



Eye in Hand

A collaboration by Jacques Karamanoukian and John Elkerr

11" x 14"

Oil pastel and oil paint on paper

EYE IN HAND

you fashion a similitude of yourself into a machine. you call it a Model K, an Oscillator, a Bombe, a Whirlwind, a Maddida, a Sage, a Sabre. you wheedle your effigy into smaller and smaller housings of space and time. you call it an Iliac, a Nova, a Wang, an Alto, an Apple, a Macintosh, an iPhone. you love your new helper and carry it around everywhere. open your hand and the Eye opens, close your hand and it goes to sleep. look into your Eye and you see streaks of sky as if from a deep well. see the Eye blink and you jump, hear the Eye murmur and you draw close. the filiform colors of the Eye radiate out your fingers. they spread up your arm, legs, torso. you love your brand-new skin: smooth, hairless, uniform of color, impervious to time. closing your old eyes into the ambit of a new dream, you descend through clouds, into pelting rain. below, around the gray pier of a factory in Shenzhen, nets clotted with shadows lurch and yaw in the wind.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry