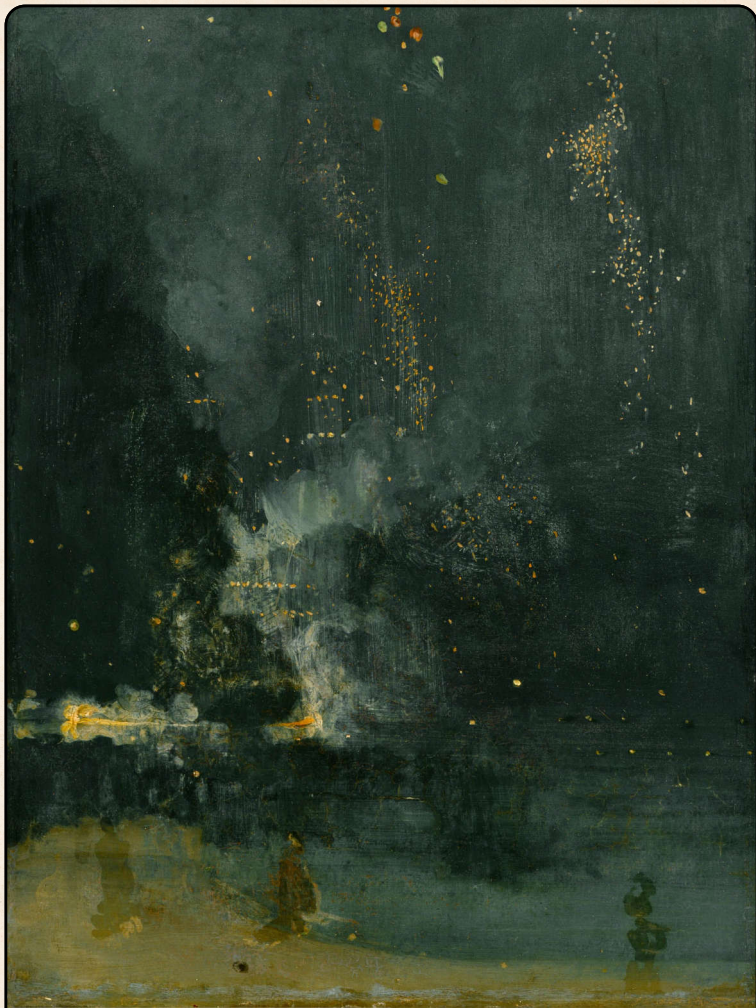


EYES WIDE TAUGHT



A 5-page field test for artists
trapped in someone else's vocabulary.



Whistler titled this painting
"Nocturne in Black and Gold."

"Nocturne" comes from music language. Short pieces, atmospheric, meant to be heard as mood, not as story. No narrative, no argument. Just tone, rhythm and sensation.

That word told the viewer how to look at the painting. Not what to think about it.

How to look.

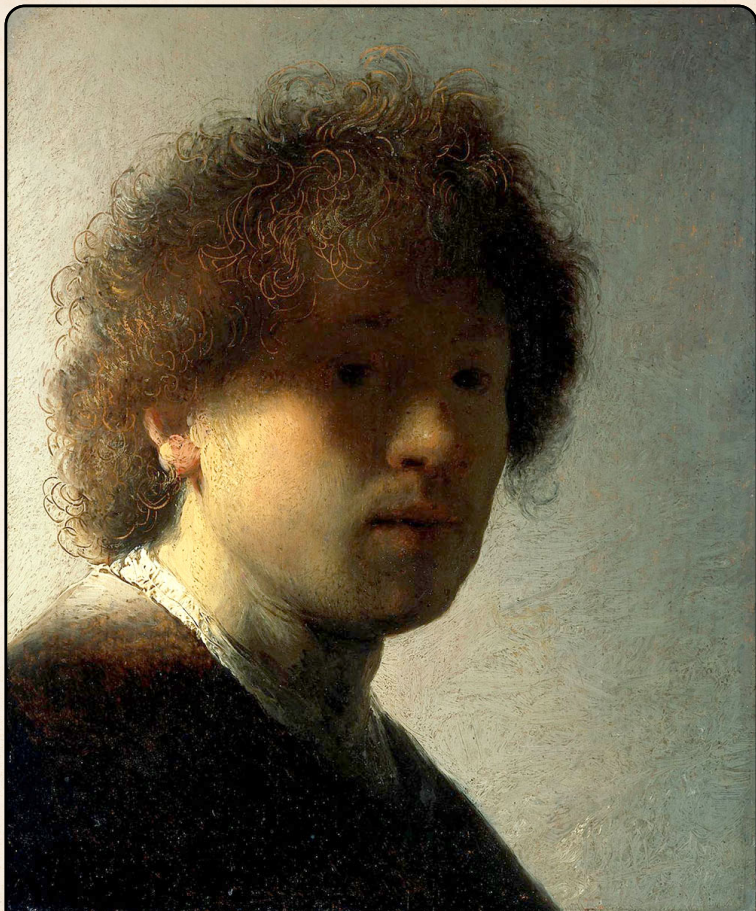
John Ruskin saw the same painting, had a fit of rage and published, quite furiously: "It is like flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

Same painting.

For one, a **Nocturne**.

For the other, an **insult**.

Ruskin wasn't stupid. He simply didn't have that word, and what you can't name you can't see, even when it's right in front of you.



Look at this Rembrandt for ten seconds.
Notice the **LIGHT** and **SHADOW**.

Now look again.

But where you first said **light**, now say **structure**.

Where you said **shadow**, say **vagueness**.

The painting didn't change.
You did.

Next round:

Where you said **hair**, say **field**.

Where you said **harmony**, say **negotiation**.

Where you said **detail**, say **frequency**.

Where you said **texture**, say **friction**.

Look again with these four new words.

Newton described color as a decomposition of white light into its components. Objective, measurable, elegant. Scientific, pragmatic.

Goethe described the same phenomenon as a battle between light and darkness. Color is what appears when they collide.

Art schools prefer Newton, who sounded more serious, and with that choice they installed an entire vocabulary inside the head of every artist who passed through their doors. A vocabulary that describes parts. That analyzes components. That measures.

If your dictionary has **decomposition** and **components**, you see separate pieces to analyze. If your dictionary has **battle** and **collision**, you see living forces modifying each other.

Are you sure this is the language you would have chosen?

Are these your eyes?

You've been speaking this language for years. And like any language, it only lets you think what it has words for.

There are artists who look at their work and can see only **correct** or **incorrect**. They look for what's wrong, find what's wrong, fix what's wrong, and when everything is correct the work is... **dead**.

But they have no other word to look at it with. And instead of seeing something **dead**, they see something... **correct**.

There are artists who've spent years saying "I lost what I had." The only words they possess are backward-looking, and there are none for what exists now.

There are artists whose every brushstroke passes through a verbal filter before it reaches the canvas, and by the time it arrives it's no longer a brushstroke. It's a translation.

Every cage feels like knowing what you're talking about, like professional rigor. It feels like virtue.

You changed the words and your perception changed.

Now imagine seven days of this. Situations where the words you use to make decisions stop working and you have to look as though it were the first time.

Hunter's Moon.

Quarantine Experiment #7

October 19–25, 2026. Lazaretto Island.
7 days. 7 mentors. 63 artists.

Admission is curated. Phones are prohibited. The program is secret.

REQUEST ADMISSION

Changing your language only guarantees one thing: that you stop looking through someone else's eyes.

If that doesn't sound like much, Quarantine isn't for you.

If that sounds like everything, this program will rearrange your insides.

C.G. - Lazaretto Island, 2026