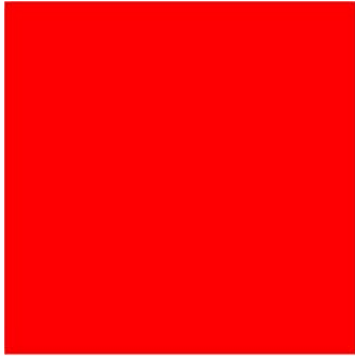


Thoughts on Art



All that we see or seem is perhaps the dream of a Dada-besotted dead Surrealist. A consummate artist, to be sure, but not necessarily dead or dep'art'ed. A Circle whose Centre is Everywhere & whose Circumference is Nowhere, to echo Nicholas of Cusa, et al. A LumInous Abyss so fathomless that it resembles nothing so much as the pupil of a Black Sun sLASH Black Hole. A Silence so ineffable that it passeth All Understanding. An

un'Cage'd bird that has yet to learn how to sing. A Poet sans paroles. A Garden in which the Creative Imagination discovers the Centrality of Love, wherein One Thought fills the Vastness of the UniVerse.

According to William Blake, the road {rage} of eXcess leads to the Palace of Sophia. In the beginning there was DeLight moving over the face of the Tempest-tossed, Taoist Waters. Keeping in HeArt & Mind that according to the visionary Blake, the roaring of the Lion, the howling of the Wolf, & the raging of the dark & stormy Sea are among the {wo}manifestations of the Wisdom of God. May we be worthy of the Burning-Bright eYes of Blakean Fire. For, Verily, Everything that Lives is Holy!

Be Bold & Versed enough to catch Life's Munchian Shrieks in Vessels of Klimtian Gold. For as Goethe reminds us in his "Faust," "Theory is Gray while the Tree of Life is Green & Gold." Learn to embrace the frankincense-fragrant OZymandian Desert without a Bound. Remembering Wittgenstein's insistence that if Eternity is possible, it is only possible in the Creative Moment. In her "Life of the Mind," Hannah Arendt writes of "A timeless region, an Eternal Presence in the complete Quiet of the Now, beyond human clocks & calendars altogether, this small non-time Space is the very

To borrow a wonderful image from C. S. Sherrington, it would appear that within this enchanted loomlike sphere, where myriads of quicksilver shuttles are constantly weaving & unweaving an always meaningful & subtly shifting harmony of patterns, to be fully cognizant is to imbibe Honey-Dew with the Artists & Sages of Yesteryear. When asked "Why the human is on earth?" the 14-year-old Oliver Sacks-tutored Sara Alice Weschsler answered "We are here because the UniVerse needs an entity to ask why it is here." In other words, To Be Is To Do!