

# Notetaking

We look through windows... we look out and we look in, but we rarely look at.

The back of a white parked car  
 A grey car passes slowly by but keeps moving and doesn't stop  
 Front of a red parked car  
 A lorry goes by and blocks all the sunlight  
 A person walks by, a bag on her shoulder, holding it with her hand  
 A shop front [AUDIO VISION backwards  
 How many letters are the same backwards as forwards]  
 Double yellow lines  
 The edge of the pavement  
 The pavement  
 A rainbow flag dancing in the breeze, numerous shapes, patterns,  
 colours  
 A sign above the alleyway – not very wide  
 The edge of the building – a drainpipe – vertical, framed by the white  
 building behind

1. The reflection in the window of  
 what was behind me from where  
 I was sitting

A lady. The back of a lady. A pink top. Sitting  
 On a chair?  
 Patterned material merges with wrought iron  
 Another chair. Inside the patterned chair?  
 Iron legs, of the patterned material chair. And the wrought iron chair.  
 Movement. The lady leans back and gesticulates gently with her arm.  
 The chairs don't move.  
 Her hair draws my attention to her profile, as her hair profiles her face.  
 A table top slices through her body – just under her armpit  
 I am writing on my notepad, but also inside her body. Near her heart.  
 Right in the middle. Can she feel it?

2. What was in front of me, inside the  
 physical space and also the reflection  
 of what was physically in front of me  
 from where I was sitting

Three moons sit above in a horizontal line but not evenly spaced apart.  
 All full moons. Rich yellow, creamy, textured with soft shadows of darker  
 creams. Perfectly round with small hats on. Brushed metal with a shine.  
 Golden. Golden hats. That makes them not quite perfect spheres. Are  
 they spheres or are they circles?  
 Eight stars. All above the moons. All facing different directions. Wood

3a. What was in front of me as I looked  
 for longer and more deeply; the  
 description became more abstract  
 of the interior

panelling is highlighted between the moons and the stars. Highlighted by the stars they create strong vertical and horizontal lines. The wood panelling is flat, but then comes forward, then goes flat again, but closer. Running through the middle of the wood panelling is a flat white wall, dissected by black wood running vertically and horizontally. Cutting through the middle moon. The lady on the table next to me says "... moon..." Over the moon. Through the moon.

The lady has no waist. The pavement edge is her waist. As are the double yellow lines.

A floral pattern dissected by thickish brown lines. It's 3D, does that make it an object?

3b. The unusual became the normal as I just described what I could see without the labels of what made 'sense'

I can see in front, behind, in and at all at the same time. Is what I see real? Is it real because I can see it. Is it real if I can touch it. It all exists together in one frame, one space, but it makes no logical, object sense.

4. Pulled out of the description to assess what was happening

How is the flat exterior of a building in the same space as a three-dimensional interior of the same physical building, in the same space as the lady in the same space as a pavement in the same space as a table in the same space as my pen and paper and hand, but I am not touching any of them. How can a flat surface create a 3D image.

5. My focus switched to how everything I could see that made no 'human' sense but was absolutely what was there  
*\*Alice in Wonderland*

The window is like a cinema screen. Flat, consistent in texture, has four straight edges, projects a 3D image that is constantly changing, telling a story.

6. The window suddenly struck me as a cinema screen with the absolute same function (ironic as I am sitting outside the cinema)

I've shifted in my seat and I am now kneeing the lady ion the gut. I wonder if she will get a stomach ache. Warm sun bathes the back of my neck.

7. My focus moves back to the surreal

What's behind what is behind me, that I can't see?

I turn to look!

I turn back, make my mind work

I know there is a swimming pool and a car park and a super market

What if I didn't know?

I'm in a town, so buildings, infrastructure, maintenance

Beyond that is countryside, the sea, people, lots of people

Beyond that other lands, other countries, other buildings, other people

I keep going. Do I end up where I started?

8. Taking my focus out and beyond what I can see, to what I can't and where that takes me. Right back to where I started...