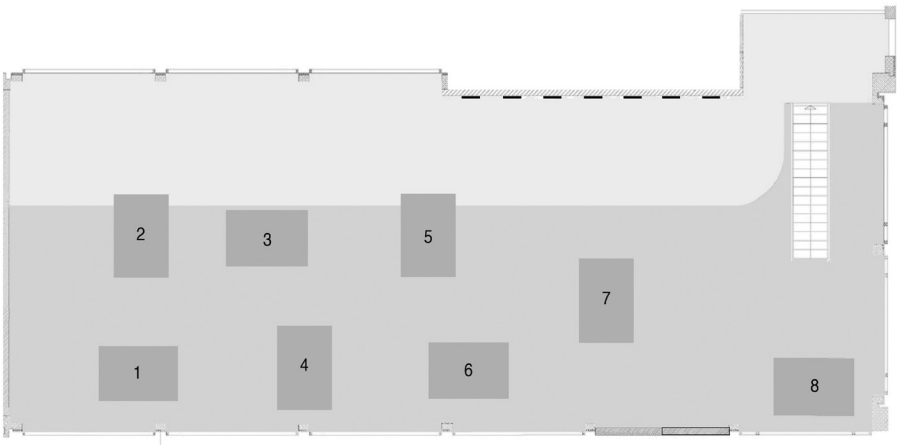


# The Weather

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Each of the seven *Works for the Blind*, contains a text about the nature of seeing. The text is used once in Braille typed over an image, and once – the size of a postage stamp – in five point type printed white on black. Accompanying each text is a photograph of an illusion – a magician levitating a matchbook, a UFO landing, an egg floating in midair. The pictures and the texts all speak to us of the difficulty of seeing things for what they are, but very few people will be able to make sense of both. Sighted people can see the illusionary photograph (though not how the illusion is accomplished), but most will only be able to squint and guess at the too-small text. The blind will be able to read the text (the plexiglass is cut away over the Braille so it can be touched), but unable to see the photograph. The one thing that is clear to all is that everyone is blinded.

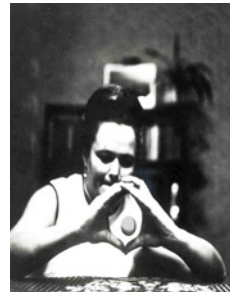
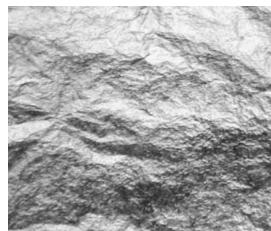
One day, quite some time ago, I happened on a photograph of Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome, taken in 1852. And I realized then, with an amazement I have not been able to lessen since: "I am looking at eyes that looked at the Emperor." Sometimes I would mention this amazement, but since no one seemed to share it, nor even to understand it (life consists of these little touches of solitude) I forgot about it. (Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography*)



Couldn't a member of tribe of colour-blind people get the idea of imagining a strange sort of human being (whom we would call "normally sighted")? Couldn't he, for example, portray such a normally sighted person on the stage? In the same way as he is able to portray someone who has the gift of prophesy without having it himself. It's at least conceivable. (Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Remarks on Colour*)



Golden is a surface colour. (Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Remarks on Colour*)



I saw in a photograph a boy with slicked-back blond hair and a dirty light-coloured jacket, and a man with dark hair, standing in front of machine which was made in part of castings painted black, and in part of smooth axles, gears, etc., and next to it a grating made of light galvanized wire. The finished iron parts were iron-coloured, the boy's hair as blond, the castings black, the grating as zinc-coloured, despite the fact that everything was depicted simply in lighter and darker shades of the photographic paper. (Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Remarks on Colour*)



Always distrust a man who looks you in the eye. He wants to prevent you from seeing something. Look for it. (Dorothy L Sayers, *Strong Poison*)



Nothing and nobody exists in this world whose very being does not presuppose a spectator. In other words, nothing that is, insofar as it appears, exists in the singular; everything that is, is meant to be perceived by somebody. Not Man but men inhabit this planet. Plurality is the law of the earth. (Hannah Arendt, *The Life of the Mind*)



Consider that things can be reflected in a smooth white surface in such a way that their reflections seem to lie behind the surface and in a certain sense are seen through it. (Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Remarks on Colour*)

