BLOOMSBURY STUDIES IN AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

# Exploring the Work of Edward S. Casey

## Giving Voice to Place, Memory, and Imagination

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12

# Slipping Glancer: Painting Place with Ed Casey

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I am thinking about one of Ed Casey's paintings, the one entitled *Looking out to Sea from Stonington* (2006)—painted on the coast of Maine and reproduced on the cover of his book *The World at a Glance* (see Figure 1). The palette is almost entirely blue and green, with touches of yellow streaking upwards from the horizon. A trio of earthy smears anchors the lower left corner, echoed by four equally dark patches in the lower right. Between them, a white path opens and divides around an island of hazy cerulean blue. Casey, like most painters, applies color to a white surface (in this case, watercolor to paper), but his picture gives the strange impression that he has applied the white—poured it and pushed it like a river carving out a canyon.

Casey's fluid marks zag and swerve. Animated by an inner life, they push out from the inside in radiating scribbles and swirls. A central dab of green trails off indefinitely into the white space between sea and sky, reminding us of an elemental convergence, a lack of any hard edge where land and water, earth and air meet. The energetic strokes recall the gestural exuberance of New York action painters (and their sonic counterparts in jazz). But Casey's paint is more humane and vulnerable in scale and tone than de Kooning's strokes or Pollock's frenetic drips. Pale, nearly translucent colors lend his paintings a sense of air and expanse. The lightness of the work is due in part to Casey's preference for water-based pigments: watercolors and acrylics rather than oils. Despite an all-over quality to his surface, there is a deliberate openness in the center coupled with a striking sensitivity to and reverent distance from every edge. Describing the unique advantages of glancing near the end of the prologue to *The World at a Glance,* Casey writes,

> Instead of bogging me down—as gazing and staring often do—glancing alleviates my visual life. It takes place in the light, and it is brightening, sometimes soaring. When life becomes intolerably costly or demanding, when the world is too much with me, I can always glance my way out of the immediate circumstance. (*WG*, xiii)

*Looking out to Sea from Stonington* exhibits a similar lightening, brightening, and soaring sensibility. It's not hard to imagine Casey wielding his brush in the same "playful," "virtually free dance of the look" (*WG*, xiii) he attributes to glancing. He

insists that he can "glance [his] way out of the immediate circumstance," but he *paints* his way there as well, as if painting is the embodied extension of that "modest but momentous act" he calls the glance (*WG*, xv).

Although Casey writes eloquently about other painters, he has said comparatively little about his own life with painting. This silence is heard most loudly in the two volumes he dedicated explicitly to studies of landscape painting, *Representing Place*, and *Earth-Mapping* (though the later includes intimate tributes to several of his own painting heroes, mentors, and friends). In neither book does he mention his own immersion in landscape painting. Painting, *as a topic of investigation*, pervades Casey's texts at one level, even as it evades them at another (less articulate, more personal) level. Nonetheless, painting, *as style or a way of thinking*, infuses of all his work. His exquisite eye for details reflects the training and sensibilities of a painter, of someone who has practiced looking at things falling into and out of focus, of someone sensitized to the depths of color. What follows, therefore, amounts to a reflection on the relationship between painting and writing and the ways that Casey's phenomenological texts might be interpreted as portraits of places: that is, as landscape paintings in their own right.

## Groping through matter

Casey's most elaborate investigations of painting occur in *Representing Place* and in the chapters comprising the second half of *Earth-Mapping*.[1] In these texts, painting is related to bodily forms of "mapping"—a term that deepens and transfigures under Casey's scrutiny. Mapping is not only, or even primarily, the painstaking measurement and charting of landmasses that results in the navigational tools we usually identify as maps. Maps come in myriad forms. Some of them show us how to get from point A to point B, but others, those Casey associates with landscape painting, show us places in their amorphous, unchartable singularity. They reveal the spirit and atmosphere of place, rather than any abstracted and idealized sense of geography. The paintings Casey considers in *Earth-Mapping* (works by Eve Ingalls, Jasper Johns, Richard Diebenkorn, Willem de Kooning, and Dan Rice) qualify as "earth maps" insofar as they "re-create a qualitative aspect of the earth (and sometimes an entire aura of it) *in the painting*" (*EM*, xv). Notice that each of these painters blurs the lines between figuration and abstraction. They become living models for Merleau-Ponty's assertion that "perception is not first a perception of *things*, but a perception of *elements* (water, air . . . ), of *rays of the world*, of things which are dimensions, which are worlds."[2] Casey emphasizes the ways in which these artists lend their bodies to the earth, relinquishing any topographical, bird's eye view (or *survol*) for a thick, ground-level immersion in place. The resulting paintings expose a "haptic aspect" of mapping and, rather than delivering a recognizable image of any thing or place, they "give the viewer a sense of what the earth's surface feels like" (*EM*, xvi).

Navigational maps are typically drawn with fine instruments (pencils and pens, the tip of a compass), but the earth maps Casey investigates are made by less precise means. Earth mapping involves walking, scouring, dragging, and crawling: forms of movement entailing physical confrontation with material resistance that exposes the body in its

awkward, inelegant, bulk. Earth works (broadly conceived) might be literally dug up (as with Smithson's *Spiral Jetty*, which Casey investigates in the opening chapter) or smeared and smudged (as with Eve Ingalls' imprinting of her own body on a canvas).

Despite the luminous quality of his own paintings, Casey gravitates toward artists who revel in opaque close-ups and brute materiality. "Groping" is one of the terms Casey employs in his description of de Kooning's painterly mapping, a form he terms "absorptive." Absorptive mapping requires the close scrutiny of a place from the ground up, capturing "how [a place] is concretely experienced by those who live there" (*EM*, 150). Describing de Kooning's "Two Figures in a Landscape," Casey writes: "Notice that the figure at the right, beyond being splayed and spread out on the earth, seems to be groping her way across its surface" (*EM*, 146). Figure(s), paint, and artist merge into a single sprawling mass, making it impossible to say where one ends and the other begins. Groping is an instructive term for thinking about the painter's effort, as it indicates a degree of discomfort and disorientation, a clumsy lurch into the dark. Merleau-Ponty also used the example of a nighttime "*groping* about in [his] flat," identifying darkness and dreams as sites of a "general spatiality," a "pure depth without foreground or background, without surfaces and without any distances separating it from me."[3] The painter, even if she works in the broad light of day, inhabits this ambiguous spatiality where distances collapse and vanishing points have yet to be drawn. Groping relates to a non-visually-centered way of moving into and through such space (or, more likely, getting stuck in place)—a slow-paced, tactile, laborious, schlep. It also signals a rough touch, something more urgent (and potentially violent) than Merleau-Ponty's descriptions of one hand touching the other.

Casey's elaborations of absorptive earth-mapping border on descriptions of the materiality of paint and the physical work of painting—a *labor* that is dirty and exhausting. Casey knows this, as a painter himself. Pigment is dirt or dye, and there is not very much difference between a painter and a farmer, a bricklayer, a construction worker or any other laborer whose primary tool is her body brought into contact with elements that get under her nails and into her skin. "What matters," Casey insists, "is to move in the midst of matter, to become attuned to it and to enter into intimate relation with it" (*EM*, 178). Unlike the comparatively clean world of writing, from which one can return home at the end of a day without any outward trace clinging to one's sleeves, painters' bodies bear material records of their work. The sticky materiality of paint clings to everything it touches, underscoring the degree to which bodies interlace and intermingle and activating the "taboo power" Freud attributed to forms of contagious contact.[4]

Paint is paradigmatically unstable, liquid. The material literally slides through one's hands. Meanwhile, the landscape transfigures under the scrutiny of the painter's brush, showing itself to be in perpetual motion. Two moving bodies collide, and in their collision expose themselves as closely allied in their elemental instability. Casey invokes Whitehead's "causal efficacy" to describe the way in which one body becomes so enmeshed in matter that there is no clear distinction between a body and the ground it occupies (think, for example, of Anna Mendieta's 1970s *Silueta Series* of "earth-body" sculptures, in which she disappears into the bark of a tree).[5] The painter discovers there is no privileged, immaculate view from on high, and the best he or she can do is to attend to the intricacies of the present moment, or "take in the landscape and

exist with it" (*EM*, 153). Sometimes the absorption of place happens quickly, nearly spontaneously, as in the glance-like immersion Casey attributes to de Kooning, whose paintings are characterized by an unnerving speed. Other times it is a slow, congealing creep, as in the glacial, meditative waiting Casey ascribes to Dan Rice.

Painting attests to an inward animation, a *vis activa* of places, people, and things—and their eerie and wondrous slippages. Things are moving in more ways than one can perceive at a glance, moving inwardly, writhing or creeping, seeping or blooming at speeds that evade calculations. Artists have an unusual sensitivity to these vibrations: Cézanne's sense for the intensity of an apple, Morandi's sympathy with a bottle, Richard Serra's iconic *Verb List Compilation: Actions to Relate to Oneself [1967–1968]*: "to roll, to crease, to fold, to store, to bend, to shorten, to twist, to dapple"[6]—which helped him unearth the immanent flex of steel.

Like these and other artists, Casey exhibits a giddy, childlike fascination in the face of seemingly brute matter. Invoking a concept from *A Thousand Plateaus*, he celebrates the "local absolute," explaining it as: "the riveting to one place that is intensely invested with energy and speed—in contrast with the 'relative global' of striated space, where all that matters is how to get from one place to another most efficiently" (*EM*, xvii). Casey goes on to connect "riveting," with "the kind of intimate touching and close-up looking that occurs between parent and infant, between lovers, and between humans and certain animals" (*EM*, vii). The "local absolute" is a fine-grained, entirely fixated attention to micro-movements and details—a way of traveling in place. Casey reminds us that travel is not only far-flung transfer from one locale to another, but also the more modest and perhaps invisible tensions of stationary bodies: "movement in the midst of matter" (*EM*, 178), "as long as the experience is intense and intimate" (*EM*, 179). Deleuze and Guattari call such movement "nomadic," connecting it with an imperative to "keep moving, even in place, never stop moving, motionless voyage, desubjectification."[7] Elsewhere (and contrary to expectations) they insist that the "true nomad," is the one who "does not move,"[8] as if genuine nomadism coincides with a radical immersion in place, a local devotion. Casey's invocations of love and the intimacy of touch offer important correctives to Deleuze and Guattari's more clinical assessment of nomadic journeys and bodies verging on one another.[9] Bodies for Casey are not only the oozing, faceless forces Deleuze associates with the work of Francis Bacon and the "body without organs." They are also playful zones of sensitizing contact capable of the extreme loyalty Lévinas called "obsession"—capable of generating heat and not only care (*Sorge*), but love and adoration.

## Smoothing place

In his coextensive writings on painting and place, Casey turns repeatedly to *A Thousand Plateaus*, and specifically to Deleuze and Guattari's differentiation between smooth and striated space. In their fourteenth plateau, they describe smooth space as that space immeasurable by navigational devices and impossible to traverse in a linear progression. Smooth space is devoid of straight lines, and it frustrates every attempt at circumscription. Smooth space functions as the spatial equivalent of what Bergson

named "lived time"—a qualitative multiplicity he associated with psychic time (the time of dreams and of life) that does not conform to discreet, countable units. Deleuze and Guattari relate smooth space to perpetual motion and an inner vibration that immanently displaces any creature who tries to stand or stay. This is why smooth space is the space of the nomad—space of incessant dislocation. Striated space, on the other hand, is that space most aggressively carved up, divided and settled. In *A Thousand Plateaus*, Deleuze and Guattari associate striated space with cities and smooth space with "local spaces of pure connection:" "the desert, steppe, ice and sea."[10]

Casey, like Deleuze and Guattari, seems to prefer the intensity, irregularity, and abandon of smooth space—the wet space of painting. And yet, Casey's work is also characterized by a close inspection of cities and urban life. Think, for example, of the opening passages of *The World at a Glance*, where he describes immersion in a march-down Broadway, the swarm of people flowing like a tide through the otherwise regular grid of New York.[11] Or recall his dual attention to architectural and wild places, his emphases (following Merleau-Ponty) on the body as equally cultured and natural in *Getting Back into Place*. Similarly, in his focus on landscape painting in *Earth-Mapping*, Casey in no way limits his focus to a traditional, rural, understanding of landscape.[12] While Ingalls, de Kooning, and Rice might be conceived along these lines (though they each challenge narrow definitions of landscape), Johns and Diebenkorn are explicitly urban painters. Diebenkorn's *Ocean Park* series is a striking example of urban smoothness. Although the paintings ostensibly depict a city (Venice, California) on the edge of the sea, we sense the fraying edges of city life as it literally trails off into the ever-shifting tide lines in the sand—as if gleaning life in the margins of the city, at the beach and into the water where the homeless collect alongside the walkers and the sunbathers, the performers, the bodybuilders, the dogs and the kids. There is a chaotic, festival mixing of all walks of life, coupled with a dual sense of possibility and danger. Unknown, experimental, and forbidden things happen at the edges of the city (which is one reason Socrates and his friends gathered in Piraeus to dream their radical *Republic*). Yellows and deep ochre pervade Diebenkorn's *Ocean Park* paintings, acting like sand storms eroding and the geometry undergirding the picture. Those hazy golden glows testify to the amorphous, erosive forces at work in the margins of even the most well-ordered city.

Casey's texts, not unlike Diebenkorn's paintings, represent a striking interplay between and complication of the supposed dichotomies between city and sea, striated and smooth. This becomes increasingly the case as one moves from the early work (*Imagining* and *Remembering*, which retain a strong commitment to order and delineation) to the more diaphanous, later texts. Casey notes that Diebenkorn must "strive to bring together the smooth and the striated" (*EM*, 135), and one can feel a coincident effort across Casey's own work. In fact, exposing the interdependence of the smooth and the striated is a consistent focus and through line of Casey's philosophical investigations, whether in the guise of arguing for the entanglement and co-constitution of bodies and places or showing the convergence of paintings and maps. His refusal to prioritize one over the other (smooth over striated, seas over cities) is evident in his painstaking descriptions of myriad places, his own mapping of the world, and in the very texture of his writing, which scintillates between striated, *numbered* distinctions

(types of memory, a taxonomy of glances, varieties of mapping, etc.) and smooth, immersive descriptions. He travels between the literal and the figurative, drawing our attention to those "ambiguous commixtures" (*RP*, 274) that defy neat categorization. In the process, he delivers texts rich with details and awash in color, writing us (his readers) into the places he envisions and recalls with the skill of a Japanese painter sketching a mountain, a valley, a narrow path, trees and sky with the sweep of a brush.

## Writing like a painter

Is it possible to write like a painter, and how might it sound? Perhaps more than any painting, a text invariably hovers between the smooth and the striated, between amorphous and angular prose. Words are no less slippery than paint, and Casey allows his words the striation necessary to cohere and progress. This differentiates his work from the smoother, wilder, terrain of a writer like Derrida—and it lends his work a quasi-pragmatic, American tone. Describing his own phenomenological method in the 2000 preface to *Remembering*, Casey explains his goal as: "tak[ing] us from the realm of mind to the larger reaches of the surrounding world—from the involuted concerns of mentation to the way the world shows itself to be filled with recognitory clues, effective reminders, and things that inspire reminiscence" (*REM*, x). This serves as an elegant description of his overarching method. His texts open out to the wider world, even as they zoom in on features we have likely ignored, suppressed, or overlooked. His goal is one of communicative *outreach* from the cool realm of solitary calculation to the warmer arena of populated, affective life. He paints us pictures of what life feels like in its living multiplicity. Merleau-Ponty is an obvious and often-cited exemplar for this form of phenomenology (and Casey gladly acknowledges the influence and the debt). However, Merleau-Ponty's texts, though often in conversation with painting, are not, in their execution, particularly painterly. They retain a vaguely medical distance from and distaste for the feel of murky materiality that Casey indulges in and with which he seems so at ease. For instance, rather than the case studies prevalent across Merleau-Ponty's texts, Casey draws freely from his own memories and intimate experiences. This can make his texts feel more like albums, collections of personal snapshots akin to the sensibility of Wittgenstein's *Investigations* and William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

Casey inaugurates a distinctly robust and colorful form of phenomenology, one that reminds us of the centrality of bodies and their immersion in places that shape them—giving priority to the idiosyncratic settings in which bodies converge. Parts of his texts read like the elaborate stage directions one might find in a screenplay, which never appear in the film but establish the entire atmosphere of a shot. Much of his work could be mistaken for landscape painting, that close scrutiny of a place one tries desperately to sketch against the wind and threat of fading light. Perhaps this multi-vocal, multivalent quality of Casey's writing and the degree of fixation he has sustained on bodies and places accounts for the importance of his work for feminist thinkers who have lamented and critiqued phenomenology's association with the dispassionate stance of reflective consciousness, and for environmental thinkers who have longed for an elaboration of the

earth as the place of our—and not only *our*—dwelling. Casey practices a thick but fluid form of phenomenology marked by an exquisite taste for details and an almost reckless tolerance for evermore fine-grained differences. It is a phenomenology that dawns from an immersion in places first gleaned through drawing or painting from life.

De Kooning famously described himself as a "slipping glimpster"—a phrase Casey invokes in *The World at a Glance*. For de Kooning this indicated his valuation of a way of looking obliquely at things, as they passed by in the blur of a car ride, from a train window, or while bicycling. It's a fluid look, a refusal to allow sight to capture or objectify things. Casey, always eager for a finer distinction, differentiates the "glimpse" from the "glance" (*WG*, 8ff.). His own slipping glance becomes a discipline of attention that allows him to go deeply into his subject matter (to be immersed and even submerged in it), but to retain a light touch and a sense of joy. Anyone who knows him knows this as his characteristic mode of engagement—a focused attentiveness combined with a spritely agility in moving from one place to another, so that one often wonders how he has materialized here and now and where he has gone again. Perhaps this is also why Casey's paintings (and his writings) never seem "torturous" (*EM*, 149)—a term he uses to describe de Kooning's work. A simultaneous depth and buoyancy set Casey's work apart from other forms of phenomenology and demand unique ways of reading. One must learn to swim in Casey's work, to dive and crawl. There are pages where reading entails the groping of absorptive mapping he reserves for de Kooning, the sense that "to know the surface of anything—not just the paper, but the earth itself as a *geographic* surface—we must drag a physical body directly over that surface in such a way as to trace a path there, make a trail" (*EM*, 146). Other times, one must read by leaps and bounds, at the speed of a glance, as the text cascades in furious waves of vivid, singular descriptions.

The surface and depth, striation and smoothing of Casey's texts render them complex places of their own. They remind us that texts are themselves landscapes that require multiple forms of navigation at different speeds. They also remind us that description is not a decorative accessory to argumentative prose. It is prose itself, the texture and depth of meaningful expression. Writing like a painter entails lending one's whole body to the page, so that, in the words of Merleau-Ponty describing Cézanne's paintings: "the object is no longer covered by reflections and lost in its relationships to the atmosphere and other objects: it seems subtly illuminated from within, light emanates from it, and the result is an impression of solidity and material substance."[13] Merleau-Ponty, and Casey following him, challenges the Cartesian model of a mind spilling itself on the page, the lived body reduced to a mass of confusion and error. The body is already there, shivering in Descartes' cold little room, making his text a graphic novel of his own discomfort, a signature of his doubt. We have largely lost the relationship to penmanship, ink and paper that situated writing and painting so much closer to one another than they seem in the modern era of word processing. But Casey reminds us how closely modes of description infiltrate one another and how much the body asserts itself into every scene.

Each of Casey's texts is an intimate portrait of a place—the place of memory, imagination, the glance, the edge. Sometimes the landscapes Casey explores are more or less psychic; sometimes they are more or less physical. Part of the genius of his

travelogs is the way in which he complicates any neat distinction between the psychical and the physical, the soul and the body. His renderings of places are never identifiable, monolithic portraits like those busts and paintings one might find adorning boardrooms and courthouses. They are intricate and playful, more like the fantastic scenes depicted by Breughel, in which bodies tumble over one another and spill across the canvas, disclosing ever-finer and more bizarre intricacies, worlds within worlds and places within places.

## Coda: First places last

Casey hones his painterly attention every summer on the coast of Maine, where, bounded by the smooth space of the sea, he devotes himself to painting the landscape. I imagine this as a sacred ritual of immersion in the outdoors and the inarticulate shimmer of light. Much of Casey's writing takes place at the edge of the sea as well, from the west or the east coast of the United States.[14] Santa Barbara and New York figure prominently in Casey's philosophical imagination, but so does Kansas—the land of his childhood and a place marked by its own forms of smoothness: fields, wide horizons, big skies. In *Earth-Mapping*, he describes one of Jasper Johns's map paintings and notes "the curious gray blotch in the center (where Kansas is located)" (*EM*, 125). In *Remembering*, he lists "'Abilene,' 'Enterprise,' 'Asheville,'" (*REM*, 197)—two cities in Kansas and one in North Carolina—as those places most emotionally resonant for him. Casey's work (both painting and writing) exudes a sense of roaming, a "refusal to stay put—a *rejection of simple location*" (*EM*, 94), one could associate with a Midwestern experience of place as wide and open. Kansas is landlocked, and perhaps Casey's gravitation toward increasingly smooth space is fueled by a childhood dream of the seashore. His incessant championing of the in-between might also be traced back to his earliest placement in the middle of the country.

Kansas, Santa Barbara, New York, Maine—these are places that inflect Casey's painting/writing and his poly-placial vision. Casey's writing is intimately related to the activity of looking and rendering, the intimacy of touch and the repeated attempts characteristic of holding a brush and facing a blank surface. All of his work, from *Imagining* to *Edge*, might be read in terms of painting. As he chronicles close-range engagements with phenomena that evade scrutiny and slip out of grasp, he also performs a sophisticated form of analysis, something Bachelard called *topoanalysis*: "the systematic psychological study of the sites of our intimate lives."[15] Such analysis is a form of traveling in place that seems tied to an artist's aptitude for fine-grain looking and repetitive, manual labor: digging through clutter, the strategic slinging of dirt. Painting entails a form of scrutiny that is also closely related to psychoanalysis—a painstaking awakening to things dim or difficult to discern—those things that lie buried in the margins of one's psychic life. If Bachelard's attends to the neglected corners of our first shelters and Freud fixates on the subterranean worlds of dreams and the unconscious, Casey gleefully ferries between, drawing maps of their possible convergence.

There are things one can only learn through drawing or painting, a secret knowledge, like the intimacy acquired by handling the surface of a rock or shell carried

for years inside of a pocket. The "object" softens over time. It takes on a new shape and become increasingly coextensive with one's own body—like the primal house that Bachelard describes being in "passionate liaison" with one's body.[16] This happens with the repeated pressure of touch, the weight of one body imprinting another. But it also happens under the weight of a certain look, as a landscape softens and blurs under the gaze of the painter. Painting is a way of touching things and being touched by them in return.

One can paint the same place for years and not know one's way about that place. I can imagine Cézanne trying to hike Mount Saint Victoire, only to find himself helplessly entangled in the foliage of the first tree, getting nowhere. In a way, the painter gets too close to things and therefore never knows his way about. She is always traveling in place. And yet, in another way, a painter knows things about places that no one else knows, as the blind sense things about color that the sighted never discern.[17] Painting rekindles experiences of intimacy and wonder one may have had as a child, lying close the ground, awake to the tremors of tiny creatures and blades of grass. Casey notes: "Lived place thrives—is first felt and recognized—in the differentiated and disruptive corner, the 'cuts,' of my bodily being-in-the-world. This is why the child's experience of place is so poignantly remembered" (*FP*, 236). Children live closer to the ground, more in tune with the fine textures of places and more susceptible to their grip (and this is both an asset and a hazard of childhood). The painter retains something of this exaggerated integration—a lack of distinction between herself and a landscape that can be painfully disorienting, but also powerfully grounding, an intensely local loyalty to things close by and underfoot.

Imagine a conceptualist list of directives that might describe Casey's painstaking portraits of places (or that would function as an art assignment for a basic drawing class):

1. Get in place.
2. Glance.
3. Find the edges.
4. Paint/write.

The first step is probably the hardest, for it entails doing something we can't help doing, but that is very difficult to do consciously. It entails integration, a *contract*, with some specific place, something Merleau-Ponty called "a communion with the world more ancient than thought."[18] It may in fact involve traveling by walking, driving, by plane or boat or train, but it will also, inevitably, require that other form of travel in place so crucial in Casey's work: a significant psychic shift and attunement to one's surroundings, a painter's sense of atmosphere that borders on an animal's sensitivity to its habitat and prey—an ability to track by scent and touch. We are always already some place, but we are rarely alive to place. Casey's painterly texts invite us to that life. In the process, they ask us to remember the vulnerability and openness of our own child, even infant, bodies, and to imagine or dream our totemic animal bodies, urging us to write and paint the places of our most intimate entanglements with ever-greater tenderness, abandon, and devotion.

## Notes

1 Casey provides a sustained discussion of photography and painting—with references to Paul Klee, Gerhard Richter, Renoir, Monet, and others in chapter twelve of *The World at a Glance*.
2 Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Visible and the Invisible*, trans. Alphonso Lingis (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1968), 218.
3 Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception*, trans. Colin Smith (New York: Routledge, 2003), 331, my emphasis.
4 In *Totem and Taboo*, Freud cites anthropologist Northcote W. Thomas: "Persons or things which are regarded as taboo may be compared to objects charged with electricity; they are the seat of a tremendous power which is transmissible by contact." Sigmund Freud, *Totem and Taboo*, trans. A. A. Brill (New York: Vintage, 1946), 24.
5 On "causal efficacy," see Casey, *EM*, 98.
6 See Richard Serra, "Verb List Compilation: Actions to Relate to Oneself (1967–1968)," in *Theories and Documents of Contemporary Art*, ed. Kristine Stiles and Peter Selz (Berkely: University of California Press, 1996), 602.
7 Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, trans. Brian Massumi (New York: Continuum, 2008), 177.
8 Ibid., 532.
9 The carnal sense of "groping" that figures in Casey's notion of earth-mapping coincides with a heat and a reminder of love across his work, both of which have significant ethical implications that go beyond the scope of the present text.
10 Ibid., 544.
11 "It is the AIDS march we had planned to join! It takes only a single glance to realize what is happening. Down we go into the street, joining the marchers as they move by rapidly" (*WG*, 2).
12 In *Remembering*, Casey adopts Erwin Walter Straus's expansive definition of landscape as "the space of the sensory world" (*REM*, 197). Also see *The World at a Glance*, 7ff.
13 Maurice Merleau-Ponty, "Cézanne's Doubt," trans. Michael Smith, in *The Merleau-Ponty Aesthetics Reader*, ed. Galen A. Johnson (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1994), 62.
14 Undoubtedly much of his writing also takes place in-between coasts, in mid-air. Ed and I share a love of writing in public places and in transit, as if the din of conversation ensures a connection with everyday life, while locomotion enables a certain mobility of thinking.
15 Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, trans. Maria Jolas (Boston: Beacon Press, 1994), 8.
16 Ibid., 15.
17 Helen Keller writes, "Without the color or its equivalent, life to me would be dark, barren, a vast blackness." Helen Keller, *The World I Live In* (New York: The Century Co., 1920), 108.
18 Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception* (2003), 296.