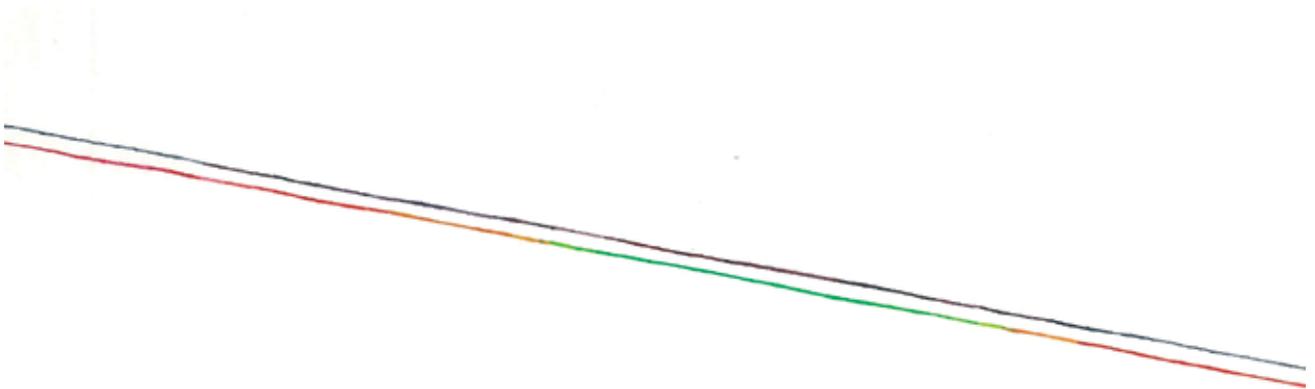


Projected  
Geometry  
of  
Between-ness



Readers,

To simplify, affine geometry can translate into different rotations and move erratically in space. It is a chaotic geometry meaning it is represented by forms and relationships which are too complex and hard to describe in with the language of classical mathematics.

I've explored this chaotic structure in painting. I think the language of art may be able to describe, or at least give a sense of, the affine space in its many translations. Coupled with real processes of perception and sensations, this space, for me, engages the imagination, spurring activities of memory and thought, and positioning the physical body within a continual space of becoming.



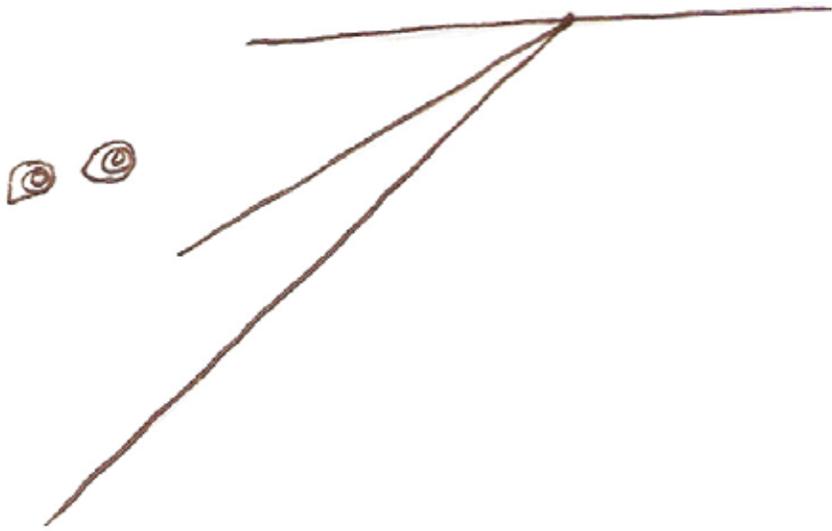


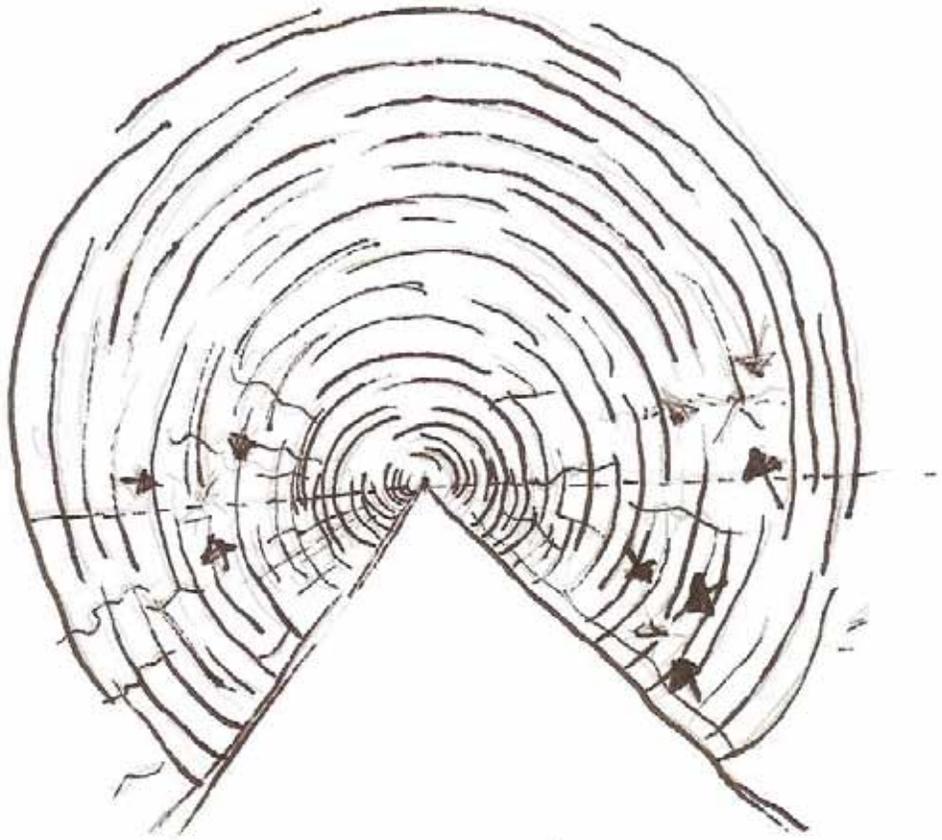
In standard projected geometry there is no consistent notion of between-ness. Two valid lines meet at one point and close in on themselves at infinity.

A general notion of orientation begins with the idea of things in tandem. Patterns of the nervous system are understood as patterns of action, not contemplation.

In time there arises a point of view and a “line of sight.” I can visualize myself as a point from two lines drawn from my sides

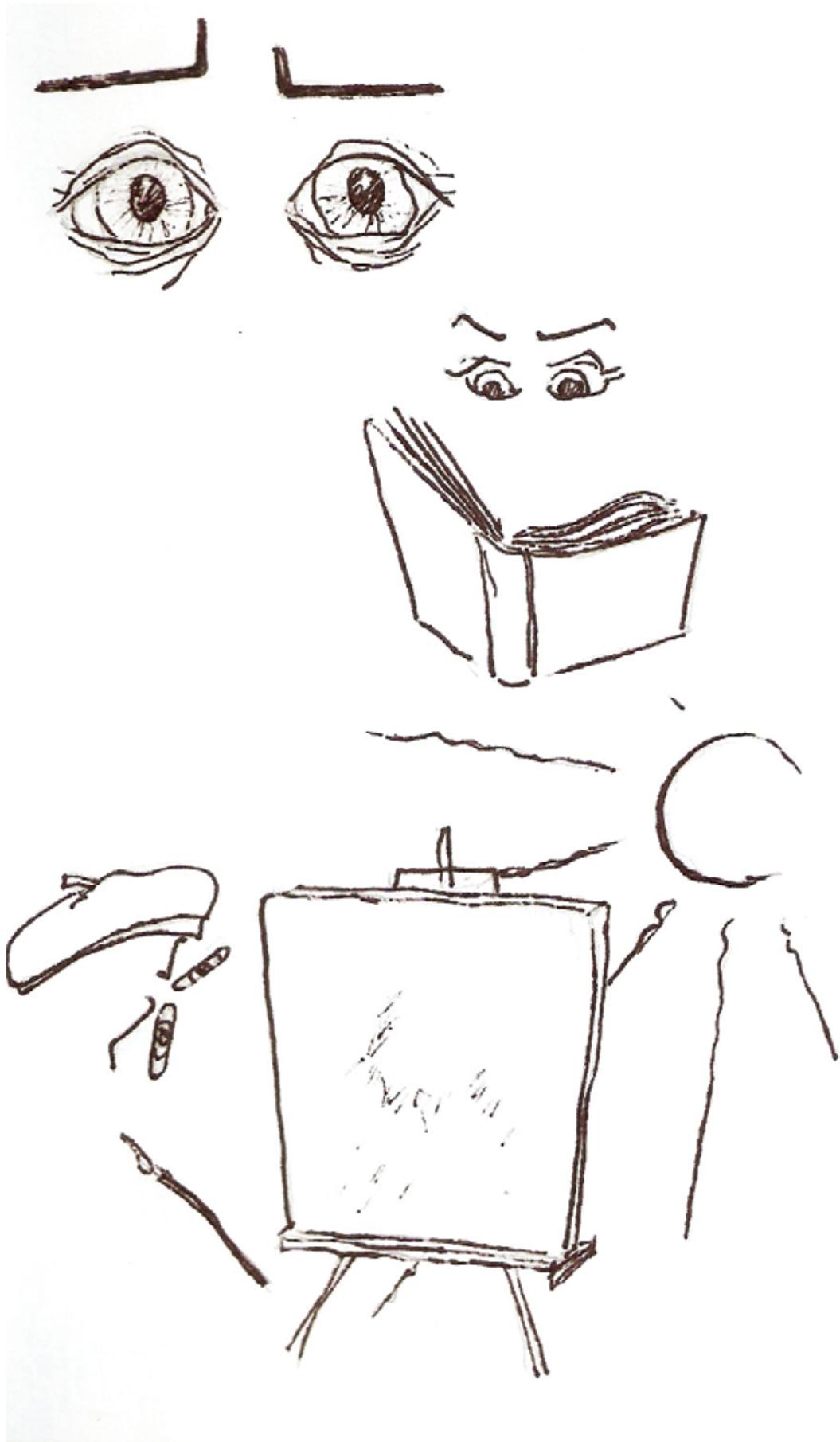
Me and a point of me stand on either edge of the world. Extensive senses are blunted; the landscape reduced to a periphery of blurs.....

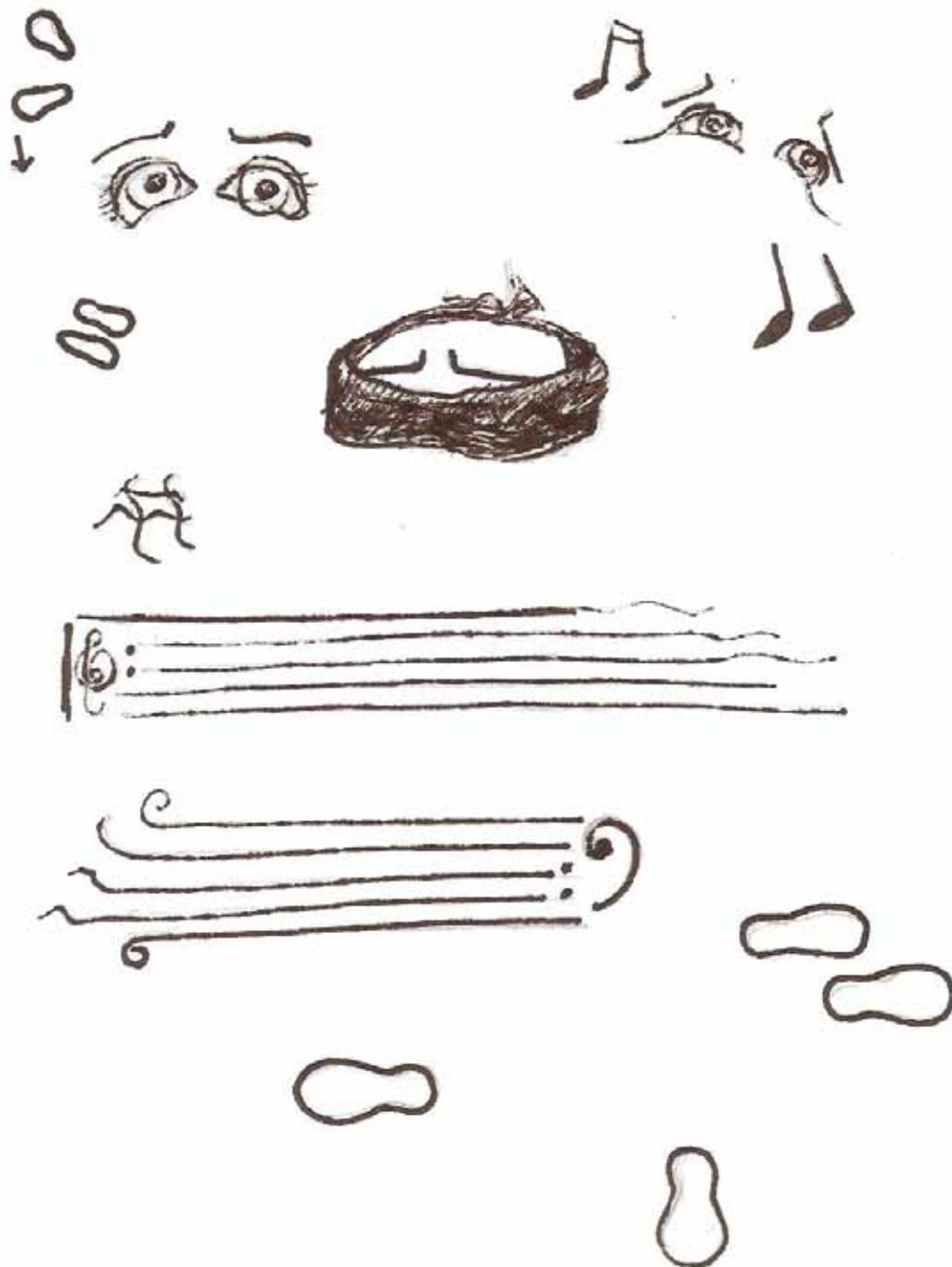




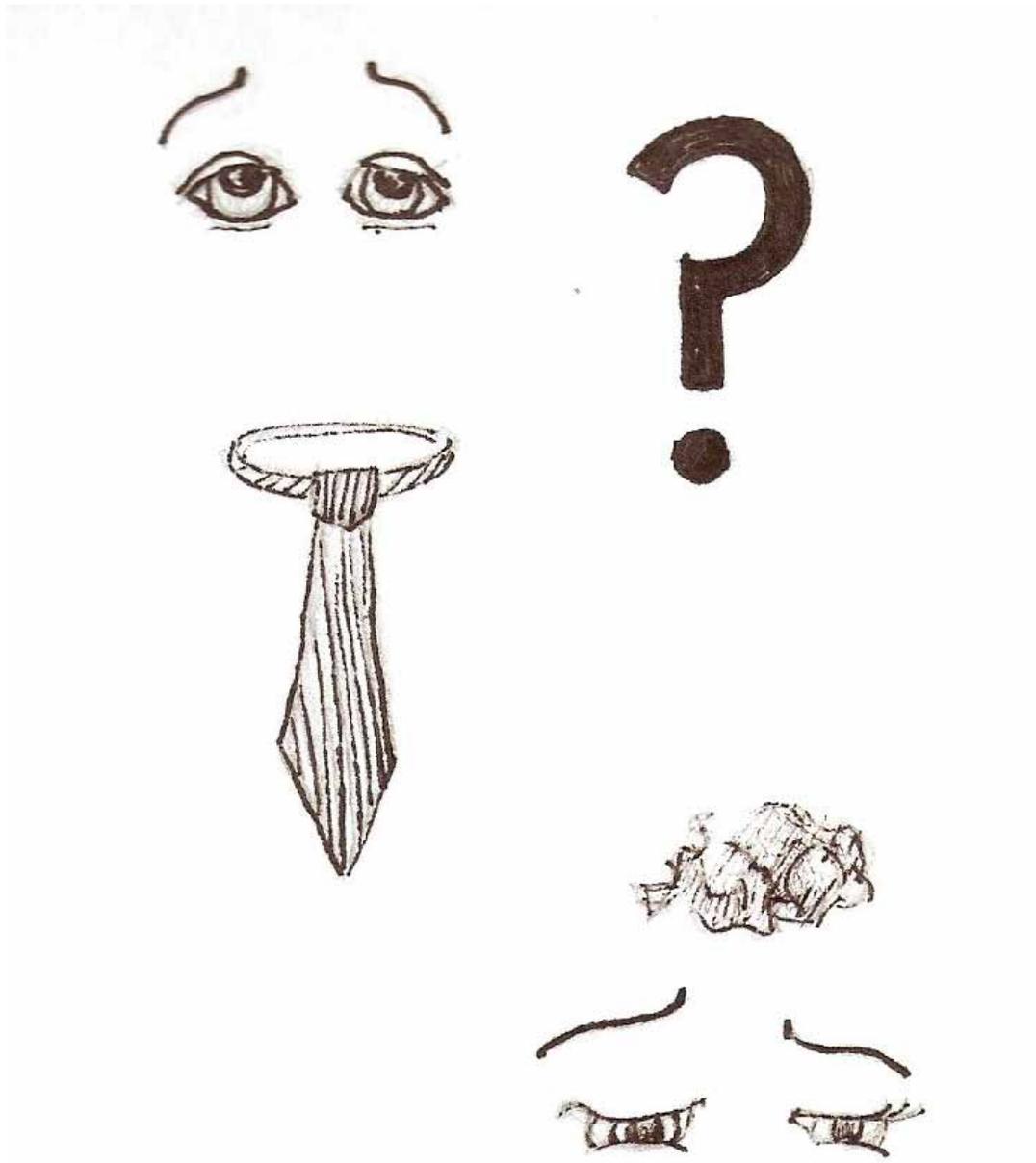
I wanted to know things that converge in the blurs, sense a world that sight cannot totally affirmed.

I began staring at things and reading smart books; I painted impressionable pictures, studied how things looked.

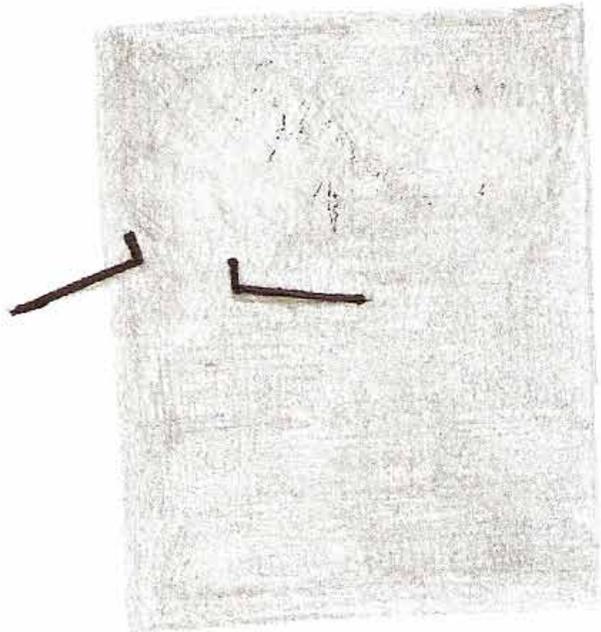
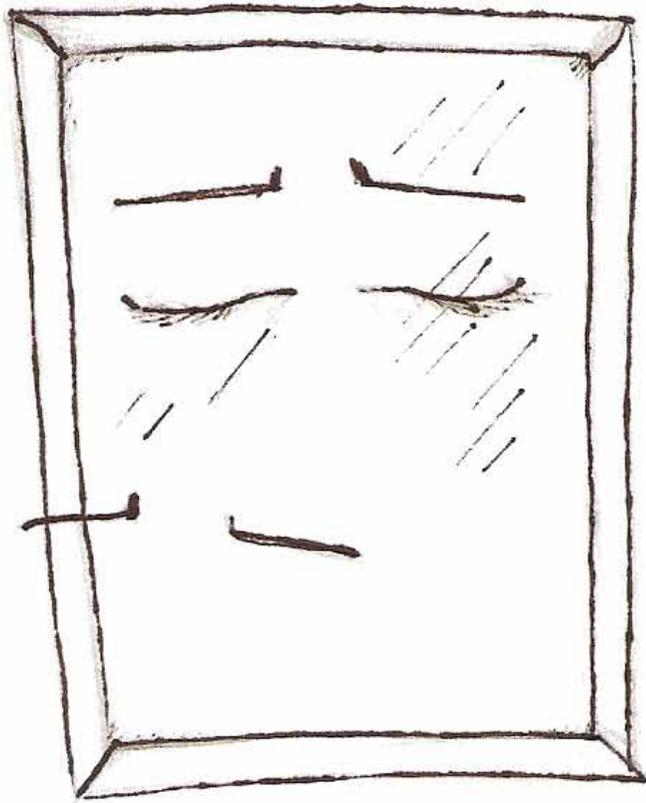




I tried dancing and singing and walking round blind, absorbing tones and movements, meters and rhymes



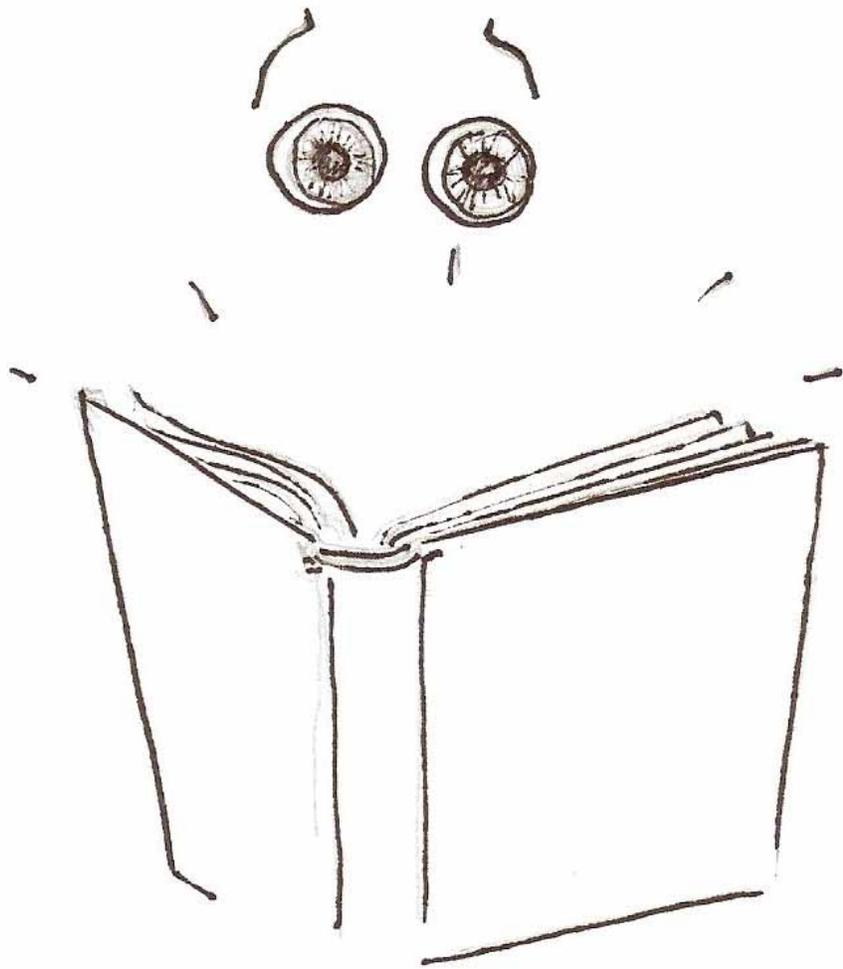
I enrolled in school and learned how to ask, but nothing fulfilled this boondoggling task.

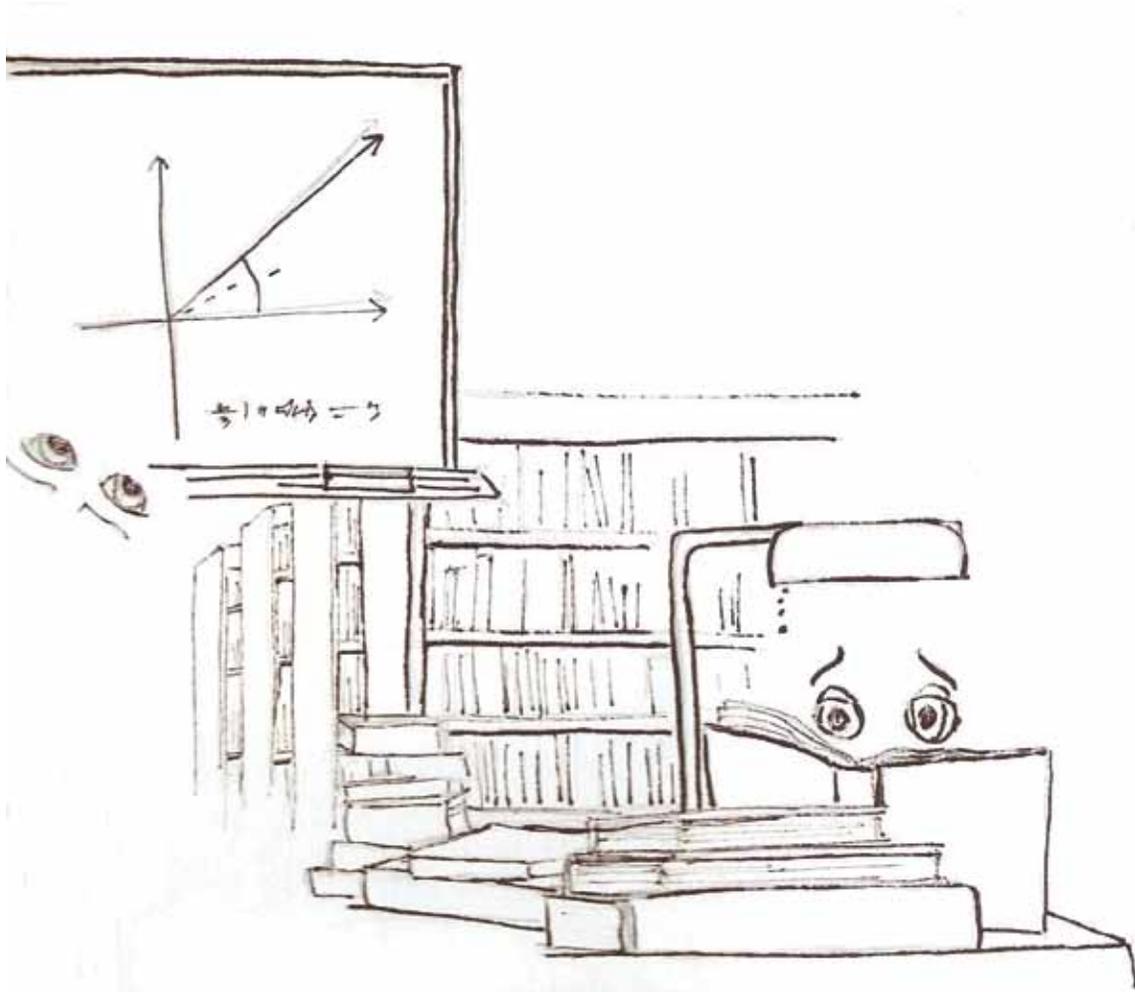


I forgot who I was and tried starting there, but  
turns out this just led me straight to nowhere

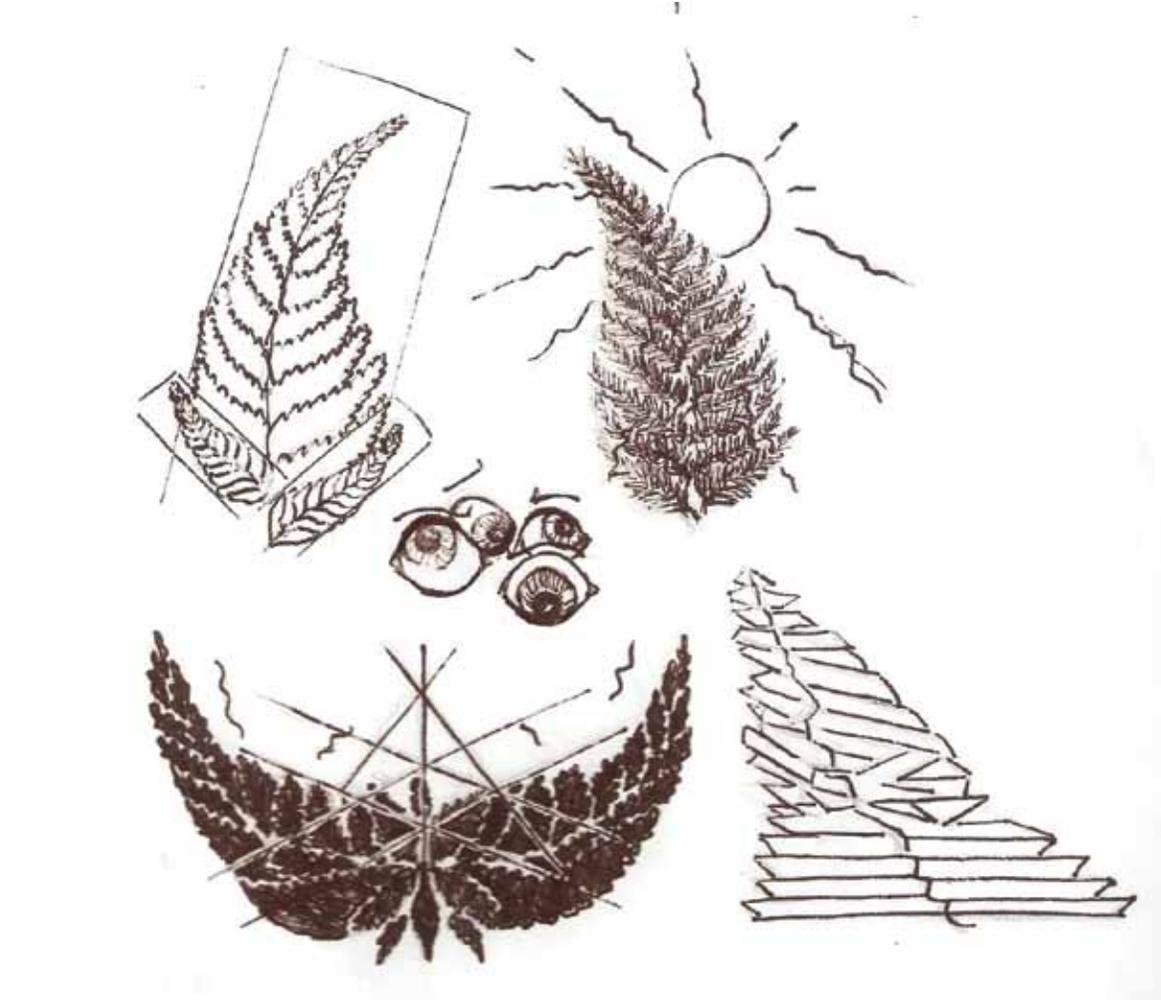
Then one day something happened; I came across something. Another position of projection, a space for what's in between.

It was an honest chance encounter when I read “affine” in a text. I wanted to know more about this word and its meaning in that context.





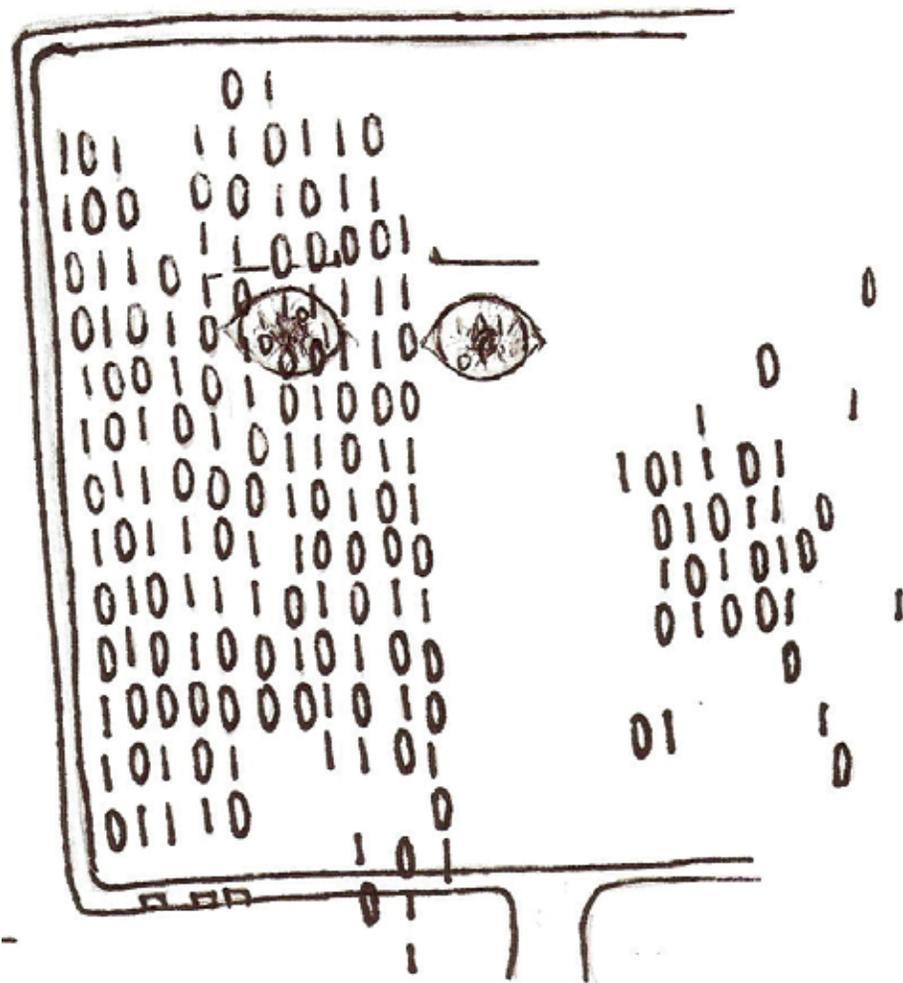
So I set out to draw it to see its displays. I spent hours in libraries researching its ways.



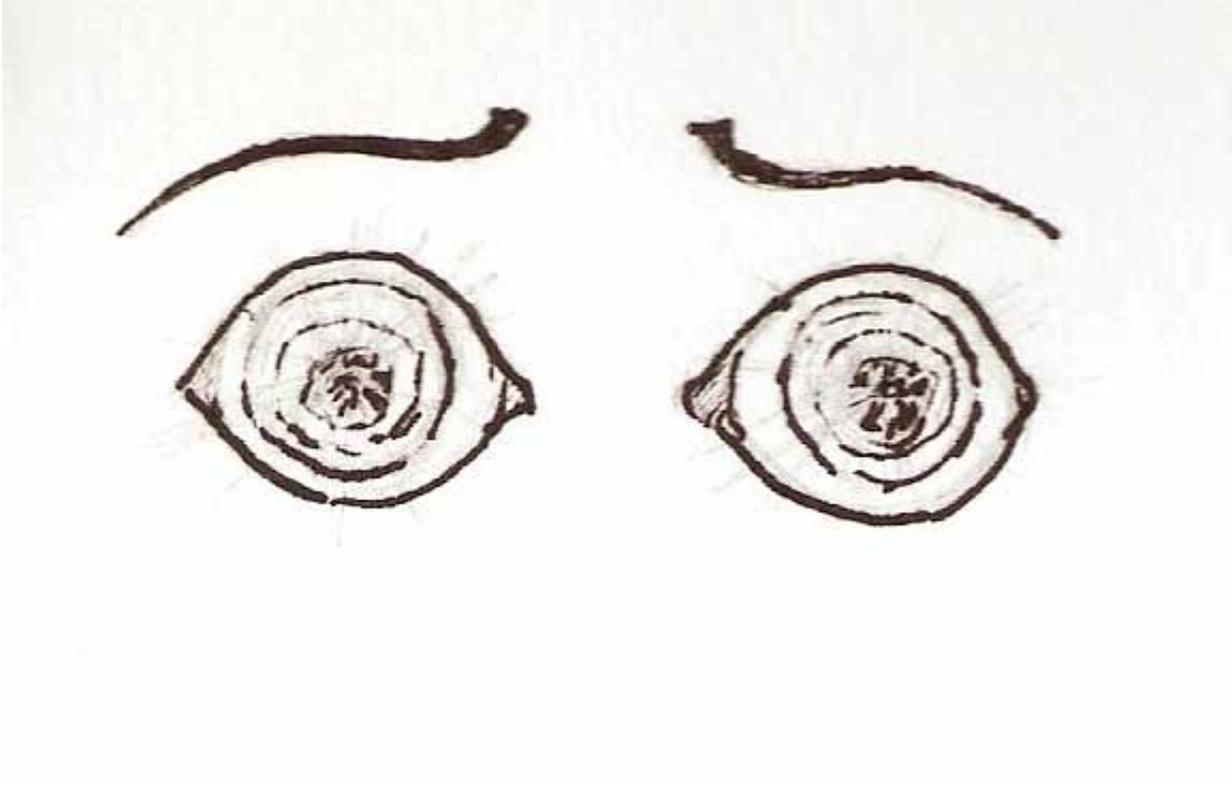
I began with fractology, which led to phenomenology. Then I read about affine topology in technology and psychology.



I drew some affines on semi-lucent paper screens. I witnessed as logic moved auto-poetically in front of me.



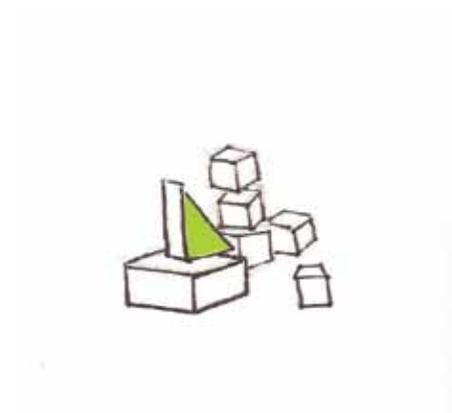
In my computer I applied affine in codes of binaries. This unleashed movement and randomness in digital image processing.



I've added some color for dazzle; added more to watch them whirl. I've traced big ones and small ones and still, I can't help but question them more.

An affine cannot be measured but I keep trying it on for size. It seems too complex to simplify and too out-of-reach to simply define.

It's a hyper-plane of infinity, a chaotic fractal in projected space; it expands from a vector and then, moves out, losing its origin along the way.



Child minds entrance the world in games of affine play. I think its sensing themselves and things as being one and the same.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Marcussen, Lars. *The Architecture of Space, The Space of Architecture*, Architectural Press, 2008. Metaphorically, affine may be thought of as a kind of “topological – differential – projective – affine – Euclidean” may be seen as an abstract scenario for the birth of real space. As if the metric space which we inhabit and which physicists study and measure was born from a non-metric topological continuum as the latter differentiated and acquired structure. “ Piaget tries to give an ontological dimension of differential geomrtry to real processes.



Now this perception, some may say, should no longer be engaged. Its just nonsense-ness and foolishness, we outgrew it when we aged.

But I disagree with such a critic, this view cannot be right; I think its okay to negotiate this place without an objective, plain in site.

Because this world, it is not separate, its forces are part me. How is it right to deny this space of such feeling and proximity?

And this perception I “outgrew”, well, it never went real far. It is still how I imagine and see things the way they are.

Its around us and within us, and so I think its worth the time, to remember and re-examine affine displacements in our lives.





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