

ANDERS DICKSON

COMMON SENSE/ INFINITE DIS-EASE  
WSCHÓD NEW YORK  
9 FEBRUARY - 13 MARCH, 2024

In flight from thought, what common sense remains? In examining the current of technological development it is clear to see that the original celestial impulses persist. The spirit of technē is like a wildfire devouring ever further into the incessantly expanding horizon of unimagined use; and while it is both the danger and saving-grace, the consequential enlarging of the world is paramount to those trying to find solace there.

The black monolith display presents a new series of sculptures made from grey board, epoxy clay and various found items. Roughly equal in size, they allude to divergent functions. The potential motion for action is implicit in the numerous systemic-seeming components. The objects here aren't useful for anything specific worth it to explain. They don't map to being subservient tools, and therefore they hang in limbo, waiting. The tao not spoken is the true tao. Perhaps they might look like things known to us, and while they resemble a typewriter or printer, they're certainly not. These bodies repel any inclination to think they're mass produced. Thus these apparatuses disappear so soon as they're employed, and we also cease to exist when becoming their operators.

John Henry infamously defeated the steam powered hammer only to collapse in exhaustion. Today the tasks we offload onto tools are too incomprehensible; so it would be futile to grab the hammer and challenge. The appearance of new flying objects are like psychoid manifestations for a societal psychology seeking meaning while also trying to find itself at home with sick tech/ and slick machines. Remember though when there was a fear of just the written word?

Mind blind, you begin to come back to your s(ent)ences. Perhaps because of this sneering breeze, rotting frost, and the shivering orchard, any cowardice that had remained is gone. The wind is howling down there. Mundane sheets drawn over beds, this is the true america.

:In flight here-bound, the thought arose as to how this airplanes' cockpit has no windows. Just panels. This smoke screen sketches shadows of the outside and they become more real. In flight from thought: We're moving with ease now, and more than going anywhere, the anywhere is going towards the us. Seated in comfort; having only just rolled from bed into another comfortable seat, the location spins below. The ontological shock experienced when re-confronting

the real may be enough to break even the toughest of rational muscles and calculating of minds. Divine proportions were once thought to be the requisite for instilling life into the inanimate creations. Making something from nothing, the magi turned technicians.

A black wheel turns over the globe.  
You're the driver,

Its tread running the colors from one shape into the next,  
Continental drift or the blood of today?

—  
A. D.