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## The Movement Of An Object Through A Field Creates A Complex Situation

Jared Scott Greenleaf  
*Brigham Young University - Provo*

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**THE MOVEMENT OF AN OBJECT THROUGH A FIELD  
CREATES A COMPLEX SITUATION**

Jared Scott Greenleaf

A project report submitted to the faculty of  
Brigham Young University  
In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

Peter Everett, Chair  
Brian Christensen  
Fidalis D. Buehler

Department of Visual Arts

Brigham Young University

August 2011

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## ABSTRACT

### THE MOVEMENT OF AN OBJECT THROUGH A FIELD CREATES A COMPLEX SITUATION

Jared Scott Greenleaf  
Department of Visual Arts  
Master of Fine Arts

I aim to move the viewer through a system that consists of science fiction, of world building, with themes of nature, technology, and a subtle allusion to comic book aesthetics. Removing customary sci-fi and comic book narrative in favor of concept, self-awareness, and open-ended exploration, the outcome creates a complex setting. The report herein documents the various methods used to create this multifaceted installation space, which was the focus of my selected project.

Keywords: installation, narrative, exploration, self-awareness, science fiction, comic books, technology.



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The  
Movement  
of an object  
through a  
field  
Creates  
a  
complex  
situation.



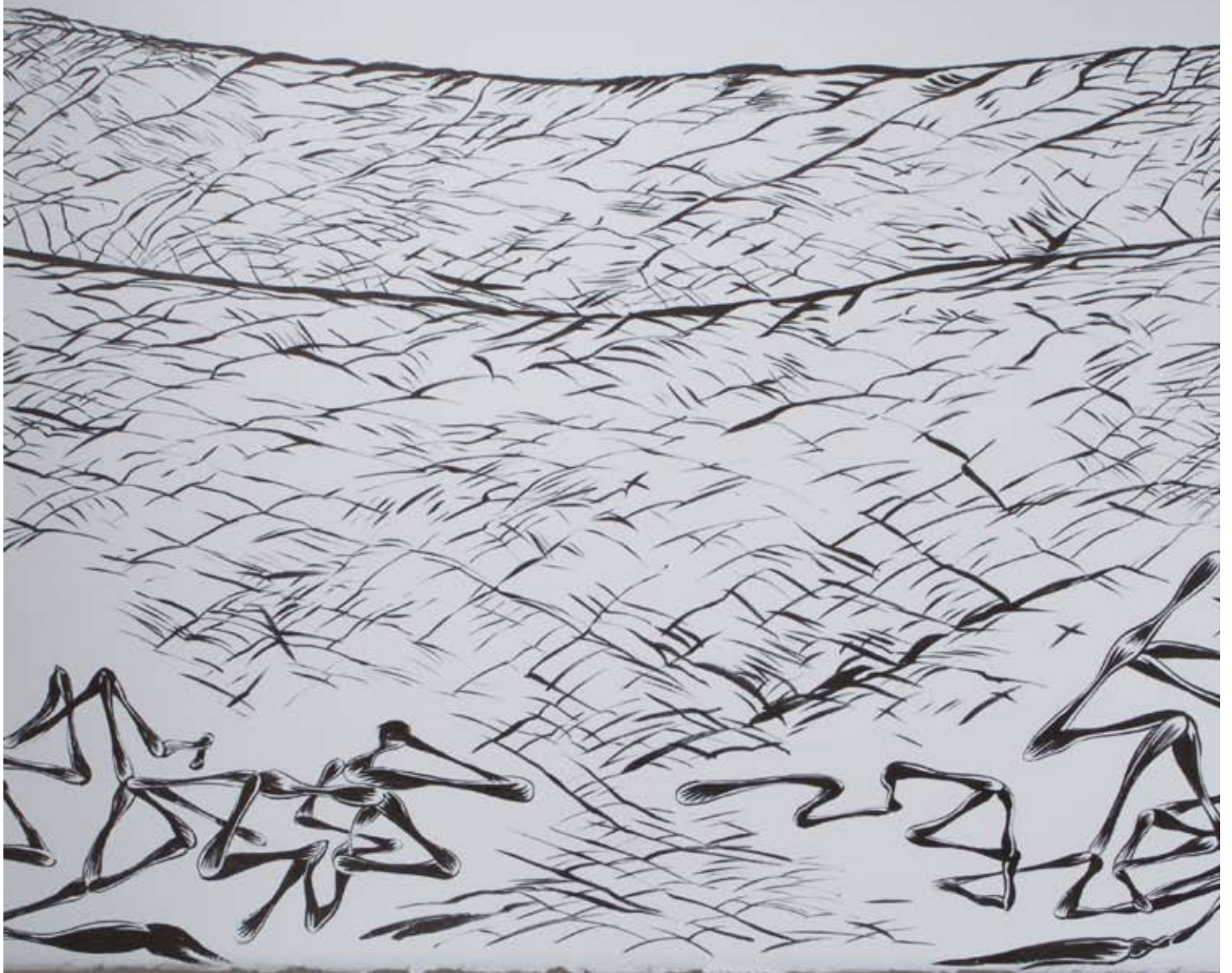




## **01. Story/Space**

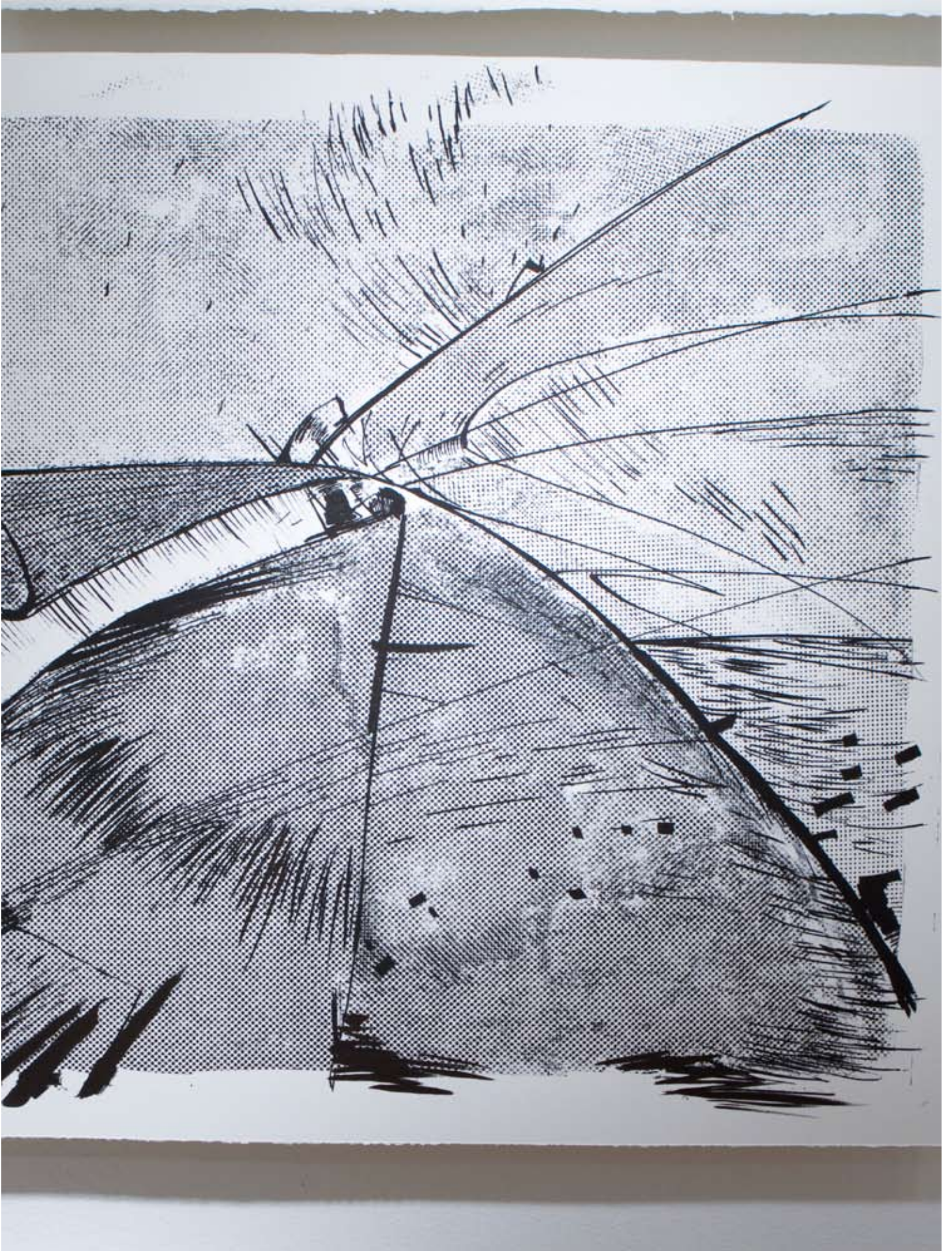
My time in academia studying art has been one of both the exploration and excavation of the mysteries of art. I understood mystery as a type of knowledge that could only be imparted to you. So I set aside many of my personal predispositions in favor of those held by people above and around me. I wanted to discover something new; I wanted to acquire something great. I explored contemporary art and theories surrounding spectatorship. I also ventured into newer mediums like film and animation. What's interesting though, is that along the way I picked up something that already belonged to me. Newly discovered approaches lead me back to the old comic book stories that I had shelved long ago. This was key. In order to access something new it helps to bring something familiar with you, something to weigh and measure the unfamiliar against. For me it was my love for the story, and the subsequent world built around that story. My selected project is an attempt to take the beginnings of a comic book story meant to be read, and to install it into a space where you are meant to feel. The resulting installation space *is* the selected project, which this report documents.





AR JARED,

IT HAPPENED. I FINALLY HAD THE BREAKTHROUGH I WAS LOOKING FOR,







## **02. Reverse Pyramid**

I like to use a visual metaphor of a pyramid upside down and balancing on its tip. The pyramid is a person, the tip represents the sum of that person's experience; it is the only thing touching the ground, holding everything else up. I like to think that the tip of the pyramid is the hardest part of a person to influence – these are the decisions that we stick to, that make us who we are. For me, the point of my reverse pyramid is the love of visual storytelling. Everything above this point, the massive body of the pyramid, I perceive as the learned skill and ability of the artist, shared knowledge that is built over time on top of that pivotal point. My selected project functions in very much the same way. Story is the constant, a tip holding up a massive body of skill and knowledge that is open to exploration.

While it is important to understand the structure of this reverse pyramid, I find that it is not necessary to talk about it in terms of absolute answers. It is enough that these components continue to work together and grow through the exploration of skill and knowledge, as opposed to creating didactic works.







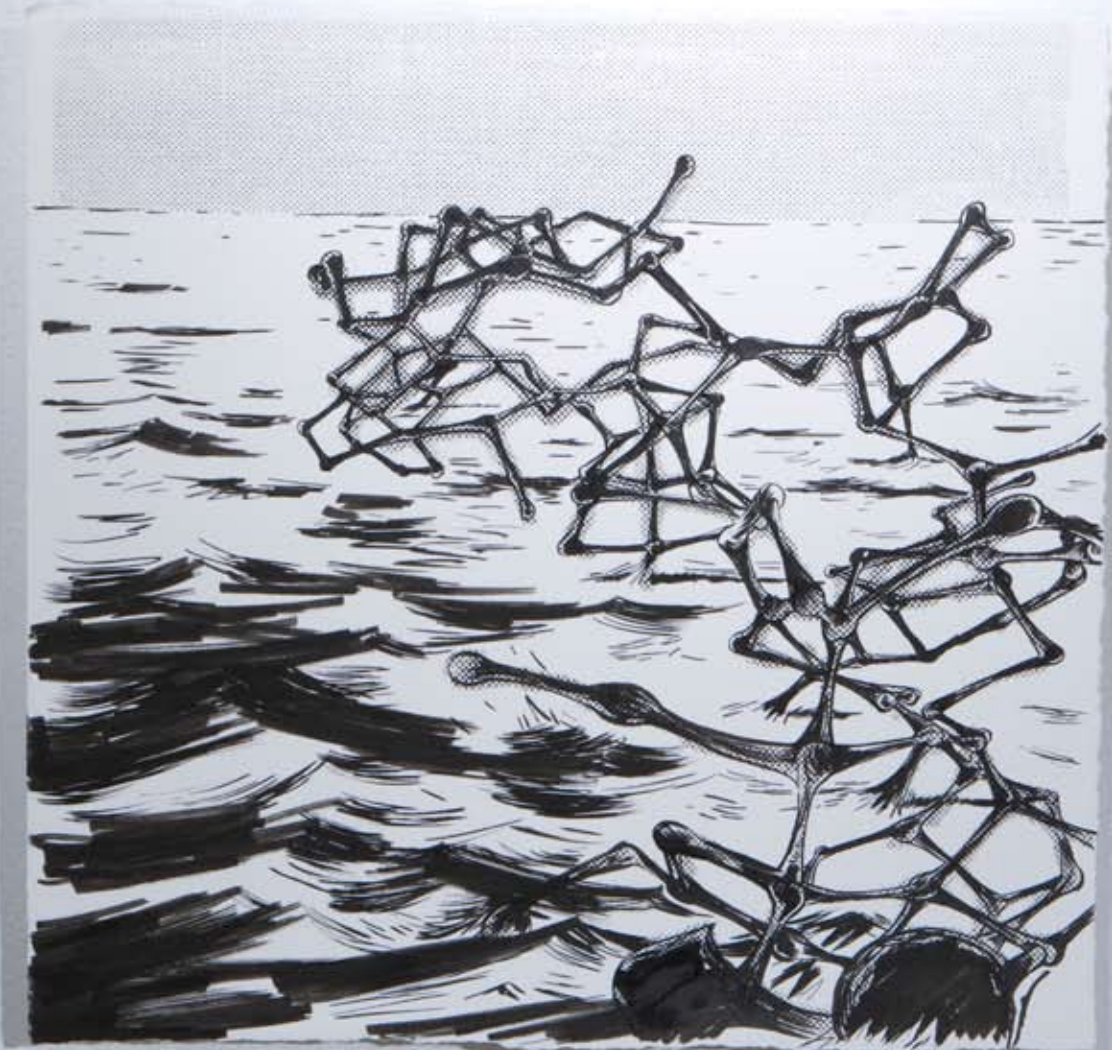


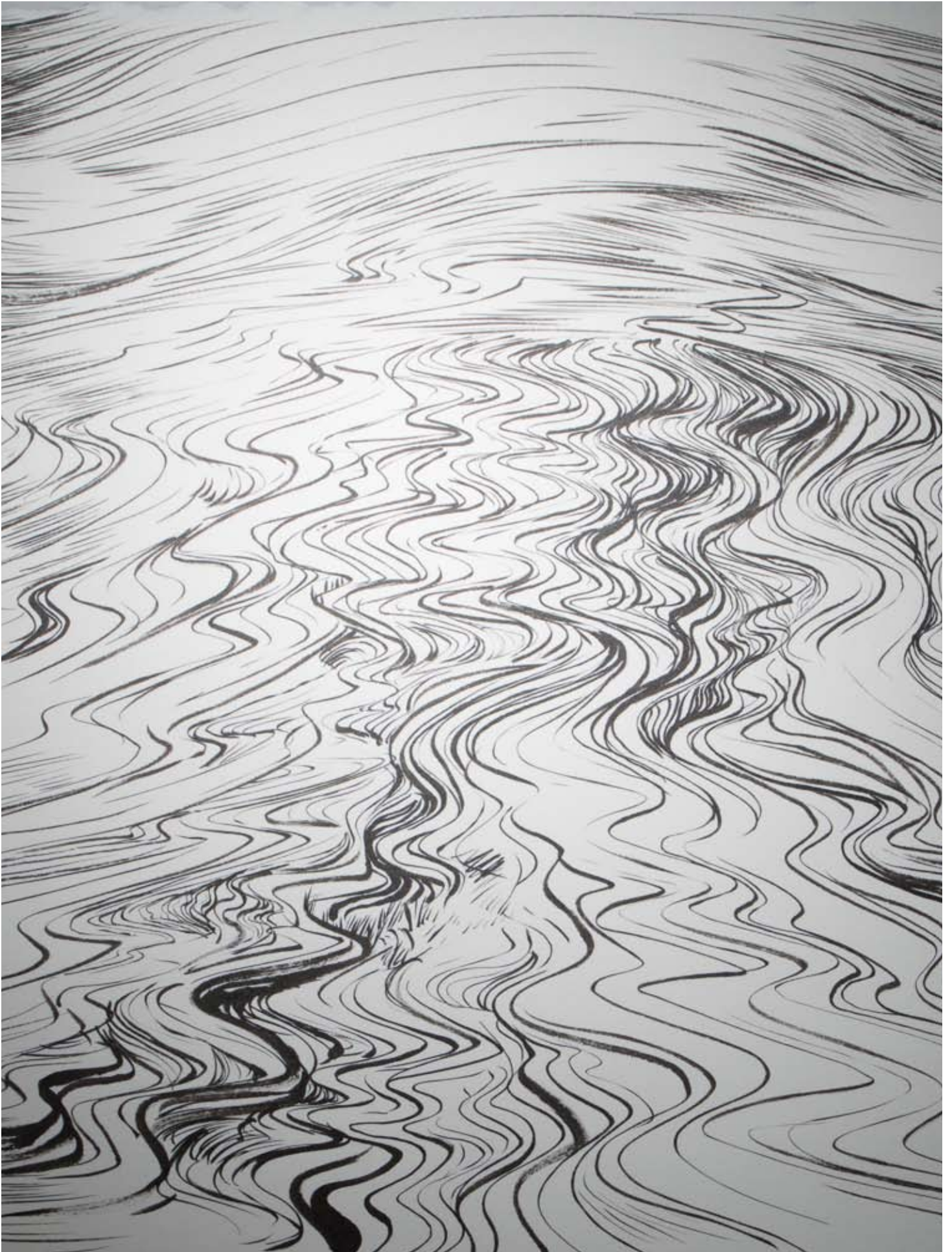




### **03. Reading Narrative Versus Reading Emotion**

The process of building a world for stories to be told is very formulaic in the comic book industry. It relies on communicating a very clear-cut dramatic narrative in order to tell a story from beginning, middle, to end. This didactic approach to art is somewhat problematic in the world of contemporary studio art where concept and self-awareness take precedence over the traditional narrative. But the challenge in exploring the clear-cut narrative of a comic book to find the emotive dialogue needed for an installation space is probably my strongest motivation behind this selected project. Ironically, this idea of creating something new is also prevalent in the comic story I find myself now using for my art. I am still unsure what influenced what, but marrying two distinctly different art forms into a new one is much like telling a story about leaving one world to build another.













#### **04. Delete Function**

*Precise emotion* is the best term I can use for my understanding of the type of art I was trying to employ. Narrative is problematic in that it got in the way of that desired clear emotional reading. To counter this problem I removed the narrative, and the more I did, the more I began to play with removing other types of functionality. For example, in story the most basic structure is, as Plato put it, the beginning, middle, and end. This type of structure was removed to sustain a non-didactic installation space. I did not want to guide the viewer to perceive a beginning nor an end; rather, I wanted to invite the viewer into an open ended reading of the space where they could, at their pace, choose whatever amount of information they wanted to experience – with the hopes that they would read all the data, both image and text, at a rate that they were able to control.



WENT TOO FAR. THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT WE REALLY ARE. MY SELF  
END ARE THE SAME COORDINATE. THE SPIRIT BODY HAS BEEN AWAKENED, REASSEMBLED AND RESUR  
ED THAT NIGHT. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. I HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE. IT WAS LIKE A PRENATAL ME  
THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE ANGRY WITH ME, BUT HE WASN'T. I WAS JUST PROJECTING MY OWN INSECURE  
VE AND FULL OF LOVE. IDEAL LOVE.













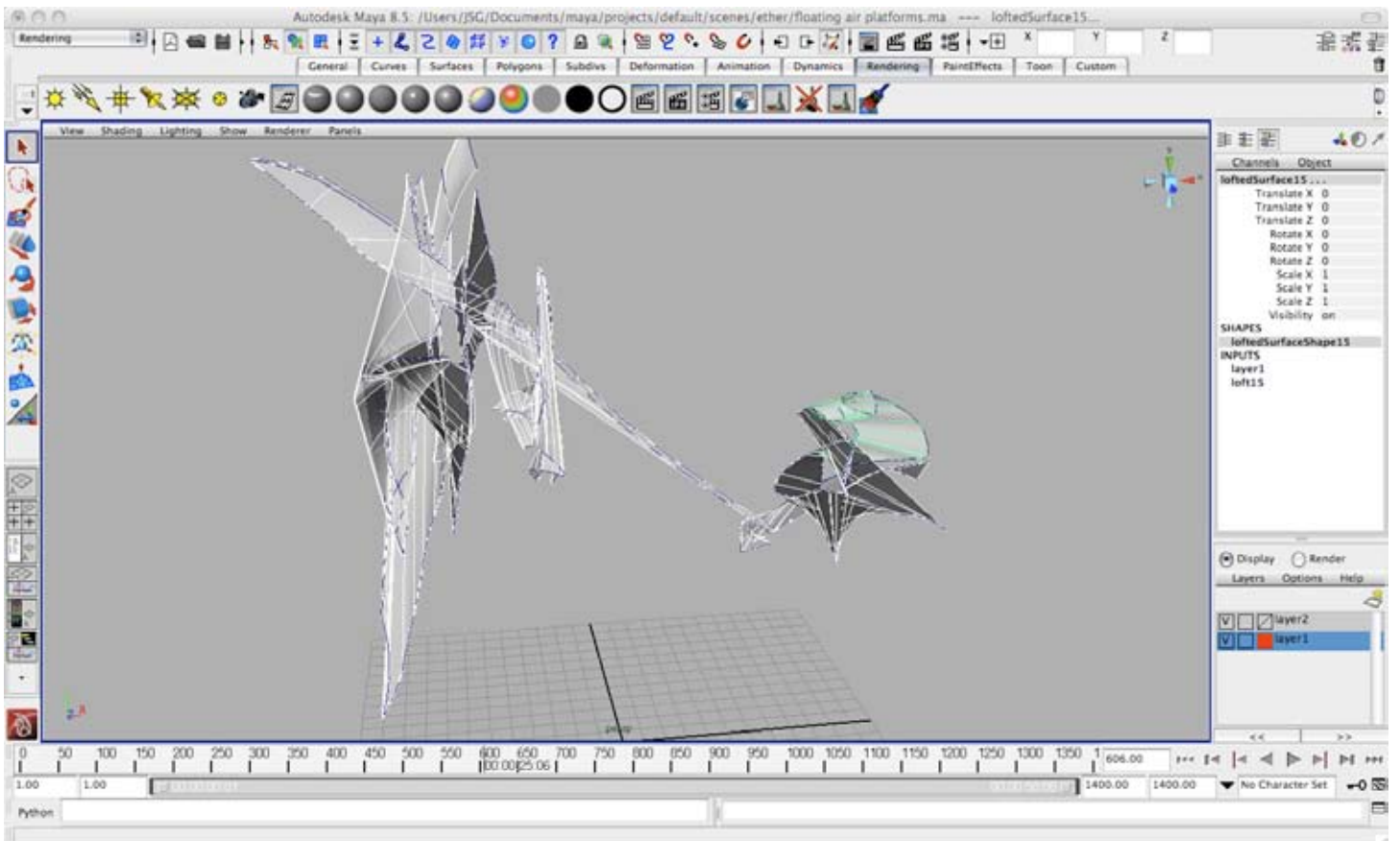
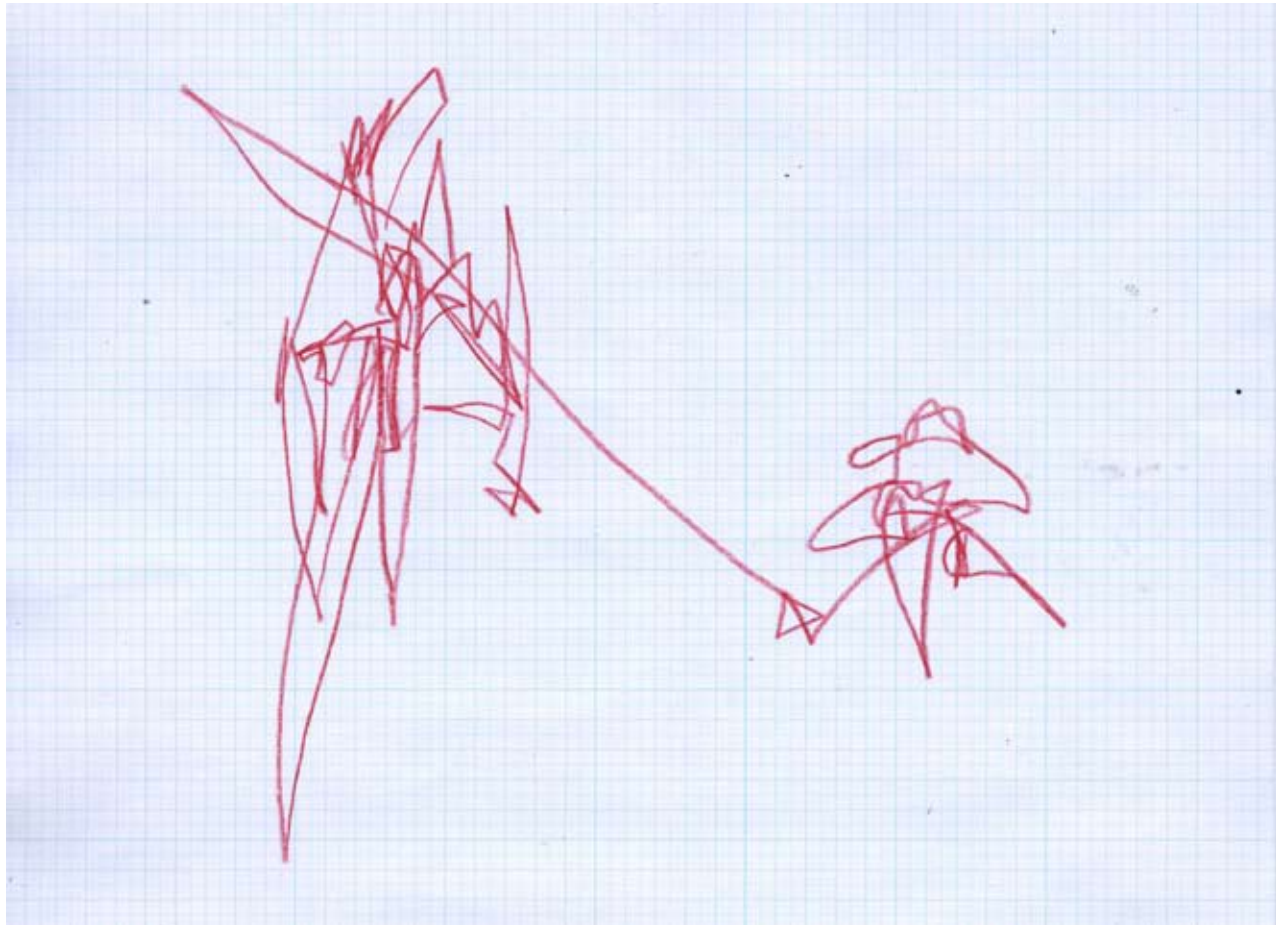


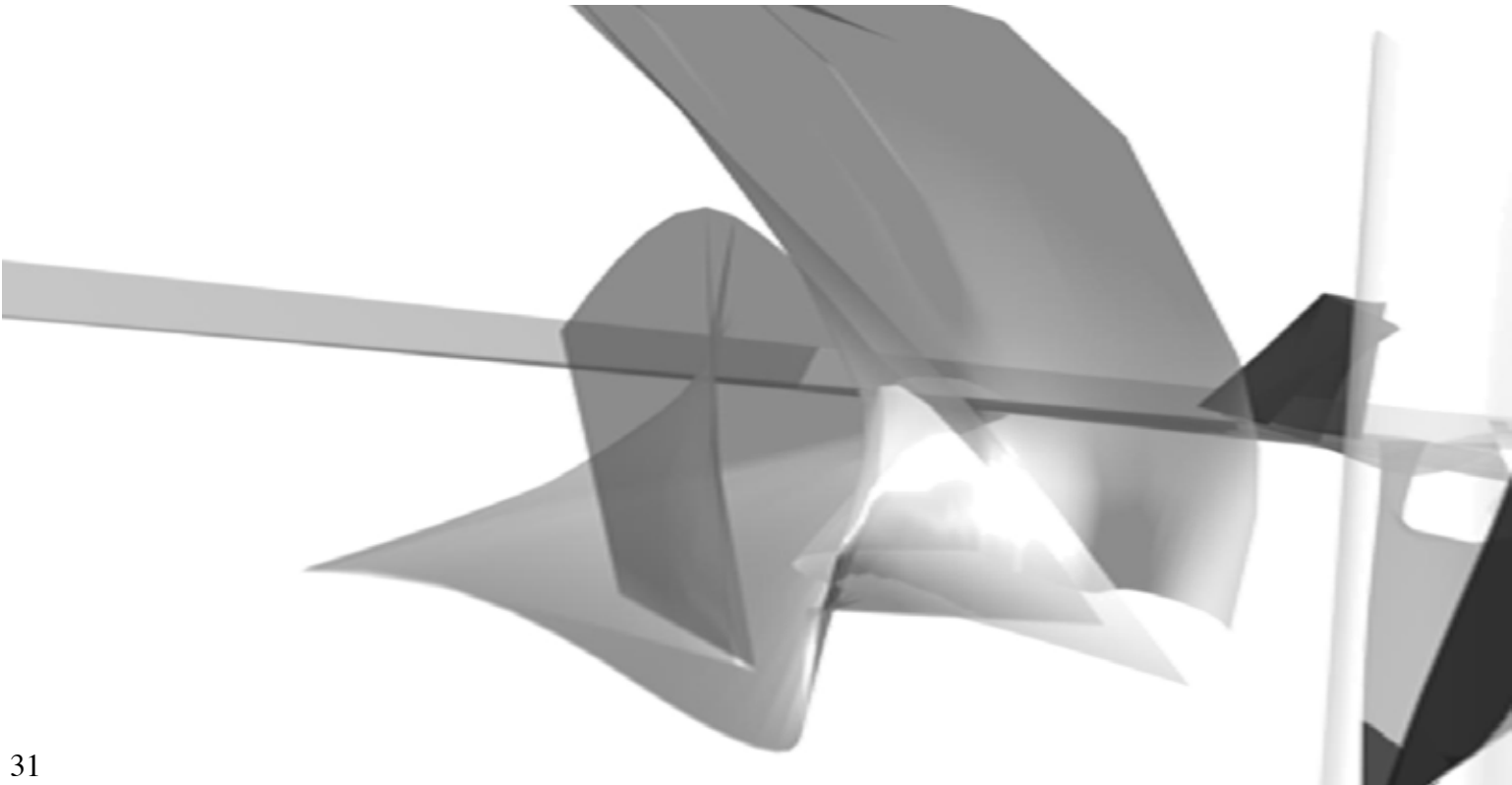
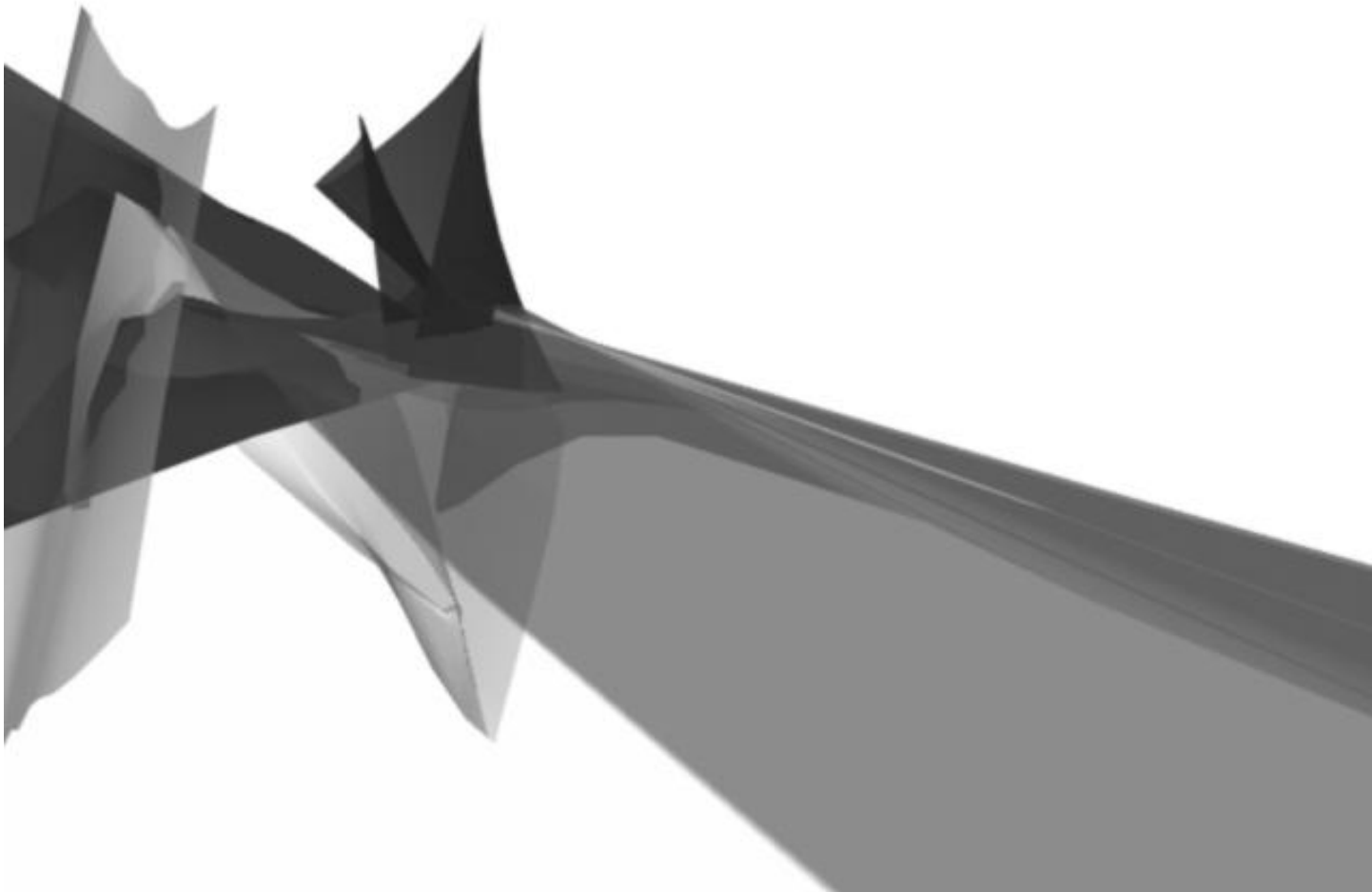
## **05. Random Access Memory**

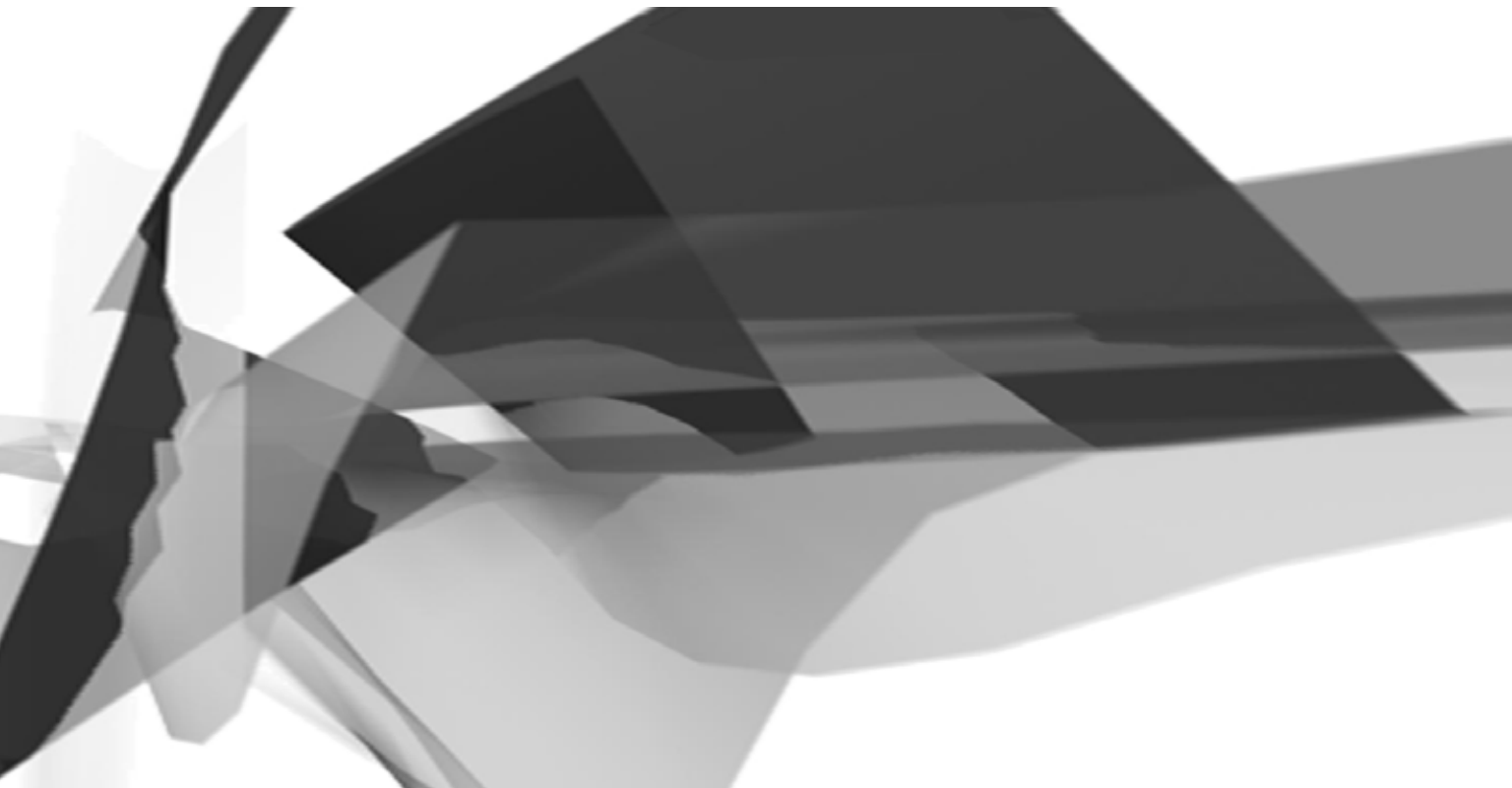
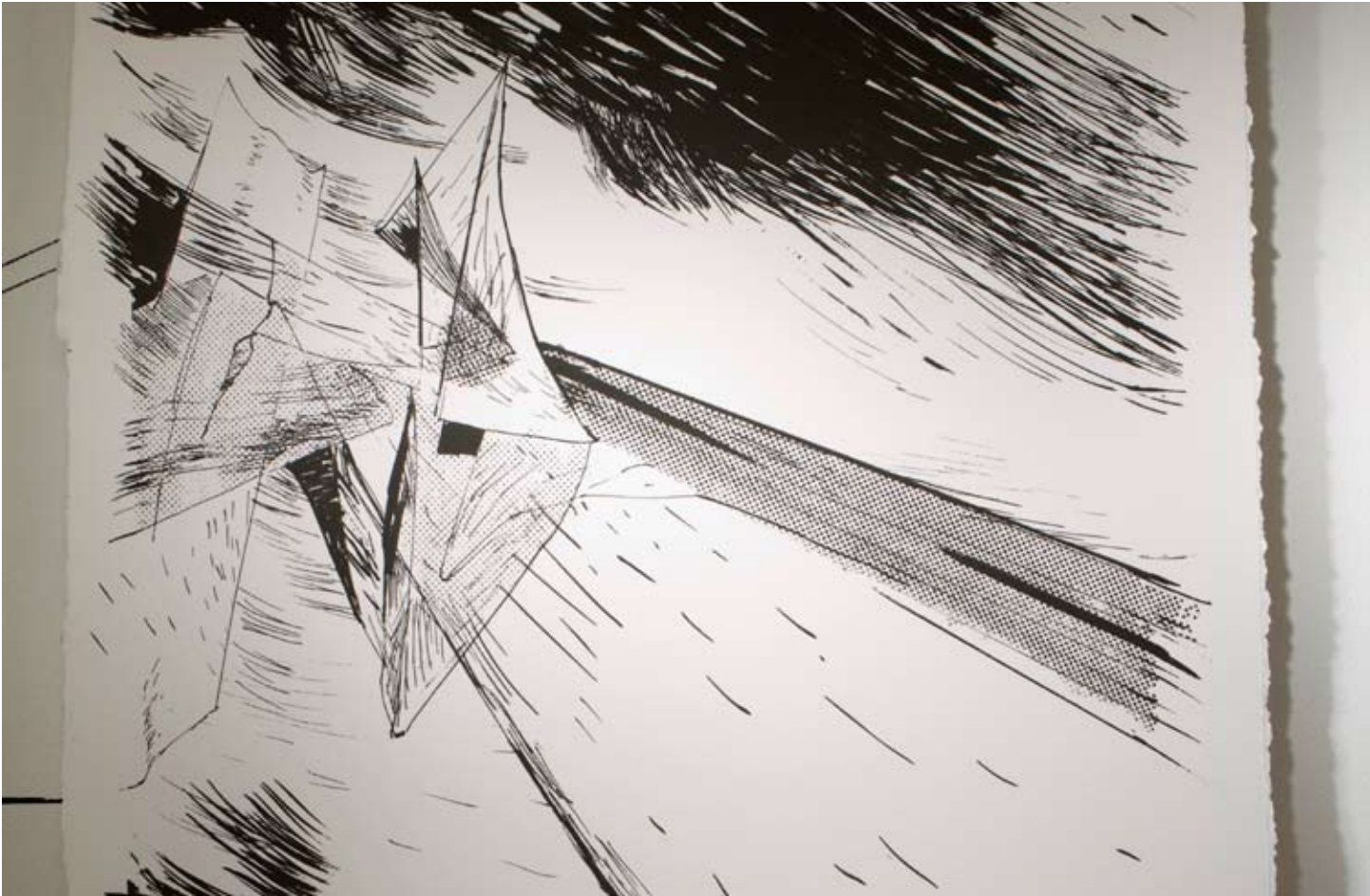
I am an artist that employs drawings both by hand and computer. I think machines are very empty, but I also think that a computer-aided image can be beautiful; I find a vacant beauty in what is left when the common functionality of technology has been stripped away.

I have developed a process that begins with drawing from nature; the lines from these drawings are very abstract, and some are very organic. The lines are then imported and rendered into computer via 3D animation software. What results is an art form that, while additive in 3D space, is reduced from its original form – a type of three-dimensional blind contour in virtual space. The results can be observed via virtual camera, the viewer will find a world filled with esoteric architecture, riddled with science fiction undertones. I like this very much.

This virtual world is absent the artist's hand. It is a construct that is both algorithmic and serendipitous in nature – a world built on near-infinite computations. The unseen process often makes me feel like I have found something rather than creating it. That is probably why I choose to draw the outcomes. Because the software handles much of the building phase, a lot of information evades me; so as any explorer would do, I document the findings.







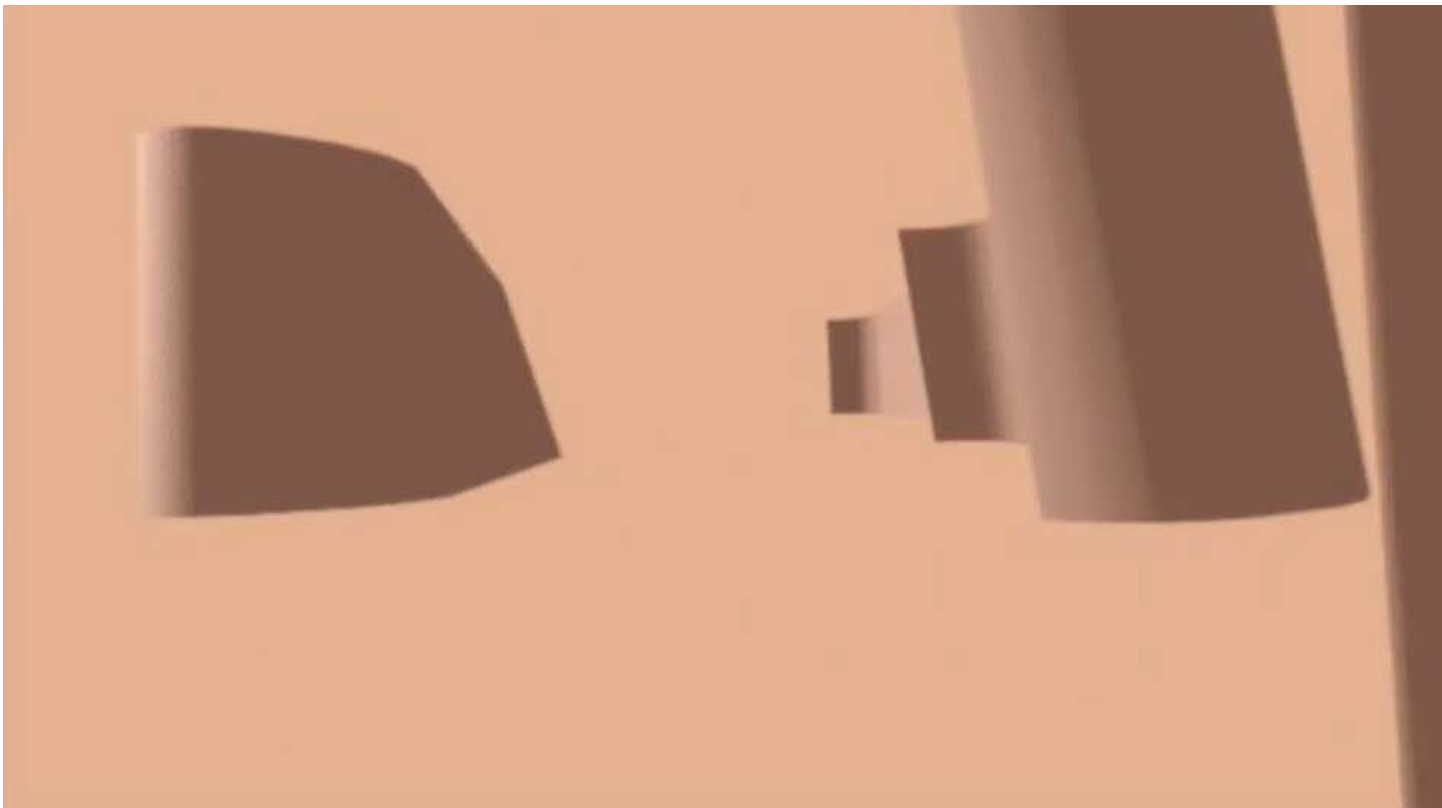
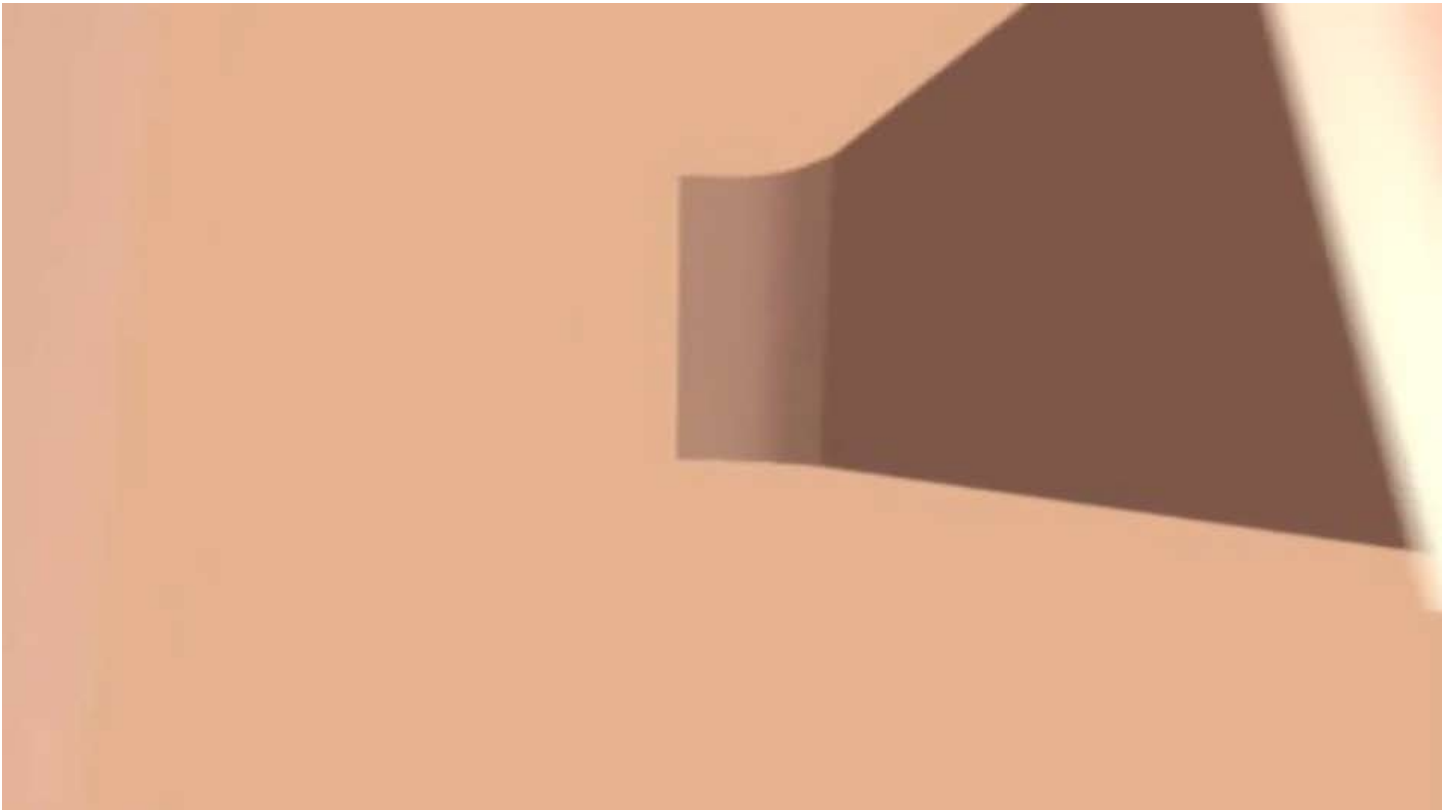


Drugs Use Drugs. We will achieve the perfect reflection, for the shape of perfection is the most beautiful

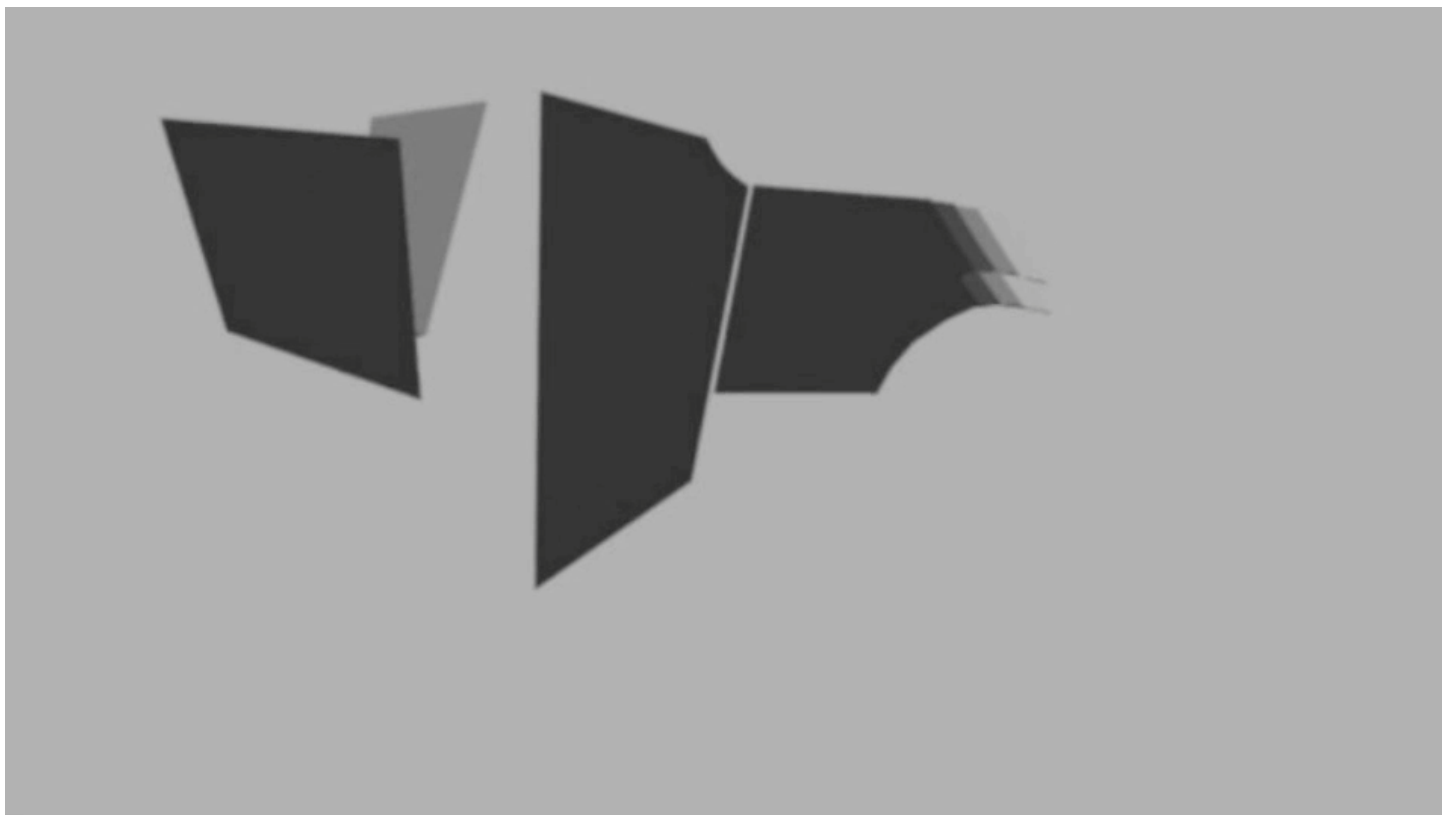
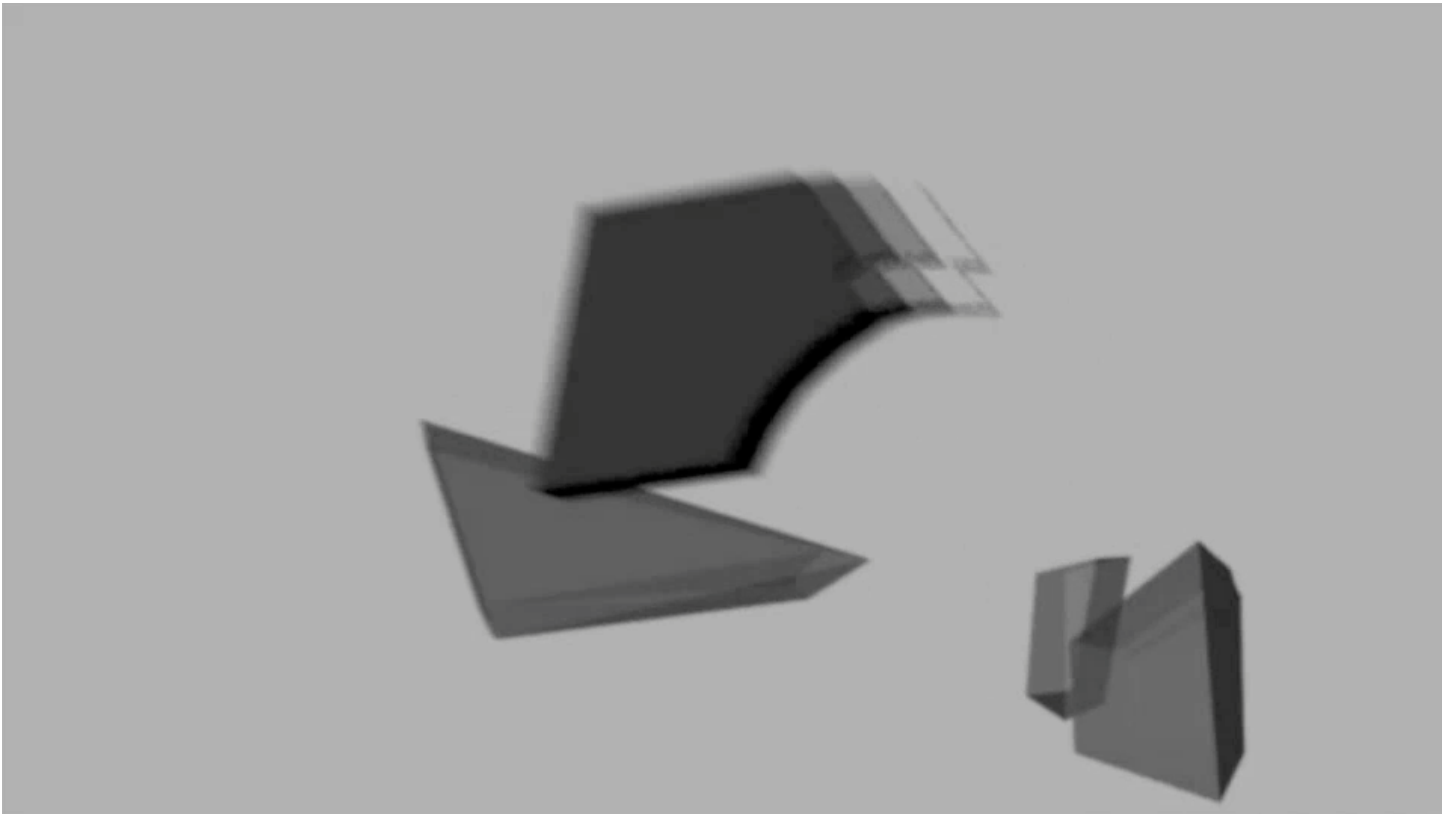


most beautiful of all ideas. This is what your child may be contemplating right now. Killing Machine of your own cr







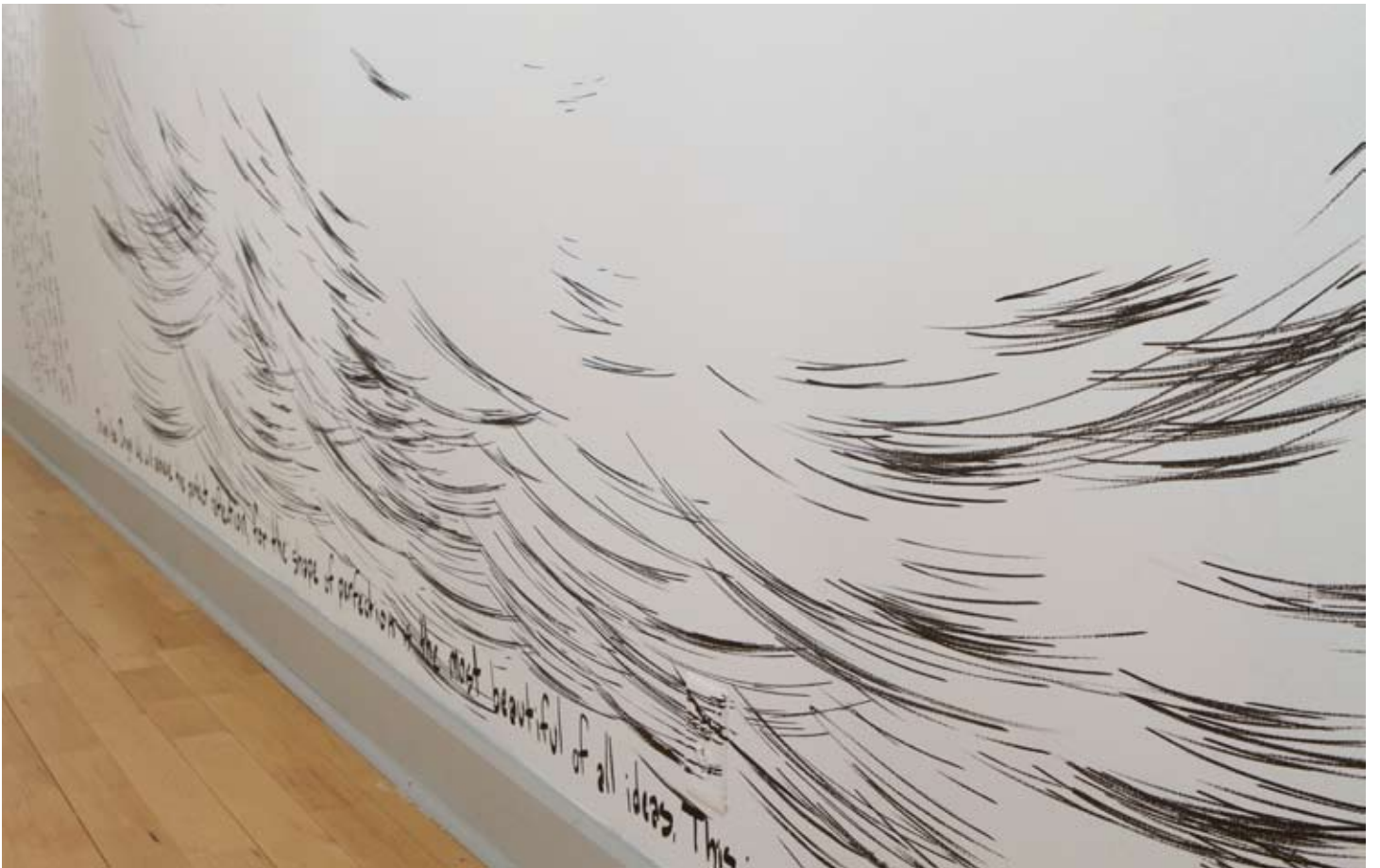






## **06. Single Ink Brush (or *sumi*)**

The prevailing medium of the black ink on a white surface further documents the installation's emotional message. Initially I had tried to oil paint these scenes of the future. While the paintings were complex in both color and texture, it seemed that they lacked sufficient power. The ink drawings that have become the exhibition came about as part of the preliminary value and composition planning stage for the oil paintings. More than the paintings, these drawings received a favorable response from colleagues and mentors alike. They felt that the drawings gave viewers a better idea about what I loved. I agreed with them. It seems that the key for me was to rely on a quick gestured rendering of the scene, a type of *shorthand*; any pre-planning or post refinement tended to lose critical emotive data. I found it interesting that I needed to revert from painting to ink drawing in order to retain the emotive power and open-ended exploration needed for my installation. Ironically, this *shorthand* is actually the preferred story telling medium of comic book artists. When I try to think about this, I am reminded of that reversed pyramid-visual I often use. The singular point that is who I am and what I love certainly has an effect on my art making.



...the most beautiful of all ideas. This









## 07. People/Panels

Rendering people as part of the drawings was eliminated from the installation. I wanted the viewers themselves to actually enter into the world that I had created; I wanted the viewer to be a part of it. If an installation space was going to convey the emotive content of a story, then I felt the viewers entering that space should take on the role of the story's characters.

In order to communicate an ambiguity in size in relation to the body, I chose to fix the dimension of all drawings into square panels. Vertically inclined artworks say *portrait*, and horizontal ones have a *landscape* baggage attached to them. Rather than appreciate them as hanging art, I felt it was more important for the viewer to feel like they could reach through these drawings like reaching through windows.

On their own, the drawings may appear to be nothing more than landscapes; but because I wanted viewers to be emotionally involved with the installation, and avoid any didactic reading of the work, the layout that I chose for hanging was less of an arrangement of landscape and more like a montage of expression. I also found that a subtle emulation of comic book aesthetics was appropriate. My method of execution was twofold; first I would use smaller drawings that were cropped in extreme close-ups showing different aspects of the new world. And second, I would use a salon-style hanging of the show to emulate comic book page layouts. Both the product and presentation drive the emotional content of the installation.





WHERE ARE ALL THE TOURISTS FROM THE FUTURE? HE DE-  
 Cided to live in one own worlds I thought Rooms to walk  
 in and us down on a couch. Every time my head hits the wall  
 in it seems that I'm writing another paper and I've made  
 the mistake of sharing my private world with the one  
 outside. That seems to make one work while the other  
 falls away. I have five ideas faster than I can write.  
 down the first one. This blows everything to  
 something gotta stop so you can live. My engine part  
 is when everyone's alive and [redacted] is completely dead,  
 nothing left to give.  
 This is a simple machine.  
 No need to get so emo-  
 tional about it. You turn  
 on a light and then there  
 is an explosion. It happens  
 all the time. You focus to  
 march on the five feet con-  
 sider what you touch hap-  
 ens where and when, all  
 that [redacted] there's ...

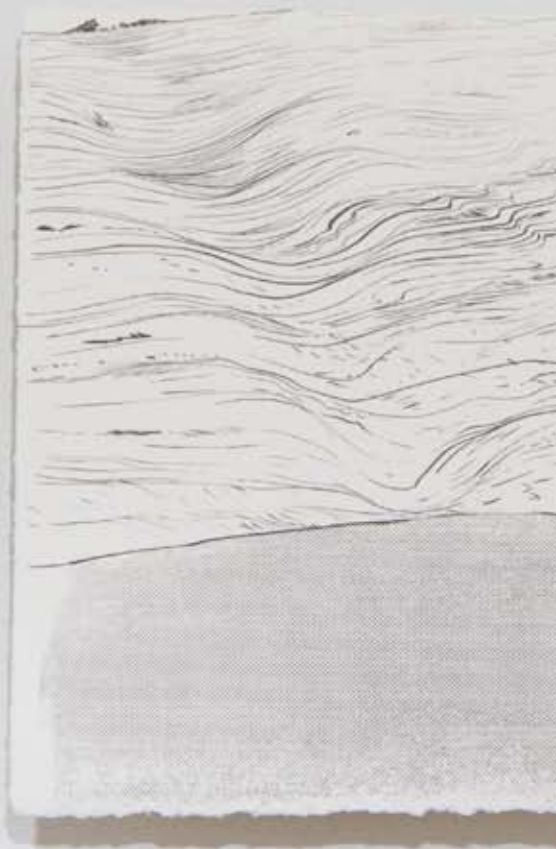


may be contemplating right now. Killing Machine of your own creation.



FROM THE FUTURE? HE DEC-  
 IDES I THOUGHT: ROOMS TO WALK  
 EVERY TIME MY HEAD HITS THE WALL-  
 ANOTHER PAPER AND I'VE MADE  
 ANOTHER WORLD WITH THE ONE  
 I ONE WORK WHILE THE OTHER  
 READS FASTER THAN I CAN WRITE.  
 I'VE GIVEN EVERYTHING TO [REDACTED]  
 I CAN LIVE IN PARADISE THAT  
 TO [REDACTED] IS COMPLETELY DEAD,





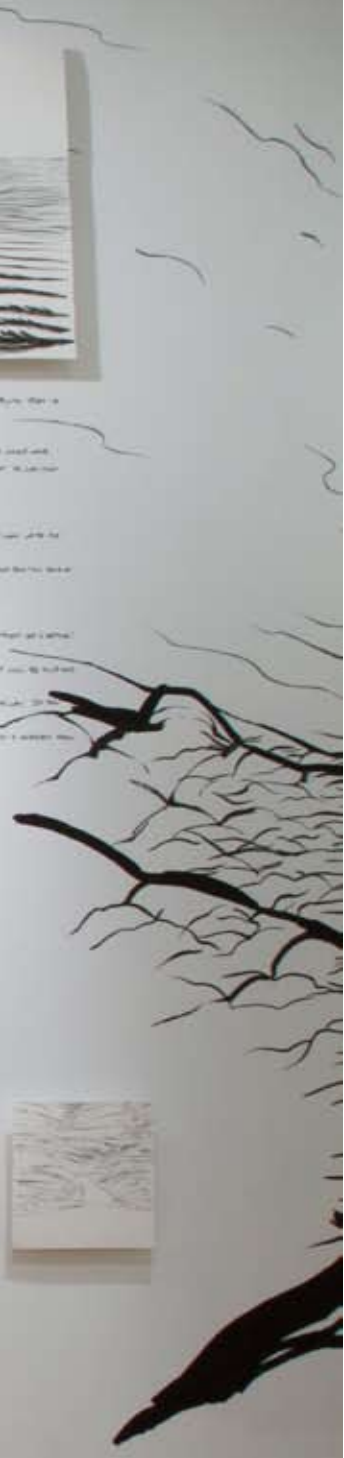








On the wall, there is a large block of text, likely a poem or a series of notes, written in a small, dense font. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and is partially obscured by the artwork on the right.



## **08. The Empty Place**

I came to Utah from Hawaii. The desolate landscape is beautiful, and for me, truly a new world. The absence of life and the unobstructed view of the horizon in the desolate areas on the outskirts of civilization seem almost fictional. I took this to mean a world yet to be planted with life, an empty place waiting to be filled. I think the desert and the digital world has much in common; both are sterile and unpopulated, and both exhibit line-work that seem to flow into fractal patterns of infinite algorithms. This is another part of the selected project I am slightly confused with; what came first – the idea or the place?





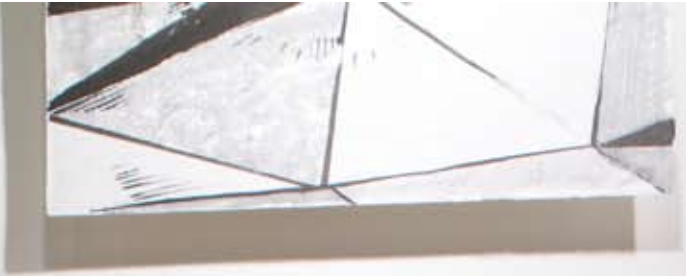













Am in  
nervous  
each other  
gram  
that  
is so  
once  
that



WHERE ARE ALL THE TOURISTS FROM THE FUTURE? WE DECIDED TO LIVE IN OUR OWN WORLDS I THOUGHT. ROOMS TO WALK IN AND LIE DOWN ON A COUCH. EVERY TIME MY HEAD HITS THE PILLOW IT SEEMS THAT I'M WRITING ANOTHER PAPER AND I'VE MADE THE MISTAKE OF SHARING MY PRIVATE WORLD WITH THE ONE



Twice Transfused There are hundreds of biologic advisors in your  
Nervous system emitting and absorbing a series of information dense  
waves that superimpose from  
each other like sheets of snow, creating  
Each layer  
gran shells that surround your body  
Their shape evolves from  
that of a space suit, to an egg, then to a sphere. Each constitutes  
and emotions that constitute  
time hearing it. Easy to forget  
Once Soul. You have a hard  
Music of the Spheres  
that it might also be listening  
to you.

WHERE ARE ALL THE TOURISTS FROM THE FUTURE? WE DECIDED TO LIVE IN OUR OWN WORLDS I THOUGHT. ROOMS TO WALK IN AND LIE DOWN ON A COUCH. EVERY TIME MY HEAD HITS THE PILLOW IT SEEMS THAT I'M WRITING ANOTHER PAPER AND I'VE MADE THE MISTAKE OF SHARING MY PRIVATE WORLD WITH THE ONE OUTSIDE. THAT SEEMS TO MAKE ONE WORK WHILE THE OTHER FALLS APART. I HAVE FIVE IDEAS FASTER THAN I CAN WRITE DOWN THE FIRST ONE. THIS BLOWS EVERYTHING TO [REDACTED] SOMETHING'S GOTTA STOP SO YOU CAN LIVE. MY FAVORITE PART IS WHEN EVERYONE'S ALIVE AND [REDACTED] IS COMPLETELY DEAD, NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE.

THIS IS A SIMPLE MACHINE. NO NEED TO GET SO EMOTIONAL ABOUT IT. YOU TURN ON A LIGHT AND THEN THERE IS AN EXPLOSION, IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME. YOU FOCUS TOO MUCH ON THE FIVE FOLD COIN SIDE, WHAT YOU TOUCH HAPPENS WHERE AND WHEN, ALL THAT [REDACTED] THERE'S...



## 09. txt

Text poses a problem for the viewer. Text next to image could imply answers, and in terms of instructive meaning, I had none. The text in the installation is all hand written, organized and configured as graphical elements rather than instruction. The solution was to be *imprecise* with the function of text in my imagined world, enough to make room for the viewer to discover something on their own. That the situation is beautiful and complex was enough of an answer for me to share with the viewer.

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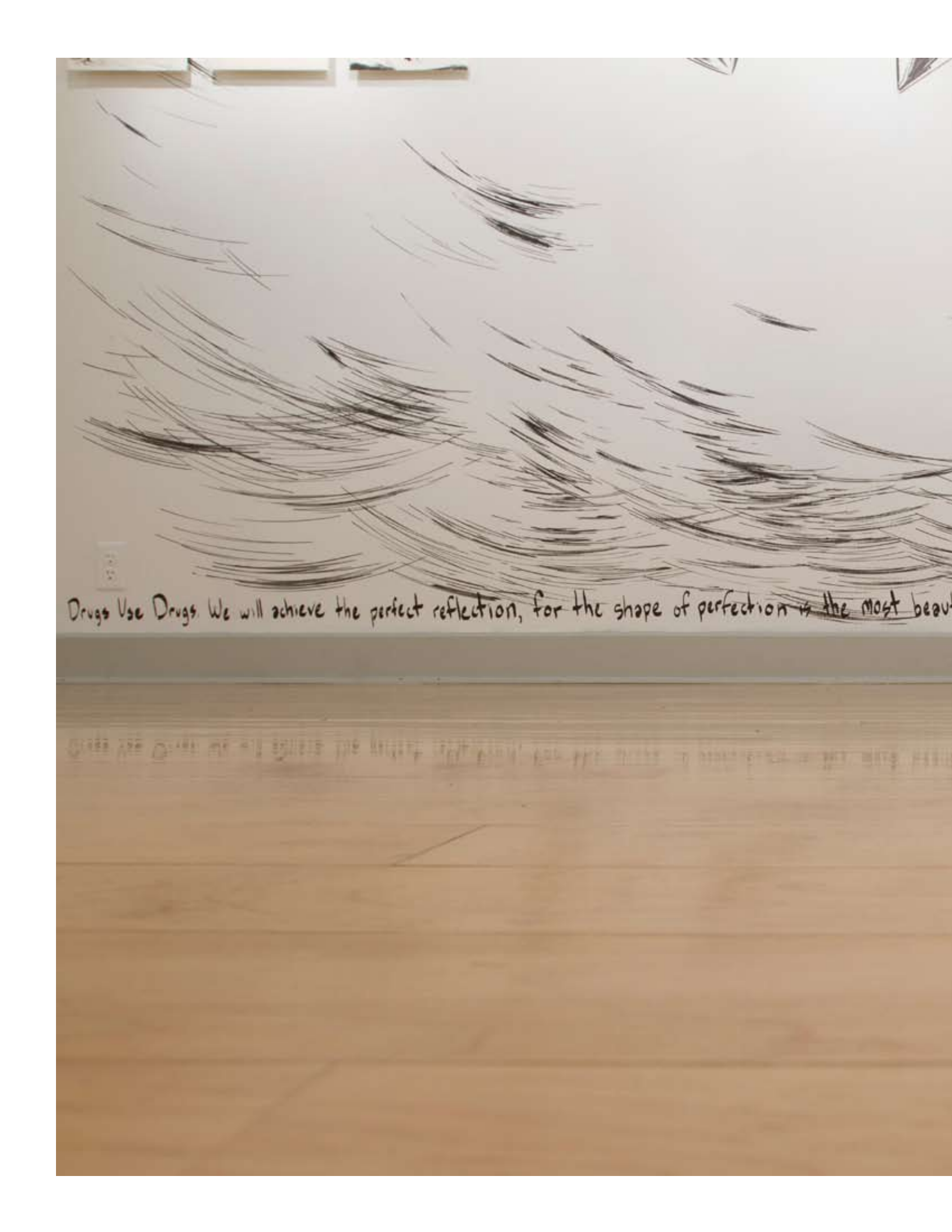
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A whiteboard with a drawing of wavy lines and a handwritten sentence. The drawing consists of several horizontal, overlapping, wavy lines drawn with a black marker, resembling a stylized wave or a textured surface. The lines are drawn with varying thickness and direction, creating a sense of movement and depth. Below the drawing, a sentence is written in black marker. The background is a plain white wall. At the top of the image, there are some faint, partially visible drawings or markings. The bottom of the image shows a wooden surface, likely a table or desk, with a light brown finish and horizontal grain. The overall scene is a close-up of a whiteboard in a classroom or meeting room.

Drugs Use Drugs. We will achieve the perfect reflection, for the shape of perfection is the most beautiful.



ful of all ideas. This is what your child may be contemplating right now. Killing Machine of your own creation.



As far as you're concerned, you only get to do this once. Even if you could do this again, it'd basically be the same. Watch the clouds pass by the utility poles in blue and eastern grey. I'm delivering a letter to fall from the air and designing an envelope for postage. (legendary rooms of Shildra. What is tennis? That's one thing they forgot to tell me.

Who would be playing the REAL GAME and who would just be playing games.

clouds = CAGE

waves = CHANGE

earth = bombs



The world is ready  
to end. Pure thought  
is antiprimer on  
the Panthalassic  
ocean and your  
death will always  
sound like a forest  
crack. These are  
ingredients for di-  
saster because  
life is something  
you have to hold  
onto. You have to  
drop what you were  
working on and  
grab it about the  
throat with both  
hands. Had it,  
Lost it. . . . .  
SALT WATER.



DEAR JARRO,

IT HAPPENED. I FINALLY HAD THE BREAKTHROUGH I WAS LOOKING FOR, BUT I WENT TOO FAR. THERE'S NO GOING BACK. I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR MAN'S ORIGINAL FALL. WE EXIST. THE BEGINNING AND THE END ARE THE SAME COORDINATE. (THE SPIRIT IS)  
"STEELCLOTH TO THE WORLD. CAN YOU READ ME?"

THE SOUL HAD A FAMILIAR FACE. THAT WAS ONE OF MANY SURPRISES I REALIZED THAT NIGHT. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. I HAD NEVER SUSPECTED OR IMAGINED. I MET SL, MY ETERNAL, PERFECTED SELF. I THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE ANGRY WITH ME, BUT HE WASN'T. HE WAS LIKE THEY ALWAYS DESCRIBE GOD OR JESUS OR BUDDHA; SO KIND AND PEACEFUL, SENSITIVE AND FULL OF LOVE. IDEAL LOVE.

"SUCH A BIG WORLD," HE SAID TO ME.

"IT'S TOO MUCH INFORMATION," I CRIED. "TOO MUCH LOVE."

"DON'T CRY," HE SAID, AND HE HELD ME IN HIS ARMS. "IT'S ALL FOR YOU." HE WAS BE ROOM, ALL FULL OF PERSIMMON COLORS ECHOING IN THE SAME TONE." I COULD SEE MY FRIENDS THERE AS WELL. THEY WERE LOOKING INTO MY EYES WITH THE SAME SMILE, THE SAME OUTPOURING OF LOVE.

I FELT BETTER. IN ONE SENSE, I FELT LIKE I WAS STARTING OVER. WHAT I THOUGHT WAS GOING TO BE MY FINAL REVELATION WAS, IN FACT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I BEHELD A TRUTH THAT NEEDED NO PROOF OR EXPLANATION. I KNEW THAT WE AND LOVE EXIST AT THE SAME TIME.

HERE I AM IN MY COMPLETED EGG. THE CURVATURE INSIDE THE SHELL IS A SMOOTH BLANK SCREEN. IT'S ALL JUST A PART OF A  
"STEELCLOTH TO THE WORLD. CAN YOU READ ME?"

I'VE SENT YOU ALL OF MY JOURNALS FOR SAFEKEEPING. YOUR ILLUSTRATIONS WILL MAKE POSSIBLE TO START THE REBUILDING. IT CONTAINS THE INITIATE'S GUIDE TO THE HOT MAPS. THESE NOTES WILL TRAVEL FAR INTO THE REALMS OF THE OBSCURE.

I LEAVE YOU HERE IN THE WORLD OF THE APPARENT, FREE TO WORK ON THE GREAT ART. I HAVE PROVIDED A SAFE HARBOR ACCEPTING TO YOU. KEEP DRAWING AND KEEP TRANSLATING! MY LIFE IS A BURNING BOOK. YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO READ THE

THE SIGNAL IS LOUD AND CLEAR. IF IT KNOCKS YOU DOWN, GET BACK UP. YOU MIGHT WANT TO SIT DOWN ON THE FLOOR. REMEMBER WHERE YOU PUT YOUR KEY?

OKAY, I'M ABOUT TO PUSH 'THE BUTTON'. THE SHELL CRACKS OPEN ONCE THE EGO INSIDE IS READY TO LIVE OR DIE. THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU. WHAT TO EXPECT. NOTHING'S GOING TO CHANGE EXCEPT YOUR MIND.

"ARE YOU READY? ARE YOU SURE?"

OKAY, ALL TOGETHER NOW.

JUST SAY, "O O O O O O U A A A A A N N N N H H H H H H H . . ."





NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT WE REALLY ARE. MY SELF AWARENESS HAS REVEALED THE TERRIBLE AND BEAUTIFUL TRUTH THAT IS  
BODY HAS BEEN AWAKENED, REASSEMBLED AND RESURRECTED EVERYWHERE I SEE.

BEEN THERE BEFORE. IT WAS LIKE A PRENATAL MEMORY, REVEALING A DIFFERENT FREQUENCY OF EXISTENCE THAT I COULD HAVE  
HAD. I WAS JUST PROJECTING MY OWN INSECURITIES, FEARS AND SELF-HATRED. HE, GRACEFULLY, IS BEYOND ALL THAT. HE WAS JUST

THE DARKNESS. I WAS THE ROOM TOO. MY BODY DIDNT EXIST ANYMORE. EVERYTHING WAS MADE OF PURE THOUGHT. HE SAID "LOOK. WE'RE THE

FACT, MY FIRST AND ONLY REVELATION. I KNEW THAT MY JOURNEY WAS ONLY JUST BEGINNING, WHICH WAS KIND OF SCARY. BUT IT WAS ALSO BEAUTIFUL BECAUSE  
EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO BE OKAY.

MY BRAIN; THE FACT THAT YOU CAN TOUCH.

IS PROCESS EVEN AFTER EVERYTHING HAS BEEN DESTROYED. PLEASE PAY SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE CHAPTER TITLED "SET & SETTING".

HOUSE FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY IN THE PERMANENT GARDEN. YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE ISLAND AND I KNOW IT WILL BE KIND AND  
FLAMES.

ME, JUST IN CASE. WE'RE GOING TO TEAR IT ALL OPEN LIKE A PRESENT ON YOUR BIRTHDAY. EVERYONE'S INVITED, BY THE WAY. DO YOU

EVERY TOLD ME I WOULD UNDERSTAND WHEN THE TIME COMES. THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE BEEN BORN THIS MONTH SO I ALREADY KNOW



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## **10. Conclusion/ No Conclusion**

The emotional content of the space was more important than building a specific narrative. I simply aimed to push the viewer into the general vicinity of science fiction, of world building, with themes of desolate beauty that were concerned about relationships between technology and nature, and a subtle allusion to comic book aesthetics. Beyond this there are no conclusions. Simply, all that is left is the notion of a world imagined and built, with the spectator jointly exploring it with me.







## APPENDIX

### WATCH THE WORLD COLLAPSE

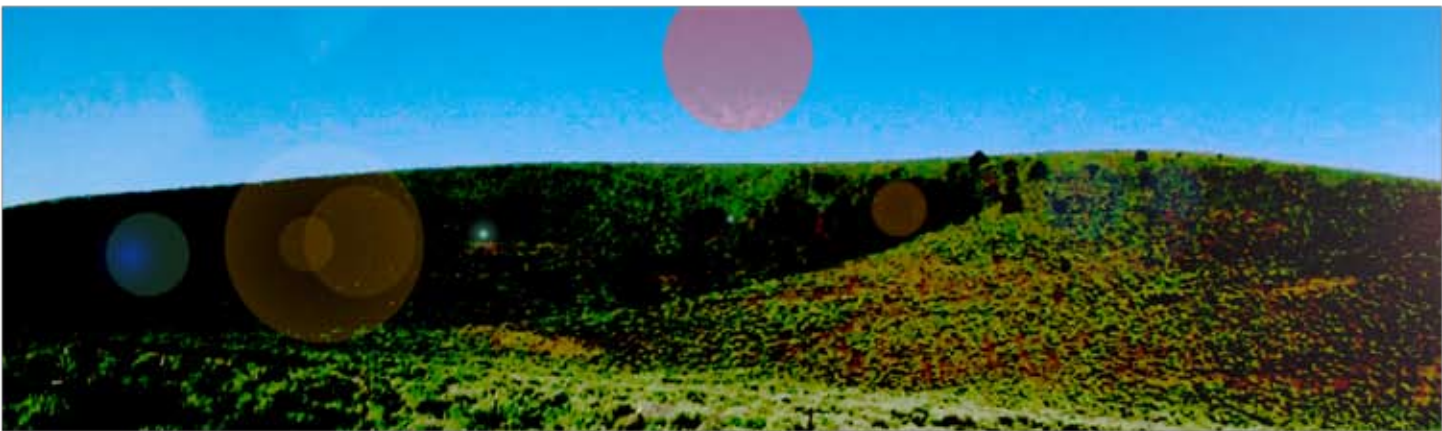
The following images are video stills taken from a second installation called: *Watch The World Collapse*. I expanded upon ideas covered in the first installation by compositing previously created vector animation into footage of various desolate landscapes I had visited. *The Movement Of An Object Through A Field Creates A Complex Situation* is an installation that represented a drawing documentation of an old world being built anew. The follow-up show, *Watch The World Collapse*, represents what the actual event would have looked like.

[Online link to videos <http://www.vimeo.com/25385899> Watch The World Collapse](http://www.vimeo.com/25385899)



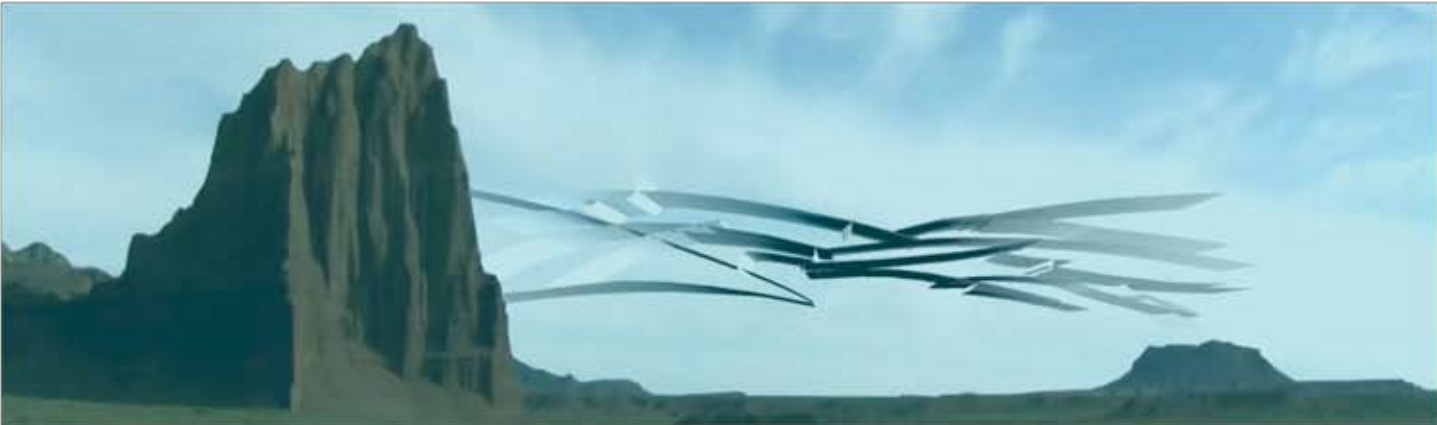
















WATCH  
THE  
WORLD  
COLLAPSE

JARED S GREENLEAF

WITH A FOREWORD BY  
JONATHAN FRANZ

COLLAPSE  
MORTAL  
WATCH



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