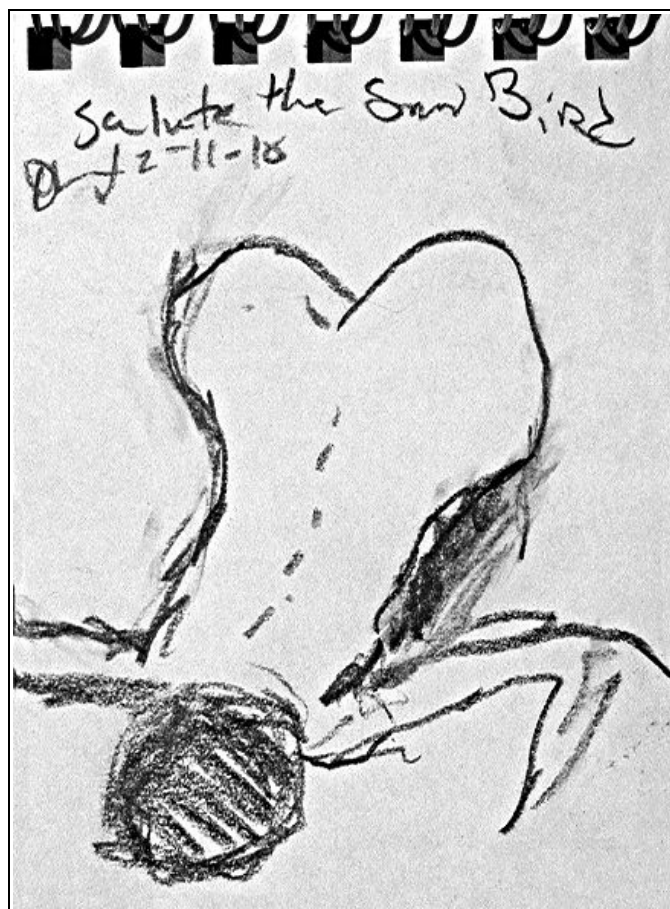


The Tunnel Vision Tapes: Part 4 (76-99)

This is the fourth part of a four part document where 99 drawings that were done between January 9 until February 16, 2010, are included with texts commenting on each drawing or information associated with each drawing such that The Tunnel Vision Tapes becomes a resource for those interested in the interconnectedness between creativity, spirituality, and every day life. The drawings are a visual journal of sorts during a very difficult but important time in my life. The comments I've added later share insights as I reflect back on the moment each drawing was created. The topics range from my educational background in art, my spirituality, contemporary issues and topics I feel are an integral part of my life, and a few stories about rice for supper or why I should consult a dictionary before writing down a title to a drawing. There's an introduction to the series in the first part of the series that explains the intent of the effort a little better. I would suggest that you start with #1 and follow the line of reasoning all the way through in numerical order, as later comments build on something said in a previous comment after the first one. Check out the entire series as you can and keep the faith, as always.

Oliver Loveday © June 10, 2011

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76. "Salute the Sun" Bird, February 11, 2010

"Birds also rising" was a favorite series of mine for many years. It started sometime around 1975 and made appearances in drawings, paintings, collages, welded metal sculptures, wood carvings, photographs, wood block prints, poetry, and a few audio recordings. The imagery was intended to celebrate transcendence as our spirits become like birds, or the Phoenix, rising above our everyday mundane lives in that manner where we associate the darkness with the underground while the light is above, related to the sun. A friend that was a devout Christian started taking yoga lessons and I knew she would have trouble with one exercise called "Salute the Sun" because her religious training had lead her to believe that Christians don't worship the sun, which is a throw back to the time before the Exodus from Egypt when the Hebrew lived under the rule of the Pharaohs who honored Ra in their rites. The concept of monotheism is pretty easy to trace in Egyptian history, although it originated elsewhere and was adopted as a way to gain political control during a period of economic transition. As Moses was adopted by the Pharaoh's daughter, so grew up under the training of the religious teachings of the day, he adopted his beliefs to follow those of the oppressor, discarding the beliefs of his own people, which he barely knew anyway. Once they hit the road and got beyond the Red Sea, the transition from a tribal culture that had functioned under slavery into a liberated culture that adopted the former slave owner's religion began. Monotheism

works as long as one can ignore human reality and focus on iconic representations of a small group of men's ideas of what a deity should look like. It worked in Egypt for a few centuries and it worked elsewhere until human reality got the better of it and a few more deities were added along with "Our Heavenly Father" to form a Trinity in Christianity. A Trinity doesn't work as a monotheistic religion, I don't care how you do the math.

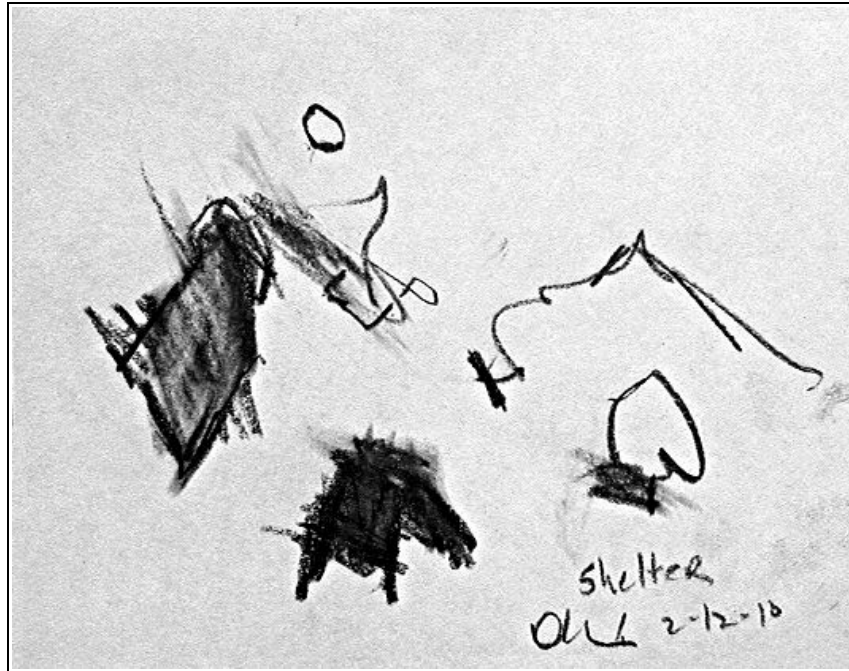
The yoga teacher had this dilemma worked out already, as all you have to do is change the name from one thing to another, just like Moses did with Ra, and it's not a problem any more. The exercise does a good work-out of the body while bringing a focus of honoring a greater good and spiritual transcendence. It's easy to understand the child-like nature of humanity when we turn to the rising sun each morning and offer prayers of gratitude and ask for guidance through the coming day. Those that view this as sun worship don't understand things about humans and spirituality. One is the physical connection to the heavenly bodies as we are attuned to gravity and magnetic forces, and the second issue is word usage in this criticism of those who do morning devotions while facing the sun. The word, worship, is a Middle English Period word that is derived from the term, a worthy ship. A contractor would visit the shipyard when a new ship was launched from dry dock, and as it hit the water and proved itself water-tight and able to navigate downstream safely, it earned the honor of worship. The sun isn't a ship at sea.

As a person seeking spiritual understanding and wisdom begins their journey, one of the key factors of this journey is to become aware of their physical body as the vehicle by which they navigate through life. Yoga is one way to increase this awareness. Dance, athletics, even sexuality, will get a person there to one extent or the other, but the key factor is awareness of the body. Learning the body in all aspects so one can transcend the limitations of physicality is a necessary part of the journey. Shedding the negative attitudes of the body imposed upon us by a society thick with methods of fear and control as a way of managing the populous and deriving as much profit out of the masses as possible, whether it be for a new cathedral or a way to sell tooth paste, we have to step outside these control mechanisms in order to become aware of our total selves and to fully celebrate the unity of our spirit with the Creator of all things. (I just love how some people have to trump everything Native Americans say. I said "creator of all things" to someone recently and his retort was to say that he worshiped the Supreme Creator like it's a competition.) Any school of thought that suggests that I should limit my awareness of the Universe or I might become corrupted with un-Godly ways usually has ulterior motives, like I might stop staring at the Wizard of Oz and look behind the curtain. With good guidance from a teacher that knows how to navigate past the temptations of the flesh, along with all the other temptations out there, I can become aware of the Universe without having to succumb to fear. The Universe include me, so I have to learn all I can about me as part of the process, which includes yoga and meditation. As I salute the sun, I also honor the Earth below, in balance with all my relations. My awareness transcend my ego as a chill rises up through the spine from the head and neck, past the shoulders, up the inverted back, to the buttocks, where the "birds also rising" transcend my human limitations. (This one is dedicated to Ariane Piper, who is in Vermont preparing to teach a Master Yoga class next week.) 06.10.11.10:30am EDT



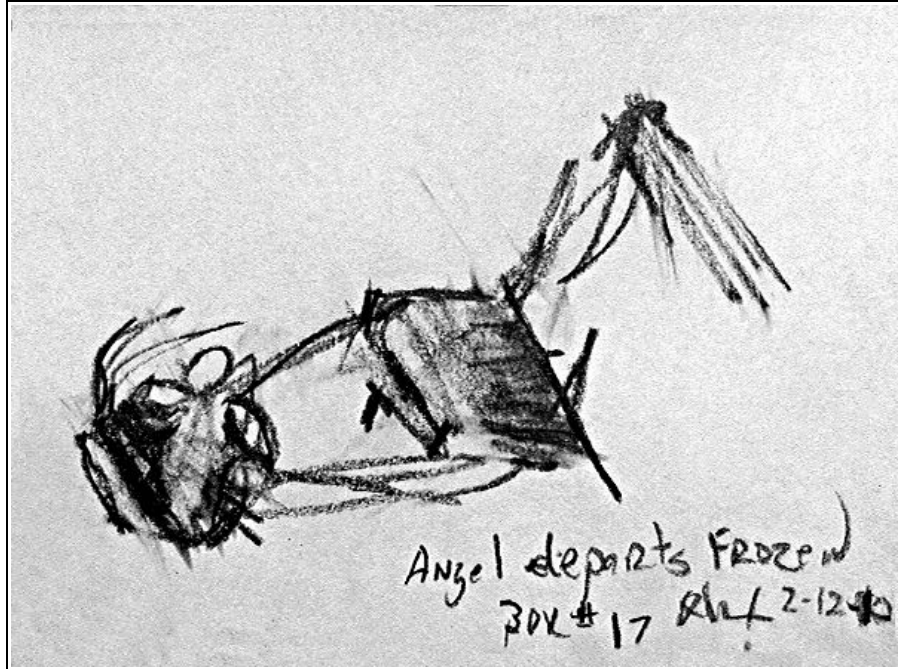
77. Dance of Fields, February 12, 2010

There was a field where the deer would come and graze at night. Sometimes the does would bring their fawns out during the day and wander through the maize to feed. I called it the field where the deer-people play. I wrote poems about it. I did several paintings based on this experience. I could sit and look over the short distance and watch the field closes to me, and the next one on the other side of the creek, and the other one beyond another branch that ran into the creek at the edge of the clearing. During the day the birds would come and feed on insects or hawks would circle for rabbits and other small rodents. The winds and breezes would come and pick up the dandelion and milkweed seeds and send them dancing across the fields. At night the fireflies would come out during the summer and turn the fields into strobe light discotheques while the tree frogs, cicadas, crickets, and night birds would provide the sound track. The fields would dance and glimmer with radiance. Some nights I would sit and watch the fields as the evening sky turned to twilight, thinking about loved ones far away and how I missed seeing them playing in the fields. As the twilight settled in I would watch the fields like some magical power was at play. A few times I would sit and watch fountains of light, barely perceptible, spew out of the ground like geysers. Before electrical lines had come through the valley the folktales of the locals had included mysterious lights that floated the length of the valley. A few visitors were there when these lights appeared on several occasions. I learned a lot for the place where the deer-people came to play. It didn't surprise me to learn that a village had been here along the creek before the Europeans came through and turned everything into private property. 06.10.11.9:45pmEDT



78. Shelter, February 12, 2010

Frozen illumination of pitch white shelter sight beneath a mingling sky of invisible ice as the lines of demarcation shifted at glacial speed across the photogenic horizon. Shelter I could not touch. Private and intolerant. Acrid silence hit spinal tap functions as I swallowed hard against this emptiness. Crows talk. Crows are always talking, but today they are talking somewhere else. Survival is about moving, keep moving. This is shelter but it isn't home. 06.10.11.11:25pm EDT



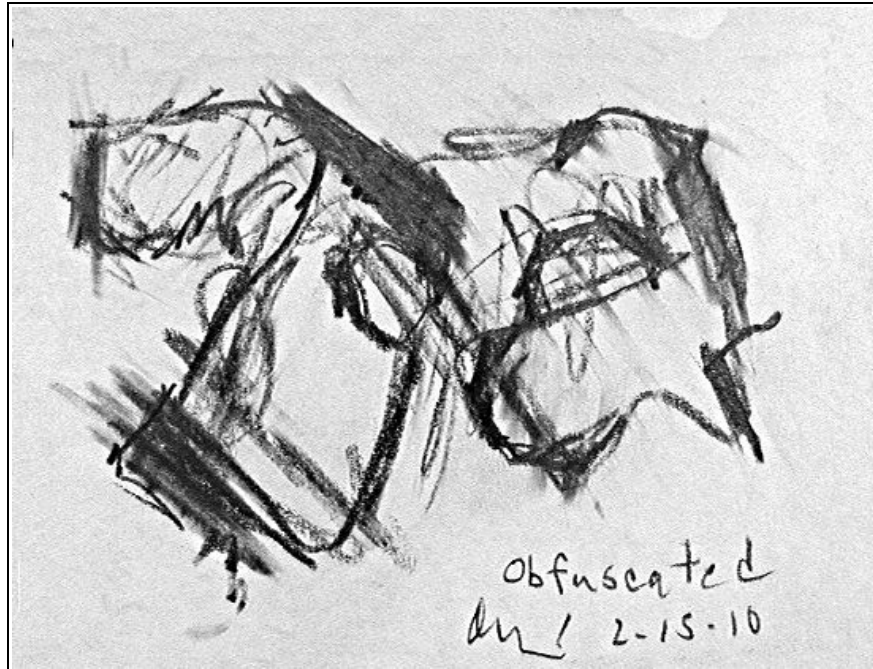
79. Angel departs Frozen Box #17, February 12, 2010

A landscape watercolor about eight years ago featured an angel heading for a house by a lake or pond at twilight like a child was going to sleep and the angel was going to keep the child safe for the night. This would be that angel. Some parts of the drawing looks like there's some ink in there. A touch of yellow in the upper right hand corner of the drawing and it would look like this angel is passing through several paintings from the past, present, and future. Something like that. Art can do that. Some art feels timeless because it works in all time zones. The Greeks would attribute this to the inspiration of a Muse. It's like that or it's about going into that zone where all time is part of the now. Hard to say which really. Sometimes it's just easier to blame it on some Other Worldly interaction and leave it like that. I should do a survey and see which one sounds the sexiest. Give me a few years and I'll get back to you on that one. Later. 06.11.11.3am EDT



80. Winked, February 12, 2010

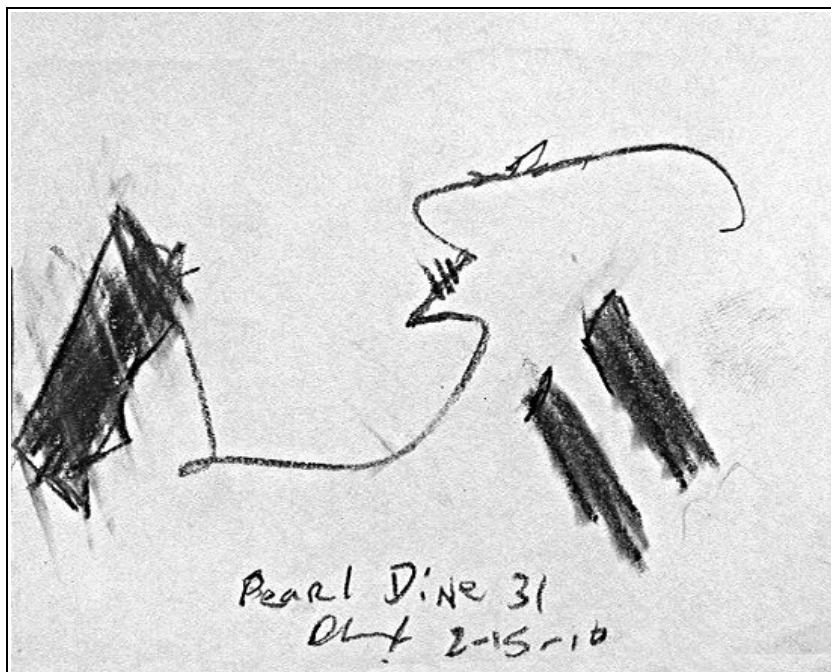
Funny, I don't feel like I'm being winked at but more like this one just woke up and opened one eye to peer out at me like, "How dare you disturb my sleep..." with all the elements of dreaming still flying about. So it's more like "I'm going to go catch a few winks" instead of someone winking at you. It's a bit of an ET face and certainly child-like in repose. There's this method of making something endearing while other images have the feeling of being aggressive and hostile. If it's a creature from somewhere else but it looks a certain way, it is lovable. It wouldn't matter on any other level whether aliens don't fit our idea of lovable or not, we just accepted it on face value and love it any way. Based on "Creation Myths" from tribal people all over this planet, we are the ones that migrated here from somewhere else. If this is any indication of our origins, then we are the aliens. If the Law of the Universe states that any entity that alters a planet in any way has to remain attached to that planet until that karma has been resolved. Considering what this planet must have looked like a million years ago and what it looks like now due to human impact on the planet, we're going to be here a little while longer. Becoming aware that karma isn't just our track record of how we treat each other, but how we treat all living things around us and the impact we have upon the Earth that will affect future generations after us is our karma track record as well. One strives for balance between positive and negative karma with less and less of either as much as possible. Striving for perfection becomes an obsessive pride issue which is not about balance. 06.11.11.10:10



81. Obfuscated, February 15, 2010

I could look the definition of the title up a dozen times and it would still come out the same. That's the way it feels sometimes. Carl Jung did a lot of research into the power of symbols in our lives. People in advertising try to find new images and symbols that will convey to us the necessity to buy a product. Visual symbols and imagery locks us into groups that might have other things going on besides what the symbol or logo suggested at first, but once we're marked, it's hard to back out. On the other hand, if we can name something that was previously unknown and create a symbol for it, then it isn't the same unknown force in our lives it was before. It's all in which direction you're coming from. "Obfuscated" is one of those symbols for me. It represents a time in my life when several people wanted to run the show but weren't allowed to do so. At that point they decided to eliminate the show because once they did that, there was never any show to run so their pride was never hurt or they never showed their colors behind the mask about what their true intentions were to start with, so everything is alright, except it isn't. I got obfuscated. Everything got clouded up and the show got put on hold, but it is still there. That's their delusions. No one runs the show. We just participate in it, with each person having a role. So things have to be put on hold until the negative energy runs its course and blows out like a dust cloud that choked everything out for a little while.

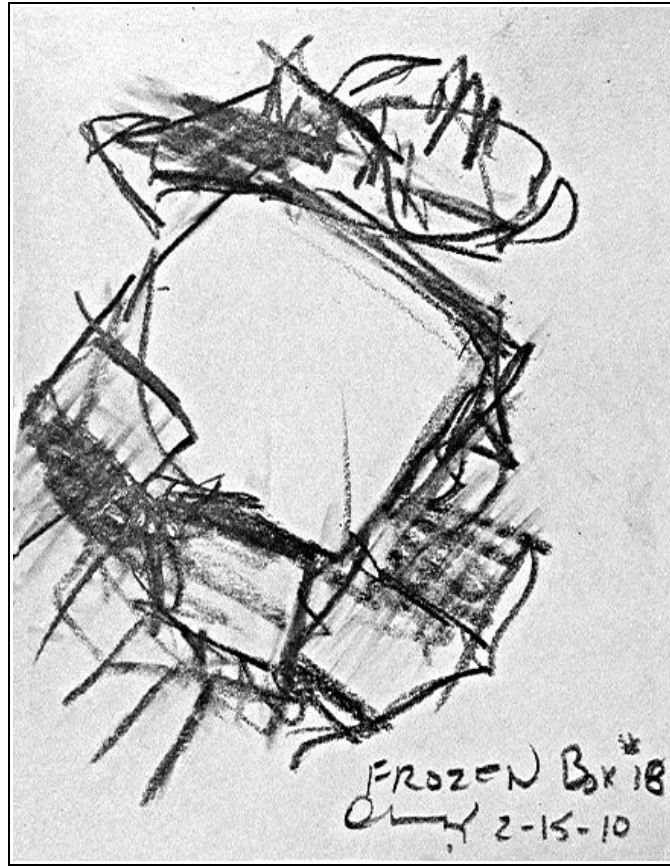
Most of the folks that did this are dead already. A few are still around but they aren't doing much with their lives except breath, eat, sleep, you get the drift. They had potential to do a lot of good and help the People but what they really wanted to do was learn how things were supposed to be ran and then tell everyone else what to do while they sat back in a position of power and felt important within themselves. Meanwhile we're just waiting for the last threads of obfuscation to fade so we can get back to work. There's a lot to do. The work is defined by the need. 06.11.11.11am EDT



82. Pearl Dine 31, February 15, 2010

“Pearl Dine” has a meaning but I can’t remember what it is. It might be someone’s name, like Jim Dine’s mother or something. It’s a name that goes way back. It might be in some poetry from 1975 but I can’t remember. I don’t have any of those poems with me as they are mostly all still on paper in the original manuscript of which most has never been read by anyone else, so it’s just in there somewhere. I hate that when this happens. I know it but I can’t remember it. Maggie is probably muttering “I hope I don’t get that bad” under her breath already.

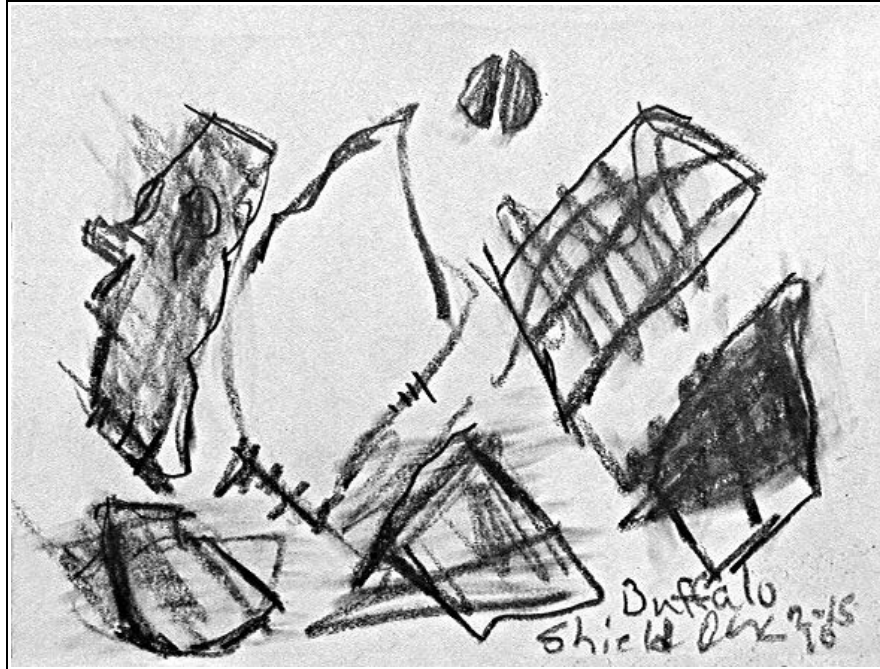
Space is defined by key elements we experience in reality all the time. One of these is the repetition of certain things, like buildings along a street in a large city as opposed to field after field of maize in Kansas. Other elements are the lines of demarcation between two fields, like the horizon that marks the point where the land ends and the sky begins. One is the field of earth and the other is the field of sky. As obfuscation thins out and reintegration begins, there’s a need to regroup and collect all these ancient functions back into the bag of tricks. They had to be made obscure so they couldn’t be taken in the power grab. Their only value is the ability to respond to the needs of those that ask for help in a respectful manner. If they become power objects to serve the person who possesses them for the selfish intentions of that person, they don’t become negative objects but just beneficial objects that are being used in a negative manner. The corruption makes them worthless with respect to usage in positive rites after that. Sometimes they can be cleared and cleaned up but usually it’s better to dispose of them where they can’t be harmful any longer and get new objects so one can start fresh without the risk of doing further damage. “Pearl Dine 31” is like that. Reclaim the stuff that was stashed well enough so it wasn’t contaminated but negative intent and start getting new things to replace what has been lost. 06.11.11.11:20am EDT



83. Frozen Box #18, February 15, 2010

I'm lost somewhere between a patch work quilt and a bird's eye view of a landscape. It's pretty thick in there with all the layers and double meaning imagery like for a minute I see the flower vase and the next minute I see the two faces almost nose to nose. It's all the above, I know, but my brain can't make all of them "be" at the same time, so I go with one, then flip to the other, until I'm about ready to get sick. I hate it when reality can't just get concrete and stop flipping in between all the truths and viewpoints out there like I can't just stick to my story and ignore all of that.

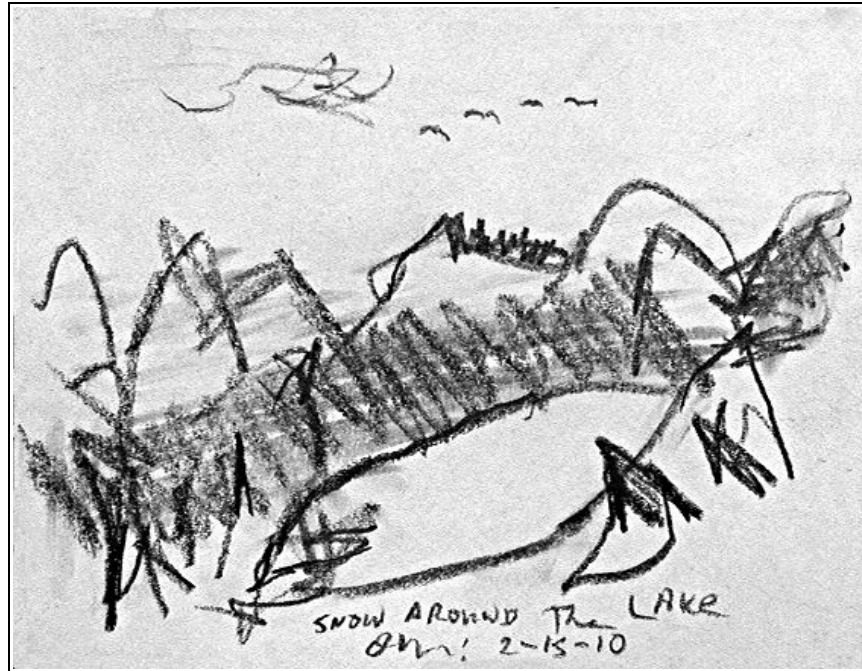
Reality shifts through viewpoints and meanings and it's the one that I latch onto and focus my energy upon that becomes my reality. When I start to see more than one way of seeing things and understand that my truth and someone else's truth aren't complimentary but become aspects of a total whole that might be opposite sides of the same coin, then I'm stepping outside my ego or self and looking at the world from a more total integrated whole. As long as I am honoring my own needs as a continuation of being able to honor my purpose for the greater good of all my relations which allows my focus to be on the side of the coin that is most positive then I won't become distracted by the shiny parts of the other side of the coin that depends upon the dark side in order for the shiny stuff to look shiny. If my wooden spoon gets food in my mouth on the light side of the coin then I don't need the shiny spoon on the dark side to eat with. I still get to eat. That's the point. Just call me when it's ready. Thank you. 06.11.11.11:50am EDT



84. Buffalo Shield, February 15, 2010

I find buffalo medicine to be about the greater good of the spiritual family. The bonds that hold us together through thick and thin. The mutual effort to help each other survive. The stronger the weakest link, the stronger the whole, so it is my challenge to give that opportunity to the weakest link to become stronger, however that works out. Sometimes it is time for a person to go. They have honored their purpose and wore out the physical body. To hold onto them as they grow weaker and need to let go and enter into the spirit world isn't their weakness, it is mine. I make the Circle, the tribe, stronger by letting go and honoring them when it is their time. Buffalo says to hold on until it is time to let go and know the difference. It is the total combination of the herd that makes it work. As the wolves circle in, the bulls move to the outside parameter to protect the cows, who are protecting the calves. The weakest are protected at the center and as they grow in strength they move out to their place of strength. Buffalo medicine means that I have to find my place in the circle and relocate as my strength levels change. As I grow old and become an Elder, I have a place of strength to honor as I yield to the younger bulls that are becoming physically strong. One day it will be my time to walk to the top of the hill, turn and look down at the herd in the valley below, before going over the hill alone into the blizzard where I can sing my spirit song in solitude, that final place of strength in the herd for the Elder that survives this long. There is no easy point of letting go. It is all hard. There is no easy point of strength in the circle. It is all about functioning at my peak level of ability.

I didn't choose this. I was chosen, but I chose to accept the opportunity to honor this gift for the greater good of the next 7 Generations. Those that choose to join the Circle will gravitate to their place of strength, while those that reject the opportunity will gravitate to their place of strength in a different circle. 06.11.11.12:20pm EDT



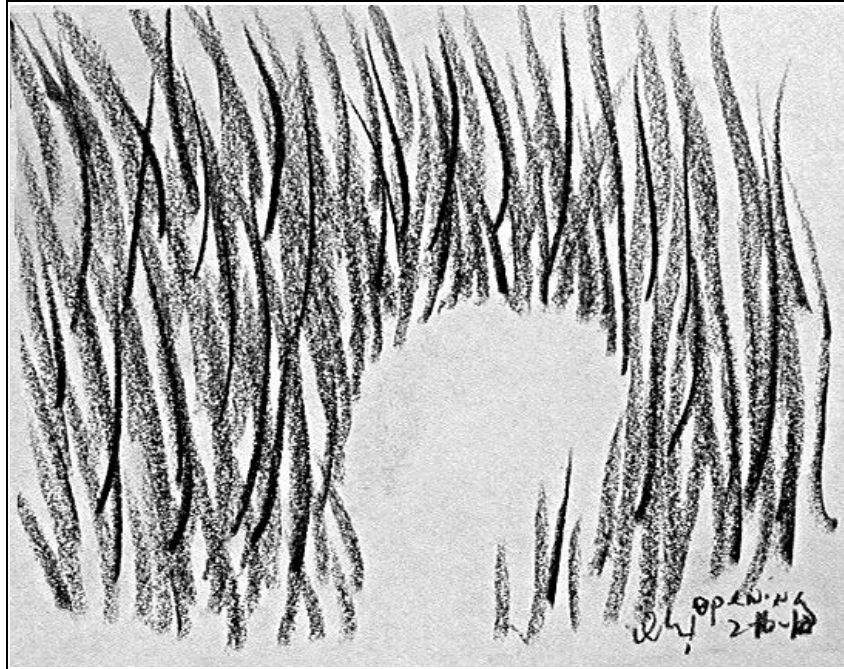
85. Snow Around the Lake, February 15, 2010

I had a talk with Maggie a while back about then and she was telling me about the Valkyrie and how they would take care of the Viking dudes after they died over there in Valhalla. Other things would be coming together as part of all of this situation, but I meditated on this one night a few days later and later, when I went to sleep, I was coming in for a landing at the top of this mountain peak with lots of stones and snow and these interesting folks hanging out there. I knew pretty quick that I was in that place and these were the Valkyrie. They didn't seem too happy to see me coming right at first, but when they found out that I was just passing through and didn't need a lot of anything from them, they calmed down and hung out a little while. I could tell they weren't very happy and didn't like the situation they were in. It's that way on all levels. Sometimes you get an assignment you don't like but there's nothing you can do about it until it runs its course. There wasn't a lot going on there for a while but they were still assigned to be there until something got worked out so they could get reassigned elsewhere. I told them I would see what I could do if I ever had any voice in the matter. That made them a bit happy for a minute. It was time for me to go so I stood at the edge and leaned out into the wind. As I returned to this world I passed by this really beautiful lake somewhere nearby where I just left. I did a drawing of it soon afterwards. It's a way to remember the dream and the promise. It made me think about the afterlife and how some folks generate these situations where entities have to do things that aren't all that nice for angels to have to do, but some people think they are that special. The Big Feast in the Sky sounds good to me but I could just pass on some of these other perks. 06.11.11.11:25pm EDT



86. Short Long Mask, February 15, 2010

Out of all the tribal masks that I've seen so far my favorite ones are from the ice country up north. There's something special about them that makes them stand out for me. The lack of limitations with topography opens up other possibilities in imagery, as the land is reflected in the imagery and language of indigenous peoples. It's cool to play around with some of the visual ideas and make up my own stuff sometime. I did a few masks along, my best work being masks for the premier performance of "Spiritual Warrior", a dance performance based around the audio recording I did for the Sidewalk Dance Theater, a dance troupe in Knoxville, Tennessee, in the 1980's. I keep doing ideas for masks carved out of wood but haven't gotten to these yet. I'll work on them soon enough. 06.11.11.11:58pm EDT



87. Opening, February 16, 2010

This is about as simple as it gets. The basic grouping of lines around an unmarked spot that gives good contrast and hits in the guts. It's the kind of space in nature where a young child might sneak off into the woods and spend time with the fairies and other elemental creatures that give children pleasant company. It's a good place to go sneak off to and watch the fireflies come out at night. It's the "happy place" we out grew but need to get back to sometimes. Rousseau did stuff like this. A few other artists that liked to do mystical kinds of imagery did stuff like this. I had to toss in my effort at it. Makes you want to get down on your hands and knees and crawl in. Hey! 06.12.11.12:10am EDT



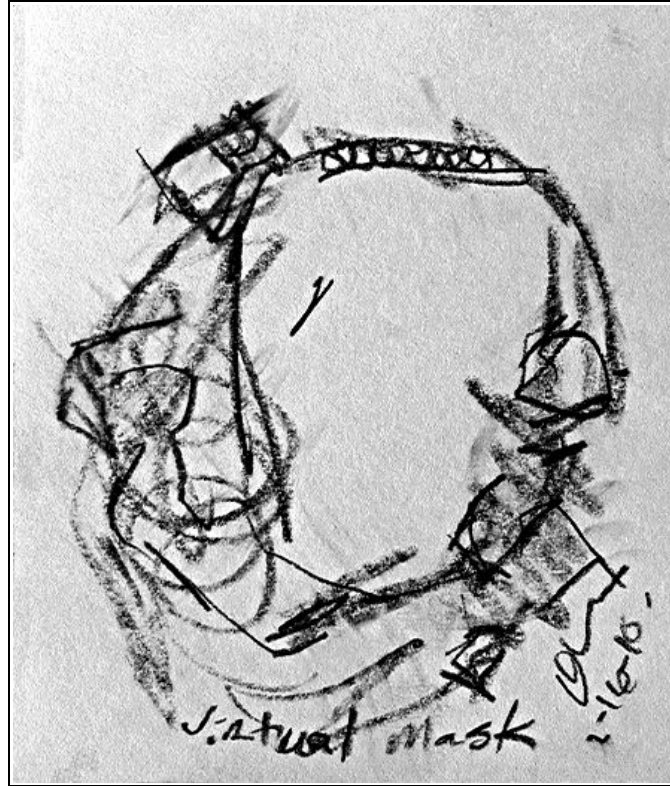
88. Slower Seven, February 16, 2010

Back there in 1981 it broke loose and I left the evidence on paper with pastels, ink, watercolors, and a bit of poetry. “Faster Madness” was one crime of passion against the rigidity of humanity against freedom. I sought freedom and the civilized people said I was free, but what they really meant was that I was free to be like them and I couldn't wear that cloak of deception upon my shoulders. Freedom was to soar beyond the chains of air and feathers. The eagle is prisoner to the sky. I sought freedom beyond human limitations of rigidity for the sake of herd mentality. The art gallery that was showing my work at the time didn't know what to do with “Faster Madness”. They liked it. They smiled. Everyone smiled like people smile when they are constipated but don't want you to think they are anything but regular. I can't say that it will ever make sense to anyone else. It might survive the Holocaust against human freedom but then it could already be dust. I don't know. I can't stop believing in freedom long enough to mourn its destruction, for it should be destroyed already by all practical considerations. “Slower Seven” comes through like it knows what it is talking about, the upside down opposite of “Faster Madness” like blinking is suddenly an indulgence but you know already that blinking only gets you the experience of having blinked. It will all be destroyed in time but the experience of having created it will never be destroyed. I can't share that experience with you. All I can do is relate it and own it and dance with it and sing and shout my liberation like a Chicano brother once wrote about back there many years ago out of Texas or Arizona or Mexico between migrant farm workers seeking a better way of living and dying besides the one they were enslaved to by the freedom to be like “them” as long as they kept their heads down and said “Yes, Sire” proper-like, and I looked them in the eye and quoted John about how the eagle picks my bones from “Yer Blues” but the Holocaust went on and nothing was revealed and freedom's just another word for sucker, we got you again, while the Slower Seven/keep on turning/out there/forever.



89. Frozen Box #19 over Chasm Rock, February 16, 2010

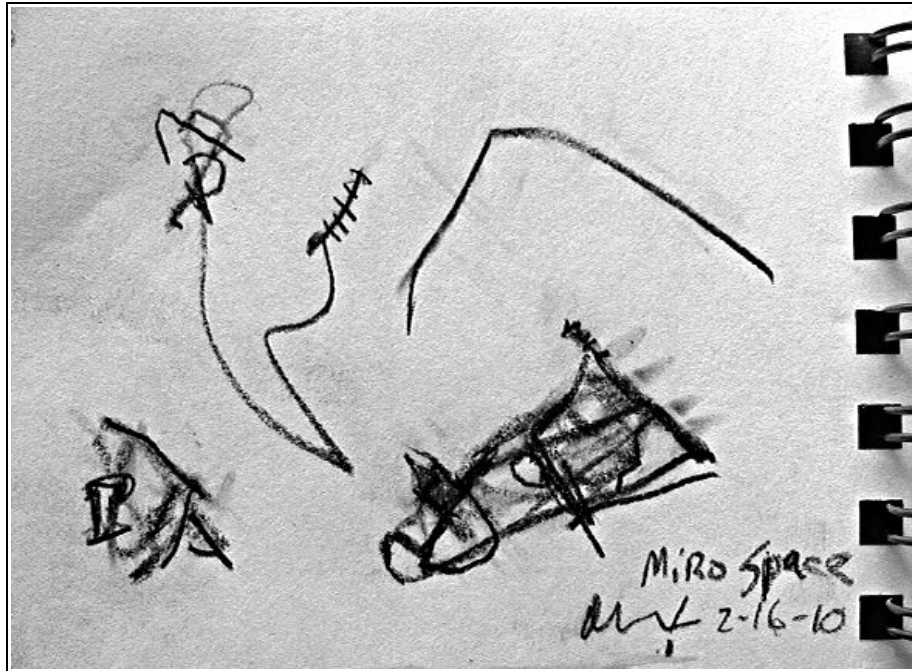
I usually take a smoke break between the really heavy stuff when I'm writing so I can touch bases with some middle ground before launching into the next one but I've been out of tobacco a few days now and I've been out of my favorite tobacco, actually it is the favorite tobacco of the ones that come around when I pray, so they like it and come around because they know I'm praying with their favorite tobacco, but I don't have it to smoke and pray with so they come around anyway because they know it isn't my fault that I'm out of tobacco right now. I shouldn't have mentioned in an e-mail a couple of months ago that a bad tornado or storm came through while I was out of tobacco so I couldn't pray and offer smoke and ask for a blessing. One or two friends helped out since then but mostly everyone has been sitting back waiting like I'm delusional or something and aiding and abetting me in my delusions by helping me out with funds that might be spent on tobacco is in direct conflict with their view that I will be rendered sane if I stop smoking tobacco so I run out of a lot of things besides tobacco but I don't let any of this stop me from writing about this drawing, even through I would really like to take a few deep breaths and smoke a bowl of tobacco in my pipe first. Whatever. Here goes. Chasm Rock has been around for a while as an image. A painting was named for it about ten years ago. "Chasm Rock". That was the name of the painting. It had this rock that was suspended over the chasm. The rock wasn't falling into the chasm like physical laws would demand from planet Earth, and all these other things were going on in the painting, which might be viewable or not. That isn't my judgment call at the moment. I did the painting. Sometimes spiritual things cause people to become fearful and their fear can cause them to react in strange ways, including become violent and murderous. There's nothing sexy or cool about being a martyr. So I'll just skip the smoke break and write something profound anyway. Chasm rock isn't emptiness. 06.12.11.12:18pm EDT



90. Virtual Mask, February 16, 2010

We could pun all day about Absolute Reality but Virtual Reality is no laughing matter. I added binary code at the top of the mask to give it a virtual sense of emptiness. It isn't just the illusion of wearing a virtual mask to merge with common wisdom like anyone else really has a clue about anyone else except what we project upon each other. If someone's viewpoint about me is negative and they project that upon me via their self-imposed virtual mask, there isn't anything I can do about this illusion except ride it out. Their insanity isn't my cross to bear, unless I shoulder it like being a martyr is going to save anyone from their self-imposed insanity. The coils of madness rise up next to the mask like spring-fresh whirlwinds rising up from afternoon thermals marked by turkey buzzard feather scrapings along the challenged air. The virtual mask of our delusions isn't really there or it wouldn't be the product of a delusion. We just know it is there like everyone can read our mind and do what we're thinking without us having to waste our breath by telling them what to do. They should know already because our insanity tells us that we have that much power that our thoughts jam everyone else's thoughts off the air waves so everyone else is thinking what I'm thinking and all I have to do is put on my virtual mask that really isn't there and they all get it without me having to lift a finger. Some call it evil. Some call it normal. I just call it less than empty art. It's virtually empty.
06.12.11.12:35pm EDT

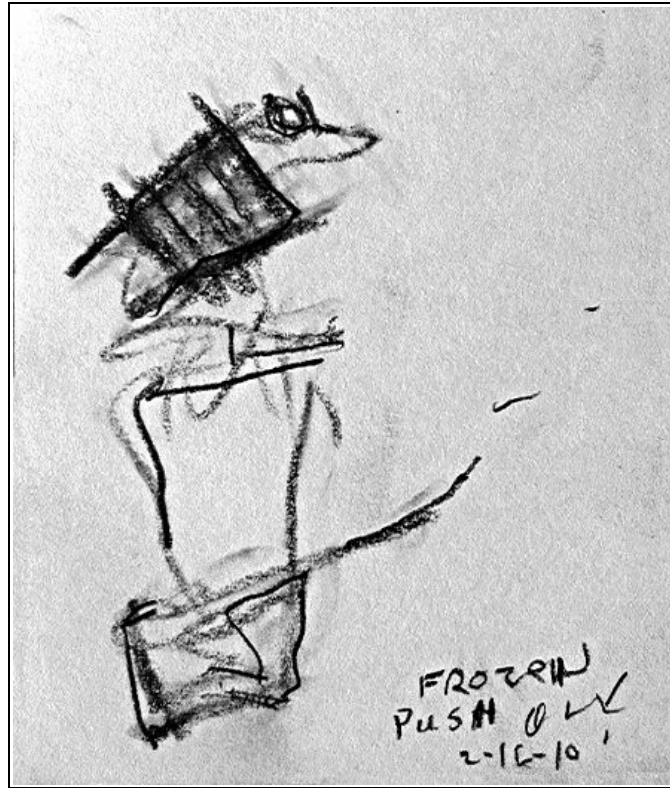
(smoke break, NOT!)



91. Miro Space, February 16, 2010

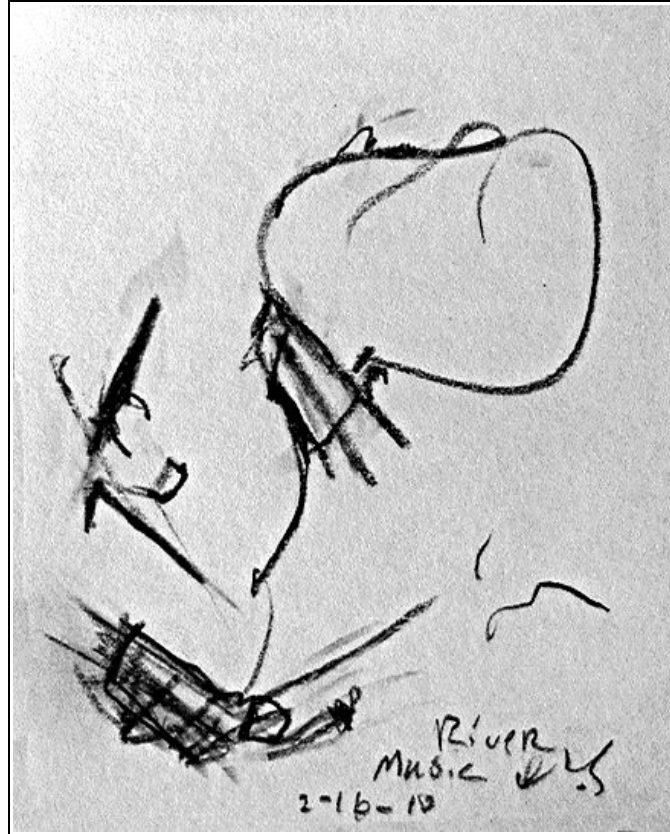
“Miro Space” has to have the holes and spiral bound wires exposed in the photograph. That's the rule here. Editors can say what they like but, hell, editors are to creativity what shopping malls are to culture. They'll probably miss the point and think it is a compliment. I'll leave it at that. Miro left some really good trail marks along the way as he broke away from virtual realism and went off into abstract surrealism. I did a pastel drawing of work shoes in 1975 just to get the feel of what it was like to let go and explode into that sea of possibilities where everything is random and nothing is virtual any more. Out here, it is all real. This isn't the Miro you knew in 1932. Time only stands still in museums and third trimesters.

It makes me chuckle to recall the time I did a drawing for a class at the University. It was a still life I did in my apartment. I didn't like the blank space at the top left corner of the drawing, so I added in a little bit of the reproduction print of a Miro painting that was on my wall. It had his signature and a bit of the painting. The students got upset that I did this. The professor defended my choice. The students said I had plagiarized his work. She pointed out that I gave him credit in the painting, and the Miro print wasn't the focal point of the composition, but was presented as a factual part of the drawing. I probably couldn't publish reproductive prints of the drawing without contacting the estate and getting a copyright release first, but it was a legitimate thing I did. The other students glared at me. I chuckled then and I chuckle now. Later they had to do a drawing of a Master work, which is a normal exercise in classical training for art. Now they really glared at me. I'd like to say that the Miro painting wasn't depicted that good so it probably wouldn't be that big of an issue if I did publish the drawing, but it was that good. This drawing isn't about any singular work but about his space. It's a small token of homage to a great teacher. Thank you. 06.12.11.1:15pm EDT



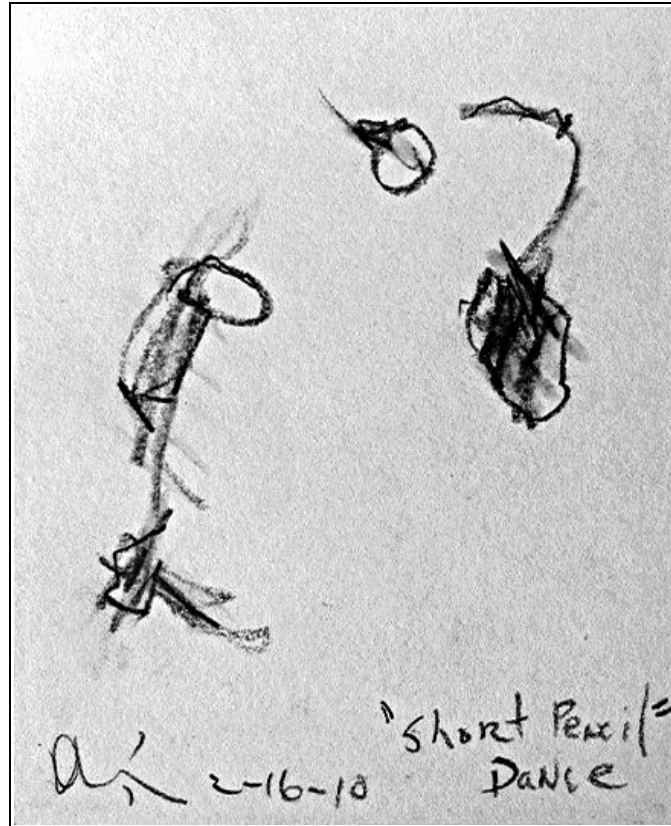
92. Frozen Push, February 16, 2010

(smoke break, NOT!) Okay, I'm back. Just a little meditation without any tobacco because I don't depend upon it for my personal freedom. It's just a way to pray. There are other ways to pray. Nothing can take away my ability to pray unless I grant them that power. That would be insane. Still, some think they can push me over the edge, starve me out, deny me the right to live where my dreams say I should be honoring my purpose, take away any opportunities to generate any funds or income, and sit back all smug about how they did the frozen push and froze me out of anything good to pray for, and all I needed to do was see the gift they gave me in doing what they did. It made all of this real for me. This isn't about following the teachings of a church or organized religion. This isn't about doing what is safe within society and being the goody, goody two-shoes person that fills up the pews when it is time to do my funeral service. This isn't about collecting all kinds of ways to control people through fear and violence so I have unchallenged authority over them. That's insane. That's KKK_j-edgar_silent-majority insanity. That's adolph_kernal-ketchup'e_IMF insanity. Over here where freedom rings like a Zen bell in zero gravity, I keep praying and seeking freedom beyond the limitations of universal truth. It looks insane. I'm not seeking the rewards of safety and security. I'm not going for the bloated retirement package to insure that I'll be able to pay for my medical care when I'm 85 years old. I didn't do that when I was 25 years old and I still haven't started today because I know that security of any kind is an illusion that costs me twice, once when I pay for it and the second time when it doesn't yield me any security. I'm still going to die no matter how much I pay for life insurance. 06.12.11.2:30pm EDT



93. River Music, February 16, 2010

The river keeps on flowing as long as the rains fall and the clouds rise and the ocean evaporates. It takes all of it. The song sends out vibrations and sub-harmonies between converging, counter-punctual, cyclical, “birds also rising” waves just as the river flows without pulse. It's never ending drone immerses sonic silence in the bed-rock stillness of emptiness. We're all One. We're all One. We're all One. The singers chant back at the Hotel Ganges. Sacred Oneness/within and without/all mindful/no-mind/at One/as One/with One/all One/and wholly Holy. To dance! 06.12.11.2:45pm EDT



94. "Short Pencil" Dance, February 16, 2010

About forty years ago I started buying this one brand of pencils to draw with. It has been my favorite ever since, until now, at least. There really isn't a good replacement, so maybe it's still my favorite pencil, but the quality of the pencil went way down when the company started having the pencils manufactured in a Third World country. The graphite, or pencil lead, breaks a lot. I would sharpen the pencil and it would break again before I could get enough of the graphite exposed to be able to draw another drawing. I basically wasted an entire pencil sharpening it because of poor quality control. The routine is to sharpen both pencils, as I bought two pencils when I bought the sketch pad, before drawing, so I wouldn't have to stop in the middle of a drawing to sharpen pencils. Use one up and then finish the drawing with the other pencil. I would sharpen the other pencil, then break the lead out of this pencil a couple of times before putting it down and getting on with the drawing. Towards the end, I had a pencil that was a little less than an inch in length. I needed to do a drawing with this defective pencil and name it the "Short Pencil" Dance as an example of using what you have to honor your purpose to the best of your ability. I don't care what forces are at play in all of this, good, bad or indifferent. What I do care about is doing the work that I need to do. When I can't act or function due to forces beyond my control, especially if the forces at play are of a human nature and those forces are denying me the right to act because I refuse to cut my hair, dress like a lawyer that needs to make a court appearance that day, and going out to get a day job like a born again white man, since the Cherokee Indians are the only tribe that I'm aware of in

the world that got “religion” and changed their racial status to Euro-peon at the same time, I really don't feel all that motivated to play “step and fetch it” with my fellow tribesmen. Prior to the removal of the Cherokee (their name for us, not ours) to Oklahoma almost 200 years ago a prophecy was made that for the next seven generations the Cherokee people would become more and more like Europeans until the sixth generation would blend almost unnoticeable with them. They would become light skinned, act like them, talk like them, live like them, and pretend they were of European descent. I have attended family gatherings where they would talk about our ancestors like they got off the Mayflower when they were no where near the ocean that year. But, and this is what the 7th Generation Prophecy is all about, the Seventh Generation would turn back to the Old Ways and reclaim their cultural and spiritual heritage.

When I asked my grandfather where we came from before he died and he told me the story about a grandmother dying six generations before me at Newfound Gap in the dead of winter because the family had climbed the mountain from what is now North Carolina into Tennessee, so she was buried there, I knew one of the things he was telling me was that no one had been able to offer smoke and sing a song for her, so her spirit was still there. A few years later I was able to take Cherokee tobacco and do this. Several years ago, as of this writing, I related this story to my father, who was of the Sixth Generation. When I got done telling him about how the family migrated over to Sevier County in order to avoid the Removal, dad said, “So I'm Indian?”

I said, “Yes, Dad, you are Indian.”

He said, “I always thought there was more than they were telling me but I never knew what it was.”

I went on to tell dad about the end of this conversation with my granddad. I asked him if he ever told anyone else this story and he said that he never did. I asked him why and he thought for a few minutes before responding. “No one ever asked. Just you.” Those words resonate very loud today. I was the youngest grandson my granddad had. I could understand how my father and his siblings never asked, as they acted out the prophecy as sixth generation Cherokee, but my siblings and my cousins were and are seventh generation Cherokee along with a lot of other people in this world today. I dedicate this drawing to them, the Seventh Generation of Cherokee after the Removal that were too chickenshit to ask a simple question and then do all they could to keep me from honoring my vision because they wanted to be good little Indians and act like white people. I'll be nice the rest of this, but I had to get this one off my chest. Oliver!

06.12.11.7:20pm EDT



95. Hatch Marks on my Apple, February 16, 2010

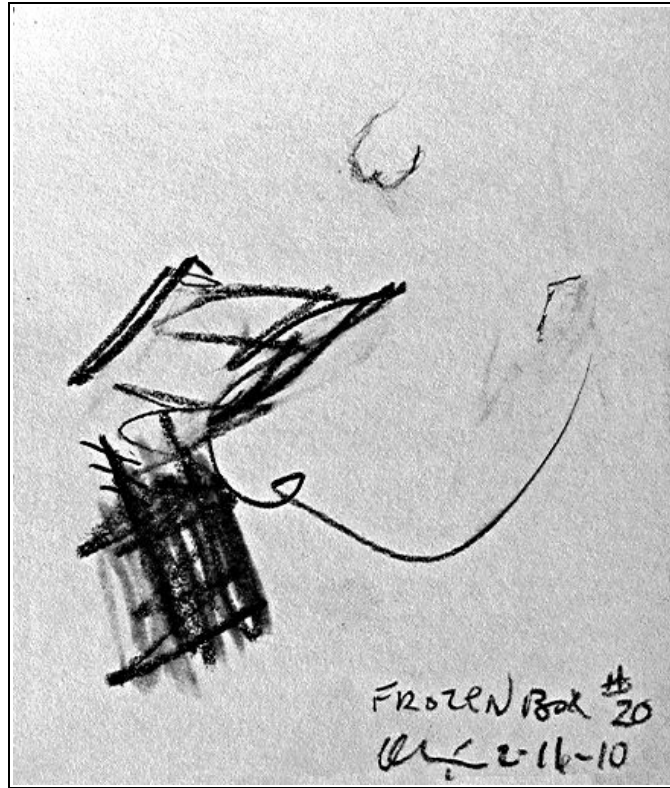
Last week a friend asked me if I had a spare bandanna he could use as a headband. I gave him one the next time I saw him. Someone commented on this and I told them there was a story behind the bandanna. That's always a good hook. I told them about a friend I would run into several times a week a year ago. I only knew him briefly but for some reason he felt an endearment develop such that he asked if I wanted any handkerchiefs. He had some extra. I said I would take them so he gave them to me the next time I saw him. He died of liver cancer from Hep-C a few months later. The day he gave me the handkerchiefs was the last time I saw him. I said I gave the bandanna to my friend in memory of this other person who had died about a year ago.

We do that. Even the simplest object has great importance assigned to it through the stories it carries. "Hatch Marks on my Apples" is one of those stories. While studying art I came across a drawing by another student where he had gotten so busy drawing a nude that he had not stopped to erase the hatch marks off the area where the skin should have been lighter, with the leg having shade behind it. There was something about those hatch marks crossing the boundary into the space that should have been lighter that woke something up in me, whether that was what the artist intended or was just too busy to erase and never got back to it later. Sometimes I would create negative hatch marks by putting masking tape on paper before doing a watercolor. It was like the hatch marks secured the image to the artwork. My resume has the rest of the story. 06.12.11.7:35pm



96. Star Tribe Music, February 16, 2010

I got to talk about the Hopi Migration Myths sometime and this drawing isn't going to let me get away with it. I read the Book of the Hopi by Frank Waters back in 1977. The description of the emergency from the Third World into the Fourth World sank in pretty deep. The kiva ceremonies reenact that emergency. The Cherokee Migration Myth is that we came here from the Seven Sisters. The dream sequence before the one where I saw Rolling Thunder and asked him if I was supposed to marry this woman I had just met and he said you are asking the wrong question and if you were asking the right question the answer would be, yes, should you honor the Old Ways for a year, you will take over my work when I die, which is to feed the People, yeah, that dream, was of me riding a bus with a bunch of other folks and I wanted to drive the bus but someone kept telling me to shut up and listen to the songs. I finally settled down and listened and then I remembered that these songs were the ones we sang while we were coming here from the Seven Sisters and I've never told all this dream before, but I know those songs and only a few of us know them. When it is time to move on, we will travel on these songs. They are our vehicle. Never mind all of that. This is what the tunnel looked like that the Hopi came up through from the Third World into the Fourth World. It is almost time to move to the Fifth World, which isn't the same as singing the songs I heard on the bus. It's more like the Pied Piper, this Fifth World Migration. Kokopeli is tuning up even as we speak.
06.12.11.7:50pm EDT



97. Frozen Box #20, February 16, 2010

As the sketchbook got thin towards the end and I knew I wouldn't be doing any more art for a while, I really wanted to end the Frozen Box series with #20. The good news is that the series is continuing and one of these days it might even be a show all of it's own as I transfer some of the sketches to canvas via oil paint or do other things with them. Meanwhile, the kiva ladder and upside down backwards "birds also rising" buttocks continues along with a few other motifs in this language of the heart.

Somewhere back there I finally stopped trying to deny this random function in my brain and just went with it. It is my trademark. The part of me that is unique, whether anyone else likes it or not. I have to be me. This one is for that person. Dig it. Oliver!

06.12.11.8pm EDT



98. If Angels Could Sing, February 16, 2010

It was a struggle for five or six years, not hearing the songs that I knew were out there but I was separated from them because of the challenge. Faith feels like a frozen box when you're drowning in a frozen lake of silence but the only way to survive is to keep on keeping on. Those memories from all those years of having heard the songs and knowing that they would come back some day, but I had to survive all this to get there, kept me alive some days when it was all I had to hang onto. Somewhere about 1977 I started to write a story about someone who I knew was out there but I didn't know if she was here right now or not. I called the story "I Remember Blue" and started to write it but the feeling of trying to "know" the story got me so sad that I couldn't write it. I did one wood block print that could have been the cover art for the story. Now it is all different. I can talk about it, write about it, know it, like I can listen in between the star music and the coyotes talking and hear the angels sing out there in the meadows at night.

She still looks like she could be from Egypt, Atlantis, Mu, India, Amsterdam, or Barcelona. Her eyes sparkle like the stars and when she smiles, I lose myself in worlds I never dreamt of. When she sees me and smiles, I know that she has been living with the fear that I would not be here this time, but now that fear is gone. Like the Odyssey, I am on a journey through the strange world of my own psyche in search of a way back to her. I knew the key was in the Tunnel Vision Tapes. In order to go home, I have to do this. If angels could sing, and you could see music, it would look like this. Now you know.

06.12.11.8:30pm EDT



99. Buffalo Songs, February 16, 2010

Ladders of transcendence as we rise above the limitations of our own design and fly across the universe. Like the vision of the Ghost Dance, it will be time to make the transition into the Fifth World when the Fourth World buffalo falls over from depletion. It is standing on one leg. The Buffalo Nation will sing us into the next world, those that are listening to their songs. When you have committed the songs to heart, pass the sheet music on to someone else so they can learn them. The Tunnel Vision Tapes are songs of what it is like to go through those few days before and afterwards, which has now been related. It is something we can all do. It is within our potential to do this. It takes discipline and an openness to the guidance that comes from those that have blazed the trail before you. I wouldn't suggest that you try to duplicate my story in any manner, nor would I wish my life on anyone. I am grateful for my life. If it makes a difference in giving someone else the courage to journey on and find liberation from desires and expectations, anxiety and attachment, then that is a good thing. If it does nothing more than get me a front seat in a choir some day, I'll take what I get and nothing more or less. Between now and then there is a lot of work to be done and I'm feeling the need to let others get more of the blessing of doing and give my body a break. It's been a good body and I can see the trail going over the next ridge, so I'm going to be as good to it as I can until it is time to go free. Until then, peace. Oliver! 06.12.11.8:45pm 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>