

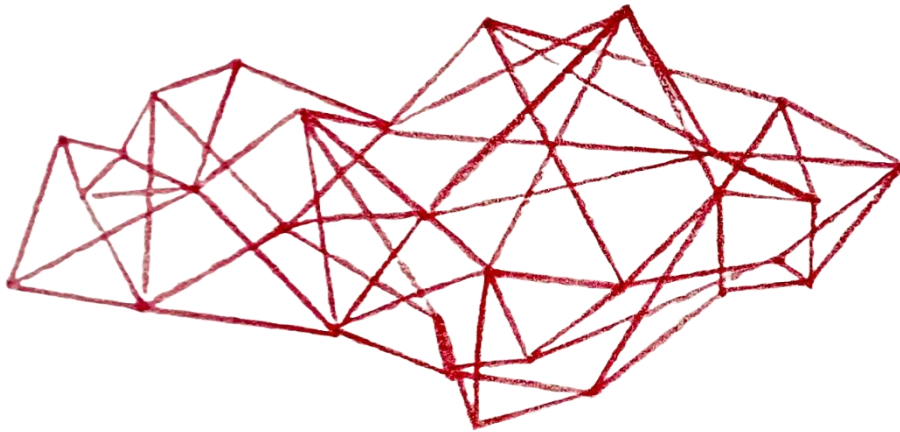
When a sculpter seeks the right stone, he strikes to hear if it rings true.  
A sculpter may sound many stones before he hears the note that sings for him.

I've spent my life making limestone sing, in the fog or the fierce desert wind, the bitter cold or the blazing sun. And I've seen the hills and mountains backlit by sunset light, like a glowing red wire delineating their profiles against deep purple skies.

I would have spent my life no other way...

- to my Grandfather, who told me this.

### The Wireframe God



## Part 1

Deep within a high school project, original art was born.  
Endless rolling hills ran up  
an equally endless mountain, with  
dips and weaves, spikes and crags,  
flowing river valleys met with sudden flat plains.  
All of it, red.

Now I sit feeling wholly unattractive on the steps  
In front of CoorsTek. I want to find some lightning in a bottle  
But of course, lightning doesn't come in bottles  
The bottle would explode

It's hard to write good poetry  
(That still can be contained)  
Meter is hard  
Yep  
My rhymes are always strained

## The Red Projector

or

Keaton's Practical Guide on Mathematical Formulae with Respect to 3D Perlin Noise  
(using linear algebra)

"The z-coordinate represents our point's depth with respect to the camera.  
When projected to the plane, each point's distance from the center will vary  
inversely to its z-coordinate, causing perspective. An interesting note here is  
that if you set each z-coordinate to 1 internally, all points will snap to an  
isometric grid, and the z-coordinate becomes the zoom."

...I can't read this.

Why do the hills escape me?

Why do they elude my control?

Each bump, each dip, simply the predetermined result of a complex formula  
that I wrote.

I should be God.

And yet...

I draw a black hole.

Then I draw myself falling in

Reeling around

Seeing the universe in new exciting ways  
Now forever out of reach

I hear the piano  
Played by a fellow student  
It takes the form of a Zelda song  
And then a garble of notes.

In the end, Keaton's red hills displayed upon the screen.  
Here's how it happened:

Each point is first given a random value -1 to 1 that's added to the height of the point before it giving a sense of continuity.

When a point comes into view of the camera it is projected into a viewing plane giving it the 2D coordinates that are displayed.

Once the list is populated, each point becomes an average of the 25 points around it and put into a new list.

And ever so slowly, points become hills

spikes

paths

rivers

fields

slopes

buttes

valleys

ridges

All extending to the endless fog.  
Endless red hills in the endless fog.

### Part 3

...I hear whispers.

I hear Keaton whispering to me.

Then I hear

Red

Is the color of blood

It is the color of danger

And of vitality.

It is the color of love.

The color of hurt.

"Don't you understand?"

"Red is the color of passion"

"Of blind rage  
and blind adoration."

"It is the color of art."

"It is the color of life."

It is the color of the

Red

Wireframe

Hills.

Can't Sleep.  
probably tomorrow by now.

Just looked over the red section.

It isn't true.

On multiple levels it isn't true.

- 1) The hills were made red because it's the easiest color to see
- 2) Purple evokes just as much danger as red
- 3) Denoting a "color of life" is stupid, and it certainly wouldn't be red.

...guess I should cut it.

## Part 2

The essay is done. The wireframe hills are complete. The lightning is in the bottle, so to say.

I finally figured it out.

There was a story there the whole time!

All I had to do is cast back and remember

what the hills had meant to me

And now I never have to think about it again!

But then

I was walking in the farthest depths of the hills  
and I saw that here they were red with blood  
and the blood was born from all the ideas I had  
Slaughtered.

and I ran away, but the blood kept rising

and so then I climbed, but the blood kept rising

and then at the top of the rising blood I saw Keaton

and suddenly I

couldn't move.

and Keaton just looked at me

sadly

Until I drowned.

"What do you think it means?"

I feel...

"Anyone could have written this. What does it mean to you?"

I wish...

"Every place has a story, and every person has a story in that place."

I think...

"Some stories give life to their settings, and some take that life away.

Which one is yours?"

I don't know.

I don't know.

I don't know.

I wish I could just –  
“Try to synthesize it down to the very core. The very original idea.  
Get it down to the very nugget in the center and tell the story contained in that nugget.  
Kill everything else, it’s all meaningless.  
Your story is reality. Your feelings justified. And if that doesn’t match with truth,  
Then truth itself has lied.”  
“Remember”  
“Remember”  
“Remember...”

## Part 4

“You Are God.”

## Part 5

Today, I’m back in Texas for a week or two.  
Back in the rolling hills that stretch off into the fog.  
They haven’t collapsed in my absence.  
Neither have they changed.  
Back into limestone.  
I’m currently standing on top of millions of microscopic fossilized fish.  
If I take a rock out and hit it with a hammer, it sings!  
It sings a beautiful death knell just before it snaps, and when it finally breaks, I can see  
Oh.  
Where’s the gem?  
Where’s the nugget in the center?

How many stories were waiting to be heard in the stone I just broke?  
Can they even all be told?