

The Liminal Individual

A Visual Language Story

Lorenz

PART 1

1

I lost all faith in love. The eternal feminine does not lure to perfection, neither does the eternal masculine. There is only the self. Me. A man, an ancient race. What is there in *the globe?* wait am I that well travelled? I've only been up and down the people's market of California, but I've sailed my fourteen seas of solitude and landed on my twenty one continents of the spirit. I've appropriated here and there and became a rococo of personalities. My consciousness is the love affair with whom I date. In my Dream Time is where I have my love, the love of my thoughts, sometimes they play in that other realm, the waking dream, with persons supposed real, that steal back into me when I enter my realm, Dream Time. I've never possessed a lady, but two goats: one a few times, the other just for taste. But, does a pussy make you a man? I saw no real revolution. The pussy, it always thinks it creates, because it bleeds. Sure, there's a pop. But, I see no real validation necessary from the one whom claims the game House as the stuff 'tis dreams are made of.



Self-portrait meditating the damaged self. Will you withdraw from my blood? Escondido, 2022.

To end romanticism is not to end the individual alone in The Globe. It is an end to the federation of man and woman. How can woman belong to herself, though? She doesn't even want to belong to herself. If I have lost faith in love, I have lost faith in woman. My sexual charge does not desire another asshole. I'd like to engage in the coquetry with woman, but she desires market value, of which I have none prevailing in the mode of today. And where do I travel in this line of consciousness? If I am to establish myself and found spirit, a spirit dissolved from love affairs, well then? what does the world offer me? Is it any wonder that substance use has been outlawed? A work of woman and womanly men, to be sure. No pleasure, then, if only the pleasure of a malicious sense of humor.



Self-portrait working next to my imaginary beloved. Escondido, 2023.

Why is the most dominant source of energetic discharge, in the eruption of bottled up energy, nay the awakening of energy, a poetry of destruction? Or at least with me. With the greater race of *men*. Maybe, just maybe, I am no different than my ancestors—we, the heirs who are losing the *war*. But, my kind, turns its self-made destructive energy inward . . . we are the internal instigators of a cultural manifestation of self-laceration. Pleasure in *my* laceration against myself. It's when I feel the heights, it's when my intellect dissolves the walls harboring my *repression*. The needle, the smoke, my nose, and now? What's left to me? Where in the world am I to found the empire of my *liminal spirit*. Firearms do not excite me, and neither does the race of *the other*. If I lacerate and destroy I have the continent to pillage right here before me. The body as landscape, and *my empire* to build. I envision the *knife*, the *nude*, *my craft*. In the room of my own, dissected by *my body* and the vision of *my body*. Sometimes the body dissolves into a space and manipulates a space, and the space is not a space, but a manifestation of the spirit of *the body*.



Self-portrait dreaming sick. Escondido, 2021.



Self-portrait discussing with myself the effective treatment of my madness. Escondido, 2024.



Self-portrait at Palomar upon entering attempt to live, once again, outside. San Marcos, 2024.



Self-portrait of playing House Music. Escondido, 2024.

4

House, to be sure, is where I play. 'Tis the dream of my lofty narcissism that pretends—I am lofty, very softly. To give into madness and abysmal imagination—does that require *my* self-laceration? Why do I imagine *my* destruction? Is it that which is the *existential* theme of *death*—that very Camus inheritance of what haunts *us*? To play house with oneself, requires a certain ingenuity, so as to *be* interesting for *you*, *my other*. Is that *my* purpose? If I go to *my* others and find *them* interesting for *me*, then I am tempted to be *interesting* for the *other* that is to *arrive* for whom *I* may be the one whom *they* find solace in, just as in those whom *I* have *tried* to inherit from.



Self-portrait playing nude. Escondido, 2024.

Sometimes, house, is the only game to play.

5

I am the double reflexive self—I look up to be elevated, and see myself looking down upon myself that looks up, because I am elevated.



Self-portrait questioning my authenticity. Escondido, 2024.

6

What is there to enjoy if one's love has dissipated? A slow death? I find myself in society with no real solid foundation in it that claims I am *me*. I have no self-sufficiency. Without institutions I wouldn't be anything. So, I am very much institutionalized. Aren't we all? Can't you see, *my reader*? I have no friend, no society, no human culture upon me. Just institutions. My involvement is the involvement I have with myself. The nudity, the madness, the discourse . . . it all revolves around the dialogue of my hermitage. And what is any hermit

worth in The Globe? The institutions, the counter-culture that I insist upon entering with *myself* has me *respect* their *code of ethics*. What is the point of any art, any foundation of revelation if it must meet the demands of a public discourse operating through institutional power operators owned by humans with self-righteousness in their spirit, their ego, their love of self. Could things really be so small as a classroom discussion? An attempt at an institutional degree in an art, for a purpose to defend the right to economic sustenance? And to be told *how to perform*? That there is ethical codes of *conduct* in performance? If you're not accepting what I'm selling . . . but who says it's for sale? I *give* it away freely.



Self-portrait of my personal worth in The Globe. Escondido, 2024.

7

Moral spirit is for me a matter of extreme giddiness or perturbationary nausea. What I wholeheartedly am, though, is an aesthetic spirit.



Now where did I hide all the money!!? . . . It's out there somewhere . . . (Escondido, 2024)

8

Consistency is naught. One evolves and grows and experiences. Work is a perfection that lies in quantity of production. And when one multi-tasks work, there is a bleeding across the work of that blood, if one's work is work from blood.

9

I marvel over the devices of education and the manner in which it progresses for its purposeful manifestation of GLOBAL SPIRIT. That certain speculative perspectives are instructed at youth, so as to enable the emergence of a certain understanding of certain THINKERS, of which without which that early educational training which was a tainting of perspective for which allowed that very speculative THINKER to be instrumental for erupting the THINKER that I am, would be without the ingredient that saw that very eruption. What I speak of is the speculative thought of which Rousseau displayed through his understanding of the indigenous through his encounter with the reading of his PERIOD PIECES that is manifested to the youth or which used to be displayed, as in my case. And again, that that perspective still or used to linger in young education, but which then eradicated itself as one emerged in ADULT education allowed for ROUSSEAU to achieve an understanding that was without his due from his CONTEMPORARY peers. So the controlled environments of education and experience, propel an understanding of spirit and arousal of the emerging

solution that this NEW EPOCH of post-modernity promises, of which without wouldn't be possible. The danger, however, is the weight of constant and eternal liminality. That the deep reciprocity of spirit, discussion, and. . . is love attempting its final eradication? That the solution to the individual has not been found in substance use, love of another, nor from another, and maybe not even of or from the very self. That the certain peculiarity of solvable manifestation to difficult problems of the fading epoch lies in a manifestation of a kind of chastity, productivity of personality, expression of aesthetic personality, and self-cognitive self-reliance found in a space that belongs to oneself that is conducive to the release of the cruelty that lies in the apprehension of spirit and THE GLOBE OF SPIRIT. I cannot speak of others, for I do not know the cognitive cruelty unique to those said others, but regarding myself and the self-persecution and the unacceptability to feel at ONE with my liminality and participation in THE GLOBE, lies in a certain comprehension of myself amid THE MARKET ESTEEM of what I manifest from what I am and that psychological source of all cruelty, namely the memory. The eradication of love must lend itself to the acceptance of experience as it presents itself continuously anew in a mode of which enjoys experience without the use, means, and methods of CRUELTY. What I have is a hostile mind that finds release in the joy of the expression of my aesthetic personality. Liminality arises when that expression cannot receive an ENCOUNTER, and so I often find recourse to the product of my PAGE. Certain things are certain, for me though, namely, metaphysical thought as I have approached it in LABOR of the GIANTS has ceased to be pertinent and relevant. And regarding some writers, when I approach the experience of said PERIOD PIECES, though the EXPERIENCE is dated with the political arrangement amid the market display, it is the language amid the arrangement of the expression of human passion as it trespassed into expression that resides in either relevance or nausea for my identical reception. Some language playgrounds that were once fondly entertaining to my spirit do indeed hold a nostalgia and token of extreme gratitude for the power they lent my spirit at the period piece of my then growing expressive spirit. So it was that I returned The Charterhouse of Parma to my top-shelf, thereby lamenting and to some extents grieving my inability to finish the latter third of the novel, but knowing with a great sentiment of pride and gratitude, that I have once lived in earnest of having wanted to experience the temptations of the passions and language expressions that wondrous novel enveloped my ambition to upon the experience of that beautiful novel and the sentiment felt upon completing that beautiful novel. And so, I eagerly go forth wanting to expose myself to the greater tenets of the GLOBAL SPIRIT yet to be ENCOUNTERED for ITS offering of ITS temptation for my passions and language expressions to ambivalently and ambitiously explore. CRUELTY is usually the growth of profundity, but the memory of CRUELTY is not an appropriate designation for expressing aesthetic personality. The synthesis lies in that aesthetic personality which ought to supplant the expression for a sort of desire for REVENGE. Essentially, what one has is a continued creation of themselves in experience founded on the personality of spirit in overcoming.



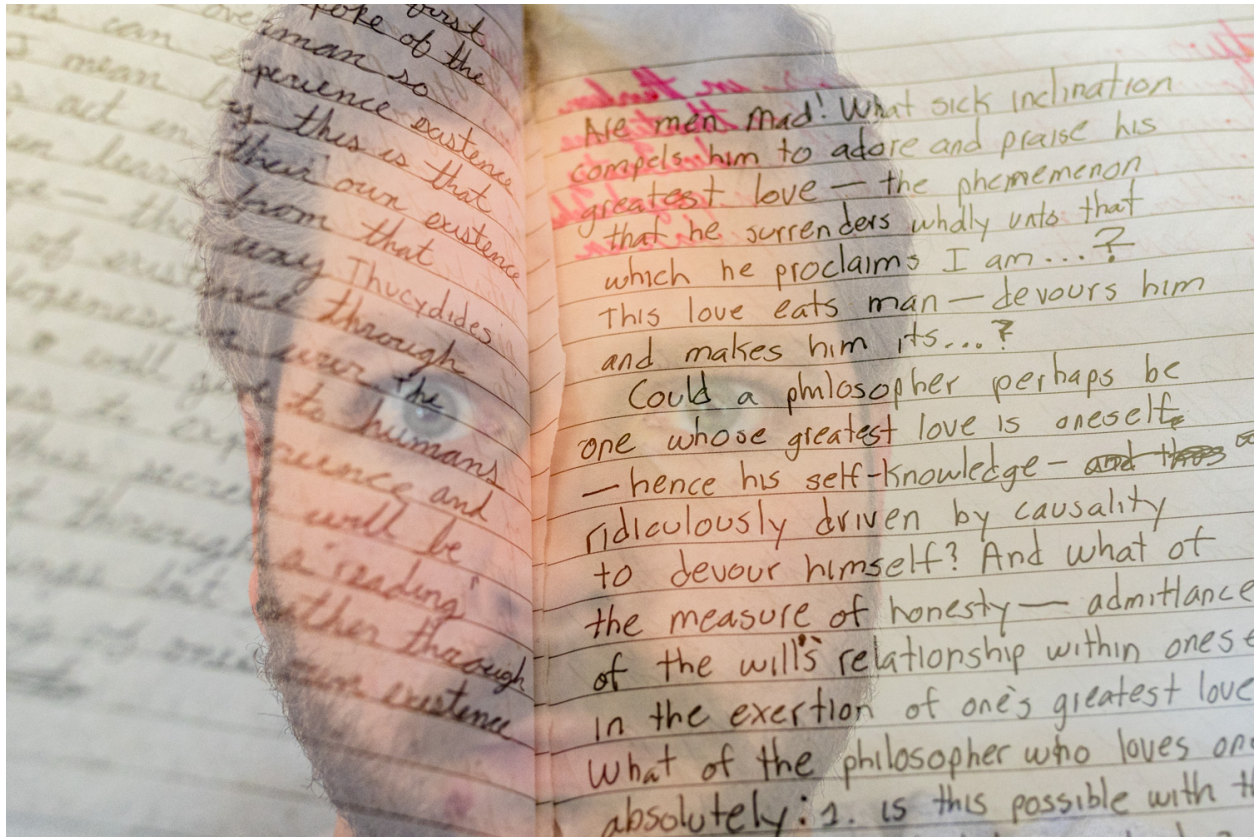
My literary voice and its lyricism has no face for which to speak in volumes. Escondido, 2024.

11

Mi encanta es muy encantada. Mi mucho gusto encantada. Mi encantada es muy MAL!

12

Is it entertaining to expect much from the literary jester? Certainly it's some form of comical genre to alter the dialogue of things grand from things small.



For some, eyes without a face. For others, the face behind the language. Escondido, 2024

13

I find it difficult to approach OUT of my liminality. The anxiety! The thought that all is all and inner is outer. So the relapse into memory and the harkening of the CHAINS from the other because of MEMORY weighs heavily upon all individuals in THE MARKET. But, when one fastens tight, and realizes that the vehicular DRIVE of the INDIVIDUAL cannot stop, because the break pads have been worn out by the SOVEREIGN, then there is nothing for which can be done but to put the pedal to the metal and make that turn into TRAFFIC. A collision is, after all, what all spiritual liminality desires.

14

Isn't the news of spiritual sovereignty beyond the individual essentially—bad news. It's a matter of reproach from the other to speak of *will* as exerted as something *sinful* requiring a change of consciousness for the acceptance of a spiritual sovereignty beyond your very own self, so as to be accepted—by the other?

15



Waking perception of self-grasping dreams. Escondido, 2023.



Reposing in convalescence. Escondido, 2023.

There are moments of extreme despair in the abysmal emptiness of my liminality. I feel the insufferable amount of total lost of myself—and what else is there, really, than the self? What connection in the world is there? The other almost invites the complexities of discerning identity. The unit, for sure, propels the opportunity for interaction, but the question of place and the interaction of it regarding artistic designs always suffers me the question of purpose, design, and agreeability. What are people and humans and how do I infuse myself of the release of weight. And sometimes the objects of a messy room really do invite a depression and the weight of having to navigate sociability upon the unit really do invite an anxiety.

What is my aesthetic design and practice? Must I be liminal eternally? To encounter the world with a presentation of itself according to a critical guiding hand from that perspective. I'm lusting for greater experience other than I and ME. But not to welcome that which is non-identical. Almost always a male. Or a woman hellbent on extraction because she is lazy. To find genuine enthusiasm between two who want to create together. This is the goal of exiting my liminality.

I'm not sure what it is about obligations, what it is that anyone is ever reaching for. The compounding of individuals so as to exist and define one another, to have one defined. Defined by tasks made by the other, and the supposed satisfaction of being an accomplished task completer. I find annoyance in this, a distraction against myself; the precarious what is the purpose, fulfillment, and the spectacle's meaning. I look about me and see myself in a world that has outdoor prisons for the individual. Not that my family, school, or any possible employment may thought to be an imprisonment, but certainly, whatever manifestation of I is there possible?

It is plain and perceptively clear to me that I encounter off-hand insults and commentary about my person in its personal display and that, furthermore, I am maneuvered against by certain personages in these institutional architectures. Terry, today, couldn't be more placid and sans invigorating in his laying out of the self for my environmental practice of portraiture. It is as though some are truly lazy in what they provide the other, and no where am I meeting the energy I exert upon the world. Everywhere, is a play and facade of groups inculcated with their own satisfaction and power holding positions, and me, the liminal one, who is low where I can't meet them, but higher, where I go over them, me, being liminal as a result. None of my environmental portraits today satisfied me, and it was as though Terry purposely put himself in the most disagreeable positions in the room and moreover, the props! How lazy, just a camera and of course we're photographers, but a tool of instrumental art doesn't reveal much. . . I at least complemented my artistic props, journals, with itemized deductions.

It's true, though, a lot of Palomar is just either lazy or afraid or thoroughly insulting and disparaging. I have noticed, however, an interesting personage that journals and doodles in her journal just outside of my classroom upon the near completion of class. I'd like to approach her and converse and receive permission to involve myself with an environmental portraiture of her. I'm tired of the same methodical personages of *family*, who really don't exert too much enthusiasm with my desired projects. And, though I am always interesting to myself, even to the point of self-nausea, my professor is overtly dissatisfied with my all too strict focus of self-portraiture, as though it really mattered! Suppose she can't stand to even see me in



Self-portrait at Dawn contemplating life. Escondido, 2024.

class, to also see me displayed for class, in class assignments! I suppose this sickness of mine is appalling to those who don't know how to make themselves perpendicular. Perpendicular is a running into the self, a self that stands on itself by running into itself. An L.

22

The banality of my life exacerbates the passions that yearn for display, some participation in the every day affairs of human commotion. This has the consequence of introducing a real misery in my affairs. I cannot seem to approach this human need for *love*, especially in my case, from a *lady*. But the things that surround me, that make up my persona and define my activity—How boring! Boredom, miserable boredom!



Self-portrait with about the only beloved truly for me. (Escondido, April 18, 2024).

23

I'm in such a rage of despair that I can't even write my most inner sensations and express my deepest thoughts on the causalities of these sensations. It is undoubtedly clear, my living conditions are spoiling me and that my locality with its unapproachable populace is destroying my love of life.

24

Had a pendulum of a day yesterday, which resulted in an uncomfortable evening that only slumber could solve and for which the morning saw the completion of a musical recording that has put me in better moods. I feel more confident with my voice now and will be approaching my lyricism with musical arrangements. My message is not for everyone, but I express for myself. Just now my Papa was enlivened with a disagreeable passion against me, because I retracted a contract (though manipulated into a new contract this morning) of completing errands for him. It is certainly true I'd like to not have *my time* managed by *others*,

however, if I volunteer for something, as in this case the accompanying the picking up of the scudinahs, and then to receive a rebuking of it, then I see a resentment harbored against me. And if that's the case there is little I can do to mitigate it, but it is certain that I am at the convenience of others, here; and when I create boundaries it is used resentfully against me. Well, I won't feel guilty over it.

25

It has arrived to my recognition that most *photographers* have some form of an ailing vision. That their eyesight has been diminished and with it requires the aid of a visionary supplement. I suppose the camera has its jokes, too.



Untitled Library. Escondido, 2024.



Juniper Street Coin Laundry. Escondido, 2024.



The Customer of Juniper Street Coin Laundry. Escondido, 2024.

Conflict is to be avoided in approaching life, hard necessity drew me, specifically, to steal. The desire to erupt aesthetically drew me, specifically, to utilize drug infusions with my spirit. I've realized that I am becoming more and more liminal and that The Globe is welcoming me as a photographer amongst it. I am drawn to explore and capture moments of life. I'm not drawn to combative situations. I'm not drawn to combative zones of conflict. I am drawn to cultural episodes that go largely ignored. Even mere existence that is harangued with poverty

and merely desires clean clothes, some food, and some space to have for oneself so as to enjoy their clean clothes, food, and an agreeable passage of experience. Certain facets of life are decaying and whole peoples are being swept underneath and . . . forgotten. These three photos reveal a photojournalistic difficulty regarding the craftsmanship of camera operation. When approaching a combative zone of light and shadow it is difficult to manage the metering of one's technical approach to capture a frame of viewership. It is easy to spectate the explosion of highlights in these photos and how they are represented in what they reveal, here! Outside and inside! Where money lives and where money is tried to be returned to. I approached the lady doing her laundry from a distance, not intermingling with her and stealing her moment, it was as if I were saying to myself and you, my reader and onlooker, *should you be watching?* The irony in the library shot. To save it, yet it offers free books in twofold! For those of the street, and for those of the public with identification. Either case, the books are free. Is there readership today, what with Netflix, Regal, Prime, Paramount, etc.?

It's a very liminal thing to read a book, especially the tough one's. What makes a book tough is the amount of honesty in which it approaches itself as writer.

A photograph is geometry and chiaroscuro. The blue collar laborer created the world's geometry, for me. Fortune: chiaroscuro. These two forces of The Globe are what I'm thankful for. It's the administrators of sovereignties who compel an organization of combative networks to suppress the blue collar laborer and upset my fortune. For then . . . my liminality is called into question . . . or is it? Perhaps, it's called into *action*. It expresses it's action slowly, though. And for that, I can't be blamed.

26

Is it any wonder that I shoot with a PENTAX? Verily, Benjamin King approached me and questioned my criminally shy personage about this: Why in the world would anyone shoot with a PENTAX, today? Well . . . I appreciate paying my literary dues.



Paying my Literary Dues. Escondido, 2024.

When I inspect my ability for friendship, I realize I am *meant* for liminality. My inability for *friendship* pervades through my entire hop-scotched life. It is for the simple necessity to develop this rococo that I am. It is the for the necessity of devising and building *the bridge* to the real *post-modernity*. I am a bottled up creature of *memories of green*. What is the real meaning of the color green, though? It is the true manifestation of seasonal. It is the true color of changeable. But, I am not merely changeable. I am the memory of *the changeable*. And I don't *stop* there. I reconfigure, grow differently, and transfigure and then *translate*. Translation is not the mere redisplay of inheritance, whether of self or precursors. But the playful jest of configuring this *actual* display of self and inheritance of self and precursors. There is no doubt

that a cultural *war* occurs. But, that it must accompany *bombs, guns, knives, and usurpation*? No. The cultural *war* is aesthetic and the aesthetic development of the will through *patience* in experience, *patience* to live without *tools*. And then, when the pleasures of maturation occur one engages in the combative display of aesthetic *style*. It must be careful not to commit *physical violence*, yet *aesthetic violence* cannot be avoided.

PART 2