





















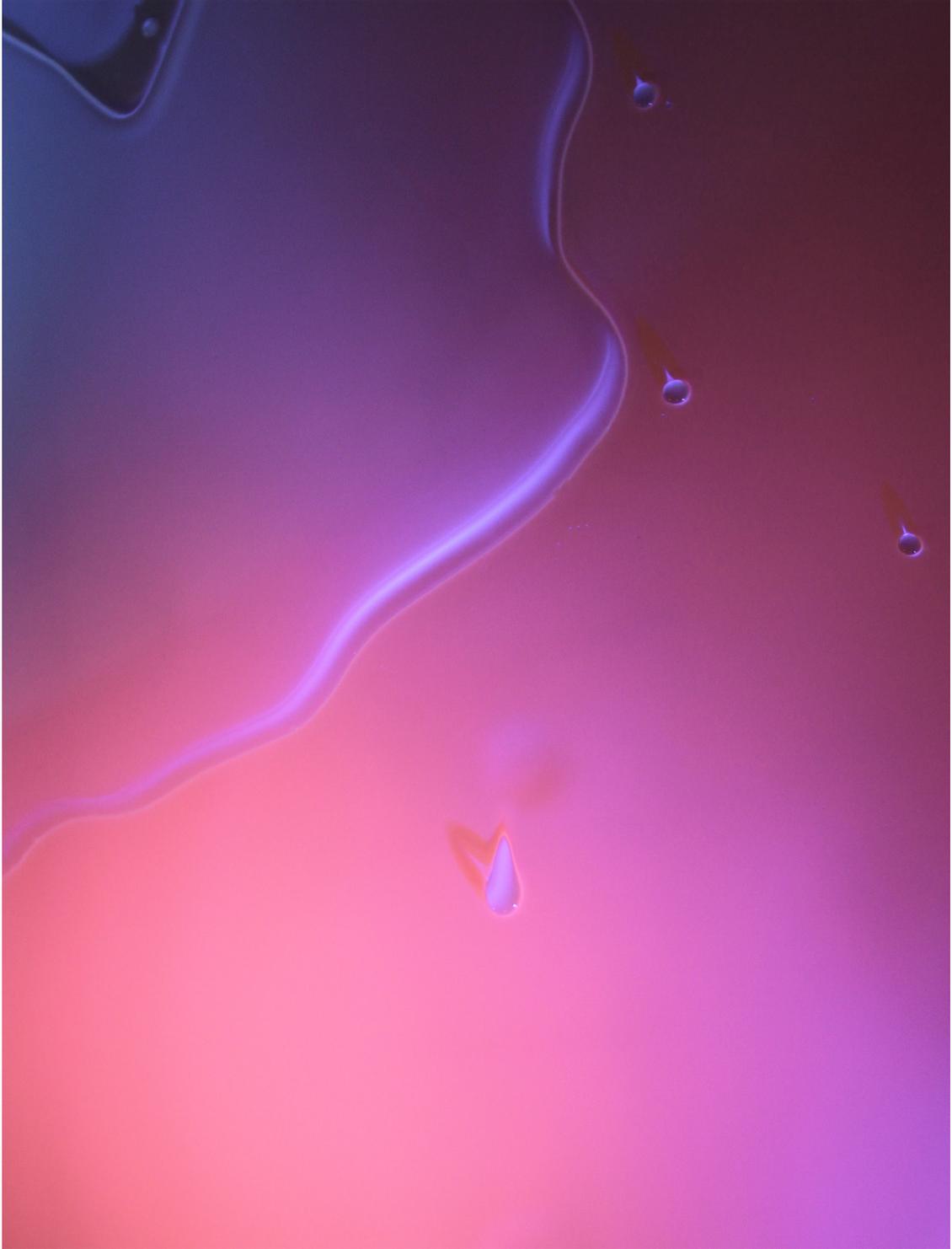




I stepped off the plane looking for some sense of familiarity and warmth. It was raining. After a few days, with the gloom still hanging low over the city, I began the process of losing yet again.

Maybe one takes it for granted while expecting them to always be there. We do that with everyone, right? Even when you know they're going you still don't believe. He, who I felt would be around forever, had been laid to rest days before. She, whom I longed for that intimacy and affection, had moved on. I stepped off the plane into a different city. Its appearance was recognizable but trying to navigate it at the moment felt foreign. I had lost. I was lost.



















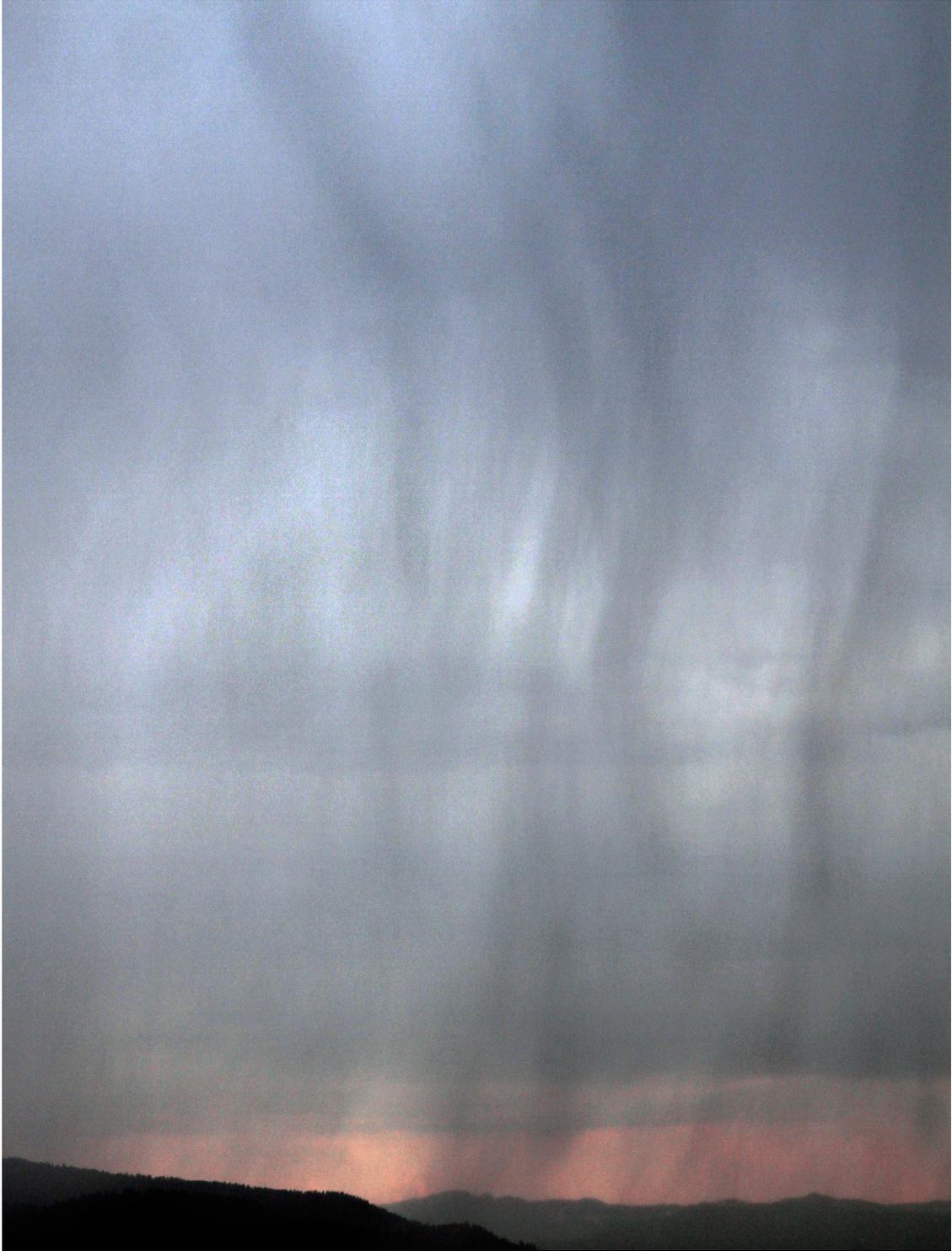


We would zigzag the countryside  
Spending time on the road, I wanted  
to share my encounters. Time and time  
again, sitting in the drivers seat I  
would feel the gaze staring at me,  
those big eyes outlining every mark  
on my face, looking with a curiosity  
and a love we all long for. I could  
feel her getting lost in the stare.  
my cheeks to my nose to my lips to  
the tip of my jaw. I could feel her  
losing herself in those moments  
as we turned down road after road.

He always drove, right up until  
his death. Returning from a drive,  
a fall from his truck ultimately  
killed him. As he grew older  
his vision waned but never deterred  
him. He learned to focus on  
the lines. We asked him to stop  
but it was his freedom,  
his escape, just to travel and  
see. I inherited this from him.  
Those instances in the car are  
my escape, those moments to explore  
the unknown both physically and mentally.

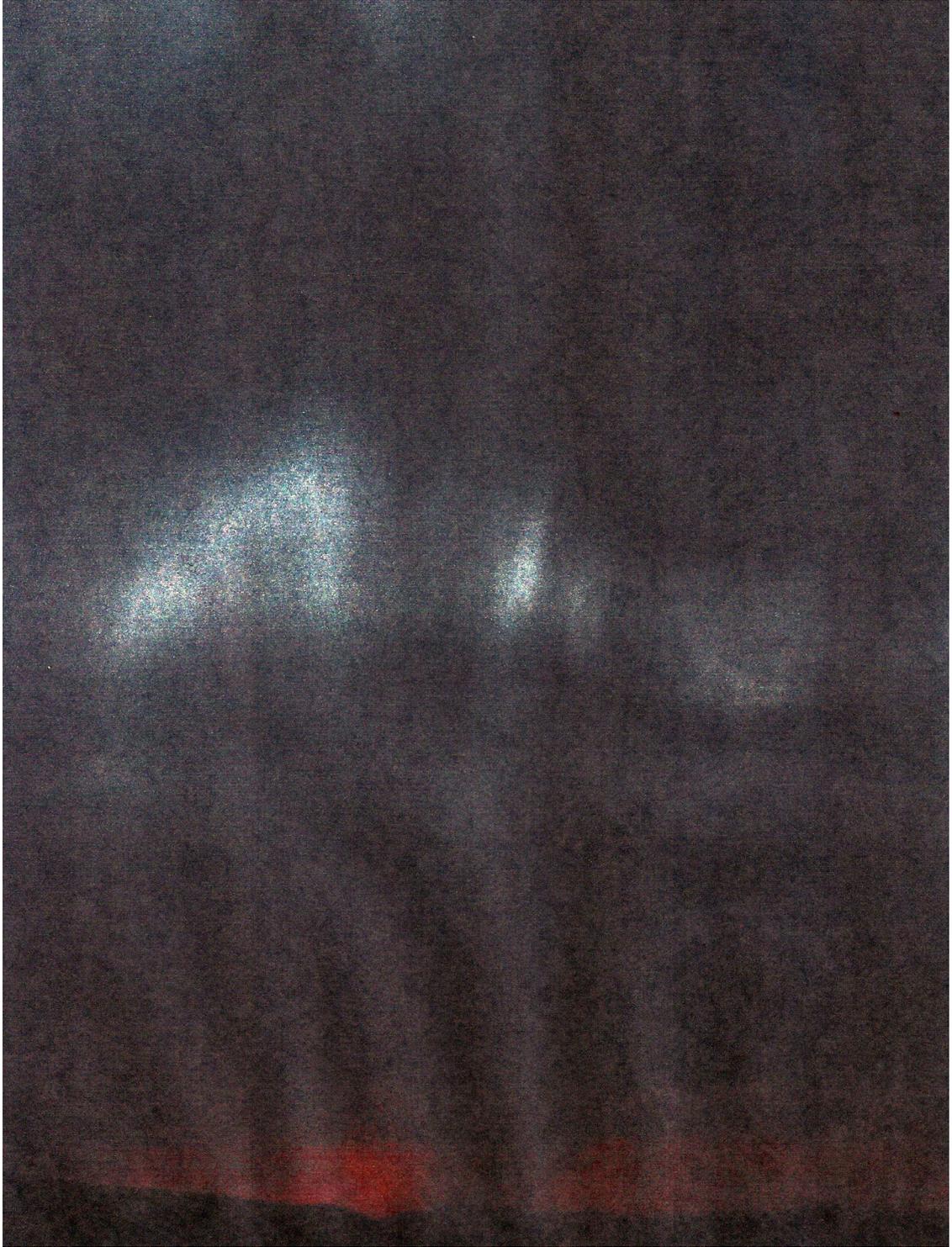






















# NOTES AUTOMATISM DISORIENTATION REFLECTING

JUNE 2014

I THOUGHT I HAD MORE TIME.



WORK FROM A PVIOUS SERIES (2013)

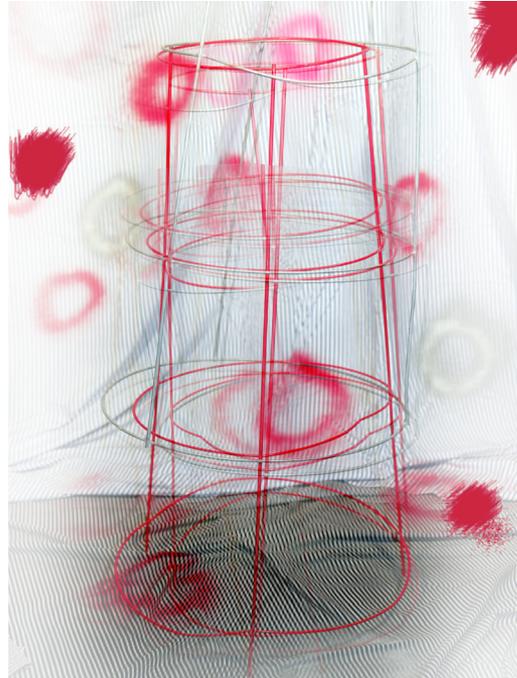
CLOUD (KLAUD)

- N.
1. A VISIBLE COLLECTION OF PARTICLES OF WATER OR ICE SUSPENDED IN THE AIR, USU. AT AN ELEVATION ABOVE THE EARTH'S SURFACE.
  2. ANY SIMILAR MASS, ESP. OF SMOKE OR DUST.
  3. A DIM OR OBSCURE AREA IN SOMETHING OTHERWISE CLEAR OR TRANSPARENT.
  4. ANYTHING THAT CAUSES GLOOM, TROUBLE, SUSPICION, ETC.
  5. A GREAT NUMBER OF INSECTS, BIRDS, ETC., FLYING TOGETHER.

- V.T.
6. TO COVER WITH OR AS IF WITH A CLOUD OR CLOUDS.
  7. TO MAKE GLOOMY.
  8. TO MAKE OBSCURE OR INDISTINCT; CONFUSE: TO CLOUD THE ISSUE WITH EXTRANEUS DETAILS.
  9. TO REVEAL DISTRESS, ANXIETY, ETC., IN (A PART OF ONE'S FACE): WORRY CLOUDED HIS BROW.
  10. TO PLACE UNDER SUSPICION, DISGRACE, ETC.

- V.I.
11. TO GROW CLOUDY.
  12. TO REVEAL ONE'S DISTRESS, ANXIETY, ETC.: HER BROW CLOUDED WITH ANGER.

- IDIOMS:
1. HAVE ONE'S HEAD IN THE CLOUDS.
  - A. TO BE LOST IN REVERIE; BE DAYDREAMING.
  - B. TO BE IMPRACTICAL.
  2. ON A CLOUD, INFORMAL. EXCEEDINGLY HAPPY; IN HIGH SPIRITS.
  3. UNDER A CLOUD, IN DISGRACE; UNDER SUSPICION.



EARLY STUDY FOR GETTING LOST (2014)

OFTEN IN A SNOW-STORM, EVEN BY DAY, ONE WILL COME OUT UPON A WELL-KNOWN ROAD AND YET FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHICH WAY LEADS TO THE VILLAGE. THOUGH HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS TRAVELLED IT A THOUSAND TIMES, HE CANNOT RECOGNIZE A FEATURE IN IT, BUT IT IS AS STRANGE TO HIM AS IF IT WERE A ROAD IN SIBERIA. BY NIGHT, OF COURSE, THE PERPLEXITY IS INFINITELY GREATER. IN OUR MOST TRIVIAL WALKS, WE ARE CONSTANTLY, THOUGH UNCONSCIOUSLY, STEERING LIKE PILOTS BY CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN BEACONS AND HEADLANDS, AND IF WE GO BEYOND OUR USUAL COURSE WE STILL CARRY IN OUR MINDS THE BEARING OF SOME NEIGHBORING CAPE; AND NOT TILL WE ARE COMPLETELY LOST, OR TURNED ROUND — FOR A MAN NEEDS ONLY TO BE TURNED ROUND ONCE WITH HIS EYES SHUT IN THIS WORLD TO BE LOST — DO WE APPRECIATE THE VASTNESS AND STRANGENESS OF NATURE. EVERY MAN HAS TO LEARN THE POINTS OF COMPASS AGAIN AS OFTEN AS HE AWAKES, WHETHER FROM SLEEP OR ANY ABSTRACTION. NOT TILL WE ARE LOST, IN OTHER WORDS NOT TILL WE HAVE LOST THE WORLD, DO WE BEGIN TO FIND OURSELVES, AND REALIZE WHERE WE ARE AND THE INFINITE EXTENT OF OUR RELATIONS.

- THOREAU "WALDEN"

SELF REFLECTION  
SELF REFLECTION  
SELF REFLECTION

GETTING LOST.  
TOLD TO GET LOST.  
LOSING PEOPLE.  
LOST IN MY HEAD.  
DRIVES TO NOWHERE.  
HIKES ALONE.

REMEMBERING  
MEMORIES  
MEMORIES  
MEMORIES  
MEMORIES  
MEMORIES  
MEMORIES  
MEMORIES

HAPPENED THE  
DAY I EMPTIED  
MY IPHOTO.  
THOSE ARE NOW  
IN A FOLDER  
INSIDE A FOLDER  
INSIDE A FOLDER  
INSIDE A HARD-  
DRIVE THAT'S  
NOT ATTACHED TO  
MY COMPUTER.  
I'LL PROBABLY  
FIND THEM AGAIN  
BUT NOT SURE  
HOW LONG.



LUCIAN FREUD, REFLECTION (SELF PORTRAIT) (1985)



TOURING THE MANSION (2013)

SIGMUND FREUD'S SELF-ANALYSIS

BY JEAN CHIRIAC

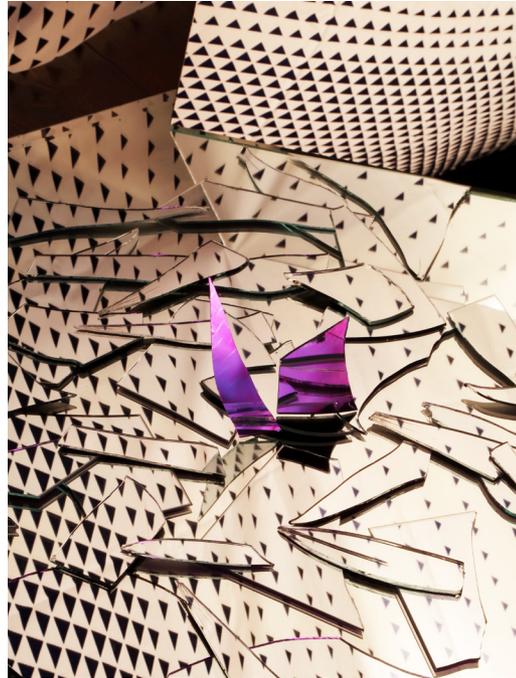
FREUD'S SELF-ANALYSIS STARTED IN THE MID 1890'S TO REACH ITS CLIMAXES IN 1895 AND 1900. IN CERTAIN AUTHORS' OPINION, IT WAS CONTINUED UP TO HIS DEATH IN 1939. NEVERTHELESS, WE HAVE TO SET A CLEAR BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE TIME OF FREUD'S DISCOVERY OF THE OEDIPUS COMPLEX AND OTHER ESSENTIAL CONTENTS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS AND ROUTINE SELF-ANALYSIS HE PERFORMED TO CHECK HIS UNCONSCIOUS PSYCHIC LIFE.

THE FIRST PHASE IS FULL OF UNEXPECTED ASPECTS AND INVENTIVENESS - THE PRODUCTIVE, CREATIVE STAGE.

MY GRANDMOTHER DIED OF ALZHEIMER'S. I WATCHED HER MIND GO. LOST AT THE END.



BARBARA KASTEN, CONSTRUCT A + A (1984)



BROKEN REFLECTION (2014)

"HOW WILL YOU GO ABOUT FINDING THAT THING THE NATURE OF WHICH IS TOTALLY UNKNOWN TO YOU?" (PLATO)

THE THINGS WE WANT ARE TRANSFORMATIVE, AND WE DON'T KNOW OR ONLY THINK WE KNOW WHAT IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT TRANSFORMATION. LOVE, WISDOM, GRACE, INSPIRATION- HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT FINDING THESE THINGS THAT ARE IN SOME WAYS ABOUT EXTENDING THE BOUNDARIES OF THE SELF INTO UNKNOWN TERRITORY, ABOUT BECOMING SOMEONE ELSE?"

- REBECCA SOLNIT, A FIELD GUIDE TO GETTING LOST

ARE YOU BORED WITH REALITY OR LIVING IN REGRET OF NOT TAKING ADVANTAGE OF REALITY? THE EXAMPLES YOU GIVE OF YOUR WANDERING MIND ARE OF THE "MISSED OPPORTUNITY" VARIETY. THIS INDICATES YOUR ISSUE MAY LIE WITH LACK OF MOTIVATION RATHER THAN UNHINGING FROM REALITY, SO TO SPEAK.

OTHERWISE, WITH ALL THESE NEW IDEAS YOU'RE HAVING IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S TIME TO WRITE A BOOK . . .

POSTED BY QUADOG AT 9:54 PM ON NOVEMBER 24, 2008

**Thread: What Are The Differences Between A Death & A Break Up?**

Like Be the first of your friends to like this.

Thread Tools Search Thread

12-31-2009, 11:37 AM

#1

Rob1000

Platinum Member



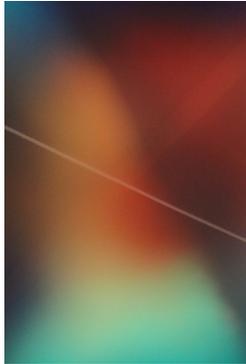
Join Date: Mar 2006  
Age: 40  
Posts: 1,120  
Gender: Male

**What Are The Differences Between A Death & A Break Up?**

I realise it's a bit of a mad thread title and I don't want to be dis-respectful to anyone who has lost someone close to them, but one of my friends lost her boyfriend to a brain haemorrhage many years ago, and I remember thinking just how horrendous that would be if I ever lost my ex to premature death.

Now here's the thing. My ex and I split up on February 16th 2009. I haven't seen her since. I loved this girl with all my heart and it has ripped the life right out of me. So in all honesty it's like she has died, to me anyway! So what is the difference between the two? Has anyone here experienced the heart break of death as well as an ex breaking your heart?

THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF:  
DENIAL / ANGER / BARGAINING / DEPRESSION / ACCEPTANCE



EXPERIMENT (2014)

SYMBOLISM OF...

PAIN  
 DEATH  
 LOVE  
 VALLEYS  
 EMOTION  
 HIGHS AND LOWS  
 THE END  
 MOVING FORWARD  
 WILTING FLOWERS  
 THE OCEAN  
 ABSTRACTION  
 CONFUSION  
 REFLECTING  
 LOSS  
 HEALING  
 BROKEN  
 RECOVERING  
 ACCEPTANCE

"...TO BE LOST IS TO BE FULLY PRESENT, AND TO BE FULLY PRESENT IS TO BE CAPABLE OF BEING IN UNCERTAINTY AND MYSTERY. AND ONE DOES NOT GET LOST BUT LOSES ONESELF, WITH THE IMPLICATION THAT IT IS A CONSCIOUS CHOICE, A CHOSEN SURRENDER..."

- REBECCA SOLNIT, A FIELD GUIDE TO GETTING LOST

LOST IN  
 ABSTRACT  
 PHOTOGRAPHY  
 IN THE STUDIO  
 KASTEN  
 QUINLAN  
 BLALOCK  
 BESHTY



REVISITING THE PAST (2014)

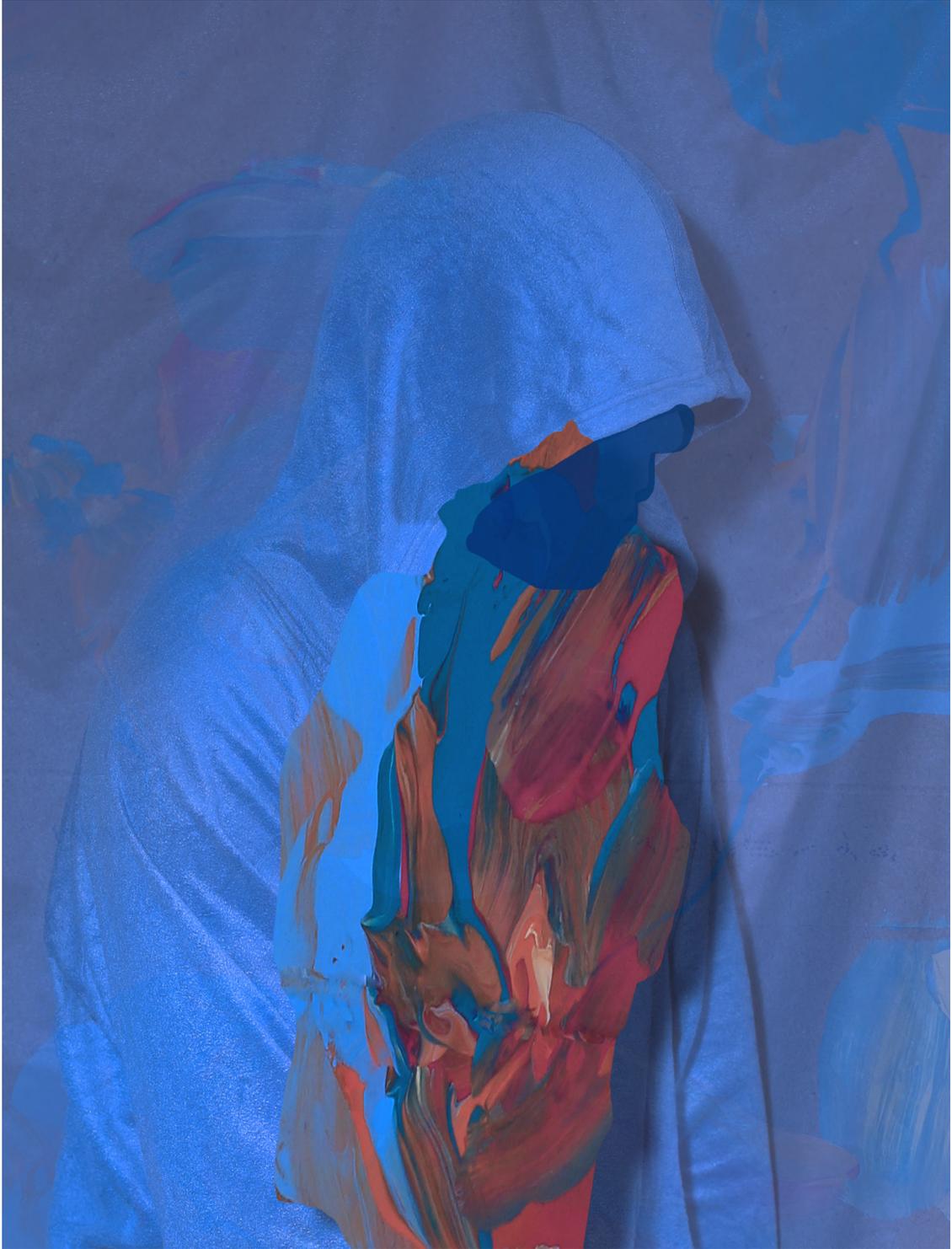


ABSTRACTION No. 1 (2014)

OFTEN IN A SNOW-STORM, EVEN BY DAY, ONE WILL COME OUT UPON A WELL-KNOWN ROAD AND YET FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHICH WAY LEADS TO THE VILLAGE. THOUGH HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS TRAVELLED IT A THOUSAND TIMES, HE CANNOT RECOGNIZE A FEATURE IN IT, BUT IT IS AS STRANGE TO HIM AS IF IT WERE A ROAD IN SIBERIA. BY NIGHT, OF COURSE, THE PERPLEXITY IS INFINITELY GREATER. IN OUR MOST TRIVIAL WALKS, WE ARE CONSTANTLY, THOUGH UNCONSCIOUSLY, STEERING LIKE PILOTS BY CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN BEACONS AND HEADLANDS, AND IF WE GO BEYOND OUR USUAL COURSE WE STILL CARRY IN OUR MINDS THE BEARING OF SOME NEIGHBORING CAPE; AND NOT TILL WE ARE COMPLETELY LOST, OR TURNED ROUND — FOR A MAN NEEDS ONLY TO BE TURNED ROUND ONCE WITH HIS EYES SHUT IN THIS WORLD TO BE LOST — DO WE APPRECIATE THE VASTNESS AND STRANGENESS OF NATURE. EVERY MAN HAS TO LEARN THE POINTS OF COMPASS AGAIN AS OFTEN AS HE AWAKES, WHETHER FROM SLEEP OR ANY ABSTRACTION. NOT TILL WE ARE LOST, IN OTHER WORDS NOT TILL WE HAVE LOST THE WORLD, DO WE BEGIN TO FIND OURSELVES, AND REALIZE WHERE WE ARE AND THE INFINITE EXTENT OF OUR RELATIONS. - THOREAU "WALDEN"

HOW DO I GET THIS OUT OF MY HEAD? WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE? WHERE DO I LOOK? HOW DO I TELL A STORY I'M STILL IN THE MIDST OF?

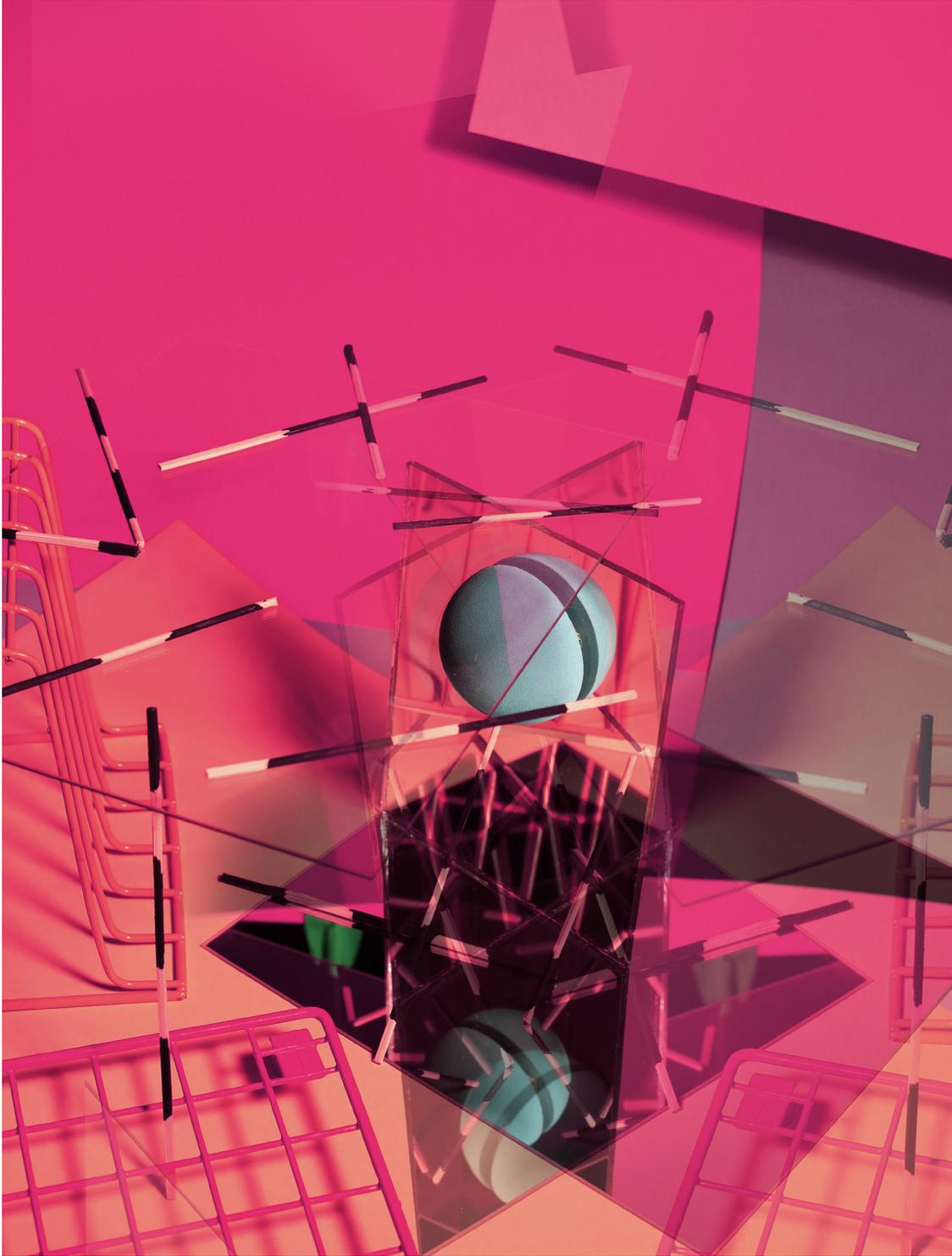










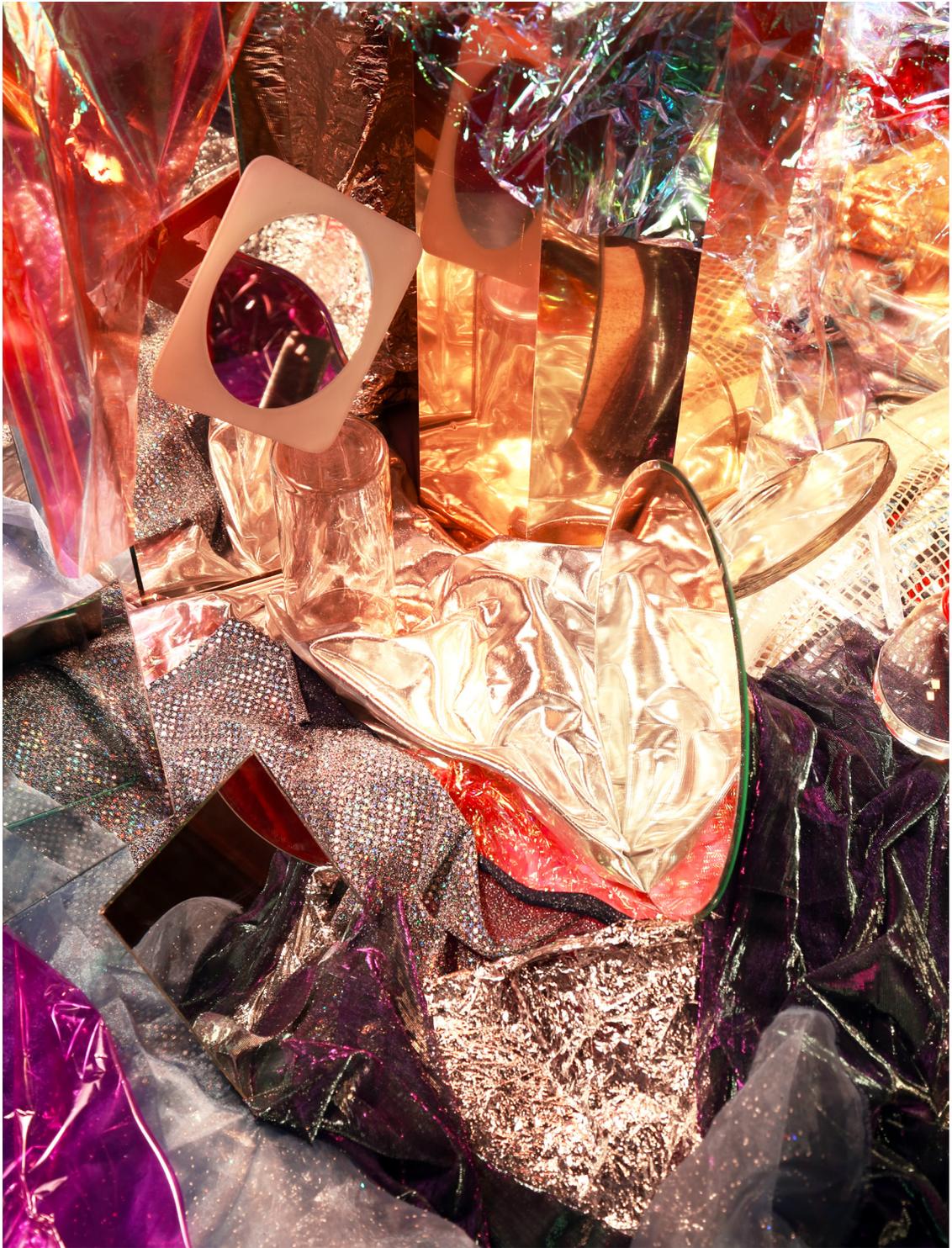














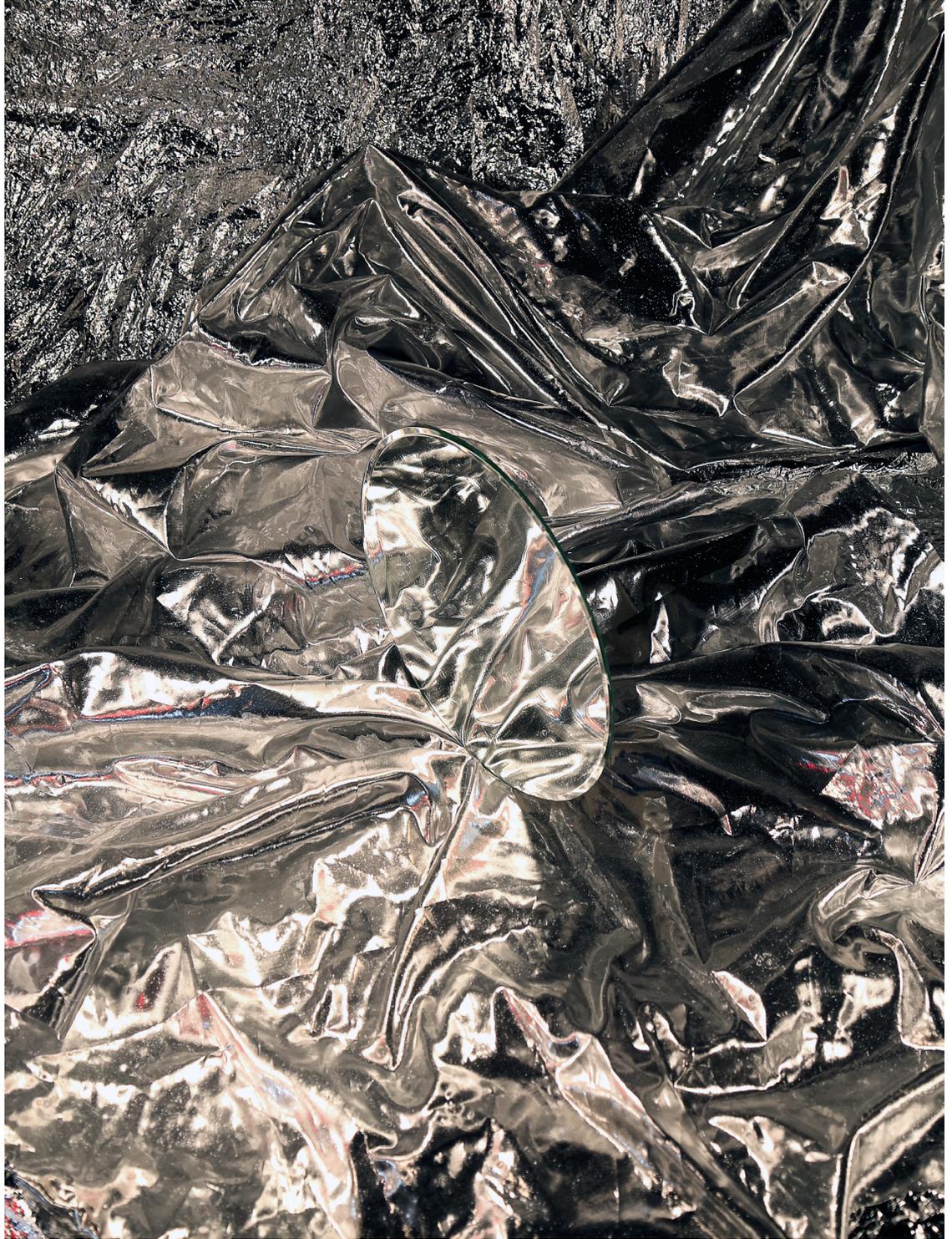












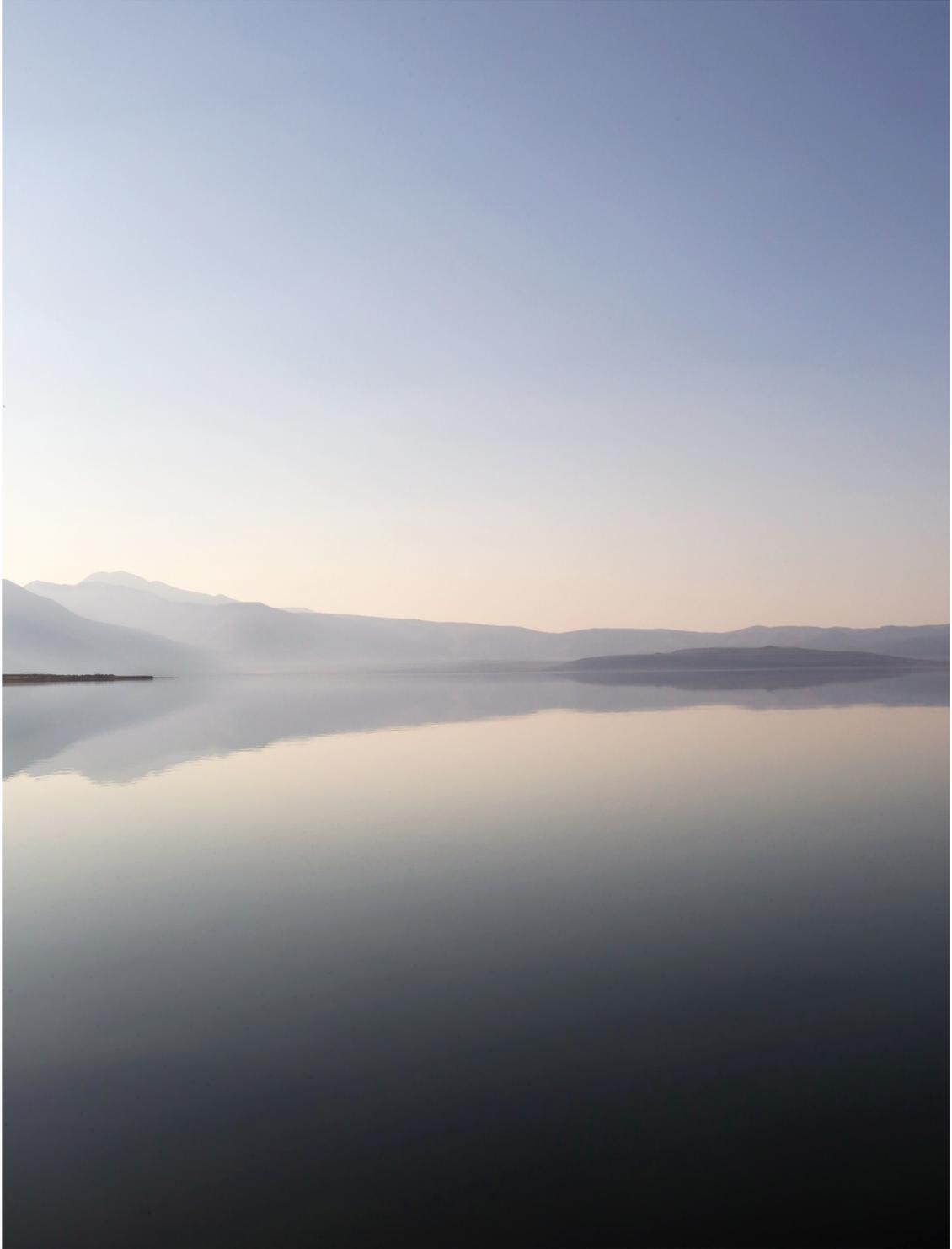




















*After great pain a formal feeling comes--  
The nerves sit ceremonious like tombs;  
The stiff Heart questions--was it He that bore?  
And yesterday--or centuries before?*

*The feet, mechanical, go round  
A wooden way  
Of ground, or air, or ought,  
Regardless grown,  
A quartz contentment, like a stone.*

*This is the hour of lead  
Remembered if outlived,  
As freezing persons recollect the snow--  
First chill, then stupor, then the letting go.*

*Dickinson*



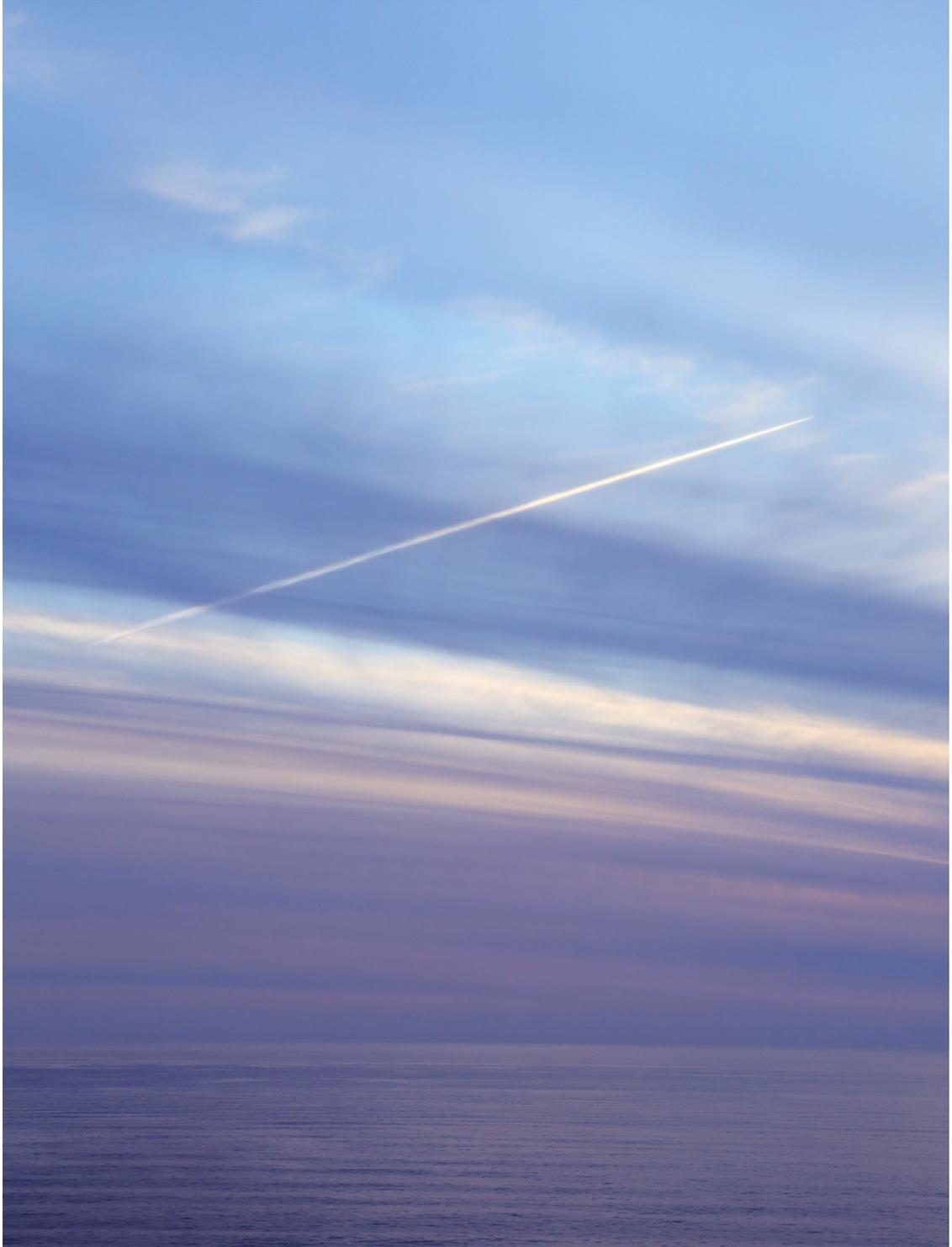
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TO SEE A JELLYFISH IN YOUR DREAMS SYMBOLIZES THE SURFACING AND HEALING OF PAINFUL MEMORIES. IT IS RECOGNITION THAT YOU ARE NOW READY TO DEAL WITH THERE ASPECT OF YOURSELF AND MOVE ON THROUGH FORGIVENESS AND LOVE. SEEK THE LIGHT IN EACH MEMORY AND FOCUS ON WHAT THE LESSONS WERE IN THESE MEMORIES. THEY ARE ALL VALUABLE TO YOU IN SOME WAY. KNOW THAT HIDDEN HOSTILITY AND AGGRESSION WILL NEVER SERVE YOU WELL.















times meant propping up a black velvet cloth in the most unlikely places and discouraging climates), and so each creature, each plant, stood as though for a formal portrait alone against the darkness. The photographs looked like cards too, cards from the deck of the world in which each creature describes a history, a way of being in the world, a set of possibilities, a deck from which cards are being thrown away, one after another. Plants and animals are also a language, even in our reduced, domesticated English, where children grow like weeds or come out smelling like roses, the market is made up of bulls and bears, politics of hawks and doves. Like cards, flora and fauna could be read again and again, not only alone but in combination, in the endlessly shifting combinations of a nature that tells its own stories and colors ours, a nature we are losing without knowing even the extent of that loss.

22  
.....  
A  
*Field*  
*Guide*  
to  
*Getting*  
*Lost*

Lost really has two disparate meanings. Losing things is about the familiar falling away, getting lost is about the unfamiliar appearing. There are objects and people that disappear from your sight or knowledge or possession; you lose a bracelet, a friend, the key. You still know where you are. Everything is familiar except that there is one item less, one missing element. Or you get lost, in which case the world has become larger than your knowledge of it. Either way, there is a loss of control. Imagine yourself streaming through time shedding gloves, umbrellas, wrenches, books, friends, homes, names. This is what the view looks like if you take a

rear-facing seat on the train. Looking forward you constantly acquire moments of arrival, moments of realization, moments of discovery. The wind blows your hair back and you are greeted by what you have never seen before. The material falls away in onrushing experience. It peels off like skin from a molting snake. Of course to forget the past is to lose the sense of loss that is also memory of an absent richness and a set of clues to navigate the present by; the art is not one of forgetting but letting go. And when everything else is gone, you can be rich in loss.

Finally I set out to look for Meno. I had thought that his question would be part of a collection of aphorisms or fragments, like the fragments of Heraclitus. I had a clear picture of a book that doesn't exist. If I'd ever known, I'd forgotten that Meno is the title of one of Plato's dialogues. Socrates faces off with the sophist Meno, and as always in Plato's rigged boxing contests, demolishes his opponent. Sometimes while walking I catch sight of what at a little distance looks like a jewel or flower and turns out a few steps later to be trash. Yet before it is fully revealed, it looks beautiful. So does Meno's question, though it might only be so in the flowery translation I first encountered, out of context. Socrates answers that question, "I know, Meno, what you mean; but just see what a tiresome dispute you are introducing. You argue that man cannot enquire either about that which he knows, or about that which he does not know; for if he knows, he has no need to en-

23

|||||||

*Open*

*Door*







GETTING LOST

BY COREY MANSFIELD

FROM TRANSPORTIVE NATURAL VISTAS TO STAGED STUDIO TABLEAUX, THE ENIGMATIC SCENES ON VIEW WITHIN DELANEY ALLEN'S GETTING LOST TRACE A PERSONAL, YET FAMILIAR, JOURNEY. AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS GRANDFATHER AND THE DEPARTURE OF HIS GIRLFRIEND, ALLEN FELT ISOLATED WITHIN GRIEF. HOWEVER, INSPIRED BY PASSAGES FROM REBECCA SOLNIT'S A FIELD GUIDE TO GETTING LOST, HE SOUGHT SOLACE FROM THE STASIS OF HIS PAST AMIDST THE UNTETHERED, INFINITE PRESENT OF THE ROAD.

UPON FIRST GLANCE, ALLEN'S PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THIS PROCESS REFLECT THE INDOCTRINATED SPIRIT OF AMERICAN EXPLORATION-MANIFEST DESTINY, ANSEL ADAMS, ON THE ROAD. HOWEVER, PROLONGED EXAMINATION REVEALS A MORE PECULIAR SYMBOLISM. THE MAGNIFICENT PEAKS AND ETHEREAL SKIES, ALONGSIDE HIS EXPERIMENTS WITH SYNTHETIC LIGHT, COLOR, AND TEXTURE, ARE HAUNTED BY AN ANTHROPOMORPHIC PRESENCE. EVERYDAY ROCK ACCUMULATIONS AND PECULIAR PLANT GROWTHS ASSUME TRACES OF THE HUMAN HAND WHILE STILL-LIFES OF KITSCHY FABRIC AND SCULPTURAL TALISMAN EMERGE AS CHAOTIC ALTARS TO BYGONE LOVES. WHILE ALLEN CAN NEVER RETURN TO THE SPECIFIC MOMENTS OR SPIRITS CAPTURED WITHIN EACH IMAGE, HE APPEARS TO LEARN TO ACCEPT SUCH LOSS THROUGH THE CONTROLLED CONSTRUCTION OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORIES. AS SOLNIT EXPLAINS, "...THE ART IS NOT ONE OF FORGETTING BUT LETTING GO."

3 PACIFIC CITY, OR (2014)  
9 EMOTION (2014)  
11 WILT/DIE (2013)  
14 RETURN FLIGHT (2012)  
15 EXUDE (2013)  
17 BROKEN (2014)  
19 MCKENZIE PASS (2012)  
29 WESTERN NEVADA (2014)  
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37 SELF PORTRAIT No. 18 (2014)  
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53 STILL LIFE No. 12 (2014)  
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73 HEALING (2013)  
75 LOOKING BEYOND (2014)  
76 CLOSURE (2014)  
80-81 SOLNIT (2014)

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GETTING LOST  
DELANEY ALLEN

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