On one side of the edge the vista beyond is hidden, and on the other side it is revealed; on one side there is potential collision, and on the other potential passage.

*J.J. Gibson*, The Ecological Approach to Visual Perception

I think the major issue now in art is what are the boundaries.

*Robert Smithson*, Interview with Anthony Robbin

"Art": something established, even conventional; at the least, a matter of recognized and recognizable genres/styles; teachable in art schools and academies of art. By the time we designate something as "art," it has lost its disruptive presence, its radical novelty, its challenge to our usual modes of classification, starting with those that belong to what we call "aesthetics," i.e., the codification of primary directions of art in the last pertinent historical epoch. It has lost its edge. It has become institutionalized in keeping with the fateful sclerotization of fresh art — indeed, innovative action of any sort — as Sartre outlines when, in his *Critique of Dialectical Reason*, he traces the evolution of a group in fusion into a hierarchical social formation. Art, as "art," has lost its edge. "Edge": something that dis-establishes and upsets by its very structure. A structure whose effect is to obscure what is coming and to come — the sudden, the surprising, the new. Requiring a certain fixity in perception or palpation (otherwise it could not serve as an edge at all), it opens onto what is un-fixed in time or space: in time, since we don't know just when a certain event, now unseen, will occur; in space, given that the layout we shall witness is yet unknown and can take many forms, none of them wholly predictable. Any situation or thing with such occultative properties is apt to make us "edgy" — to put us "on edge."

**edward s. casey**

**KEEPING ART TO ITS EDGE**

Art and edge converge most obviously in artwork that is *at the cutting edge*. Such work not only possesses striking features that draw our attention by, say, their sheer angularity. It is also work that creates its own edge — that becomes an edge of a new kind, a singular sort. This is part of what we mean by "avant-garde art," i.e., art that is so far out on the edge of our usual expectations that we cannot anticipate its inception or control its course once it has emerged. As "avant-garde" pointedly indicates, it exists before habitual guard rails are erected — rails of tradition and formal expectation that prevent us
keeping art to its edge

from being caught surprised: defensive structures built from the repetition of what we already know, including what we know of previous artwork by the same artist or group of artists: in short, what we know of familiar style or styles.

To break out of the bonds of previous styles, artists must break through encrusted edges of belief and history and practice. This is the perpetual struggle of the avant-garde: undermining accepted edges of the cognoscenti, “those in the know,” so as to reach toward new edges never before realized or recognized. The tried (and tired!) edges of what is all too well known give way to the evolving edges of what-is-to-come: the Event. Every coming event comes with double edges: those of the retained shadows of the remembered and those of the protended and about-to-happen. If remembered edges are essentially full — for they have been already experienced, already known — projected ones are just as essentially empty. “Empty” does not mean nugatory, much less meaningless, but empty of the definitely known and thus predictable. Edges proffer an emergent emptiness that points beyond itself in a transferential gesture toward what cannot be known in advance: toward the surprising as what “takes hold upon” us rather than our taking hold of it. The principle is: the emptily but actively intended lies beyond the edge of knowledge and expectation. Not because it is amorphous (it, the event, will have a perfectly determinate shape once it comes) but because, from a position at the edge of the edge, it is uncertain what exact form it will take and, indeed, whether it will happen at all. But this is a position which we assume in almost all circumstances, including those we think we know very well. Even the best known edge-world, say that of our home, is still subject to surprise: do we really know, on any particular day, what will happen in the house? Of course not! The postman brings bad news when I had expected good; a fire breaks out in my daughter’s bedroom around the corner from the living room where I am writing; the piece of fruit I am eating shows itself to be rotten at the core once I eat past its outer edge. The known comes perpetually bearing the unknown as its elusive other on its very back.

Formulated in topological terms, an edge is a structure joining two surfaces whose outer shape is that of a convex dihedral angle — in contrast with a corner, which embodies a concave such angle.1 The convexity of an edge is never great enough to prevent the occultation of what lies on its other side. It is from within its very opening that it closes off, the unknown incubus indissociable from what is available: as if to warn us of any presumption to perfect knowledge, even in the most familiar or repetitive of settings. Despite their occlusive properties, edges are necessary to being in a place-world, where things and people and happenings continually emerge from behind edges while sporting new edges of their own.

Understanding edges in their inherent bivalency allows us to appreciate more fully certain features of artworks. One of these features is the frame that acts as an edge for every work of art. Not only the outer frame that surrounds a given painting and serves to separate it from the wall, or the proscenium that comes between a theatrical production and its listeners, but the many sorts of inner frame found in artworks with a certain complexity of composition. I have in mind, for example, such things as John Marin’s thick linear bands of paint or charcoal on canvas or paper that create a frame within the external frame. These latter are extraordinarily effective, and they can be said to edge-in what is otherwise edged-out via the physical frame (often constructed for his paintings by Marin himself). Again, a double-edged circumstance — where one edge not merely mimics and repeats the other but transforms the painting as a whole. The same constructive character of such double edging obtains in the temporal arts: e.g., the play-within-the-play in many of Shakespeare’s works, the plot-within-the-plot of Proust’s Remembrance of Things Past, the narrative-inside-a-narrative so often operative in ordinary story-telling.

Beyond framing, delineation of any kind is an edge matter: if we don’t see some edge, we can’t
make out what is delineated: every line is a certain kind of edge. Consider only the case of portraits, where the recognizable identity of the subject depends on a congeries of edges that, taken together, amount to an image that (within broad limits) resembles the person being portrayed. The degree of expected or required verisimilitude varies with the cultural and historical moment, ranging from the minute exactitude of a Holbein portrait (with virtually every pore of the skin represented) to a Chuck Close painting (wherein details of a given face are in the service of an overall coherence). At either extreme, and however differently realized — Holbein employing the finest of brushes whose mark is minimal; Close setting up an abstract pattern at the micro-level that makes no local sense — edges remain indispensable.

When we move from delineation to representation, the matter becomes more complex. Not all representations are linear in character, as we can see from many landscape paintings done in a broadly baroque mode in which the brush strokes do not aim at a linear depiction but figure for their own sake or as suggesting landscape features: from Hals and Velasquez to Monet and Soutine. Here the breadth of the stroke makes it into a pictorial entity in its own right — as does its sheer visual activism (as we see dramatically in Pollock or de Kooning). Mimetism as such, sheer resemblance, is no longer a goal in such cases: hence the comparative subordination of the line in such works. But representation is nevertheless aimed at, and in this enterprise edges remain of central importance: water lilies as painted by Monet, however fluid their shapes may be, are still distinct entities, distinguishable if not separable from the water on whose surface they float so intensely. The edges of each lily are seen as there in the painting even if they are not established by anything like a simple continuous line. It is the mass of paint as such that effects the representation; but this mass has its edges, whether they are created by change of hue or value, the texture of the paint, or by some other means.

Edges continue to figure in decisive ways even in the case of non-representational art. The areas of color in Rothko’s later works are as nebulous as painting gets — gone are the guiding abstract shapes of Kandinsky or Mondrian — but they configure different areas of the overall painting, such that we can talk of different “bands” of color. Each such band has its own feathered edge that allows it to be an intact and distinguishable entity. When edges reach this degree of non-linear porosity, they become boundaries rather than borders. Where borders almost always call for linear representation — think of the way in which maps depict the borders between countries — boundaries do not. If boundaries are open to traversal at many points, borders actively discourage or refuse such traversal.

The distinction between borders and boundaries obtains for all arts in which edges figure — and that means all the arts. Borders exist in oral poetry as pauses between stanzas of verse as they are read out loud or in written poetry as the margins of the page that surround a given poem. Boundaries arise — and sometimes at the same time as such borders — when the reverberations of pronounced words are still heard as the poet goes onto the next line: the two lines are not confused with each other, their temporal edges being successive in character, but the retenissement of various words in their semantic or alliterative clustering calls for boundary conditions that do not close down or regiment the reading in any rigid manner.

Similarly, in architecture there are two kinds of edge that interact in much the same ways: borders as impermeable walls and roofs, boundaries as doors and windows and at each juncture, corners as well as edges, the two operating as converse compatriots. Built structures are the ultimate edge-works, especially those with a rectilinear pattern ranging from Renaissance palaces to exemplary cases of the International Style (e.g., Mises’ Seagram Building); even those apparent exceptions such as Le Corbusier’s Ronchamp Chapel or Frank Gehry’s Bilbao Guggenheim present us with edges — the edges of the very curves that make up their manifest images, including the outer edges of these buildings as etched against the sky. In poetry and in architecture — as in other arts such as sculpture and installations of several sorts —
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there is no getting around the edge, especially in its two primary forms of border and boundary.

A striking case in point is provided by Robert Smithson’s celebrated “Spiral Jetty,” the earthwork that was created from bulldozed gravel and earth by Smithson on the shore of the Great Salt Lake in 1969-70. In this work, which has recently re-emerged from its unexpected submersion in the Lake, we see a cosmographic symbol set squarely into the sea: a single spiral whose tail is connected with the shore and whose head disappears into the water.

Intrinsic to the innovativeness of this work is the way it combines borders with boundaries in a new configuration. The shore is normally and naturally a border in the circumstance – it is the common limit of the land and the water, and retains a steady presence throughout – but the Jetty transforms it into a boundary: a band that acts as source and orientation for the earthwork that protrudes from it so audaciously. And the work itself acts as boundary for the shore: at once its elaboration and its outermost limit. The edge of the Jetty is itself a boundary in relation to the salty water that invades it, submerges it, and has finally coated it with salt. The Spiral Jetty is a boundary for a border that becomes in turn a boundary of its own, just as it is a boundary in relation to the medium in which it is set – a medium that resists becoming a border (only a strict container of water acts as a genuine border for it: e.g., a river bank or dike, or a simple glass into which water is placed).

II

The Spiral Jetty – which I take to be exemplary of edge-work and which we are still trying to understand in its magical/mysterious working) – points us to two crucial roles of the edge in artworks of all kinds:

1. Edges act as limits within which artistic freedom flourishes, as Smithson himself testifies: “there’s greater freedom if you realize that you have these limits to work against and, actually, it’s more challenging that way.” The freedom of any artist, his or her creative matrix, occurs only within the limits set up by the work itself. As Stravinsky remarks, “My freedom [as a composer] consists in my moving about within the narrow frame that I have assigned myself.” A frame, as we saw above, is a form of edge, and edges, whether as borders or boundaries, are the most crucial limits and those which the artist
must respect even as he/she pursues the most ground-breaking of works.

2. The action of the edge is that of intensification and amplification; in the first, the energies of the artist (and those of the admirer of his or her work) are gathered within the edges of the work itself, condensing and concentrating there, while coalescing with the material media of which the work is composed; in the second, a certain transcendent intentionality is evident as the work, once invested with the intense energies of creation, gestures beyond itself into its own periphery. We see both of these directionalities in the Jetty itself, whose spiral structure at once draws our perception or motion (we are encouraged to walk on the Jetty, at least when it is above water) into it, while simultaneously sending our look or step out beyond it into the surrounding Salt Lake or above, into the sun and sky: "[From the Jetty] you are sort of spun out to the fringes of the site ... The shore of the lake [becomes] the edge of the sun, a boiling curve, an explosion rising into fiery prominence." Put another way, an artwork serves both as a limit - on itself and on our experience of it - and as a means of gathering energies at the time of its creation (and later when perceived or entered): energies that exceed the work itself in an ecstatic outflow. None of this would be possible without the operation of edges in their twofold action of intensifying and amplifying. These edges draw in even as they draw out in a powerful bi-directional flow that has no equivalent in other human creations.

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III

My claim concerning the role of edges in art is not that their presence guarantees artistic creativity, much less that it is necessary to such creativity. Instead, I am pointing to the pervasive ingredience of edge in many artworks and many kinds of such works. I would also contend that attention to edges fosters and enhances the production of art. This is especially so when edges occur as boundaries rather than as strict borders. When the latter happens - when edges act to prevent movement and innovation by being confining and excluding presences - they can block significant artistic creation. Borders, when remaining exclusive and preclusive in their effects, dampen down artistic activity; only when they open up sufficiently to allow for the passage of materials and ideas in their midst do they contribute positively to emergent artworks. But this is tantamount to their becoming boundaries - arenas for the kind of open-ended creativity that is essential to artworks that establish their own form, style, or tradition. Boundaries are broadband regions with sufficient breadth to be more than literal lines or pure peripheries - that have the spatial width and temporal span to support creative work in their midst; indeed, to call for it.

Robert Smithson has also said that an artist "does not impose but rather exposes the site." The artist should not force a plan or design on pre-existing materials but find within these materials the nascent or tacit grounds - the "site" - for artwork newly conceived and differently executed. But more than materials are involved here. Every site (I would prefer to say "place") comes edged: there is no edgeless place. The way in which a given place possesses its edges determines whether it will serve as a border or a boundary. Such edges are not only those of the materials from which a given artwork is fashioned nor even those of the finished work itself - important as both of these are for artmaking - but those that belong to the place of making itself: the studio, the plein-air scene, the place-of-working. In their essential porosity, these latter act as boundaries rather than borders.

Once again, I am not saying that creative work requires boundary states rather than borders. Much such work has been done in prison cells and other constricted circumstances (Solzhenitsyn writing in a gulag). But when this is the case, the literal walls that otherwise constitute a border state are pierced by the artist’s imagination or memory, transcending the disadvantages of physical confinement to become operative on another level. (Or when able to do so, the artist may just walk out of the studio toward the open landscape, as did Cézanne on an almost daily basis.) To transform a border into a boundary, i.e., one kind of edge into another, we need not have recourse to backhoe tractors and massive bulldozers, as did Smithson in the case of the Spiral Jetty. We can move beyond the
enclosure of established borders — whether physical or geographical, legal or historical — by psychical means: in projections and visions, dreams and reveries — to realize artworks whose scope and import far exceed these constractive circumstances. Such works are genuine boundary works that create new boundaries of their own, whatever the restrictions of the borders that delimit them in earlier stages of their creation. When John Cage began with the recording of ordinary street noises, he started with what presented itself as a border-state of limited and limiting sounds. But the same noises, re-presented as music at a concert, encourages the audience to transform this aleatory and delimited content into an artwork of a new sort: a work that not only builds upon existing boundaries but that itself constitutes a boundary of a new sort. Such double-edging, no longer confined to the option of inner vs. outer framing but now involving the transmutation of borders into boundaries (and of one kind of boundary into another), occurs constantly in the creation of art, even though we rarely recognize it as such or in just these terms. But recognize it we must if we are to appreciate the formative immanence of edges in the creation and experience of art.

IV

Art is itself an edge. It is an ultimate edge-work. It exists, moreover, at the edge of our lives: it is our own avant-garde. This is not only because it takes us out of our accustomed ways and solicits the imagination of new things, the renewed remembrance of past things, and the freely varied perception of existing things (“things” here including both the artwork itself and that to which it leads by implication or resonance). It also takes us to visual (and auditory and felt) extremities — out there on the edge of our usual sensory pathways. It edges us out of habitual patterns of experience. Not essential to our livelihood or sheer physical survival, it is basic to soul and spirit, both of which are nourished from the differences that edges make. And the edges of artworks make a considerable difference in our appreciative efforts, our sense of how the life-world we know could be very different, our ever more nuanced grasp of landscape and the built environment. Artworks afford altered states — not only states of mind but states of the world, including the detailed setups of surfaces that act to affirm or disrupt our ongoing lives.

Every edge, as I have contended, gives us privileged access to the novel and the surprising — thanks to its inherent occlusive properties: the most effective and moving disclosures come from the opaque edges in our own immediate environs. Opaque, that is, until we turn the edge and see what lies just beyond — or better, let it come to us. Art is an enhanced experience of edges in their paradigmatic power to conceal, and then suddenly to disclose, what had been barred from our vision or hearing or touch. All edges adumbrate what is to come, but the edges of art do this in a most intriguing and challenging manner. They invite us to imagine actively what lies on their other side, not from a motive of fear or self-defense but from sheer wonderment at what may be found on the undisclosed far side of any given work of art. At one quite literal level, this leads us to ask: what is the *Spiral Jetty* like in its underwater foundations? How might Cezanne have represented the other side of Mt Sainte Victoire, whose encrusted edge he presents in so many canvases? At another level, it means asking other questions: toward what vision of the perceived world does the Jetty reach out? What sort of Mountain — what way of being mountainous — do Cezanne’s images of Mt Sainte Victoire portend?

In the end, the issue of edge is not only that of what happens at the abrupt terminal point of material surfaces, even if such termination is emblematic of all edges. The issue is that of any such enclosing and occlusive structures, both borders and boundaries, including those of imagination and memory and thought: what do these structures indicate even as they conceal or at least complicate determinate visions of this “what”? Edge magic and edge mystery bear on nothing else — whether the edges themselves are resolutely physical or subtly psychical. The artist is someone who plays with this magic and engages this mystery in a particularly poignant way: a way from which witnesses of his or her work have much to learn each time they are in its presence.

V

The celebrated “visual cliff” experiments of
Eleanor J. Gibson and R.D. Walk confirm and extend the remarks I have been making. Young infants and certain animals will freeze and fail to walk over a transparent but solid glass surface if, under that surface, a significant downward descent is observed. The haptic information reaching feet and hands is reassuring, but the optical information is disturbing. Given this conflict, the child or animal will pause at the edge of the cliff, refusing to continue walking or crawling. Here the visual edge is a genuine brink, over which motion is prohibited—in contrast with the side edge of a wall, around which one can move freely, or with a door in the same wall, through which one can also move with impunity. Such an edge or brink is nothing other than a border: a limit which one does not knowingly trespass, given the strong risk of injury from falling. To consider it a boundary over which one might move is to court disaster. True, it is a purely visual boundary (it is a border as haptic): one is free to look it over as something that offers a band’s worth of information in its optical display. But the inconsistency with what is being learned at the level of touch stops the organism short at the very brink.

J.J. Gibson, reflecting on this experiment two decades later, puts it this way: “one perceives the affordance of [the] edge.” Affordances are conceived by Gibson as what the environment offers the individual animal in relation to its perception and movement: “what it provides or furnishes, either for good or ill.” Thus, an edge that is a brink of the sort at stake in the Gibson-Walker visual cliff experiment affords physical support for the body even as it gives negative affordance at the level of vision. Affordances, like edges themselves, can offer conflicting evidence and point to differing lines of action. Just as an occluding edge “both separates and connects the hidden and the unhidden surface, both divides and unites them,” so the same edge can afford contrary possibilities of action—being both inviting (e.g., when there is no conflict between haptic and visual data) and repelling (when such a conflict is present). Either “potential passage” is suggested—when the data are consonant—or else “potential conflict” ensues: conflict as to what to do with one’s lived body on the brink.

Affordance is a key here, for it can be asked of any perceptual phenomenon: what does it afford the viewer? What does it actively allow or encourage this viewer to do? What Gibson says more generally of the “layout of surfaces” that constitute any given visual (or other sensory) field can also be said of edges: “to perceive them is to perceive what they can afford.” Edges afford crucial things: both entry to what is not now available to sight or touch or hearing and what will be given to these sensory systems, once we move around the edges that obstruct our view or motion or touch. This allows us to say that edges deliver to us what is hidden and surprising as such: that is, as not yet allowing certain activities; as well as what is manifest and accessible, affording definite possibilities of action right now as we are situated on this side of a given edge. The bivalency of edges is again confirmed.

Beyond “information” (Gibson’s preferred term for the conveyance of affordances), edges offer opportunities for fitting action. When the information relays danger to the organism—as in the visual cliff situation—the opportunity to move forward is put into immediate question. But when an organism is out of the circuit of danger, the range of opportunity is considerably broadened. This is precisely the case with art. Rather than affording safety in the environment—as do supportive surfaces that continue without dramatic drop-off—artworks give to us various sensory opportunities: ways of seeing and looking and moving (this latter especially in the case of architecture and sculpture) and hearing (e.g., in poetry or music) that are not otherwise available. They encourage our bodies to look and move freely in their presence, whether actually (as when we draw back to see a painting better, or walk around a piece of sculpture) or virtually (as so often happens when we listen to music or poetry, accompanied by inner or psychological motions of mind or soul). Out of danger in the actual layout of surfaces, we are drawn to a level of responsiveness not otherwise available to us: afforded to us, though never forced upon us.

There is a complementary series at work in the role of edges in art. On the one hand, that of the other side or surface of any given edge, there is room for surprise but not for the threatening (this latter would distract and disable the experi-
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tence from the start); on the other, that of the side or surface directed toward me as appreciator or witness, there is the inviting (but not the demanding). Put another way, in art, edges deliver more of the surprising and less of the forcibly adaptive: more of the responsive and less of the merely reactive. Not the altogether shocking or upsetting — not even the furthest out avant-garde delivers this up, despite its repeated effort to épater les bourgeois — but the intriguing and inviting, that which takes me in (rather than repels me) even as it takes me out (of my accustomed rituals of vision and motion). Not the visual cliff but the visual spectacle, not the whole visual world but the immediately appealing visual field, not the requisite but the volitional, not necessity (or even chance) but something freely entered into: this is art on the edge as the edge.\textsuperscript{15}

VI

Hard-edged or soft in formation or style, art is always open-edged in experience or effect. The convexity of its angles signifies its open embrace: its generous solicitation of our regard or gesture, its draw if not its seduction, the allure that does not abate with time or repetition. It comes to us with open arms if only we can respond to it in turn by attending to it with care and appreciating it with nuance. Even the most rebarbative artwork calls us to come to it — to encounter its edges and to savor their layout: both the external edges of its contours and the inner edges of its composition.

If corners close us off (hence we speak of being “cornered” when edges no longer give access to the other side of things), edges ask us to come in — to join them in mutual embrace. Not that this is always easy, and it is certainly never a matter of indifference (we must not confuse Kant’s insistence on “disinterest” with aesthetic not-caring). We need to feel intensely that the artwork wants us to join it at the level of perception or action — no matter how off-putting, strange, or unaccustomed it may seem at first. But above all we must “let be be finale of seem,”\textsuperscript{16} we have to enter the work on its own terms, its discrete ontology, its \textit{idios cosmos}; we have to expose its site (and the sides that structure this site) rather than imposing our wishes or our need for pleasure upon it (pleasure as “amusement,” as Collingwood insists, is not the issue: the dis-pleasure of that which does not fit our expectations has to be allowed if we are to experience the edges of the work with the right patience and passion\textsuperscript{17}).

\textit{The edges hold open the future of the work:} hold this future in trust by gesturing toward what lies just beyond the visibility of its frontal surfaces. Merleau-Ponty said that artworks “have almost all their life still before them,”\textsuperscript{18} and if so this is due in no small measure to their possessing the right edges. This future — that of our own and others’ looking and moving, hearing and touching — is in a condition of \textit{Parathaltung} in Ingarden’s term: readiness to be activated at any time — any time we ourselves are ready to enter the edges of the work and to engage them openly.

Just around the edges of any artwork lie possibilities other than those we thought we knew about before we dared to take up these edges: these are virtualities held in the penumbra of the possible. This is the opposite of Gadamer’s \textit{Horizontverschmelzung}: it’s not a matter of fusing horizons but of letting them stand out in the visible from the invisibility guarded by their edges.\textsuperscript{19} Horizons, too, are edges and need to be respected as such. They are the outermost edges of anything (including artworks) and represent the transition from the invisible to the visible and back again, being the basis of the dialectic of the hidden and the unhidden, the known and the unknown — a dialectic that is the crux, the hinge, of every work of art. Following out this dialectic, we edge forward and back along the axis of the work, at once before us and beyond us.

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Art and edge converge in the work: their twain meets: art work is edge-work. Thanks to what its edges afford, a work of art breaks out of the sclerosis into which the history to which it belongs confines it: the history of convention, of style, of art itself. But thanks to the work, edges that might otherwise be nothing but dispersive
in their occlusion congeal and cohere into art that renews by its power to surprise, reinvigorates by its sudden turns toward the unexpected. We need to come to the edge of the work — to the work of its edges — to undergo such experience, as intensive as it is ecstatic, as incoming as it is outgoing.

notes


5 The first part of this citation comes from “Earth,” Collected Writings 181; the second from the essay “Spiral Jetty,” ibid. 146.

6 “Toward the Development of an Air Terminal Site” (1967) in Collected Writings 60; original emphasis.


8 For a discussion of “brink” and a comparison of horizontal vs. vertical surfaces in the environment, see J.J. Gibson, The Ecological Approach to Visual Perception 230.

9 Ibid. 157.

10 Ibid. 127; original emphasis.

11 Ibid. 308.

12 These two phrases come from ibid. 230; they form part of the first epigraph to this paper.

13 Ibid. 127. On the layout of surfaces, see ibid. 33–43.

14 On such virtual bodily motions, see R.G. Collingwood, Principles of Art (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1938), e.g., 151: “an imaginative experience of total bodily activity.”

15 For a rigorous distinction between visual field and visual world, see Gibson, The Ecological Approach to Visual Perception 206–07.


17 See Collingwood, Principles of Art 78–104.


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