Helen Keller or Arakawa

Madeline Gins
CHAPTER I

Thinking Field

"The sum of it is that you are a blessing, and I'll kill anyone who says you are not."
— William James (in a letter to Helen Keller)

"The invisible and the imperceptible weigh not the same."
— Anonymous (deafblind)

The afternoon has much to recommend it, including an all-inclusive atmosphere with evening, and a geometry that's flexible enough.

I was definitely born on July 6, 1936, or it may have been June 27, 1880, or was it actually November 7, 1941?

Form rubs its antlers against trees of not much. If projective envelopings did not move persuasively, there would be no world. Sky
When I'm not speaking in the other's voice, I perceive things directly,
and of old construction (to the sighted, curious) and sex, and sex,
and of old construction (to the sighted, curious); with much outline
blind, learn the invisible, are our poor bridges (with much outline
blind, learn the invisible), are our poor bridges (with much outline
blind, learn the invisible).

But in fact I find no thing I perceive to be essentially invisible. In
reality it is until I was nineteen months of age (I
remember it well), I was nineteen months of age. It is
my impression may be incorrect, because for an instant I had slight
could — an echolocate picture of the world. (The main features of certain
into me, so that I might form — for the sake of my forming — as if I
impressed from the sighted world. It's just one of many faces to me,
most people consider to be the invisible. "invisible," is a term I've
indeed the whole range of my perception happens within what
I suppose, the head is at this instant more of less invisible.

For me not have to have been a Helen Keller.
Only a fellow other of conditions could have made it possible
been Helen Keller in the first place.

I of this variety — name a blank very single line.

Helen Keller. The main common not to be forgotten in these two of
my senses are particularly down: for seeing and hearing. I — and any
of us. I
Thinking Field

fielding them as best I can.

Nevertheless, a having once been marked with the condition of invisibility goes so far — so far-going has it been in this marked vessel as to have completely spread through me — as to lead to where it began: myself observing myself unseen. Here's the sum of all of that (and soundless!), plus a whole other set of x's, hidden. As the provisional sum of all of these, I direct the traffic of weightedly perceptible "invisibles" from a within. The nearly perceptible is thoroughly perceptible enough to me. I have never been able to find the cut-off points for this within. Rather, this "within" acts as if it were boundlessly stretching out — if one were to include the full spread of all the ripples and ripplings — into a distance ambiguously endless.

Of course, actions taken by me have a great deal to do with how this distance forms. More than fifty regular actions and easily the same number of micro-actions determine enveloping and the tissues of density near and far on which this depends.

And this is the way I do inhabit the non-visible; as a stretched-out mass onto which the layout of the world is to be placed to be remembered. The "living canvas" is not a bad nickname for someone who strives to keep track of things the way I do. Distinct spots tell of themselves proprioceptively or kinaesthetically. What's happening within my right shoulder is two and one-quarter feet distant from what goes on within the left one. The "living canvas" forms as the distance between spots. One moment's spot is another moment's distance. I situate things and events by means of these. Spots, areas, distances expand and reduce to become one another, occasionally without my knowing it. I have what's happening within my left shoulder clearing slightly less than two and one-quarter feet distant from those events peculiar to my right one. I keep these two shoulders separate and at the
distance from each other that they, by nature, by the nature of (my) body, deserve to be only when I'm forced to move exceedingly fast —

The universe (my intimate as much as yours, but inasmuch as I never catch sight of the many possible separations which, I am told, are constantly presenting themselves to you, then, perhaps my intimate self even more so) exacts a universe of consequences. Were this any less exciting, I'd be strangled by a compromised exactitude. Here's a case in which less is considerably less.

I'm told that (but do I need to be told that?) pivotal points get seen from three vantage points: eye level, looked up to, glanced down on.

Around the midst of point, and out from it, entities assemble and are drawn as lines. The thread of elemental paired opposites of orientational space (front; rear; above; below; left-right; right-left) runs against the background lapping up the background. This possessive of the moment binds the fixation.

Likewise, "who" parades himself or herself out as the concept of person at the nexus of all (its) tendencies and tendencies. At which juncture, the sky of an idea is scratched in.

To draw the retentive network from an array of attention re-membered, depicted. Actions can be passed through these lines. There's a graphic obedience, a continually transitional conforming. This is the linear stuff of the transitive. Of the what of there, enough of this and
perception will have conferred upon the world a sense of its having been seen — and that happens transitively.

It can be said that, because it falls everywhere, the phenomenon of light is all-transitive. With perceiving, it is much the same. Even the slightest registering of anything at all equals an alighting on something and to alight on something counts as the direct hit required for a being transitive onto something. Springing into action and everywhere being sprung into action, perception bombards the world as itself, hitting into itself transitively.

In a world of the all-transitive, a world composed of a medium passing (passing? — sieving) through itself (itself? — its set of events), actions associated with intransitive verbs (“the bird flies”; “he runs”) can be thought of as, left and right, scoring numerous direct hits within themselves (within themselves? — within the flying; within the running) and so as supporting a full transitivity. I am thinking of what manages to have carry-over onto what.

What in line draws itself along and through as line if not the perceiving of it? Some of the gaze narrows to a stare then heads into and combines with the firmly drawn line all down its thin but ample length. Lines that hold the narrowed-down stare within the gaze are sometimes seen as, and from time to time are spoken of, as, themselves staring out. Usually straight lines are the ones that appear to be staring, but even curvilinear lines can be firm enough and sufficiently straight to be seen as staring out from the surface.

The impressions must be kept distinct, apart from one another, to keep their distance, they suggest. Even so, they must live in the steady stream of the waterfall of their textures collecting. They have a forward and a back. They have an odor off to the side and straight behind. The nub of position is rife, and if respected, it signals. It is a graphically,
Although other of mention might suggest order of appearance in
that (double) clause

what would those (more than a little self-contradictory) speak through when I speak of an anthropomorphism reminding me of the
sakes of an I. These swoop up and scope (non-calculative) as they move there would speak, neither. And how many sakes size of an I within this is so, where the sakes here of W. This is it when I am without
The choice of the sakes. The sakes moves us and if so even as
size in particular
from one form to another would reduce at least initial allegiance to one
all possibility of being are excluded since could and to be grasped
deep all of the field — for objects come in sizes. Similitude to the
named, sakes of course even so this is a form that would concern. So named. It stands with the non-sakes but a somewhat
words, what is all so difficult. The sakes close in as the
by definition, no matter where it is the sakes since is being the measure of distance, marked out in all directions and primarily knowing this
quick of which, if some size but sakes are much on my accumulation
in the superstructure of the visible lies a fundamental expression. Full
a hold up a disposition of these slanting point of view
out the leaving poles of different I begin not one isolated do in
activities (that I — and I seek here. In each case, I proceed to exactly
its due to my presentation of the thinking itself (the group of
if the visual finds me, if it through my nascent

Helen Keller of America
is a locating. There is a locating of this locating. A continuous overall reading, involving a constant search for the possibly missed points of alignment.

Sufficient knowing of relational positionings and the consequent presentation of oneself to oneself as one blank screen (each screen is readily dissolvable into mere indeterminate area) after another are dependent on those sets of points or of tensions that must and do exist in order for there to be the relatively steady state of a continual non-collapsing all in upon oneself. I direct the order of the scale of events, groups diminished past vanishing points, and cellular units grouped so as to be larger than might ordinarily be suspected. In saying this, do I assert too much? In which is found the chat of circumstances. It is forthrightly plasticity that willows, putters or purrs or thinks out and about.

I get up and walk around the giant banyan tree, and I walk around its circumference of about a hundred feet. No one knows how old it is. The size of the branches in every direction and the tremendous roots I scramble over give me the impression of a grove, but what it is is one colossal tree. I know for certain it is not a part of my face, I think.
If the thinking field of the deafblind person were absolutely dissimilar to that of his or her fellows, s/he would have no means of imagining what they think.

A network for retaining possible alignments might come about with the writing of this.

The key term would be *to cleave*, taken simultaneously as "to adhere" and "to [be] cut apart." In order for something to be able to be thought
converse this to the preliminarily understood apparatus; my voice box, which is located on the middle of the forelimb. Just let me feel to where I am, and I have a lot of what I can hear and feel. I am a primitive, partially formed animal, my voice courses in precisely a 'phocophonic' form of midbrain. Voice course—of the whole of my movement I make it one to be a precaution, their rolling out. Of voice is a precaution. Of this a chain of precautions of something's being said—a ball made up of nothing but its own voice and that only collects into the being of one in the course...
For me, to force some sound out into the regular voice-world is a sorry affair. Where to aim? I have but the remotest idea of where to aim, I have no means of checking up on myself in this. Still this remains one dimension I’d like to be able to pull out of myself.

How do I move? I can move only by eating up or dissolving where I am. I (anyone) pull in with a bright gulp what is to come next. When walking forward, I also snake along on three parallel, horizontal planes. I cast standpoints and send out runners or tendrils of what I call forming spacetime. Following this, projective circumferencings happen with me at every level, and on all or any scale. All with quirks of their own. Everywhere proceeds as its own tame whirlwind as then but spreaded blind perception quirks continually sudden. All these squirmings and divings add up to what spacetime is. What is spacetime?

With the bending and exploding of frameworks, forms of self-preservation suggest themselves. Some shapes hold things apart. I, the maker of these shapes, am subjected to, and must act in accordance with, proddings from near and far as to what to name them. Then a shape takes to tunneling through body, and that shape, along the entire long length it takes for and as itself, shivers and sits to be as open as a mouth in roaring laughter. Sometimes hidden down far along within this lengthening of a designated volume, I glimpse a small pile of nearly twigs; no hand can reach this.

In perceiving lies the telling (into someone) of stories a’composing — as in “compose yourself” — writ in sand, dust, particles, waves, and in all and any sweep of thick of quick, dire or not. Of course dire.

What if seeing and its basis could be separated? Most people would think that not possible. For them, nothing could be more counter-intuitive. I’m reminded of that chart made up of but a single dot that was even so identified as “two or three dots [that were] unable to be
separated.” Might there be an underlying basis for seeing, and if so, would this be detachable from the actual seeing of things? What I understand (and work with) as the basis of seeing consists of mind-body behavior using points of position and of separation of complete certainty. It is the nature of the thinking field to move as and to inculcate thoroughly proprioceptive-somatic (tactile) graphically.

I think of seeing and its basis. This yields, submerged and compact, an accommo-
dating layer, one comes out of extension, stretched over itself. This from one dense central spot to the other—serves both as a primary instance of distance and the means by which all other distances will then be measured, envisaged.

I can keep a dot marked “head” apart from that marked “foot.” It is out across upon the “living canvas,” that these stay separate. Knowing these discretenesses and their locales to be the stretched-out bases (blank receiving areas) for seeing. . . . something’s taking place upon these by bit by bit. . . . I sometimes wish for the construction of a great visual organ whose interior would be a spherical handball court with a mark-leaving ball that bouncing everywhere I’d be seeing. The ball, depending on the wall, then bouncing back off it is deemed apart from it (the wall) only then to be made to head at yet a new spot for cleaving. The ball in this image is hardly a ball at all, or one only provisionally.

What is cleaving or what is it to cleave? What may be thought to be always more of an amassing than a mass. If cleaving could amass in place — and I think it can — why it would be just the “ball” for this

sandwiched between the two senses of “to cleave” (to join and to be
separated) is the “material” of thought itself, conventionally held to be “transparent” or “transparency itself.” A medium that is a perceiving texture may be said to be formed within and between the occurrent juxtaposings of the two contradictory actions of to cleave. This medium is the sum of the actions composing it; the result of all cleaving that, as it takes place, has formed and is forming whatever is in the offing. The habit of referring to this medium as “transparent” causes it to be erroneously thought of, even if only ever so slightly, as an object rather than as the set of actions which it is. After all, there exists the expectation, indeed slight, that whatever is transparent will at least have to it, if nothing else, a front and a back; but, just as when it comes to the ocean, which is also hardly merely an object, we find no readily locatable front or back, there is neither simply a front nor simply a back to the perceiving texture or the medium that constitutes thought.

If the ocean as a whole cannot be spoken of as being transparent neither should the perceiving process be. “Action constructing itself as see-through” might be a better way to refer to the characteristic “transparency” of thought. Although people may guess that it is by means of cleaving that they think and perceive, they cannot directly perceive this to be so. Even so, I’m told, the process, carried out in the see-through mode, manages to bring about a world that has to it various degrees of opacity. Some opaque objects will be shiny.

Put the world of numbers along one line (horizontal), and the world of things, names of things, along a line running parallel to this (where are these — wherever could these be?), and together let these show how seeing might always be put. An apparatus for recording “who” in action. This starkly has the look to it of not more than enough. It sets as it rises within that spectrum extending from the hue that is the memory of lead as marked to the color of saliva as it is being swallowed
I think, I find, words as a health that is all transmute. So thought

To be transmute is to have a carry-over onto something else,

form every time.

The forms I feature in are references of which nothing is observed;

walls (sin) of deep self-approaching one cannot know as objects

and so much, then, are this encaustic's drawn edges representative of the

and in this, then, in this encased, are drawn edges representative of the

now processed images. I break my head against the image that don't

Proco activist

of their sense in what we bring, but weren't we the

reason we are...

The process and

pictures and

walking for the

name away

hunting leave

by those two

shadows among other things

accustomed.

counted

which lines

It was

now.

L. de L.,

The best,

commanded.
"Perception Has Got to Have a Body!"

commands a body all spread out in transitivity.

"The best way to draw a line is to do it with your eyes closed!"

"I now declare myself to be carrying that over onto this."

It was with the help of two carefully condensed and separated out thick lines or separated continuums, that I was able to know when I had entered Green Park. Roughly, one line to fix things and events occurring all along my path at levels from mid-thigh to ground and the other running line for noting events happening at levels from the shoulders up. What happened in between was sorted out and shared by these two dominant projected continuums. I smelled grass and burning leaves. It was a blessed corner in which to commune with nature away from the street traffic — men, women and children walking for the pleasure of it, dogs gambolling without leash or muzzle, pigeons and gulls. I touched the noble plane-trees and oaks, and enjoyed the softness of the grass. The sparrows were very cocky and so fearless we almost stepped on them. We inquired why the plane leaves were being burned, and the reply was that it takes them five years to rot. Their ashes make a fine dressing for the soil.

"Perception has got to have a body!" I cried.
No point or dot can be of the size conventionally accorded to it. This is because there can be no such thing as an uncontained point. The perceiving of a point or dot amounts to nothing less than a containing of it. Therefore, when it comes to approximating total point size, size and scope of the originating container, that is, perceiver and the world, must be added onto the designated *minimum visibile* that is the point.
thinking held, I do on the lower right is labeled "mother." This would
make the unfolding and the suspending of deductive events of a
certainty of the coming and the converse of a converse in the
linguistic. What is interesting that our heirs, then remaining, pur
both ends of endlessness. Whatever this is, it is procedural and
something—something—something.

It is a vertical canvas. A bottomless entity appears as a converse of
something still back in an easy chair—

be brought even further down in scale may be diminished—and
be brought even further down in scale may be diminished—and
be brought even further down in scale may be diminished—and
be brought even further down in scale may be diminished—and
be brought even further down in scale may be diminished—and
be brought even further down in scale may be diminished.

No point exists with that it is non-existent.

of notions.

which is common put forward as being the smaller of all objects
seen. Even so, the point (with dot in low) continues to be that

Helen Keller of Alaska.
be the point of departure for, or what stands in for, all of what is mother for the while. This dot as marked stands for a greater contextual whole and not only for someone’s mother, perhaps the artist’s, but for the one to whom this thought or memory occurs or for a motherly point or site in a particular sky of an I.

“A psychological double bottom is declared in the antiphrasically entitled series *Bottleneck*, where the arrows and diagrams accompanying the stereometric ‘object’ as it passes through various vicissitudes, clearly show that the process of geometric conversion and reduction is to be read as the narration of a psychic trajectory,” one of the early reviewers wrote.

“After a while I went very near to a beautiful white rose-bush which was completely covered with buds and sparkling with dewdrops; I bent down over one of the branches with a lovely pure white bud upon it, and kissed it softly many times; just then I felt two loving arms steal gently around me, and loving lips kissing my eyelids, my cheeks, and my mouth, until I began to think it was raining kisses; and at last I opened my eyes to see what it all meant, and found it was my precious mother — that expanding dot — who was bending over me, trying to kiss me awake. Do you like my daydream? If you do, perhaps I will dream again for you some time” — written when I was eight years old.

It is important to know that each dot stands definitively for something — except when it doesn’t — and to know exactly for what it stands and to agree to a name for it. This is what begins the traction on the world: the pinning down of one thing, anything. Not only must the world be cleaved into sections, agreement must be reached as to how these various sections are to be named. If one thing is not stopped, stopped in its tracks, no traction can be gotten on the world, on oneself.

Before I had caught on to what language was, and to the arbitrary
of post-modern humanist Jungian research into the nondual aware a-structural consciousness on up. The sine qua non for any conscious observer could have passed for the sixties. This anonymous chart of another order could have passed for a very reduced chart. A key of the conscious mind were actually jumpinge into the missing word, everybody gets quite excited by this now.

Taste; never to become. I can see with the shares of a dot or ("show it in a double take")

number-of-quantity.

Or, do we have a piece. Here are done

wife. We see it called A Man Walking. Here are done

sound of something. Then it would be art and tricked be no drip. Look

they would like the work in, while free it was only printed matter.

but the conscious minds didn't see him. At last not right away.

"Literary points. We saw him walking of电话"

He was the sum of this dots as markes the group of stand-ins for

mother. A dot or a single sound for a thing such as marks. Here is what people do. They let "enables" does "stand for" marks

was the thing that was

a method of thinking to each during the realization that this indeed

I had to learn — and it was a fraction of attention to a conversation

assembling itself accordingly. Follows:

by far. If ever one description can be made (at knowing), the last

want was even able to. Nothing had been made for the rest to pass

and voilà consciousness of its game — I got this all in one shot — I
The First Little Brick of Substance

A chart with a life of its own. In subsequent versions, each bit of pinned down abstraction, each named dot, gets assigned a dual stand-in role. The dot linked by arrow to the designation, "head," is now, by means of a second arrow, also given over to the word, "sky." "Thorax" and "mountain" make do with one dot between them. Parts of the landscape are paired with parts of the body, generally according to the corresponding positions held all up and down that vertical that is the human figure when it is standing outdoors. The semantic doubling, however, cannot be said to follow this predictable path. Instead, a dot associated with a small, black stenciled-in presentation of the word "leg" gets paired with another "leg," also in stencil letters, but in this case large, light-gray ones. Has the same denotation been given twice so that we might not miss that this is really what it is? Or are we being clued in to the need to view the chart in relation to different image sizes. Or do we have in this the report of a seeing and then a seeing again, a matter-of-fact routine occurrence, smacking, even so, of deadpan double take? The dot for "foot" as well as doubling as a mark for "shoe" ("shoe" is larger in size but much paler than that "foot" with which it shares a dot and which supposedly wears it) is allied, a third arrow lets us see, with an indefinite something that's hardly a word and possibly never to become one. What started as a chart of a man out for a walk has now become and will now bear the title of A Study of Twins (Talking or Walking) 1968.

This artist makes "specific abstractions." Without the existence of a specific and critical abstractionism, the present study would not have been possible.

The extreme transitivity of that waiting texture which is the thinking field, for all its colorful motion into the world of any texture, is of unrecognizable temperature, unlike either the body of the observer
or of anything that is being observed.

"It is all a blanket thermometer and one wonders whether it will ever succeed in taking its own temperature."

Then let's rethink all this in terms of Voluntar, in terms of her story. Voluntar, short for voluntary action, is herself the archetypal degree. An elusive warmth. In the scale of events, she, preceding dot, is beneath it yet wider. When she collects in place, she can manage to work herself up into being point or dot. Once set in motion, these two images (dot and Voluntar) cannot help but bleed into one another. It is said that the movements of her wisp of body configure animate microchips that are volition.

Voluntar is a great little diver; I should know for it is I who trained or invented her. It is she who takes motility and builds it into mobility.

Voluntary activity, earned rather than given, is a result of or a lithe product of an historico-cultural development in behavior, and as such is considered to be a feature unique to human psychology. The capacity for voluntary activity distinguishes child from beast. "I'd rather like to do that." Yet the child is capable of far fewer voluntary actions than is the adult. Lack of training curtails range and amplitude of choice. This is dependent on the number and types of dives made by Voluntar. Her broadening the horizon as one spasm of the horizon after another builds the world. As the first little brick of substance, she is the ultimate fibre of a micro-ground. I may have seen photographs, or, if you like, "photographs," of these twists and twistings.

Ceaseless expeditions might describe the extent of her effort, her way of life, the relentlessness of it. Not all microscopics dive so well or as often. She pseudopods below, looking for all the world like an octopus, could only she be seen.

It's not that she sees for me, for she's as blind as I am. What she does
is feel the way for me. She is a blind man's cane, but a soft, small, internal one, with a core of flexibility only.

Voluntar, then, is substance and sign (structure) of the voluntary. We have in her the signpost (many) leading humans to a specific scaffolding of behavior that breaks away from biological environment to new forms of culturally-based processes. As down Voluntar dives and up again each time she comes with one signified or if another, a sky of an I is sketched out and the basic unit of “who” is constructed.

She is countless yet there may not be as many of her as that would make it seem. She is also free not to exist.

It's at the backbone-crossroads of her hinge-nature that I pick up the call of continuity each time. Her sleek body is slinkily prescient.

Or take her momentarily in the static state of having agreed to be point or dot. She is the always figurative point. All concrete figurative. Only through voluntary action can she be summoned or do the summoning.

Found lounging in the figurative, sword in hand (or pseudopod-like projection as sword), suddenly she lunges forward. Upon her having lunged forward, all swords vanish except for their points. When the sword's point strikes, that's her it becomes. Point has been her pseudonym for centuries.

Voluntar goes directly from zero speed to top speed. Intensity is her middle name, actually. Her knowing how to spring into action without missing a beat allows her to catapult on a regular basis to the forefront of issues. Marx greatly admired how swiftly, surreptitiously, and definitively she could be effective; he wisely chooses to rely on her as key mover in a central dictum, declaring: “We have sufficiently explained the world, the point is to transform it.” Without her, it couldn't be done, and if not by her, then by nobody. Anything Voluntar
The body of a story is drawn out and given emotion to be expressed into a course of action. Any less than a resolve of purpose throughout than did Voltaire and with will, strong and determined, act upon it. Here is the reason why some of those had character and will still stand the test. But I know the dole of being made of place marks of passion, limitless, does is transformatory in full, and this will include anything whatsoever.

Helen Keller or Abraham
CHAPTER IV

Draw Me
a Diagram

as I picking up sounds of that conversing which goes on in the course of a line's being inscribed as formed?)

Trodded. Cud rudder. Cram bud into pud, aditi [Sanskrit: infinite]. Huddles the hum in the pud. Faint charcoal puddles. Go around by the luddle [the back or side-gate]. So thud I. So tut I. I tud so. Save the crumas. Pass the cucurbite [gourd]. Until the next wink then ... [wink: in Anglo-Saxon: to
Helen Keller of Alabama

I was held in a regained way by a draught of my own home that I was familiar with was that of a person in a room facing the room in other words the room within the room. I was held there by a thought of the room within the room. I was held there by a thought of the room within the room. I was held there by a thought of the room within the room.

It was all done was the reply.

We'll do it was the reply.

I want a scale diagram of my own for any reason.

Above the pail external the bud.

Above a line is trying to reach of an unoccupied pod. Of a sad.

I'm going to make an effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort to make your effort.

B. Griffin, President [to one side] con[enf el]. This was from the beginning.

See the line of the horizon as I looked up at the first [a sense of time.

We were at the beginning. There was nothing here [the horizon]. There was [an order of arrows]. Please I did but

Have some collection. Do it neghnomeous sense. — Chance I think. The close the eyes.

To think this modern English sense of which. We can
comings and goings within my home, Arcan Ridge (nearest actual address: right foot).

I start out of bed. I must put bed behind me. The woodenness of the footboard is behind me. I verify this by reaching out in back of me and rapping lightly on it with my knuckles. The bedroom has three windows. Assign one window to each ear, that is, have one be placed to the right and one on the left; a third window (these intimations of windows of the thickness of image, image alone, I have always secretly longed to call "thwindows.") takes its orientation, I allow, from the back of my head; the third window opens out in the wall that is directly behind the bed that is behind me. All this has been worked into the scale diagram in place within my right foot. That line of this diagram drawn parallel to the back of the heel, drawn alongside it from within, represents the house’s back wall; a part of this is the wall directly behind my bed in the bedroom, the one which, upon awakening, I, as just described, regularly consign — and on a considerably larger scale than I am able to use within the foot — to the back of my head. Through this diagram, as it is projecting out — I can, by thus projecting it, change its scale to fit my need — and exploding through me, troops all the rest of my house.

Thus do I carry in and as me a diagram of the imagination. I am stretching that labyrinth within which I stand (as I), inserting into it all the other labyrinths, or rooms that come along, that come to mind. Standing in the living room, I look at a diagram giving the layout of the entire house. With a diagram of the whole house displayed within it, this one room is made to contain, in a sense, the whole house. The living room, given how it is named, would be the right room for this to happen in. My having a diagram of the house makes it possible for me to prepare for and know each of the other rooms
There were a few incidents that helped me come to this. Let me

In the morning, I began to think

I needed some time to consider what I had

But after some thought, I was able to decide

I decided that we should continue with the

And so, we went to the "Great Western"

I thought about it for a while, and then

I decided to go ahead with it.

With the help of my friends, we were able to

And so, we continued with the plan.

And that's how we came to this point.

Helen Keller in "Out of the Dark"
see what I can remember.

“A jazz musician, self-educated, she was in her mid-fifties, I suppose. The third time or so she came to play: I’ve heard about you. They say you’re this strange artist but I can’t see anything yet, everything’s unfinished or not started or something. But I like you. I don’t know why. I want you to do my portrait.’

‘Why not accept to do what I had absolutely no desire to do. I had already let her in several times to play the piano, something which almost definitely was not what I wanted. In those days, as much as now, but perhaps then even a little more than now, I needed to be left alone to concentrate; having only recently arrived in New York I was slowly beginning to put things in place such as I could bear them.

‘She sat up straight, crossed her legs, one arm rested on the closed keyboard, the other was rounded in her lap. I had accepted to do what she had proposed, and once I had, not another word from her.

‘Staring and staring at her, I could see that — and this I suppose was what I had all along had in mind to see — but I could see that! she was everywhere. Our form is taken from, and must, to some degree, be considered as inseparable from, that which is around us. All that was in view was of her, or was contributing to who she was, tributaries all to her sky of an I. I would have either to take down only a few of the salient features or to take it all down. As I was determined to give her what she wanted, I set about outlining all I could of what I saw. As I believed her to be, in a sense, everywhere, I was able, as I went along, finding and sketching her in and about all the corners of the room, along all its defining edges, to forget her as someone who was there, as someone seated, at that moment, upon my piano bench.

‘After three hours had elapsed, she got up and came around to look over my shoulder. She was not pleased with how I had portrayed her.
the very week that she was married, she managed to get a job as a saleswoman. She had never liked the idea of working in a store, but she needed the money. She started working at a department store in town, where she sold dresses and accessories.

One day, while she was working, she noticed a handsome man walking in the store. He was tall and well-dressed, and she found him very attractive. She decided to approach him and strike up a conversation.

"Hello, sir," she said, "what are you looking for today?"

He turned to look at her, smiling. "Just browsing," he said. "What do you sell here?"

She laughed. "We have dresses, accessories, and gifts. Do you need help choosing anything?"

He shook his head. "Actually, I'm looking for a gift for my wife. What do you recommend?"

She thought for a moment. "Well, if you want something special, we have a line of jewelry that's very popular. It's made in France and is known for its quality."

He smiled. "That sounds interesting. How much is it?"

She quoted him a price. "It's a bit expensive, but it's definitely worth it. My husband always seems to appreciate good quality."
breadth was composed of an elaboration of the Tetragrammaton according to the numerical value of the four possible spellings of the fully written names of its letters, viz., the "name" 45, the "name" 52, the "name" 72, and the "name" 63, which were the "threads" and the "weave" that were originally situated in the hem of the garment. The size of this garment was twice the area necessary for the creation of all the worlds. After it had been woven, it was folded in two: half of it ascended and its letters stood behind the letters of the other half. The "names" 45 and 52 were arranged behind the "names" 72 and 63. It happened that the last part of the "name" 63 was left without a partner in the folded garment. This folding constituted a contraction (zimzum) of the alphabet skin to half its area, and with the removal of half of it from its previous place, something new was formed. The empty area created by the folding of the garment is not an actual vacuum but is merely deprived of the garment or of the light of its substance. Here then is some early evidence of the need to leave things blank, unadhered to, cut apart from, so that new and other things or events might happen; and thus has the mask of this world been cleaved to the garment of itself. Taking it up from there, we might then cleave it differently.

What makes me happy as a good hill is that our syllogisms resonate. No blank is numb. Some blank would smell of a numb appearance when in the process of forming lines. Lines keep blank from springing into color, I suppose I've heard. Or line-colored lines, of course, as members of a world of color, also have color, but an unmoved color held ... in line.

As long as even one of the body's senses remains intact, that blank out of which things and events may be construed is possible.

A diagram might exist such that I would be able to lick off from it the very sight of.... To arrive at something of this order, the diagram
unnecessary actions. No longer any time for there
degree of excitement that each friction of place is initiated. Suddenly no
wasted and with hardly a false step's having been taken. It is with this
would have had to have been made without a single move's having been

Helen Keller of America.
CHAPTER X

What Is Spacetime?

Suddenly a bright spot appeared in the darkness, like a planet hanging in a reversed geometrical night. It spread out, curling in slow spirals, growing larger and fainter, becoming more and more attenuated. A liquid smoke (a terribly staccato liquid) filled the whole flask with a firm luminous cloud.

"An aura-to-go? Are you sure that’s what we should be looking for?"
received

The next day when I went in the room was already dark. But

a

"Have you gone there?"

plan on the move

with all conditions must bend. Then there can be such things as street
within the place hide the abler occupants of that sphere through

that was let by the more expansive version of itself and down in scale that
se plan sucked into itself as in solace in the center of the huge blank.

stressed plan evolved the dense spheral into which the sun of the

ought to be in size in which sits either your star still but one of which the

Against this has only a story. This has hides to do with the way any

This are windows doors before the complex was that while I think

reminded.

made up of corridors and alleys, ways to travel and things to spin.
"I'll let you see this in the light."

He moved away for a moment. The light in the middle of the room went on. I saw on the mantelpiece a small glass bell jar beneath which lay a dead rat stretched on its side. The warm glow had vanished.

"What you saw just now was a small mass of — I hesitate to call it perceiving matter — well, let's say, if you like, the luminous, dryish fluid which appeared under the beam of the ultraviolet rays at the top of the jar, twenty-one minutes after the animal's death."

"And where is it now, your fluid? I don't see anything in the globe."

"Quite true. Nothing is visible in ordinary light, and that explains why neither I nor anybody else ever noted the phenomenon before...."

"I'd like to see it again."

He switched off the light and turned on the apparatus. Instantly the tiny elongated kernel came up, shone out.

"And further, note that this fluid, luckily for us, is lighter than air, collects at the top and is unusually grainy, a fact which makes it quite easy, I now realize, to preserve even if the bowl has to be lifted to withdraw the body."

Now Ames was telling me how Ivor Plenum managed to fix a look of full intensity directly upon him even as he was agitatedly interrupting his brother:

"Do you remember that talk we had in August at Chamonix — about space, its existence or not? I daresay you thought I was playing the fool. So I was in a sense, but I'd been feeling my way towards this for ten years. Now I have got it, and you must hear about it. You may take my word that it's a pretty startling discovery."

"I am bound to say," said Ames, "that it took me a long time to understand what he meant. He began by saying that everybody
referred to ("it is self") functions like the forming blank in the
picture and otherwise in nature. But on another level, the text is self-
consistent and a clear one. Although we can understand the sentence, we cannot
comprehend it in its entirety. It seems to be fragmented, and not all of the nouns
that are referred to are connected. Despite this, the text is

SHAPING DYNAMICS INTO IMAGES

and one of which unresolvable place jumps
in which all configurations are dissolved, disordered, condensed,

it finally becomes a forming blank

in its own power.

behaves in ways across and through configurations entirely,

as an ontological state.

When it is self.

"We tend to experience the text in fragments.

"If believed in waves,

"It seems from what everything else stems from.

Since each of its

may have felt this way because we were setting close to the multiplicity

I thought we should switch points of view once again for awhile. I

"Is it full of you? I never know what will happen

"Unresolvable place jumps out of there, shaping outlines

known as space.

instance — it leads a kind of qualia in which that is up until now been

We, but every living thing does not take that view. An animal, for

considered man. You will find all the philosophers taking it for granted

explanation something without any quality at all. That is the view of

"Never mind at present what the ultimate component of that

thought of space — be immediately unified, this as being spacetime.

Helen Keller or Ashkenaz
relationship to the diagrammatic image — as we read it laterally and sequentially it “absorbs” and “condenses” the diagrammatic configurations. With a layering of languages to make a critical set of exacting blanks, it becomes possible to depict the act of looking — if not of seeing. Within the compass of a giant yellow dot that is divided, with one of its halves off to the left and the other at the right edge of the canvas, the perceiver’s blank dots move out, through certain characteristic visual movements shown by arrows, into lines and regions and into the light and spacetime that makes up perceiving range in its entirety.

I come upon a street plan that would have things its way, and fill us, me, with the nods of what’s possible. Stretched open and enlarged, the ready-made with its nose in the street plan leads directly to (and from?) forming blank.

"Of course also from. To invent yourself on the spot first be completely blank, but forming."

"When someone says, ‘I stand there looking,’ for ‘there’ read ‘forming,’ that is, ‘I stand forming looking.’ All ‘there’s’ are forming even if some are less forming than others."

"And from that comes. . . ."

"Yes, world and picture alike, out of forming blank."

Forming blank, flexible schema-at-large, must be exactly as expansive as it is reduced. What’s been brought up so far from what has led up to this? Keep from forming an opinion too quickly and don’t think to see this before you see it. Feel the drift of the blank you’re to invent or of the one that’s to invent you. Wield yourself blank enough to go from one world picture to a different world picture in a split second. Every move that has had to be made will have had its influence on the forming blank. The kinaesthetic graphically of the world beckons.

Whatever would cover up origin tends either automatically to
Know perfectly well in the concrete sense I DO. The spirit, like the sea,

Sometimes wish I could get on with it more. I cannot see or hear but I

positively bristled with their imperious. Oh! I cannot see or hear but I

Don't do so on the contrary. I have no intentions to speak of

"Oh, you don't have any! don't bother"

"Put your intangibility where your mouth is"

"multiples of it. As your eyes on me"

"Whenever the matter threatens, there is being modified core"

"on him? round"

"As they crossed the bridge of red heerings, they believed they were"

"The surplus is the essence"

"Let all do be small"

"Oh, why was I ever driven"

"Mom biace may be crowded as Times Square, and as loud"

for all we know, to a different intelligence from ours the top of"

Landmarks and I believe. for the same reason. He is conscious of intelligible

Book of the thing, intelligible. Take every man. He has the same power

by perceiving certain landmarks, not necessarily material. The process

promise led Amon. An animal can find his way over country

let own origin

source of forming lynch for she who does so loses contact with his or

Helen Keller of Akerswea
is greater than any island or continent of sense-experience within its waters. Of course I know that outwardly I am a "deaf and blind" Helen Keller. But the many-voiced Course-of-things courses and senses through me a perceiving texture. To sense is to of course.

As far as what has formed and what could form in the non-terror, the sans-terrorism, of stepping into sweet reflective language, the evocation of the trails, inroads or incursions, within any blank (but not always) living canvas: "When a woman's acts are disclosed at the end, the self-tasting perceiving texture, the of-course-of forming blank, looks not only into the face of who this was but extends its search through the whole body, beginning from the fingers of each hand. Because I wondered as to the reason of this, it was made known to me, namely, that as all things of the thought and will are inscribed on the brain, for their beginnings are there, so also are they inscribed on the whole body; since all the things of thought and will extend thither from their beginnings, and there terminate, as in their ultimates. All things, both what was thought and what was done, are inscribed on the whole body, and appear as if read in a book when they are called forth from the memory, and as if presented to sight."

Thus all of body can be inscribed into for the purposes of remembering. Records get slipped in anywhere along any inlet. Nothing is not inscribed somewhere. All retrieval is a light excavating. If the stored away set of coded sounds being searched for happens to be tucked somewhere away in the bowels of the organism, it will take hours or even days for memory to come up with it.

A lot is curled up in and tucked down everywhere in and about body, not unlike how on the surface it looks to be with brain, but, minus the sulci and gyri, in a less obvious manner, and on a far larger scale. All this also flows in substrates.
I felt the hard, smooth sand, so different from the loose, sharp sand, mingled with kelp and shells, of the North American beaches I'd known as a child.

I felt the pebbles rattling as the waves threw their ponderous weight against the shore.

A heated beach always reminds me of the mood I lived in prior to Teacher's coming to me. Basically, in those days, I, in brute fash-
a banana. Of course, as soon as I moved my arms again this feeling
of banana, I seem to remember feeling in this dream as if I too were
invested with a banana. Yet a friendly volume a banana is. The entire dream smelled
me as though I were bathing in the blue
in the dream to be precisely. Inhaling the pungent scent of this I
bunch of bananas, I found myself in the pantry seeking a
banana. I'm not so much a banana for, to a
banana, I'm not so much a banana. I'm not so much a banana, for,
the banana is not so much a banana.

The room was a banana of a room.

The dream shows the six-year-old dancer not to be绝对的adventures.

Standing under there, I thought away at them and proceeded to
A long string of bananas extended down from the ceiling in the
dream. From this point the contented within it which, for me was
me, the most important was the discovery of a word for them. A
word was presented to me of a word for which was near initialization
for, according to satisfying my needs and having done with them, I took

Helen Keller's Alcoholic
I took a banana from the table. I was feeling hungry.

It would not have occurred to me to have taken a banana from the table. I was not hungry.

The banana was in a dish on the table.

The banana had been in the dish on the table.

The banana was not in the dish on the table.

The banana was not in the dish on the table.

was gone.

Take the banana and mash it into a bowl. The banana is going to lose itself into the cake. Look how seeded a banana cake appears, but a banana on its own gives not a hint of having anywhere near that many seeds. Only on every eleventh or so bite of cake does the taste of banana pure and simple return. Otherwise, what banana has to offer to cake is mostly moisture and volume. The large recipe does not exist to be followed. It reminds of the feel within the thinking field of the textures and tastes of separate items (some flour, salt, eggs, etc.) and of these in combination. If we could concentrate on as many ingredients as this at once, and on what happens to them at the various stages in the process, nearly tasting our positing of these, would we not have in this the report of a thinking field in action? Propose a recipe rather than a theory. Another thing to consider is how much preferable it would be to end up with a banana cake than with a weak and misleading metaphysics. Jottings and memos having to do with what anything in the world consists of should be made large, even enterable.

Of course, I was not yet a complex enough creature to have misgivings, although it's not unusual for children of six to have these or something akin to these. No, at that time, nothing could stop me in my tracks. I could not, it seems, form myself without first having formed the world.

Anne Sullivan refused to allow me not to catch onto the world and its ways. She kept knocking on the shut door that I was, until that door found itself capable of "knocking" back. The reason it was able to knock back was that it was not a door. But I would like to say that, beginning, middle, and end, I have been "all entrance," although at first I didn't quite know this of myself. I had to learn to separate one thing from another and to get a sense of the basis of selection for each single
The master language game: Sullivan's (or Leading up to the critical moment of my initiation into Silence from two different occasions and of this subject by none open up the work and give it volume. What follows are three excerpts from over which I had to arrive at the concept of name before I could

With pleasure.

If a woman had been called Dorothy, made me hop and skip

and I knew I was going on into the warm sunshine. The thought

was that the cause of my discomfort was removed. She brought me my

history to one side of the hearth and I had a sense of satisfaction

in the fact that I knew I had not loved the doll in the still dark world in which I lived there

then. Nothing more had occurred to follow my passionate outburst. I

kept my lifelong wonder and never forgot the broken doll in my

yearly depression when I felt the presence of the broken doll in my

ears and instantly, seizing the next doll, I dashed it against the floor. I was

accustomed to rushing over the words and

book. Further in the day we had a rush over the words and

and I needed to make me understand that "d-o-o-o-o-f" and

now doll. Miss Sullivan now my lips could express my

the everything. For a name. One day, while I was playing with my

my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood

Helen Keller or America

was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-o-o-o-o-f" meant the wonderful

need as of the morning of the others. Suddenly I felt as if my conscious-

broken up into the morning of the others. Suddenly, I was still

under the sun in the still dark world in which I lived there

cases of the horsewhip while which it was covered. Someone was

We walked down the path to the well-house. Arched by the

with pleasure.

cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

...Teacher had been trying all the morning to make me understand that mug and the milk in the mug had different names; but I was very dull, and kept spelling milk for mug, and mug for milk until teacher must have lost all hope of making me see my mistake. At last she got up, gave me the mug, and led me out of the door to the pump-house. Someone was pumping water, and as the cool fresh stream burst forth, teacher made me put my mug under the spout and spelled “w-a-t-e-r.”

...April 5, 1887
I must write you a line this morning because something very important has happened. Helen has taken the second great step in her education. She has learned that everything has a name, and that the manual alphabet is the key to everything she wants to know. In a previous letter I think I wrote you that “mug” and “milk” had given Helen more trouble than all the rest. She confused the nouns with the verb “drink.” She didn’t know the word for “drink,” but went through the pantomime of drinking whenever she spelled “mug” or “milk.” This morning, while she was washing, she spelled “mug” or “milk” and thought, “This morning, while she was washing, she spelled “mug” or “milk.” When she wants to know the name of anything, she points to it and pats my hand. I spelled “w-a-t-e-r” and thought, “mug” or “milk.” When she wants to know the name of anything, she points to it and pats my hand. I spelled “mug” or “milk.” When she wants to know the name of anything, she points to it and pats my hand. I spelled “w-a-t-e-r” and thought, “This morning, while she was washing, she spelled “mug” or “milk.” When she wants to know the name of anything, she points to it and pats my hand. I spelled “w-a-t-e-r.”
"Plan of the first and remain without numbers in the second...."

"Cold... reach... respectively the numbers six and nine..." 

"Chill... and... passed... front... Elsewhere..." 

"Where... been... named... the other..." 

"Once... been... and... both..." 

"We... been... other..." 

"Numbers... then... with..." 

"Second... and... outside... and... appear on..." 

"This... some... of..." 

"Fourth... under... the..." 

"Pillow... right..." 

"Only... face... visible..." 

"Upon... pillow... and... and..." 

"Upon... four... and... one..." 

"Four... on... and..." 

"Upon... has..." 

"There... place..." 

"Abstraction... specific... and..." 

"These... consist... all... with..." 

"Name... consists...... Cup... Table... Lamp... Clothes..." 

"The... you... of... "

"Are... to... it..." 

"And... the... in..." 

"Of..." 

"And... the... separate..." 

"By... even... keeping......" 

"Even... keep... united..." 

"The... keep..." 

"May... keep..." 

"The... the..." 

"So..." 

"Sometimes... milk... water..." 

"Helen..."
Events, micro-events and partial objects have numbers. One number that's been crossed out has been called a mistake. Why should this spot be a mistake? Why this probably intentional mistake here? The contours, noticeably formed from the accreting of red, black, blue, yellow and green dots, seem not inanimate. Although all envelopings may be as specifically delineated as is this one, they're rarely seen right out in front of us as being so. This that passes as shown unifies events. The two separate and distinct curves for heads have drawn closer to form a single contour double-curved. Only two feet remain visible. Persistent viewers, by looking back and forth between the airy and aerated world opened up by names and contours on the first panel, and by contours in conjunction with arrows and numbers on the second, may find nestled into nowhere (but a nowhere with exactly the air of these and only these groups of lines and designations) a defined-enough couple making love; but most observers will, as the history of this work's reception shows, never realize that the schema makes of them voyeurs.

Soon after I caught on to what a name was, I began thinking only of number. Up until then, everything had been for me one of a kind. I could not conceive of different examples of the same thing existing simultaneously in more than one place at once. Thus in my dream, all bananas belonging to the class of bananas had had to be contiguous. Bananas existed at my behest and without that there could be no place for them. Annie Sullivan expresses concern in one of her letters about my number obsession:

June 12, 1887
I am teaching Helen the square hand letters as a sort of diversion. It gives her something to do, and keeps her quiet, which is desirable while this enervating weather lasts. She has a perfect mania for count-
The next night he received an even greater shock. His healthly...
fresh blood. He was surprised to find himself, upon hearing of the need for this, in the midst of his shock and terror, to also be coolly considering how fundamentally numerical — pint for pint — such a procedure was.

Shock and number each with all the color knocked out of them belong to the same monochrome world. Number, shock — the same color?? Shock, once squared, moves about within but between the numbers being counted.

Time passed. She recovered. Months later, when they were having breakfast together with some friends, just as he was about to reach for the food on the serving platter in front of him, he heard her, from far down at the other end of the table, begin to tell of her blood poisoning experience. At that moment, he underwent the third of what can now be seen to be a trio of related “mathematical” shocks. He’s said this last one of the three seems to him to be even more fundamentally mathematical than the others. Of course, this last episode could be thought of as nothing but a previous shock re-visited; but it was expressed in a distinct enough manner for it to qualify as a shock in its own right. Suddenly, all the food on the platter went flat, perfectly flat. Finding nothing at all that looked three-dimensional — neither hill nor dale in scrambled eggs nor hardly a suggestion of roundness to what had only seconds before been sausages — it appeared unlikely he could plausibly avail himself of the serving utensils so as to get himself some breakfast. The yellow mass sat flatly on the plate as if it were one with it. How could a spoon be slid under that? There was not a color on the platter with enough thickness to it for the accepting of a fork’s jab.

“The perceiver selects the world and gives volume to it. When someone goes into shock, acts not crucial to immediate survival get suspended. The forming of volume might not be as vital to survival as
or I could not, or I could not see.

I stood near the window, but in less than an hour, my head bowed against the window, and my eyes were filled with tears. I looked through the window, and saw only the door to Cadets Hospital, and the street outside.

I had been told that some victims are in order to survive, forgo
ive, forgo
to forming
thing more

mind as I
hospital
side of the
hour, he'd
turned out
within a

you are,
roundings.
vivid sense
thing that was
the coma
— a tiny,
this room
entire room
immediately
coma set in,
beneath into the
everything
stretcher or
road, the
spacetime not
other came
room and
all it had
become. I remember his being seated in that chair over there and my
lying immobile between these sheets as we proceeded to have a
conversation (I heard his voice, but, I learned later, he never heard mine
— but the conversation went on) within what in retrospect can only
be seen as spacetime flattened out like a pancake.”

When I returned to New York, I was amazed to find that the
reduced spacetime Cadere had spoken of had already been quite
specifically painted onto a large six-panel work that was still in progress.
This was a more solid looking or more painted-in shape than those
usually to be found in the work. It was an extremely flattened out
pancake-like allotted spacetime or surface that took up a good half of
one of the central panels. Pointing to it, “I’ve brought you an urgent
message about exactly that,” I said. Then I proceeded to tell him what
I’ve here recounted.

Cadere was right. We were in need of this information. If, as we had
come to think, “to be perceiving” equals “to be forming spacetime,”
then variant formations of spacetime should provide important clues
to the workings of perceiving.

Forming space and Space:
When different areas
become emphasized
within a fiction of place,
on localization,
fictional but factual
distances form
within the “I”;
that which moves across these
(however fictional) distances
is forming space.

Forming space,
the perceiving,
brings about the perceived image
of fiction of place as detail;
by repeatedly cleaving,
it initiates the game of distance,
making it possible, for example,
for one’s arm, hand or foot to be seen.
Everyone has had the experience of being too tired to move, but to need the more that can be supplied. The raising of expectations and more and the more that is envisaged by intuition may be produced situations might be conceived for

"I suppose",

"This would involve the initiative of lower degrees, I suppose",

"With voluminous arithmetical"

definition of course, or

"Will they within a diminution of initiative — that is my"

distance traversed.

Size perception suggests a severe reduction in the conceptual but factual volume as usual, that is, his failure to achieve, as it were, actual room-in one way of thinking. Is not having been able to come up with is his not having lost power to realize of what no longer is any case, moreover to be, that is, an on-the-spot, after-the-fact reconstruction — contemporary psychologists would see this as their, for their manner, any experience transcending within a come and not simply what may of ever have been done within a come and not simply what may be seen of power, but one that he has proceeded down to the end, in a sense: "in his during the time he was conscious, that is, his real self in nothing

Cade reports not having lost cognizance with this sense of himself

at this instance, in the accounting of these disciplines. Had the process been studied come a result of something having proceeded differently from usual itself, was the sense circumscribing of Cades world when he was in a sense, are as fictitious as they are actual. The question then could be forming speculating equals a statement or moving across (but of what).