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THE TRANSPARENT

AS WITNESS

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AS WITNESS

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Part Tern and Raven by Will Alexander

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Enflared spectres thriving on oneiric cobalt.

When things are crafted one at a time, when a horse is forced to wear blinders, when the sky is suddenly a bewildering sight and one becomes aware of the eyes circling overhead.

Are these eyes of oblivious hybridize? Are these the eyes which formed in the waters of Mimas? Let us travel as dazed bodies shaking off the powers of ethos, so that we come to a blue and verdigris waking.

Blue is not as, persistent attempts to expect what happens, to follow with an activation of I. An infinite affectation, affectation of manner, speech, being, imagination. The veridical hallucination is realer. On the other side, it is not so blue.

The next phase heightens to liminal blinding where the cells are alchemically confronted, where one attempts to transmute calcification, so as to begin to inculcate the first fumes of eternity.

Confrontation with the absence of clarity is one step: the chronic “what next,” the fixed eye, transmutative properties are squeezed out in great glugs as we find our lives threatened by glittering wine. Yesterday I saw a woman who was unable to see, her head turned slightly at a certain angle, elusive memory, and a powerfully built frame: observing much with a sly smile but unable to see past the clean lines of the scene.

Such a visage is not unlike smelling ale from the atmosphere, a universal dimness, chronically rioting across each particular cellular field, so much so, that consensus instinct seems always drawn to the fringes which irradiates from its own micro-annihilation.

Perhaps like Funes we ought to file away our seeings and memories, each and every seeing as unique from each and every other seeing, the distinct lines and context that make up each, to truly see with one's eyes. Or like dogs, unreliant on mere sight, filing away smells of individuals and places, a different set of categories, a different set of rules.

The speck of dust being categorical tremor self focused, replete with differential lenses, which implode within us as the power of concentration, not unlike the rendered particulars of Leonardo's renderings of the anatomy as interactive fragments.

Shall we explore the interactivity of these fragments? How to maintain surprise, blink savagely, thrust our fists into the walls until tears stream down our shoulders? Chasing ghosts, how to pitch in and ask the questions that need to be asked?

I'm thinking of blindness which envelops the cryptic inner Sun. An imploded black wattage being an imploded inner blinding, an auto corrosive which remains simultaneous with taunting psychic reduction not unlike the tautological static which arises on Saturn. Static, not unlike flares of blocked lightning Static, without clarity of the particular or the whole. Such a state provokes a deafening angst as its clarity of things. This being the body scaled to working mechanical rigor. scaled to a fleeting perceptual tonic. This being the Western access model suffused as it is with bouts of continuous bunting, where claustrophobia is enhanced. All emotive rasa, at best, remains swinging in abeyance. Thus, the body never gains contact with its purest level of kinetics, which Schwaller de Lubicz refers to as invisible mathematics. Kemetite mathematics which runs through the electricity of the BA.

Something is standing behind me as I write this, and perhaps I am haunted by a specter that I cannot seem to shake, even with the windows barred, even with my regulated breathing. People are preoccupied with becoming saints, with analyzing their own behavior without the context of others. People get in each others ways, calculate differences, and their anxiety scales to the size of their wit. Problems are not solved, they are swung at. I can hear it coming closer, approaching me, can hear its breathing. It is not God, and nor am I. I have tried to make that clear. But we can approach the husky entreaty of the few whose hands fall on each other's shoulders to create an edging over and into the future.

It is true, isolation creates electricity in a seeming vacuum, all the while haunted by the unintended, as if the personal soul and body were a cul de sac, a hand created cipher, seemingly voided by the greater forces, as if the field itself was strewn by an act of cunning, as if the field itself were an injudicious maze, being nothing more than kindled fragmentation. Once the maze of the mind is struck by a more vertical lightning, one then begins to know oneself as both the whole and its parts, one then begins to smell the illusion of the dialectic allowing one to rise above its seasonal prakriti through breathing. One then understands the power of what Daumal called the grand game. By understanding its interior charisma, the terrors pass by, the heavens with their galactic oceans pass by as one great optic mirage not unlike the movement of Panamanian tumbleweed. Thus, the Sun is no longer scarred, its beams open up, then one somehow surmounts the yoga of death. To paraphrase Gurdjieff, it is both remembering and surmounting, thereby transmuting the body of death to the yoga which flares as interior atomics. A reversal of the accepted, thereby transmuting the 2nd law or condition of thermodynamics. Which is the awakening to possibles other than the Einstein/Rosen Bridges thus merging with the spinning domain of altered generation.

Thus a goal exists. Thus a state of achieval/archival exists. Treading forward with eyes, open, following the flashes of symmetry, dense roar of tossing, pity, strange oaths on the horizon that beckon and push away and excuse life itself. Behaving like a visionary alone does not allow oneself's surrender to the truth (one's reign becomes wearisome): a pitiful heap against the door from being unable to stand under the monstrous lies. If these are monsters that breathe down our backs, we too are monsters. To lead one's life. To make a living. To live. To proceed. To grow: the double quick or the fool.

As sidereal cortex, there then exists a natural contagion, a magnetism no longer contained within the personality itself. One then exists as a ubiquitous solar germination, thereby knowing the secondary aspects of partially arisen telepathy. The latter being a symptom of what I'll call the overwhelming. When the Sombrero Galaxy is only a figment of this cortex, we know that the human field is morphing. Not according to pre-conditioned idea, but akin to boulders which transgress the eons. This being the condition of a spiraling supra-kinetic. It being the hidden power which will allow the blood to turn green, allowing life to roam outside the palpability of the given. This being ferocity of insight which assimilates the unknown as motion.

This ferocity of insight we ought to hold on to, the goal being in reach, being easy to remember, being easy to forget. We enter a new place and feel the urge to create new memories. Or change old ones to fit the new paradigm. Memories are memories. They are malleable. They are forgettable. Painting can be done from inside a canvas, the mutilated shapes and colors that scream at the hand until they feel finished. Paint a woman's face in her own blood. Sleep inside an egg as it slowly cooks in a pot of boiling water. The fragile shudder of the dream-wolf who nudges at the small of your back. You are in the wrong place. Or this is the wrong time.

This has nothing in common with personal insular mass or personal jaundice quaking in the atmosphere, which thereby allows an objective examination of vertigo, knowing its scales, its rhythms, its optical azures shaking within the turbulence of eggs. One can then ask about the solar locale and its referential state of particles. Perhaps they can be called in-human suns rising and setting over the wrathful sky of Saturn. Perhaps they vary their vexing angles within a quarter billion miles per hour. In this sense each planet has its various registrations. Take Earth, with its wastes of ice and floods, its uninhabitable parching canals, without the need of anthropomorphic deafening. For instance, without the chilling posture of Descartes or Hobbes, or hoards of the befuddled following Jesus Christ. This being the body as etched tungsten attempting to dissect zodiacs, by means of simulated fire or darkness. Simple nuance is never decreed. Ghosts are destroyed. Thus, the universe seems willed by an absence of kindling.

It's as if Earth hasn't really been "inhabited" as well, colonized, yes, turned into a morning of nightmares where the trains never run on time, but the kind of habitation that the big trees pursue under the shining sun, a kind of meaning that raises aloft the slight twinkle from the reflection of light that suddenly allows ghosts to appear, this is lost to those wretched beings who only manage to wake and sleep, scheme on the conquest of the cars without running their fingers over the cracks in the walls to truly feel. They walk through the grudging night and assign attributes to themselves, other creatures, places: categories of manipulation, convenience, while the bodies of the dead lie still, dwarfed by the immensity of the thought. One: he does not speak but has something on his mind. He can consider, just for a moment. Already, the vultures are circling in the sky.

The question arises concerning the range of creatural formation across differing states and planes of the cosmos. I'm thinking of unnamed solar habitations shunted away in unclassifiable vapour where energy continues to erupt into forms which cannot be presently defined. Perhaps leakage from uncolored volcanoes, or perhaps gargantuan hybrids roaming strange uranian confines. Let us take the Mariana's Trench as exponential example by psychically opening earthquakes in its darkness, thus, proclaiming the interstellar on Earth. Which is not common parlance, or the reeking of a stationary balance wheel. I can say that such an explorational dynamic has never lost pulsation, nor has it ceased to occlude the heavens flowing as they are with signals.

Existence is only present between two divine markers, hands pounding out a shape from wet clay. We are born from nothing, die into nothing, or, this nothing that is undefinable, unarticulateable, these events that bookmark our physical existence and so in daily lives we humans find ourselves constantly reaching towards the divine, the other side, a different ground than that of the trampled pigs and rotting organs. Plant vibrations even attest to our sensitivity, to the constant rise and fall of tensions. Prayer is not a ritual or action but a hand reaching into the ether in an attempt to touch something. Someone is banging at the door and we don't know to answer it. Someone is climbing in through the window and we don't see it. In the distance, a bell starts to toll...

The skies dim, at the cusp of a rotted poppy field, silence burning as an aural mirage. Such being the human grasp when extended across the void. A seeming insular lockage surrounded by random memoranda and beliefs. In this circumstance, there only exists the curricula of agitation, and sustenance by broken cellular intake. This being life which cannot lean on itself always ceasing to scratch the surface. This being energy which fails to take note of itself through alchemic halts and visions. And these latter halts and visions carry in themselves the power to change the Sun, thereby switching the chronic negation which once dominated an island cosmos. This being consciousness as a unitary blizzard, which can be called a supernatural transmuting, stated in another way, a cellular aperture of friction as osmosis. Human life then becomes something more than what Charles Ives proclaimed as "The Unanswered Question."

We eat on the cusp, at the cusp, up there at the cusp. Creation is a form of mimicry. But there is more than one way to create. Transformation vs. transmutation. Right, it's snowing outside, it's raining, it's always raining and all we know is to talk about the weather. But what of the weather if not a pattern of dioramic interruptions. Sometimes we don't mean to be distracted by the blood that comes from the head of the mouse when we crack its head too forcefully but when extremities are so severely bent in these circumstances we can only be blocked out by the unnatural foliage that surrounds us. Instincts that create a long fence around us, a perimeter or a city or an emotion. Today the dogs are more capable of empathy than humans are.

Let us scrawl in various enigmas, in plots too regnant to be disguised. Therefore we tend era after era to follow the loosened steps of a blinded rose, not unlike a purely cortical faith crashing zodiacs against themselves, so it can never be known how one's blood is balanced by such seeming stellar distraction. By the month to month data which eclipses its central choreography. This is why all the iconic spells of the West are fraught with funeric memory. Thus, intelligence remains misinformed at its highest strata, the corporal always spinning as proto-scansion, as the highest model replete with error. This being the gauge which replicates itself as realia, as angst which ignites its own damage, always regaling itself with empathy lower than the art of cobras.

So, as Charles Fort would say, let the procession of the damned begin: . . . “We shall have a procession of data that Science has excluded. Battalions of the accursed, captained by pallid data that I have exhumed, will march. You’ll read them — or they’ll march. Some of them livid and some of them fiery and some of them rotten.” Festering will not equal rotten, but last night will equal a hard betrayal. When I eat the last traces of yolk on my plate I’ll have a chance to step back easily and join the shouting at the top of our lungs. Standing in the street doesn’t equal freedom march but the omission of the numerous and barred constitutes a wrong-doing. Nicholas Guer, understanding the stakes of stasis, of change, of false truths: “Don’t speak to me of revolution until you are ready to eat rats to survive.”

You describe an ocean of uncanny shadows. A world seconds removed from ruinous solar flares, where rats burn, where diseases pontificate without let-up. Which has nothing to do with simple reportage, for instance, the fact of altered financial trends, or looking at a scene of seals organically scrambling to shore. Thus, the lances of the profit makers broken. The feral motion of great secondary winds, of high uranian winds will allow us contact with the eerie physicality of their power as the occult. Then we will have palpable proof that all governing institutions have lied to us for the greater part of the past 20 centuries, by means of disgraceful exteriority. I’m speaking of that Tibetan wind that Artaud tells us that LeComte invoked in his writings. A power which no structure can retrieve or invoke though the towers reach 20,000 miles into the clouds. This being a planet with its one isolated sun unable to cradle these dense ambrosias from the beyond. Unable to re-invoke itself through the summoning of elastic minerals. This leaves the human species in the realm of the imago ignota, in search of the strange for the sake of the strange.

Even Lovecraft's visions, the Dark Ones who whisper in dreams but also sleep to be awoken, dark ghastly wells of insipid and unnatural geometries. The first thing to strike one, after happening upon one's sleeping place, is the unnatural look of the edifice, the strange and impossible geometries that don't make sense in any humane context, can't be fathomed by eyes or minds or hands or bodies. How to see, to gaze, to understand. How to translate the dazzling sorrow of gazing into the eternal and beautiful abyss. How to lie down to sleep at night remembering to wake each morning to return to a place of rationality and exactitude.

Indeed these are alien geometries of consciousness, fumes from the ghat, exposure to the horrid. As if we reeked of eternal punishment and soldering. In the deepest sense this can be nothing more than cinematic error, walled in on itself by psychic separation by initiation into barriers, as if all were a frightening colloquy. Let us take prior "Eastern" cultures where self-appreciation existed. The body was not a separate sheaf to be visibly distracted at its core by secular obstruction, by conceptual plaque never knowing the solar plexus as it breathes in and breathes out. Thus experiencing the nths, what the Indians would call the "Rasa" of consciousness.

Indeed, and these alien cathedrals are able to be erected on our plane, in our world. So then, perhaps we needn't look far. It is not a matter of distance but of density, not a matter of reaching, but of a different kind of osmosis, a different understanding of the mind/body split that the western world so familiarized that it has imbued all our philosophies and capabilities with the existential struggle with this duality. But not all struggles fit into this one. Just use your hand to touch a hideous & shrunken body and feel the difference in debasement that runs through fingertips, listen with more than one ear.

Evolved beyond the preemptive as coding. Beyond drafts of bone and wood so as to enter another blazing, another cortical domain, sheaf by sheaf, by sheaf, ignited in one's actions like the patience of boulders. To take such power into another level of balance so as to wake duration in the cells, blending with the vertical through frequency. A frequency which the old Kemetians mined in order to evolve an everlasting neural seismics. This being activity at the deeper level of the pineal, which to me as a latter day Kemetian an organ which remains as more than a useless insert.

What becomes increasingly difficult to find then, are those truly capable of empathy. What, for example, of the devil's point of view? Laszlo Kraznahorkai talks about evil, not as something to be purged or sought after and destroyed, but as being excessively human, pervasive. So that intentions become sinister and selfish, so that to be instigated as a category is not the sort of conquest men hope it to be. Look at the rock several times. Look at it several times more. Turn the dial to a different frequency. Turn it once more.

Because we are shadowed by our present neurological enclave we cannot consider other kinetics of being. It is called by the majority utopia of the impossible. The Mother in her 6,000 pages of ascent delineates another kind of ether. A transmuting which is rife with other possibilities of being evinced through clearing the cells of doubt and enigma.

A circuitry derided by uncountable doubters. Humans are in a holding phase circa 1 million years. In consequence, all of known history remains marked by failed efforts. To transmute the cells, to overleap entropy. Evil remains a corridor, an alchemical seasoning, not an embedded horizontality. As Goethe once said, "Onward, beyond the tombs." This "beyond" is the dark of the mind which remains currently inactive. The Kemetians understood activity within this darkness and were active in its complex accrual. Naim Akbar has understood the last 7 centuries to consist of Eurocentric devolution in this regard, poisoning the world forum with exponential cataclysmics now brazenly operant with negation and murder. Murder of the seas, destruction of the wind, signaled by heightened tornadoes. Even the background of genius seems corrupted by its non-uranian intent. The latter always plied by the reductive as creation.

If humans are in a holding phase, what came before? Is there still the potential for an afterward? Or like the different frequencies that all reside in the ether, are these realities and existences cohabitual, simultaneous, a furthermore conceived of the foundation stones of the world's highest cathedrals. A man steps from out from the darkness. He's been living in a cave all this time and until today his only friends were the shadows on the walls created by the dancing flames of the fire that gave him warmth. He steps out to see a light so bright, a world so full, shadows that aren't shadows at all. I no longer care if I die, is what his lips utter. Of course there is a difference between the devil and Satan. There too is a difference between birth and creation, and though the man has no intention of stealing, he is learning what evil is.

There remains the utter intelligence of what we know as the cosmos. It continuously reveals itself as the mathematics of mystery. Chance, formula, gain, loss, chaos, confusion, always the mathematics of mystery which under present human auspices can only be partially ascended. An invisible mathematics which certain shamans reveal when they change forms and turn into birds or tigers. This level, fantastic as it is remains only at partial scale. I am always holding in mind the fantastic creations of the planet Saturn and the Sombrero Galaxy general light years away.

What is this? How can I hold my private posture at separate scale from this? Thus, I cannot experience myself as separable distance, as a blank or inconsequent atomics, bent on exclusive cerebral study. Creation holds in its powers, all elements, all possibles. So if the human capacity can extend itself indefinitely, this is a possible, given the fact that uncountable cycles exist always gaining momentum within themselves. I'm thinking of the stellar nursery in Serpens where solar anniversaries are igniting as a plethora of seeming separations.

The man then works slowly, in contradiction to his own nature, or at least the nature that has been the nature of history of so much time. It is the sum of so many quick and slow movements, the meticulous chiseling that can lead to the unpleasant questions one must ask of his own distance from his self, from the sun, from all the galaxies formulating and dying out in the very same instant that he closes his eyes, a self-exile from the kingdom of man, but only for an instant. In that instant, he is working on a truly extraordinary task because he seeks to touch the various impossible possibilities of the ether. He will not be idle. He may die before his time. The important thing is to keep moving forward, to express it, and to see wonders and be astonished because all the wonders of the world are equally perplexing.

Just listen for the immutable silence; even in a temple garden this silence is elusive. Because there is nothing better to do, we lie in wait and anticipation, judged and condemned. Because we don't know better, we lie in wait and anticipation, judged and condemned. While we feed the hungry dogs and ants, because we have been raised to love animals, they devour our flesh until we are no longer present as physical bodies. Pacheco's absurd amusement park becomes our world, or, more likely, our world has been that park inside a park inside a park all along, we were just too busy judging the others.

This being alchemy according to riddle, seemingly standing as a transfixed vertical apparition. This being the lightning which crawls through the nerves. Which tends to burn as spots in the vision. This being core as powerful kinetic, as latitudinal ether. Analogous to mountains burning, charged by interior turning. This being a first hermetic seizure, a sun warren, where the soul accelerates and experiments with itself through motionless motion. This being the source of closed eyes, of the extra-retinal through osmosis, the touch which can claim the Horsehead Nebula as its vision. This being, the rhetoric of the un-summoned, of the suddenly applicable brought into being. Alien instigation? The verbal as profile of that which is impossible to know? This being the action of non-conclusion, the point blank as other, the rapture which swoons as exponential osmotics.

The internal tuning happens rarely, the gradual and magnetic coming together, the simultaneous harmony that creates a polyphonic whole. Here we remember Werckmeister's counterpoint, the melodic interaction between the different species of consonant motions. Can we avoid such a resistance or magnetic rotation for very long? Probably for most, their feelings will be hurt and they will read badly the sheet music set out in front of them, unable to see the surrounding auras of the foreshadowing dreams. This is what it sounds like. This is what it ought to sound like. This is what it will sound like. It will sound like nothing.

This being a script of blinded cattle, of microscopic rotary infernos. A distracted mantra if you will. The transitory as working source. The horizontal as collective mesmeric, as detailed particular, the consciousness seeming to flee from itself by slow motion detour. Perhaps in contra-distinction to this a more inward spinning rotary mantra. An invisible sign shining through agitated fulcrums which evinces itself as power of the perpendicular. Thus, the extrinsic riddle being no longer a whole which triggers a desultory mental emphatic. There is no longer loose or annoying crystal, or sinks of private snow in which to drown energized as they are by delimited cross purpose. Instead, an energy impelled by the inner conundrum of transpersonal workings. Not a situation which threatens but dissolves the energies which lurk within conflict. Thus, another state of waking is reached, because those who are bored cannot properly dwell. Say, when one consults the psychic power of ragas a capability transpires of instilling other levels which alchemically leak beyond the sudden spillage of rage.

Boredom is different from tedium is different from apathy. There is a joylessness that some can feel in life, but the root of this dispirited state can be many. And relief, then, can come in many forms but for those whom boredom is about a lack of amusement can find easy and chemical ways to alter their own brain states and find a different involvement in the forward momentum of their lives (though when the pendulum swings, it always returns, the endless cycle until an ultimate stop). For others, they seek to look past the mere emotional turmoil of human activity. Everything that is seen on television, heard on the radio, all the signals and waves of the sociocultural mess that makes up this world, they recognize as simultaneously ultimate insights into the exquisite, all data or patterns of data to be recollected and absorbed and the language of music becomes the language of theology becomes the language of politics, and at the same time, the dull tedium of the limits of individual achievement that can't surpass the architecture of medieval cathedrals or unlocking the secrets of prime numbers. There is an intersection that can not be interpreted but can be perceived. A dialogue can be had. The Shinto temple is rebuilt every twenty years and primary images can be transferred thus. The endpoint of which can be seen through a set of eyes also dictates the laws of human origin.

These remain states conducted at differing scales of waste. Cycles of drought. Dulled animal forces. A population attempting to withstand itself, its powers laced with infamy and occlusion. Its technical germinations which grasp as gnawing death traps, producing at minimum acres of slain mimosas. Unable to rise above continuing demise. This being reversal inside the human cavity. Which reflects a fallen domain of animals. Subconscious beasts altered by momentary distraction and turbulence, always surmounted by chronic enactment of error. Staggering around, always looking for psychic storms as general justification. Never fully awakened from poignant elements of troubled sleep.

Sometimes the bleak chaos just in the form of a herd of meandering cows, moving through the mud slowly, intentionally, with a lack of force or motivation, just the inertia that drives all beasts to move forward when faced with the endless landscape of mud. And if it does not stop raining, the mud stays intact as mud. So mud is not mud, an other way to view the land, but the natural course of things. The mud is natural, the trudging, the inescapable dirt beneath the fingernails, the stench, and then the textures on the walls, the wood. What are those symbols painted on the brick? How does language get remembered when there is so much mud?

For instance, a consciousness wakes from sludge and seeps through reflections from a stunning green vitrescence. This being a coronal experience by which it engages exponential speculation. Which carries in its wake an absence of super-imposition. This being a being which has never known science, by adding or squaring its substance by means of the extrinsic. It never attempts to mimic and thereby control the atomic. First of all this consciousness is both athletic and broad, and swims as would an eagle across the waters of an lunar unknown habitation. One could say that it now braves the oceans under Europa. But this is only a figment of the circumstance. Its next phase is to fuse with shamanic electrical ether so that the a-priori remains the tenor of its bloodstream.

The consciousness, like a former farmer, knows where the land is thick and wet. The heavy fog that has enshrouded the inhabitants of a small town for many seasons can lift only when the right note (or wrong, depending on the context) is sung by the author of many plays that will never be directed or see the stage. Men often move in the manner in which they were taught to move, as quickly as possible. Others move their feet as if constantly wading through a thick mud that comes up to their ankles and won't budge, even when the rain has stopped and skies are clear. Both of these manners of movement though seek a kind of compulsion that can not, and will not, ever catch the consciousness that might allow them to drift over the mud like a cosmic and dry desert. The desert is, of course, not always flat. And it is not always deserted.

Let us remember that locomotion is never completely prone to gravity, to one or two grades of motion, but can, as in the world of Tutuola move with astral like alacrity. The moon flutters, the Sun ignites under unclaimed water. The world exhibits itself as trance, Any a-priori claim fails to exist. There is always the rapture of the magnitudes, burning letters, ants, the numerous fires of intuition. One need always field the oneiric dimension and meditation by osmosis. When one is soaked by osmosis higher charisma appears. Other individuals sense vastitude entering their field. One then carries the charisma of unspoken comets.

Yes: gravity as a certain kind of construction, like mathematics, that describes and allows for the functionality of certain vessels, fishermen's boats cleaving through waves, the swaying of arms during a pilgrimage, smaller storms that alternate and refeed the soil. One might stop for a moment, point in the direction in which he desires to go, but, at the point of exhaustion, at the point at which his legs will no longer carry the weight of his body, he will have to settle for the stipulations of this patronage. He does not know how to bid farewell, only to keep following the coastline, where in the fog, some light continues to flicker and beckon.

What of the sailor who advances by invisible number. One can sense in this regard the first Phoenicians riding across the waves into Mexico. The oil of Saturn burning in their lamps, the Sun, part green and black, the waves, magically inclement, the compass restoring an impeccable light, an insight across water. Thus, motion is blended with its counterpart in the non-measurable domain, so that the accuracy of the shore evinces as a blizzard understood in the psyche as subconscious honing.

The doctrine of cycles dictates a certain number of possible permutations before the universe must repeat itself. Once again, the sailor emerges from inside his mother's belly, once again, from darkness to light. Once again he lives according to the patterns he had once set forth before, and once again he dies. Of course these permutations are not prerequisites and the sailor, sensing the invisible waves ebbing behind the curtain of doubtful restoration, might be able to plunge his hands into the ether to profane the sanctuary of certain death, to defame his own memory as a righteous man and to leave behind his dolorous flesh and blood for a plane for which no scarcity of rumors seeks to suffice the truth of hidden frequencies that this brave mariner might uncover.

We are never instructed in the West of the realia of anonymous legacy, of boats withdrawn into coma. Thus, the body no longer as immobilized by date and foundation by date. By this or that biographical sampling. This remains a ludicrous resistance, given that seas are filled with unknown names, the latter, leaking as bulletins of chaos. In other words, let us name the names which live across the spillage of galaxies. There are no surnames to be uncovered, no pointedly named species floating within a double phantom sun. For instance a sea, as irrepeatable mirror no longer gracing the Earth.

The point at which the reflection in the mirror is no longer a physical replica of the body on this side. The point at which the octopus, wavering for a second, flattens out its body to pursue a different geography, chronology. When to remain silent is to resemble the course of history itself. When the course of history only moves backwards so the anticipation of the following sentence forces one to abandon himself solely to the light emanating from the sun, dreaming again of the deserts he once diverged from, dreaming again of dreams that are now manifest by the synaptic obscurities of his own cosmological status. By now, he knows the words by heart.

The synapse recurring as refracted circle removed from aboriginal phenomena become uncountable interval. Within this interval an inscrutable roundelay, the cells replicated as absence. Thus, the genes as dice ignited by the Sun. The question arises where and what will being be? Can such a question be fielded by phenomena? By a kind of hypnosis which signals in-dwelling detritus? This being the body by in-direction, by quantum manifestation, as drift, as ghostly neural carbon, as if one could imagine its content as rudimentary silos rising as transparencies from Venus. Which in enunciated form is not conflicted fauna perfectly buffeted between fixation and fixation. It is illusive like the next sentence squandered, squared by the dimension of its unanswered mean.

It is the enunciation, clear and simple, dry and turning, that strange utterance of a body willing to let its physicality become the embers of a sun that produces the replication of light. An event that, like a long shot in a Tarr film, is the ethical dimension of a landscape that squeezes you into a box, shakes you like a terrified child, and begs of you to wait. Do we even remember how to see anymore, minds mildewed with nervous occasions, yellowed with whatever happened yesterday, someone ringing bells in the distance. He wafts like a spirit already disconnected from his glass eyes, hears the bellow of a heaving universe. There it is, he thinks to himself. There it finally is.

There exists a hollowness when one is riven in two by inner separation. There is only the body occluded inside halls, moving from empty door to empty door, shorn of all resonance. The constellations engage in burning without the energy of human respite. Thus the individual needs engage the acrobatics of blindness, needs to engage the health of the unknown. This being an initial stage of liberty not according to the case of doctrines, of delimited ideas, of collective neuroses spread across time and distance. This needs be the courage which spirals from the catacombs, from the ruins of an unstable consciousness.

Under present circumstance our neural heritage is bleak, cellular liberty practically unknown. Which I maintain is not a demonstrative Bohemia, with all the trappings of decay. No, it is to reach another solar locale in the body, a light, thereby engaging an unfeigned alliance with liberty.

"The Transparent as Witness as a collaborative text is not so much a fusion as a call and response between two linguistic poles, the extra galactic igneous superstructures of Will Alexander responded to by the sub numinous ghostly human corollaries of Janice Lee. Seemingly disparate at first, two spectacular voices reacting to each other's cosmic reverberations and echoes, the two slowly meld and enigmatically a third voice seems to manifest, making the text both more complex and surprisingly more luminous. Side by side we encounter such assertions as these: *The fragile shudder of the dream wolf who nudges at the small of your back. You are in the wrong place. Or this is the wrong time.[&] ...in-human suns rising and setting over the wrathful sky of Saturn.* This is an apocalyptic read, immaculate with surface tension yet riddled with the mysteriously ineffable encounters of consciousness with its other."

—Ivan Argüelles

"Will Alexander and Janice Lee's *The Transparent As Witness* is testimony of a seemingly telepathic interplay between alien philosophy and vital insight into the Imaginal. They give their thoughts room to breathe, to expand, to inhabit a vertical space branching off into boundless territory where something seems ancient, where language is magnetized to the unseen. It is akin to watching dreams unfold, sustaining its internal momentum through the clarity of ascension. The constancy of their vision is grandiose and in tune with an unborn language. They provide the cerebral ignition needed to come in contact with the infinite."

—Chris Moran

