND FLOOR IS SAD

“but it hurts” he said

And lifted up his bruised and purple

“where?” I asked

The round wet of his gaze rotated slowly to lock onto me

And spilled

And I watched it all slam shut

First the lids of the eyes, lashes sweeping down with a metallic clang

And then the rest

I’m not a native user but I’m always game to play

And when it’s an unmapped and blank person

Well, you have to do your best with that, don’t you

I can still feel the weight of their round and curling backs inside of me

And outside of me when my belly turned to fabric and they continued to grow, attached like migratory barnacles slowly sliding and crawling around my clinging midsection

Two large d rings on my shoulders

My hand skimming along the multicolored fabric

The specific combination of hoist and pull

And tight into my beating chest I could feel

The unwritten book of them

I had been the bag

And then I wore the bag

And then the containers were warm dark wood and tapestries

A kind of disheveled hominess of the nomad

Everything was draped in batik and sari fabric to hide the fact
that our bookshelf was milk crates and our coffee table was
cardboard boxes

And after all of that now, when it matters most,

I sit on the edge of the bed in our hollow clean white “home”
and it does not feel like a sling and there is no beating heart
when you get pulled in close

Just the sound of breath being held and faces pressing against
the glass

Or the sound of nothing, of a house full of headphones and
screens

I pull them tight across my chest

And watch him howl as he loses the fight

again

I don't recognize the moment he is in.

It doesn't look like any of mine, though I do recognize the fear
and the fury

I've leafed through the instruction manual of my lifetime so many times

Its worn and ragged and taped back together

But so few of the lessons I dog eared to bring to them seem to fit

That is it, really, isn't it?

When I reach into my satchel toward all of the curated and collected, all the stacked and paperclipped and dog eared, licked, annotated, stuck on, taped together, gathered, shoe boxed, and labeled the moment my fingers touch the brittle edge they disintegrate

At least my fingers come away coated in something

like stardust

It is beautiful but it tastes like stale tears coated in radium – problems from and for another era

How can I help when I have no tools

The tool I'm supposed to employ – the eject button, is broken. I'm not ejecting him into the vacuum of London, we all know the air will kill you

And, hand hovering over the button, I replace the safety cap and power down the machine and look at him

At the unfairness and at the fact that it doesn't matter

(I hope)

(maybe I can love them back into health after/during

all this?)*

I stroke his still plump cheeks

I run my fingers through his hair, damp

In the shimmering moment when their bodies flicker

Before, when he was only half awake in the morning light,
before consciousness reminded us

That the days of running and squealing in the sunshine

Mango juice running down his chin

Are over

Before I watch the glistening bubble of possibility come
into range of the death star of the animistic howl of being
seventeen

Which happens every morning at nine-thirty

Like watching the scheduled murder

Of the swelling unsuppressable joy which bursts across your
chest after a deep and cold winter and you see the vibrating
purple crocus, just newly unfurled

Before I watch this happen every morning, in the tangle of
sweaty hair against soft pillow

the trusting heart sleeps

the face lets go of its mask

and he is there

I don't want them to be my heart walking around outside me

I don't want to care this much

Its distracting

And terrifying

And I thought I'd be immune from it, as I said, I'm not a native user.

"Mom!"

Oh shit, that's me. "Coming!"

I thought they'd pout a bit and smoke some weed and then go off to university and bump along and come home when they got broken up with and I'd come home from the studio and wash their laundry and hug them and make a pie and it would be fine and it would suck a little but in the end the good would outweigh the bad and we'd always have each other.

But flickering bodies never age

And all the tears and triumphs his swollen aching heart can carry

Leak out from under his door and creep up my stairs and twist into sinews which whisper with rank breath in my alert and sleeping ear:

It hurts.

I have to wonder if he wasn't confined to this third container

What the wound would be like

My seventeen was so many things

But the moment that lasted, that seared, that formed and
forged

Happened around four pm on a school day

In Kris Faller's mother's living room

He held his hand up

I held my hand up

We watched the light go between us

We marveled at the warmth of our connection

We marveled that we had found each other

We marveled that we knew we weren't in a hurry

There were no mashed lips and banged teeth

There was this suspended silver threaded moment of time
shattering otherness

It was marvelous, worthy of marveling

I don't even remember if we kissed that day

Or the next maybe

All I can see is the dust suspended in the light

And the light around our hands, held against each other

And the feeling in my chest that I was accepted

As I was

My bruised and purple boy
When he can slide out of the gravity well of his bed
Ricochets off the walls of his heart
In his favorite straight jacket
Knocking over art supplies he never opens
For fear I will say “Oh good. You opened them.”

Why this fear is stronger than not being prepared for class
Is one of the great mysteries of the universe, but at least that's
Within the range of expectation. That's seventeen. That's
stubborn, sure, obstinate, control, appositionally defiant.
That's something.

This is something else

This is a curling tunnel to nowhere

Instagram DMs glowing near his face at 2am

Somewhere out there are his friends

Never one he held hands against in the sunlight and felt
the impossibility of life's crushing defeats being lifted, like
entering Oz, the impossible color spreading slowly across the
landscape in one glittering reveal

The rest can be shit, but right now, I am feeling at 11.

I go to 11.

My heart goes to 11.

Someone values me at 11.

I can be loved, even when I am at 11.

Where is the one, the net, the sling, the capture, the fingers
braided together, to boost, to lift, to lock together and loop
over shoulders to pull close

To capture the round wet gaze and take the mask and drop it
casually to the ground

To shatter

So they can see him clearly

In my mind, he stands open for the viewing

Luminescent in the sun of first stupid love all armor stripped
to the floor

What absolute morons we are at that age, to trust so completely

What lucky fucking morons

To be ready to be read by the fingers of his lover, mapping him,
mapping that which he hides even from himself

I know my moment

In the sun

With Kris

Formed me, the me that carried my children, in the carrier bag
of my skin and bones and in the carrier bag of the slings, two of

them, one for the infant and one for the toddler

Crossed at the bosom, one tit for each

Swoop and pull, run hand down curled back

Pop the foot comes out of the sling

Pop my breast, exposed and leaking in line at Starbucks but
my hands are full

And honestly, I don't mind

But I worry when I see

A shaft of magical light coming through the mist in Bushy park

Where we walk with friends, none of whom are seventeen

That this hollow

Empty container

Full of the almost familiar

Floating precariously on a random street in Clapham

Is not painful enough

To temper him

What happens during heart breaking time

If there are no hearts to be found

To throw against his

Or sit in the sun with

How will he be forged into the bright star

Screaming across the universe and leaving stories in its wake

If no one ever holds together his broken pieces

And tells him they are beautiful?

* Can anyone do that? Isn't this a piece of writing about exactly how futile that idea, that tyrannical idea, which will not leave me, is? We were in uncharted territory of coming of age anyway, let alone coming of age in the age of uncertainty. The post-apocalyptic movies had it wrong, they are missing the sense, the ever-present underlying sense of stress. Humans are adaptable, yes, we can find comfort and levity, yes. We've laughed, I won't deny it. But there's more than that, there's this... background hum that lays down over everything like a wet velvet blanket, sodden through and dripping.

APPENDIX 4: HAUNTED BY THE FUTURE

*A Response to Derrida.*¹

24 May, 2021

haunted by the future
a response to Derrida

The past is always running in parallel tracks to me, I
see me streaking through the frosted glass, slipping on a
milky beam, falling, caught, yanked back by my hair, and
catapulted forward again
It is crowded in here
on the parallel greased racetracks of time
every one of me thinks that if they just run faster, they
will be right
every one of me is mistaken
but I don't have time to parent us all.

Occasionally, I've stopped, and sat in a circle with
myself,
and gathered her and me into my lap and told us she is
loved, and it soothes us,
the mes of before

I can tell because when I do it, Me heals, a piece of me
which was broken ceases to be broken, it un-breaks
like time flows backward and creates a little bypass for
that me to slide around, holding my hand.

I play in the temporal paradox, I dance dangerously
with the hard and fast rules

-Don't see yourself in the past
-Don't change anything
-You might cease to exist

but in my case, everything is reverse engineered anyway.
I ceased to exist

and so when I time travel
I look for myself on purpose
and I change the past
causing me to come more into flesh

it's not the silvery figures
of long limbs and awkward elbows

-oh when I look at them straight on today, I feel the fear
rising like opening a portal to a raging sea
-howl
-she comes straight at me howling
-she runs away transforming

and so when I time travel
I look for myself on purpose
and I change the past
and I cease to not exist

it's not the silvery figures
of long limbs and awkward elbows
that I see when I can see her
but a jumble of words

and she is swathed in them, they clutch at her feet and
crawl through her hair
Alice caught in the Tulgey Wood of not-truths presented
as cakes to eat
eat me
believe me

I want to scatter across the skidding time frames
“don't!”
and “fake news!”

but when we are six, we trust the guardians of our
childhood, don't we?

I have a secret feeling that if I could just perform one
act of righteous violence,
provoked,
I would heal

....and sometimes I think
come on, give me a reason, I'm strong enough now.

Please.

The specter rises and asks, what would happen if you stepped across that divide? The knife-edge of control? The fantasy is delicious, but I could never tell you I do it, think about it, know it exists as an alternative to compassion.

that would mean admitting I'm not as healed as I want to be, need to be, insist I am
that would mean knowing she's coming.
Here is the ghost that haunts me, then
It is not the mes of the moment or decade before in all their trauma

that all is known, and anything known, no matter how horrific, is un-scary. I like to turn all the lights on and look directly at my fear.

bare.
naked.
clinical.
facts.
Past.
Truth.
unblinking.

no. it's not the past mes who haunt me
it is the me of the future
the imprint of she who is coalescing and forming as I enflesh
as the pasts overlap and build me a memory at a time
she terrifies me

she has the capacity to be unfeeling
and uncaring
and sharp
she doesn't couch her successful navigation of the world in kindnesses which protect others
see that's my skill set what I mean to say is
she doesn't give a fuck if having healthy boundaries hurts your goddamn feelers your problem is your problem
get too close and I'll backhand you with my cast
I don't want to break your heart or destroy your life

I want to physically move to act against the theft of
the past

in other words, I want to hurt you

(oh shit she is a specter purpose-built to wage the war
of the past
that young me could not)

I need to take her offline
she will cause reckless havoc in my life
because she isn't born in the system
she's a product of threading through the timelines
 a separate me, unlike the others
 a potential me, but unfettered by ethics, morals,
bent by vengeance

she lives only for reclamation of all that was stolen
of innocence eaten bloody at the table every Friday
night
smeared on the lintel of my prepubescent body

I have a plan for her, this monster of the future me when
she shows up
bristling for a fight

I'm building a safe space where she can live
and then I'm going to make a ritual
and burn marks into the floor
and ask her to come through
and let her form

and then I'm going to ask her to teach me how to paint.

1 (Guimberteau 2017)

2 Rules of the game: I am a Holistic Researcher / Detective in the mold of Douglas Adams' *Dirk Gently* (Adams 1987). I follow the clues that I don't understand as they appear in my world, trusting they will lead to a deeper understanding. This, unironically, is also the way I understand how to interact with the study of philosophy in general. Every time the same question is asked a new thread unravels.

I suspend disbelief in order to play the game. In this instance, perhaps the "universe is telling me something," although I in no way believe that in real life. But we are in Covid-time and everything has been warped by that. Why not believe there are parallel timelines, my studio is in a space that gets created every morning by the unreality of the thinness of the time-space continuum that exists in Hampton Wick? Maybe no one discovered it before because it took the strain of the time suck of Covid to change our perception enough to experience it. How's that for an argument?

I get on a train to nowhere that goes through a thin spot in the fabric of time and it leads me to a random town on the Arcadian Thames, it just happens to be the place I could find a studio.

The train is a time machine.

I walk along a deserted street to a series of four locked doors that lead to a bunker surrounded by gardens where I can be loud and messy. Turner is waiting. He is not in the studio. He is in the painting. He is in his painting, and I am in my painting, and I have to find him, make the final connection, make the paintings communicate,

APPENDIX 5: RESEARCH AS FASCIA

Dr. Jean-Claude Guimberteau has made extraordinary contributions in the field of anatomical research and understanding, especially in the area of understanding the fascial network, one of the most complex and enigmatic systems in the human body. His 2017 film, *Strolling Under the Skin*¹ shows with incredible insight the separation of strands of fascia which, when pulled loose, can create entire new dimensions, and change planar relationships within the fasciae itself.

As a bodyworker and yoga instructor working internationally for over a decade, I trained yoga teachers and bodyworkers all over the globe in advanced certifications on fascial manipulation and release, and in understanding the totality of the impact of lines of fascia on the body.

As I moved from bodywork to yoga to skiing to painting, I have realized that the fascia network is everywhere: it is the research methodology that I employ,² it is the interconnected veils of moisture from the sea to the sky from the viewer to the mast in the vortex which Turner rendered so skillfully in his painting, *Snow Storm – Steam-Boat at a Harbour's Mouth*.³

My research, my writing, are their own fascial network: applying interest, or tension, in one area makes it divide, a previously unseen line of force opens, becomes apparent. Once you can see it, you can follow it, pulling on it and changing the paradigm, the very structure of what you believe you knew before.

Some people say I'm all over the map. I just say I read the map from the front through to the back, from the source through the guts and into the ether. I want to know the map, I want to understand what it is to be map.



Fig. 51. Guimberteau, 2017.

wave, signal, call attention, and then, exhausted, I rest, sleep, walk, eat and realize I'm in yet another place where Turner walked, touched the golden grass, watched the stags, and drew.

When I find something like this, other appointments must be broken. When a Clue comes, or a Message, often through S. but more and more frequently through others, I must stop everything and follow that clue, follow it through books, papers, letters, images, and source material wherever I can find it.

3 (Turner 1842)

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Fig. 52. Gemma Zooming. Kate Howe, 2021.

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