

*MEA CULPA!*

by my fault,

(comfort of your silent indifference)



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## INTRODUCTION

*MEA CULPA!* - a proclamation of fault or an admission of guilt, originating from a Catholic prayer of confession - a cry that many wish I would scream. My identity as a transgender man has been questioned an innumerable amount of times by those who do not truly care to hear the answer.

“We’re only concerned about this little season you’re in” they tell me, “I just can’t approve of this lifestyle”.

“The queerness of the person is not wrong, it is the queer lifestyle that the person must avoid, as it goes against God’s design for the family.”

“Are you sure you have to have surgery, you have to start testosterone? Can’t you just dress like a guy and leave your body alone?”

“If you cut off your boobs, you’ll regret it. You won’t be desirable when you change your mind.”

“Transitioning won’t cure your issues.”

I am considered to be a misguided, foolish person by many around me. I am subjected to their evaluation of my validity - if I do not conform to their concepts of masculinity, I am wrong. If I do not wish to be a woman, I am wrong. I am told that I am making a mistake, that I am ruining the body God gave me, that I am destroying and mutilating myself. Beyond those who have said such things to me, I find I am outcasted by the world at large. I cannot see myself on television, I am not in magazines, I am not the person I see on the street, and I do not exist in a space worthy of representation.

Being born a woman, my body has been a topic of conversation for the entirety of my life, as it is seen as an object that exists to be consumed and to reside under intense scrutiny.

Now, as a man, I find that very little has changed. Other people still feel entitled to my body, but now it is as a topic of their moral and ethical dilemmas. My existence is controversial, I am silenced, I am a topic that can be spoken about but never *asked*. My value and worth as an individual will always be evaluated based solely upon my physical body. I am still reduced to the flesh of my chest and what sits between my legs.

A mockery of nature, I am forced to be hypervigilant of the space I take up, to be cognizant of how I hold myself to ensure I am as unremarkable as possible, lest I be seen for the tranny I am.

MEA CULPA!

MEA CULPA!

MEA CULPA!

MEA CULPA!

BY MY FAULT, that I am trans.

BY MY FAULT, that I am queer.

BY MY FAULT, that I seek to understand my way in this world.

There is no fault in my joy, in my control, in my purposeful, beautiful disintegration and reconstruction of self.

There is no fault in my exploration, investigation, confrontation, daring to question why and daring further still to determine an answer.

There is no fault in my shared vulnerability, in my secretive heart upon my sleeve.

There is no fault in being trans.

There is no fault in being queer.

There is no fault in forever questioning and relearning the way I navigate the world.

MEA CULPA!

MEA CULPA!

MEA CULPA!

by my fault i will cherish every waking moment i am privileged to be transgender.

## BODY, BODY, BODY

I am exploring the convergence of my emotions and experiences centered around my relationship with my body, and how other's perceptions impact my existence. This results in an ever-changing ebb and flow which responds to the environment it is in, just as I must. I use my camera to capture these moments of synchronicity, solidifying the fleeting second where I find resolution and peace, going on to then communicate this beautiful moment of catharsis through my installation in conversation with the exhibition space.

I cannot recognize myself in the forms of humans around me, they are too different from me, they do not represent me. I am told I am unnatural, but knowing better, I turn to the natural world to find myself. Though not of human form, I am seen in the stubborn will to live of weeds in the winter, I can be found in the curving lines of ice frozen over the Rio Grande, my body is mirrored by the cracking bark upon an old tree, and I bloom like the orange blossoms of spring as they tilt towards the sun. I am present in the growing, dying, and regrowing natural world, vibrant and flourishing - ever cyclical. Every week, I perform the sacred act of hormone replacement therapy, a needle in my skin to supply me with life-saving care. It is a symbiosis where my body and I come to understand each other, to understand what one needs from the other in order to thrive. This is much like the bee and the flower, one supplying the other with necessary aid in order for each to live.

Such intervention is necessary in the act of transition. I could not become who I need to be if I did not engage in the act of destruction so that I may take part in the glory of resurrection. A deconstruction of self allows for a reconstruction of the true, free of societal molding and shameful compliance, it allows for the restructuring of the architecture of my body and being in order to craft a stronger foundation and a more formative building. My body is my home, the

vessel assigned to carry me, and I will decorate it as I must so that we can coexist in harmony. The cisgender, heterosexual (cishet) male body presents itself as sacred, as the goal of masculinity, as the end point of transition. Treated with reverence, its form exists like a framed photograph - immovable, constrained, placed within arms reach but presented in such a way that denies the possibility for touch. An impossible standard, and yet the only option if I wish to be respected and seen as a man.

Photography can uphold this restrictive standard, as its history exists as one confined by the strict ideals of the proper way to present and the proper way to exist. A photograph must be mounted and framed, without scratch or dust or fingerprint, upon and within a structure that shall preserve it for centuries, to allow it to live in an archive to then collect the dust once so damaging and be forgotten. A silent, unremarkable standard that is upheld as the only way to give value to the artwork, to the moment captured.

I reject this standard. I reject the idea that the pristine untouchable is the only condition that bears worth. The queer lies within the tangible, the real, in one's own reflection. I take this ideal that exists within the cishet and within the photograph and I reject them both, putting myself and my experience into the narrative. I do not frame my work. Instead I find ways to allude to a breaking free of the frame. Prints are layered only to then be ripped, ink is removed only to then soak into the wall behind the paper and expand, leaving a mark of color and vivaciousness. The ink has exited the space of the photograph, of the item to be consumed, and has now breached the border and entered into the territory of the viewer. The torn print reaches outward. The ink confronts.

I am questioning the idea that there is one correct way to exist, just as I question the idea that there is one correct way to exhibit. In my practice, as I seek to work through my experience,

I challenge ways both human and photographic bodies are told they must exist. Methods of understanding are pushed, interrogated - is it uncomfortable to watch a print peel from the wall? Are you uneasy as the paper spills onto the ground, forcing you to your knees to truly digest its content? Why?

Concepts of control are taken into investigation. There is a lust to control queerness by the cishet, to dictate what is and is not acceptable queerness - what is and is not perverse. There is a need to control one's body by the transgender, to initiate hormone replacement therapy and to undergo surgery, to meticulously check every inch of fabric upon the body, to pull and pinch at skin to hope it maintains the form of the sex considered to be holy. I both savor and relinquish control within my practice. I am shoving my hands into the artwork to control, but also in futility. Utilizing photography allows me to pay close attention to each and every detail of what I capture within my lens, taking from what is rooted in the real world. Scrupulous action is taken as the image is manipulated in the digital realm, to then be printed over and over until it is "perfect".

My control is relinquished when I install. All attempts at conformity and constraint become futile, as I begin to tear the print. I cannot dictate exactly where every rip will take me, often being pulled off course, moved in a direction I did not intend or separating fibers of paper in a way that was not desired. I do not reject this, however, and print another. Instead, I embrace this accident, which in turn breathes life and distinctive presence into the work. The print is mounted flat to the wall - which will tear from the paint when removed or shall bear holes from nails which held it taught. Or, the print is draped over the ground, touching the floor where the human foot has tracked dirt and grime. The artwork is not sacred in a way which makes it untouchable, but rather, it is sacred in the way that it embraces chance and exemplifies beauty and challenge all in one. The juxtaposition of the controlled photograph and the uncontrolled



installation is representative of the experience of transition, embracing the highs and lows of crafted sex and refined gender.

### EVENT HORIZON

Named after the boundary of a black hole where light cannot escape, *EVENT HORIZON* is the first work witnessed by a viewer entering the gallery. It sits isolated upon a large wall of the gallery, with nearly all lights turned towards it, creating a large halo. Gold leaf extends from rips and hollow points of the work, smeared upon the wall, collecting into a pile on the floor. A silver chain weaves in and out of the holes between the layers of prints, crossing over the hollowed out middle, forming two small nooses at two ends. The three layered prints are of ice frozen over a moving river, blooming trees, and the bark of a tree. Images of strawberries abstracted to the point of mirroring internal organs poke out from several tears in the prints.



fig 1] Lucien V. Sebastian, *EVENT HORIZON*, 44x29", Archival Pigment Prints, Gold Leaf, Silver Chain, 2023



fig 2] *EVENT HORIZON* detail

*EVENT HORIZON* embodies my transition over the past two years. Within this work exists a culmination of rage, fear, joy, euphoria, agony, and triumph, coupled with references to human intervention, the passage of time through representation of the seasons, vulnerability in the grotesque strawberries, and a question of confinement versus safety in the silver chains across the work. It is best described as a representation of how I view my relationship to my body; cut out of nature, entangled in a fight between safety and restraint, bearing physical marks of struggle and triumph, and ultimately existing as something venerated and held to a standard of glory through its isolation and attention on its own wall. There is a hint to the frame or border of the photograph in the edges which remain untouched, but so too exists conscious alterations upon the prints. This is the connection to the idea of reaching towards the rigid example of the cis het male, while still taking pride in the marks left from transition and simultaneously bearing the results of external opinion and intervention. The gold leaf, sitting in a state of expulsion, both captures light in a way that suggests elevated elegance while also taking the form of something splattering. The weathered prints wearing away into a silhouette of a human which is shaped much like a large stone points towards erosion, using that process as a metaphor for the shaping of the trans body and the way it is affected by external stimuli but does not necessarily mean all effects are negative.

The silhouette exists as both absence and as resolution, in the implication that the form has completed its transition and has thus exited the frame. The heavy theme of destruction giving way to resurrection is inspired by Legacy Russell's *Glitch Feminism: A Manifesto*, where she "asks [the reader] to break what's broken with the goal of rebuilding".<sup>1</sup> The transgender body which has not transitioned is "broken", out of alignment, and cannot provide a strong foundation for the person who resides within it. Thus, through the process of erosion - wearing down each

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<sup>1</sup> Russell, Legacy *Glitch Feminism: A Manifesto*

layer to understand oneself fully - the body can then rebuild itself to take the form that accurately reflects what resides within.

### SINGULARITY

The singularity of a black hole - the place where all matter is compressed, where time and space completely break down, nearing if not wholly entering irrelevance. A sense of absolute destruction, and yet, a place of potential rebirth, the singularity is inescapable - perhaps even at the center of creation. Three slices torn from *EVENT HORIZON*, *SINGULARITY* expands across the entirety of the gallery, each one tucked neatly into a corner or far wall, sitting near the ground. Each silhouette is further pushed into the non-representative as the human fades away. Ink has been removed from each print near where the head would be, providing the illusion of utter absence and yet also pulling at the strings of the interpretation of addition, as the drips that follow allude to being painted on rather than worn away. Behind each print bursts forth the same expulsion of gold leaf found in *EVENT HORIZON*.

This expulsion takes on a much more prevalent, grotesque air to it, however. Just as the singularity of a black hole takes in and compresses everything down into an infinitely tiny space, I too am forced to internalize the constant barrage of external input and influence. All too often it feels insurmountable, and I find myself suffocating. The expulsion and splatter on *SINGULARITY* alludes to the homicide and suicide of transgender individuals. The gold of the leaf hides the brutal nature of a blood splatter, instead leaning towards the same elevated elegance in *EVENT HORIZON*. By utilizing extracts from the larger piece, there is a theme of



[fig.3] Lucien V. Sebastian, *SINGULARITY*, approx. 15x10" each, Archival Pigment Print and Gold Leaf, 2023

recurrence that has entered the atmosphere of the gallery. The body is referenced in a much more literal way, even without the presentation of an actual human form or portrait. Each season, each layer, takes on its own form and navigates to its own space - yet, they all succumb to the same fate. *SINGULARITY* bears the burden of my rage and agony, resulting from the helplessness and trapped feeling that comes from losing almost everyone around you once you come out. Safety became danger, and soon a community became abandonment.

Just as referenced in both the title of the piece and the existence of the parent work, *EVENT HORIZON*, there is the chance for rebirth. Russell describes the “body as cosmic, as inconceivably vast, as architecture”, implying that there is no one correct way to host a body, and that its purpose is to provide a means for the self to exist.<sup>2</sup> The concept of “body” is not one which truly has an answer, there is no right or wrong way to have a body, there is just simply a body. Therefore, despite the hopelessness that gave birth to *SINGULARITY*, it still represents the passage of a life in order to shed skin and move onto the next stage.

I had to let go of the life I had led for twenty years, and the people within it, in order to become the most authentic self I could, with the most secure architecture possible.

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<sup>2</sup> Russell, Legacy *Glitch Feminism: A Manifesto*

### *REPOSE: arms of morpheus*

When met with *EVENT HORIZON*, the viewer is likely to brush past the rather unassuming *REPOSE: arms of morpheus* (for the sake of this essay, we shall refer to it as *REPOSE* moving forward). There is the subtle beckoning of lace extending beyond the faux wall, and perhaps a glow from the red fabric, but it is altogether unremarkable



[fig 4] Lucien V. Sebastian, *REPOSE: arms of morpheus*, ever-changing space reactive sculpture room, 2023

compared to *EVENT HORIZON*. Once the viewer turns around, however, they suddenly become aware of both *SINGULARITY* and *REPOSE*. In order to take in the entirety of what lies within the makeshift room, the viewer must enter into the space entirely. It is small, offering little room, yet filled with multitudes upon multitudes of visual information and years of my life. ‘

This sculptural space exists to place emphasis upon the ideas of invitation without force, demand, or instruction, as well as to manipulate the space of the gallery into something entirely new, to hopefully transport the viewer into the experience of the exhibition. *REPOSE* is easier to see out of, then it is to see into - once standing within the space, *EVENT HORIZON* and some of *SINGULARITY* are visible as well as the entire content of *REPOSE*. Ideas of sanctuary are present, along with a space for respite and comfort, tucked tightly into the corner. The red fabric beckons, draped over a slightly elevated platform, inviting much like a blanket might. The white lace above is almost canopy-like, though upon closer inspection it is revealed that it is affecting light by blocking both view of the images behind it while also casting shadows over the images, creating patterns on wall and print alike. It is up to the viewer whether or not they will lift the

lace out of the way, if they will step upon the red fabric to move more closely... meant to encourage thought on consent, to what information is readily offered, and to the ethics and morals behind curiosity at the cost of someone's privacy.

Along with being a sanctum, *REPOSE* is also a body. It is my body, and by entering into it, you are witnessing my vulnerability; you sit inside my guts, my mind, my history. I am the wallpaper, I am the torn, scanned prints - I am the strawberries and I am the hands upon them, I live in the testosterone and needle, I am the post surgery body, I am the pre surgery body, I am a never ending process, a river forever rushing forward. Testosterone and surgery are immortalized in this body, held sacred, the ink bleeding into the wall as was mentioned earlier. Here, these moments which have saved my life are breaking into the space of the viewer through the bleeding ink and through the extending, draping fabric. Ambiguous prints group together to create fluid shape, space between allows for breath as the human body is introduced. Within *REPOSE* sits the only instance of human form - it is not the nudity which makes it precious or vulnerable, it is the fact that these are the only depictions of my flesh and bone body, and they are found hidden and obscured.

WITHIN REPOSE: arms of morpheus

*REPOSE* is the overarching existence of this space, and within it lie three works that can exist independently of it; *infinite future*, *infinite past*, *TAKE ME*, *IMPOSE UPON ME*, *YOUR WANTS*, and *continually moving forward but forever slowing down*.

*Infinite future*, *infinite past* is likely the first work within *REPOSE* that is noticed when nearing the space. It behaves as a wallpaper in that it is covering a significant portion of the wall, a long horizontal slice. It is composed of six triptychs, all connected to form what references a rolling film or the recollection of memories. Each



[fig. 5] Lucien V. Sebastian, *infinite future*, *infinite past*, approx. 7x3ft, Archival Pigment Print, 2023

photograph is of a space in Albuquerque, New Mexico, which is the place of my birth. Themes of death and regrowth permeate the prints, referencing those moments of stubborn weeds and honoring the dedication of the Rio Grande to persevere. Each image is a moment in which I saw myself reflect in the picture - whether it was because the twisting, mangled branches of fallen and dying trees forced complicated feelings around conformity and abandonment, or because a new bud persevering through dead debris called back to the rebirth that is transition, every moment has significance.

*infinite future*, *infinite past* is also a reference to the phenomena within a black hole. When one falls into a black hole, it is likely that time and space will warp to the point that they

will bear witness to an infinite future and an infinite past. I shall forever administer myself a weekly dose of testosterone, just as the passing of the seasons will forever kill and resurrect life. Inspired by this and the cyclical nature of transition and life, *infinite future, infinite past* behaves as a pathway, leading the viewer into and around *REPOSE* until they settle upon the wall adorned with fabrics and photos [figure 6].

*TAKE ME, IMPOSE UPON ME, YOUR WANTS* is the second individual piece within *REPOSE*. Made in 2022, this work is an examination of how I often felt like a subject trapped under a microscope, existing as the cishet's plaything. My body and existence were (and still feel like) simply something to gawk at, to push and prod and poke to their heart's content. I was told to get surgery, to not get surgery. To try *this* out first, to never dare to alter *this* part of my body. It was as though all autonomy was ripped from me - as though I were being torn apart.

The strawberry takes on a very visceral, gorey body in this work. From a simple hold, to a penetrated form, to a stretched apart, stringy, raw corpse, the strawberry begins to coat



fig. 6] "uvula" of *REPOSE*: arms of morpheus



fig. 7] Lucien V. Sebastian, *TAKE ME, IMPOSE UPON ME, YOUR WANTS*, 30x150in, archival pigment print, 2022

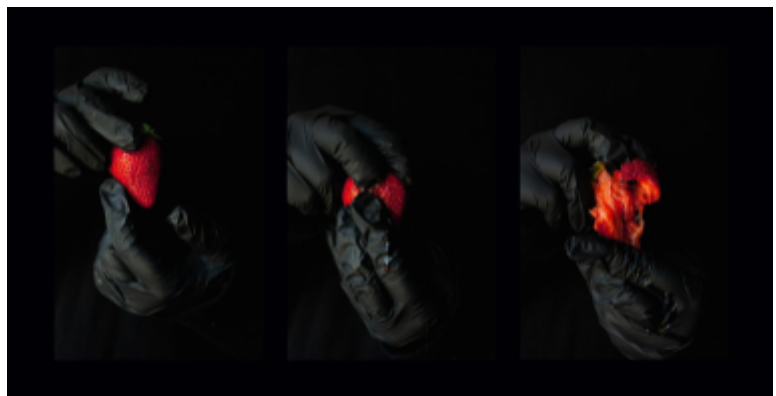
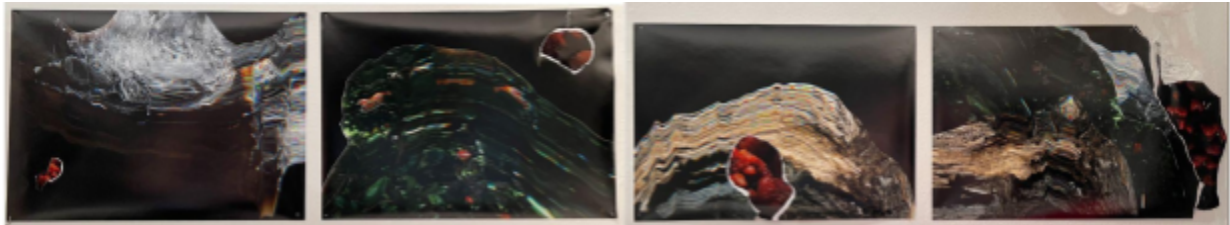


fig. 8] Digital file of *TAKE ME, IMPOSE UPON ME, YOUR WANTS*



the surgical hands in a dark red juice. Understood as blood, or perhaps another bodily fluid, *TAKE ME* also takes a lean towards the erotic. Strawberries are often utilized as a sexual fruit, be it in association with valentine's day or otherwise, and here I use it as a symbol for queerness as well. The red, fleshy color of the fruit calls to the body, to blood, to lust. The manipulation of the object is violent, unrelenting, and cold. There is no autonomy nor respect, simply a will to take. Once more comes into question the topic of consent surrounding one's own body.

*continually moving forward but forever slowing down* is the final "individual" work



[fig.9] Lucien V. Sebastian, *continually moving forward but forever slowing down*, 20x24" each, archival pigment prints, 2023

within *MEA CULPA!*. This name is a reference to what one would experience when watching someone falling into a black hole - that person would be continually moving forward, towards the singularity, but forever slowing down. It is placed on the wall perpendicular to *infinite future*, *infinite past*, as a conversation. One references seeing from the outside, while the other references the experience itself.

*continually moving forward but forever slowing down* harkens back to *EVENT HORIZON* and *SINGULARITY* - it uses the same three images of ice, tree, and bark. The human hand comes into play differently here, as well as the idea of offering up control and retaining control. Here, there is still control in the photographs themselves. The difference lies within the creation of the images. Each one is a silhouette cut out of the respective photos, then placed upon a scanner and moved around as the photo was scanned. There was no way of telling exactly what would be produced by this process, and I felt it was important as it forced me to slow down and become

more conscious of my movements. When I am ripping or tearing photographs, I do not need to be meticulous, as I am understanding that I am subjecting myself to whatever might happen.

With the scanner I cannot move more quickly even if I wanted to, as a machine has now entered the equation. This process of slowing down is much like testosterone self-injection, especially in that my hand was usually resting at stomach-level as I moved photos on the scanner.

This more careful relinquishing of control was an important endeavor to pursue for *MEA CULPA!* because it continues the idea of the human intervention on the transgender body in both a positive and negative light, while reinforcing that there is in fact care and dedication that goes into the process of transitioning. Once the images were produced and printed, I did go on to rip and layer them with the gorey strawberries. The reasoning for this was because *continually moving forward but forever slowing down* is meant to be cyclical. It is the evolution of my body, the breaking free of my queerness and identity, then being forced to reform to protect myself until it is safe to break free once more. This cycle is an unavoidable one, and it is important that it is expressed here, as it can be easy to quickly fall into the trap of guilt and self-blame when cycles of highs and lows are inevitable. Something like that would go against the entire show!

## CONCLUSION

Since I came out as transgender two years ago, I have had to tackle feelings of guilt and anguish I had not considered possible. I have been in agony from the relationships I have lost, and my body has felt much like a prison. I do not wish to contribute to the transphobic narrative that being trans is suffering, because that is simply not true, but it is important for me to recognize that my practice is the means through which I come to understand my place in the world. I use this work as a way to compartmentalize the events that have occurred to me throughout my life as a sort of therapy. Every artwork I create bears great meaning and relevance, even if it is simple. My exhibitions are a shared space of vulnerability and honesty, existing without direct explanation - leaving everything open to allow unique life experiences to find similarities and to commune through this. *MEA CULPA!* is the inside of my mind, it is an invitation into my most intimate thoughts. *MEA CULPA!* is the culmination of all I am and all I have done, and it will provide a new step to see what I *can* be.

I am enraged when I install, the nails fall victim to my rage. I am ecstatic when I photograph, cherishing every moment I find which makes me feel a little more like I deserve to be alive. I use my hands to create not only myself, but my artwork, always engaging in the act of love.

“God blessed me by making me transsexual for the same reason God made wheat but not bread and fruit but not wine, so that humanity might share in the act of creation”.<sup>3</sup>

I am grateful to be transgender. I am proud to be transgender.

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<sup>3</sup> Ortberg, Daniel *Something That May Shock and Discredit You*

## INSPIRATIONS



[fig. 10] Anna Rotty, *Paradise Waterfall*, 2022

Anna Rotty's *Paradise Waterfall* [figure 10] has inspired me to explore the natural world in search of pattern, light, and form. The shape her work takes on, breaking free from a frame and emulating the shape of flowing, glittering water has been an immense inspiration to my practice as I experiment with installation. I am drawn in by Rotty's ability to appeal to aesthetics so strongly while still testing the boundaries of how a photograph can, and should, behave.

Seeking beauty in water and finding ways to share such beauty through photos installed as closely to how you found the water as possible is a very inspiring concept and feat, and has more certainly encouraged me to explore my practice more intimately as it came to presentation and how to spark conversation.



[fig. 11] Laura Plagemann, *Response to Print of Clouds (no. 1)*, 16x24", archival pigment print, 2014

Laura Plagemann's work within her series *Response, Sea* are beautiful explorations of how to engage with the photographic print in a sculptural way that dances between the line of reference and creation. What I mean by this is in her work *Response to Print of Clouds (no. 1)* for example, she has taken a photograph of the sky, printed it, and

intentionally gathered the print into a crumpled, creased bunch near the center. This is not done without intention, however, as parts of the photograph resemble the sky entirely making me believe I am looking at something that is purely a photograph, while other parts of the photograph let me know that what I am seeing is documentation of her sculptural work with a print. This careful intentionality is something I hope to emulate within my own work, especially the delicate corner she has near the top left of figure 11.

Felix Gonzalez-Torres' "*Untitled*" (*Portrait of Ross in L.A.*) is a hauntingly beautiful example of the way I am trying to allude to the body as well as the way objects can behave in, and control, the atmosphere of a space.

Gonzalez-Torres' lover Ross is represented in a delicate and loving way, yet it can be considered trivial to those who do not care to investigate the intention or meaning behind the work. Weight is a significant element within the sculpture, as well, which is not communicated outright but instead relies upon a deliberate search from the viewer. Other works by Gonzalez-Torres which deal with love and loss are points of inspiration for me as well, especially ones which rely upon photography and the depiction of the human body and human interaction without picturing an actual human being. There is a strength to these that I hope to one day have as well.



[fig. 12] Felix Gonzalez-Torres, "Untitled" (Portrait of Ross in L.A.), 1991

Andrew Michael Joseph handles his subjects with such a delicate, careful hand when he photographs them. There is great attention to detail in terms of the cropping of an image, as well as the tonality, hues, and form taken by the figure. His use of light and shadow harken back to the baroque period of painting, which hits a point of beauty for me personally as I have my artistic origins in drawing and painting. There is a sanctity to Joseph's photos that is reminiscent of the church, while still holding an entirely queer feeling to them. I hope to one day emulate this same emotional weight and beauty.



[fig. 13] Andrew Michael Joseph, *acnestis*, archival pigment print, 12" x 18", 2023

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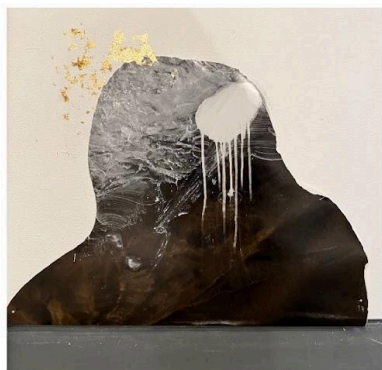
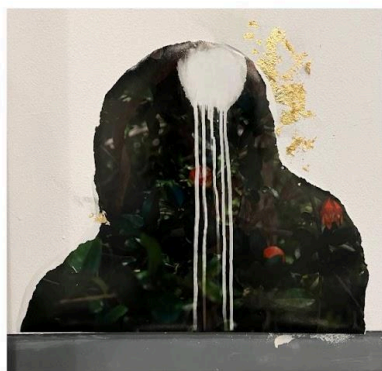
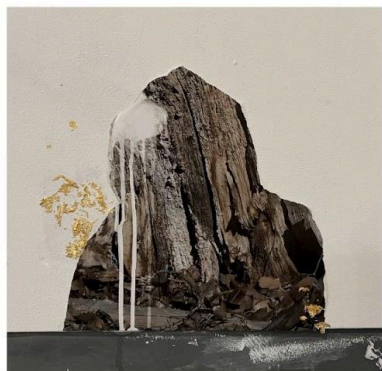
[fig.1] Lucien V. Sebastian, *EVENT HORIZON*, 44x29in, Archival Pigment Print, Silver Chain, Gold Leaf, 2023.





[fig.2] *EVENT HORIZON* detail

[fig.3] Lucien V. Sebastian,  
*SINGULARITY*, approx. 15x10" each,  
Archival Pigment Print and Gold Leaf, 2023





[fig. 4] Lucien V. Sebastian, *REPOSE: arms of morpheus, ever-changing space reactive sculpture room*, 2023



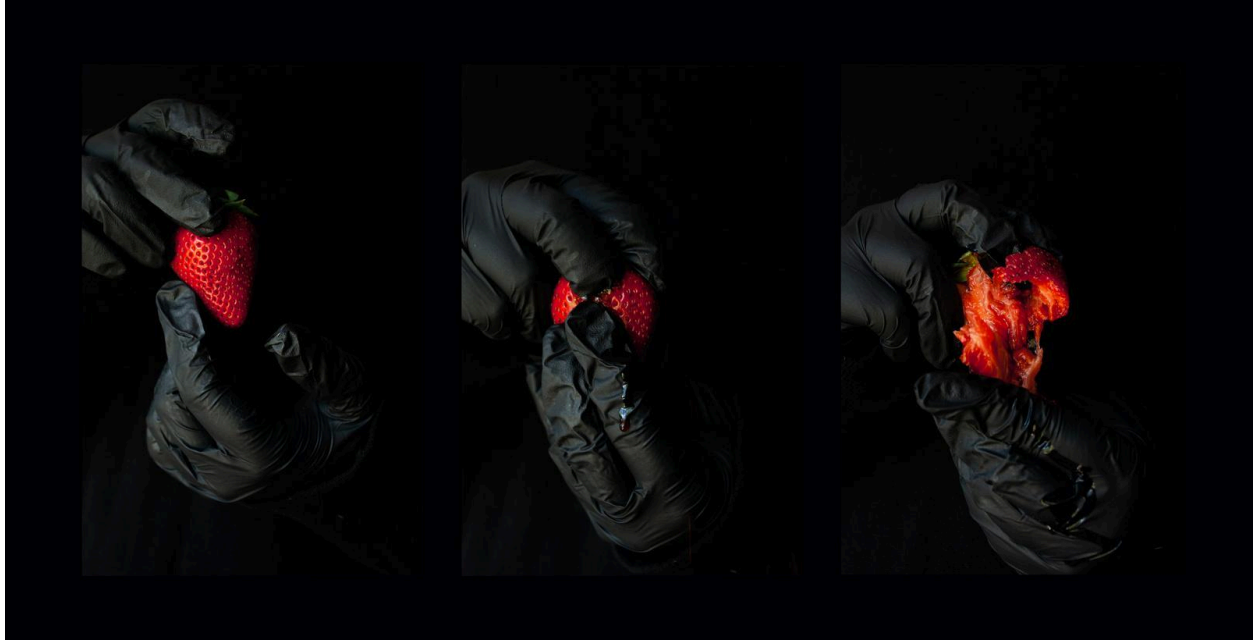
[fig.5] Lucien V. Sebastian, *infinite future, infinite past*, approx. 7x3ft, Archival Pigment Print, 2023



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[fig.8] Digital file of *TAKE ME, IMPOSE UPON ME, YOUR WANTS*



[fig. 9] Lucien V. Sebastian, *continually moving forward but forever slowing down*, 20x24" each, archival pigment prints, 2023

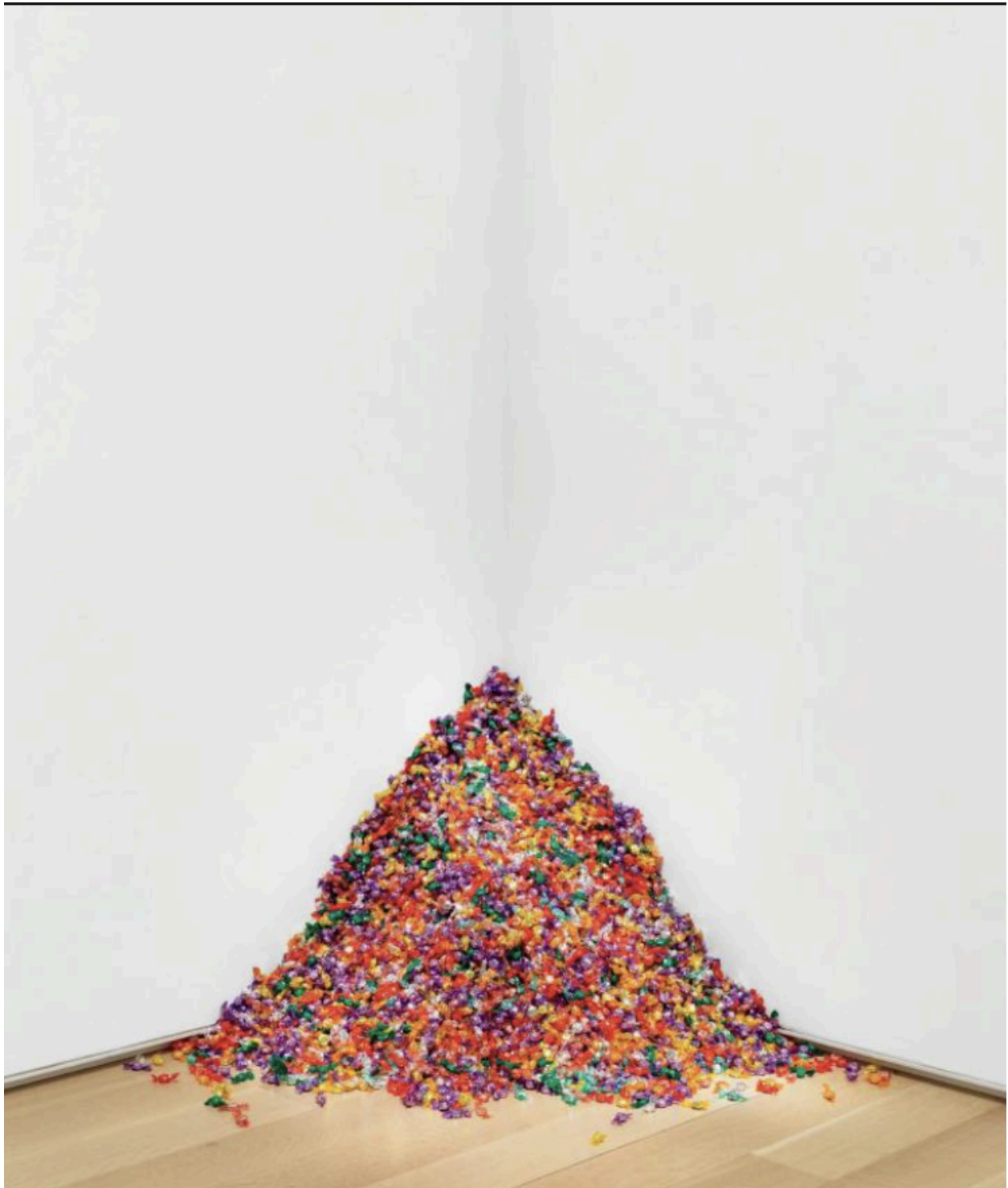




[fig.10] Anna Rotty, *Paradise Waterfall*, 2022



[fig. 11] Laure Plagemann, Response to Print of Clouds (no. 1), 16x24", archival pigment print, 2014



[fig. 12] Felix Gonzalez-Torres, "Untitled" (Portrait of Ross in L.A.), 1991



[fig. 13] Andrew Michael Joseph, *acnestis*, archival pigment print, 12" x 18", 2023