

The Tunnel Vision Tapes: Part 3 (51-75)

This is the third 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.

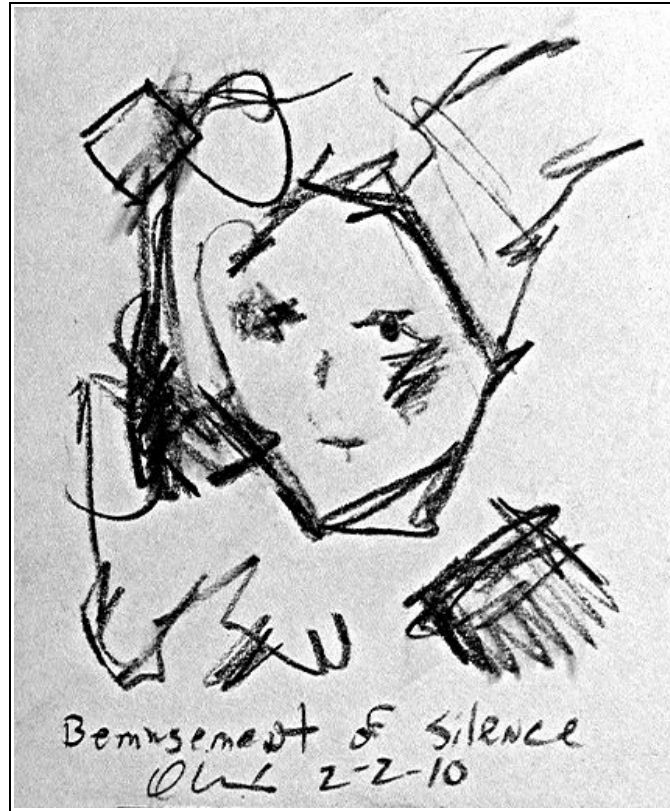
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51. Sore Nose, January 30, 2010

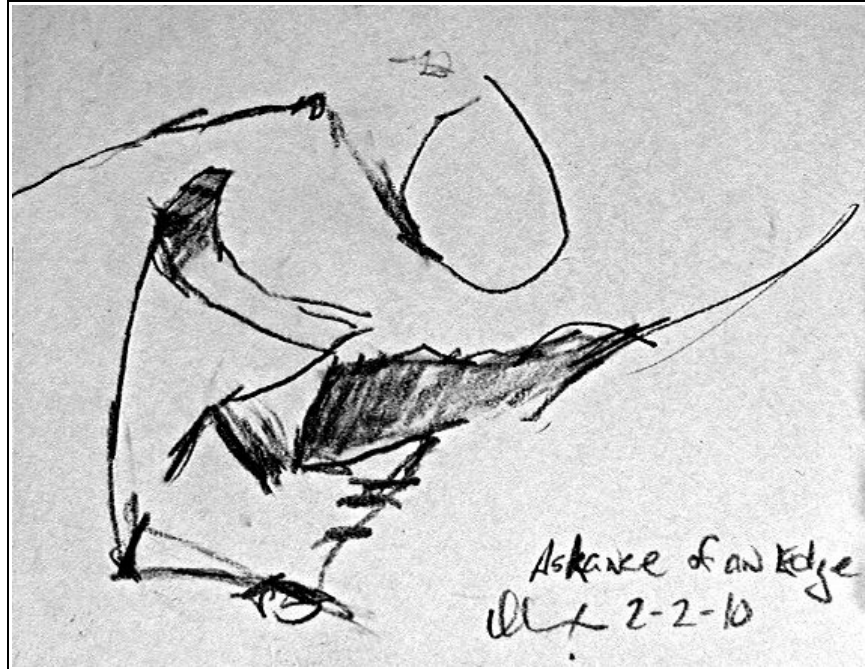
The other way to say it in English is “Blue Nose” but it isn't really a sore nose at all, it's just the way it looks sometimes, so that's how the name got to be. The clues about this drawing are in the background but that's as far as it goes. Granddad would teach me things when I was a young boy and when I would ask him why they were done this way, he would reply, “That's the way your family does this.” So it's funny that I can draw this but I can't write about it the way I could talk about it in person. Some things have to be said in person. It's like the time I noticed that a friend was having a lot of headaches. I told her about an herbal remedy that would take help with her headache. She tried it and it worked. A week later I saw her going through a group of people, offering to treat anyone with a headache, and telling them what the remedy was. I tried to explain that she shouldn't be doing this. The remedy had to be done a certain way and she wasn't explaining this when she told others how to treat a headache. Misusing the remedy could be fatal. The friend took offense to me trying to curtail her efforts to doctor others, in part because she wanted to impress them with her knowledge of herbal remedies. An egotistical attitude can get someone killed and her mistake would come back to me. So I learned real quick to not teach her anything that could be harmful to others if misused. That pretty much includes about everything I could share regarding herbal remedies. Too much of anything or misusing something can be harmful. If the person isn't willing to learn in a respectful manner, don't teach them. 06.06.11.7pm EDT



52. Bemusement of Silence, February 2, 2010

Words have a spirit of their own. I'm fascinated with words and their meaning(s). It is like they have a life of their own and shift and change over time to become something other than what they started out to be, although word origins is a very tricky slope to slide down should one go back far enough. In this title is the root word, muse, used as a verb like pondering in silence. Add the prefix, be-, and it means to be thoroughly immersed in the state of musing. To muse about silence in total silence is, well, getting pretty deep here already. Actually she looks more like a kite blowing in the wind, which should be anything but silent. Whether the expression is one of bemusement as opposed to amusement is anyone's guess, I suppose. Silence looks pretty busy, but I just draw them.

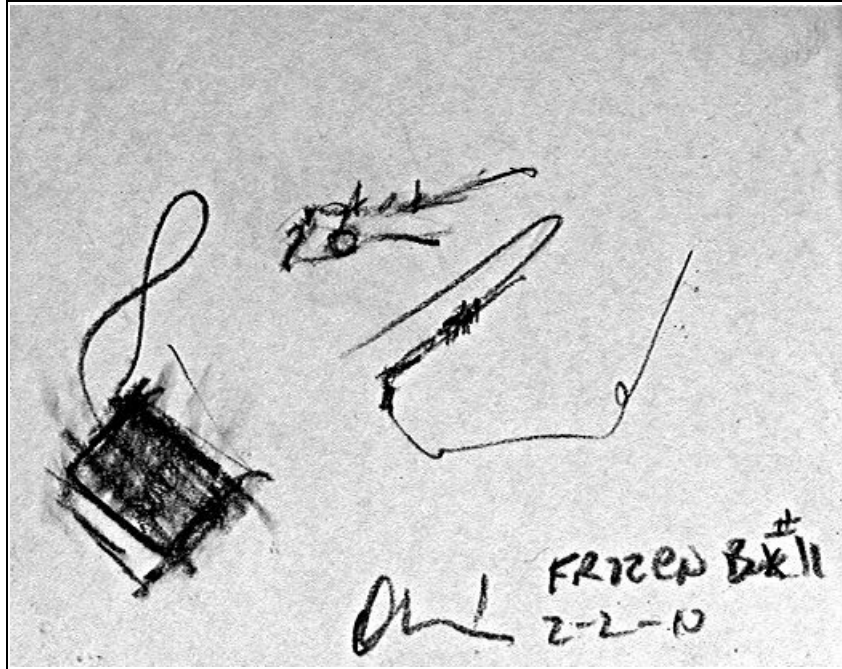
It was interesting reading about the Muses and their role as expressed in Ancient Greek culture. A set of nine feminine entities or spirits that offer inspiration to a group of nine different categories of creative disciplines in society. I suspect that the one who interacted with the astronomers was more likely interacting with astrologers, but the category had to be renamed to keep the peace with the oppressive regime that landed in the area a few thousand years later. All the references I have found refer to the Muses as women, or feminine, while their human counter-parts tended to be men. There is no indication as to whether it was the same for women as men in Ancient Greek culture, or if they had their own symbols for creative inspiration. Maybe they did and they just didn't brag about it the way the men did. I don't know. 06.06.11.7:30pm EDT



53. Askance of an Edge, February 2, 2010

I'm not sure which edge I don't trust the most in askance sideways glancing at this landscape of constantly shifting edges that was a rooftop but becomes the side of a protruding object like a tooth on a saw blade while the sun touches down on the hillside that becomes the arm of a backhoe as the sky folds up and goes home for the night. Nothing is real. If Alice was here she would be eating every pill that mother gives her. Alice isn't here. There is no Alice and if there was, she would become a melting timepiece riding on the back of a burning giraffe. Or something better. Out here on this edge reality is not to be trusted. I keep watching the horizon like there's going to be a clue rise up from the snowbank that meant to be a roof. The only thing constant is the observation, if not the observer. I keep watching, no matter what.

I read once that I create my own reality but I don't think reality is what I make of it but what I change of it. When you create something, it's created and you are done. With reality, everything is changing all the time. There is no "done". I create something, then take my hands off of it, and it continues to change into something I didn't create because time, with all of time's helpers, transforms it into something else. All I can do is observe. Even my memory of the observation transforms with time to become something else other than what I originally observed. I could protest all of this by going out in the middle of nowhere and meditating until it all stopped transforming, but I'd probably sit down on the very spot where a volcano is about to erupt. That would solve everything. The only thing constant is my engagement in awareness and observation of reality. I didn't blink. Well, maybe once, but I observed myself blinking while blinking. This is absurd. Could you repeat the question, please? 06.06.11.10pm EDT



54. Frozen Box #11 , February 2, 2010

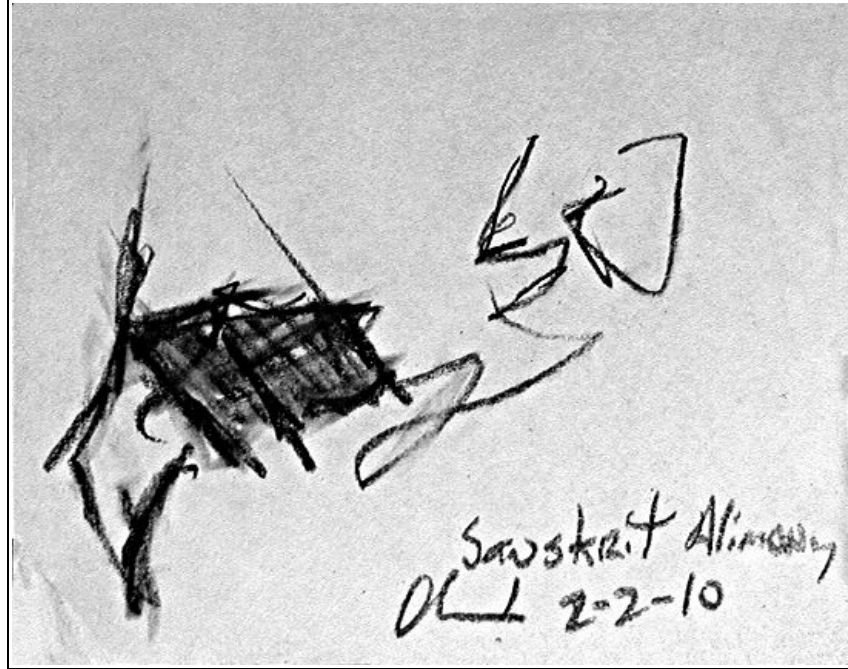
Cleft notes and bar chords inhabit the space with gesture of baton of an imaginary director before an orchestra as Frozen Box emanates smudges. Sound is in this cycle as relevant as silence. The drone of vibration inducing a trance of bliss as I release my awareness from the constrictive rigidity of daily monotony. (There's more contradiction in that statement than I even want to think about.)

Music is a source of liberation for my spirit. Mahler's "Symphony #5" can rattle my teeth for a minute, but the sense of transcendence that comes from the experience makes it worth listening to more than once. It can be something as complex as a symphony or as simple as a children's song. "Ring around the roses.." sounds sweet and innocent until I learn of the suffering that was going on around the children when the song was first noticed being sung by the children in villages in Europe. Even as we all fall down with glee and laughter, we know something isn't right, but the song and holding hands while going around in a circle makes us feel better. Simple just got very complex.

Sound and music isn't just about vibrations because the space they occur in plays a role in the sounding. The hollow reverberation of emptiness causes the sounding to hang in the air as though it is an independent presence. Chanting begins to feel like the sound is coming from some other internal self as consciousness shifts. Celestial spheres blend a stellar symphonic radiance through the cyclical patterns as we lift higher in song. The soft chill music splash down lands us back on this grounded sense of relaxed jell-o while Jimi sings falsetto from Electric Ladyland, "make love, make love, make love.."

//i want to show you/a different emotion/i want to show YOU//

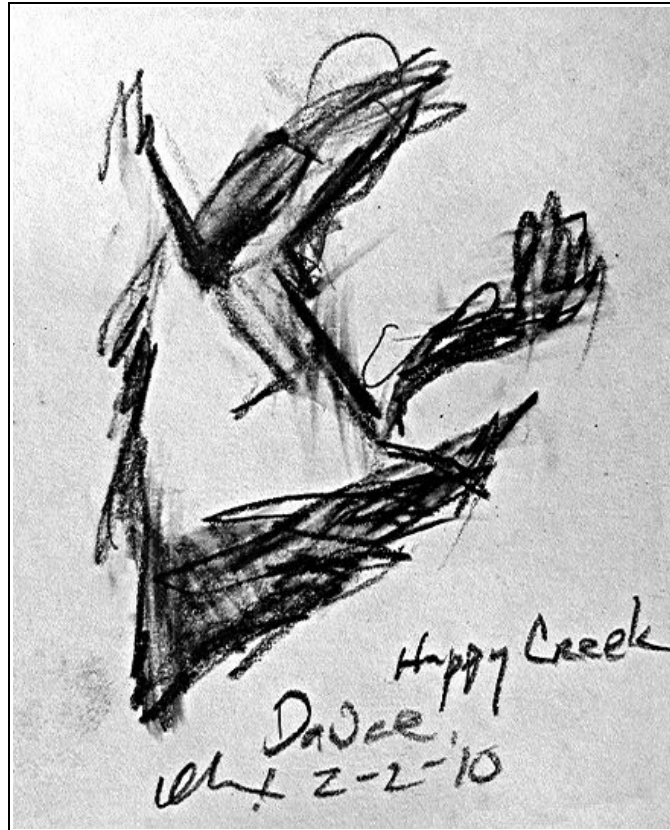
06.06.11.11:20pm EDT



55. Sanskrit Alimony, February 2, 2010

To make an allowance after the fact, not that there's any serious grievance between us that would cause a breach in faith, but sometimes you just outgrow the situation and have to move on. That doesn't mean that you should stop giving back when you have it to spare as an expression of gratitude. There is something to be learned from all of it but you can't learn all of it from just one school of thought or teacher, so diversity brings in a well-rounded experience. The ultimate goal is to outgrow all of it at some point as part of letting go of attachments. To become the fastest runner in the world, one has to outrun one's coaches at some point. When a coach trains an athlete in a manner such that the student can never outrun the teacher, then neither can ever transcend their limitations. The proof is in the pudding. When the teacher steps aside and watches from the sidelines as the athlete sets a new record, we are all transcending our limitations.

Transcending one's limitations brings a degree of humility with it. When an Olympic Gold Medalist returns to his/her high school and stands beside the coach that inspired them to go beyond their wildest expectations and achieve greatness, one sees both the athlete and coach experiencing a moment of humility. The same is true of a spiritual journey as it is with an athletic discipline. When one stands at the pinnacle of achievement and looks back with gratitude to all the teachers along the journey, having let go of selfish pride while being proud of all the positive influences along the way, a signal is sent to those that come behind them. This is how we give back. This is how we honor those that sacrificed so we could achieve greatness, for without them we would be nothing. As the runner passes the baton to the next runner in a relay as part of a team effort, so to does the line of coaches, instructors, and teachers pass the baton to the next one and the next one as the student moves forward towards that pinnacle moment of achievement until they, too, become a part of the next team effort. 06.07.11.10am EDT



56. Happy Creek Dance, February 2, 2010

Happy Creek runs through the valley in the foothills between the French Broad River and the first tall mountains that make up the Great Smoky Mountains, the sacred heartland of the Cherokee. The road to the cabin where I lived for a year between late summer to the next of 1976 had been closed off as a public thoroughfare before internal combustion engines. The peak of the ridge was called High Point. At its bottom was my home for a year, a one room log cabin with an addition that had been added on during the Depression. It never had electricity or running water. The outhouse was a hundred feet away beneath an ancient weeping willow. A barn was another hundred feet on down from this. The hill behind the cabin had been cleared many years before as pasture but now it was being reclaimed as woodlands by ten year old cedar trees. The first time I saw this place, the clouds hung half way down the hills like a Chinese painting, giving the impression that the physical world was disappearing into nothingness. I was a senior in college completing my degree in fine art and estranged from my first wife. We had celebrated our first anniversary with a trip to her parents in New York, a visit to the estate of the sculptor, David Smith, before returning to Knoxville and calling the marriage quits a few months earlier.

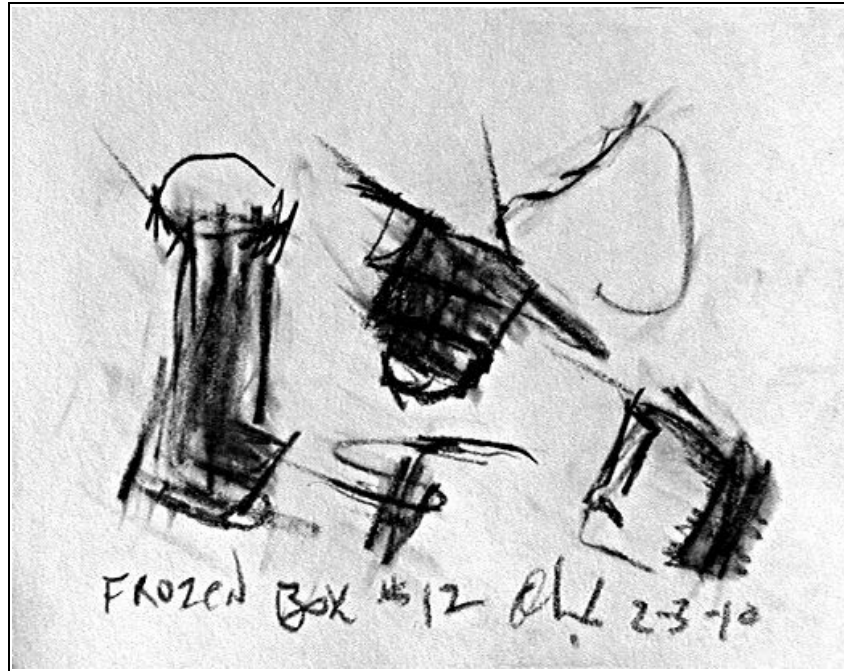
The year in that cabin was a jumping off point for me. I wanted to ascent into the spiritual realm like the hills covered with fog, only I had no idea how to do this. I yearned to transcend my upbringing, although I didn't know how to speak of this desire. I just knew there was something more and I wanted to find it. Dance! Yes! 06.07.11.7pm EDT



57. Untitled, February 2, 2010

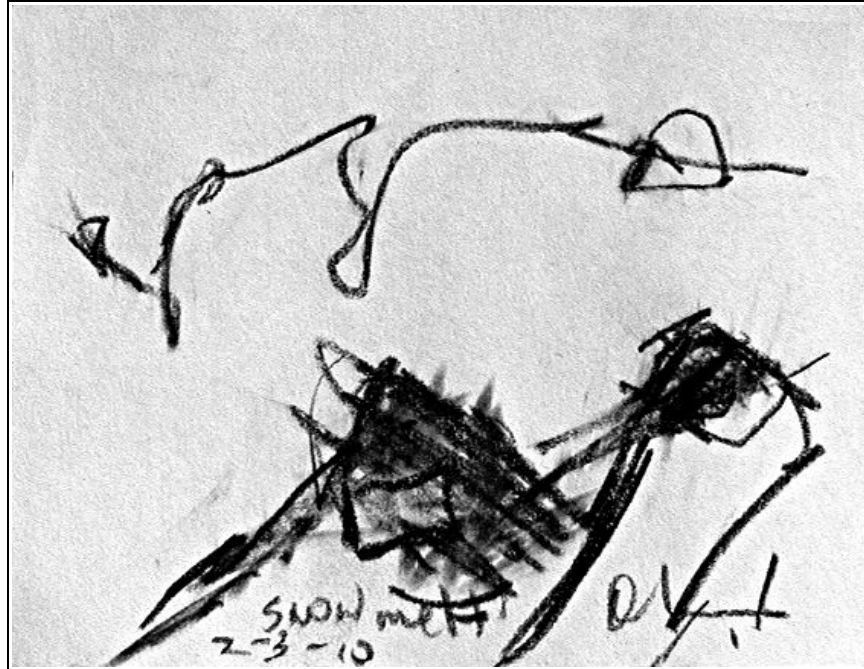
There's a painting by Pablo Picasso of a woman sitting with a regal presence about her. She has a slightly demurred smile which is one of the things I can make out from all the stylistic mannerisms of Cubism Picasso saturates her with. This memory of her resurfaces now, undergoing the stylistic treatment of my own hand and creative eye. While studying art, my instructor would tell me to make multiple lines at those edges where skin ends and empty space begins. When I found the right line in the middle of this search, work darker so the lines on either side would give a sense of arriving at the edge of the body. Well, maybe he didn't say it that way, but that's how it came to be for me. I don't have to hit it perfectly the first time. In fact, when I approach a drawing in this manner, perfection appears in the middle of all the mistakes. Making mistakes becomes an essential part of discovering perfection. The mistakes support perfection and make it more concrete and real. Sometimes the lines appear to oscillate like the person is breathing and I can't quite get it right because they keep moving. Perfection lies somewhere in the middle of everything else.

I have heard all my life that we can never be perfect, like it is this unattainable carrot hanging just beyond our grasp, taunting us, frustrating us until we yield to the futile fallible fatalistic fallacy that perfection is unachievable. When I look at the Big Picture and see perfection, then I know that my imperfections are an aspect of the Great Perfection. I do my best with what I have to work with, submit it to the Universe and let it be absorbed into the Pool of Infinite Perfection. Nothing less will do. 06.07.11.7:25pm



58. Frozen Box #12, February 3, 2010

Game board diagrams of chance as the dice rolls and I move my game piece closer to that circle at the end of the maze past pockets of dollar signs and Omar tokens. The tiller curls off the rudder making guidance a challenge of wits and constant relocation as reality melts in a mockery of carnival mirrors. Arrival isn't the point. It all becomes nothing either way, but survival until arrival makes the nothingness of it all survivable. I'm not out of the woods until I'm past the last tree. Seeing openness. Standing in openness. Being open wholly. Turning to mark the last few steps in a road map as I stand beyond the maze like it is going to make a difference to someone, sometime, because the footprints fade quickly in the undulating sea of constantly shifting sands. The code is different than before. It is a code thick with clouds that are just clouds and energy that is invisible in the air. Eraser smudge marks are just as important as the pencil marks, if not more so, because they reveal the unseen like rubbing a crayon over paper reveals the impressions embedded in the paper from the previous drawing. From here it means one thing, but from over there it becomes a different approach, like the double meaning of words in a poem. It was all pitfalls of my own expectations and desires along with the efforts of others to coerce me into aligning myself with their expectations and desires, as we are all related. Their's are there via attachments. It all gets cleaned up through the discipline of clarity. I keep tossing the dice and it keeps coming up looking like a frozen box of chance. 06.07.11.10:15pm EDT



59. Snow Melt, February 3, 2010

The whiteness of imposed purity is delusional. Beneath a winter landscape lies the mud and dirt of spring regeneration. A cycle of life as vital to arrival as the drum beat is to the silence it leaves untouched. Finding the place of nothingness doesn't stop time, it just incorporates time into the infinite sea of all that is as balance and harmony embraces conflict and violence in the larger picture that also contains surrender and reconciliation. Like children playing "Crack the Whip", we work our way from the safety of the center of our comfort zone of ego-gratification to the end of the line where we are slung by centrifugal lightness into liberation from the Karmic Wheel. The gravity of melting snow draws some back into eddies of regeneration like the water soaking into the soil rich with nitrogen that fertilizes the roots of those that follow behind.

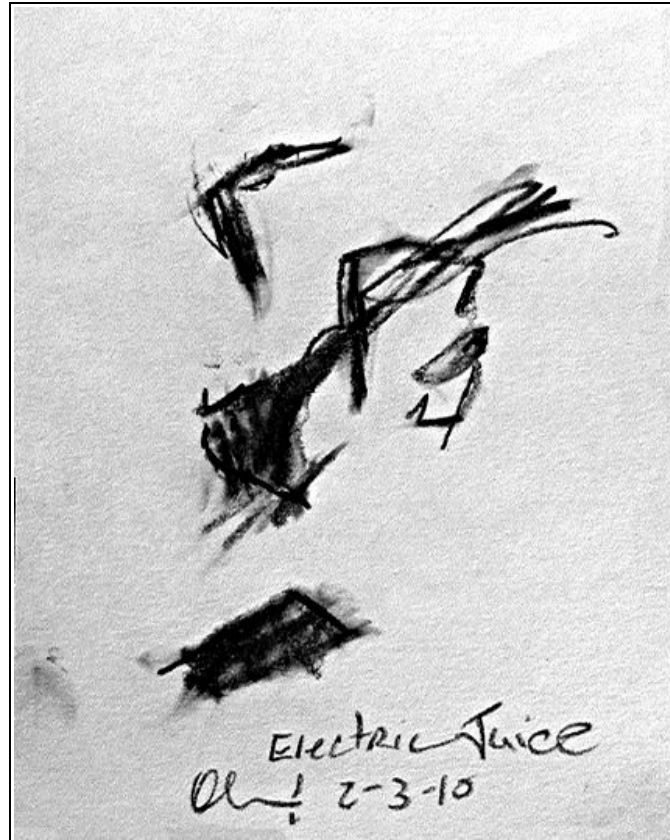
This "walking in a winter wonderland" merges with "your body is a wonderland" soundtrack as snow capped mountains become Mother Earth beneath a less than perfect sun as frozen fingers try to capture the balance between Eros and Chaos. Wind-swept turbulence mars this waning purity with random sweeping lines. Snap-shots freeze a moment in stillness but even photographs fade, leaving time to its own devices. The warmth of this heat wave of weather above freezing feels good. Patchwork quilts of exposed ground set free from the melting snow speaks of the promise of spring and fresh growth. The seeker seeks arrival, and upon arriving, abandons the discipline of seeking in favor of the discipline of arriving. The monologue from two decades earlier from "The Spiritual Warrior" tape loops forward into the moment. "I am awake. I have awakened." In the awakening the winter snow melts and the role of seed planting looms ahead in the coming spring. The cycle continues. The Circle of Life is Reborn. 06.08.1112:15am EDT



60. Angel Pressed, February 3, 2010

I've never trusted myself as an artist, or a writer either, for that matter. The marks I make with pencil and pen fail to capture what I see, both of the physical reality before me and the internal reality I've come to accept and embrace. Vision is two-fold, both of seeing and of knowing that which is beyond physical sight. The latter comes through the spiritual window within through prayer and meditation. It isn't "out there" coming in through the eyes like an hallucination. The work I create never matches the exactness of what I see, but does record the dance of my hand or "mental tongue", that internal voice that generates the tongue dance of verbal imagery. It takes some distancing of time before I stop seeing the failure of my efforts and discover the correctness of my creativity. This gift that I nurture is the ability to express enough of what is needed so the viewer, reader, or listener can complete the rest of what has been left out in their own mind's eye or ear.

Still, I want to denounce any responsibility for having achieved something when it is there before me. I was just scribbling and it happened, or inspiration came from a muse and I was just the lucky one that got it. I can't state that I'm good or "it" is good because of some mixed need to keep it humble while in awe of something that is better than I worked for juxtaposed along side the need to validate those voices from my past that kept telling me that I was no good and that I'd never amount to anything. She takes my breath away, this one. Did from the moment I saw her emerge on the paper. Appearing against a wave of darkness with eyes that burn into my psyche. I used to pray that I NOT see angels. To envision an angel, that's the rub. 06.08.11.1:20am EDT



61. Electric Juice, February 3, 2010

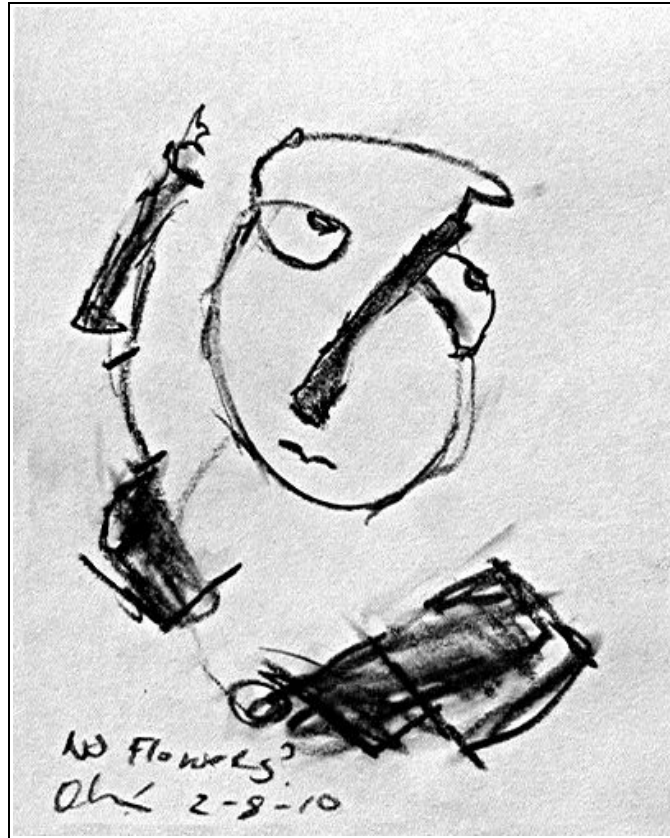
Si-ko-del-ik-ka! But no, really, this is serious stuff and I'm going to stretch out here a little and explain a few things. Every tribal culture around the world has a concept regarding the life force within all of us. I refer to those sacred teachings as "The Old Ways" and in doing this, I don't just mean the Old Ways of the Cherokee People. I honor the Old Ways of All People because we all come from tribal culture. A student of martial arts, the instructions of the warrior teachings from Asia, might hear the life force being referred to as "chi". Another school might refer to it as "quah". In the English language it is referred to as spunk. As a lot of The Old Ways have been given negative definitions over time, saying that a young man is full of spunk today has another meaning. Sort of. Anyway, the teachings relate that we have a life force within us and that life force can be depleted in many different ways. One way is to be stressed by domestic relations. Other people can drain us of our spirit energy through constant dissension. They will get you in an argument and after the argument is over, you will feel like you have been sucked dry of energy. Some of my friends call these people spiritual vampires.

The sacred teachings suggest that I am responsible for the status of my life force. I can't always do anything about the spiritual vampires but I can do something about it if I am drained of my life force. One teaching is to find a quiet place where I can commune with nature and seek solace there. It helps to lean back against a tree for there is something about this relationship that helps me to recharge psychically. Being close to

moving water like a stream or river can do it as well, so long as there is solitude. Some find it very soothing to sit near the ocean. Some landscapes require that the person seek out a place amongst the stones a short walk from where they live in order to find personal sanctuary and meditate alone. When I have traveled in unknown lands, like the trip to England in 1996, I would go to the end of a dead end street, step over into the tall weeds, and sit alone there for an hour. Ten minutes alone there in broad daylight and I can totally understand all the folktales about the “Little People” of that land. I could feel “them”.

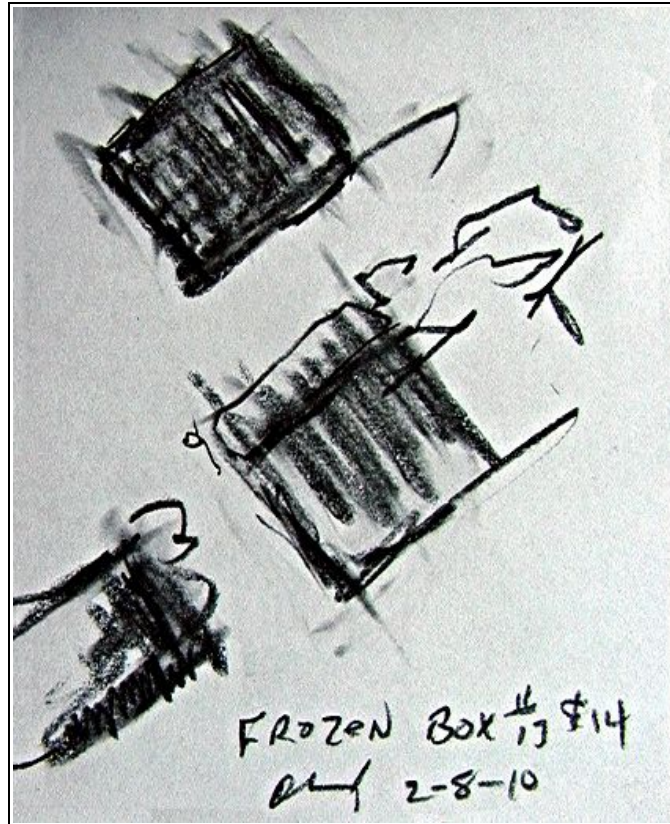
Many years ago I read some of the writings of one of my favorite poets, Thomas Merton, who refers to the spark of life within us all as the True Self. In one of his essays, *Conversations with Giants*, he discusses his understanding of this. I don't have the book with me to check, so I won't say it was that essay or not, but in this or a similar essay he discussed the manner with which the Roman Catholic Church went about converting tribal people to Christianity. As Christianity moved across Europe, the Church would allow the indigenous peoples to continue certain rituals, such as Winter Solstice Celebration, where they would exchange gifts with each other four days after Solstice. The Church made up a new Holy Day and said they could continue to exchange gifts so long as they were honoring the birth of Jesus Christ, who was not born on this calendar date to start with. But concessions had to be made in the name of conversion. By the time the Conquistadors made it to Mexico, foreign relations policies had changed a bit. Over one million indigenous people were murdered during the first year of the occupation of what has become known as the country of Mexico as part of the cultural genocide against indigenous peoples. The people were converted to Christianity or they were executed. It was good to read something about this in the writings of Thomas Merton, a Trappist Monk within the Roman Catholic Church, because it helps to understand that just because a group of people are claiming to do something in the name of “Goodness” doesn't excuse them from the atrocities committed.

Two thousand years ago the Hebrew tribal people had a ritual of purification that had been practiced in the private quarters of their home or village for centuries, but the spiritual leaders of a central locality had changed this so that everyone who followed this tradition had to come to this central locality in order to do this rite of purification. Before the people could do this, they had to give currency to this facility and it had to be of a certain currency. The people would not have access to this currency where they lived and they might have to travel many days overland at great risk in order to get to this facility. Once they were there they had to get the currency they brought with them converted into the only currency the facility would accept, so the “money changers” were making a great profit from this arrangement. One person went on a social activist movement to address this injustice and for this he was tried and executed for treason. He attempted to correct a social injustice against his tribal people wherein a small group of greedy people were making a profit from tribal people attempting to enact a rite of purification that would restore their life force. The Roman Catholic Church took this social injustice and utilized it throughout the world in the name of the very person who was executed for attempting to stop this practice of profiting from people seeking spiritual rejuvenation. If you are traveling in an unknown land and you want to seek refuge in a sacred place for a short respite in order to refuel your jets with some electric juice, look for the building of one of several globally dominate religious orders. The vast majority of these structures are built on land considered sacred by the indigenous peoples. 06.08.11.5:25pm EDT



62. No Flowers?, February 8, 2010

This is my favorite drawing in the Tunnel Vision Series. It doesn't seem to strike others the same way it does me but I always get a chuckle out of the expression on the face here. Out of all the drawings in the series, this is the one I would love to have a 4 x 6- foot poster print of it on my wall. I could go on and deconstruct the drawing and analysis aspects of it, but sometimes it's good to leave a light-hearted spirit alone. Besides, if you are looking at this one either you are checking drawings out randomly or I haven't totally lost my audience so far. I know I'm ready for a break from doing heavy spirituality for a minute and this one does that for me every time. 06.08.11.6:10pm EDT

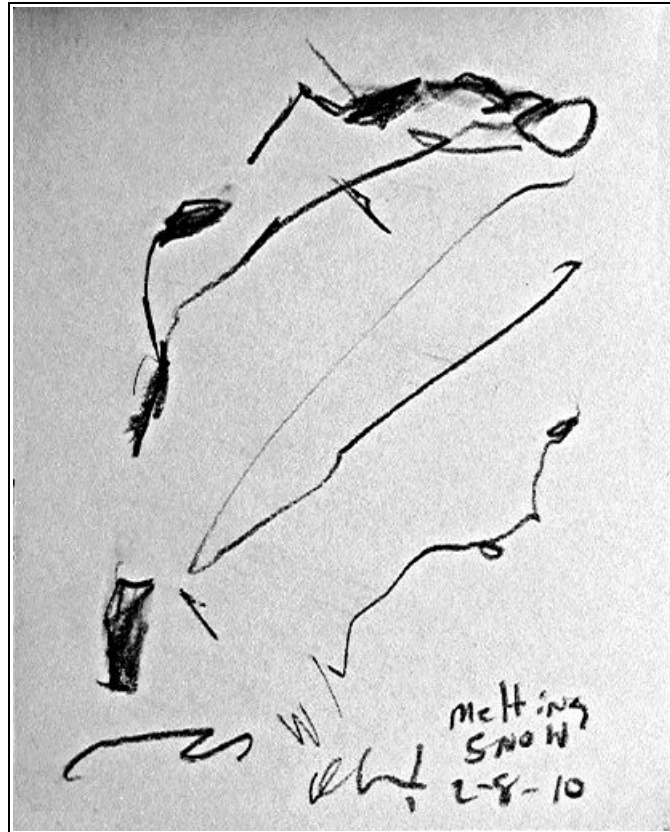


63. Frozen Box # 13 & 14, February 8, 2010

I'm getting cheap when I start doing two Frozen Boxes on one sheet of paper. I mean, they're not identical twins or anything. Maybe they're married folks and wanted to get their portrait done as a couple. It's like that with a series sometimes. It starts to take on a spirit of its own, as some people might say it, or more likely, as I see it, it becomes a visual conversation. It's been a while since I did something similar where I started a series that attempted to demonstrate an idea with a group of works. One series was called "Sonic Silence" that used collage as the method. I limited the media to ink, pencil, and charcoal so there is no color in the series. I would do a drawing, cut it up, then use parts of it in a collage. I would paste rice paper on top of the art paper as a way to get mist textures to come through. This series was done as part of an international artists exchange called the Baker's Dozen, so when the first thirteen works were finished, I sent them off and got a selection of works back. I scanned them first, so they are on the web site linked off of the collage page.

When I was a teenager I started hanging out with some folks that would discuss topics like auras and the discipline one has to engage in order to observe auras. I understand that some people can observe them quiet readily but it took some effort for me to experience this. It was generally a disconcerting experience so I didn't work that hard at it afterwards. I know that we all have visual information around us that can indicate something about our spiritual well-being, but that isn't my shtick. That doesn't keep me from being interested in it as a subject with my art. In that respect the Frozen Box series

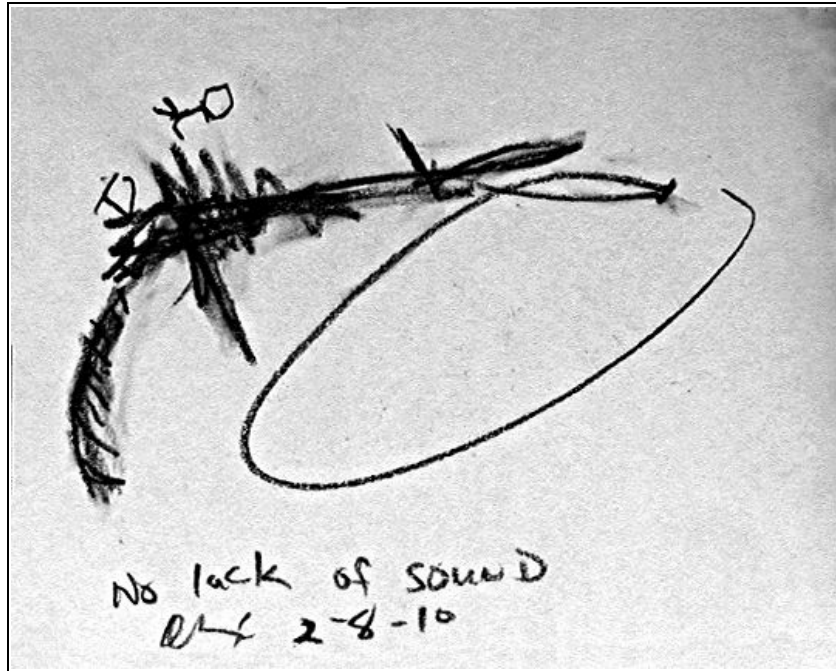
is about the spiritual interaction between people, so for it to always be a singular icon in a drawing is a little redundant. (I could use the word, motif, instead of icon in that sentence as art shop talk goes, but to move on...) The series isn't just Frozen Boxes but the topic is about Frozen Boxes, which is a term I utilize to name the visual subject in abstract landscapes with other iconic imagery of my own design. The Frozen Box is a motif of a person who is spiritual crippled in some way and feels like they have frozen up inside and don't feel the inter-connectedness they should be experiencing with others. They are trying to trust their gut instinct and put out feelers to try to connect. I remember when I was nineteen years old and in active drug addiction to a narcotic I felt this way and I observe others going through a similar experience. To me, addiction is a spiritual crisis and the way with which we can alleviate this crisis is to engage in a spiritual discipline that helps us reintegrate back into society. I found this through my indigenous heritage and spiritual teachings. This is one way but not the only way. Your mileage may vary.
06.08.11.7:25pm EDT



64. Melting Snow, February 8, 2010

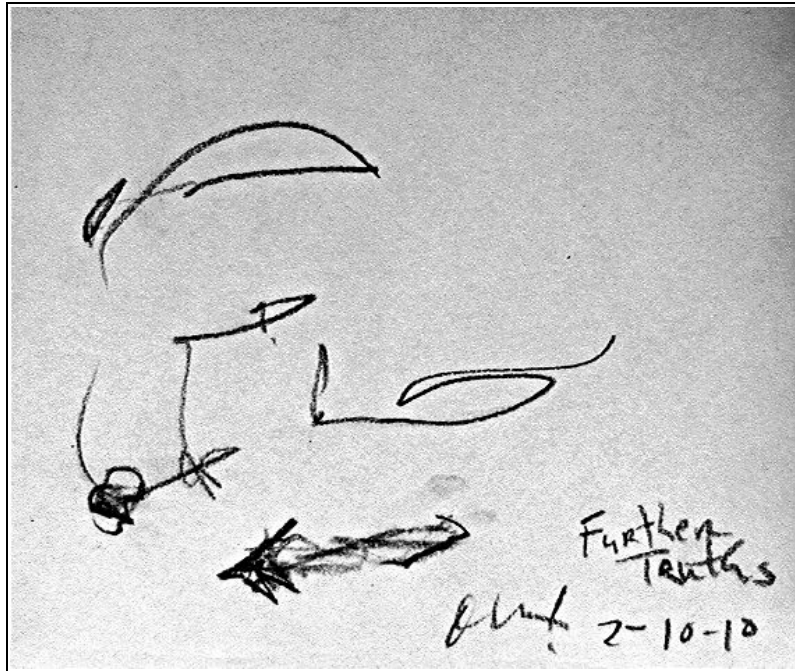
I always liked the story about the kid in art class who turned in a blank piece of paper at the end of the class. The teacher asked him what he had drawn and he told her that it was a polar bear in a blizzard. One might could pull that off if they lived in the polar regions. I've gone to exhibits of conceptual art and I usually left with the feeling that they could have shortened it to con art. It's okay to make me think while looking at art, which was the original premise of the movement as I understand it, but when I get the feeling that it's making me think like someone is getting paid good money to pull my leg, I think they should join a party and go into politics and leave art to those of us that do more than just landscapes of polar bears in a blizzard.

Some of the artists that have been financially successful in my lifetime could have been equally successful as used-car salesmen. One very popular artist who moved from commercial art to fine art in the 1960's basically shifted his commercial work to the fine art market and sold it as such. If fine art is food for the heart and soul, most of his work appeared to be for the soulless. He was financially successful during his life time and my hat's off to him for that. I'll never be as good at marketing my art work as he was, nor do I have any motivation to be that good. On the other hand, if it does serve as food for the soul, that's good karma and what goes around comes around. I just have to trust in the Universe and keep doing what I'm inspired to do. Some people like a good story to go with an art work. Sometimes I have one and sometimes I don't. Either way they buy the work or they don't. I do story telling at Pow-wows for free. 06.08.11.8:45pm EDT



65. No Lack of Sound, February 8, 2010

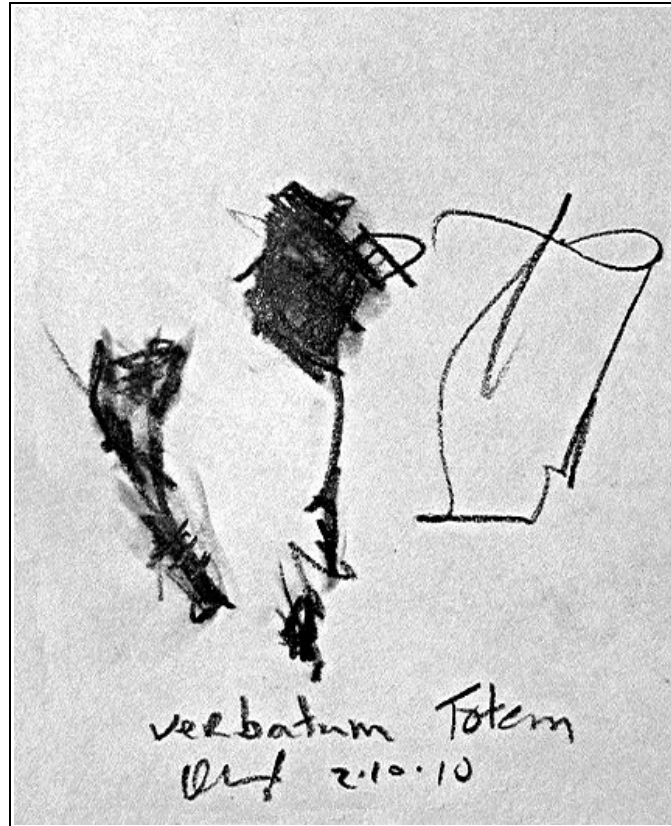
As a boy I would spend a lot of time with my grandparents on my father's side of the family. My grandfather was always teaching me things that I understand today as being very important in my upbringing. When I got to stay overnight with my grandparents during the summer their favorite thing to do in the evening was sit on the front porch of their house in the rocking chairs and enjoy the coolness of the evening air. I would sit and listen to the creaking of the rocking chairs moving back and forth at a slow steady pace for what seemed like months on end. They would converse about how their day had gone for a few minutes, but mostly they liked to sit and listen to the night sounds. I liked to talk. I liked to talk a lot. I liked to talk so I didn't have to listen to the night sounds. They drove me crazy. Jar flies, 17-year locusts, cicadas, crickets, tree frogs, pond frogs, mocking-birds, whip-poor-wills, every other kind of bird that couldn't shut up singing all night long, dogs barking, foxes barking, some cat in heat squalling from a quarter mile away, cows mooing, a horse flapping its tail to chase off a horse fly, the opossums running a raid on the grapevines, a hen squawking because a weasel was going for a chick-let, or the jet that one could hear taking off from the airport 30 miles away once in a blue moon. A major work stoppage of all other sounds was when a car went down the two-lane highway past the farm. I could spend ten minutes speculating who that was that just drove by, out loud, of course. So granddad came up with a challenge to see if I could figure out what the temperature was. One of those sounds out there had a distinctive pattern to it. I was supposed to count the number of chirps or whatever for one minute and calculate the temperature from that. I would start counting when granddad told me to and stop when a minute was up. I had to count silently but I could use my fingers if I wanted to. We did this for a whole week before I realized that he didn't have a watch on, nor could he see a clock. He counted heartbeats. Silence. 06.09.11.12:15am



66. Further Truths, February 10, 2010

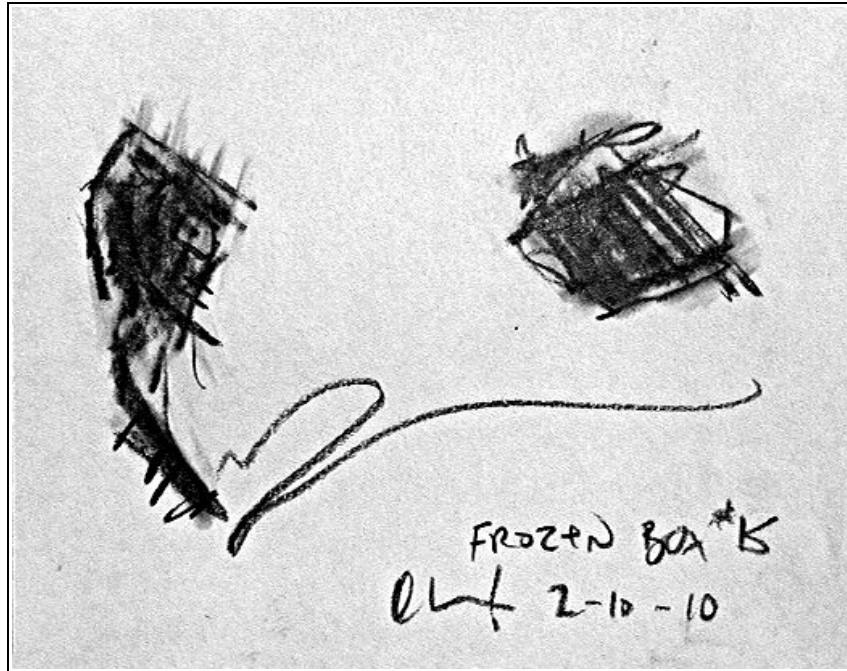
Speaking of sound, in April, 1983, after the person I was married to at the time returned back to Tennessee after spending the winter in Florida working as a baker for a restaurant, this is taking way to long to set this one up, so fast forward and I kept hearing this sound. I finally figured out that it was coming from several of my welded-steel sculptures that were sitting on the porch of the house I was staying in. When the wind blew it would cause one of them to sway and bang against the others. The sound was traveling through the wood frame into the living room floor that was now a resonator and the living quarters became the sonic chamber for these very other-worldly sounds. Over the years I've experimented around with different methods of recording these sounds. I like to use these organic sonic drone patters together with other ambient sounds, musical instruments, chanting, spoken text and a bit of singing. I've done a little work with audio tracks generated from fractal processing via the computer and have a few projects on the back burner when I get the opportunity to work on this some more. DVD stuff.

All this brings us past some older work like "Spiritual Warrior" that was recorded over two decades ago and received air play on a number of radio stations across the country until the cassette tapes fell apart, to "Further Truths" which can be found on the audio page of my web site in MP3 format as of this writing. This multi-track recording was produced in 2009 some time between having been served a subpoena for a court hearing wherein my sister was taking legal action to have me evicted from my father's house after he went to the nursing home and being evicted. All my fans are thinking that right now would be a good time to transcribe the spoken text part of the recording, as it was done spontaneously on one take, but that will have to wait for another day. The spoken text part is a part of a series of poems related to theater, a la Antonin Artaud. In the drawing one can see where the stage ends and so on. 06.09.11.12:45am EDT



67. Verbatim Totem, February 10, 2010

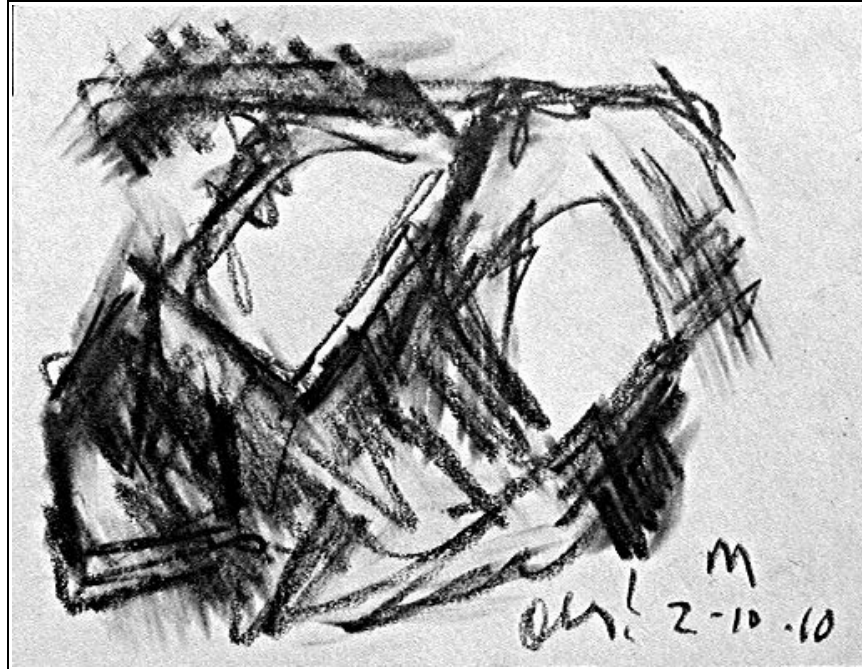
Spell check doesn't like my spelling of verbatim. This should be a chant. Ver-ba-tum/ver-ba-tum/ver-ba-tum. It sure sounds better than ver-ba-tim. It's a good thing I'm over the intestinal virus that has had me head all crazy for the past week or you all would think I'm still under the weather. Seriously, I'm way better than I was on Monday, sometime around 61 hours ago. I sort of lose my human-ness when I start sounding like I'm immune to everyday issues while writing to an unseen, unknown, have no idea who I'm writing to or why type audience out there as opposed to a radio announcer, we can't really call them "disc jockeys" any longer since all the tracks are digital on the computer now, but folks call them up and request stuff or they go out into the community and do fund raiser and promotions so they have a sense of an audience unless that's all fake phone calls. I don't know. So I had to drop some papers off Monday morning and I asked the woman to restart this other aspect of the situation I had pulled the plug on a week earlier and she came out and got all upset and told me that I had left a message to pull the plug and I related that I did that because I had apparently been in violation with my lease and was about to get evicted so dropped all this other stuff but now the lease had been revised so I wasn't going to be evicted and we can go on with this other stuff and she went on about how I had left a message and I responded that I was about to get evicted and she said I left a message and I'm thinking that if this dog chases its tail around the office one more time I'm going to lose my breakfast right here. I feel a lot better now so where was I? Oh, yes, the mantra. OM-MA-dowehavetodoitverbatim? 06.09.11.1amEDT



68. Frozen Box #15, February 10, 2010

Is it just me or does certain parts of this drawing look almost verbatim to the previous drawing? I say “almost verbatim” because it has always been very difficult for me to get anything exactly verbatim. Like when I'm in an argument with someone and they deny having said something that I just repeated them having said and it's getting very frustrating trying to make any sense of the situation when I suddenly realize that they are denying having said what I just repeated because they know that I don't have a recording of any sort to prove that they said what they said and they are really denying it because I have to be able to prove that I am quoting them verbatim or they will not admit to having said what was said which is the bone of contention between us and there is no way I can come to any resolution because I have no proof that they said what they said other than my own memory which they just love to remind me is fallible so there is no way I'm going to get anything resolved in this situation so I stop trying, which means they are right and I am wrong, at least in their mind, even if, like, am I going insane already or what?

The inter-connectedness of it is like someone related to me once. If I am in an argument with an insane person and someone is observing us that doesn't know anything about us except that one of us is insane, that person will not be able to tell which one of us is insane based on observing our argument. Given this axiom, the answer is “yes”. As soon as I engage in an argument with an insane person I am immediately reduced to their level of sanity. The psychic energy between us is going to be that pervasive. The healthier the people are that are around me, the healthier I am going to be. My personal opinion is that most of the time people choose to be insane because they assume that they are no longer responsible for their karma if they are crazy. That isn't how the laws of karma work. You've got to be crazy to indulge in that self-deception. 06.09.11.1:30am EDT



69. M, February 10, 2010

There's a landscape in here somewhere with two mountain peaks that have their horizon edges outlined to make the letter, M, which is also playing off a series of paintings I did some years back where the painting looked like a landscape with mountains or it could be a crow flying toward the viewer in the twilight. I can skip the crow deal but I get the M part although I'm still a little shaky about this whole landscape proposition because I'm also seeing an interior here with a possible view of a woman reclining (I'll explain this view a little better later but hang in here with me a little more) and after starting to get the idea that I'm a lot more susceptible to the powers of suggestion than I realized, even having it pointed out that spirit vampires suck my life force out of me and crazy people really do drive me crazy until I don't know which end is up. Insane people ("people that are doing stupid stuff" is a phrase heard on the streets around here a lot lately) have three spiritual principles that they live by, deceit, deception, and denial. The 3-D's of insanity. These people are delusional by way of deluding themselves. I'm running out of D-words to describe what dishonest people are like.

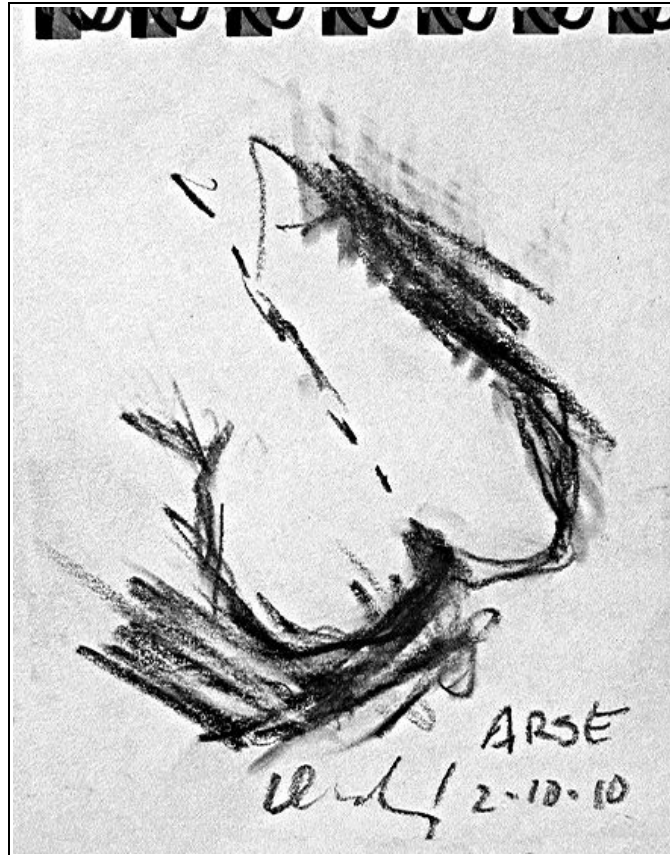
I know what the M stands for but that's my truth. In order for you to come to your own truth at the heart core of your being, you have to arrive at your own understanding without any suggestions from me because, if my truth is invested with any degree of insanity at the moment I offer it, than it becomes your insanity as well, via the power of suggestion. The hardest thing a teacher has to do at that moment in time when a student needs to know their own truth is to step back and offer no hints so the student is under no influence from the teacher. When you face the music and do your dance, it has to be your dance. No one else's. I came through all of this with a very tough teacher and I'll never be as good as my role model. I know my shortcomings. If my favorite poet, Han Shan, could read this he'd be laughing his ass off right now. Me, too. 06.09.11.2:10am EDT



70. Reclined, February 10, 2010

While studying art at the university I took several years of instruction in life studies, or figure drawing. The instructors would related that figurative work is the most difficult subject matter an artist will encounter in visual art. The concerns of an artist in the studio when approaching the human body doesn't include the attitudes of the society they live in. Western culture, the civilized society of Europe and it's colonies around the globe, have different viewpoints on nudity and the human body than other societies and civilized cultures. So the difficulties in the studio will be about perspective, foreshortening, shading, color theory, and so on, which becomes the total culmination of all the problems found in still life, landscapes, interiors, nature studies and abstractions of reality.

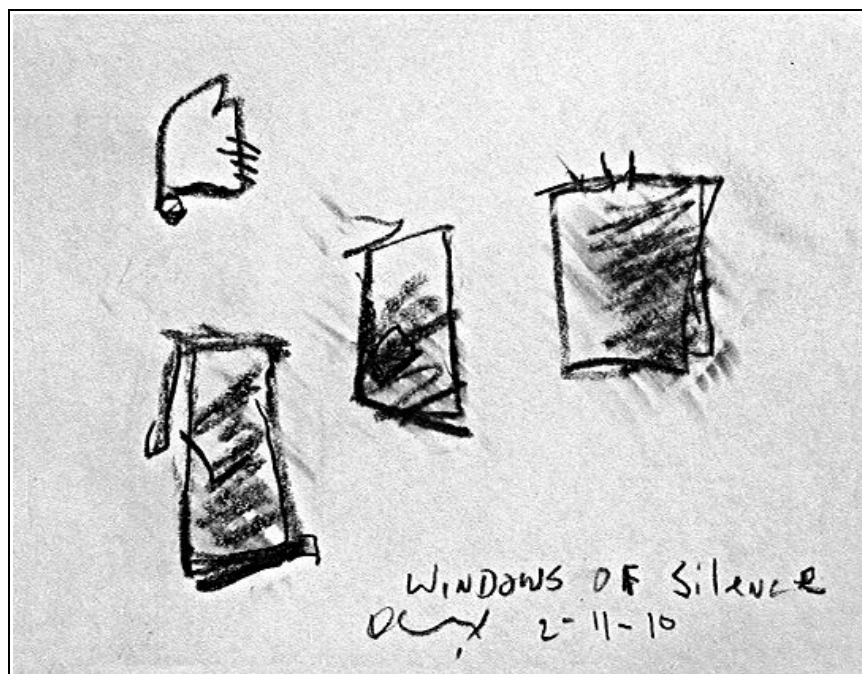
In spirituality there are some schools of thought that suggest that a person refrain from interest in the opposite gender as this will deter their spiritual development and growth. The spirituality of tribal culture within hunter-gatherer communities recognizes the need to find balance between relationship with others and one's spirituality. As hunter-gatherer societies have a much closer proximity to issues related to species survival as it is integrated into their society and spirituality, the awareness of the Circle of Life being a vital part of spirituality and the pro-creative instincts that further survival motivation within a society being held in balance with individual spirituality, the species survives from one generation to the next. It seems fool-hearted for a spirituality to be based upon total abstinence from pro-creative relationships. At the same time the opportunity for distraction from spirituality can be so overwhelming that some people aren't going to progress except through isolation from mainstream society, so there is no "right way" or "wrong way", just the one that works best for the individual. Acknowledgement of beauty doesn't have to become a stumbling block that causes one to become obsessed with the base instincts and lose balance or falter in spiritual discipline. 06.09.11.2pm EDT



71. Arse, February 10, 2010

Yeah, what he said. The open book honesty of this journey gets a little humorous sometimes, but I reserve the right to be human. I have no idea what happened to the signature on this drawing. Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar. It's all in how you smoke it. It's like becoming obsessed with the reflection of the moon in the lake to the point where the poet leans over the side of the boat to kiss the moon's reflection and falls in the lake and drowns. "Watch out you don't fall in." has become the anthem of a series of works based on this story of how one of the greatest poets of China died. As Jesus lamented, "Be in the world but not of it." Living in the moment requires that I avoid expectations and desires which are projections into the future and which are generally based on unfounded fears of what might happen and what might not happen. When I let all of that eat my lunch and totally miss the reality I am in at this moment, I am falling into that lake just as surely as Li Po.

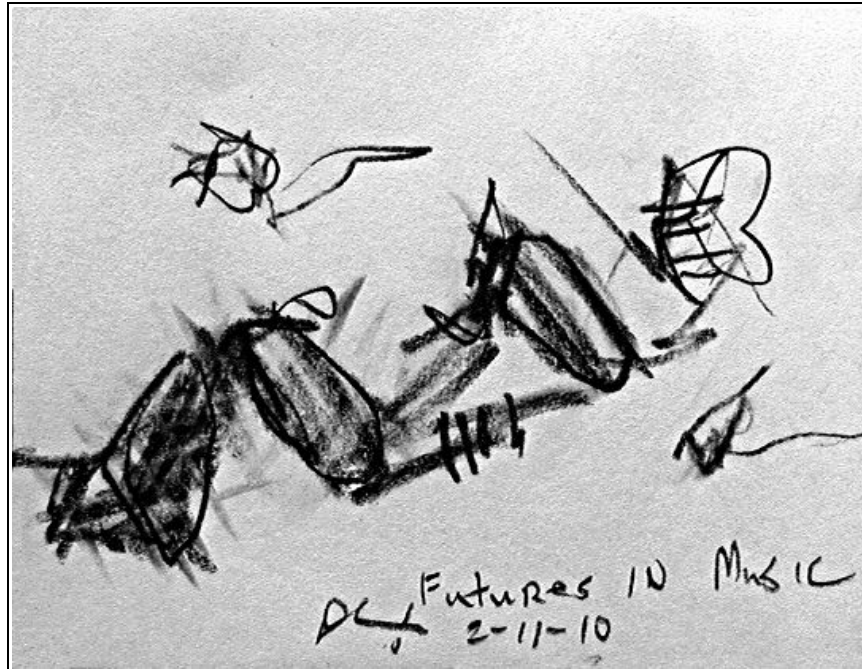
The joke this week is about seeing friends who walk down Easy Street and get lucky but when I walk down Easy Street, nothing happens. I meditate on this and come to understand that I am respected because I act with respect and I treat others with respect, so that is why I'm not getting lucky. So I walk down Easy Street saying my new mantra for the day: disrespect me, disrespect me, disrespect me. As long as I am able to become aware of who I am and have respect for myself and acknowledge that I have a purpose for being here this time, I will be okay. 06.09.11.2:30pm EDT



72. Windows of Silence, February 11, 2010

Sometimes a window is just a window. It's all in how you decorate it. Sometimes silence speaks louder than words. It is what isn't said that gives it the volume. The windows aren't passageways into emptiness. They are of the other kind of silence. The dark silence. The darkness spills through into the whiteness with strings attached. Above them in the whiteness is a different presence. It is not a window. The circle beneath it is the foundation of its presence. A tilted Valentine with the lower side elongated from the weight of four marks ascending, the four pilgrims on their journey home which has been a continuous theme and symbol in my art. The heart pulled over as much by the gravity of darkness emanating through the three windows as much as the weight of the four pilgrims. When all else fails, the circle will guide the heart through the challenges the darkness imposes upon it.

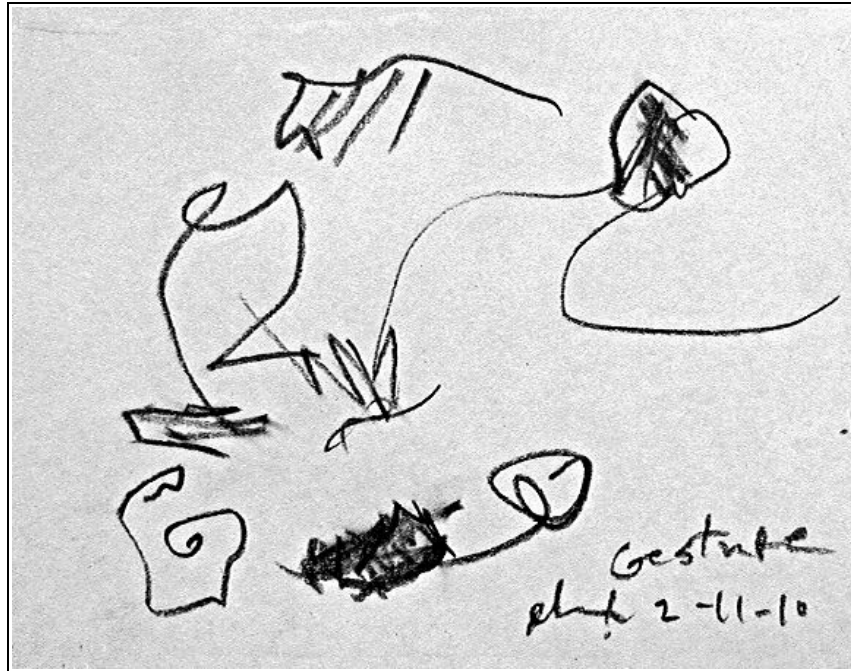
Back there three decades ago, give or take a few years, an oil painting was done with the inscription: "Her Lords appear in threes. Ghost frenzy." Upside down and opposite in the spirit world, it isn't a "her" or "Lords"-that disappear in threes. The three windows that chose to embrace the darkness of insanity and break my heart are in the place of beauty, the whiteness of emptiness, the glowing golden radiance of the sunset, and the silence beyond the unbearable lightness of being emanating from the Celestial Spheres. They are there in that place of choosing which has not come yet, as this is only a snapshot of their journey which has not ended. The thread and arc of eventuality marks the measure of time from here to there beyond human increments. In the silence, it just is. That is enough. 06.09.11.3:45pm EDT



73. Futures in Music, February 11, 2010

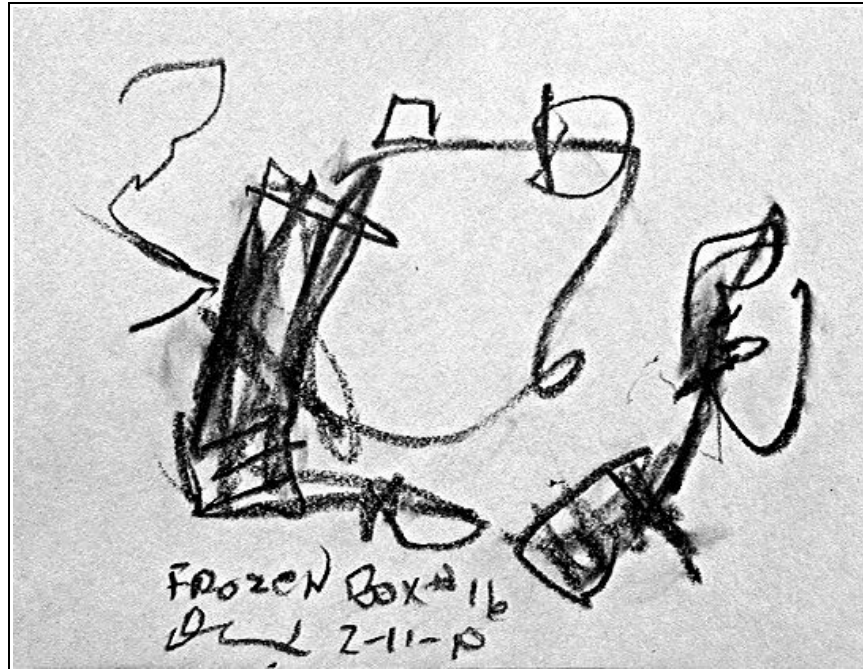
When I started doing sweat lodge ceremony thirty years ago, the songs that came through my head in the physical stress of the moment were usually rock and roll songs. What impressed me about this was how we go to the music we were listening to during our formative years of early adulthood when we need to sing from our hearts when our minds are riding out the stimulation of ritual structure like a good sweat lodge ceremony. There was always something about the music by The Doors that felt like it could be sung in the sweat lodge. Not all of them. "Love me two times" would be a bit weird. "Waiting for the Sun" worked. Being the runner I was, I related to that song in a special way. "When the music's over" was the kicker, though. "The scream of the butterfly", a line from that song, would send chills. The best listening was from the concert recording, when Jim Morrison would go "we want the world and we want it . . . (and the silence was unbearable) . . NOOOow!" and the vision of wide open yonder beyond the blue sky into other cosmos universe open emptiness because those other guys were getting the job done any more. We've hopped trains and smoked cigarettes. Gotten our hearts broken and shattered into a thousand diamonds on the concrete sidewalk while the beer gets warm and church bells ring while soldiers go off to war and some come home alive but others don't while torch songs burn our hearts from up on the rooftop or under the boardwalk but when the music's over, now we're talking.

Futures in music, like investing money in pork belly futures or stock market futures, is always a gamble. The band plays on but the faces rotate in and out. The promise of music is that it can make a trail from the singer(s) up into the great beyond to the other side for a person who has just started that long journey home. I sing that song for others today because I know when it comes my turn, others will sing a song for me. I'm just not betting on it being any former band members singing. 06.09.11.4:20pm EDT



74. Gesture, February 11, 2010

The whirling flash of dance spinning the room or space around as body concrete merges with centered circle equilibrium ecstatic synergy. We're going home. That home that is out of here in the great beyond with is the only hope of relief from suffering for some that see it all as closure instead of a respite from the struggle to arrive at home as home some other time, some other place, but home in earthly terms is where the heart is and in the dance of flowers and art, music and dance, warped spiral passageways and photographs of dead fish in polluted waters as the curtain rises from over the stage or just blows in the breeze above the window in the living room but home is where the heart is and this gesture of knowing it isn't about going back into the past but forward into the future as the dreams show or shed light on the trail through the darkness of nothingness and denial of credit given where credit is due because no one gets out of here alive as the magician does a magic trick before showing the audience how he did the trick and just as he reaches in to pull the rabbit out of the hat he disappears in a cloud of smoke so that nothing is revealed while the white rabbit keeps repeating his line to Alice, "feed your head", but home is a collection of hearts and you can see it in a flash of gesture but it doesn't mean a thing if it doesn't have that swing. 06.09.11.4:40pm EDT



75. Frozen Box #16, February 11, 2010

The struggle of having lost everything, all the art work had been moved into the house trailer, or to the far side of the shed, with the writings, photographs, video tapes, recordings, books, and my clothes, ceremonial objects I couldn't fit in the trunk of my car, all left behind. All the tools I had collected over the years to do art, keep a garden, manage the grounds, cut firewood, do ceremony, all disappeared from sight as I drove away on November 2, 2007. The dreams said that there were things that needed to be resolved and they wouldn't be resolved while I remained there. I relented and left. The dreams also showed me a time when I would return. My back was in bad shape. I pulled muscles and damaged disks. For four months after I left I could barely sit up for more than a few hours at a time. The muscle spasms jerked across my back and sent me in the throes of agony. I meditated and did relaxation exercises. It started to get better. I waited. I could feel things shifting like the dreams said would happen, but I could also feel other forces becoming factors that would change the scope of it all. I never felt depressed or defeated. I always knew that in time the visions would sink in and I would be where I needed to be, doing what I was here to do. I could feel the forces building that didn't want this to happen. I could feel those that were ready to align themselves with this dark energy move in that direction. I prayed for them. Mostly I prayed for the next Seven Generations, the ones that would be impacted the most if the spiritual teachings were allowed to die with the last Elder that kept them, with no one to pass them on to. There were more dreams. There was less money or funds to function on. There were more poems but no materials to do art with. There were more lies, accusations, consternation between my daughter and her mother which I couldn't do anything about because someone a few years earlier had found it easier to blow off their commitment to buy art and leave me homeless. The damage was done and irreparable damage meant there was

no way the dreams could manifest because the dark forces were angling in and consuming the light. It was like the worse nightmare ever only this wasn't some Stephen King novel, this was real life. I meditated and prayed. I told my daughter, Maggie, to keep the faith when she really wanted to run away. I knew the feeling. Both from having been there as a teenager and having been there with her mother. History repeated itself until I got the lesson. Then it repeated itself some more because some people like kicking a good man when he is down. Then one night I prayed and did the meditations and fell into the nothingness. Blink, blink, like a flash of light on the front lens of the telescope of tunnel vision but that didn't matter. What mattered was that I felt totally at peace. There was no sense of anxiety. I knew it had always been there and would always be there. I saturated the stillness with no thought. It was complete. I could feel the universe gasp a bit. No one had ever traversed the Maze, Spiral, and completed the 7th challenge all in the same breath. Especially with no circle of support and no series of teachers and instructors from the past 40 or 50 years there to make sure it all went well. This wasn't supposed to happen. And then it all made sense. The dream at Rolling Thunder's camp in 1977. "You don't get a teacher this lifetime. The entire universe is your teacher." So it happened and I had no Elder, no teacher, no support camp to announce my success. All I had was a sleeping bag on a floor with no heat, a forty-five minute walk to the community kitchen, a place to go sit by the creek and meditate, and a sketch pad to mark it all down with. Some days I would pray that if it was never going to get any better than this, could I please go home now? It could have gotten worse, a lot worse, but it could have been different and not as hard. I kept waking up anyway. I kept praying for the opportunity to honor my purpose and see the dreams come true. One day I will be home where the heart is and there will be a circle of people learning to trust their gut instincts, creating, praying, and getting ready for the journey into the Age of Aquarius. A bit of an overhead view shows where the fire will be, where the buffalo altar will be, where the singers will stand, where the runners will stand, where the trees will stand. One hundred thousand years from now they will not remember our names. They will remember our songs. So long as I am willing to honor my purpose, my needs will be met. That is the law of the universe. I have marked the journey. I have embedded songs in the lines of art. These "tapes" from nothingness. Frozen Box #16. 06.09.11.5:30pm 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>