



Paris by Night
Jagged Senses in Three Acts

A moving picture by Jan Zulawski

- 01 Anticipation of the Night (The Prelude)
- 02 Death in Paris (The Keep)
- 03 Inerrant Rays of the Sun (The Log)





As opposed to what the description suggests, this work is not a categorical one.

Maybe the present embodiment was ultimately chosen due to some lack of production resources at the time this project began to see the neon light dawn, but however the reasons or forgotten conspiracies might have been, it really does call for some radical viewing expectations.

Now, the casual spectator might seem polarized when placed face to face to such a gem, however the much different - greater, or no - expectation arising from the back of the auditorium immediately draws a raging torrent of conclusions. Yes, the conclusion almost always precedes the illusion.

Imagine yourself the reader, the photographer, taking regular strolls along a pathway near a quiet, bourgeois, designer lake. At some point, noticing it's already dark, you decide to sit down on the nearby ground, sipping the placid air emerging from the pleasantly moist surroundings. Suddenly, you feel an urge to look up. The zenithal cornered point always seemed to have a special calling of its own, always distracting you, always there in its singularity.

You are now facing the skies. The awe overwhelms you.
You look down to the neutral soil then you raise your head
again to the celestial gaze.

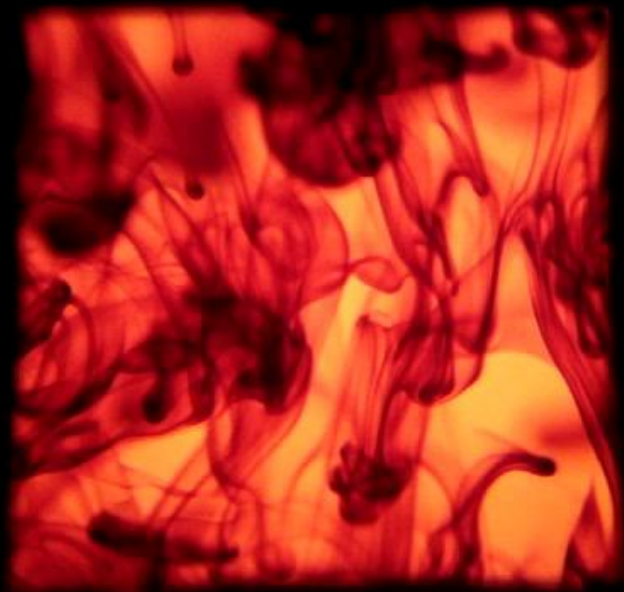
The sky is purple.


Is it an emerged illusion? Is it an induced perception? Induced
by what and when?

What sort of responses does such a case seem to call forth?

This is the same as when discussing abstract art on its own.
Just like in the case of an illusion, the audience's attention
is thereby drawn to abstract visual and sonic qualities of the
things depicting color, texture and composition.

Unlike a categorical narrative structure, the stylistic
pictorials of the images presented are used to hit the viewer
just where its response is the highest.



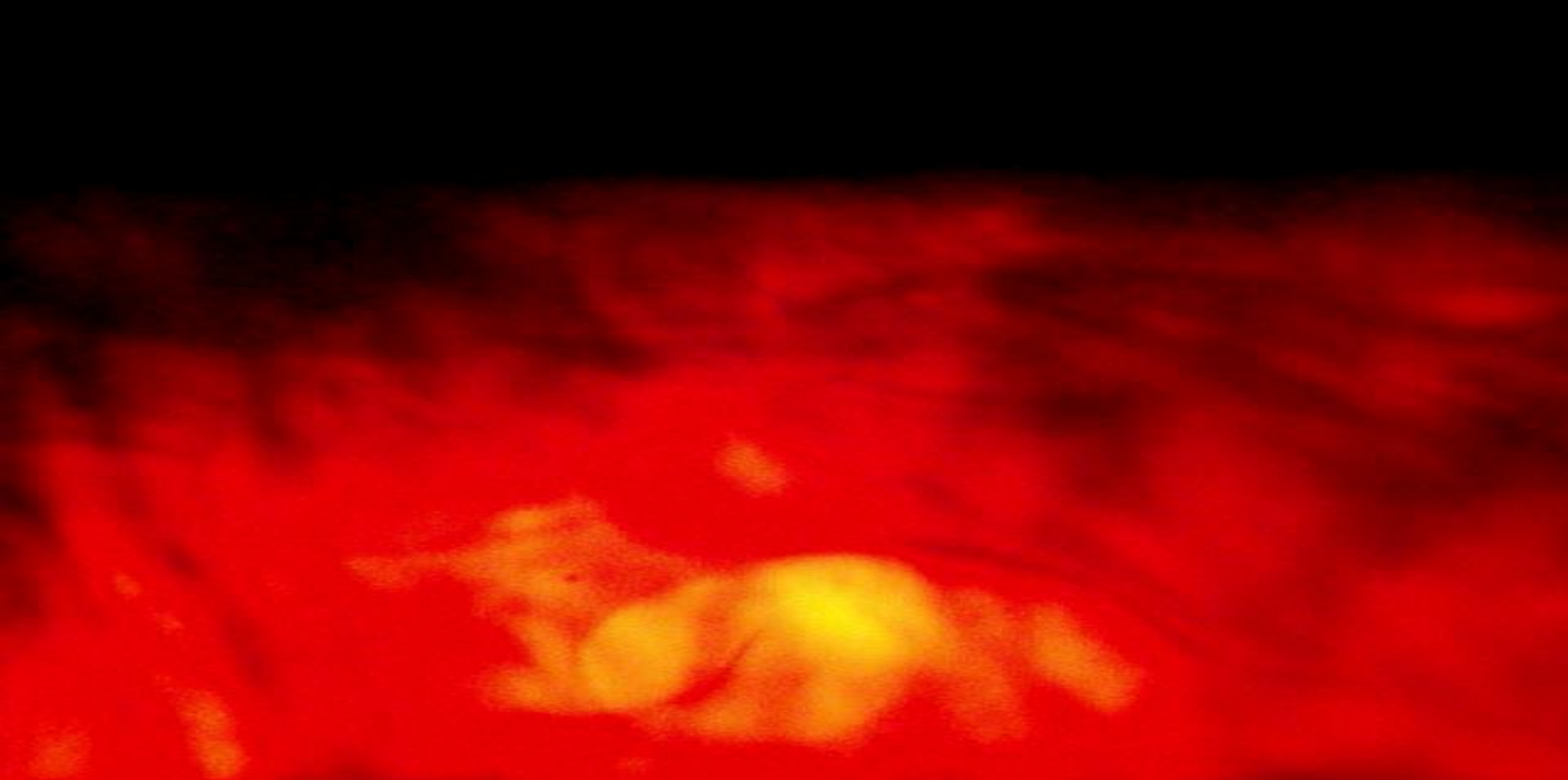


Like a phantasmal specter of two worlds colliding, the spectator rides through the glowing eye of the storm itself.

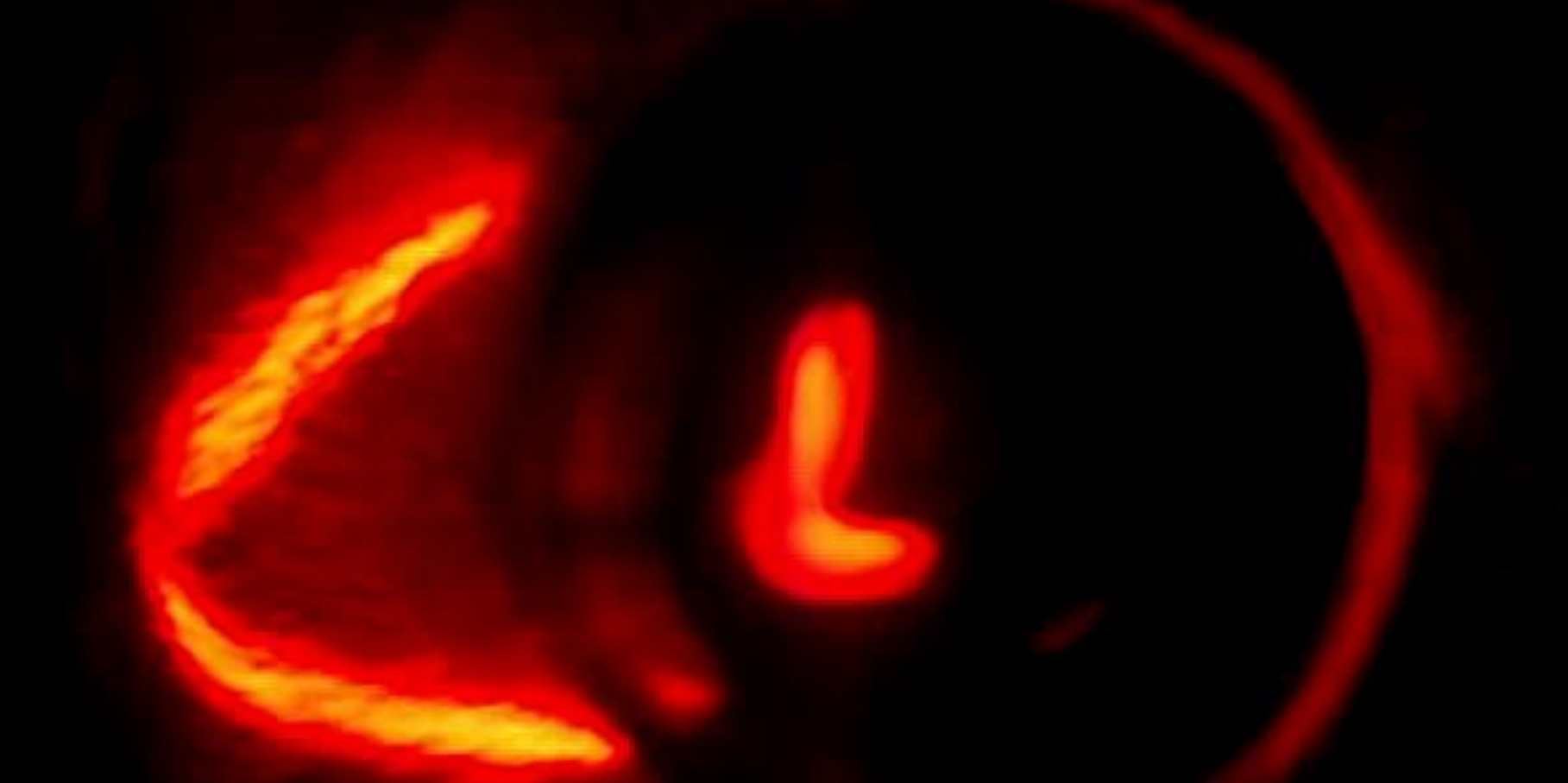
The pattern of recurrence here lies solely on the associations the viewer constructs while being presented with the material, usually more strongly considered upon a first viewing. There are, however, cases of a continuum in the mental visual compositions, where the subject is left with a deep impression stapled onto his preconceived idea of form.

Because here the form sees its own creation, like watching a fractal evolution in the mirror.

WHAT'S ON THE CATWALK?









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PARIS BY NIGHT

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