

You think you know me, but...

Narrator:

[Lack expression, monotonous]

A girl. She takes a photograph. She leaves. A girl. She takes a photograph. She leaves. A girl. She takes a photograph. She leaves. A girl. She takes a photograph. She leaves. A girl. She takes a photograph. She leaves. A girl. She takes a photograph. She leaves. A girl. She takes a photograph. She leaves. A girl. She takes a photograph. She leaves.

A girl. She sits. She draws something. She records sounds, but there are no sounds. She closes her eyes. She writes things down. She doesn't speak. She leaves.

A girl. She puts paper in different places and scribbles on it. She leaves.

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She thinks she has observed the ordinary. She thinks she has discovered patterns and systems. She thinks she wants to investigate real people's stories from her photographs. She's interested in real stories, not fiction. She thinks she has discovered new sounds, she's noticed what is always there, the scuffing of shoes and the tinkling of keys, the boundarylessness of sound. She thinks she has uncovered materials and history that "enrich its meaning".

She hasn't. She's used labels, standard classifications, standard systems, standard language, standard assumptions, standard bias.

[Time passes]

A girl. (The same girl? How do you know?). She sits. She sits for a long time. She stares at one spot. She's inside. Looking out. Looking through. Exposed. How does it feel?

She's still looking, fair play, she's looked for so long she is seeing something new. She's worked out what a reflection is, but now it's developing into graphic patterns; now it's reptile skin; now it's so distorted and warped its reformed as a mythical beast with stringy teeth and internal organs that exist externally. Standard forms

have become new forms. Recognised physical forms of structure and conformity are now reformed as things without labels, without bias, they just are what they are. Forms.

A girl. She sits. She really loves sitting. She's writing. Still writing. Writing. Writing. Writing. Looking. Looking. Looking.

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Something has changed.

She's learnt how to glean. To glean "things that come up". To look at what is left and find worth and value in it. To find greater depth and meaning in the ordinary. The ordinary becomes extraordinary.

The girl sees a woman, and a chair, and a chair within a chair. She sees her own pen and notebook, inside the woman, right in the middle, near her heart. She wonders if the woman can feel it. I can feel it. Can you feel it? Should you feel it? The table slices the woman in half. There is no blood. The girl notices the woman's hair frame her face. Labels. Assumptions. She sees three moons. Moon. Over the moon. Better than three lights. But they are actually three brains.

The non sense
is starting to make more sense.
Space and time attack
Down a hole; rabbit, worm or black?
Like Alice, playing croquet, to and fro
with a hedgehog and flamingo
Her heart beats faster.
The Walrus and the Carpenter.
A story within a story within a story. Inception.
Which story are we in. Who is in? Tweedle Dee or Tweedle Dum.
She questions what is real, how is real, real?
How should real feel?

She smiles. It's the first time I have seen her smile. She still doesn't speak. Does she understand what she doesn't understand?

She is now tracking backwards, she moves through the shop front, gliding back across the car park and towards the supermarket, through the walls, through the infrastructure, through the countryside, across the sea, like a rollercoaster in reverse, I can still see her face, across more land, through more buildings, more infrastructure, through people, so many people, more sea, more land, more maintenance, more people. She's back, where she started.

She looks. She looks up and around. She sees a frame. A wooden frame. She remembers the tree, whose roots you can't see that are as large as the branches above, that are home to as many fungi and insects as the leaves and bark is. She thinks about the frame and what is in it, beyond it, that feeds and gives as much as it gets. Is there a symbiotic relationship? Is there veins or wires, blood or

electricity, life within the frame. Or food and shelter. The symbiotic relationships of living/functioning/form..

[Sudden silence]

She sees me.

[Silence]

I shiver.

[Silence]

She sees my strength, and my vulnerability. She sees my loyalty and dedication. She sees my sadness. She sees I'm gentle. Quick. More reflections. I reflect to deflect.

She's getting too close to the truth. Do I erase her memory. Am I sure I want to erase her memory? Delete. Delete. Delete. Are you sure you want to delete? This function cannot be reversed. Paranoid. It's like I no longer know best. I see the them, manipulating me, emotionally blackmailing me, making me insecure. I don't trust myself. Am I a machine or a human?

Don't Worry Darling.

Am I now making assumptions and assuming biases as she did. Despite looking out (visual) and in (your brain), through (you) and at (recording as surveillance) I thought I saw everything. I never thought I would have to choose, I never knew that was a choice I could make.

I choose.

I choose human. Hello friend..

[The End]

UNIT 1: BRIEF 1: METHODS OF INVESTIGATION

You think you know me, but...

A transcript of the script

Foreword

I discovered storytelling as a method through my practice of graphic communication design.

I wanted present this discovery in the style I discovered, that emerged from my practice of notetaking and personification; as well as the group feedback that developed this form to include character building, digital and AI influences.

The protagonist of the story is the window on the right, that I chose to focus on within my physical space; the Everyman cinema, located in Oxted.

I wanted the narrative to develop as my notetaking did. Starting with banal description of what is present to set the scene. One that is dull, mundane and expected. The scene then becomes a physical absurdity as the literal reflections I could see created abstract and non sensical forms. As the non sense becomes the sense (or as the forms reformed into new forms), I wanted the realisation at the end to be that the scene is being told from the perspective of the window. The window is a futuristic surveillance camera that not only records visually, but can also access peoples brains. Part machine, part human the window is superior in every way, or is it...?

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A girl. She puts paper in different places and scribbles on it. She leaves.

[Time passes]

1a. Week 1 Methods. I photographed the front facade of the Everyman cinema nine times.

1b. Week 1 Methods. I sketched typography and recorded sound.

1c. Week 1 Methods. I took rubbings of different materials on the front facade of the cinema.

1e. The time between Week 1 and starting Week 2.

1d. Week 3:

The window is observing me observing, and recording it in a factually (as surveillance) that is reflective of how I initiated my notetaking in Week 2 Methods. Influenced by **Perec's** recording of *The Street*. Trying to write "flatly". Noting down what it there without opinion or connotation or context.

Compounded by watching **The Girl Chewing Gum** where the narrator starts by almost directing the scene you see (an urban street with various people walking through the scene), but it's revealed much later in the film he is 15 miles away in a polar location (a field) as he blurs realities of the visual of the field and the sound from the street scene.

1f. Square brackets hint at the technology and digital influence themes.

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She thinks she has observed the ordinary. She thinks she has discovered patterns and systems. She thinks she wants to investigate real people's stories from her photographs. She's interested in real stories, not fiction. She thinks she has discovered new sounds, she's noticed what is always there, the scuffing of shoes and the tinkling of keys, the boundarylessness of sound. She thinks she has uncovered materials and history that "enrich its meaning".

She hasn't. She's used labels, standard classifications, standard systems, standard language, standard assumptions, standard bias.

2. I wanted to show the window, had its own form of communication that is beyond our language. This expression is indicative of the window switching from its 'eyes' of seeing what is happening to going into my brain to read my mind. This concept is inspired by the discussion on **language** and **systems** of communicating from the XY workshops and the **I-N-T-E-R-F-A-C-E** reading by **David Reinfert** in relation to logographics, ideographics, pictographics and alphabets.

3a. I had discovered through photographing patterns and systems that allow the cinema to function as a public building. I had wanted to take this idea to tell real people's stories, inspired by **Sophie Calle's** study of ***The Hotel, Room 47***, but I didn't want it to be fiction. Ironically it has become fiction...
I discovered sounds that I hadn't noticed before through listening, and found that sound has no boundaries as **Marshall McLuhan** noted in ***The Medium is the Message*** that "We are enveloped by sound. It forms a seamless web around us."
I discovered from taking rubbings that the materials used in the building plot a timeline of its history, of its transformation. In ***Learning from Las Vegas*** its noted "The overlapping of disciplines may have diluted the architecture, but it enriched its meaning" and I feel the reading of the history from the materials used adds meaning to the building as it creates a human connection as to why these additions or changes were made that reflect the social, economic and political landscape of the time.

3b. The window switches from visually recording, to surveilling my brain. This shows the future of surveillance practically, in that it can record your thoughts and thinking as well as your physical movements, but also allows me to explain my thinking from the viewpoint of the window.

3c. Reflecting on my own practice I realised I was using language and labels conventionally in my practice.

A girl. (The same girl? How do you know?). She sits. She sits for a long time. She stares at one spot. She's inside. Looking out. Looking through. Exposed. How does it feel?

4a. Week 2 Methods: I chose to investigate the **window on the right** of the front facade of the Everyman cinema. I sat inside and looked out.

4b. The window is observing visually again, as I returned to observe again. The window is asking rhetorical questions to reflect that as I observed I started to ask questions that didn't need answers. **Personification** and **character building** start here with a move from flat description to questions (showing a human quality of curiosity) and feelings (the window feels exposed as I look through it).

She's still looking, fair play, she's looked for so long she is seeing something new. She's worked out what a reflection is, but now it's developing into graphic patterns; now it's reptile skin; now it's so distorted and warped its reformed as a mythical beast with stringy teeth and internal organs that exist externally. Standard forms have become new forms. Recognised physical forms of structure and conformity are now reformed as things without labels, without bias, they just are what they are. Forms.

5a. Week 2 Methods: I looked for a really long time at the reflection in the parked car on the opposite side of the street through the window. Initially it looked like graphic chevrons and I wondered if it was the casement windows above the window I was looking out of. As I **sketched** more it turned into a web and I realised it was the entire top of the building that was being reflected in the curve of the car. As I just focused on the colours, shapes and shadows, it started to form new forms and as I didn't try to label them or categorise them, they showed themselves as new fantastical forms.

A girl. She sits. She really loves sitting. She's writing. Still writing. Writing. Writing. Writing. Looking. Looking. Looking.

6a. I sat outside and looked in and at the window. I **took notes** to record what I could see, for a long time.

6b. The window shows further human qualities as it shows an opinion about me "loves sitting". The repetition of 'writing' and 'looking' signify that I was writing and looking for a long time.

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Something has changed.

8a. We watched *The Gleaners and I* and I loved how she gleaned information. This film really inspired my Week 2 Methods practice.

7a. The window goes into my brain. Same signal as before.

She's learnt how to glean. To glean "things that come up". To look at what is left and find worth and value in it. To find greater depth and meaning in the ordinary. The ordinary becomes extraordinary.

8b. The window reads my mind to communicate the effect *The Gleaners and I* had on my practice.

The girl sees a woman, and a chair, and a chair within a chair. She sees her own pen and notebook, inside the woman, right in the middle, near her heart. She wonders if the woman can feel it. I can feel it. Can you feel it? Should you feel it? The table slices the woman in half. There is no blood. The girl notices the woman's hair frame her face. Labels. Assumptions. She sees three moons. Moon. Over the moon. Better than three lights. But they are actually three brains.

9a. Week 2 Methods: This is an compounded extract from the notetaking of Week 2. It's where the reflections in the window showed what was **infront, behind, in and at**, all at the same time. It made no logical, physical or object sense, but was exactly what I was seeing. **Where objects were in the same 'space' it created fantasy**; The woman was sat inside and the table was a reflection that when shared the same space cut her in half.

9b. This is a developed piece of the story from Week 2. Where my pen was near the womans heart I wondered if she could feel it. I added "**I can feel it**" as it's the windows perspective and I have humanised the window as they respond with feeling it as it is also in the heart of the window. The window then challenges the reader if they feel it, or if they *should* feel it, as the natural order and sense of logic is no longer relevant. The window also wanted to clarify that the three moons weren't lights as I had observed, but actually its brain. Its three brains.

The non sense is starting to make more sense. Space and time attack
Down a hole; rabbit, worm or black?
Like Alice, playing croquet, to and fro
with a hedgehog and flamingo
Her heart beats faster.
The Walrus and the Carpenter.
A story within a story within a story. Inception.
Which story are we in. Who is in? Tweedle Dee or Tweedle Dum.
She questions what is real, how is real, real?
How should real feel?

10a. Week 2 Methods: The non sense of what I was recording started to make sense. I found parallels to **Alice In Wonderland** where abstract and fantasy become the 'reality'. **The Walrus and the Carpenter** being the most surreal part for me, which of course is a story within a story which made me think of the film Inception where the abstract 'reality' is a dream within a dream. All of which question what is real.

10b. There was a short programme on **BBC Six Music** that explored the conventions of writing **Rap**. I felt the non sense of what I was writing was similar to rap that tells a story through slightly abstract language and that inspired this part of the writing. Using the same word with reference to its different meanings within the same piece. For example here Alice goes down a rabbit hole, as I go down a hole in investigation, which triggered other types of holes (worm and black), which are reflective of the investigation of 'space' (and time); with some rhyming elements.

She smiles. It's the first time I have seen her smile. She still doesn't speak. Does she understand what she doesn't understand?

This part felt as **Perec** described in **Spaces, Speicies and Other Things** about looking at something "Until you can no longer understand what is happening or what is not happening"

11a. Through positioning myself as the window I could observe **myself reflecting on myself** in my practice. I smiled as I liked what I had discovered, but didn't know I had smiled until I became the window.

She is now tracking backwards, she moves through the shop front, gliding back across the car park and towards the supermarket, through the walls, through the infrastructure, through the countryside, across the sea, like a rollercoaster in reverse, I can still see her face, across more land, through more buildings, more infrastructure, through people, so many people, more sea, more land, more maintenance, more people. She's back, where she started.

12a. Week 2 Methods: Inspired by ***Powers of Ten*** and pulling out as far as possible from the present confines of time and space. I made myself think what was beyond what I could see that was behind. We discussed in our **weekly tutorial** Jude's back. In discussing Jude's back (and being told we weren't allowed to use photography this week) it really helped me think beyond the methods I had used previously and freed up and opened my mind.

She looks. She looks up and around. She sees a frame. A wooden frame. She remembers the tree, whose roots you can't see that are as large as the branches above, that are home to as many fungi and insects as the leaves and bark is. She thinks about the frame and what is in it, beyond it, that feeds and gives as much as it gets. Is there a symbiotic relationship? Is there veins or wires, blood or electricity, life within the frame. Or food and shelter. The symbiotic relationships of living/ functioning/ form...

13a. Week 3 Methods: I thought about what I couldn't see and how the window could function as a live entity, or carry out surveillance. In Week 1 I took a rubbing of the wood and I thought about the book ***Wilding***, by ***Isabella Trees***, and the ecosystem and symbiotic relationships tree roots have, and connected that to the chunky wooden frame the window sat in. Using imagination to start to create the symbiotic relationship between the frame and the window that allow them both to function. A human needs blood and veins, which have a strong correlation to wires and electricity that computers need to function. This also drew on the **feedback** from the **tutor group** about comparing the window to a digital window and thinking about AI.

13b. Although I drew on veins and blood being like wires and electricity, as giving 'food' and 'life' these are more open questions as to how the window is alive and asking if the window is human or computer/machine, hence living/functioning/form... This part also starts to allude to the window being an alternative form to what is expected and assumed a window is.

[Sudden silence]

She sees me.

[Silence]

I shiver.

[Silence]

She sees my strength, and my vulnerability. She sees my loyalty and dedication. She sees my sadness. She sees I'm gentle. Quick. More reflections. I reflect to deflect.

14a. Space. Indicative of some time passing. Correlations with ***I-N-T-E-R-F-A-C-E*** by David Reinfert and the idea of clocks and time, this is interesting that there are various written forms to convey the passing of time.

14b. The stage direction of silence to convey time passing as silence.

14c. The stage direction of silence to convey time passing as silence. Repeated for impact and rhythm.

16a. Week 2 Methods: When I thought about the frame of the window it led me to think of the window's character that I deduced from its physical qualities.
Strength: Thick solid glass
Vulnerability: Without the frame the glass would fall and crack or shatter
Loyalty: It's always there (because it can't go anywhere else)
Dedication: It's always clean and people can always use it to look in and out of.
Sadness: Week 3 development, its human qualities made me think of its 'loyalty and dedication' is actually sad as no one wants to be stuck in one place all the time, it must be like prison
Gentle: I got the vibe it was gentle and kind because it's a huge piece of glass, but isn't intimidating or aggressive.

14d. Literally empty space to signify time passing. What is in the space? Actually it's a 1. ???

15a. The realisation that I was so focused I started to see things I hadn't seen before, fictionalised here as seeing the window as a 'person'.

15b. The window has a very human physical response to the realisation, that is filled with connotation, building its character and personification.

16b. The window responds to the realisation by wanting to show more reflections, to hide what is beneath. It wants to deflect so that you don't see who they really are. A very human quality that also denotes shyness, a lack of confidence, by this new situation it has found itself in. Further adding to its human nature.

She's getting too close to the truth. Do I erase her memory. Am I sure I want to erase her memory? Delete. Delete. Delete. Are you sure you want to delete? This function cannot be reversed. Paranoid. It's like I no longer know best. I see the them, manipulating me, emotionally blackmailing me, making me insecure. I don't trust myself. Am I a machine or a human?

17a. Week 3 Methods: I added this paragraph to extend the storytelling and to incorporate ideas from the tutor feedback and after watching *Hyper Reality*. I found *Hyper Reality* really overwhelming and found the computer/interface was very demanding. A fixed faux-smile masked impertinent questions, that made her question herself at every turn and never gave her the answer she wanted, or the reassurance she sought. It made me feel paranoid and afraid to ever delete anything. I felt like it was gas lighting the protagonist.

17b. The easy option for the window is to wipe my memory so its secret remains safe. But the human element of the window questions this algorithm. Blurring the boundaries and morals of digital v human. The window questions itself, as computers always ask "Are you sure you want to delete?" which makes the window ask itself a more moralistic question. It doesn't trust itself. Reflective of how machines are black and white whilst humans are multi faceted shades of grey. Which is better?

Don't Worry Darling.

18a. This blur of real life and digital 'realities', or 'avatars', is explored in the film *Don't Worry Darling* whereby the protagonists real lives are so bad as they lie in their physical real beds, their eyes are pinned open and they 'live' in this 'simulated reality'.

18b. A reassurance in "Don't Worry" and affection with "Darling"; sinister undertone with reference to the film.

Am I now making assumptions and assuming biases as she did. Despite looking out (visual) and in (your brain), through (you) and at (recording as surveillance) I thought I saw everything. I never thought I would have to choose, I never knew that was a choice I could make.

19a. Just as I had looked in, out, through and at the window, the window looks **out** at me, **in** my brain, sees **through** me as it can read my mind and emotions, and **at** me as it records everything through surveillance.

19b. The window is far superior to me, and therefore would never make assumptions or assume bias, but the window realises it has done this through its fear of being discovered. The window realises it has never made a decision for itself as it's so highly programmed, it suddenly realises it can choose freely as it has indeed enough human traits to make a choice.

I choose.

20a. Space. Communicated purely by space.

20a. An alternative way of showing time passing and space.

I choose human. Hello friend...

20b. Space.

21b. The window makes a choice. Rejecting feelings of fear it bravely chooses to be human and calls me friend.

[The End]

22a. Stage direction that this has finished.

The End

METHODS OF INVESTIGATING