

*Here is a test of the eye.*

Pressed between the palms of a Magician's hands, a flat paper napkin becomes a sphere. Compacted, its edges are obscured. Within each fold its density compounds and its craters deepen. Contained within the hand, the paper's surface recedes further into the shadows of its lobes.

*Take this sphere to be a world.*

A spotlight cleaves the Spectator's spine from the back of his chair. With chin tucked, brow down, lungs compressed, and intestines cramped, the body conforms to the beam. Consequence of this geometry is the construction of a stage.

*Here are the actors;*

The Spectator's lap, his chest pocket, the paper sphere, the Magician's palms, his suit sleeves, his waist, and his voice.

*Take this stage to be a universe. Apart from which only echoes and emanations of the Magician's trick exist.*

As the notes of Amphion's lyre were called upon to set stones in place, the voice of the Magician dictates the movement of the universe. Presented first by the hand and second by the mouth, the existence of the world is solidified. For the Spectator, that which is spoken becomes that which is seen.

*Notice the form of this world; the way it's held, its color, texture, surface, and shine.*

Gesture lures and becomes hypnotic. From the Spectator's lap to the Magician's hand, from the hand to the Spectator's face, and from the face to the Magician's waist, the arm traces interlaced circles. Gravity draws the eye closer, excavates it from the socket, and releases it into the orbit of the sphere.

*Orbital force beckons the eye to look, and to look more closely.*

As a clenched fist passes over an open hand, the Magician's gaze conscripts the Spectator's eye. With a twist of the hand, optical nerves are gathered and the eye is yanked into the Magician's palm. Vision overlaps, and through reverse mitosis the Magician's eye consumes that of the Spectator.

*The universe tightens in accord with gestural recursion.*

We've been told that regardless of the pressure applied to a stone that it will never hatch into a chicken; and that though seasons change, iron ore turns to steel, and notes become melodies, that a tree refuses to turn into a saucer of milk. Yet, with hands clasped, the Magician applies pressure. As his voice declares and the uncurling of his fingers reiterates, the tissue sphere, the Spectator's world, has disappeared entirely.

*Burrowed in the palm, the eye sees nothing of the disappeared world.*

From the Spectator's lap a second paper napkin is pulled. Within the Magician's hands a new sphere arises, and upon rebirth the world demands the Spectator's eye. Proximity must be condensed and the universe must be observed with renewed diligence as not to lose the world again.

*Watch.*

Articulating that which goes unsaid the Magician's fingers reach towards the Spectator, taps his chest pocket, and withdraws. Gesture gains resonance through elliptical traversal. As the orbit of the sphere slows and the Spectator's spine tears further from the chair, pressure is again applied upon the world.

*Speed is not always the problem.*

It is not the collapsing of the palms or the rate at which it occurs that manifests the disappearance of the world. Rather, the sphere escapes the universe through a hole in the Spectator's vision. With his eye possessed by the palm and his ears shut to all but the Magician's voice, the Spectator produces the trick for himself.

*Here is the difference between an object which has disappeared and one which goes unseen.*

Proximity does not result in clarity. It is within these gaps; when vision is shot through, when it loses track and trace, when its stability has been dismantled, when information is dropped, and frenzy descends upon the eye that pleasure exists.

*Magic is incongruent.*

*It is of breakdown and failure.*

*It is that which exists in the holes of the eye.*

