

### ***Perlustration: An Image Viewed From A Disintegrating, Ratiocinative Perspective***

A conceptual collection of controlled colors and forms—this is what is initially visual in the painting *Making Sense Out Of Total Fucking Insanity* by Colin Stinson. As a viewer, one is a witness to all manners of attack against painting's rules of pictorial development (a formal challenge on the part of the artist) paired with a simultaneous and literal "building up" of structure determined by those same rules given to painting *and* color theory (enter a discussion of "push and pull" and you might start wondering if Hans Hoffman is rolling over in his grave...). If you would try and name one single form, or better yet, form a name previously un-given to any one structure or structural part such as exists within this particular picture plane of this particular image in this particular painting, one would realize the inadequacy of language, the inability to rely on *description* to quantify what the mind-eye relationship is absorbing. Vision, as a window into the soul, is being manipulated. Up and down might as well be flat and round. A grid governing the picture plane might as well be gelatin squares sitting on a bookshelf. All conceived forms exist all at once, all colors ever dreamt or possibly imagined ooze from the depths...at least, as a viewer, you are better off accepting this possible fiction as definitive truth, and definitely better off accepting insanity of image...and do it before the "trip" really kicks in and starts going bad...

*Those finger-huggers keep placing me in this damn maze...green wall suffering psychedelic barriers and cheap labor, yet profoundly open doorways put my senses to the test. What is that? A green-blue bumble-bunny monster-crap is blocking last weeks sure-fire straight-line route to the cheese. Paint me yellow, pink and blue and stick a feather in my ass! I am sick of making sense out of this total fucking insanity. Allocating memory blocks are breaking down, breaking down man! Man or mouse, who will win? And the cheese, the fucking cheese! Damn this psychological predetermination bullshit. Don't these bipedal pig-monsters know that peanut butter really turns me on? Yeah, turn on and tune out. Whoa, what is up with the blue-fire-glacier down this hallway?! Where is the sunshine of my love? And the grey, man, the grey carpet in this lousy hotel is driving my mad. I am oozing out all over. Drippy purple shit, can you dig it?*

Here is an previously unsung statement: painting is not indifferent to the viewer—a painting exists, or rather bends to how the eyes scans the work through focusing and bending rays of light. Think of it as a single, connected stream of energy, maybe only existing for a split-second, but undeniably there: light from an energy source reflects off pigment (lack of absorption) and streams to the eye, canceling and/or initializing physical cones and rods and determining electricity response in the brain, creating image. At any one moment, there is one unique meta-physical line of connectedness, one burst of communication/communion between all these factors. It is a direct, binding connection. And, painting *feels* this. Painting is alive from this relationship. Painting's existence is *owed* to this fact. Does the painting then determine its own outcome from an agreement and reflection of the desire of the artist? As a matter of fact, this painting was painted through the action of Colin Stinson, but who is to say then what this painting always wanted to be, and how can we consider it and how it feels itself, its particular ideas and knowledge of its own existence? If the painting is not indifferent to how we see it (yes, suspend belief and accept personification of the image for a moment...), is it more appropriate to ask Stinson his reason for making the painting or to ask the painting the reason for being made? What is our emotional/intellectual placement and determination

of this image, this painting, and from our critical judgment of the work does it not have its own opinion and knowledge of a *raison d'être*? The painting shows no true existence in reality, it begs for assumed knowledge on painting, on structure, on form and on color to break down *into an experience*. This is more or less phenomenology coming out of the corners of the canvas and kicking your ass into acceptance or denial of what stands before you. The *only* story offered is the one you create for yourself as viewer, as consciousness in direct visual communication with a created, conscious act in image-making through act of painting, and your story as viewer is the new story, the only story, one that is the place where critique should be begun. How did you manage to think up such an unbelievable tale to explain *Making Sense Out Of...* anyway? But now that you became aware of the image itself realizing your visual caresses and has initiated a play on your retinas and further organized an interpretation specific for your empirical understanding of its existence, does that not make you at all a little...uncomfortable?

*All right you game-making, scientifically minded and bound bastards, I managed my way from start to finish—I reached the goal for the day—and I'm heading back to the...wow! Giant bean-shaped tea-bag shot to hell with a round spectrometer ass-button screeching into my way! Quick dodge and a left seemed to leave a pastel-pink trail...man, I losing pink out my back, but I'm fine, I'm cool, I'm gonna' make it to the end, I'm strong...small, but strong. Yeah, something definitely isn't the same around here as last time—I'm a little flatter, a lot less white and more yellow-pink-blue-on-blue striped, but that isn't even as bad a situation as the floating bumble-bee-backed-child's-sombrero-floating-telephone-chest-sky-blue-onepinkstriped-legged-rainbow-rider looming overhead...or was that just my reflection? Stop breaking down the walls of my mind, please...*

And all that there was to see ended at the edges of the paper.