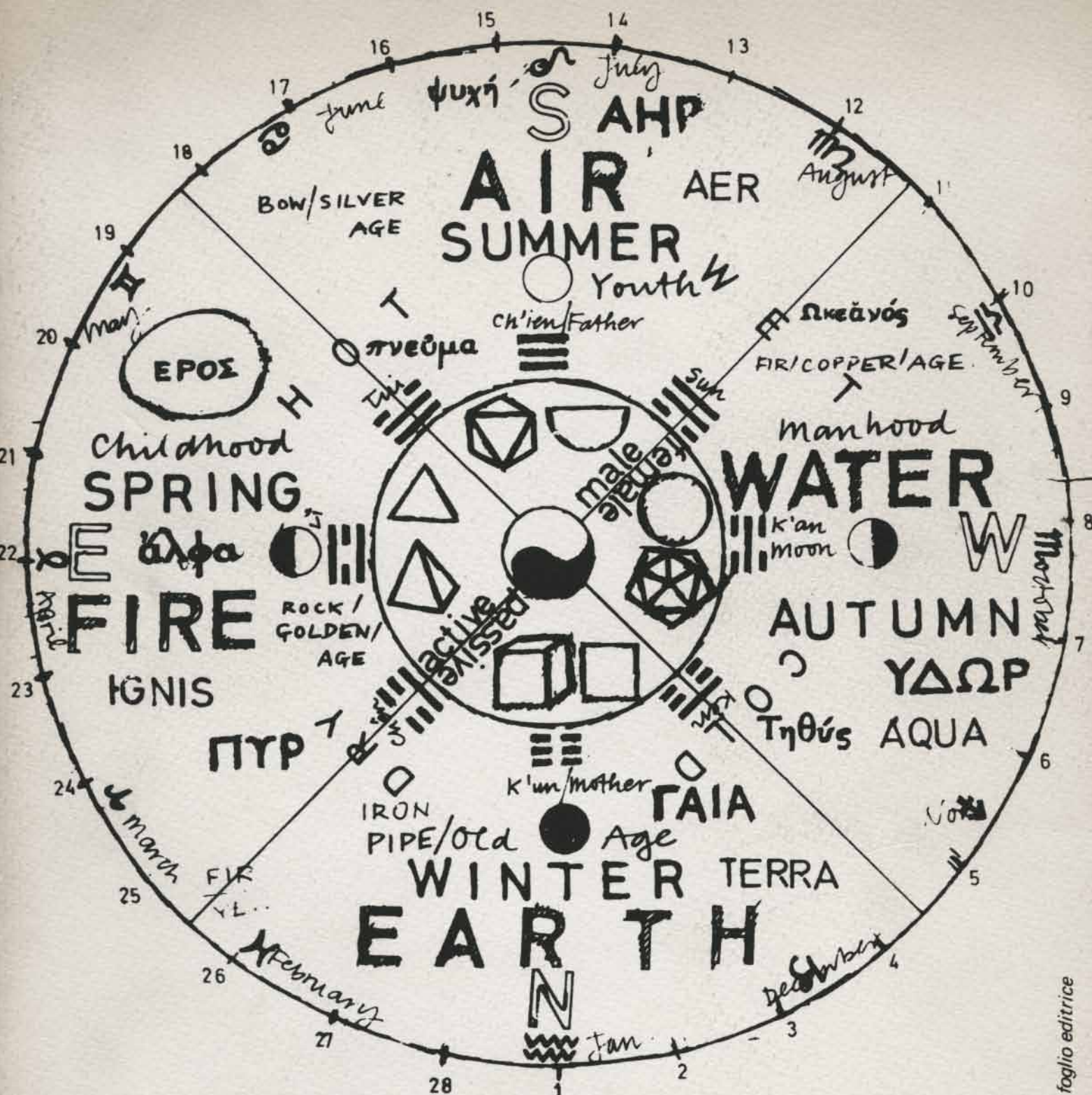
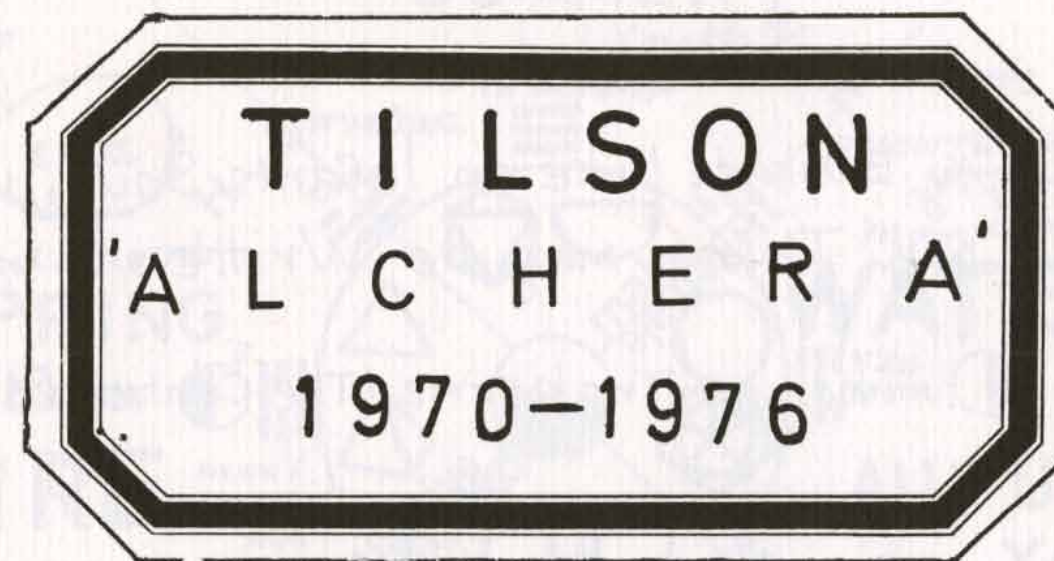
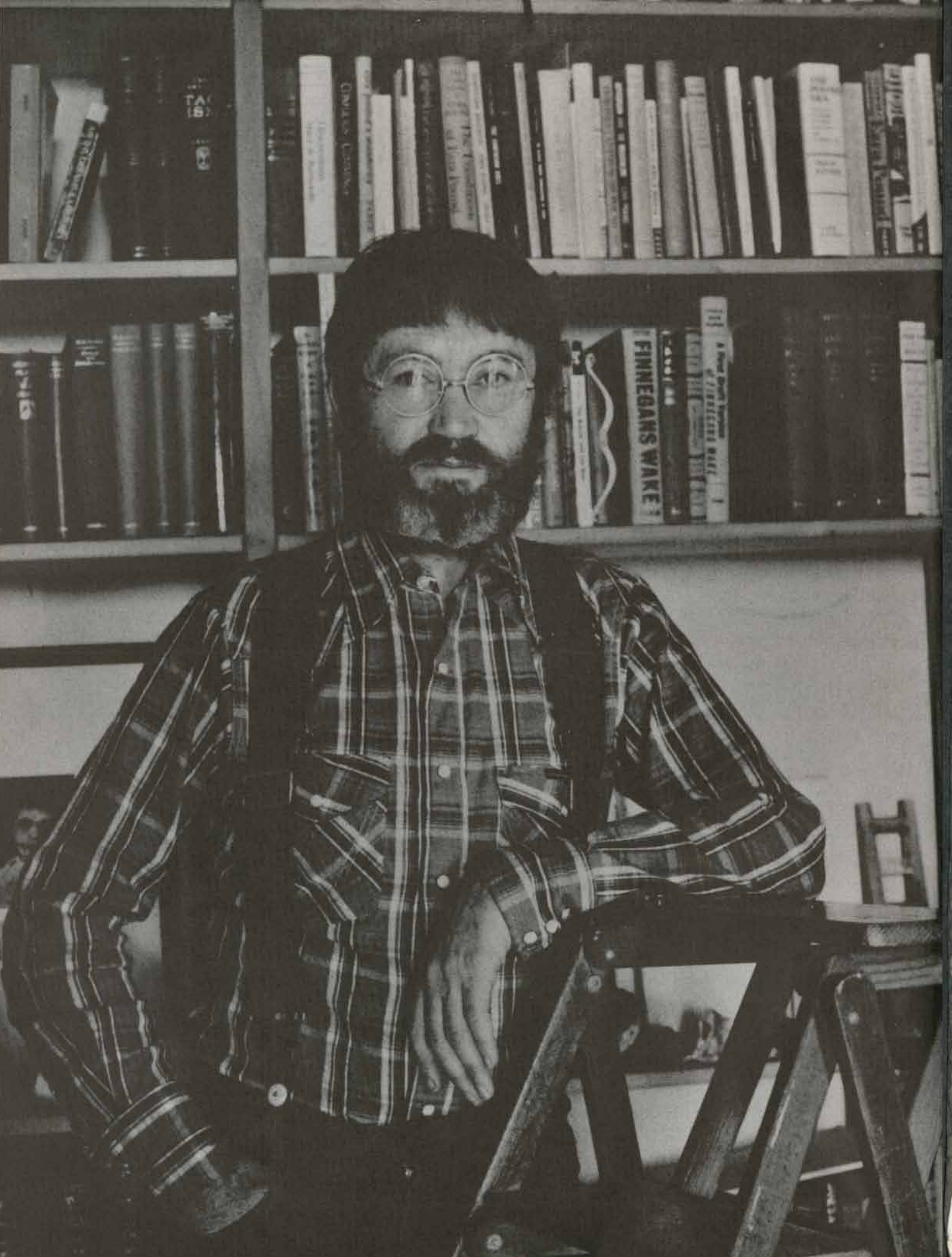


ALCHERA



TILSON



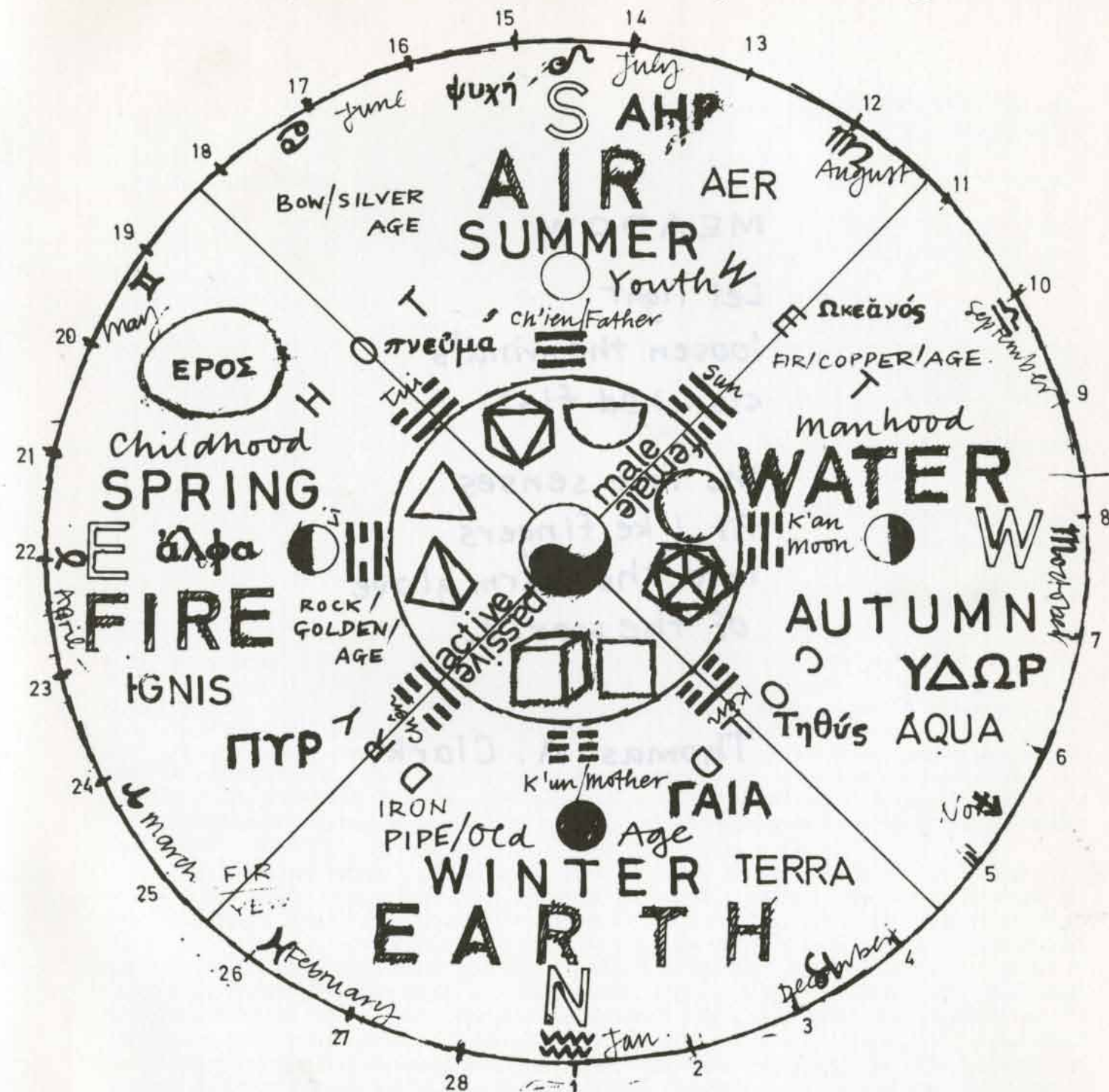


An Empty Book is like an Infants Soul, in
which any Thing. may be Written.

Thomas Traherne 'The Centuries'. I.

ALCHERA

dedicated to Epos & Ὀρφεύς & other juices rising into fruit..



MEADOW

Let light
loosen the mind's
clenched fist,

the five senses
fit like fingers
into the warm glove
of the world.

Thomas A. Clark.

VARIATIONS ON COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISSION

"Hey Joe, mach die Musik von damals nach! "

- Bert Brecht

The way an artist works makes us ready to split hairs:

Country Joe and the Fish
(rock group, heard booming from Joe Tilson's son's room at the Old Rectory), to

Country Joe and the Fission
(the act of dividing into pieces -- and here we ignore as too obvious
Country Joe and the Fishin'
(the act of dividing into pisces)) to

Country Joe and the Fitch
(a dialect word for *Vetch*) to another

Country Joe and the Fitch
("a brush made from the hair of a polecat in Tudor times")—

which is enough of splitting hairs.

The point I am (perhaps) making is that Joe Tilson now lives in the country, either at Christian Malford in Wiltshire or down the hill below Teverina in the Provincia di Arezzo. The ultimate urban *coup de grace* in our time was delivered by Mr. W. C. Fields in "The Fatal Glass of Beer." Sophisticates of the agora, please note: "City ain't no place for a woman, though a lot of pretty men go there." One need not be an eremite, misanthrope, or rube to come into conjunction with this word *country*, which the dictionary tells us is simply the land lying opposite or before us. The Old Rectory and Casa Cardeto, both lovingly restored by the Tilson family, become granaries filled by a new husbandry. (Wiltshire, a few miles east and west, produced Richard Jefferies, Francis Kilvert, Ralph Vaughan Williams, and Geoffrey Grigson, to name only four fellow countrymen.)

"Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; ... either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry," said the Bard of the Warwickshire Avon. So, a man who paid as much attention to things, to poetry, to philosophy, to history as Joe Tilson would eventually have to bed down in nature with bee-loud glade and mini-walden pond close et hand. Close enough to blot out Concord, buzzing in and out of Fairford, where it does god knows what to the medieval glass of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin... Few artists read Heraclitus or like to talk about Herr Doktor Professor Jung, Giordano Bruno, Renaissance logics and rhetorics, etc. It should hardly be held against Tilson, since who is to say it has stood in the way of his inspired carpentry. Joe collects thoughts and sifts and dries them in the way one would make a pomander for putting into winter closets. The Old Rectory is full not only with charts and maps of the mind, smoldering wooden eggs, labyrinths to a promised land, angelic ladders, but also full of tins, bottles, drawers with labels. We await either vintage bottles of the thistles of Casa Cardeto or coverlets dyed with these same attended plants. The Tilson family is in the middle of a cultivated world. "Birds make their nests in circles," said Black Elk, shaman of the Oglala Sioux. Not strange to find English people, worried about over-population within 100 miles of London, reading Black Elk and tending to their ecological business. Joe Tilson's is a redolent mind at work. I love sweet-corn thoughts.

Here follows a modest garland of texts for Joe, Jos, Jake, Anna, and Sophy-Jane. And for Al Cheringa, who works, almost unnoticed, around the place. It will be Al's job to turn all this into classic Umbrian dialect.

ARTHUR FIREWATER RANDOMLY RINGS THE WELKIN OVER WILTSHIRE
AS HE SEES THE TILSONS
PAYING VAST AFFECTIONATE ATTENTIONS
TO THE GENIUS LOCI:

John Aubrey says
there be mandrakes

in ye marshes
near by to Malmesbury

a dais, a daisy
henge for Sophy-Jane!

stone henge
revealed to be

petrified
scone-hinny!

wood henge
wont hinge

ave, berry!

bury me, nut, on
the sarsen
prairie...

maze-maize-mouse-muse
maze-maize-mouse-muse
maze-maize-mouse-muse
maze-maize-mouse-muse

a mazy
sort of
day

clouds over Christian Malford
east of the Avon

days on, days on

one kernel
one corona

one
tills
on

THE OLD RECTORY, OTTOBRE: PAGINE DI DIARIO

Di come l'epa araldica di Ubu sia senza il minimo dubbio un labirinto, ma di natura del tutto diversa da quello delle spirali yeatsiane — "tenebra / che sta fra la puzzola e il gufo, o da un qualunque / nulla fecondo e oscuro", per es. — e quindi, con riferimento a un modo tutto personale da carpentiere, dai *mazes* di Tilson, me ne rendo conto sgranando sotto i piedi la ghiaia (*gravel*, *grave*, perfino *graven*...) all'arrivo di fronte all'Old Rectory, pensando a Blake più Palmer causa incipiente luna /

STOP. DUCKS CROSSING — e infatti nell'ombra tagliata di netto, da mietitura notturna nei pressi di Dulwich, gonfie e feconde figure animali incedono dallo stagno alla massa della facciata spenta e degli alberi: sacerdotali, starnazzanti come oracoli, fonematiche, onomatopeliche (di quale altro modello che non sia il loro?), tutte terra grasso sterco e linguaggio insieme, con bianca bellezza ondulante, coerenti, e per nulla ridicole a proposito di ciò che hanno da dire, e lo dicono semplicemente passando, rituali.

Scompaiono.

Il cielo è limpido, freddo. Mi viene in mente una serie impietrita di seni di Artemide, una terracotta della Beozia con la dea ritta sul dorso di Mamma Oca, e il languido biancheggiare di Leda.

Di mattina presto, dietro casa, con odore di pane, fra l'erba alta, mentre il gatto Tabitha se ne sta in agguato rossiccio

("mentre un eros rotondo scava numeri / con l'unghie di un gatto rossiccio":
Dal giardino di un vecchio rettorato)

scopro senza sorpresa che un innaffiatoio visto dall'alto ripropone ying yang con estrema esattezza, e la ruota arrugginita di una pompa introduce con i suoi raggi i quattro Zoas, e il labirinto crea e protegge il centro, chiede una prova, e una macina da mulino appoggiata al taglio è un uroboros di pietra grezza, e mi accorgo che ciò che affronto è una specie di iniziazione.

Joe, non a caso, si sta arrampicando su una scala seguito da nomi di fiumi, a fuoco, nel legno...

OLCHON...

LAVER... da lontano non riesco a leggere:

tuttavia per qualche strana ragione mi torna in quel punto memoria dello "spirito naturale, il quale dimora in quella parte, ove si ministra lo nutrimento nostro", sebbene non sappia cosa intende dirmi, se intende dirmi qualcosa, una specie di brusio quasi impercettibile — *apparuit iam beatitudo vestra* (?), oppure è questo lo spirito animale, il quale, se ricordo, "dimora nell'alta camera" e si trascina dietro, per associazione, una Conversation of Prayer?

in una scatola di legno, nel folto dell'erba mossa dalle zampe del gatto, un uovo levigato protetto dalla paglia; e ci mettiamo a parlare, Joe sulla scala, io seduto sullo ying yang, di una curiosa interferenza di citazioni:

"ora per il tuo studio, d'estate, traduci te stesso ai campi, dove tutto è verde per il respiro di dio e fresco per la potenza del cielo",

osservando entrambi quasi per la prima volta gli alberi "attraverso uno dei cancelli", e Thomas Traherne confessò che lo commossero e incantarono, anche se non aveva visto lo Stake Poem in legno di cedro rosso occidentale fissato nelle zolle del campo, a cerchio, sequenza di ventotto paletti, ciclo lunare, malgrado il sole ora stia già giocando fra le antiche lapidi oltre lo stagno e forse riflettendosi, in cucina, sulle ampole dei vini di prugnolo, sambuco, zenzero, uva spina,

e quello che provo è una sensazione di felice assorta fisicità, e infatti Joe insiste nel dire che questi sapori (dice sapori) di vino, oliva, rucola o basilico in bocca trascendono il tempo.

"Thus did I by the Water's brink
Another World beneath me think..."

Verso sera siamo andati allo stagno. Scuro d'acque, naufragate fra gli alberi. Vi ho fatto navigare un tronco. Avrei voluto che vi fosse inciso "eros". Joe vi immerge uno spago, uno scandaglio: il piccolo oceanus Tethys vibra appena. Ancora le anatre. Vediamo che Jos, in casa, ha acceso una candela. Discutiamo di Marsilio Ficino, e

il rito

della parola brucia, tramonta un arcolaio.

Non so se abbia un senso: la linea dell'orizzonte si è nascosta, e oltre il cancelletto di ferro emergono solo le lapidi spezzate, sembrano confitte nel terreno come i paletti del ciclo lunare di Joe, e nell'ultima luce evidenziano solo pochi nomi corrosi.

Nell'aria, l'ultima capriola della sera inghiottiva la luce,
riproduceva gli usi del silenzio.

Ci siamo avviati verso Avebury. Le colline hanno il colore della saggina, e la forma del continuum. La luce è stemperata dal vento, che sembra rovesciarla in verdi limpidi freddi. Il vello della natura. Sotto, lo scheletro è gesso.

"Chi vuol sapere massimi secreti di natura, riguardi e contemple circa gli minimi e massimi de gli contrarii e opposti".

Colto da sacro zelo, un signore del luogo, un paio di secoli fa, dispose legna e paglia attorno alle grandi stele falliche solari e tentò di spaccarle col fuoco, poi si dispose a sbriciolarne i frammenti a colpi di mazzuolo. Resisterono. Joe le accerchia con lo sguardo, lo seguì lungo il fossato, a saliscendi nell'erba, misuriamo le distanze del raggio, della circonferenza.

"Profonda magia è saper trar di contrario dopo aver trovato il punto de l'unione".

Una delle gran pietre è a prepuzio. Ci sarebbe piaciuto camminare nella spirale di quel disegno oculiforme, citando Bruno, e magari un ditirambo di Schiller su come gli dèi non appaiano mai soli.

Ci buttiamo, ascensus, sul pendio scosceso di Silbury Hill, con un bastone, un *lingam*! (cfr. Joyce), perfettamente adatto allo scavo. "On the high chalk hill", su questa "cudgelling, hacked hill": promontorio artificiale verso il sole, già notato in alcune serigrafie, con spago e collage, sul fondo di un icosaedro di Joe, terra e mare nel simbolo, verde e vento nel nostro essere lì insieme.

Scaviamo nelle zolle col nostro *lingam*, section: rock drill ("to build light"): Joe ha bisogno di gesso naturale per stuccare i vetri di una finestra all'Old Rectory, quella dell'arcolaio controluce.

Joe mi chiarisce il senso della scala: Worf: ventoso; Tern: forte; Laver: rumoroso; Lydden: ampio; Kyke: stretto; Neth: chiaro; Kenn: brillante; Devy: nero; Cary: amichevole; Olchon: pericoloso. Scorrono fiumi e nomi ("where many rivers meet"). Barba celtica di Joe.

La tentazione di associare il vecchio cimitero accanto a casa con la lunga tomba a forma d'uomo di West Kennet.

Al ritorno ci fermiamo a un "pub", di fronte a un canale: oche diguazzano a risalire la corrente in direzione del cavallo bianco inciso su una collina.

All'alba, mentre i quattro punti cardinali, in giardino, guardano tutti nella stessa direzione, e i *gyri* della corteccia cerebrale assomigliano alle resistenze della stufa elettrica spenta sullo scendiletto di paglia ritorta come i piedistalli delle colonne del tempio di Al Tarxien, e sul tetto sento un uccello che vaneggia fischiando come un antiquario dello Yorkshire che ricordi ancora l'esistenza, presso Appleby, di un labirinto noto con il nome di Troy's Walls, ondeggio dal letto alla finestra della mia stanza a scivolo e soffitto in salita come la casa di Buster Keaton, mi aggrappo alla finestra per non uscire fuoribordo, la apro sul freddo,

vedo che Jos pedala in bicicletta verso il "ducks crossing" con un sacco di grano da macinare sul manubrio, e Joe che armeggia con i suoi

arnesi da sciamano sulla porta dello studio: una tavola di legno grezzo, un ferro per il marchio delle mandrie, una scatola di rosso cinabro in polvere... il martello gli penzola dalla tasca della tuta da operaio, mentre l'occhiale rotondo rilascia un riflesso improvviso, una specie di richiamo, alla luce tutta argento dietro l'olmo sotto il quale riposa uno ziggurat.

lascia cadere uno spago nello stagno,
ripeti le sue lettere, aggancia al suo riverbero
uno specchio ritorto, immergi nella nebbia
colline artificiali, e meridiane, menhir,
lune disfatte da un colpo di spugna,
lega il rovescio del legno a un sì carbonizzato
in una scatola d'osso di salice, spingi
la punta di uno spillo nella baluzie dell'eros,
nell'acqua morta che annega lo spazio
separa di netto la camera del buio
da quella della luce:

interno e esterno rivelano una traccia
con consonanti di foglie ancora verdi, trasmettono
gli intervalli dei numeri più semplici — tutto
e nulla, secondo vibrazioni che dipendono
solo da un labirinto personale

È una contemplazione intricata e nello stesso tempo semplicissima —
sembra che Joe intenda solo restare dov'è, sembra che voglia conoscere sempre la medesima cosa. Il
suo lavoro assomiglia al mio, in questo senso. Ce ne stiamo accanto al fuoco, a guardare gli stecchi
che bruciano con un profumo secco, e io insisto nel dire che la disposizione delle pietre di
Avebury, simile a quella dei "momenti" dello Stake Poem (non riesco a dimenticarne la presenza,
in giardino, sebbene la luce del caminetto non riesca a giungere fin là), vista dall'alto come in una
ricostruzione di Alan Sorrel sembra mimare la faccia un po' lunare del gigante di Cerne Abbas.

Joe
fruga nel fuoco con un ferro, come se disegnasse. Penso alle iscrizioni delle tombe di là dallo
stagno: nel buio si arrampicano sulle pietre come in un alfabeto Ogham — il linguaggio ha inizio
con la nominazione dell'inconoscibile, natura e morte. Il labirinto con il suo centro e la sua
ubiquità. Sbucano Plotino e Novalis. La cenere si spegne, si dispone in una sorta di doppio senso
attivo-passivo, vi ricerchiamo la traccia di un meccanismo semantico che ordini sia la doppia
negazione sia l'inversione di valore che continuamente s'affacciano al pensiero.

Il gatto del Wiltshire,
dopo essersi lasciato osservare in positura araldica, si è arrotolato come l'iniziale Christi generatio
(XPI) del Libro di Kells, e forse sogna di saccheggiare perdutamente il miele del visibile, Rilke
permettendo. La notte ha chiuso su di noi il Temenos, oscilla fuori sospesa e coperta di semi
perché gli uccelli la possano beccare fischiando una tavola pitagorica di YES.

As the Big Fire Source said:

These Days
Whatever you have to say, leave
the roots on, let them
dangle
And the dirt
just to make clear
where they came from.

ALCHERA : DREAMTIME

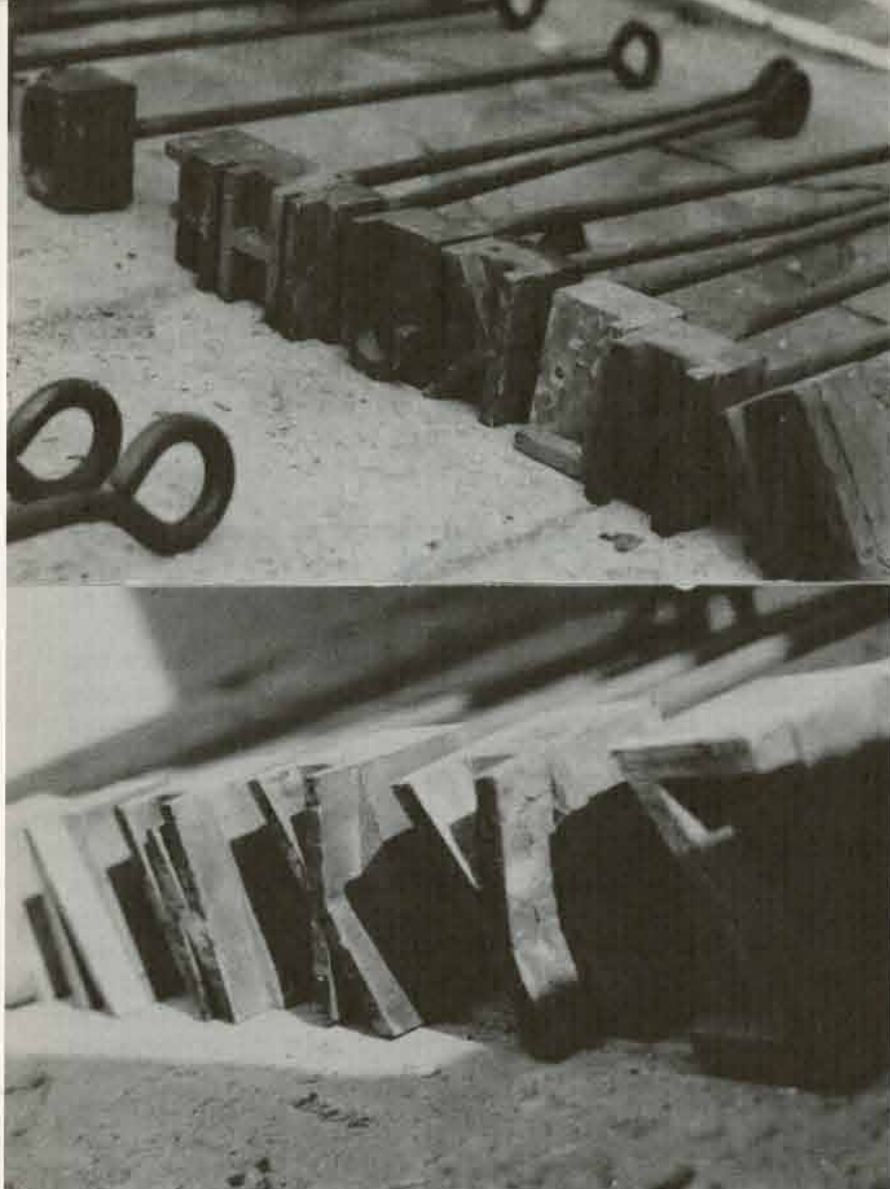
IN ILLO TEMPOR E

A B O R I G I N E

FRUMSCEAFT: GENESIS IS

FIRST SHAPES
(Caedmons Hymn)

As a change from the usual pinch of salt, I would ask you with Picabia: "Pendant que vous lirez ces
lignes, sucez je vous prie le jus d'une cerise". As these notes are forced by the linear process of writing
to impose an order on my work that leaves out the actual experience of the work — they are
essentially false. And can only be read as clues to an approach to the objects which contain their own
mute truth. I think of these notes rather like an ordnance survey map of a cloud of steam.



ALCHERA is the Dreamtime of Australian Magic.

The dream is a real objective experience in which time and space are no longer obstacles, and in which information of great importance is gained by the dreamer. The information may refer to the sky world of the Aranda in which time and space are no longer obstacles, and so a person's totem links him to that period and gives him a share in it... to those with eyes to see; rocks and trees, rivers and hills, are 'Dreaminbs', marking the deeds of the mythical heroes and the places where the spirits of men and animals dwell... a man's dreaming is his share in the sacred myths or rites of the traditions of the old or eternal dream time.

My involvement dates from July 1970 when I went to Germany to discuss a possible project for 'Strassenkunst Hannover' and saw the Easter Fire Wheel in the Historisches Museum there. WOOD AND FIRE I thought of letters burnt into wood with brands like those used for branding cattle and of wooden objects slowly covered with Lichens, Moss, Ivy, Vines or small-leaved plants — of objects that had words on them that slowly disappeared. I thought of that poem of Rilke: —

Bringt doch der Wanderer auch vom Hange des Bergrands
nicht eine Hand voll Erde ins Tal, die allen unsägliche,
sondern
ein erworbenes Wort, reines, den gelben und blaun
Enzian. Sind wir vielleicht hier, um zu sagen: Haus,
Brücke, Brunnen, Tor, Krug, Obstbaum, Fenster, —
höchstens: Säule, Turm . . . aber zu sagen, versteht's,
oh zu sagen so, wie selber die Dinge niemals
innig meinten zu sein. ~~Was ist das für ein Wort, das
man so leicht zu sagen glaubt, das man so leicht zu
sagen glaubt, das man so leicht zu sagen glaubt~~
~~Was ist das für ein Wort, das man so leicht zu sagen glaubt, das man so leicht zu
sagen glaubt, das man so leicht zu sagen glaubt~~

Rainer Maria Rilke. Die Neunte Elegie

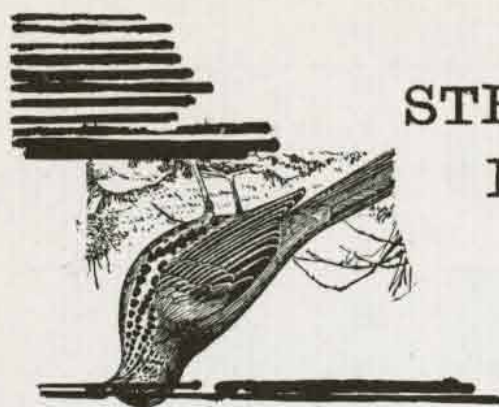
I started work on a series of objects — a window, a large wood ziggurat, huge wooden biscuits with one word in the centre, poems on wood stakes, a giant wooden egg, and a coloured ladder with a poem by Kurt Schwitters on it:

Er Sie Es
unt
Hund
tak
pack
Karakte
duumdu
dirindir
Gott Gnadetdu
leben
laufen
streben
vergeben
Schenken
dirindir
tak
pack
duumdu
du

To be made in modest materials — and related to grass, flowers, leaves, trees, bushes, the river, the Beginenturm, the Bridge, children passing, old people sitting on the benches by the river opposite the Hohen Ufer.



STRASSENKUNST HANNOVER PROJECT



"Er sie Es
unt
Hund
tak
pack
Karakte
duumdu
dirindir
Gott Gnadetdu
leben
laufen
streben
vergeben
schenken
dirindir
tak
pack
duumdu
du



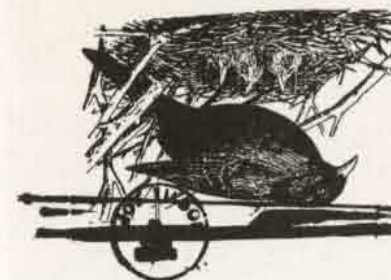
3m



2m

STRASSENKUNST
HANNOVER
PROJECT

STRASSENKUNST HANNOVER PROJECT



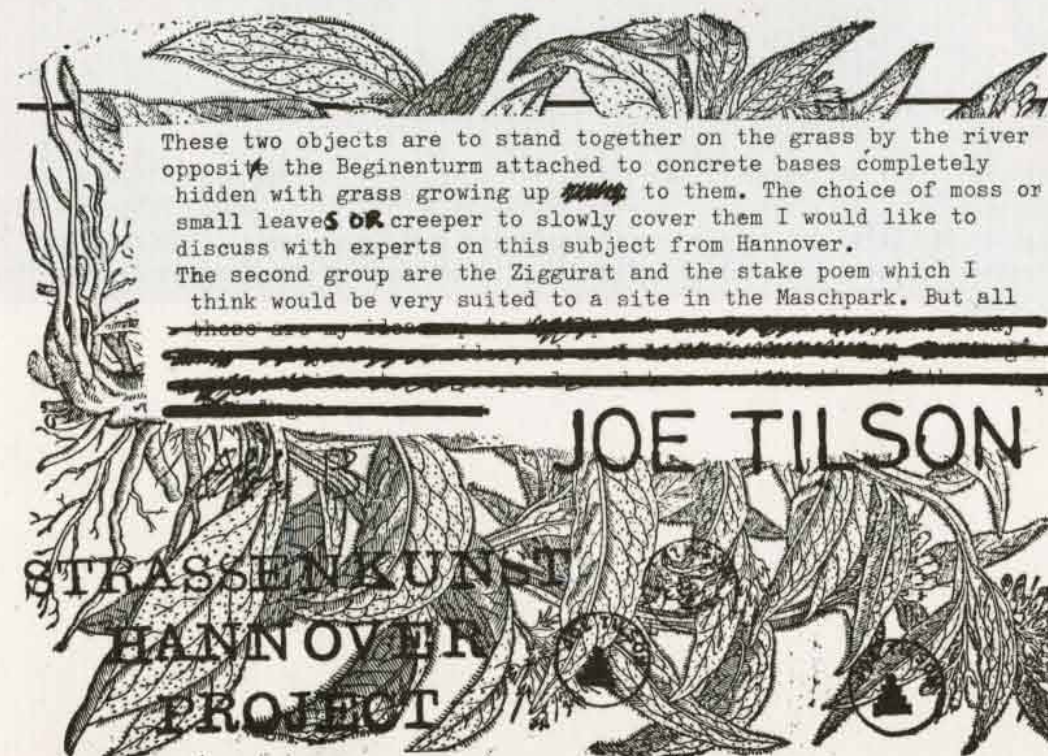
1970



...of the poetry and of his last work in England as a poet. And also about some thing else that had impressed me on my last visit to Hannover - the Easter Fire Wheel in the Historische Museum. **WOOD & FIRE**... I thought of letters burnt into wood with brands like those used for branding cattle - and of wooden objects slowly covered with Lichens, Moss, Ivy, Vines or small leaved plants --- of objects that had words on them that slowly disappeared. I thought of that poem of Rilke: Sind wir vielleicht, um zu sagen: Haus Brücke, Brunnen, Tor, Krug, ~~Obstbaum~~ Obstbaum, Fenster) höchstens: Säule, Turm... über zu sagen, verstehtes, oh zu sagen so, wie selber die Dinge niemals innig meinten zu sein. I started work on a series of objects - a window, a giant wooden egg, a coloured ladder with words on it, a large wodd ziggurat, Huge wooden biscuits with one word in the centre, poems on wood stakes. Objects to act directly on people to change them inside through their imagination, made in modest materials - and related to grass, flowers, leaves, trees, bushes, the river, the beginenturm, the Bridge, children passing, old people sitting on the benches by the river opposite am Hohen Ufer. ~~These~~ these objects in groups of two - that is the giant wooden egg with the coloured ladder with the poem



burn brand



These two objects are to stand together on the grass by the river opposite the Beginenturm attached to concrete bases completely hidden with grass growing up ~~to~~ to them. The choice of moss or small leaves ~~or~~ creeper to slowly cover them I would like to discuss with experts on this subject from Hannover. The second group are the Ziggurat and the stake poem which I think would be very suited to a site in the Maschpark. But all ~~these are also~~

JOE TILSON

STRASSENKUNST
HANNOVER
PROJECT

SEED

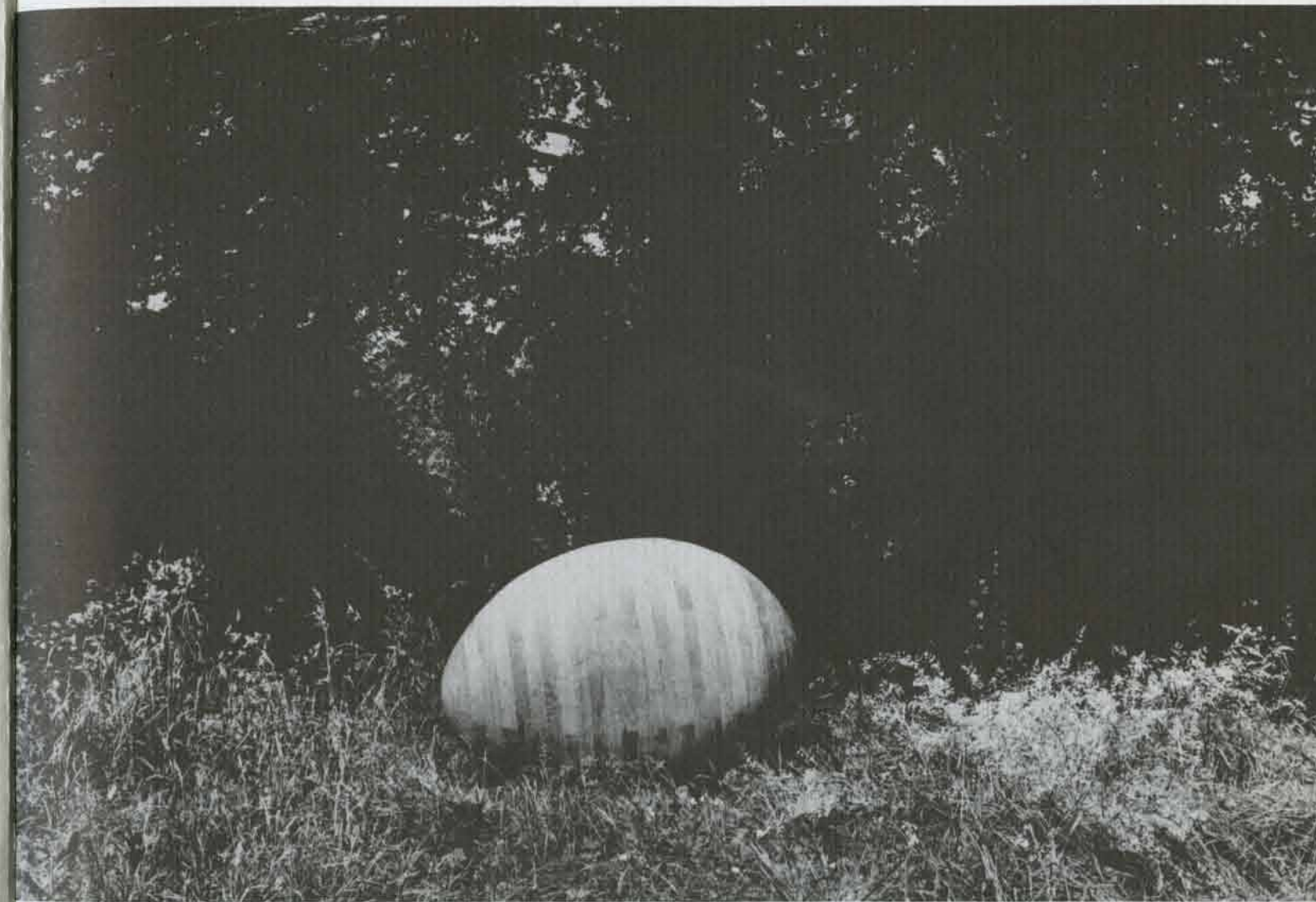
Two of these objects were to stand together on the grass by the river opposite the Beginenturm attached to concrete bases completely hidden with grass grown up to them. The project was not accepted by Hannover, nor my other project, that of turning off all the letters of the neon signs on all the COMMERZ UND PRIVATBANK's except the word MERZ, in honour of Schwitters ! But the idea of the burn brand letters and the egg were still with me.

My wife Jos had recently been publishing a periodical for contracts between artists, called CATALYST, and so was exchanging with Steve Baer of 'Dome Cookbook' and the Shuttleworths of Mother Earth News. Laura Besserman was sending us the first Whole Earth Catalogs — all this exchange of information and the people we contacted plus our recent involvement with Artists Information Registry, the St. Katherine's dock scheme for artists' studios, and FACOP — a group of artists attacking the Establishment; all this led us to change our views completely on our life. It finally led us to leave London and to live in the country, to become, like Wordsworth:

If not a Settler on the soil, at least
To drink wild water, and to pluck green herbs,
And gather fruits fresh from their native bough.

... awarding the crown to Hesiod ...

But the first steps for me in 1970 and 1971 were to take the idea of using fire in my work and to start a series of ladders and eggs and to begin the project of the Four Elements — FIRE, AIR, WATER and EARTH. Not in any anti scientific spirit, but because they are, and always will be, the four elements of imaginative experience — unlike Technetium, Einseinium, Hafnium, Ytterbium, or Yttrium to mention but a few of the 103 elements known to science!





2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A

ELFORD



8A 9A 10A 11A 12A 13A

ELFORD



14A 15A 16A 17A 18A 19A

ELFORD



20A 21A 22A 23A 24A 25A

ELFORD



26A 27A 28A 29A 30A 31A

ELFORD



32A 33A 34A 35A 36A 37A



38A 39A 40A 41A 42A 43A



44A 45A 46A 47A 48A 49A



50A 51A 52A 53A 54A 55A



56A 57A 58A 59A 60A 61A



ALCHERINGA

notes for 4 boxes...

Watercolour
Pressed Flowers.



Wooden Egg



FIRE



Papier mâché



EARTH



Small coloured wooden ladder
FIRE



Screenprinted Image (stake from)

filled with lead shot.



Wood Cube

EARTH



Canvas with pierced and ringed corners.



moulded in Latex.



Stones

EARTH



Sand

Fingerprint.

Map

Lotter

Postcard

Crystals.

Fossils.

Leaf.

Seeds.

Small Ziggurat.

Rope

String

Cane

Glue

Bram Paper

Metal Discs.

Biscuits.

Stones.

Soap.



FIRE

SEED



ST "D

Pongel Savon.

HAUS

BRUCKE

BRUNNEN

TOR

KRUC

OBSTBAUM

FENSTER

S'AULE

TURM



2 2A 3 3A 4 4A 5 5A



8 8A 9 9A 10 10A



11 11A 12 12A 13 13A



14 14A 15 15A 16 16A



17 17A 18 18A 19 19A



23 23A 24 24A 25 25A



26 26A 27 27A 28 28A

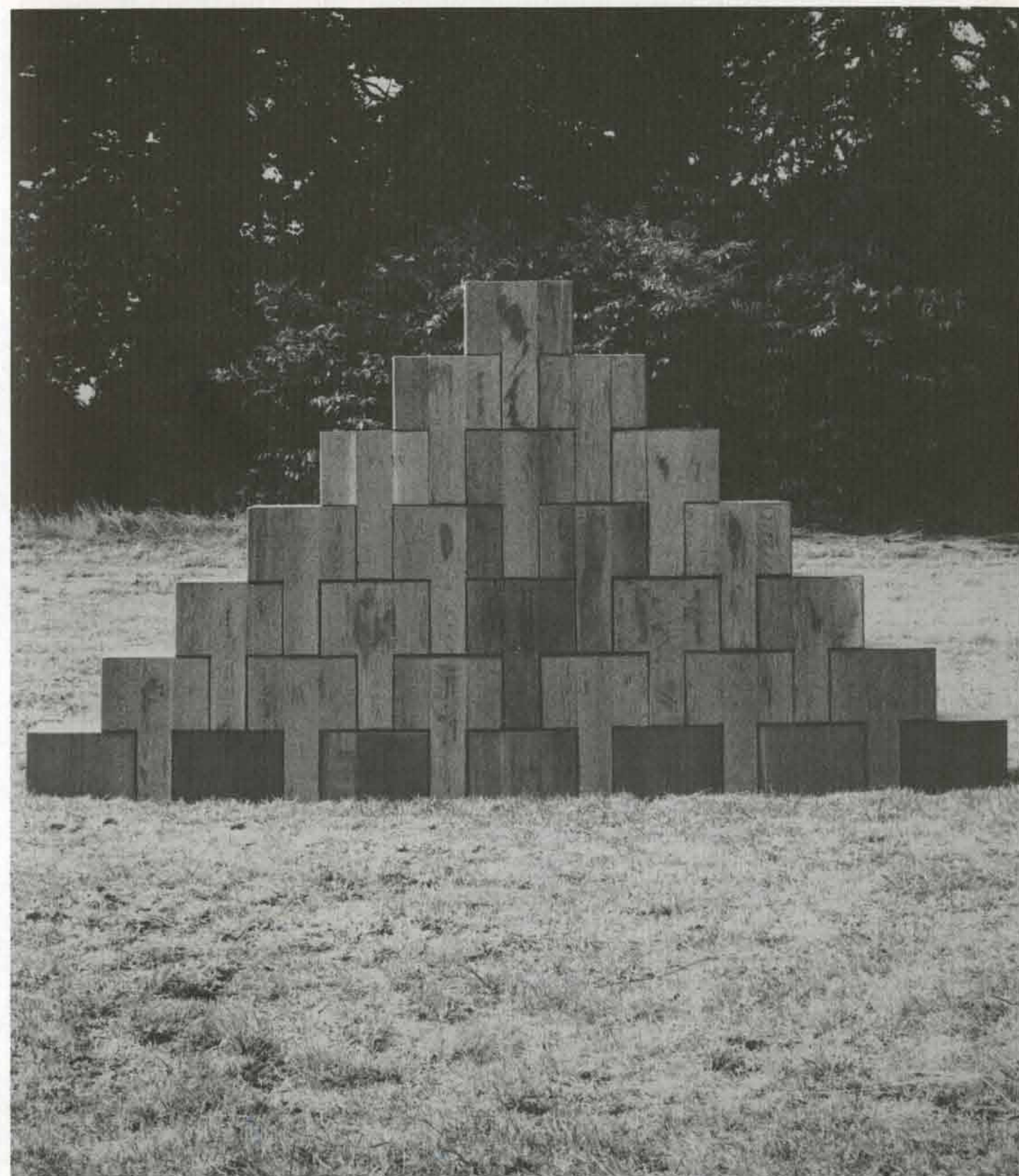
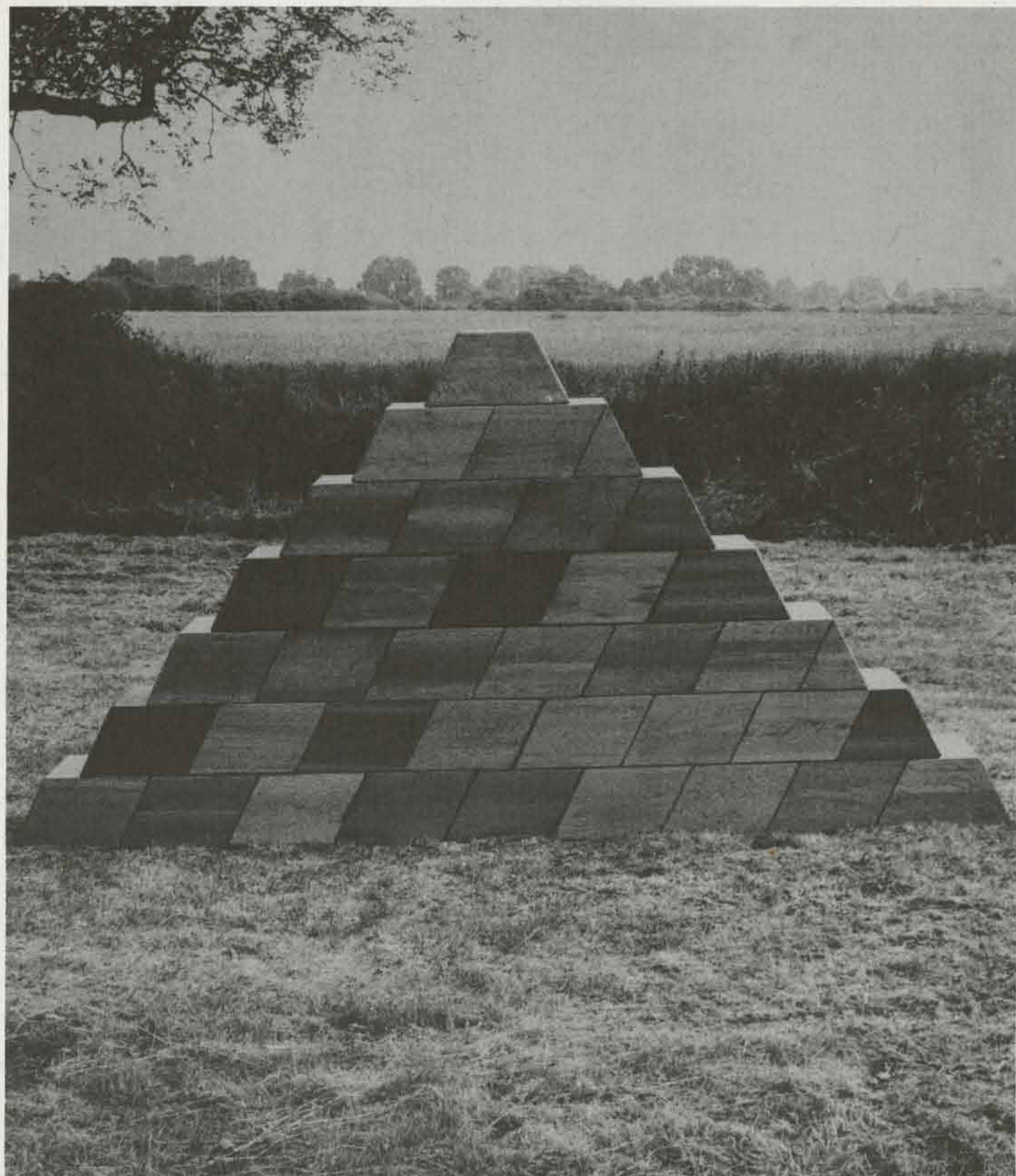


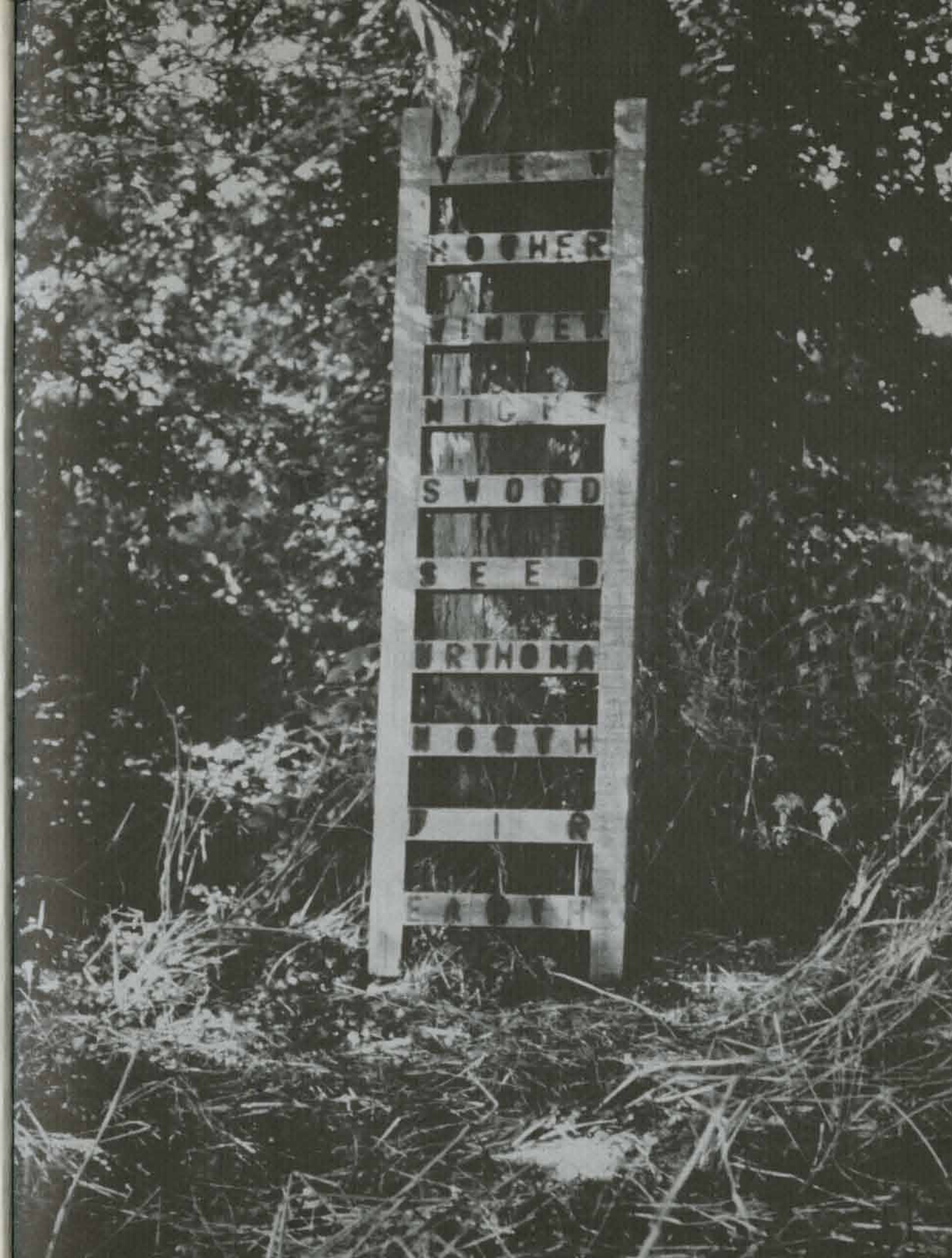
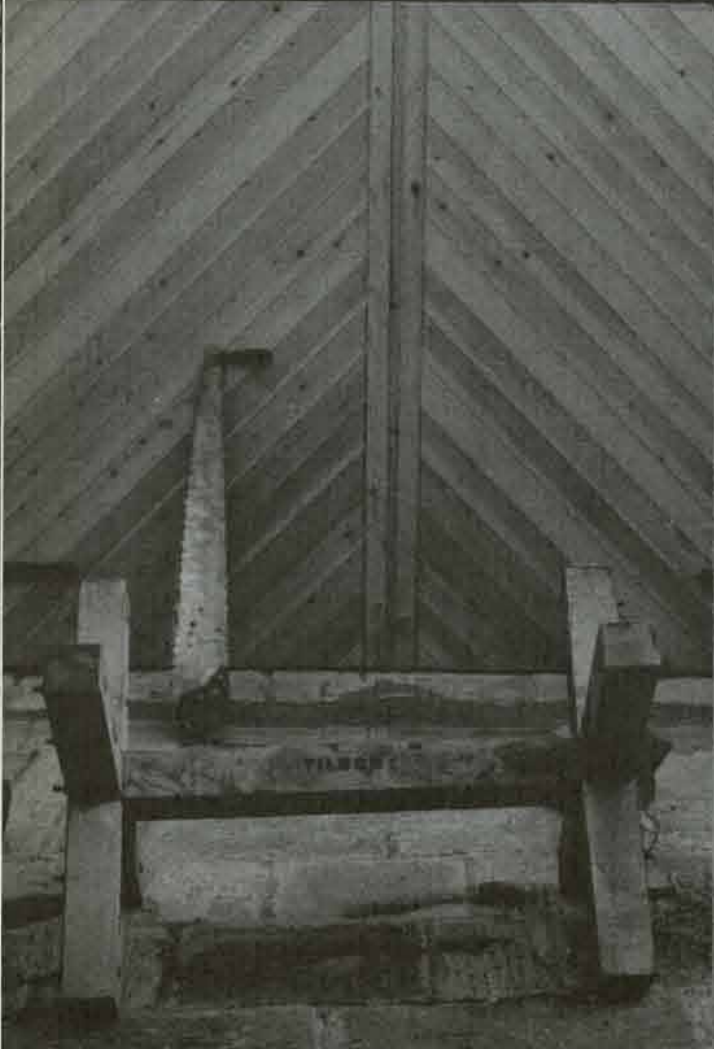
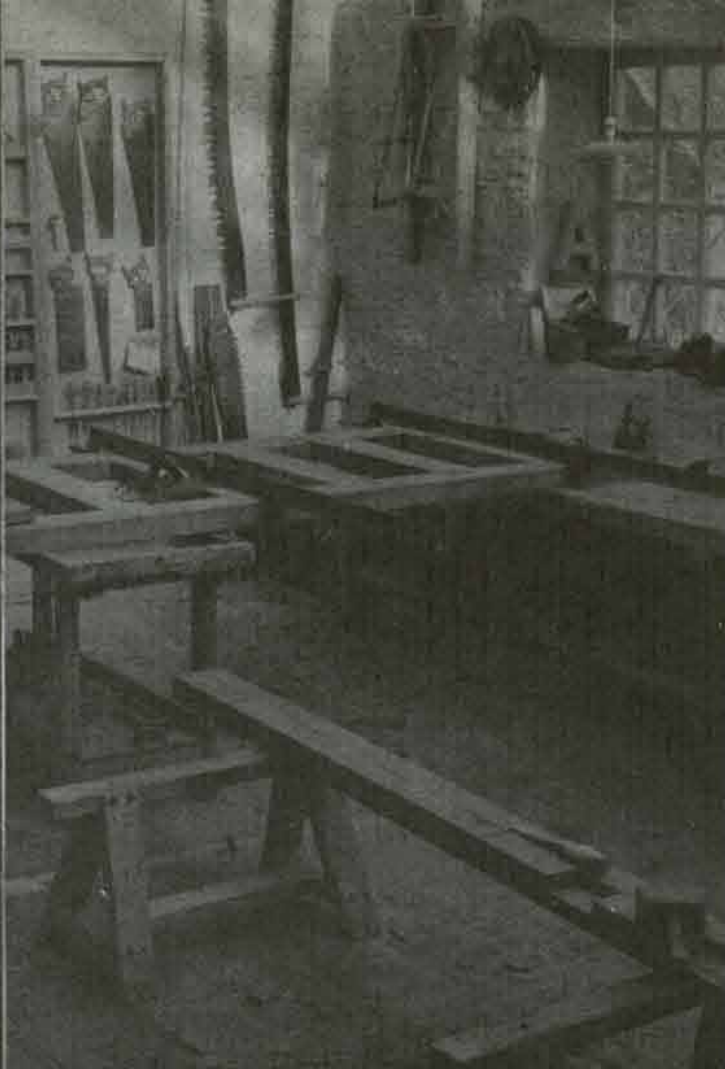
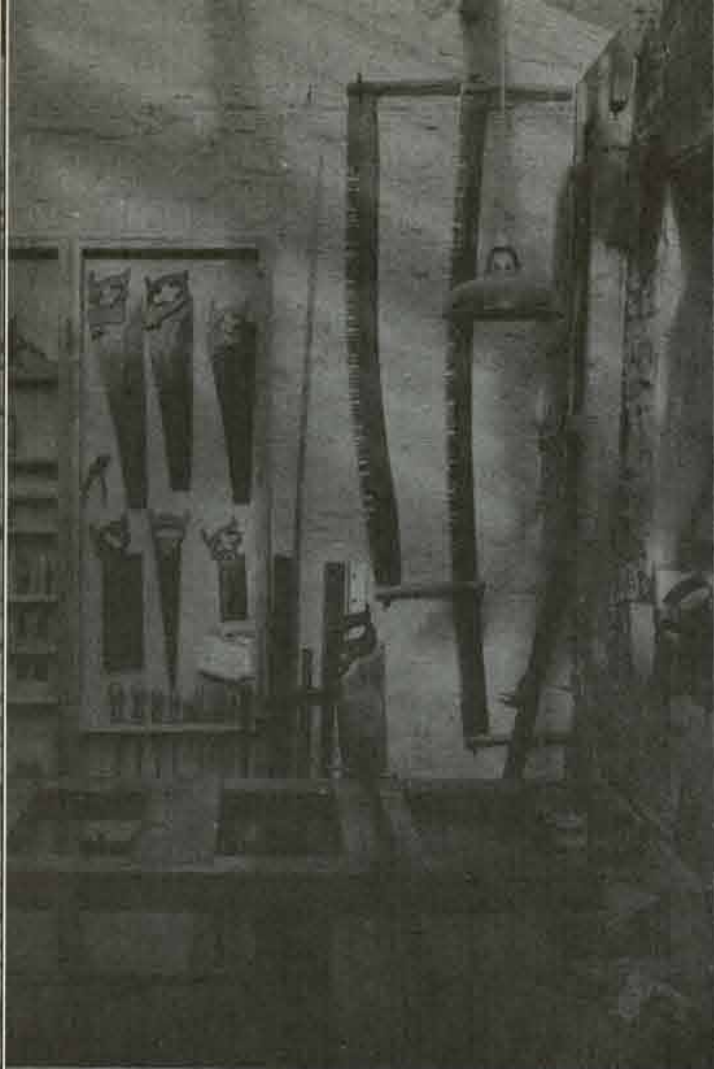
29 29A 30 30A 31 31A



32 32A 33 33A 34 34A









1 2A 3 4A 5 6A 7 8A 9 10A 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1

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286



280 280



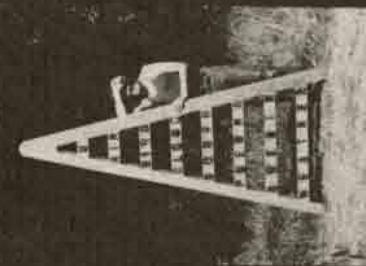
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11	118	12	128	13	138
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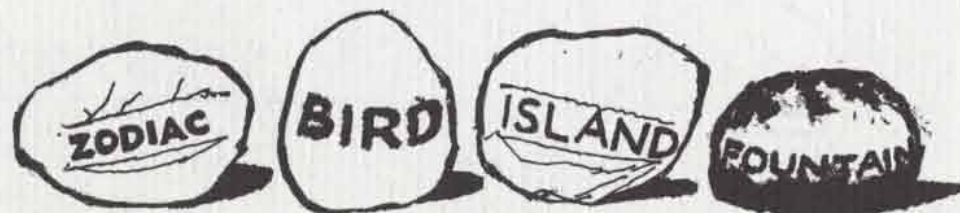
29 29A



30 304



SPHERE
ZODIAC
BEGGAR
ISLAND
CAVE
TOWER
SEA
FOUNTAIN
BIRD
STATUE



Stone & rocks with words —

SEED SEED SEED SEED

Broom Bast

Cleft Stick

Arrow Root

Tree run

Air jump

Groat Ring

Twine

Twirling Shaman

Death Lock

Grape

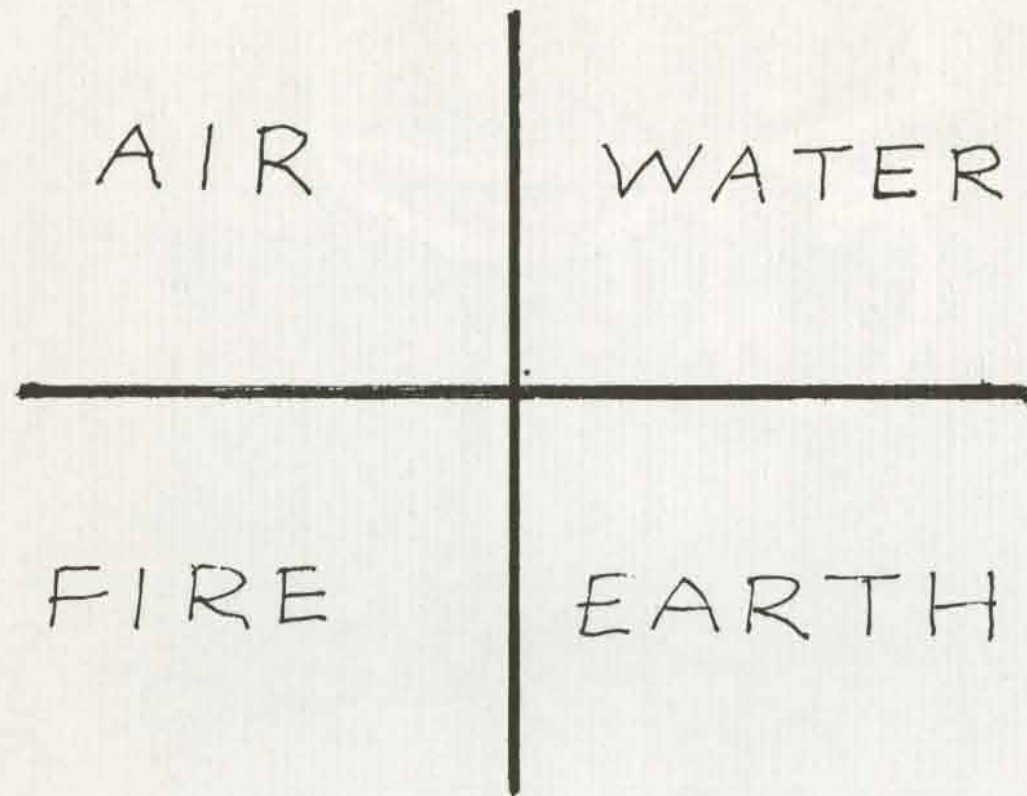
Goose Graywing

Shadow Line

Claws down in the deep barrow.

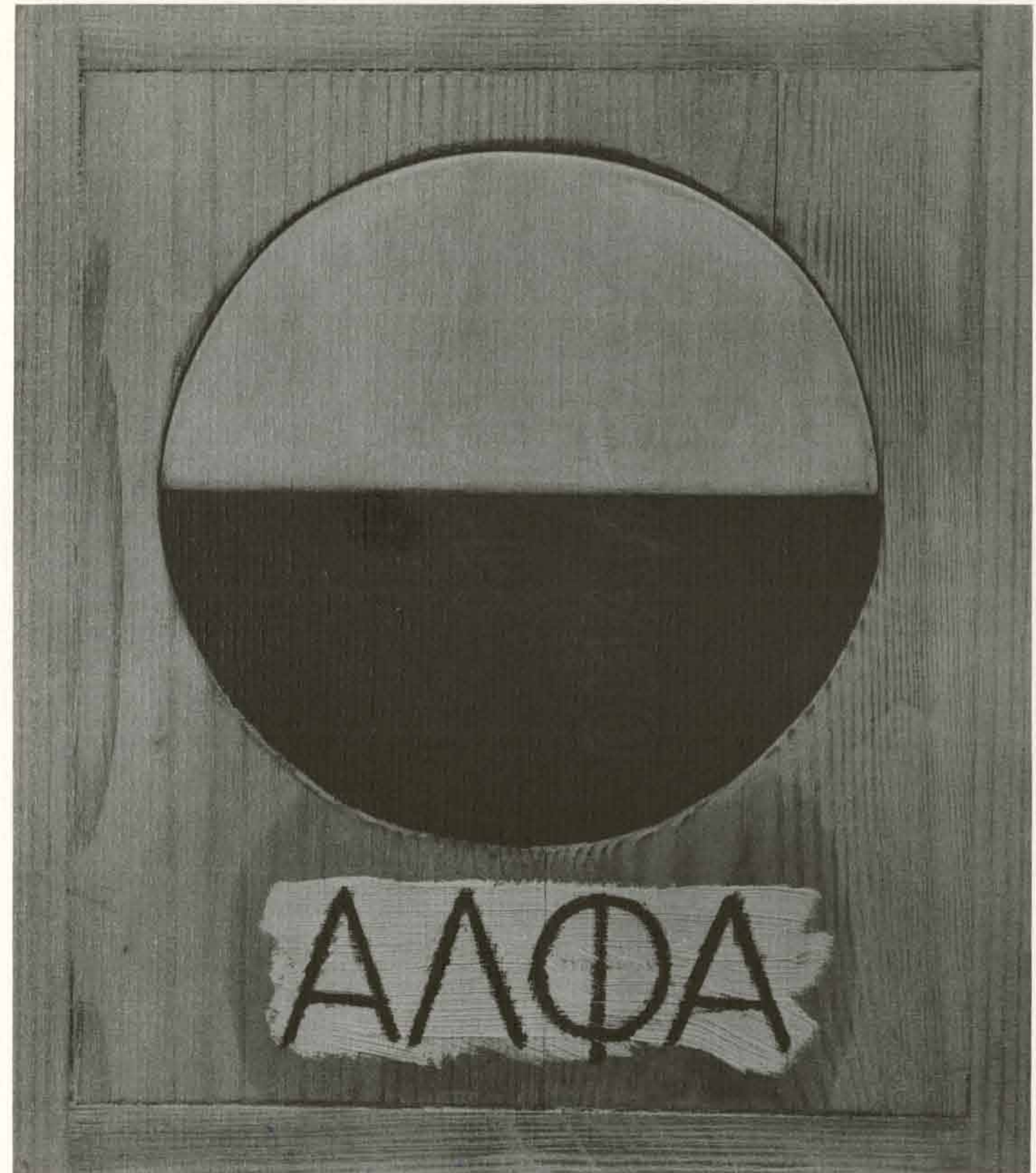
REEDING
RAYING
ROH
R

Having divided two pages of a notebook into four, and written:



a vast flood of information began to accrue around each of these categories.

I began to discover parallels with my work (Eggs, Ladders, Four Elements etc.) — principally with Joyce, Pound, Yeats, and Blake, and then from other sources that they led me to. From Joyce came references to Giordano Bruno and Giambattista Vico, circular theories of time — the Four Ages of man, the Four evangelists, the Cardinal Points, and the seasons. I redrew the diagram as a circle divided into four sections. From Pound came ideas on the Zodiac, Dante, and Organic Time. That is Organic, Cyclical time as measured by Sunrise, Sunset, the Lunar months and cosmic rhythms, the flow of time as we experience it: opposed to Linear Time measured off into discrete units by mechanical instruments — one way, irreversible, objective, and historical. As Pearlman points out 'Pound shows in the Cantos that only those men and societies governed by a reverence for organic time have the linear strength to resist the destructive efforts of those who live by mechanical time.' and also... 'Economics must be brought into harmony with the seasons, with the productive rhythms and capacities of chthonic nature and human nature both.'



11 22 11 **A** **1** **TIBETAN RED** 

Spring Morning Youth Ulster Golden Age Birth Childhood Phanes. Aurora Saturn.

Alpha **PISCES / ARIES / TAURUS.**

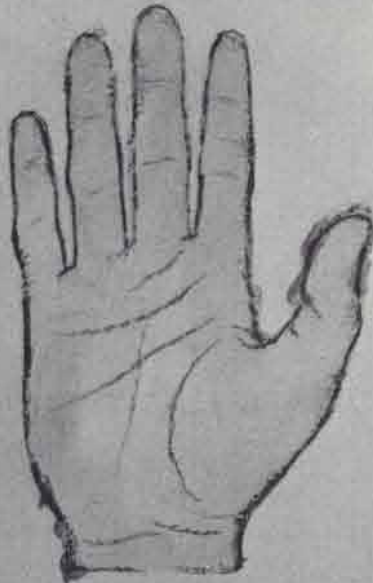
ZOA.1. LUVAH **EAST FIRE** 1

Master Matthew Gregory
 1, Northumbrian Rd.,
 Botherby North,
 ULSTER

Subtle Acute Moreable

Egg Straw Red Hand.

First Letter of Alphabet. EASTER USRÂ:DAWN



GREEN **2** **GEMINI / CANCER / LEO**

Summer Noon Adolescence Silver Marriage Youth Jove Juno (muse). Jupiter

ZOA.2. URIZEN

Eyes

SOUTH AIR 2

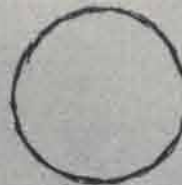
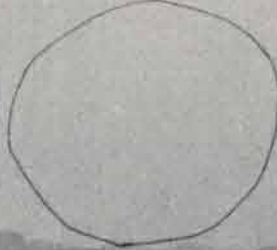
Sub Blunt Moreable

Roll of Black Felt with the words 'BLACK PATH' printed in white on it.

πνεῦμα

Mr Mark Lyons.
 Pours Court.
 Fivs Barrow Rd.,
 Soother. MUNSTER.



WHITE. 3  

ZOA.3. THARMAS.

Autumn Evening. manhood Lemster Copper/Bronze Death

WEST WATER 3

Dr Luke Tarpey.
 lives with Lilly Tekkles.
 at "THE EATS"
 Waddings Raide
 Lemster.

OX or calf WEST.

Dense/Blunt/Immoveable

Ocean Tethys (muse) Neptune. VIRGO / LIBRA / SCORPIO

mouth

 **STEEL HEART.**

Leaves - stones -

Winter Night Decay Connaught. Iron Rebirth old Age (ear) Pluto: Gnostic power. Proserpine: muse

4 **SAGITTARIUS / CAPRICORN / AQUARIUS**

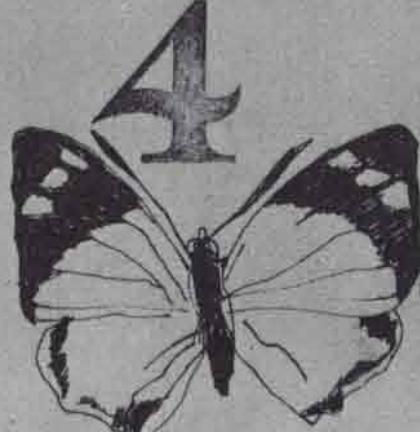
ZOA.4. URTHONA.

Dense Blunt Moreable.

NORTH EARTH 4

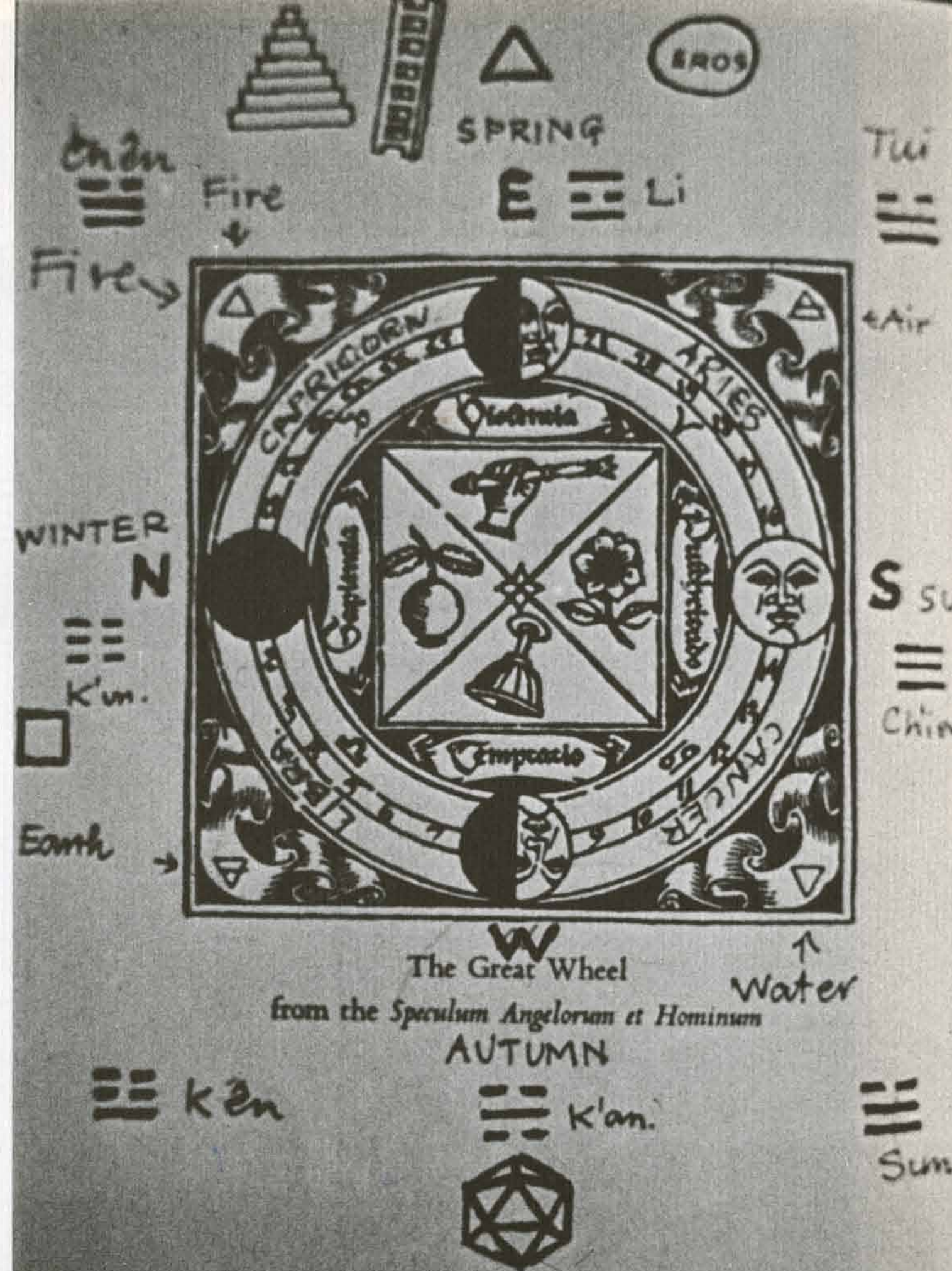
Capt John McDougal.
 99, Bower Moore Rd.,
 Bothermore. Connaught.

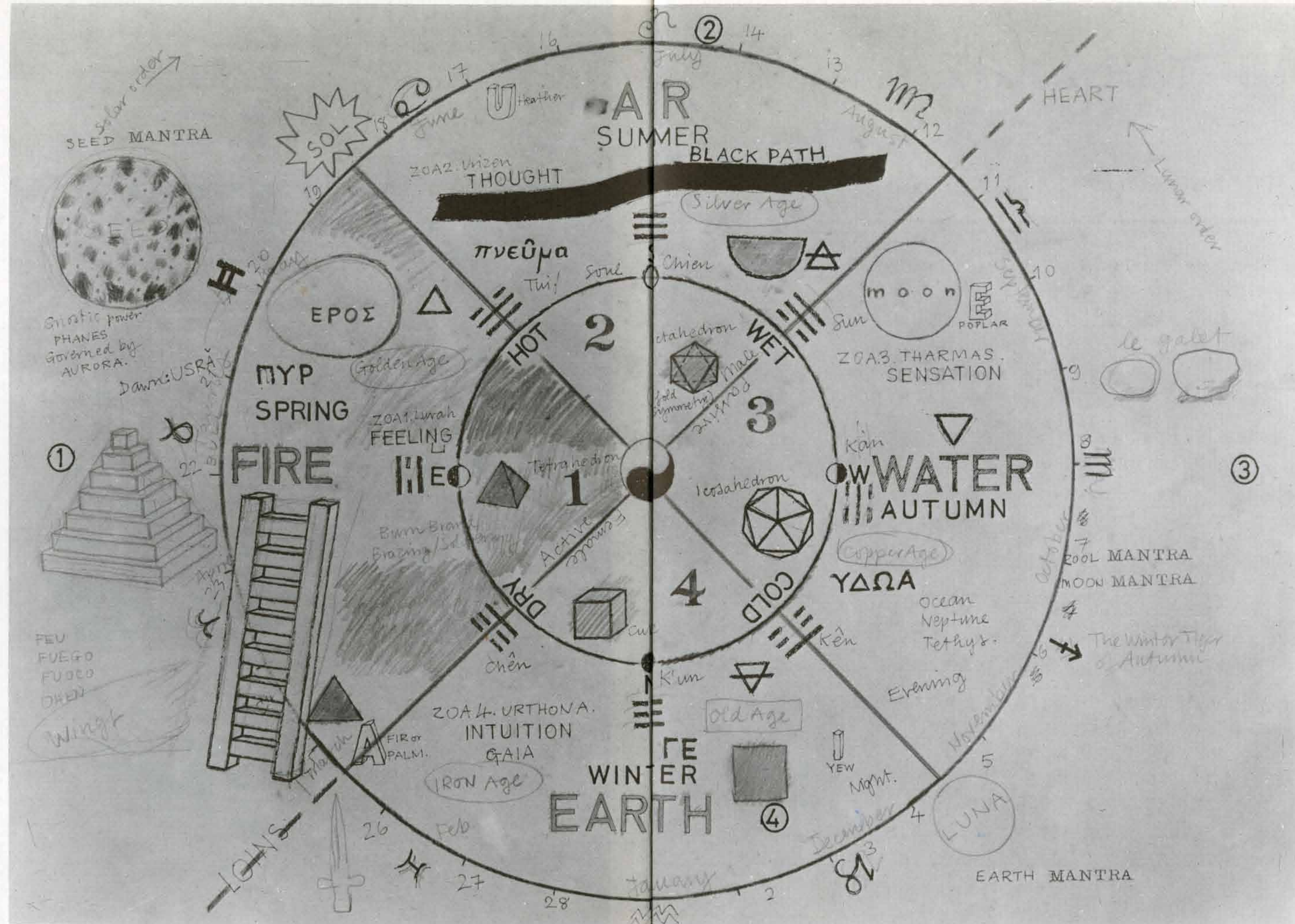
(rebirth)



In reading Yeats' 'A Vision' I found many connexions between my diagram and Yeats explanation of the gyres and the great wheel. A key phrase for me was the use to which this information should be put. When Yeats discovered his wife was writing, automatically he asked if he should give his life to explaining and piecing together the scattered sentences — the answer: 'No. We have come to give you metaphors for poetry' ... which is the spirit in which this investigation and these notes were made. Not for themselves but to give a deeper background to my work. What has emerged for me after this investigation is a greater involvement with cycles of nature and a Yantra imprinted on my mind. The sort of memory system that Yeats refers to in 'A Vision' ... 'Some will ask whether I believe in the actual existwne of my circuits of sun and moon. Those that include, now all recorded time in one circuit, now what Blake called "the pulsation of an artery"' are plainly symbolical, but what of those that fixed, like a butterfly on a pin, to our central date, the first day of our Era, divide actual history into periods of equal length? To such a question I can but answer that if sometimes, overwhelmed by miracle as all men must be when in the midst of it, I have taken such periods literally, my reasons has soon recovered; and that the system stands out clearly in my imagination I regard them as stylistic arrangements of experience comparable to the cubes in the drawing of Wyndham Lewis and to the ovoids in the sculpture of Brancusi. They have helped me to hold in a single thought reality and justice.'

This idea of complexity being held in a single thought is behind the memory systems of the Greeks revived by Giordano Bruno. The circle in the square is an image I have used for many years, but it was not until I studied the Neoplatonic and Hermetic books that I realised fully the use of the circle as a mnemonic device and a structure in art and thought, and *the importance of the idea of a memory system geared to the universe.*





madame **ΥΛΗ/ΧΑΟΣ**/Anima Mundi

All material is lying quietly awaiting :-

TRANSFORMATION	REDEMPTION
Metamorphosis	The Sacred Act

...as Michelangelo saw the sculpture contained in the living rock.

... 'The uncarved block is wiser than the tablet incised by the Duke'. (Lao Tse)

... as at Paros when the stonebreakers split a single block of marble and a likeness of Silenus was found inside.

(Pliny. XXXVI. 14.)

ANIMA MUNDI/captive in Matter/**ΥΛΗ**

...the Alchemists projected onto matter the initiatory function of suffering.

(Eliade. 'The Forge & the Crucible').

'The divine soul imprisoned in the Elements' whom it is the task of alchemy to redeem.

When silence blooms in the house, all the paraphernalia of our existence shed the twitterings of value and reappear as heraldic devices.

(Robert Duncan. 'At Home'.)

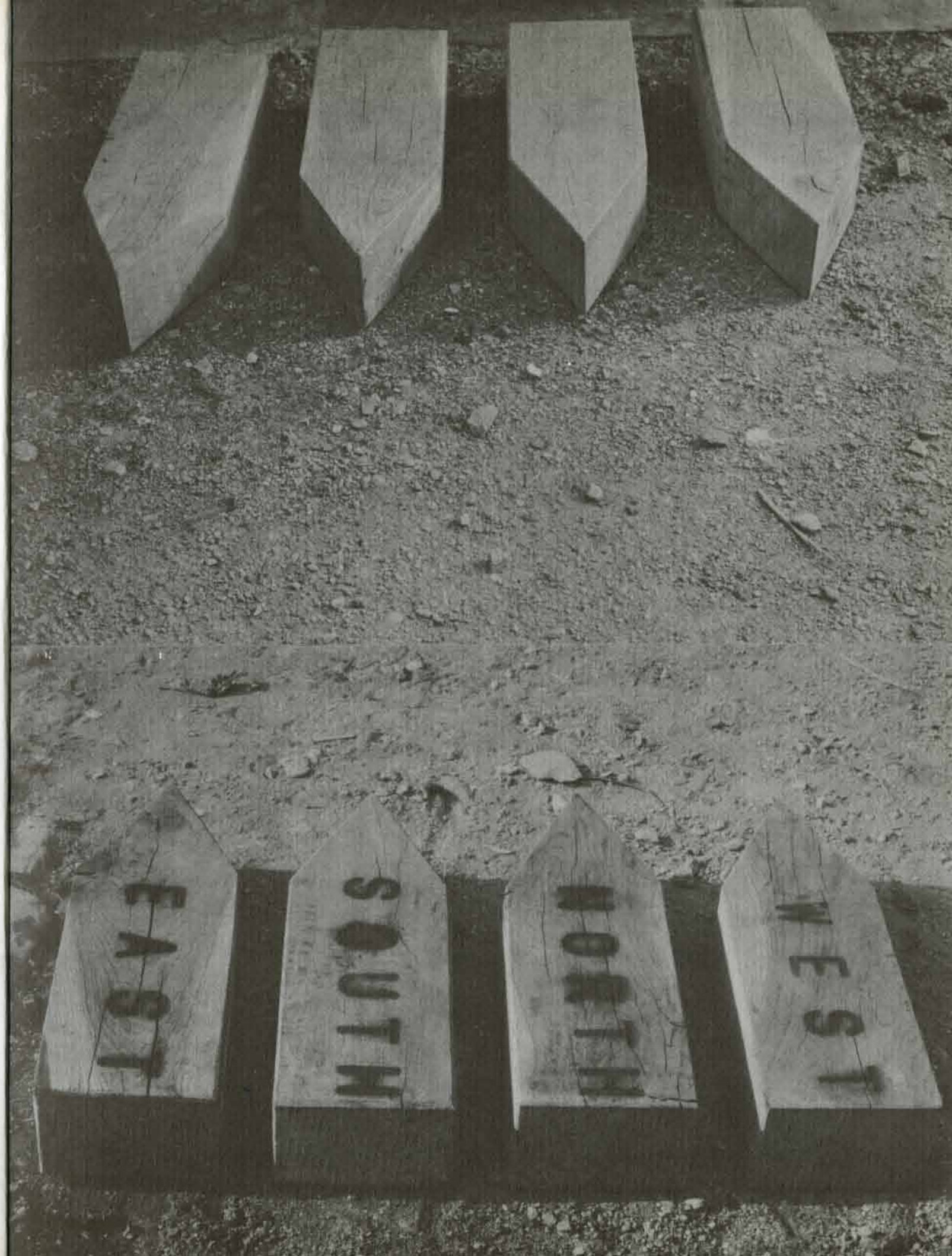


The Alchera structures is only bones, and even the arrangement of bones has emerged very slowly from images I had already been working with — and its clothing with flesh, and its life, are my actions over the last two years ending in the drawings, prints, boxes, sculptures, reliefs, and paintings. From Blake came references to Jakob Boehme, and the Orphic writings and I went on to collect ideas from Shamanism, Tantric Buddhism, American Indian Myths, early Chinese thought, Christian Rosenkreutz, and Alchemy, or rather the recent re-evaluation of the spiritual meaning of Alchemy by Jung and Eliade as opposed to viewing it as proto chemistry. I also found relevant thoughts in Valery and Rilke; particularly Rilke's concept of Poetry as naming, and the concept of

the ORPHIC VOICE that speaks through the poet

Rilke says in writing of the 'Sonnets of Orpheus' that... 'the fact that they suddenly, without my willing it, arose in connexion with a girl who died young, removes them still further towards the fountain of their origin; this connexion is one more relation towards the centre of that realm whose depth and influence we, everywhere unbounded as we are, share with the dead and those yet to come... Nature, the things we associate with and use, are provisional and perishable; but so long as we are here they are our possession and our friendship; sharers in our trouble and gladness, just as they have been the confidants of our ancestors. Therefore, not only must all that is here not be vilified or degraded, but, just because of that very provisionality they share with us, all these appearances and things should be, in the most fervent sense, comprehended by us and transformed. Transformed? Yes, for our task is to stamp this provisional perishing earth into ourselves so deeply, so painfully and passionately, that its being may rise again, invisibly in us. We are the bees of the invisible.

Nous butinon éperdument le miel du visible, pour l'accumuler dans la grande ruche d'or de l'Invisible.
(Rilke)



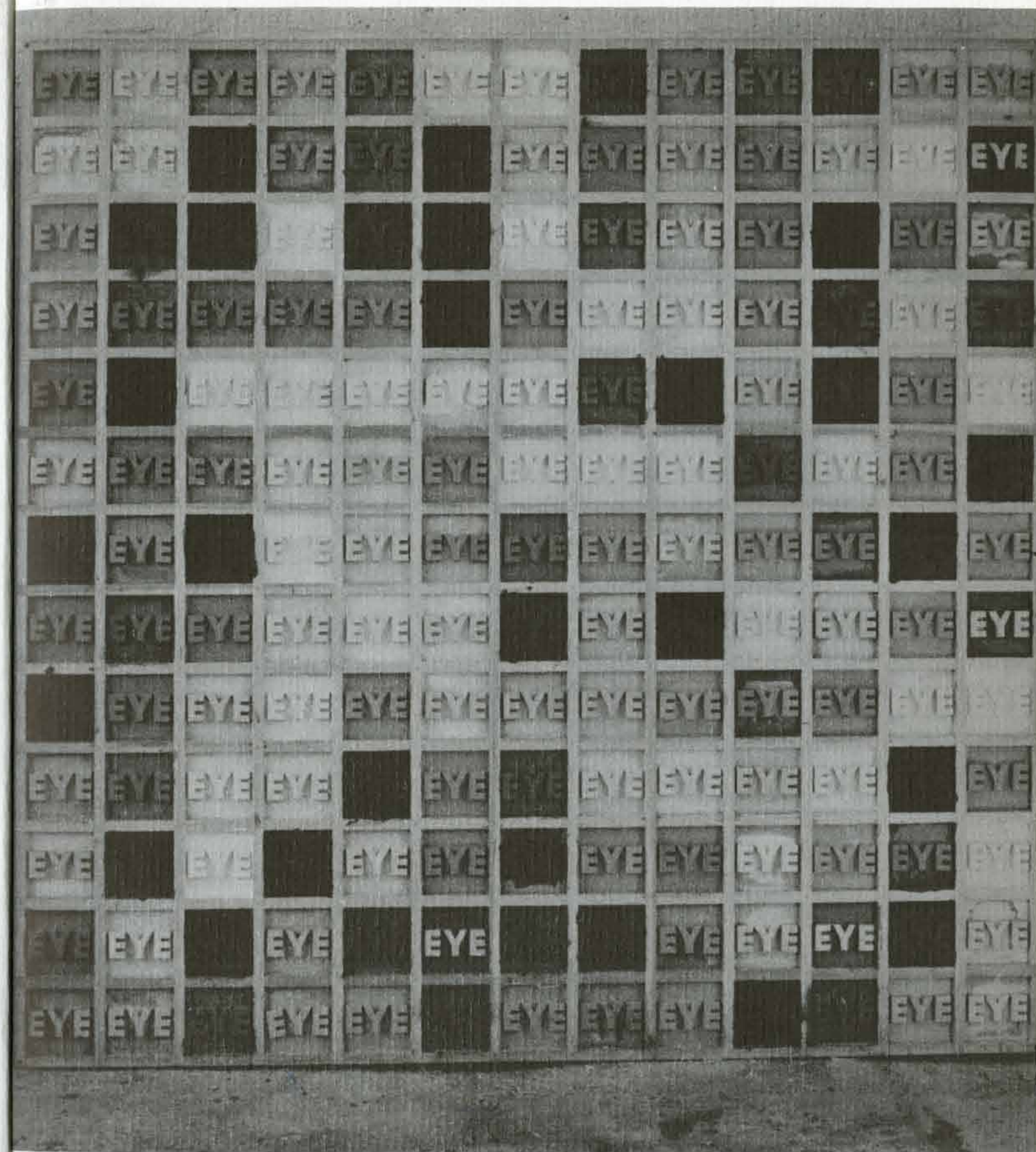
All that is visible clings to the invisible,
The audible to the inaudible
The tangible to the intangible
perhaps the thinkable to the unthinkable
(Novalis)

Ορφεύς / Veda Vyâsa
(veda arranger)

... inventing nothing, handing on

This view of nature... and the view of the poet as the instrument through which the orphic voice speaks or sings — have parallels in Tibetan and Indian mysticism.

... The forms of divine life in the universe and in nature break forth from the seer as vision, from the singer as sound, and are there in the spell of vision and sound, pure and undisguised. Their existence is the characteristic of the priestly power of the seer-poet. What sounds from his mouth is not the ordinary word, of which speech is composed. It is Mantra.
(Zimmer.)



'EYE MANTRA'.

1	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
2	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
3	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
4	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
5	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
6	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
7	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
8	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
9	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
10	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
11	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
12	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
13	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
14	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
15	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
16	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
17	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
18	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
19	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
20	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
21	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
22	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
23	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
24	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
25	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
26	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
27	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
28	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER
29	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER	TOWER

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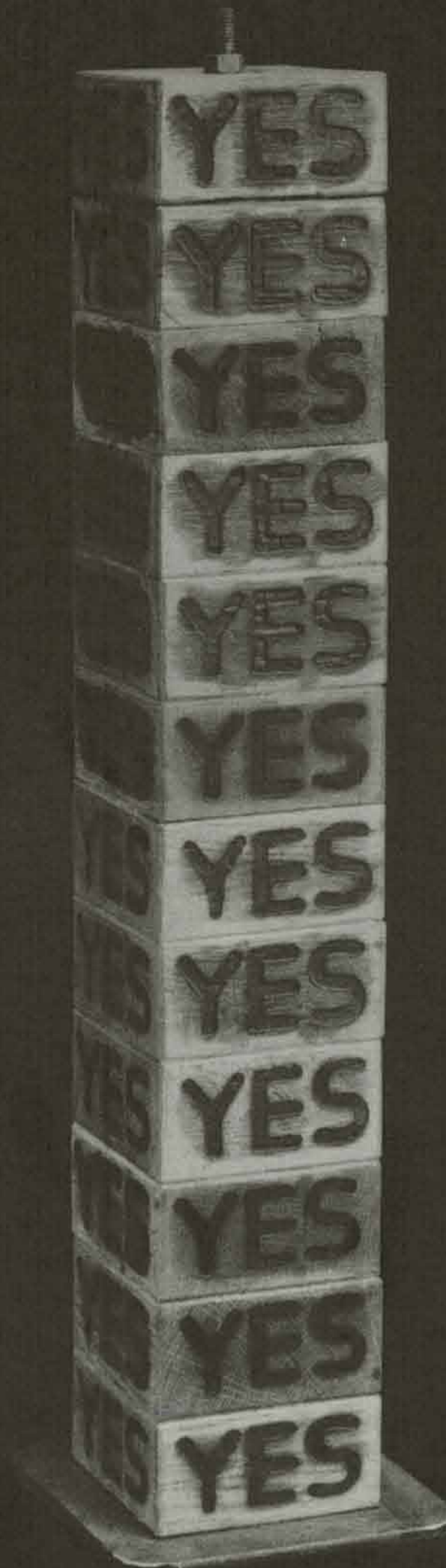
1970 

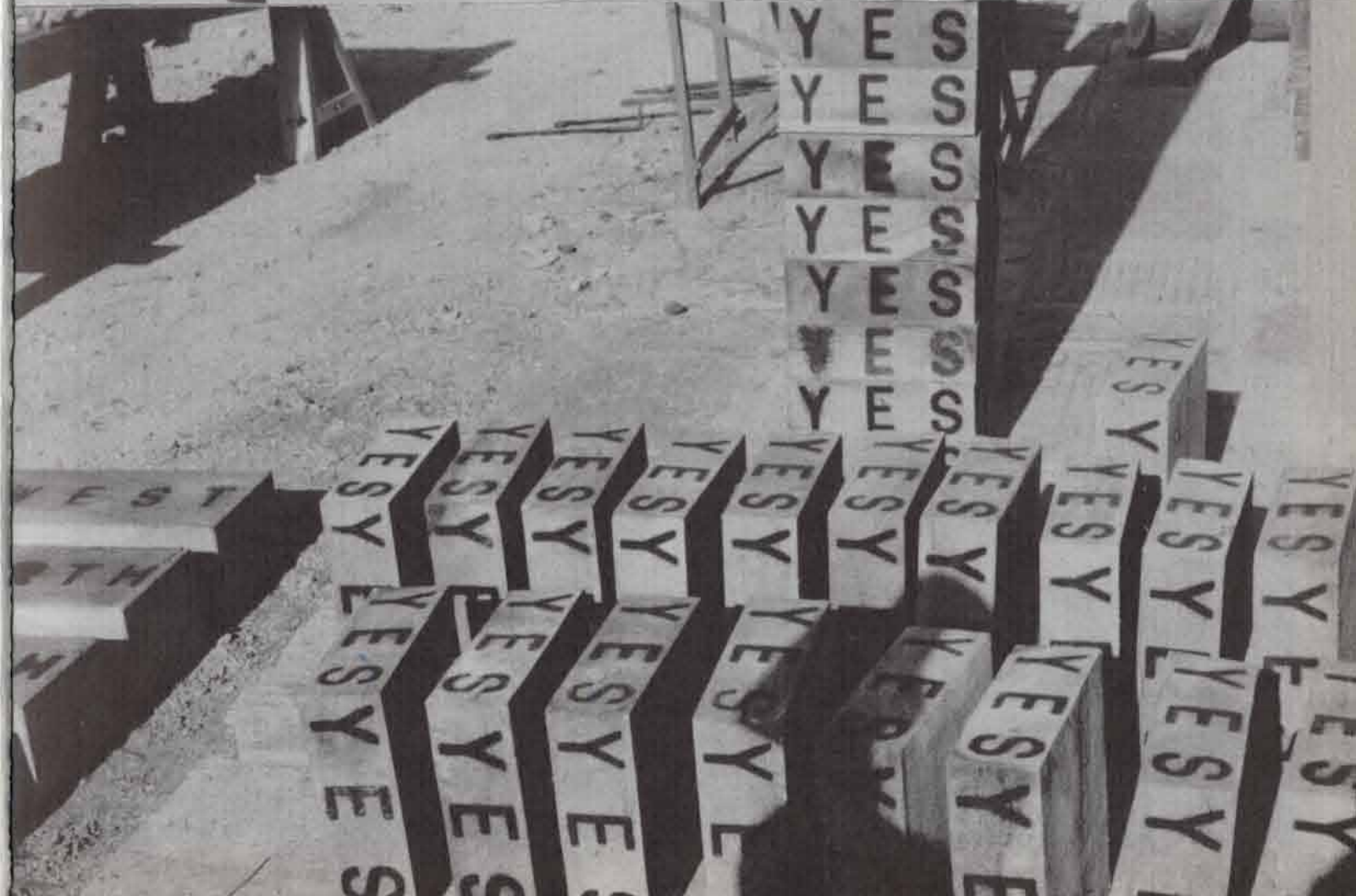
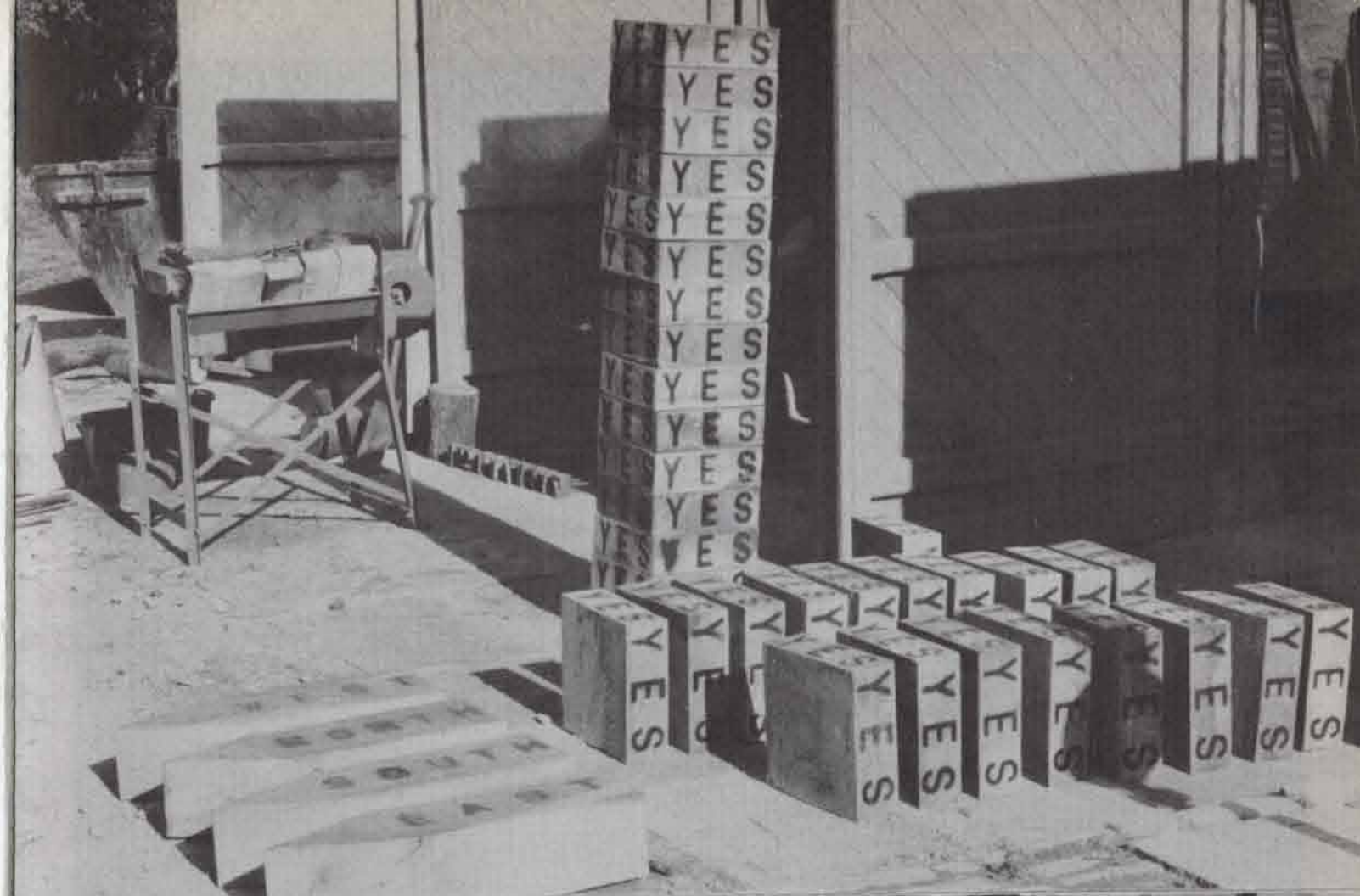
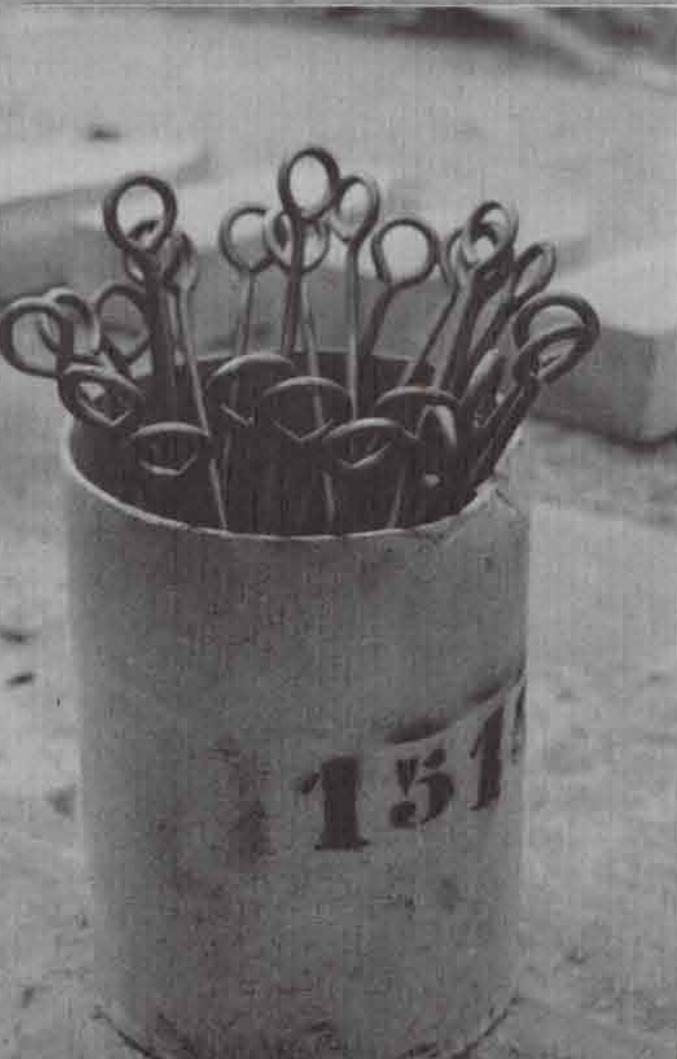
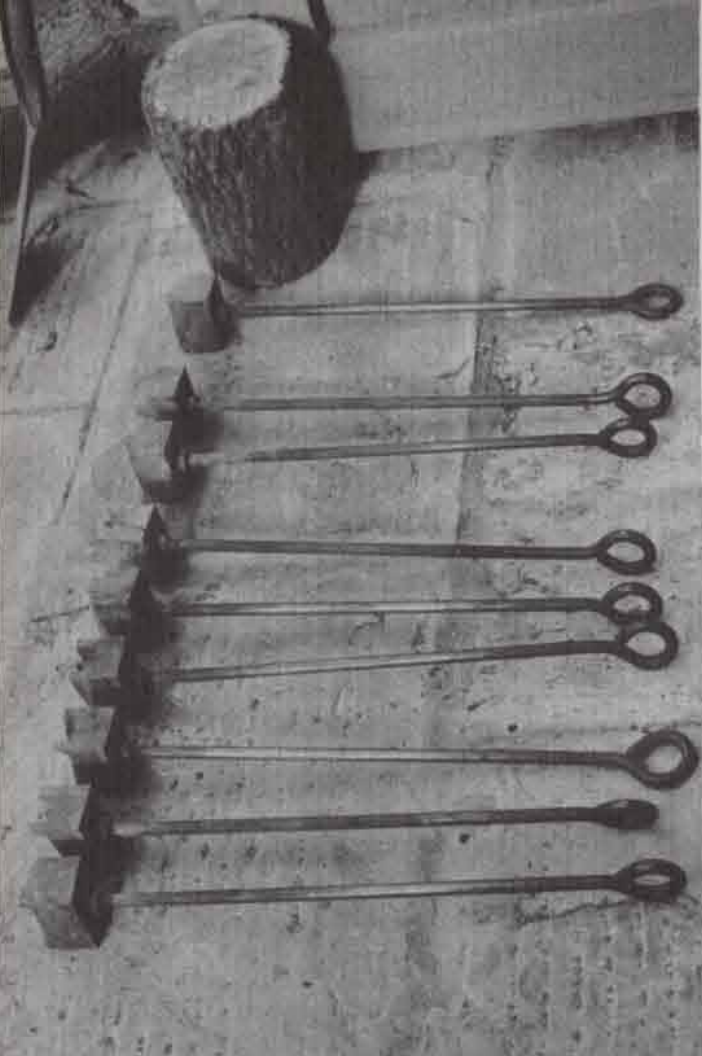
TOWER MANTRA

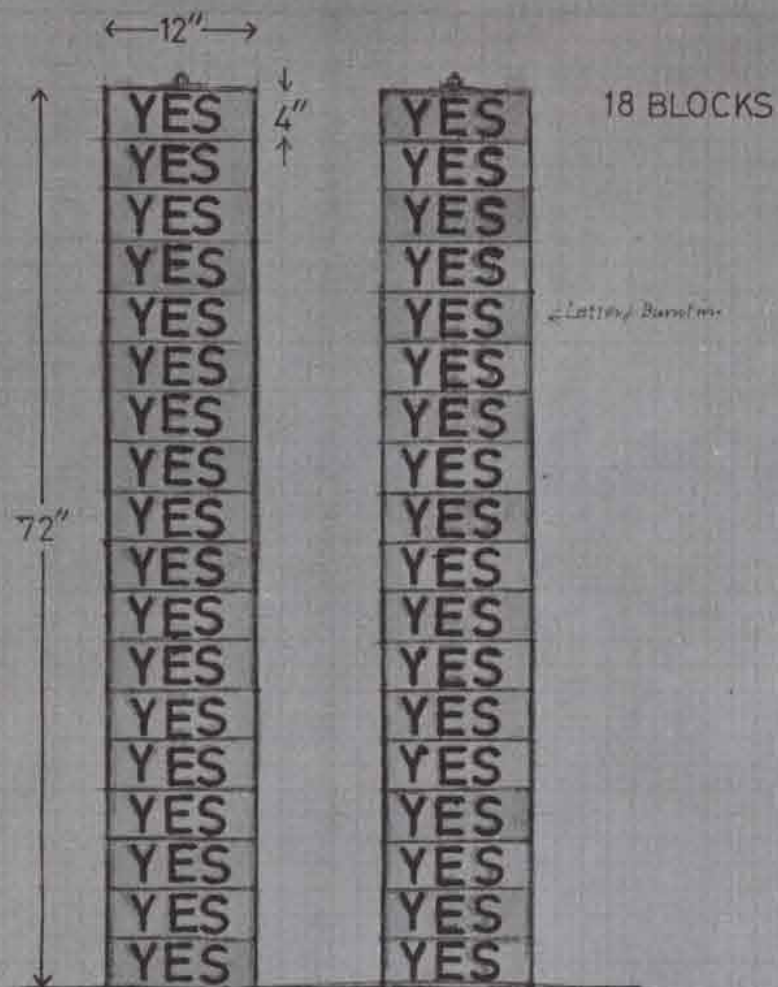
The TULSA 1970

[illegible]

Vedanta meditation uses Yantra, Mantra, and the cult-image (Pratima). YANTRA is a diagram for meditation — MANTRA is the verbal form — and the cult-image is the aesthetic form. They are instruments of transformation... the image or work of art is meaningless except as a means to an end; that end is the attainment of an interior experience. (Yantras are often drawn on paper or sand, and then thrown away or rubbed out.

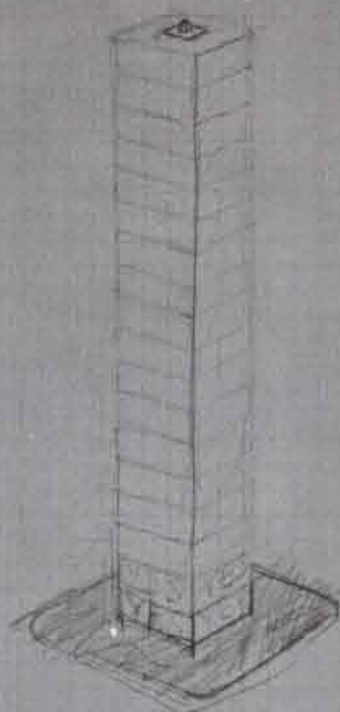






18 BLOCKS

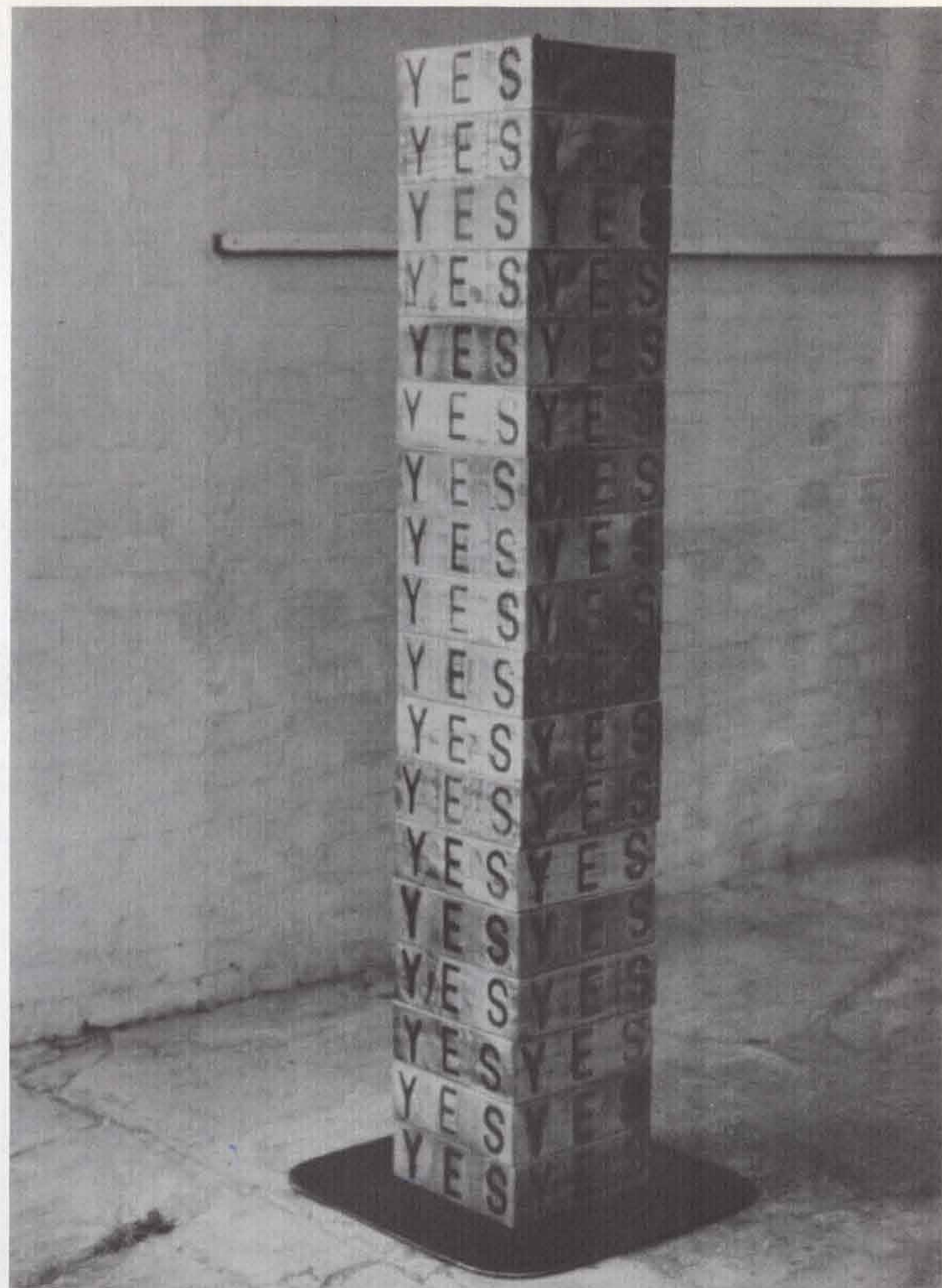
Letter Block



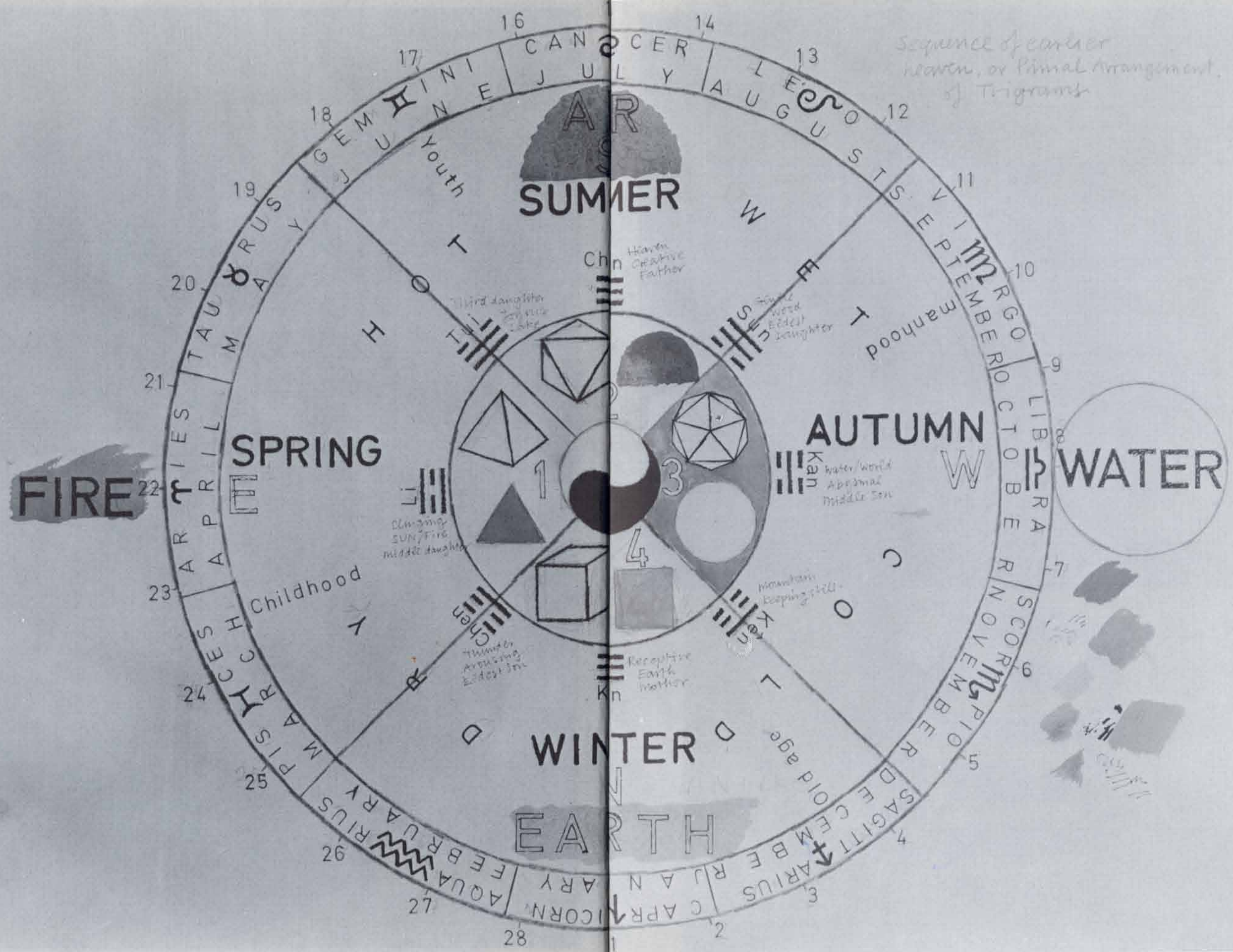
JOE TILSON
1970

STELE FOR
JAMES JOYCE

Joe Tilson - 1970



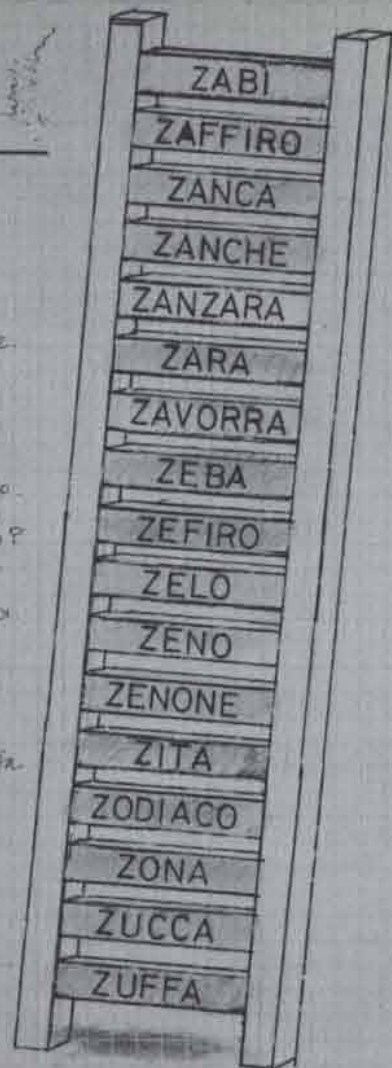
Sequence of earlier
heaven, or Pinnal Arrangement
of Trigrams



Z

ZABI
ZAFFIRO
ZANCA
ZANCHE
ZANZARA
ZARA
ZAVORRA
ZEBBA
ZEFIRO
ZELO
ZENO
ZENONE
ZITA
ZODIACO
ZONA
ZUCCA
ZUFFA

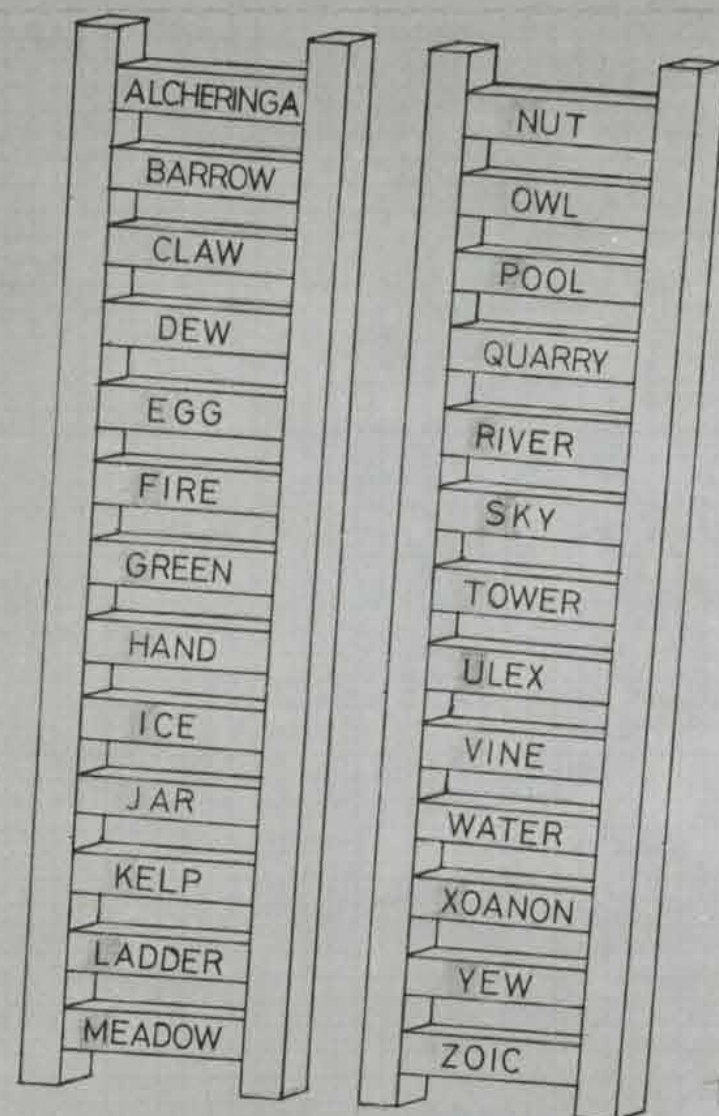
Raphel May Amich zabi almi.
Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro
onde si coronava il bel zaffiro.
di quel che si piangeva con la zanca
volse la testa ov'elli aven le zanche.
usa con esso donna Michel Zanche
non era giunto ancora in quel Zanche
come la mosca ode a la zanzara.
Quando si parte il gico de la zara
Cos' vid'io la settima zavorra
mei forte state qui peccare o zebba!
Zefiro dolce le novelle fronde
nel suo aspetto, di quel dritto zelo
per l'aere humido, onde buon zelo
e ciò che ci si fa vien da buon zelo?
Io fui abate in San Zeno a Verona.
Empedocles, Eracito, e Zenone
ecco un de li anziani di Santa Zita
tavedenti il zodiaco rubacchio
si che ritenga il filete fa la zona
fanno de l'orizzante insieme zona
Ed allor luttuosi la zucca
Ha tolo loro, e portò a questa zuffa
che con li occhi e col naso facea zuffa
che quei campasse per aver la zuffa.



JOE THORN
1970
DANTE WORD LADDER

Joe Thorn - 1970

ZABI
ZAFFIRO
ZANCA
ZANCHE
ZANZARA
ZARA
ZAVORRA
ZEBBA
ZEFIRO
ZELO
ZENO
ZENONE
ZITA
ZODIACO
ZONA
ZUCCA
ZUFFA

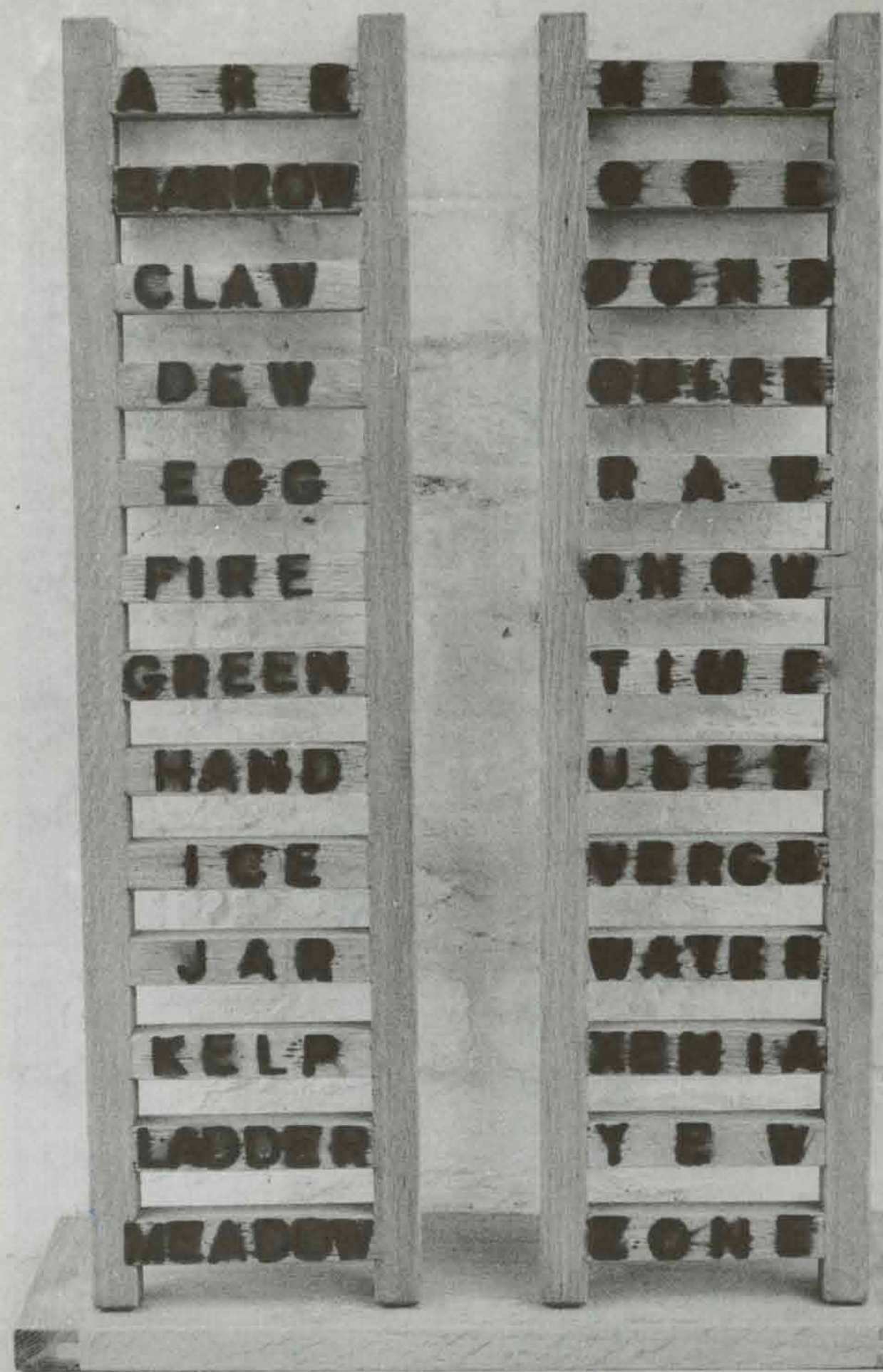


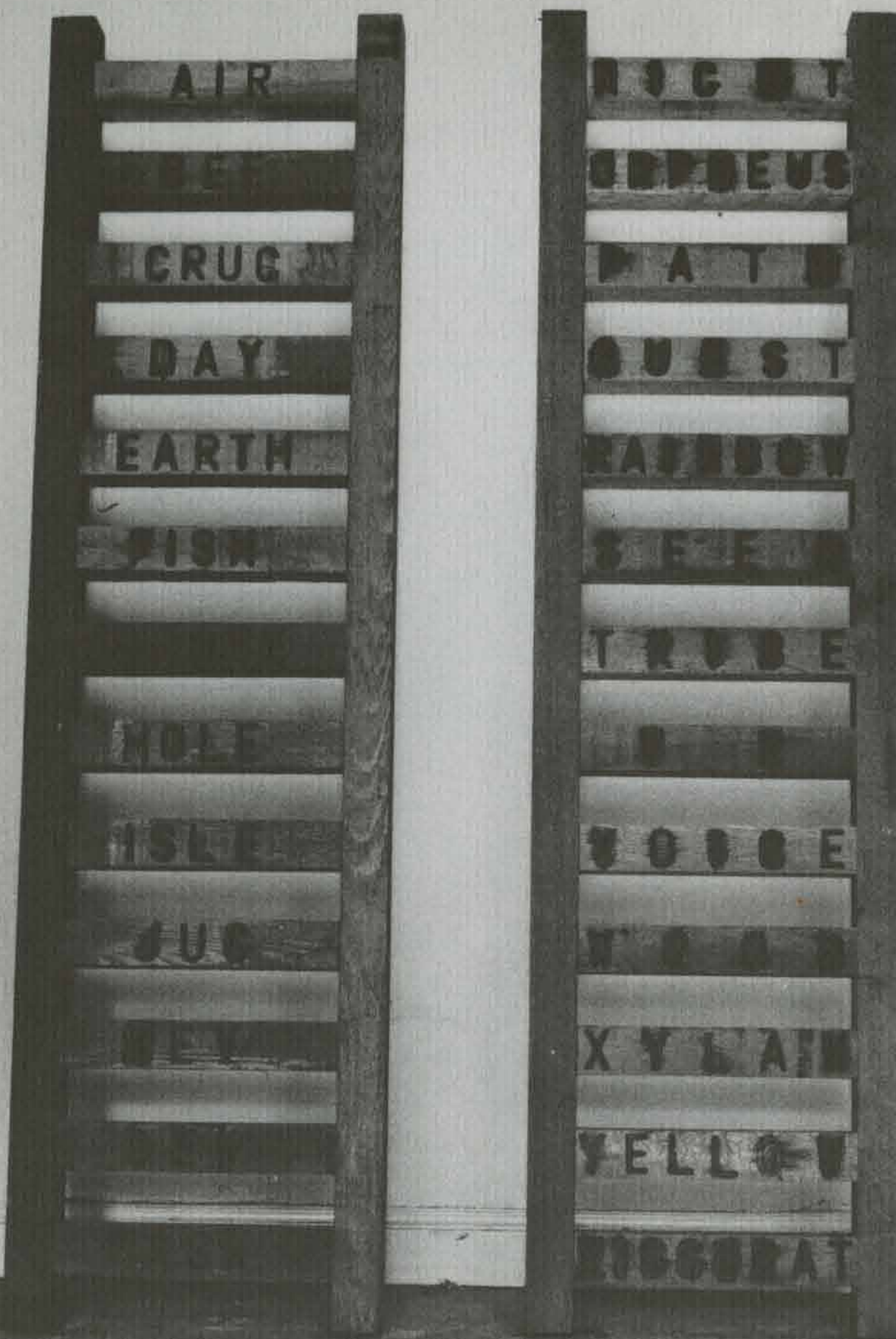
A	N
B	O
C	P
D	Q
E	R
F	S
G	T
H	U
I	V
J	W
K	X
L	Y
M	Z

Handwritten signature
1971

A PAIR OF
ALPHABET
LADDERS

Handwritten: TUGBOCK 1971





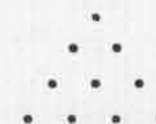
THE TREE ALPHABET (2)

The vowels of the Beth-Luis-Nion make a complementary seasonal sequence, and like the vowels of the Boibel-Loth represent stations in the year. I take them to be the trees particularly sacred to the White Goddess, who presided over the year and to whom the number five was sacred; for Gwion in his poem *Kadeir Taliesin* ('The Chair of Taliesin'), which was the chair that he claimed as Chief Poet of Wales after his confounding of Heinin and the other bards, describes the Cauldron of Inspiration, Cerridwen's cauldron, as:

Sweet cauldron of the Five Trees.¹

In Crete, Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean in general sacred trees are formalised as pillars; so these five trees may be the same as the five pillars with vertical and spiral flutings which a man is shown adoring in a Mycenaean cylinder seal.² In the newly-discovered Gnostic *Gospel of*

¹ It is likely that Gwion was also aware of the value given to the number Five by the Pythagoreans and their successors. The Pythagoreans swore their oaths on the 'holy tetractys', a figure consisting of ten dots arranged in a pyramid, thus:



The top dot represented position; the two dots below, extension; the three dots below those, surface; the four dots at the bottom, three-dimensional space. The pyramid, the most ancient emblem of the Triple Goddess, was philosophically interpreted as Beginning, Prime and End; and the central dot of this figure makes a five with each of the four dots of the sides. Five represented the colour and variety which nature gives to three-dimensional space, and which are apprehended by the five senses, technically called 'the wood'—a quincunx of five trees; this coloured various world was held to be formed by five elements—earth, air, fire, water and the quintessence or soul; and these elements in turn corresponded with seasons. Symbolic values were also given to the numerals from 6 to 10, which was the number of perfection. The tetractys could be interpreted in many other ways: for instance, as the three points of the triangle enclosing a hexagon of dots—six being the number of life—with a central dot increasing this to seven, technically known as 'Athene', the number of intelligence, health and light.

The Beth-Luis-Nion Tree Alphabet

THE TREE ALPHABET (I)

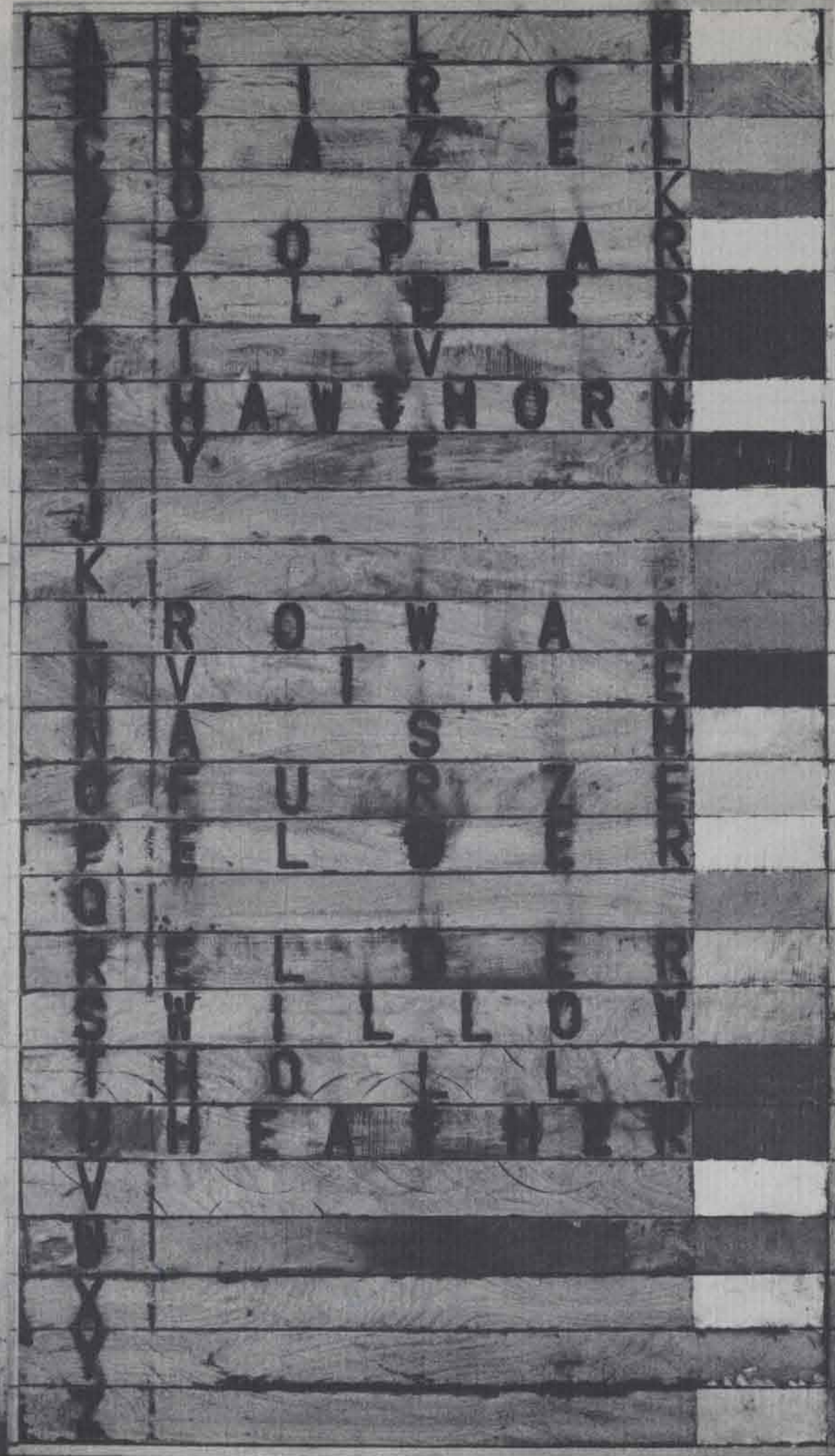
I first found the Beth-Luis-Nion tree-alphabet in Roderick O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*; he presents it, with the Boibel-Loth, as a genuine relic of Druidism orally transmitted down the centuries. It is said to have been latterly used for divination only and consists of five vowels and thirteen consonants. Each letter is named after the tree or shrub of which it is the initial:

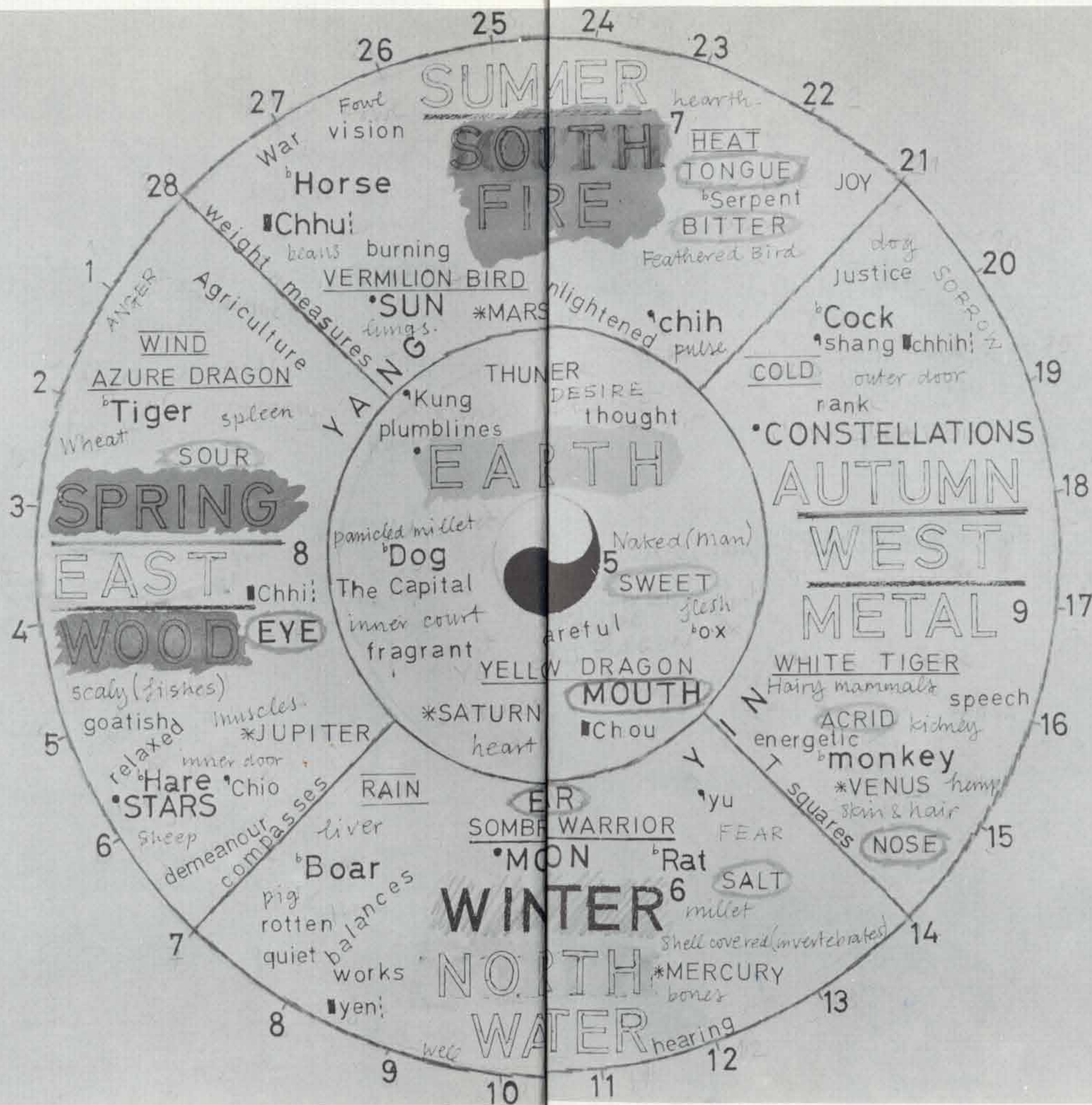
Beth	B	Birch
Luis	L	Rowan
Nion	N	Ash
Fearn	F	Alder
Saille	S	Willow
Uath	H	Hawthorn
Duir	D	Oak
Tinne	T	Holly
Coll	C	Hazel
Muin	M	Vine
Gort	G	Ivy
Pethboc	P	Dwarf Elder
Ruis	R	Elder
Ailm	A	Silver Fir
Onn	O	Furze
Ur	U	Heather
Eadha	E	White Poplar
Idho	I	Yew

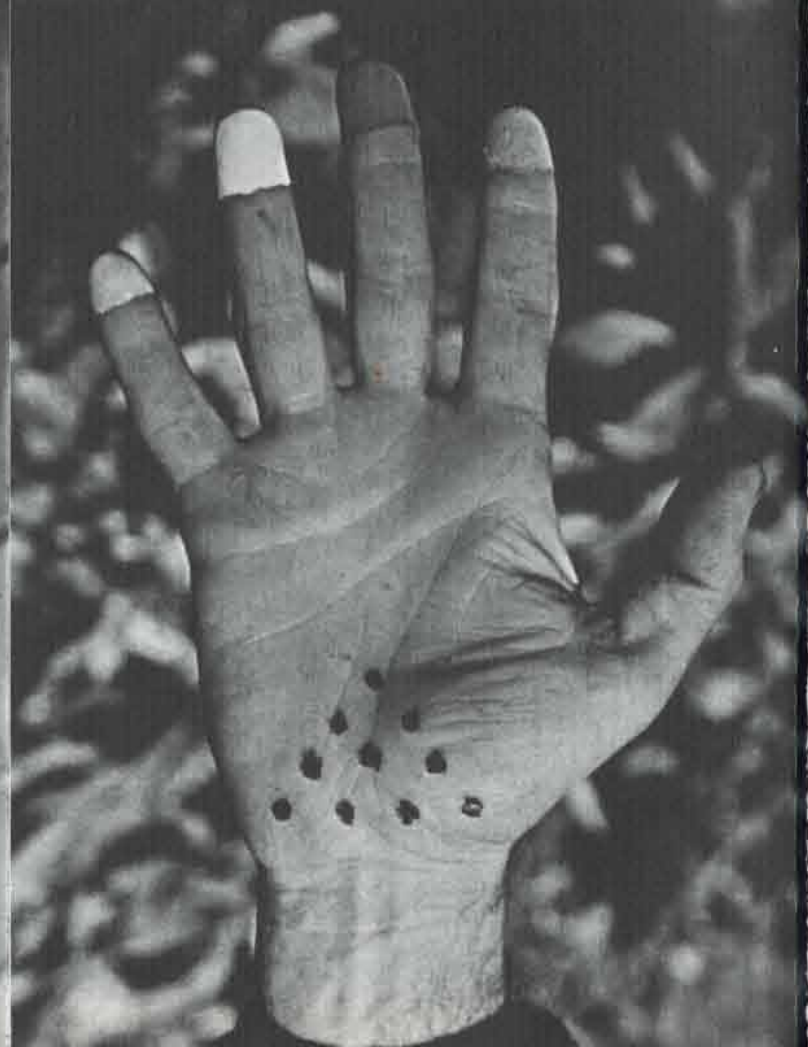
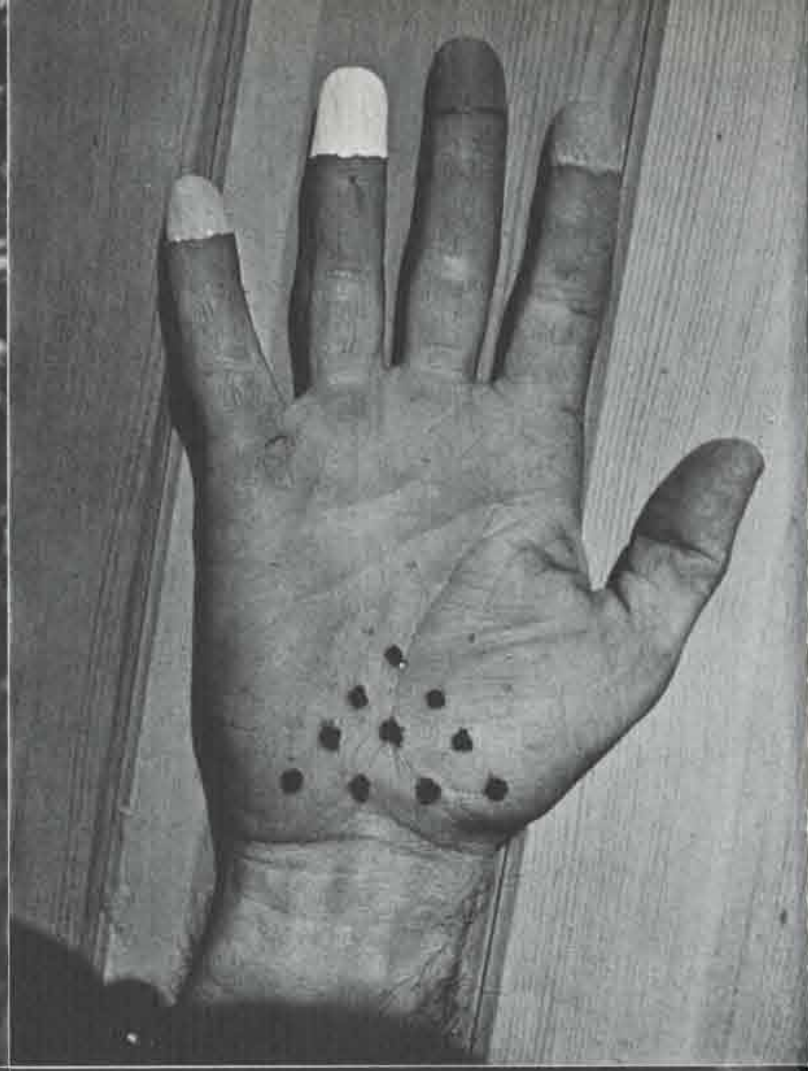
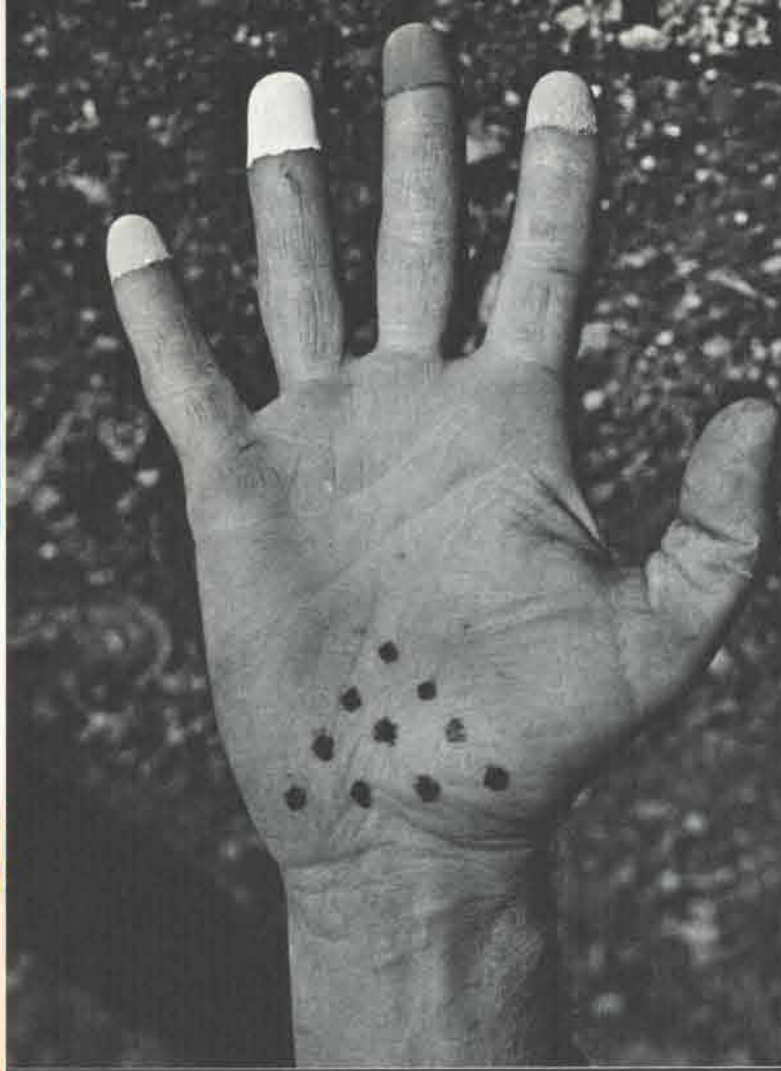
The names of the letters in the modern Irish alphabet are also those of trees, and most of them correspond with O'Flaherty's list, though T has become gorse; O, broom; and A, elm.

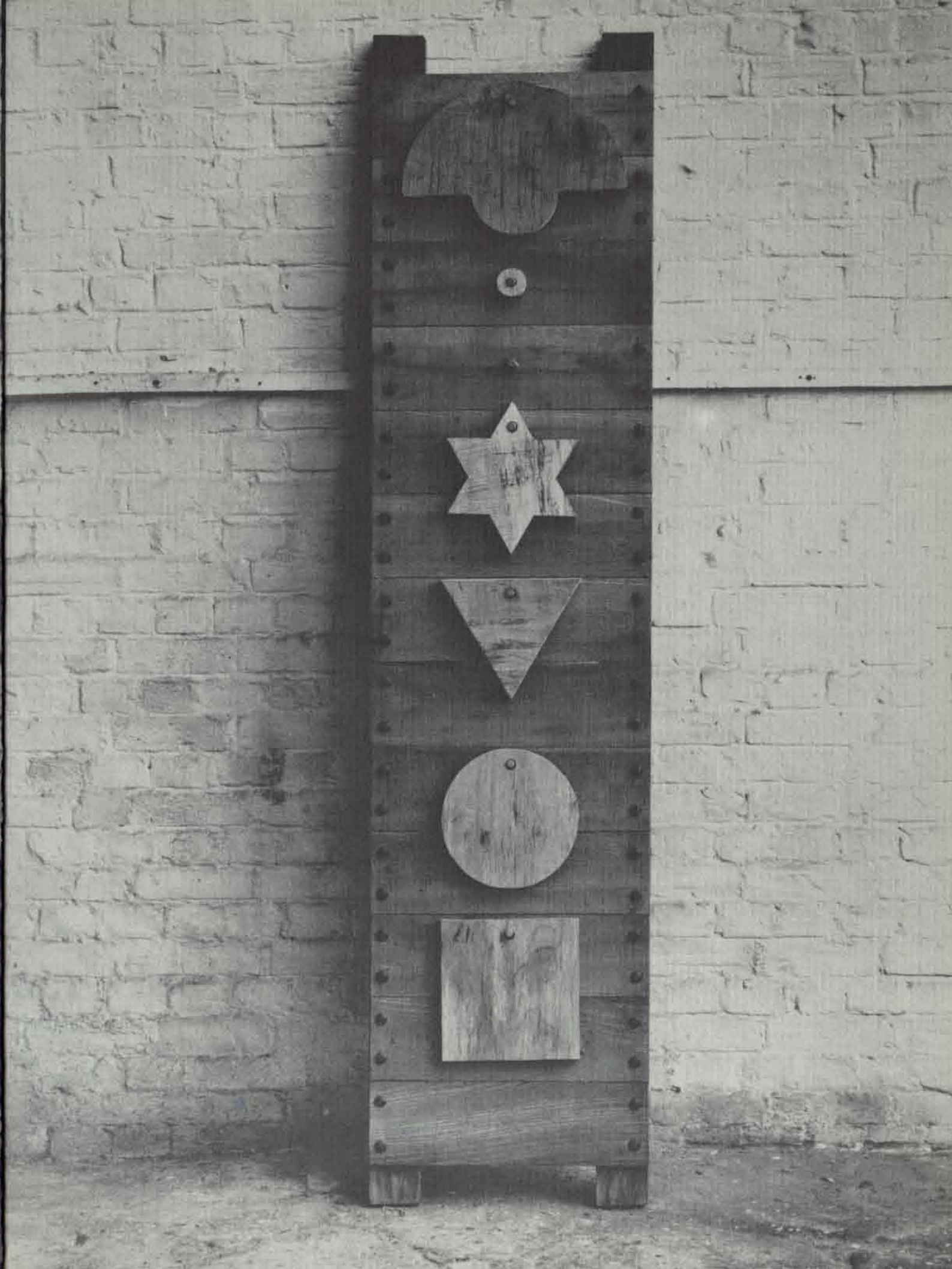
I noticed almost at once that the consonants of this alphabet form a calendar of seasonal tree-magic, and that all the trees figure prominently in European folklore.

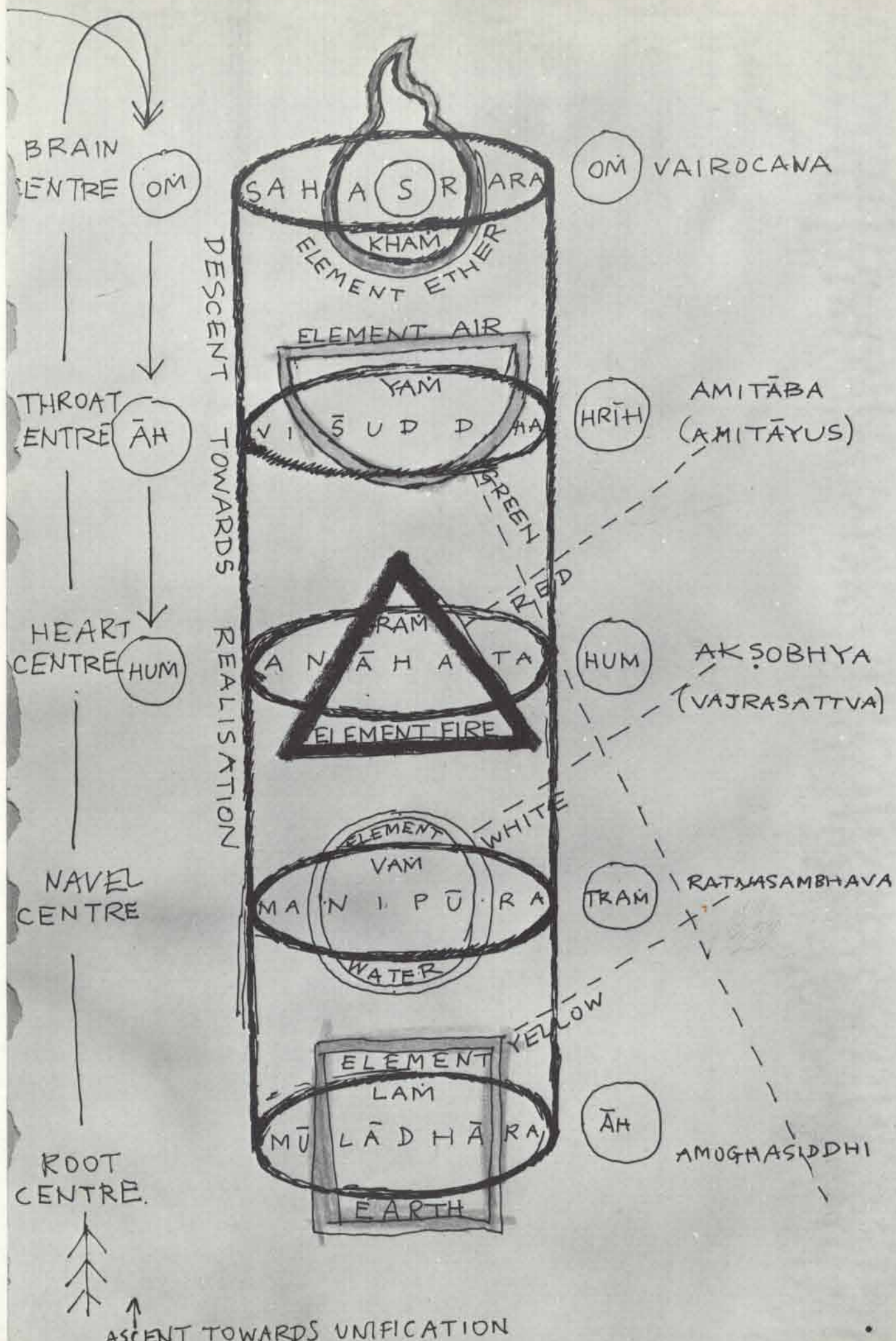
U
E
I

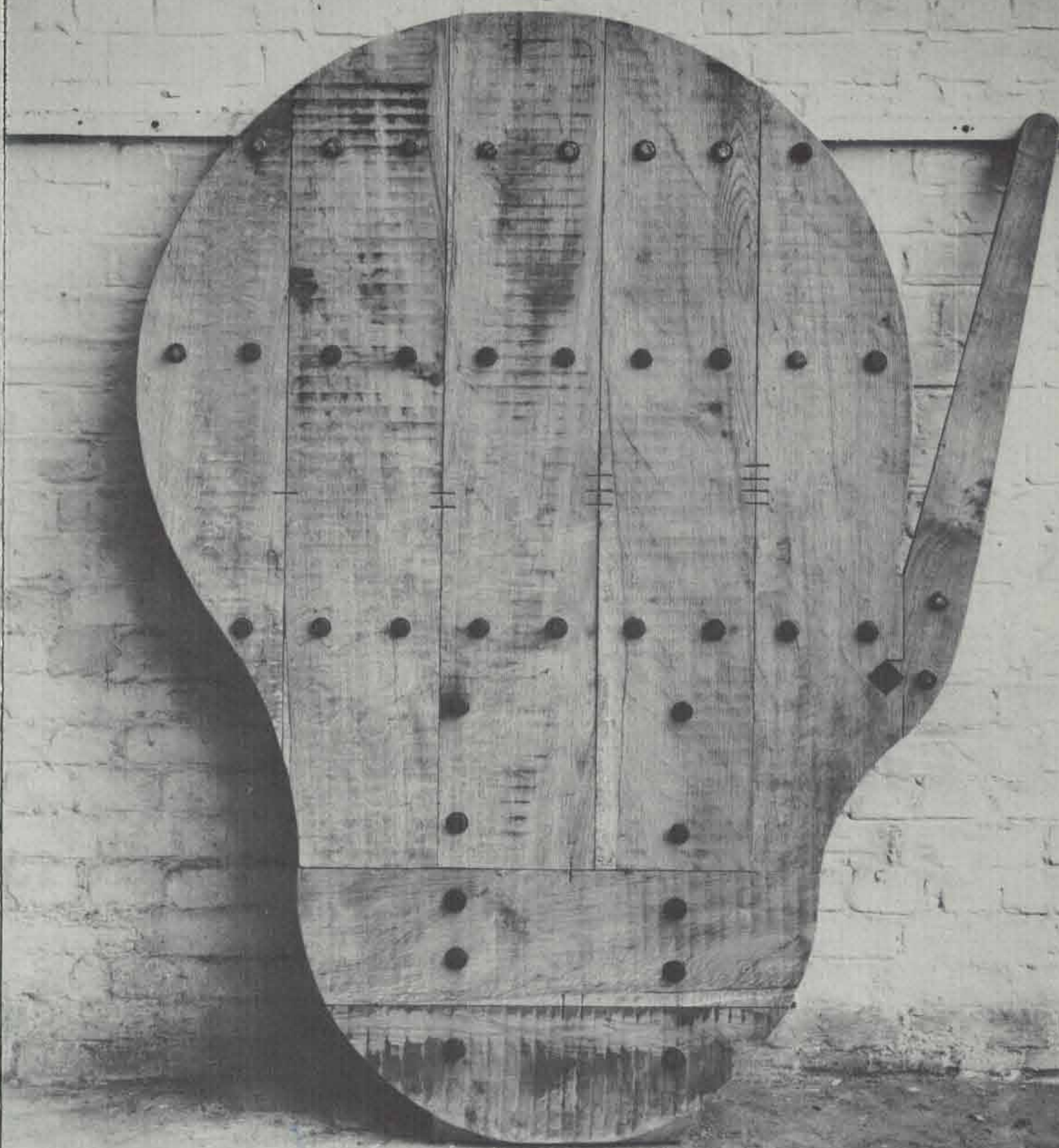
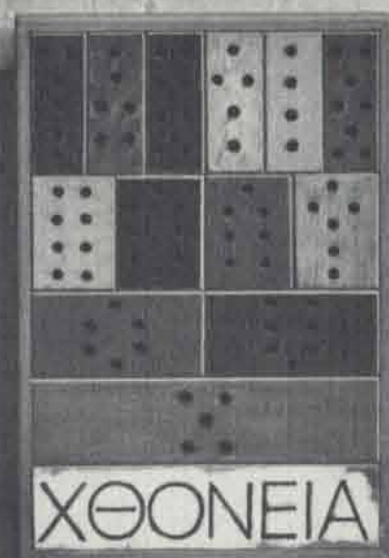
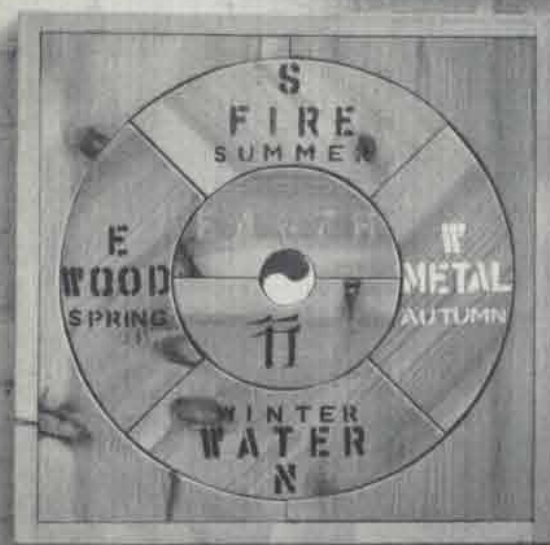
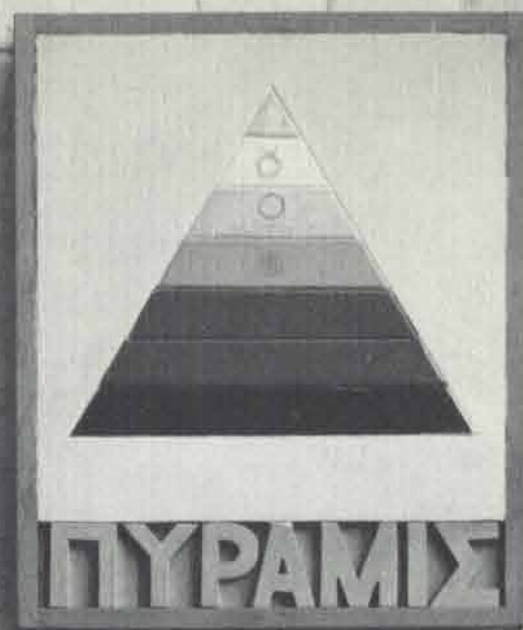


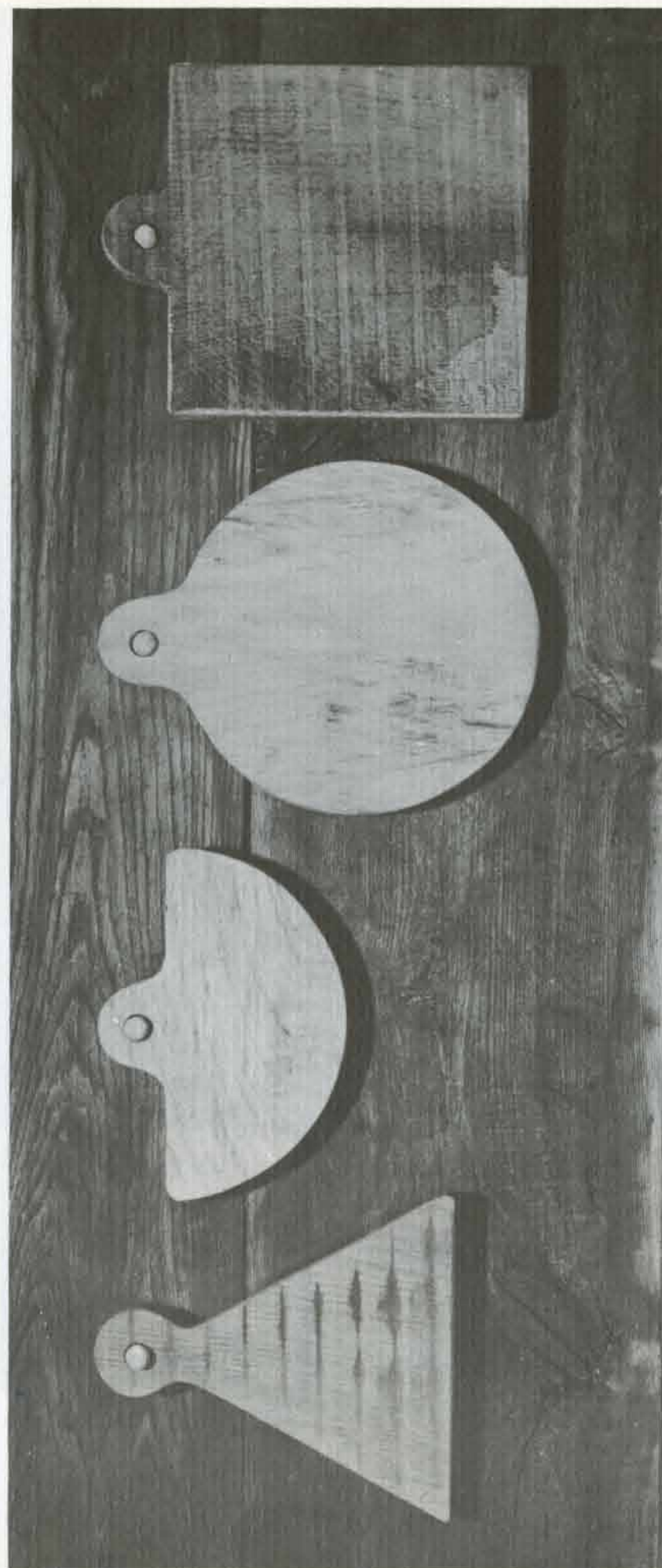












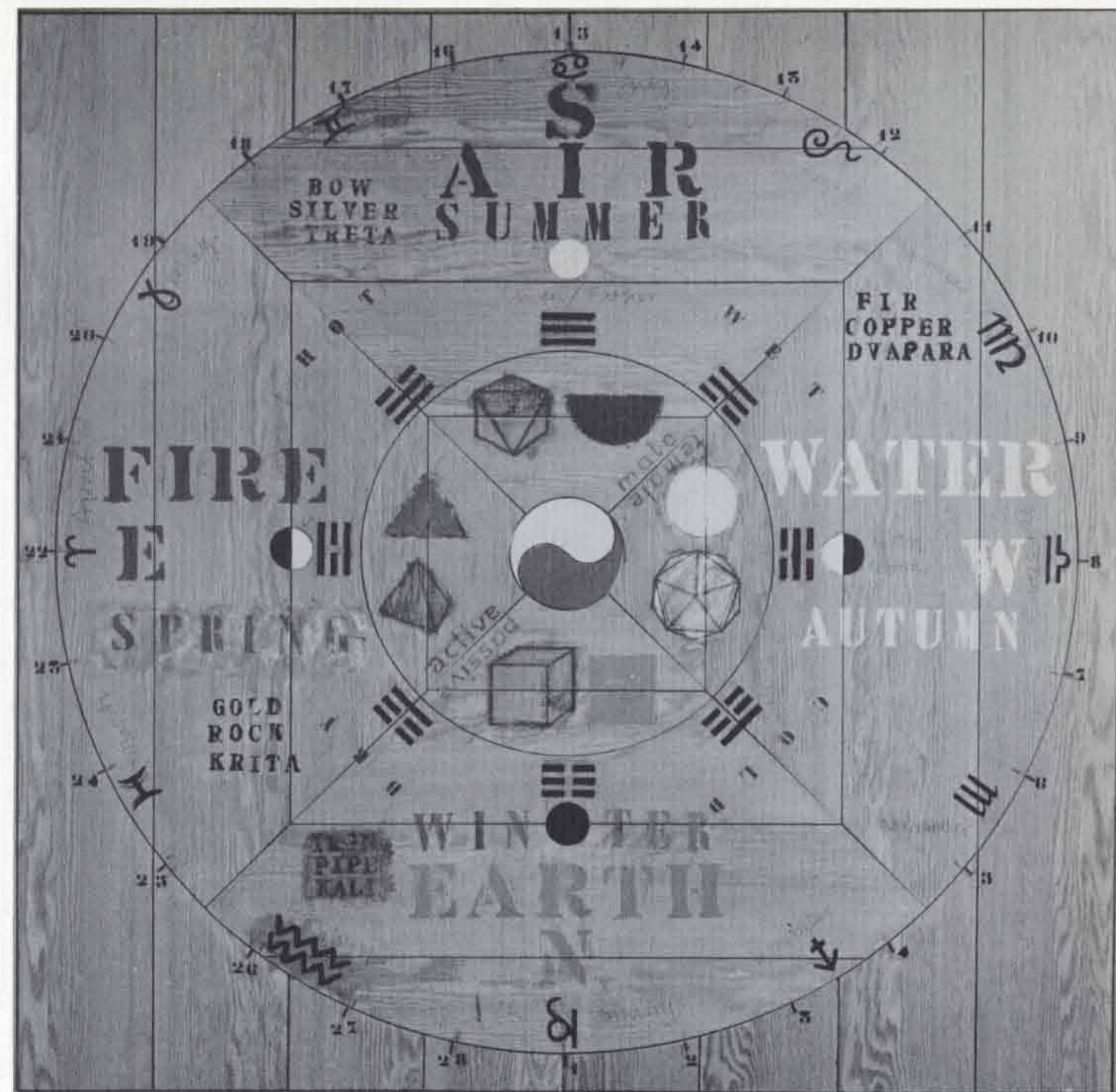
T E T R A K T Y Σ

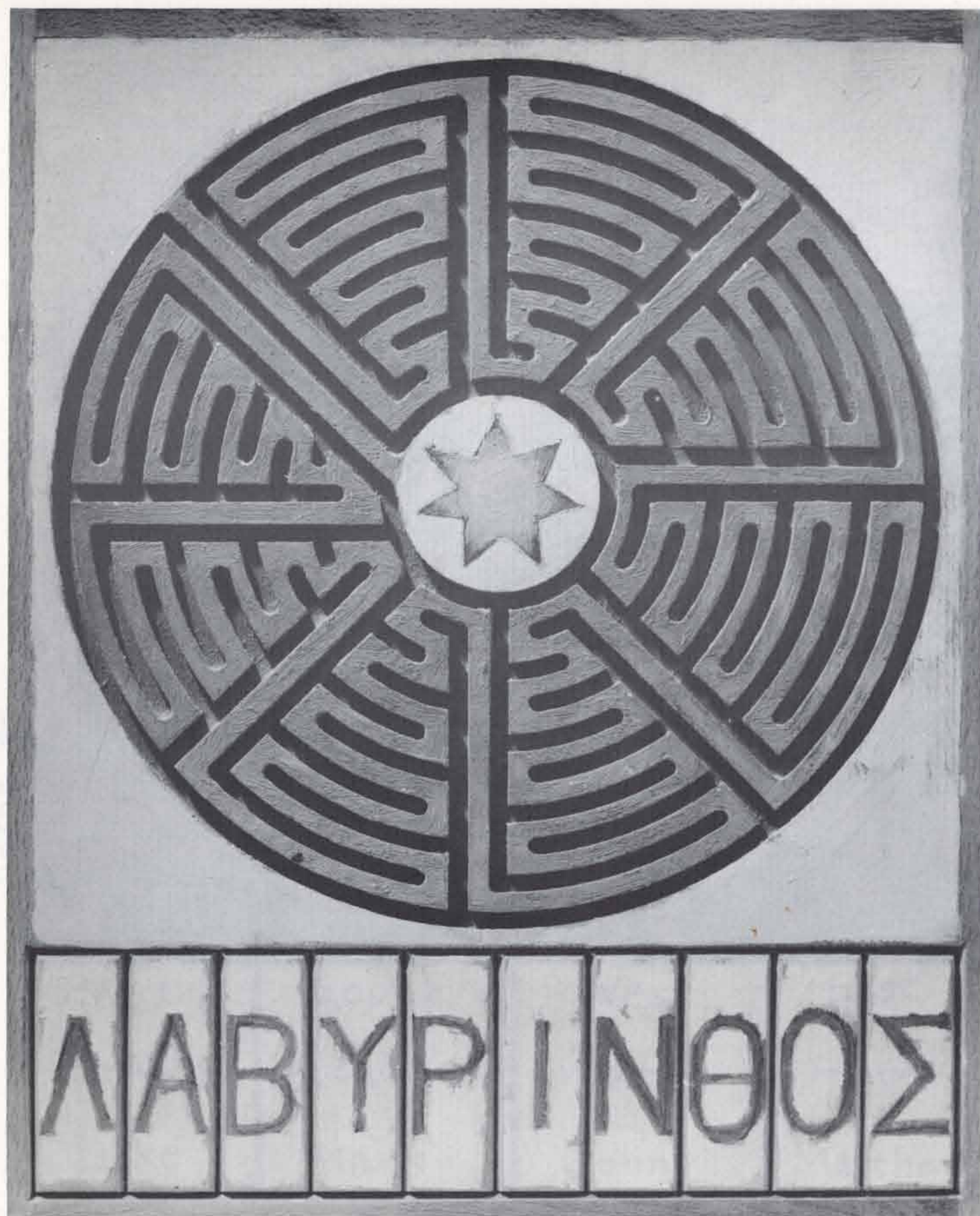
ΠΥΘΑΓΟΡΑΣ: 4: Justice

Tuatha de
Danann

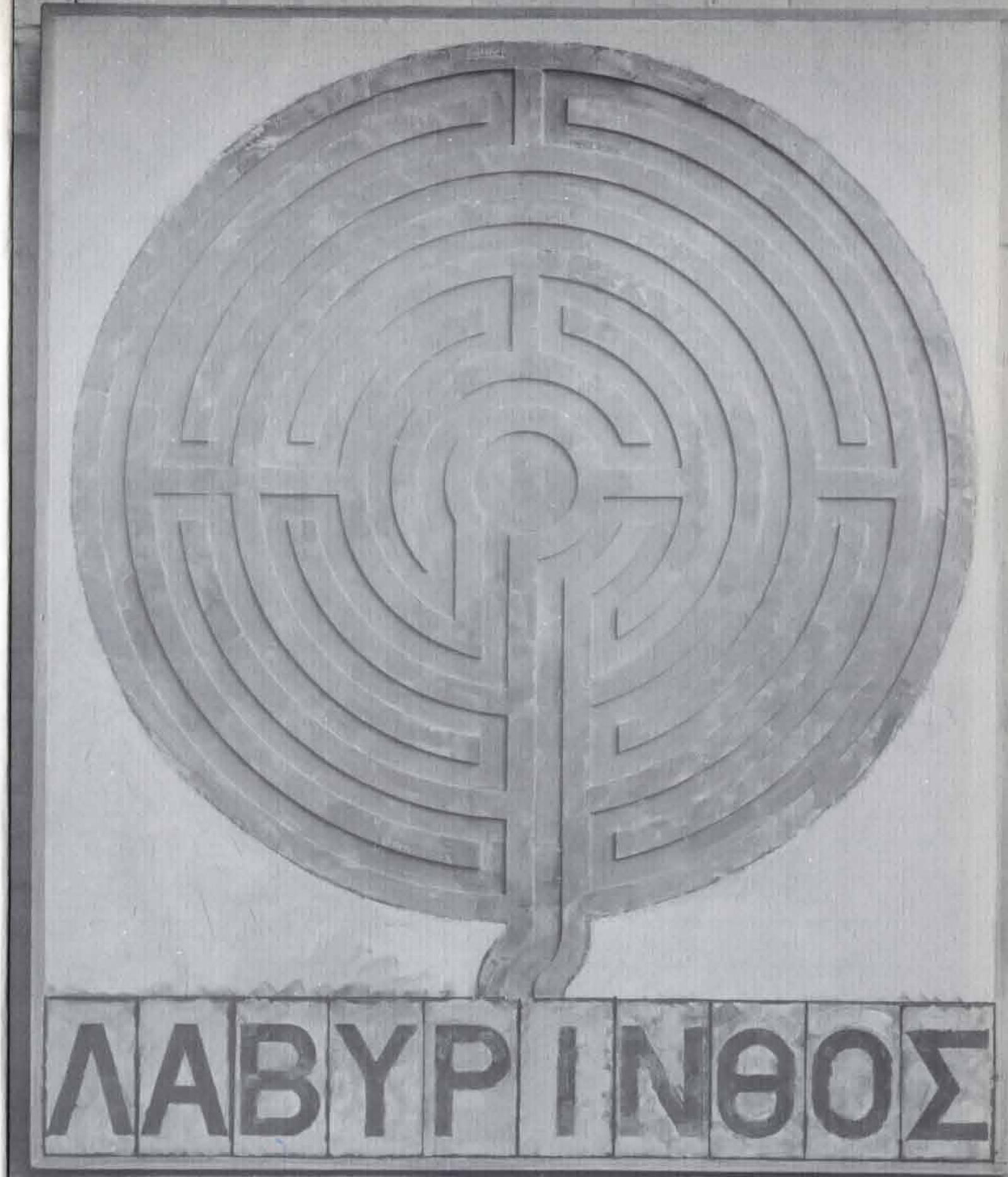
SWORD	STONE	SPEAR	CAULDRON
EARTH	AIR	WATER	FIRE
Intellect	Fixed things	Passion	Imagination
North	South	West	East
Length	Breadth	width	Height
Luke	Mark	John	Matthew
F O U R	W I N D S		

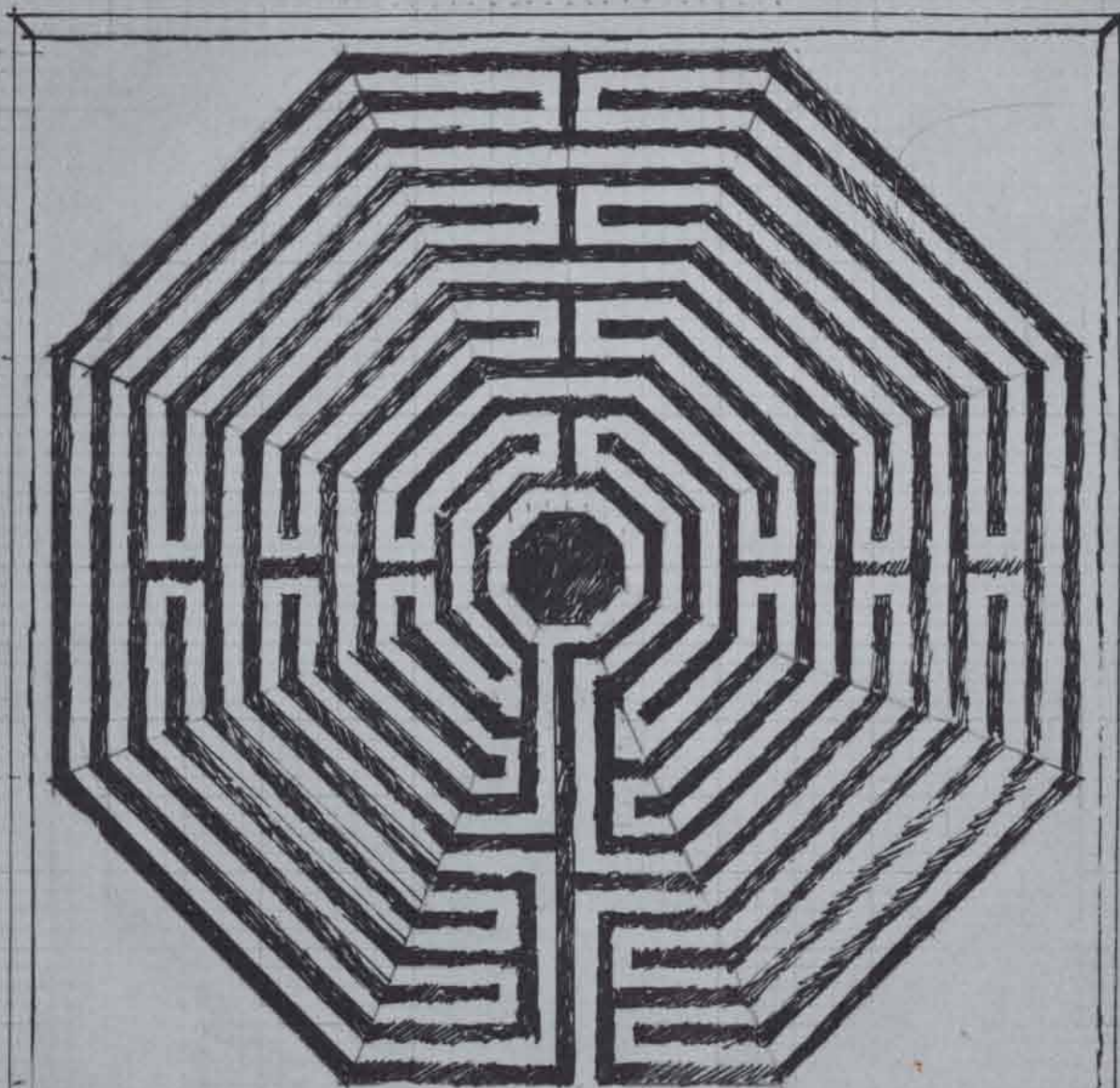
Paracelsus's four parts of the body.





Paracelsus's four parts of the body.

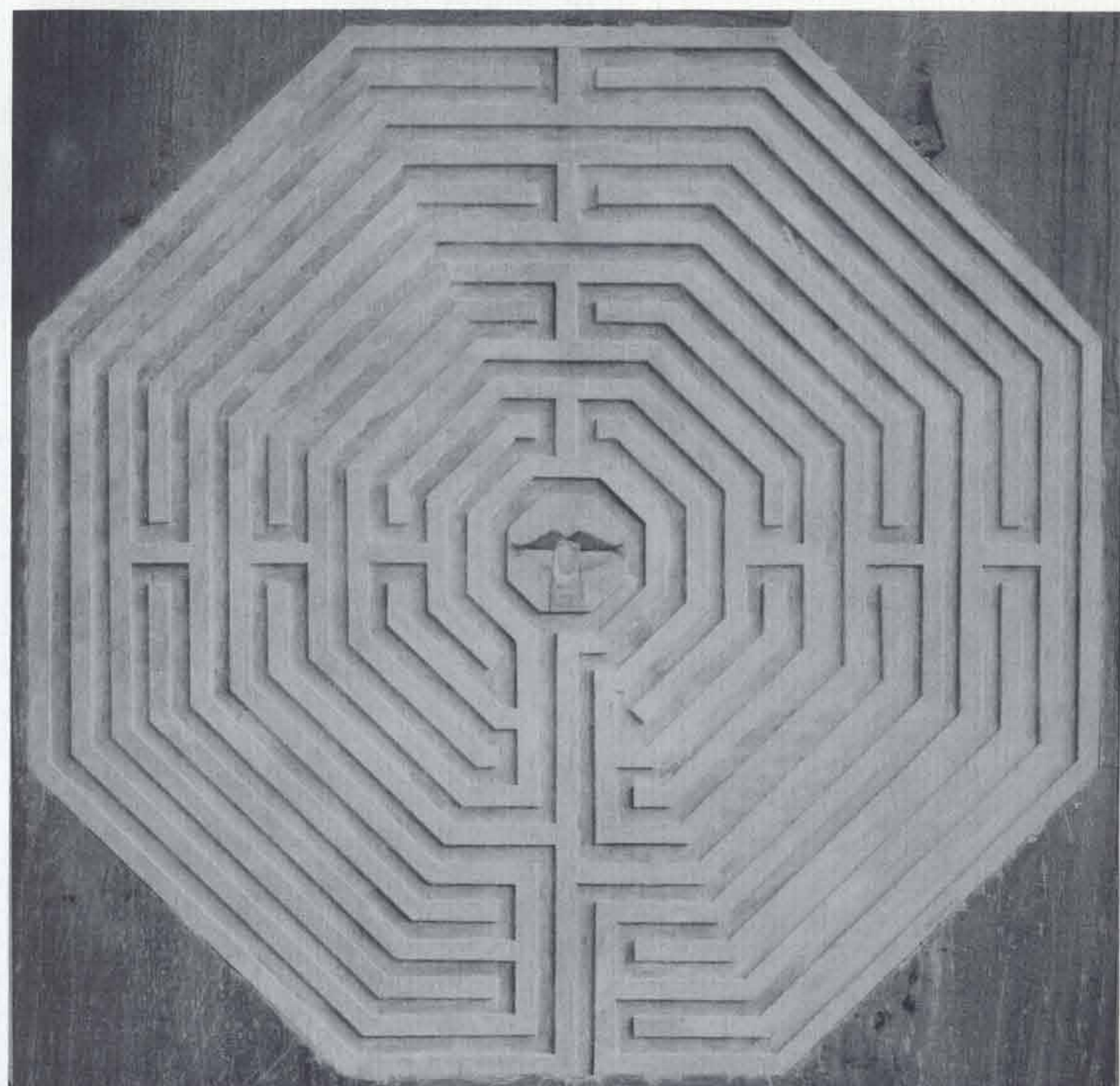




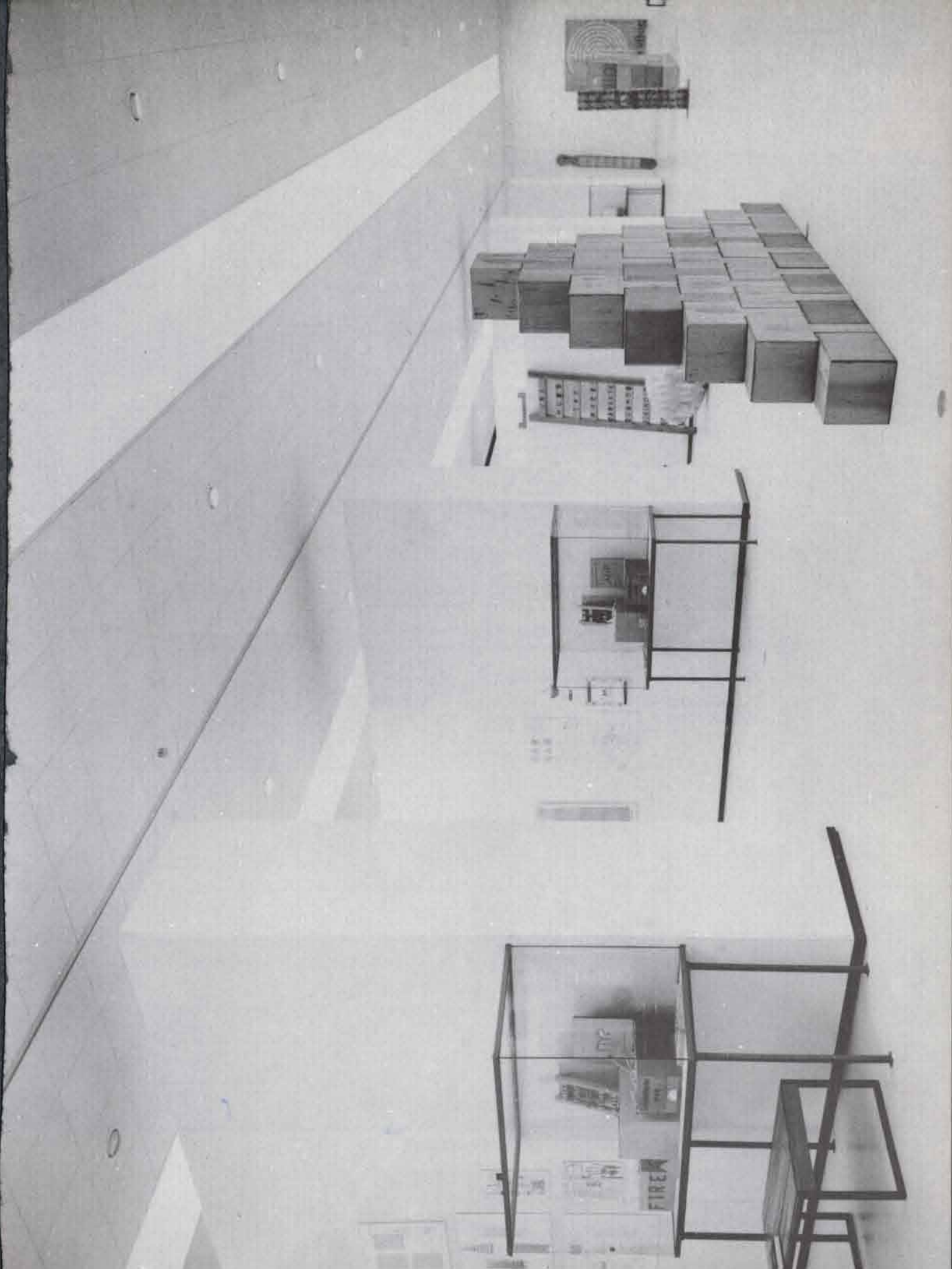
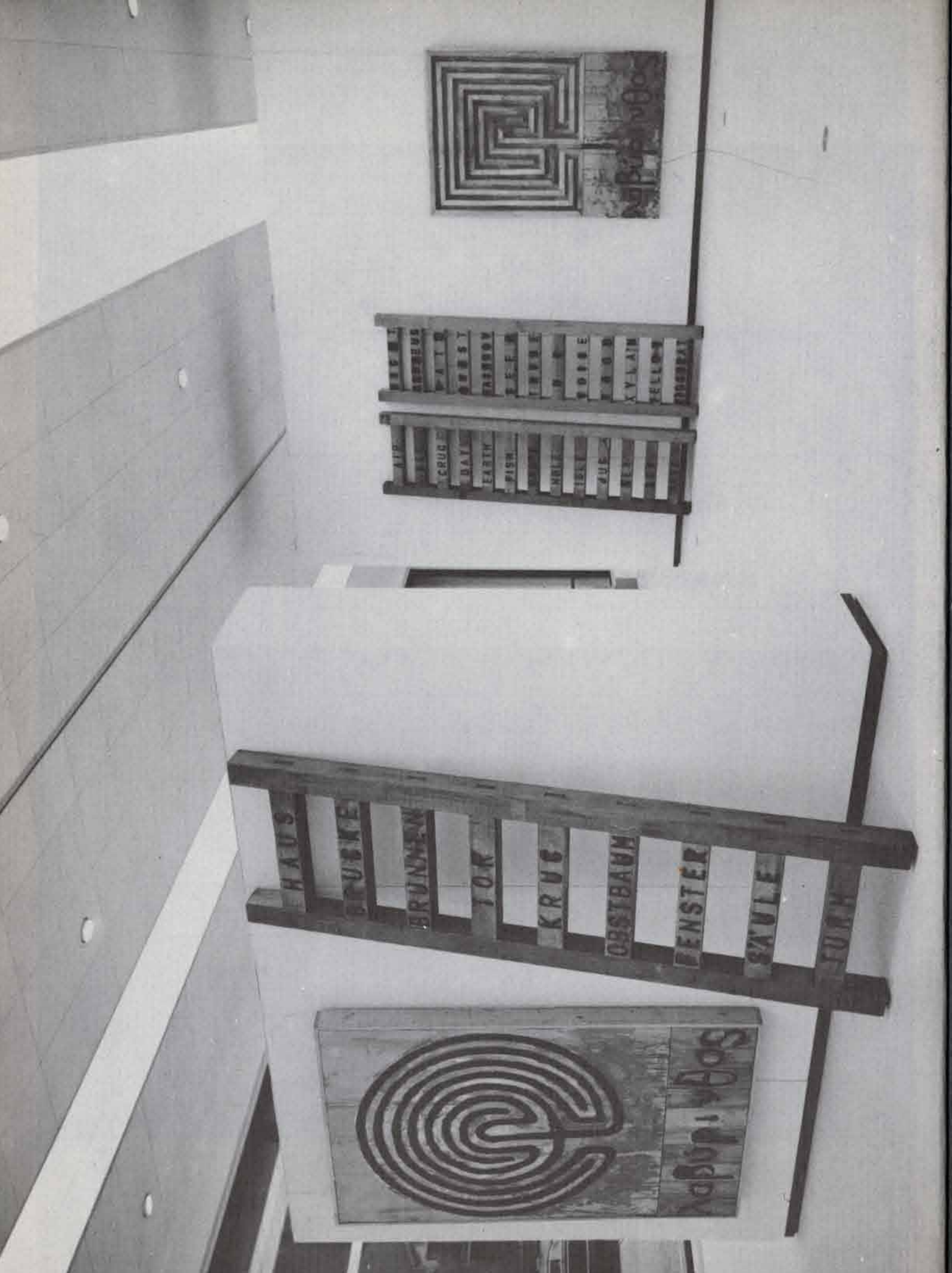
λαβύρινθος

May 1973.

Tilson



λαβύρινθος



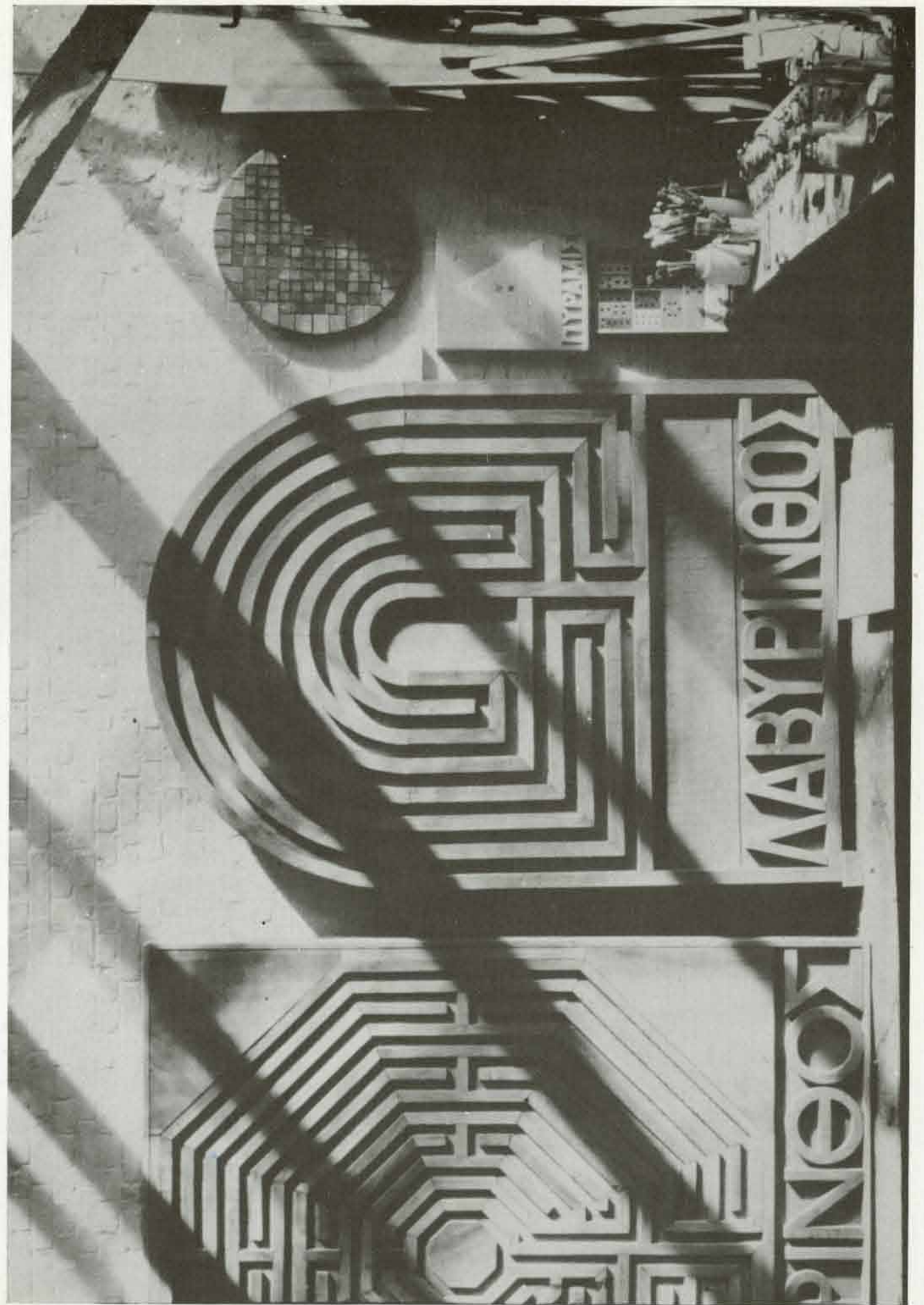
NAMING AND ORIGINS

... Adam as first poet .. naming the animals ..

MAGIC WORDS

In the very earliest time,
when both people and animals lived on earth,
a person could become an animal if he wanted to
and an animal could become a human being.
Sometimes they were people
and sometimes animals
and there was no difference.
All spoke the same language.
That was the time when words were like magic.
The human mind had mysterious powers.
A word spoken by chance
might have strange consequences.
It would suddenly come alive
and what people wanted to happen could happen —
all you had to do was say it.
Nobody could explain this:
That's the way it was.

(Nalungiaq . Eskimo)



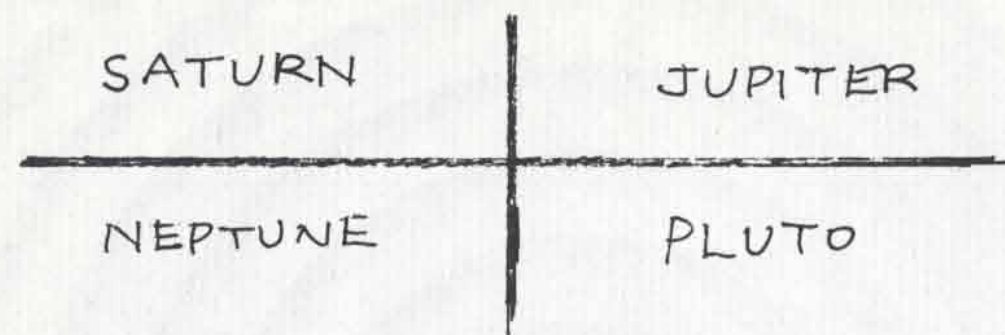


ΛΑΒΥΡΙΝΘΟΣ ΤΡΟΙΑΝ ΔΟΟΡ.



TIME : CIRCULAR : ORGANIC

Fourfold division



... according to the Cumaen Sibyl the
Four metals constitute the Great Year
which is renewed (here is ἀποκατάστασις)

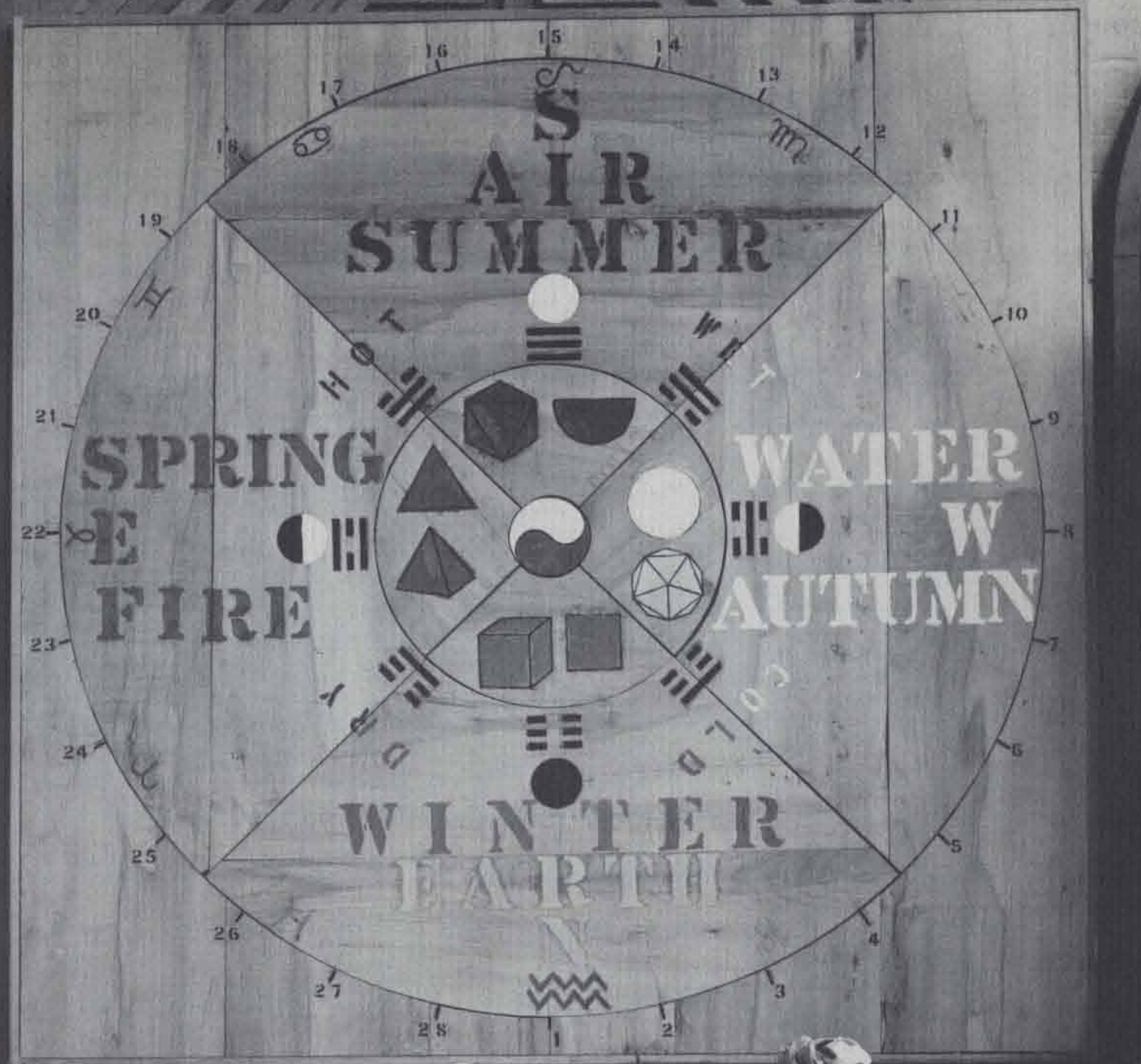
MAGNUS **ANNUS** / MAHÂ MANVANTARA
(MAHÂ YUGA)



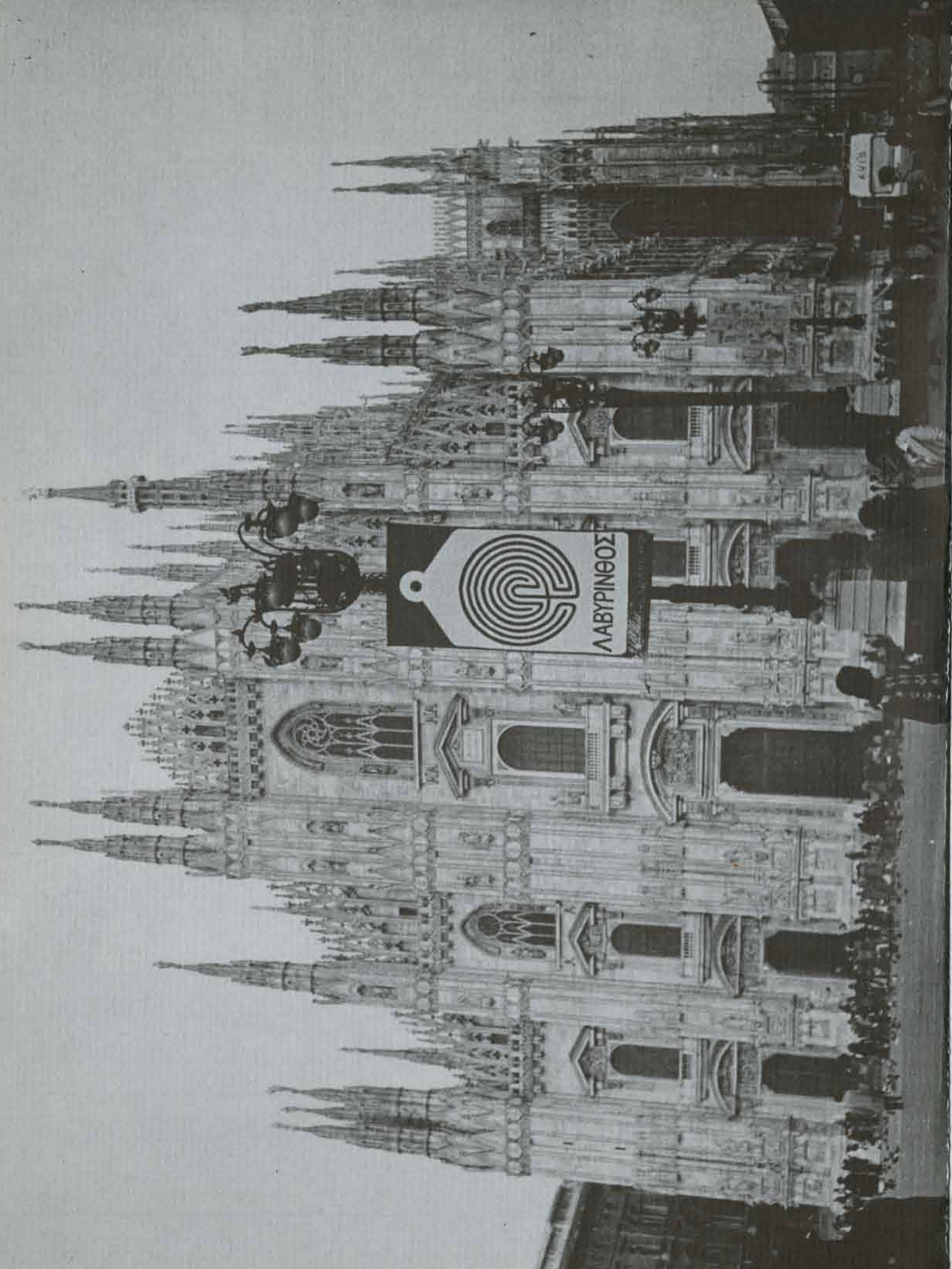
Four throws in the game of dice

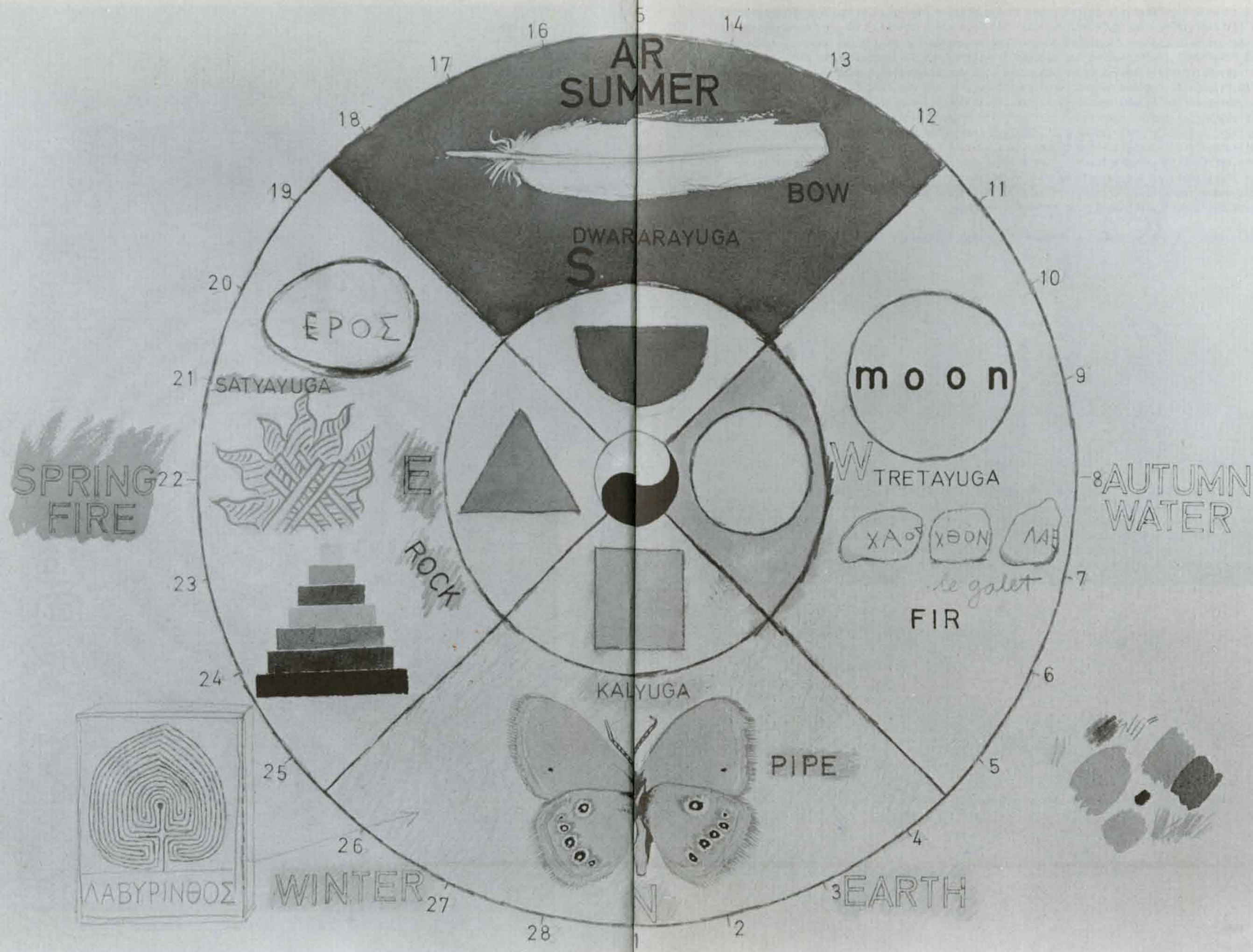
1/ KRITA 2/ TRETA

3/ DVÂPARA 4/ KALI







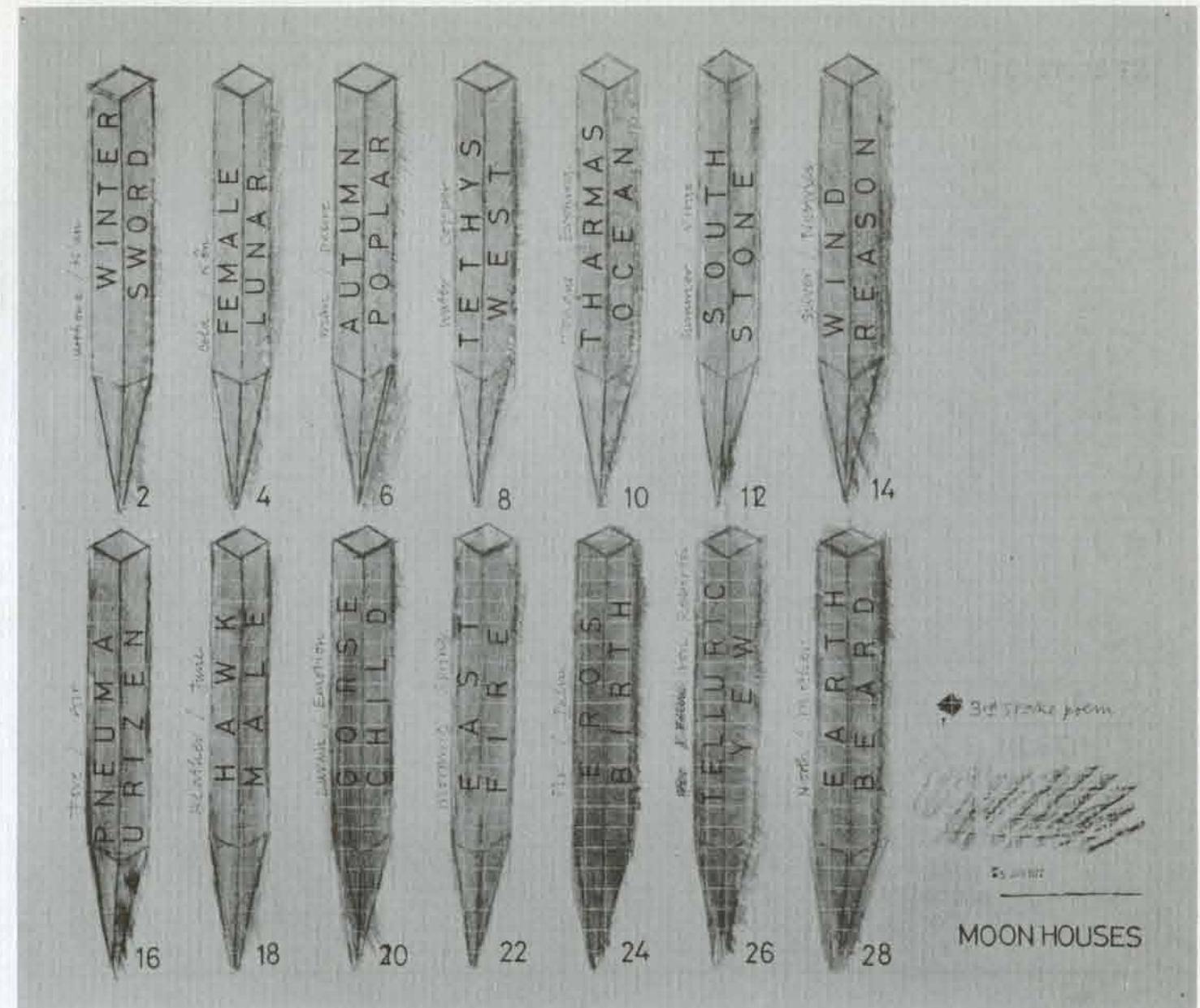


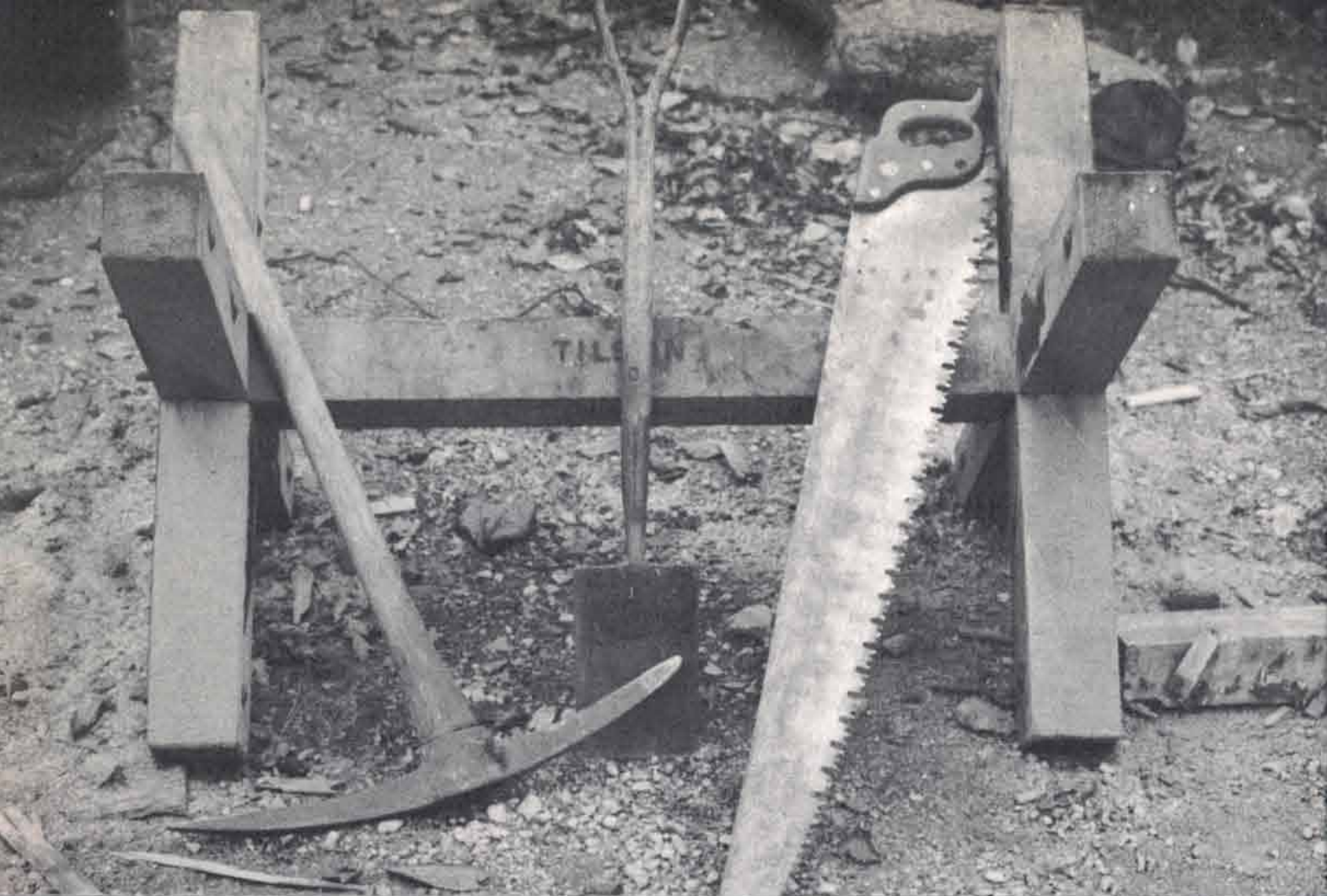
'... everything an Indian does is in a circle... and that is because the Power of the World always works in circles, and everything tries to be round. In the old days when we were a strong happy people, all our power came to us from the sacred hoop of the nation, and so long as the hoop was unbroken the people flourished. The flowering tree was the living centre of the hoop, and the circle of the four quarters nourished it. The East gave peace and light, the South gave warmth, the West gave rain, and the North with its cold and mighty wind gave strength and endurance. This knowledge came to us from the outer world with our religion. Everything the Power of the World does is done in a circle. The sky is round, and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball, and so are all the stars. The Wind in all its greatest powers, whirls. Birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours. The sun comes forth and goes down again in a circle. The moon does the same and both are round. Even the seasons form a circle in their changing, and always come back to where they were. The life of man is a circle from childhood, and so it is in everything where Power moves. Our tepees were round like the nests of birds, and these were always set in a circle, the nations' hoop, where the Great Spirit meant us to hatch our children'.

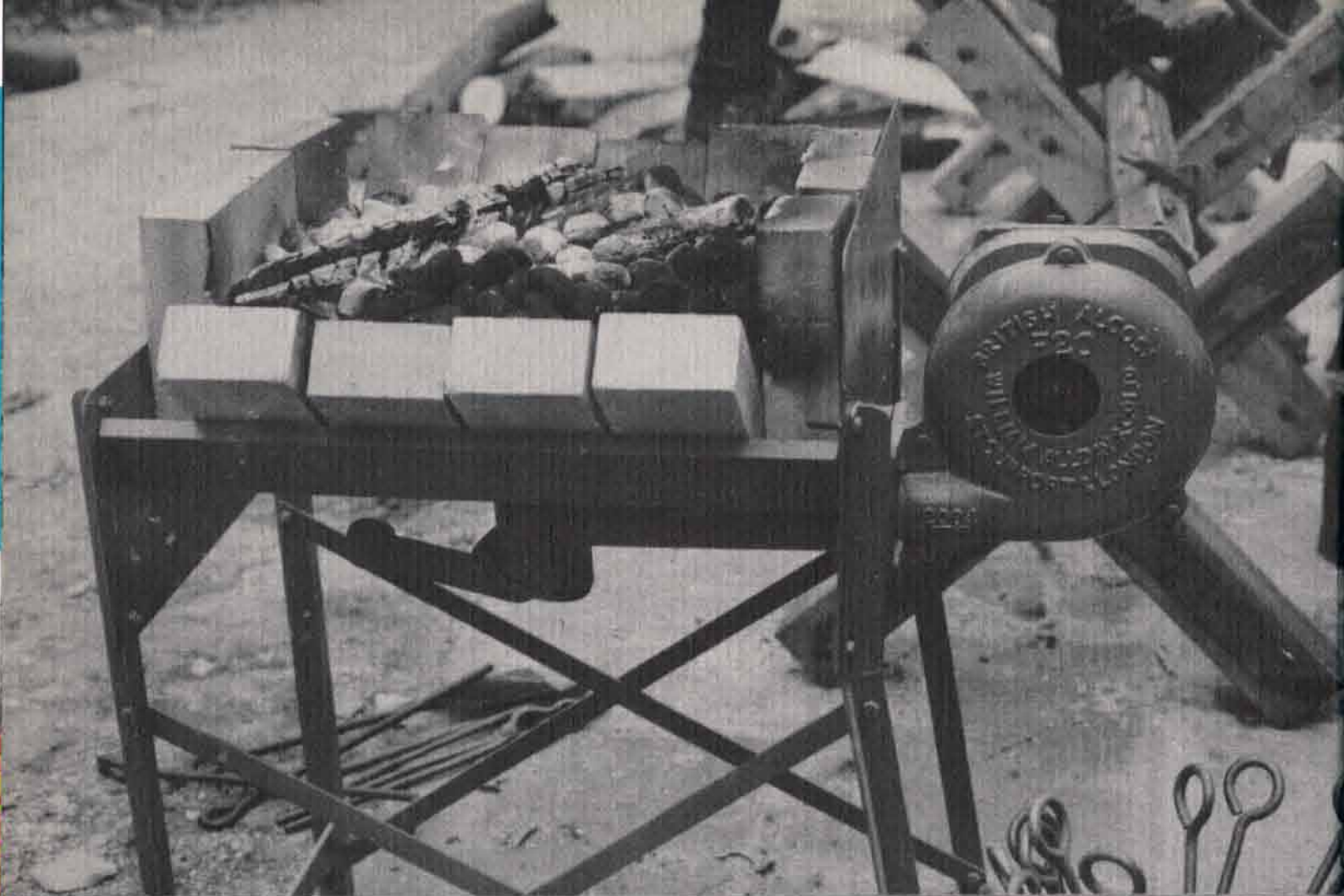
(Black Elk — North American Indian — shaman of the Oglala Sioux.)

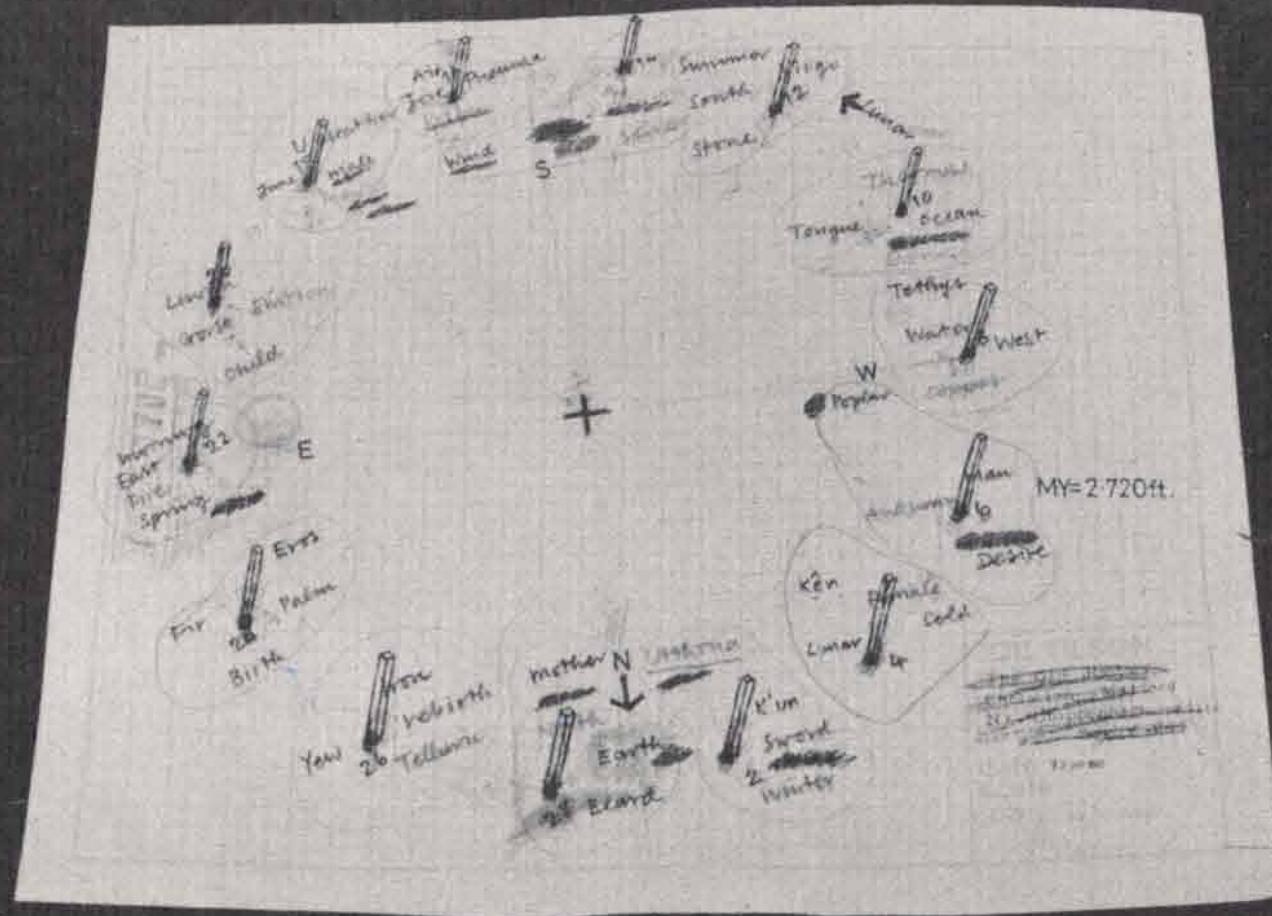
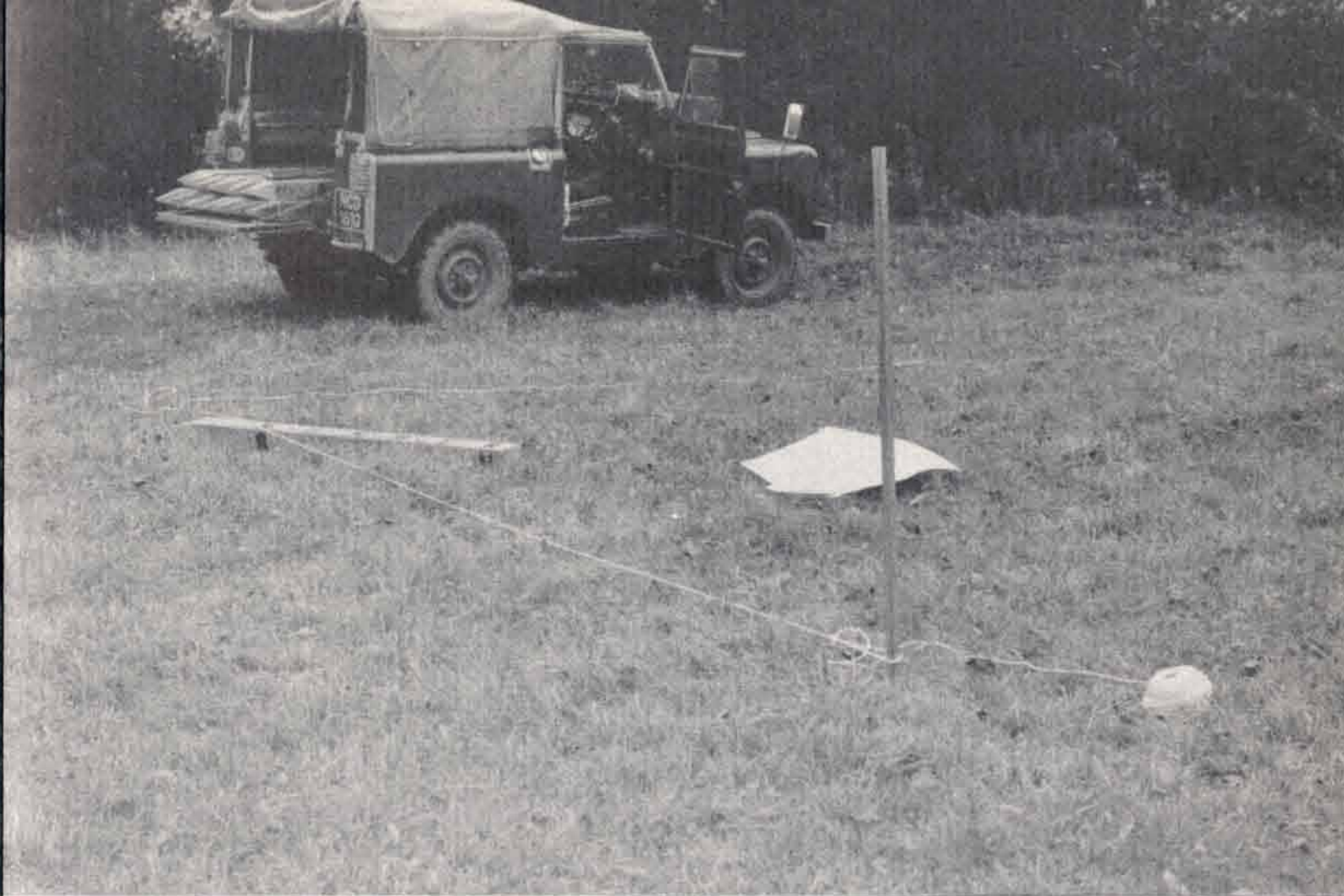
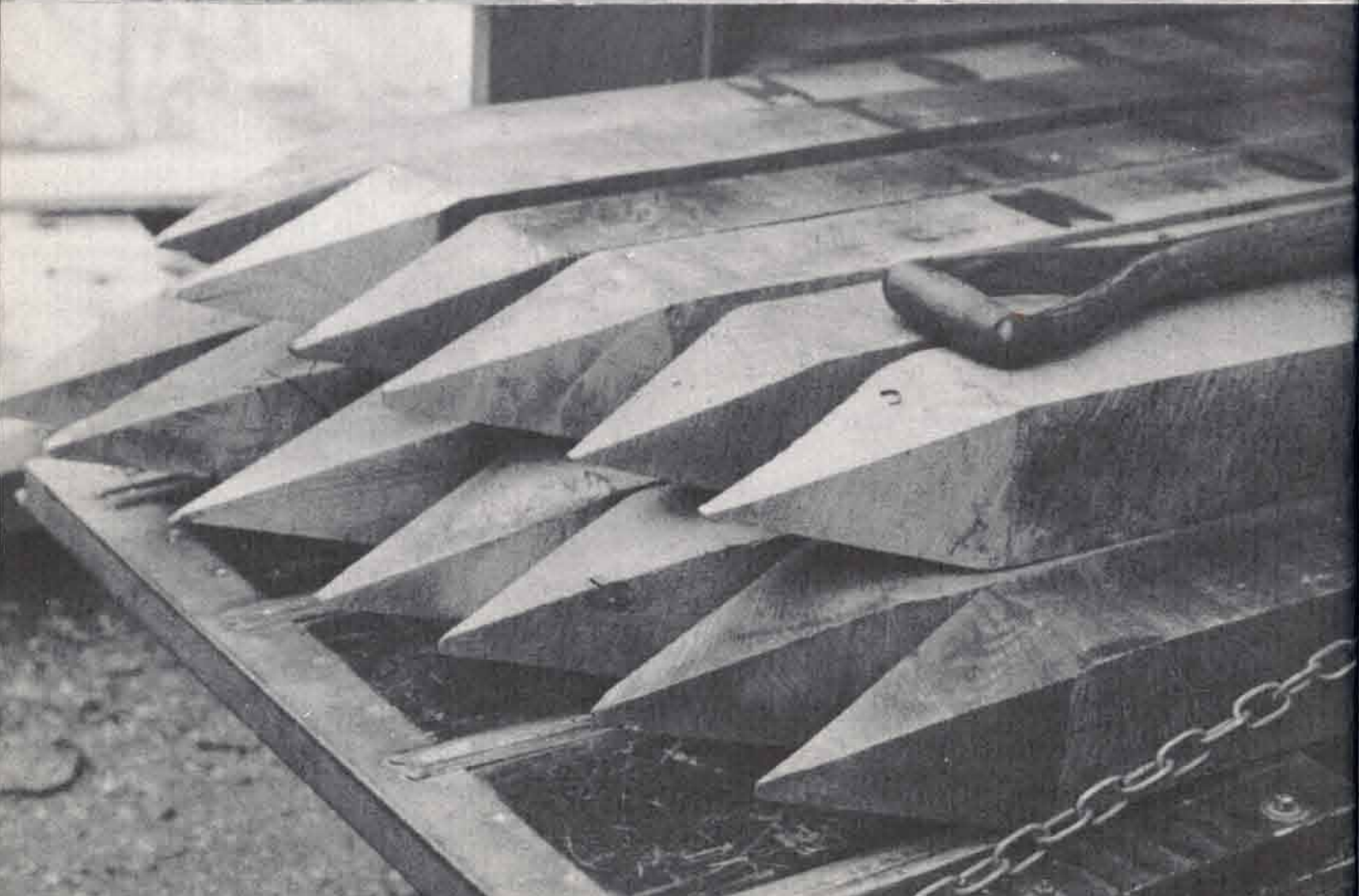
MOTHER EARTH

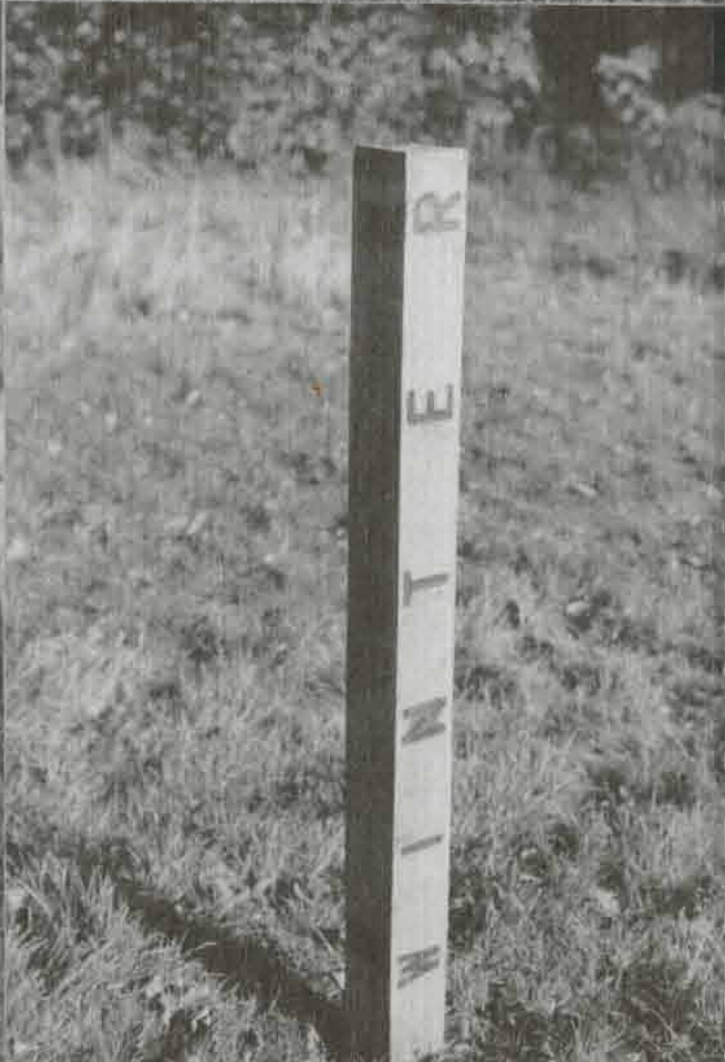
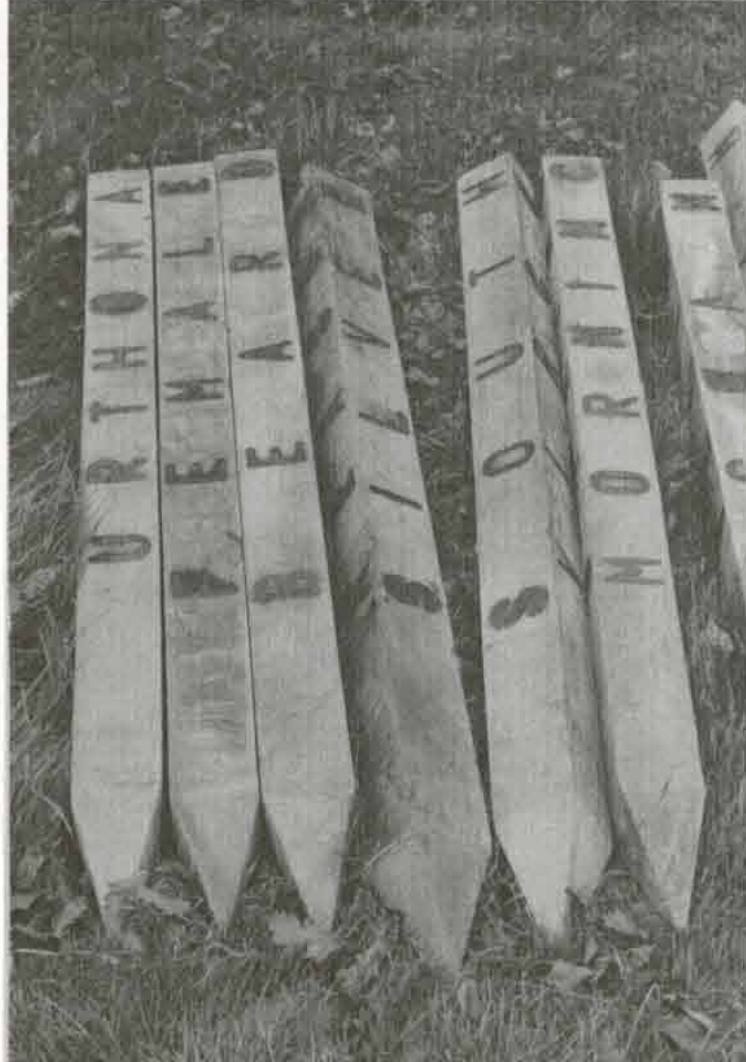
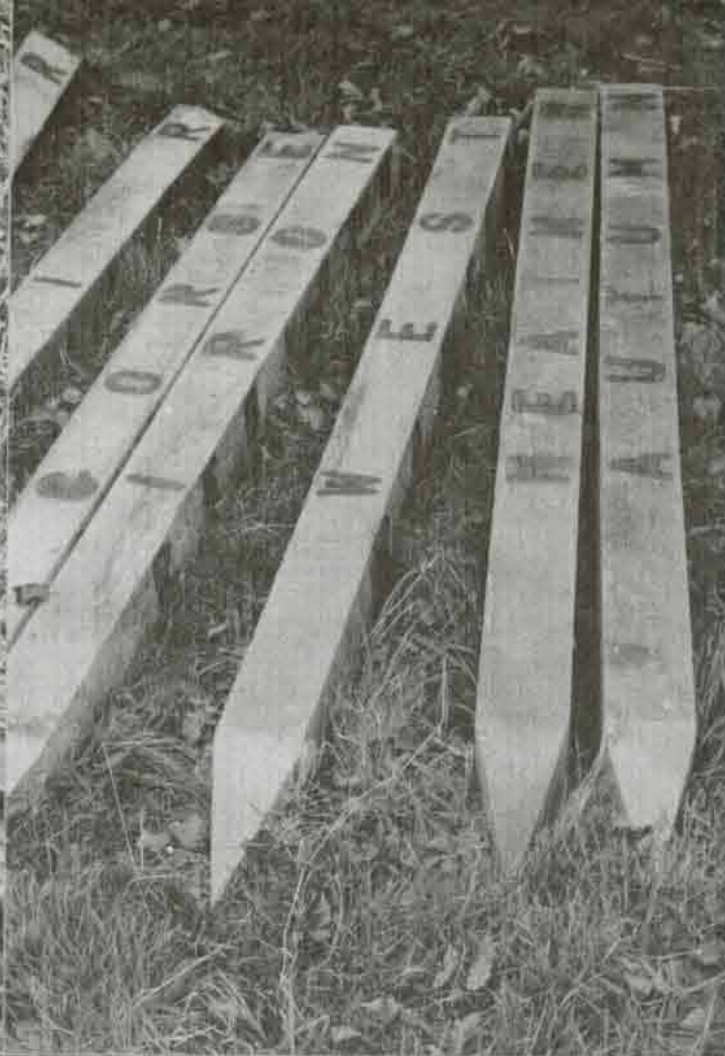
... It is a sin to wound or cut, to tear or scratch our common mother by working at agriculture. You ask me to dig in the earth? Am I to take a knife and plunge it into the breast of my mother? But then when I die, she will not gather me again into her bosom. You tell me to dig up and take away the stones. Must I mutilate her flesh so as to get at her bones? Then I can never again enter into her body and be born again. You ask me to cut the grass and the corn and sell them to get rich like the white man. How can I crop the hair of my mother? Smohalla — American Indian — shaman of the Umatillas.











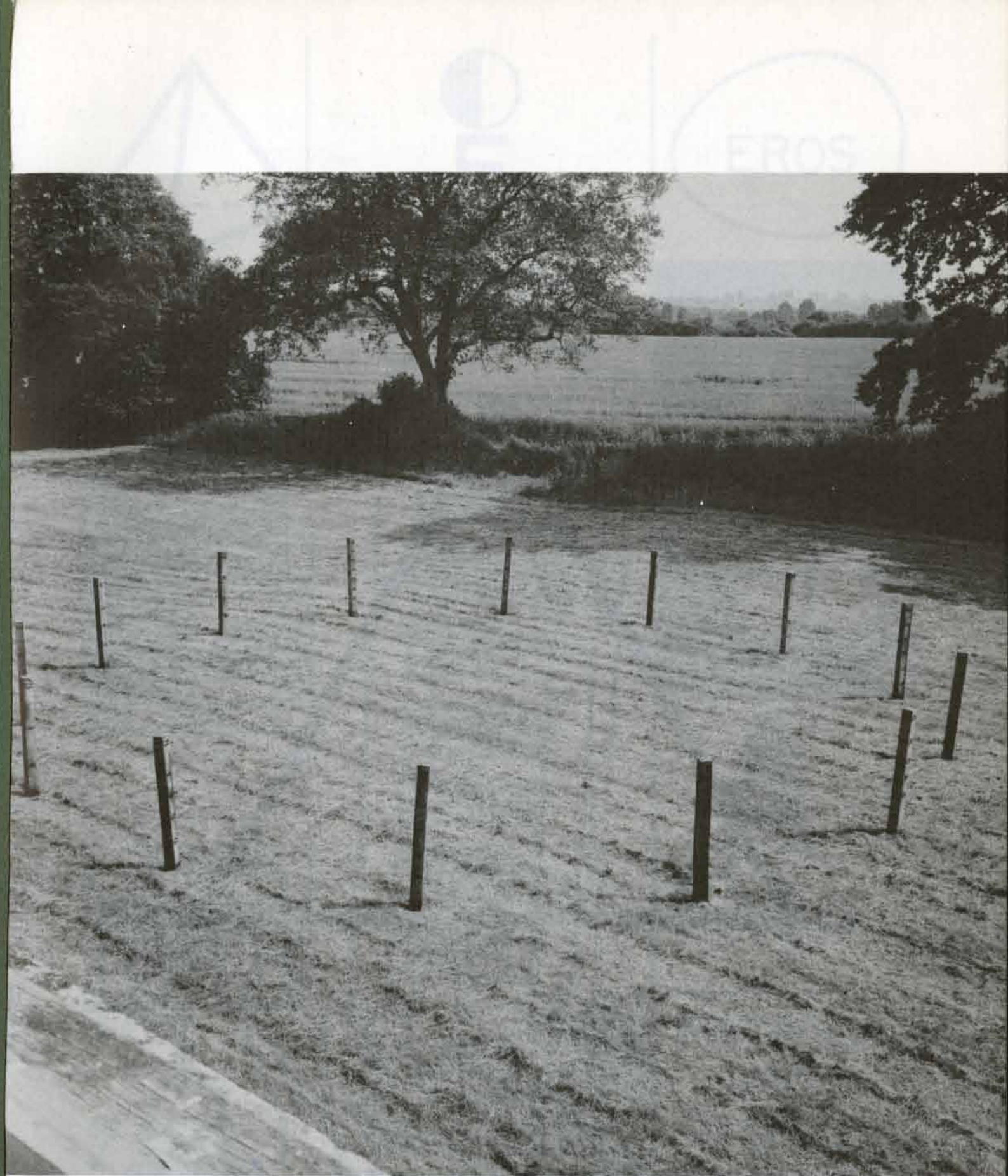
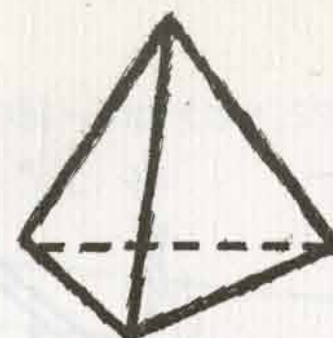
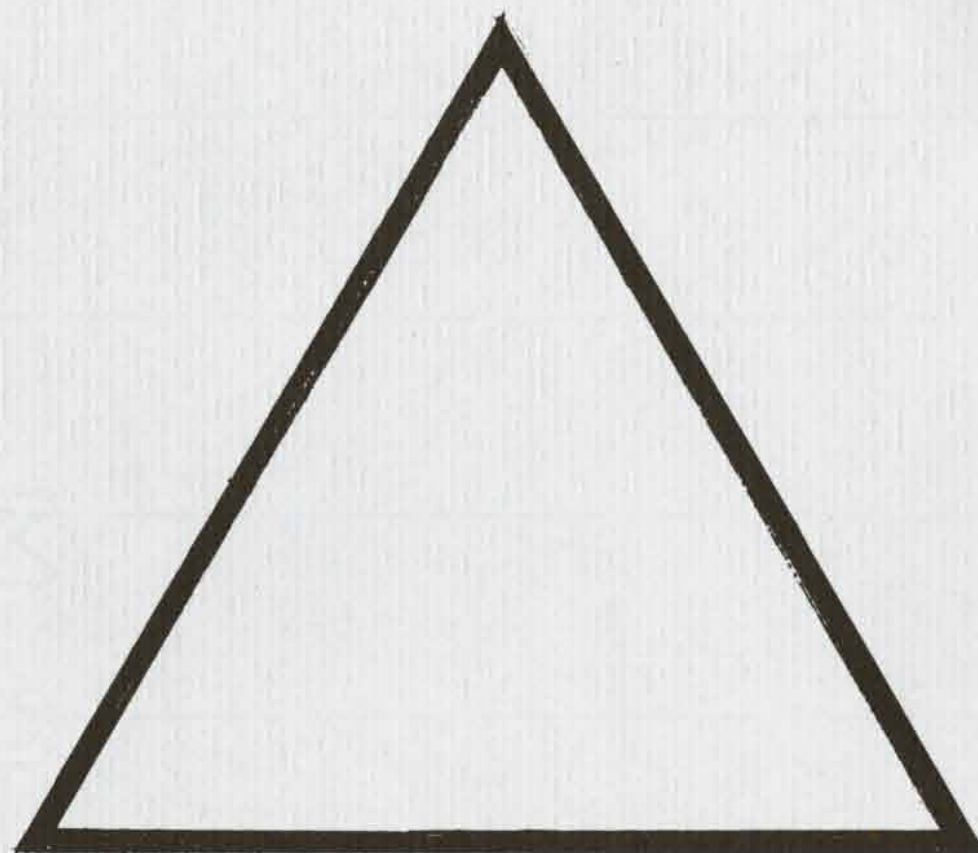


PHOTO BY JAMES E. HARRIS
ALBANY, N.Y.
JULY 1964



PLATO

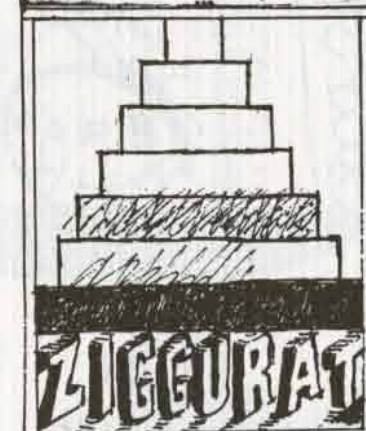
MAN AND WORK



Fig. 66. Alchemical Oven

all the arts—music, the crafts, the sciences, and doctrines of theology—which He created, and which rest in the "human mind," should become real. . . . And this must be done by man, just as the plant are brought to maturity by the sun. For the "divine" needs an agent through which to work, and this agent is man and man alone. Man has been so created that through him the miracles of nature are made visible and given form.

The herbs were created like the trees and the stones; they were not with God at the beginning of time; that is to say, they were not.

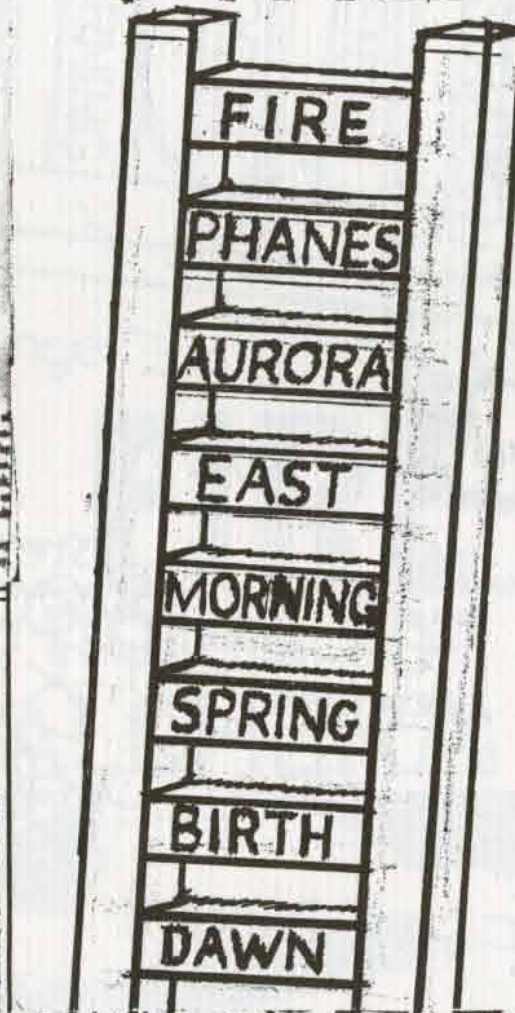


CAULDRON



Li

FIRE



EROS

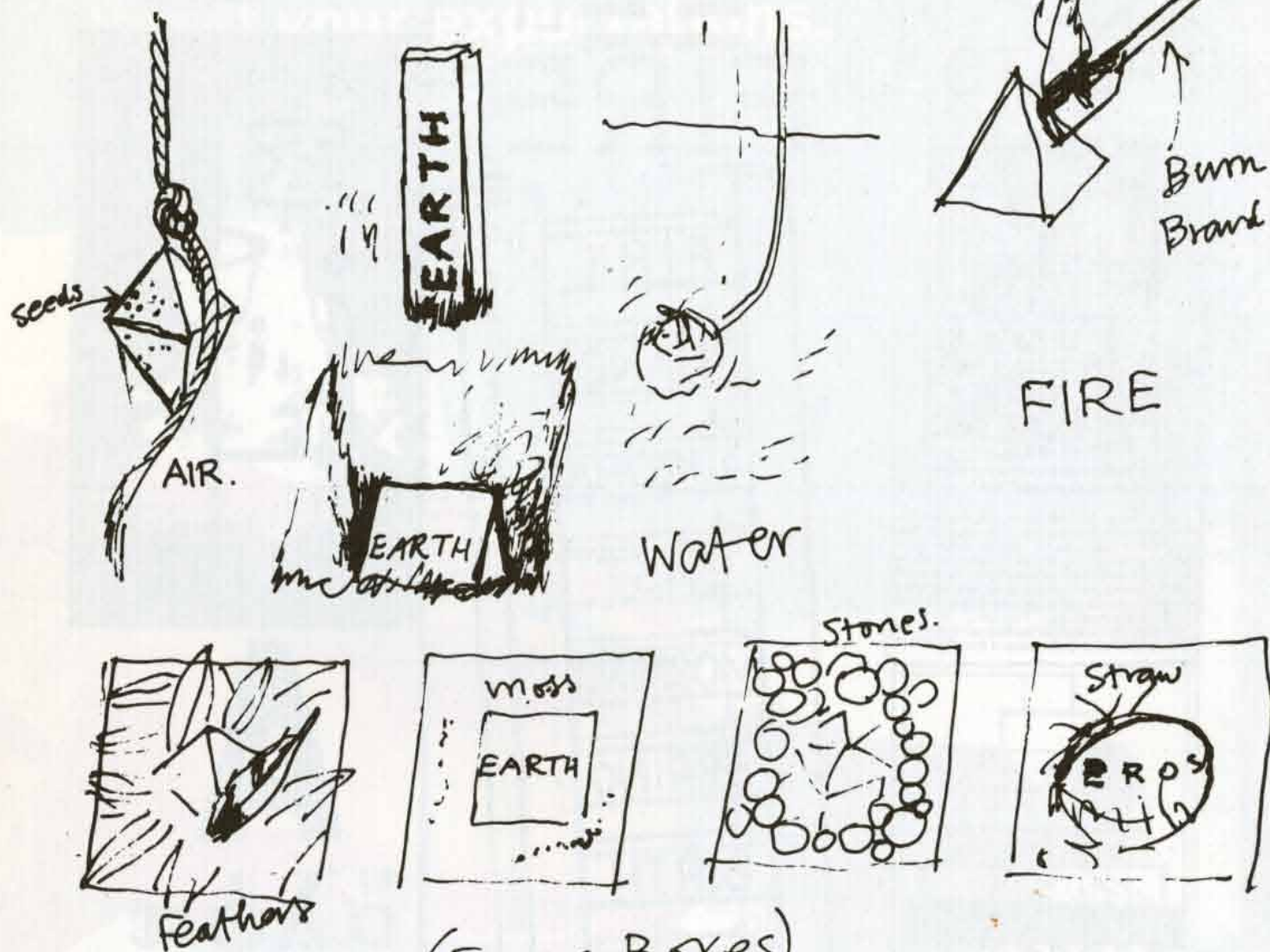


A
ᾰλφα

Namings
and
Origins

MORE NOTES FOR
ALCHERINGA .1
JOE TILSON .1971

Four Small actions



(Four Boxes)

The Green road (Weavers way).

The pond.

Wild Flowers.

Daisy Henge - discovered by Sophie-Jane.

"ORPHEUS" G.R.S. Mead. 1896.

[illegible]

Technicians of the Sacred"
Jerome Rothenberg. 1968.

(Zuni Indian)

Come, stand the ladder! all come in, all sit down
 We were poor, poor, poor, poor,
 When we came to this world through the poor place,
 Where the body of water dried for our passing.
 Banked up clouds cover the earth.
 All come four times with your showers:
 Descend to the base of the ladder & stand still!
 Bring your showers & great rains.
 Yes, all come, all ascend, all come in, all sit down

Photographs of Handprint
+ Red Handprint.

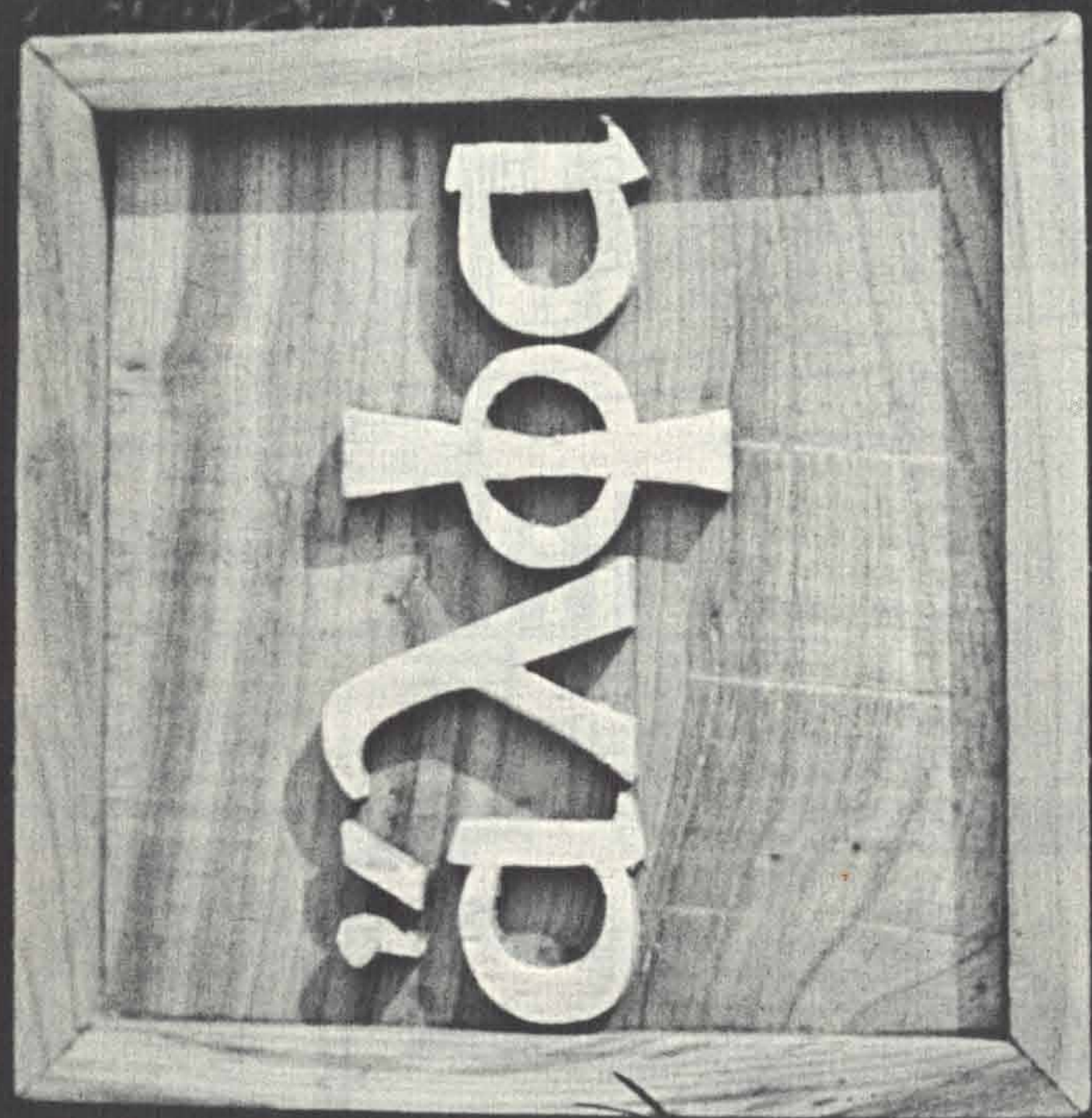
FIRE

notes for
ALCHERA

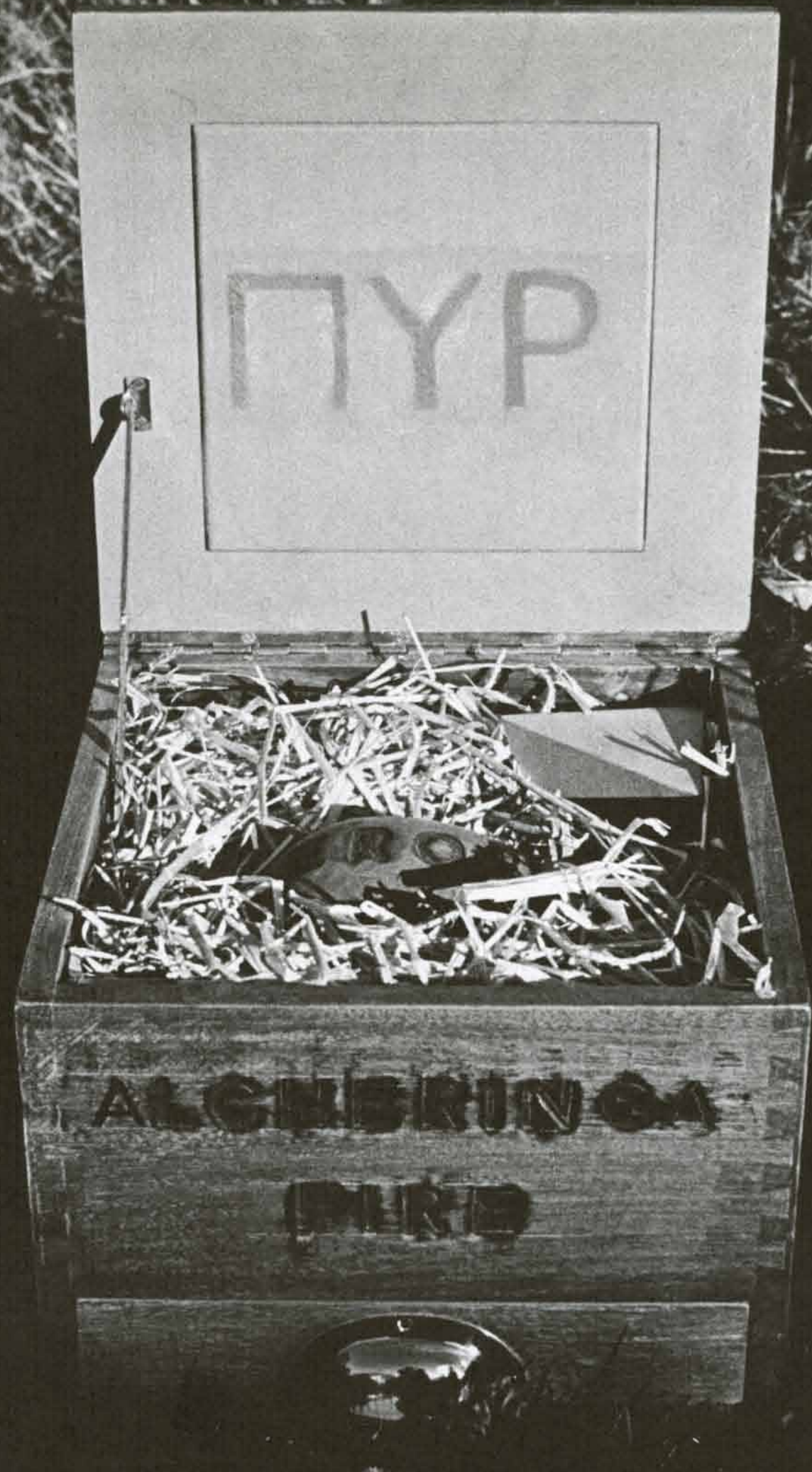
1. JOE
TILSON

GIANT
WOODEN EGG
EROS

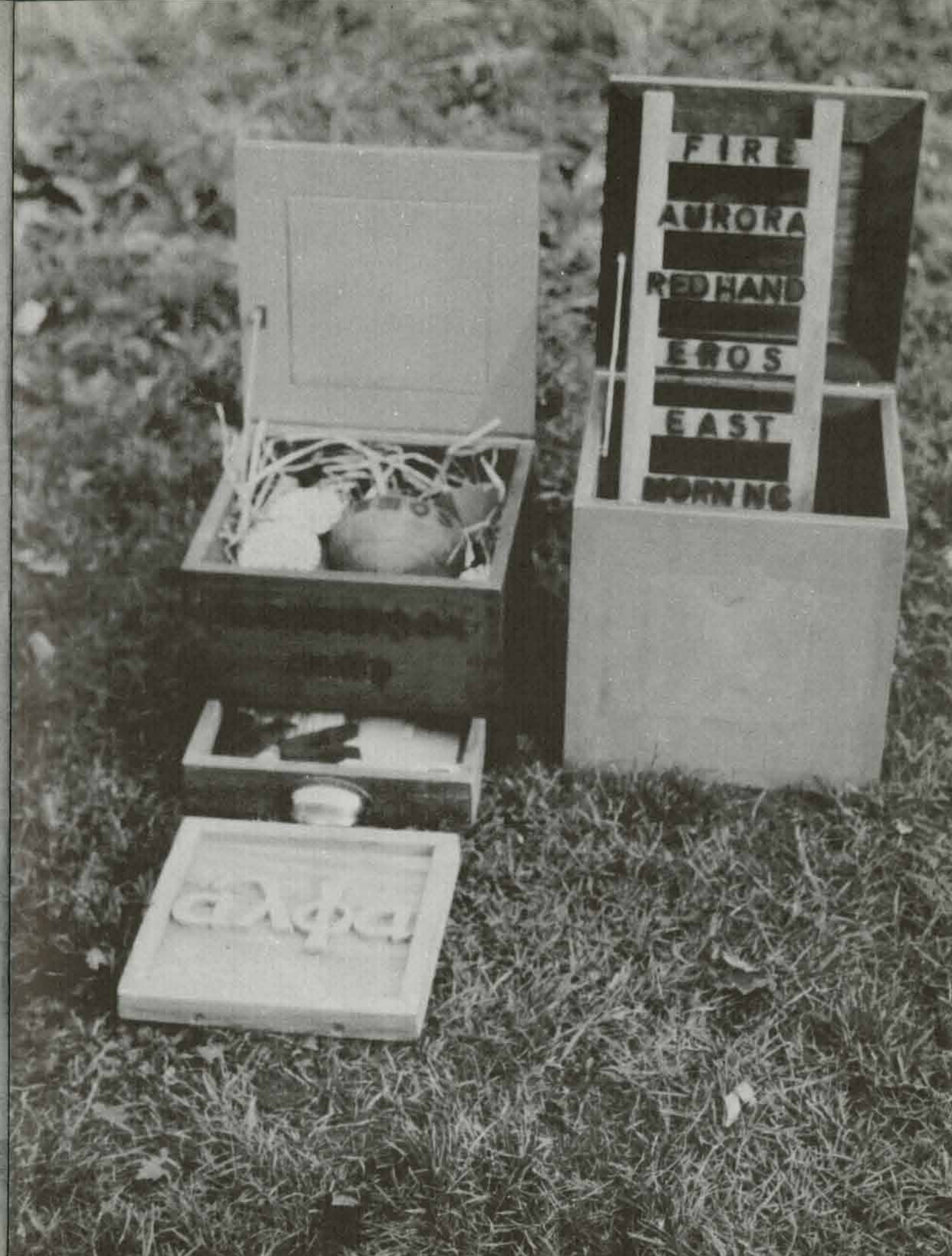
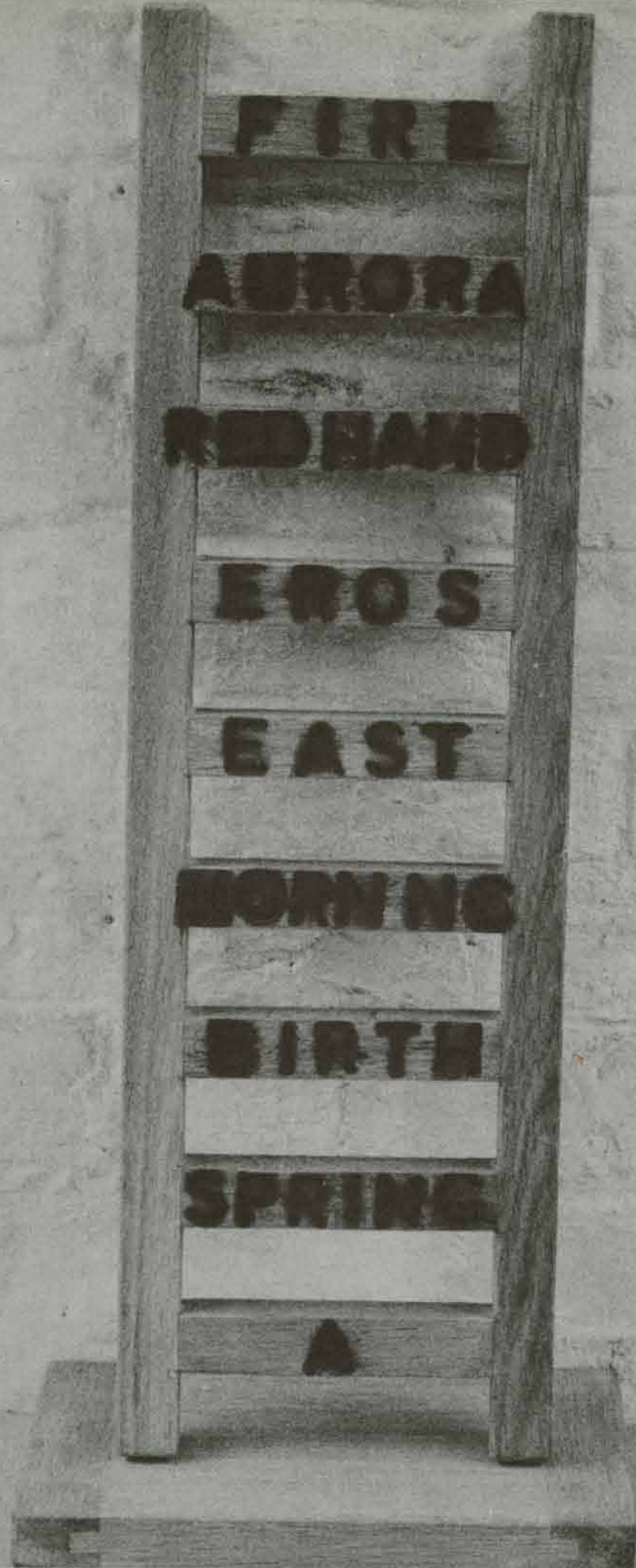
In illo tempore, in the paradisiac age, the gods came down to earth and mingled with men; and men for their part could go up to heaven by climbing the mountain, the tree, creeper or ladder, or might even be taken up by birds.

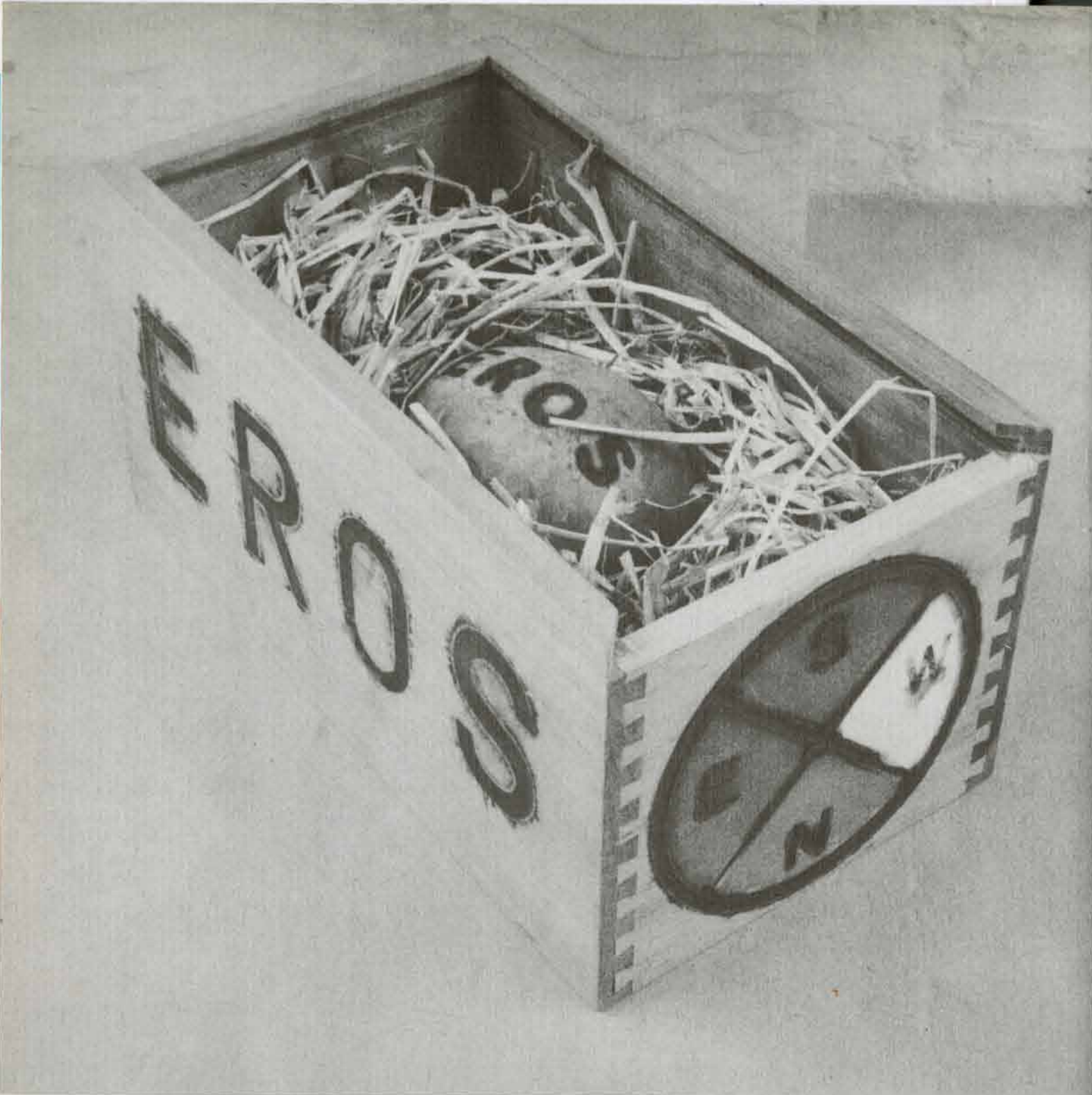


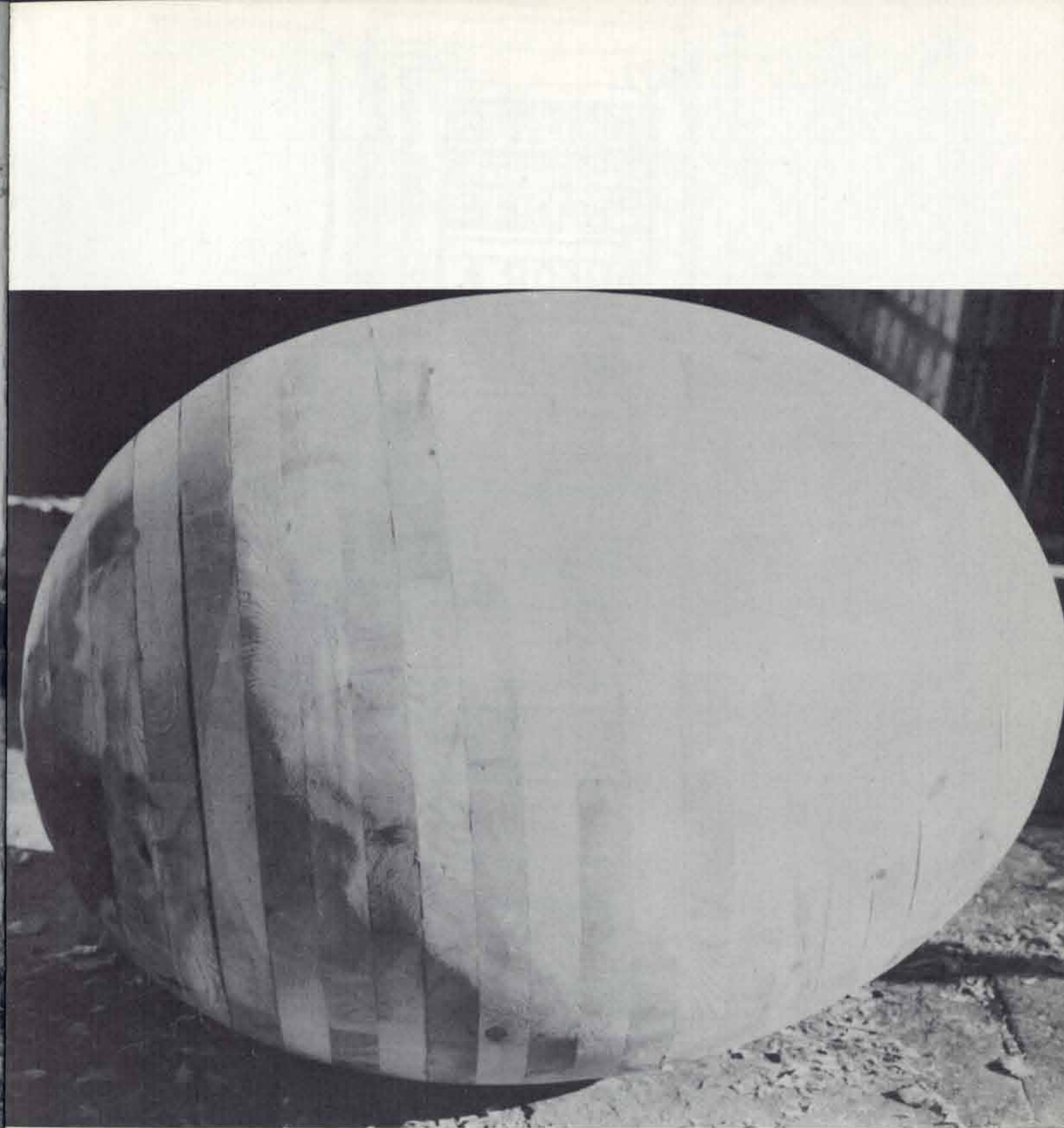
MASTER
MATTHEW
GREGORY
NORTHUMBERIAN
ROAD
BOTHERSBY
NORTH
ULSTER.











FIRE

PHANES

AURORA

MORNING

SPRING

A

BIRTH

EROS

WOOD

DAWN

MARCH

WHEAT

ARIES

EYE

DRY

TIGER

MAY

36"

FIRE

AURORA

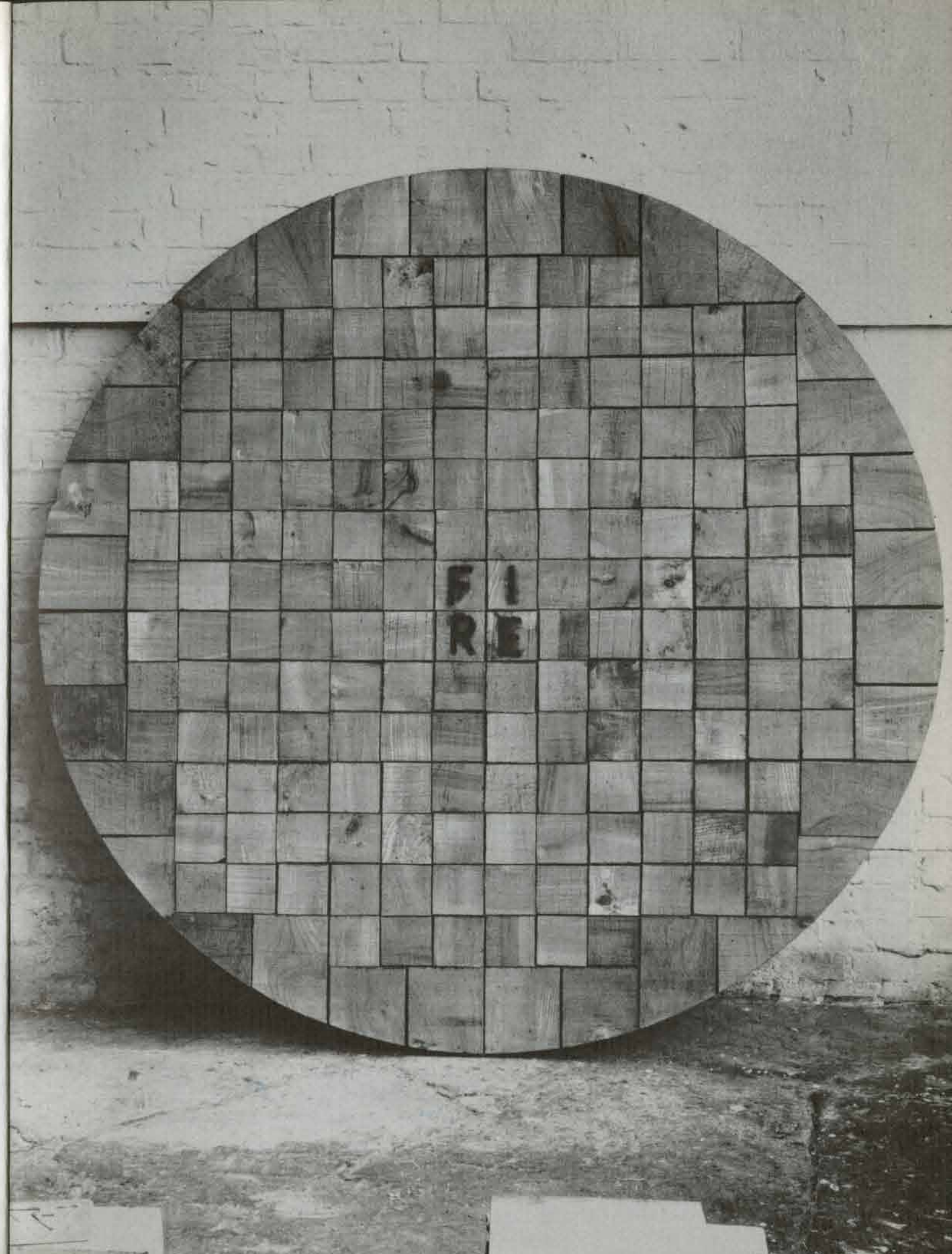
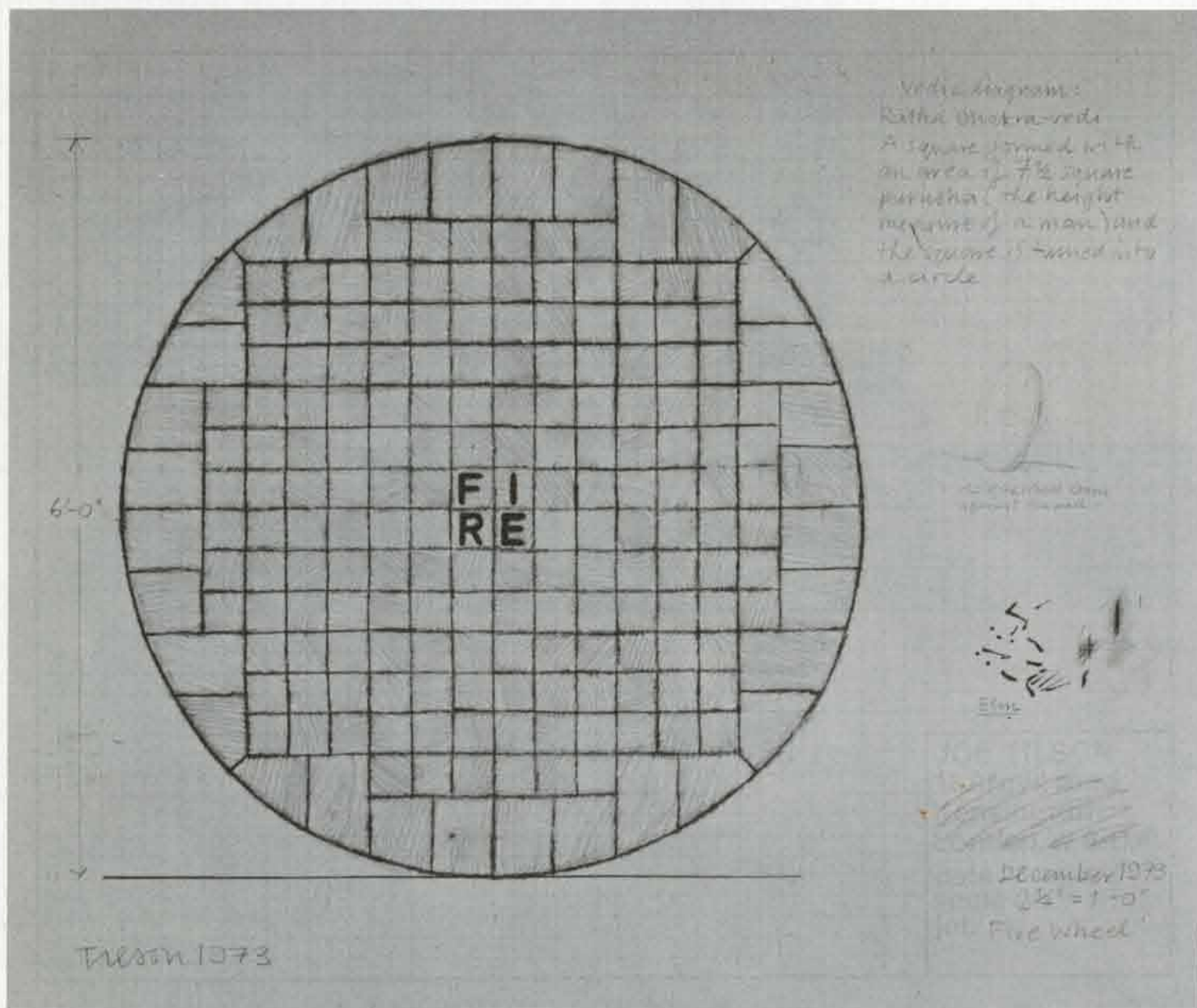
WOOD

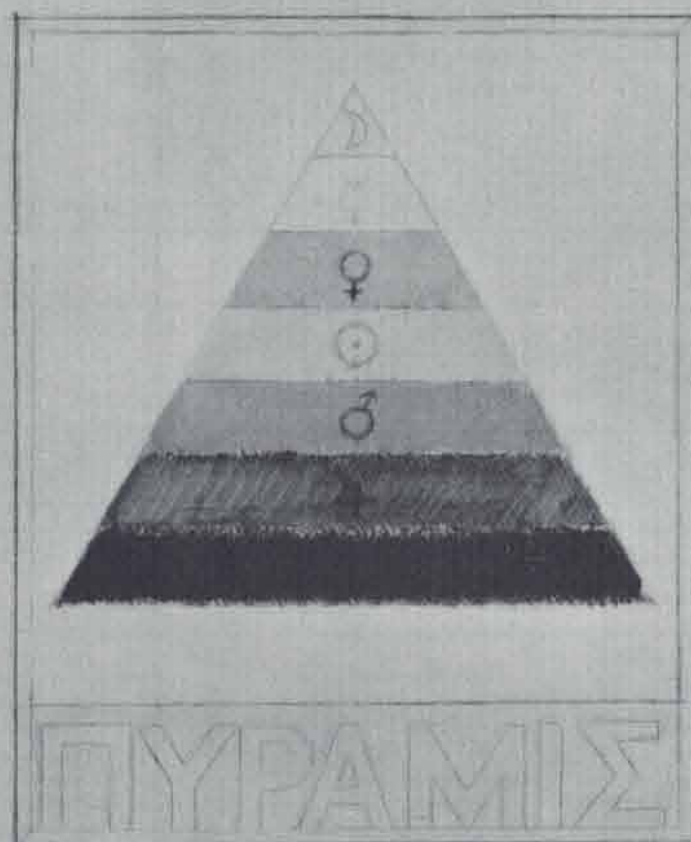
EAST

EAST

MORNING

BIRCH



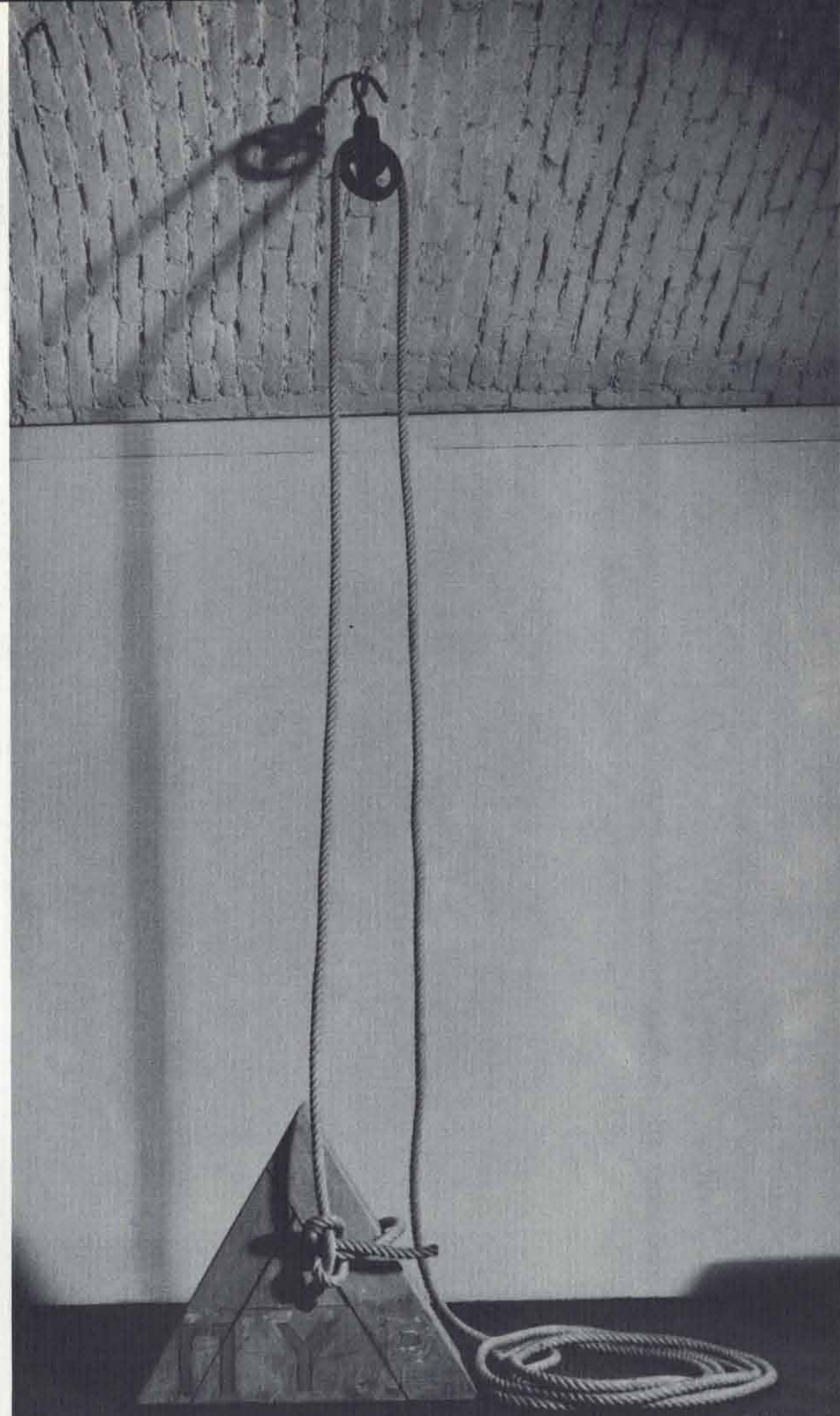


Silver	♂	Mercury
White	♀	Venus
Yellow	♂	Sun
Gold	♀	Mars
Red	♂	Jupiter
Blue	♀	Saturn



THE TILSON
 [scribbled text]
 [scribbled text]
 [scribbled text]
 [scribbled text]

Tilson 1073



NAMING AND ORIGINS.

... Adam as first poet, naming the animals...

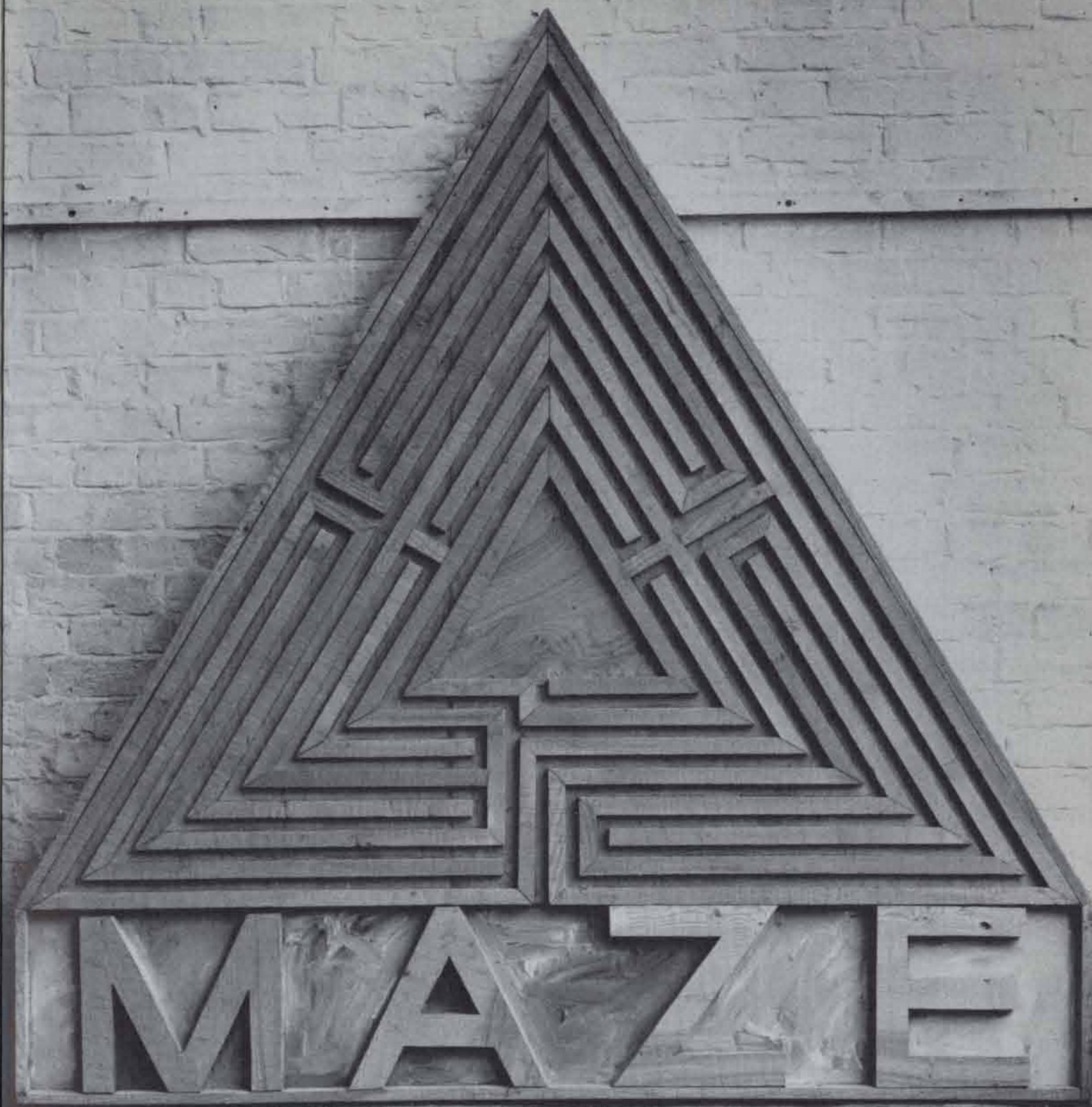
ΕΡΟΣ	Thanatos
Narcissus	Prometheus
Ορφεύς	Heraclès

-- Fire is not a seperable datum of experience...

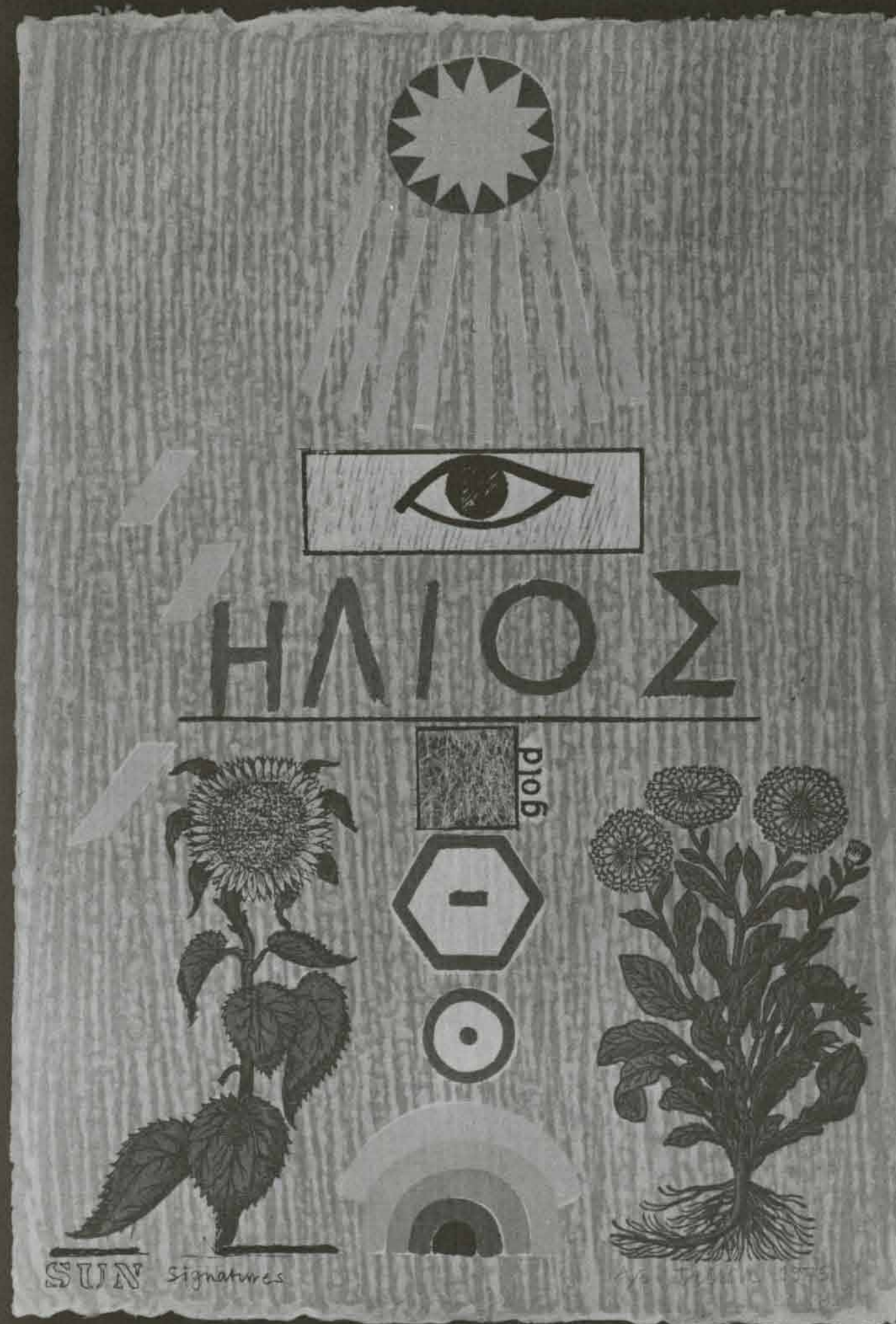
COOKERY AND APOCALYPSE

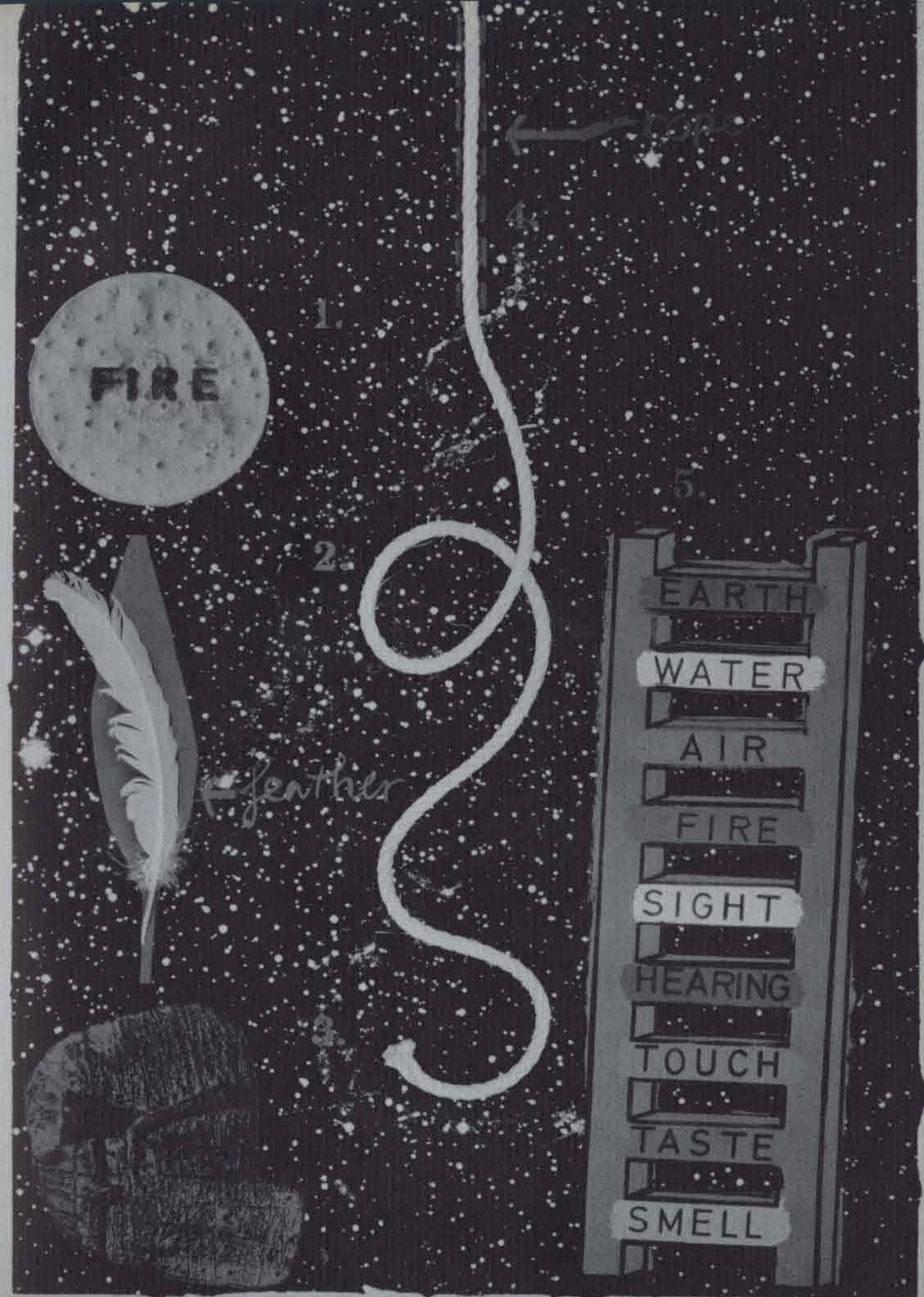
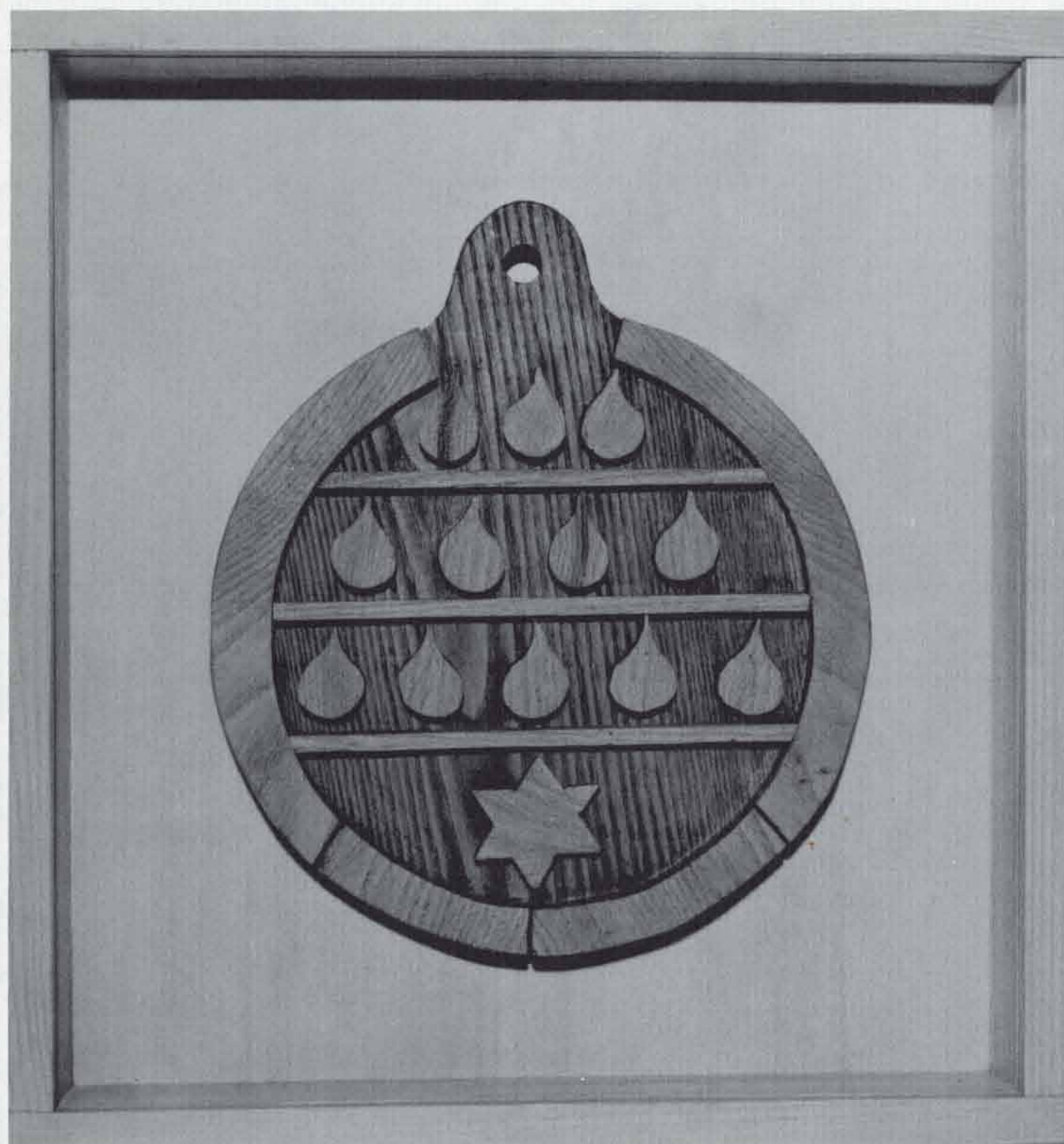
..tout brûle dans l'heure fauve'...

(Mallarmé)

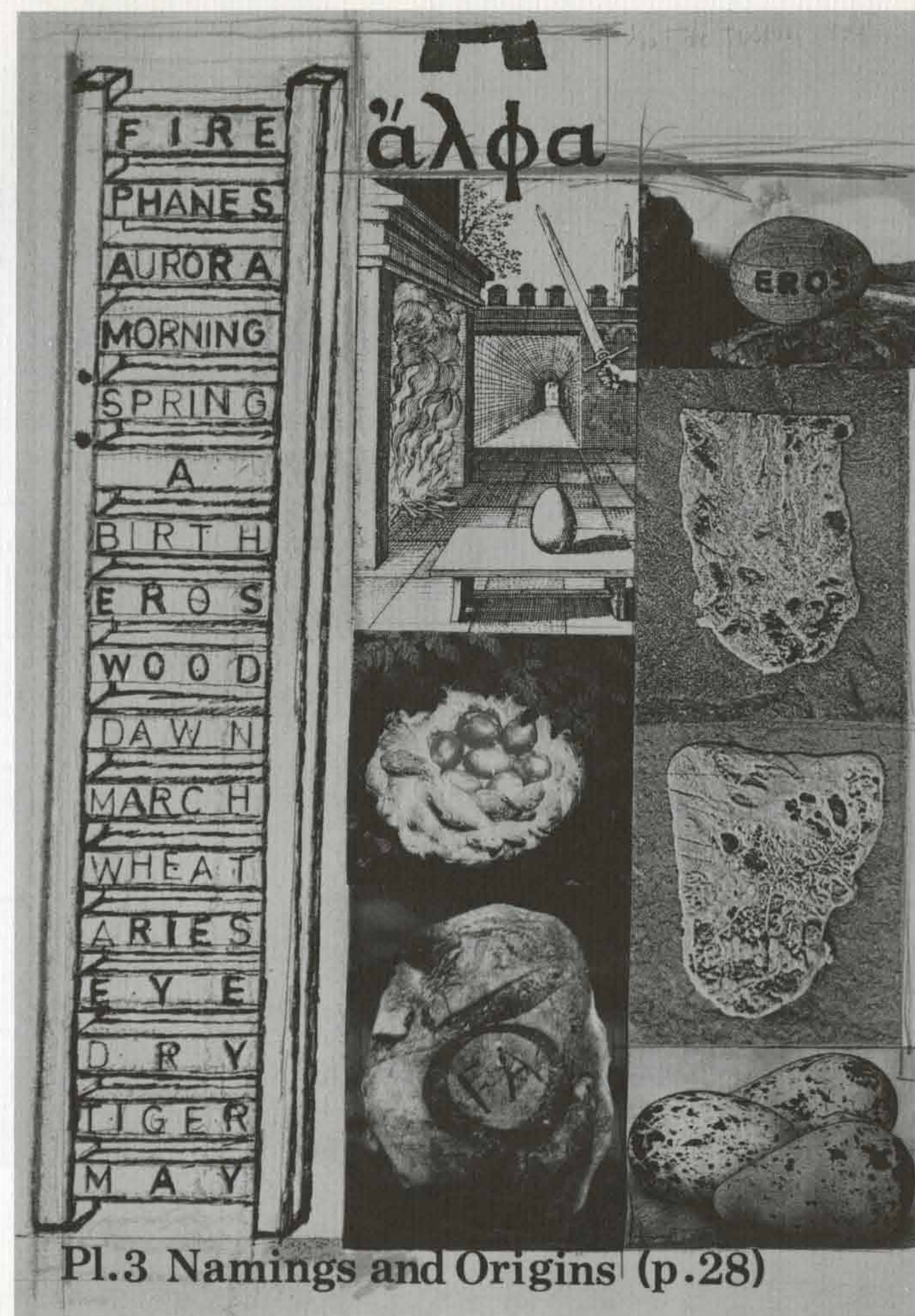
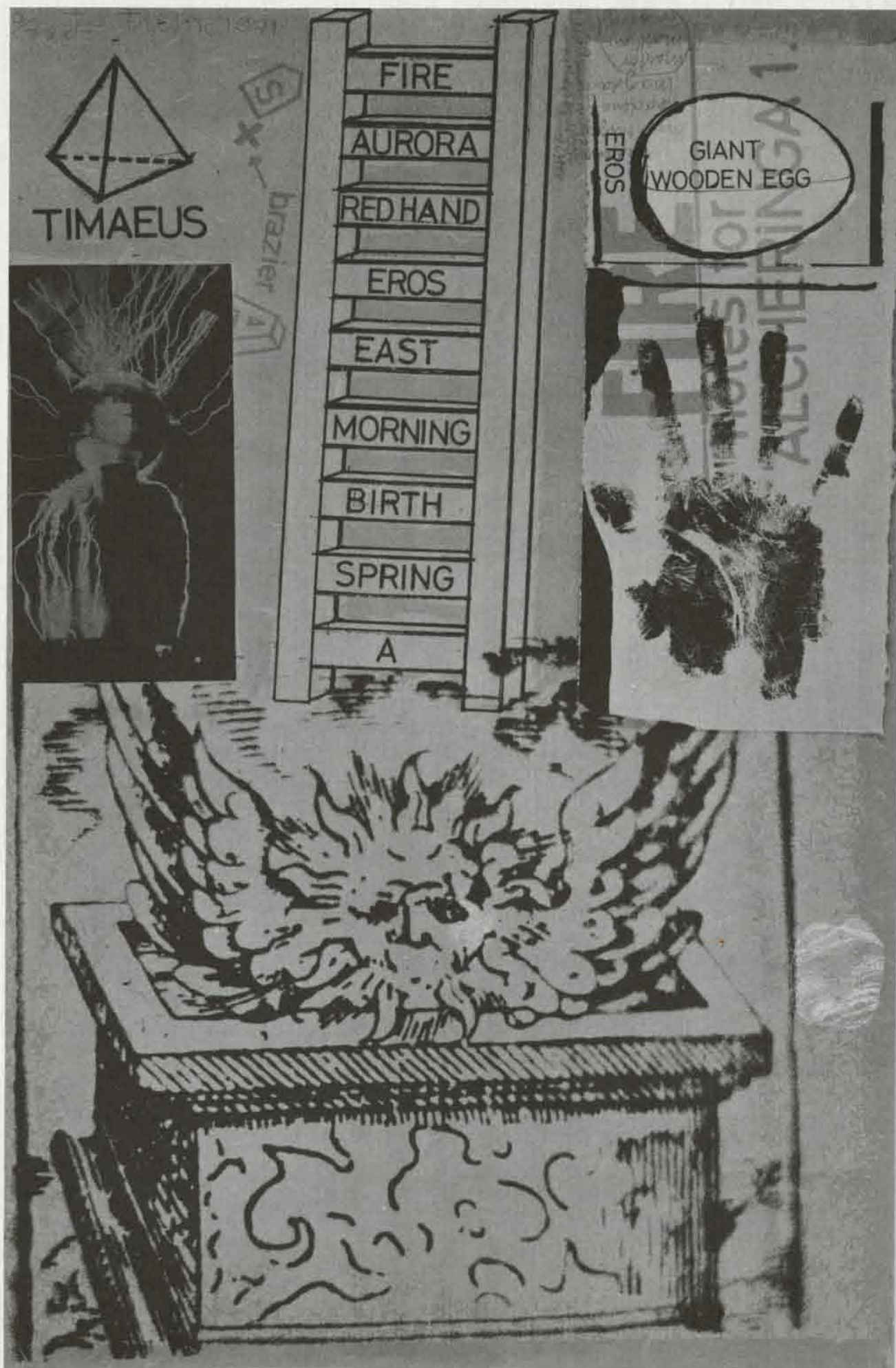


'The doctrine of signatures'.
(Visual Rhyme.)

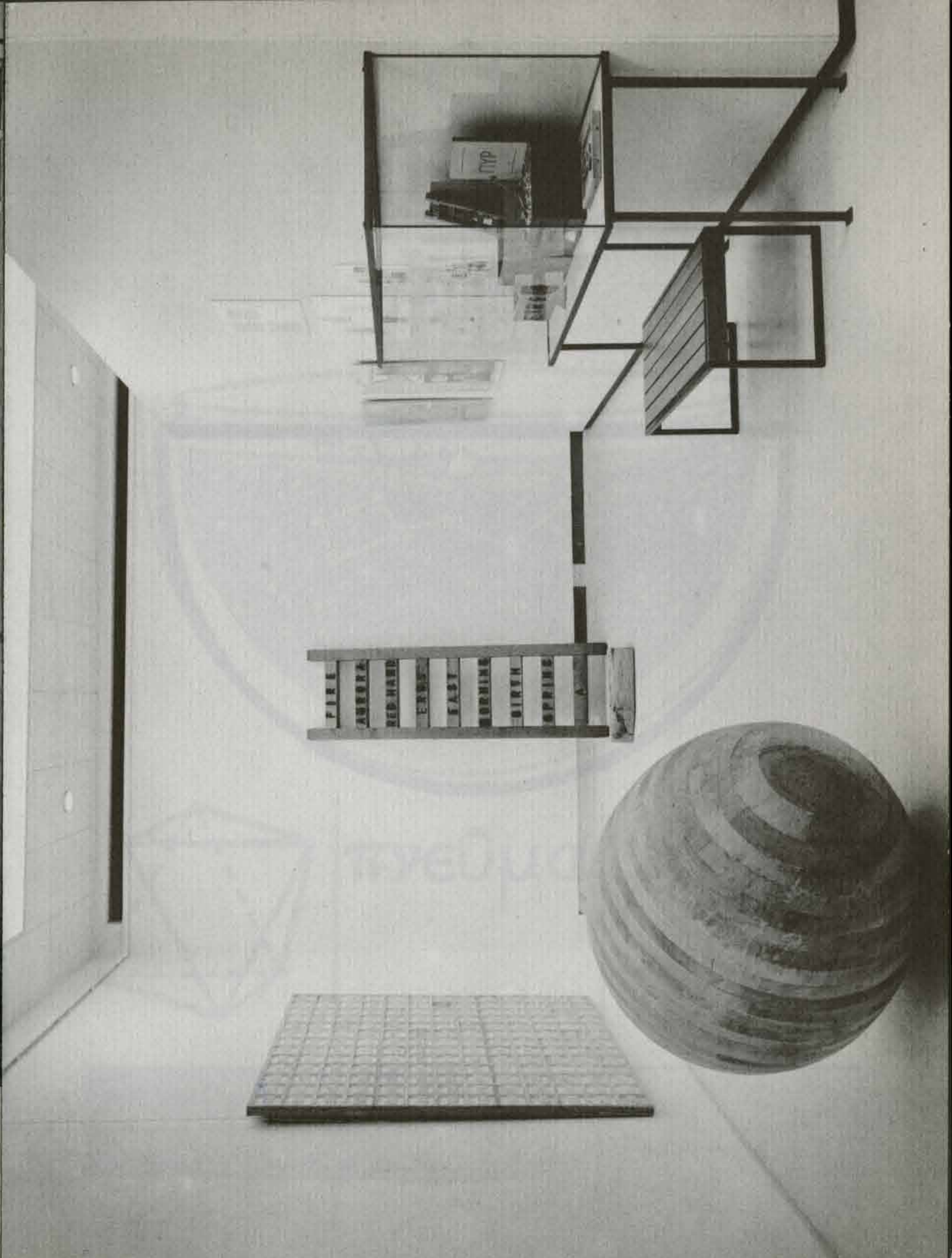
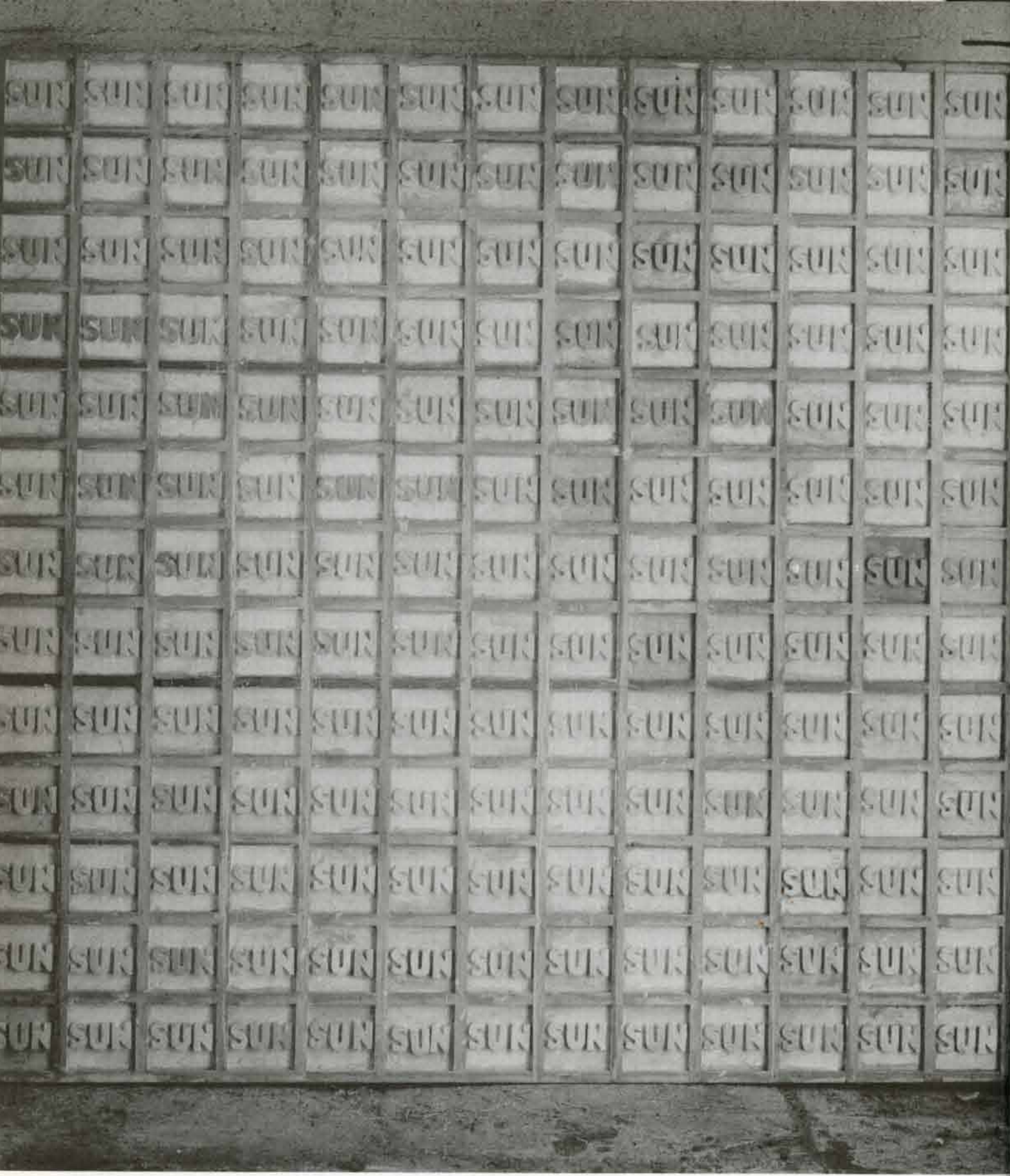


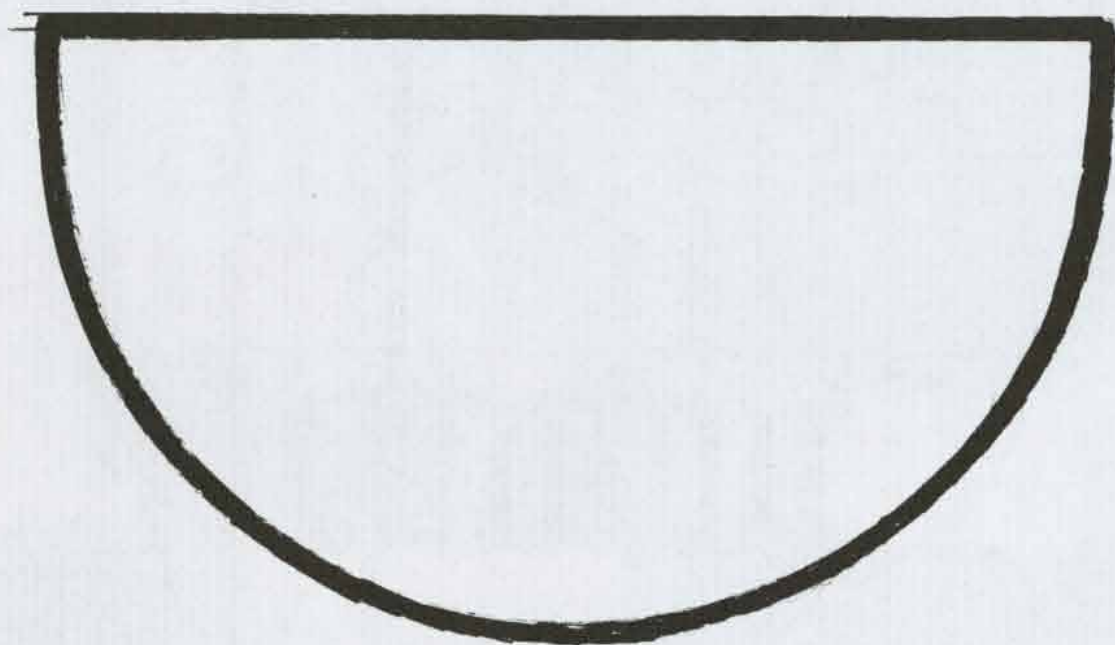


Pl. 14. Tools of the shaman. (p.228).

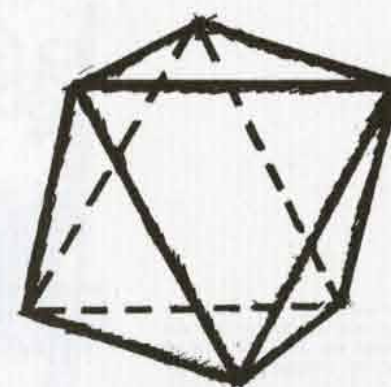
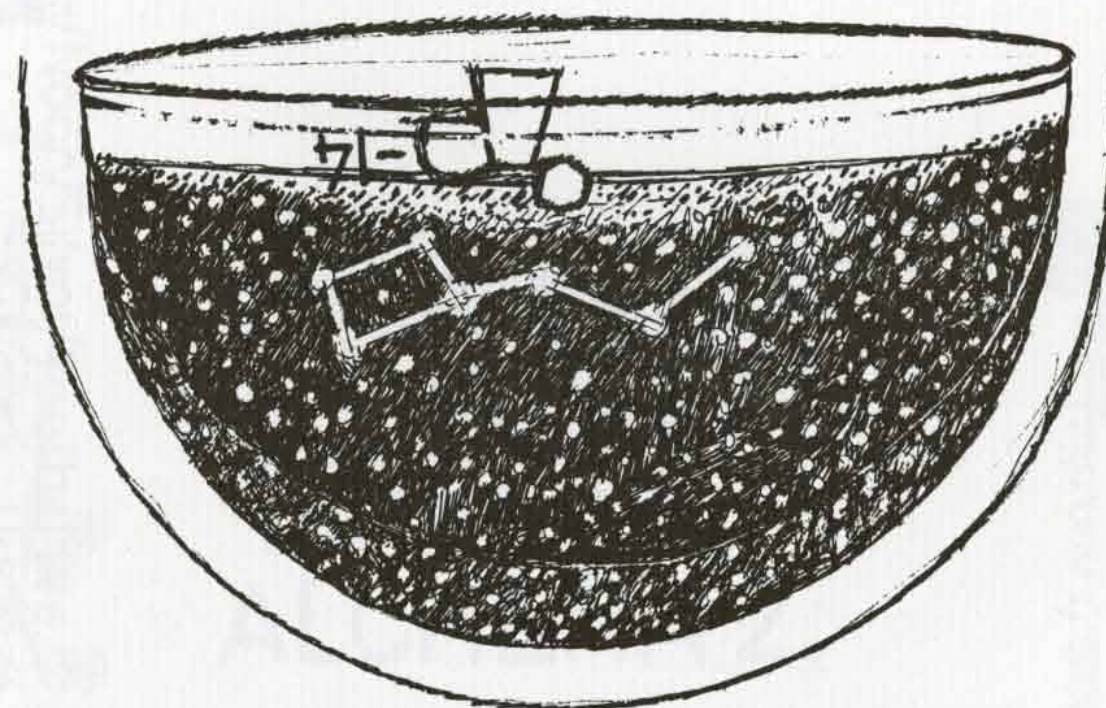


Pl.3 Namings and Origins (p.28)

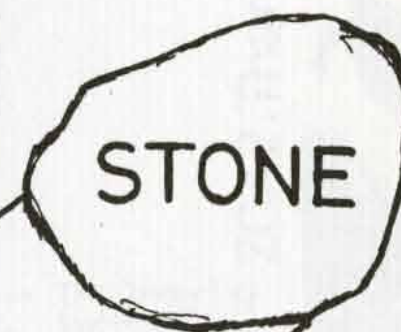




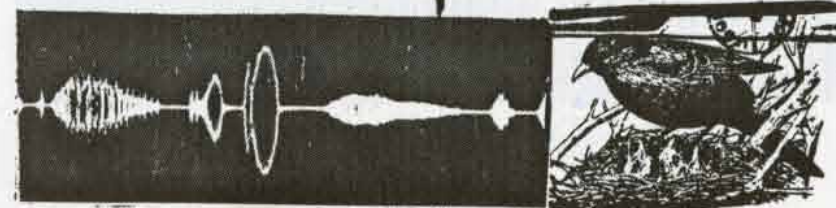

 Ch ien
AIR



πνεῦμα



TALISMAN OF TUATHA
DE DANANN



ALCHERINGA, 2.

a i r

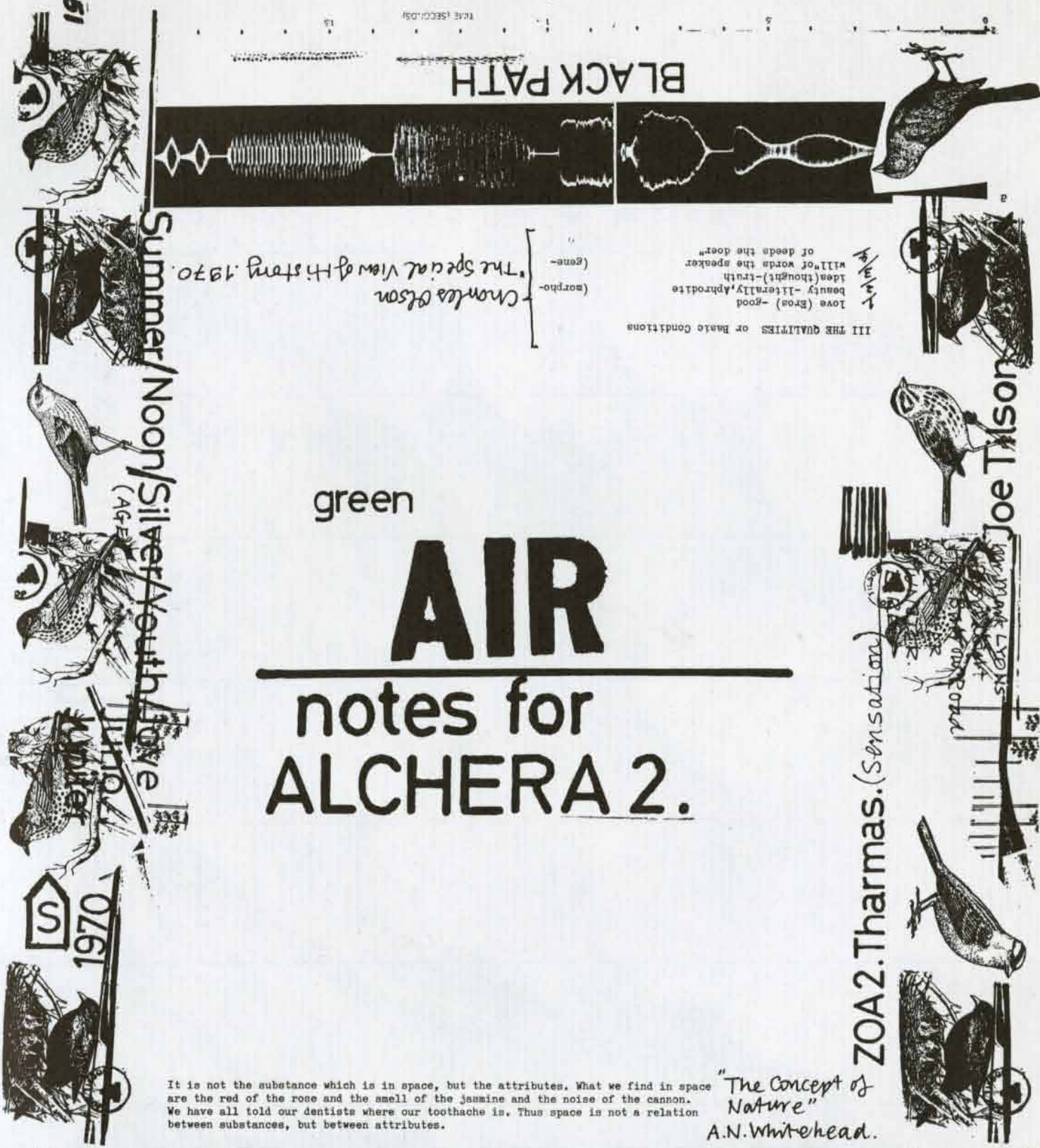
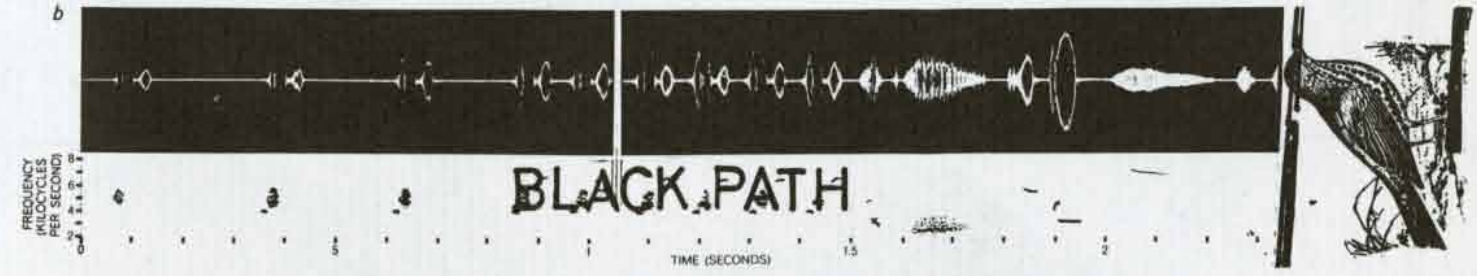
green

AIR

notes for
ALCHERA 2.

It is not the substance which is in space, but the attributes. What we find in space are the red of the rose and the smell of the jasmine and the noise of the cannon. We have all told our dentists where our toothache is. Thus space is not a relation between substances, but between attributes.

"The Concept of Nature"
A.N. Whitehead.



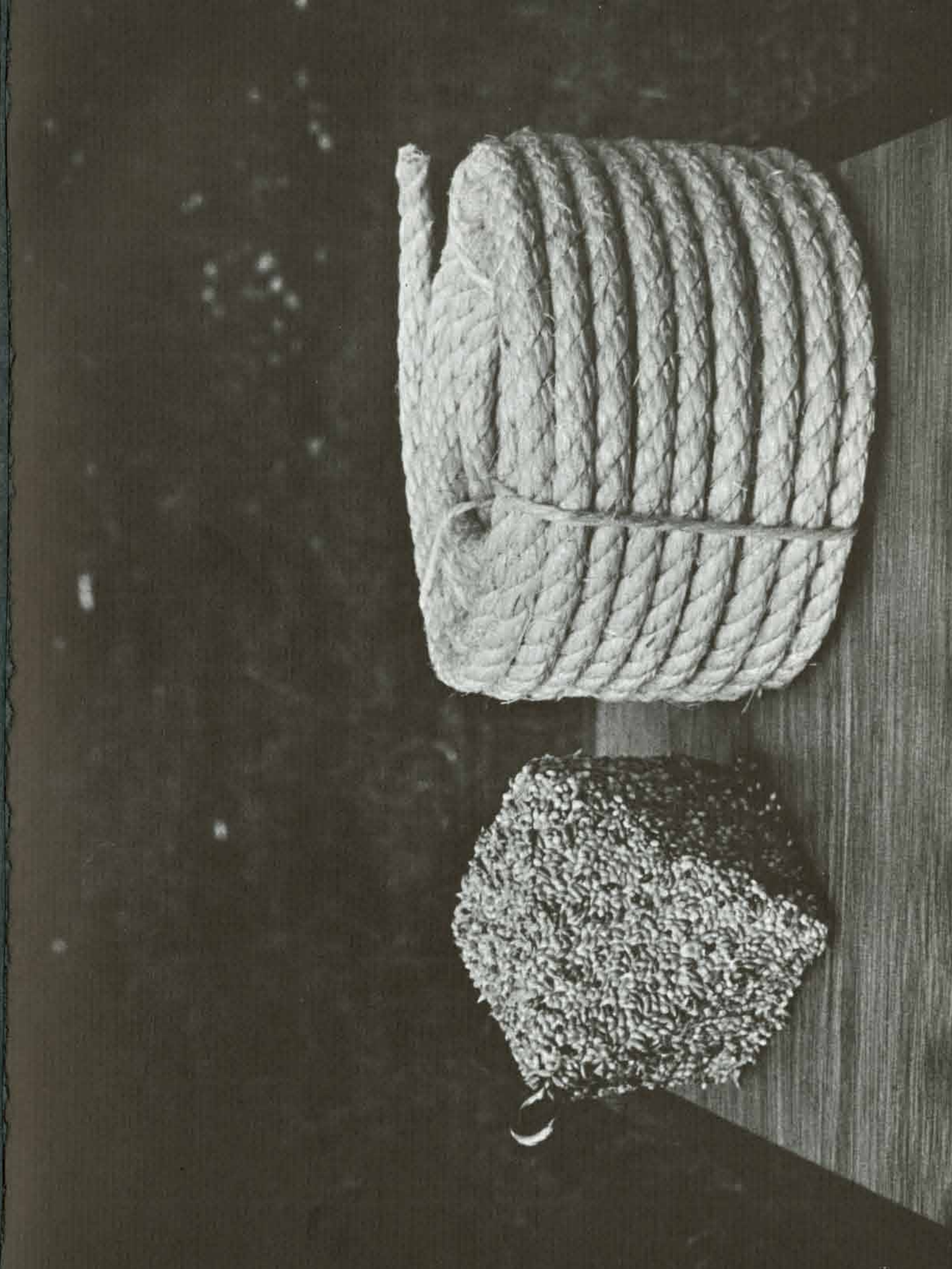
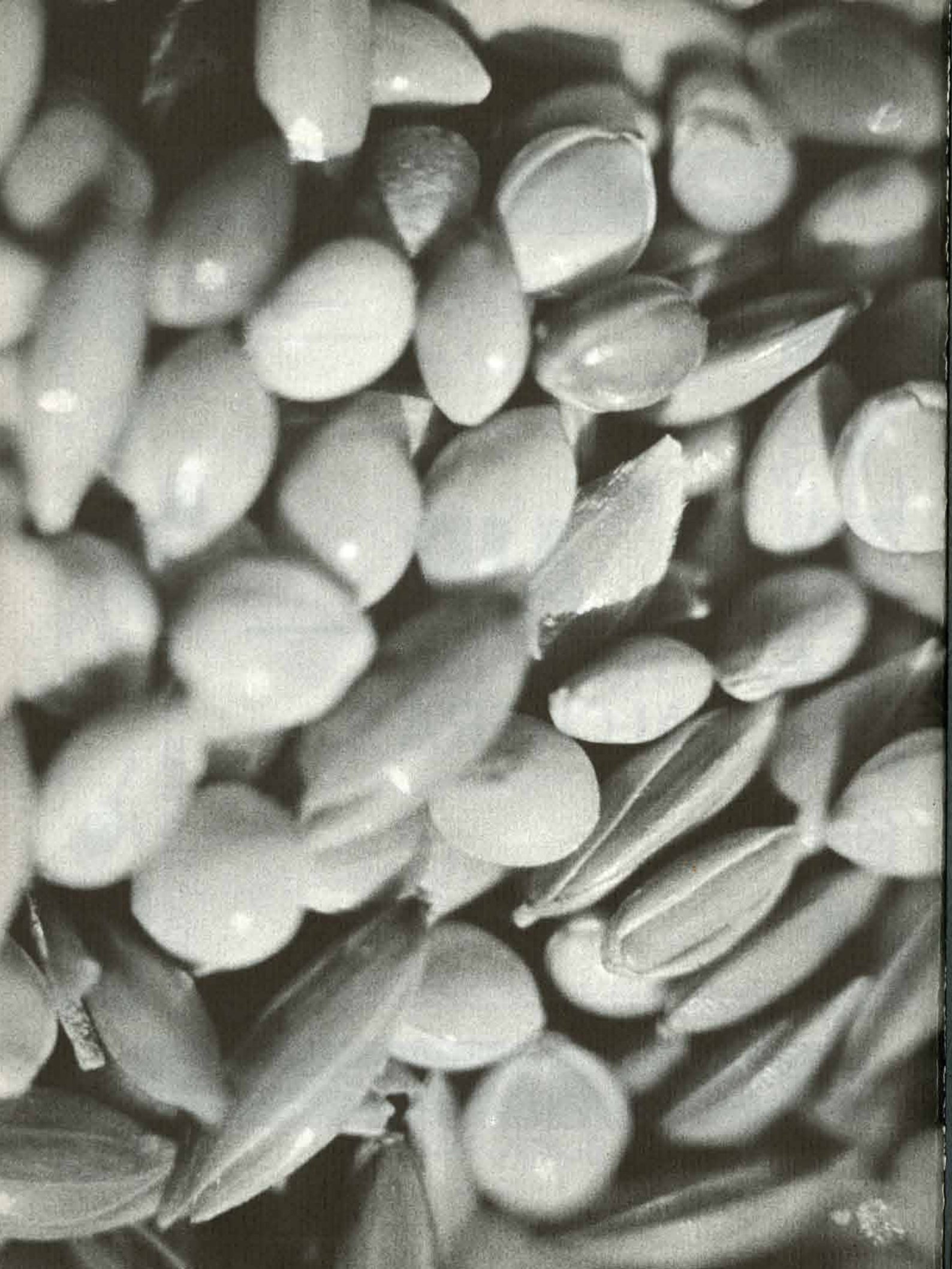
1970
Summer/Noon/Silver/Youth/Stone
(Age)

Charles Olson
The Special View of History, 1970

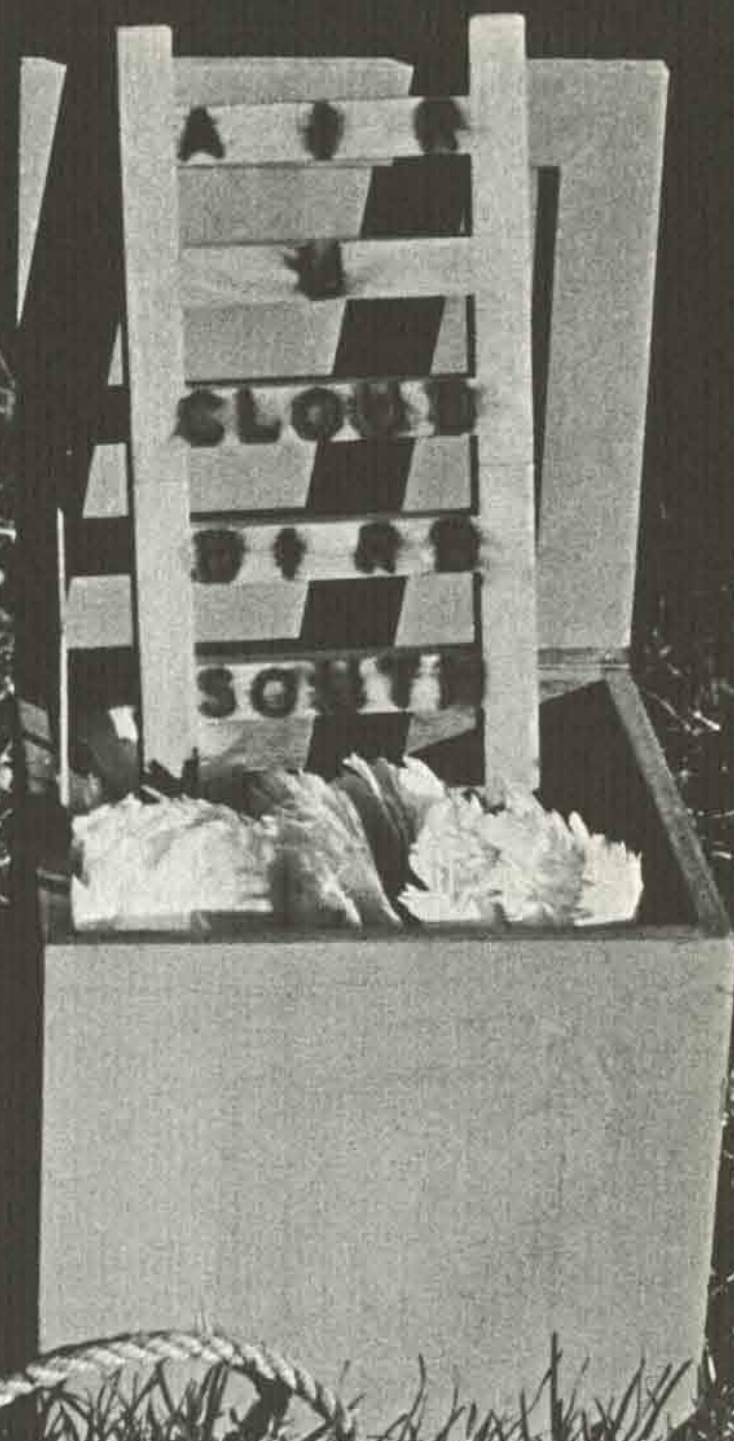
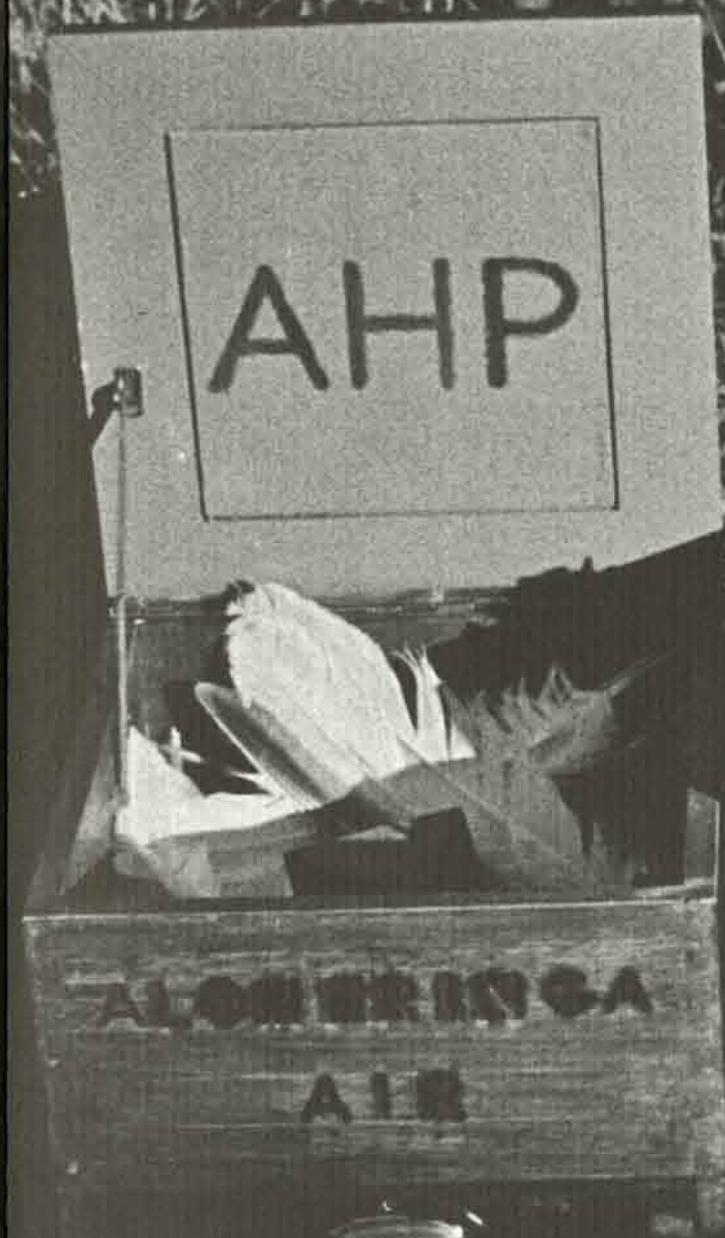
III THE QUALITIES or Basic Conditions
Love (Pros) - Good
Beauty - Literally, Aphrodite
Idea (thought) - Truth
Will of words the speaker
of deeds the doer"

JOA2.Tharmas.(Sensation)

Joe Tilson







MIR MARK LYONS
POORE
COURT
FIVE BARRROW
ROAD
SOOTHER
MUNSTER
EIRE



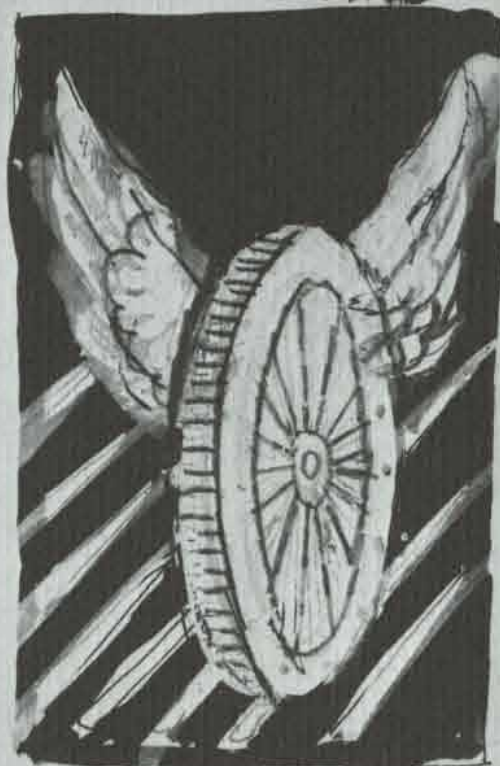
.. Nous butinons éperdument le miel du visible,
pour l'accumuler dans la grande ruche
d'or de l'invisible.

(Rilke. Briefe aus Muzot
332-38.)

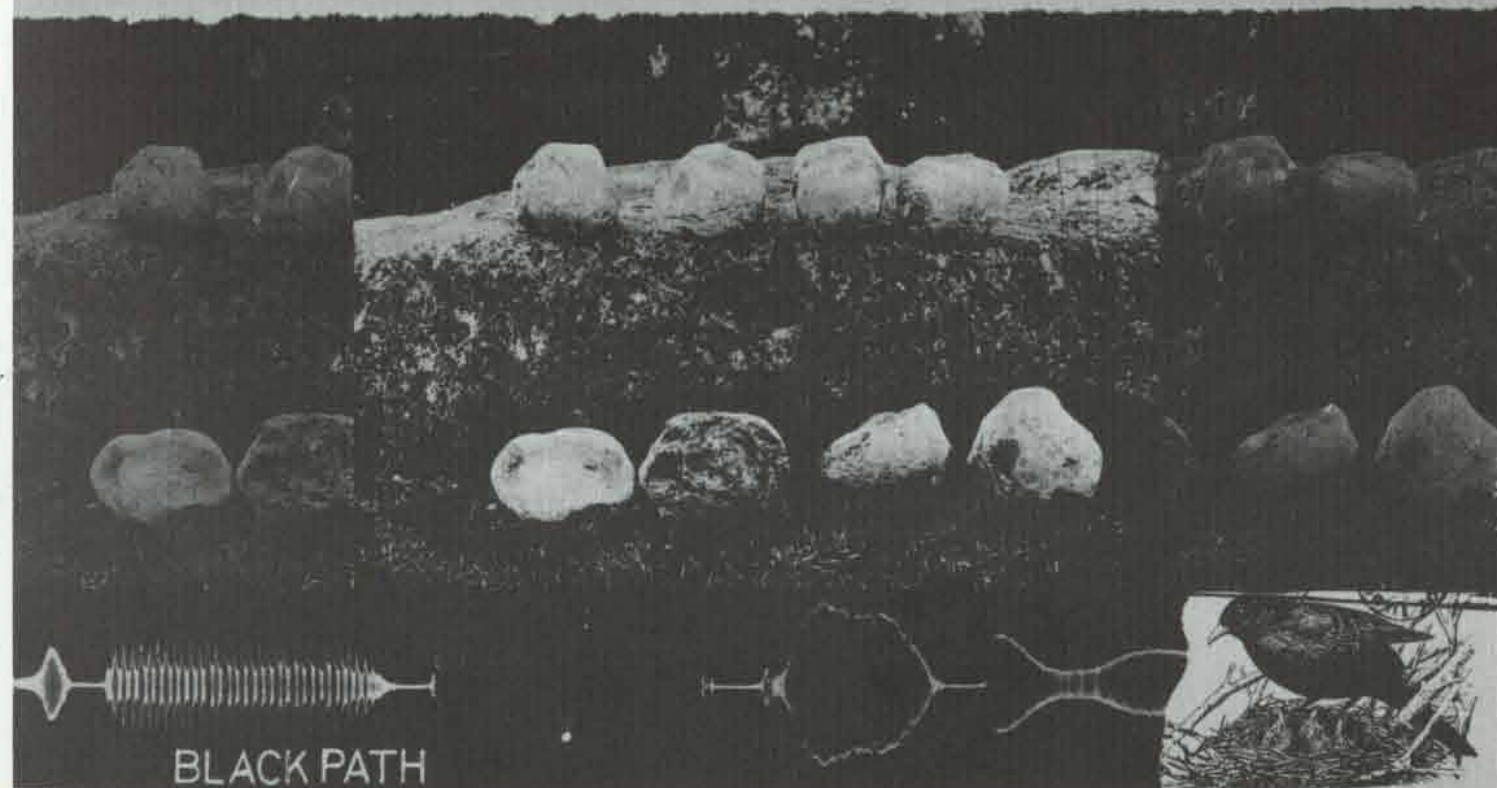
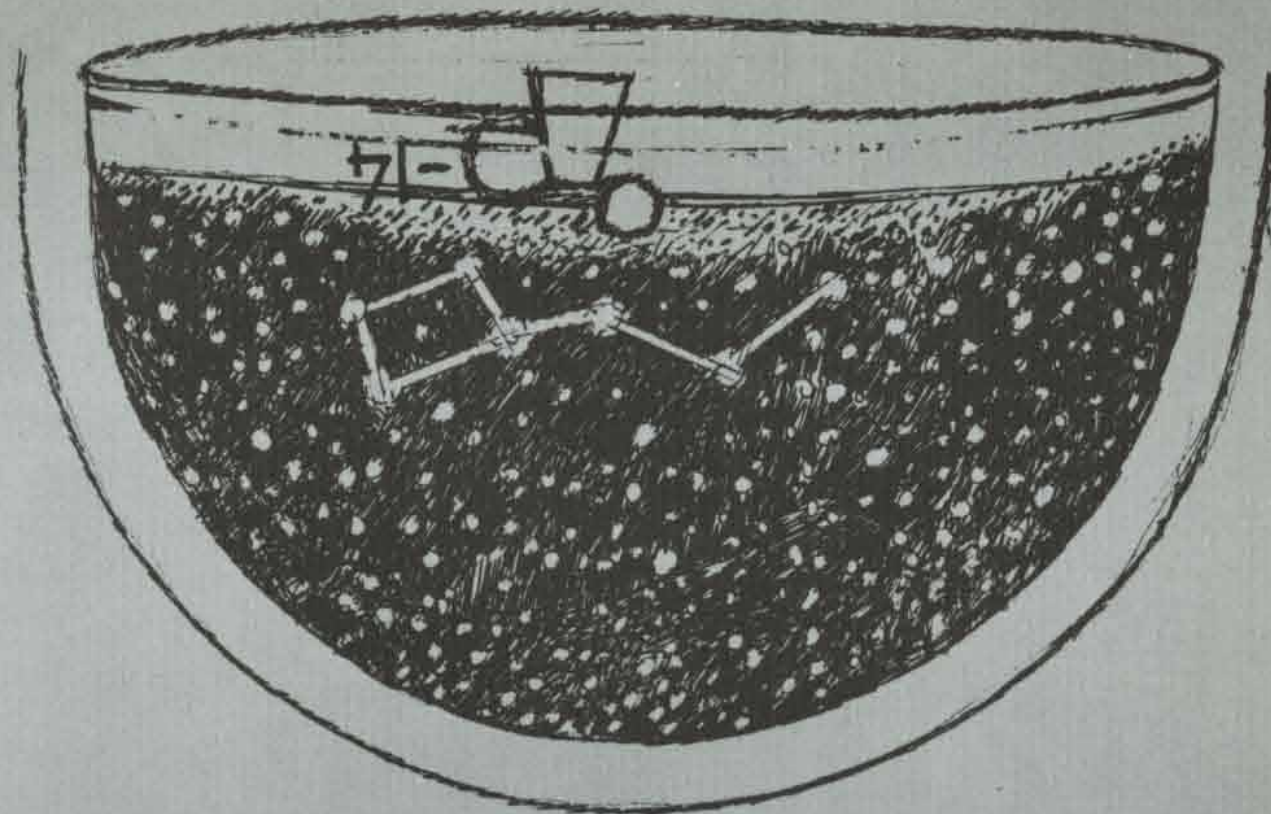
barron sing
and on the heath, the honey bees. . . .
(Marriage of Heaven & Hell, Blake, S&W, P.W.p.12)

ἐρεικαίον / Heather honey (P. H. N.
11. 41.)

EriKapaious (Feeder on heather)
Celestial Bee. bee



Leath



Tarot pack
(marseille)
Spada
my
um

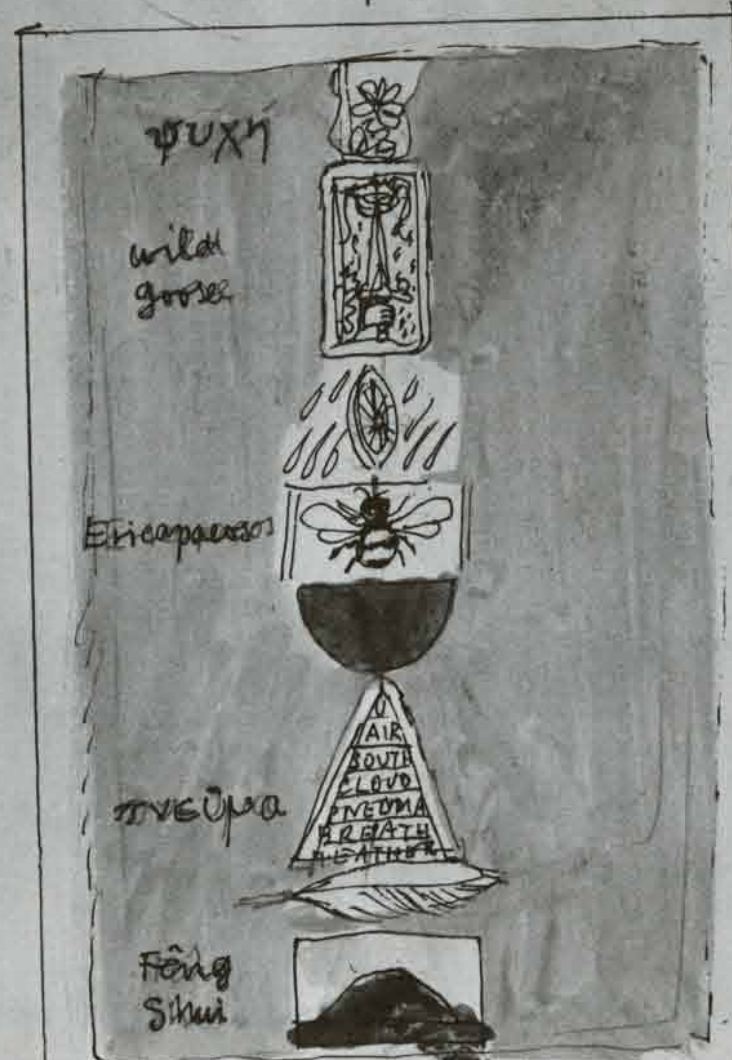
Notes for
AIR
print: →

mysterious Principles of the Blue Bag

"Pneuma / Psyche, (wild goose)"

πνεῦμα / ψυχή, (wild goose)

Feng-shui.
27 1/2"



Pl.1. Mysterious Principles of the Blue Bag

Anemone Blanda
Tarot card
(spada)
wheel
40" Bee
Green bow
Air ladder
Feather
Silbury Hill.

ψυχή

wild
goose



ερεικαλον



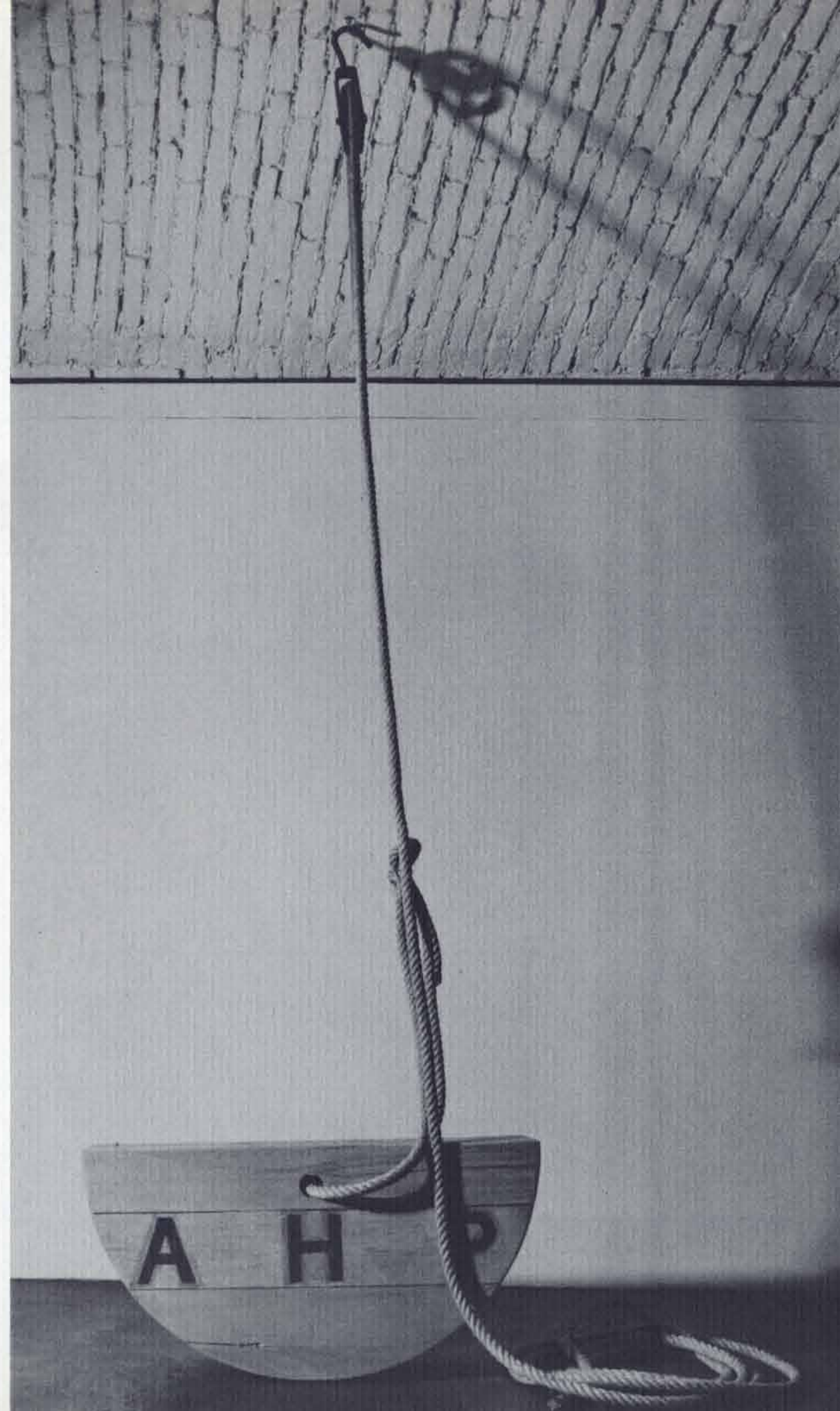
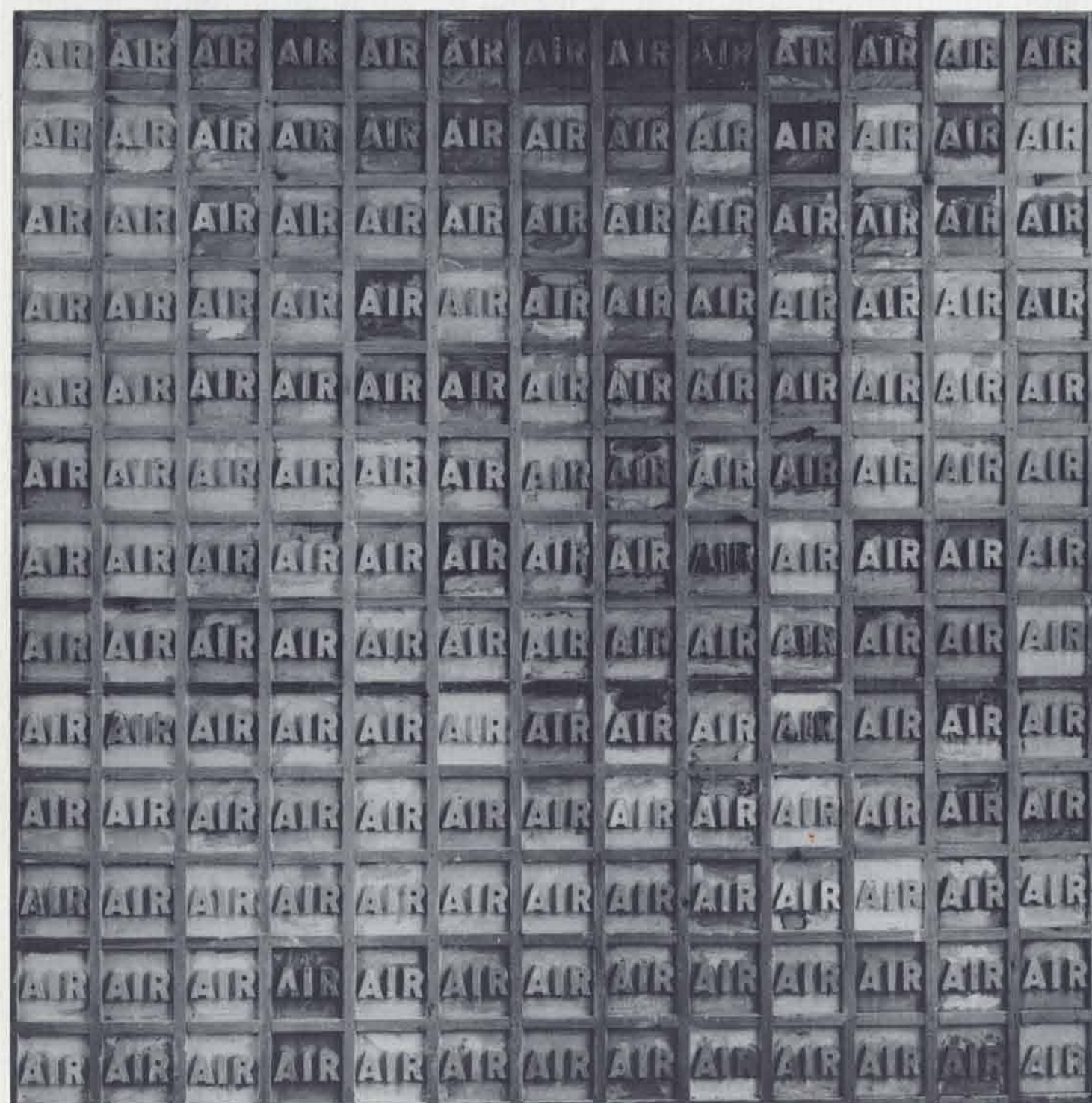
πνεῦμα

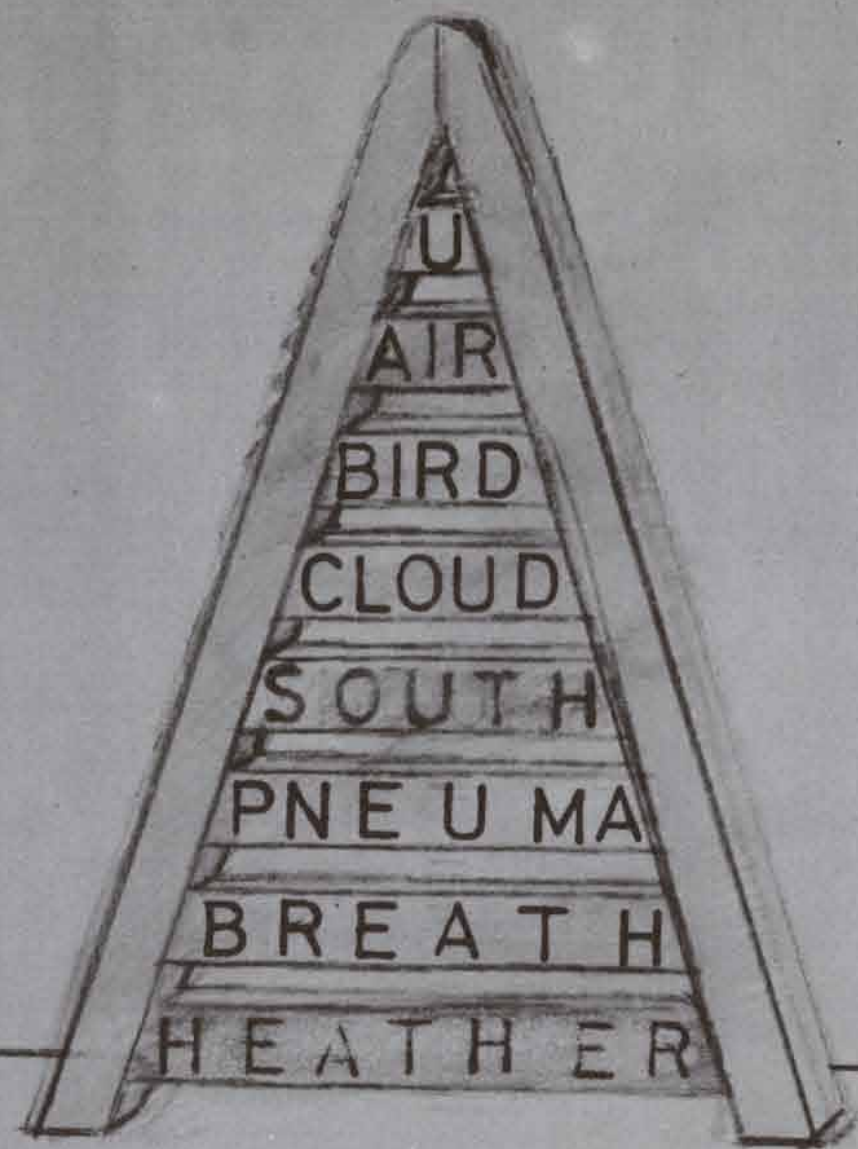


Feng
Shui



Pl.1. Mysterious Principles of the Blue Bag

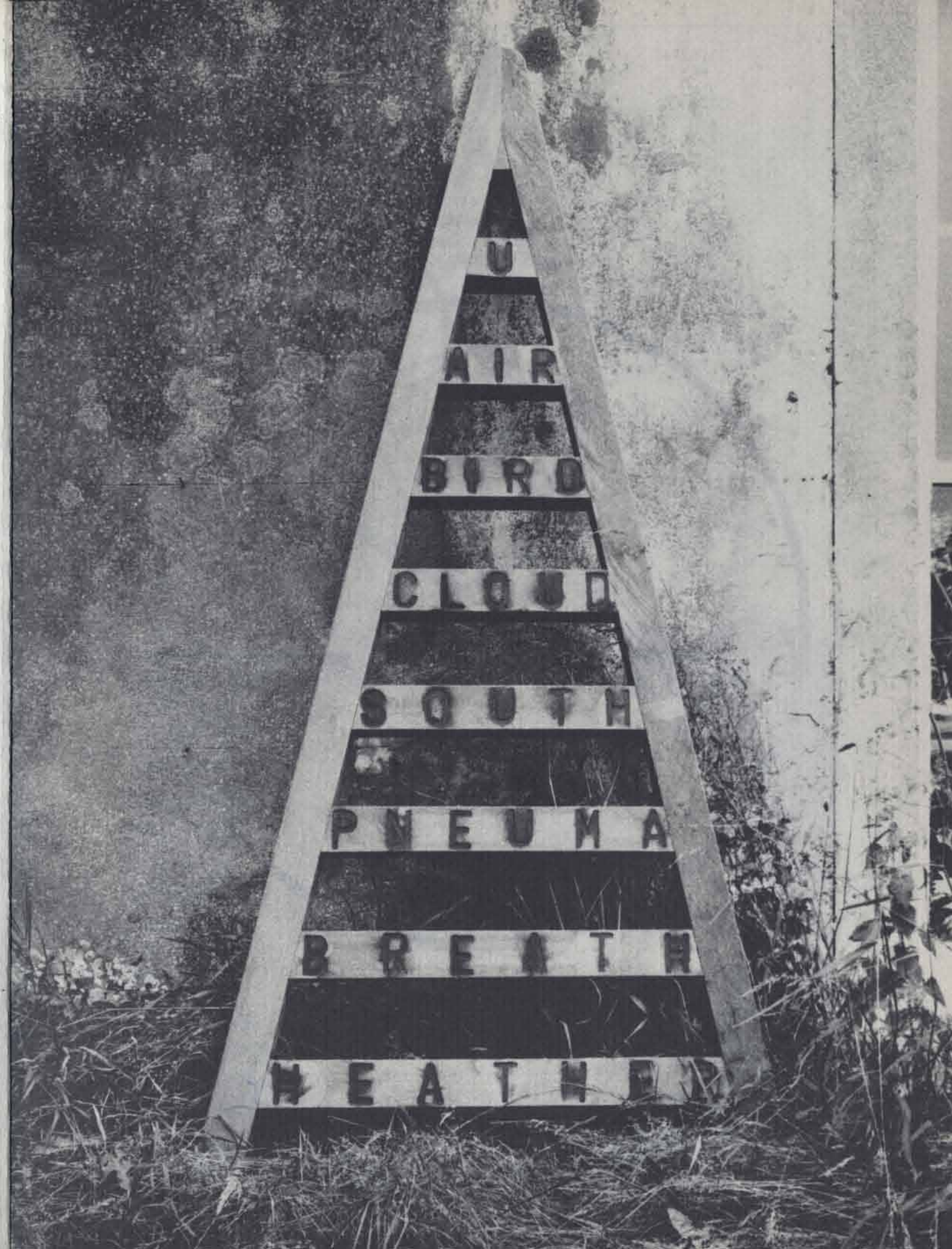
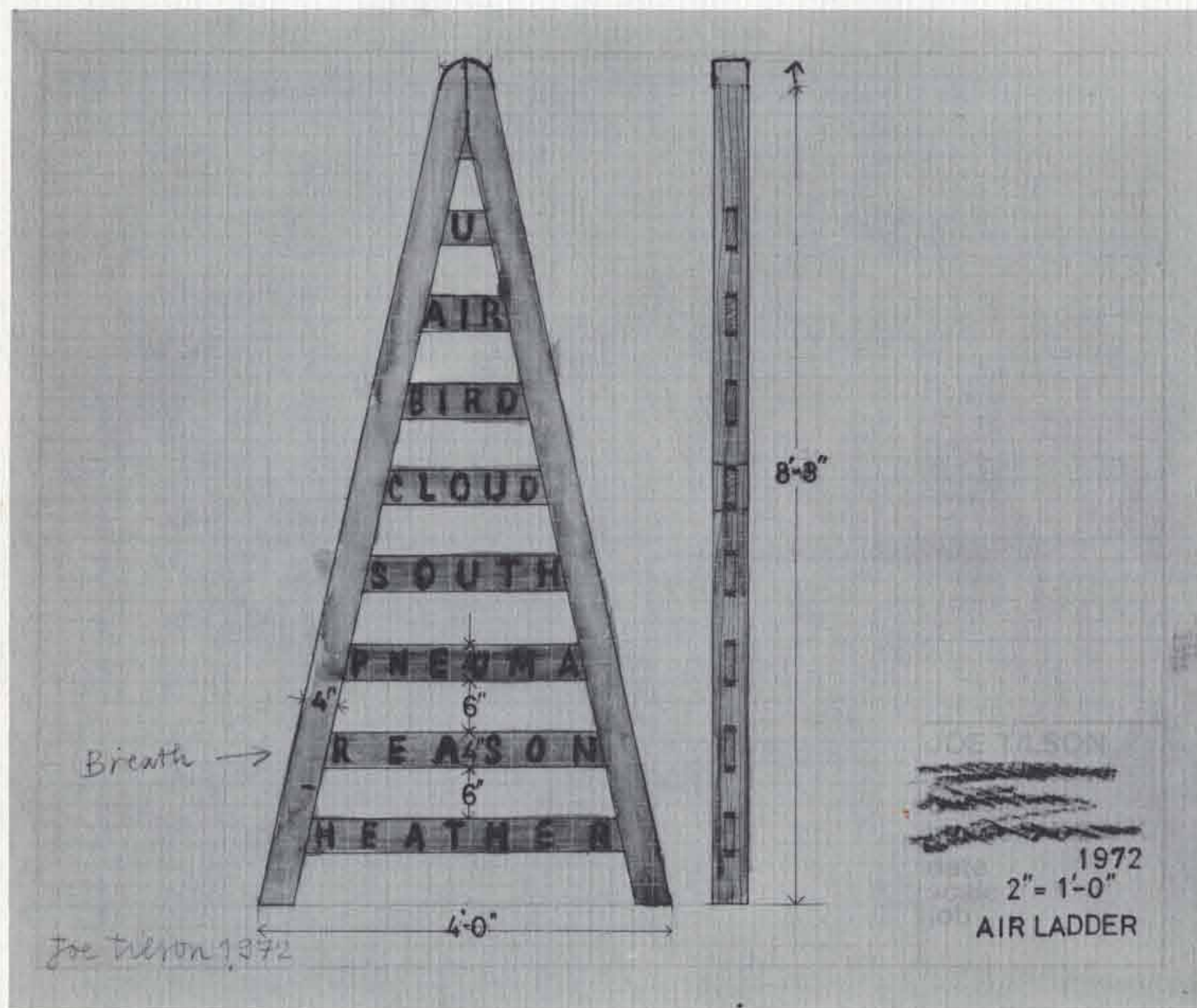


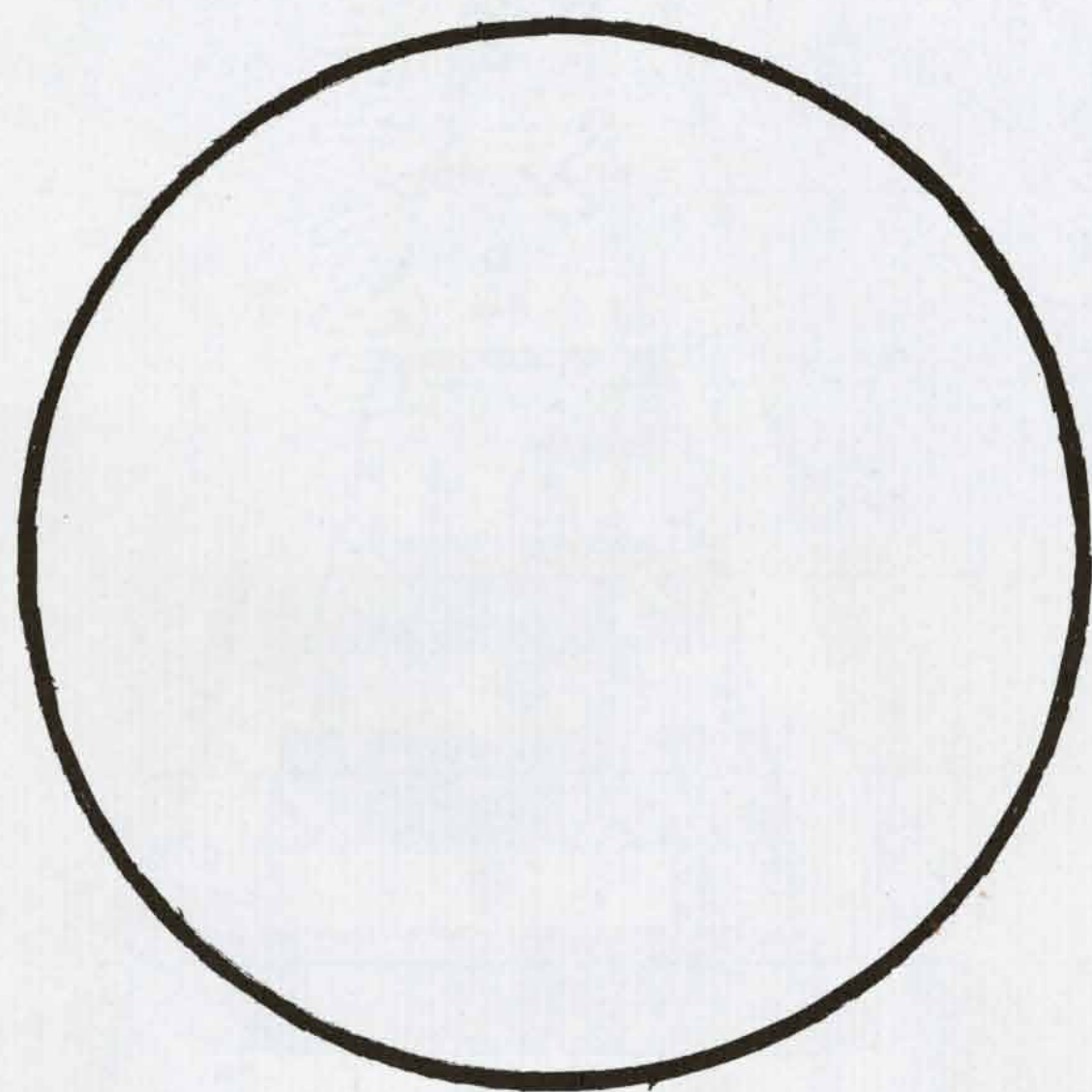


Airladder

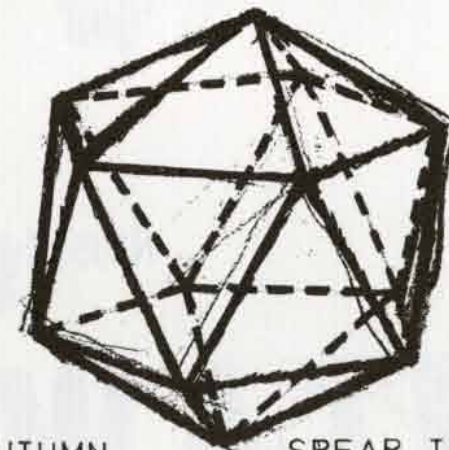
tilson 1973





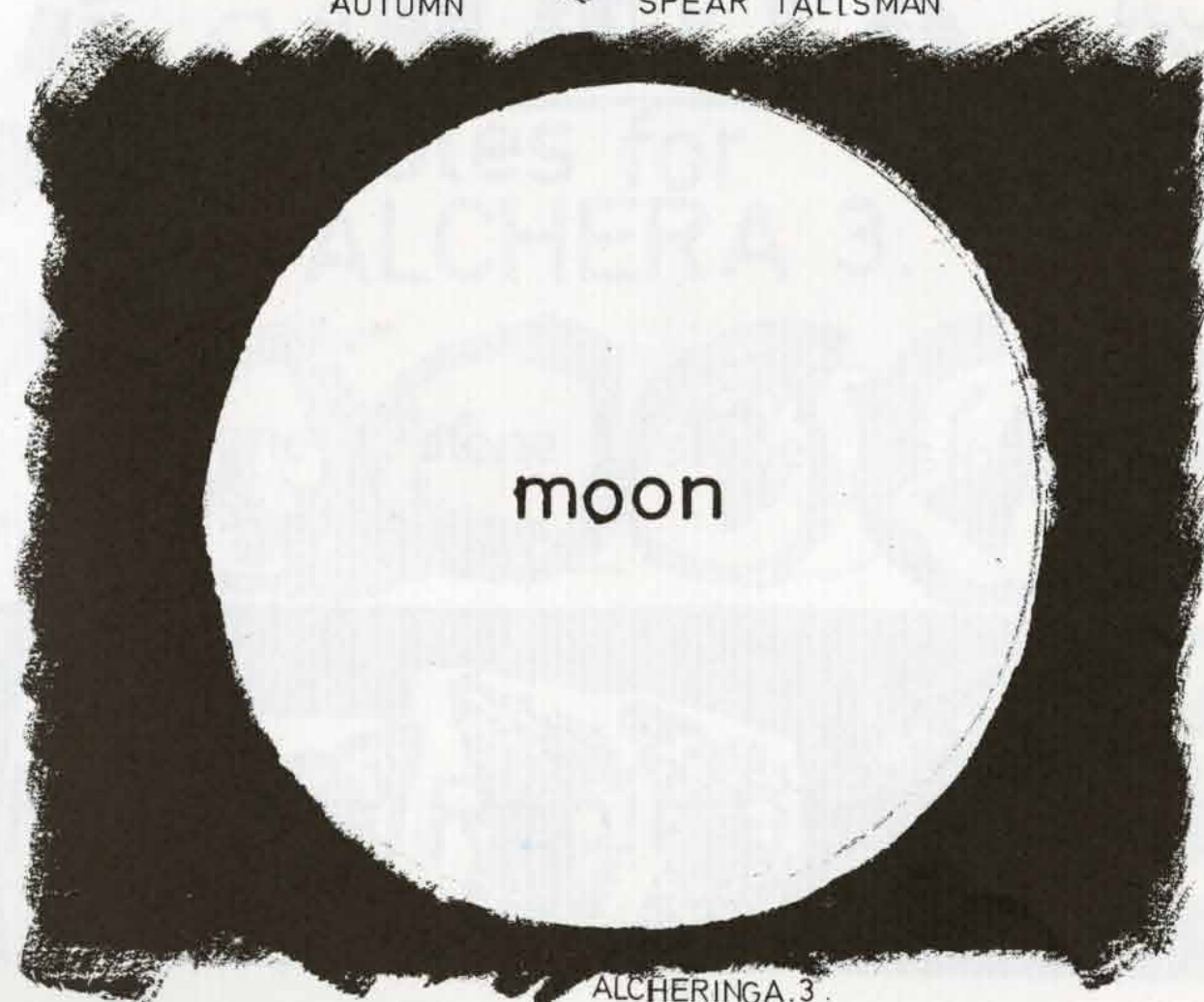


☾
W
☵☵ Kan
WATER



AUTUMN

SPEAR TALLSMAN



moon

ALCHERINGA.3

w a t e r

Rebirth
ZOA 4. Urizen. (Reason)

Winter/Eagle/Night/Rebirth
Joe Tilson
Neptune/Ocean

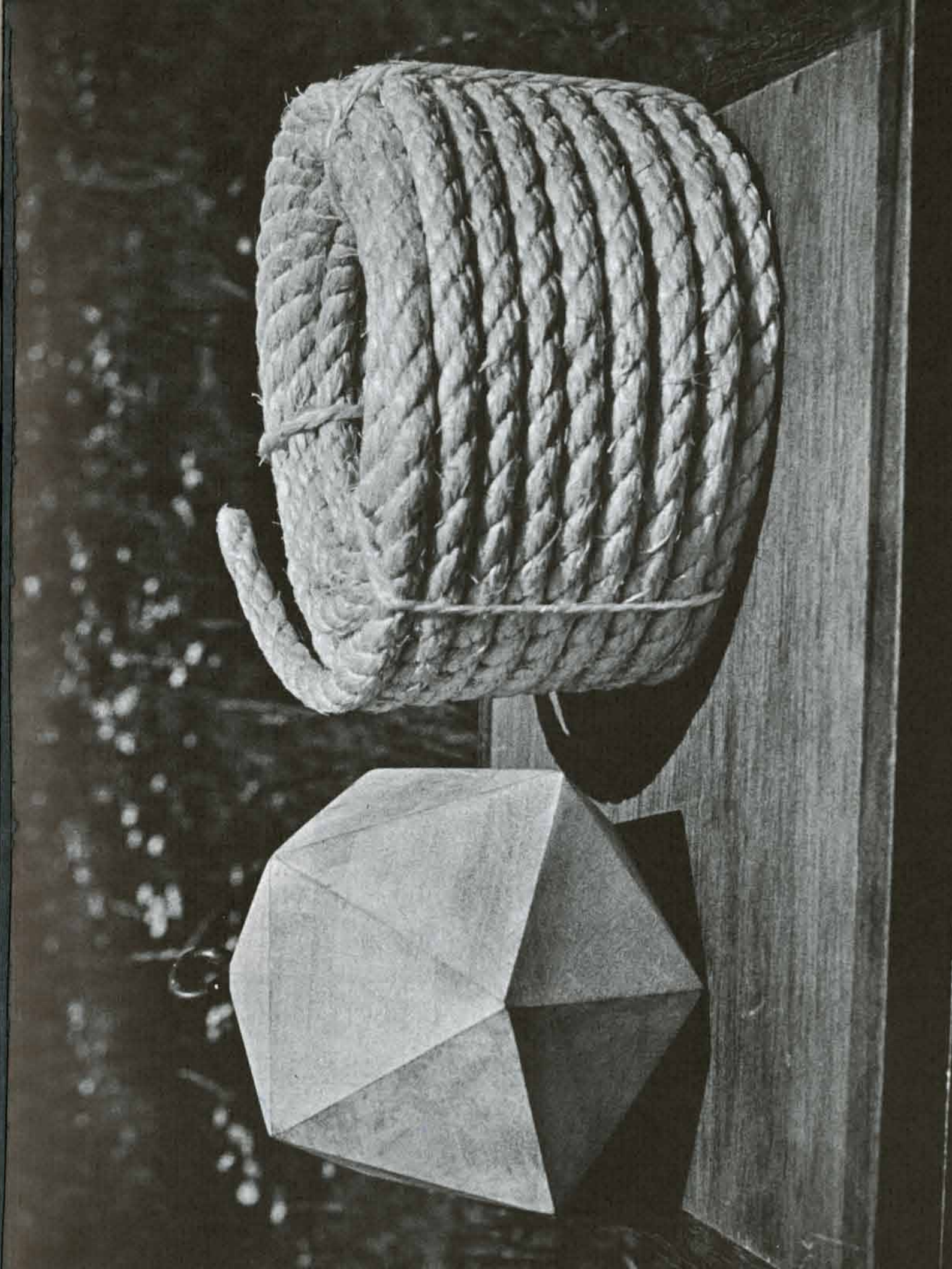
black

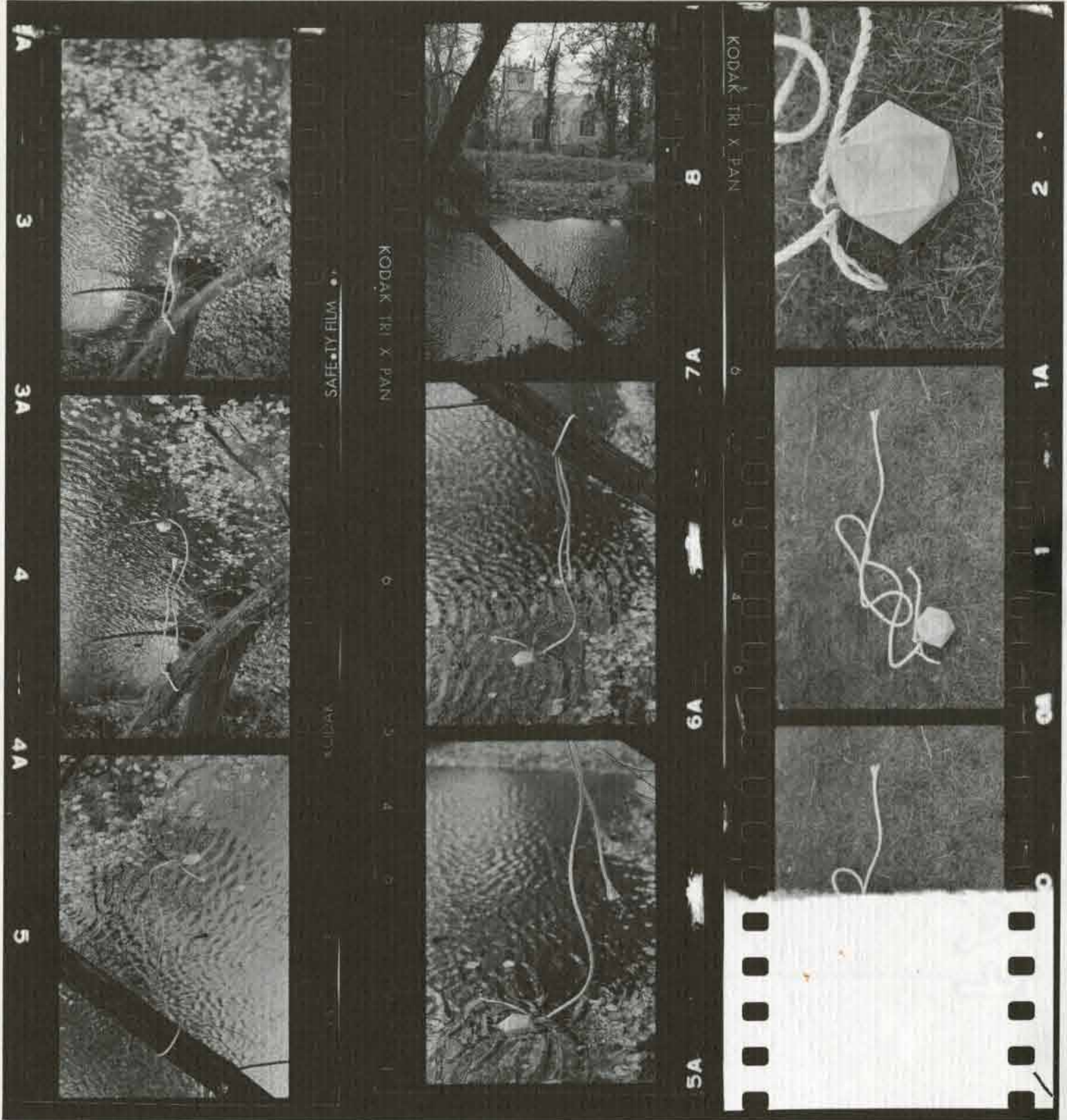
WATER

notes for
ALCHERA 3.

stone stone stone stone

Rebirth





THE FOUR { SOUNDS AGES

Air: a sound like ^②a thousand
thunders reverberating
simultaneously.

Fire:
a sound
as of

Silver
TRETÂ YUGA
Bow

Water:
a sound
like the

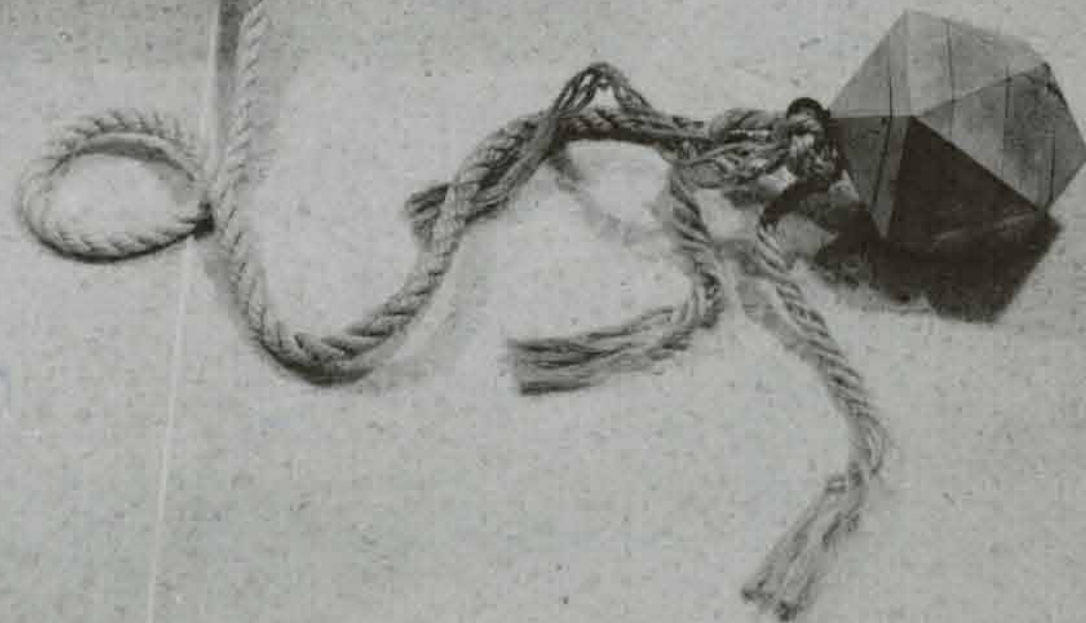
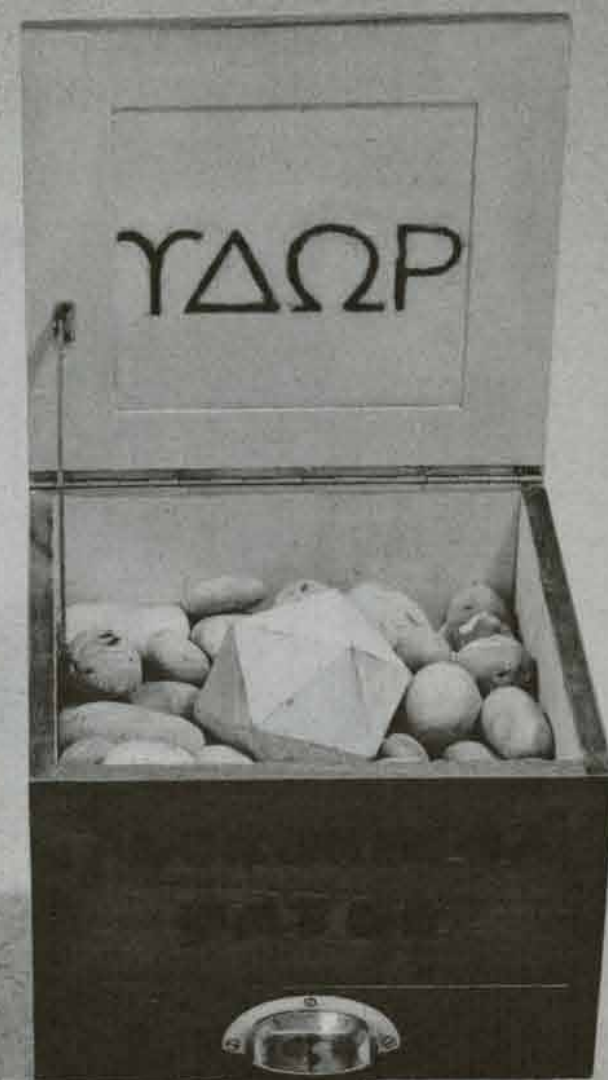
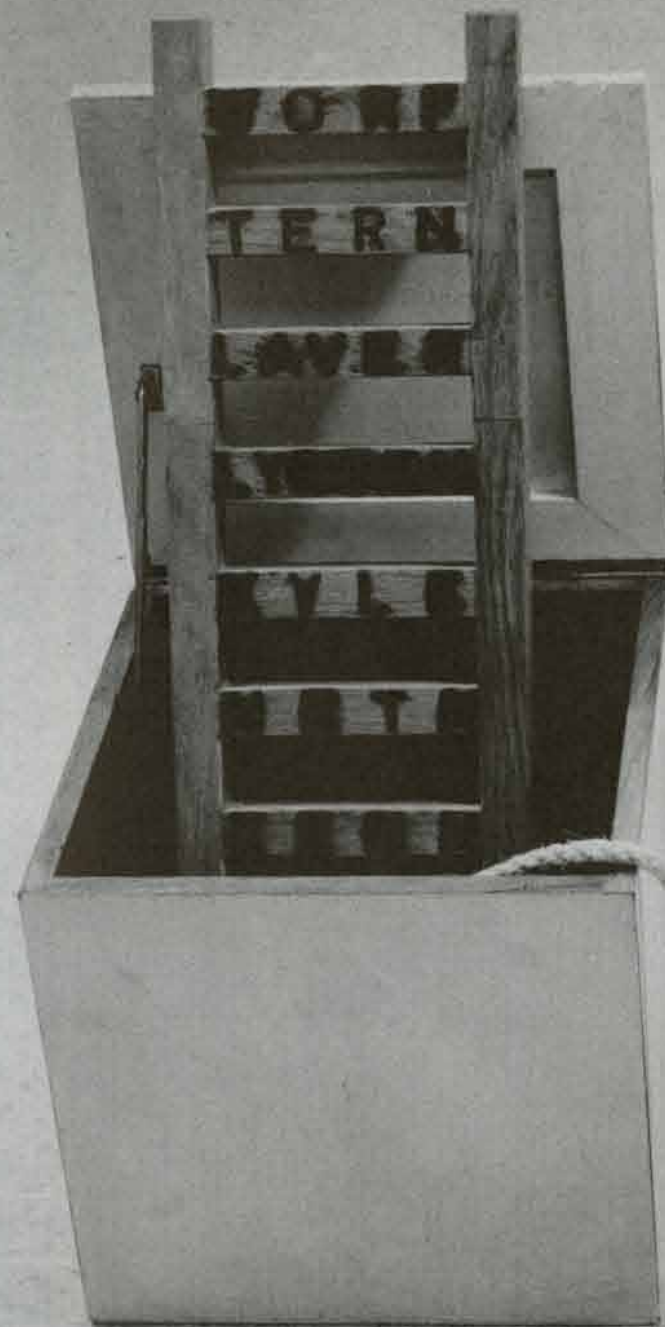
Golden
① KRITAYUGA
Rock
a jungle
afire.

Iron
KALIYUGA
Pipe

Bronze
DVÂ PARAYUGA ③
Fir
breaking of
Ocean
waves

Earth: a sound like the
crumbling down of a mountain.

④



DESCRIPTIVE NAMES OF RIVERS.

'English River Names' (Ekwall 1.1i.) O.V.P.

1. Winding Carn, Worf.

2. Strong, Swift. Taw, Tern.

3. Babbling, noisy Laver.

4. Broad. Lydden

5. Narrow. Kyle, Coly.

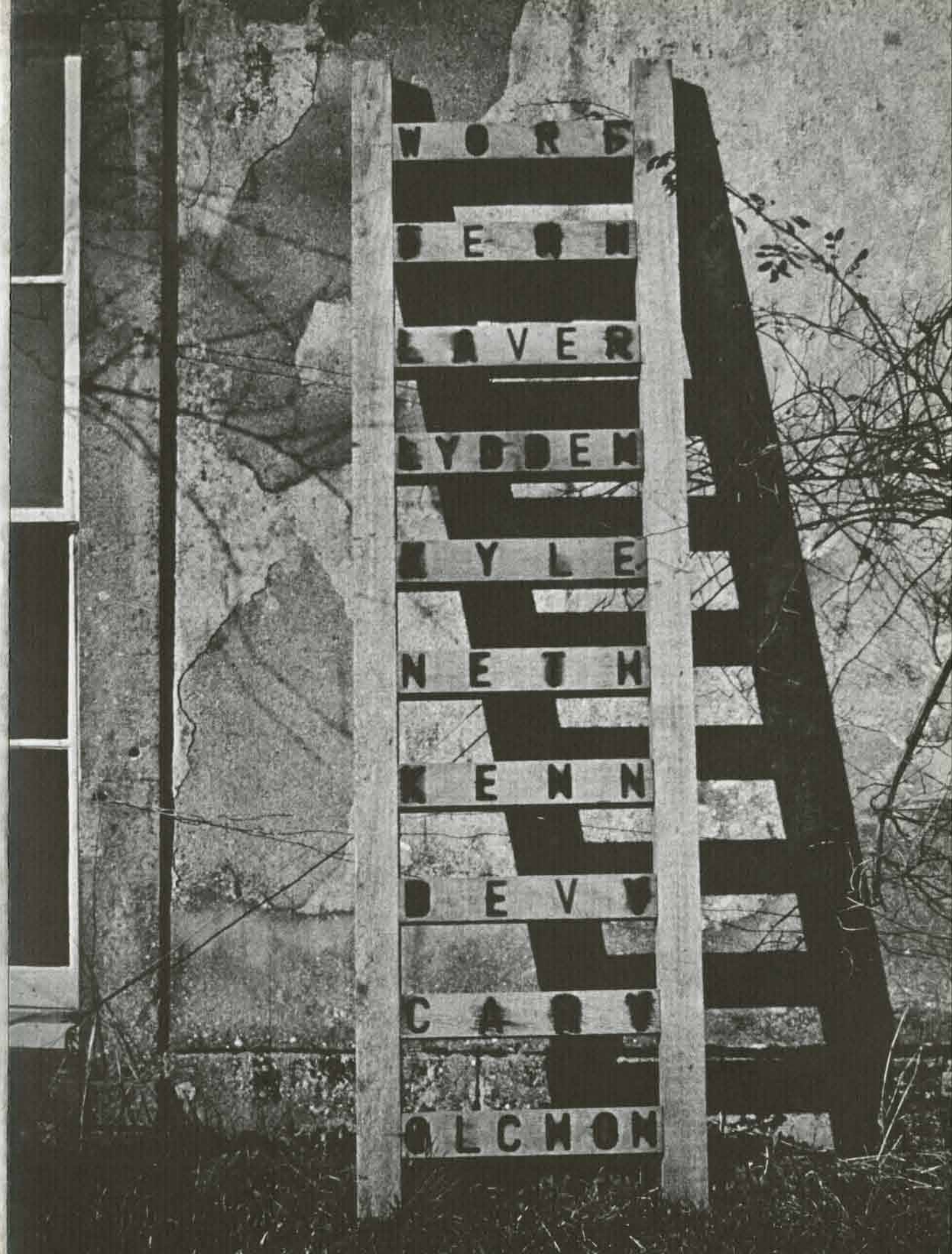
6. Clear, pure. Cray, Neth.

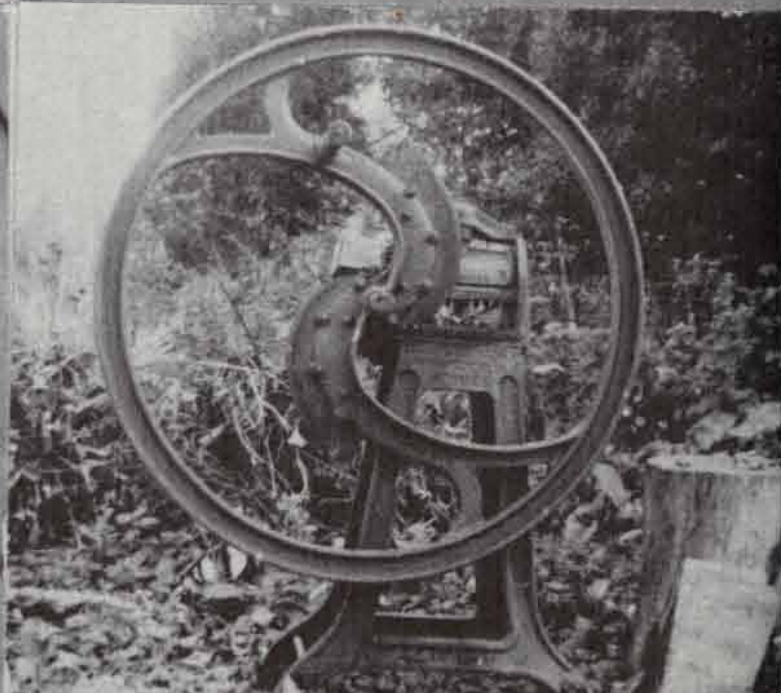
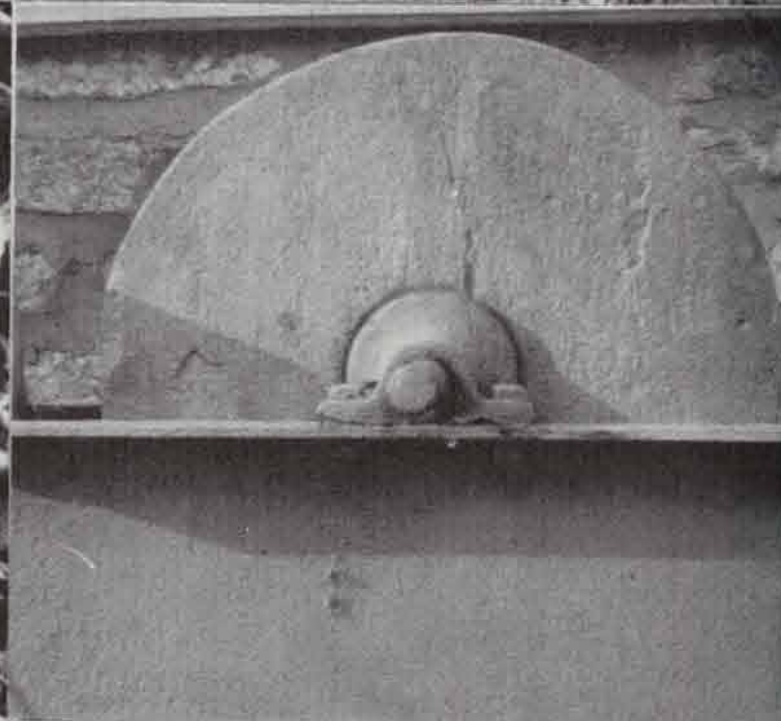
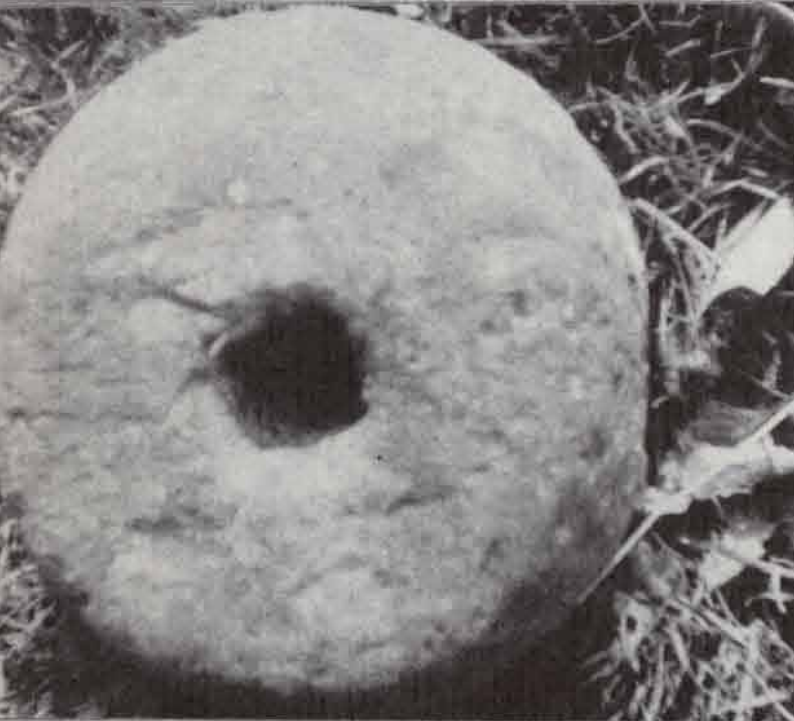
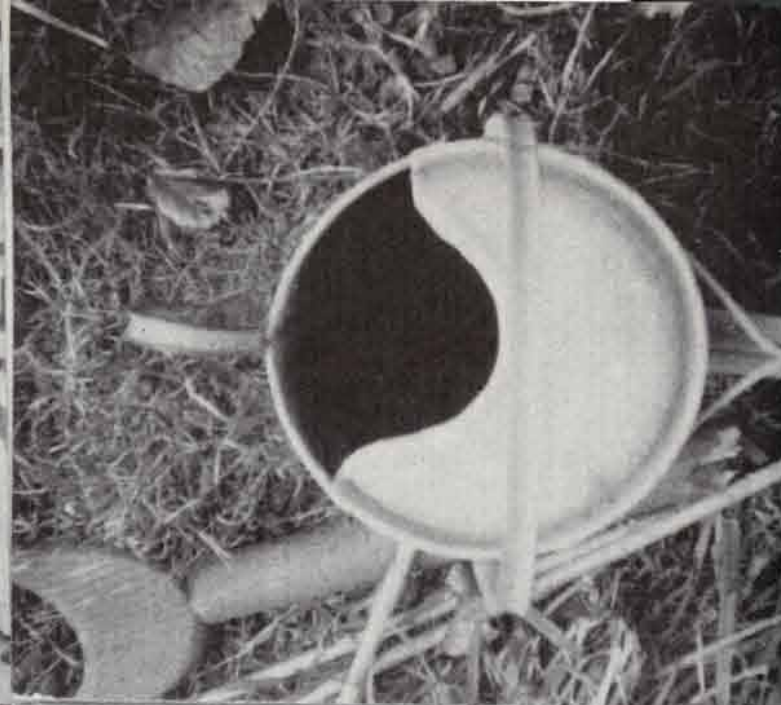
7. White, bright. Burn, Kenn, Derry.

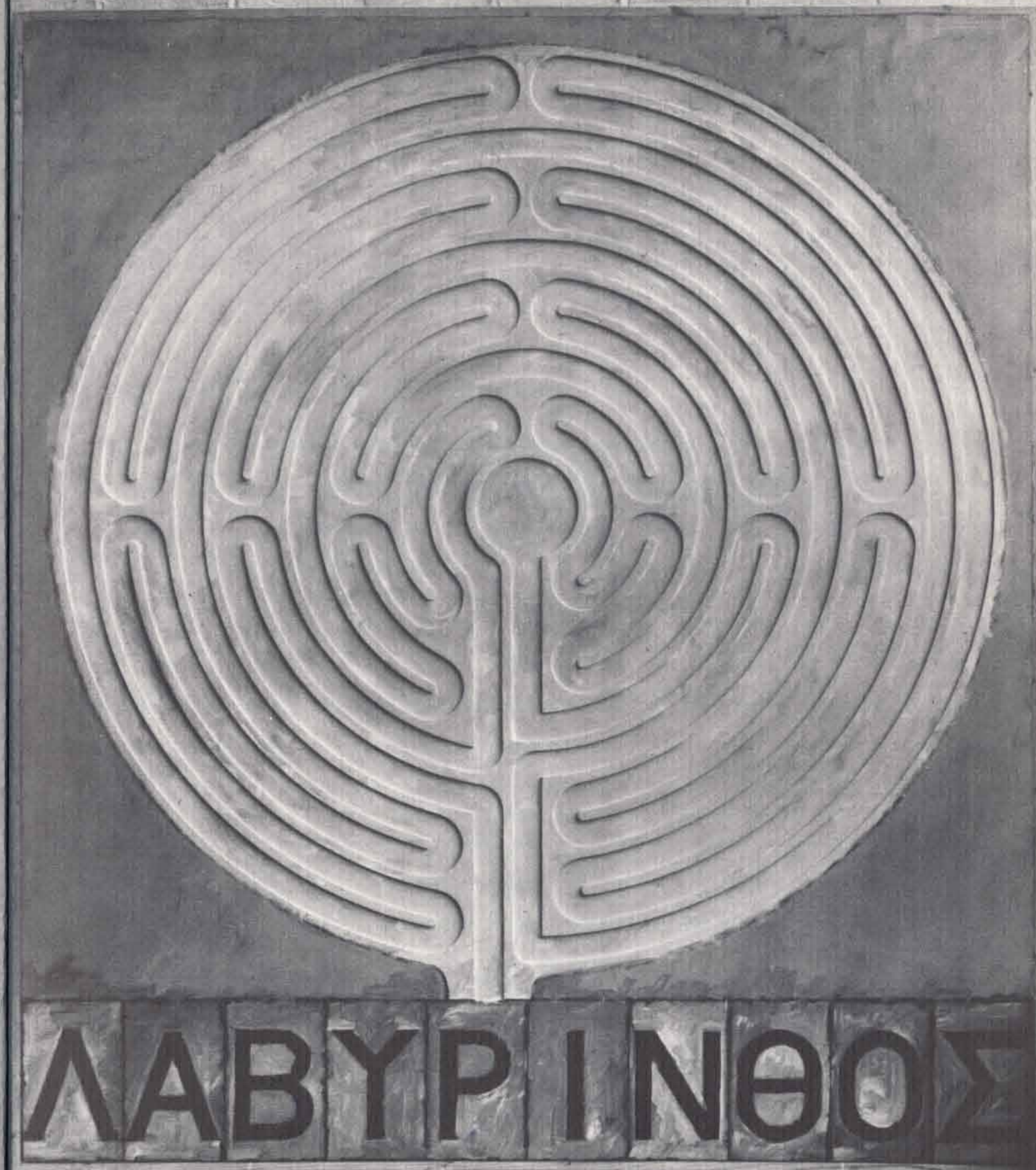
8. Dark, black. Devy.

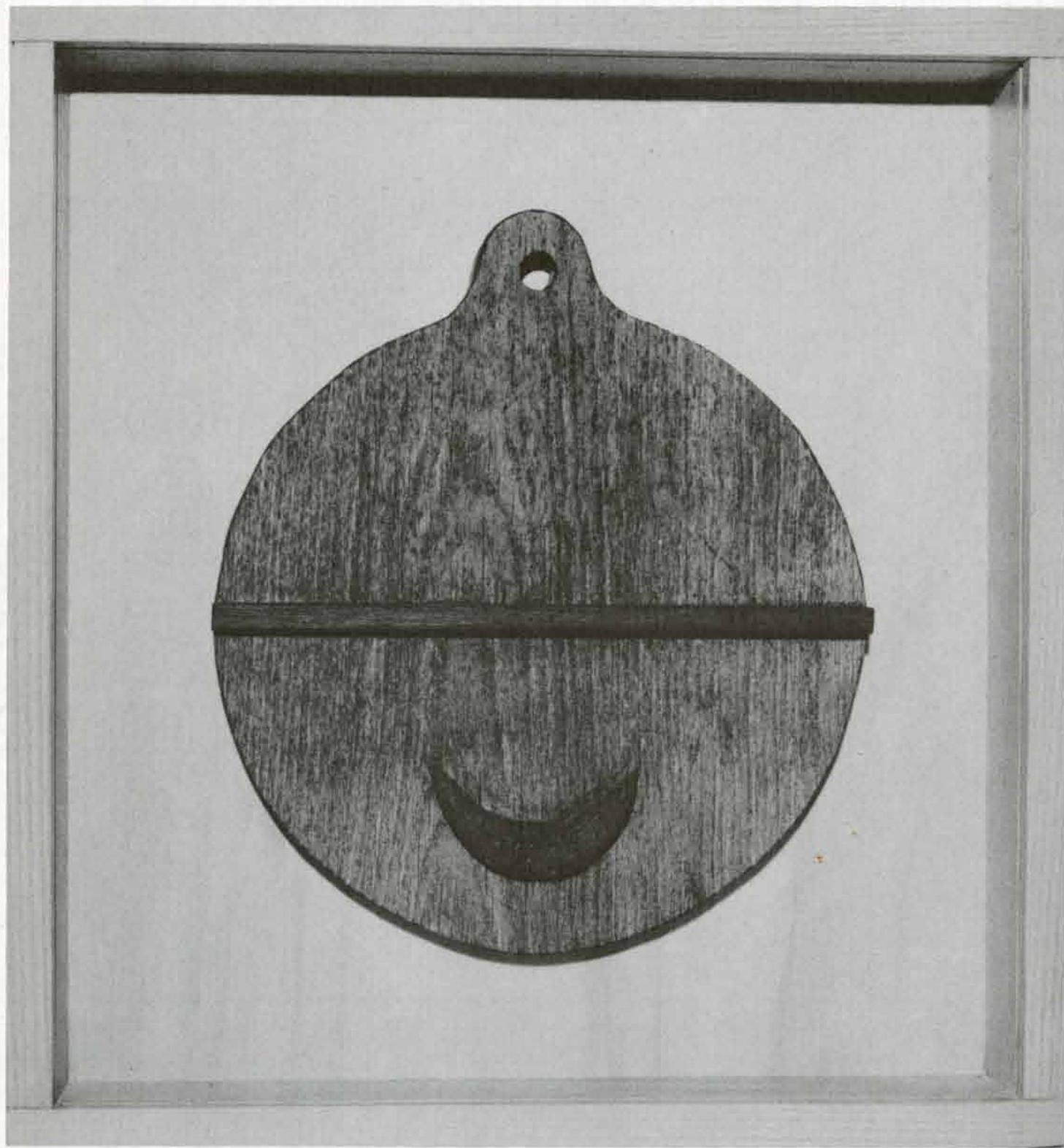
9. Friendly. Cary.

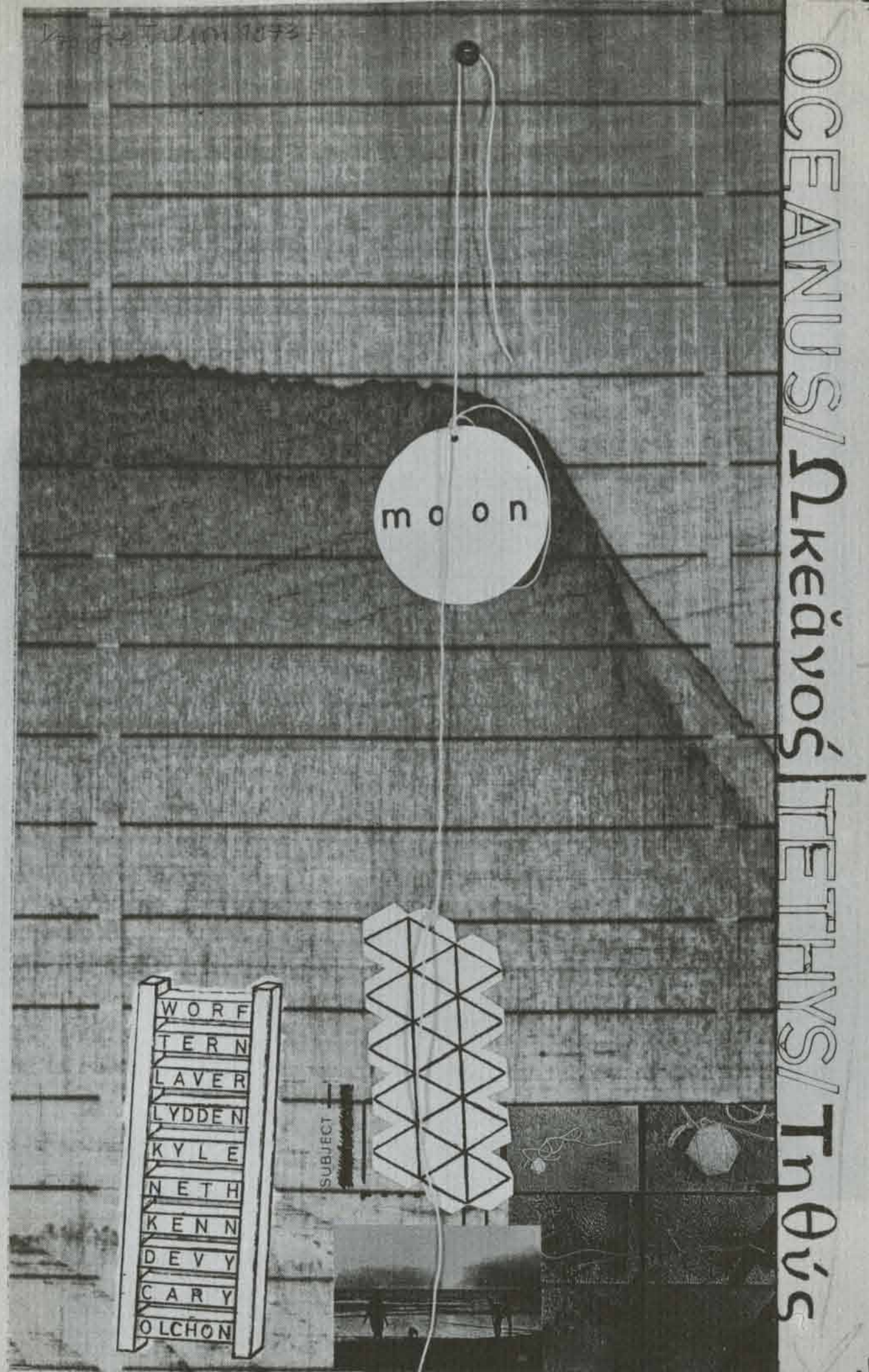
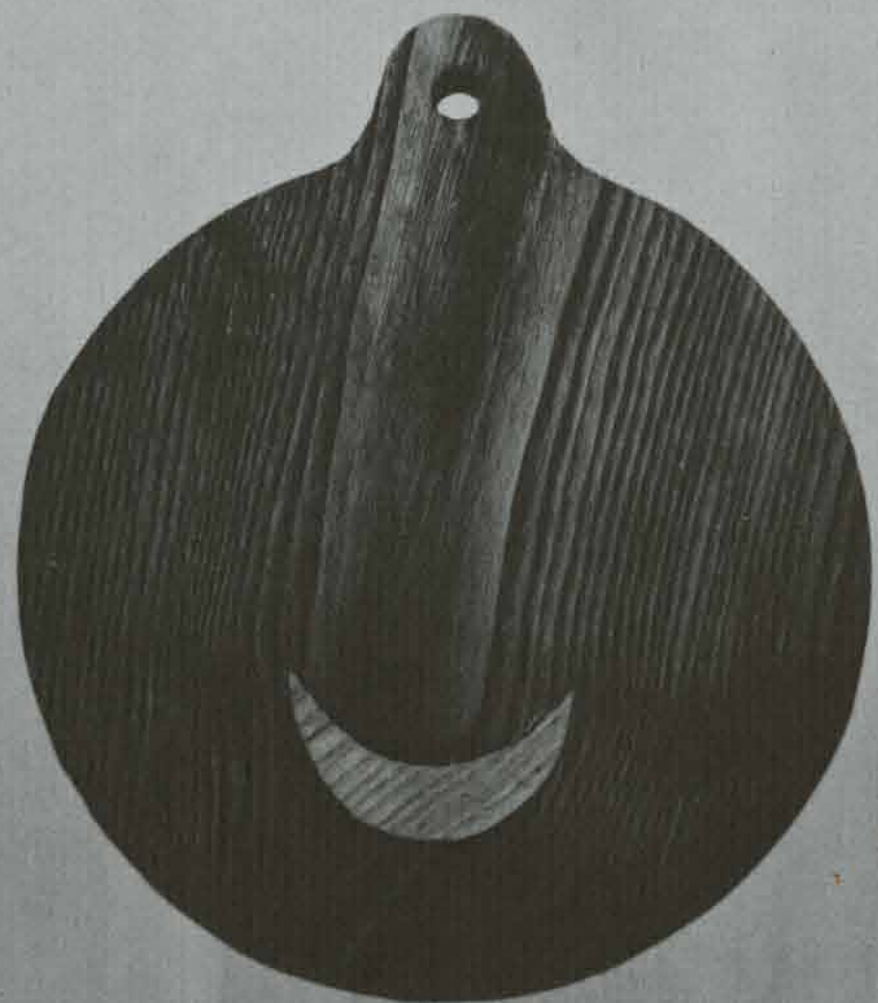
10. Bad. Olchon.



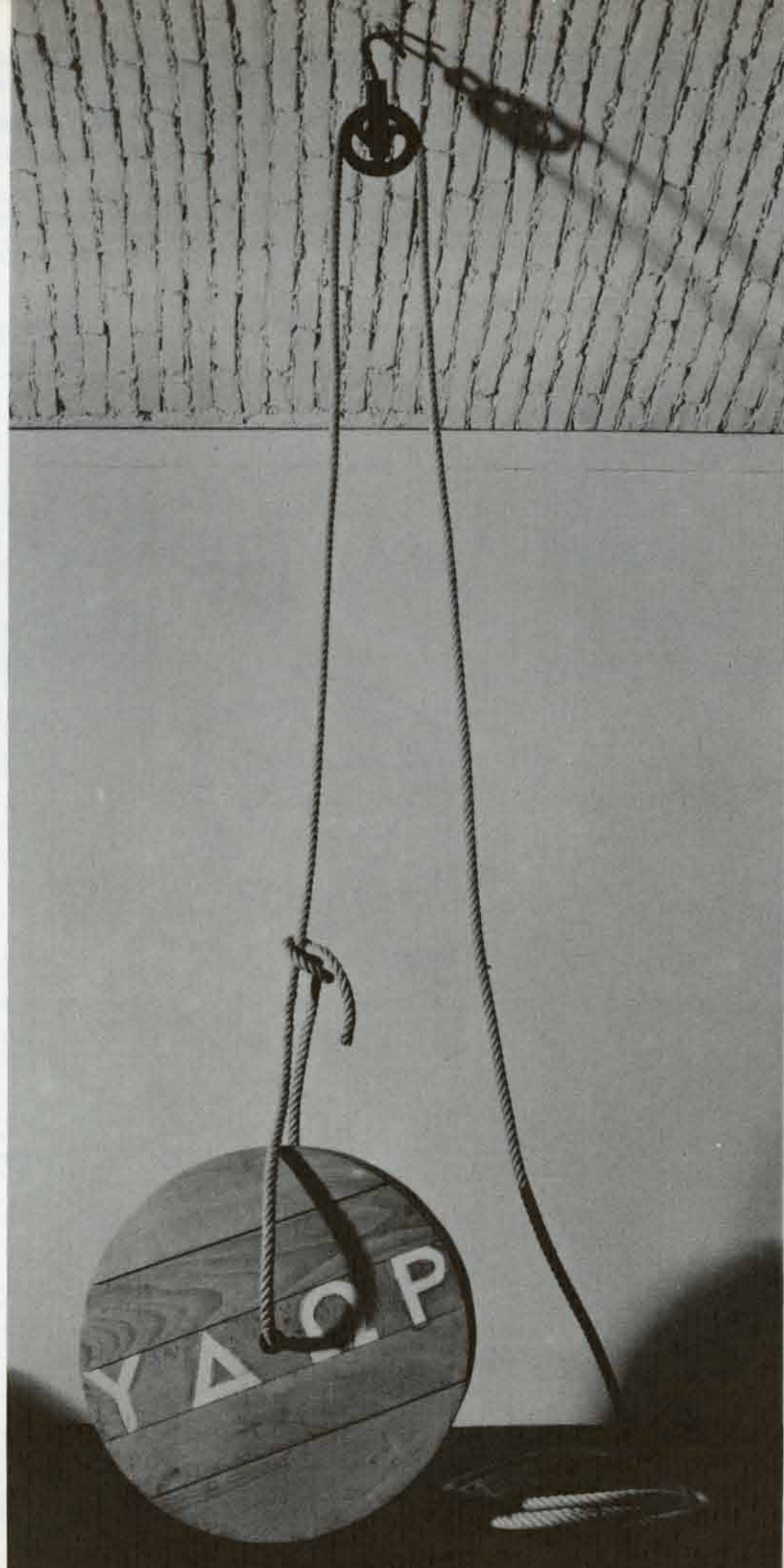
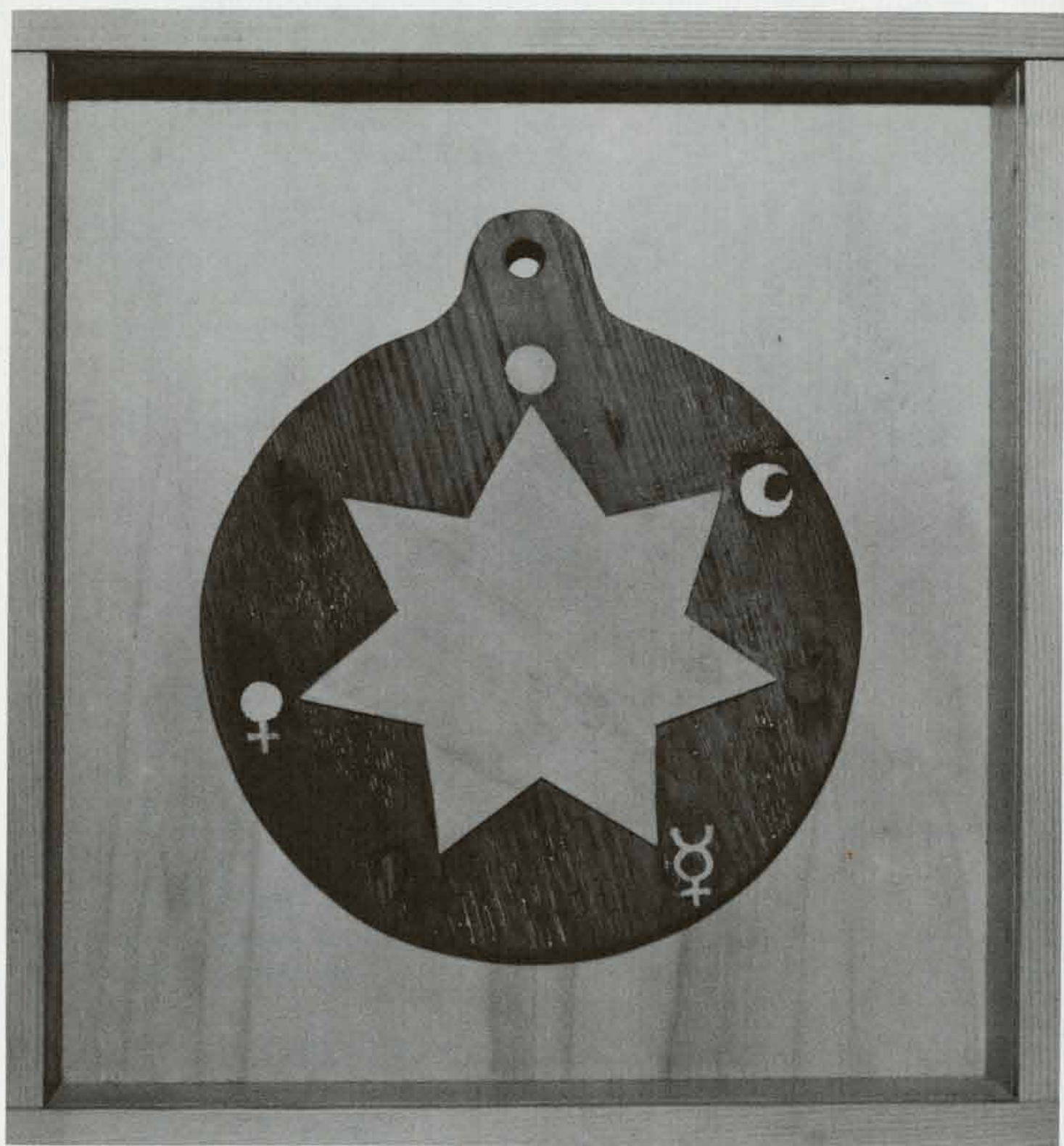






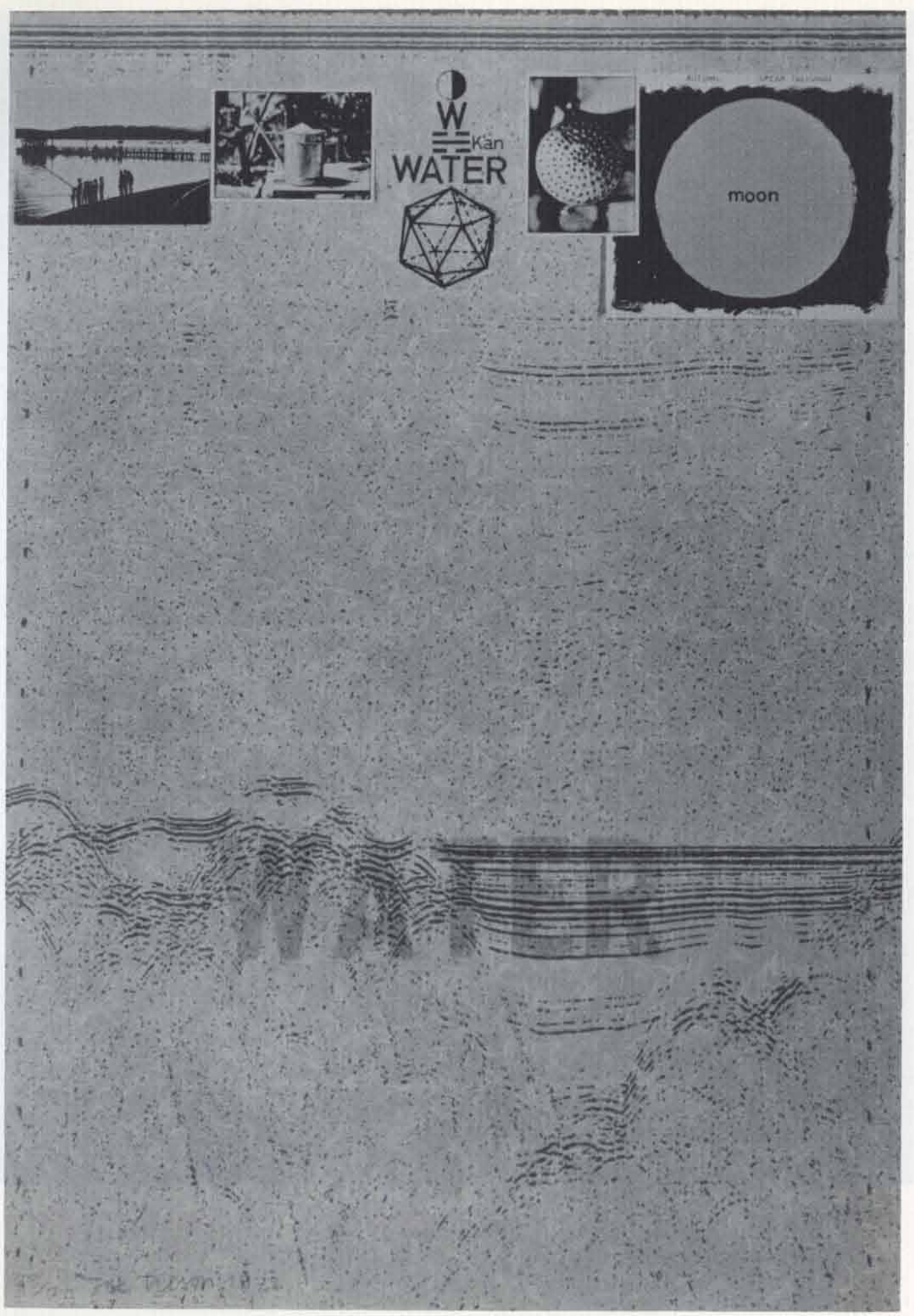
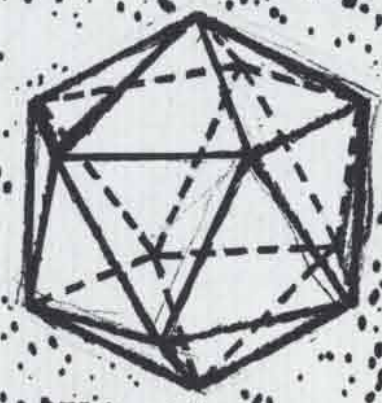
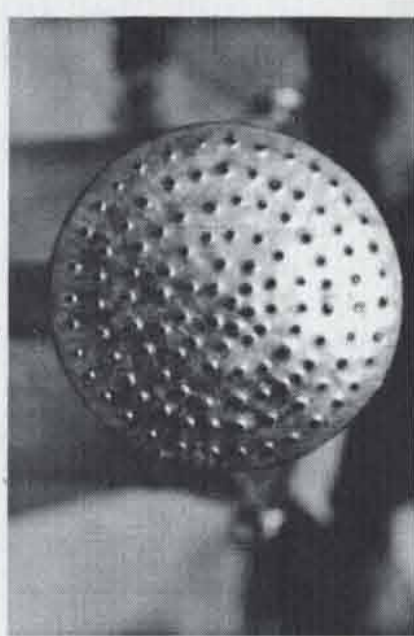


OCEANUS/Ωκεανός | TETHYS/Τηθύς

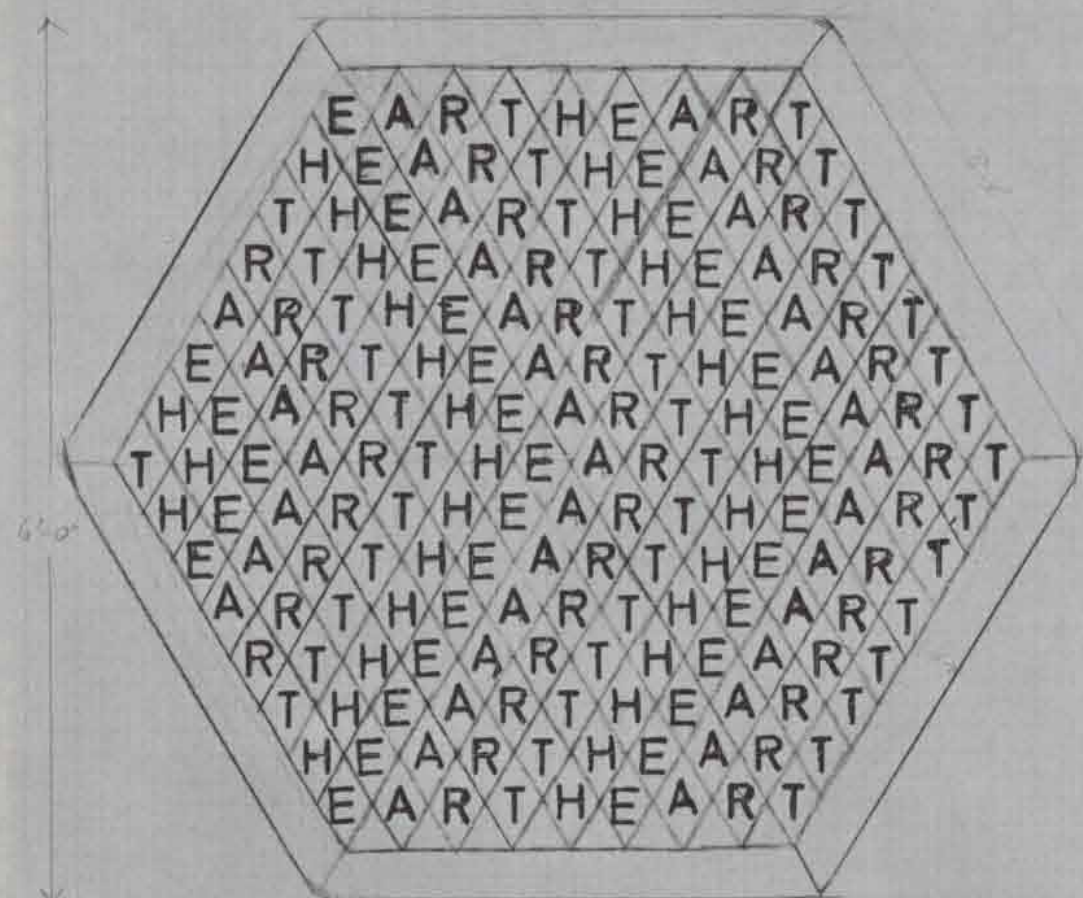




W
Kan
WATER



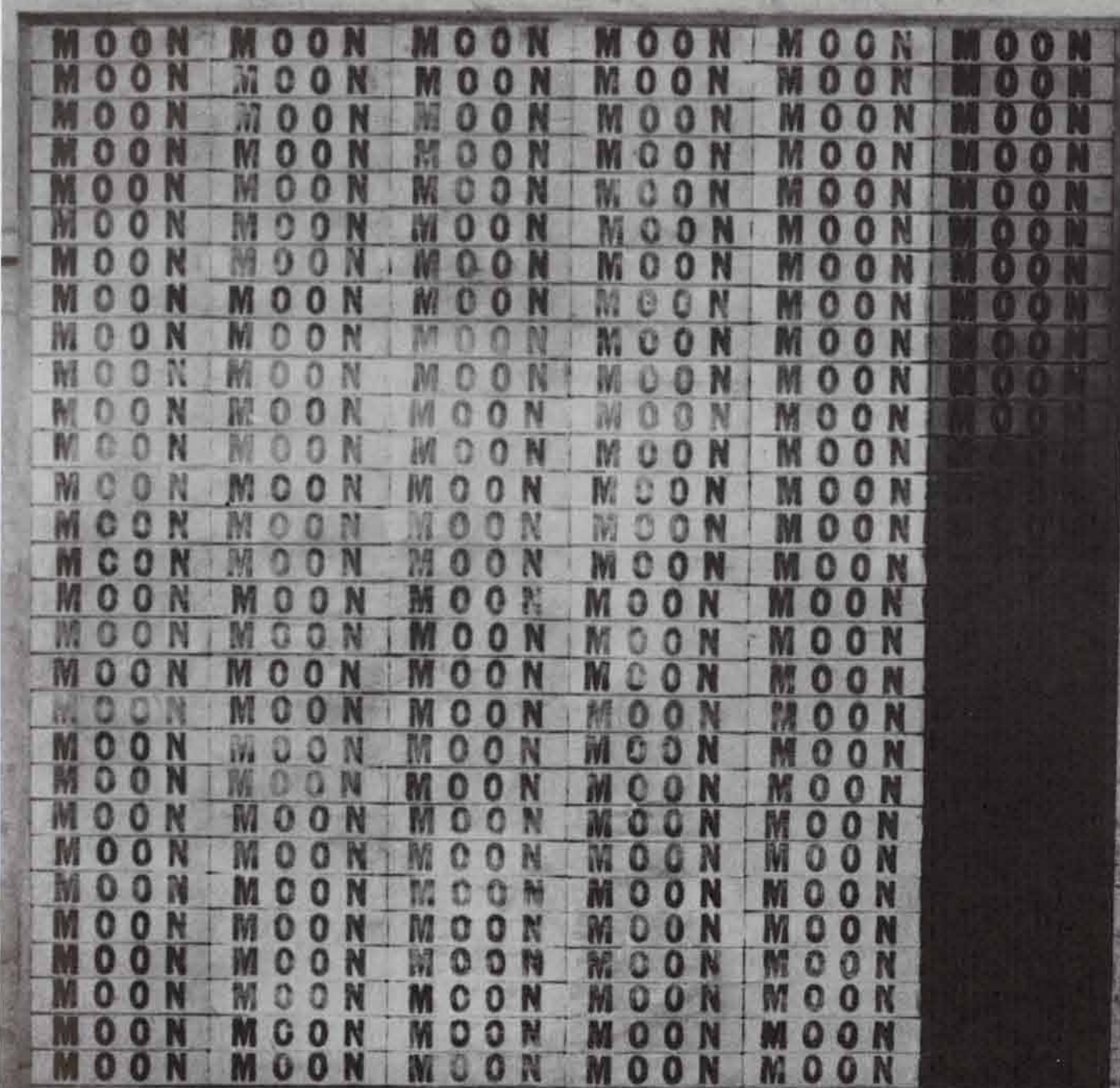
Indicated on model following on



T. W. W. 1972

Indicated on model following on

EARTH EARTH EARTH

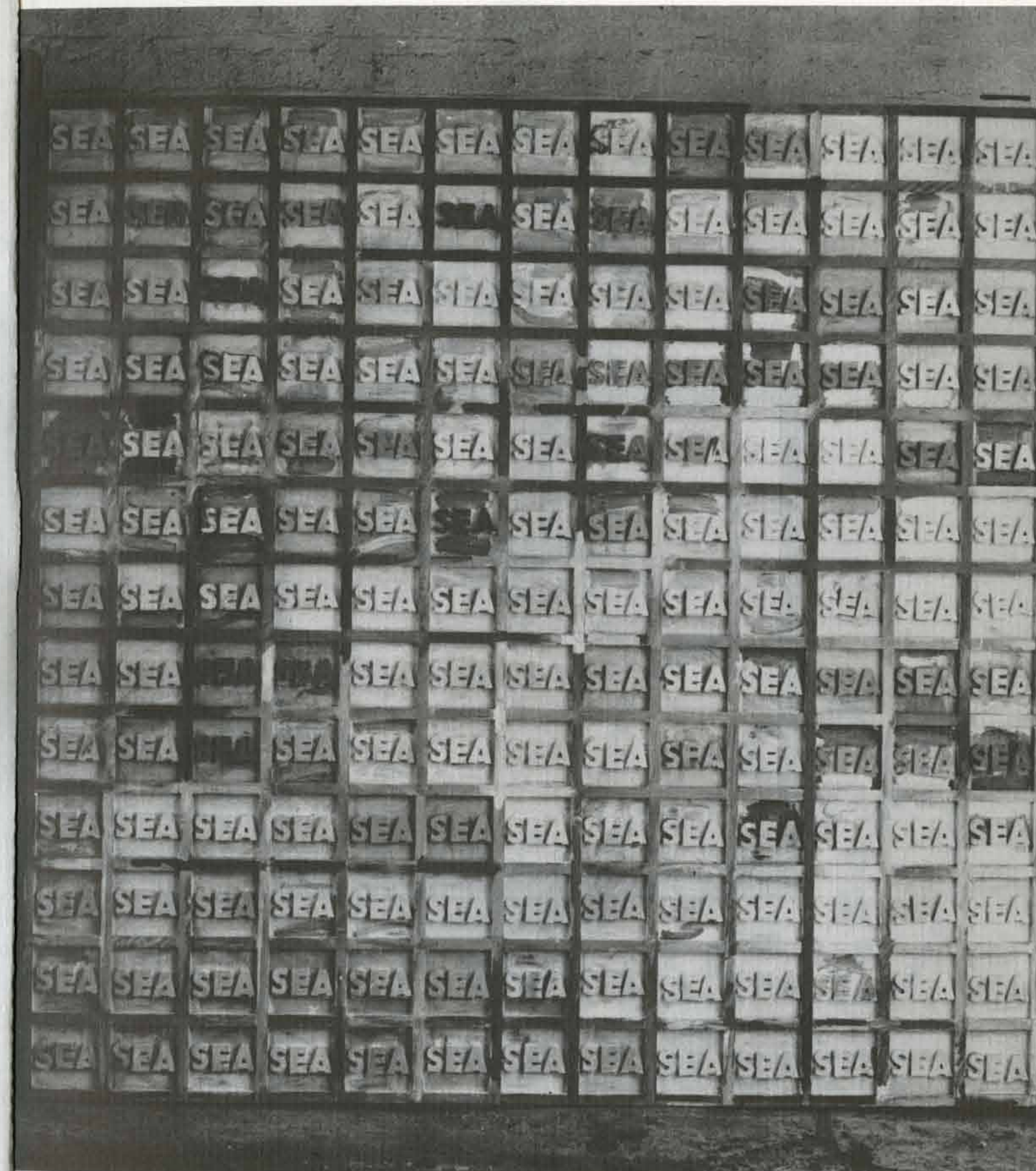
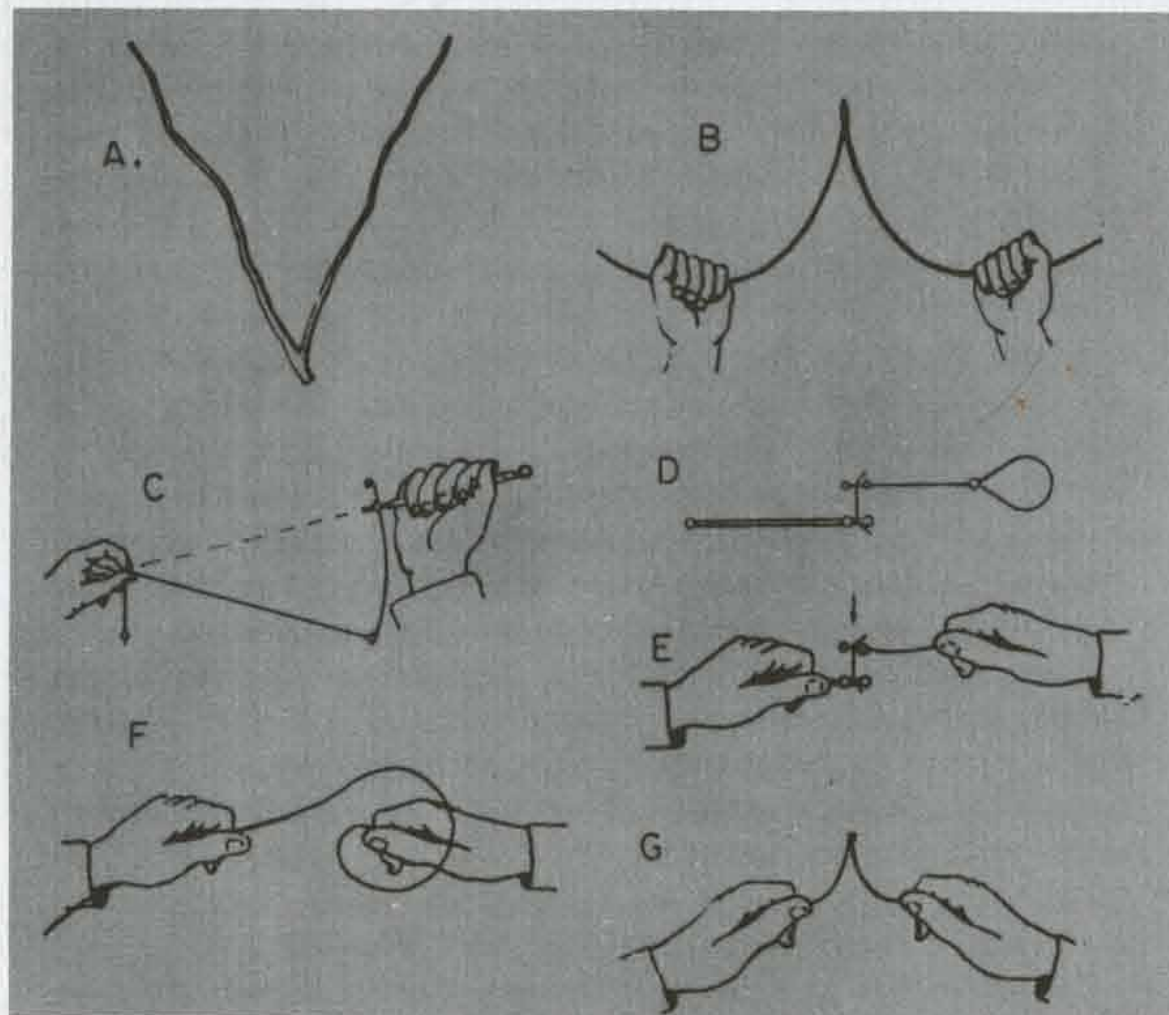


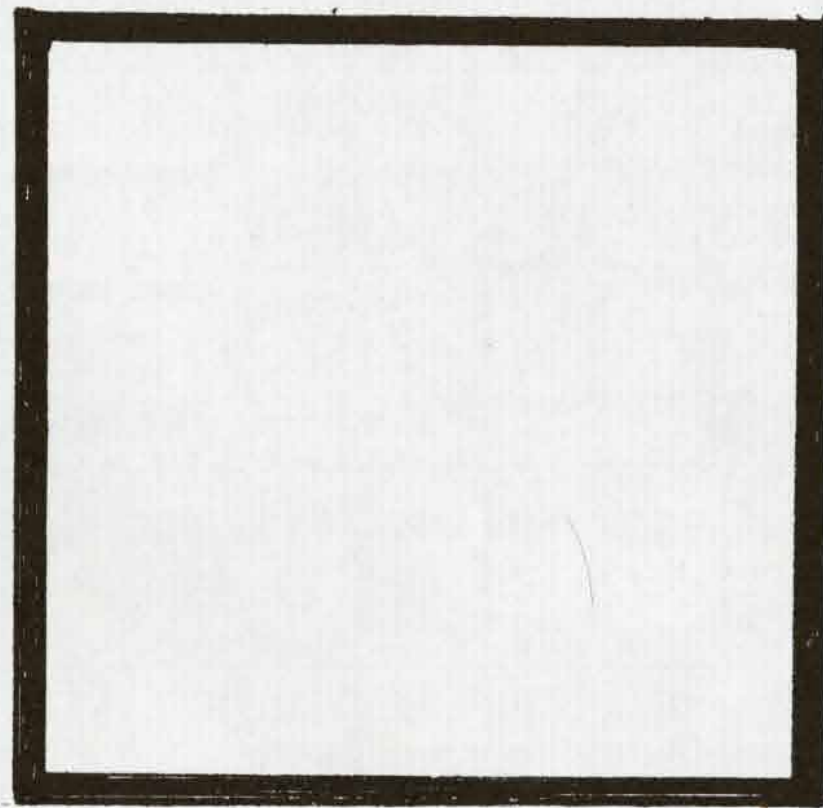
CYCLE OF DAY AND NIGHT CYCLE OF THE SEASONS CYCLE OF THE LUNAR MONTHS.

The pattern of volcanoes on the globe, and research under the sea, has revealed that it is not an accident that the land masses look as though they were once interlocked. We now know that the thin veil we live within, and are indivisibly linked to, is continually moving. The edges of the six major plates folding down into the athenosphere, and the athenosphere being pushed up again — one of the great CYCLES — with the CYCLE of WATER which we are part of — the exposure of rock to the action of wind and rain, the entry of water into the rocks and the freezing which cracks them, the slow buids up of humus, the cycle of water, the sweeping up of the sea water, its conversion to rain water.

'You never Enjoy the World aright, till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the Heavens, and Crowned with the Stars; and Perceiv your self to be the Sole Heir of the Whole World; and more then so, because Men are in it who are evryone Sole Heirs, as well as you.'

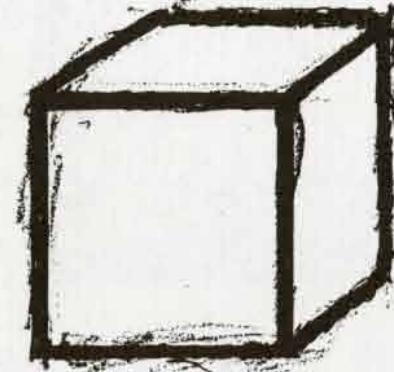
(Traherne.)



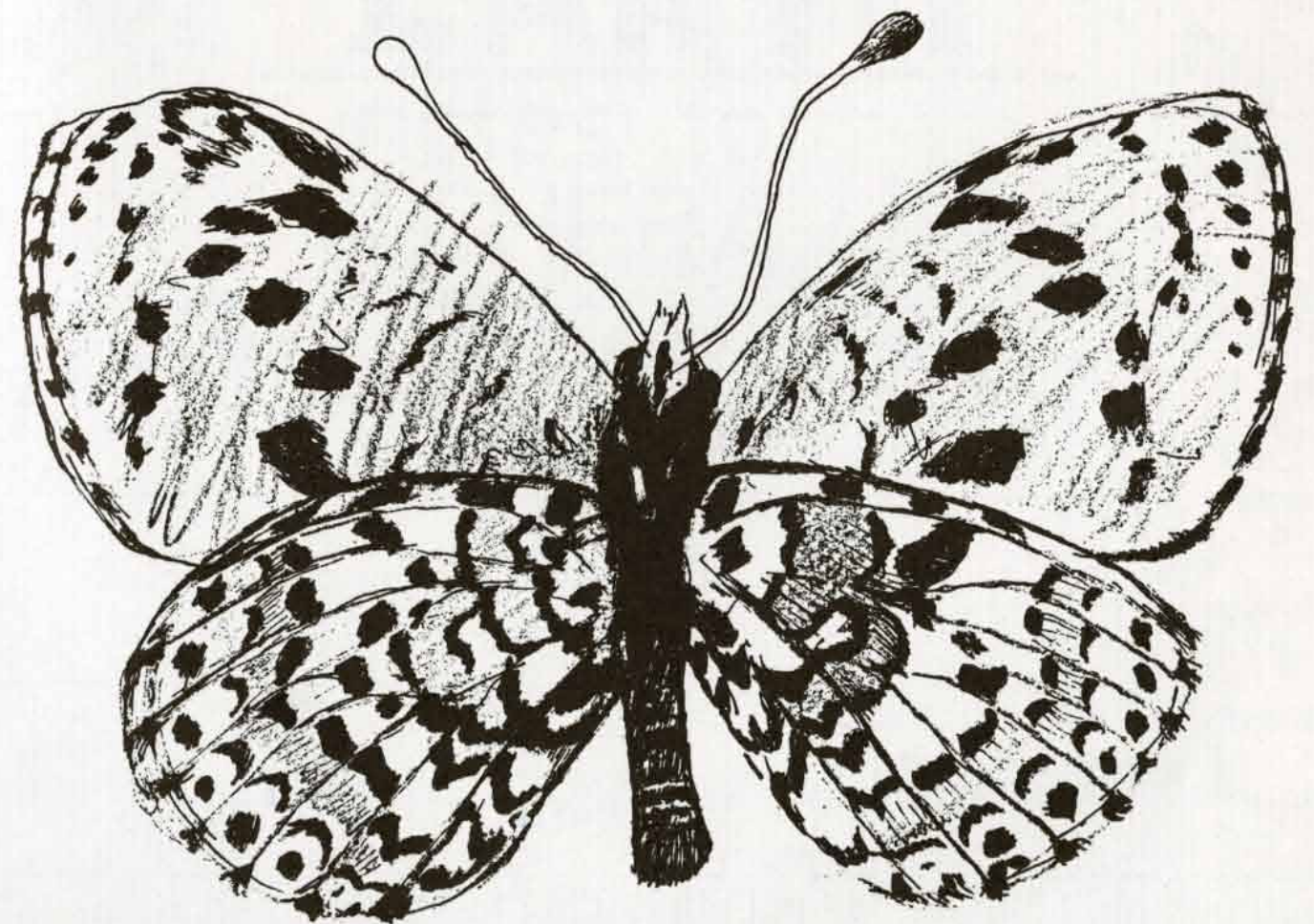


LES

●
N
☷☷ K'un
EARTH



WINTER / SWORD TALISMAN



ALCHERINGA.4.

E

A

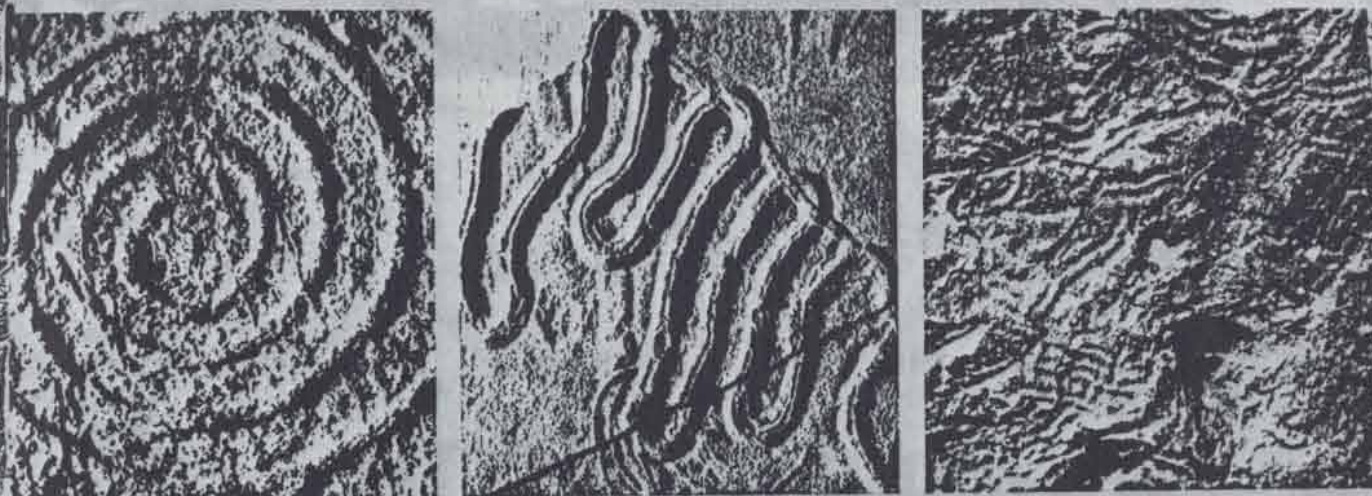
R

T

H

ZOA3 Luvah. (Emotion) / Leaves / Evening / Pluto (gnostic power)

So many unexpected factors have been found by experiment to stimulate or inhibit growth and no little is known about the true nature of its development, that we can hardly exclude the possibility that rituals producing vibrations of music and human magnetism may affect it to a far greater extent than is yet recognized.



Richard Grovinger "SOLAR JOURNAL/ECOLOGICAL SECTIONS"
NOTE ON SPELLING: ECOLOGY is the etymological spelling of ECOLOGY. The LOOKS of OIKOS is the LAW of the HOUSE in the deepest sense; meaning the speech by which the house is known to itself, meaning that the house is subject to the proportions of its rule. It's house rules I'm talking about, just and unjust, or finally just. I want to recall to you the house, of which planet is one aspect, language is another, body is another-house in the sense that oecology is the management of the house and otherwise is the known, inhabited, LIVED IN world. The house, as LOOKS, as ECOLOGY, is IMAGO MUNDI, and the subject matter of poetry.



brown

EARTH

notes for ALCHERA 4.

Brown Bast
Clay Stick
Arrow root
Tree Run
Air Jump
Growth ring
Twine
tricking shaman
leaf lock
Grass
Grass & grassing
Shadow line
Claws down in the deep barrow

Gary Snyder "EARTH HOUSEHOLD"

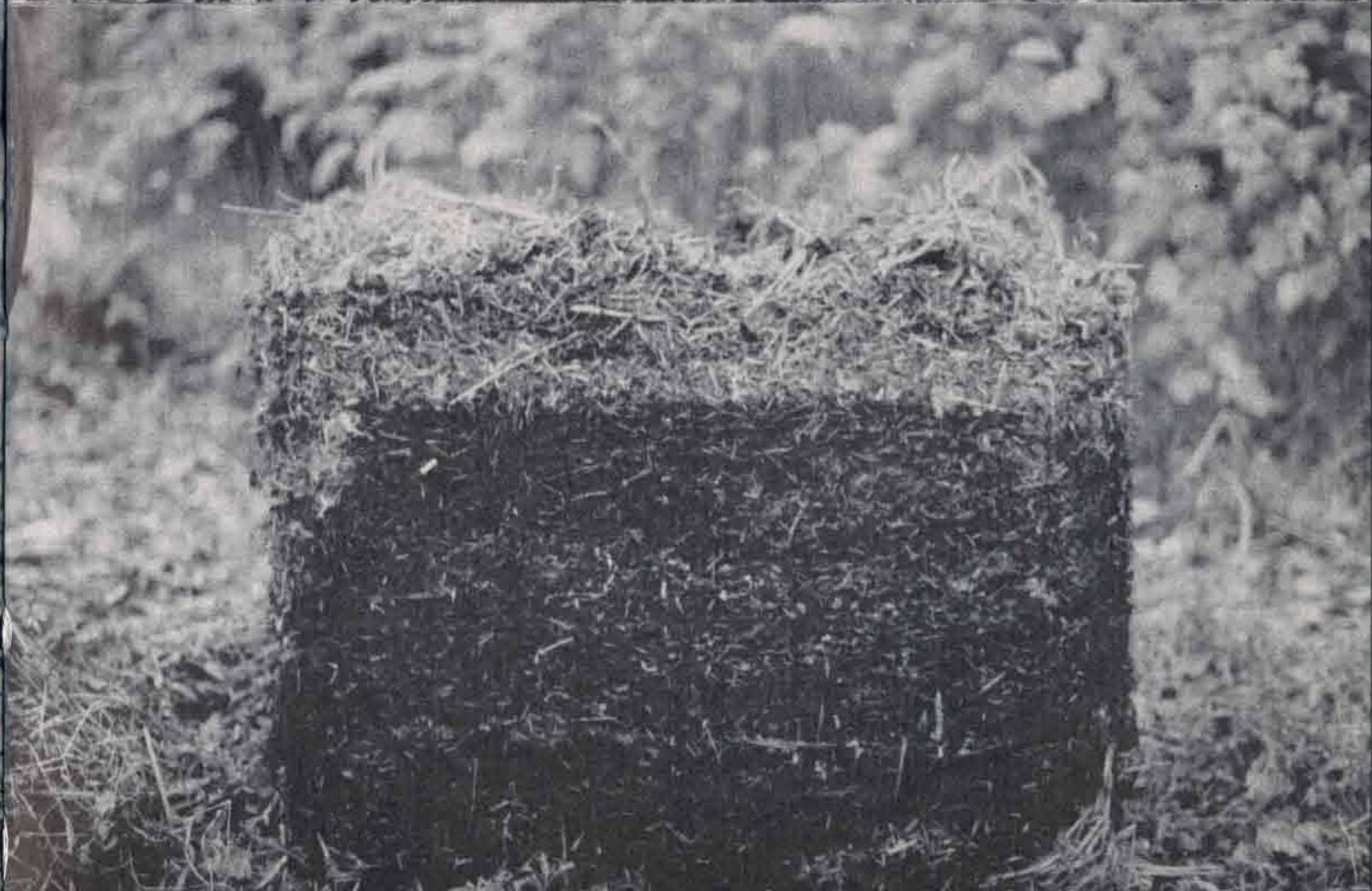
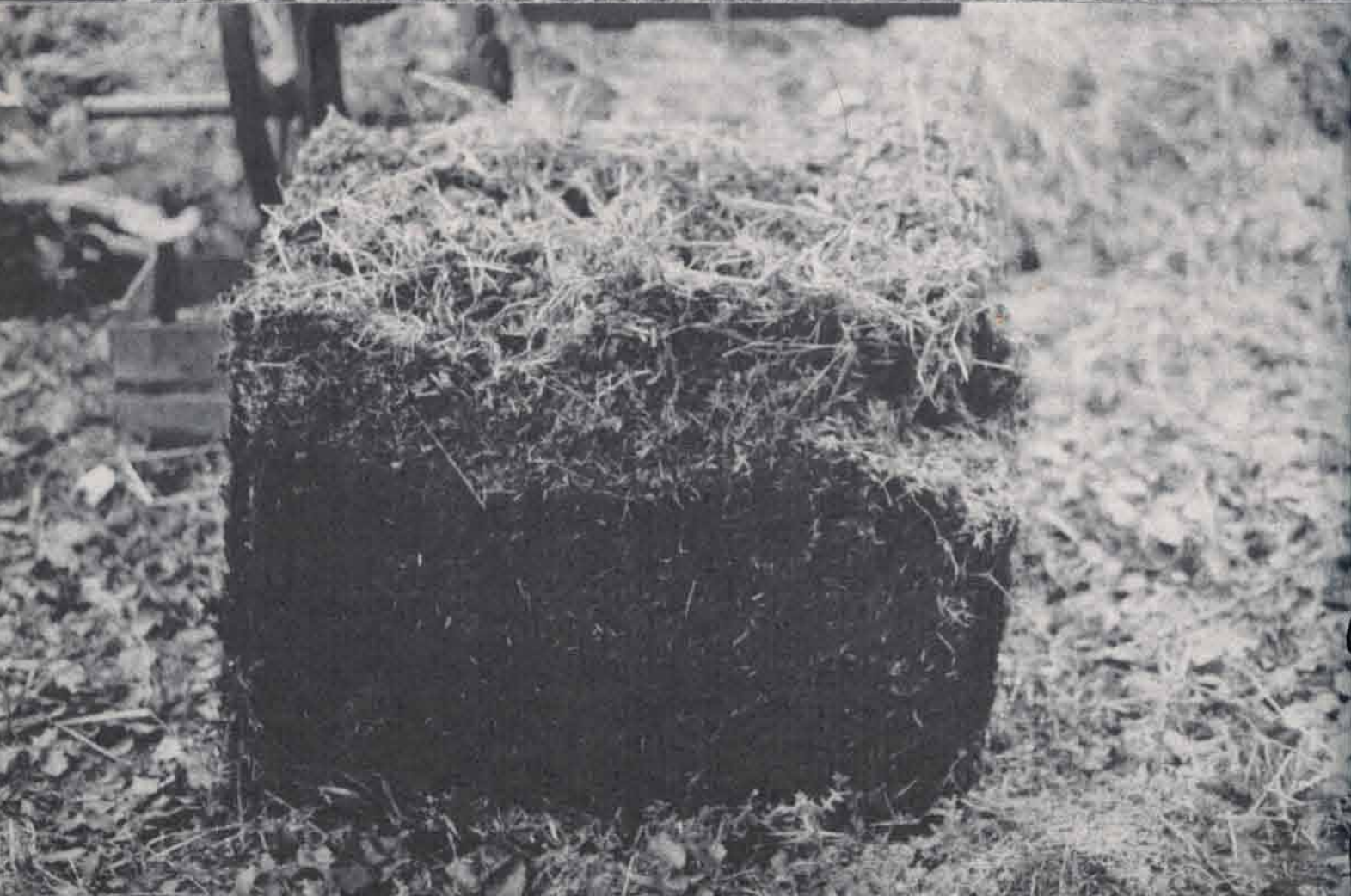
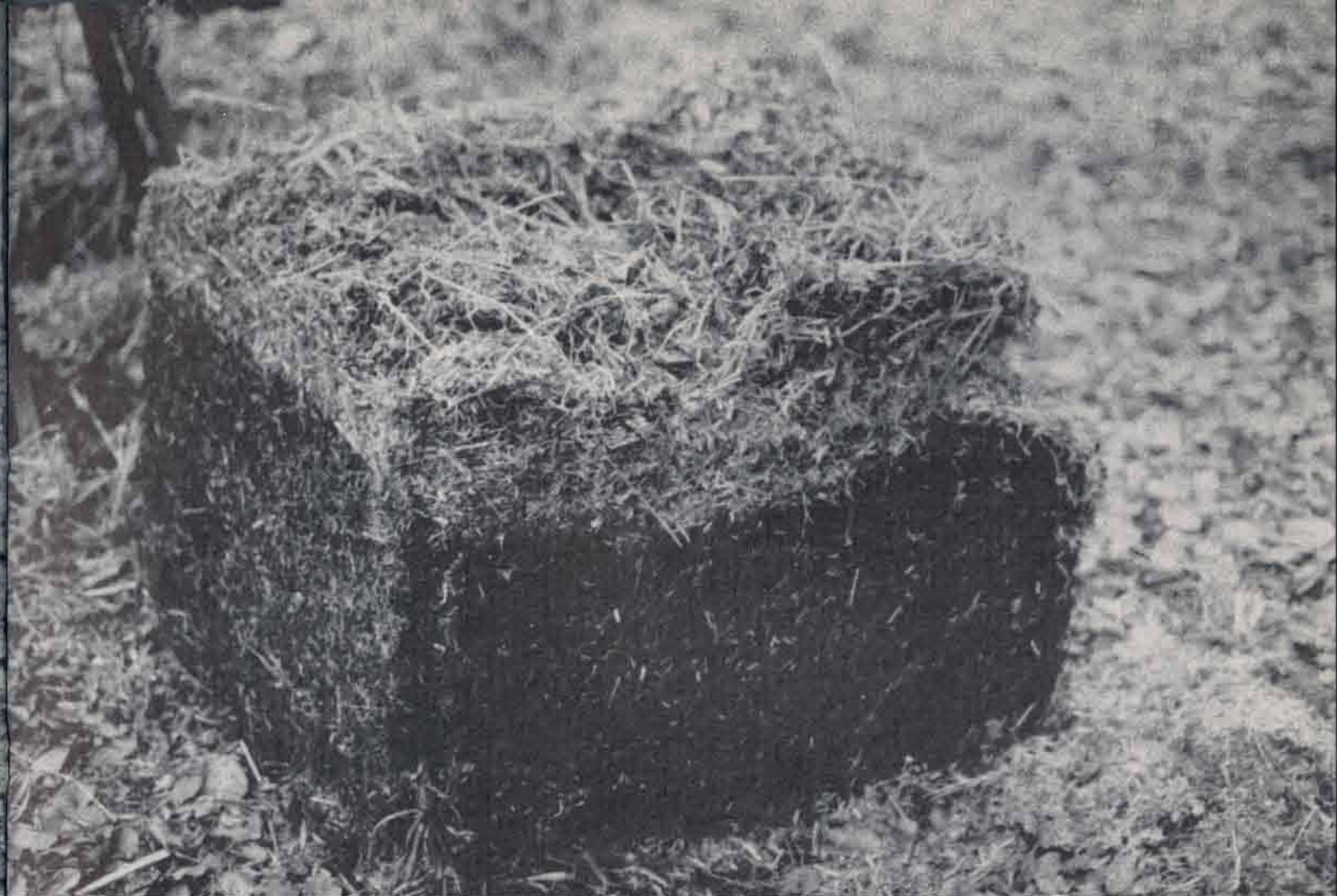
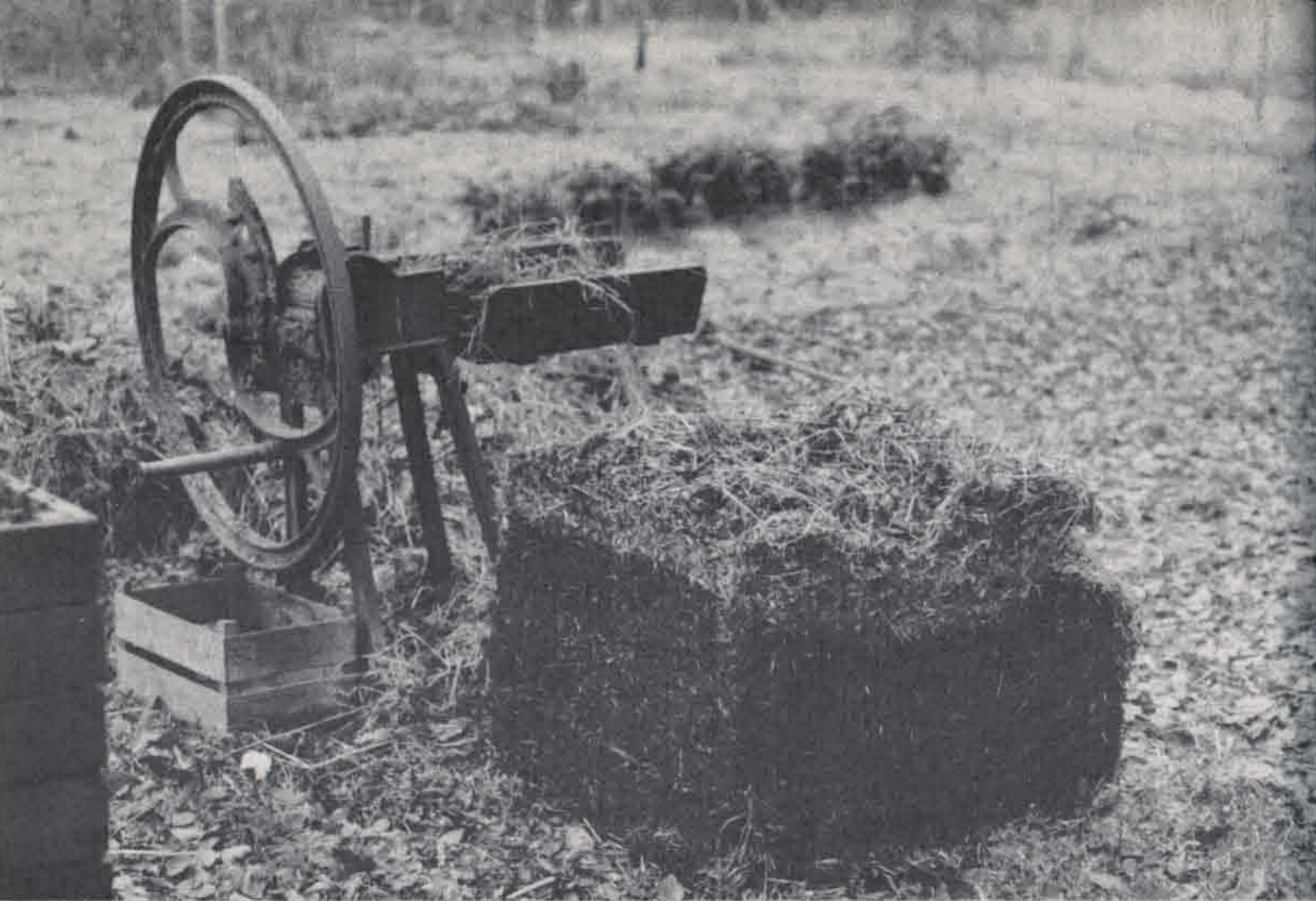
Buddhist Tantrism, or Vajrayana as it's also known, is probably the finest and most modern statement of this ancient shamanistic-yogic-gnostic-socioeconomic view: that mankind's mother is Nature and Nature should be tenderly respected; that man's life and destiny is growth and enlightenment in self-disciplined freedom; that the divine has been made flesh and that flesh is divine; that we not only should but DO love one another. This view has been harshly suppressed in the past as threatening to both Church and State. Today, on the contrary, these values seem almost biologically essential to the survival of humanity.

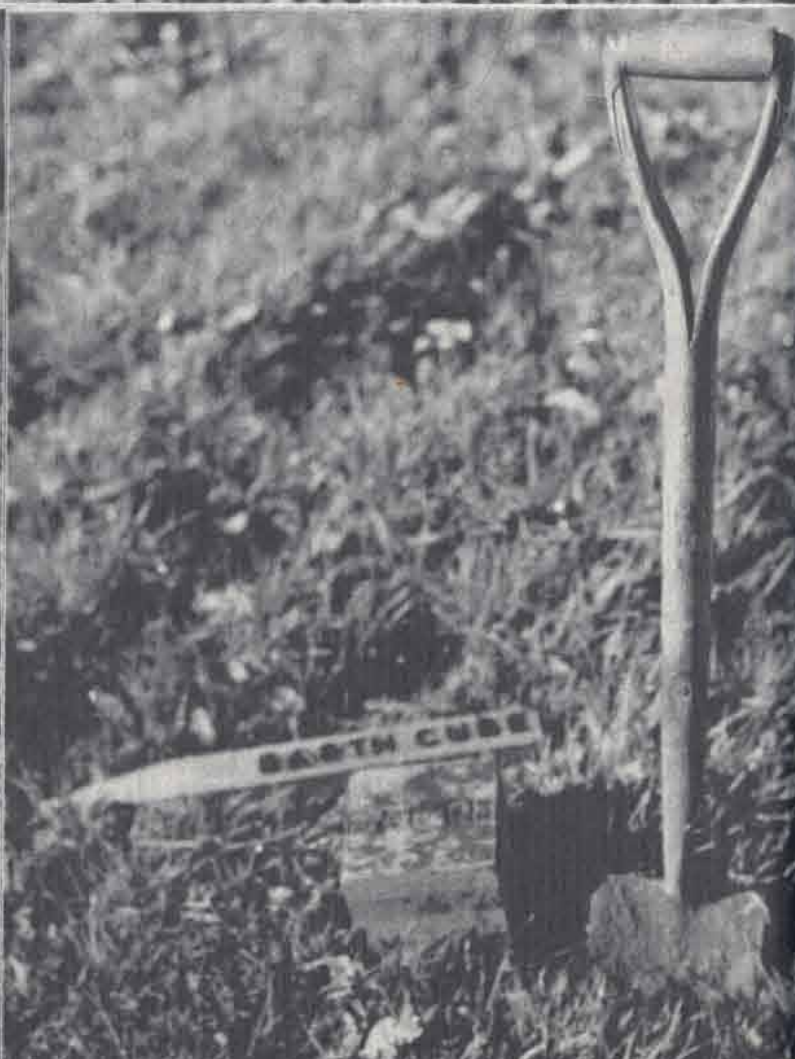
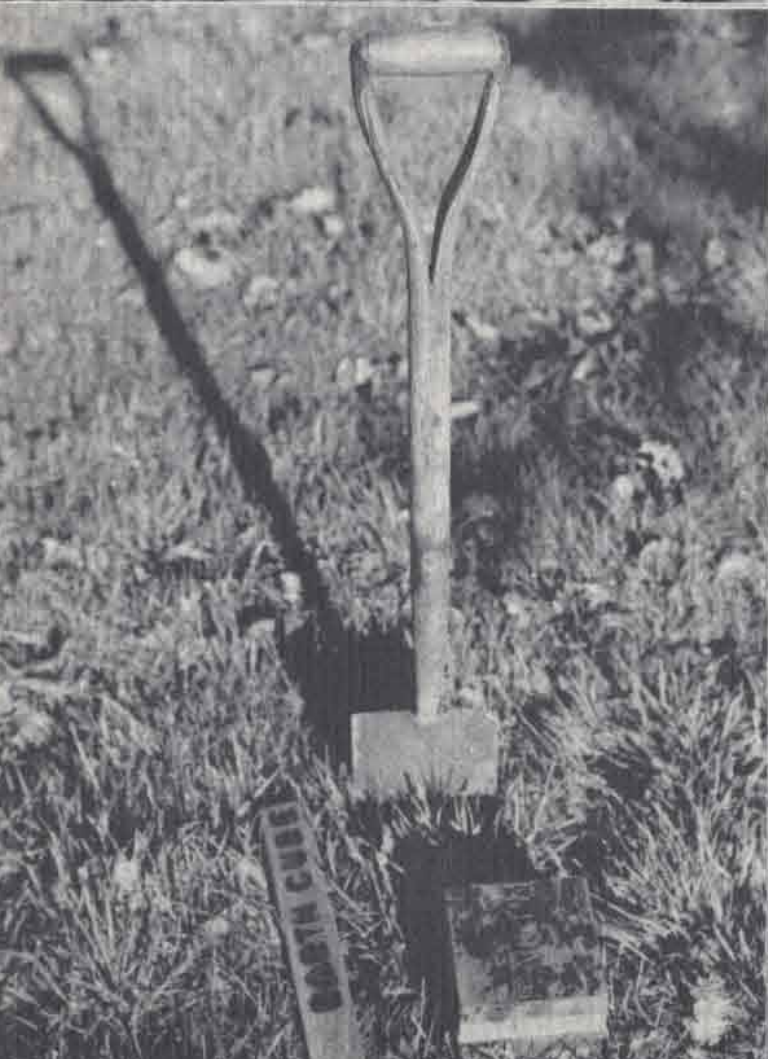
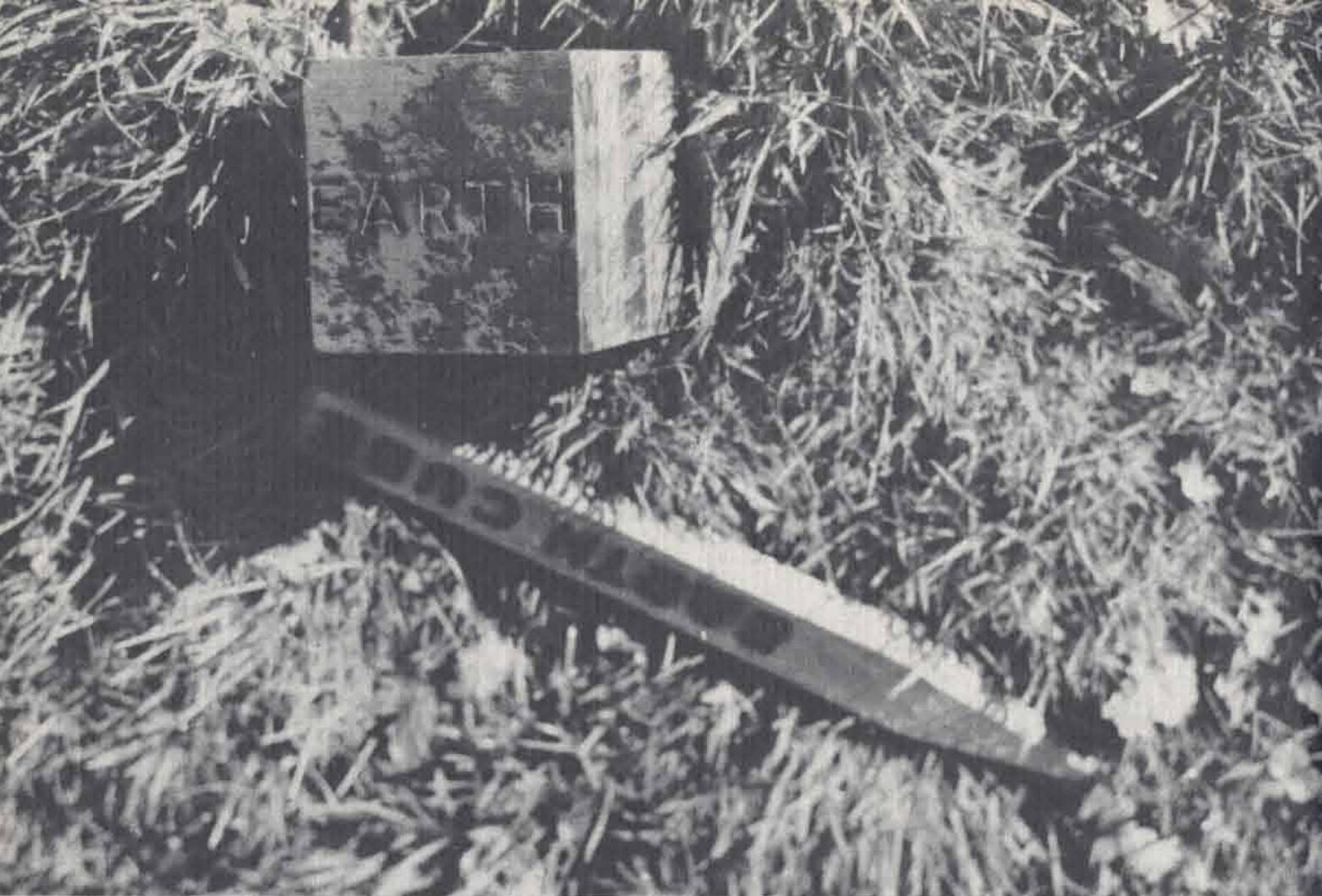
Carl Ottwin Sauer, "Land and Life"
Location should be slow, the slower the better, and be often interrupted by leisurely halts to sit on vantage points and stop at question marks. Being afoot, sleeping out, sitting about camp in the evening, seeing the land in all its seasons are proper ways to intensify the experience, of developing impression into larger appreciation and judgement. I know no prescription of method; avoid over increases routine and fatigue and decreases alertness.

steel
heart

SEED

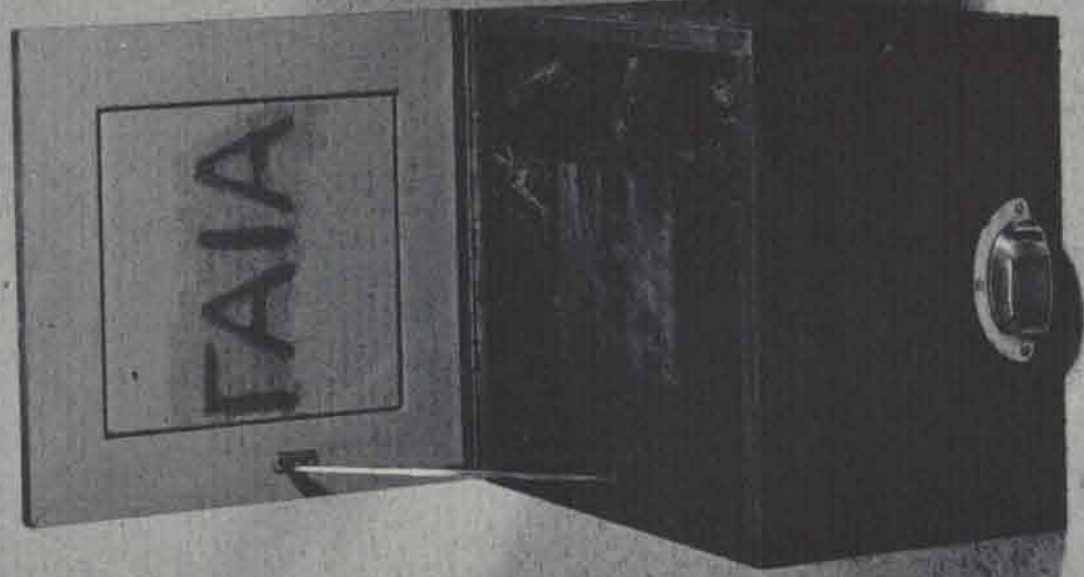
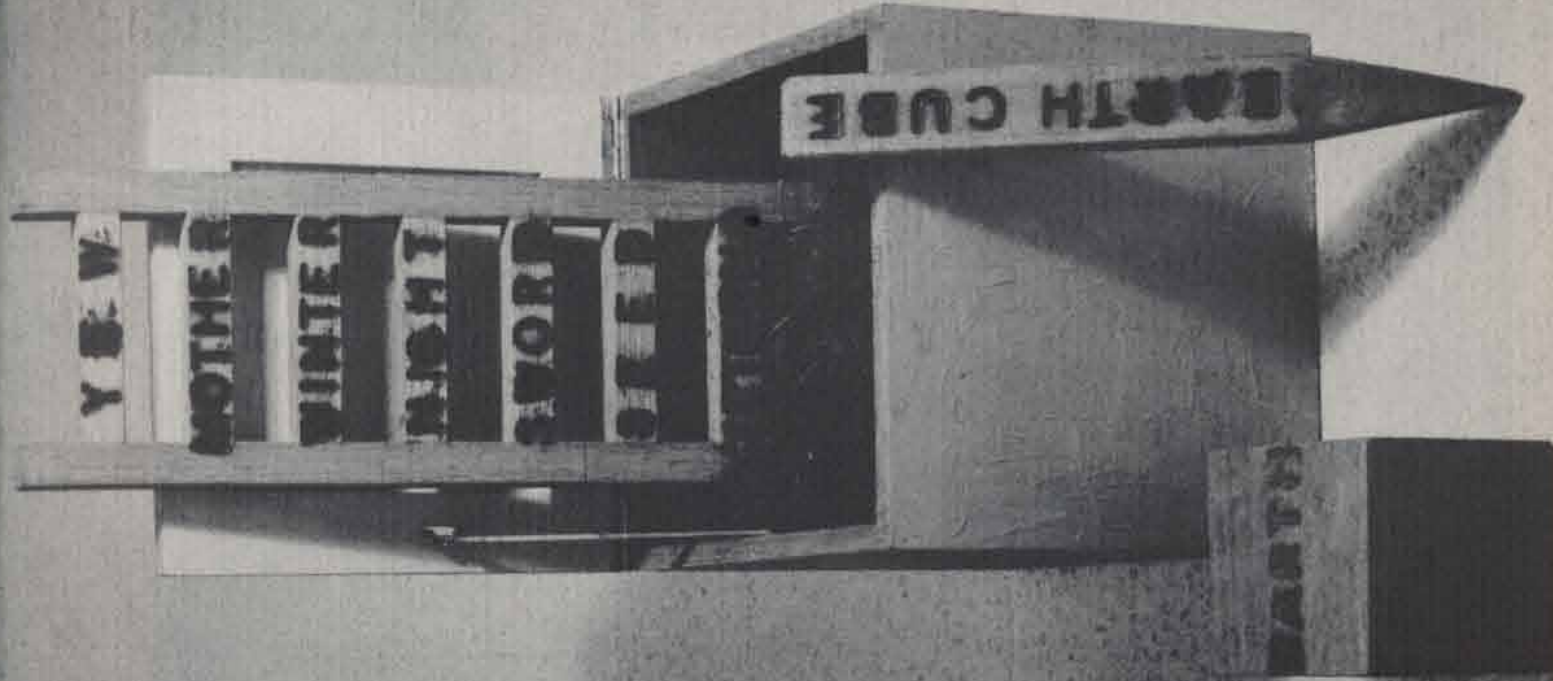
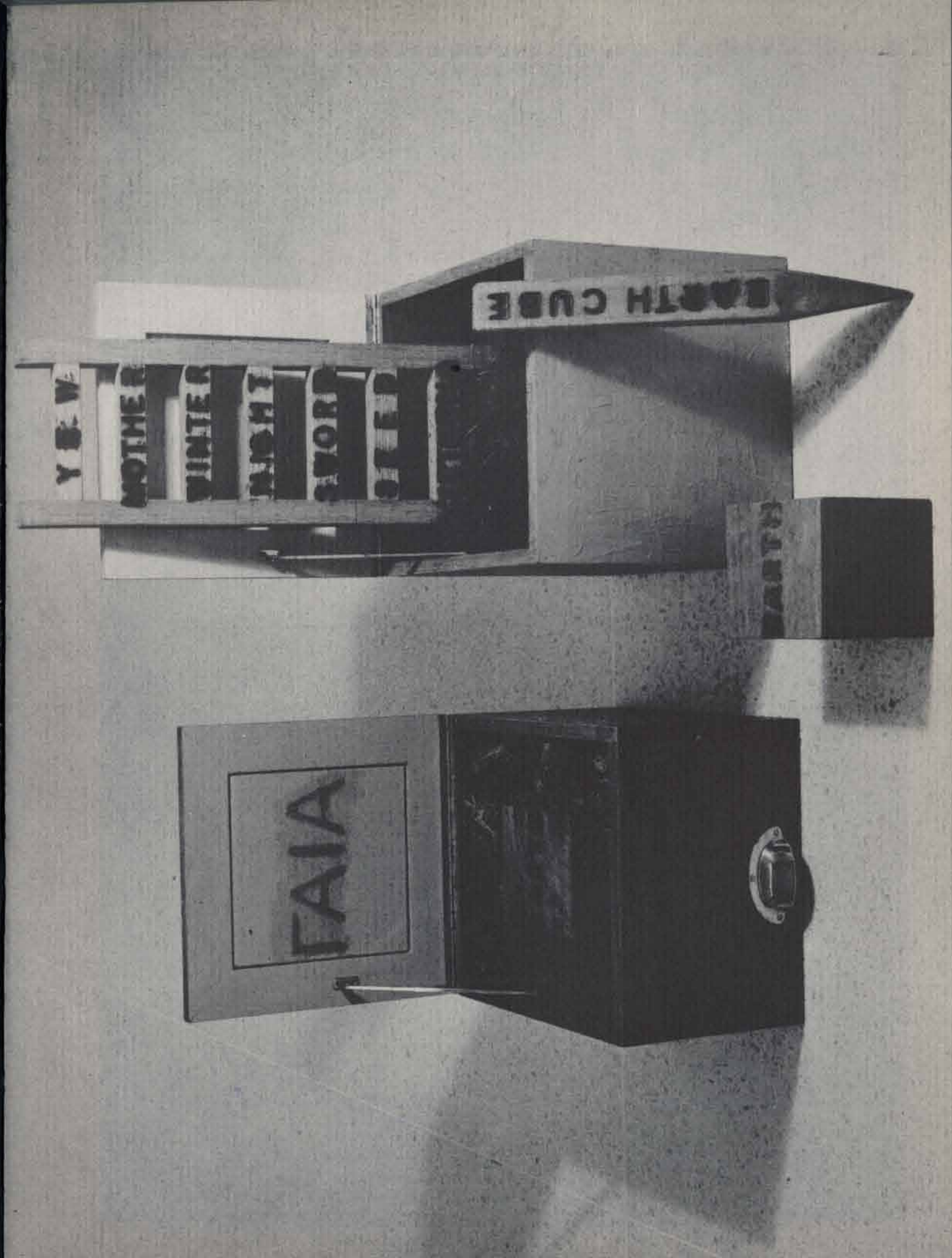
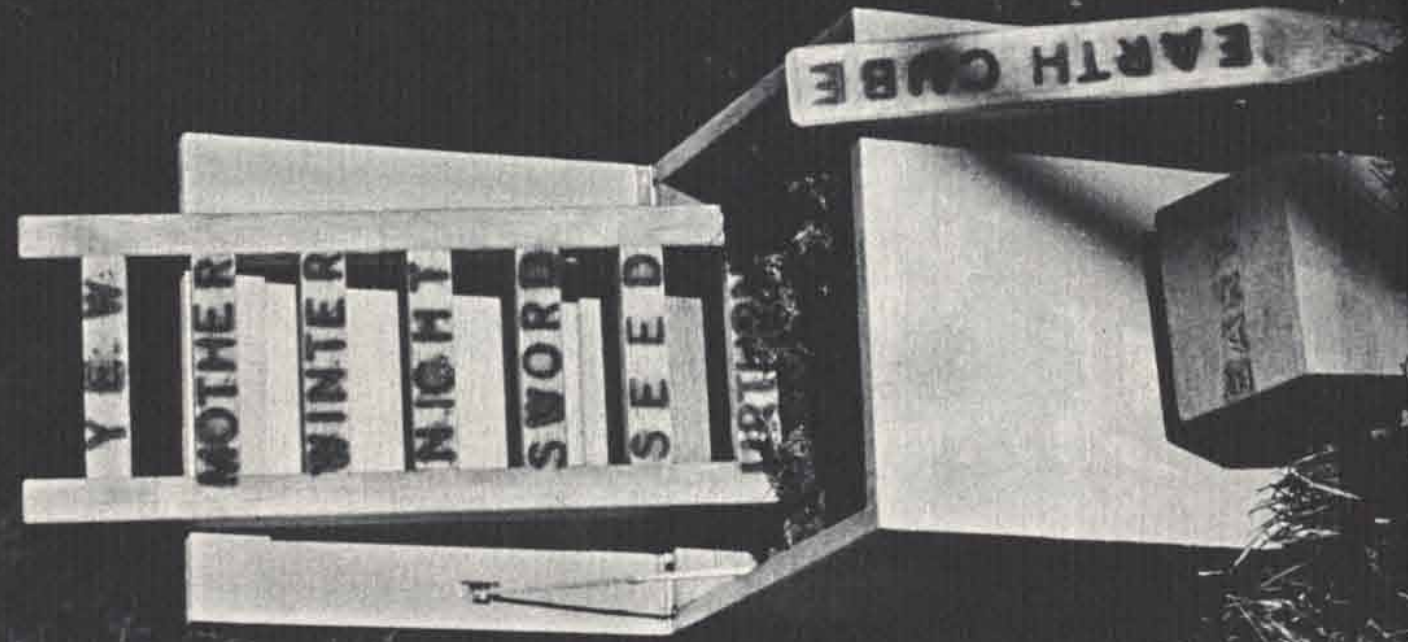
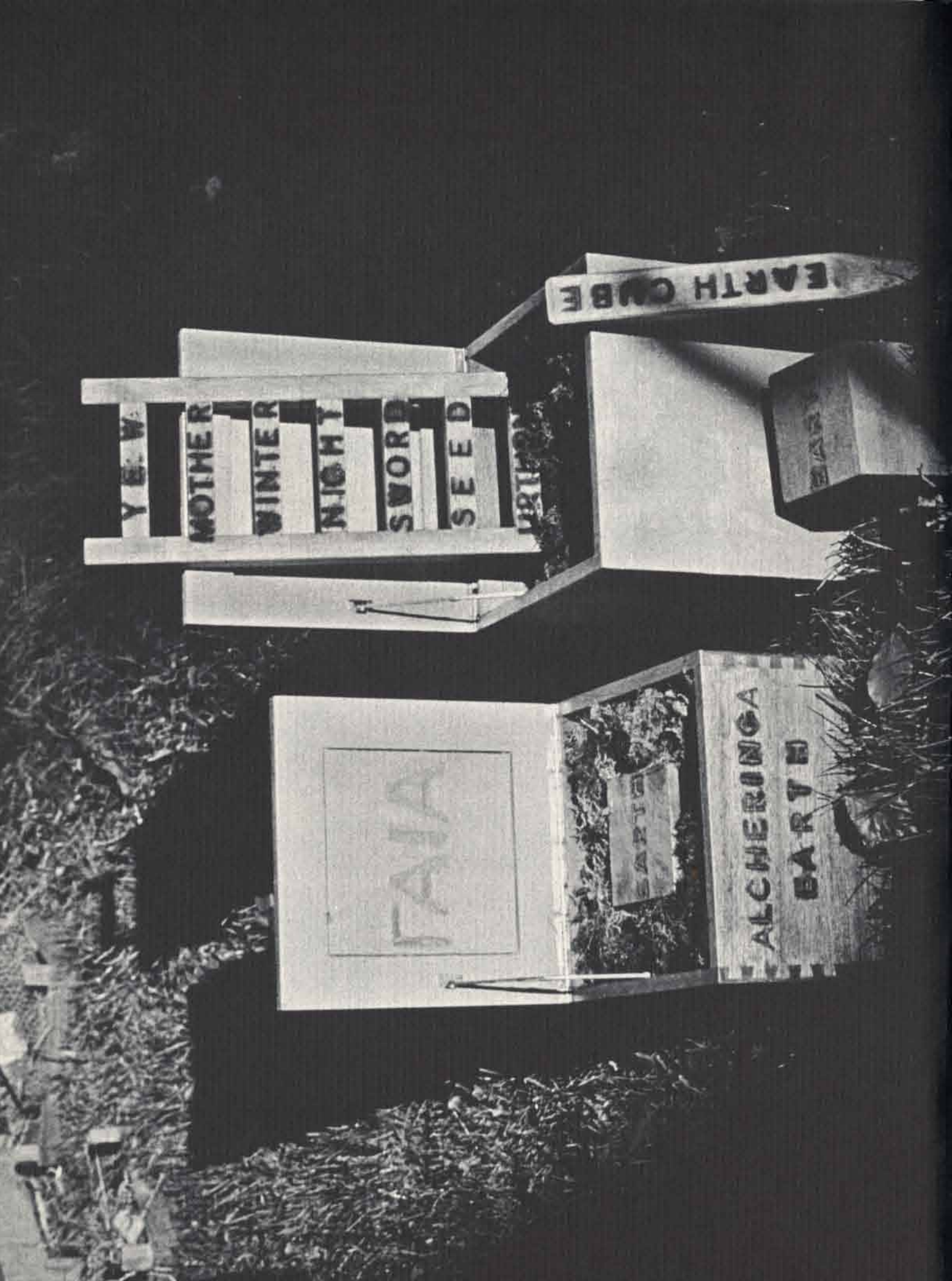
AUTUMN / DEATH / Proserpine / OX
(Muse)





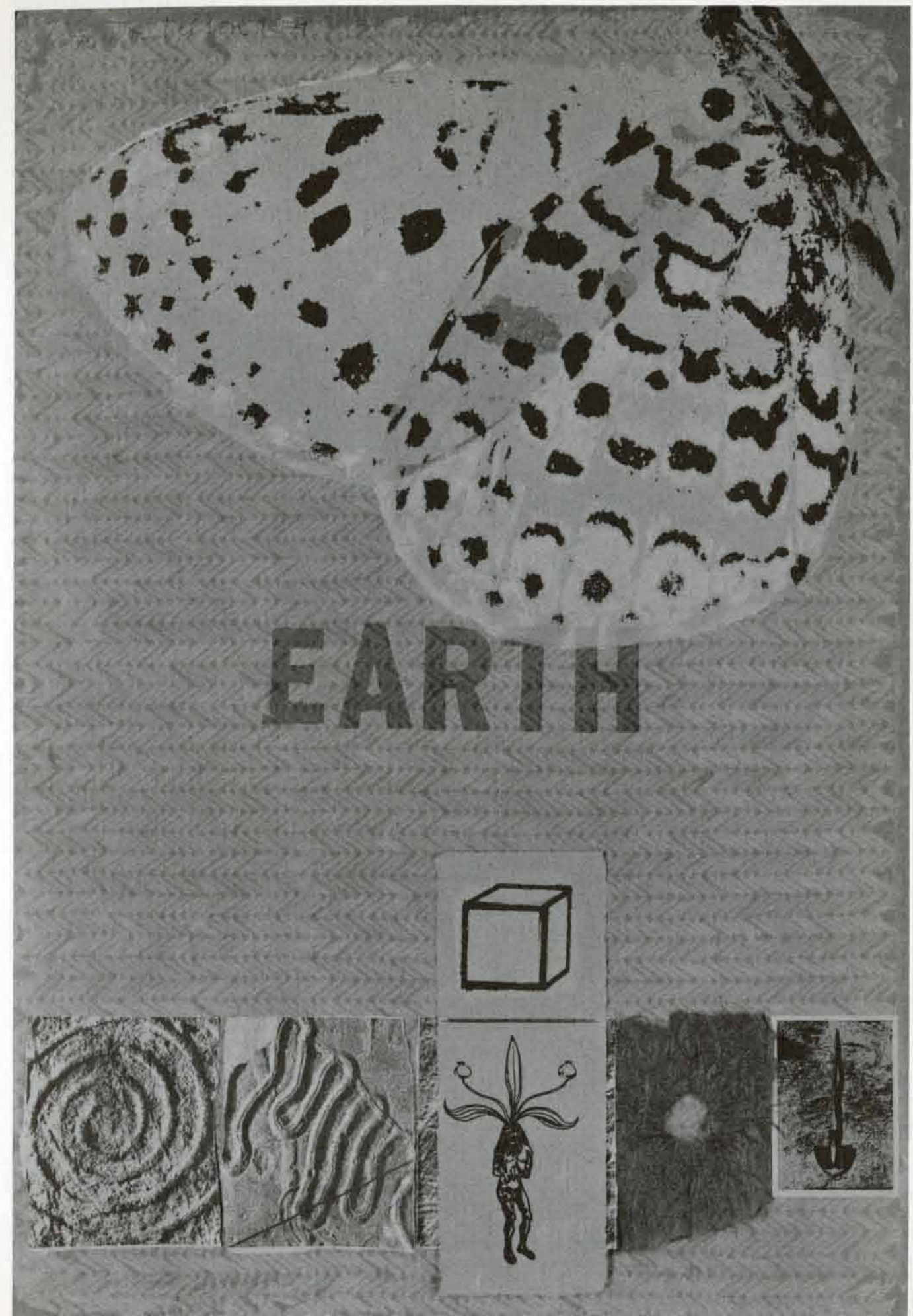
DIRLUKE TARPEY
C/O
LILLEY TEKILLES
THE EATS
WADDLINGS ROAD
LEINSTER
EIRE

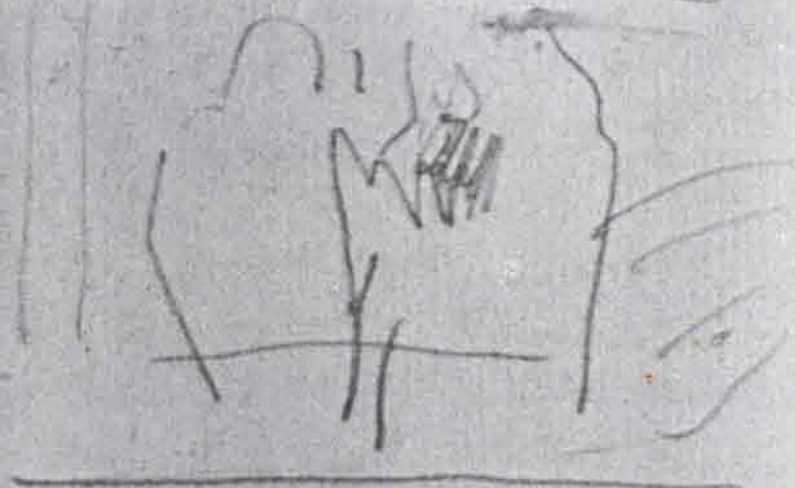
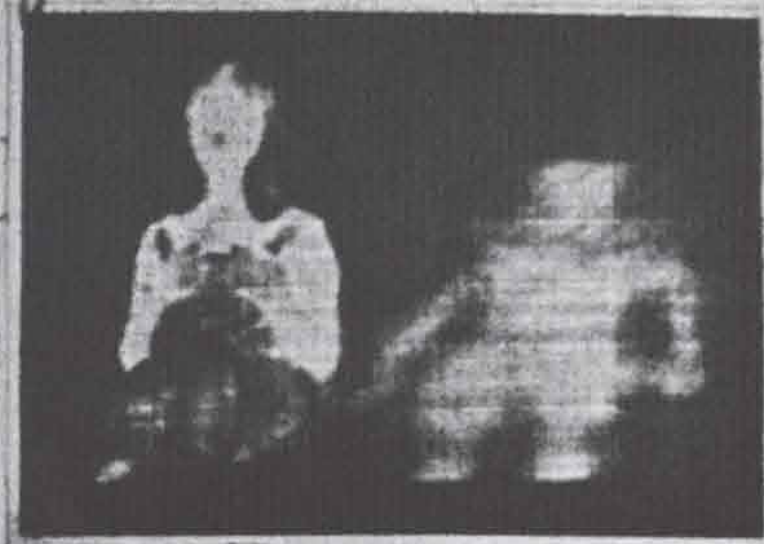
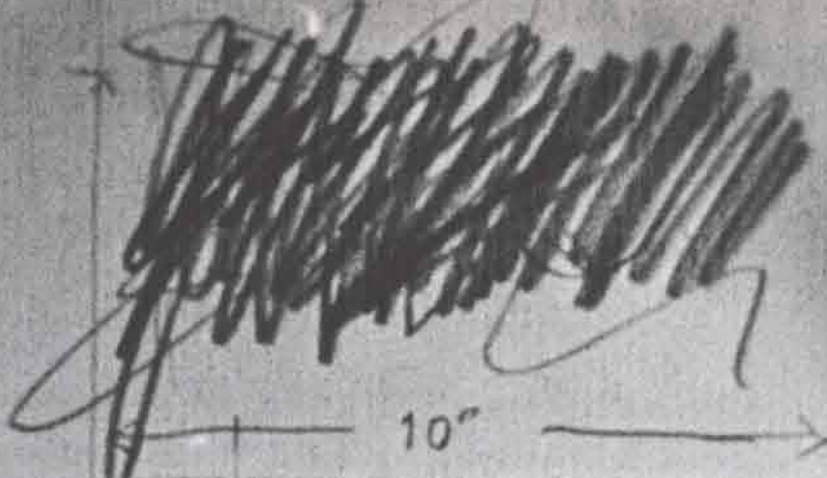




'The corn was Orient and Immortal Wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The Dust and Stones of the Street were as precious as GOLD. The Gates were at first the End of the World, The Green Trees when I saw them first through one of the Gates Transported and Ravished me; their Sweetnes and unusual Beauty made my Heart to leap, and almost mad with Extasie, they were such Strange and Wonderfull Thing.'

(Traherne.)

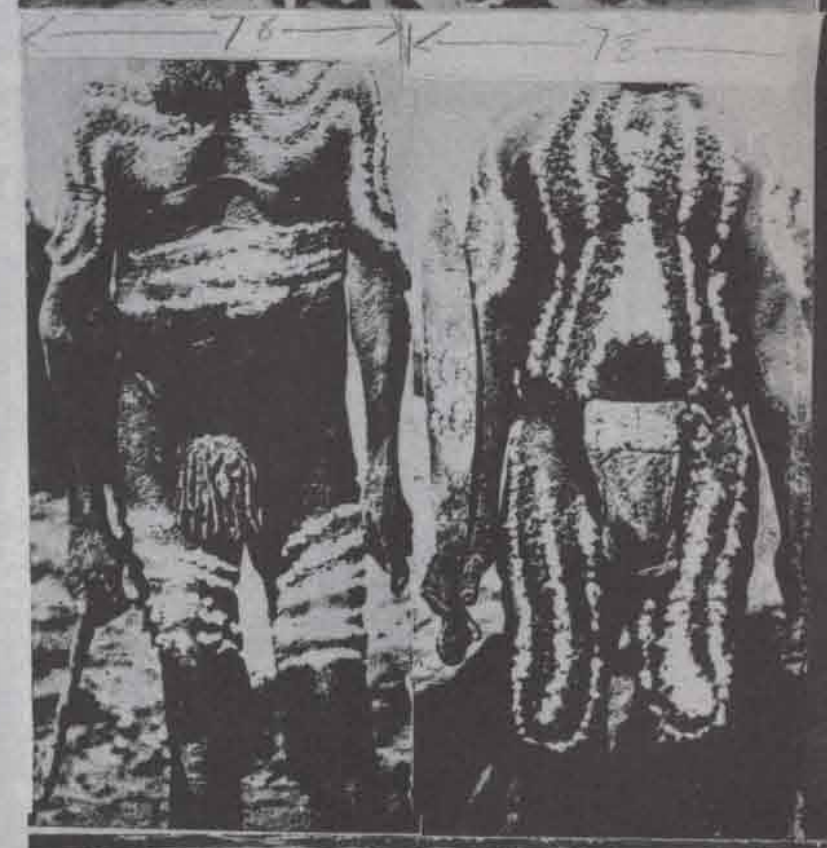
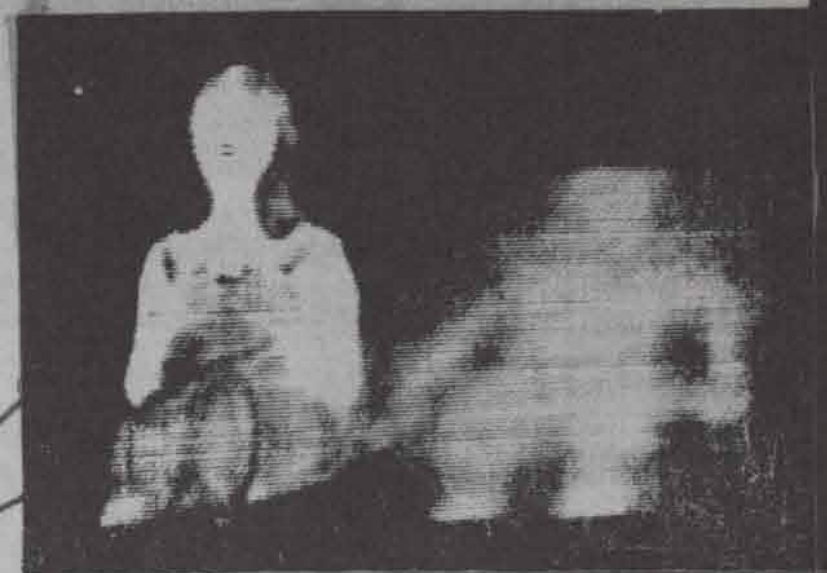




6. Ilpin t'ira (p.103)

and that an jarat al kua in t'ja ceremony

En esta fotografia, una joven se sienta en la
silla ofreciendo el jarat al kua en t'ja
ceremonia.



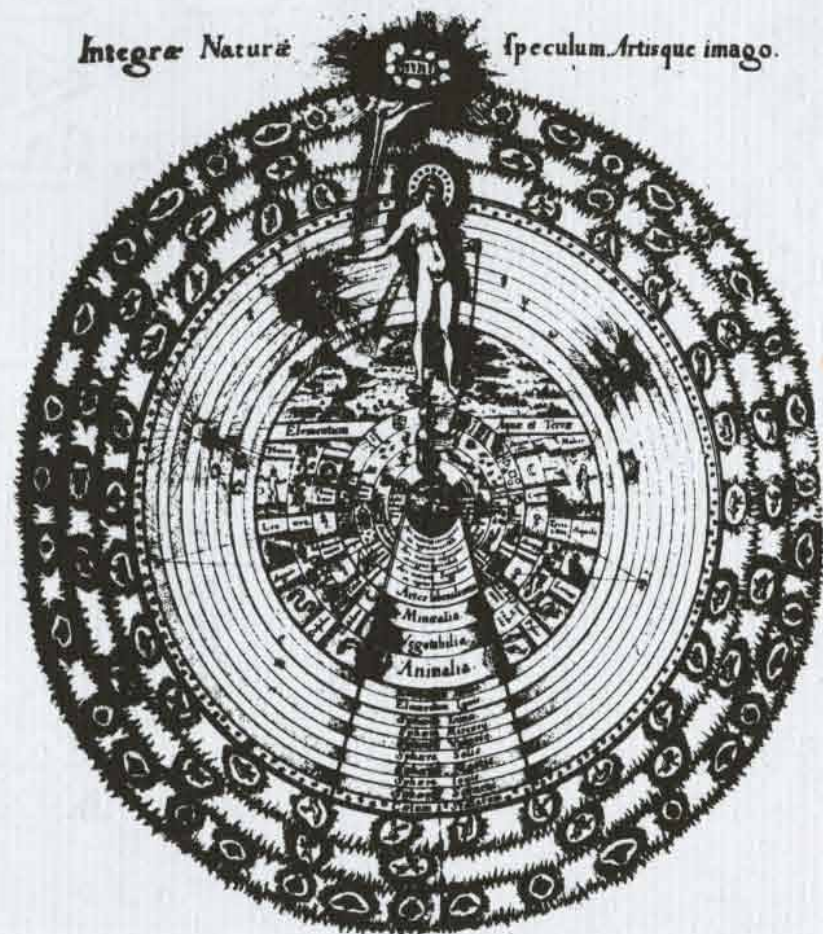
Pl.16. Earth Ritual. (p.103.)

OUR EARTH: Organic, Living,
Breathing, Changing, Sacred.

1. Not Fuller's space-ship earth. Because it gives a totally wrong idea that we are on a static piece of hardware and that we understand and control!

2. Not even 'Ecology' because it relates too much to OIKOS (house) - but rather TEMENOLOGY (Temenos: SACRED PRECINCT)... and also ...

3. 'La nostra terra e tempio del mondo'.
(Giordano Bruno - Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante. dial. 3. ital. pp. 784-6) OUR EARTH IS THE TEMPLE OF THE WORLD.



EARTHEARTHEARTH

The most valuable piece of information from the last few years of space travel is :-

the IMAGE of the EARTH

.... OUR GOLDEN FLEECE FROM COLCHIS..

.....all is within us.....

God has planted many secrets in man so that they lie in him like seeds in the earth. And just as the seeds burgeon from the earth in spring, so the flowers and fruits that God put in men will come to light at the appointed time. (Paracelsus).

NO DUALITY: Mind/ Body as one.

ALL PATTERNS IN THE PROCESS OF PATTERNING.

.....There is no world except one that we are the picturers of. (Olson).

ANIMA MUNDI

IMAGO MUNDI

GE

GAIA

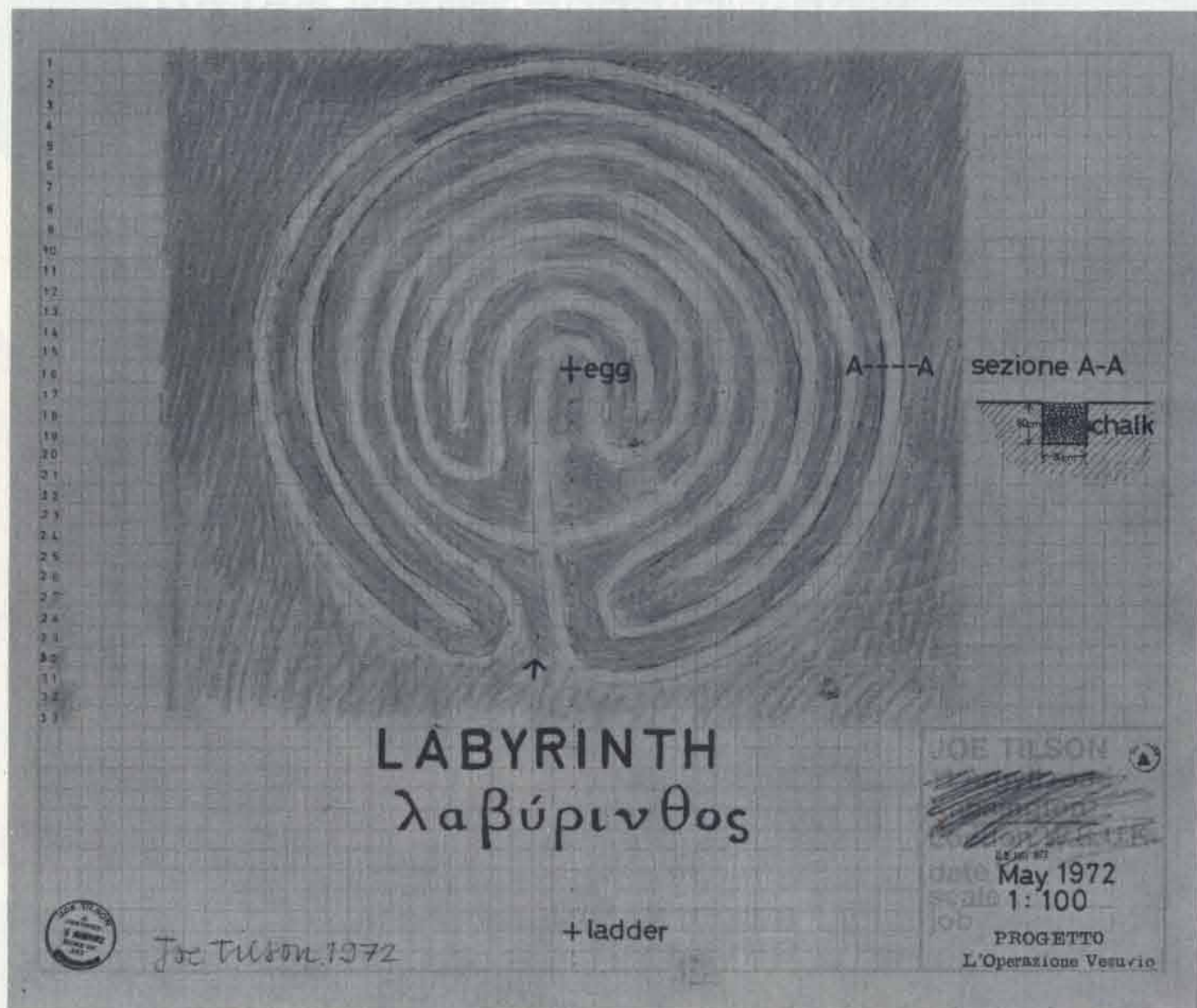
GEO

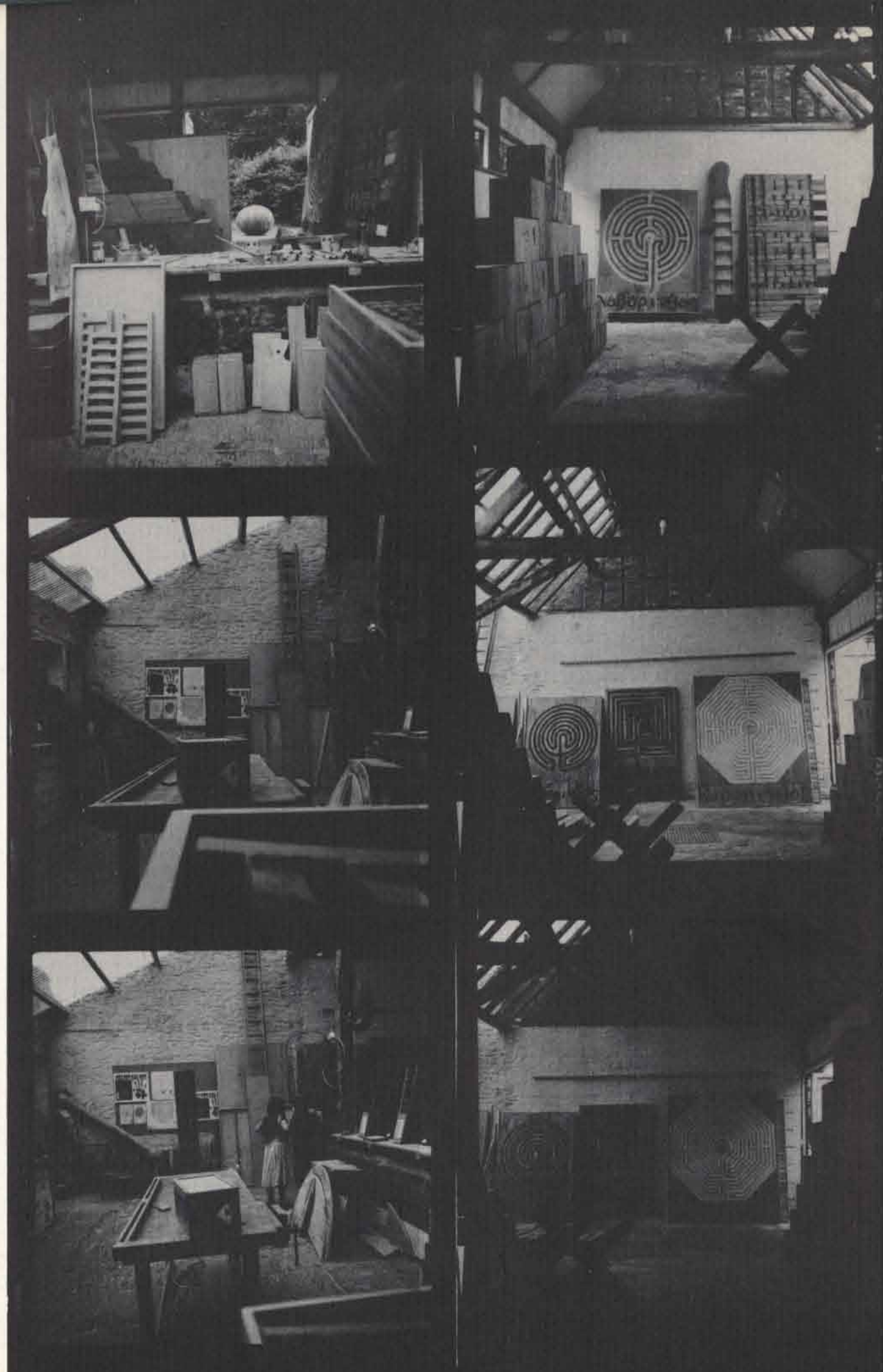
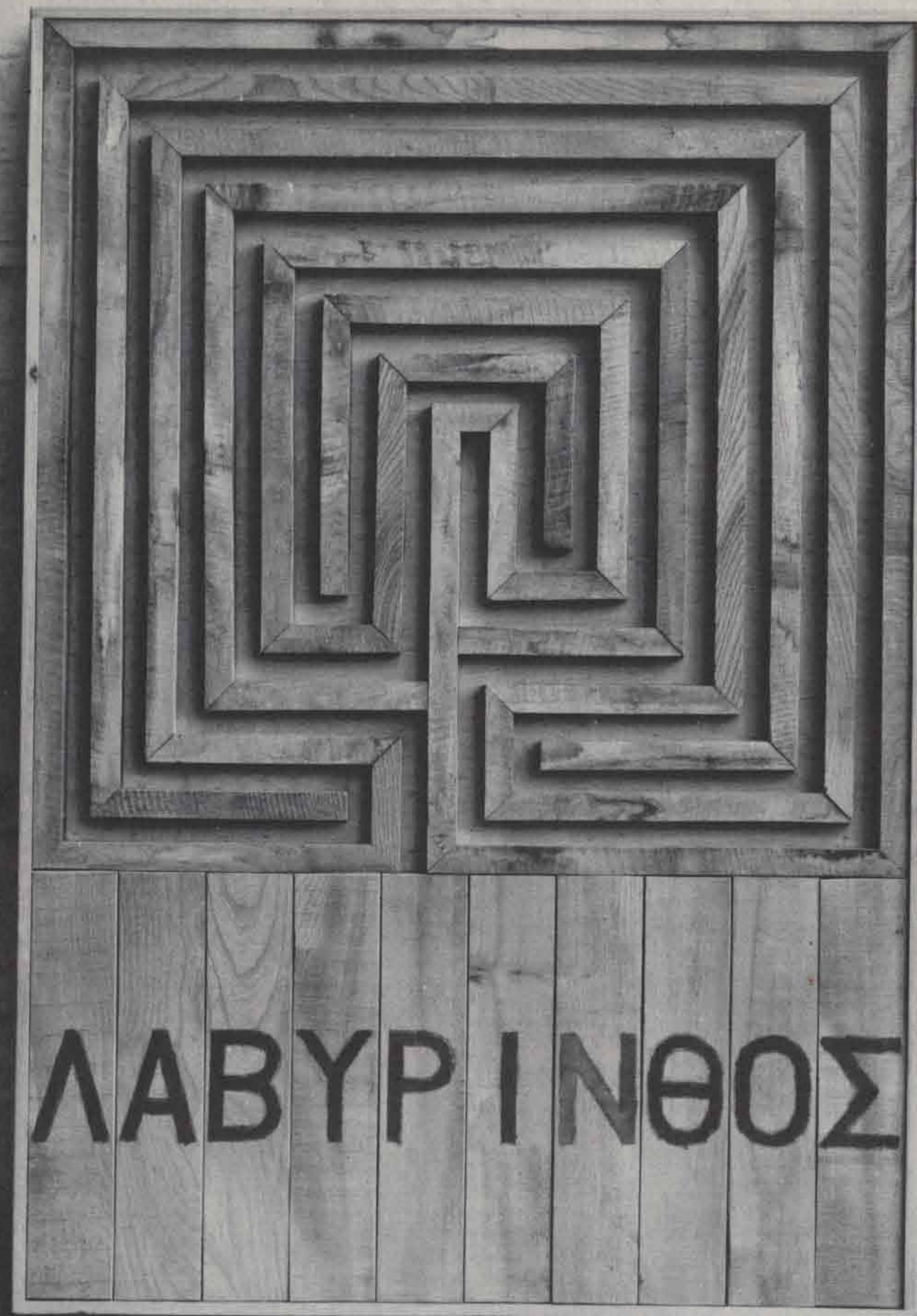
GEOLOGY
GEOGRAPHY
GEOMORPHOLOGY
GEOCYCLIC
GEODYNAMIC
GEOMANCY

THE TERRAIN

The thin breathing ~~SKIN/CRUST/VEIL~~ of
AIR/WATER/EARTH/FIRE that we inhabit.

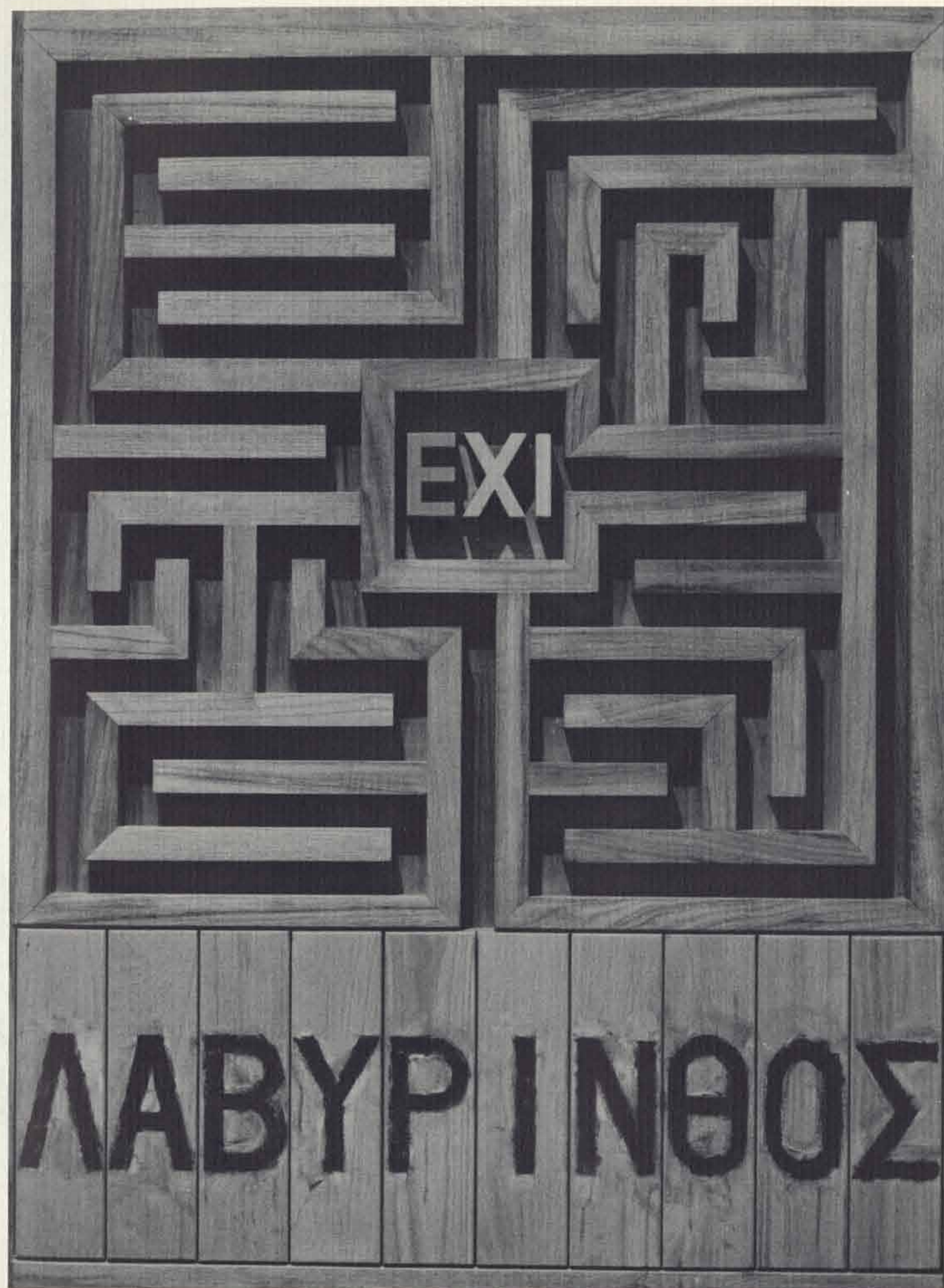
EARTHEARTHEARTH





Great bulk, huge mass, thesaurus;
Ecbatan, the clock ticks and fades out,
The bride awaiting the god's touch; Ecbatan,
City of patterned streets; again the vision:

(Pound. Canto V.)



H I S T O R Y

'The present contains all that there is. It is holy ground for it is the past, and it is the future!'
(Whitehead).

History is the memory of time.

All History is con-temporary.

'To find no contradiction in the union of old and new; to contemplate the ANCIENT of days and all his works with feelings as fresh as if all had then sprang forth at the first creative fiat; characterizes the mind that feels the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar;

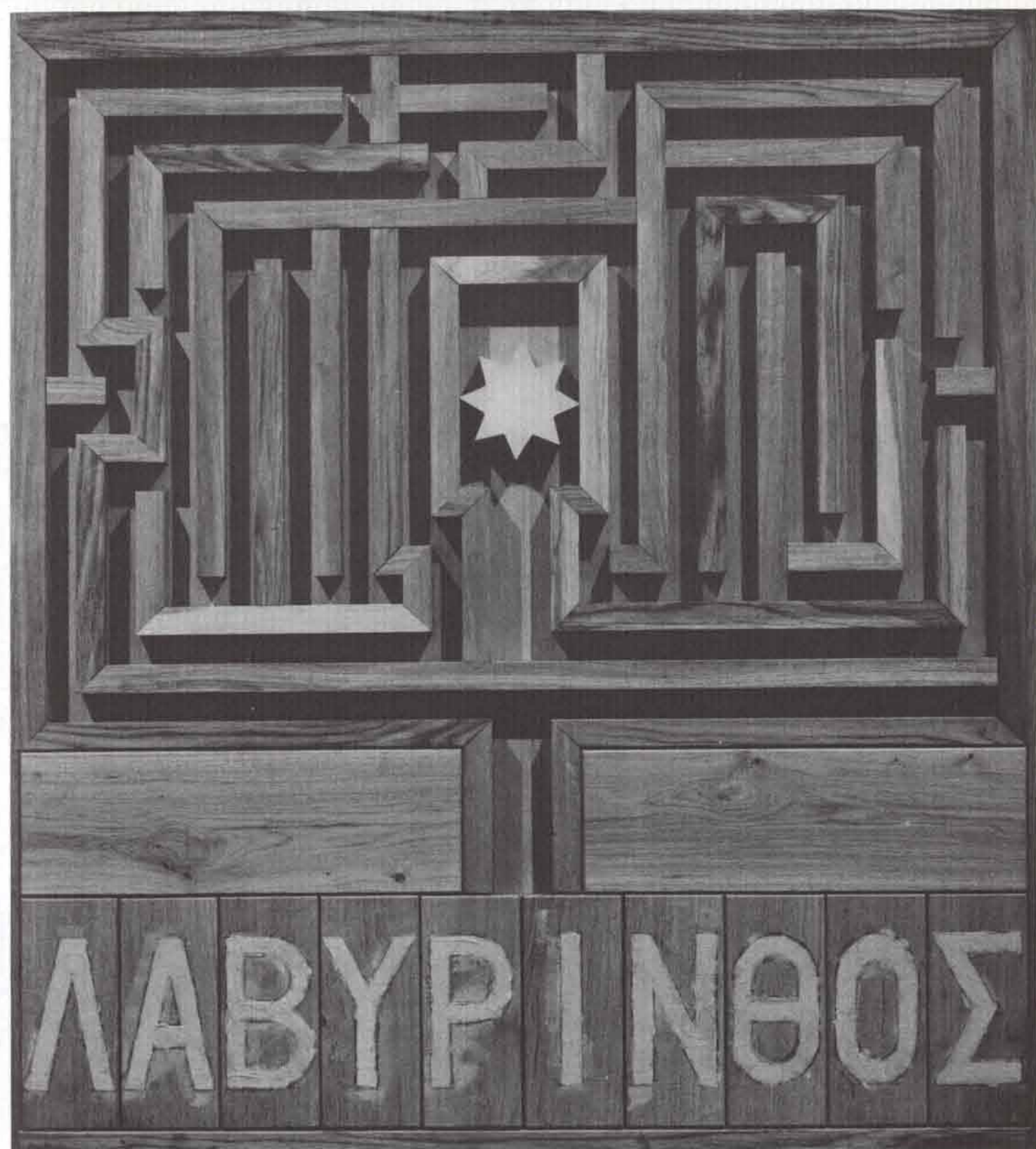
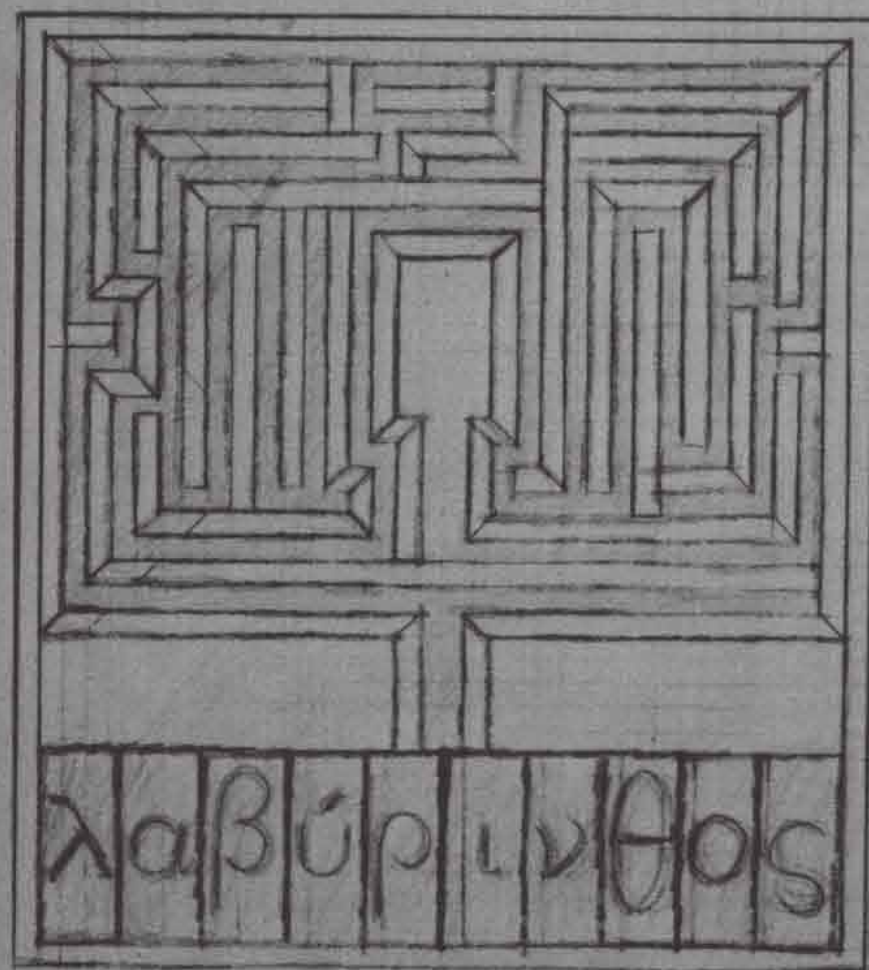
'With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
And man and woman;'
(Coleridge).

If you have not entered the dance you have misunderstood the event.

Poetry : Prose :: Dancing : Walking (or Running).
(Valéry).



ΛΑΒΥΡΙΝΘΟΣ

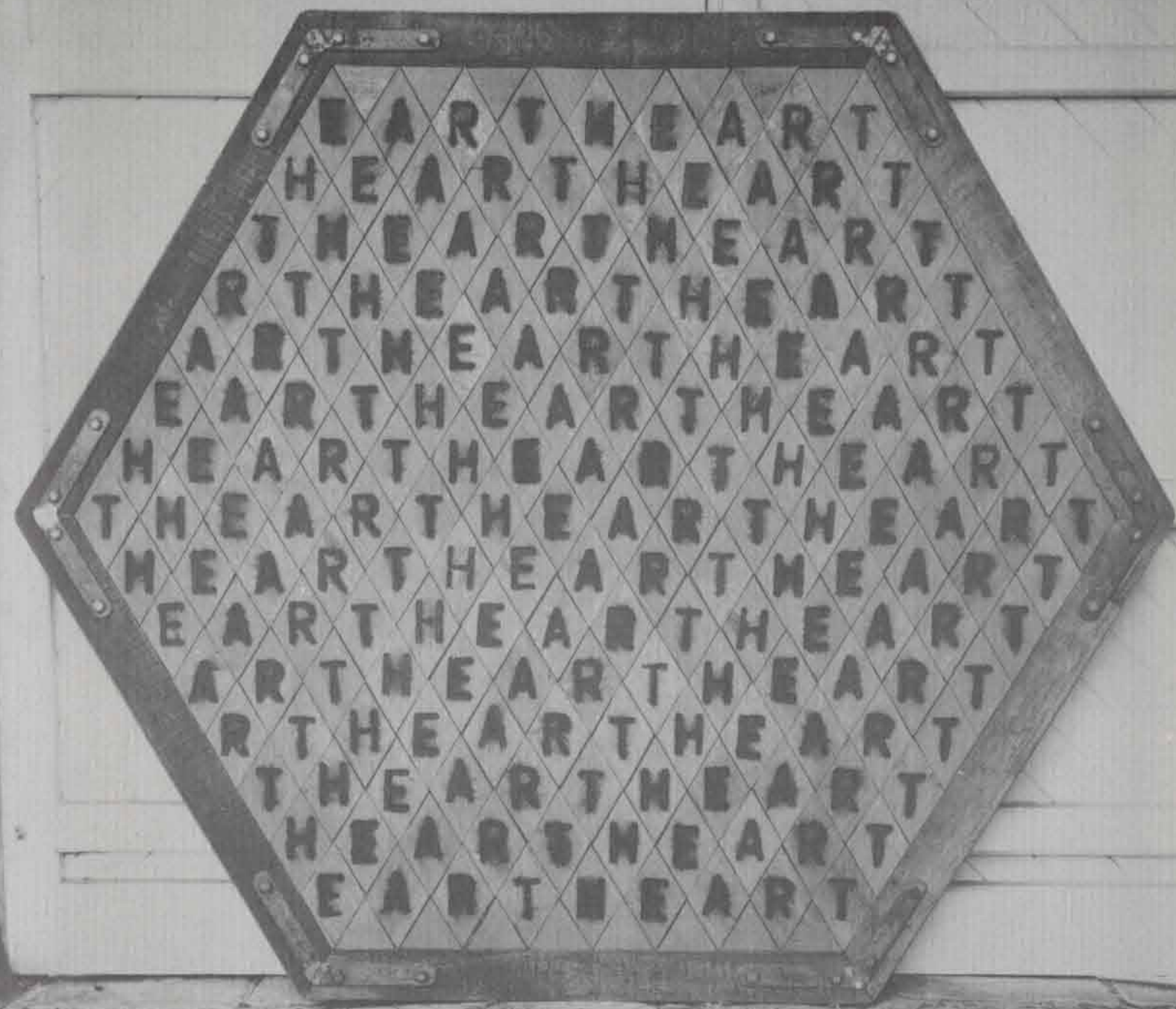


T A X O N O M Y

Elles s'apparentent à d'autres croyances
et pratiques, directement ou indirectement
liées à des schèmes classificatoires permettant
de saisir l'univers naturel et social sous
forme de totalité organisée.

CATÉGORIES, ÉLÉMENTS, ESPÈCES, NOMBRES.

'La Pensée Sauvage.' Claude Lévi-Strauss.



.. No ALlegory

... only Metaphor

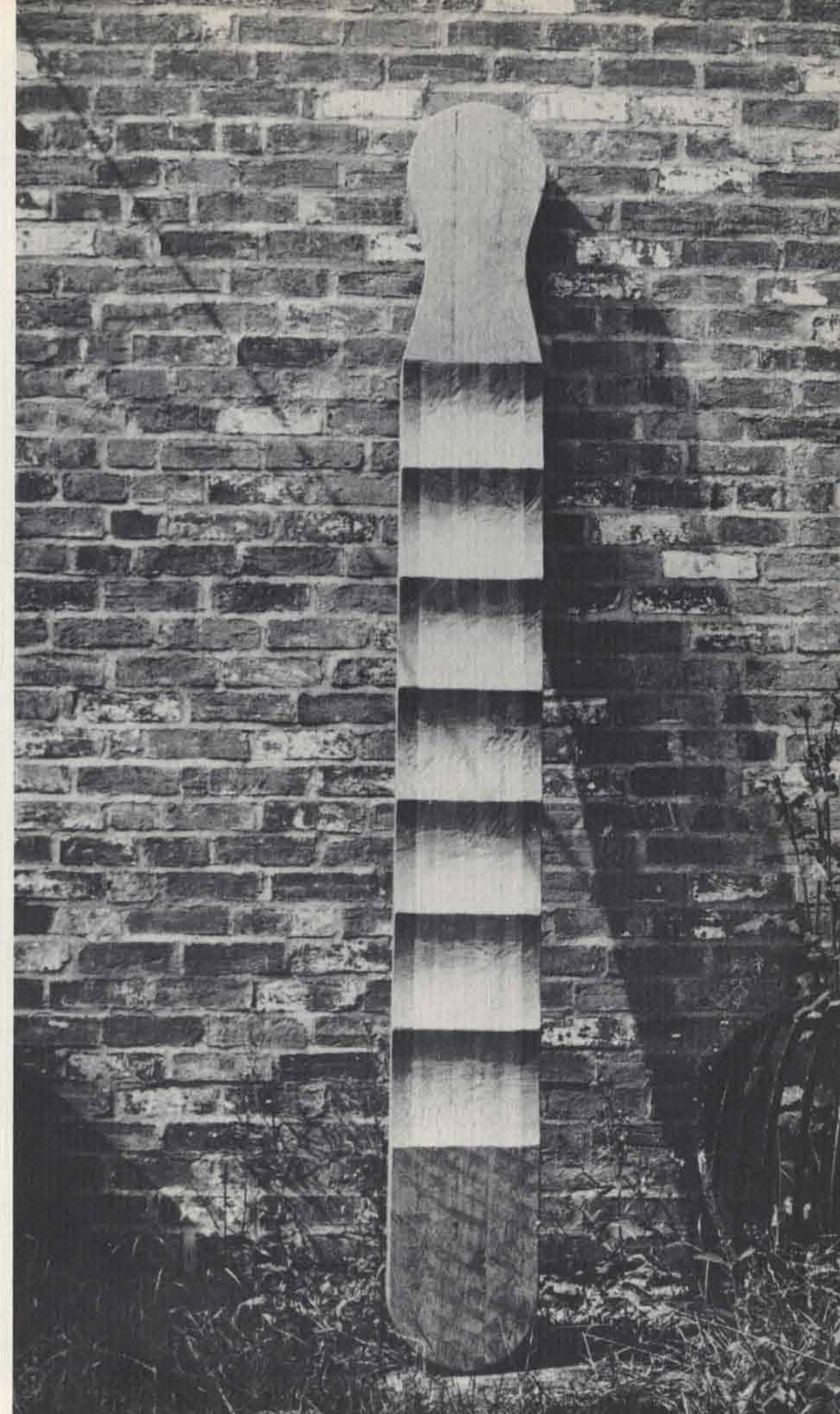
μεταφορα

metapherein : to transfer

... metaphor establishes a connexion
which is sensually perceived in its
immediacy and requires no interpretation . . .

... metaphors are means by which the
oneness of the world is poetically brought
about.

(Hannah Arendt)



	A		B		C		D	
	1	2	3	4	5	6		
1	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
2	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
3	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
4	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
5	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
6	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
7	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
8	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
9	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
10	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
11	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
12	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
13	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
14	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
15	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
16	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
17	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
18	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
19	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
20	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
21	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
22	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
23	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
24	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
25	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
26	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
27	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
28	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		
29	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED	SEED		

☰ Ch'ien The Creative Heaven

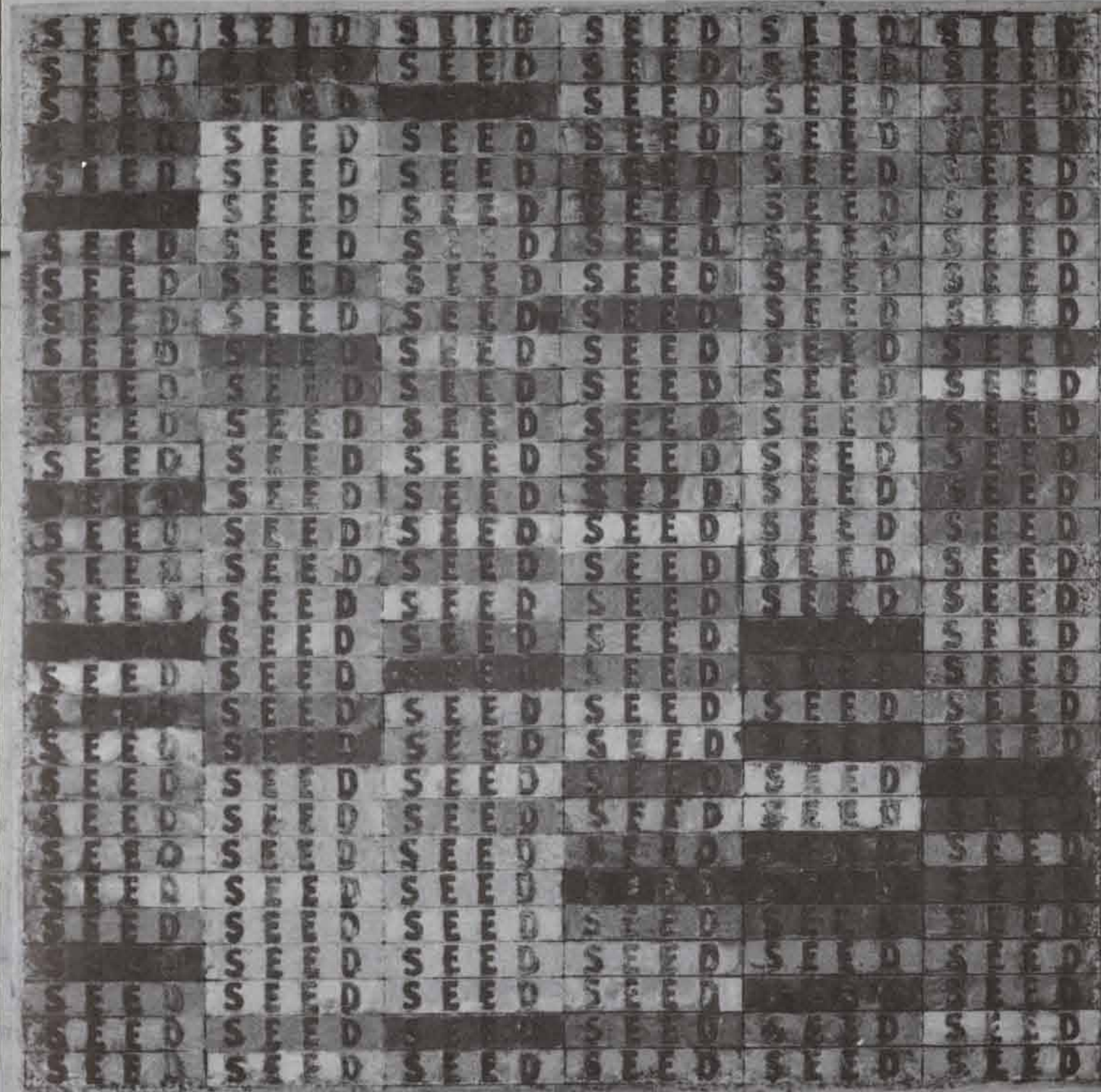
☷ Li The Clinging Flame

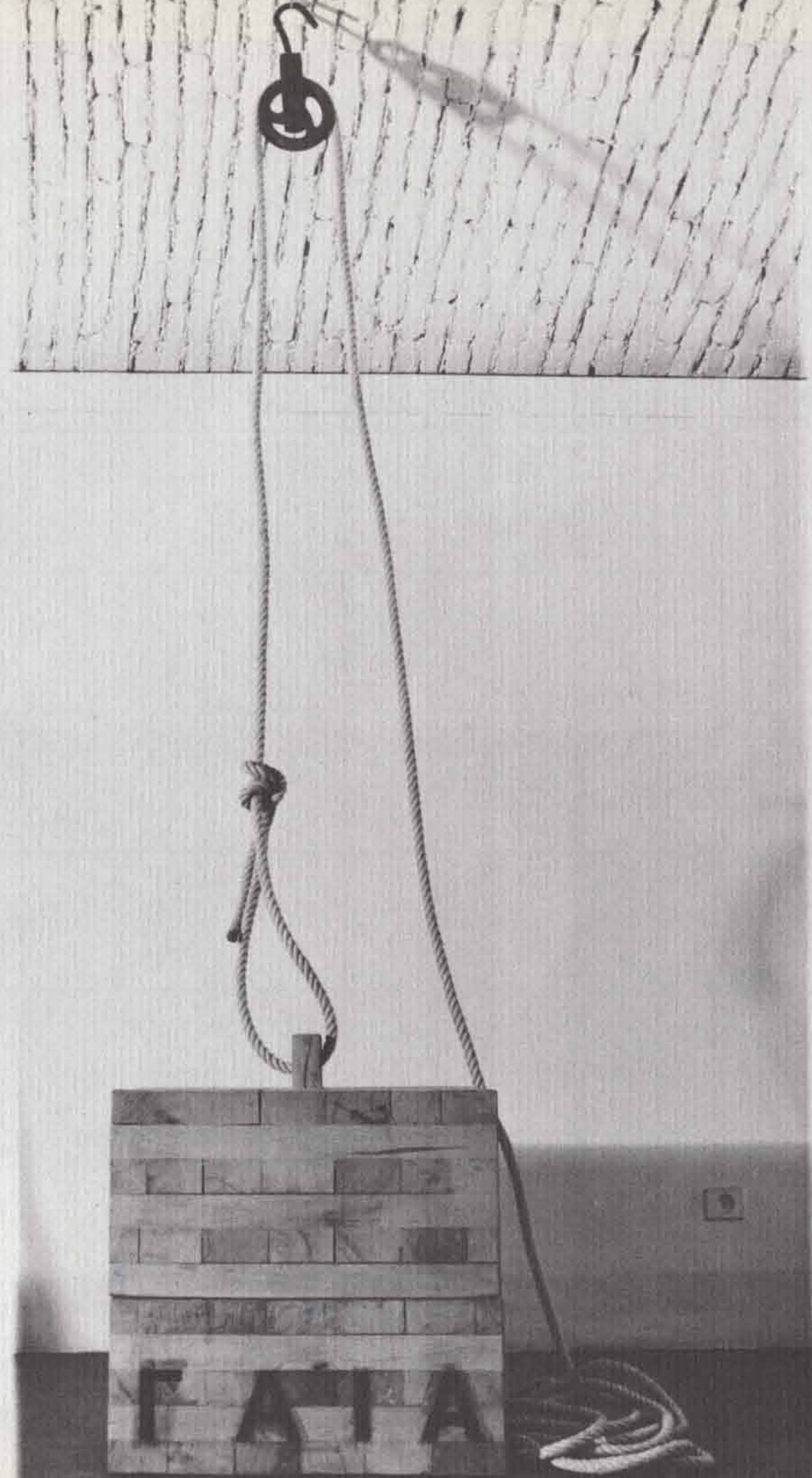
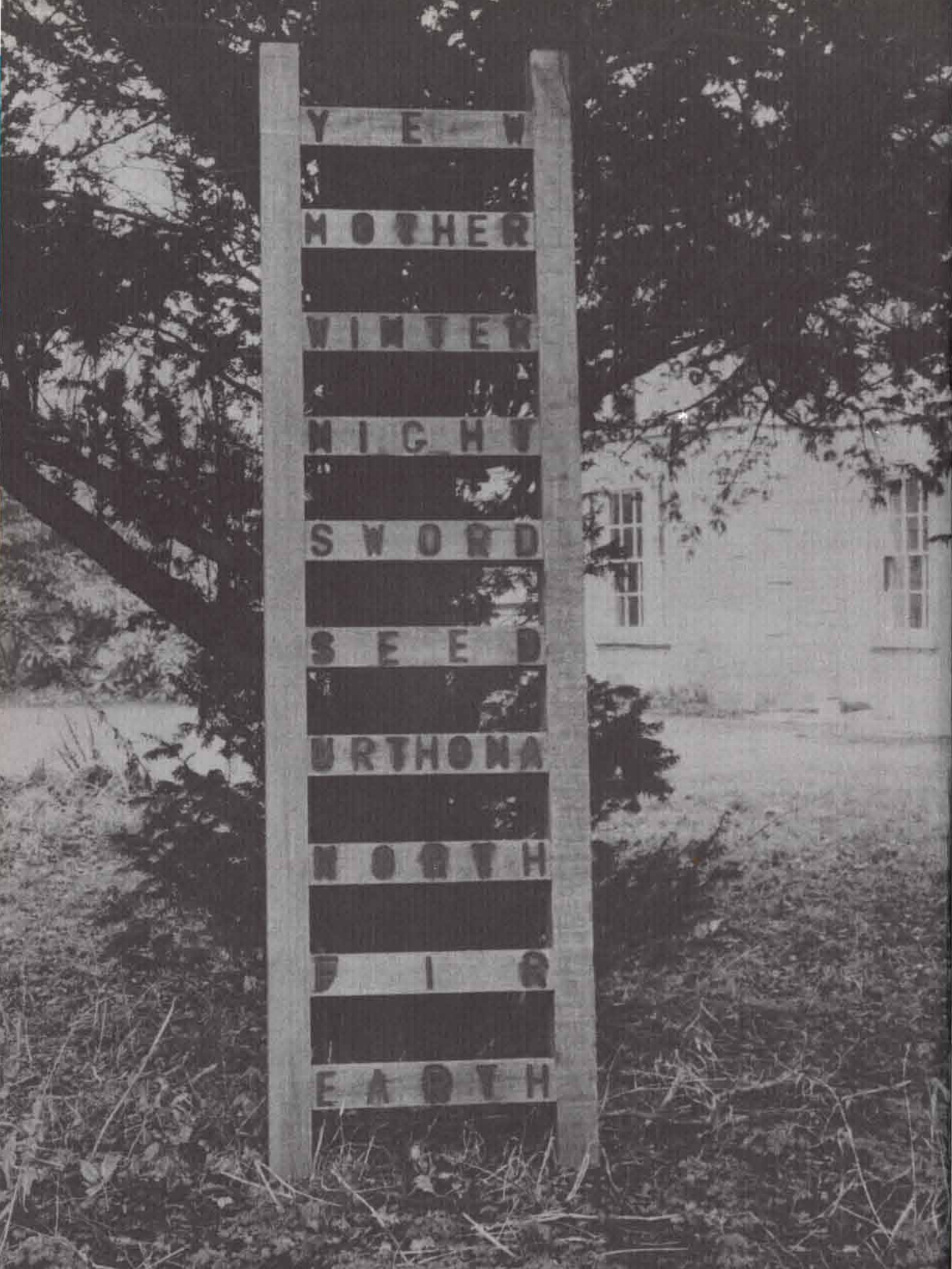
Tung jen: Fellowship with Men

- | | | |
|---|-------|----------|
| 1 | AIR | A 2 - 25 |
| 2 | EARTH | B 1 - 27 |
| 3 | FIRE | C 3 - 24 |
| 4 | WATER | D 1 - 8 |

JOE TILSON
date 1970

SEED MANTRA





1	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
2	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
3	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
4	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
5	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
6	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
7	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
8	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
9	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
10	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
11	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
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16	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
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18	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
19	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
20	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
21	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
22	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
23	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
24	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
25	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
26	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
27	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
28	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
29	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH
30	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH	EARTH

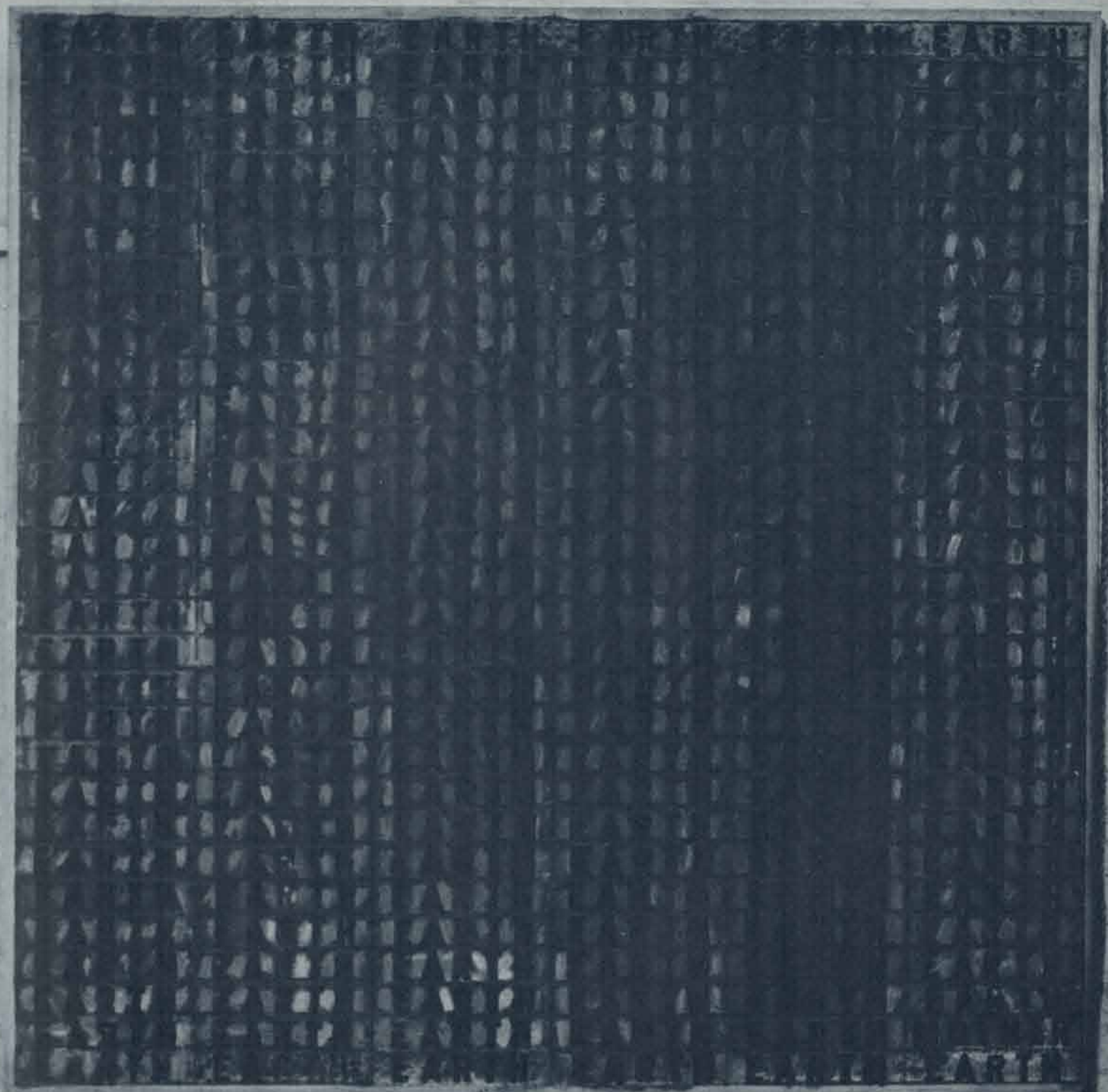
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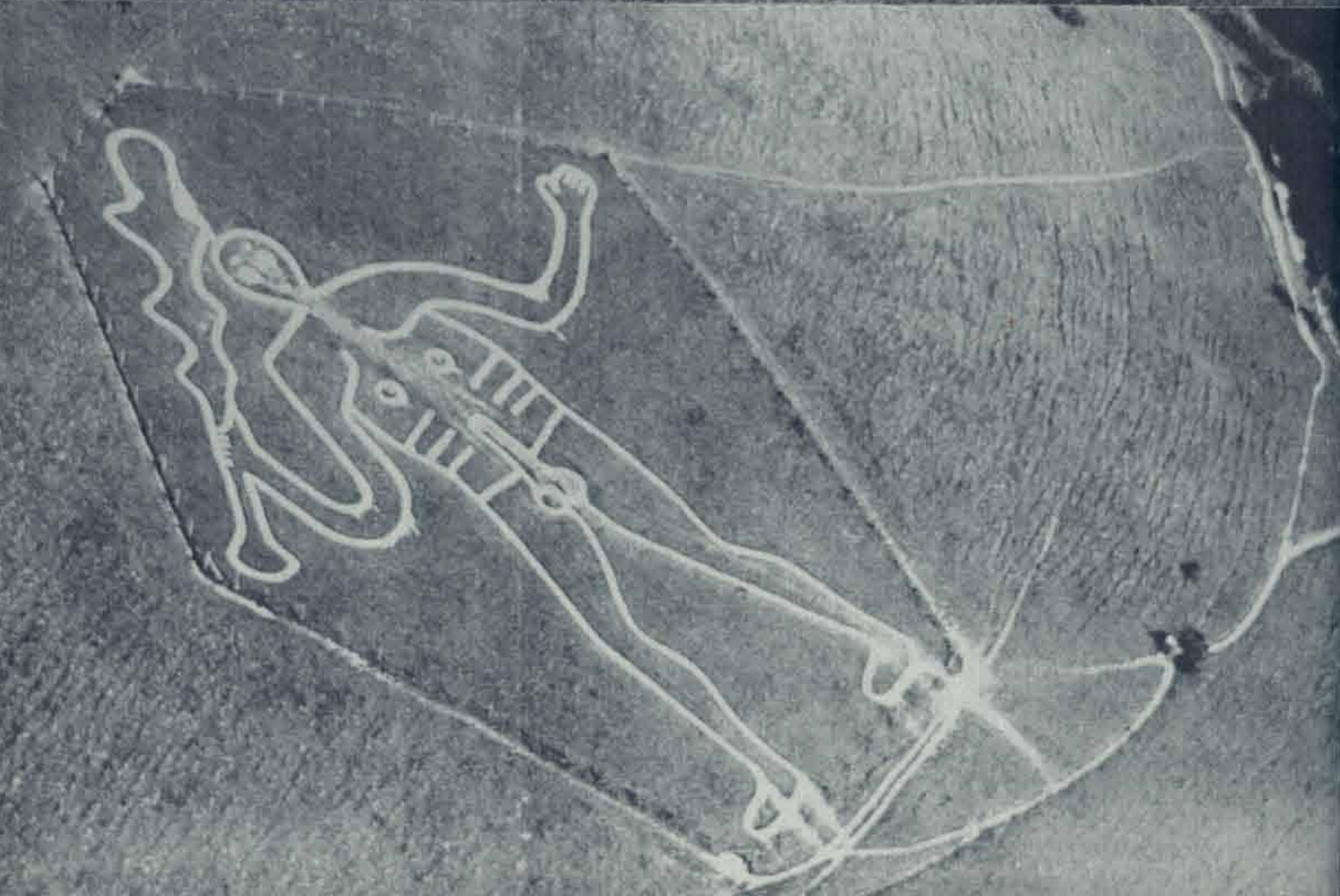
5'-0"



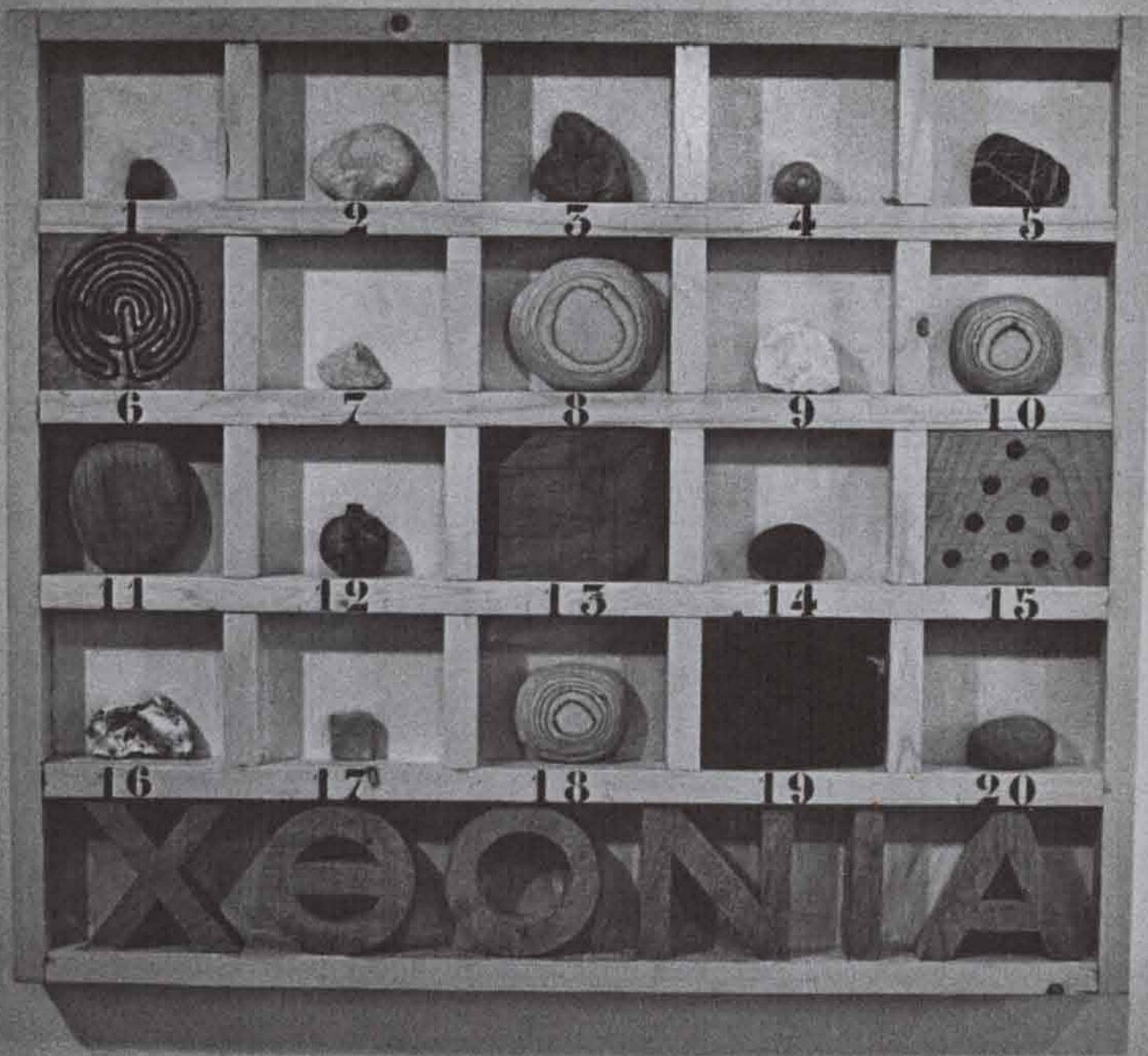
JOE TILSON
 1970
 EARTH
 MANTRA

Joe Tilson 1970









- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1. Long moon, spirit moon. | 1. cold meal |
| 2. moon of the suckers | 2. chestnuts |
| 3. moon of the crust on
the snow. | 3. Deer |
| 4. moon of the breakings
of snowshoes. | 4. Strawberries |
| 5. moon of the flowers
and blooms. | 5. Little corn |
| 6. moon of strawberries | 6. watermelons |
| 7. moon of raspberries | 7. peaches |
| 8. moon of whortleberries | 8. mulberries |
| 9. moon of the gathering
of wild rice. | 9. maize. |
| 10. moon of the falling
leaves | 10. turkeys. |
| 11. moon of the freezing | 11. Bison |
| 12. Little moon of the
spirit.
(Ojibwa) | 12. Bears.
(Natchez) |
- (North American Calendar Lists).

1	L O N G	M O O N	S P I R I T M O O N
2		M O O N	S U C K E R S
3		M O O N	S N O W
4		M O O N	S N O W S H O E S
5		M O O N	B L O O M S
6		M O O N	S T R A W B E R R I E S
7		M O O N	R A S P B E R R I E S
8		M O O N	W H O R T L E B E R R I E S
9		M O O N	W I L D R I C E
10		M O O N	F A L L I N G L E A V E S
11		M O O N	F R E E Z I N G
12	L I T T L E	M O O N	O F T H E S P I R I T

XΘONEIA: (for Demeter)
 Δημήτηρ

I am the son of the Earth and of the starry Heaven.

The eyes of fire		the nostrils of air
The mouth of water		the beard of earth

μῦθος
 MŪTHOS

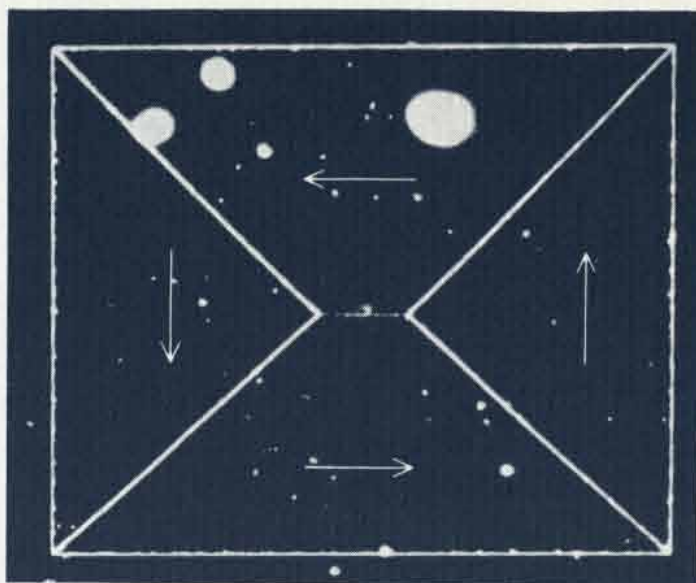
Rainbow
 Bridge
 Stairs
 Ladder
 Vine
 Cord
 Chain of arrows
 Mountain
 Ziggurat

WORDS AND SOUNDS

Rainbows & Illusive bridges between things that are eternally apart. (Nietzsche).

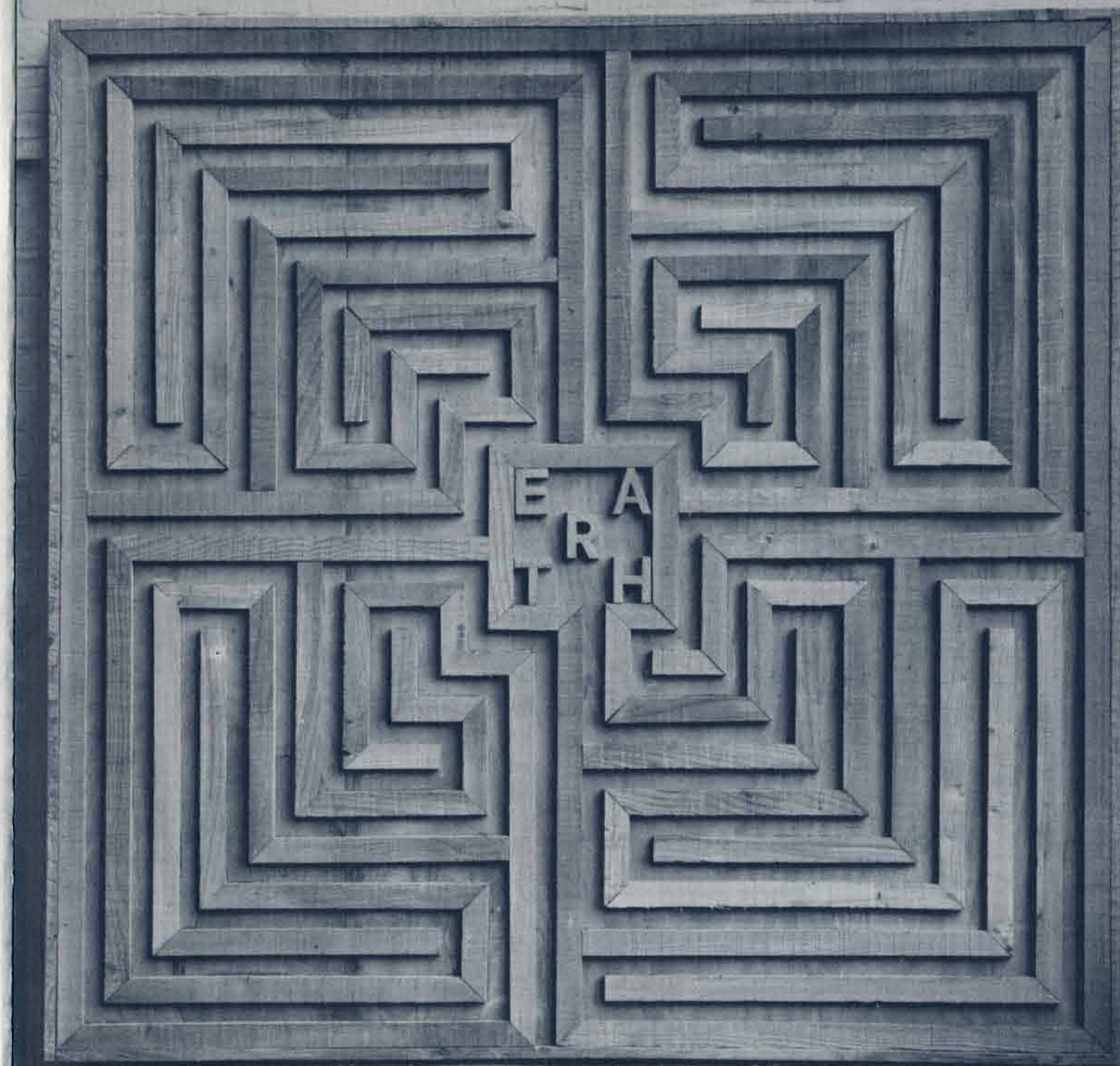






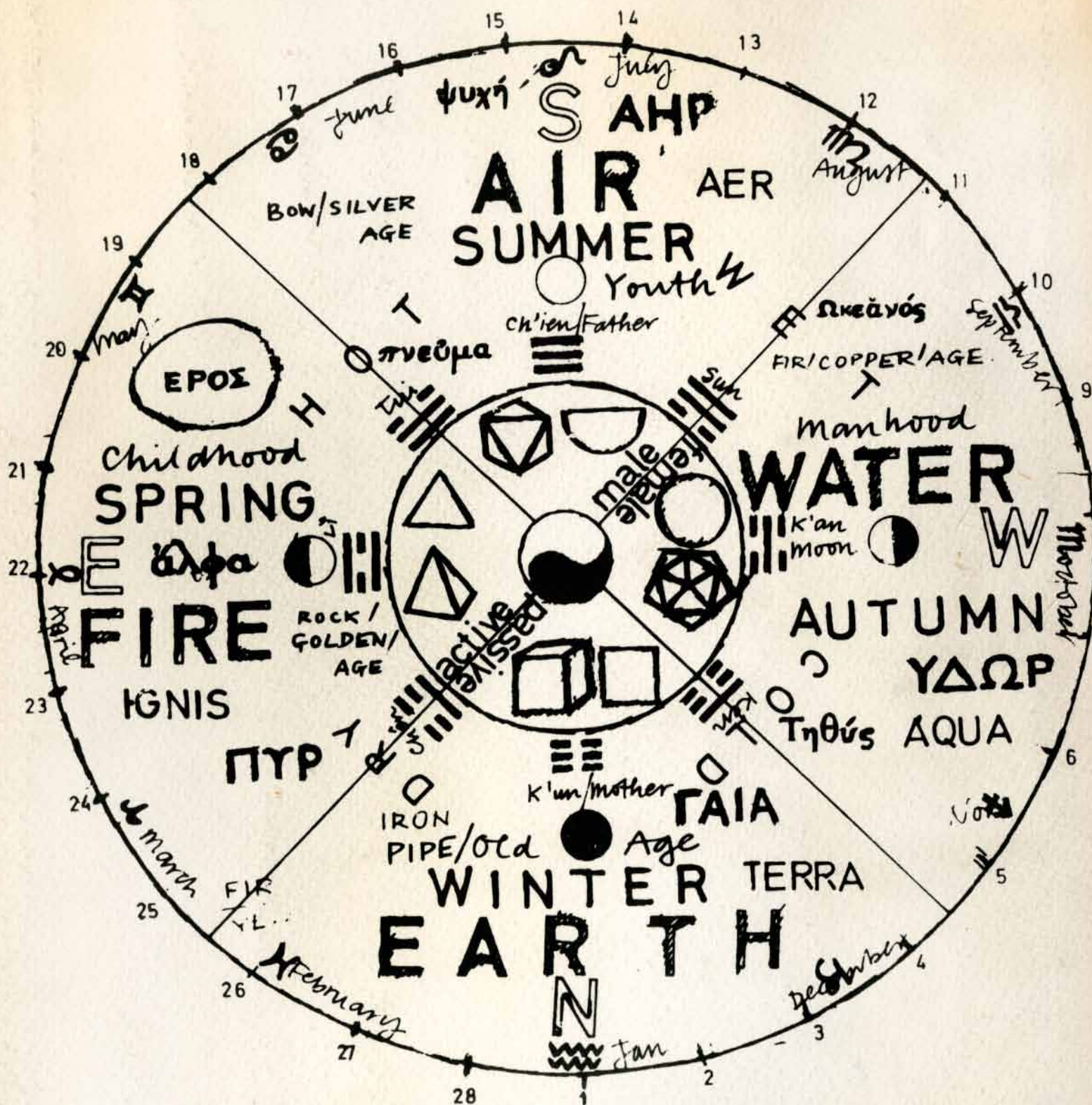
If the objects that surround us and our actions have a sacred nature for us, the matrix of our viewing shifts to lift itself out of time without losing contact with the objects of our existence and their processes — they become transformed — they partake of the mythical without losing their physical nature — the taste of Wine, Olive, Rucola, or Basil in the mouth, transcends time; the texture of honey in the tongue, the sensation of drinking water from a mountain spring, the sound of the Yellow Oriole, or the cuckoo, the smell of Honeysuckle, your hand on the bark of an oak tree, a cat sitting upright in egyptian pose — these link us with all time. Our imagination must be geared passionately to the universe — to nature — (Nature including human nature as an indivisible part of the process). We must be always aware that we are part of the cycles of continual change in a thin breathing moving veil of air, water and earth, our temple sphere.

I think of Art as a tool of understanding, an instrument of transformation to put yourself in harmony with the world and life.



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