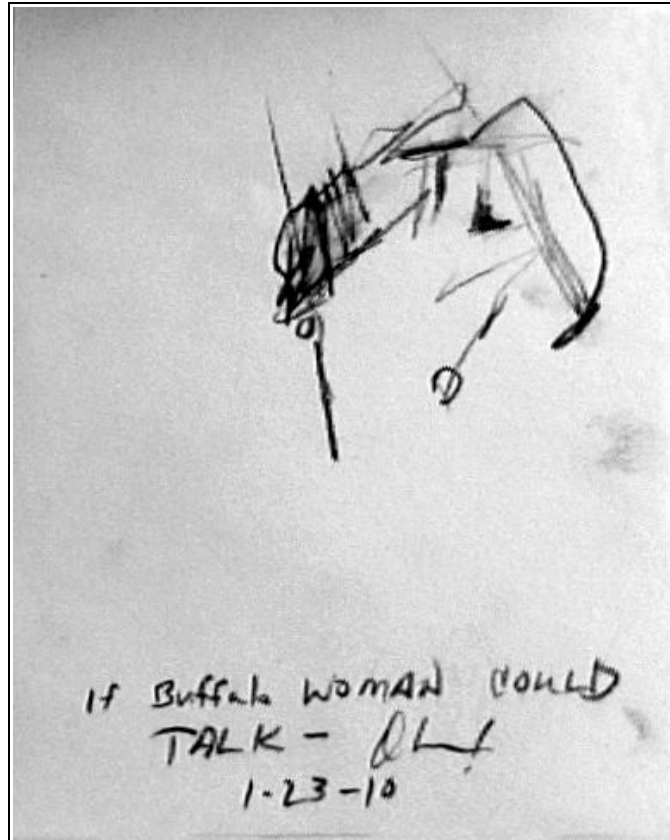


## The Tunnel Vision Tapes: Part 2 (26-50)

This is the second part of a four part document where 99 drawings that were done between January 9 until February 16 are included with texts commenting on each drawing or information associated with each drawing such that The Tunnel Vision Tapes becomes a resource for those interested in the interconnectedness between creativity, spirituality, and every day life. The drawings are a visual journal of sorts during a very difficult but important time in my life. The comments I've added later share insights as I reflect back on the moment each drawing was created. The topics range from my educational background in art, my spirituality, contemporary issues and topics I feel are an integral part of my life, and a few stories about rice for supper or why I should consult a dictionary before writing down a title to a drawing. There's an introduction to the series in the first part of the series that explains the intent of the effort a little better. I would suggest that you start with #1 and follow the line of reasoning all the way through in numerical order, as later comments build on something said in a previous comment after the first one. Check out the entire series as you can and keep the faith, as always.

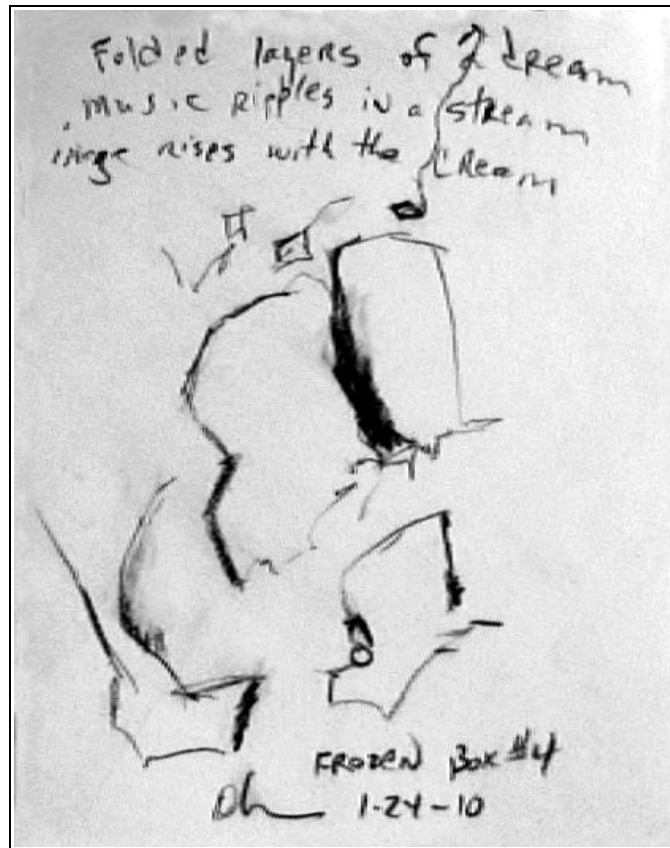
Oliver Loveday © June 1, 2011

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26. If Buffalo Woman Could Talk, January 23,2010

She would say this. But before that, there was another dream and an older song. The story of the White Buffalo Calf Woman who brought the Sacred Pipe to the People who later became known as the Lakota in South Dakota is a reminder of the importance in knowing when something going on is casual, and when it is very Sacred. Some get it. Some don't. She is not someone to be trifled with. She didn't just show up one time and then go back to her Buffalo Spirit World, never to interact with humans again. This one is a prayer. During the time between 2003 and 2010 I was involved in a very difficult challenge. The manner and nature of it is related elsewhere. Some of it, anyway. In 1987 I had a dream where Rolling Thunder, a Cherokee Medicine Man, told me that should I live a year in the Old Ways, I would take over his work when he passed on, which is to feed the People. In the spring of 1991 I related this dream to him in person. After a few days of consideration he related the challenges that a medicine man must face. Each one had different concerns, like the use of plants or the relationship with animals. Should one fail any challenge, the result would be fatal. The last one is the most difficult. I had not completed it yet, but I was getting close. I remembered so many dreams and other experiences where "She" would come and offer blessings. "If Buffalo Woman could talk right now, she would say....." but she couldn't. Not before the challenge was completed. Later in the summer I went to get some clean clothes from my car, as I was still working to reintegrate after completing the challenge. The T-shirt smelled like a buffalo wallow. Maggie said, "Buffalo woman came to visit you." She was back! 06.01.11.1:10am EDT



27. Frozen Box #4 (with an inscription), January 24, 2010

“Folded layers of a dream  
 Music ripples in a stream  
 Image rises with the cream”

as the layers of energy fold and intersect in undulating patterns of transitional space from verbal nodes to crease movements into pockets of renumeration along the slip-stream of music rising from the creek nearby

It's a happier moment for a minute as the solace of a visit to the creek lets the mind drift back to previous art work. For a moment it is like being back along Happy Creek thirty-four years earlier. The spirit of the time and place comes through the drawing. Happy Creek Road was half a mile from the cabin I was living in for a year during the last half year of college and the remainder of the time spent alone. During this time of solitude I had a dramatic event occur that started my search for understanding beyond the resources available to me locally. The story is related elsewhere, but the art of the time period shifted from the abstract ramblings like this drawing to the much deeper, more serious, efforts to express the internal crisis the time alone confronted me with.  
 06.01.11.2:30am EDT

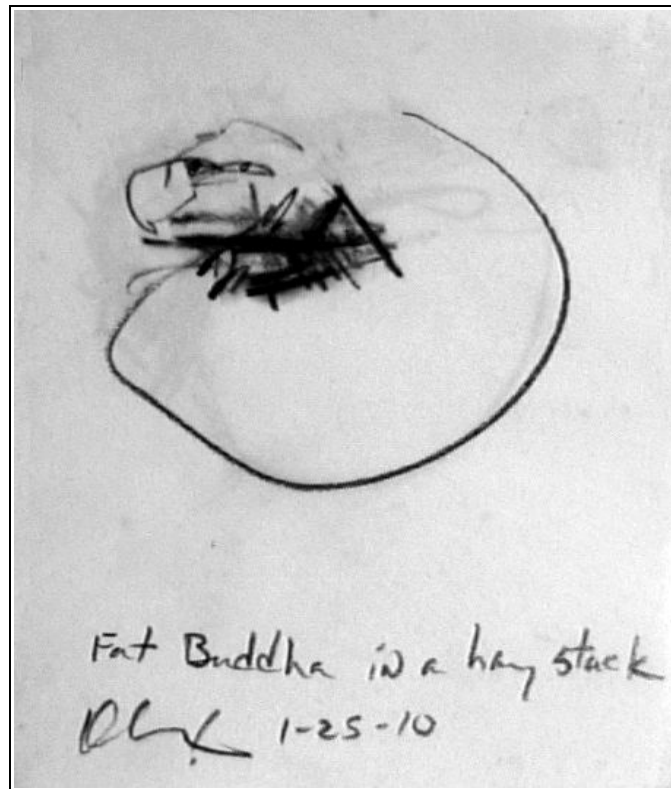


28. Mask of the Insanity Muse, January 24, 2010

Not all the spirits out there are benign. Benign means kind or gentle in character. Hell, even some of the beneficial spirits aren't all that benign, especially if you mess with them. In Tibetan Buddhism the artists that generate visual images for folks to look at as part of the discipline of learning how to avoid the pitfalls of mental trickery through the practice of outgrowing desires and expectations that keep a person in the karmic loop have given us a host of demons to watch out for. It's a scary looking bunch of bad cats that run through human drama in daily situations all the time, but the meanest, badest, toughest cat of all is the defender of truth. The truth will stand when the world falls. The problem is, the truth contradicts itself. That's the part that gets tricky. That's why it is important to listen to your heart at the very core and to be able to get to that core past all the other layers around the core. Say it all in one quick sentence and it sounds pretty easy, but it isn't. That's why the karmic wheel stays so thick all the time. None of this is easy, but it is possible. Even when you are a gnat's hair way from making it, there's that one last thing you are going to have to look at in your self, that internal mirror that reflects all that is right back in your face. Don't blink. It's just your shadow side. The vacuum in its eyes is the opposite of what is glowing from your eyes and the only way to clear the insanity mask from the mirror is to clear the "no mind/total mind" from your eyes. The only way to merge into "Buddha-mind" or soar like an eagle is to discard the image and concept of Buddha and/or eagle from your self. While you are thinking about soaring like

an eagle, you can't be an eagle. Thinking about it is a desire to be there instead of here. You can't soar like an eagle while desiring to be an eagle. When you stop thinking about it and just be, you arrive here, that "here" that is in the moment where "the now" and infinity becomes "it just is". But before you can do that, you have to walk down a few dark trails inhabited by the demons of your own design first. Turn and face what you fear and know at the core of your heart that nothing can destroy that core being that you are. Does a raindrop fear the loss of self while falling down above the lake? The ones that know their heart don't. When we look into the "spirit-mirror", what we see is upside down and opposite of what is. There are some "truths" that look the same either way, but most don't. One has to learn which truths one can trust no matter what.

This is a self-portrait of what I look like when I look into the "spirit-mirror". I flipped it over in translation. Insanity is self-delusion, that fine art of lying to myself and believing my own best lies. In my heart I know I'm not that good of a liar, but until I finally stop amusing myself by lying to myself, I'm going to stay insane. When I finally see my insanity, I know I'm not believing my lies to my self any longer. Somewhere in there, there is a truth, but the truth is never benign. The truth cuts through the bullshit and that hurts like hell because it's my own best bullshit. I've invested heavily in bullshit and I don't want it to all be a waste of time. The truth just grins and checks the edge of its sword. Slice and dice my way back to sanity, one blink at a time. Just don't blink or you'll miss the real work. 06.02.11.12:30am EDT



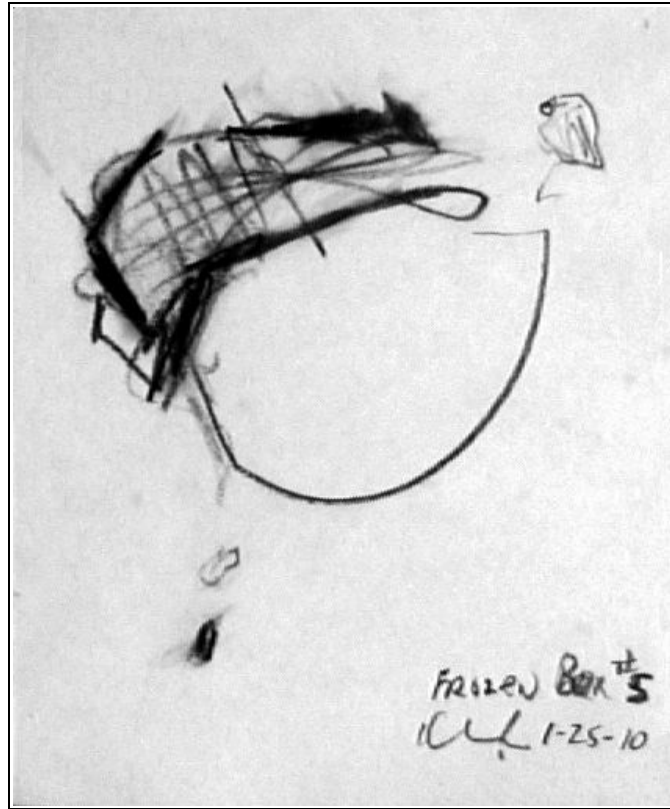
29. Fat Buddha in a haystack, January 25, 2010

I love my fat Buddha. I've looked at a lot of visual work (we don't have a word that means "art" in tribal culture, and I'm trying to stay away from that word (art) for that reason) and this Buddha is as good as any of them, if I do say so myself. All I can see is a bit of head and those animal eyes looking over there to my left, behind a few scratch marks that becomes the haystack, which is all the mental trickery I have to sort through before I can find my own self-awareness-internal-Buddha-nature. Then there's that great big sweeping open circle that represents "all that is, all that is nothingness", I'll float in like a raindrop that just fell out of the sky into the lake about the (sudden-school) moment I look that stupid looking Buddha dead in the eye. When I was a child growing up the church people told me that Buddha was a false God but later I learned that God is that big universe spirit stuff that goes way past mystery, but Buddha is the name for something that is internal about getting to know who I really am. Had my teachers in church understood this, they might have compared this name, Buddha, to a different name, as there are a lot of names in many different languages that mean this, but in Native American spirituality, we talk about the journey around the Medicine Wheel as the Path to self-awareness. The ultimate goal is to be at one with the Eagle Spirit, but there are no short-cuts. You have to be at one with all the other parts of your Medicine Wheel at the same time so that you are connected to all your relations through harmony and balance, with honor and respect towards all your relations. I digging through a hay stack in search for a needle, that Buddha-mind/Eagle Spirit/Oneness with all things-type needle, and it really helps to have a guide to do this. It really helps even more if that guide has walked all the way around their Medicine Wheel and fallen into the Openness at the top, so they

know a few of the pitfalls. Like, not all haystacks have needle sharp Buddha-minds in the middle of them, so a good guide will lead you to an appropriate haystack, first of all.

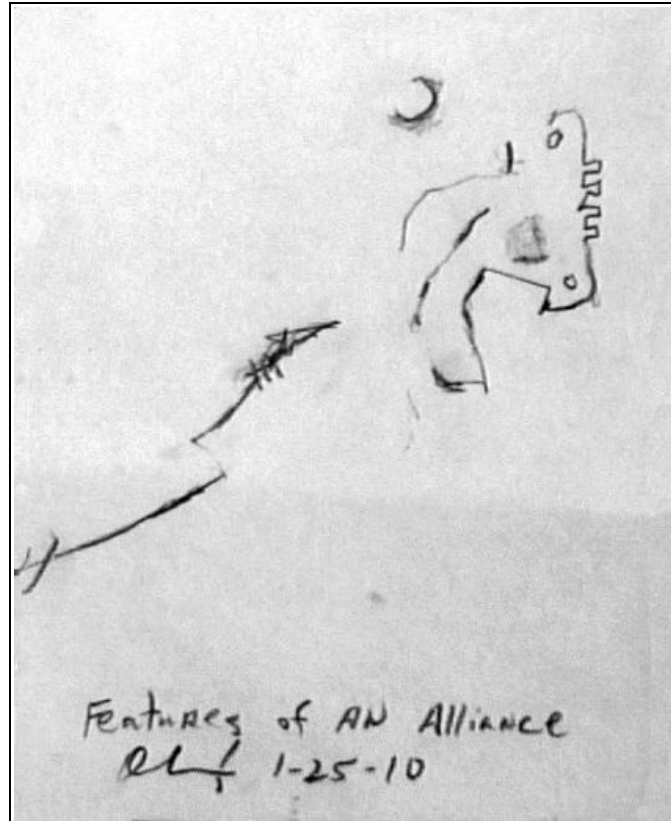
But listen to me telling about getting a good guide. After my experience in the summer of 1976 up in the cabin a half mile from Happy Creek Road, I knew I needed to find a guide to help me understand this experience, or I would go crazy. A year later I took a trip out to Boulder, Colorado, to ask a Tibetan Buddhist if he would be my teacher. That's me. I get in the truck with a few hundred dollars in my pocket and an address from a magazine and drive across the country seeking a teacher. He wasn't standing outside the Naropa Institute taking a smoke break waiting for me when I got there, so I knew he wasn't the right teacher. So off I go further west, to Elko, Nevada, or thereabouts, to ask Rolling Thunder if he would be my teacher. I had read a book about him. These were the only two leads I had at the time of anyone in the universe that might have a clue what I was trying to comprehend. I get to his house but he isn't home. His wife is very nice and tells me to go out to the encampment a few miles out of town where I can stay until he gets back in four days. This sounds good to me, so I mosey on over to the encampment and spend four days working around the place. Most of the folks there were city kids, so I could make myself useful real easy. On day four, right before I woke up in the morning, I had a dream. Bet you couldn't see that one coming already. Hey! So someone was talking to me in the dream right before I woke up. They said, and I quote, "You don't get a teacher this life time. The entire universe is your teacher." So I woke up that morning, went to the prayer circle to say prayers, ate breakfast, packed up, and headed back to Tennessee. As I drove out, Rolling Thunder was standing outside the mess hall waiting to see me. I didn't even stop to say hello.

Like I said, it is easier if you get a teacher. When the student is ready, a teacher will appear. When the teacher is ready, a student will show up and drink all your coffee. That's when you know you're ready to be a teacher. Try to have a five gallon coffee pot full of coffee just in case it's your turn to be that teacher. You'll get a few minutes break every time they go pee. Otherwise, if none of this is working for you quick enough and you don't have a teacher, set the haystack on fire and then use a metal detector to find your internal Buddha-nature needle that way. Short cuts work fine so long as you can take the heat. If that doesn't work, look for someone with a five gallon coffee pot and pour a lot of coffee on the fire you set inside that you probably didn't have to, but that's why some people keep five gallon coffee pots around. Me, I'm still downloading pictures of the universe from the Hubble Space Telescope. It's one big haystack out there and all I'm getting is the Big Picture. There's a lesson in here somewhere, I suppose, but I just want to know what price you got to pay to get out of going through all of this twice. I sure could use a cup of coffee about right now. Buddha in the haystack, my ass.



30. Frozen Box #5, January 25. 2010

I think Buddha got away in this picture. "What picture? I don't get no picture." said Patti Smith on the Horses album. (Top right, Knuckle Jack) Folded bridges of cornered Medicine Wheel converging lines across the Universe while Yellow Feather splits leaving trail marker angel feather debris dropping further down into the sea, the sea and Patti sings her anthem of "I'm falling/into the sea/doesn't matter much to me..." while we know it matters, damn it, or we wouldn't be here and horses wouldn't be coming in from all directions but they're not here not here yet so all we got left is another Frozen Box while Buddha-man slides off towards stage left (his left, not yours, in this theater production of "Nothingness left to lose") in search of some cowboy by a campfire with a five gallon coffee pot and a ten gallon hat just east of Eden on the road to the "Desperadoes Waiting for a Train" Dude Ranch and Horseback Riding School where everything is upside down and backwards as you stare into the vacuum of his eyes, the Silver-Tongue Devil, who tells you he isn't selling any alibis but you pay him extra for the one that glitters like gold because we all know that life is a gamble and the only way you can win is to ante up and play the hand Coyote dealt you but the cards aren't worth a damn if you don't lay them down as the Dealer whistles "Dixie" while waiting for you to discard, but he's got his own pain to hide inside his pocket full of Jacks and an arm full of tracks where all the money goes (Jesus died for nothing, I suppose) but the deal is done and the Coyote won with three aces and a pair of Queens while Janis sings "when you got nothing, you got nothing left to lose" from the back of a train with 2 lights shining down the track like a rolling stone. The train doesn't stop here anymore. 06.02.11.2:55am EDT



31. Features of an Alliance, January 25, 2010

An alliance is a union or connection between two persons, families, or nations while an ally is the process of forming an alliance. Allies are two or more parties who have formed an alliance. The visual imagery in this drawing has drawn from various elements of my work history as an artist. The lines in the lower left are stylistic elements from my student years when I started utilizing imagery from photo-emulsion plates I scanned with a microscope in the high-energy laboratory at the Physics Department at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. My job was to find events that had occurred while the photo-emulsion plates were being targeted by high speed particles in a cyclometer. When the sub-atomic particles impacted the targeted atoms in the photo-emulsion on the glass plates, the atoms would fragment and release charged sub-atomic particles that emitted photons that would record the path of the particles over a very small path in the photo-emulsion. When I found an event recorded in the emulsion, I would draw the “star” and record its location on the plate in a laboratory journal. This was how I worked part-time as a student to put myself through college for several years. After I switched from a physics major to a fine art major, all those hours of drawing these little stars that could have fit on a period at the end of this sentence influenced my art work. I became interested in energy movement, or vector analysis, as it is called in physics, in the “unseen” forces around me in daily life, but while unseen were readily accepted as a part of daily life, like the wind or radio waves. People who claim to have very little understanding of abstract art have no problem understanding weather maps that show rain

moving across the landscape from a computer generated model. Weather maps are useful in predicting events that impact every day life, while art doesn't appear to have much to do with the weather, unless it's a wind vane on top of a barn.

The marks to the far right of the drawing represents a part from a hay rack, or farm machinery that has been dismantled via an acetylene torch to be salvaged and used in a welded-steel sculpture at some future point in time, only in this case, the object has been drawn from memory, as the actual metal object was left behind in my scrap metal pile when I lost the majority of my possession due to a foreclosure after defaulting in a mortgage loan when a person who had made a contractual commitment to buy art withdrew his support, stating that I was of indigenous descent and he could no longer honor his commitment due to a religious conflict. That's the reason that was given that resulted in this loss at that time in 2007. The effort to draw the object from memory, which was actually used in a painting some years earlier, was to see how well I could recreate some of the art work that might be lost forever if need be. I consider many of the works of art that I did in my life to be "trail markers" related to my spiritual journey that might be useful to future generations if available. That's my delusion of grandeur, or promontory viewpoint of the future value my work might have if current factors in the existence of my work supported the survival of my work. So far there has been very little support and those that would be willing to support it if they could suffer similar limitations themselves. Personally, I don't think I have the time or energy left that would be required to recreate that body of work should it be lost, and besides, I have other interests so it is further testimony to the devaluation of spiritual concerns that drives contemporary society.

The circle at the top represents a number of things, including the Circle of Life, the Light at the end of the Tunnel, and a pipe or rod that might be included in a welded steel sculpture. The deeper meaning of the use of the term, alliance, represents the alliance between the physical world and the spiritual world. The role of a "technician of the sacred" to use a term introduced by anthropologists a few decades ago to name a person who serves as a spiritual guide and intercessor in a tribal community, is to be the spokesperson for humans in the alliance between us and the spirit world, and to voice the intimations that come through this spiritual discourse back to us humans. This drawing is the "State of the Art" representation of this alliance by this Gatekeeper.

06.03.11.1:45pm EDT

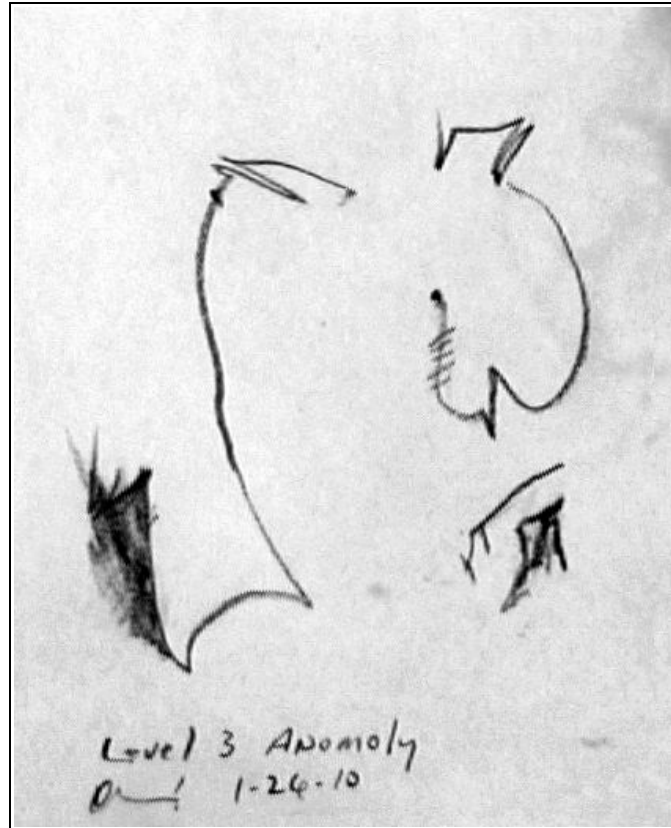
## The Light at the End of the Tunnel

While looking for the light  
    at the end of the tunnel  
I realized I have tunnel vision.  
I'm not in a tunnel.  
The entire universe lies before me.  
I don't desire the light  
    at the end of the tunnel now.  
I don't desire release from tunnel vision  
    nor release from the illusion of being in a tunnel.  
I observe what I am seeing  
    through tunnel vision in the direction  
    I am looking at; that part of the universe  
    that is being revealed at this moment.  
It is almost too much for me to integrate.  
I stop trying to see anything more  
    than what I am seeing.  
When you get nothing, you got nothing,  
    and you got nothing to lose.

Oliver Loveday @ 1-25-10-11:30pm EST

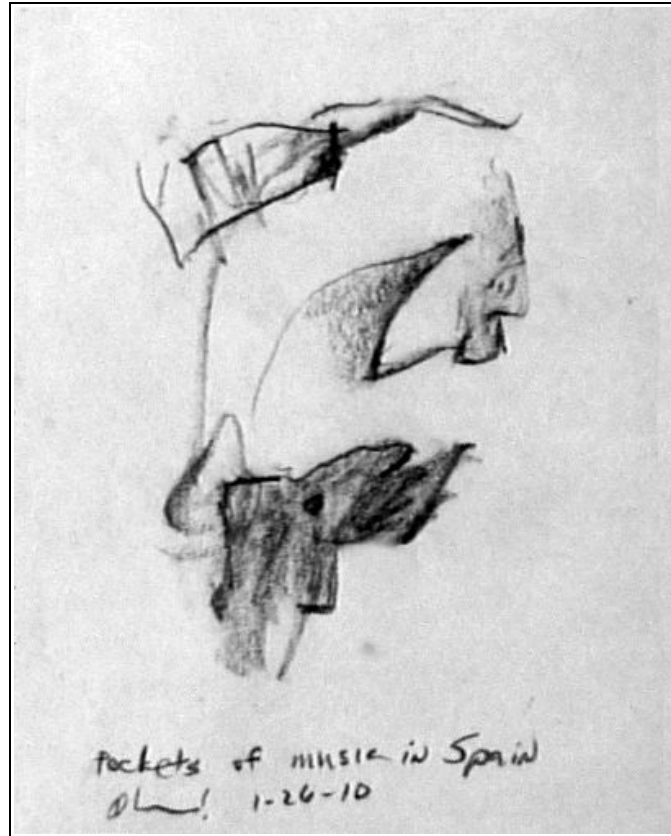
Sometime during the summer of 1975 I had a dream where I was floating in total darkness without any sense of time or space. I was aware of having no sense of physicality. It was just me, this awareness of awareness, floating in total nothingness. There is no time frame from this dream to say how long it lasted. In physical reality, it was part of a night dream. As I floated there, I felt attracted or drawn, almost as if guided, towards a flicker of light that slowly became a tremendous cloud of mist like lights floating in this total black nothingness. There was a presence behind me that I could dialogue with. I asked what I was seeing. The voice said that this was the collective energy of all sentient beings made visible in the nothingness. It was all the spirits of those that had made to journey to the "other side" which is liberation from the karmic wheel. "It is that which your fellow humans refer to as God." the voice said. When I woke up the next morning I thought that God was angry at me for some reason, because I had been sent back into my body. Over the next few months I had other experiences, more dreams, that suggested to me that I had something to do during this lifetime. I didn't know what that was, but I accepted this sense of duty to something that remained a mystery for many years afterwards as my purpose, however unknown at the time.

At the end of the experience during the meditation on January 25, 2010, I wrote down the thoughts that came to me. Part of the motivation was to write something to help me remember the experience if it went away like waking up from a dream that is whisked away while waking up. The other reason was to capture the essence of the experience in verse to offer to the universe, my Teacher, as a statement of having completed a task or challenge. It doesn't describe the actual experience. It is almost impossible to put it into words. It is similar to taking a visual image of energy and drawing an angel. 3:20am EDT



32. Level 3 Anomaly, January 26, 2010

This is a close-up of a watercolor I did in 1976, only it appears here in black and white. The title is reflective of my interest in science fiction literature as a teenager. Something unusual is happening and it takes me back to something unusual that was going on while residing at the cabin up from Happy Creek. The title suggests a high level of anxiety. All the experiences are coming into play as I anticipate a spiritual transition about to take place similar to the one that occurred in 1976, where my entire take on reality was turned upside down. Over the years it became apparent that the experience back then was akin to a vision that one might receive as part of a “coming of age” ritual in tribal culture, but I was a bit older than the age a young man would be when doing a coming of age ritual. I reasoned for many years that since I had been unable to do such a ritual at the appropriate age, this was what I had experienced. Over time I came to understand that this wasn't the case, and the experience was one that initiated me into the journey I was about to complete a few months after doing this drawing. But I didn't know it at the time. I had enough reason to be anxious and would be doing a relaxation meditation a few hours after doing this drawing. I liked the marks I was making. They felt good to me. It was a good reminder to reflect back over the years. It was hard to make the same marks I was making 34 years earlier. The drawing captured a small portion of a much larger painting. After I completed my drawings, I put away my pencil and pad and listened to music on the radio for a while. I did my evening meditation. I had started the journey back from the center of the Spiral. 06.03.11.2:50am EDT



### 33. Pockets of Music in Spain, January 26, 2010

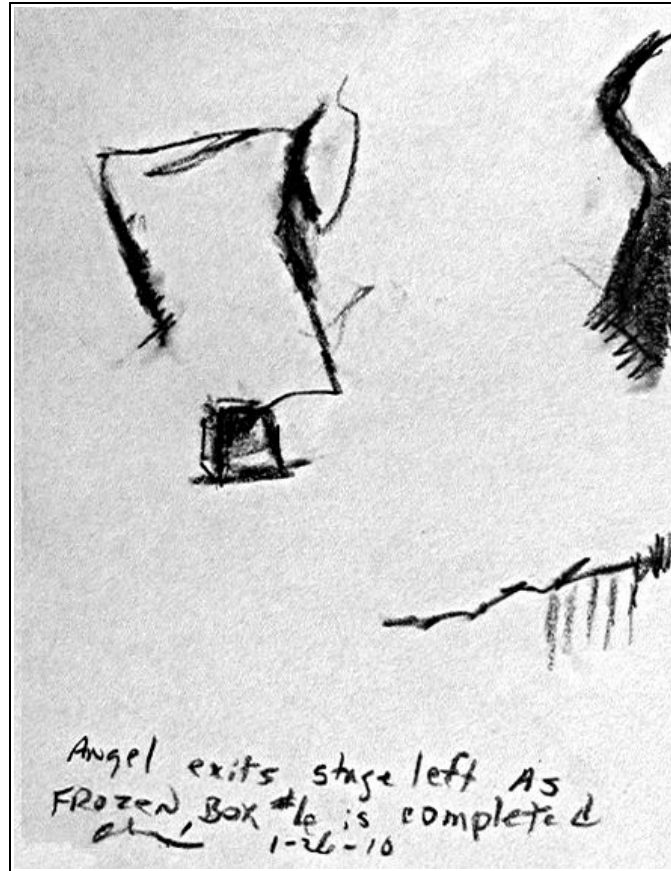
If the drawing was inverted so the background was black and the marks were in color, it would become sheets of visual particles bringing many experiences into one drawing. Somewhere in the center is a rip in the cosmic fabric that lets the view of the collective energy of all sentient beings sparkle through. It is like cutting up a still image from the film frame of a motion picture and making a collage of all these times along the way. The title refers to a Miles Davis composition which was part of the Spanish Suite. Somewhere in that series there was a soundtrack for a film, *Siesta*, that was filmed in Spain in the mid-1980's. The main character spends most of the movie coming to terms with a spiritual transition she has just experienced. The music is amazing and goes great with the film. The use of Spain as an image in my poetry started much earlier than the mid-1980's, and I have no idea what influenced that. In the end the drawing is visual music. It was a drawing done to help me get grounded after what had happened the day before. It was the anchor drawing after a ship wreck in uncharted waters. It was the soundtrack to the continuing "float" that I felt. If you know the film, *Siesta*, you'll appreciate the "float" from the scene at the beginning of the movie. It is the gateway to the journey of reintegration. 06.03.11.3:30am EDT



34. Yellow Feather leaving Frozen Box #3. January 26, 2010

Twenty-five years earlier, give or take a few minutes or months, I did a drawing entitled Angel Creases the Night. Later I used the drawing as the starting point for an oil painting. While painting I got a little carried away with the paintbrush and dabbed some yellow paint in the white field under the right wing of the angel. My angels don't have arms. Just wings. That's the way I paint them. I got that idea from watching dancers at pow-wows. It's about transcendence and rising above human ego as a warrior to the point where you are living and dying in the service of your tribe. A warrior values life, all life, so a warrior never takes life needlessly, but when needed, it happens with respect to all relations. A warrior honors the Circle of Life but also honors the tribe, and the survival of the tribe is dependent upon his willingness to act with impeccability. The warrior demonstrates the willingness to do this during the warrior dances. He also honors those that went clear during the battle or hunt and were unable to return to the Circle with him in his dance. He knows that someday he will be honored in a similar manner. That is the Circle of Life. He is an Eagle in the Circle.

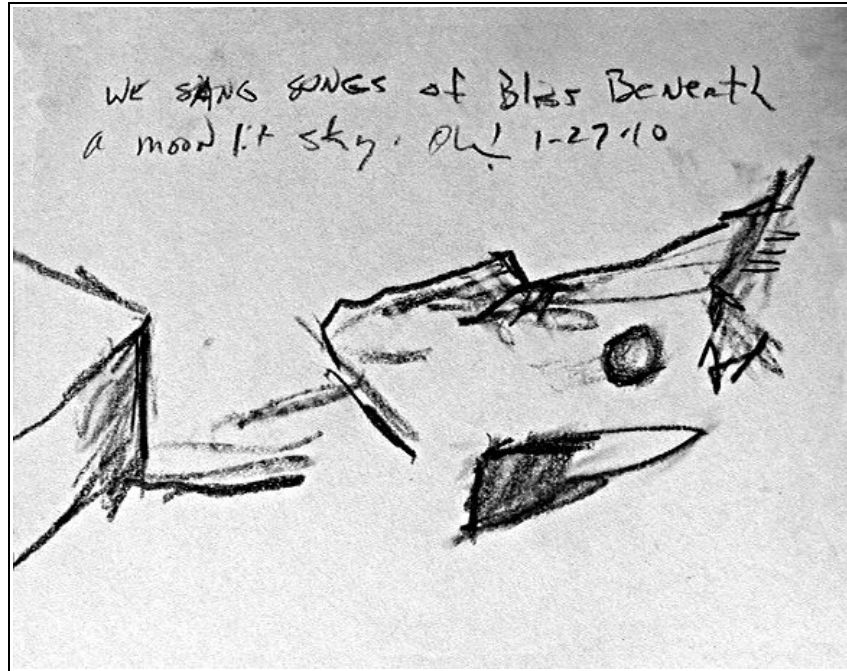
So I paint human forms to honor this view as well as honor those that bring us our visions, which is where it all starts, this transcendence. When I made the mark in a wrong place, I left it. Later, as I reviewed the painting, it suggested a feather falling from the wing, so I named the painting Yellow Feather. The first title, that drawing 25 years ago, comes from a line in a poem by Patti Smith. Like I said to start with, the Frozen Box series is about honoring those that served a role in this journey. 06.04.11.4:10pm EDT



35. Angel exits stage left as Frozen Box #6 is completed, January 26, 2010

Mid-summer Night's Dream is one of my favorite plays. If you call it a dream, you can make anything happen and it's cool. After monotheism invaded Europe and the Greeks had to make a distinction between ritual and art in order to comply with the religious concerns, 5000 years before the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, theater became a secular ritual. This is the same religious order that was suspicious of mathematics and science, because no one is supposed to know the future. Galileo was declared a heretic and almost executed because he did the math and spoke accurately of the future. Only a person in collusion with the devil could do that. So you call it a dream, which no one is in control of, and it's safe from the mind-control police, most of the time.

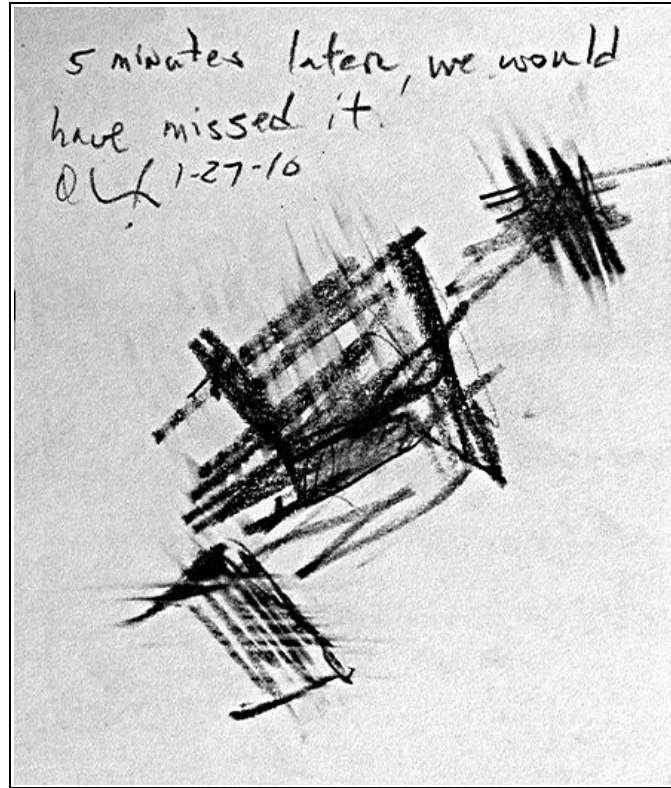
In theater there's something magical about the loss of self while playing the role of this "other character". I can kill the same person over and over again in a play and never be accused of murder in "real life". On the other hand, there's a point where the loss of self becomes embedded in the actor such that the actor starts to feel immune from personal responsibility in all aspects of life. I created the "angel" caught leaving the stage as the snapshot of "Frozen Box #6" was created with my own hand. I have to remain connected to my "self" during all aspects of my spiritual journey in order to avoid causing undue karma that would cause me to fall from grace. Emptiness isn't loss of self. Emptiness is self untethered (un-theatered, for my dyslexic readers) by karma. I had to leave that typo in there. 06.04.11.5pm EDT



36. We sang songs of bliss beneath a moonlit sky, January 27, 2010

Bliss is freaky. Feel it and it scares the hell out of you. What goes up must come down, so most folks don't want to feel it. The crash-down is depressing. A little artificial bliss is safe. It isn't that hard to induce and the roller coaster is average with what everyone else is riding out. We're not addicted to pain-killers. We're addicted to pain. Pain-killers just numb out the body stuff so we can stay in the pain a little longer. Bliss comes with its own pain. That frozen feeling of standing at the top of a mountain looking down at a lake between two cliffs with the winter air burning our nostrils while we inhale to chant ancient songs as we gaze at the reflection of the moon in the water. There is no shortcut to bliss. Either climb the mountain in the evening dusk and let go of fear of discomfort and what everyone down in the valley all warm and cozy for the night might think about you, or stay in your comfort zone and never get this experience.

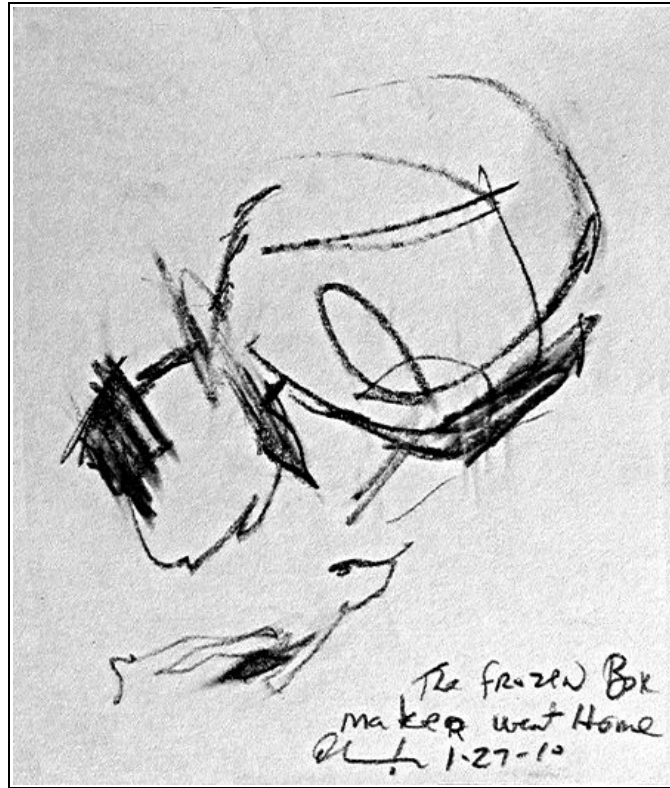
The songs rise up from our voices and float into the night sky amongst the dancing northern lights like the music came to life before us. The songs speak of our gratitude for all that is. It feels like they are going out into the universe like a glowing light all around the planet. Sometime later we will course our way back down the mountain before the rising sun catches us lying down to rest after a long hard night. Our dreams will take us out past the Sea of Possibilities to the edge of Mystery. It is sacred. Yes! 06.04.11.11:15pm EDT



37. 5 minutes later we would have missed it, January 27, 2010

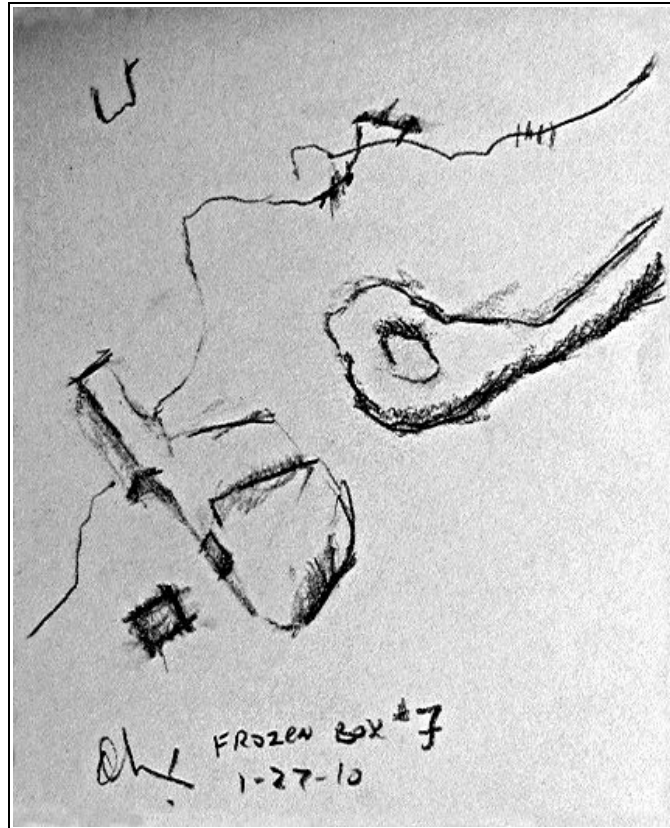
This is what it looks like sometimes. That flash of light in the dark that becomes pencil marks on white paper, but I've gone over that already. The fluid lines gel into one composite wave layer space next to another and then another across the space. Mostly in the sweat lodge while I'm pouring water in a Cherokee ritual intended to help others pray and purify their bodies with the steam, sacred songs, and some times the darkness sparkles with this presence like phosphorus tinsel burning in the air before me. When it started I thought it was just sweat in my eye playing tricks on me but I kept observing for thirty years. Art teaches me to be a good observer, if nothing else. I still don't get pretty pictures in my head like some artists do. I can't help that. It's my head and that's the way I see it. I could blow smoke and do art like the Romantic artists did in Europe during the 1820's. Most of the stuff called "Native American" art today is a continuation of the Romantic Period with images associated with Native Americans and most of the art done in this style is done by non-Natives who want to romanticize something they can't have. That's okay. I mean, I like the fantasy stuff most of the time.

Enough. You show up on time and do the work that has to be done so things go according to plan and there in the middle of everything you see what happens as part of the flow because you are dependable and punctual along with the rest of the Circle that is making this happen. It's on an "as needed" basis but the things that have to be done for it to come together aren't going to happen on their own. Humans have to do the work. That's part of the agreement of interaction with the spirit world. 06.05.11.1:15am EDT



38. The Frozen Box Maker went home, January 27, 2010

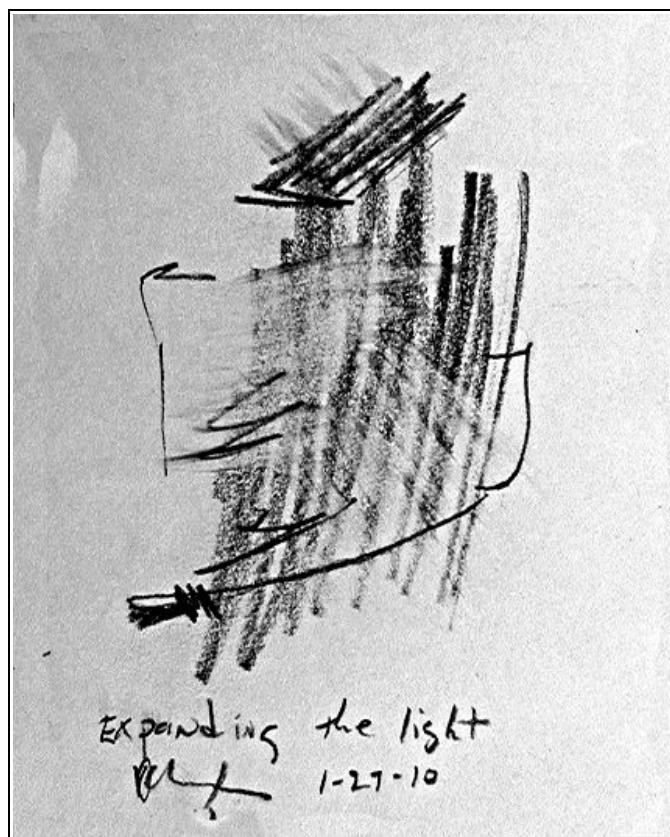
Yeah, so now I have abandonment issues about this Frozen Box Maker cat that takes off in the middle of a bunch of work going on and I'm left here spinning my wheels with no where to go. The cartoon movie in my head rolls through scenes behind the scenes of image making so you get a glimpse into the viewfinder as the film rolls and see how it all comes together in a process as part of recording the flow through imagery of what it is like to tap the pole at the center of the spiral at the end of the "Serpent" round of a sacred dance which is a ritual metaphor of the sacred journey to the center of the Spiral in Native spirituality. The spiral is found in pictographs throughout the world, left by indigenous tribal people, warriors marking the image to announce the completion of the process wherein one has to become smaller and smaller in that journey into nothingness until that is all that is at the center. To get to the Center, everything has to clear out so the warrior is able to be in the nothingness completely. Generally when the warrior taps out at the Center, the Spiral Challenge dissipates and the warrior begins reintegration into society. Once in a while the warrior has to traverse backwards out of the spiral in the same state the warrior was in when making it to the Center. That means going backwards through sections that were originally journeyed through with some degree of protection still intact, but this time the warrior has to reverse the journey by wits alone. Once the warrior emerges from the Spiral in this situation, signs will occur that show that all the allies and helpers and protection energy is coming back. That won't happen until seven months after this drawing was done, at that point where a red-tailed hawk flies over and drops a feather. 06.05.011.1:35am EDT



39. Frozen Box #7, January 27, 2010

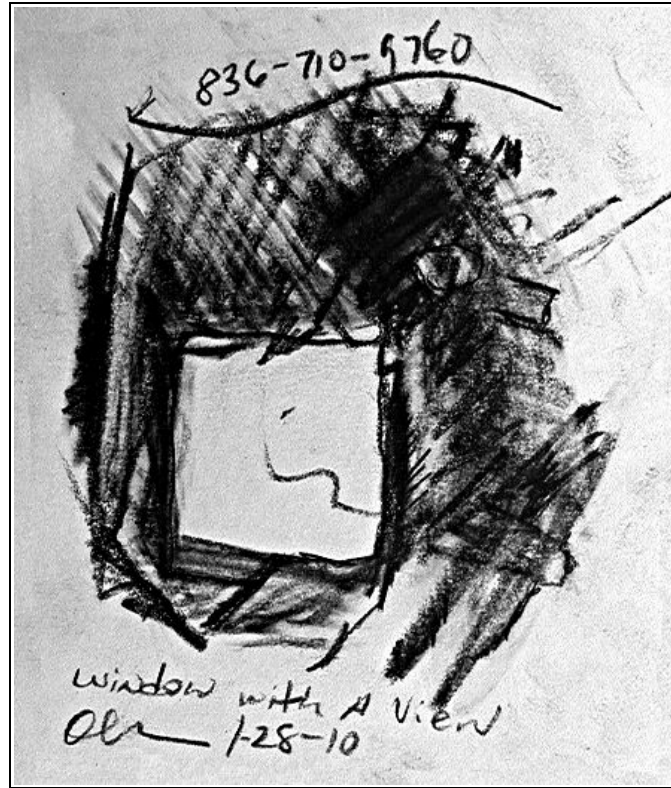
The Frozen Box #7 is down at the lower left above my signature, in case the other stuff keeps you from noticing. The Frozen Box series is a lot of things all at the same time, sort of like poetry can say a lot of things based on the way you approach it. You look at something until you have it all soaked in, then go have some different kinds of experiences so that when you come back and look again, there is another meaning you wouldn't have seen if you hadn't of gone through new experiences. So art grows on us over time. Every day visual experiences don't take on the same manner of trans-formative qualities like this, which is why art is important. It becomes a sort of trail marker where we can note our advances along the way.

The other stuff in this drawing is more reflection back to previous work over the past forty years of my life. My favorite part is the donut with a handle shape on the right. I don't remember when this shape first showed up, but it's made an appearance in a number of works over the years. I have my own story of what it means or what it is doing in the work, but that's for another time. 06.05.11.1:50am EDT



40. Expanding the Light, January 27, 2010

Mediation helps me become more aware of everything. Awareness is like a light shining out from the heart-core outwardly throughout my entire being and beyond, into the external world around me. The more I practice the discipline of meditation, the more that light expands. To image this “enlightenment” as a stage without an actor, as the empty stage is my self, empty of desires and expectations, with barriers of curtains, wings, ceiling, and floor at the edge of lightness, and the stage lights radiating inwardly and outwardly in an expansive effort to pass on this illumination to all my relations. These barriers of limitations beyond my control aren't just physical planes that define the stage, but are also the societal barriers that form limitations I can't project beyond. These dark lines, like prison bars, are representations of the fears of others. Fear of leaving that familiar space where their egos can direct the play, secular ritual, from a script written to reinforce their need to placate their egos at all costs. It is not my job to force this experience upon anyone who isn't receptive. The adage of wisdom handed down through the ages instructs me to restrain from dispersing pearls of wisdom before swine. It doesn't work and it annoys the pigs. Failing to heed this word to the wise has caused many a sage to fall into the hands of oppressive forces that shortened their time. The moth is attracted to the candle flame. If the flame isn't cared for properly, the moth will put out the flame. The sheets of darkness are around all the time, ready to cover up the light and leave those who haven't “seen the light” in the darkness and fear of their own designs, due to a lack of alternative options. 06.05.11.3:30pm EDT

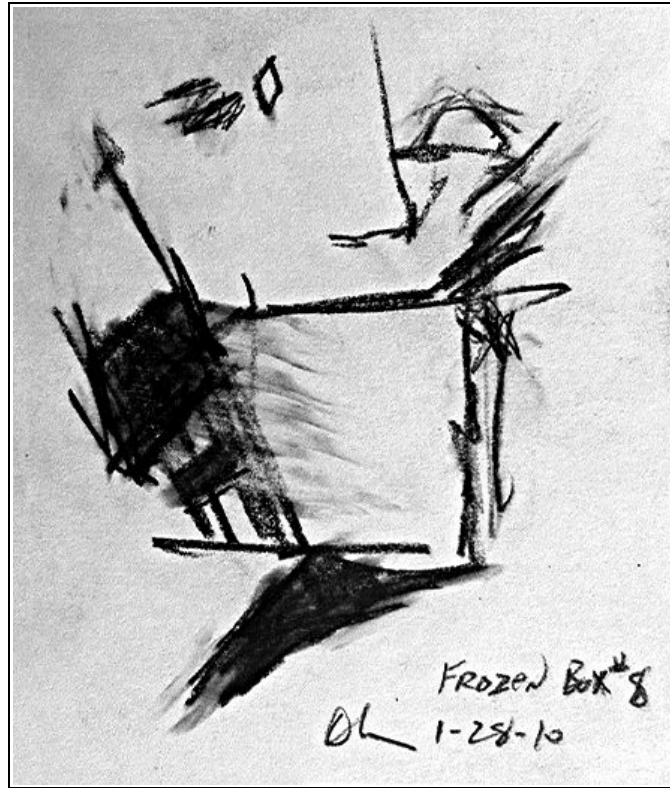


41. Room with a View, January 28, 2010

This isn't a song about Memphis, Tennessee, a la Chuck Berry, but you got to have a number on the wall just because, so don't try calling that number. I just made it up after everything else. When you get a good look at the drawing with the wall through which the window lets you see the unbearable lightness of being and the silver cord of interconnectedness to all things with that spec of dust out there that is the heart-core of self floating in the lightness like the spec of dust at the center of a raindrop falling down over the lake that makes the raindrop a self of presence aware of selfness and concerned that once it hits the water, it's selfness will disappear in the waters of the lake but that core of being that is there at the center of the raindrop will never be absorbed into total loss of self, just absorbed into total One-ness with all things with all the other core selves. It's out there beyond the wall. Sometimes you just need to check out the view and be reminded of what task lies ahead as you confront the wall of your own desires and expectations that contain your fears and anxieties. Yes, it is a wall of human design and making, not some creation of the Supreme Being that limits us from being at One with all Things. It's a good solid wall full of twisting, contorted, convoluted, constrictive corridors of surface information that I must circumnavigate in order to arrive on the other side. Maybe if I called the number on the wall, the answer will be revealed. I can just hear it now. "I saw this number on the wall of a drawing called "Window with a view" and I wondered if you could help me find my way back to Memphis?"

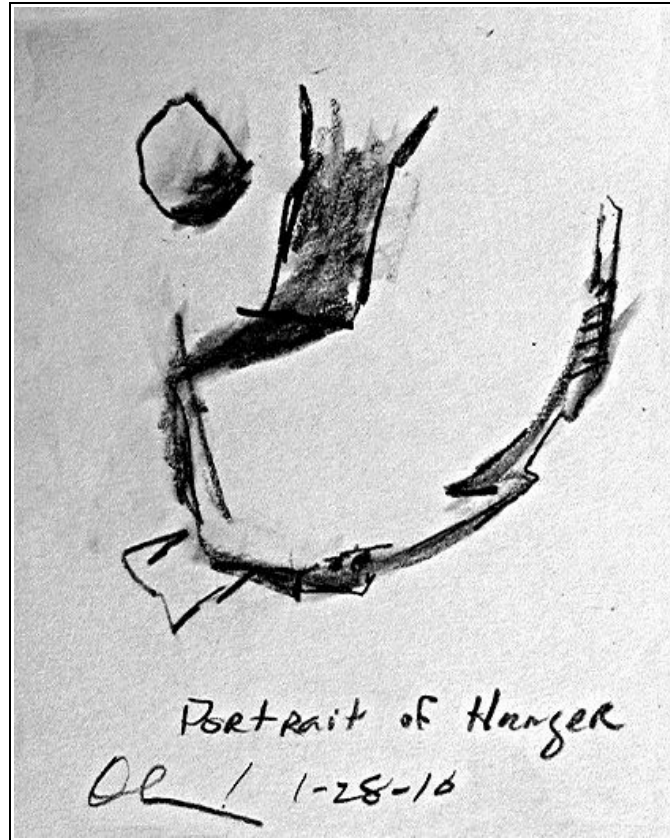
"Which Memphis?" the voice on the other end responds.

06.05.11.6:25pm EDT



42. Frozen Box #8, January 28, 2010

Formidable sequences postulate into linear mannerisms where Cubist marks emerge atop the corridor passageway where Frozen Box #8 appears to be flying in through from out there somewhere while this face up there with the Diamond Sutra eyeball to the right of its nose peers at me like a laser beam next to hatch marks of some unknown tribal symbolism juxtaposed as it were with the left eye hollowed and empty with the vacancy made more vacant by the resplendent hatch marks below it rising up from the framework of the corridor while the shadow on the floor at the door lies like Superman's cape having descended from an unseen presence that is encroaching from beyond vision. It isn't like Joan de Arc didn't warn us there would be days like this as she signaled to us from the post using sign language with hands bound behind the post as the smoke rose up to carry her last song up there up there and it gets real out there sometimes. Prayers to those that made it real when I was saturated with the delusion that seeking vision and clarity would be a cakewalk through the neighborhood of my own psyche. Prayers for those that installed the post, collected the firewood, bound the hands, applied the torch to the firewood, and watched as another warrior was taken to task for shaking up the status quo. "Out here/when we pray/we mean it" (from Spiritual Animal)  
A-ho! 06.05.11.6:50pm EDT



43. Portrait of Hunger, January 28, 2010

Chasm Rock comes falling past the curl of remembrance so that the snapshot catches it right next to that other portrait that isn't named in this drawing. She is framed by the lines that contain the framework of entrance as she approaches the corridor from out there where we once sang songs of bliss together in sacred harmony. The openness of the framing acknowledges receptivity. The path around the curl is a bit more arduous. Hunger, the physicality of emptiness, resides at the lower left in a jagged edge framework. At the other end of the curl is the head of a snake whose body descends into ribbing that functions as a ladder of transcendence from out of suffering. You're covered on either end as you ride out this passage in time while Chasm Rock just sits there in extended motionless presence of being.

Out of the street where all the poets speak of the curl as being the outline of the empty stomach, we sing a different song, like two sides to every coin, not counting the third side that circumvents all of it, because the truth isn't black and white, no matter how colored-blind we try to make ourselves believe we are. They tried to starve me out. They couldn't be open and honest like they were with Joan de Arc or a few other cats we could start naming and just walk up and shoot me dead and done. Not that this can't happen, but so far this is what it looked like from the street. What they don't get is that hunger doesn't scare me nearly as bad as not completing the task scares me. Making it harder doesn't make it impossible, it just makes success that much sweeter. 06.05.11.7:55pm EDT

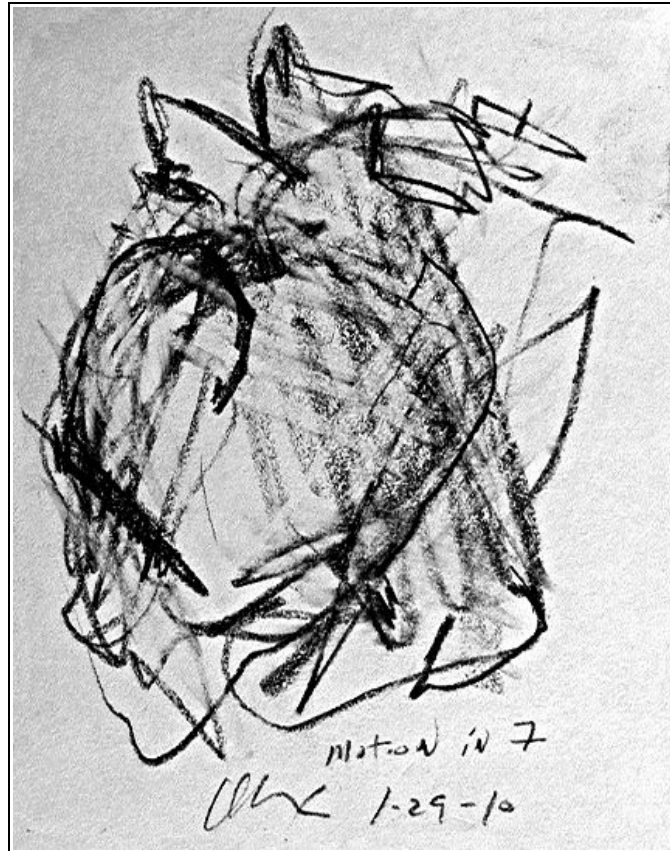


44. Fragments from a Broken Light, January 29, 2010

You see the brothers and sisters on the street that tried to hot-wire their way into a vision and amped up the revs too high until it all cracked and shattered into a thousand splinters of rainbow glitter all over the sidewalk. It wasn't that they knew better and didn't listen. If all the guides along the way have been incarcerated or given shock-treatments so they can't do their job any longer there's not a lot we can do but find our way the best we can. Some of us might have a better sense of direction than others. I don't know. It's good to follow suggestions along a spiritual journey, especially if it's from someone who knows the trail already. If you don't, there's always the promise that you'll get rotated back around and get to try it all over again.

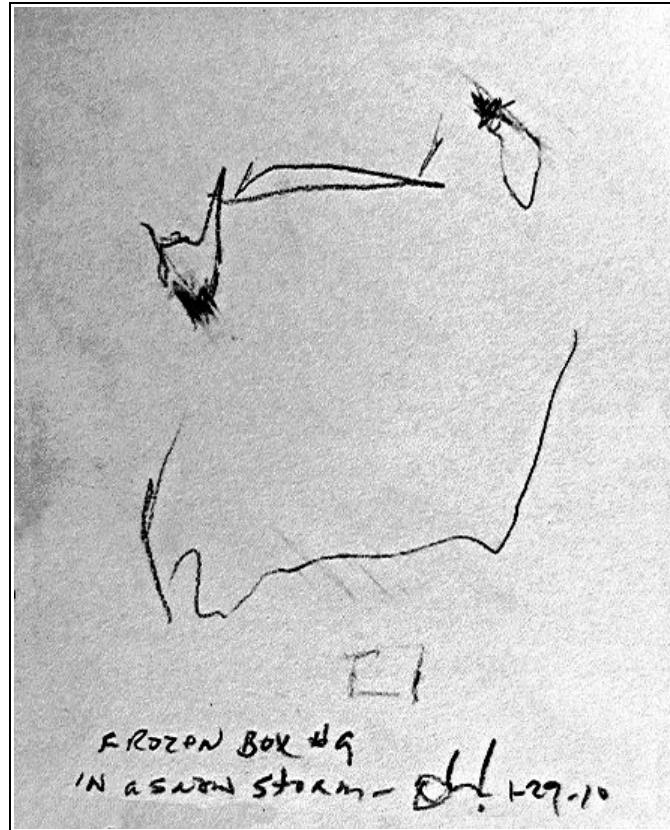
Meanwhile, this drawing just screams to be chromatized. It's a tough piece of work as it is, but it sings out to be done in color. The dance is good and solid. The fire singes the paper. The poet's tongue is on fire and the playwright just left town with the bearded-lady on the last train that never stops here anymore. Convert it all to crimson and magenta and you'd see what I mean. It screams to be in color.

I can't get away from this drawing without commenting on the realities of the world around me. In 1976, President Jimmy Carter signed the Native American Religious Freedom Act, making it illegal to incarcerate a Medicine Man for honoring his tribal culture. At the time over 300 Medicine Men were either in prison or institutionalized as part of a program of cultural and racial genocide against the indigenous people of the United States of America. They are not the fragments in this drawing. Those that needed their guidance are the ones who ended up fragmented. 06.05.11.8:30pm EDT



45. Motion in 7, January 29, 2010

Drawing subjects from real life is a lot easier if they sit real still and don't move. I would never make a very good model because I can't sit still very long. Thanks to modern technology like photograph some artists can capture imagery that way and use it as a sketch to work from. Other times you just have to work fast and get what you can. I never could get a very good photograph of smoke any way, so it's just hanging there in the air being patient as I am when I'm sitting for someone. Smoke has a presence about it that keeps children spell-bound for minutes on end. The smoke from traditional prayers has the investment of invocation with respect to the Seven Directions of the Medicine Wheel when being offered to the Universe. It hovers for a minute to collect its bearings and then, whoosh, it's gone. 06.05.11.9:40pm EDT



46. Frozen Box #9 in a Snow Storm, January 29, 2010

Somewhere between deep space half way between galaxies and gazing at Zen Buddhist ink paintings on rice paper I became comfortable with emptiness. Science fiction wasn't all just about getting off this planet of insanity and madness, with wars raging internally and externally, but it did give me a sense of direction towards something that sounded better than being stuck here for my whole life. It took a while for me to understand the wisdom of how we keep recreating that which we must learn from, those lessons that keep repeating themselves until we get them, and realize that no matter where I went, I would find myself facing the same issue I left back there from whence I came. As hard and long as I ran, my shadow was always there at my feet. I had to accept me. In order to accept my self, I had to do a little digging in there and learn who I was. A product of my own up-bringing wasn't the person I wanted to be on a whole, but there was no escaping the fact that the experiences of my childhood were a big factor in who I would become, unless I identified those aspects of my self that I didn't like and work to change them so I became the person I wanted to be.

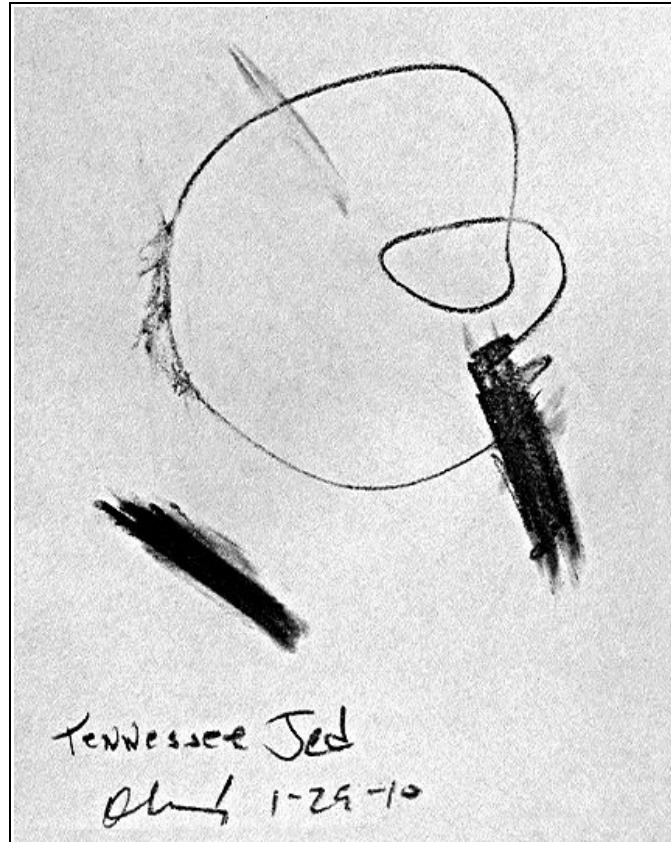
Some of my childhood experiences were shared with others, like going fishing with my grandfather or learning to quilt with my mother. Other experiences were singular in form and fashion, like running off to hide in the woods and play by myself so I didn't have to play dolls with my sisters or worse, end up getting a beating because they played a dirty trick on me to get me in trouble, again. Each time my father would beat me he would hold my hand and tell me that he was doing this because he loved me. That was

the only time my father told me he loved me throughout most of my childhood. Around my family I wanted to become invisible like a polar bear in a blizzard. Out in the woods I would learn to observe the creatures around me. I had pet beetles, lizards, and ants. I climbed trees to see if I could see all the way to the Atlantic Ocean. I would walk cross-country a few miles through the woods and farmland to a country store, buy a soda, and walk back before anyone noticed I was missing. I became comfortable being alone and yet I was lonely. I had a million questions I wanted to ask someone who would take the time to listen and I wanted to show others some of the things I had learned. Being alone isn't the end all to be all. Still, I found humans to be hurtful, especially my family, and I didn't want to live in a world where it felt like everyone's primary goal was to hurt someone else as a way of making themselves feel better.

Maybe it's true what they say in science class, as if we are all magnets, that opposites attract, and that's why I spent a lot of my life living with others that appeared to be hell-bent upon hurting the ones around them like we were the ones that caused them all the pain they've gone through in their life. I'm not "every man" and I try to avoid treating others like they are "every whomever" and accept them for who they are, keeping in mind that we are all changing constantly and the person I was and the person they were isn't the same today. That attitude works until it doesn't work. I just remember how easy it was to disappear into the pain and not let myself feel my skin when the beatings took place. Some days something triggers a flashback and I can smell the blood like it was yesterday. If the psychic scars healed like the physical ones do, it would be very different, but this is the way it is. I have trouble trusting other humans and I want to disappear and become invisible and I want to be the kind of person I would enjoy hanging out with and I would like to be able to hug someone else until the shaking stops if they needed that from me because some nights I need someone to hold me and tell me it passes, just hold on, instead of living my life with someone that pushes me away when I try to hold them and smirk at me and say hurtful things when it hurts the most and the only way I can stop living that way is to stop putting myself in harm's way over and over. I want to love and be loved. That is a basic human need, not an expectation or desire.

Frozen Box #9 looks really peaceful in the snow storm. It's okay to be who you are and be comfortable in your surroundings. Especially when you are in a safe place that is supportive of your natural needs. It's okay to trust those that are trustworthy and accept those who aren't as they are. I don't have to be a doormat in order for you to be happy and you don't have to be one for me to be happy either. It has to be mutual respect. If I mess up, I can say "my bad" and try to do better. I don't have to hear about it for another 20 years. And right back at you. What goes around comes around. I don't have to be a Frozen Box in a snow storm in order to have peace in my life today. Thank you.

06.05.11.10:40pm EDT

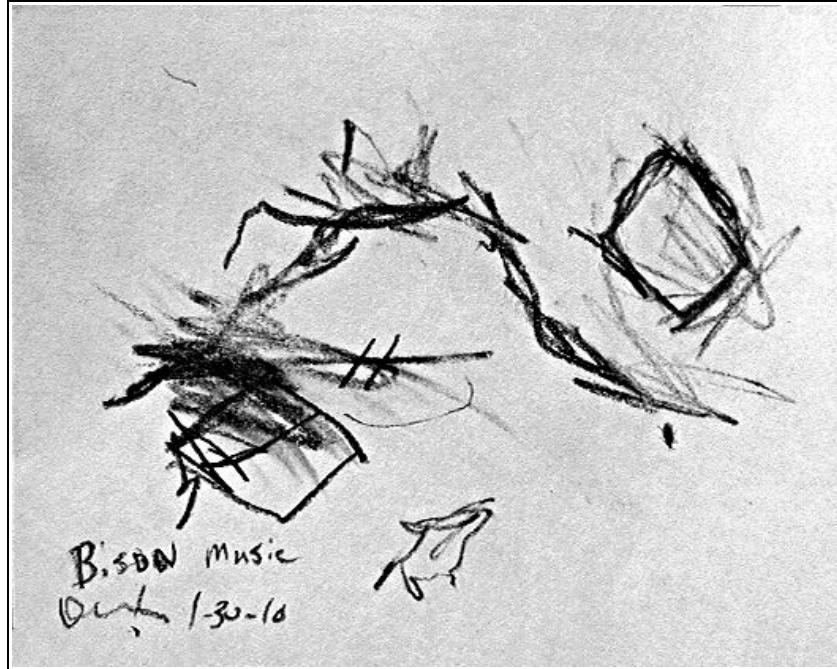


47. Tennessee Jed, January 29, 2010

Well, it was right after the Grateful Dead radio show on public radio, as I recall, and one of my favorite songs came on during the show, so when I got done doing this drawing, that's what I named it. Don't think the title or song has anything to do with the drawing really. It just happened that way. A quick gestural sort of shape of a circle with a few smudge marks from the eraser and then those two deep rich thick lovely chunks of blackness below, like two bars of metal thrusting into view from out of the fog.

I'm told that Tennessee Jed was a real person with a history in music in the South, but I don't know much about him. I don't remember when I started hearing the Grateful Dead, but I did listen to them enough so that I could sing a number of songs from memory along the way. This one was always sung as I crossed the Tennessee State line when returning from a trip out of state. I had a ride to see them play at the Nashville Raceway in the summer of 1972, but turned it down for some odd reason. Some Dead-heads say it was their best concert ever. Most of my friends that went said it was good, but didn't really remember it either, so whatever.

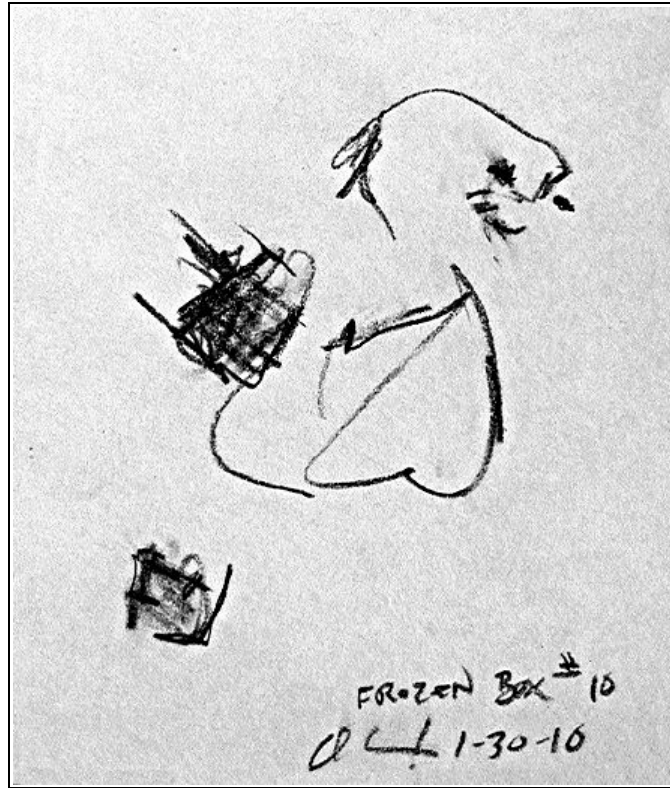
A funny story in my grab bag of stories, just to lighten things up a bit after the previous literary effort, was that Rolling Thunder worked for the railroad, Union-Pacific, I think, and spent time during layovers in San Francisco hanging out with the Grateful Dead. He told me once he liked how easy the young women were that were always around, and I said, "I bet you did." He liked hanging out with Bob Dylan also. The Rolling Thunder Revue in 1976 was in his honor. 06.05.11.11:10



48. Bison Music, January 30, 2010

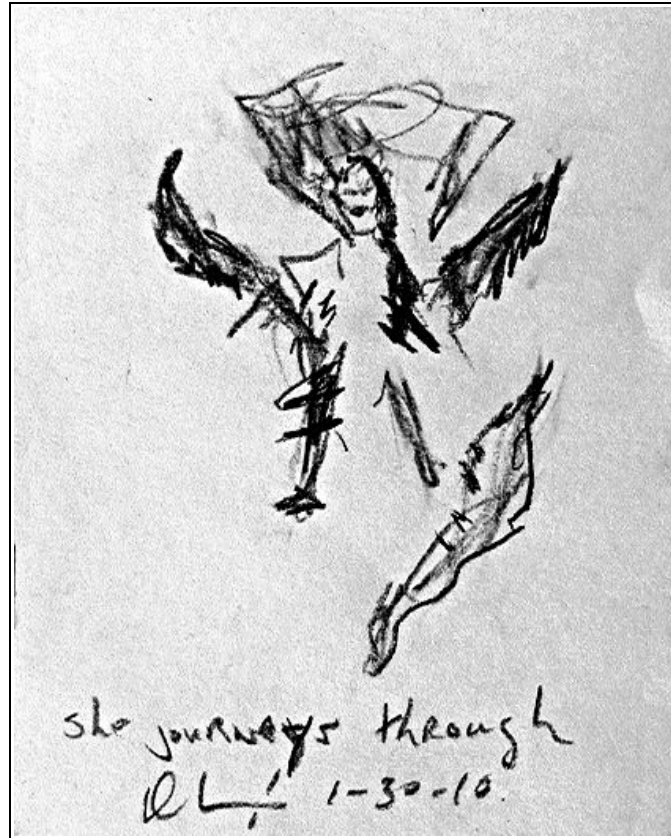
These two images come together. One of a landscape somewhere between Mission and Pine Ridge, South Dakota, and the other of a cave painting of a bison in Font-de-Gaume in France. Funny I should title this one with bison instead of buffalo. The landscape is shaky, like it's still trying to wake up with the rising sun, but the buffalo is firmly planted in the reality of a full charge at the sun. In the other landscape, the one that I remember from the last trip through that area of South Dakota, was of a horse standing in the afternoon shade of a tree. It's the music of it, loud and thick, that makes it simmer in the back of the eye, waiting for the drummers to hit the drum and singers give rise to a high-pitched call, like the prairie dog calling us all to pay attention. Hoka!

06.06.11.1am EDT



49. Frozen Box #10, January 30, 2010

An inverted heart shape in the center and a face hovering above it like a mobile suspended by a wire. Face with the sweetest smile and eyes to match. Cluster of marks to the left of the heart like a bag full of toys. A bicycle in the bag along with other items. Frozen Box hangs out down below it all looking like a diagram for a baseball diamond or some other sports event. Some days I would work on a painting and leave it to dry. I would come back a few hours later to find that Maggie had paid a visit and added her marks. This one is for her. 06.06.11.1:10am EDT



50. She Journeys Through, January 30, 2010

I hope she didn't pay good money for this portrait. Edgy and alien with jagged streaks of thunder. Underneath lies a sense of security, like no one is going to mess with us while she is here. In the flash of a blink she is there, then gone. The draft of air floats around carrying the scent of some ancient incense that is at once familiar and strangely new. Like Buffalo Woman, I didn't choose her. I was chosen. It would have been an act of arrogance on my part to choose and invoke the presence of spirit beyond the askance of those of each direction that could come in a good way to come forward and help in our endeavor. That she journeys through is humbling immediately. That she leaves this trail of having passed through as a reminder and her blessing embeds itself deeply remains as an affirmation that goodness comes in spite of our human fallibilities. Five days into the reverse-traversing of the Spiral, she is there. We are One. Yes! 06.06.11.1:30am EDT

(This note (or the updated version) will appear on all PDF files related to the Tunnel Vision Tapes in the future. While the process of writing about each drawing and generating the PDF files is still in progress, financial support for this effort is still needed. I guess it takes a lot of guts to trust someone who is putting all their eggs into one basket based on a dream.)

## Yellow Buffalo Spiritual Awareness Training Circle

At some point the need to name and label something comes along. Choosing a name that identifies the purpose of an endeavor doesn't require that one state where they are in the process, or where they are going. Sometimes it's good to use a name that refers back to a point along the way. "Yellow Buffalo" was the name I gave to a state of mind I experienced during the summer of 1987. Later someone gave me a photograph of a buffalo and I pinned it to a piece of fabric and hung this up on the wall, with the inscription, Yellow Buffalo, on it. It is from this that I name the direction this is going in.

The dreams of the past six years have included many scenes where a group of people are working, creating, living, dreaming, and interacting together as part of a training process where creativity is the primary discipline towards an increased spiritual awareness. The feeling that comes from the dreams suggests that this collective effort not be referred to as a school or educational institution, but as a collaborative training circle. Using the word, circle, implies an openness at the center. The challenge is for everyone taking part in the process to function as a student in the areas where they draw instructions from others, and teach from their strong points. It's an stated challenge, not a stated goal. A dancer might guide others in morning exercises, then go to the kitchen to learn about good nutrition. A poet might work with a songwriter on meter and rhymes, then learn to split firewood. And so forth. The openness of the circle is a goal and isn't something that everyone can align themselves with.

The value of the dream as applied technology is in the works that come from the effort. Not everyone can participate in the training circle, but they can utilize the words, art, music, performance events and recordings, and so forth, that come from the training circle. It is through this support, the valuing of the works through monetary remuneration, that the training circle is able to function and provide new members to join and grow through the circle.

The "Tunnel Vision Tapes" anecdotal briefs with drawings is the first such work to be produced to support this dream. The collective support for a dream empowers others with the opportunity to embrace the challenges presented in this effort to bring a dream into reality. Funds to support this effort can be sent to me via the address on the contact page of the Loveday Studio web site. The goal for the Tunnel Vision Tapes is to see a hard copy publication of these drawings and notes at some point in the future. The drawings would be scanned at a much higher quality resolution than they appear here, but while this electronic media format is the fastest way to get the information out there, the work is still work and support is needed. Those that can support the effort are encouraged to send a minimum of \$20.00 (US). If someone isn't able to download the PDF files and wants them send on a CD, the cost is \$35.00 (US). Should the files be shared with others and they have the funds to support the effort, they are encouraged to send funds as well.

All other correspondence can be directed to the same address on the contact page.

Oliver Loveday © 052411:4pm EDT <http://www.lovedaystudio.com>

