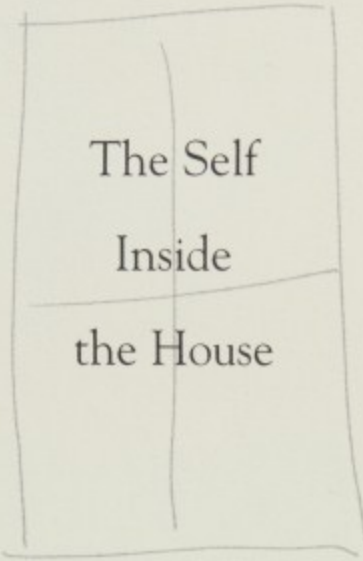


The Self  
Inside  
the House



The Self

Inside

the House

It can see and hear the outside,  
but inside it is blind and deaf,  
feeling, sensing, imagining itself.



*How does one imagine the self,  
that invisible and inaudible territory?  
Cut a tree and see the sapling at the center.  
Cut a human and where is the person that once was?*

The outside may reflect something of the inside.  
But also it disguises.  
The nondescript row house with a party inside.  
It can, of course, be painted, spruced up.  
It moves with us.



It can see and hear the outside,  
but inside it is blind and deaf,  
feeling, sensing, imagining itself.



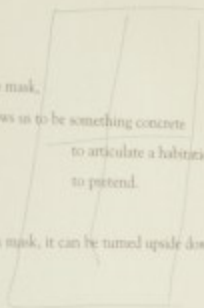
The outside may reflect something of the inside.  
But also it disguises.  
The nondescript row house with a party inside.  
It can, of course, be painted, spruced up.  
It moves with us.



Can a human and where is the person that once was?

Like a mask,  
it allows us to be something concrete  
to articulate a habitization  
to pretend.

Like a mask, it can be turned upside down.



It stays separate from the self.



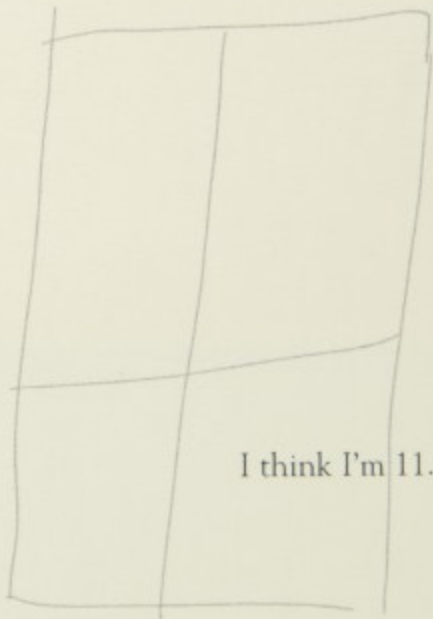
All of a sudden  
I could see it.  
But it was right side up.

middle-aged woman.



What age are you?

ide we stay at one age.



I think I'm 11.

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