THE DISLOCATED MIND
in the heart of reverie

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Forget all plans then and before,
In our humanness
They prove irresistible
  Yet upon being awakened
We find having missed the constant found
In the twinkling of a speck lit by the sun.
THE DISLOCATED MIND
in the heart of reverie.

by Kevin Mark Low

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Abstract

The dislocated mind is a condition common to us all: it speaks about the innate ability of
the human mind to take conscious leave of its body in dwelling in the past of memory and
in contemplating the future. The effects of dislocation are minimized in children:
having a limited quantity of memory, the young conscious mind spends much of its time
at the instant of perception, highly aware of the fleeting sensuality of its bodily
experiences, and in intense absorption of the feeling associated with perception.

As memory accumulates, so does the wandering of conscious thought increase, so much
so that rarely, if ever, can the conscious mind perceive as it did in childhood. Mostly, in
our overdependence on the knowledge of the past, we neglect the knowledge that our
senses still provide. Sensual knowledge, however, does not merely refer to the raw,
perceived information that is then assimilated by our logic, it concerns a profound
relationship which our minds share with our bodies; for at the heart of this dislocated
mind itself is a particular condition which relates the metaphor of poetry to the creation of
architecture. This condition will be explored through a consideration of the phenomenon
of reverie.

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To the old who are young at heart.
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Foreword.

I usually write for the pure joy of writing. For this reason, I first conceived of this text as being different from a lot of what I had done before. It is not because I was unexcited at the prospect of writing it, but more due to the fact that I had to communicate, in some comprehensive and academic way, a piece of research work which would itself be put through systematic study and critique.

The thought was somewhat frightening.

Ultimately, I knew that if I was going to write on anything of worth, it had to be driven by my emotion and my constant search for tangible answers to poetic questions. I wrote on a kind of experience which I felt (and still feel) intensely about, one which concerns a metaphorical approach in the making of places and things. I decided to write on reverie.

My concern, however, was not a study of reverie in and of itself, but that reverie would serve as a vehicle for a deeper sort of problem I have been thinking about for some time, a phenomenological condition of the conscious mind under which creativity occurs. I believe that poetry enables my mind to create: it is a metaphorical bridge which allows an intangible emotion to be made. It was an interesting problem to start with; firstly, for the fact that the issue addressed appeared to be a philosophical one, and second, that it did not seem to have much to do with the specifics of architecture. In the course of writing, I found the problem gradually resolving itself due to the tendency of philosophy to arrive at generalizations from specifics in life - and architecture usually having to do with both. The one important thing which drove me in my search was the connection between perception and reverie in the creative moment. The manuscript was a curious struggle between the rational and the seemingly illogical, perhaps because I identify with the two equally powerful parts of the psyche, the emotional and the analytical: it was important to me not just to be poetic about the poetic but to explain the heart of the poetic itself.
In considering reverie, three ideas were examined; the first and second parts in the main body of written text and the third by way of images throughout the essays. The first idea explores related phenomenological experiences of reverie. The second aspect discusses the reasons for the experience of reverie: the phenomenology of conscious thought as it is resolved in the condition of the dislocated mind (the mind-body dichotomy) and clarifies the mind-body connection as it relates to poetic creation. For the last idea, I considered the idea of metaphorical reverie in the way it can change the way we think about architecture, mostly in its making. It was my intention in this third aspect not to illustrate the text, but that the text and images would be related purely through meaning: the images and their verses speak about the significant connection between metaphorical reverie in poetry and those ideas which inspire reverie in the creation of architecture.

A final note on the Chinese verses of poetry that I have placed at the end of each chapter. They were taken from a book called the Kuan-Tzu, traditionally thought to have been written by a single individual, Kuan Chung, a statesman of the Duke Huan of Ch'i (685-643 B.C.), although many believe it to be a compilation over the course of as many as three centuries. As a result of the immensity of this work, its fragmented and thus unreliable contents, not much is really known about it. One thing however, was apparent to me - it concerned the choice of words, the subtle and yet straightforward verses which speak much more lucidly on reverie than I ever could.
Such as tin boxes cannot provide
   we have come to seek the measure,
Each stacked one above the next
   we try so hard to quantify the impalpable.
Introduction

It is a modern world of information we live in. And a specific kind of society has grown out of this world; one having to do with the quantity and the facility with which this information can be assimilated for the sake of securing a desirable future. In our anxiety to quantify life, we have lost touch with the immediacy of the worlds of our senses - most so with the sense of sight. This is not a literal loss but a sensual one. We walk through life experiencing what we believe to be reality when we seldom, if ever, stop to confront the true nature of our perceived experiences at the instant of their happening. We speak of a picture being worth a thousand words, yet rarely come into awareness of it, knowing it to be true that those words that we ultimately use to describe the picture places our understanding of it in a finite place, defined in the past by experiences not our own and by our need to substantiate what we see with 'academic' justification, "...a retreat or running back to past knowledge and experience, whether it was the definite past of personal memory or the indefinite, the imperfect, or stored 'ological' knowledge and proper scientific behaviour." 1

In this way we have been locked into a world of the logical past-future. Each time we have a sensory experience, we allow ourselves to be told what we have seen by the logic of our minds and we dull our ability to perceive intelligently with the language of our senses. There is nothing in the language of mind that intrinsically dulls our senses; it is our overdependence on the conscious and rational information that the past communicates

1. John Fowles, The Tree. [1979].
which closes our minds to perceptual intelligence. While it may be true that wisdom in perception can never grow without knowledge gathered by the mind, it is also true that the knowledge that we have understood will stay cold and lifeless without the 'instance' of perception. This text will be a philosophy of reverie in the way that it relates to creativity; which I consider to be a measure of quality in our world of acquisition.

With our loss of perceptual intelligence, our ability to design and create architecture for the substance of bodily experience has diminished: more and more, concepts of sensual expression for the body have become replaced by concepts for the intellectual exercise of the mind.

This change from human scale to a system of nuclear matrices is visible everywhere: this body, our body, often appears simply superfluous, basically useless in its extension, in the multiplicity and complexity of its organs, its tissues and its functions, since today everything is concentrated in the brain and in genetic codes, which alone sum up the operational definition of being.²

But it is insufficient to merely identify something that could even be disputed as a problem by many architectural theorists: the problem has to be grounded and delineated firmly. We will have to delve deeper than mere statements about the lost ability to understand why the issue of bodily experience is critical to our well-being. The problem takes us into the basic issue of the poetic and metaphorical relationship between mind and body, one that draws a fine line between the imagination and reality. In fact, this loss of our ability to draw from bodily experience is itself symptomatic of a deeper and more profound condition, one which forms a basis for creativity: it is the condition of the dislocated mind.

A hand caught cold emerging from a hard and atrophied body, dying through a lack of use; reaching out with its useless fingers, it can only claw at the earth, scratching mud like thickened ants...
Human beings communicate meaning. In images and words that come with sounds and symbols, we convey thoughts that educate, challenge, advertise, criticise and praise in the hope that someone out there will receive the messages we have spoken and respond to us. The prosecutor makes a case founded on evidence and convinces others through interpretations of specific meaning; the historian searches through knowledge of the past to communicate the authenticity of the present; the advertising agency uses elements in images to symbolize meaning: meaning that speaks of the future in reference to the past; the businessman maintains supreme access to information, information that can influence 'matters of consequence'. We communicate meanings of reason and persuasion for the sake of accumulation (quantification) and especially for justification. Most importantly, we have become too involved in communicating meanings to others and not enough to ourselves.

The meanings we seem to be most concerned with were given to us when we first began our education at school. Meanings for justification and quantification have grown out of Cartesian thought: the logic of one thing causally following the next.

This is no surprise, because it is precisely the strength of the method that we must pretend that everything is a little machine. This is the mental trick that lets us find things out.4

Meanings however, have another place in life. There are certain meanings we are affected by constantly, meanings that we have come to ignore because they hold little status in helping us quantify our place in the world. These meanings belong to no one because they cannot be accumulated or justified as knowledge or possessions can. These are not about the measurement of quantity but about the measurement of quality. In as much as these meanings help us qualify our place in the world, these are meanings that are sacred and are necessary to guide us unharmed through the profane.5 And, in as

5. Refer to note on Mircea Eliade, The Sacred and the Profane. [1961].
Much has turned into
a vivid reality
Of how far,
how wide,
how heavy,
And how much
we can count.

yet,

Amidst the dying light, we may seek the power of a thousand suns, each one ever brighter than the next as we are pulled so gently through thick and yet crystal memories.
Through the narrow crack of a setting sun; what deep lines it could cut through the emotions of the mind. Steadily one walks the bold surfaces delivered by the two building walls.
much as these meanings are sacred, they carry beauty in them. Here is where the problem emerges. This measurement of quality, of the sacred, is much in dispute due to the nature of interpretation. Many say that it is an impossible thing to measure the beauty of an object or an experience, that it is all a matter of subjective interpretation.

It is true that the world we live in today tries very hard to maintain a sense of logic through interpretation. We constantly try to understand the things we feel and the experiences we have through interpretations. The way in which we most usually interpret our experiences is one guided by our intellect, the intellect of the little machine within the mind.6

Having clothed ourselves with the conscious logic of intellection, we feel ready to authenticate that which is out there with the interpretations of our individual minds. However, due to the nature of interpretation, we fail to understand the meanings that another might see and attribute the source of our failure to the subjectivity of human experience. The measurement of quality is not, however, a subjective experience. Then again, neither is it an immediately objective one. It is because of our overdependence on the 'little machine' that we succumb so immediately to a blind objectivity; the immediate and unthinking objectivity which diplomatically permits the varied subjectivity of our different minds.7 Objectively are we each entitled to our subjective viewpoints because we are 'different'.

So powerful is the mind machine, this need to maintain logic and hold steady to our beliefs, that we withdraw into our worlds of individuality, removed and breached from each other by the independence of our subjectivity: we have come to believe that subjectivity is the only thing that feeds and nurtures our uniqueness. And yet, the very turmoil that we experience within ourselves is a contradiction of sorts. We are still similarly affected by experiences in the way that a child is affected by the heat of a candle flame. Subjectivity fails to maintain the sense of logic that we need to understand our place in the world. We struggle, not knowing that it is the very stance we take that defeats

7. See Michael Benedikt, For an Architecture of Reality.[1987]. p.*
our attempts to gain firm footing in the world: we are unable to 'take the measure', not knowing where it can be found.

There exists a deep subjectivity, one that takes us into the depths of the void in our individual and physical bodies and returns soaked with an objective measure of quality. This subjectivity is of the kind Susan Sontag writes about as sensual experience. And it is also of the type that Erich Fromm writes about as being closely tied to creativity:

> The state of productiveness is at the same time the state of highest objectivity.... There is complete aliveness, and the synthesis is of subjectivity - objectivity. I experience intensely - yet the object is left to be what it is. I bring it to life - and it brings me to life.

This is the deep subjectivity that sends us alone and singularly into the heart of sensation, allowing us to touch the void: this is the void where our unconscious lives and intuition roams free. When we emerge, it is with a different state of being and in the way that Sontag talks about the recovery of our senses, this state of being is one filled with the sensation of our bodies.

There are some instances in life when we are gripped, consciously or not and through sight or appearance, by the presence of things extraordinary. These may not be large and are sometimes not even quantifiable experiences, they may be artefacts or things in and of nature. The one aspect that all of them hold in common is an element of emptiness; the thing beheld allows our dreams to take over and participate in the life of its appearance. It is a reciprocal experience, for that same moment is when its appearance begins to participate in the life of our dreams.

This reciprocity is an indication of the profound relationship between the life of appearances and the human thinking process. The power of conception in the human mind encompasses vast ideas in the apprehension of things around us, many times in the

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way of apparently unrelated thoughts and ideas sewn together with threads of metaphorical substance, hazy dreams from a past long forgotten by consciousness. This reciprocity of dreams and reality is one that is reliant on the element of emptiness, an objectivity in the reception of the world of appearances at their happening.

All too often, in our attempts to explain aesthetics, we get lost in the interpretation of things, of appearances in terms of what was meant and the what was ultimately achieved. As is usually the case, formal issues result as extractions or distillations of appearances; many times, it is by way of geometric constructs that one explains the basis of appearances or by historic research that one attempts to uncover the deep intentions of the artefact. However, if we are to come to some understanding of aesthetics, we must become less concerned with appearances in themselves and more involved with the making of the appearances. And yet, there could be something more. Let us look at a poem which Rilke wrote;

House, patch of meadow, oh evening light
Suddenly you acquire an almost human face
You are very near us, embracing and embraced.11

In what way is a house like a human face? It could be discussed anthropomorphically; in the physical character of building features recalling the relative positions of eyes, the nose and mouth. We also allude to a building as being stern, friendly, warm, frightening. These all take their cues from the physical similarities that they share - the similarities of appearance. How does Rilke see the relatedness? It is true that the lines of his poem convey more than just a similarity between a house and a face; Rilke also draws a metaphorical comparison between things of nature, of meadows and evening light, as well as that between houses and faces. We might ask ourselves as before if it is because of something he visually sees in each that allows him to make the comparisons. Although the answer seems that he obviously would be making reference to something he visually sees, no indication in the poem has been given of what this is. There is either something in the way that houses, nature and human faces appear that enable Rilke to

It is a slender glade of sunlight which razors through a tree, a parting of company which breathes warmth into the gloom of the turned stone wall.
make the connections, or something of the way in which Rilke understands what these things are that persuades the comparison. It is something that has essentially to do with the objective manner in which things appeared to his senses on the one hand (appearances) or the subjective way in which these appearances might have occurred to his mind on the other (occurrences). Explained in another way, the problem at hand has to with interpretation and being: interpretation as the subjective ways in which the object that our senses apprehend pass through our minds, and being as what the object is of itself in its appearance.

In order to come to terms with the problem, we must first understand that the creative intent can be and should be completely independent of the analysis of its artefact. Only then can we be freed of the trap of interpretation that shuts the light of our individual dreams. We will look at the essential problem of appearance and occurrence in a non-lineal way: through reverie.

Our exploration of what reverie holds for us will range through many ideas varied in subject matter and not strictly architectural in nature. To begin to understand reverie, we have to reach deep into its varied manifestations. Reverie is inclusive by nature; how else could it sustain the infinite number of poetic creations it has inspired? Only by ranging the various aspects of reverie can we begin to understand what this 'deep subjectivity' means to us, and the way it can relate to creativity. To begin, reverie must firstly be rooted in emotion: as little as we know about them, our emotional states (the way we feel about things around us) accompany all that we perceive. Human emotion gives meaning to reverie.

\[\text{12. Current cognitive research suggests that emotions occur simultaneously with thought. Refer to note 1. in Chap. 1.}\]
Cultivate the heart and quiet the intellect.
Thus the Way may be obtained.
The Way cannot be expressed by the mouth,
Seen by the eye nor heard by the ear.
It is the means to cultivate the heart so as to rectify forms.
Having lost it, men will die;
Having obtained it, they will live.
Having lost it, affairs will fail;
Having obtained it, they will succeed.

- Kuan Tzu (645 B.C.)
Part 1.

How carefully is the elusive hidden that we often have to imagine what lies behind screened doors.
We strive for
the maximum of things
that help us gauge the distance
Forgetting much of what
We may not see,
    Or hear
    Or touch
    And smell.
1

Emotion

In our examination of what emotion means in reverie, we will describe emotion as differentiated into two general forms. The first form is one that is mostly experienced as an immediate reaction to things; it is usually total and encompassing, universal unless modified by societal conditioning. The other form of emotion is subtle, seemingly culturally or individually specific and appears to be unrelated to any preconditions: most would classify as personal and subjectively based. There may be more conditions under which other forms of emotion could be evidenced but what is essential has not to do with the differences in states of emotion. We will not be exploring differences here but the similarity between apparently different states of emotion: firstly, the emotional state of the effusive mind and, secondly, that of the elusive mind.

The effusive mind...

We are affected, despite any force of habit, by certain events. These events have the ability to focus our attention, quite immediately, on the issue at hand regardless of whatever else one might be occupied with at the time. These instances are usually characterized by a very physical perception of an event (touch) although physicality itself is not a necessity for us to experience this state of the effusive mind.

Our bodies are physically subject to pain. At least, so it seems in the way we speak about the experience of pain. We mostly speak about pain as localized in the areas of their origin: my arm hurts, I have a stomach ache, a streak of pain shot through her sprained ankle. In the way that we usually speak of our bodies as the receptors of pain, we have become used to thinking of pain as residing primarily outside of the mind as it affects the mind. We never talk about our minds causing us pain. Hardly ever do we hear, for example, of a mind in pain because of something the body ate. We have become used to feeling and thus thinking of pain with our bodies. Pain however, creates a state of mind

1. Refer to notes at the end on research done by Stanley Schachter. (Columbia University, N.Y.).
at the same time it affects the body. There are instances when one absently rests a hand on a hot metal surface long enough for a reaction to occur, only to jerk it away when the flash of pain hits the mind. The reaction to pain is simultaneous to the sensation of pain in the conscious mind. There can be no doubt that pain is very much a part of the conscious mind as it traumatizes the body: a body in pain is a mind in pain.

It is unusual for us to think of the mind as receptacle of pain for the simple reason that the mind itself tells us the physical location or the part of anatomy where our pain emanates. Even a throbbing headache is localized in its physical head. It is hard to envision a mind in pain for its very intangibility. A mind in pain is instantaneously brought close to its body and the sensations that emerge from the locality of this body because of the immediacy that the phenomenology of pain takes. The instant a head is cracked against a table edge, there can be no other thought or wandering of the conscious mind but the single sensation of pain. The mind clenches and throbs with the pain of its body. At this point, the mind approaches a remarkable proximity to its body; a proximity separated merely by an instant from the condition of comfort to a condition of extreme pain. This is one kind of experience characteristic of the effusive mind, one in uncontrolled unselfconsciousness in its reaction to a stimulus.

When Oliver Stone returned from the war in Vietnam, he said that he had came home feeling more, more aware of the things around him.²

War is a horrifying experience: its horror is evidenced by the seeming unreality of the situation where our perception of reality is constantly wrenched out of the normal context. Arms and legs seen apart from their bodies, the incessant drum of machine guns and rotor blades, the constant screaming of voices. When the rare occasion for silence comes, it is filled with a different kind of horror, one arising from an inescapable fear of what the next instant might bring. In a time of war, one experiences the mind on edge.

The mind on edge is one that constantly lives in tension that grows out of the risk of physical harm. This in itself is not necessarily harmful, the mind in fear for its body

². From an interview done with Oliver Stone on 60 Minutes, CBS tv.
So high do the silent towers try to meet; they make a rifting of the screaming sky of surfaces curved and clean. With our hands we reach up to what we feel.
experiences the instinct for self-preservation. It is only when the mind exceeds the fear of physical harm and begins to fear *fear itself* that the mind is thrown out of balance and goes insane: we see many examples of veterans who have returned with an unbalanced state of mind. A mind periodically on edge is not unhealthy, it is merely the physical situation of its body that causes a sensually intensive awareness of the conscious mind. The mind on constant edge, with no reprieve from its intense state of being, becomes incapable of balancing imagination with reality and will deteriorate. But paradoxically, a similar condition may result in a mind that experiences little else but the mundane predictability of a sedentary lifestyle.

Unusual situations serve as valuable stimuli to the mind. Climbers do what they do because climbing places them in situations which are out of the ordinary, different from the regular business of life normally experienced. But this in itself does not explain how situations out of the ordinary are important, why these situations make a difference. It does not explain why climbing is important to climbers who climb regardless of the fame they might win or the stories they could tell. Explaining why climbing is important to individuals like these is difficult because it is hard to describe the sensation of a mind in total concentration of an activity its body is undertaking. The pull that climbing has for these people comes less from the thrill of having accomplished than from the intense state of awareness of mind that comes with a mind in touch with the activity of its body. It is an awareness that comes from a knowledge that any error in bodily movement could result in the seeming unreality of death; a state of being where reality and imagination (or nightmare) appear to fluctuate. Each step and hold is made with the full concentration of the conscious mind.

We often speak of experiences in which one feels the flow of adrenaline. Many times, these experiences are not just limited to activities that involve the great physical risks that characterize climbing. There are situations of far less terrifying possible consequences during which one might experience something equivalent to the mind on edge.

Sitting on the stone balustrades of the Spanish Stairs in Rome on any one starry night in summer, there will be at least a hundred people on the stair; the central run would be
Fearfully we thread the line balanced between Heaven and the earth. Perched, we sit bundled for protection from things we know not.

It is the clear edge of tension we work with for us to discover how carefully the columns could walk around.
crowded with both locals and tourists enjoying the night air, sitting, standing, loitering or just passing through. On nights like this, two locations on the stair offer the most privacy and comfort amidst the thronging crowds: these are at either end of the balustrades on the first terrace, where the balustrades sweep down and gently curve up again at the ends to large stone uprights five feet from the terrace. These uprights were originally intended as bases for statues but now used for circular stone flower bowls in the spring. In summer, each upright makes a perfect couch; the slope of the balustrade forms the backrest, the upward curve where the balustrade meets the upright matches the curve of one's posterior, and the top of the upright itself provides ample room to stretch one's legs.

It is partly the detachment of oneself above everyone else and the small drop of five feet on either side that provides the thrill of sitting on the balustrade. This discovery of its anatomical appropriateness that one must work at in order to get to; the hint of its precarious location: these things bring us the imagination of a mind on edge.

The significance of many memorable places lies on the basis of this mind on edge, this anticipation of the unexpected; many of them more immediate to our consciousness than the example of the stone balustrade by the Piazza di Spagna. The campanile at Pisa leans over to such a degree that it takes some nerve to walk around an upper storey. The lantern of St. Peter's in Rome presents panoramas of the city radiating out beneath the sweeping drop of the dome. The spiral stairwells in the Sagrada Familia are so tight that the sides of each riser form the handrail: there is a constant apprehension of falling into the space of the central shaft even though it is too small to allow for a falling body. The state of a mind on edge can be physically characterized in the way of a feeling of daring or exhilaration, sweaty palms, an increased heart rate, trembling - these are the common effects of adrenaline that is itself released based on an experience of the particular mental condition. The mind on edge concerns the gravity of a very present physical activity which generates an anticipation of the unexpected.

The critical issue here is that this mind on edge is representative of a type of reverie, a reverie of reaction as opposed to conscious intellection. There are, however, many other occasions when the mind on edge can still be experienced without the knowledge of a
potentially life-threatening confrontation; these will be discussed in the last state of the effusive mind: the mind in crescendo.

Drugs are a powerful stimulant. The very use of the term stimulant is descriptive of the way drugs are, in some manner, capable of having an effect on the mind: drugs have the ability to alter our usual perceptions of things. Many experiences under the influence of drugs have been described as feelings of intense awareness of things; the smallest movements and details become magnified to remarkable proportions. Circumstances of drug stimulation create in us conditions in which we perceive quite differently.

When one is under the influence of drugs, the conscious mind experiences a state similar to that of a mind in pain; conscious experience is measured by the instant, an awareness that moves with the passing moment. A anaesthetized patient going into surgery loses the ability to consciously direct thoughts concerning matters of the past in memory; in the state of dreamy half-consciousness, all that the mind can grasp is the fleeting moment. A drug-influenced mind becomes immune to the conscious musing of its past and is brought close to the immediacy of experience; at times it approaches a distance so intimate to immediate perception that the only discernible sensations are those between one instant and the next. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony has been described, by one under the effects of marijuana, as having been made up of a series of notes, each beautiful but singular or separate from the next, with a complete lack of any coherence of continuity by way of tune or identifiable music. At the height of the intoxicating effects of drug use however, the conscious mind often enters a realm of unselfconscious wandering sparked by events of the fleeting moment. Fishes swim in and out of bulges in the wall, elephants dance like bugs on the ceiling: the conscious mind ebbs and flows through fantasma and reality. The experience is often reverical and delirious - but not always associated just to the effects of drug stimulation.

The Japanese often refer to the climax in lovemaking as the 'sweet death'. In the act of lovemaking, there are occasions when one will experience an intensity that makes us feel we have entered a different kind of consciousness. However, that lovemaking can

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3. Refer to notes on Chap. 1.
What might it be that winds the reverie of the mind; which makes me think of things absurd; that pulls the wildness of my drifting mind into the power of a single thought.
take us into an intense emotional state is not so much the question at hand as is the quiet point that it raises, the fact that the intensity of lovemaking has parallels in other experiences less physically involving than itself. The mind in lovemaking is a condition of the effusive mind that appears to transcend the particularity of its physicality or the apprehension of the unexpected: it relates to subtle events as much as it does to emotionally effusive moments.

Walt Whitman wrote a poem in his anthology 'Leaves of Grass'. It is moving not simply for the images and feelings that the words bring to our minds but for a profound relationship that Whitman draws between seemingly unrelated events. The particular lines that convey the relationship begin with a description of strange and wonderful scents.

(20) "...The smell of apples, aromas from crush'd sage-plant, mint, birch-bark, The boy's longings, the glow and pressure as he confides to me what he was dreaming, The dead leaf whirling its spiral whirl and falling still and content to the ground, The no-form'd stings that sights, people, objects, sting me with,

(25) The hubb'd sting of myself, stinging me as much as it ever can any one, The sensitive, orbic, underlapp'd brothers, that only privileged feelers may be intimate where they are, The curious roamer the hand roaming all over the body, the bashful withdrawing of flesh where the fingers soothingly pause and edge themselves,..."  

It is only when we get to the twenty-seventh line of the poem that we realize that Whitman

4. The Complete Poems. [1891].  
5. Spontaneous Me.
has written about the relationship between the smell of apples and lovemaking. At first thought, divorced as these lines are from the rest of the poem, we cannot help but feel the strangeness of this comparison, the disjunction between two quite unrelated acts. However, Whitman writes in such a way that we do not quite feel the disparity.

In the twentieth line, Whitman describes the aromas from different plants; he talks about the smell of apples and crushed sage-plant, mint and birch-bark. It is not general or clinical information that Whitman communicates, but highly specific sensual experiences, ones that place us immediately in touch with our senses. The twenty-first and twenty-second lines do a similar thing; '...the glow and pressure as he confides to me...', and 'The dead leaf whirling its spiral whirl...'. We never know what this glow and pressure are but the words chosen bring a great many things to mind, sensual, tactile things. In the next three lines Whitman makes mixed references to a 'sting': we do not know what this sting is but we understand what it can mean; a sting of pain, a sting of pleasure, a sting of an insect? We understand it as a sharp feeling and we react to it in our humanness.

Whitman reveals in the twenty-sixth line the intensity of lovemaking, 'the bashful withdrawing of flesh where the fingers soothingly pause and edge themselves'. It is with a similar intensity that Whitman sensually feels in lovemaking as he feels in the apprehension of smells, the sight of a dead whirling leaf or a bee in the 'sensitive, orbic, underlapp'd' blossom of a flower. The difference is marked; a matter of direct and intense physical stimulation in lovemaking which, for many of us, cannot be compared to the visual stimulation of a twirling leaf or the smell of birch bark. For Whitman, there is little difference: this we begin to comprehend as he leads us through the lines of the poem and through descriptions of sensual awareness.

In this discussion of the mind in crescendo, a critical point has been raised concerning the relatedness between the different kinds or states of emotion. Here the connection is made between the effusive mind in lovemaking, the mind in crescendo, and a mind in complete sensual involvement with nature: the elusive mind. However, the connectedness between effusive and elusive states of mind is not just restricted to sexual activity: in reverie, much more the same kind of intense connection occurs.
The elusive mind

The sight of a leaf spiralling its fall in the autumn air is a subtle event, one that few would notice in passing. For some, however, it is an event of beauty that shares a lot with many other aspects in life. The *haiku* captures the emotion of such moments.\(^6\) It seems difficult to grasp the concept of emotion here unless we think of the connection between the various states of mind already discussed; emotion understood in terms of the conscious mind gauged in its proximity to the moment of perception. Thus seen, the state of different emotions becomes a matter of degree. The difference between the effusiveness of lovemaking and the elusiveness of a falling leaf or the smell of apples lies in the degree of sensual perception: reverie, in its response to emotion as a state of mind, makes no discrimination regarding the kind of perceptual information it receives, be it touch, sight, smell or sound.

Thus, the experience of pain could be looked at as a disruption in the usual train of conscious thought, or as a highly focussed moment of conscious attention. Understood in this latter sense, we can see the way in which we often refer to the word 'pain' in comparison to other experiences in life: the *pain* of losing someone; taking *pains* to ensure safety; one being a *pain* in the neck. Our use of figurative speech is not a mere mode of expression, it is indicative of the similar states of mind that we often encounter in separate and at times, vastly different experiences. A sharp tug. A gentle pull. These are not just descriptions of physical states of being; they come to us immersed in emotional content. A physically and 'concretely' perceived pain thus results in a mental state similar in nature to that produced by an emotionally and 'abstracted' felt pain.\(^7\) Similarly, the tenderness of lovemaking might share a close resemblance to the spiralling path of the autumn leaf.

It is during moments of elusiveness that we suddenly drop into reverie and simple, seemingly mundane experience takes on intense emotional proportions, pulling the

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6. Roland Barthes writes of the haiku in *Empire of Signs*: "...the haiku has the purity, the sphericity, and the very emptiness of a note of music; perhaps that is why it is spoken twice, in echo;......to speak it many times would postulate that meaning is to be discovered in it, would simulate profundity;......" p.69.

elusive mind into states that the effusive mind is usually privy to. An interesting allusion to this thought has been made in Sullivan's analysis of Beethoven, at one point in which he relates the work of art to a sexual orgasm. 8

It is up to each of us, possessing sensitive capacities for the perception of sensation, to be more able to intuit the emotions of the elusive mind. It appears to be the case that the mind relies too heavily on the workings of logic to reason either for or against what the sensations that the elusive mind has always known; sensations we forgot even existed.

The aluminium poles are cold, the cat warm, the plate clean. Really? Yes. These human facts reverberate with meanings that run deep into our personal yet common histories...

But the objects themselves stand for nothing. Even, or especially, when the world is seen most sensitively, vividly and dispassionately, our humanness is already soaked into it. Just as whipping around to see your back in a mirror is futile, so no objective - that is, non-human - viewpoint, no matter how brief, can be taken with respect to reality. You cannot catch the world unaware and naked of meaning. 9

Reverie is dependent on the intuition of this elusive mind, the ability to release our conscious selves to experience the deepest feelings of our minds. In this way all emotions relate: the power of the elusive mind transcends the mere physicality of effusive experience and we begin to understand how the sensation of hearing raindrops on a window sill can be as intense as the fury of a storm, or the ways in which artists have described the making of their art as tantamount with lovemaking. Reverie transcends the appropriateness of particular emotions with particular occasions; with the reverie, all boundaries disappear and the categories vanish. We are left in emptiness to make whatever relationships we feel between all experiences, feel whatever emotions we can feel. This is the relatedness of emotion to reverie.

8. "The emotion appears to be capable of degrees, but also of a maximum... The perfect work of art excites the aesthetic emotion to its maximum. The nearest analogy to this would seem to be provided by the sexual orgasm". J.N.W. Sullivan, Beethoven. [1958]. p.11.

Sharp edge which pricks my mind, let
the forgiving softness of a tender cloud
brush the living stillness of this memory.
How brilliant! As though existing on all sides.
How vague! As if incapable of being grasped.
How expansive! As if exhausting the limitless.
This [heart] is to be found close at hand and we may daily utilize its Power.

- Kuan Tzu (645 B.C.)
The froth of these bubbles of light defy touch in the transience of their filmy surfaces.
Sensual Reverie

We must always say what we see, but above all and more difficult, we must always see what we see.¹

In as much as reverie takes us away from the 'reality' of things and into an ocean of memories and imagination, it is somehow grounded in the perceptions and emotions of the moment, it reveals itself in the form of the sensuousness that we physically perceive. Knowing what we do about emotion as a part of reverie, that it is seldom isolated to the mind in the same way that perception is not isolated to our bodies, it has to be next asked how this emotion which fills reverie grows out of the perceptions of our senses. Here we must explore how perception impacts our dreams; both in the way that the perceptions are stored and the manner with which they affect us in the sensuality of the reverie. For the purposes of this chapter, our examination of the senses in reverie will be limited to the sense of touch and its relation to sight, given the huge and complex nature of human perception.

Lines of emotion.

She sat there in the cool shade by the cathedral, dressed in black cloth which left her hands bare. Her face was uncovered, framed by the shawl wrapped tightly around her forehead and the cyan stones around her neck. She sat between the blinding light of the noonday sun and the cold air from the entrance to the sanctuary: the sunlight reflected off the smooth stones around the church and bathed her face in a warm light. It was lined and creased beyond what I could imagine. As if a paper had been rolled into a tight ball then opened back up.

There were deep folds and ridges running down her cheeks and from her lips and the ends of her eyes, little planes between the creases like shards of glass that spilled from a tray. A folded surface there, cracks and fissures where skin met: a landscape of flesh. A finger of a mountain ridge that caught the light of the setting sun, a discontented hollow, a gentle rise, a sharp drop. Skin like the exposed roots of an oak. Worn, strong, hard and unyielding, stubborn. A softness where the fold of an eye hid a little light. The bark of a tree. As I looked into her face and searched the crevasses, the lines that dipped and curved, the subtle path of each crease, I began to realize that I was seeing more than just the effect of time past and the evidence of physical aging. I was seeing the intangible mind of a person before me in the completeness of its visible face. Sensual lines of emotion.

Children smiling and laughing. The roundness and smoothness of an innocent cheek. I remember looking down at a girl on a rooftop as she looked out over the city. She held a frown on her face and her forehead furrowed like no one else's ever could. It was a child's frown that told much about the frown itself but more importantly, it was this little girl's specific frown, one that told as much about the mind that produced it. There is a connectedness about faces and the minds behind them that one never has to learn to understand. A baby knows nothing of learned experience and still its face crumples when it is in pain or in hunger. Babies stare open-eyed with unfamiliarity. They gurgle contentedly. And with these sensual expressions of our inner selves comes a silent knowledge which grows from the day we let out our first cry, the innate understanding of emotion in expression. We cannot escape the things we did not have to learn. These are the things unselconscious to us.2

Thus, the smooth cheek of a baby and its open stare, these things embody emotion in being perceived: an emotion of the simplicity of all that is new and fresh, the simplicity of life just begun. The face of an one who is old carries in its lines an emotion of complexity; of the multitude of things seen and heard, a life filled with the experience of its years. The arrangement of lines that emanate from a face trace a history of experiences, but more importantly, they trace a history of emotion. A face in its tactile expression can be

2. "And so when studying faces, we do indeed measure them, but as painters, not as surveyors." Proust, *Remembrance of things Past*. p.1009
Dimpled wall of broken tile softening the sun. This flowing and uninterrupted surface; an undulating sea as it rises and dips with each small crack between each angled wedge. A curved wall of texture which affirms the beauty once known through the fingers of a child.
perceived and felt by the hands.\textsuperscript{3} It is a sensual appearance that is unable to hide its inner meaning.

The craft of hand cast metal hardware in the Yemen Arab Republic is a dying skill. In many ways, its passing is unavoidable: the craft tradition has given way to the faster and thus more efficient methods of industrialized production, the products of which are now imported from the Far East. There still are craftsmen, however, who make the cast metal hinges for the windows and the large nails for the exterior doors of the tower houses in Sana‘a: pieces of hardware that are fascinating for the remarkable speed with which they are manufactured. The hinges are wonderfully simple. They are cast by hand; heated until the metal glows with an inner heat and curled over to form a loop with two ends that meet. The ends are then beaten into knife flatness to permit the hinge easier entry into its hardwood frame. The hinges have a metal age beauty. It is, on the one hand, a beauty informed by the hammered metal that tells the story of its production; the tiny, angled faces that shape the body of the metal hardware. While it is true that what is appreciated concerns our intellectual knowledge of the utilitarian approach that is taken to make these building parts, an aesthetic borne of simplicity and unpretentiousness, much of the beauty of the cast metal lies in the pure sensuality of the metal surfaces - cold to touch and fragmented into dozens of little facets, each with a life of its own. We could examine a nail the way we would run a finger along its length, feeling the play of hard sharp edges and smooth flat faces. To many of us though, it is just a large nail, not realizing that our unconscious remembers what our conscious may not discern.

Very often, we feel what we touch but seldom feel the things that we see. The reason for this lies in the condition of our subliminal eye.

\textit{The subliminal eye.}

The subliminal is that which functions below the threshold of conscious awareness. The sublimation of sight results, paradoxically, from its tremendous efficiency for the assimilation of information; sensory input by the eye nearly exceeds the input of all the

\textsuperscript{3} "In this statue were the greatest refinements. The eye perceived nothing if the hand had not found it by touch". Vasari on Ghiberti. p.164.
other senses at any particular instant in perception. Visual information, however, is too profuse for our conscious mind to assimilate completely. To cope with the vast quantity, the conscious mind limits visual information to the identification of *gestalts* of the things we see.\footnote{See E.D. Hirsch Jr., *Cultural Literacy*. [1987]. p.34.} It ignores details for the sake of the increased speed of the conscious identification of recognizable *gestalts*.\footnote{A process believed to be a natural occurrence and under conscious control. Refer to notes.} This explains why it is usually harder for us to draw space that we are in than it is for us to draw objects in space: objects in space are easier for the conscious mind to identify as visual *gestalts*. Spaces that we experience bodily are clearly more resistant to the identification of shapes, in which case, the eye focusses more on the objects within the space. Thus, the eye is self-important in its immediate audience with the conscious mind; we seldom have time to feel the things we see.\footnote{Annie Dillard writes an account on the findings of Marius von Senden. See notes on *chap. 2*.}

Long before the glass lens and the movie-camera were invented, they existed in our eyes and minds, both in our mode of perception and in our mode of analyzing the perceived: endless short sequence and jump-cut, endless need to edit and range this raw material.\footnote{John Fowles, *The Tree*. [1979]. p.28.}

It is in this way that the eye could be described as being subliminal.

Due to this characteristic of visual perception we seldom care to observe what allows us to distinguish the individuality of human faces; unfocussed conscious visual perception performs identification primarily for recognition's sake. We thus consider it inconceivable that we are unconsciously able to understand the little lines of emotion that each distinct and very unique human being would leave on the surface of its face.

We mistrust our senses, not because they lie but because our minds are unable to make sense of the non-verbal meanings in the wonderful things its eyes can see. We have, in our need to quantify, forgotten the innate sensuality of sight, hidden within the subliminal eye: "...every modification, either produced or received, is due to a contact:
all our perceptions are due to the sense touch and all our senses are but variations of the sense of touch. As a consequence, since our soul does not come out to touch the objects of the outside world, it is necessary that these objects themselves come to touch our soul by passing through our senses.8

Conscious vision works by way of gestalts; recognition for information's sake. Reverie works in the way of recognition for emotion's sake; information is assimilated much less for identification than it is for the meanings inherent in feeling. It is more true in the realms of our other senses that there is less an inclination towards purely informational recognition than there is for sensual perception. The other senses incorporate a measure of sensuality that the mind cannot achieve with vision only. We are thus ill-equipped with the sense of sight alone in trying to understand the objective sensuality of the elusive mind: the mind state that is particular to reverie.

Our sense of sight, limited as it is must therefore regain a semblance of sensuality; sensuality that most closely approximates our lost sense of touch.

In what way could the sense of touch be said to be lost? Part of a chapter written by Steen Eiler Rasmussen provides us with a clue; in it, he writes about the relation between tactile and visual experiences that a child has:

> Before throwing a stone he first gets the feel of it, turning it over and over until he has the right grip on it, and then weighing it in his hand. After doing this often enough, he is able to tell what a stone is like without touching it at all; a mere glance is sufficient.

> When we see a spherical object, we do not simply note its spherical shape. While observing it we seem to pass our hands over it in order to experience its various characteristics.9

What we see here is a man who is writing about things the way he would experience them. It is Rasmussen's keen ability to experience with his eyes the way he experiences

with his hands that is remarkable and not so much the normal person who would do the same. The issue at stake here really concerns the differences between conscious and unconscious experience; that few people, with the exception of children actually experience the shape of a ball the way that Rasmussen describes. It is the rare individual who consciously re-experiences a thing each time. Over time and repetition, the human mind ceases to consciously re-experience things. Those things which are experienced anew will not usually be the norm, or they would be unusual circumstances surrounding the norm.

This peculiarity of the mind however, is one that develops with the increase in age. In the case of children, perception tends to occur more with the immediate and sensual touch, only then to be reinforced with the sense of sight. The development and subsequent increase of conscious memory places more responsibility on the sense of sight the older one gets; this for the ability of vision to absorb and translate sensual information into logical constructs for the conscious mind. In later years, perception takes place more with vision, to be later confirmed (if at all) with the sense of touch. The issue of the subliminal eye arises if we were to realize that only rarely do we ever consciously run an eye along the length of wood or a brick wall the way we would run a hand over those surfaces. Only our unconscious constantly feels with its sense of sight and in time, we become deprived of conscious feeling through conscious seeing.

Why it is important to consciously see has to do with the impact of elusive experience to the sensuality of reverie: we learn more about the meanings inherent in the things we see. Places around us embody emotion. Like human beings, places have faces too; faces that could tell one so much about their meaning. The more we can come to terms with visual feeling, the closer we will come to the emotive force of sensual reverie. There is something more, however, which constitutes the sensuous. It concerns not just the mere moment of the onset of a percept but is very much a result of where a single sensual percept sits within a sequence of events. Sensual reverie builds up over the course of these events, taking one from moment to moment, through a journey of the touch, smell, and sound of sight.
From the plains I saw the walls of this fort: its towers nested in groves of pines and olive trees which fleshed the body of the spur. I had only known it from a book and longed for a moment's look within.

And I found, upon mounting the path up the side of the spur and into the dense walls, no picture book could have had me understand...

Behind the scarring of the massive walls, open rooms and jewel boxes lay within and trees of slender marble trunks broke through the heavy stone floors to laden boughs of diffuse light where the swifts screamed and built their nests
From the narrow and darkened passages to the opening of the light, into groves where the pine trees of the ridge grew inside, were the caves of stalactites dripping light and all aflame to the orange sun. The shedding of the silver drops into the pools carried away the fragments of this luminous moment.
And the pinprick of firefly clusters pierced the walls, then dimmed and died in sleep to the murmur of the water's splash on rusty marble floors all through a half moon's night.
The journey of reverie is critical to our perception of sensuality for it tells us about certain things to expect about the unexpected. It is with surprise or sleepiness, comfort and warmth, a touch of fear, but rarely coldness or shock with which the journey of reverie takes us. It takes the presence of each sensual moment to make the passage: one adjoining the next as we are led in a reverie of poetry.

Let us examine a moment of reverie as written about by Annie Dillard:

The ridges bosses and hummocks sprout bulging from its side; the whole mountain looms miles closer; the light warms and reddens; the bare forest folds and pleats itself like a living protoplasam before my eyes, like a running chart, a wildly scrawling oscillograph on the present moment. The air cools; the puppy's skin is hot. I am more alive than all the world.¹⁰

In these lines which Dillard has written, we find this journey of events that her sight and touch has taken; a trip through the passing of the day. This is where the meaning of the reverie comes from the gentle insistence in the emotion of each word and the journey each moment creates - where the sensuality of touch can be felt in the subliminal eye: due to the fact that the sense of touch communicates more by way of the emotion inherent in feeling, the logical indeterminacy of sensual apprehension allows for the ambiguity and imaginings of reverie. One would not be trapped by the insistence of the single image that so often accompanies conscious thought.

Deep within the heart of sensual reverie is an allegorical world, one that allows the our sensual understanding of things free rein to affect us. It is this understanding that first began in our sensual touch that could make a difference in the way our sense of sight operates: less in the immediate recognition of a particular gestalt and more in the unselfconscious recognition of related gestalts. This is the sensual reverie, a tactile reverie of exchanged gestalts.

But here again, there is something more. It has to do with self-forgetfulness in the

¹⁰. *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*. p.78.
sensuality of the experience, a self-forgetfulness which Dillard writes of in the next lines:

This is it, I think, this is it, right now, the present, this empty gas station, here, this western wind, this tang of coffee on the tongue, and I am patting the puppy, I am watching the mountain. And the second I verbalize this awareness in my brain, I cease to see the mountain or feel the puppy. I am opaque, so much black asphalt. But at the same second, the second I know I've lost it, I also realize that the puppy is still squirming on his back under my hand. Nothing has changed for him. He draws his legs down to stretch the skin taut so he feels every fingertip's stroke along his furred and arching side, his flank, his flung-back throat.¹¹

'And the second I verbalize this awareness in my brain...'. Annie Dillard acknowledges the shutter of conscious thought, the shutter which clips the continuity of a day-dream and wrenches us back into time; dislocated and staring at a memory.¹²

With the relatedness of emotion and sensuality to the reverie, we come to the question of unselfconsciousness and its place in the reverie.

¹¹. Ibid. 9. p.79.
¹². It is written in the Tao Te Ching: "Much speech leads inevitably to silence".
When a man is capable of being correct and quiescent,
His flesh is full, his ears and eyes sharp and clear,
His muscles taut, and his bones sturdy.
Thus he is able to wear on his head the great circle [of Heaven]
And tread on the great square [of earth].
He finds his reflection in the great purity and sees through the
great luminaries.

- Kuan Tzu (645 B.C.).
There was an intellectual movement which gained prominence in opposition to the so-called "intelligent egoism" of Thomas Hobbes, whose arguments (considered in the interpretation of aesthetics) essentially called for the basis of self-interest.¹ The case for 'disinterestedness' was set forth by Lord Shaftesbury together with others who maintained that 'virtue and goodness' had to be sought after for their own sakes and not from the impulse of self-interest.

¹ The word 'disinterested' did not, of course, imply lack of interest in the object of attention but the absence of any 'self-interest', any considerations of advantage or utility, and indeed any interest at all other than the direct contemplation of the object and satisfaction achieved from our awareness of it.²

However much it seems as though this 'disinterested attitude', which has fairly wide acceptance in contemporary aesthetic theory, answers some bothersome questions about the interpretation of art and aesthetics, it still fails to account for the beauty that we, as individuals, bring to the object of attention by way of our private memories. The concept of disinterestedness ultimately ends in the object of our experience; we are made to believe that the appreciation of beauty here reaches its culmination in our complete attention to and heightened awareness of the object itself. But, however much a heightened perception of things can allow us to experience the objects of our attention fully, it alone will not necessarily enable us to imagine anew. What seems to have been neglected in the earlier argument on the disinterested attitude concerns the event that follows from this heightened state of perception, it is a sensual and emotional event which

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There is a forgetfulness of design that brings into conscious thought a dream of memory past. It is a slipping of the will as silver pearls of raindrops bead along a tiled roof's edge to wash over the marching of the mind.
trips the shutter to our imagination; the event of unselfconscious reverie. To further our understanding of unselfconscious reverie, we will have to delve deeper into the meaning of unselfconsciousness as it can be found to be an attribute in Nature.

*Nature.*

It is not often that one pays any attention to things of Nature. Nature has an existence that defies all attempts to give it any more meaning apart from that of its pure existence. However, the things of Nature are not all alike, they are not only appearances because the things of Nature also include processes. It is these processes that create the differences of the things one might experience of Nature, and similarly, of all other things in existence.

At about thirty years, the young stand enters an almost sterile period that lasts for up to a hundred years. This occurs because the trees, all the same age, have formed a dense, unbroken canopy, which blocks the sun and shades out understory growth. As the stand ages, trees die and fall, allowing sunlight to penetrate to the forest floor and stimulate another layer of growth. When the stand achieves a certain complexity of structure - shrubs, herbs and trees of varying heights creating a multistorey canopy - it has become old-growth. ³

This description of the rainforest gives a good indication of the thick complexity that surrounds the process of growth in Nature. The growth of forests are sufficiently complex that human efforts to duplicate them have difficulty sustaining themselves past three cycles of regenerative growth. The Black Forest in Germany is one such attempt which is gradually dying.⁴ There is something about Nature that is remarkably difficult to understand and derive principles from; this is true whether it is in the simulation of it or the understanding of its relation to the human condition. The difficulty in understanding might be said to essentially involve both the appearances of things of Nature that are changed from inside to out; and those others that are changed from outside to in.

⁴. Ibid. 3. p.69.
There is something in organic life in plants, animals or human faces that is different from the inorganic aspects of Nature, such as snowflakes or boulders. Organic Nature shapes itself; it is transformed and self-created from within and is expressed outwardly in appearance. Inorganic Nature is different in this respect: as in a piece of spalling rock, its change in appearance occurs from the outside in a process very different from the sort that living tissue undergoes. The difference comes from the fact that inorganic Nature embodies sheer existence. Organic Nature, on the other hand, demonstrates the characteristics of existence in a state of unselfconsciousness.

What does it mean, to say that Nature is unselfconscious? Firstly, to be selfconscious is to be conscious or aware of one's own acts or states as belonging to or originating in oneself. Thus, unselfconsciousness is not to be conscious of one's condition as originating in oneself. Now, there can be no doubt that Organic Nature creates itself - the state of existence and appearance of Organic Nature is self-originating: plants, insects and animals originate from processes that are either generated internally or internal responses to an external force. In as far as this is true, Organic Nature is unselfconscious: it is not conscious of its acts or appearances as belonging to or originating from itself.

Thus, all the differences of appearance and change in Nature are borne out of an selfconscious action or of sheer existence. Having no selfconsciousness, Nature cannot exist in the imaginary past nor contemplate the future, having no imaginary past to conceive it.

From the very first moment of my becoming aware of Nature's existence - there, outside my four walls, outside that window where Nature was living its own separate life.6.....

For this reason, the empty beauty of many artefacts are due to a lack of any selfconscious action in the way that Nature works. However, most change wrought by the human mind

is selfconscious in nature. The change in the appearance of a rock weathered by the elements, or that of a blooming flower is a different kind of thing from the change in appearance of a tree hewn into a sculpture by the human hand (as it is directed by a mind). This matter of difference is not just a matter of our knowledge of what kinds of appearances constitute Nature; the appearances that result from many artefacts attest to the ability of the mind to be conscious of the act or appearance of the act as originating from itself. And with the selfconscious act comes a concept of change that has proven irreversible; it is the idea of processing.

In no other situations are things changed in appearance as much as the human intervention manages. We change things around us all the time, sometimes in ways that the original appearances of things can no longer be recognized: things around us undergo the rigours of processing. We process food, iron ore, saw dust, orange juice and cotton fields. We have for some time now begun to process information. An original appearance which is processed has a measure of human selfconsciousness embodied in its new appearance. Each succeeding time we reprocess an appearance, we place another thimbleful of our selfconsciousness into its appearance. With the realization that the measure of quality in Nature comes from its unselfconsciousness, one can see how a selfconscious appearance can feel unpleasant. It is for this reason that cotton cloth is more appealing to feel than polyester fabric. Bricks made fifty years ago are less selfconscious in appearance than bricks made today: it is an unselfconsciousness that involved a lesser degree of precision in its making, a lesser degree of processing.

Some cultures recognize the measure of quality of unselfconsciousness as embodied in Nature. Such is the concept of the tea-house in Japan, sukiya-zukuri: the abode of nothingness. These houses are constructed of rough materials, often left in their natural state - as close to unselfconscious as it could be made, empty of meaning but for the being of sheer existence. It is with the emptiness, the unselfconsciousness of things of Nature or artefacts, that we are able to day-dream and imagine. Roland Barthes writes on the particular kind of creativity of the poet which leaves the haiku 'empty' of meaning: "While being quite intelligible, the haiku means nothing, and it is by this double

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In time, the body returns to dust and all we will have are pitted holes to cup the shadows of a memory past: it is with a sadness, this quality of time past with which we see and feel the weight of the arch.
condition that it seems open to meaning...". Thus it is said of unselfconsciousness in rooms:

Adapt the nothing therein to the purpose in hand, and you will have use of the room.

Thus what we gain is Something, yet it is by virtue of Nothing that this can be put to use. 9

There is much we can learn from the unselfconsciousness of Nature that consists of being immersed in the unselfconscious reverie: we imagine and create not for the stamp of expression but for the fullness of the dreams and reveries that will grow from our expression. But here, we run into a paradox of sorts. We cannot deny that artefacts in appearance are different things from things of Nature. With this admission, comes the realization that, for as many things of Nature that inspire reverie, there are just as many processed things made by the hand and mind of man which we also consider having a measure of quality. We realize that besides there being a beauty of appearance arising through the processes of Nature, there also is a beauty associated with that made by the conscious hand of man. But this too has a special relationship with Nature.

We were both at fault in seeing Nature, our separateness from it, forgetting all the time that there is nothing in Nature that is not in us, and that whatever we experience in Nature was already present in our awareness of its existence; that Nature is neutral and tolerates anything we attribute to it by our actions, our thoughts, and our manipulations of it. Nature does not demand from us that we either love it or curse it; that we can ascribe to it great beauties or abominable ugliness. There is in Nature chaos and order, and all that we make of it is not itself; it is an image of our own making, a work of art produced by our consciousness, a product of our talent, to make images not of Nature but onto it. 10

One does not create merely in the image of Nature but onto Nature. It should be noted that

8. Empire of Signs.
9. Tao Te Ching, Book 1, Chap.XI., 27th line.
And still our will to create can find the quality of expression in a recent past. In these, our dreams lead us through roads arcaded with trees, into gardens where souls have been laid to rest by the water; and lilies can be found where carp and threadlike spiders skim, over a forest of algae just beneath the water.
the act or state of a creation as it originates from oneself is not violated by this understanding of what it means to be unselfconscious. Unselfconsciousness does not imply a loss of identity or any semblance of characterlessness. On the contrary, it is the strength of character that grows out of unselfconsciousness that gives the reverie its effectiveness: this we do by making our images onto Nature, as Gabo tells us. And in the way that the term onto is used here, we should make our images in a state of awareness about Nature.

There is something in the nature of nature, in its presentness, its seeming transience, its creative ferment and hidden potential, that corresponds very closely with the wild, or green man, in our psyches; and it is a something that disappears as soon as it is relegated to an automatic pastness, a status of merely classifiable thing, image taken then.  

Our state of awareness about Nature comes from our understanding its unselfconscious attributes, of our inability to place Nature in a single box bound and trapped within the desires of our making. And many times, unselfconscious reverie comes less from the artefact itself than from things that surround and in time, change the artefact. When we create with unselfconscious reverie in mind, we forget the thing that we make.

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If [a person] concentrates his intellect and adheres to the Unity of Nature in his heart, if his ears and eyes act in accord with the beginnings [of virtue], he may come to know the verification of the distant [Way].

Since the wind and rain are impartial, resentment and hatred are not directed toward them.

The wind blows upon things. When it blows, it avoids neither honoured nor lowly, beautiful nor ugly. Rain soaks things. When it comes down, it avoids neither small nor great, strong nor weak. The wind and rain are fair and impersonal. Their activity is impartial. Even though men may be blown about or soaked, there is no one who resents it.

- Kuan Tzu (645 B.C.)
Here I found the rugged stone of a huge sentinel. It came to me from a rise on up a hill, above which was carved into the earth a circle of steps looking over the sea. There were no trees around it but grass burned gold by the sun. It sat quietly beneath the sky as though it knew about the path that meandered up the mountain side, in the steady air of the noonday sun that smelled like the freedom of pollen.

On one ridged side the valley fell away to the moving landsfolds which stretched to the sea and on the other, a wide rift in the earth dropped my sight so deep that I clung on tight to the ground with my feet. Between the blue of the sea and the dark split of the earth rested the sentinel, its thick arms reaching up, steady against the weight of its charge. I ran my hands over an arm - so rough that it caught at my fingers. I looked up and found that it touched the sky. Was this the bole of a towering tree, I asked? but I received no answer. It seemed like a house with its roof pulled off - a great room it must have held. From the burden of its task, I saw its sides open out to the surrounding of its place and the details of its world peeped out from between the rings of its drums. Time moved by in the gathering of a cloud and stilled with the bearing of the sun upon bleached bones.

And I found through the day as people came and went - as the sun bridged the hollow spaces of the valley and the room and when the night drew near - that in the journey my sentinel took, the thing it was became the things it was not.
Down by the room a floor from the basement, I discovered a dark and black machine. It came to me in a dark black box with a pebbly hard surface. On the floor where it stood the light was soft and mustiness filled my nose.

I had no idea what it was and so I squeezed the catches between my thumbs and forefingers; and when the lid hinged out, together with its stiff carrying handle, I saw that it was smooth and full in form. Its curves which threw off light seemed to me as running water. I stared at the shiny black-faced keys, each ringed with a silver frame: like small stools which ran a filigree of metal stems beneath the body.

This machine clicked to the touch and its shape reminded me of an old sportscar. I looked for the headlamps but found none, although the tiny bell to the back of its undercarriage sounded every time the engine came to a stop. And in my head I knew it was a typewriter,... but to my eye I knew it was not, for in doing what it did best, it helped me discover that we often have dreams about the dreams that we make, of those things beyond a single name.
Follow reverie not for knowing where it might lead but for knowing that your new shoes will take you there.
Our experiences of things are pulled from memory as much as they are informed by the more immediate emotions that accompany sensations. In terms of our emotional states consisting of effusive and elusive moments, memory plays an important part in elusive experiences, those states of mind that some would characterize as less objective. The contribution of memory to imagination is elusive. Upon the elusive depends the moment of creativity. We see this in the way that Lewis Mumford writes about elusiveness:

... characteristic of works of art: they do not hold one long if they are merely insistent or merely shocking; they must also be captivating, and, in some not too blatant way, significant. ¹

While the significance that Mumford is writing about appears to be an embodiment of the artefact, there is another important side of this significance which belongs to the imagination of the individual - and which allows the captivation to occur. In this chapter, we will focus on the aspects of our imagination that we are unable to explain logically: it can only be so that these are not rational because these constitute the myth in the reverie.

Myths and their rituals are an integral part of our lives whether or not we are aware of them.² The Chinese raise a huge noise of fireworks at the start of each new year; in India,

². Mumford writes about the 'spiritual in the way that I write about myth. See notes on chap.4.
devotees carry the large kavadi with their bodies pierced with needles as a penance; the American Indians perform the ritual of dance as an expression and reinforcement of their unity with Nature. In the Western and more economically developed countries, rituals and the use of symbols still make up many of the things we do, and serve as an expression of our collective consciousness: American construction crews raise flags at the tops of completed buildings; the members of the British judicial system wear white wigs when in session; and the national anthems of winning countries are played at each award ceremony. Symbols embody deep meaning even today, when we think that most of our irrational beliefs have been demystified.

Many times, symbols that are still in use have lost their relationship to the myths and the meanings that gave rise to them. This happens in many Western societies where myths have been rendered irrelevant and their symbols have thus been separated from them. Even so, the symbol and ritual are maintained as remnants of a forgotten past. Though they have lost the original meanings that grew from their myths (it being often argued that such rituals and symbols cannot have intrinsic worth, having lost their former meanings), the impact of such displays of ceremony, these appearances of symbolism, leave an indelible mark in our emotional unconscious. We grow up feeling the significance of our contemporary symbols regardless of their history. Human understanding is, to a great degree, of a symbolic nature.

In more 'primitive' cultures, we find the symbol to be inseparable from the myth; that the myth feeds the physical aspects of the symbol just as the symbol strengthens the myth.3

When a symbol shares a relationship with a living myth, then the physical manifestations of the symbol takes on tremendous significance. To the Australian aborigines, the trees and stones of the land are like friends, or enemies, each with characteristics described through the sensual lines of their forms. For the scientist, the aboriginal understanding of stones and rocks might be looked at as incomplete and false,

3. "...there were numerous deities which shone with a lustre ....and evil deities which buzzed like flies. There were also trees and herbs which could speak." Men, animals, plants and rocks, all things animate and inanimate, had speech and were kami; whatever evoked a thrill of awe, mystery; or affection, whatever possessed superior merit, was in some sense miraculous and therefore sacred: kami. Arthur Drexler, The Architecture of Japan.
It is a strong wall, flat but for regular punctures. A stone wall in the cradle of God's finger, into which one's spirit may find the presence of sanctuary and rest.
Regardless of time of day, it would sit there with outstretched wings waiting waiting for the attention of my conscious mind; for this watchbird in the square was the winged guardian of my sunfilled dreams.
when in truth, the aborigine understands the individuality and differences of each form in their landscape far more than most 'modern' man ever could.

Thus, we have our symbols and these symbols contain meanings that are sometimes removed from their origins. However, as much as it happens that myths give rise to symbols, there are times when things, objects, inspire a myth in us. This is perhaps the kind of captivation which Mumford so writes about. The captivation is no less the result of our imagination but one that is brought forth by the perception of a thing. These private myths are some of the most precious of all because deep inside our unconscious, there already was a place made for the private myth: some symbol for an event we had consciously forgotten but was unconsciously remembered. These are the kinds of myths that inspire reverie.

And at night you will look up at the stars. Where I live everything is so small that I cannot show you where my star is to be found. It is better, like that. My star will be just one of the stars, for you. And so you will love to watch all the stars in the heavens...They will all be your friends. 4

Each of us have our private myths which are in some way connected to a larger sphere of things. The way a child sees the marching band at a football game over time could be something very unique to the experience of ball game for him or her; the ritual of the symbolic band takes on emotional meaning. There are things around us that have much significance for us, meanings that have grown out of an incident, or a series of events. We relate new experiences to these past meanings from our childhoods or our recent pasts constantly. But it is important to remember that the symbols that inspire reverical myth have specific qualities that are smelled, felt, heard or seen; definite qualities that involve the senses. These are the aspects to our myths that link them to sensual reverie. Sensual reverie does not just concern openness for its own sake, but that in our moments of openness, we are able to reach into the depths of our emotions for meaning.

From stone pier to wooden fence we understand the import of the arena. Where men and bull meet in an unmistakable challenge: the baking waves of sand of the circus; the wide curve of its edge; the horn driven heavy and ridged wood boards, and still the mind beckons...

In the black pit where the arches throw their unshaded light I see an arm, its hand resting on the square tiles; each one reflecting the passing light into the gallery rows just as stars in the night. And this scene before me tries so hard to elude the grasping of its fragile existence and the feeling as yet undefined but loaded with the emotion of its appearance.
Our private myths are important, for they constitute our living myths each time we feel that the world is destitute. The meanings embodied in them and, more importantly, in the symbols we associate with the myths, make up a central part of our private worlds.

The kind of myth we are interested concern these private myths, for these are the myths that envelope reverie. In the way that reverie emerges from the sensuality of unselfconscious apprehension, it is very much concerned with the living myths of our secret memories, the power of imaginary beliefs reinforced by the perception of their symbolic relationship; these symbols in our modern world are, in turn, the only ones left that still have meaning for us.
It is ever so that the life of a man must depend on imperturbability and correctness.

The way in which they are lost is certain to be through joy and anger, sorrow and suffering.

For this reason,
To put a stop to anger there is nothing better than poetry.
For getting rid of sorrow there is nothing better than music.
For moderating music there is nothing better than the rites.
For preserving the rites there is nothing better than respect.
For preserving respect there is nothing better than quiescence.

Be inwardly quiescent and outwardly respectful,
And you may revert to your true nature,
And your nature will be well stabilized.

- Kuan Tzu (645 B.C.)
A shadow lives in the Placa Reial right where the narrow street runs into a side of the square. You could see it just to your left as you walked into the arcade.

It does not always wish to be seen. Most of the time it hides in a lamp which lights the edge of the square and it comes out generally when the sun falls low. It is terribly particular about the time of day and it never shows itself completely as it moves about behind a screen. When the sun drops, a man dressed in a white shirt and a black pair of trousers draws down a cream canvas screen, and the shadow gently takes its place in the bright light of the evening sun, with its graceful curves and delicate knobs and slender antenna.

Even when people think they do not see it, they really do - most usually stop right where the street ends and the square begins; and they look right into the shades and the colonnade between them and breathe in deeply; or they will walk by not quite having looked at anything in particular and they say words like; "wonderful square" and "look, isn't the evening light gorgeous". But some know that it is not just the sunset that thrills them. They know that if the large arcade were any smaller; the arches between the columns any taller; the top of the shade a little lower; or if the timid shadow were to leave, that their experience would have been diminished: and the bright ember of warmth that the simple shadow lit in their hearts for a brief second or somewhat longer would have died too soon.
Claimed symbol of belief meant or unintended, pushed forward as the prow of a ship: a guide which takes one through our desolate humanity.
And when our vision clears enough
for us to see, we find ourselves looking
back into our very first mystery.
White fingers of column streaked
    with rings of shadow.
You descend into a carpet of blood
    bathed and overtaken by the slanting sun.
So pure in darkened gloom
    unadorned but for your sweeping bands.
Take away my memories
    but for this moment of stillness
Into this I participate
    I see and I feel.
In the earlier chapters we examined a series of phenomenological episodes in the possible occurrence of reverie. What this second part seeks are explanations for the phenomenal reverie, reasons for why the experiences occur the way they do. It is hoped that through the following explorations, a clearer understanding of the conditions under which metaphorical reverie takes place can be reached: we will attempt to grasp another dimension of reverie in a reevaluation of the dualism of mind and body; one that will breed a different way of seeing the problem of occurrence and appearance.

Let us first look at part of what the philosopher Gaston Bachelard wrote concerning poetic imagination:

One must be receptive, receptive to the image at the moment it appears: if there is to be a philosophy of poetry, it must appear and re-appear through significant verse, in total adherence to an isolated image; to be exact, in the very ecstasy of the newness of the image.¹

If we consider the various aspects of reverie discussed in the earlier chapters, Bachelard's words hold a ring of familiarity; we are able to see relationships between

¹. The Poetics of Space. [1969]. p.11.
emotion, the immediacy of our sensual perception to emotion, unselfconsciousness and the apprehension of the poetic image. There seems to be a connectedness about all this. But Bachelard implies more. He writes about a paradox of the mere images of an object as often having 'great psychic repercussions', and that the understanding of this paradox can only come through a study of the object at the beginning of its appearance on an 'individual consciousness'.

For this, the act of the creative consciousness must be systematically associated with the most fleeting product of that consciousness, the poetic image. At the level of the poetic image, the duality of subject and object is iridescent, shimmering, unceasingly active in its inversions.

Bachelard describes the poetic instant as a 'shimmering', as 'iridescent'. There is here in his choice of words, a sense of what is written, that makes us believe that there was something in either his thoughts or feelings that persuaded him to choose those precise words, these adjectives of great description. Upon examination, we also see that his description of the poetic image also includes the phrase, 'unceasingly active in its inversions'; a phrase with words that draw descriptive parallels with each other as well as to 'shimmering' and 'iridescent'. These terms all involve expressions of a pulsing activity, a flickering of sorts. We have another indication of a similar understanding of the poetic image from a poem written by Alvaro Siza:

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Each design is bound to catch,
with the utmost rigour, a precise moment
of flittering image in all its shades
and the better you can recognize
that flittering quality of reality,
the clearer your design must arise.
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What is it in the moment of ecstatic creation that results in this emotional state? Perhaps

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2. Ibid. 1. p.15.
3. Ibid. 2.
4. to catch a precise moment of flittering image in all its shades. [1979].
Winged rhythm
flight of its blackened path: a wide arcade and
depth protected from the sun as the lines of a rail
look over the milky green water.
we can get a better idea of what it could mean by looking a little closer at the word 'shimmering'. Something that 'shimmers' makes reference to movement, a wavering, a glimmering, an intermittent movement. In another sense of speaking, it is a movement between points which Bachelard identifies as 'subject' and 'object': "...the duality of subject and object is iridescent, shimmering....".5

It is this duality that we are interested in, the understanding of which should become clearer in the following chapter on *vacillation*.

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When the Spirit comes of itself to reside within the body,
It sometimes goes and sometimes comes,
But no one is able to design this.

Lose it, and we are certain to become confused.
Obtain it, and we are certain to be well regulated.
Respectfully keep clean its abode,
And [this embodiment of] the essence will then come of itself.
Quiet your thoughts in order to contemplate it.
Pacify your memories in order to regulate it.
Maintain a dignified appearance and respectful attitude,
Then the essence will become stable of itself.
Obtain it and never let it go,
And your ears and eyes will never go astray, nor your heart have any
other schemes.

When a correct heart lies within,
All things attain their proper measure.
The Way fills the world and exists everywhere people are,
Yet people are unable to understand it.
Through the explanation of the one word,
You may on high reach to Heaven, below touch the ends of the earth,
And all around fill the nine regions.
What is meant by explaining [the one word]?
[The explanation] lies in setting the heart at rest.

- Kuan Tzu (645 B.C.)
When I was four years old, I made clay faces by the sea, close to where we lived in Malacca. They were round faces, oval, blockish, angular faces; each different from the next and each looking quite human and at the same time not. I remember most clearly pushing my fingers against my thumbs and feeling the loamy clay between them. There were tiny bits of sand caught in the clay and they pricked gently. I remember pushing my fingers in where the eyes would go and moulding the bones on either side of the foreheads. Despite the fact that they were all simple faces, I remember and reach for them in a way that still puzzles me.

Something then had asked me why the faces meant so much. There had been something thrilling about making the faces and I had no idea what that was, only that I felt lightheaded, a little drunk with emotion. I still feel the drunkenness, whenever I am doing something intensely, the same strange feeling in situations not related by space or time. All I know is that every time it happens, it is with a sense of deep involvement with something external to myself, something which has to do with my being in the presence of things.
In a home I found this place, this wall of a house. In summer, the window shutters are constantly opened and this home breathes through the heat of the day. Its sills are encrusted with green plants that hang, and pink flowers hum like so many bees around a hive. And as I look, I understand the power of this image is not mine nor is it merely what I see; it sits between the both of us as it always has, guarding the lives around it from the mundane existence of an ordinary world.
Presence. It is a strange word in the way it means many things. We speak of charismatic individuals as having presence; being in the presence of an important individual; feeling the presence of a particular monument; sensing the presence of a disembodied spirit. In the many ways that presence is used in the English language, it has mostly been in the sense of deference, deference to the power of particular things: monuments command presence, landowners bowed in the presence of their liege lords, knees buckle because of the beauty's presence; presence has long since made reference to some semblance of 'royalty'. But there are other definitions of presence. This is the way the Oxford Dictionary defines presence:

**presence** (pre.zens). ME. \[-(0)Fr. presence - L. praesentia, f. praesens, -ent-; see present, -ence.\] 1. The fact or condition of being present; the state of being before, in front of, or in the same place with a person or thing; being there. b. In ref. to the manner in which Christ is held to be present in the Eucharist (see Real a. I. 2) 1552. 2. In certain connections, used with a vague sense of the place or space in front of a person, or which immediately surrounds him ME. b. Without of or possessive; usu. preceded by prep., as in (the) p., to (the) p., etc.; spec. (now only) in ref. to ceremonial attendance upon a person of superior, esp. royal, rank; formerly also = 'company', 'polite society'. late ME. †c. Hence, a presence-chamber - 1735.....

The Oxford Dictionary goes on with the other ways that presence could be defined but it is the first definition that holds the greatest interest for us. The condition of being present. There are two parts to the definition: the first is that of the word condition and the other is the phrase being present. A 'condition' is something essential to the appearance or occurrence of something else. When we place the definition of present into the context of the 'condition of being present', we discover a new meaning of the term presence: presence is something essential to the appearance or occurrence of that now being in existence. What do we understand from this? There are a number of related ideas here, ones that will have to be sort through in order to make sense of the definition. We will have to reach into the meanings of appearance and occurrence to be better able to understand what presence could mean to us. Only then will we understand what these

Its drum is white and it sits firmly in the ground: from its barrel grows the roughness of sunlit nubs.

And in the dimming light it becomes clear, the sight of clouds passing over a place where a warm wind filters through the turning sails and the glow turns bright as a child finds home in someone's arms.
essential things are to the appearance or occurrence of that being in existence. Perhaps more important, only then will we be able to better answer in what manner of speaking presence contributes to the measurement of quality; the measurement of the sacred.

Appearance

As long as humankind has gauged its presence on earth, the basis for understanding human phenomenon could only come from being human. There are things that exist that affect human perception. These things take place in a world that is made up of activity; our only communication with this activity is with and through the human body: the body of human perception. The human perception of this activity has been given the name sensation. It is called 'sensation' only for the way that that human perception is affected by it and the way human conception receives it. In as much as this is true, the activity of sensation has existence. Without an acceptance of this essential concept of the relationship between perception and conception, we would have no basis for communication in practice or in theory.

The percept of an experience must be there in its concreteness for the perception to be manifest: appearance is some manner of an outward aspect that is manifest. Here, appearance does not mean purely visual sensation but includes all sensation. We are affected through sensation by appearance. In the way that a human child feels the heat of a flame, we are affected by the outward aspect of appearance through our senses. In as much as this is true, sensual appearance, in its outward and sensually perceived aspect, is our only measure of the reality of existence.

However, sensation and our ability to be affected by appearance is relative. We would have no sensation of heat if our bodies were not, prior to the sensation of heat, in a state or sensation of a lack of heat. It is this instantaneous shift in the relative state of appearance that we are able to be affected by appearance. We are affected only by relative shifts or differences in appearance. This has profound impact on the way we understand perception; that in its essence, sensation is the result of changing appearance. An appearance, in and of itself, carries no meaning and is empty of the attributes of
sensation. To apprehend the appearance of a thing is to apprehend its being.\textsuperscript{2}

The fact that our bodies can only be affected by relative shifts in appearance is an issue critical to our discussion, but one that must be left to a later chapter: we will see that it is the gravitating point for our measure of quality. At this point we are less concerned with how appearance is perceived but that it is perceived, and that appearance would have no meaning and deliver no sensation but for the relative differences in appearance.

Occurrence

Occurrence is a slightly less obvious term. It is 'the action or instance of occurring' in one of the two ways that it is defined.\textsuperscript{3}

'The action or instance of occurring'. There are two parts to this definition: the first is 'the action or instance of' and the other, occurring. With the definition of 'occurring' put into occurrence, we now understand that occurrence is the 'action or instance of that coming into existence or coming to mind'. In the action or instance of that coming into existence is occurrence intimately related to appearance: the outward aspect of sensual appearance is that which comes into existence through occurrence. There is however, another meaning of occurrence, the second definition that we are more concerned with: occurrence is also the action or instance of that coming-to-mind. Occurrence is the happening of an appearance coming-to-mind. The problem is now clearer. The existence of appearance, by virtue of its outward aspect, exists through occurrence independently of one's perception of it. Occurrence on the other hand (being the happening of an appearance coming-to-mind) would imply one's involvement, a sense of conscious intellectualization leading up to the apprehension of the appearance.

The differences here are critical because it is at this very point that being (appearance: of that in existence) and subjectivity (occurrence: of that coming-to-mind) come into interaction.

\textsuperscript{2} Heidegger makes reference to being in this way. \textit{On Time and Being}. p.3.

\textsuperscript{3} \textit{Shorter Oxford Dictionary}. [1973]
Presence.

Knowing what we do about the objectivity of appearance and the subjectivity of occurrence, presence now takes on a lucid meaning. Presence is something essential to the being (of appearance) or subjectivity (of occurrence) of that now being in existence. It is interesting to see that this definition of presence holds a good deal of ambiguity in that its definition pertains to the two very different ideas of appearance and occurrence. In a way, the ambiguity appears to come out of the nature of dictionaries: dictionaries present all possible points of view and not just particular points of view. However, there is another reason for the apparent ambiguity. This reason is found in the very meaning of the term presence itself; that the precise meaning of presence lies in its ambiguity and indefinition.

For the sake of achieving more clarity, we should return to analyzing the two aspects of presence. Presence is, firstly, 'something essential to that now being in existence'. In the earlier discussion on appearance, it is clear what is meant by the term being; as that which (in the percept isolated from any relative shift in appearance) is empty of the attributes that would be assigned to sensation. In this sense of the word being, it would be incorrect to identify appearance as an objective measure of quality, since the complete absence of sensation could imply no quality whatsoever.

But presence is also 'something essential to the coming-to-mind of that now being in existence'. The term coming-to-mind refers to the way an appearance is experienced by the mind by the relative shift in appearance: it is the way we consciously think about what we perceive.

The key to the apparent ambiguity of the word presence lies in the term 'something essential to' in its relation to both the being (of appearance) and the way that we consciously think about the appearance. It is the crux of the dichotomy between mind and body, between subjectivity and being: that presence, more than just being something essential to an appearance now in existence, as one thing, or the coming-to-mind of anything now being in existence as the other, is that which includes both: it vacillates between the two different relationships of appearance and of occurrence.
And from the distance of my outstretched arm were the ancient horns of my drawer pull: held fast to its keep by a faceted hinge. This pull secured in the flowing of its tiny grain those things my eyes could never know; the occurrences in my mind.
Let us see what Heidegger says about presence and the apprehension of appearance.

Only, certainly, by granting the thing, as it were, a free field to display its thingly character directly. Everything that might interpose itself between the thing and us in apprehending and talking about it must first be set aside. Only then do we yield ourselves to the undisguised presence of the thing.\(^4\)

In the paragraph, Heidegger writes about appearance as the 'thing'. However, he also makes reference to a 'thingly character'. If indeed we are to 'yield ourselves to the undisguised presence of the thing', in what manner of speaking would the 'thing' have a 'thingly character'? Heidegger basically writes about the dichotomy of subject and object in his references to 'us' and the 'thing'. In his reference to us yielding 'ourselves to the undisguised presence of the thing', Heidegger speaks about the measure of objectivity that grows out of the clearing of our minds of all that might come in between the 'thing and us', the specific manner of \textit{coming-to-mind} of that now being in existence. There is a concept of mind in which the dichotomy of mind and body is an ontological condition that grows naturally out of man's innate ability to conceive. All of that which appears to be in direct contention with Descartian ideas of mind and body leaves this other issue to be considered, one that does not make the conflict inevitable. The Vedantic doctrine of Maya speaks about the dichotomy of mind and body in this way.

Maya is simply the principle that breaks up the original unity of the sensation and gives a distorted picture of it as subject and object, as that which perceives and that which is perceived. It is the principle of differentiation and integration inherent in the human mind. It breaks up the original whole presented in sensation into its component parts and reconstructs them in its own way.\(^5\)

The reason for the apparent disjunction is that the Descartian dichotomy has always been thought of as an absolute condition of the state of mind and body. The other condition not

considered is that of dichotomy not as a fixed absolute but conceived of as degrees of dichotomy existing on a continuum: it is due to memory that the dichotomy of mind and body exists, a dichotomy that gradually decreases the closer that memory comes to temporality. We will begin to see that presence, as it vacillates between appearance and occurrence concerns the concept of memory (as part of the mind) and the relationship of memory to temporality. The being of appearance is that which we apprehend at the point where the dichotomy of mind and body vanishes together with objectivity and subjectivity, where that which is essential for the coming to mind of occurrence reveals itself: it is an instant on the continuum of memory.

We now understand that presence is made up of two ideas. The first concerns the fact of appearance, the being of appearance. The second idea involves the way in which the mind comes into the apprehension, the coming-to-mind, of the being of appearance. In the next chapter, we will work through the critical issues of perception as it relates to the reverie to obtain a clearer idea of how presence is the vacillation between appearance and occurrence. It will allow us to set the foundation for that measurement of quality that grows out of an ability to be in the presence of things.
Now forms are fulfilled by means of the Way,
Yet men are unable to hold it firmly.
Once it is gone it may not return.
Once it has come it may not remain.

How silent! No one hears its sound.
How compact! It resides, then, in the heart.
How obscure! No one sees its form.
How bounteous! It is born together with me.
Its form cannot be seen, its sound cannot be heard,
Yet we may trace its achievements -
Such we call the Way.

- Kuan Tzu (645 B.C.).
If one were to sweep one's gaze over different articles on a table, something becomes apparent. The sense of sight is incapable of consciously moving in continuity; as it moves over the table surface, it is in a constant state of distinct and separate lateral shifts. The same is true of the way the eyeball focusses on objects moving in depth. Our eyes move continuously unless the apprehended object itself, a fly say, is in movement. This however, does not demonstrate continuous perception: the eye is still in a state of discrete perception with respect to the fly; it is only the fact that the field is not focussed on that makes it appear as if we see in continuity. Visual perception is discrete. However, there is more to it than that; we are unable to consciously make our eyes see continuously. This is critical because it is indicative of the way in which we consciously perceive things visually.

These distinct and separate moments of recalibration are discrete, in the visual act of perception and, more importantly, in the conscious act of the mind in perceiving. Conscious thought cannot make continuity of discrete movement. The reason is because conscious thought is discrete: the human mind is unable to focus on two distinct things at the same time; conscious thought itself cannot occur without some sense of logic. It is a
problem that essentially concerns what is accessible and what is inaccessible to consciousness (Johnson-Laird, 1983).

Indeed, you can never be completely conscious of how you exercise any mental skill. Even in the most deliberate of tasks, such as the deduction of a conclusion, you are not aware of how you carried out each step in the process. Similarly, you are not aware of the underlying nature and mechanism of mental representations: you are conscious of what is represented and of whether it is perceived or imagined, not of the inherent nature of the representation itself.¹

If indeed conscious thought is discrete and we cannot be consciously aware of the nature of continuity, then our concept of continuity in perception cannot come from conscious thought. And yet, we understand the continuity of movement. We actually 'see' the continuity of movement when someone walks or runs by, the continuity of a bird in flight. It cannot be denied that we have some concept of continuity. Where does this understanding come from if not from conscious thought? One could perhaps argue that this concept of movement comes from the other senses which perceive more continuously than vision but this too has its problems; conscious perception itself, regardless of its sensual mode, is unable to take place without movement. There must be something else which allows the human conception of continuity to develop.

Conscious and Unconscious.

In all that is perceived and experienced in one's waking moments, there are those things that can be termed conscious and those others that can be called unconscious. By 'things conscious' and 'things unconscious', I refer to the wealth of information that sits in the environment and waits to be perceived by the senses. Information in itself is unbiased; what we as individuals do with information is not.

Conscious experiences are all that we are consciously aware of, all that we pick up with

our senses through our individual filters. Conscious experiences tell us about selective things in any one perception of an experience. Our individuality chooses for us these bits of information for reasons that we may not be able to understand. Given the subjectivity and, subsequent focus of conscious experience, it is by necessity that conscious experiences are captured by memory in tangible detail. The selectivity of conscious experience makes this arbitrary by virtue of subjectivity but its specificity makes it tangible. Conscious experience is superficial by exclusion. It is discrete and generally specific.

Unconscious experience is about the totality of everything our senses perceive. It is about every thing an eye passes over, every sound the ear hears, every texture the finger might touch: from the most obvious of shocks to the most subtle of stimuli. It is total and encompassing, objective in the fact that we do not choose the information we receive unconsciously. The power of unconscious experience comes from the complete apprehension of detail, not the specific experience in detail: from the total experience of concept, not the specific instance in concept. The imprint of unconscious experience is complete in its totality and is as close to infinity as the human mind can manage. This imprint characterizes emotion. It is the indescribable completeness of unconscious experience that makes it intangible and continuous: the continuity of unconscious experience in memory makes it accessible only in parts at a time to the discreteness of conscious thought. The objectivity of unconscious experience is a result of its being substantial by inclusion and specifically general. Our conscious concept of continuity comes from the continuous unconscious.

There are moments when the conscious and unconscious meet, when that which we are consciously aware of gains access to the continuity of the unconscious. At these moments, the nature of the mind in its conscious and unconscious aspects can be evidenced in its relation with the senses of perception: our senses of perception associate discretely with conscious experience and in continuity with unconscious thought. However, that discreteness is a characteristic of conscious perception and conscious thought is a result of the relationship that memory and perception share with temporality.

2. Ibid. 1. p.465.
Hidden within the conscious shell of what we are, is a movement of indeterminate path: we are given life by the flickering and elusive warmth of sensual emotion.
Temporality

Memory is that by which the mind is able to recollect. This ability for recollection happens in degrees: memory can work in the recollection of things way back in one's past, and it also performs tasks of recollection of events in the very recent past. It is in the storage of the most instantaneously recent past that the concept of memory becomes critical: it is due to the immediate memory of darkness at all that we all wince in bright light, regardless of society or culture. Thus, the mind responds to its perceptions in two basic ways, both of which involve the concept of memory. The essential differences between the two is that of the stimulus, and, perhaps more important, the issue of time.

Time in passing could refer to a broad sweep of events that moves us from the past, to the present and into the future. It could however, also be talked about in smaller terms, at the much finer scale of instants; instants in time.

What do we mean by instants in time? An 'instant' is 'an infinitesimal space of time' or 'a point in time separating two states'. As an infinitesimal space of time, the 'instant' in time is constantly in motion: it is rarely, if ever, conceived of as a fixed point. As such, when we speak about the 'instant' as a moving point of temporality, we really speak of the instant as that which is part of a continuum; the continuum of instants in time. It is a point in a process that makes reference to its instant-ness.

The instant is not a full and uncontaminated point of presence: it is located and withdraws between two presences; it is difference as affirmative withdrawal of presence.3

The instant is thus located as the moving point of an instant at the edge of the present as it withdraws from the past. It leaves what it has been as it moves in a continuum towards what is not yet: "Catch it if you can. The present is an invisible electron; its lightning path traced faintly on a blackened screen is fleet, and fleeing, and gone."4

4. Annie Dillard. Pilgrim at Tinker Creek. p.79.
Within the hollow cylinder of a standing piece of bark are the memories of passing time from an instant to the next.
However, there is something more here. Derrida's description of the instant not being a full and uncontaminated point of presence is a description that acknowledges the concept of memory: the instant in its instant-ness is contaminated by our memory of the past, regardless of how recent this past may have been. If we were to examine the concept of the instant apart from the concept of memory, it suddenly becomes clear that the instant can be a full and uncontaminated point of presence.

Mind.

The human mind encompasses many aspects of which only a few are understood. For as much as we know about the mind, it could be said that it holds a memory; one that stores information, knowledge and emotion and has the capability of retrieving these. Within memory itself, while it is true that categories become blurred and divisions non-existent, we know of a part of it that is conscious and another that is unconscious; consciousness has often been referred to as rational and logical and our unconscious as emotional and inspired. What becomes critical to our understanding is that, as an aspect of the mind, memory 'contaminates' the instant in time because of its past. This is to say that we understand anything of thought only because of the existence of memory. We study for and pass exams due to memory, we cry in anguish for the loss of another due to memory. The implications of memory and temporality are, however, deeper. In an earlier chapter, we had considered the idea that the very ontology of sensation is a product of memory: for one to have a sensation of pain, there has to have been a prior instant of non-pain. Only the appearance of a perception can exist within an instant: sensation is the result of relative differences in appearance, from one instant to the next.

It is thus due to memory that a part of human existence can exist outside of the instant: memory enables the mind to take its leave of the instant in time (real time) and transverse the depths of imaginary time.

Body.

As conceived by Derrida, the instant is a contaminated point. But in our terms, it was determined that the instant is contaminated only through the existence of memory: it is
only due to the existence of mind that the instants of temporality, of the past in existence
can be conceived to exist. It is the element of consciousness that is a product of the mind
that contaminates the instant.

It is only in the physicality of things that one can completely sense the transience of the
instant in its purity. The sheer existence of being, of rocks, wind and air, cannot
contaminate the instant because it can only exist in the instant, completely in the locus of
the instant as it moves into the future. As such, pure physicality is continuous the way the
instant is continuous. In this way is the body bound to the instant: it can never exist at a
point of what was.

This being the case, the relationship between memory with the body must be explored in
greater depth; as a relationship that plots memory (as imaginary time) against the
movement of time's instant (as real time). We will examine a series of diagrams that
reveal this subtle relationship between time and imagination.
Mind in Body.

The vertical line represents the locus of time as a passing instant. It traces the passing instant from the time of birth of a human being up to a particular point now in time. The horizontal axis diagrams the confines of three dimensional existence. Together, this graph plots physical movement as integral to the concept of time.

The point at the uppermost end is that particular instant that time has been cut and where the locus ends in a suspension of continuity.

The body and its physical senses are in time and subject to the passing of the instant: in each passing of the instant, the body moves with time - it can never again be what it was in a past instant and can never be what the instant has not revealed yet. In this respect, the locus of the body in space and time is a the reality of a body depicted as a moving point.

In the way that the body is subject to the passing of the instant, it can only be at one place at any one particular instant: in this sense, the body is in time the way time is in the body. The particular point in the diagram is a particular instant in real time as well as a particular instant in the existence of the body.

However, this diagram only describes the body in relation to time. This relation, as we can see, is one of direct correspondence of instant's in time to instant's in body. When we place the added relationship of mind in the diagram of body/time, the diagram takes on another dimension - that of imaginary time. We have to rotate the locus of time on its axis to perceive the added dimension.

Due to the fact that the mind is physically in the body, it can only be at one single point with the body at any instant in time. However, the memory of mind is not bound to real time: the memory of mind is able to transcend real time/space at the point of its existence in the body. It does so through imaginary time.

At conception or birth, imaginary time as well as real time have just begun: time, body and mind are resolved at the instant of first consciousness. In young children, this
resolution is evidenced in the innocence of a child, the quality of being childlike that we so often hear spoken of.

It is ever so that the form of the heart
Is naturally full and naturally replete,
Naturally born and naturally perfected.⁵

The quantity of imaginary time increases with the intake of perceptual experience in real time. Its rate of increase is the greatest at childhood and tends to slow the older the mind gets; the natural process of physical aging. In later years, the quantity of memory will usually be at its height, way more than what it possessed in childhood. For this reason, we naturally and gradually lose our childlike qualities.

However, the rate of increase in memory slows with age, describing a curve. At the point in time where we have cut the curve, we can trace the horizontal line of memory accumulated up till that point. This accumulated memory relates to the conscious and the unconscious in different ways: it can only be accessed discretely and thus, never completely by conscious thought; it is however, immediately continuous with the unconscious and may quite possibly be the unconscious itself. What does this mean with respect to imagination? Here, we have to locate the conscious and unconscious parts of mind in their relation to accumulated memory (imaginary time) with the passing of real time.

The discreteness of conscious thought can be looked at as a point of conscious awareness moving on the length of accumulated memory, able to focus on only one memory at any one instant. Because conscious thought is logical, its conception of accumulated memory is chronological - not only is accumulated memory measured in quantity but also in temporal location. In as much as the unconscious is inclusive and total, it is represented by the full length of accumulated memory for any one instant of the moving point: the unconscious has full and complete awareness of memory. This means that the totality of the unconscious paradoxically exists within the passing instant in the same way that the body does.

⁵ From the Nei Yeh, Kuan Tzu. [1965]. p.158.
Each time we bring the point of conscious awareness to the passing instant of time, the nearer we consciously approach the constantly changing present. This can be most clearly understood if conceived of as a slowly diminishing separation between conscious thought and the passing instant that the body is within. If we were first to consciously focus our minds on something perceived with one of our senses, it is with a heightened awareness that we perceive - a state of the conscious mind coming extremely close to its body at the moment of the passing instant. When this distance becomes infinitesimal, we begin to experience the effects of pure sensation - this is the point where the effusive experiences of the mind take effect: we are suddenly prone to sensation from a single moment to the next without the conscious reactions of our minds.

With this diminishing separation, there comes a point when the quantity of past memory gently disappears and conscious awareness actually meets the passing instant.

However, due to the continuity of the passing instant, discrete conscious awareness is unable to hold its existence within it. Conscious thought is left behind for a flicker of the instant as the instant passes in continuity. As conscious awareness is left behind and then catches up with each passing instant, a vacillation begins to occur: a tiny flux as conscious thought swings in and out of continuity. It is an elusive and reverical event when the conscious edges at the continuity that time is, for it is immediately left behind the instant time moves on.

It is here that Bachelard's shimmering occurs; where the vacillation between appearance and occurance begins to happen. What makes it all the more interesting is that this point is where the relationship between perception and creativity is made, and the creation of something new occurs.

From the continuity of the passing instant to a point of pure perception the vacillation occurs: the pure percepts being the result of conscious awareness re-establishing its discrete self each time it is left behind. However, the substance of reverie, our buried symbols of private myths and deepest memories, come not from our conscious memories, but from the periodic moments when the conscious re-enters the point of the continuous
unconscious.\(^6\)

The point of the passing instant is where the unconscious is in perception of the things around it. This point is the critical moment, for it is here only that consciousness gains access to the unconscious. It is at this point where the body and its unconscious mind touch, and where the conscious vanishes when it meets with both. With the intensity of the moment, a particular kind of creativity occurs, one that makes a relationship with the substance of perception. Where in logic, relationships are drawn between the percept and conscious memory; in reverie, the relationship is a vacillation between percept and the unconscious. And here is the key, that at the moment we access our unconscious with the pure percept, it is not with the discreteness of conscious thought. Due to the unconscious being continuous, we experience the memory of percepts in totality within the confines of a single instant.

To see a world in a grain of sand
and heaven in a wild flower,
hold infinity in the palm of your hand
and eternity in an hour.\(^7\)

How strange it seems that time moves so much quicker the older we get - that childhood appears to last an eternity compared with the transience of our adult years, when we become able to view the passing of two years as a brief flicker and yet the mind of a child lives two lifetimes in a day. The reason lies in the moments of timelessness that come so much easier to a child's mind: the dwelling of conscious thought more constantly at the instant of perception, an awareness that is slowly lost as conscious memory gradually develops. Within the moment of time's passing instant, all selfconscious thought vanishes, for the conscious mind which has found its place in the body is unable to build any concept of dichotomy between body and mind; time as a concept disappears with our existence within it and we enter the realm of timelessness. It is a realm of metaphorical

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6. Hosaku Matsuo refers to this continuous unconscious as the 'intuitive unconscious'. *The Logic of Unity*. p.43.

verse and an absence of logical thought, for the moment we use words or conscious thought to describe this reverie, we are once again caught by the trap of logical thought, this conscious inability to focus on more than one thing at a time.8

The appearances of things seen, of heard, tasted, smelled and touched are all incapable of being understood by conscious awareness alone. We can only understand appearances by transcending them through the unconscious. The philosophy of reverie, and indeed, of aesthetics, must be through our dreams.9 And this is the key to our dreams, that the way we transcend the percepts of our senses is by first becoming conscious and sensually aware of them. By first drawing close to the body are we able to transcend it.

In the heart the subtle breath of life sometimes comes and sometimes disappears.
It is so small that nothing can exist within it.
It is so large that nothing can exist outside it.
We lose it by being hasty so that we suffer harm.
If the heart can be controlled and made quiescent
The Way will become stabilized of itself.

- Kuan Tzu (645 B.C.).
It is ever so that the form of the heart
Is naturally full and naturally replete,
Naturally born and naturally perfected.
It loses [these qualities] through sorrow and happiness,
Joy and anger, desire and profitseeking.
If we are able to get rid of sorrow and happiness,
Joy and anger, desire and profitseeking,
Our hearts will again become complete.
The emotions of the heart are benefited by rest and quiet.
If there is neither trouble nor confusion, harmoniousness will
naturally result.

How brilliant! As though existing on all sides.
How vague! As if incapable of being grasped.
How expansive! As if exhausting the limitless.
This [heart] is to be found close at hand and we may daily
utilize its Power.

- Kuan Tzu (645 B.C.).
Shards of light, pool of light, mottled on the mountain path. Granite stone steps, broad and set into the stair. The canopy of trees that the path tunnels through, opens on one side to the valley; rolling mounds of green flesh, a carpet of trees. On the other side, the slope carries on up beneath the shade of olive trees and oaks, a gentle knoll of the sacred grove.
In the valley is a secluded monastery. It fits like a window frame into the rock face of the mountainside, looking over the rolling trees that fall away beneath it. Its only access begins about a mile away with a stone pathway which winds around the spur: a journey borne of the crisp sound in the warm air of one's footsteps on gravel bits and the smell of tree bark. Once in a while, a gentle breeze rustles the green vault above and the circles of sunlight on the ground dance with changing shapes.
The pointed arch and pitted block, the heaving flesh of earth; my closed eye and ranging thoughts can pull only dreams from these things I sense and feel.
At the end of the journey is a white-domed tower; silent and heavy, it sits alone. Around the bend is a loggia that reaches out with its short side into the clearing by the hillside and awaits.
The loggia turns its long face to the valley and the sharp light slants into its curved depth, white light on a time worn surface. The room at the end holds a single table and a book sits on the darkened wood.
Room so stark and bare, it hides its shadows in cold nooks, these walls and floor. Trapping patches to have one find how narrow windows spill a yellow light, to softly and intensely mark the mind.
Further in, the loggia becomes hidden from the valley, all but for one opening with its cast iron rail; a fragile edge between the known and the unknown. On the opposite side is the dark and cold doorway to the sanctuary.

_Edge of where one cannot return: an iron rail, a simple curve, sides of hewn and heavy stone; Upon these things only the soul can cling._
Falling riser steep and cut, it brings the emotions closer to a point where spirit and matter converge; a stone face firmly set in the earth and lit by the light of the heavens.

To the side of the sanctuary, a passage of steep stairs drops into a light-filled landing, the first altar that the streaming light carves through the mountain rock.
Back into the cold dark and then another steep run to the lower altar, the secret cave where St. Benedict made his first prayer. It is a tall altar, its vault made from the rock of the mountain, the foundation of Nature; and a rectangular pier, the foundation of man. The iron railing enclosing the altar casts its shadow on a single marble slab set into the tiled floor.
SSA
IONACHOVM
O S B
IN PACE
SEPVTCA SYNT
There was a curious conjunction between the journey up the mountain path and the journey down the steep stair. It all coincided, the things of light and dark and what little was known of Sacro Speco and everything else that was discovered by being there.

And I understood what he had been looking for. I raised the bucket up to his lips. He drank, his eyes closed. It was as sweet as some special festival treat. This water was, indeed a different thing from ordinary nourishment. Its sweetness was born of the walk under the stars, the song of the pulley, the efforts of my arms. It was good for the heart, like a present. When I was a little boy, the lights of the Christmas tree, the music of the Midnight Mass, the tenderness of smiling faces, used to make up, so, the radiance of the gifts I received.¹

I looked back down the loggia to the vestibule before the sanctuary. In the light of the window balcony was a man, his features diffused by the blinding spray of the sun. On the opposite wall, the back of a priest was illuminated by the glow of sunlight. But his face was dark in shadow as he moved into the black entrance of the sanctuary. For an instant I stopped and gazed, transfixed by the two images, and then my thoughts tumbled, uncontrolled and unselfconsciously, into consciousness.

¹. Antoine de Saint-Exupery. The Little Prince.
It drives one to create, this "little sensation"\(^2\), this elusive sensation of reverie. John Berger wrote in an essay about an experience which he believes to be common to us all:\(^3\)

> Into the silence, which was also at times a roar, of my thoughts and questions forever returning to myself to search there for an explanation of my life and its purpose, into this concentrated tiny hub of dense silent noise, came the cackle of a hen from a nearby back garden, and at that moment that cackle, its distinct sharp-edged existence beneath a blue sky with white clouds, induced in me an intense awareness of freedom. The noise of the hen, which I could not even see, was an event (like a dog running or an artichoke flowering) in a field which until then had been awaiting a first event in order to become itself realisable. I knew that in that field I could listen to all sounds, all music.\(^4\)

There are a good many things alluded to here, in the midst of which we find a thought, the struggle to place an emotion into words, to communicate a powerful idea. Berger follows up certain expressions with others in an attempt to help us find our way: '..this tiny hub of dense silent noise..', '...the cackle of a hen...', '...its distinct sharp-edged existence beneath a blue sky with white clouds...', '...an intense awareness of freedom.', 'I knew that in that field I could listen to all sounds, all music.'

With the last line, it becomes clear that Berger is writing about a very specific moment in perception, one that transcends the moment of perception itself and enters into the world of imagination. With words that carry the meaning of a candle flame, Berger draws us deep into the heart of presence and imagination; the truth of his reverie. And so he says: "I knew that in that field I could listen to all sounds, all music". In this flash of an instant, we find ourselves in a place to which conscious thought is unable to maintain direct access with.

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2. Cézanne.
4. Ibid.3. p.193.
Trees of man and of Nature in between rest our tired minds through the resting of our bodies and our hearts.
The reverie, when we are open to it, emotes us, in the instant that perception is transcended, to create metaphorically. We see this experience written about constantly and in literature of many kinds;

Never in all my life have I heard a voice so sweet or words so finely chosen. She put aside her veil so that I saw her face; and at once I was thrown into a violent confusion of the heart. With my eyes still fastened upon her face I said:

'She is as delicate as a dove's wing, I desire death now more than anything.'

'Never in all my life...' says the poet of an appearance anew. We become inspired to write poetry and verse to the image of beauty - and through the reverie of poetry, to think and create in poetry. Such is the power of the percept thus experienced that it drives us to create. The creative act gains a new dimension: creativity that comes from the substance of our pasts with the perception of the new. But it takes an emptiness, an openness that comes with the sensuality of perception, in order to experience the reverie: it is the connection between perception and creativity. The complete absorption of attention brings a flood of emotion and memories, not quite identifiable, never completely understood. And with the flood of emotion comes a silent knowledge that the very experience that feels so new draws its dimensions from the dreams of your childhood. We fall into a state of reverie with the perception of something external to us - and thoughts spill with the metaphorical reverie in poetry. This is the essential flux of creativity, that by virtue of that which we perceive, draw ourselves into the state of reverie, and the things we pull from our minds and produce in tangible form are those same things that feed the reverie. Each instant of creativity describes a spiral our mind takes as it vacillates, between the past of our sensual memories and the apprehension of the unmade object before us. The spiral leads us deeper into the memories of our undescrivable pasts and closer to the object of our making as it is made. We do not usually have a say as to how or when our reveries occur, which is why we have to be open to this occurrence; at the spontaneous moment of reverie, we become the makers of our creativity.

And so, the planted feet of the journeymen take their place to set in motion the lifting of my soul into clouds of sleep and reverie. Though we may never sleep, our senses will deliver their message of emotion. Take care, hold on fast, for the voyage has begun.
Scaling mud
  like tiny ants
Much has turned into a vivid reality
Of how far,
  how wide,
  how heavy,
And how much
  we can count.

We strive for
  the maximum of things
  that help us gauge the distance
Forgetting much of what
We may not see,
  Or hear
  Or touch
  And smell.

But hidden within the senses
  are lined paths
Which start from appearances
  soaked in feeling

There is a forgetfulness of design
  that brings into the conscious mind
  a dream of memory past.
A slipping of the will
  to allow for the moment
Of what affects us most
  wash over the marching of the mind.
And little myths like the names of old friends
dance such as visions could not accomplish.
These live in us as we in them, but try so hard
to deny their very existence.
Its ill logic some say, not realizing that the truth
really lies in a flicker.
It is a shimmering inexistence within the
exchange of that which appears
and another which occurs;
the insubstantiality of this fleeting moment
where the body takes its place.
It is there and then
it is gone.

This reverie
    this heart of mine
Lines a path which takes me
    to a secret place
Where little frogs swim
Gardens into which water spouts
Where houses tumble like white clouds
Into rooms of yellow evening light
Where a child finds home
    in someone's arms
And old men sit
    in the care of white castles.
Afterword.

By the virtue of being, man stands in the presence of nature and nature exists before man and it embraces man. Man stands in the presence of nature because of the body: senses and the physical body only are that by which humankind measures its presence on earth and to earth. Humankind is separate from nature only because it has mind. Mind is not confined by the limits of presence but can travel before presence (past) and dwell in the world after presence (future). The body of man, however, is bound to presence: body can only move with the movement of time. Thus it is that mind and body are separate.

Early humankind, however, dwelled on earth in a time when it hunted and was hunted. The body of man was constantly ready and on edge to act and react; body was always in a state of actual or potential motion. So it also had to be that mind was in readiness with body for action. Mind drew close to body and presence because survival depended on it. Mind hunted and fought as one with body against the mammoth for the warmth of its hide and mind breathed and painted as one with body in the ritual before the bison hunt. Despite the separation between the reactions of mind and body, mind was much in the presence of nature, mind existed more constantly in the same instant as body and grew strong in the reverie of presence: the presence of mind.

For this reason it becomes clear what Oliver Stone meant when he described his state of mind on returning from Vietnam. He came back feeling; more aware of what he felt, saw, smelled, the things around him. He had discovered presence of mind in the war in Vietnam.

In the accumulation of epistemological knowledge have we lost our ability for perceptual intelligence, our ability to be in the presence of things. While this loss of ability has been accelerated with the increasing levels of life's comforts and humanity's preoccupation with the accumulation of security through wealth, it is not merely the subsequent decrease in bodily risk or danger that is the cause for our condition: the human condition is in fact
indicative of the very nature of consciousness in human existence. Our consciousness spends time in dislocated wandering at various points of the past in contemplation of the future: rarely do we consciously draw close to our bodies. However, at the heart of dislocation is the infinitesimal point of reverie in vacillation: the point when we create in a state of metaphorical language, disengaged from the logical and singular relationship of name to image.

Reach back to what it was was like to let the little wavelets lap at your feet. And as they gently brushed the grains from between your toes, the waves far out were a constant roar. The roar was like a dark cloud and the wavelets danced flittingly in small circles like butterflies over a field of yellow light. When the circles became a chain of memories you suddenly woke up and saw the sun set over the water; and the image made you hum strange and wonderful tunes to yourself.

"Goodbye," he said.
"Goodbye," said the fox. "And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye."
Notes.

Introduction.

5. The connection I have made here of quality with sacredness and quantity with profanity is derived from the way Mircea Eliade writes on the sacred and profane: 'The reader will soon realize that sacred and profane are two modes of being in the world, two existential situations assumed by man in the course of his history. These modes of being in the world are not of concern only to the history of religions or to sociology.... In the last analysis, the sacred and profane modes of being depend upon the different positions that man has conquered in the cosmos; hence they are of concern both to the philosopher and to anyone seeking to discover the possible dimensions of human existence'. Mircea Eliade. Introduction. *The Sacred and the Profane*. Harper and Row, Publishers., N.Y. 1961. (translated from the French by William R. Trask). p.14.
6. Susan Sontag writes in very much the same way about common interpretation: 'By interpretation, I mean here a conscious act of the mind which illustrates a certain code, certain 'rules' of interpretation.". *Against Interpretation and other essays*. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, N.Y. 1966. p.15
7. In his book, Michael Benedikt writes about this same blind objectivity: "A touch on our shoulder: we are here. So familiar is the ring of truth, the tenor of reality, the "bite and sweet gravity" (Sontag) of things real and beautiful that if we are, most of us, as I surmise, fairly expert at discerning what is really real from what is not, then there lies here a tragedy of some proportion: we will not claim the expertise for fear of appearing unworldly." *For an Architecture of Reality*, Lumen Books, N.Y. 1987.


10. Ibid. 9.


12. Rainer Maria Rilke. From *The Poetics of Space* by Gaston Bachelard. Bachelard quotes these lines from a poem by Rilke in writing about daydreams.

Chapter 1. Emotion.

1. Concerning the question of emotion: it has long since been the source of debate if emotion is the result of an internal neural impulse or if emotion is generated by bodily and visceral reactions to a percept which then becomes internalized in the form of an emotion. (James and Cannon debate, late 1920's). More recently, studies conducted by Stanley Schachter (Columbia University, N.Y.) have revealed that our emotional feelings may be different one to the next due to the differences in the cognitive process but that all emotions grow from a basic state of visceral reaction to a percept: "...only a general state of visceral arousal was necessary for the experience of emotion: ie. that different emotional experiences arise out of the same general visceral background."(George Mandler. *The Oxford Companion to the Mind*. Oxford University Press, Oxford. 1987. p.221.) What this could suggest is that although the quality of emotions for any one percept may be subjective between one and another, they are not bound to the subjective - based on the similar states of visceral reaction, a
release to the way our cognitive facilities have been conditioned can result in a greater understanding of the different qualities associated with the same emotion.

2. Oliver Stone. Taken from an interview done by 60 Minutes (CBS). In the interview, Stone describes his feelings before and after he had left for Vietnam and the state of emotion he brings to his movies; emotions he claims to have brought back from the war.

3. From a conversation with a confidante and distinguished professor.


7. I wrote this having been inspired by a brief paragraph by Rudolf Arnheim: "The misleading dichotomy between perceiving and thinking is reflected in the practice of distinguishing 'abstract' from 'concrete' things as though they belonged to two mutually exclusive sets; that is, as though an abstract thing could not be concrete at the same time, and vice versa.". What Abstraction is Not, Visual Thinking. University of California Press, Berkeley. 1969. p. 154.


Chapter 2. Sensual Reverie.


3. Vasari on Ghiberti. 'In this statue were the greatest refinements. The eye perceived nothing if the hand had not found it by touch.' From Lives of the Artists. Penguin Books, N.Y., London. 1987.

4. E.D. Hirsch Jr. The Discovery of the Schema. Cultural Literacy, 1987. In reading, the equivalent of gestalts has been described as 'chunking'. The chapter goes on to describe the mind's inability to reliably hold specifics in short term memory without the help of 'chunking'. p.34.
5. Ann Brown and Judy DeLoache write on visual scanning: 'A naturally occurring ability that shows interesting refinement and increasingly conscious control with age and experience is visual scanning, the process by which one, as Day (1975, p.154) says, "actively, selectively, and sequentially acquires information from the visual environment". Effective and efficient visual scanning requires a high degree of executive control, directing fixations and sequencing eye movements from one point of the visual array to another'. (Ann L. Brown and Judy S. DeLoache. *Cognitive Development to Adolescence*. Open University in conjunction with Lawrence Erlbaum Asso. Ltd., East Sussex. U.K. 1988. p.144.) The point of note here is one which concerns the use of the word conscious to describe this process. Chap. 7, on the conscious and unconscious, makes an attempt to deal with this issue.

6. Annie Dillard writes on the work of Marius von Senden concerning individuals blind from birth who, through cataract surgery, regained their sense of sight. It is not merely perception which makes the blind different from the seeing; it is an entirely different and beautiful way of experiencing the world that we have lost in our overdependence on sight. Read *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, Chap. 2. p.25.


Chapter 3. Unselfconscious Reverie.


4. Ibid. p.69.


4. The Myth.


2. Lewis Mumford writes about the 'spiritual' in the way I write about the myth: 'In such a world, man's spiritual life is limited to that part of it which directly or indirectly serves science and technics: all other interests and activities of the person are suppressed as "non-objective," emotional, and therefore unreal. Art and the Symbol, *Art and Technics*. Columbia University Press, N.Y. 1952. p.13.


Chapter 5. Apprehension.


2. Ibid. p.15

3. Ibid.2.


Chapter 6. Vacillation.

Chapter 7. The Ontology of the Dislocated Mind.
2. Ibid.1. p.465.
8. Here, Heidegger writes about the insufficiency of conscious thinking: '... by placing the stone on a balance, we merely bring the heaviness into the form of a calculated
weight. This perhaps very precise determination of the stone remains a number, but the weight's burden has escaped us. Color shines and wants only to shine. When we analyze it in rational terms by measuring its wavelengths, it is gone. It shows itself only when it remains undisclosed and unexplained'. Martin Heidegger. The Origin of the Work of Art, Poetry, Language, Thought. Harper and Row, N.Y. 1971. (translated by Albert Hofstadter). p.47.

Chapter 8. Perception and Creativity.
2. Here, Berger tells us that the experience is seldom referred to because it is nameless. Could this be the quality- without-a-name which Christopher Alexander wrote about in the 'Timeless Way of Building'? Perhaps it is not able to be given a name because it exists within the point of the passing instant, the point of the continuous unconscious. John Berger. Field, About Looking. Pantheon Books, N.Y. 1980. p.194.
3. Ibid.3. p.193.

Afterword.
List of photographs.

All photographs were taken by myself during moments of reverie. Reference is by page number. Where two or more images occupy a single page, identification proceeds clockwise.

19. Wood carving of Pope Pius, Vatican museum. Italy.
22. Sharé al Gasmy. Old city of Sana'a, Yemen Arab Republic.
25. Movers. Toledo, Spain.
30. Shubbak. Old city of Sana'a, Yemen Arab Republic.
32. East wing of the Great Friday Mosque. Sana'a, Yemen Arab republic.
37. Campanile. Pisa, Italy. [2].
39. Piazza di Spagna, Rome. Italy.
   - Torre Piazza Il Campo. Siena, Italy.
   - Piazza Il Campo. Siena, Italy.
   - as above.
   - Ronda. Andalucia, Spain.
41. Placa del Pi. Barcelona, Spain.
44. Clouds running the west hills. Oregon, United States.
   - Scalinata Piazza di Spagna. Rome, Italy.
47. Speeding train. Livorno, Italy.
   - Rooftop girl. Old city of Sana'a, Yemen Arab Republic.
55. Window shutter. Old city of Sana'a, Yemen Arab Republic.
   - Capiliera. Sierra Nevada, Spain.
   - Cave dwellings. Guadix, Spain.
   - Theatre at Segesta. Segesta, Sicily.
- Flatiron Building. New York, United States.
60. West spur of the Alhambra. Granada, Spain.
   - Patio de los Leones. Alhambra, Spain.
   - Cupola detail. Alhambra, Spain.
61. Passage into Patio de los Arrayanes. Alhambra, Spain.
   - Sala de las dos Hermanas. Alhambra, Spain.
   - Patio de los Leones. Alhambra, Spain.
67. Patio de los Leones. Alhambra, Spain.
73. Cimitero Brion. San Vito d'Altivole, Spain.
76. Temple of Segesta. Segesta, Sicily.
77. Temple of Segesta. Segesta, Sicily.
78. Motorcar, Remington Noiseless.
79. same as above.
80. Caprarola, Italy.
83. Monsérrat. Spain.
86. Bullring pier and fence. Ronda, Spain.
87. Bullring gallery. Ronda, Spain.
   - Bullring gallery. Ronda, Spain.
   - Valley of the Temples. Agrigento, Sicily.
   - Oculus. Pantheon, Italy.
   - Sidewalk pier. Venice, Italy.
   - Stair handrail. Casa Battló, Barcelona.
   - Remington Noiseless Typewriter.
94. Dancing columns, Great Friday Mosque. Old city of Sana’a, Yemen Arab Republic.
97. Palazzo Doge. Venice, Italy.
101. House wall. Venice, Italy.
107. Bleached twig (Sierra Nevada, Spain) and iron hinge (Old city of Sana’a, Yemen).
115. The shadow box. [basswood, museum board, yellow trace, copper wire and a candle].
117. Birch bark. Vermont, United States.
127. Study model on memory and temporality. [fir, ironwood and balsawood].
132 - 143. Sacro Speco. Subiaco, Italy.
145. Bench, Killian Court. Cambridge, United States. [bolted fir and jute rope]
147. Wood bed. [bolted scrap fir and construction lumber].
Bibliography


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