

## Featured Artist

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valenzuela

*B*elief in a world behind the world, a life within a life has become essential for me in building an image. Every object whether moving or still, living or dead; every event and every environment seems almost pregnant with energy. A latent energy. An energy teeming with its own past, its own present, its future.

Of course, microscopes have long since pierced the the surface of the world. Atomic structures, molecules, and cells have been discovered and rediscovered. Detected and dissected. Catalogued, collected. Whole universes seen in a grain of sand. But that is science, not the spirit. A description of the physical, the natural; not the metaphysical, the supernatural. No scientific lens has yet made an attempt at the physiognomy of the soul, the anatomy of experience, the body of being.

I thought long and hard on this. Paced furiously. Closed my eyes. Squeezed them tight. And when i did...i saw words. Sheets of text. The shape of language. Molecules became letters. Cells became sentences.

I sometimes daydream that humans built the world with words. That language is the foundation of how we perceive solidity and matter, the bedrock of how we see. The sky could be one huge paragraph about itself, its color, its breadth. The stars just punctuation, just periods and question- marks in the night.





Streets just run-on sentences fading into the distance. The wind a whisper. As if we constructed cages around our surroundings, menageries made of language. Everything veiled in words. Objects made into objects out of perceptual habit. Labeled and filed for further use.

I wonder if, without language, we could see things as they are: naked, visceral, open. Without habit, doors would no longer be doors. Walls no longer walls. Trees no longer trees. Colors, deep reds and blues and oranges would be revelations. A bird in flight, an epiphany. A world uncategorized, unpinned like so many butterflies in glass cases.

I believe in that brilliance. In my wildest wide-eyed daydreams I believe. I believe in the possible. The possibility of an existence without limits or barriers, facades. The possibility of a glimpse. I believe in the power of words. The magic of language. Syllabic spells. In them, the poison and the antidote, the cage and the key. The universe erected, destroyed, and resurrected with a word.

I want pictures to speak. Reveal whole histories with a glance. Tales of war. Epics of peace. Every random thought. Every fleeting dream. Wrinkles are roads. The skin a map. The eyes a compass, a direction. And all of it recorded, signed, stamped, sealed and sent in the possibility of a glimpse. A glimpse into the world behind the world, the life within a life.

