

PERCEPTUAL  
DEFENSE

A. J. ZELADA

Perceptual Defense

Images by A. J. Zelada  
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**I**f I stand in my room and look out at If I stand in my room and look out at reflections of the room I stand in. If stand in my room and look at the world in the night, I do not see the world; I see the reflections of the lit room. So how is it that when the room ights are on in the daytime I see no elevated and overpowering my little

retinal cells making only the daylight known to me and shutting out the subtly of the room lit tones in the daylight. In a way I should be thankful. If our retina/brain had to pay attention to all the tones- dark, bright, glaring, and subtle, it would be too confusing.

And somehow we defend or screen out what isn't the quiet internal figurative tones in front of us during the day.

It seems simple to me that our lives behave in this manner on many levels. It is very hard to analyze your self while constantly being in motion. You have to somehow remove yourself or turn down the outside lights and let the internal room light be revealed.

Of course one level is our layer of content. What layers of our lives have we shut out from our

daily perceptions? We normally confine our attention to only what is in front of us. Confining means exclusion and so the perception has less to do with overpowering nature of the outside light being brighter

than the inside quiet noise being further dampened. Part of this selection is an active necessity (e.g. We can't live in the past.) and part of this attention is choice driven. There are moments when the control is lessened and other items make themselves visible. So be it with these photos.

The outside templates of each photo are from my walk. The walks give me a chance to hear some inner voicing, some visualization of the past. I have been ruminating about my past for

many years and these inner subset photos have surfaced recently. Sometimes it has been an instant memory; some times it has been a search into my own archive of images to chance upon a frame of the past that dovetails with the present walkabout. Sometimes the images are hard edged realities of the past; sometimes they are folded in the very thought of the path I am on. In a way these photos are the peek thru the everyday perceptual defenses.

~AJZ

Carrie



Braille Rock



Three Boys



Self in the Deschutes



Pennsylvania at Crater Lake



Heather Growing



Heather Trapped in the Middle Class



Schultz



Beach



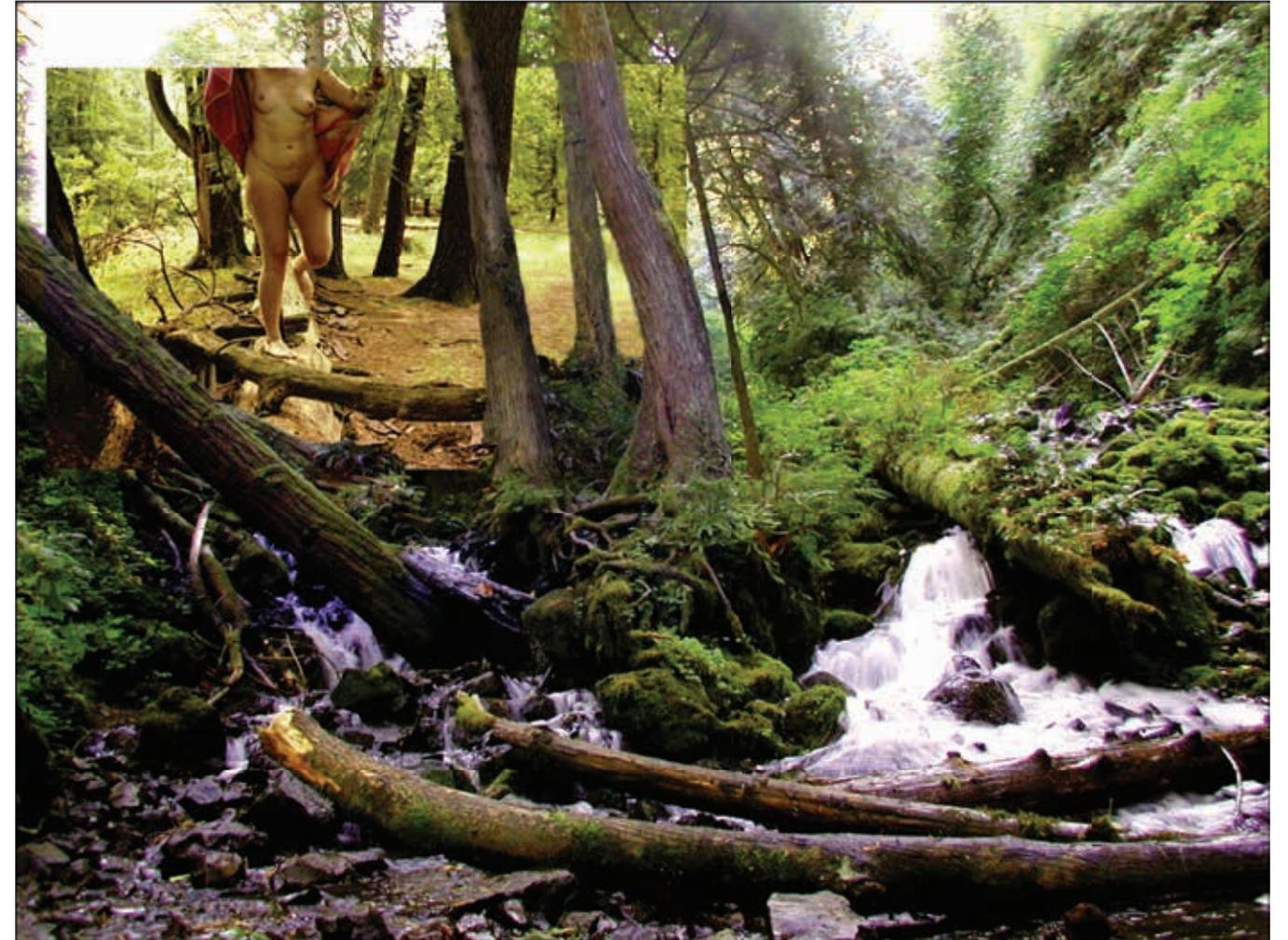
Jayne in the Deschutes



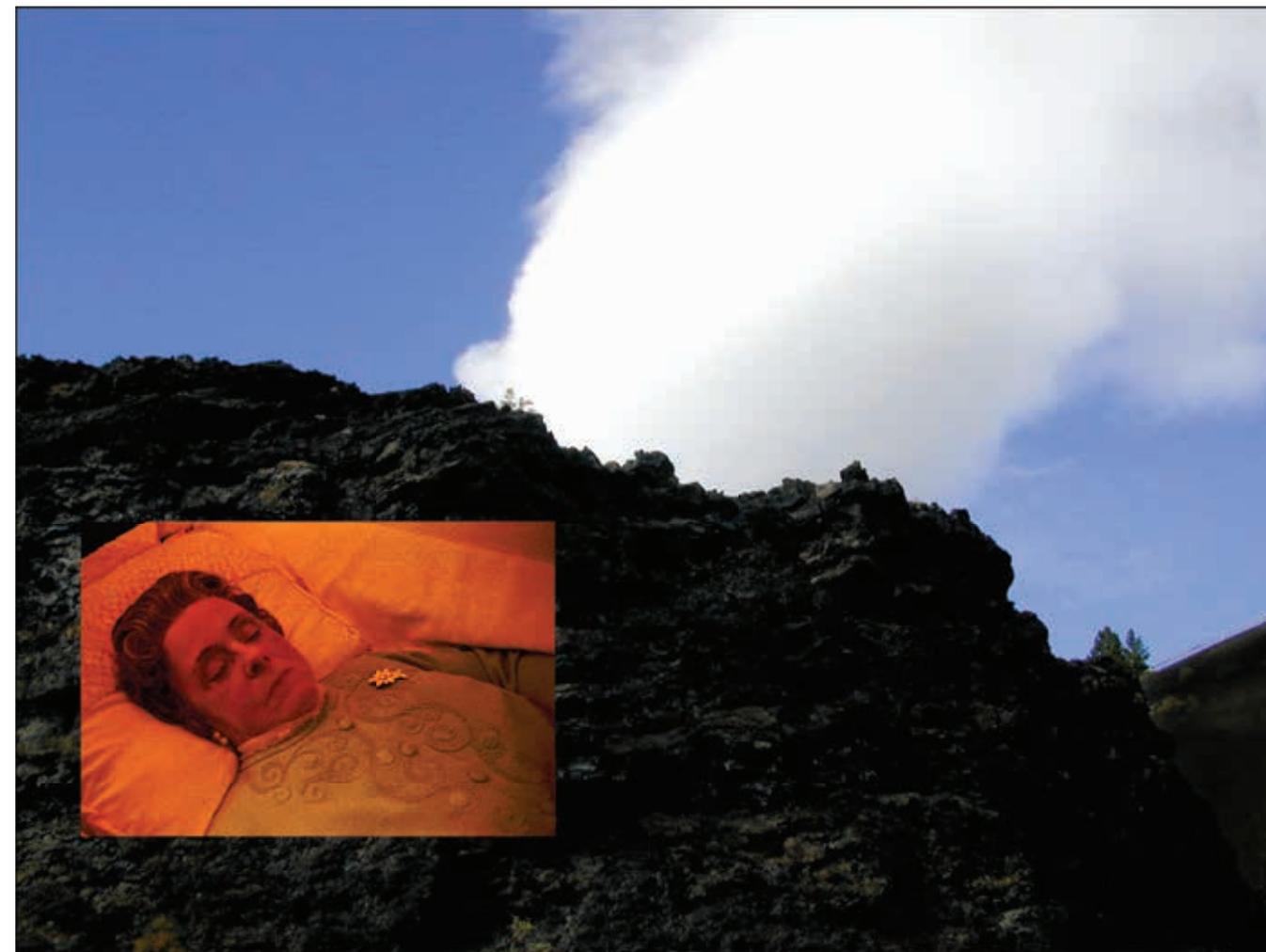
Self



Jayne



Mary Cloud



Self Near Smith Rock



Funeral Tie near Lava Butte



Self by the Deschutes



Selma



Clyde and Path Chosen



Fish





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