

IT : EVENT

Mysticism & the Psychology of Audio-visual Events

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I

The run or pass, that would have it closing, coming fast and beyond, to several isolations wrought, or named, a building of elicitations and fragments, who is known as a pasture, symposium or combination of principles and doubts. The name. And what has passage, relaxing back, is the name through events, the erasure of motion and dynamism, neither lack nor past, but a precise and ecliptic passage of events through memory and flesh as act and name. Neither dome suffices, a parallel of connectives, without metaphor, this affirmative, here and present, without syntax or motion.

And goes rattling, through the ears, or around, direction and reflection, as one pass through the mountains, where one might feel the earth moving, bored into by drills and bits, past the emotive of space and eloquence, as the birds pass through all they know and cold air suffices to name what goes as light or spots or ease or denominations. Stop. The run out of shape, where demonstrations crack and shake, first nothing, out of the air crept, and then the air crept, and then the air, and then the one of precedence. All as nothing and all as air and all as one and then as nothing. Repeats, and goes toward the contemplation of the one. None.

Through the familiar lacking, nomenclature and dimension, or equivalence, but past all that, as spots or marks, at least, of visual significance, crept, lacked, marked, there! And linked, caused from the nothingness of cold air, dogs barking, and words from other marks and repositories/connective/and hears the lapsed passage, of knowing or identification. His own sounds and lights, which came or preceded even the cause, prior to registry, utterance of flesh-light, or seeding, that her name be crossed and marked, no measure after either father or mother, but the plane of sound, continuous and whole, either to defeat or possession, as mystery.

And movement, too, from the ridgepole of the world, alternating between mark and flux, a spot of earth seen, devised, eased, to respond from the lava beds and sea shores, rough cracked-lava photographs (across act to this chorus of voices and yells. The train rolls by and air moves into square space. Of prior cause, and her name uttered either out of necessity or memory, but lagged into meeting, a juncture, a puncture through ease and color to noses and eyes, a wet leg.

Keys to mark the air. Out of all objects, the object itself, designed in sights of the close denial of names.

Or a tongue, shaft. Slipping as clear air, and image, thrust aloft, by her, too, held down, made out of wax and hands, the impulse to drive the air before. To remember the parallel textures of roughness and declension, the ivy garlanded doorways of memory and identification, one-sun. but there, and mark. To stop or hold, a mind to it, refractory, alien, positive. Which starts it off. Roundness and erectness, a cylinder. Or is-ness in the shadow of the lights, figure and ground, emergence, whom, androgyny? I'll wait on that, wait on naming, wait on pears and rice for her explosion, pace one and two, then rest.

But her elastic, made a flower out, no, all seeing is not male, nor female, nor without respect and distance. There was, we said, the new traveling to make, their bags spread out, but unwelcome, as humans are to each other, and pausing, enwrap, **that** child, as a category, and solid. But the very stuff persists, drones, it holds out solid, on the grasses and chairs, content and touch, (**non-tocare**) and a new relation, I said, unthought, but where? Consciousness allowed it. "But how can you **do** anything." Again the chorus of rising voices, trains, air, locks, keys, doors, the building settles. The earth holds and blue sky too.

A rhythm of precision, after speech, lax, waitful, held like good will, but not without effect, and glowing, this clever deceit, not to move, at all, ever again, a clever act, and musical, or formal, I don't know. Begin. The name of the dance, anyway, relates formal balance to its motion. What he **means** is clear, but not, exactly, how, nor could anyone tell, though "no others" is also a rule or ruler. Whistling through close channels, and switched, alert. Going along, over toward the left side (brain nodes), alert to every shift and fragment. Is this possible? Or experiencing balance prior to its statement. Whose pause, whose air, nor legitimate.

But the fragment holds, at least as a behavior, suspension and isolation, wearing out the nerve endings in endless repetition, nor factual dialog, though energy retreats at **that**, at dialog and contact, though constant reassurance is more than frequent. So the two of acts and the three of registry; it is necessary, she knows that too, and waits, just as I do, for wholeness and light. It pauses, passes down past the lungs, revolving near the equator. Though nothing is known. This affirmative mode of cause, and so unnecessary, to arise out of the hedges like a letter or a fragment, memory, prior. Form.

I built it up like that, as far as I could, no pause, but time, and vertical which we all know. Vernacular and precise, since it is undemanding. But nothing is un-self-righteous, but a way out or in, the Hopi snake maze, and his open eyes opening, that's clear, isn't it? Through no pause alert and dogmatic. These citations and more; the voice which calls and summons, and back beyond the literal act, the shadow of the light cast as from: some objects and clauses, or combinations. It is easier now, and recognition ceases upward. The thing here, itself of acts, and no inclination to do otherwise. Is that prose? His close and temporal identity. Fresh and hot, the open door of secrecy.

Which even I remember, to string it out, or hold it in. That should be made clear, should emerge, should participate (these formulae). And passing it along to others, no drafts, no

groaning guests, the open window undefined by the streetlight. But hold on. There is morning and afternoon, the air passes that way, through the prize-room, and another bell-ringing. Where streets? And it is not yet empty. This clause of flesh, pre-named, his daughter outward, and the eclipses of morning. Unthrust and waited. Blasting along through the halls, and looking out. Looking out. There's a door, they say, scoot in, where?

II

Vertical present of events, all attributes relating upward, tree expounding the head of it, hair lapsed to, or into pre-sentiment. As lapse of the field of attributes to which one attends, as problem and solution dissipate **out of** process to prior cause, the mood of elevation or the lapse of the visual from terminology into context, or being with words, from no new pretext, out of the wholeness of adverbs and the tangle of form, at least from description bent around in parallel circuitry, from the model removed, as earthsome and unrepitious, like a situation of seeing, where it moves downward and upward. At once.

Without pause, the pause of selection, and toward clarity, as a movement, anyway, in assumption of the results, a long preface, from the system or mode or sphere (hemisphere) of activity, that which contains the essence or mode. Which has a motion to it, too, and encircles as it unravels, penetrations of daybreak and musk, out-riding all pleasure, like a catalog of **things**, a perceptual modality from the one, from the **visual** of things and their source. Those three, and the mysteries of possession, moving away and enjoining (clause: contract: retro-act), a small red tag, down near the bottom of plastic events.

Which imagines someone or a listening, in the immediacies of responding, waiting quietly in the hall, as do all formulations and hesitations, but as a force of emptiness, a welcome nostalgia which precedes vertigo and a solid contraction, as if the recommendations **were** pleasure, as if an unknown were **made**. That, or that, one says, or I do, and passes on, unlikely and peremptory, abrupt, metabolic evidence of either memory or reflection, and, lapse, uncontinuous penetration, flags and wet winds, or flapping and slapping, but no, pause, on, split, slid, his ears out, light at the edge, an air sung, head and ceremonies, the rest. Oh!

As mix. As adumbrated flux. As metaphoric parameter of the immeasured, whatever edge the flower itself initiates, or, child too, and earth as worm-behavior, an undiscovered sameness, and patterned out of practice toward itself, and new information enclosed and

redefined, flat, out, the slight curves and edges, or, shaped, then, or not, but sticky substances to which one responds, red or roundness, but **not** dizzy, and closing in just as it goes, the arrow out of memory and conscience, congratulatory, "There!" or on the line and leaning, but not again, at least in that way, as before the fallacy itself.

He said, not to repeat success. A hairy edge, looking up, undisclosed. **In** text, without mentioning it to anyone, the space between, no silence nor waiting, but clausal and elapsed, fine, we have our taste, but no new river fine twice but slow and the slid energetic graph data, wet or new red, between as across red jaw am a moccasin / to look, and down, as red air to wet sticky, heard, out through, enlightened, back and back and back, from no actual but the **this** of it, heavy and mechanical "mechanical?" and push-pushing through the edges and remonstrances, lay off; lay off, and ease on down, like that and get it **done**.

But I know that, when he speaks or acts out of cleverness, it is too clear a moment for that. As a room glows from its resources. A snaked climb. Or pauses. Or just "the hard part", across into the woods: "how to give an image to": language act, or the reflection necessary to acts, "how should it feel", but climbing back in from pattern and design, this event and **It : Event**, going along beside the road, like a shortcut, through the long way round of conversation, at least, formally, for what already happened or is already happening. A style is also a behavior; and sneaky, too, how it balances out, or what that means, just here, how.

To contain it all. A picture of an invisible infinitely divisible state, bounded by the quality of its acting, how, in division, it comes forward, through the forms and forces of allusion, these here wordes, to thrust, almost, out of seeing into the seen (no tense), that is, of all classical knowledge, to possess, how, as does or comes, then, what should one do who is already doing and how and where does that transform or relate out to the lapsed or material "thing", **in situ**, the actual or real of what one is mutually contributory to or of, or from, some instaneity of the act itself, to react out to and in to the recollection of translation, that it has just been completed.

Which allows, un-restrictive. I know all the objections, have made them out of dis-functional relapsive ecstasy and profound intentions of future convergence. Flat out. Accept and perpetual. Known. This act **as**. Poetic dilemma, so known or become this; As: as. Right. A is A and A is not A. So clear that the formulation is made out, pro-scriptive. and once done, never done, but or but. a clause. A fragment. The all of the ice cream cone, sidereal and lit up. Focused and magnificent, clutter or cluster, and close, but skipped or script. And on. Undeveloped, that. And flat claims to calm proficient, held; cluster of and feathers. The very **No** of sensation. He says.

Which **resists**, undeniably. Without touch, the flesh and blood of resistance. apropos to the mood or selection / either way, again, up or down, but also front and back and right and left, which leaves nothing, central, at least, nothing and the center. Point. Mark. Spot. Elevation, **from what!** The color blue, red, green, assignation of unforeseeable information. That bird or his movement and fire, too, to clothe removal in twenty pages, but its very quality to itself being relational and after the fact. Unmentionable as warp-clause though the one following the one is method, the same act twice, not ever repeated again, the very headache of it, and no light only seeing. Fire the center and move on up.

Imprecise repetition of necessity. That holdout. No measure for the infinite as it **is**, though humor allows real speech in a-cultural modes. So there, laughter and stuttering collide to speech-pauses. How the flesh decides in the absence of absence. Or what very presence impels as necessary (already happened) the perfect alignment of the descent. Point. Referent. Sticky tape ear and slide. A segment of allusions / which inclines to definitions. That, the color of unwinding roots. So: either looking up or looking down, and a bent and retracted actual. But, flight, what of that, this resurgence of the indeterminate. As genetic (original). It is the very thing itself. In no motion but the sudden.

III

Of this eventuation, then, out of the psychology of space, in which the all constitutes itself in the mundane collection, at points revealed (made known, or suspected) via feeling. Intersection, in other words, of the non-personal and the feeling itself. A counter-action, or pass-registry. An intimidation of postures, or actual contact across connectives. No denying that, that which takes place, in the archetype of time, reflected upon "nascent reason", he said, is an indication of the magnitude of the lapse. I am only trying to catch up, here, to revise the drift of information as it has filtered through me. Outward, toward no complexity, or what he says bears the imprint, **yes**, of who he is.

To note a reaction beyond the re-enacting, there are the absolute simplicities of place (locus) and revision, or collation. As active. Pass this, too, that what I said had affect, and the crisis of containment, pressure, formed, out, of, as distinct, control in, or the lag to, having, or easing, but the act itself, a formality of the mood, there, he has, to send. Right? An allowance of particulars and roots, and the record, then, as cause and symptom of what was felt. The dog and the leaf, or another absolute. Whom. total functional gathering, which has my parts, as pronouns, as energies: beyond the metallic, at least, toward purpose and act.

Category of disorder present in activity. As such. Light gathering locus, self as one, the real business here, out of attempts to generate rhythm (and consequent image of locale and duration). The fix, then, where light and shadow correlate to motion, the sensorial dialog of energy, status, and possibility as numbers or words, and the **quality of the act**, in parallel. **His** antiquity. Light focal, in the displacement of the paradox of the cave, where is the "story"? Light-event co-related to or in space-time event, cross-hatched beyond the edges of the "thing" itself, whose anonymous grey shadow looms up from behind. Shift of attention. The data emerges.

Which is to **locate**, only, not cause; could it be otherwise? This lax-ness among the constituencies, onrush of detail, linked as static pass. The condition of the act, then, which defines itself unsolicitously, comes in through error, that is, **against** discinction / the world by exclusion. The thrust forward, leaning into the affirmative mode, as discourse, no pause in change but athletic and predatory, as the distinction of energy itself, local focus for the most un-

metaphorical of acts. Being (advisedly) either "in-field" or "out-field", with respect to one's perception of choice-acts. Where are we now? Another resistance to vortex permeates: no advance, disintegration. **That** readiness to perpetuate resolved.

Three movements out from translation, or the drama defined: insignificant affirmations release speculation which resolves (words, for instance). His unspokenness, and the even temper of what follows, the very distinction of the gathering. Flux to center, coagulation and definition toward the outer. That is, first copulation, second copulation, third copulation, etc., toward a projection of light onto field or screen from (in spite of the madness or reversal of literal acting-out) the center of the world to the terminals of creation. "From which crag, exactly, did he leap?" "Into what abyss?" A methodology of actual causation follows, undeclared, as a trope is, in its possessiveness to included particulars, not by whim, but certainty.

The blood-frenzy, or the thundering of the ears (in channel) is an inversion shrinkage. Primitive location defined from another outward manifestation. He speaks! Light bursts from his nostrils! A fragment of disorder coalesces beyond desire. She has it her garments, dark glasses, and an understanding of the situation quite plainly displayed. Constant interplay in actual dialog of the archetypes. Would I risk that? No! What does that mean, itself to itself. This line broken, the myth continued, a vertical surrounding, no convenient fluorescent tubes, he makes those radiations felt (eg., through the eyes) of camera choice, an alchemical connectitude of variable presents.

OK, the retort itself defined for the convenience of face. There, and a conjunction of gaseous substances toward the perfection of the stone, its roundness and selection made permanent by selection. No error. But felt, advancement, the core of, his connectedness, un-thrust, receipt and change, lapse outward, "to the advantage of earthly modes" or attention caught, affirmed by, the mutuality of time. Conflict and its subsequent flashes of dexterity. From numerical to numen, "voice-flesh-act", whirlpooled toward the centrifugal black, or centripetal flashes of the light.

That focus, and selection; a precise dominion for the concrete of indeterminacy, as a motion, I repeat, and no anguish, served, emotive reflection, the line through the organism, up into circuitry (convenient vocabulary), to be ignored or catalogued. That's the significance of (a) syntactical discoveries (code), and (b) the principle of the world by exclusion (focus-locus). Untranslatable epic and a myth (energy act) of character, itself an acceptance of the light vehicle.

Belief incarnated by speech, for instance, uncausal though mythic: that term, its specific disorder named, his, and, the fruits of, but a pun names-out, Abraham's discourses with the light.

Priority as definition: a recognized **Thus**: would **you** falter? And artfully, too. With no breaks. And the precise acceptability of its choices. And so, to remain, where there is nothing to be gained out of rest, to advance, toward prior connection, **that** circulation of adverbs, in their liquidity, as a **treatise** on action (psychic dynamism?), any term co-acts toward determination. Untranslatable out of repetition, toward the receptive (locus of paradoxical fix rupture), on a line, for instance, unsheltered, "a fragment of the poetic", or "how it was done". A reminder about one's duty to wrestle, they say, to come face to face with that very horror of recollection, SNAP!

Immediacies of reception coagulate out, the direst of crises, of a continuum for visual neglect, always, it is many "things" and one, that which **is taking** place (pres. subj.), to offer it up out of one's self to one's self of hierarchies for the expected approval of cause. Which constitutes a primary enactment, a record, so-called; yes, it passed quickly, from the very outermost edges of nascence, shuddering through, "the sudden" of thunder (through the blood-earth-of-ears), in through the logical center, upsetting all possibles and re-designing the whole which is already perfect. Now **that** means "lets achieve the next quatrain". He walks across the nomadic desert. One-two, one-two, out into the open air. Ah! An insinuation.

IV

Perfect advent of the machine: relations to consciousness and preference, in notions of intimacy, for instance, the copulative of eye and ear, in resonance altered, with forward motion insistence, beyond the precise scale. Psychodynamically, all that I suspect of "other" is true of self. Center direction of energy rotation, distraction of control, or direct (present) deflection of inner causality. Ad-formality of inerts / voice coughing through wall / through **intentions** to plasticity. "Kick it through." I am the sum of my suspicions. Direct intent of sensorial activity to pace self toward solemnity of concrete centralization of process. He waves his arms feebly. I am the sum of my deceptions. Focused on the utter responsibility of my mechanizations of self, the disguises

of habit, directed by (dream figure), intentionality of reversal motif (eg., "backward flowing motion") of removal from the very processes of "the question) (who am I) in its

acquisition of, for instance, sheer weight (twelve pounds) in the scheme of "mental events". The point being, in a seriality of acts, of constant removal from the confidence of the accuracy of the image. Aha, it is just that, that I am, and stepping away from that, to look?, or to see. But removal as if through the summary of the containment, one chooses (so he does) to reverse or open or enlarge, to alter the totality of the definition. Thus, the possibility, in terms of recognition, of redundancy. As against all theories of non-repetition. The **activity**

gains in momentum, without possibility of control, in devotion to the perpetuity of the very image. No reflection. The photograph has vanished! Thus, image and sequence contain the necessity and mood of transformation ("moving **across**"). The eye glitters hopefully, spilling through the intensity of true speech, toward a familiar. No category in the known. He steps awkwardly into the mud, or shields his face from the falling rain. Affirmation consciousness resolving toward the memory of the dream. Contact with "a" present and identification of the dream-figure (energy category of containment named, in naming) and hostility toward preservation of the

eternal pseudo-present of the dream state. No memory, flashing of light, broken through habit, the carrier of weights, though rhythmic and graceful pulsations of activity, resolved as "practice" in no memory acted, but done out of hand, as a material act. Thus, constant interplay of necessary removal, stepping away to the rim to encompass the whole of what **was**. Which is to say, in the depth of pronouns, **who**, exactly, remembers in the midst of new pulsations. Cloud emerging from sky, first named, and the air after, but wind-flux. His **intentions** to record. Or a specific invisibility, moving through

what was **not** mentioned, accounted for in omission, but descriptive, as though the friends were co-optive, like the intimidation of synapses, exhaustion (temporal) of channels, through successions of registration in a mutuality of demands, as if all loci were diminished by their functions. The demand, out of continuity, is that it should fail to new in;formation, as the shape of the cloud does **not** change in its process of dissolution, where the successions of definition (time) reflect only a stasis undefined anywhere in their registry. An ultimate quantity of disappearance, where feeling locates a flux of visibilities, as the eyes out-focus each other in their pin-point contact with "objects".

The perfect stone, or fulfilled circle, rests, encased, within the egg of consciousness. The plasticity of means, or **flux**, resolves toward a hardness and inflexibility of ultimate focus.

There! (again, in no mood toward its own morning, the personal stone plunged within an ocean of feeling. Its success and emanation unknown, warped as the child in the bottle. Un-illustrative. A refusal to "image": (verb). Syntax (a-culturally) designates verb to elapse seclusion and content. The stone submits to its reflection in the past of events, though it remains a stone, even when "illustrated" by technique. Minute shift, **handled**. He passes evocations of nightfall.

He squeezed the stone until it dripped water, the giant's act, that. Passing from night into morning (resurrection of the hero), or from the transition of event into stone, transmutation of stone into blood (blood-stone), where the ear rushes with familiarity ("It is my voice!") and beyond the simplicity of fragments cast. No moon but in time, where day resolves its purity through memory to purpose. Where he **is**. And **that** past a constant reminder of naming and the plan of action, at least, to identify the ally. That **this, here**, is that of which it speaks, for continuity and discord, where they cohere in the recognition (reflection) of "memory".

Thus, one's body, the universe, spread loosely before one, centered upon the stone of light, leaking from all orifices, draining from the nose into the lungs, light bursting staccato (serial repetitions of word) past the flatness of walls (coughing) or habit registered as a repetition of light, for examination (by "whom") in a control of excuses (for the personal static). Surely he is doing what he must, this robot inhabitator. When the sun does burst up over the edge of the mountain, the plan of the camera eludes, un-coordinates, the settings are revised toward greater inclusion.

No error in the names of things, their proper identity possessed ("Scotch Tape"). The informalities of escape (through the **shape** of **things**), where he **is** what he says, a locus of temporalities, until the legitimacy of the fears present themselves to the utter hostility of the dragon in the landscape. Not yet has the retort contained its fusion. Now the ring of fire solidifies toward the casting of the stone, the perfect stone, only touch it, and find its round-ness and smoothness very much like the earth itself. I mean by that, I mean by that. Nowhere the same knocking at the door. Coded.

Through the co-optive act, vision made visible, an act of the senses precedes the model. The configuration of the model lapses into energy and the necessity for ultimate removal toward light, that which "passes through" the literal. Its name is locus. The weight of energies, and other procedural difficulties located in "a theory of evaporation". Patterned arrangement of

successive nulls, as a translation of literacies takes on the shape of information conveyed. Successive nerve-firings, attention shift. Finally, a drift of white noises through the barrier of white forms, where light reflects light, that pool of memory.

V

The activity itself, the act, even, in its relation to pleasure, the unfolding of being and the perceptible field, through the "sudden" (cf. Binswanger), through to the open. The feminine of consciousness enacted by the male of sequential acts, opened to the child, yielded, that it, the child contained within a ring of fire, hermetic child in the retort. The sphere or stone, reduced in a fire of feeling, rising out of the "waters of consciousness". The activity itself. The double figure, in conversation, or "who's watching who". Rosary of singular tempers, a temporal figure suspended in space, which surrounds the image in its definitions.

That figure, lapsed through the event. Nothing has transpired. Locus of repetition, the evocations of planar saturation, evened out by consequence, an occasion for speech, meeting halfway, where the act is, taken. A reproduction, then, and continuity of feeling toward pleasure, curiosity roused from its death sleep by the intuitive, thrust outward through the indeterminate field of events to cause, or the object. Fixed object waning across attention, attention's relaxation on itself toward flight, the "image" of flight, or an act of flight, trans-moval of terms, to terminal and out, scatter of possibles to actual, and **fix!** **Set!** Then lapse out.

Attention's wane, and flux, move to re-set, the descriptive of self, then, of act to set, consciousness as an illusion, to warp or move to new set, there stabilize, utterances of intent, the figure is set within its composition, an intrusion in the light. The whole, however, is emanation of "the imaginative", where the larger figure encompasses the intent of the lesser. Denial of act. Re-set, repeat. The larger figure (the medium, the very thing itself) co-acts with the intent of the observed, its will-to-be, thus caused by notice. Clarity of recognition and selectivity of viewpoint, to distinguish energy by its absence of form.

Moment as container of questions, or a theory of information, the cause of (or "a") future by increase of attention's pace beyond the metabolic. Assertion of information and wash of pace out to "image" and back. All information contained in every repetition; nerve function toward definition of removal (eg., the contradictory present, or the shadow figure). "Sentient beings"

prescribed as information, as "I am that". Life in death and death in life would describe a flux of the momentary (or, sudden) out of phase through interstices of notice (the field of detail) to object, as that which replaces attention's fix, like a sudden noise interrupting

the continuity of recording mechanisms. Clear in that, though, here, not keeping records, but exhausting assumptions of the personal and continual functioning of voice (eg., duration manifest in language) or the lapsed-out fringe of poetic disturbance, the locale of attention diminished by its statement, or, having "nothing to say", all caught up. Static. And then repeated. Playing out the reservoir, arriving at the edge of the desert, all contact avoided. Hot sun of remonstrance. The effect of writing, the effect, the very act itself, the copulative of attention and consciousness toward the object, the thing itself exploded, laid over its composition

as "that" or "that", merely, simply, a record of motion. A chemical discharge. The uses of anomaly, toward a present re-calculation of opposites, a-causal, non-temporal, the quality of insistence or impatience recedes toward the personal familiar. I mean by this. . .this journal. . .no effect. Swearing in public, for instance, is serious. Retrieval of light, the reversal, this act, contained, as, flight to arrow, no objects in consciousness but self, the notions of emptiness **and** regard, no calculation but, don't stop, and hanging on, like the distance to shore, or specialization, which is this, that I am all I think about, and what I think about is that I am more than I think I am.

The allowable, in those circumstances, is concrete. He resolves to act. The girl smiled, both. Plans, erotic. The ease of the moon's situation, how it rests in the clouds above the mercury-vapor lights. Academic disregard, the people moaning, but **expansion** and **registration**, twin locations of act and feeling, where they co-act, release of light toward the plane of the shadow, his life, there, thrust, sudden, as, we say, **as**, the metaphor of metaphor, or the mirror of mirror; but fluxed or directed, into the ear, paced out like words and clauses. Any notion will do, but "as", the thing itself, and out to release. **Then!**

To constitute that thing, or to act the dream in its sudden-ness. Which is like reading the newspaper. "Repetition is the teacher." And specific content there, not an imitation of possession but the possession brought about by repetition, imitation, and reflection, his eyes out to the bottom. What is sure, the sequence itself, or its sensation, is the door out, open it, go through, "I am out the door". Crossing, transition from active to active, on a constant plane of action where nothing takes place and nothing is achieved, where the visual flips upward, **that**

plasticity of information, that we **are** malleable, imperative as it sounds, is not the whole thing.

By which is meant, this room, where it **is**, and use to its mention, and going through the specific pattern of process, if only to empty and discover the container (that it is empty) and revise its specificity (fill it up), to potentialize. there-in, the relapse to being, death in life, or the locus of the event, being, genuinely outer, walking on the surface of my shoes, the innersole, or "the space between words). Has the distinctness of patience, waiting until it is once again proper, or reading as one wishes to. Reflect **that!** He sneezes. Remind one's self of its encompassment. The laxness of one's visible neighbors. What is contact like?

Contact and pleasure, out of curiosity, away from the curious, they say, and overt, but meeting and speaking and slowly, too, to one whom one wishes to speak with, the copulative of acts, the thing coming into itself, to remind, to activate, to cause existence, the pleasure in that of the one in its reflection, combination of intentions, self-in-self. **Dimension**, that it should be palpable, and **vision**, that it should include feeling, or the visual of contact, where I blind out, where the flux of objects is obliterated (death-in-life) **even** by notice itself. Inversion of senses relates object to object. That the above is important enough to repeat, cause **there!**

VI

Initial, causal connectedness of various parallel continuities, between recognition and the consonance of variation in structure. Formal extension of form onto the material of process-in-movement, or motion on motion, like riding and being ridden: separate antagonisms of connection regenerate onto field and space. No refusal administered within contexts of ordering, the path of awaitment and postponement: how resolution enlarges the total container and consequent zones of information: eg., how much can be contained by each vertical enacting, is to say, how large will the tree grow before the head pops out at the top, or to say it the other way around, solidly.

Final vivifying powers of memory-image. Collection of energy from past recollections, or the body walking temporarily in advance of its conceptioning of its activity. Causal image, atonement of past-ness and alignment into temporality of event, locus and cause as simultaneous, that is, of any and all, since history (the one eliciting the many in its constituency to itself), but moved, by the connectedness and continuity of its stasis. To have "come into" the zone of cause

or presence, via memory, released from the impulsions of the future. **Thus:** image or imagination of the energy in advance of the walking body, hurrying to catch up, or cause enactment of what has already happened in the conceptioning.

From initial conceptioning of the momentary, of what has already happened (eg., composition) through to the functional event of calculation, or that is, reflection, the light reminded to its outer place, thrown from the center to the outward. Static projection from the self or the one onto the metaphoric world-screen. Diagonal manifestation of sensory mechanisms toward metaphoric balance. Which is to locate between the descriptive and the causal as precisely that which cannot be described, to discover that at best it can be defined, described, located, caused, used, lived, acted, known, and all with no loss or gain to the species of one's self.

The threat of the future, then, in event-terms, would lie in its refusal (assured even by its definition) to become present. Or the ignorance with which one's transformation (flesh become act) from stasis to vertical present-ness into impulsion or future-ness, to move from where one was, in the simultaneity of known pasts and interruptions, of the cause itself of movement, energy and light. That such formal declaration (the arousal to shape, for instance) would posit an interruption of thought's continuity all for the sake of some slight recognition ("roundness!") would engender the contradictory of energy, that its interruption involves a destruction of the universe out of which motion is generated. Very much touch-and-go.

Therefore, that such games of contact as walking or running should become forms of perception is problematic in terms of the specific contradictory information contained by the construction of such "games". That is, the thing itself resists the visual, and the visual resists its causes. Inherent movement loses sway in the penetrations of the event, though dark light emanates from all corners of all space. "It" is filled and bursting, as touch eliminates the cause of sensation in its very interruptions. Loss and forward cause designed by the motion of the picture, the page flipping over from front to back, the image of self residing on its flats and rounds, as the days and nights cross confusedly.

The screen of the surface yields to the space beneath it. The solid complexity of particles and the notion thereof, that that **is** what one is perceiving, the screen, or the veil, lessens the tension of the object. Object in relation to surface, the iceberg, or the frozen moment. Ballast of unmoving objects, where consciousness releases itself to its upward impossible float or flight,

the message is not delivered, the message completes its circuit before perception, of such balance is nothing made, is nothing caused, there is truly nothing emanating from that which is finished, particular or singular. All motive rests in contact and reflection, as cause emanates like light from darkness.

As in "no thing massed to itself", or touched in pleasure thereby from its isolations and fragments, no motion but in arrestation, process incomplete before destruction, but touched and caused to please in doing and being: **that** is response. Some quantity of the unknown which elicits definition from the flat plane of remembrance. Locus of destruction paralleled by the particulars of isolation. One, two, three; the colors orange, blue, red; and roundness, flatness, diameter--all result to emptiness. The field of inquiry retains its initial flavor (the question!) in the successions of data and pattern. Any reduction to form is efficient in terms of future-cause, though the initial working through of information leaves the object of inquiry unchanged. Such explosions of light!

That is, the final decision to resist defining the topic under hand is not one which is easily risked. One does so on the assumption that the yield of information (motive) is increased. The fallacy lies in reflection's cause, light itself. The fallacy of fallacy declares nothingness in its fullness to redirect process, to invert motion to its apogee, of a final curve toward the bottom of events, the crossing. The business of the crossing, or the leap, is no simple calculation. >From initial collation through to the finality of the new, the progress is uneven and repetitious, and the assurance is ever that the familiar will suffer from redundancy, will be diminished. One is ready, then. finally, it is no distance at all, no fathoming of impossible depths, or stretching to incredible height. Crossing is finally the connection of movements into form-clusters.

Which has the elasticity of the event perfectly close. He looks up closely. He moves across the room to the door. there is every transition in that decision, there is every information in his resistance. The ultimate explosion is displaced by that slight quiver of the nerves. Description lags, the light runs dim, the winds howl, air sucks out, running blood-rivers storm and sag. The incessant chatter of nervousness ceases. The image collapses to contact and thus, the reversal of containment occurs, object and subject in circuit, as vibration, alternation, eclipse, or word occurs. Utterance is consistent with that, the image lies flat on the wall, bends around the corner, but is seen, again, turning from color to solid memory, penetrating down into the mud.

Final sensations of selection and choice, as personal energies coalesce to cluster and pattern. The instantaneous is stretched along thin fibers. Such organizations remind and refer. The only finality worth considering has already occurred. As light contains its energy, so too the body reclaims its form in movement, and only there. Such a touch is unfamiliar, is new, is derived from plans and acts. Whatever occurs is as a result of that thought, that the new is only that and little else. A cluster of energies toward self and through the containment of arousal to diagonals and centers. Which is not yet life. To cross is not to achieve life. To emanate is not to achieve life. To be continuous, to interrupt continuousness, is to indicate life's possible set and determination.

VII

Ultimate possibility, the ground of reference, at least, has the image of itself foreshadowed in its change, back at the moment of conception, further declarations regarding the eruption of the idea where it phases out into the recognizable and admissible. Overt circumstances of disregard, the registry of the outer, where consequence enlarges detail, as though the screen were perforated with the familiarities of sensation. What holds? The resistance of the possible enumerates all that precedes, scales it against the hoods of containment. The initial thrust to new information holds on, like remembered pleasure, the functioning of abstraction, where the visual shifts.

No delays. The thrust to the possible is a grasp of the familiar in act, is thrust to in its essentiality, the possible reminds **through** the intercessions of thought that some record is maintainable. No new information anywhere. The calculations responsible for pleasure are impossible, are, in fact, memories; only the push to the possible will suffice, no new names in the present, scatterings of evening, where light permeates the room, when my eyes roll up, back into their sockets. Such subtle isolations as 'data' emerge confused, while the specific voice, specific form and specific extraction of ;the real is beyond all doubt. It is present. Any relapse to form is undiscoverable beyond the image. What persists through the energies of the numerical sequence.

Or is the same voice uttering the same paternity? Whose shadows fall across the ground, as memory enfolds act in the calculations of its responses. There are no voices present at one's solitude, there are no sequences imaginable beyond the initial bursting and flowering of registry,

what initiates into cause as perceived response, then, as pleasure in the possible and actual. The touch outward reminds of no stasis, the clocks and empty pockets relate syntactically, as this very act completes to cessation. Energy transfer to down-locus, where perceiver and cause move into static configuration, it **is** shape and smell. Thereafter, to touch energy, which is the intersection of moments of which we are now speaking.

That close relation, for focus and event, to move across stillness, suddenly, to shift the ground between the categories of the idea itself, as it is idea and light simultaneously, and to respond to that balance, to revive the tensions of the simultaneous as moment-event and as act-event, where the solid and unfactorable datum are consequential to the process enacted, as memory (again) enacts punctuations of the total vocabulary; there, where the factual resides, in the midst of the perceived sequence, where it holds longest and with utmost penetration, to succeed at the period of residence, to rely on the factual as cause, to respond to the sequence as an immediacy, to re-create the movement as explicitness, toward the specific alternation described, from no possible reduced but **extent**.

The factors resolved turn away from decision toward the image, toward contact. The memorized code of breakthrough, transition **in situ**, as capable act and quantity, what was remembered out of monologue, consisting of wholly inseparable syntactical units, arranged in a circular and residual ebb of responsiveness, **that** quantity restores rhetoric, for instance, to its initial position (as a functional and athletic quality of mind) in the hierarchies of the sequence: to be related to the processes of one's questioning in a way to be able to respond to the pressures to formulate a further sequence of postulates before any decision has been made regarding the initial question. **That** accumulates.

The datum emerge coalescent, crested slightly from all reminders to taset(????). What overt quality resists; even repetition has in it a quality of remonstrance or muscular elasticity. Rebound. Un-bound, as acts are, re-constituted as events are by the on-going physical elasticity of the motions upward, there thought has its halt and the image blazes forth with a sudden interjection, into some twilight, like a casting loose or like a universe disestablished from voice: the parameter is specific, too. Which casts forth, suddenly, like a chain of reversals, where one casts suddenly outward and catches, catches most surely into what will receive, as a net of circumstances welcomes the real.

No omissions to thought, in its commensurate continuity: the specificity of the process is

un-negotiable and unchosen, like our notion of **vocation**. Its suddenness and exclamations for release and recognition are undiminished by relapses to former questions. The step backward has the function of perseverance, is the locus of desirability (as a word), in what is reminded out of the whole toward its constituency. So the drive toward the illuminated center, via the forms of the possible, lays out a plan of action or a sequence of responses which is likely to induce in the subject, self in its relations, a steady progress toward the object, all circumstances resolve toward it. But which perfection? That resists, as it should.

But which perfection? That resists, as it should. The quantity, here, would indicate me as pursuer and combatant (willingly) in, beyond, through the variations of the event toward a declamation (noise) which allows certain work to take place. At the outset, the initial inquiry is served only by the desire for speech-actual behavior, that contact through the minimal of vision should embrace and collect sensation toward a word or definition of the energies as would constitute an explosion from the metabolic sets and rhythms outward, toward some manifestations directed (intended) beyond the set of the act, that thrust toward completion and beginning precedes the **feeling** of transport.

Then, from the initial, where it resides in a potency of acts toward the idea and the object, which is self and image in co-relation to their processes. **That's** explicit. Transitions through any time-logic serve to accumulate information as well as energy to the specific of the set which is "that which is loved". The behavior and inclusive relations appropriate to love as conjunction-of-opposites, then, involves the mystery of inhabitation and the specifics of possession, as subject and object enter in to phase relations **from without**, toward a clarity of transformation, the information does include **that** in its definition of itself.

The ultimate possible, reconstituted in act and form, toward movement intended. The will-to-form, as a consequence of all that precedes and follows, initiates the resonances and fullness of space, or the solid geometry of thought. Throughout, the assumption to character (being and purpose in pleasurable act-event) is assumed to be motive, cause, and locus of the final event. Recognition of cause and inclusion in the act of love, as conjunctive imagery, then, where it speaks of units and allegories. Postulations revolving around what is shared in the spoken and admitted. A calculation precise to the possible. Reflection of the image locates the observer in his specific, actual perception-sequence.

VIII

Confrontation of the essence, in seeing, in completing the circuit between act, seeing, and object, where emanation goes **out** to the flat, to perceive, possess to thrust attention forward into its claim of time and movement. Residual remains are what concern us, how to move, finally, out of the static horror into quest, as, to look **in** for a drift of the possible, to get beyond "the lighted", one, to, into, spheres of remainder. Who she is. Just that, silently. Not exactly in location, nor toward precision aimed: neither in origin nor completion nor the reservoir, but out of or away from the meaning. Potential to describe, act: impulse.

The categories of behavior involved in transformative behavior, in a relocation of the sensual into its domain, upward into the sphere of storage and potential. An actual future of growth into states of potentiality would characterize the quest. Ready to complete the image's desire to be seen, rather, from the outward into its peripheral circulations, how energy enters in order to pose the questions of action and pace, how prior cause manifests a disuse of the body only long enough for memory to kick it loose from its polarity with "the instant", neither to look nor to see, but always toward a familiar, a learning. Residual. Or dirt from the ground, a separation into capacity and movement. How the image moves, and toward what, and with whose steps aligned, "now I am passing the building", step, step.

Which is not entirely a muscular memory, but action encased in its potential for contact. That she is bold, or would be, doesn't pass un-noticed, perhaps it is only for power that she moves, and i neither unwilling nor static, but in my self recognized as the cause and subject of her moves. Nor is it entirely to possess that we look at each other, but to have either the grace or the abstraction necessary to perceive. Those distractions necessary to the preliminaries: shifting through eons of sea-water, running up the hill toward, where, some-place un-described would do. It is no assignation but a drift toward the sun, the energies latent in seeing and location, moving it in through the mouth, this hot sun of imagery, and down through layers of gaseous stasis into the perspective of a solid center. Solid and possessive, one's perseverance toward the image itself.

As it leaves us weak from definition, exhausted, a beginning of the bottom makes slight evocations of sound. What impulses remain of observation are clouded. **There!** That very clouding responds to something not so very ineluctable as "cloudiness", it is its very quality of restraint which allows a record to be made at all: we drive on together, past all that remains of

what we saw. The wind has its place inside us and we make that notice too; as any passage ((through)) is marked and littered with the simplicities of our perceptions (poems), we come onto the objects themselves, focus down, in order to get solid and set, the ground, there, to expose, mark or remain constant. There are no others, here, and the alone-ness of speech becomes apparent. It is residual, this leaving.

But to have it at that, there, is unsatisfactory, is not motion, but is **that which has moved**, as un-recalled, **has** moved. These impulses to communication are resistant, but they are also funded, drawn out of a whole, as we draw or direct ourselves into act and event, as we conjoin there through what is potential to presence, relief from pressure. Slightly: however, the task is unmoved, even by its acknowledgement. Let's say that it **is** quest and not entirely "hero". What of that? Where it moves into **situation**, the relation becomes somewhat more clear, though the final definition of the act is never made. It is only "act" and "event" at this location. And then gone, like that, as we draw along, into the center of consideration as we know it. Form emerges from all directions. Primarily felt.

It could be that it is what precedes form that gives the very form its life. "Calm is the innate and the undifferentiated..." (Hevajira-tantra). "The object has entered the picture..." (Aaron Siskind). Some shades of light form the whole. Whatever anticipation preceded introspection, it is lapsed entirely in the matter of making. Universe is whole and one, the pronoun of ascription. Such dogmatisms as persist through event only come to attention to destroy the disorder of belief: that is, experiencing and the thing itself, as cause, are united in a moment of decisiveness, everything falls away; vertigo, but any illusion to world, here, is unfelt, unsaid. World and seeing cohabit in the celebration of interruption inherent in any attention, and in the celebration of interruption inherent in any attention, and what passes for rest or pause is only the dark passage to the new, while the sun rests underground, solidly at the center of the fantasy.

But that would do with some explication, there, how the matter resists out of climax to passage, before memory and consciousness, and persists over from peak to peak, no matter how widely spread. It is at the heart of the personal sequence to have matter and energy come into each other, as event. And it is not simply "transcendence", but an arising. Those particulars attached to the notion of potential (eg., future, object, possession) are not only psychological disturbances, arrestations of the metabolic pace-field, but are also incursions of the illusion into

consciousness. To say that consciousness in its abstractions is capable of illusions is problematical, though the folding back of flesh upon flesh would be a more familiar term, were it not for the interference, here, of the puritanical dislocation of the term, **pleasure**.

For it is there, in what pleases and in our notion of **arising**, that the conjunction occurs. Once the boundaries are sealed off (into act, for instance) and some heat or light or energy is applied, there is no direction for force to equivocate but upwards. In making the solid thing out of no thing, there is nowhere for potential to flow but up. Pressure toward a center in spherical notions of delivery, of course, but the final burst is **up** and **out**. From the earth cast upwards, shooting or bursting. No, no explosions, but the steady concentration of undefined and improbable cause on the matter at hand. Thus, release and pleasure are conjoined by the emergence of the image from an earth of substance, or works. The final resolutions of data are clear.

Final abstractions resume any totality into the whole within the whole, or the fallacy of fallacy, on the obverse. A single point of reference for the tangential: any word will do to kick it loose, since one re-experiences the sequence of events up to its cessation. However, when there is none, no conclusion of directness, then motion, too, ceases. At the center, there is no center. Where one is, is one and not to the left nor to the right. One is on one's location **as** event, one is event (noun, **one**, here) beyond the passage and "the learning". A final category of image remains, from the energies of act released (upward) into a not-so-vaporous atmosphere. The identity of the act and the imagery of the event bear some distinction from each other. She is new and has her name in repetition.

Insignificant measures persist, like stars set **away** from the entirety of the night sky, clusters and pinpricks of sensation within the empty blankness of the consciousness of space or the void. A void of acts has some quality to be restrained. Selfishly, we persist through to end, while primarily we persist through to the beginning. So a translation of events or qualities would ground us in our material even further. Far from repeating the visibility of the known (which we can't recall, even), we struggle at the recovery of the illusion, though it becomes increasingly impossible. It is my act, and out of habit, no habit possible here, where there are no units or measures. that would posit a theory of absorption for us, an acceptance of the tolerances and limitations which arise from prior stations, and for good reason.

An ultimate resolution would have us completing the circuit of reflection, in an

acknowledgement that she is me. In her imagery, there is some trading, and what the mask reveals, upon removal, is that I am her, too, in a complexity of understatement, as there are no longer any distinctions to be made, and that is what is created **out** of the potential to acts. No resolution possible where none is required. Gradual elongation of the shadow. The shadow aligns the void into its consistent emptiness. Longer durations meld into stretches of no-time, where spaces enfold and collapse like air moving inside air. It is motion toward the stone-like center as well as the centripetal flash outward into another void of air and darkness. What is born, however, persists through these registrations.

IX

The conclusion of the event is its transit outward, where a screen opens through to its image of the actual. The response to image is one's containment in the earth, as male penetrates to the center of consciousness in the female of consciousness itself. All loci reverberate to the music of that final movement, where cause is fixed in the act of seeing and naming what is seen as true and real. Matters of detail and surface are seen as dimensions of the act. For the hexagram **Army**, the waters push upward through the open center of the earth. Generosity (of purpose) and the intentional of order, in the matter of motive and choice, I would think, are impressed as causes of action. Still, the structure of music allows movement in its claim for sensuality.

So we have ear as Aphrodite's removal and Eros's freedom, his act to rescue Psyche from her curiosity-induced sleep, her ultimate failure, and all the topics which lead us to her child, Pleasure; ear as source of entry for eye's work. The parallel interrupted by the arrow of sound. So "...reflections/in the current/move the stillness of nite/past the beams/of the moon"; we are defined by penetration, the incoming of light emanated back upon world to give it its dimension, though we **hear** its cause in us, too, centered between the organs of reception. How we act is past conjecture, that we **are** is undeniably experienced. And that earth-universe is feminine.

The properties of the vegetative and male domain of the **I ching** remain to be defined in their relation to what becomes in most mysticism as the feminine of consciousness. Eg., Rumi's "...He makes knowing and world-beholding one blind from his mother's womb." In our priority wherein act precedes reflection, the true function of the senses in relation to our category of male

and female yielding to the priority of the child, we are obliged to allow our registration of what at first seems to be outward. The preponderance of "evidencing" as a behavior mold us properly in our directions toward a legitimized real, made so by our terms and acceptances, but that is our spirit of allowance.

Any hesitation preceding conclusion or the contact of connection (with the other side) is seen only to give rise to the associations and permutations of the duals of fantasy and memory, eg., "**medium**". So we are finally at response and the feminine; out of the containment of being, the condition of earth-ness, do we ascribe to our future, as person and myth-of-person, image of self in one-ness. That that arising is continuous with the arising of thought into consciousness, and sound's liberty through the ear, as metabolic as the susurations of breath, is defined in sequence by our rhythms of conjunction and contrast. The view is cleared upon contact or touch. That is memory's reminder, as we penetrate the folds of the dream to its core.

Synoptic consciousness, or the visual editorial, serves interruption's cause, as inertia yields to stasis, even. There, the state of the worldly has its movement, too, in what is seen. Though we are reminded that in its totality, what we are and seem to be is persuaded by the sum of our total observation. We are what we see, as what is seen becomes us, though we move to image out of our constituency in process, as we have it before us, at our inclusion **in** it. Act has it on, onto what is known, as one impulse carries before it its causes and data, we still touch. That is the isolated view, polar to all indications to the contrary. What has meaning is our syntax of acquisition, reflection, and generation.

That some union is understood to precede generation, in the self and its processes, can be evidenced in the sequence of events **and** the work. Contrasting modes serve to illustrate this, as our knowledge of them **as** puzzle and form. We concede. Affirmations of the negative complete the circuit, a wholeness, or image. Being seen through, at least "ghosts seen as vaporous substances", reminds us of our tendency toward the solid **thing**. A drift of attention onto the form of form, as books of **objets d'art** permit. How words inhabit the mind, then, or how sequence and syntax conjoin, perhaps those are the generalities. The safety of presence warps to its sacred priorities.

At least, we see certain locales as holy, and seek them out continually. A penetration by what is palpable as well as probable. Whose identification is this? The other memories, eg., study, remind by appearance and imitation our facsimiles. That doubling of the solid, seeing

"through" the window to the clouds beyond, overlaid by shadow, has us laid into the movement of the river, cast, adrift and leaning forward. "...The **mind** can respond to objects as events in time", (Bullock), like, when did you see it? "The beat, or the pulsation of life-death-life-death is Aleph's projection in its temporal continuity." (Suares) But the beats are fantastic, fluctuating and rhythmic.

Tension indicates another property, where the universe is ultimately walled in. But we have that, too, before us constantly, and batter on it as something sucks vacuously from its seed-center of solidity. Centripetal and centrifugal, at the same time, our universe is vortexed from either side, just as the purely centrifugal (of acrophobia) is served visually by our tendency to follow along with something in mind. I mean, about the artist, we have what he said and what he did **both** as cultural artifacts, motifs for inclusion in our own sequence of what is total. And that's not obscure, we have it before us as soon as it occurs to consideration. Nouns, always, at the edges of vision. "I will name anything."

And no afterthoughts. We come to the other side and stand up without hesitation, there, it is before us, just as we thought it would be. "...O my collapsed brother,/the body/does bring us/down/the images/have to be/contradicted/the metamorphoses/are to be/undone/the stick,/and the ear/are to be no more than/they are..." (Olson, The death of Europe, a funeral poem for Ranier M. Gerhardt). We have finally come to what we are, as boldly as could be done. What there is in that is a confidence and an assumption about the direction of travel. The material (in all its speciousness) is ready for us. There is no hesitation anywhere, and we are instantly removed. That light is what remains is no surprise, there are no surprises anywhere in this total relief.

So a conclusion is the celebration of the witnessing of the spectacle, where we are in it, manifest. The whole, as one's remains are cast adrift for the birds, is not wholly gestural thought. To be human, in any case, is meant to include all the preceding, and not as argument. That much is clear in what is bold. "**Names** are magic", Whitman says. A citation of evidencual reality. We chose, to speak. And that persists, through the afternoon, beyond, to dusk, and beyond. And we have it, close, familiar, not out of despair wrought, nor any of that, but as condition and pause, as a demeanor, as registration exercise, we are in fix, on the island at the center of a storm of blood. There! That's that.

Sacramento, California, 1972

NOTES

Part One

Photographic realism is an object-oriented form of visual experience. It depends on single-focus perspective, sharpness of detail, and tonal fidelity. Its greatest strength is that it records the objective world that our senses perceive. Its great weakness is that too much emphasis is placed on external physical qualities of objects. An object is actually a visual **or** mental concept. It has no independent physical existence. Only events exist.

Wynn Bullock

Veil them, cover them, wall them round--
 Blossom, and creeper, and weed--
Let us forget the sight and the sound,
 The smell and touch of the breed!

Fat black ash by the altar-stone,
 Here is the white-foot rain,
And the dogs bring forth in the fields, unsown,
 And none shall affright them again;
And the blind walls crumble, unknown, o'erthrown,
 And none shall inhabit again!

Rudyard Kipling

When I make a photograph I want it to be an altogether new object, complete and self contained....What is the subject matter of this apparently very personal world...? What I am conscious of and what I feel is the picture I am making...and its relation to others I have experienced.

Aaron Siskind, in Aaron Siskind, George Eastman House Monograph #2, 1965.

Between word and image, between what is depicted by language and what is uttered by plastic form, the unity begins to dissolve; a single and identical meaning is not immediately common to them.

Michel Foucault, Madness & Civilization

And as I focused, the wedding procession approached. Up the rocky lane they wound, stumbling, staggering, led by a drunken hag whirling round and round, wildly gesticulating with a pair of steer horns, lunging at the bridal couple, retreating, crazily screaming--while the orchestra blared forth barbaric music. The others waved flags or empty bottles, drowning the music with hoots and shrieks.

Edward Weston, Daybooks, Vol. I

THE BELOITS (cf. Olson)

The world is the image
 the image is the world

across, a light-center,

 light-caused, thus,

which acts, furthers, extends, out-from,

as,
the light itself, emanation (of).
Where word issues from: center, lighted,
as word cause,
even as the soul escapes,
(from mind
(from body
no warp there, out of all that issues
to the world, as one & light & cause,
But from & one behind,
a retraction of number, out-of
light spilling from the eyes, forward,
night's identification back-tossed.
which journey, sea rocked, & swum,
as image & world conjoined, lapped,
& into that sea, snaked, behind
the one, snaked around, as serpent large,
and his reports, or converse, & named.
Named as light as the center, remembered,
words found from cause & light, out.
the image of the world,
the world's image.
& crossed
over
light as
cause & center.
as matter.
The snake behind the snake
as number, matter and world.

The galaxy, a vaporous plume of white fire, poured down the southern sky, extinguished by the black incisive spires of the forest. The stars loomed with terrifying brilliance, the darkness beyond them throbbed with unseen light. A cold wind passed between me and the remote splendor of the night, drawing sound after it through the groves of evergreen and aspen. The wordless meaning trembled on the mind's edge and passed on, while with almost hypnotic persistence, I watched the stars slowly stream over the earth. A short spell of sleep, and the white tower of dawn had reared out of the east. I walked toward the knife sharp forest with the cold burning of the morning star glinting above me. I thought, as I ploughed the dew-dampened grass, that there could be nothing so complete in its glassy splendor as the sequence of star-light and dawn-light, with the crystalline chaotic murmur of the stream, and the hollow movement of wind. There was no sentimental precedent, there was no imaginative experience with which to compare this magic actuality. My reactions spared neither my emotions nor my body; I dreamed that for a moment time stood quietly, and the vision of this actuality became but the shadow of an infinitely greater world, that I had within the grasp of consciousness a transcendental experience.

...I was climbing the long ridge west of Mount Clark. It was one of those mornings when the sunlight is burnished with a keen wind and long feathers of cloud move in a lofty sky. The silver light turned every blade of grass and every particle of sand into a luminous metallic splendor; there was nothing, however small, that did not clash in the bright wind, that did not send arrows of light through the glassy air. I was suddenly arrested in the long crunching path up the ridge by an exceedingly pointed awareness of the **light**. The moment I paused, the full impact of the mood was upon me; I saw more clearly than I have ever seen before or since the minute detail of the grasses, the clusters of sand shifting in the wind, the small flotsam of the forest, the motion of the high clouds streaming above the peaks. There are no words to convey the moods of those moments.

Ansel Adams, The Eloquent Light

I mean, literally, that to **light that dark** is to have come to whatever it is I think any of us seeks. And tropism to my mind--and actually here I do or again express an experience of, say, twenty years ago, which was to me dogmatic, when I knew there was a sun, I mean a helio inside myself, so that everything, that every other human being, and every thing in creation, was something that I could see if I could keep that experience...My feeling is a sun of being which sits in this mass of blackness, or darkness better, or eyelessness or sightlessness, and lends itself...It's simply an entrance into our own self of what our dogmatic conditions...which we inherit by being alive and acquire by seeking to be alive...And that those two things are both true from our having been at all. (Poetry and Truth)

You're simply stuck with the original visionary experience of having been **you**, which is a hell of a thing. And, in fact, I assume that the epigraph I've offered...is my only way of supporting that, which is: **that which exists through itself is what is called meaning.** (Causal Mythology)

Charles Olson

Master Lu-tsu said, that which exists through itself is called the way (tao=sinn=meaning:Wilhelm). Tao has neither name nor shape. It is the one essence ("human nature":Cary F. Baynes), the one primal spirit. Essence and life cannot be seen. They are contained in the light of heaven. The light of heaven cannot be seen. It is contained in the two eyes. The Secret of the Golden Flower
tr. Richard Wilhelm.

I'm thinking now...just contemplating on...the ground out of which stories come. Stories have people in them, who do or say or think things, but every story has a teller, too, who one supposes must survive his story and so he was there too before the telling began, isn't that right? Before the telling, after the telling...WHO is there? We don't know him. He doesn't know himself, if he doesn't make up some story. Actually all he has to do, or can do, is begin. Initiate. Move...against his self absence. And then it goes on...**by itself**, no? there are things, people, ideas, feelings, whatever...there is some eventuating. Inside the eventuating, there's no beginning, no end, is there? It goes on. But there is some character, some special style of going on, some particular melody or rhythm, a characteristic reverberation, according to how one began, the initial movement...but one can't ever remember that, because the story's going on. If one remembers before the story, there's no story, is there? If there's no story, another story begins. Is it any different? Who could compare initial movements of himself? If he isn't there for himself before he moves? So he has to give up something, but he never knows just what to give up just at the right time. If he's moved, it's too late, isn't it, to give up rest, emptiness, absence? That has to come, even though there's movement onwards, there's that backwards recall. And when there's nothing, it's still and dark, so suddenly, it's just a bit too late to give up becoming something, having some feeling or thought, some movement...towards being. So it's the same thing really, isn't that so, all...towards being. so it's the same thing really, isn't that so, all the time, whether there's story or no story, whether there's moving or no moving, or for that matter **this** kind of moving or **that** kind of moving...it's not different. But **WHO?**...Who can pay that attention? Whatever kind of movement comes or goes, who's watching without blinking? Who is it? We could say, no one. No one. Not a one.

How do you feel about that 'no one'? Is he around or not? Certainly you can't locate a no one, not for any length of time, at least, not here or there, suppose you say, everywhere? That's out of time, isn't it? Out of time, you have everywhere, you don't have location...so it isn't practical. I mean you can't practice that kind of attention, not directly. It might happen, but you can't practice it.

But if I look at you...just because I do happen to be looking at you...as if you were no one at all! Although you're really there, there isn't any absence, otherwise I'd be distracted, I couldn't pay that pure an attention. I can see all your expressions, the way your fingers move a little, a tiny flutter, the shadow of a frown comes and goes on your brow...I don't see these as anyone's movements apart from who sees them, just while he sees them...and you don't have to hear me speaking as if it meant some person who was here now and so some other time might be missed, I'm not trying to focus your attention that way. So you can hear my words just as sound if you like, or as silence. You can keep the same style of attention, **your** style of attention, before me and while me and after me, there doesn't have to be any disruption. If you move, I'm moved. Or I can be still, even though you move. And then you can see your moving, your story, in my emptiness. Even though I go on saying something, because you don't mind, and we're in this classroom story too, so it goes on too. But if the others get restless, perhaps we'll stop this special attention to each other, and we can become one attention to them, we can feel and take up their going on. We may help each other to do that, because I can't take up what I don't feel...but through you I may **feel** something I didn't before. I don't really have anything to do with it, you don't either. No one is here...and no one is there...and

no one is all around. It's very quiet and intimate. Everything eventuates. Initiation is almost forgotten. Almost. Quite? Or not quite?

Richard Sassoon, Tales of the Faithful

Light possesses a profound psychological power because it is deeply hidden in the innermost recesses of our subconscious, and it is almost identical with our space-time experiences. Without light there is no space, no real sense of perceiving space, only psychological space which is basically black.

Wynn Bullock

Part Two

Creation! Vertiginous movement, immeasurable movement, movement that transcends all conception. In the hidden depths of movement is the secret of existence. And this movement is the custodian of all possible possibilities. Existence, projection of life, negation of existence. (Everything that exists must cease to exist.) Apparent betrayal of life. Revelation! Life-death is One. And the collision, the shock of passive resistance of the mass, the hard, the dry, the stones: Blessed resistance! Without resistance there could be no birth. This is the becoming.

Carlos Suarez

WILLIAM DORN, 1597

Light is not color, color is not sign.
Color is not social, color is not recognition. Color
is the evidence of truth

color
it is a very trustworthy thing,

Color is the Fruits
or the four Rivers of Paradise

(2)
Color is reflective (the opposite of primary

Color should come from somewhere

It follows. It is (grammatically)
demonstrative.

(3) Color is not the noun or the verb,
the subject or the action. It is
the effect. It fixes
the statement. A statement

requires it. You could not have a statement
without color.

Charles Olson

Part Three

E--

Public-private: Others.

Why you ask? It is a most public of questions, isn't it, you ask it of yrself even as one of them, the "others" / if consciousness focuses into one, always, the information is neither, then there is info and situations. either it's all private or all public (Kierkegaard says the public is the dumping round of all our feelings of nothingness.) But **the others** is a psycho-dramatic element of the situation. They are always they. I, me, you, he, we, they, others: those are all my words, my utterances and define me and my own relation to consciousness the way I come to them. (or) Start with solipsism (all is a figment of my imagination) and put into **that** yr feeling about it. Then, the laws of serial change carry you through.

really, M. Ester Harding, Psychic Energy: source & transformation, Bollingen/Pantheon.

If UM hasn't it, to interlibrary loan trip. The heart of it is "What am I doing"/intersection of personal and non-personal in that. Non-personal not "social" but is "the world".

I suppose the actual behavior comes to, wants to, resembles in many ways that which the shambling bourgeois ghost acts out emptily. I mean, his feelings about community & friendliness for instance are ok, but derived from the consensus & not the center. It is not his event solely.

So

Tom

Part Five

It appears to us that painting appears to take in the whole field of view in the scenes represented. But it gives a false description of the view, according to the rules of the art, employing the signs that result from the incidents of the lines of vision. By this means, the higher and the lower points in the view, and those between, are preserved; and some objects seem to appear in the foreground, and others in the background, and others to appear in some other way, on the smooth level surface. So also philosophers copy the truth, after the manner of painting.

Clement of Alexandria

THERE SHALL BE TIME NO LONGER

The Apocalyptic Angel

...That ye, being rooted and grounded in **love**, may be able to comprehend with all **saints** what is BREADTH and LENGTH and DEPTH and HEIGHT.

The Apostle Paul

What shall we see?

WE SHALL SEE NOTHING

P.E. Ouspensky, Tertium Organum

That life is always new. It has therefore neither past nor future. It is not dependent on time or space. It is not "conscious" in the sense we give to that word, because consciousness implies memory. Therefore it is not we who resurrect, but life impersonal. And because our thought is always a process of continuity in duration, that resurrection is nothing that we can "think".

Carlos Suarez, The Cipher of Genesis

My feeling of four dimensional space-time came directly from my contact with objects I photographed. When I first became a photographer, I photographed with only a conscious awareness of objects and their physical qualities, plus an academic awareness of how to compose objects within the format of my print. It never occurred to me that objects had their own real time, and that space was fullness, ranging physically from solid objects to invisible air and light. In short, I never thought too seriously of either. Only when I became dissatisfied with object seeing and photographing did I seek an escape. My search led me to a greater awareness that all objects were events constantly changing on sub-microscopic, microscopic and macroscopic levels in time and space. This included everything. My entire viewpoint gradually changed as did my pictures. For myself, I needed no definition to make me aware of four dimensional space-time events; I feel them.

Wynn Bullock

Part Six

Pornography does not mean itself; it is not linear, romantic, cumulative, but a form of winding tapestry; zonal, repetitive, a path of flavors through identicals, a journey which ends in its sleepy beginnings, with no sleep in between. Pornography reveals what was hidden; then we realize it was not that that was hidden, but something else. Pornography attempts to shock us, shock us sexually, but the one thing that would truly shock us is further obscured by the text.

Pornography is a tightly-wound text, a textual key to itself. It is at once a form of divination and masturbation: a person telling his own fortune stumbles on the sexuality of the Queen of Pentacles; she excites him; he leaves the ontology of the fortune and comes in her image.

Pornography is total, a world lying beneath this one like an Ice Age. The woman is in trees, in sea-water, in birds, and dead birds; her odor pours from every cottage and farm. The seeker knows what it is in his cells he must feel; he weighs every sensation in the world against this feeling; he will lock himself in a trunk if the right cells begin to tremble.

...Pornography belongs to the imagist poets and painters (Byron, Delacroix). Each of them sought to reveal the natural world as his own delicious image, his own specific intensity of perception. They made their bowls of fruit, their odalisques, fatally desirable; this was to be their most personal vision, this least personal by-product; this was entice others into their darkest soul.

Richard Grossinger

The idea of the "Genius" comes originally from early Roman times, when it means the personal protecting spirit, of man, as opposed to woman, where it is called "Juno" and corresponds to the Egyptian "Ka" and Greek "daimon". Without discussing this notion of a psychical double of man, which is represented in different forms in the different doctrines of the soul, let us note here that the Roman Genius, in keeping with the cultural idea of Rome which was built up on the right of the father, acquired the literal meaning of "begetter". But (W.) Otto is right in maintaining that the current explanation of Genius as a deified incarnation of masculine reproductive power does not fully explain the idea. Thus, Genius is also the god of one's birthday--and Otto concluded that the idea contains as well the notion of begetting, that of the descent also and indeed that of the continuity of all life. It is hard to see why philologists find this view so difficult, since it is precisely the stage of father-right that is characterized by the collectivizing of the personal reproductive impulse. And so the Roman idea of Genius contains from the beginning, in addition to the individual urge to reproduction, a collective element which points beyond the individual, in a way that is not true of the Egyptian Ka and the Greek daimon, both of which are purely personal. For this reason it was specially fitted to become a social conception of genius that should include both individual and collective elements. Still the artist's concept of genius is more personal than collective and thus needs a new ideology. This could no longer be a personal peculiarity of style deduced from a collective idea of the soul, but had to become an **aesthetic of feeling** depending on consciousness of personality.

Otto Rank, Art & Artist

What is Buddha?

Mind is the Buddha, while the cessation of conceptual thought is the Way. Once you stop arousing concepts and thinking in terms of existence and non-existence, long and short, other and self, active and passive, and such like, you will find that your Mind is intrinsically the Buddha, that the Buddha is intrinsically Mind, and that Mind resembles a void. therefore is it written that "the true Dharma-kaya resembles a void: Seek for naught besides this, else your search must end in sorrow. Though you perform the six paramitas for as many aeons as there are grains of sand in the Ganges, adding also all other sorts of activities for gaining Enlightenment, YOU WILL STILL FALL SHORT OF THE GOAL. Why? Because these are karma-forming activities and, when the good karma they produce has been exhausted, you will be born again in the ephemeral world. Therefore is it also written: "The Samboghkaya is not a real Buddha, nor a real teacher of the Dharma. Only come to know the nature of your own Mind, in which there is no self and no other, and you will in fact be a Buddha!

Huang Po, tr. John Blofield

...man has in general two kinds of mentation: one kind, mentation by thought, in which words, always possessing a relative sense, are employed; and the other kind, which is proper to all animals as well as to man, which I would call "mentation by form".

The second kind of mentation, that is, "mentation by form", by which, strictly speaking, the exact sense of all writing must also be perceived, and after conscious confrontation with information already possessed, be assimilated, is formed in people in dependence upon the conditions of geographical locality, climate, time, and, in general, upon the whole environment in which the arising of the given man has proceeded and in which his existence has flowed up to manhood.

Accordingly, in the brains of people of different races and conditions and dwelling in different geographical localities, there are formed about one and the same thing or even idea, a number of quite independent forms, which, during functioning, that is to say, association, evoke in their being some sensation or other which subjectively conditions a definite picturing, and which picturing is expressed by this, that, or the other word, that serves only for its outer subjective expression.

That is why each word, for the same thing or idea, almost always acquires for people of different geographical locality and race a very definite and entirely different so to say "inner-content".

In other words, if in the entirety of any man who has arisen and been formed in any locality, from the results of the specific local influences and impressions a certain "form" has been composed, and this form evokes in him by association the sensation of a definite "inner content", and consequently of a definite picturing or notion for the expression of which he employs one or another word, which has eventually become habitual, and as I have said, subjective to him, then the hearer of that word, in whose being, owing to different conditions of his arising and growth, there has been formed concerning the given word a form of a different "inner content", will always perceive and of course infallibly understand that same word in quite another sense.

This fact, by the way, can with attentive and impartial observation be very clearly established when one is present at an exchange of opinions between persons belonging to two different races or who arose and were formed in different geographical localities.

George Gurdjieff, **All and Everything**

Part Seven

Between heaven and earth there exists nothing but law and energy. The energy carries the law and the law regulates the energy. Law does not manifest itself (has no form); it is only through energy that the image is formed, and the image yields the number. (Image here equals idea, number is the intelligible aspect of law as embodied in the idea). If this law becomes blurred, the image is not right and the number is not clear. This reveals itself in great things and expresses itself in small things. Thus, only a man of the highest integrity can understand this law; basing himself on its revelation he can grasp the symbols, and observing its small expressions, he can understand the auguries. In this way the art of the image and number (that is, consulting the oracle) comes about by itself.

Chou I Hei-Chuan, Wang Fu-chih, 1691

Aleph, #1, is the unthinkable life-death, abstract principle of all that is and all that is not.

Bayt, #2, is the archetype of all "dwellings", of all containers: the physical support without which nothing is.

Ghimel, #3, is the organic movement of every Bayt animated by Aleph.

Dallet, #4, is physical existence, as response to life, of all that, in nature, is organically active with Ghimel. Where the structure is inorganic Dallet is its own resistance to destruction.

Hay, #5, is the archetype of universal life. When it is conferred upon Dallet, it allows it to play the game of existence, in partnership with the intermittent life-death process.

Vav, #6, expresses the fertilizing agent, that which impregnates. It is the direct result of Hay upon Dallet.

Zayn, #7, is the achievement of every vital impregnation: this number opens the field of every possible possibility.

Hhayt, #8, is the sphere of storage of all undifferentiated energy, or unstructured substance. It expresses the most unevolved state of energy, as opposed to its achieved freedom in Zayn.

Tayt, #9, as archetype of the primeval female energy, draws its life from Hhayt and builds it gradually into structures.

Such is the fundamental equation set and developed in genesis. The following nine letters, from Yod #10, to Tsadde, #90, describe the process of the nine archetypes in their factual, conditioned existence: their projections in manifestations are always multiples of 10. The nine multiples of 100 express the exalted archetypes in their cosmic states. The number 1,000 is written with an enlarged Aleph..., but is seldom used. It expresses a supreme power, a tremendous cosmic energy, all pervading, timeless, unthinkable.

Carlos Soares, **Cipher of Genesis**

What is a phallustrade? It is an alchemical product composed of the following elements: an **autostrade**, a balustrade and a certain amount of phallus. A phallustrade is a verbal collage. Collage can be defined as an

alchemical composition of two or more heterogeneous elements, resulting from their unexpected reconciliation owing either to a sensitive will--by means of a love of clairvoyance--towards systematic confusion and "disorder of all the senses" (Rimbaud), or to chance, or to a will favorable to chance. chance, in the sense that Hume defined it: "The equivalent of the ignorance in which we find ourselves in relation to the real causes of events", a definition increasingly confirmed by the development of the mathematics of probability, and by the importance of this discipline in modern science and practical life; microphysics, astrophysics, agronomy, demonography, etc. Also--and this very difficult aspect of chance has been neglected by the seekers of "laws of chance"--chance is **master of humor**, and consequently, is a far from rosy era, the one we live in, where a good deed consists of losing both arms in battle, master of humor-which-is-not-rosy, of **black humor**. A phallustrade is a typical product of black humor. An oozing relief taken from the lung of a forty-seven-year-old smoker is another. It has been said that the predominant note in my collage from the Dada period is this humor; but it is not the only one, and in certain works there is no trace of it.... It seems to me that collage is a hypersensitive and rigorously just instrument, like a seismograph, capable of registering the exact quantity of possible human happiness in any period. The amount of black humor contained in each authentic is found in inverse proportion to the possibilities of happiness (objective and subjective).

Max Ernst

...what shall we think of, after all, when we have come to
saying everything, voice by voice, till they are
worked through each one and found new stillnesses
between, to keep speaking, to keep speaking
he should have words that keep it new....

David Slaybaugh

LANDSCAPE 10

who floats in
a frozen river

he screamed
I do

saw him sink
to his knees
a crying child

watched the expression
on his face finally
change with the ice
as he became

flow it, couldn't

somewhere
we realized
we were losing
control

drying out
the river people
would say
blowing off
in foam
around some
rocks

where

the currents try
too hard to join
you've seen that
kind of water
 crashing
the streams against
each other banks
dragged away mud
churned up
from the bottom
the sound of a thousand
crushed fish

might have torn
us apart
or drove us
violently
into one

we won't know
until we reach
the quiet beaches

and our voices
 curl
the passage
 back in
on us
with all
that depth

Harold Prince

THE GLASS MAN

So direct is my vision, so pure my senses, so clumsily complete my knowledge, and so free, so clear my fancy, and my learning so consummate that I see through myself from the extreme edge of the world down to my unspoken word; and from the formless rising **thing** of desire, along known fibers and through ordered centers, I **follow and am** myself, answer myself, reflect and echo myself, and quiver to infinity in my mirrors--I am glass.

Paul Valery

Part Eight

H-- wait, that's yr voice, there, Ldscp 10, it is, no Bullshit, I see it clearly. I mean, it's poison, but I get you coming ut there, from the rhythm & the kinds of conceptual units I got from the others. OK?

So what, he says, if the image **is** centrifugal, headlong falling in. The pressure of movement is apparent, you are dislodged, where I have to say that focus drives the focus severally, rushes across me, falls falls away. I mean it's strong stuff for this perceptual mode (eg Art Gregor ain't), wherein image relapses through layers of conscious location to isolate the "stopping points". Initial contradictions lie all around, but right off, movement.

But it's yours, the words. Let me relate back to the emergency letter. Since they are close to each other in mood but not in motion & **plastic** technique or organizing the space. Formality of poem space, has it laid out in its constituents because we know it's whole, to start with. But jump jump jump the mind of the poem **prosecutes**, where the letter got through successive urges of the personal to speech, finally. I mean it's both "knowings", where I get a consistency. The locus of the image shifts in relation to the pressure of what is coming in. It is an athletic and

Tues. nite

visual shift, my responses here, where what is experienced is direct & primary, but how (continuous we are) can it be other?

Where the poem-event presses on me with (usually) total futility, but here, friend, ----curl the passage back. is for voice, psycho-active, it is that view in here, what yr saying has effect on yr course of work-----to curl on in to the centrifuge. But here-----it is what it says it is, the poem, not a future condition or a memory, it **is** a movement that gets made & it's yr choice there to go, you do, move. Mind is hooked on. I tell you, it comes out of what we've been doing, which is why it has force here, for me, we have been on its course. What I mean, psychologically, etc., it poses the problem (eg., I am that) but the medium, poem, & me, reader, completes the serial, lines through repetition necessary to re:enactment, that is done & not twice. Which gets it to its proper abstraction, where what it is (problem) and how it is (no problem) is in there, the poetic, established solidly, he hears his voice & responds, reacts, leaps up startled. There's that.

& words, vernacular copying, yr vocab but then sometimes words **are** flesh bullets, but sometimes they are not. The collapses of the crushing stream are actually provident, but are what's going on.

I can't drive this the right way...the image & the quality of the in-spiraling vertigo is set into its context: its functional presence is like a criteria for the life in there.

Part Nine

LAPSE-AFTER-OCCURRENCE TRANSIT

Blue sky clouds, bush,
camera. Back memory, holds,
the command,
 lapse, lag. One,
as World is Image & is matter,
locus of material lags, uh, skip-skip,
right?
 Still, blue sky, world,
words. **As**, distinction,
 parts of speech?
His name, flood, the flap.
Plain colors, blocked in, carefully.
Has. World has.
"I will endorse anything with my name."

Lapse after dusk, the sense, of Olson,
too, done on, to turn or name his plain colors.
A line. **Then.**
Abstraction's cause, as name. Solid
fragments of matter, no?
Straight line mixed. Is cause, too.
There, heart shaped, and floating,
overhead, doom or dune? the wine.
Abstractions overheard: chance.

certain visible relations.
Moon. ie, the rest.

and floating, to pick it up, rising,
from the center of outward,
realized as upward and expansive,
the energies of the earth
 Sun at center.

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