

METAPHORS

ON VISION

Brakhage, S.
(1963). *Metaphors
on vision*. Film
Culture.

Imagine an eye unruly by man-made laws of perspective, an eye unprejudiced by compositional logic, an eye which does not respond to the name of everything but which must know each object encountered in life through an adventure of perception. How many colors are there in a field of grass to the crawling baby unaware of "Green?" How many rainbows can light create for the untutored eye? How aware of variations in heat waves can that eye be? Imagine a world alive with incomprehensible objects and shimmering with an endless variety of movement and innumerable gradations of color. Imagine a world before the "beginning was the word."

To see is to retain -- to behold. Elimination of all fear is in sight -- which must be aimed for. Once vision may have been given--that which seems inherent in the infant's eye, an eye which reflects the loss of innocence more eloquently than any other human feature, an eye which soon learns to classify sights, an eye which mirrors the movement of the individual toward death by its increasing inability to see.

But one can never go back, not even in imagination. After the loss of innocence, only the ultimate of knowledge can balance the wobbling pivot. Yet I suggest that there is a pursuit of knowledge foreign to language and founded upon visual communication, demanding a development of the optical mind, and dependent upon perception in the original and deepest sense of the word.

Suppose the Vision of the saint and the artist to be an increased ability to see -- vision. Allow so-called hallucination to enter the realm of perception, allowing that mankind always finds derogatory terminology for that which doesn't appear to be readily usable, accept dream visions, day-dreams or night-dreams, as you would so-called real scenes, even allowing that the abstractions which move so dynamically when closed eyelids are pressed are actually perceived. Become aware of the fact that you are not only influenced by the visual phenomenon which you are focused upon and attempt to sound the depths of all visual influence. There is no need for the mind's eye to be deadened after infancy, yet in these times the development of visual understanding is almost universally forsaken.

This is an age which has no symbol for death other than the skull and bones of one stage of decomposition...and it is an age which lives in fear of total annihilation. It is a time haunted by sexual sterility yet almost universally incapable of perceiving the phallic nature of every destructive manifestation of itself. It is an age which artificially seeks to project itself materialistically into abstract space and to fulfill itself mechanically because it has blinded itself to almost all external reality within eyesight and to the organic awareness of even the physical movement properties of its own perceptibility. The earliest cave paintings discovered demonstrate that primitive man had a greater understanding than we do that the object of fear must be objectified. The entire history of erotic magic is one of possession of fear thru holding it. The ultimate searching visualization has been directed toward God out of the deepest possible human understanding that there can be no ultimate love where there is fear. Yet in this contemporary time how many of us even struggle to deeply perceive our own children?

The artist has carried the tradition of vision and visualization down through the ages. In the present time a very few have continued the process of visual perception in its deepest sense and transformed their inspirations into cinematic experiences. They create a new language made possible by the moving picture image. They create where fear before them has created the greatest necessity. They are essentially preoccupied by and deal imaginistically with -- birth, sex, death, and the search for God.

THE CAMERA EYE

Oh transparent hallucination, superimposition of image, mirage of movement, heroine of a thousand and one nights (Scheherazade must surely be the muse of this art), you obstruct the light, muddle the pure white beaded screen (it perspires) with your shuffling patterns. Only the spectators (the unbelievers who attend the carpeted temples where coffee and paintings are served) think your spirit is in the illuminated occasion (mistaking your sweaty, flaring, rectangular body for more than it is). The devout, who break pop-corn together in your humblest double-feature services, know that you are still being born, search for your spirit in their dreams, and dare only dream when in contact with your electrical reflection. Unknowingly, as innocent, they await the priests of this new religion, those who can stir cinematic entrails divinely. They await the prophets who can cast (with the precision of Confucian sticks) the characters of this new order across filmic mud. Being innocent, they do not consciously know that this church too is corrupt; but they react with counter hallucinations, believing in the stars, and themselves among these Los Angelic orders. Of themselves, they will never recognize

what they are awaiting. Their footsteps, the dumb drum which destroys cinema. They are having the dream piped into their homes, the destruction of the romance thru marriage, etc.

So the money vendors have been at it again. To the catacombs then, or rather plant this seed deeper in the undergrounds beyond false nourishing of sewage waters. Let it draw nourishment from hidden uprising springs channeled by gods. Let there be no cavernous congregation but only the network of individual channels, that narrowed vision which splits beams beyond rainbow and into the unknown dimensions. (To those who think this is waxing poetic, squint, give the visual objects at hand their freedom, and allow the distant to come to you; and when mountains are moving, you will find no fat in this prose). Forget ideology, for film unborn as it is has no language and speaks like an aborigine -- monotonous rhetoric. Abandon aesthetics -- the moving picture image without religious foundations, let alone the cathedral, the art form, starts its search for God with only the danger of accepting an architectural inheritance from the categorized "seven," other arts its sins, and closing its circle, stylistic circle, therefore zero. Negate technique, for film, like America, has not been discovered yet, and mechanization, in the deepest possible sense of the word, traps both beyond measuring even chances -- chances are these twined searches may someday orbit about the same central negation. Let film be. It is something...becoming. (The above being for creator and spectator alike in searching, an ideal of anarchic religion where all are priests both giving and receiving, or rather witch doctors, or better witches, or...O, for the unnamable).

And here, somewhere, we have an eye (I'll speak for myself) capable of any imagining (the only reality). And there (right there) we have the camera eye (the limitation the original liar); yet lyre sings to the mind so immediately (the exalted selectivity one wants to forget that its strings can so easily make puppetry of human motivation (for form as finality) dependent upon attunation, what it's turned to (ultimately death) or turned from (birth) or the way to get out of it (transformation. I'm not just speaking of that bird on fire (not thinking of circles) or of Spengler (spirals neither) or of any known progression (nor straight lines) logical formation (charted levels) or ideological formation (mapped for scenic points of interest); but I am speaking for possibilities (myself), infinite possibilities (preferring chaos).

And here, somewhere, we have an eye capable of any imagining. And then we have the camera eye, its lenses grounded to achieve 19th century Western compositional perspective (as best exemplified by the 19th century architectural conglomeration of details of the "classic" ruin) in bending the light and limiting the frame of the image just so, its standard camera and projector speed for recording movement geared to the feeling of the ideal slow Viennese waltz, and even its tripod head, being the neck it swings on, balled with bearings to permit it that Les Sylphides motion (ideal to the contemplative romantic and virtually restricted to horizontal and vertical movements (pillars and horizon lines) a diagonal requiring a major adjustment, its lenses coated or provided with filters, its light meters balanced, and its color film manufactured, to produce that picture post card effect (salon painting) exemplified by those oh so blue skies and peachy skins.

By deliberately spitting on the lens or wrecking its focal intention, one can achieve the early stages of Impressionism. One can make this prima donna heavy in performance of image movement by speeding up the motor, or one can break up movement, in a way that approaches a more direct inspiration of contemporary human eye perceptibility of movement, by slowing the motion while recording the image. One may hand hold the camera and inherit worlds of space. One may over- or under-expose the film. One may use the filters of the world, fog, downpours, unbalanced lights, neons with neurotic color temperatures, glass which was never designed for a camera, or even glass which was but which can be used against specifications, or one may photograph an hour after sunrise or an hour before sunset, those marvelous taboo hours when the film labs will guarantee nothing, or one may go into the night with a specified daylight film or vice versa. One may become the supreme trickster, with hatfuls of all the rabbits listed above breeding madly. One may, out of incredible courage, become Méliès, that marvelous man who gave even the "art of the film" its beginning in magic. Yet Méliès was not witch, witch doctor, priest, or even sorcerer. He was a 19th-century stage magician. His films are rabbits.

What about the hat? the camera? or if you will, the stage, the page, the ink, the hieroglyphic itself, the pigment shaping that original drawing, the musical and/or all other instruments for copula-and-then-procreation? Kurt Sachs talks sex (which fits the hat neatly) in originating musical instruments, and Freud's revitalization of symbol

charges all contemporary content in art. Yet possession thru visualization speaks for fear-of-death as motivating force -- the tomb art of the Egyptian, etc. And then there's "In the beginning," "Once upon a time," or the very concept of a work of art being a "Creation." Religious motivation only reaches us thru the anthropologist these days -- viz., Frazer on a golden bough. And so it goes -- ring around the rosary, beating about the bush, describing. One thread runs clean thru the entire fabric of expression -- the trick-and-effect. And between those two words, somewhere, magic ... the brush of angel wings, even rabbits leaping heavenwards and, given some direction, language corresponding. Dante looks upon the face of God and Rilke is head among the angelic orders. Still the Night Watch was tricked by Rembrandt and Pollack was out to produce an effect. The original word was a trick, and so were all the rules of the game that followed in its wake. Whether the instrument be musical or otherwise, it's still a hat with more rabbits yet inside the head wearing it -- i.e., thought's trick, etc. Even The Brains for whom thought's the world, and the word and visi-or-audibility of it, eventually end with a ferris wheel of a solar system in the middle of the amusement park of the universe. They know it without experiencing it, screw it lovelessly, find "trick" or "effect" derogatory terminology, too close for comfort, are utterly unable to comprehend "magic." We are either experiencing (copulating) or conceiving (procreating) or very rarely both are balancing in that moment of living, loving, and creating, giving and receiving, which is so close to the imagined divine as to be more unmentionable than "magic." In the event you didn't know "magic" is realmed in "the imaginable," the moment of it being when that which is imagined dies, is penetrated by mind and known rather than believed in. Thus "reality" extends its picketing fence and each is encouraged to sharpen his wits. The artist is one who leaps that fence at night, scatters his seeds among the cabbages, hybrid seeds inspired by both the garden and wits-end forest where only fools and madmen wander, seeds needing several generations to be ... finally proven edible. Until then they remain invisible, to those with both feet on the ground, yet prominent enough to be tripped over. Yes, those unsightly bulges between those oh so even rows will find their flowering moment ... and then be farmed. Are you really thrilled at the sight of a critic tentatively munching artichokes? Wouldn't you rather throw overalls in the eventual collegic chowder? Realize the garden as you will -- the growing is mostly underground. Whatever daily care you may give it -- all is planted only by moonlight. However you remember it -- everything in it originates elsewhere. As for the unquotable magic -- it's as indescribable as the unbound woods it comes from.

(A foot-on-the-ground-note: The sketches of T. E. Lawrence's "realist" artist companion were scratches to Lawrence's Arab friends. Flaherty's motion picture projection of NANOOK OF THE NORTH was only a play of lights and silhouettes to the Aleutian Islander Nanook himself. The schizophrenic does see symmetrically, does believe in the reality of Rorschach, yet he will not yield to the suggestion that a pin-point light in a darkened room will move, being the only one capable of perceiving its stasis correctly. Question any child as to his drawing and he will defend the "reality" of what you claim "scribbles." Answer any child's question and he will shun whatever quest he'd been beginning.)

Light, lens concentrated, either burns negative film to a chemical crisp which, when lab washed, exhibits the blackened pattern of its ruin or, reversal film, scratches the emulsion to eventually bleed it white. Light, again lens concentrated, pierces white and casts its shadow patterned self to reflect upon the spectator. When light strikes a color emulsion, multiple chemical layers restrict its various wave lengths, restrain its bruises to eventually produce a phenomenon unknown to dogs. Don't think of creatures of uncolored vision as restricted, but wonder, rather, and marvel at the known internal mirrors of the cat which catch each spark of light in the darkness and reflect it to an intensification. Speculate as to insect vision, such as the bee's sense of scent thru ultraviolet perceptibility. To search for human visual realities, man must, as in all other homo motivation, transcend the original physical restrictions and inherit worlds of eyes. The very narrow contemporary moving visual reality is exhausted. The belief in the sacredness of any man-achievement sets concrete about it, statues becoming statues, needing both explosives and earthquakes for disruption. As to the permanency of the present or any established reality, consider in this light and thru most individual eyes that without either illumination or photographic lens, any ideal animal might claw the black off a strip of film or walk ink-footed across transparent celluloid and produce an effect for projection identical to a photographed image. As to color, the earliest color films were entirely hand painted a frame at a time. The "absolute realism" of the motion picture image is a human invention.

What reflects from the screen is shadow play. Look, there's no real rabbit. Those ears are index fingers and the nose a knuckle interfering with the light. If the eye were more perceptive it would see the sleight of 24 individual pictures and an equal number of utter blacknesses every second of the show. What incredible films might ultimately be made for such an eye. But the machine has already been fashioned to outwit even that perceptibility, a projector which flashes advertisement at subliminal speed to up the sale of popcorn. Oh, slow-eyed spectator, this machine is grinding you out of existence. Its electrical storms are manufactured by pure white frames interrupting the flow of the photographed images, its real tensions are a dynamic interplay of two-dimensional shapes and lines, the horizon line and background shapes battering the form of the horseback rider as the camera moves with it, the curves of the tunnel exploding away from the pursued, camera following, and tunnel perspective converging on the pursuer, camera preceding, the dream of the close-up kiss being due to the linear purity of facial features after cluttersome background, the entire film's soothing syrup being the depressant of imagistic repetition, a feeling akin to counting sheep to sleep. Believe in it blindly, and it will fool you -- mind wise, instead of sequins on cheesecloth or mass-manufactured make-up, you'll see stars. Believe in it eye-wise, and the very comet of its overhead throw from projector to screen will intrigue you so deeply that its fingering play will move integrally with what's reflected, a comet-tail integrity which would lead back finally to the film's creator. I am meaning, simply, that the rhythms of change in the beam of illumination which now goes entirely over the heads of the audience would, in the work of art, contain in itself some quality of a spiritual experience. As is, and at best, that hand spreading its touch toward the screen taps a neurotic chaos comparable to the doodles it produces for reflection. The "absolute realism" of the motion picture image is a 20th-century, essentially Western, illusion.

Nowhere in its mechanical process does the camera hold either mirror or candle to nature. Consider its history. Being machine, it has always been manufacturer of the medium, mass-producer of stilled abstract images, its virtue -- related variance, the result -- movement. Essentially, it remains fabricator of a visual language, no less a linguist than the typewriter. Yet in the beginning, each of an audience thought himself the camera, attending a play or, toward the end of the purely camera career, being run over by the unedited filmic image of a locomotive which had once rushed straight at the lens, screaming when a revolver seemed fired straight out of the screen, motion of picture being the original magic of the medium. Méliès is credited with the first splice. Since then, the strip of celluloid has increasingly revealed itself suited to transformations beyond those conditioned by the camera. Originally Méliès' trickery was dependent upon starting and stopping the photographic mechanism and between times creating, adding objects to its field of vision, transformations, substituting one object for another, and disappearances, removing the objectionable. Once the celluloid could be cut, the editing of filmic images began its development toward Eisensteinian montage, the principal of 1 plus 2 making 3 in moving imagery as anywhere else. Meantime labs came into the picture, playing with the illumination of original film, balancing color temperature, juggling double imagery in superimposition, adding all the acrobatic grammar of the film inspired by D. W. Griffith's dance, fades to mark the montage sentenced motion picture paragraph, dissolves to indicate lapse of time between interrelated subject matter, variations in the framing for the epic horizontal composition, origin of Cinemascope, and vertical picture delineating character, or the circle exclaiming a pictorial detail, etc. The camera itself taken off the pedestal, began to move, threading its way in and around its source of material for the eventual intricately patterned fabric of the edited film. Yet editing is still in its 1, 2, 3 infancy, and the labs are essentially still just developing film, no less trapped by the standards they're bearing than the camera by its original mechanical determination. No very great effort has ever been made to interrelate these two or three processes, and already another is appearing possible, the projector as creative instrument with the film show a kind of performance, celluloid or tape merely source of material to the projectioning interpreter, this expression finding its origins in the color, or the scent, or even the musical organ, its most recent manifestations -- the increased programming potential of the IBM and other electronic machines now capable of inventing imagery from scratch. Considering then the camera eye as almost obsolete, it can at last be viewed objectively and, perhaps, view-pointed with subjective depth as never before. Its life is truly all before it. The future fabricating machine in performance will invent images as patterned after cliché vision as those of the camera, and its results will suffer a similar claim to "realism," IBM being no more God nor even a "Thinking machine" than the camera eye all-seeing or capable of creative selectivity,

both essentially restricted to "yes-no," "stop-go," "on-off," and instrumentally dedicated to communication of the simplest sort. Yet increased human intervention and control renders any process more capable of balance between sub-an-objective expression, and between those two concepts, somewhere, soul ... The second stage of transformation of image editing revealed the magic of movement. Even though each in the audience then proceeded to believe himself part of the screen reflection, taking two-dimension visual characters as his being within the drama, he could not become every celluloid sight running thru the projector, therefore allowance of another viewpoint, and no attempt to make him believe his eye to be where the camera eye once was has ever since proven successful -- excepting the novelty of three-dimension, audiences jumping when rocks seemed to avalanche out of the screen and into the theatre. Most still imagine, however, the camera a recording mechanism, a lunatic mirroring, now full of sound and fury presenting its half of a symmetrical pattern, a kaleidoscope with the original pieces of glass missing and their movement removed in time. And the instrument is still capable of winning Stanford's bet about horse-hooves never all leaving the ground in galloping, though Stanford significantly enough used a number of still cameras with strings across the track and thus inaugurated the flip-pic of the penny arcade, Hollywood still racing after the horse. Only when the fans move on to another track can the course be cleared for this eye to interpret the very ground, perhaps to discover its non-solidity, to create a contemporary Pegasus, without wings, to fly with its hooves, beyond any imagining, to become gallop, a creation. It can then inherit the freedom to agree or disagree with 2000 years of Western equine painting and attain some comparable aesthetic stature. As is, the "absolute realism" of the motion picture image is a contemporary mechanical myth. Consider this prodigy for its virtually untapped talents, viewpoints it possesses more readily recognizable as visually non-human yet within the realm of the humanly imaginable. I am speaking of its speed for receptivity which can slow the fastest motion for detailed study, or its ability to create a continuity for time compression, increasing the slowest motion to a comprehensibility. I am praising its cyclopean penetration of haze, its infra-red visual ability in darkness, its just developed 360-degree view, its prismatic revelation of rainbows, its zooming potential for exploding space and its telephotic compression of same to flatten perspective, its micro- and macroscopic revelations. I am marvelling at its Schlaeran self capable of representing heat waves and the most invisible air pressures, and appraising its other still camera developments which may grow into motion, its rendering visible the illumination of bodily heat, its transformation of ultra-violets to human cognizance, its penetrating X-ray. I am dreaming of the mystery camera capable of graphically representing the form of an object after it's been removed from the photographic scene, etc. The "absolute realism" of the motion picture is unrealized, therefore potential, magic.

MY EYE

My eye, tuning toward the imaginary, will go to any wave-lengths for its sights. I'm writing of cognizance, mind's eye awareness of all addressing vibrations. What rays pass through this retina still unretained by mind? How long has sight's center continued pupil to other men's imaginings? This sensitive instrument must respond to all the gods who will deign to play upon it. Now as with the other four receptacles it too much fears The Devil, postulates "sights" as the end of its vibratory travels, remains bottled against any sinking, sticks to the surface to avoid ballooning into unfamiliar waves of unknown spaces, humanly preferring the certain breakers which will eventually shore it, scattering fragments, reflective surfaces and magnifiers of a word here, and a moving picture there, of what was once an internal continuing composition. For the one sea, once seen, becomes a wavering weary-summation, dulls, palls receptivity to the distant surf hush, known Siren only when beyond all but a smashed salvation. Even the inside-out decomposes belief in the message heavenly destined for the sole comprehension of God-The-Beachcomber. Still, within these limitations, my eye begins a movement toward realms less imagined than the sands of heaven, risks more than ordinary flight, plots land escaping to a sub-terrain.

It all begins with the art, the necessity to create -- for what? -- that explanation changing time to Time, the young man dreaming of deification, not seeing himself as mere star -- immortality rather casting his whole name in astral lights, spelled correctly for all time -- beginning this pursuit patterned after others, in essentially non-religious era "The Lives of the Artists" becoming initiates' Bible, all ending as youth loses sense of growth for ever, scents his decay, and comes to know, for all the remembering of him, he will die. In that instant he either falls spiritually on the spot or begins to bend at the

knees. In anger at his uneternalness, that he'll never see his biography unless he autos it himself, the aesthete begins cocooning toward his innards by demanding immediate internal return, release in creation, self-knowledge, etc. When each expression refuses echo and he discovers art unmirrors, this budding Narcissus either builds a boat, sits banked waiting his reflection, or plunges in. From here on out all endeavor depends on depth, and all reasoning only confuses each issue. He exhausts excuses until each art work seems more sneeze than statement. His entire being becoming instrument for the expression of incomprehensible forces, he finds these, not his, expressions mold him after the fashion they will any attenuated audience. Being the medium, however, he's more familiar with the material than most, inherits worlds of words if poet, sounds if composer, etc., these gifts, given only when unasked after, exclude from the early epileptic "fall-out," the floater, and the reflective one. Yet all fall, the artist "in" and only surviving thru a formal resistance granting the illusion of bottomless descent.

My eye, then, inspiralling, frictioning style-wise, being instrument for striking sparks, is bequeathed visions at every illumination it's struck to create ... Similar vistas being available to any viewer willing to release his eye for comparable movement. My eye so lost in space that fall feels ascensional, so style-beguiled as to know no "reality," sea running down-up hill willy-nilly, waves not known by their phosphorescence but thru aesthetic reflection only ... similar illuminations possible for any viewer capable of understanding his very vision as a metaphoric creation either directly inspired by nature or watered down by the cliché sights of others.

My eye, then, sky-wards, relaxed, all cloudless, mind as non-reflective as possible, (where will I find the words to describe it), my wakeful awareness ... non-blue, near gold of it, God in it, flakes of God-gold of it falling as if down from it into my eyes. In non-chicken-littleness, my eye opening out to it, now hedging wording it, mind's eye narrowing down to it, destroying it. Imagine the headline: THE SKY ISN'T BLUE, discovered by -- on -- while -- etc. Impossibility of all of it. I sky-hypnotised, my eye involved without view, seeing thru the so-called color of it, discovering light, now sighting it down to "flakes," "God-gold," "falling," "down." Metaphors -- feathers, snow, reign, all golden. My best descriptive is still the negative -- "non-blue." Best sense of it -- "discovering light." Best sentence -- "Impossibility of all of it." Still there's some possible, even historical, precedence for it, i.e., human, world-making, "reality" to it. There are some cultures whose extensive scribbles never refer to the sky as blue, some who refer rather purely in terms of light. Look it up, if you will; or, better, look up to it, see for yourself. (In its deepest sense that would mean, forget all I've here written.) Additional note for parents and teachers: Please don't force your militantly Prussian or goblin Cobalt or any other kind of crayon bluing into the drawings of yellow sky happy children, respect those young ones who use any and all of the wax spectrum, and marvel at those who remain still representationally dissatisfied.

Closing these eyelids, shutting Pandora's trap for awhile, believing even in the reality of it, thwarting thought awhile, traveling thru the blue subterrain? -- marine? -- what? seeming tunnels of it, (utterly unable to photograph any of it), purposeless in my wanderings around, seeming to be spiraling at times, timelessly, encountering shapes (in-describable); passing thru them, or were they passing thru me? or was a corner somewhere turned? into an unrepresented dimension, sometime, in this non-time, even the human drama projecting into these spaces, as if here too there were curtains to rise and fall, entrances, exits, and a feeling of interrelation, some of these as-if shapes as if to be avoided, some of these imaginary colors unimaginable, alien even to this alien land-sea-what scape. I remember a once-upon-a-time shut-eye (but not sleep) adventure when I absolutely knew a certain very convex-or-concave hypothetically approaching, with marine-like motion, shape must not overcome me, i.e., envelope the entire field of eyelid vision, and my finally opening my eyes in an almost sexual sweat, wondering for hours how the drama had continued without me, whether eye-opening had excluded me, etc. There is a definite intent to manipulate these, mind's eye?, patterns and without hand in it or bodily weight, freedom from the physical world?, to influence this internal?, destiny as one humanly imagines any control, among infinite possibilities?, and a definite retention of imagistic, external?, superimpositions once eye's opened to the feeling of having cheated, having broken some original law?, in the act of opening eye. Thus the desire to rationalize the eyelid into a simple projection screen of one's own thought-provoked but rather irresponsible doodles ... a thought having nothing to do with these sensory experiences other than the mind manipulating to escape them, -- the realization of them, the eye open escape, being too difficult without physical paraphernalia (lacking a camera, etc.) -- the illusion of complete avoidance, unconsciousness, sleep,

etc., preferable to the brain. Yet that instrument, in some perverse moment, grants retention of the retinal eye's adventure and this inadequate description of the experience, perhaps the first civilized touch upon this optical territory, the first move meant to eventually colonize. Otherwise that chaos too would have to be humanly avoided. After all, the mind minds. The only way to know these visions as a world not just thought up is to experience them as a world to be thought about which will eventually make of them a round world thought full, description, which is to know them only as a world thought down, narrowed, in the process of the brain's eternal creation or dead recreation, as you will. Here is a realm waiting better than Columbus to discover it, demanding greater flights than rockets, existing in its own right. My wife, thru the needling eye of extreme concentration, has been able to retain the fabric of shut eye patterns with her lids wide open and thread her sight thru both sensory worlds at once, moving toward the sense of their interrelatedness. I am not seamstress enough for the experience yet, lacking patience, wanting to force, tear even veils without recognizable substance, either raping or retreating in a sexual sweat. My wife waits, receives, inspires my vision, as always, yet receives her source of inspiration in my art -- seen as a closed widening circle only superficially, as widening ripple Os on the surface of water not perceived depth-wise -- the art, each work, as past -- cast -- a completely other world -- in a space of its own -- known because given thru human motivation -- the impetus of its space-time existence -- incomparably inspirational -- disturbing air-H2O-soil-all world otherwise known -- according to depth of perception -- dependent on where and how far the eye will follow. All the above and all below, available to all.

My eye, again, outwards (without words) dealing with these "indescribable," "imaginary" vibrations, producing the categorized colors, best known negatively, this sensibility dealing with this phenomenon, an irresponsible gamble thwarting the trained response link between retina and brain, breaking the associational chain, this mind-eye partnership playing the game with an unmarked deck, as in the beginning, giving eye's-mind a chance for a change, yet a deck all the same, only ship-shape for exploration, not a-bottled-trophy. (Drawing a string of language grown as impossibly rigid as contemporary bridge cards in comparison to their Tarot ancestors, I deck my prose with whatever puns come my way, aiming at deliberate ambiguity, hoping thereby to create a disbelief in the rigidity of any linguistic statement, knowing only poetry immortal enough to escape the rigorous belief in any one word-world as a sense-killing finality.) My eye, again, then, beginning its non-color, life-giving, continually created coursing, follows rainbows, no thought of a pot of gold allowed the mind, pursuing light, seeking to stare straight into the sun, yet humbly shunning no reflections, searching even electrical filaments, all fires. A bent black tube; toy spectroscope, broke up a light beam to shelve the colors in very neat rows for formal introduction, as lacking-daisical and hypocritical as histories on tombstones; still I began to differentiate in the shuffling of shelves, spectrum change, from light source to light source, came to know at least each mask, sun's mask, neon's mask, etc. Then began the identification of light source through the guise of reflection, sun's rays grass costumed, house bulb by way of rug, etc. Finally came the discovery of what costume added to the light source character, the subtlety of the shelving in the merging of "color" spanch to "other-color" spanch within the bent tubing, and cognizance of the vibrations between and within those, once thought of as dominant "color" solids, in discovering the moon's transformation of sun's rays, the "brown" varnished furniture's enchantment of fire source light, etc. The spectroscope itself then shelved, except for occasional reference in the contemporary game of also-being-somewhat-scientific which I am fortunately only childishly prey to, and the eye's flight discovery of its internal ability to produce prismatic sensations directly, without extraneous instruments. The original influence on this added venture was the prism, quickly discarded in the game and replaced by squint, allowance for the eyelashes to diffract the illumination prismatically. Finally, eyes wide open, the ray-like structure of the path of light, obviously still too influenced by Western sense of perspective, finding one vanishing point among bulb's filaments or at sun's center and radiating horizontally to the four corners of twin-trained eyes, and vertically to shatter among the lashes, contains within its web indescribable rainbows, still too influenced by the spectroscope and the prism, being imitative of each in arrangement of colors -- "red-yellow-green-blue-purple" -- yet exhibiting color oddities when the eye has been uninfluenced by scopism for a period of time. Under extreme non-concentration, fixed by effortless fascination, akin to self-hypnosis, my eye is able to retain for cognizance even those utterly unbanded rainbows reflecting off the darkest of objects, so transitory as to be completely unstructionable, yet retaining some semblance in arrangement to the source

of illumination, bearing incredible resemblances to eyelid vision, patterning their tonal dance to the harmonics of all closed vision, yet differing in just that spectroscopic arrangement. I am stating my given ability, prize of all above pursuing, to transform the light sculptured shapes of an almost dark-blackened room to the rainbow hued patterns of light without any scientific paraphernalia. I am even enabled to impose arbitrary selection upon this newly discovered sense ability, to choose one color toning, eye only filtering out all others, and perceive all light, either source or reflection, according to inclination ... this cast of eye-dye finding its parallel in everyday ordinary vision due to lack of perception rather than selectivity -- i.e., the seeing of a snow scene at twilight as essentially black and white or black and blue-white to the exclusion of all other coloration. I am finding now that all my seemingly speculative color pursuits have had precedence in my filmic statements, subconscious invitations which unfortunately needed the conscious approval, my low level taking more cognizance of the gadget, the science toy, than of my own aesthetic visionary encouragement. As eyes become freed of their introductory influences, they become increasingly subject to the inspiration of the art. Many will see this only as intro-spectrum. I say all is.

Within the immediately distinguishable -- the "known" unseen. Without confusion -- the vision fissures and dead. A way out -- disconnection of tele-antenna for incoming calls. A way out of the distinct -- out of focus ... of soft focus ... for the seen unknown -- taken in, as an intake easy as breath, yet not absorbed ... eye needing sense of irritation for its aliveness as well as any-living-thing else. In visual indistinction as other than ordinary outline emerges -- to be effortlessly received. Without deliberation, an aura of sensual annoyance establishes itself. To round out all -- this is the boundary of new visual phenomenon requiring alive perceptability. Forms merge, as the fingertips closing to touch, closely viewed, reach a blur of their color, changing their contour, visually merging with each other before physical contact; as all unattended forms in an emergency form formlessness, a something more or less than background; as all before faint. Within this aura of non-shape, shapes reshape, and as long as the eye breathes them naturally, sponse and response equally unconscious, they continue their transformatory dance until one is involved purely with the innards of what one once knew only as outline. Once cartoon sight has been utterly removed, the internal movement of each once-object subjectively reveals itself -- an effervescence, an as-if bubbling up-out for viewability of spaceless timeless entities. Once my wife, reading Lady Murasaki's TALES OF GENJI aloud to me began such a transformation while my attention was fixed to transcribing 20th-century Western prose into ancient Japanese imagery, my eyes being freed and abstractly receiving the reader, at first almost lip reading to take it all in, and then liberated thru extreme mental reconstruction of word-sound to picture, all sight without thought, in indifference to differentiation, loosing visual solidity to an imagistic melt and then to something which should have been indescribable. But I received the experience "wisely," not being taken enough unawares, forgot Genji and warily thought my way thru the experience, calling on mind to supply metaphoric explanations, recognizing a continual evolution by stages -- rather than otherwise having the sense of the adventure, being attenuated to the external call and allowing only most-distant internal echo, leaving ego's platform out of it. But because I missed, used, the experience, I am better enhaloed by what had been back-lighting, and the ring of it eventually spread to contour what had been the outline of her hair, then suffused the natural brownish color until white, her facial changes keeping pace with this aging process until every shadowed area had cracked across her features into wavering wrinkles eventually isolating the paler manifestations to the impermanent shape of a skull. Fear constricted me to glances then, and each sharpening of vision forced the imagery back to what I'd recognize as "normal." Yet reassured by my sense-destructive abilities, and all curiosity aroused, I stopped short of normalcy, with my wife's still white hair now streaming down beyond any brown length of it, pooling at her feet, and enclosing what was once her form entirely, I allowed the process to undevelop again, "undevelop" occurring to the mind as it remembers the second, lesser, evolution more negatively than the original, hair being almost the reverse of its ordinary manifestation and shadows this time shaping a skull while whitened areas palled to a variety of unrecognizable, yet continually akin to my wife's, features. As features became unbelievably aged, they constricted into a more believable infant aspect, hair aura suffusing throughout the room. My mental insistence on the drama gave me the sense that dead and unborn relatives were presenting themselves thru the living organism, my wife suddenly a spaceless entity containing a timeless evolution. This thought, a devastating limitation upon happenstance, constricted all reception and stopped the process dead. Later times my wife and I have both

sought to artificially recreate the experience for study. Restricted as we were to other considerations, "times," "art," "study," etc., we could adventure no further than to surround each other with a promissory aura which never developed internally. Undeveloped is what's needed, from positive, thru negative to some unexposed original. Those non-times when the happening imposed itself successfully upon us are indescribable and altogether too personally sacred for even a literary attempt, my true expression being the visual medium of film. Only one of these later occurrences was unsuccessful enough to bear transcription. In anger, coupled with a frustration at my inability to even attempt to communicate with my wife, I saw her head reshape itself thru the emergence of animal forces, most particularly and recurrently the head of a dog, an animal she has always felt related to. My wife describes this same scene, her seeing of me in that silence and thru her limiting anger, as if seen thru heat waves which distorted my form in terms of size more than change of shape, my becoming larger than ordinarily perceived, my concentrated visage, or rather something simply referred to as "you," filling my wife's field of vision, then diminishing to a size more normal yet presenting an aspect abnormally wavering as if unbounded and again able to assume giant proportions. Technical description: "I was watching a movie photographed thru a zoom lens and rippled glass." This episode ended when the source of illumination, a bulb, blew out, leaving us both with an unmistakable electrical burnt scent in the air.

There is then an akin-to-soft-focus-vision accomplished thru exactly opposite procedures, relative to hyper-focal clarity, and dependent on spacial indefiniteness. Self-hypnosis here is approximated thru a fixity, rather than laxity, of gaze. Willful attention, forced beyond the natural capacity for mental absorption, produces a willy-nilliness less memory-dominated than when one is unegoed. Here one seems more practitioner than patient, and patience is not as necessary. One feels less hypnotic and more as if hypnotiser of the object, "objectivity" a descriptive of this process. All optic nerves must remain strained, beyond any ordinary attentive sighting, until they are as truly, tho oppositely, involved with "the linear" as one is when focally negating alignment. The nerve ends must be as if drawn out to see all objects as if penciled. They must become identified with "the line" beyond any delineation. "Space" is what must cease to exist. The rationality which will be activated by these procedures must be turned to the destruction of all two- or three-dimensional logic. One may, for instance, feed the mind with the fact that in contemporary mathematics many problems are "solved" by allowing the problematical existence of many more dimensions than the realist, essentially Western Renaissance, three. Or one may simply allow the brain to wander among the multiple vanishing-points and horizon lines of many Renaissance masterpieces and exhaust mental restrictions within those labyrinthian expressions. One cannot here diminish-vert-or-stract the intellect but must maintain a sense originating argument with all its restrictive manifestations. Thus concentrated once upon my wife's arm, elbow to hand, my eyes drew every possible line out of it until all seemed strands separated as if in a dissection of its light and shadow surface. Then a semi-reformation produced multiple arms, moving independently in this re-defined space, superimposing over each other, all differently drawn. The shaded area of the knuckles, the inbetween finger cast shadows, the very hair of the arm and the crackling blackened wrinkles produced a number of finely-drawn caricatures afloat without apparent interdependence. Eventually it became impossible for me to discern the originating image. At this point my mind, seeking to re-define "reality," wondered if my own hand so split-up would have a complementary image of itself for reaching out to touch or otherwise sense, to grasp or otherwise move in interrelationship, with each of my wife's imagistic offspring; and it then postulated an attempt to connect parent hands to this intent. The instant the singular image of my blundering fingers began to pry into this multiple exposure, -- the vision vanished, all lines snaking to their source. As in all previous examples of supernatural vision, my wife and I have both experienced a number of more successful eye adventures in this respect which are completely beyond any linguistic expression whatsoever.

If one were to turn an adventuring eye to literary correspondence, facsimilating visual adventure with similarly adventuring literature, transforming optic abstract impressions into non-representational language, enchanting non-sights into non-words, one could write only sound poems, the audio manifestation of letters not being restricted to a pre-determined logic and rather communicating on an emotional level only distantly related to all the known word origins of any written sound. Within that distant relationship is the embryonic form of a purely onomatopoeic art. The visual parallel of this art is being created by men already termed "abstract expressionist," who are fashioning the symbol-cuneiform-hieroglyphic-letters for future communication. The moving picture image en-

ables the development of continuity and therefore an evolution upon language as we temporarily know it. All contained within this book has died in the womb. I abort it to save the living organism, its origins ... itself a specimen ... at best a museum piece ... of value only to the anatomical eye.

MOVE MEANT

There was, then, something which is not -- every split instant, and then some. Between then and now -- a move meant, and now, and now, etc. And now then, and then, and then, ad infinitum -- and then? How much human doubt does it take to beget the question mark? Yet if one uses it at each and every word step, does it finally ever mean anything? Yes. Every something when it's beginning implies its mark of quest begun, becoming shield, gradually shunning, ply on ply for reign rain shed over hovel cover. Language languishes in its age, only poet fashioning, striking back-forward all of a word shuffle, and making linguistic king's dome out of king doom, king dumb, or at least be he only poet, maker, i.e., of his time, knowing in his writing there can be no civilization not rooted in civility, and knowing his being "decadent" is of his time, by way of "decay," naturally, and feeling natural by way of nature, and of his being searching out both the "born" and "produced" of that and the "past part...to be born" and either sentencing himself to be just so bourn or borne as a produce (intuitive of earthy, of all earth, with room, womb, for the sand and the berg of Sandburg, the Frost of bobby, the Mase and the field of Masefield, or killing more, just originless "Trees," or cut down and stacked to House man, and so off and on for the last hundred year word run-down) or else he can sense "past part...to be born." and know his life is all before him, being back-for -- less ward, and ward, less for, till ford, and then finally fore ... again, with the gain implied, as Western -- yet not to be then Western, but more what's imagined Eastern, but really what's just imagined and now then, by this one, unimaginable word wise, but rather envisioned.

Or, another way of saying some of the above: it took me three moves toward New York City and three away to recognize my own word relationship -- to ward and a way, i.e., that it was not the Emerald City or anything like it, that it was not even City to me. Add to this a dozen or so other moves into and out of minor centers of incivility before I came to recognize that my visions were super impositions upon those cities and therefore to know and then to feel which of my moves was most meant, which would most sustain the internal ignition of those visions and what place meant most reception of their externalization, their coming out, as birth. What confused me most was "re" as before "naissance." It took a year's work in the commercial motion picture industry to make me really aware of what I'd always been away of -- Mad Ave's relationship to the Pope, both advertising Renaissance, cigarette smoke and soap bubbles being too much of a come down from flesh and blood to sustain even my ill usions -- and to know now the transformation of re, or any, in its move to the other side of birth, to hold now, but not too preciously lest unjust gain enter too much in, to the envisionment of "born again" ... and over, and over again, every split instant, ad infinitum -- and then?

A time for everything, questioning being path of least resistance in time of quest shunning only. Yet, either way -- to ward or A (as in beginnings) -- there is always implication of resistance, a psychological viscosity in humanness, proof positive or negative that every move is meant. What of proof negative, then -- the accident? The unknown, verbally, or unseen, visionally, bend in path while one was bent on other purpose. As one can never know until after fact (as one never knows anger until incensed) un knowing sound-wise does imply in fact a positive. Purpose (pro posar) might as well read -- to place for, or fore. Resolve: while one's path was bent on purpose, while will kept chance (to fall) in rhyme and balancing resistance. Take Re back far enough and you do get the Egyptian sun god, or scientifically, sterily, enough and you get dvi-manganese. No, one must dance (per chance) with a word, to ward or a way, and in inter-relation to all words, passing from letter to lettering, understanding one's own Devi (dancing partner) of deviate, or even oneself as deva (devine) in devastation. If one does then dance, recognizing the relationship of ac (cident) to ad and ic one does then come to know The Will less insistent (more re) and The Want a way (more in), a chance instead of accident, one voiding the other in a void dance until all that's left (rather than right) is (rather than being) ... wanting (rather than wanted) ... a beginning (rather than a gaining) ... in (rather than on) ... time (rather than rhyme), etc.

Or to put it another way: we (wife and I) came to have faith less in accident than in chance (as in: to take a chance) and then finally in neither (a void), preferring prefer-