PHOTOGRAPHY AND "DÉJÀ VU" IN THE ARCHITECTURAL CULTURE
Somewhere between theory and practice

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Abstract
This article proposes a reflection on the *excess* and the *redundancy* inherent to the production of images that build the architectural visual culture today. Departing from the French expression "déjà vu" as metaphor and travel as a learning process, this article also addresses the legitimacy of the image between ethics and aesthetics based on the experience of the author´s architectural and a photographic practice.

Keywords: photography, architecture, déjà vu, travel, image

The French expression *déjà vu* was propagated and deprived of its sense of *strangeness* in favour of a sense of *familiarity*. Generally speaking, today, *déjà vu* refers to a sensation of experiencing something that was previously lived. It refers to a false redundancy of the world, to an almost always conscious illusion justifying the ironic sense with which is often employed. In its most classical sense (within the ambit psychological or neurology) *strangeness* is inseparable with the fact that what is presented itself as familiar should not simply to be.

For sure, image (and we are not talking in exclusive of photography), the easy circulation of images fostered by digital technology has fomented the sensation of *déjà vu,* disabling paradoxically any strangeness in relation to the world but also to the world represented in images. Nothing seems to emerge in that bubbling swamp of world images of a "western culture" (apparently almost the whole world, except for a conscience of the margin that resists to almost everyone's comfort). And it is from this site, the site of those who, for example, have access to this article, and this language, allowing themselves to quote Marc Augé in *L' Impossible Voyage* (1997) that it is no longer possible to carry out "discovery travels" as the travels proportionated by the 19th century fostered by photographic invention.

This invention was perhaps the beginning of the end – to travel taking engraved plates of images home which democratized the access to the places, removing, in simultaneous, their inherent aura at the previous distance and their "covering up" from them. Still today, we insist, almost inexplicably, on perceiving travel as an experience of the real, in spite of the fact, that the real is conditioned by the images of the places travelling more than people. We travel in the search of images.

This essay inquires the sense of "redundancy" apparently recognized by everybody in the production of the images forming architectural culture. In simultaneous, we intended to legitimize a practice of image closer to the so called "photographic act" (1992) in the words of Philippe Dubois, if our interest and priority wouldn't be the contemporary thought of architecture and its consequent readiness (always worthy of criticism) for the loss of

indexes and references, perpetuating, even if unintentionally, the innocent strangeness of the *déjà vu* in our understanding. We will attempt with a relative success to contradict such a loss.

In this world taken by images, we may, however, question some exaggeration inherent to a critical tradition of the image, of an essentially theoretical ambit, linking, in particular, the French thinkers of the end of last century, such as Marc Augé, Jean Baudrillard, or Guy Debord. In practice, the denunciation of the loss of the experience of a lived world; the denunciation of the loss of a reality submerged by the superficiality of the images and simulacra; the conscience of a redundancy inherent to the production of images; or even to the redundancy inherent to the production of the places themselves (that seem to become increasingly similar, meeting the mass tourism expectative) don't seem to have demotivated the number of travels and images later made. On the contrary, the world represented by images seems to be the motivating factor of those same travels and further images. There is more surfaces of world images than earth surface. The experience of the globalized and publicized world converted itself into an inevitable and apparent redundancy unavoidable for the more remote and exotic places.

Thereby, the sense of *déjà vu*, originally understood as the result of an experienced sensation in a personal way, now, seems to move up, spreading into a collective experience confined to the media world of representation. *I. e.,* the point is not only to arrive, for the first time, to a city such as New York and feel familiar with the place. More than that, from the onset, the point is to feel familiar with a place through the contemplation of its images, even before or ever visiting it. The consequences are somehow ironic, as we visit, almost always, already known places hoping that both our visit and the photographs we make of the places will only serve to rectify our previous knowledge of them.



Figure 1. New York, image by the author.

We get no longer surprised by the *déjà vu*, as we stimulate and plan it. And this is the origin of an immeasurable redundancy leading us to repeat the experience mediatized by so many other people: to photograph the infinite straight roads of the American deserts (as Dorothea Lange); to photograph New Mexico petrol stations (as Robert Frank); to photograph the *Stahl House* by Pierre Koenig at sunset of Los Angeles (as Julios Shulman)… We retained the name of the photographers of those experiences, taking only into consideration the specific ambit of this essay and the academic obligation we feel to refer the "source" or the "authors" of these represented landscapes but that contradicts the legitimacy of the impulse, the subconscious automatism that makes as repeat over and over again those experiences and the consequent accumulation of the "same" images. As architectural tourism, mass tourism is, first of all, tourism of common places covered by media. We are the image of a tourist of images, as well.

Can we escape from this redundancy? Can be escape from or ignore the images pursuing us?

The film Lisbon Story (1994) by Wim Wenders illustrated the obsession of a film director intending to film the white city in an insane search of "original" images rescued from disperse video cameras and that should record the events happening randomly, in an autonomous mode searching for a "genuine" reality both in the absence of the human intervention and in chance as if "the whole history of cinema had not existed".

The intelligent paradox of this film is that Wenders aware of the impossibility of starting from scratch, ends by offering precisely the contrary to the spectator: the portrait of touristic Lisbon and Alfama's hillsides and ruins, of the trams and the music of Madredeus. In a way, this film expresses the feeling that we reach a dead end – as concerns the apparent impossibility of the world's representation to proportionate another experience not yet represented.

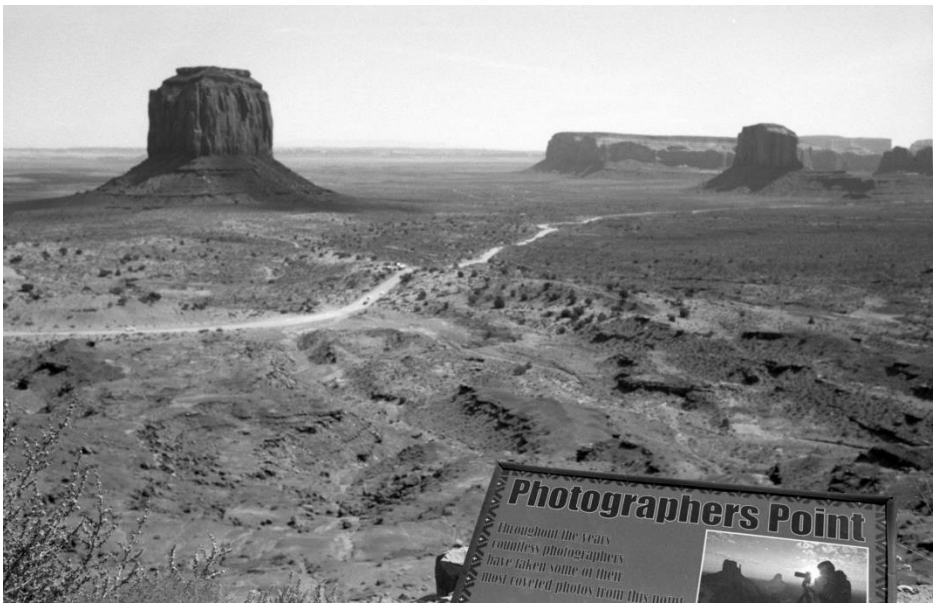


Figure 2. Monument Valley, image by the author.

During a trip to Monument Valley (EUA) I checked that its earth and sand streets were flanked by signalling informing about "photographic points", *i. e,* photogenic places with sometimes very specific subjects, such as "John Ford's Point, photographic area" or even "John Ford's photo on the horse" – the same gorge as in the films, with the same *table* (mountain) in

the background, and the whole Western's imaginary, possible in a two dollars photograph corresponding to the price of the hired horse.

I tried to resist the common-place of touristic and recommended photography, trying to subvert the question, by photographing, on the contrary, the signs themselves, and, on so many other times, the informative panels with printed images that redundantly unfolded in loco what is visible with the naked eye.

I photographed the representation of the place in context. I photographed the image of the posters by respectively, Zabriskie Point at Zabriskie Point, by Joshua Tree at Joshua Tree, by Bryce Canyon at the Bryce Canyon…But, ironically, this strategy to emphasize the world duplicated in the place itself refers also to another photograph by Stephen Shore from 1973: an outdoor with the printed landscape of Klamath Falls in Klamath Falls. There is apparently not possible to escape from a world reflected in cascade.

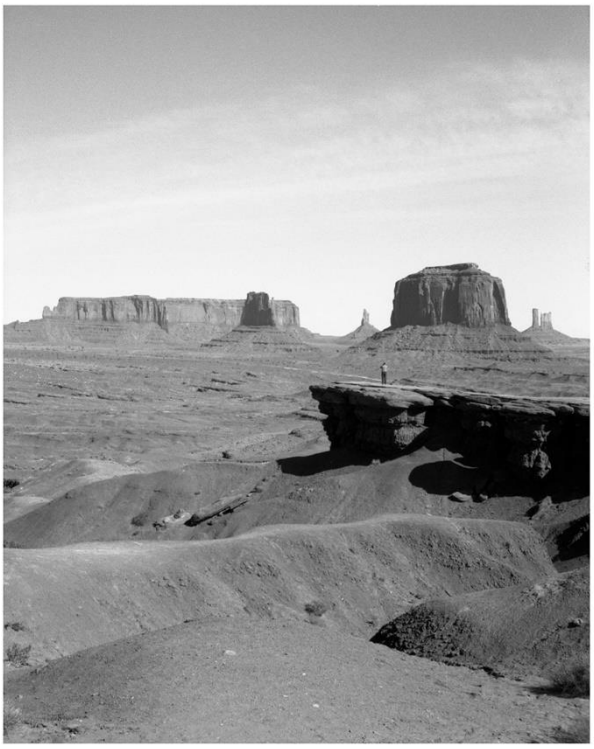


Figure 3. Mo Monument Valley, "John Ford's Point, photographic area", image by the author.

We suspect that the Westernised Culture with its whole redundancy and predictability has become eternal boredom. This was the irony used by

the situationists to justify the time and money spent by the first trip of mankind to the moon. But the nostalgia for discovery travel still persists, carrying the photographers to the more recondite world corners, in their attempt to bring back home supposedly unseen images. Incomprehensible images, images of Dantesque violence, exotic images, images of unexpected affectivities, images that manipulate us emotionally, during a period inversely proportionate to their distance.

In the best of hypothesis, the images are even understandable. However, due to the fact that they are perceived far from their specific context, they submit us to the more dangerous superficiality – the condition of the voyeur, of spectator perhaps sensitive but passive and unable to act before a after all complex world. Even so, can we abdicate from the attempt to understand or even change the incomprehensible? And previously to all this, isn't the incomprehensible right in front of our house, too?

In 2012, during a photographic mission he made to Guimarães, the Swedish photographer J. H. Engström affirmed that the photography of "exotic" travels interested him little[1]. On the one hand, immediate affinity for the unknown appeared to him always as too easy. On the other hand, he argued he felt able to legitimate in his everyday life the images and get deeper into the subjects sabotaging his personal life. Not by chance, during his trip to Portugal (a country that will continue to appear somehow "exotic" to a Swedish citizen), J. H. Engström tried to repeat the same domestic habits of reading the paper, having almost always lunch at the same place, creating affinities, and revisiting old faces, marginal bodies, modernist buildings, or segregated landscapes in photography. This recurrence permits us to give visibility to the aspects that everyday tend to render invisible, and, in this sense, thematic redundancy will stimulate the conscience of a critical sense of life as opposed to the superficiality of everything, (this including the context of the travel, of tourism and of the exotic) that is for us distant and exceptional.

[1] Information in *Photographic Mission Transgenic Landscape* exhibition catalogue.

When I began to structure this brief essay, the question hovered: how can we bring representation closer to reality? In simultaneous, I suspected that representation had been never closer to reality or reality closer to its representation, even in a literal sense. In another more ambitious way, the question to be posed is: how can we conceive photography as "fair" representation of the world? This accuracy has ethical, political, technic and esthetical dimensions. In simultaneous, since I know Jean-Luc Godard's cinema, the statement that persecuted me hovers: "the word begins and ends with me"[2], something that is but the humble conscience of the people's limits and capacity to establish a relation (communication and understanding) with the own time and place. These limits assumed a more specific or generic sense in a complex articulation of a visual culture, for sure, influenced by the "media".

There is a whole tradition concerning a so-called "documentary" or "report" photography that is misleading, when it strengthens the relationship between reality and its representation. However, in simultaneous, the photographers are the first to accept and question the ambition to think photography as it would be a representation tool so faithful to reality as to become innocuous. We know that photography isn't innocuous and neither do we want this to happen. The link established with the sense of the "author" so often associated with the recognition of an aesthetic sense or a sense intending to be aesthetic (as it is often criticized) renders the photographer someone who interprets and interferes necessarily in reality, changing it.

We could, certainly, mix up a little more thinks by stating that what we considers to be real, for example, the direct visualization of a starry sky, is scientifically no more than the projected image of a no longer extant reality. Even at the speed of light, this past is visible for us only now, postponing the conscience of what we rake as reality. Accordingly, we could evoke the melancholic reading mentioned by Roland Barthes in *La Chambre Claire* (1980) ensuring that photography will be, first of all, the

[2] A reference to the movie *Deux ou Trois Choses Que Je Sais d'Elle* (1967).

representation of something no longer extant and therefore inaccessible. In spite of the fact that Barthes doesn't refer to the technologies that permit today the dissemination of images in direct time, the whole symbolic realism inherent to the permeable limits among reality and representation has been also useful to free photography of the expectation of objectivity, rendering thereby possible for us to approximate ourselves from the subjectivity we recognize more easily in other arts.

The question about the place of images appearing today to be a common place, if there wasn't the essence of photography and its reproductivity and circulation, is as important as the temporal question. To this must be added another level of complexity when reading the images suitable of the more varied and distorted interpretations, as they move away from their places and also from the authors.

This banishment of images associated with their inherent subjectivity makes Aby Warburg one of the most quoted theoreticians of images in the present, as we legitimate with him (although abusively) a whole game of "correspondences" and "analogies" in a reading of the world, through encrypted histories offering themselves to the people wanting to appropriate them, as Didi – Hubermen would later explain in his work *Atlas: Como Llevar al Mundo a Cuestas* (2010). Our misunderstanding as concerns the work *Atlas Mnemosyne* by Aby Warburg is to underestimate almost always the search of the "pathos" (a path of knowledge among images) and overestimate the interruption of a project condemned to remain unaccomplished, from the onset.

In my quality of an amateur photographer (the one who loves), I would like to think that the photographical act is, and must be the pure individual expression of artistic freedom and that this freedom would be more evident if photography would limit to the intimate space of the dark room, thereby invalidating, in its isolation, the possibility to establish any other association than the proof of contact with or the link to reality brought by the photographer.

This would be already much. I know it is absurd and contradictory, but it is as if the freedom of the image, its extreme autonomy could be conquered under the red light without the necessity to establish another compromise or dialogue. This would be done egoistically without spectators. Unfortunately, we feel the impetus or necessity to communicate and the inherent responsibility to confront our images with other images. Thus, photography emerges from its private plan to return to the world, integrating, reducing, and transforming it into a fractal sponge or immaterial dust.

Inherent to a wish of communication, we run the risk of redundancy or entropy added to the legitimate subjectivity prejudice that platonic philosophy apparently forgives in word but not in image. In spite of the fact that photography, as a technique, tries to be as much objective as possible (weren't the lenses called objectives), images aren't able to free themselves from a conceptual subjectivity freeing from as much as imprisoning them to the core of the communication.

There is an interesting paradox between the restriction of the world to a certain framework stolen in a minimal fraction of second, and transformed into a scale of greys (in my case) and, even so, the permissiveness of readings to which the printed image subjects to. We could argue that a good image is precisely the image that delimits its content best (an economy claimed by the information theories). But, in a world, in which, images circulate promiscuously as virus, is it still possible to contradict their subjectivity?

Aby Warburg would answer positively, that it is possible to find objectivity in subjectivity, occult order in chaos, to recognize that subjectivity will continue to seduce us through the space of uncertainty and anxiety it offers, with reference to the way it stimulates and involves the observer with its interpretation, attributing a relevant role even "authorship" to it. And we must run this risk, if we don't want to remain neither tied to nor ignore the shadows of the platonic caverns.



Figure 4. Los Angeles, image by the author.

The images illustrating this article are fragments of a narrative without a chronological or geographical structure and searching a vaguely thematic construction in free association. With the whole ambiguity inherent to its sense of construction and nature (of process and content), this narrative we could call *Building Nature* is grounded on a more extensive archive that would render possible the construction of many other readings. In reality, few images were produced departing from or pursuing a common aim, at least, in a conscious or premeditated form. This evokes a certain sense of montage, as an action that is posterior to another action, evidencing, in this case, that photography is a long accumulation, from the capture of images, to revelation, enlarging, selection, and eventually, exhibition, edition or archive, a whole series of steps presently overlooked in face of a digital culture able to immediately capture and make available an image, without great formalities.

I must confess that I seldom photograph. I confess as well that I don't carry daily my Nikon FM2 with me. This camera is becoming heavy and the commitment to make analogical photography, with the underlying pleasure to control the whole process, implies time increasingly

incompatible with any professional activity. The hegemony of the digital technique became unquestionable and seems to give up only to the analogic in its nostalgic appearance going from the more popular *Instagram Polaroid* type to the noisy artificiality of a mechanic clique.

The generalisation of digital techniques and the evolution of their quality (that don't stop to surprise us) have, perhaps, the virtue to free the analogic from the necessity of being "perfect", providing a certain "aesthetics of noise" equivalent to the slide of a needle on the dust of a vinyl disc. However, the most important aspect is perhaps that digital will stimulate the liberation of the analogical from time, that is to say, from the expectative to be immediate accessible and that will have certainly consequences in the photographic act.

With digital, representation confronts itself with reality, sharing the place in its immediate. With analogical photography, the existence of image inside a dark room closed to the world will have to wait, assuming a distance, an autonomy that, to which we don't hesitate to attribute a symbolic value to, albeit its temporary character.

In my attempt to resist the apparent "facility" of digital options (I am aware that this facility is only apparent), I never renounced to the black and white film, and its domestic revelation, dependent of the few products one can find unfortunately at "gourmet" prices on the market. I was always a little bit disciplinant technically, exposing films to extreme temperatures oscillating from 40 degrees Celsius of the Death Valley to minus 10 degrees of the Mont Blanc, not revealing them for months, as well as not using always the more appropriate liquids. However, the technical limitation of a 35mmm camera or the underlying constraints of revelation and enlargement constituted never an excuse for not making better images. I argue for the economy, the pragmatism and the privacy inherent to the use of the 35mm film, abdicating easily of the rigor and the detail of the medium or large size, or the ambition to make great enlargements.



Figure 5. Venice, image by the author.

Neither are the photographs I show to You completely perfect nor do they intend to, both as concerns their form technically conditioned as their content. Indeed, the content of this improvised narrative proposes to highlight a committed world, where, similarly to classic ruins, informality and precariousness gain ironically contours of strangeness but also familiarity. Obviously, we are looking for beauty, not an easy beauty, *i. e.,* explicit, but the hidden beauty of the perfect world.

We share the feeling that perfection, the perfection of the world, of architecture, of photography leads us to the biggest of the anxieties we have already mentioned: boredom, in particular, the boredom created by the images illustrating mainly architecture journals and sites, where easy seduction emerges following standardized aesthetic codes (a *déjà vu* without any factor of strangeness is assumed).

Even so, we risk affirming that all photography, in spite of the fact that it is not perfect, must aspire to be beautiful, that is to say, in the first place, in its private component, and afterwards in its public component. This might seem a contradiction conveying the betrayal of the form over the content. Obviously, we must ask ourselves if the whole process of

representation and medialization of the world, in particular, as concerns both architecture and photography perceived as art, will not run the risk of gaining "an esthetical character" or being "bleached". I argue this, besides the "almost guilt" already inherent to the condition of voyeur proper to the photographer - someone that doesn't supposedly act on the reality but only on its representation.

Both photographers and camera operators of the "wild life", who share their universe with the war reporters, have as apparent professional deontology "not to intervene" and try to "be exempted". Also for both the photographers and the camera operators, the problem of the "almost guilt" is apparently solved *a priori,* by delegating a possible frustration in larger ethics.

In the field of the visual arts dominated by a certain political activism, partiality expresses itself with less decency, but, paradoxically, the artists stumble over two problems leading to the uncritical distancing of the image in face of its context. The first problem is intrinsically related with the institutionalization of art configured to an extremely elitist, hermetic world and almost always inconsequent from the political point of view. A second problem reveals itself (for some, but not for all) in the incompatibility observed between the wish of an image to stimulate the critical, political sense, *i. e*., to provoke or revolt, and, simultaneously, in its intention to be beautiful.

It is an apparent "contradiction" denounced with a worrisome moralism by architecture theoreticians, such as Neil Leach, abusing of Baudrillard's shadow: "the sensory stimulation through images can cause a narcotic effect and mitigate our social and political conscience, keeping the architects comfortable installed in their aesthetic cocoons and pushing them away from real everyday concerns" (quoted from *The Anaesthetics of Architecture*, 1999). Wasn't the title of Venice's Architecture Biennale **"**Less Aesthetics, More Ethics" legitimated by the same moral concern?

The question is not new. Already at his stage test and as concerned the conception of architecture in the times of Portuguese revolution (of the

legitimacy of the project, of the language, and the image), Eduardo Souto de Moura wondered about the "silence of the poets", in a reference to Theodor W. Adorno and the judgment that all "culture posterior to Auschwitz is uncomfortable". Will then culture and aesthetic remain averse to politics and ethics?

The optimism of Jacques Rancière as shown in his work *Le Spectateur Emancipé* (2008), makes us infer that a think doesn't necessarily invalidate another think. That is to say, it is possible, in a certain way, desirable, to harmonize art and politics without losing the "critical procedure". Contradicting the complex positioning expressed by Guy Debord's complaint that "terrorism", "consume", "spectacle" and "protest" have become the faces of the some coin, Rancière claims "if this visual demonstration would been taken to an extreme, it would lead to the abolition of the critical procedure: if everything is but spectacular exhibition, the opposition between appearance and reality, that supported the efficiency of the critical discourse, falls by itself and with it the whole culpability related to the beings situated on this site of the obscure or refused reality falls down, as well."

Of course, the question that must be made to Jacques Ranciére is to know if this conscience of "guilt" that, even so, seems to affect only part of the society, is truly consequent, that is to say, if it doesn't also lead to the same dead end denounced by Guy Debord. It isn't, after all, the same "mercantile equivalence law" that results in the present formula imposed on Iraq (and so many other countries) of the change of the oil "reality" for the "appearance" of democracy? Is not everything subjective and negotiable?

Paradoxically, Guy Debord wouldn't hesitate to use the naked and young body of beautiful women to get political messages across, a strategy of *détournement* (of diversion) in which female body was used as trap. But, if, for the spectator of that time, this could be an effective strategy, as images had still the power to provoke (inherent, for sure, to a culture of some objectivity), today, the same strategy would be taken as indifference, or worse, as simple misogyny resulting from the absence of time to

understand the contextual specificity of those images. Indeed, the emancipated spectator, who is apparently more informed and prepared to handle images in a subjective way, and is more conscious of the subterfuges of the representation and the simulacrum, is also an increasingly passive spectator, certainly more tolerant, but showing a tolerance resulting from a certain relativism, encourager of an alienation, justified, in part, by the incapacity to assimilate an incessant production of images almost always exposed in a loose and fragmented manner and representing an excess that transforms itself seldom in the "magical" or critical thought also claimed by Aby Warburg.

There is simply no time, and this was also the case for Warburg. And the illusion expressed by James Fergunson in 1865 to write with photography *A History Of Architecture in All Countries from the Earliest Times to the Present Day* remains quite a long way away.

Images have apparently lost their former power to foster imagination and dreaming, and they seem to have likewise lost the capacity to arouse indignation or to outrage. However, another question remains: nobody considers oneself a spectator no matter if one is emancipated or not. This dichotomy between actor and spectator dissipated in the democratization of the production and communication of the images and words in the cloud of a digital, virtual and interactive culture, creating the illusion that we are all actors. It may be even true, that we are all actors, but the problem is, if all of us speak at the same time, we will be no longer able to hear each other. The utopia of the participation lead to the communication entropy. It will be necessary to take some silence into account.

In 2013 I had the opportunity to visit the cable car of the Complexo do Alemão, one of the best-known favelas in Rio de Janeiro, where the police has difficulty in distinguishing dealers from common citizen. Although this infra-structure has not necessarily a tourist aim, as it is a public work thought for the inhabitants of the favela (this becomes evident in the taxes practiced), it allows a quick and safe aerial view of that fragment, labyrinthine and "rizomatic" complex to use Deleuze's concepts developed

by Paola Berenstein Jacques in *Estética da Ginga* (2001). The favela, now occupied by the so called "pacifying" policy, can be daily visited, but the metaphor of the spectator voyeur, staying at a comfortable distance from reality seen from above, emerges better in the hermetic environment of the cable cab.

The aesthetic of the favela is irresistible, also "sublime" in the sense attributed by Edmund Burke to the strict relationship established between "beauty" and "horror". However, his horror of the sublime results from a fictional perception. Another thing, not necessarily horror, but the reality associated with the social conditions of most of the population inhabiting this spot of houses and precarious infrastructure persists on the ground. Even so, Berenstein Jacques recognizes the result of a dynamic process as an aesthetic characteristic of the favela: the architecture of the favela as "space – movement" in which the inhabitant's participation is fundamental. Pursuing this perspective, he claims that only this participation will ensure that our conception of everyday won't convert into "alienation of the society", Time and action are prerequisites for participation.

Due to the fact I had few time to visit the favela, I was compelled to assume the spectator's quality from the top of the cable car's capsule. Obviously, I couldn't resist to photograph the favela, its hills and valleys as far as the eye can reach, but I confess I feel shame in exhibiting them and they are therefore absent of this presentation. This is the conscience that, in a certain way, limits this essay, establishing not always clear frontiers in my perception of the world, of my world. It remains a shared world, of common places and spaces, sometimes too common, populated by *déjà vu* or respective replicas uncertain as concerns an epicentre located in the reality or in its representation. "Everything is image" or "Everything is architecture", another utopia leading us and for certain to the entropy, as well. But do we want it to be otherwise? Will we be so sure of our moral? In the best of hypothesis we will be restless.

I privilege photography, in particular, analogic Black & White photography, as an instrument to think architecture. Indeed, the economy

that the Black & White photography compels to, is, in it, a resistance to the hurried time of contemporary life. From my point of view, this distance that corresponds also to the distance attributed to photography in its condition of representation tool (if we will continue to insist on the dichotomy between the reality and its representation) is the aspect that legitimates best the reinterpretation and appropriation of the work apart beyond the "photographical act" in the silent shelter of the dark room.

It is increasingly necessary to recover time and also distance, but not the feckless and relativist distance presently associated with the circulation of images, with a consequent loss of references, but the distance able to generate, in simultaneous, strangeness and familiarity, assuming now and only now the *déjà vu* as metaphor, in its more classical sense.

And if familiarity seems to be an easy thing in a globalised visual culture, strangeness, as a critical sense generator of worry, is more difficult to conquer. But, only strangeness permit us to look at form, light and texture of a certain space and imagine it as cool or warm, creating fictional atmospheres, leading us to the quote Peter Zumthur when commenting an image of G.E Kidder Smither: "I have never seen this building before, I think it is no longer extant, and, nevertheless, I love to see it." (*Atmosphären*, 2006). "I love to see it". The image materializes itself in this present verb of a past building, reconfiguring reality, and stimulating a personal life experience, between the memory and the imagination, in the case we are speaking about a project of architecture.

To the spectator of my photographs (of my 15 minutes of fame), I wish a prescient look, the capacity to appropriate their sense with the same simulated security of the personages punctuating this narrative. These personages gaze directly at You, trust You with their sleep, confront You with an intimacy that, as we know, doesn't exist. Even so, I hope that existing strangeness, existing a *déjà vu,* it will reside in the capacity to imagine yourselves reflected in the ocular retina of those in my photos. I was there. Affinities start when we look at ourselves in the mirror.



Figure 6. Image by the author.

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