

CAVE ART NOW

Shamanism and Geometric Art

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To David Lewis-Williams,
the mind in the cave

One should not conceal and corrupt the facts of how our thoughts have come to us. The profoundest and least exhausted books will probably always have something of the aphoristic and unexpected character of Pascal's *Pensées*.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Will to Power*,
New York: Vintage Books, 1968, p.
229.

PREFACE (February 23, 2003)

Art is dying, if it is not stinking already. Every trick has been attempted to bring it back to life, but to ever less effect. The demise is palpable and even painful. If there is a way out, it will be by way of a detour. And a detour spanning much of human experience. We can all agree that cave art was not a trick—so, let us begin there.

This book—a tangled diary of a discovery, as it were—will not be easy to read. Although it is chronological in structure, following the development of my ideas, it jumps all over the place. Well, the *addenda* have their own chronological order, which is sometimes confusing. The links are to be discovered and pursued, tracked and travelled, before the reader gets anywhere. Worse, the book points at a vast repository of similar texts on the Internet, *Residua* (www.residua.org), that hides many an additional clue. But this is as it should be. This selection from my book, which goes back to 1976 and counts more than a million words, both invites and repels. It selects.

The detour into the prehistory will require several others. Most important, it will require an appreciation of archeology, cognitive science, psychology, anthropology, brain science, and the like. The brain is the last frontier. The very last frontier, that is. This is where artists and scientists have much to learn from each other. This is where tricks will no longer do.

What is art? Why has it appeared in human evolution? Where is it heading? Much has already been done to answer such questions, but most of it remains undigested. If this book sheds only a bit of light on our art endowment, both intellectual and emotional, it will have been a great success already.

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KANDINSKY (September 5, 1981)

If one considers that constipated face under a ridiculous hat in the blurred group portrait of the Bauhaus luminaries, or the flatness of his narrative geometry and his rather large canvases loaded with symbols that were so readily assimilated by the blooming bourgeois “art” between the two wars in Europe, one can hardly believe that Kandinsky could ever draw tears from a cold museum visitor, somewhere in New York, today. That would be wrong, though. I am a witness. Kandinsky’s mad courage, his deliberate recklessness, his urge and his will combined, astonished me for the first time, as though I was a novice, someone unaccustomed, a mere amateur. The abandon of his early canvases is so well concealed that one is likely to mistake it for something else, indeed opposite. Only the scaffolding of his excursions remains, the constitutive *rigor mortis*. The rigor of Kandinsky’s two-dimensional constructs is perhaps the only visible remainder of the terror that had propelled him into the unknown. It is so palpable that it congeals, solidifies, and provides the sole connection with the dead master. Every line, every cut, thus suggests the outlines of a ghost—the live content that cannot be domesticated by bourgeois aesthetics. Kandinsky is still there, between the lines.

A VULGAR HYPOTHESIS CONCERNING OUR SPIRITUAL HERITAGE (June 28, 1982)

It is conceivable that the only salvageable moment of the religious life of the species, which will not be simply discarded and forgotten, is precisely the sum of its practical traditions—its material substratum, as it were—congealed and preserved in a constellation of techniques, devices, procedures, expressions, physical arrangements, and rules of thumb appropriate to specific conditions and situations. It is indeed conceivable that the stupidest routines and the most dreadful details of religious performance (and religious labor?) contain the essence of our spiritual experience. An enormous amount of testing, sifting, and refinement of quotidian worship and spiritual survival has already been accomplished through millennia and across the planet. Consider, for example, the very forms of sacrifice and prayer, the temples and altars, the communal singing, the prayer and worry beads, the institutions of monastic seclusion and mass pilgrimage, etc. Also consider the rocking and swaying, the rhythm, the repetition, the dancing, the language of

curses and blessings, the masks and symbols... (Could reading and writing be added to this list?) This is not to say that ideological—as well as utopian, for that matter—“superstructure” is irrelevant, but merely secondary, or even derived, and undoubtedly comparatively unstable. This is furthermore not to say that we now need another scientific or professional discipline—a praxeology of religious life, or an architectural vocabulary of prototypical vehicles of faith—which would secularize and thus annihilate these apparently ignoble physical remnants of accumulated wisdom of the species. And finally, this is not to say that here lies buried another panacea. Far from it. My intention is primarily to shift the emphasis, and to point at heaven and hell as material facts of our childhood. (Could reading and writing possibly be construed as unreal or immaterial, that is, unproductive?) And our collective childhood is something we cannot choose *ad libitum*. Although we could accept, for the sake of the argument, the possibility of alternative histories, ours has been determined and it consequently surfaces as predetermined. The fact nevertheless remains that we have learned something or other, that we have established a correspondence with the unknown, or, at least, that we have stumbled upon the needs and ways of satisfying them that will not surrender to reason. For the “causes” are both too far and too many. The most precious lessons are perhaps already built into our very bodies—into our physical performances, including those associated with language—where they linger unattended. Again, my intention is primarily to shift the emphasis, and to point at these internal ruins inhabited by ghosts of our misunderstanding. The ruins themselves are sacred, as the species is sacred and unreplaceable.

ON CREATIVITY (December 26, 1982)

There once lived a well-respected liar whose art consisted of never telling a lie. His friends were puzzled: “How do you do it?” He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. “I make up the truth as I go along,” he said modestly. His friends perceived this as a divine lie. They were correct, too.

Addendum I (December 13, 2000)

When the liar eventually died—and he lived for many, many years—it was discovered that some remote rooms of his house were crammed with extraordinary objects of art. Most of the paintings, pieces of sculpture, and the like, appeared to be rather old, but none of them belonged to any school or movement or region or period anyone was familiar with. Even some of the materials used were unfamiliar, if not odd. At once it was assumed by most that these were the liar's own works, but a few argued that some of them were so old that not even he could have made them. The mystery has never been resolved, but the suspicion that art is inextricably bound with lying has remained. Of

course, this only exposes a very narrow and potentially pernicious conception of creativity.

Addendum II (August 19, 2001)

If evolutionary psychologists are correct that intelligence has evolved to help us cheat others while being able to tell when others are attempting to cheat us, then the connection between creativity and lying is perhaps too obvious to warrant further elaboration. And so is the connection between art and artifice in all its guises, including cunning, deceit, scheming, duplicity, trickery, and double-dealing. But what if the evolutionary psychologists are not telling the truth, or are at least exaggerating it? They would not be lying, of course. Or would they?

To Diane Pernet

PAINTER'S DILEMMA (July 19, 1993)

One learns with some nostalgia that the cult of icons had reached such proportions in Medieval Europe that icons frequently served as godparents at baptisms, which was one of the reasons why the Byzantine Emperor Leo III ordered in 726 the destruction of all icons and holy images throughout his dominions.[1] One learns with some longing that the early wonder-working icons of the Madonna are usually kept veiled in Italian churches, to be shown only on religious holidays.[2] In particular, one learns with a touch of envy about the miraculous fresco of the Annunciation in Santissima Annunziata in Florence, renowned throughout Italy for its curative powers, which is shut off by a silver screen and hidden by a heavy curtain that is raised once a year, on the Feast of the Annunciation, and which is housed in a Renaissance marble temple designed by Michelozzo.[3] For it may be that live paintings can be made only by anonymous painters?

Addendum (August 28, 2000)

I keep all of my boards in cardboard boxes piled up on top of each other in the attic in Reading. Only those on which I am working at any one time are not packed away. I have not seen my boards for close to two years now. Although I do miss them, I do not mind our long separation. The longer they are out of sight, the less I feel that they owe anything to me. My boards will be miraculous to behold when they eventually burst out into the light.

IN PRAISE OF ILLNESS (August 1, 1993)

Intense physical strain or pain, prolonged hunger or thirst, lack of rest or sleep, extreme fear or anger, or a combination of these conditions, can induce special mental states, as many "primitive" peoples well knew

and well deployed in the education of their youth. Physical hardship brings us closer to the animal—to the vast knowledge of the world given to the animal before it can start learning. Layers upon layers of civilization have barred our access to that primordial knowledge, but on occasion we catch a glimpse of it against our will. Nowadays, in the “civilized” world, such occasions are provided mainly by illness. A couple of nights ago I tasted of that knowledge. The next time violent pain strikes I will be ready for my next lesson in things my body has always known.

Addendum (March 23, 1997)

Like the sick man, the religious man is projected onto a vital plane that shows him the fundamental data of human existence—that is, solitude, danger, hostility of the surrounding world. But the primitive magician, the medicine man, or the shaman is not only a sick man; he is, above all, a sick man who has been cured, who has succeeded in curing himself.

From Mircea Eliade’s *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*, Arkana, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1989 (first published in 1964), p. 27.

MY BOARDS (September 26, 1993)

Since two years ago or so, I have been using smallish pine boards for most of my paintings. The standard dimension is thirty by forty-three centimeters, but some are much smaller. The boards are about one centimeter and a half thick, which gives them a nice weight. The size of the boards allows me to paint them practically anywhere, as well as to move the finished boards at will. I sometimes take the smallest boards on my trips abroad to domesticate the barren hotel surroundings and to give my paintings a bit of experience of other places. The wood grain shows through the paint, and in places the sap penetrates to the surface, as well. The sap makes me especially happy. I first paint the boards white, and then I use only black and red paint for my rigid little compositions. Black and red never touch, though. I paint on both sides of the boards. When a piece is finished and the paint dry, I strip down the paint with steel wool. Much of the paint is thus removed, to show the grain of the wood. The last thing I do is varnish the boards with blood. The blood congeals very quickly and produces a warm sheen. Although the smell of dried blood is disconcerting the first few days, it soon becomes almost appealing. It is a pleasure to touch a finished board, which fully dries and thus loses a bit of its original weight in a week or two. As a board dries, it also bends slightly, giving it two very different sides. The convex side I take to be the front. I stack the boards in rows on shallow shelves mounted on the wall or on free-standing racks I have designed for this purpose. Two or three boards are stacked one behind the other. I often change the order and position of my boards, my silent companions. The woody sound of reshuffling gives

me immense pleasure. The boards are sturdy and robust. Dents and scratches improve them. Every time I revarnish them with fresh blood they become a bit darker and a bit more mysterious in mood. My boards, my enigmatic friends.

Addendum I (April 26, 1994)

According to William Gates,[4] in the Yucatec Maya language *nab* means “to anoint or varnish,” and *nabzah ti kik* means “to cover (flow over) with blood,” where *kik* is “blood.” By the way, Linda Schele and Mary Ellen Miller[5] concur with this meaning of *nab*—“to daub” as with paint, “to varnish,” “to anoint”—but they also provide another and apparently unrelated meaning, “water-lily.” Now, the expression *nabzah ti kik* corresponds exactly to what I am doing with my boards.

Addendum II (August 4, 1994)

The first set of my boards was made in the Winter of 1990-91. They were envisaged as props for my first and only play, written in December 1990 upon reading several short plays by Samuel Beckett. His “Breath” influenced me most because of its simplicity and brevity.[6] All of a sudden I felt an urge to write a play of my own and to explore the theater as a vehicle for my symbols. One of my symbols served as the title of the play.

There are six motionless characters on a dingy stage—four of them sitting on stools on a rickety shoulder-high platform in the middle of the stage, and the remaining two sitting on stools by the curtain on each side of the stage. They are dressed in dirty and greasy white, including skull-caps tied under their chins. Their hands and feet are wrapped in white cloth. They are all older men, preferably in their sixties. They are unshaven. They chant in deep and raspy voices while displaying white boards with my symbols, painted in black. Each character holds on his lap a stack of boards. Their size—thirty by forty-three centimeters—stems from the need to manipulate them on one's lap. A faint chime times the lowering and raising of boards, which are handled with consummate skill and care. The woody shuffling is the only other background sound in the play. The light is dim, apparently sourceless, but the four boards held up by the characters on the platform are lit by as many spotlights. The play lasts about ten minutes.

To demonstrate how the boards would look like, I produced sixteen of them—one for each of my symbols. When it became clear that no-one would be interested in my play, and that became clear in a few short weeks, the residual boards needed to be put someplace. I designed a two-tier rack, had it made by a cabinet-maker, and placed all the boards on it in several layers. Something resembling an object of art was thus born. But it all started with Beckett, Lauren's favorite playwright. At the time, she was working on a stage-set for four or five of his short

plays, directed by John Winter, our friend and neighbor, at the Progress Theater in Reading. Her stage-set turned out to be quite wonderful.

Addendum III (July 21, 1996)

One part of my artistic process which I have failed to elucidate so far is its very end. I usually “varnish” my boards when it is sunny, which is rarely the case in England except in the dead of summer. On account of the foul smell, I leave the boards to dry outdoors. The odor of blood presently attracts innumerable flies and a few wasps. As the frenzied insects crawl about my boards, sucking the rapidly drying blood, they make apparently random traces with their nozzles. When the varnish dries up, they all vanish as miraculously as they had appeared. My little helpers enjoy art only at its freshest.

THANG-KA (October 24, 1993)

This is a Tibetan term for religious images painted on fine cloth. *Thang-ka* themes include mandalas, images of the Buddha and assorted Hindu deities, etc. Ordinary *thang-ka* are painted with gouache. Fancy *thang-ka* paintings are done with oil paints, sewn onto silk backgrounds, and “mounted” on a horizontal rod like Chinese paintings, so that they can be hung on the wall. Gold is also used on fancy *thang-ka*. A sheet of very thin material is sewn on the top edge of the *thang-ka*, so that it can be unveiled only on appropriate religious occasions. The whole assemblage is designed to be rolled up, tied with two strips of material that hang in the back, and stored away or taken on the road. Different *thang-ka* are perhaps used on different holidays. I learned much of this from Nepalese merchants along Temple Street in the Yau Ma Tei Night Bazaar in Kowloon, also known as Men's Market, who sold me a few *thang-ka* this weekend. These merchants come in the evening with a few bags and display all they have on a piece of black cloth the size of a bed-sheet, which they lay out on the sticky pavement over a sheet of tarpaulin. Much of the merchandise is of religious character and comes from Tibet. They sit cross-legged amidst their wares and appear to be the most easy-going and content of people. The Nepalese trade has to do with the Gurkha detachment of the British forces in Hong Kong. When the British army leaves on July 1, 1997, this form of trade may dry up, especially if the Chinese authorities wish to stifle the Tibet connection.

THE ANIMAL IN US (November 4, 1993)

The animal in us knows much more about the world than we do because it has been on this planet so much longer than the human species. For the same reason, we can never understand the animal in us. Simply put, there is too much there for the human mind to understand. The task is

to access that knowledge directly, without understanding, which can be accomplished only by embracing the animal in us.

Addendum (May 28, 1994)

The assumption that anyone of worth can explain himself fully and lucidly in the time allotted him by those who want to learn what he knows is either a joke or a stupidity.

From Idries Shah's *Wisdom of the Idiots*, London: The Octagon Press, 1970 (first published in 1969), p. 165.

MY SYMBOLS (November 7, 1993)

About ten years ago I saw a retrospective of Kandinsky's work at the Guggenheim in New York and was transfixed by a rather unassuming print with flag-like symbols. One of these symbols struck me as especially potent, and I came back to the exhibition to see it again. Immediately upon my return to Cambridge from New York I started working on a series of symbols of my own. The retrospective induced a significant shift toward the abstract in my drawing, which had tended to be figurative for several years. In a few days I had a vocabulary of symbols which has remained unchanged ever since. The symbols quickly arrayed themselves in rigid order on the page and would not budge again from their rows and columns. Soon I started producing books with pages upon pages of text composed of my symbols. The whole experience was closer to magic than to anything I would associate with art.

Looking back at the early days of life with my symbols, I can think about them in three different ways. These different understandings strike me as meaningful at different times, but they rarely come to me at the same time. The first concerns the origin of the symbols, or, better, other things I associate them with in terms of their appearance. The second is about my own needs and my understanding of the connection between these needs and my symbols. The third is difficult to define, but it concerns my rôle in the life of my symbols. In this last case my own history is rather irrelevant.

The first and obvious source of my symbols is Kandinsky himself. My first symbol was his little flag. But this exhausts his influence on my work. It was as though I had recognized one of my symbols in his work, not the other way around. His other flag-like objects on the same print have remained uninteresting to me. The influence which I consider much deeper and much more personal is that of the Maya hieroglyphics, which have exercised me since childhood. The rigid order of my symbols and the connection of my work with book-making is clearly related to the Maya culture as a whole, not just their writing system. The third and last influence I can detect is that of Walt Disney. I

generally despise his work, but several of my symbols are definitely connected in my mind with some of his characters. Thus I have a Mickey Mouse and a Donald Duck symbol, but the connections seem to be obvious only to me, as no-one else can understand my association when I point it out and when I try to explain what I see. And this is all I can say about my own understanding of the origin of my symbols in terms of their esthetic qualities, as it were.

Concerning my understanding of how the symbols relate to my own needs, I still feel comfortable with the explanation I offered to Lauren several years ago: my symbols and my books of symbols allow me to communicate with others without having to worry about the content of what I have to say. Put differently, I feel that my need to communicate needs to be channeled in such a way that my message ultimately has no effect whatsoever. I do not want to change anything, improve anything, reach anything. Thus, my symbols are about the residual need to communicate in spite of my reluctance to communicate anything in particular. By implication, the symbols and books of symbols have no meaning. They are nothing but empty forms—my own contribution to an onanistic mode of communication and existence in general. An unwilling member of my own species, I have found a way to symbolically copulate with my fellow humans without fear of insemination and consequent propagation of my own need.

On occasion I feel rather differently about my symbols: I feel their power and I feel my innocence in relation to that power, which strikes me as foreign and invasive and all-encompassing. In other words, I feel like a medium for something I do not understand. When I arrange my symbols on a page, or when I arrange my boards with symbols on a rack, I do not follow any particular plan, just as I did not follow any particular plan when I was developing my symbols. I let things fall into place by themselves. The resulting arrangements feel soothing and appropriate and meaningful. As a good medium, I do not interfere with the force that acts through me. At times I feel that I am acting on behalf of something very, very far away, something truly distant, something very extraterrestrial. Although I refrain from naming my symbols, the term “extraterrestrial” is the only thing that makes sense to me. Put simply, I would not be surprised to learn one day that everything I have “written” or “painted” with my symbols has a clear meaning and that this meaning goes to the heart of things. I cannot reconcile my other beliefs with this sort of experience, but that is how things actually stand.

Given the latter two understandings, it is not surprising that I have been anonymously distributing my several printed books of symbols and various printed postcards with my symbols. Several art bookstores in international capitals regularly exhibit my works, which gives me great pleasure especially because of my anonymity and the fact that the sale of these artifacts brings me no personal gain. In this context, it is also not surprising that I have been quiet about my symbols in the pages of my *Residua*. Not even Lauren has yet learned about my understanding

that I may be a mere instrument and that my symbols may have a meaning that I do not understand precisely because of my instrumental role.

The interesting question that remains is why do I feel that all this should be committed to paper at this particular moment? The last few days I have felt that this had to be done, and I have been eager to catch a moment to do it. But, is this a warning? Am I in some kind of danger? If so, is there anything I can do about it?

Addendum I (March 24, 1997)

According to Lawson, who outlines several plausible interpretations of cave paintings, “some of the symbols of paleolithic art might be a record of the geometric patterns seen as the human mind passes into subconscious (so-called entoptic forms).”[7] This could happen to a shaman in trance who might pass into the spirit-world in the guise of a revered animal. The paintings could be illustrations of these ecstatic experiences, including also the entoptic forms, which can be experienced when a person is confined to darkness, as the shaman and his audience would have been.

Now, one of the symbols shown by Lawson is none other than Kandinsky’s little flag.[8] Although it is set in a narrow frame, the main part of the symbol is identical to the flag. The other symbols that appear in the same place are formally related to Mondrian’s neo-plastic work and to a number of my own symbols. This also holds for other paleolithic, mesolithic, and neolithic symbols I have seen elsewhere. Assorted tattoos found on the body of the so-called Iceman—who had died some 5,300 years ago and was found frozen in the Alps in 1991—are the case in point.[9] Some of his tattoos are cruciform, but most are flag-like and are composed of bundles of full or broken lines. Such bundles appear on many of my boards.

One cannot but feel elated upon discovery of connections so primordial. However, the possibility of intrinsic “realism” of abstract art at its best is even more enticing. The great masters of Modern Art—Kandinsky, Mondrian, Malevich, and Kupka—have all insisted upon their work’s underlying realism. Cave paintings offer a clue as to why. Perhaps more important, they offer a clue as to how these works can be brought to reality again.

Addendum II (August 4, 1997)

It goes without saying that entoptic forms cannot be explained by the structure of the human brain. Whence this structure? How can something as “artificial” as geometric constructs of abstract art be lodged so deep in the meandering folds of organic matter at its most complex? The designer’s signature suggests itself readily enough, but it is conceivable that this signature contains instructions of some kind.

The extraterrestrial connection thus remains far from irrelevant, no matter how much we learn about human neuropsychology and neurophysiology.

Addendum III (March 30, 1998)

At the opening of my second show at the Hereford Salon on November 4, 1996, I read a selection of relevant pieces from my *Residua*, but this piece demanded too much even from friends. It was not only too long, but it was also too involved and embarrassing in places. I thus skipped it, but in the discussion following my reading I did mention that I occasionally felt my symbols were in some sense imposed upon me from without, which is why I thought of them as extraterrestrial in origin. As books with my symbols were among my offerings in connection with the show, I also mentioned that the folder with all the computer files which contain my symbols goes under the name of "ET." Not surprisingly, several people at the opening wanted to know more about the extraterrestrial connection, outlandish as it might be. At some point they were all cut short by Lutz Becker: "This is a red herring and we should not fall for it." He led the discussion in some other direction, which looked even wise at the time.

MYSTICISM REVEALED (April 19, 1994)

In the last pages of the *Masnavi*, called by the Iranians the "Koran in Persian," Jalaluddin Rumi (1207-1273) instructs the reader that words are pointless beyond that point in the story.[10] He says that one can travel on saddle and horse up to the sea-coast, whence one should travel by boat, a "horse of wood." That boat is silence, says Rumi. But then he adds that a perfect man of spirit smashes his boat, too, and plunges into the sea like a fish. Indeed, all mysticism begins with the inescapable envy of animals.

Addendum I (January 3, 1995)

I pasted a copy of this piece on a blank page in the back of a library copy of Rumi's *Masnavi*, which I got from Miša Papić. I printed it in a handsome type and put a nice black frame around it, so it looked vaguely "official." Several months later Miša took the book from the library once again. I asked him to show it to me. The blank page in the back was torn off in anger, as testified by the ragged remnants of the page. The execution looked vaguely "official," again. An unenlightened disciple of Rumi must have chanced upon it.

Addendum II (November 13, 1999)

Il maestro Tokusan era seduto in meditazione sulla riva di un fiume. Sopraggiunse un discepolo che, avvicinandosi all'argine, gli gridò da lontano: "Buongiorno, maestro! Come stai?" Tokusan interruppe la

*meditazione e con il ventaglio fece segno al discepolo: "Vieni, vieni..."
E si alzò, si volse e prese a costeggiare il fiume, seguendo il corso
dell'acqua. Il discepolo, in quell'istante, raggiunse l'illuminazione.*

From *La tazza e il bastone: Storie Zen*, Milano: SE, 1993
(first published in 1983), p. 92.

HIGH IS LOW (April 20, 1994)

I am still not sure what meditation is, that is, whether I have ever experienced it, but I know what it is to have an empty mind, to be totally free from thought. Although I cannot reach this blessed state at will, I experience it almost every time I make love to a woman. This is thus the greatest joy of love-making, much more important to me than either the reflected pleasure of my partner or my own pleasure. In my spiritual moments I equate my blank mind with the unity of the universe, and in my romantic states I equate it with love. When I am making love with Lauren, I occasionally feel both love for her and our union with the universe.

But I now realize that these ecstatic experiences may have a rather mundane root in, say, natural history. Whenever I rid myself from all thought, I also experience my entire body as one, as indivisible. In such states, I feel that a part of my body can represent me without remainder. When I make love to a woman, I feel my entire body through my penis, which becomes the focal point of my life and my probe into the world. I can imagine that animals experience their muzzles, paws, and sexual organs in a similar fashion when they probe into their environment. The unity of the body, as well as the union of the body and its environment, may be lurking behind the oft-reported "oceanic" sensations that subsequently lead to the feeling of ecstasy.

Although all this is somewhat naive and perhaps even trite, it is new to me in terms of my understanding of my own experience. I am especially attracted by the notion that our most sublime experiences may be least human, that is, most animal and ancient in terms of our natural history. Put differently, the experiences we often associate with things on high may, in fact, be rooted in the stinky mud below. What we associate with a species of departure from the body may be nothing but a species of return. Longing for the super-natural may be a mere reflection of our revulsion from our increasingly extra-natural existence, and our subterranean dream of returning to the Garden of Eden minus the Tree of Knowledge.

THE MAKING OF THE FIRST ICON (April 25, 1994)

Tradition has it that Agbar, King of Edessa, who was afflicted with leprosy, heard tell that Christ could restore him to health. He

accordingly sent one Ananias as an ambassador to Palestine with instructions to find Our Lord and return with him to Edessa. When Ananias finally caught up with him, Christ was addressing a great throng of people. Being unable to approach nearer, Ananias began to sketch the face of Christ, although needless to say, with very little success. But Christ was aware of what Ananias was doing. When he had dismissed the crowds, he took a piece of linen; soaking it in water, he pressed it firmly to his face and then handed it to Ananias. When Ananias had taken the towel into his hands, he saw that Christ's features were clearly imprinted upon it. Christ declined to go to Edessa but promised to send a disciple after his death. Ananias was instructed to take the towel to King Agbar, as a substitute for Christ's presence.[11]

From John Stuart's *Ikons*, London: Faber and Faber, 1975, p. 31.

Addendum (June 9, 2001)

In *The Forbidden Image: The Intellectual History of Iconoclasm*, [12] Alain Besançon sheds a bit more light on this story and the origin of the so-called icons of the Holy Face. According to Saint John of Damascus, Ananias, a skilled painter, failed to capture the portrait of Christ “because his face glowed with an unsustainable brilliance.”[13] In other words, even if Christ were to have sat for Ananias, as a patron would for a portrait painter, he would have failed because the divine face could not be properly seen by mortal eyes, let alone rendered. Thus Christ pressed the cloth to his face. The Orthodox church celebrates that translation of the “acheiropoetic” image (that is, the image that is not made by human hands) on August 16. Put differently, the church celebrates the very impossibility of capturing the face of Christ by means of drawing or painting. To wit, the first icon is also the last.

ARS GRATIA ARTIFICIS: TOWARD A MANIFESTO (June 20, 1995)

The trouble with the old dictum about the aim of art, *ars gratia artis*, is that the notion of art itself is ever more abstract. How are we to judge what is art and what is not? Whose judgment about art are we to adopt? But the notion of artist is ever more concrete. How are we to judge who is an artist and who is not but by his or her own wish? That wish marks the beginning of a journey. As the work of art that does not enlighten the artist only impoverishes the world, the new dictum, *ars gratia artificis*, is far from narcissistic and selfish. For in the end we should all begin from within. Others will join us on our journey. And the community of artists is the ultimate work of art.

Addendum (September 1, 2017)

My *Residua* is a work of art that fits the bill no less than perfectly (“www.residua.org,” November 17, 2010). Consequently, it is a lasting

monument to my liberation, as well (“No-Bullshit Enlightenment,” January 18, 2016). Thus, it enriches the world beyond any doubt. The only thing conspicuously missing is the community of artists. All things considered, it will be missing in perpetuity. Alas, no manifesto is perfect! Whence the new and improved dictum: *ars gratia artifex*. Indeed, the artist is the ultimate work of art. Phew!

WHAT DO LÉGER AND MONDRIAN HAVE IN COMMON? (July 18, 1995)

The first time Lauren's grandfather saw my boards, he winked at me confidentially: “Léger!” That was three years ago, in Reading. The second time he saw them, a few days ago in London, he winked at me again: “Mondrian!” So far, so good.

A HAPPY GHOST (September 8, 1995)

I would like to have a house every room of which would be covered with my boards. My black and white and red boards. From floor to ceiling, every room would be covered with rows upon rows upon rows of my boards. My bloodstained boards. There would be no furniture in my house. Except for my boards, my two-sided boards, my house would be empty. Everything would be stowed away. Hundreds, thousands of my boards would be my sole companions. And I would roam from room to room to room, like a ghost. Like a happy ghost, I would sit alone among my boards.

Addendum (January 9, 2019)

Well, I have just such a house now. Many of its walls are covered with my boards. There is hardly any furniture in my house, either. Most important, my two-sided boards cover every wall of my spacious livingroom. My cave (“Welcome to Your Cave, Ranko!” December 6, 2018). Now that the tourist season is over, the medieval town on top of a hill in which I live has turned into a veritable ghost-town (“The Graveyard Challenge,” November 18, 2018). On the whole, my wishes have come true. Surrounded by shadows, I roam from room to room to room, like a ghost. All alone, I am a most happy ghost, too.

L'ART, C'EST MOI (September 21, 1995)

The only meaningful object of art is the artist oneself. Works of art are only traces of the process of self-realization. They are but remnants discarded on the way. In this sense, paintings and pieces of sculpture are conventional material traces of the artists' progress. By the same token, my book is a written trace of my own progress toward myself as an object of art. It, too, is an object of art only in this, reflected sense.

As a book, it is an object of art only insofar as it is a reflection of my intention as an artist, which is true of paintings and pieces of sculpture, as well. Just like books, most paintings and pieces of sculpture have nothing to do with art, because the objects underlying their creation were not the artists themselves. Whether or not an object is an object of art depends on the artist's intention, not on intrinsic qualities of the object itself. The sincerity of that intention cannot be tested directly, but it can be gleaned from the would-be-artist's life as a whole. Parenthetically, my book, which contains nothing but text, is the first book to be recognized as an object of art, rather than a conventional book, by myself as an artist, rather than a writer. A new art form is born out of this recognition. The sincerity of my intention can be gleaned from the book itself, which is seldom the case with conventional objects of art.

Addendum I (December 4, 1995)

If the artist be priest of beauty, nevertheless this beauty is to be sought only according to the principle of the inner need, and can be measured only according to the size and intensity of that need. That is beautiful which is produced by the inner need, which springs from the soul.

From Wassily Kandinsky's *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*, New York: Dover, 1977 (first published in 1911), p. 55.

“YES, SYMMETRY” (April 14, 1996)

Lauren's brother Charles is so close to Deepak Chopra that the medicine man has invited him to join him on his tour of Europe. They started in Amsterdam and are ending the tour in Hamburg. Two days ago they came to London, where Deepak has a three-day workshop. When Charles came over to see us, he was interested in the five *thang-ka* I bought in Hong Kong because his friend had told him a lot about this art form. Having heard about the paintings from Charles, Deepak wanted to see them, too. I took him to our bedroom, where the *thang-ka* had been displayed since we moved to Hereford Road. When he saw my boards on their ledge on the opposite wall, Deepak asked me what they were. “These are my own *thang-ka*,” I smiled. He nodded seriously: “Yes, symmetry.”

Addendum I (October 29, 1996)

In Lutz Becker's collection of stills from Sergei Eisenstein's unfinished film, *Que viva Mexico*, which Lutz longs to finish, many are as carefully arrayed as *fin-de-siècle tableaux vivants*, and some are rigidly symmetrical. Several of the latter are extraordinary. In the first scene two men are standing on each side of an open coffin with the remains of their fallen comrade. In the second two pairs of priests standing in front

of four peasant boys holding a cross are standing behind a rack of skulls. In the third scene two priests are kneeling in front of a pillar bristling with ecclesiastic symbols flanked by painted statues of the Madonna and a bearded saint. In the last a pre-Columbian pyramid is resting pristine under a huge sky crawling with luminous clouds. Indeed, all the symmetrical *tableaux* I have seen are about the strict equilibrium between life and death.

Addendum II (January 21, 2001)

Years ago at MIT—between 1972 and 1973, I guess—I conducted a series of simple experiments on what people considered beautiful. This was a part of an attempt to endow computers with an esthetic understanding of the world. A few people close to Marvin Minsky, one of the forerunners of artificial intelligence, were interested in my experiments. Patrick Winston, whose course in artificial intelligence I was taking at the time, was among them. And so was Rudolph Arnheim, an authority in the psychology of art, whom I met at Harvard a bit earlier. It was actually Arnheim who had suggested that I conduct a few simple experiments before conceptualizing the problem and committing it to computer code. I remember one of these experiments quite well. I asked a number of people—mostly my fellow students and a few sympathetic teachers—to arrange a bunch of cubes in an esthetically pleasing way on a "chessboard" with ten rows and columns. The cubes themselves came from an earlier experiment in Nicholas Negroponte's laboratory, the Architecture Machine, where I had worked as a research assistant for a semester or maybe two. I recorded the sequence in which my subjects placed the cubes onto the grid, and I taped their comments as they were moving along. For some reason, which escapes me now, I never completed these experiments, but I still remember a couple of my surprises. First, a good proportion of my subjects produced symmetrical arrangements of cubes, some of which were symmetrical with respect to two axes rather than one. In their minds, beauty and symmetry were directly related. Second, the more culturally "sophisticated" my subjects tended to be, the more aware they were that there was something funny about symmetry, and the more they avoided it. In some cases, they would "spoil" it as soon as they would discover it in their own arrangements. For some reason, symmetry was out of fashion with those aware of art and culture in general. I remember feeling that symmetry was still there, in the background, even with the sophisticates, but that it was something to be avoided at all costs. Returning to Deepak Chopra and Sergei Eisenstein, perhaps my subjects instinctively felt that symmetry was one of the last vestiges of the religious.

Addendum III (August 24, 2015)

According to Frank Wilczek, a Nobel laureate in physics, the universe is exceedingly beautiful. "The world is a piece of art, produced according to a very peculiar style," he said in an interview for *Der Spiegel* a few days ago. "What I find particularly striking is the

outstanding rôle of symmetry.” His new book, *A Beautiful Question: Finding Nature’s Deep Design* (London: Penguin, 2015), is all about it. God is mentioned in the interview, but only at the end and in passing. Apparently, Wilczek is open to all explanations of symmetry. Anyhow, Deepak Chopra came to my mind at once. He would be delighted by Wilczek’s argument, no doubt. Judging by Chopra’s recent books, symmetry in nature must strike him as an indubitable sign of divine intervention, too. Which perhaps explains why the more culturally “sophisticated” subjects in my experiments at MIT tended to avoid it. By and large, they eschewed religion at the time. In the early Seventies, it was out of fashion, as it were, and especially among the highly educated ones. Only try to explain any of this to a computer, though.

Addendum IV (October 25, 2017)

Sitting alone in my livingroom in Motovun and looking at my paintings, which are gracing all the walls around me, I am amazed by the number of compositions that are symmetrical to boot. Not a trace of sophistication in them, as it were. Perhaps the only trick I have used over and over again is that symmetry in some of the compositions is vertical while it is horizontal in others. Peekaboo! The realization almost made me laugh. But I am smiling from ear to ear as I am writing this *addendum*, hopefully the last this piece will ever see. The brute!

HOMAGE TO FLORENSKY (May 7, 1996)

If it is indeed true that artists since the Renaissance have been assumed to be the sole authors of their works even when their workshops have been engaged entire in producing them, whereas the anonymous medieval masters were assumed to be members of workshops, and thus collective witnesses of the sublime truth, even when they had been the sole producers of their works of art, then it is conceivable that the only road to the sublime truth is to assume that one is already, but not necessarily to one’s full knowledge or understanding, a member of a collective, which only needs to be identified, tracked down, and embraced. It is conceivable that anonymity is but a small reward for finding one’s own collective.

GERTRUDE STEIN VS. ALFRED BARR, JR. (May 21, 1996)

In the concluding paragraphs of her biography of Alfred Barr, Jr., the man behind the Museum of Modern Art in New York, Alice Goldfarb Marquis writes that “[t]he contradiction raised by Gertrude Stein—how can a museum be modern—continues and is unlikely to be resolved.”[14] The wordsmith was wrong, of course. The contradiction has been resolved decades ago by a linguistic slight of hand. What once stood for much more than contemporary art—as the term “modern” stood for everything fashionable, progressive, avantgarde—became

circumscribed in time, dated, outdated even. Perhaps more important, the very idea of the museum has shifted, bifurcated, split and split again, thanks to the efforts of Barr and his brainchild. What once stood for solidity, objectivity, truth, has become partisan, steeped in strategy and gossip, open to interpretation and doubt and suspicion. Gertrude's contradiction thus collapses not once, but twice. By way of a professional deformation, it is precisely the wordsmiths who fail to appreciate the plasticity of language.

DER BLAUE REITER (July 28, 1996)

Der Blaue Reiter Almanac (Munich, 1912) was the first "textbook" on twentieth-century art. Serving as an author and as coeditor with his friend Franz Marc (1880-1916), Wassily Kandinsky anthologized the works and ideas of many of the founders of the new art, together with illustrations from the ancient, tribal, and folk arts from which they drew inspiration. The message of *Almanac*, parts of it delivered most attractively by Franz Marc, was consistent with that of *On the Spiritual in Art*: humanity was entering upon a new spiritual adventure to which artists had much to contribute. The new art, far from capitulating to the forces of materialism and academic convention, would renew the spiritual in grand, partially unforeseeable ways. "Already," wrote Marc about certain artists featured in the anthology, "their thinking has a different aim: to create out of their work symbols for their own time, symbols that belong on the altars of a future spiritual religion." [15]

He enlarged on this striking thought in his introduction to the second edition of *Almanac*, published in 1914, two years before he lost his life in the war:

We know that everything could be destroyed if the beginnings of a spiritual discipline are not protected from the greed and dishonesty of the masses. We are struggling for pure ideas, for a world in which pure ideas can be thought and proclaimed without becoming impure. Only then will we or others who are more talented be able to show the other face of the Janus head, which today is still hidden and turns its gaze away from the times.

We admire the disciples of early Christianity who found the strength for inner stillness amid the roaring noise of their time. For this stillness we pray and strive every hour. [16]

"The other face of the Janus head" remains a powerful image, implying a reserve of love, sensibility, and artistry. Franz Marc himself embodied his feeling for life in visionary paintings of horses and other creatures that stand apart from human violence. He was, one might say, a Nature

mystic—in any case a man of great sweetness and intellectual capacity who recognized in animals an innocence something like his own.

From Roger Lipsey's *An Art of Our Own: The Spiritual in Twentieth Century Art*, Boston & Shaftesbury: Shambhala, 1989, pp. 46-47.

ANOTHER ILLUSION (October 13, 1996)

Art is one of the more devious mechanisms of control of the many by the few. The character and rôle of art in totalitarian societies is not its degradation; on the contrary, that is its true face, which in other socio-economic conditions is more-or-less successfully hidden. Art is first and foremost an illusion about freedom, and not an activity that in any sense contributes to freedom. The problem is not how art ought to be, but how to transcend it as a form of consciousness and of human activity.

From Goran Djordjević's segment in Lutz Becker's *Film Notes No. 1*, Student Cultural Center, Belgrade, 1975 (in Serbo-Croatian).

Addendum I (June 24, 1997)

I just mailed this piece, pasted onto postcards of my own design, to all the London critics listed in the current issue of the *Flash Art Diary*. There are exactly 107 of them, one short of a lucky number popular in India. The postcards will reach the critics in time for the First Hereford Salon Symposium, "Illusion of Freedom," focusing on this piece. It will start on Friday, June 27, with cocktails and dinner, and end the next day with another dinner. The speakers will be Goran Djordjević, Lutz Becker, Giuseppe Mastruzzo, Judith Schoneveld, and myself. I will open the proceedings on Saturday morning with my second lecture on the history and future of the salon. The discussion will be taped with another Hereford Salon publication in mind. There will be some fifteen people present, most of them artists. The critics were not invited, of course.

Addendum II (June 29, 1997)

When he arrived in London a few days ago, just in time to witness the mailing of my postcards, Goran explained to me that his thoughts back then were based on his personal experiences at the Student Cultural Center in Belgrade, rather than on general considerations. When our symposium came to its close yesterday evening, I, too, realized that the theme was directly bound with my own experiences at the Hereford Salon.

Addendum III (March 24, 1998)

The world of art is the last stronghold of authoritarian and totalitarian practices in modern societies. These practices pervade every nook and cranny of all art institutions, associations, groupings, down to individual artists and their vociferous coteries. Every form of obfuscation, deception, resentment, dissimulation, rivalry, posturing, and treachery—characteristic of authoritarian and totalitarian societies—can be found in this rarefied realm of supposed freedom and enlightenment. The salon has always provided an ideal environment for control of the many by the few at the lowest level of social organization, precisely because it has paraded as a safe heaven from the world of art at large. Re-emerging after a hiatus of nearly a century, the salon offers not just another illusion about freedom, but an illusion which is safely hidden from view of both the many and the few.

Addendum IV (July 16, 2001)

The first and only Hereford Salon Symposium in June 1997 led to the gradual demise of the Hereford Salon itself. There were many reasons for this, mainly to do with rather different conceptions of art that Lauren and I espoused, which were reflected in the internal divisions of salon members. However, the direct cause of the punch-up that took place at the symposium was simple enough: I insisted that, no matter whether one condoned them or not, Alexander Brener's actions were important and needed to be discussed, but Lutz Becker, supported by Lauren, insisted that Brener's actions were execrable and did not merit any discussion whatsoever. He went as far as to refuse giving his talk. This essentially anti-intellectual position was and still remains incomprehensible to me. Nevertheless, the petty squabbles characteristic of the art world, which Goran and I have experienced roughly a quarter of a century apart in Belgrade and London, are now clear to me. They are but examples of the illusion of freedom the art world represents.

OPPOSITES (December 3, 1996)

Steven and Ann Ames took visible pleasure from visiting my show at the Hereford Salon. They had many questions for me. Among other things, I told them in some detail how I made my boards, and they were quite intrigued by some aspects of my work, including my use of blood as varnish. When we met the next day to walk together through the pre-auction shows at Christie's and Sotheby's, where there were a few pieces they were considering, Ann reminded Steven to talk to me about my work, which they had discussed earlier that morning. She prefaced his remarks by reiterating how much they had appreciated my show. Collecting his thoughts with some difficulty because of his jetlag, Stephen said that it was not to my advantage to focus on the fact that I smeared my boards with blood only because that prevented them from

sticking together. I should come up with something a bit more challenging intellectually. He explained that art critics and dealers nowadays preferred to talk about works of art in terms of opposites or polarities. Steven then proceeded to give me a few examples of opposites concerning my work which could capture the imagination of the art world. For instance, contrary to my story about non-stickiness, he suggested that blood provided a link or glue between the purity and exactness of my geometric compositions and the physicality of the real world. I thanked him for his thoughts and promised to follow his advice when talking to art critics and dealers.

COUNTING (December 25, 1996)

Sitting alone among my boards for hours and staring at one after another.
Counting my blessings.

Addendum (November 7, 1999)

It was truly wonderful having to myself the entire exhibition space at Hereford Road. This was the second of my three shows at our salon. It opened in November 1996 and closed in February 1997. We were away for a part of that winter, but not for long. Every few days I would squirrel myself away among my boards and spend an hour or so in their peaceful company. I would close the door behind me, light some incense, put on some music to my liking, and sit cross-legged in one of the gargantuan swiveling armchairs we got from Lauren's grandparents. If I am not mistaken, back then I was mesmerized by Vivaldi, and especially by his cello concertos. From time to time I would swivel from one wall to another, savoring each board in turn. I would occasionally get up to turn a board from one side to another, or to switch around two or more boards. These were blissful moments. Perhaps I would not experience the same satisfaction from a permanent display of my paintings, but I still cannot imagine a house entirely to my taste without at least one room dedicated solely to my beloved boards.

KHLEBNIKOV'S ADMONISHMENT (February 22, 1997)

They asked Velimir Khlebnikov: "Do you know that Alexander Brener is in jail for attempting to improve a painting by Malevich hanging in a museum?" He did not. They asked: "Do you know he may get eighteen months in jail for this attempt to breathe life into Russian art?" He did not. They asked: "Do you know that he has embarked on a hunger strike in protest and that his health is now in question?" He did not. Then they told Khlebnikov that he was the young poet's hero, and they asked: "What would you say to Brener to stop the hunger strike?" Khlebnikov shrugged his shoulders: "Well, what of it? He must have given up the dream of breathing life into Russian art."

Addendum (January 4, 1998)

When I heard of Brener's hunger-strike, I sent him this peace pasted onto a postcard. He took to eating again soon afterwards. He has never thanked me for my intervention, though. Did he fail to understand it, or did he understand it too well?

ON LANGUAGE AND RELIGION (March 8, 1997)

If language is viewed as a universal innate facility (Chomsky), why not view the religious concepts and practices associated with so-called shamanism (Eliade) in the same way? How else can we explain the ubiquity of shamanism? What but a universal innate facility can explain the survival of these concepts and practices through the entire history of religion?

COYOTE (March 23, 1997)

Much of what has been written about the week in 1974 which Joseph Beuys spent with a coyote at the Rene Block Gallery in New York focuses on Beuys' intentions and experiences behind the thick folds of his felt shroud, but it is clear from the images of this fascinating encounter that the animal was not a passive participant. Far from it. In fact, it played the active part. The animated eyes and the nimble maneuvers of the inquisitive beast amaze me anew whenever I stumble upon these stark images. It is therefore surprising that the great shaman had so little to tell us about the coyote's own intentions and experiences after an entire week they spent together. It is even more surprising that this has so far passed unnoticed.

“ANIMAL LANGUAGE” (March 24, 1997)

In numerous traditions friendship with animals and understanding their language represent paradisaical syndromes. In the beginning—that is, in mythical times—man lived at peace with the animals and understood their speech. It was not until after a primordial catastrophe, comparable to the “fall” of Biblical tradition, that man became what he is today—mortal, sexed, obliged to work to feed himself, and at enmity with the animals. While preparing for his ecstasy and during it, the shaman abolishes the present human condition and, for the time being, recovers the situation as it was at the beginning. Friendship with animals, knowledge of their language, transformation into an animal are so many signs that the shaman has re-established the “paradisaical” situation lost at the dawn of time.

From Mircea Eliade's *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Arkana, Penguin Books, 1989 (first published in 1964), p. 99.

SOME THOUGHTS ON INTRINSIC RELIGIOSITY (March 28, 1997)

That wild animals agitate the mind is apparent from the fantasized qualities attributed to them in myths and symbols. However, to deduce the origins of this discomfiture one must reckon scientifically with *intrinsic* religiosity. I define the latter as a state of mind incited by belief in forces perceived as supernatural and numinous that must be appeased. It is an innate urge embedded in fear. Because elementary fear has an adaptive function in all higher vertebrates, and also rudimentary homologues in the environmentally induced behavioral responses of animals with much simpler sensory systems, it is in man a primordial and universal, protocultural emotion. Therefore, explanations rooted in biochemical genetics, organic evolution, and the neurophysiology of subconscious (and sometimes conscious) behavioral tendencies take priority, but acquire meaning only against a background of interpretations derived from sociocultural anthropology, archeology, and the history of religions. Many factors affect the behavioral psychology of individuals and groups of the higher species of non-human primates, which have much in common with our own species. This leaves little room for an understanding of intrinsic religiosity except *via* an exploration of the biological conditions that—mechanically, universally, and fairly predictably—determine human emotionality. By the same token, religion—the quintessence of sociocultural activity—is merely an end-product whose exceedingly protean manifestations thwart rigorous biological enquiry just as much as they prompt conventionally anthropocentric speculation.

From Balaji Mundkur's "Human Animality, the Mental Imagery of Fear, and Religiosity" in Tim Ingold, ed., *What is an Animal?* London and New York: Routledge, 1988, p. 178.

A PHYSICAL CONTACT (March 30, 1997)

Charbonnier: What do you hope for?

Miró: I hope for a physical contact with people, with ordinary people, with all people.

Charbonnier: To the point of a collective art?

Miró: To the point of a collective and anonymous art, as in the great periods of the past.

From Joan Miró's interview with Georges Charbonnier for the French National Radio taped on January 19, 1951, in *Joan Miró: Selected Writings and Interviews*, Margit Rowell, ed., London and New York: Thames and Hudson, 1986, p. 217.

THE ROOTS OF MODERN ART (April 13, 1997)

At its best, abstract art is real. Abstract images can be induced today in the same way they were induced thirty-thousand years ago, when they first appeared on cave walls and ceilings together with images of animals and shamans, their ecstatic authors. There is a fundamental difference between the two sets of images, though: the abstract ones come from within the shaman's eye, as it were, and the "real" ones come from the environment by way of the shaman's brain, the ultimate enigma of the human species. In their search for the spiritual in art, Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich rediscovered the images hidden for millennia in their own bodies. By the standards of cave painting, Mondrian's abstraction is most real—that is, closest to the primordial model—although it is a tad stylish and effete by comparison. The roots of Modern Art, and especially of its abstract branch, which emerged but a century ago, are thus at least as old as culture itself, which took hold, miraculously, everywhere at once. And that is the only way these roots can be pulled out and destroyed—miraculously and everywhere at once.

Addendum (June 29, 1997)

At my best, I am an abstract realist.

APPROPRIATION (April 20, 1997)

"Yours?" asked my father, pointing at an appropriation of Malevich on our wall. I was surprised: "No!" My father did not miss a beat: "Who stole it from you?"

Addendum (September 25, 2015)

The painting in question was from Goran Djordjević's installation entitled "Kazimir Malevich: Last Futurist Exhibition," which he presented both in Belgrade and Ljubljana in 1986. There were some twenty paintings in the installation, and one of them was a gift from the artist. Carefully wrapped, it is in my attic to this day. An appropriation of Malevich, it is an original Djordjević. Hailing from Belgrade, he was an early master of the genre. As well as an unsurpassed one.

ENTOPTIC FORMS (April 22, 1997)

Having discovered that “some of the symbols of paleolithic art might be a record of the geometric patterns seen as the human mind passes into subconscious,”[17] which would happen to a shaman falling in trance, as well as that these patterns, known as *entoptic forms*, “can also be experienced when a person is confined in darkness,”[18] I have attempted to explore the matter experimentally and thus offer some clues as to the origins of so-called abstraction around the turn of the century. While my family was away on vacation in late March and early April, I spent several nights sitting in complete darkness for as long as I could without falling asleep. On each occasion I “saw” the entoptic forms just as I was about to doze off, and each time I managed to record what I had witnessed on a pad I had left by the bedside with this purpose in mind. All the patterns I have recorded are either identical or similar to the symbols actually found in paleolithic caves, which I have discovered so far in about a dozen books on cave art. Connections with Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich—in that order—are obvious, as well. To celebrate my discovery, I decided to dedicate the next series of my boards to both the patterns I have experienced myself and those I have found in the literature. Barring new discoveries, the series is complete. The gulf of some thirty-thousand years is now closed.

Addendum I (April 22, 1998)

I need to be a bit more precise about the entoptic forms I have witnessed. At any one time I saw only one image in the center of my field of vision. They were the size of a postcard held with outstretched arms, and they were roughly the same proportions as postcards. There was no feeling of depth to my field of vision. The rectangular forms I saw were standing upright. On one occasion I saw only one image, and on two subsequent occasions I saw short series of them, one after another, in quick succession. All together, I saw nine entoptic forms, all of the same size and shape. Those I witnessed were completely static. When I saw a series, I did not have a sense that one image was transforming into another, but that they were all separate and distinct, albeit from the same family of images. The images were composed of silvery-white luminescent lines and dots on a uniform background of dark gray. The background within an image was the same shade of gray as the background outside the image. The lines were sharp and straight, and the images were completely regular. The lines appeared to be slightly raised in relation to the background. Both the images and the background appeared to sparkle a bit, like a cathode-ray tube—a television screen, for instance. I saw these entoptic forms without the help of any substance. I simply sat in the dark and gently rocked my upper body until I was about to fall asleep, but I kept focusing on my field of vision. My mind was otherwise completely blank. Before the appearance of the entoptic forms, all I saw in front of me was a uniform background of dark gray. On occasion I would see fleeting patches of gray or white light, but no color.

Addendum II (April 4, 1999)

... One more word. Those who go in for unified explanations may be tempted to judge all my writings as the work of a drug addict from now on. Sorry. I'm more the water-drinking type. Never alcohol. No stimulants, and for years no coffee, no tobacco, no tea. From time to time wine, and very little of that. All my life, very little of everything people take. Take and abstain. Abstain, above all. Fatigue is my drug, as a mater of fact.

From Henri Michaux's Afterword to "Miserable Miracle," in *Darkness Moves: An Henri Michaux Anthology, 1927-1984*, edited and translated by David Ball, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1994, p. 207.

Addendum III (May 2, 1999)

At the exhibition of Kandinsky's works on paper at the Royal Academy of Arts I saw a piece that could serve as an illustration of a broad range of entoptic phenomena. Entitled *Grids* (1935), it is a collage of white patterns on black and dark-blue surface. The patterns are executed with a ruler in thin and precise lines. It certainly comes closest to my own experiences, except that the entoptic forms I have witnessed do not contain any diagonals. Anyway, I kept coming back to this piece, hoping to fathom whether or not Kandinsky has had the same experience as me.

THE HISTORIC MEETING OF POST-HISTORICAL AND PRE-HISTORICAL ART (April 25, 1997)

My aim is to show that we have entered a period of post-historical art, where the need for constant self-revolutionization of art is now past. There can and should never again be anything like the astonishing sequence of convulsions that have defined the art history of our century. Of course there will always be external causes for making it appear as though such a history must go on and on, preeminently the externalities of the art market itself, which thrives on the illusion of unending novelty. In a sense, the post-historical atmosphere of art will return art to human ends. The fermentation of the twentieth century will prove to have been terminal, but exciting as it has been to live through it, we are entering a more stable, more happy period of artistic endeavor where the basic needs to which art has always been responsive may again be met.

From Arthur C. Danto's *The Philosophical Disenfranchisement of Art*, New York: Columbia University Press, 1988, p. xv.

THE ART OF COPYING (May 31, 1997)

Collective art, or the art of copying, has its origin in the tracing of the savage's first primitive image.

From Kazimir Malevich's "From Cubism and Futurism to Suprematism: The New Realism in Painting" (1916) in Troels Andersen, ed., *Malevich: Essays on Art, 1915-1933*, Vol. 1, London: Rapp & Whiting, and Chester Springs, Pennsylvania: Dufour Editions, 1968, p. 20.

"THE SIGNS OF ALL TIMES" (August 3, 1997)

Thus the title of an anthropological paper on entoptic phenomena in paleolithic art, written by two anthropologists of renown, which I received recently from a friend, himself an anthropologist of merit, who was amused by my interest in this esoteric subject. I went through it feverishly in search of references to Modern Art, but I was very much disappointed. Not a trace of this obvious connection! Although the paper spans thousands upon thousands of years by linking the intractable paleolithic art and the well-researched Bushman art, for example, it fails to make the crucial step into the twentieth century, thus invalidating its very title. Perhaps "the signs of all times" will include those of our own only after its eventual close.

Addendum (June 15, 2001)

I was referring here to a paper by Lewis-Williams and Dawson that appeared in *Current Anthropology* in 1988.[19] I am aware of two more of their papers that appeared soon afterwards, but they, too, do not stray into Modern Art.[20] In fact, the entire debate the 1988 paper has engendered eschews this subject. In retrospect, I am not sure why I was so disappointed about this "omission," though. Scientists proceed slowly and cautiously. They are not given to speculation, no matter how useful it may appear to be. The abstract work of Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich is not in the domain of science, either. Not yet. Speculating about the connections between the geometric patterns in cave art and abstract art that is still vibrant and potent would be anathema to a scientist. Well, it would be anathema to anyone else. Only an artist can undertake to show that the continuity of human artistic experience includes the present. In fact, the best way to show that connection is through one's own work. And the good scientists will come to it sooner or later. They must.

WINDOWS (August 10, 1997)

Although Rosalind Krauss does not provide a single clue on the true origin of grids in art, her piece on grids does offer a range of examples

of their manifestations in Modern Art.[21] However, the most fascinating examples she offers predate this century: Caspar David Friedrich's "View from the Painter's Window" (c. 1818), and Odilon Redon's "The Day" (1891).[22] These are not isolated examples, though. As Krauss argues,

[t]he grid appears in symbolist art in the form of windows, the material presence of their panes expressed by the geometrical intervention of the window's mullions. The symbolist interest in windows clearly reaches back into the early nineteenth century and romanticism.[23] But in the hands of the symbolist painters and poets, this image is turned in an explicitly modernist direction. For the window is experienced as simultaneously transparent and opaque.[44]

Transparent and opaque, indeed. Both windows in Krauss' piece are entoptic forms found in paleolithic caves. Ironically, she fails to recognize this superb example of the Modernist myth of originality, which is at the core of her entire project, as witnessed by her book's very title.

Addendum (March 9, 1998)

Among Anselm Kiefer's books there is one from 1975 entitled "Piet Mondrian—Operation 'Sea Lion'." [25] It contains a few photographs of Kiefer's toy Bismarck in a tub, but the reference to Mondrian in the book's title has to do with several stark photographs of frosted windows in Kiefer's studio. And the pattern of mullions against the frozen sky goes well beyond Mondrian.

DIGGING (December 10, 1997)

I have been corresponding with Steve Mithen from the Archeology Department at the University of Reading for a month or so, but today we met for the first time in our Senior Common Room, where we had lunch. We share a passion for cave art and a fascination with the mind of its protagonists. Last year he published a book on the prehistory of the mind, which is already out of print. I learned today that he came to archeology from the arts. In the Seventies he was at the Slade, where he was especially interested in earthworks—Robert Smithson, Richard Long, and others. As it turns out, Stuart Brisley was one of his teachers. Steve ended up in archeology because of his enchantment with digging. Digging! To wit, there are paths through life even stranger than mine. I only ended up in economics because of my craving for mathematics.

HONORABLE MENTION (December 20, 1997)

This year I participated in an international postcard competition organized in conjunction with the “Brain and Self” conference, which took place in Copenhagen this August. I took a piece of cardboard of the prescribed size, which was five-by-eight inches, spraypainted it yellow, placed my hand on the wet paint, and sprayed red paint over it. The resulting “signature” from many a cave around the world got an honorable mention and was exhibited in Copenhagen during the conference. There were only three prizes and eight honorable mentions for two-hundred competition entries. Not bad for a piece of cave art that goes back at least thirty-thousand years!

Addendum (October 18, 2002)

As David Lewis-Williams argues in *The Mind in the Cave: Consciousness and the Origins of Art*,^[26] both positive and negative prints of hands in Upper Paleolithic caves had little to do with signatures, no matter how defined. He shows that the cave wall must have had a special place in prehistoric shamanistic rituals. In particular, the wall was most likely perceived as a membrane between this world and the spirit world. Moreover, the paint that was either applied to the hand for a positive print or sprayed over the hand for a negative one was not mere paint. It was as active or “live” as the cave wall itself. Therefore, touching of the cave wall must have been an important part of the rituals, and hand-prints must have played a part in this context. Of course, the very concept of signature, which stems from that of authorship and originality, was most likely inconceivable in prehistoric times. Which is probably why I used the scare quotes when I wrote this piece almost five years ago.

WITNESSING (January 20, 1998)

Imagine witnessing the very moment when a bison or a mammoth is taking shape on a paleolithic cave wall. Can you hear the fire crackling and hissing someplace behind you? Can you smell the wood smoldering, burning? Can you see the shadow of the stooped, twitching figure by the cave wall? Can you see his hand darting as the animal emerges from the gloom? Can you feel the cold hand of fear creep up your spine? Can you smell that fear? Can you hear the rhythmic rumble of several voices? Can you hear the monotone drumming against the cave floor? Can you feel your body swaying back and forth, back and forth? Can you hear the wind howling out there? Can you see that majestic animal prop itself up on its legs amid shouts of wonder and horror? Now imagine yourself muttering under your breath: “What an artist!”

STATEMENT FOR THE 1998 EAST INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION (February 7, 1998)

I am interested in the links between geometric patterns that appeared in Paleolithic cave paintings about thirty-thousand years ago and the roots of modern painting, and especially its pure or abstract wing. According to the recent research into altered states of consciousness, geometric patterns found in caves appear in the inner eye in first stages of trance. They are known as entoptic forms and are most likely related to shamanistic practices. As the brain of *Homo sapiens sapiens* has not changed for about hundred-thousand years, these forms can be experienced today by inducing trance. Virtually identical forms appear first in the work of the Symbolists, and then in the work of Mondrian, Malevich, and Kandinsky. My boards are based on cave art, my own experiments with trance, and the work of my modernist precursors. I am concerned with continuity rather than originality.

TESTAMENTUM CXIV (February 22, 1998)

My boards can form arrays of all sizes and shapes, but they are meant to cover not only entire walls, like icons in iconostases, but also rooms and interiors of entire buildings. The ideal space for my boards is windowless and doorless, and is accessed through a trap-door in the floor or ceiling, in which case the boards represent a complete iconostasis, a three-dimensional membrane between this world and the other. A single flame is the ideal source of light in this space, regardless of its size and shape. Except for the boards on their shelves, the lamp, and a sitting mat, the space must be empty. The best way to experience the boards is by sitting alone among them for an extended period of time. Complete silence is an essential ingredient of this experience.

THE FUTURE OF CAVE ART (April 20, 1998)

I usually decide on the title of my pieces last, but this time the title suggested itself first. It took me a long time and many a detour to the proverbial wastebasket to realize that the title of this piece is the piece itself. It would have sounded ludicrous only yesterday.

FROM A LETTER TO STEVEN MITHEN (April 23, 1998)

In the literature on entoptic forms one often finds attempts at their classification: arrays of dots, parallel lines, cross-hatched lines or grids, parallel zigzags, etc. Concentric circles and spirals sometimes appear in such classifications. These patterns are typically shown as open-ended, unbounded, and they thus imply that entoptic forms spread across the entire field of vision. However, that is decidedly not the case. Most examples of entoptic forms in cave art are different in two important

respects: first, they are confined to well-defined rectangular areas; second, they are enclosed by complete or partial frames. Related to the above, the actual examples of entoptic forms are so small that not even the person painting them on the cave wall would perceive them as open-ended even when they are frame-less. If the entoptic forms were simple field phenomena, they could easily be explained in terms of elementary physiological processes. Although there can be little doubt that they arise from neurological processes in the brain, the actual patterns observed in cave art suggest something much more complex and puzzling. Whence the rectangular shapes? Whence the frames? Whence the small size of these patterns, rarely larger than the human torso? I have a strong feeling something important is being swept under the proverbial rug by the cavalier neglect of these and related questions.

AFTER DANTO (April 27, 1998)

If the word “art” is to stand for the mad rush for verisimilitude and personal recognition ushered by the Renaissance and rendered obsolete some seven centuries later first by the camera and then by Duchamp and his followers, which word is to stand for that great and silent tradition which has persisted unabated since the appearance of first decorated artifacts, long before the beginning of art, and which will vanish with the human species itself, long after the end of art? Whatever it is, that word cannot be “art.” Not after Danto. If the word “artist” is to stand for all those whose names crowd our histories, starting with Cimabue or Giotto and ending with Damien Hirst, which word is to stand for those whose names we have not even forgotten and will never even attempt to commit to memory? Whatever it is, that word cannot be “artist.” Not after Danto, for whom both “art” and “artist” are notions strictly delimited in time and space. After Danto, we are banished from that wee Garden of Eden, but in return we have been offered the rest of the universe.

A MISTAKE (May 25, 1998)

Many of the world’s artworks (cave paintings, fetishes, altar pieces) were made in times and places when people had no concept of art to speak of, since they interpreted art in terms of their other beliefs. It is true that today our relationship to these objects is primarily contemplative, since the interests they embody are not our own, and the beliefs in the light of which they were regarded as effective can no longer be widely held, least of all among those who admire them. It would be a mistake to suppose that contemplation belongs to their essence as artworks, for it is almost certain that the people who made them had little interest in their contemplation.

From Arthur Danto's *After the End of Art: Contemporary Art and the Pale of History*, Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1997, p. 95.

MY TOMB (June 3, 1998)

In the winter of 1990-91 I made seventeen boards as props for my first and only play, written under the spell of Samuel Beckett. The first batch found a home on a rack I designed a year later. At that time I did not have any intention of continuing with the series, and in 1992 I made not a single board. I am not sure why I returned to this project in 1993, but by April 1994, when I first exhibited them at the Hereford Salon, I had more than forty boards. My first exhibition prodded me forth. By November 1996, when I showed it again at the Salon, my board collection had swelled to at least one-hundred and twenty. Last year I added eighty and this year forty, bringing my collection to about two-hundred and forty boards, of which some two-hundred and thirty will be shown at the 1998 EAST International show in Norwich. If I keep adding forty-odd boards a year, in five or six years I will have enough to cover the walls of a small house. My house. Assuming the same rate of production, five or six years later I may have as many as one-thousand boards, enough to cover a spacious tomb. My tomb.

Addendum (December 13, 2015)

My tomb pops up in my writings often enough, and especially the last few years, but the latest piece about this subject touches on all the requisite details of my design of my resting place ("A Perfect Tomb," December 2, 2014). All told, there are about three-hundred and twenty paintings in my Cave Art Now cycle. Thus, they would fit perfectly on the inner walls of a cube five meters wide and five meters high. In particular, eighty paintings would go on each of the four walls of the cube. And so forth. Returning to this piece, it is amusing to come across my forecast of the number of paintings I would ultimately come up with: one-thousand. To wit, I exaggerated by a factor of three. Congratulations, old boy!

PLANET ORGANIC (June 11, 1998)

For some reason I can neither explain nor justify, I did not mention that I "varnish" my boards with blood in the description of my work I submitted for the EAST International competition. In retrospect, I must have felt that this bit of information would not be in my favor. If varnish comes up during the upcoming exhibition, my only defense will be that the blood is supplied to me compliments of the friendly butchers from Planet Organic on Westbourne Grove, one of the finest organic-food stores in London.

Addendum (January 24, 2019)

Since my move to Motovun sixteen years ago, I used hemoglobin powder to “varnish” my boards. Dissolved in water, it appeared to serve my purposes rather well. The thirty boards that I brought from Reading have not seen any real blood all the way to the end of the painting cycle six years ago (“The End of the Cave Art Now Cycle,” August 22, 2013). It shows it, though. By comparison with “properly” varnished boards from earlier years, they look kind of pale. Actually, anemic. Thus I asked Benjamin Pahović for some help. One of his relatives has a butcher’s shop in Višnjan, a little town not far from Motovun, and I expected a bottle of fresh blood would not be too much to be asking for. To my delight, Benjamin brought me such a bottle yesterday evening. As of this morning, my livingroom floor is covered with revarnished boards, which will be drying for a day or maybe two. And they shine with a new light. Blood is blood, after all. By comparison with hemoglobin powder, it is full of life. Alleluia!

LOWER BELLY (June 16, 1998)

I have been aware since childhood of the importance of the lower belly to many an eastern religion and martial art, but I have discovered this vital nexus of the body myself only last year while climbing in the Julian Alps. This was the first time I was climbing with slightly adapted skiing poles, which effectively transform the climber into a nimble quadruped. As is often the case with things spiritual, the focus on the lower belly, which ties together the four limbs, is yet another aspect of the pervasive fear and envy of animals, our divine ancestors.

COINCIDENCE? (July 18, 1998)

Yesterday I learned from the Norwich Gallery that Pat and Victor Skipp, local art collectors, were interested in my EAST International installation, but that they were a bit puzzled by its price—one million pounds. I called them today and was delighted to learn that they not only liked the way my boards looked, but were enthralled by my statement on connections between cave art and the roots of Modern Art. Victor is a writer. In fact, he was reading Steven Mithen’s *The Prehistory of the Mind* when I called this morning. He bought it a few years ago and decided to read it after reading my statement. Coincidence?

THE STATE OF THE ART (August 10, 1998)

Art must now, whatever else it does, come to terms with its own nature. It must discover what that nature really is. In Hegelian terms, it has reached a kind of consciousness of itself as a problem. Up to now, art

had a set of problems, but it was not a problem in itself. Perhaps it had been a problem for philosophers. But now, in becoming a problem for itself, it has begun to attain a certain philosophical dimension.

From Arthur Danto's *The State of the Art*, New York: Prentice-Hall, 1987, pp. 213-214.

NO-BULLSHIT MONDRIANS (August 19, 1998)

Yesterday I made two black-and-white Mondrians. One is a copy of Composition No. 2 from 1930, which is identical to a geometric pattern found in a prehistoric cave except that it is rotated by forty-five degrees in counter-clockwise direction, and the other is a simplification—or, rather, rendering in black and white—of a painting of his in which one panel is yellow and another blue. The latter painting I christened Composition No. 3, and I placed it in 1930, as well. It is the missing link, as it were, between cave art and Mondrian at his best. His later work is too decorative for my taste. At any rate, my no-bullshit Mondrians are exquisite. I attributed them to Goran Djordjević. This weekend I plan to make two more paintings of the same ilk and thus complete the series. It will be a joy to have them around, as is the case with other Goran's paintings.

Addendum I (August 23, 1998)

Compositions No. 6 and 9 from 1930 are now finished, as well. Both are based on cave art. By Mondrian's standards, they are a tad awkward, but that is one of the reasons why they needed to be painted. At any rate, another and more plausible version of art history is now available. The standard interpretation of Mondrian's geometric paintings, linking them to his "cubist" experiments with horizontal and vertical segments of the line, is preposterous. Simply put, there is no path from his tangled trees to the entoptic forms he started exploring in 1930. Miraculously, Goran and I are of the same mind on this point.

Addendum II (August 10, 2008)

Painted almost exactly ten years ago, the four paintings are now in the hands of my No. 1 son, Marko, and his wife, Tina. They got married in Motovun two days ago, and this was my wedding present. When I gave it to them last night, the package included a copy of this piece and the first *addendum*. The second *addendum* was far from my mind at the time. In the presence of Tina's parents and Marko's mother, I tried to explain the nature of my present. I told them about Mondrian and his failings, such as prime colors. I told them about Goran, an appropriationist of deserved renown, whom Marko knows since childhood. And I told them about the importance of the four paintings in my own life. To my utmost surprise, most of them were in tears within minutes. In some way unfathomable to me, they all understood

that mine was a no-bullshit wedding present, just as my beloved Mondrians.

HERE I AM (September 7, 1998)

Sometimes I feel sorry for myself. Here I am: the guy who has discovered the link between cave art and abstraction. The guy who has offered a new interpretation of Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich. The guy who has himself experienced abstract art as real. No-one cares, though. The grandees of the art world, most of whom have heard from me already, are quiet. Even they could not care less about Modern art, let alone about fresh attempts at understanding it. Yes, sometimes I feel sorry for myself. Here I am: the guy who has argued that cave art has a future. But the trick is to turn things around. Now as ever, the trick is to turn everything around. For is it not true that discoveries, new interpretations, and all manner of arguments about the future are among the sure signs of the ignoble end?

BIOAESTHETICS (September 11, 1998)

In a pioneering study of “bioaesthetics” published in 1973, the Belgian psychologist Gerda Smets asked subjects to view abstract designs of varying degrees of complexity while she recorded changes in their wave patterns. To register arousal she used the desynchronization of alpha waves, a standard neurobiological measure. In general, the more the alpha waves are desynchronized, the greater the psychological arousal subjectively reported by subjects. She found a sharp peak of brain response when the redundancy—repetitiveness of elements—in the designs was about 20 percent. This is the equivalent amount of order found variously in a simple maze, in two complete turns of a logarithmic spiral, or in a cross with asymmetrical arms. The 20 percent redundancy effect appears to be innate. Newborn infants gaze longest at drawings with about the same amount of order.

What does this epigenetic rule have to do with aesthetics and art? The connection is closer than may be immediately apparent. Smets’ high-arousal figures, even though generated by a computer, have an intriguing resemblance to abstract designs used worldwide in friezes, grillwork, logos, colophons, and flag designs. They are also close in order and complexity to the pictographs of written Chinese, Japanese, Thai, Tamil, Bengali, and other Asian languages of diverse origin, as well as the glyphs of the ancient Egyptians and Mayans. Finally, it seems likely that some of the most esteemed products of modern abstract art fall near the same optimal level of order, as illustrated in Mondrian’s *oeuvre*. Although this connection of neurobiology to the arts is tenuous, it offers a promising cue to the aesthetic instinct, one that has not to my knowledge been explored systematically by either scientists or interpreters of the arts.

From Edward O. Wilson's *Consilience: The Unity of Science*, New York: Alfred A. Knopff, 1998, pp. 229-230.

PLAUSIBLE (September 15, 1998)

The first house Lauren rented in the vicinity of Boston was in Carlisle, Massachusetts. The owner, Nicholas Van der Merwe, who teaches archeology at Harvard, was away for the summer. I met him a few days ago, when Lauren went to his house to collect some mail. We immediately started chatting about his work, having to do with chemical analysis of prehistoric findings. Among other things he does, he studies the proportion of meat in the diet of early hominids. He claims that this proportion was as high as eighty percent in some special cases, suggesting the importance of meat for the development of our species. He had also analyzed the age of some cave paintings from the charcoal in the paint, and mentioned that he would love to study Lascaux paintings, but that the French authorities had so far failed to respond to offers he had been making together with a colleague of his. In this connection, I told him about my interests in cave art and its connections with Modern art. When I asked him about his knowledge of the literature concerning the so-called entoptic forms, he simply said that David Lewis-Williams, who had written one of the seminal papers on the topic, was a friend of his. I told him I was a bit disappointed because David had failed to make the connection with contemporary art in a paper purportedly dealing with signs of all times. That would be something I would love to discuss with David, I concluded. Nicholas smiled: "David does not take disagreement lightly." Then he told me that their friendship had been strained for a few years because, when David asked him how he liked one of David's theories, Nicholas responded that it seemed plausible to him. David was livid: "Plausible?!"

FROM A LETTER TO EDWARD O. WILSON (September 20, 1998)

I have enjoyed your *Consilience* (New York: Alfred Knopff, 1998), and especially your discussion of art, that is, the connection between neurobiology and the arts. Many of the themes you explore resonate with me, as you will see from the enclosed book of mine, *Salon: Whence and Whither? - Second Lecture* (London: The Hereford Salon, 1997). If you look at Appendix B, "Some Entoptic Forms from Paleolithic Cave Art," on pp. 25-26, you will immediately notice the connection with Gerda Smets' study of "bioaesthetics," which you discuss on pp. 229-230. In the two short pieces on p. 7, "The Roots of Modern Art" and "Entoptic Forms," you will find several references to Mondrian, whom you discuss on pp. 221, 230, and 314. More to the point, you will see that it is not true that the connection between neurobiology and art has

not been systematically explored by either scientists or interpreters of the arts, as you argue on p. 230. To the best of my knowledge, however, no-one has made the connection between entoptic phenomena and Modern Art; the little book I am enclosing closes that gap.

WHAT DOES THIS TELL YOU? (September 20, 1998)

Think of the fact that every religious system in existence is cleft in two: on the one hand, the rational, the discursive, the scholarly, on the other, the mystical, the experiential, the direct. Hinayana and Mahayana strands of Buddhism offer a well-known example. What does this tell you? What does this tell you about the spiritual in art and the artistic yearnings for religious purity, unity?

From Arthur Danto's interview with Alice Jardine, in Russell Ferguson *et alii*, eds., *Discourses: Conversations in Postmodern Art and Culture*, New York: The New Museum of Contemporary Art, and Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1990 (reprinted from *Copyright*, No. 1, Fall 1987), p. 84.

BLACK, WHITE, AND RED (September 27, 1998)

According to Edward O. Wilson, who summarizes the research on color and language conducted by Brent Berlin and Paul Kay, languages with only two basic color terms use them to distinguish black and white; those with only three terms have words for black, white, and red; those with only four terms have words for black, white, red, and either green or yellow; those with only five terms have words for black, white, red, green, and yellow; those with only six terms have words for black, white, red, green, yellow, and blue; and those with only seven terms have words for black, white, red, green, yellow, blue, and brown.[27] I must originate from a people speaking a language from either the first or second group.

Addendum I (December 27, 2002)

Languages are organized a bit like the Crayola product line, the fancier ones adding color to the more basic ones. If a language has only two words for color, they are for black and white—usually encompassing dark and light, respectively. If it has three, they are for black, white, and red; if four, black, white, red, and either yellow or green. Five adds both yellow and green; six, blue; seven, brown; more than seven, purple, pink, orange, or gray. But the clinching experiment was carried out in the New Guinea highlands with the Grand Valley Dani, a people speaking one of the black-and-white languages. The psychologist Eleanor Rosch found that the Dani were quicker at learning a new color category that was based on fire-engine red than a category based on an

off-red. The way we see colors determines how we learn words for them, not *vice versa*.

From Steven Pinker's *The Language Instinct*,
Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1995 (first
published in 1994), pp. 62-63.

Addendum II (January 12, 2003)

Come to think of it, in my paintings I do use the fire-engine red. So far, I thought of it as red pure and simple. Thank you, Steven Pinker!

DRUMMING AND PAINTING (October 19, 1998)

It is not surprising that I am crazy about drumming, music in black and white, when I am crazy about these very colors in painting.

Addendum I (October 23, 1998)

When I wrote this piece, I thought about Claire Haigh, who was quite taken by my new boards and the no-bullshit Mondrian series the first time she came to Hereford Road. I thus sent it to her and a couple of others. She responded immediately: "There is much to be said about black and white." Then she added parenthetically: "I, too, am crazy." On the other side of her card she pasted a black-and-white piece of her own, which I found much to my liking.

Addendum II (October 24, 1998)

I first met Claire six weeks ago or so, when Arnd Schneider brought her to one of my big parties. She joined the crowd on the dancing floor quite eagerly. Since then we have seen each other at a party at Arnd's place. She lives in the same building. Both times we had a chance to talk for a while, and we agreed to meet and talk some more in peace. We have been exchanging telephone messages ever since. Claire thus ended her note with a few words of hope for a meeting soon. I called her yesterday evening, as soon as I received her card and found another of her messages on the answering machine in London. We agreed to meet this afternoon. By the time she left several hours later we were already kidding each other about her brash declaration that she would never sleep with me because I was married. Oh, I almost forgot something pretty amazing and most pertinent to this story: Claire's ex-husband, whom she divorced only recently, and for whom she still seems to be pining, was a drummer.

Addendum III (August 27, 2000)

Yesterday afternoon I went to see Mary Barone and her husband, Neil Manson. They live on Brick Lane in Spitalfields and know the art scene

there inside out. They took me to a few galleries. On our way to one of them we walked down a narrow street not far from the Liverpool Street Station. A woman passed by. Suddenly, I recognized her, but I could neither place her nor remember her name. Then I remembered who she was, and told Mary and Neil that she used to come to my parties a couple of years back. Mary seemed to recognize her, as well, but neither of us could remember her name. Only today it came to me. It was Claire. The woman who would never sleep with me because I was married.

NOTWITHSTANDING (November 18, 1998)

Of all the heroes on Star Trek crew, it is Commander Data, an ideal robot, who sports a painting by Mondrian—and a fine painting, too—in his suite on board of Starship Enterprise. An art form the roots of which stretch some thirty-thousand years backward is projected a few centuries forward and outward. The underlying ignorance on both sides of the television screen notwithstanding, perhaps this is where Mondrian really belongs.

JUST KIDDING! (December 27, 1998)

Could it be that human beings have actually evolved specialized neural circuitry for the sole purpose of mediating religious experience? The human belief in the supernatural is so widespread in all societies all over the world that it is tempting to ask whether the propensity for such beliefs might have a biological basis. If so, we would have to answer a key question: What sorts of Darwinian selection pressures could lead to such a mechanism? And, if there is such a mechanism, is there a gene or set of genes concerned mainly with religiosity and spiritual leanings—a gene that atheists might lack or have learned to circumvent (just kidding!)?

From V.S. Ramachandran and Sandra Blakeslee's
*Phantoms in the Brain: Human Nature and the
Architecture of the Mind*, London: Fourth Estate, 1998,
p. 183.

IN PRAISE OF SENSORY DEPRIVATION (February 7, 1999)

“The Vertical Line” by John Berger and Simon McBurney—commissioned by Artangel and staged in the disused Aldwych Tube Station on the Strand—is conceived as an underground journey to the Chauvet cave in France, painted some twenty-five millennia ago. According to the advertisements for the event, Berger and McBurney will guide you there using lights, sounds, drawings, animals, words, and darkness. Disregarding the exuberant boast, they will still lead you to a magical place in the tangled entrails of London, where silence and

darkness do conspire to a true stage for prehistoric art. Standing but a few paces from our thundering guides, last night I prayed that the deep darkness into which we were finally plunged would last and last. More, I prayed that they would let the audience strung along a narrow tunnel experience the thick, oozing silence of that forsaken place. This was not to be—not this time, at least—but I am still grateful to Berger and McBurney for whetting my appetite for sensory deprivation in its purest, least compromising form.

HENRI MICHAUX AT WHITECHAPEL GALLERY (February 20, 1999)

In a snippet from “*En pensant au phénomène de la peinture*” (1946), which is reproduced helter-skelter in the Whitechapel catalogue celebrating his first solo show in a public gallery in the United Kingdom,[28] Henri Michaux writes:

Most often, most naturally, I use red. What is spilt more easily than blood?

In fact, the color he uses most often is black, followed by white—the color of virgin paper. Either he did not think of these as colors, or he considered them so ubiquitous, so primordial, that they did not merit mention. Indeed, red is the first color that enters human consciousness and culture in the wake of darkness and light—black and white. And what could be more poignant as the source of color than the juice of life?

WONDERING (February 24, 1999)

The Whitechapel has organized several talks about Michaux while his show is up. The one I witnessed last weekend was given by an art historian. Predictably enough, she was engaging and even cute when she loosened up a little, but she had nothing whatsoever to say about the subject. A couple of examples of her professional incompetence will suffice. Where I saw definite entoptic phenomena in Michaux’s mescaline drawings, the art historian saw street patterns of American cities. That was all she could make out of grids! Where I saw explicit links with shamanism in Michaux’s references to the tree of life, which is often rendered as a stout trunk with slender treads connecting the worlds above and below, the art historian saw only fissures or bisections of the visual field. True, Michaux refers to the latter in his writings, too, but the former connection—which relates to ladders and stairs, as well—is so much more powerful and fruitful! In short, she was about formal analysis, whereas an anthropologist or a psychiatrist would see Michaux’s references as stretching all the way to the roots of all art. I left halfway through the talk, wondering about the future of art history as a whole. How much longer will we have to suffer these fools?

ALEXANDER BRENER AS ART CRITIC (March 10, 1999)

Many of Alexander Brener's actions are very much to my liking, but the one I like best is when he posted himself by the lectern where some art heavy was spouting, and then called out from time to time either, "This is true," or, "This is not true." Rings the old bell.

HYPERACUITY (April 5, 1999)

One term from Michaux's writings that resonates strongly with me is that of "hyperacuity." I know what he means, I am almost certain. I often suffer from it in swarming buildings or streets, as well as in crammed buses, trains, or airplanes. That is when I can see every hair, every wrinkle, every smirk, every flicker of the roving eye. There is nothing as grating, as jarring, as harrowing, as the human face suspended in the milling crowd.

WASSILY KANDINSKY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS (April 21, 1999)

In today's issue of *The Daily Telegraph*, Richard Dorment opines about Wassily Kandinsky's works on paper showing at the Royal Academy of Arts. "Where's the meat?" he asks in the title, disgruntled with what he considers the visual equivalent of vegetarianism. Dorment concedes that Kandinsky had one, if only one, great idea—that forms and colors could be used to express emotions and ideas, not just to represent tangible things—but he considers the great master's contribution lacking in range. Those he lists as examples of commendable range include such giants as Braque, Pollock, and Warhol. So, where's the meat? Is Dorment irked by Kandinsky himself or by his single idea? Close to the end of the article we learn that it is the latter: "The problem with abstraction is that even when the painter intends to represent 'nothing,' the viewer instinctively makes associations with forms and shapes in the natural world." In short, abstraction is impossible. It is puzzling that Dorment's list of painters exhibiting range commensurate with their lofty status includes Malevich and Mondrian, the other two progenitors of abstract art, but his initial concession to Kandinsky is even more puzzling in view of the presumed instinctive propensity of the viewer. Once again, where's the meat? At the end of the century, abstract art is at such low ebb that anyone can take sloppy potshots at it.

FROM A LETTER TO JULIAN BELL (May 4, 1999)

I enjoyed your book.[29] Immensely. Which is why I feel especially disappointed by an omission—if that is the correct word, given the omission's weight—in your account of the history of painting. With the exception of the Makapansgat pebble from Transvaal, going back some

three-million years into the murk of hominid strivings, you do not pay any attention to prehistory. In fact, both figurative painting and abstraction appear concurrently—born entire, as it were—in cave paintings some thirty-thousand years ago. This bifurcation is thus unlikely to be superseded. It is fundamental. It is built into our very brains. The best of Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich are not about reality “boiled down” to geometry, as you suggest,[30] but are separate and distinct from that reality. And they are primordial. This much we know from archeology, anthropology, psychiatry, and cognitive science. Your omission is thus likely to haunt you and your delightful book.

ON WRITING AND PAINTING (June 20, 1999)

Talking today with Dan Crowe, the editor of *Butterfly*, a London literary and art magazine of recent vintage, I mentioned that I had often thought of fragmentary writing as a literary version of cubism: one attempts to capture more of reality by shedding light at it from many different sides. As I was saying this, I also realized I had never written it down. To tell the truth, I had often had similar thoughts about fragmentary writing, but this was the first time I had used cubism as a metaphor for it. For better or worse, I rarely bring up writing and painting in the same breath.

TOWARD A KEY TO CAVE ART (July 22, 1999)

What I am suggesting here is not only to use the past for the understanding of the present, of our unconscious, but also to use our unconscious as a key to the understanding of prehistory. This requires the practice of self-knowledge in the psychoanalytical sense: the removal of a major part of our resistance against the awareness of our unconscious, thus reducing the difficulty of penetrating from our conscious mind to the depth of our core.

From Erich Fromm's *The Anatomy of Human Destructiveness*, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1977 (first published in 1973), p. 307.

ON THE ORIGINAL AND COPY (November 14, 1999)

When Alexander Brener spray-painted the dollar sign on a painting by Malevich, I resisted all arguments about the intrinsic value of the painting on account of the brushwork and other traces of craft. Malevich is not about brushwork, I argued. His paintings live in my mind, not on canvass. They cannot be disfigured, let alone destroyed, I argued. But I conceded that a painting by an old maser would be different. I conceded that brushwork makes a difference in some, admittedly special, cases. Now I feel that I had perhaps conceded too much. Nothing that does not live in my mind already is worth preserving. By

extension, nothing that does not live in my mind is worth painting, either. Painting is akin to collective recollection.

ON THE PSYCHOLOGIES OF ESTHETICS AND STATUS (December 19, 1999)

The function of the arts is almost defiantly obscure, and I think there are several reasons why. One is that the arts engage not only the psychology of esthetics but also the psychology of status. The very uselessness of art that makes it so incomprehensible to evolutionary biology makes it all too comprehensible to economics and social psychology. What better proof that you have money to spare than your being able to spend it on doodads and stunts that don't fill the belly or keep the rain out but that require precious materials, years of practice, a command of obscure texts, or intimacy with the elite? Thorstein Veblen's and Quentin Bell's analyses of taste and fashion, in which the elite's conspicuous displays of consumption, leisure, and outrage are emulated by the rabble, sending the elite off in search of new inimitable displays, nicely explain the otherwise inexplicable oddities of the arts.

From Steven Pinker's *How the Mind Works*,
Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1998 (first
published in 1997), p. 522.

ON VISUAL LAICISM (March 5, 2000)

Bernard Berenson's World War II diary, *Rumor and Reflection*,^[31] enraptures me for an entire day, but then I stumble upon a sentence in which he confounds abstract art and "visual atheism."^[32] I am stunned that an art critic of his fame and experience, for he was eighty when this was written, could be so blind to the burning mysticism inherent in abstract art. Worse, he was a contemporary of Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich. Perhaps it takes an entire generation or maybe two for art critics to catch up with their fellow artists.

IN PRAISE OF DARK AND INACCESSIBLE PLACES (April 22, 2000)

The idea that paleolithic men were artists simply because they appreciated beautiful things, and that therefore their artistic work had no special functional aim, was rejected very early on, mainly on the basis of one simple argument. As pointed out by Reinach,^[33] the context of paleolithic art precluded any art for art's sake interpretation, for no-one would go deep down into caves which were not used as living places in order to decorate walls which would not often be looked at, unless they had a very special reason for so doing. The important reason could not

be simply that they were "artistic," for they would then have carried out their artistic works in places where they could at least see the results.

From Peter J. Ucko and Andrée Rosenfeld's *Paleolithic Cave Art*, New York and Toronto: World University Library, 1967, pp. 165-166.

FROM THE OUTSET (May 19, 2000)

In the introductory chapter to his seminal book on evolutionary psychology, *How the Mind Works*,^[34] Steven Pinker writes that the mind is organized into “modules or mental organs, each with a specialized design that makes it an expert in one arena of interaction with the world”; that “the modules’ basic logic is specified by our genetic program”; and that “their operation was shaped by natural selection to solve problems of the hunting and gathering life led by our ancestors in most of our evolutionary history.”^[35] Plausible, indeed. “Why do we take pleasure in abstract art: zigzags, plaids, tweeds, polka dots, parallels, circles, squares, stars, and spirals?” he asks in the concluding chapter.^[36] According to Pinker, “it cannot be a coincidence that exactly these kinds of motifs have been posited by vision researchers as the features of the world that our perceptual analyzers lock onto as they try to make sense of the surfaces and objects out there.”^[37] In other words, the modules or mental organs concerned with vision detect in abstract art the very geometric templates that have taken shape in them over the last hundred-thousand years. By extension, the better the fit between the art and the template, the more pleasing the art. Plausible, again. But how do we explain the fact that—from the outset, starting with cave paintings some thirty-thousand years ago—the motifs associated with abstract art rarely spill out of small, neat rectangular frames? That is, why is the pleasure so localized and so geometrically circumscribed? More important, how do we explain the fact that—from the outset, again—abstract art could not but disappoint and frustrate the posited perceptual analyzers in search of the meaningful surfaces and objects out there? In other words, how could the mind be so misguided as to seek pleasure in its own organs' devices rather than in their interaction with the world?

CONSPICUOUS OUTRAGE (June 1, 2000)

Whenever Steven Pinker comes upon the subject of art in his masterpiece on evolutionary psychology, *How the Mind Works*,^[38] he returns to Thorstein Veblen and Quentin Bell's contributions to the psychology of status, which purports to explain the dynamics of fashion. To Veblen's three “pecuniary canons of taste,” namely conspicuous consumption, conspicuous leisure, and conspicuous waste, Bell has added the fourth canon—conspicuous outrage. It says: “I'm so talented, wealthy, popular, and well-connected that I can afford to offend

you.”[39] It runs in the face of all the dependencies that regulate our lives. According to Pinker, the last canon now dominates the other three in the worlds of art and culture.[40] Rereading these words for the third or fourth time since last November, when I bought the book, I could not avoid concluding that my postcards, which are addressed to the best and the brightest in the world of art, fit perfectly into Pinker’s framework. Art they undoubtedly are, for they are conspicuous in terms of the four canons of taste, and especially the last one.

OH, DEATH! (July 9, 2000)

Remember what Duchamp said: The life of an artwork is short—it amounts to ten to twenty years! And that is the maximum! And then comes death! Death! Oh, death! But death wears two different masks: that of deterioration and decay, or that of freezing and zombification! These are the alternatives! Between zombification and decay! Between a malicious vampire and simple vanishing! What do you want to be, ladies and gentlemen? A vampire-like monster or colorful slime? The ladies and gentlemen of course cry out: “Monsters, monsters ... just not slime! Monsters!” “And why?” we ask. Why this fear of disintegration, becoming earth, soil, manure? Why this fear of naked transformation? Because all of the surrounding culture only gives us examples of this monstrosity, of freezing over! Even rotting is put into a frame!!! Decay in a frame! Decay in the museum! We say: the frame itself must rot! Disappear!

From Alexander Brener and Barbara Schurz’s *Demolish Serious Culture!!!*, Vienna: Edition Selene, 2000, pp. 109-110.

THE FUNDAMENTAL DIVIDE (October 12, 2000)

The fundamental divide in the Twentieth Century art concerns the artist's intentions and their determinants. One camp, led by Duchamp, maintains that intentions are irrelevant; the other, led by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich, maintains that they are central. These two positions are fundamental in the sense that they are irreconcilable, that is, irreducible to a common base. Artists themselves must discover or decide to which camp they wish to go. As for myself, I am squarely with Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich.

TWO ROADS (November 5, 2000)

In the end, there are two roads. One is of hate and despair and fear and mockery. The other is of love and hope and courage and affirmation of the world around you. The fork in the road has always been right in front of you. And the choice has always been yours and yours alone.

Addendum I (November 22, 2000)

As art is inseparable from our lives, and ever more so, the choice facing us holds for art, as well. Why is art ever less separable from life? Because it is all that remains to us after the collapse of religion and even philosophy, the last stages in the development of the spirit, as Hegel would have put it. The long-neglected edifice has begun crumbling around us before reaching its pinnacle, and art has temporarily found itself on the top floor, as it were. One way is up, toward light, the other is down, into darkness. The choice is in front of us—artists. The choice is ours and ours alone.

Addendum II (November 23, 2000)

Giuseppe Mastruzzo responded yesterday morning within an hour of my sending this piece to the “Let’s Make Art!” electronic-mail list. I was so busy the whole day yesterday that this is my first opportunity to return to his message. Here it is in its entirety:

As you know, “in the end” I agree to the fork-in-the-road issue. And, as you know, I often associate hate with fear and mockery with despair. It is difficult to have courage, because courage (love and hope, and the affirmation of the world around you) is about the renunciation of the present self. Hence the question: How to make art an instrument of renunciation of the present self, as it has been true, some times, of religion?

As Giuseppe knows, I am very much in agreement with him. He has introduced the theme broached here in his talk at the First Hereford Salon Symposium in the summer of 1997, which was subsequently published as a book with a revealing title: *Who is Art?*[41] In it, Giuseppe is calling for “an art which does not look for its author’s glory.”[42]

I should add here that the 1997 Symposium explored the proposition that art as we know it is primarily an illusion of freedom, rather than an activity that in any sense contributes to freedom. As Goran Djordjević argued a couple of decades ago, “the problem is not how art ought to be, but how to transcend it as a form of consciousness and of human activity.”[43] But how is art to be transcended? How is this illusion about freedom to be dispelled? These questions are still open, but Giuseppe’s is the first step in the right direction.

Addendum III (September 25, 2015)

As I wrote to the editor of *Flash Art* a couple of years ago, making oneself is the only meaningful purpose of art (“Making Oneself: From a Letter to Giancarlo Politi,” May 26, 2013). This is very much in tune with yoga, which is squarely about making oneself, as well (“The Art of

Making Oneself,” December 20, 2013). Luckily, the fork in the road is way behind me by now. And art is so inseparable from my life at his juncture, that it rarely crosses my mind any longer.

HERRING BONES (December 15, 2000)

Some weeks ago a London university performed an experiment in telepathy involving a large number of subjects. The experiment attracted the media, of course. To the best of my understanding, the whole thing was a sham. Still, something interesting came out of it. The experiment focused on the notion that telepathic messages sent by many people simultaneously were more likely to be picked up by isolated people receiving them. The group sending the messages sat in a big room and concentrated on randomly selected images, while the subjects receiving them were in a different building and were completely cut off from the world. All their senses were incapacitated, leading to something approximating total sensory deprivation. One of the subjects, a young woman, told the television interviewer that she had seen something like herring bones while the image transmitted to her contained a couple of raccoons. “Close enough?” she chuckled. Unbeknownst to the people running the telepathy experiment, herring-bone patterns are among the standard entoptic forms, which would regularly come up in conditions of sensory deprivation. If the experiment was reversed, and there were many isolated subjects receiving telepathic messages, at least a few of them would report seeing abstract paintings—say, Mondrians.

LOOKING AT ABSOLUTES: A LETTER TO *THE ECONOMIST* (January 6, 2001)

Sorry to sound a bit cranky, but I really am annoyed by John Golding and your article about him (“Looking at Absolutes,” January 6, 2001). To set the scene, I must say that I share his fascination with the pioneers of abstraction in Modern Art: Mondrian, Malevich, and Kandinsky. Together with him, I believe in abstraction's imminent comeback. Perhaps more important, I agree with him that one does not need to choose between abstraction and figuration, for both are fundamental. But this is where we part company. I despise his consolidators of abstraction: Pollock, Newman, Still, and Rothko. Most of them are CIA's inventions. I cringe at Golding's notion that abstraction is ultimately about sublimated figuration. “The body,” you quote him, “is always there in my work.” The reason why abstraction will come back, as well as why one does not need to choose between it and figuration is that both are fundamental. Not to the eye, but the human brain. As witnessed by cave paintings made thirty-thousand years ago, the two have been with us from the very beginning. In fact, the best of Mondrian's *oeuvre* can be found on cave walls. Looking at absolutes,

indeed. Having talked and written about this for years, it is not surprising I am a bit cranky when it comes to absolutes.

CAVE ART NOW (January 30, 2001)

Last week I submitted an exhibition proposal to the Reading Town Hall, which now has two splendid gallery spaces, either of which would be perfect for a large selection of my boards, if not all of them. I was invited to submit the proposal on an official form on the basis of my letter of introduction the previous week, in which I expressed my interest and presented myself. Together with the letter, I enclosed the 1998 EAST International catalogue. My proposal was received well. Yesterday I met Javier Pes, who is responsible for exhibitions at Town Hall, and it now appears that only a few details need to be considered before the ultimate decision is made. These include the space, the schedule, the budget, and the like. We are also considering a small catalogue. Javier will let me know about all this in about six weeks, after the committee that considers such matters has had a chance to meet. The show will most likely take place in the second half of next year, and it will stay up for at least two months. During this period I will give a few lectures about the links between my work, abstract art from the turn of the last century, and cave art from some thirty-thousand years ago. The title of the show will be "Cave Art Now." I love that title! Oh, to hell with it, I am *crazy* about that title!!!

THE GRADUAL APPEARANCE OF RED COLOR (March 12, 2001)

I sleep with my curtains drawn because there are strong lights along the public footpath in the back of our house. The moon often shines through my window, as well. The curtains are thus essential. Whenever I wake up in the middle of the night, I can see only the dark outlines of a few familiar things: a low table with my computer on top, carpets on the walls, and a few of my boards resting on the floor and leaning against the walls. At dawn, I can already see the geometric patterns on my paintings. I enjoy looking at them in almost complete darkness. For some reason, I take it as axiomatic that a painting must require as little light as possible. A single candle is sufficient to light my boards. Anyhow, two of them I can see as soon as I open my eyes. They have black borders, white surfaces, and bear identical geometric patterns, but one is black and the other is red. At dawn the two boards appear identical because the red appears as black. No matter how much I strain, I cannot tell them apart. About half-an-hour later the red appears as brown, which gradually turns into red. When I can see the red clearly, I know it is about time to get up. In early spring, this happens around six-thirty, but it also depends on whether the sky is clear or overcast. The gradual appearance of red color in my paintings is something I relish almost every day. So many things that happen as darkness gives way to natural light are unfortunately lost in the public places where art is

exhibited today, and where it is always subjected to too much light. Excessive illumination is but another affliction of our silly age.

CHROMOPHOBIA (April 4, 2001)

As I was boarding the plane from Auckland to Wellington, New Zealand, I noticed the current issue of *Time* in a rack with many other magazines. "What Scares You?" blares the front cover. Attracted by the topic, and especially by the fear of animals, I picked up a copy. As many as ten pages are dedicated to the lead article. Some two-hundred and fifty phobias out of about five-hundred named ones are listed alphabetically in the margins of the article. In the hope of spotting a few fears I share with others, I went through the list. Several among them indeed attracted my attention: athazagoraphobia, the fear of being forgotten or ignored; chromophobia, the fear of colors; and plutophobia, the fear of wealth. But I was especially attracted by the fear of colors. Although I love colors and use the brightest among them quite happily in my less important work, I am very much unable to use them in my abstract painting. Although I have never experienced anything like fear of colors when painting my boards, I have certainly felt a very strong discomfort. The few boards I painted in the primary colors were almost painful to make. Having finished them, I could not look at them, either. In fact, a day or two afterwards I gave them to Maya and Stuart Brisley as a gift, and they were quite pleased with the boards. As of late, I am uncomfortable even when I use red color. A significant proportion of my new boards are black and white only. I am not sure whether I am indeed suffering from chromophobia as such, but it is certainly a pleasure to think so.

WORD, IMAGE (June 17, 2001)

I have long noticed that painting and writing do not go well together. Different parts of the brain must be involved in the two activities. More important, when one part is active, the other tends to shut down. The last couple of weeks I have dedicated to painting, and my writing has suffered. By and by, it has become dry, wooden, hollow. Given the superior spiritual status of writing as compared to painting, on account of its association with the word, the font of thought, this is yet another argument for iconoclasm: the image, the font of sight, occludes the word. Here, it is the painter's own soul that is at stake, as witnessed by this facile dichotomy.

THE DIVINE IMAGE (June 19, 2001)

In his study of iconoclasm, Alain Besançon wisely eschews the history of art.[44] The field has little to offer on any subject, let alone something as important as the divine image. However, philosophy and a sprinkling

of theology are not equal to the task, either. A full treatment of the subject is unimaginable without a range of social sciences, from psychology, and especially its developmental branch, to anthropology and even cognitive archeology. Some natural sciences, like psychiatry and neurophysiology, would also be invaluable here. Put simply, Besançon's analysis needs sturdier foundations. His treatment of figuration and abstraction is a case in point. He is unaware either that the two coexist since the Paleolithic, when they simultaneously emerge in cave art, most likely in the context of religious rituals, or that the roots of abstraction are in the human brain, which needs geometric aids to process complex images forwarded by the eye, and which projects the patterns employed by these aids onto the world under special circumstances, some of which would have applied to the production of cave art. Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich were unaware of these connections, but so is Besançon a century later. In the meanwhile, the divine image has migrated inward, into the skull, as Malevich prophetically observes over and over again.

ENTOPTIC FORMS, AGAIN (June 20, 2001)

I woke up around two-thirty in the morning and realized that I was not likely to have an easy time falling asleep again. I thus decided to make another attempt at seeing entoptic forms, which I have seen on several nights several years ago, in March and April 1997, but never again since then. I covered myself over my head, focused on my visual field, and emptied my mind. All this went rather smoothly. Then I waited for something to happen.

All I could see most of the time is a uniform gray field, but on occasion it would light up in the middle and I would see fleeting and indistinct lights. After roughly half-an-hour, or maybe a bit longer, I did see something of interest, but nothing as clear and definite as the first time around. Namely, I saw a number of rectangular grids overlaid over each other. There were perhaps four or five of them. Each grid had about four or five rows and three or four columns. The image was sharp in detail, but it appeared unresolved in composition. The rectangles differed in size, but they were all wider than they were tall. In fact, they were about twice as wide as they were tall. They were transparent, too, so that overlapping arrays were not occluding each other.

I must have fallen asleep immediately afterwards, but when I woke up again, I saw something rather different. To my surprise, I saw the upper left corner of a "black-and-white" chessboard. Below the corner field I saw some four fields, and to the right of it I saw about six fields. The edges of the board were very clear. Everything below this triangular area was occluded. I had a feeling I could not see the rest because of the way my head was positioned on the pillow. At any rate, I was sure I was not looking at a triangle, but at one corner of a larger chessboard field. Again, the image was very sharp.

As was the case several years ago, all the images I saw were light-gray on dark-gray background. They thus looked a bit like photographic negatives. The images were perfectly formed and very sharp in every detail. They appeared in the middle of my field of vision rather than across it. The images appeared to be embedded in the field. In other words, I was not looking at them from some distance, but seeing them directly, as it were. In fact, I could not tell their distance at all. All in all, this can be called a partial success, but nothing worth celebrating.

Addendum (June 21, 2001)

As soon as I finished writing this piece yesterday morning, I sent it to the “Let’s Make Art!” list. Only an hour earlier I sent around the previous piece, which relates to the entoptic phenomena, as well. At the end of the second message I added a note to the effect that my *Residua* website could be searched with “entoptic” as keyword. This morning I followed my own advice. Fourteen pieces were produced by the search, which was miraculously quick: “Entoptic Forms” (April 22, 1997), “The Signs of All Times” (August 3, 1997), “Windows” (August 10, 1997), “The Window” (October 4, 1997), “Statement for the 1998 EAST International Competition” (February 7, 1998), “A Twentieth-Century Woman” (March 24, 1998), “Cardguide” (April 21, 1998), “From a Letter to Stephen Mithen” (April 23, 1998), “Plausible” (September 15, 1998), “From a Letter to Edward Wilson” (September 20, 1998), “Wondering” (February 24, 1999), “Glagolithic Alphabet” (August 12, 2000), and “Herring Bones” (December 15, 2000). I read all the pieces in their order of appearance, and I was quite pleased. Although a systematic presentation of this topic would take less time to get through, this particular series of texts mentioning entoptic forms was certainly more fun to read. I especially enjoyed my unabashed swipes at art historians, whom I similarly dismissed in the last piece about iconoclasm. And they undoubtedly deserve to be ridiculed whenever an opportunity arises.

HOLY RECTANGLE (July 9, 2001)

Science fiction is littered with crap, but one can find real gems in it also. Many writers have speculated about the most plausible manifestation of the designer—divine or otherwise. Relatively recent examples include Arthur C. Clark’s monolith and Carl Sagan’s decimals of π . But a really subtle designer would leave a trace deep in the brain and let the mind catch up with the message. A simple image would do, provided it is utterly artificial—that is, unnatural. No regular shape is of any use here, for nature would have stumbled upon it already. Circles, squares, triangles, crosses, stars, and the like are all out. As Clark intuits in *2001*, only rectangles fit the bill. The golden section is an excellent example of such a shape. Here I am referring to the shape only, rather than the mathematical relationship between the two sides. Now, I was interested

in looking for signs of extraterrestrial intelligence inside the human mind. Lo and behold, the entoptic forms, as they are called in science, include plenty of evidence of the designer's signature. Rectangles everywhere! My book is about the origin of these improbable—nay, impossible—rectangles in the inner eye.

From Donald W. Peck's Postscript to his *Holy Rectangle*,
New York: Doubleday, 2001, pp. 337-338.

TOWARD AN EVOLUTIONARY THEORY OF ART (July 14, 2001)

Human biology, along with that of many other species of mammal, forces a higher investment in offspring from females. This makes females the limiting resource and results in males competing and displaying for the attention and favors of females while the females choose between males. Humans are moderately dimorphic—that is, there are significant differences between males and females—and this difference is indicative of the existence of sexual selection in humans. It has to be considered at least as a possibility, then, that some of the behavior of young men, like driving cars too fast or playing dangerous games, is a manifestation of sexual selection. Like the peacock's tail, display and competition between human males indicate that reproduction is the key to evolution, not survival, and this may lead to traits that increase fitness as measured by offspring but might decrease survival fitness. In other words, in at least some instances the apparent opposition between culture and biology may actually be a manifestation of an opposition between natural and sexual selection, and have little at all to do with cultural forces.

From Henry Plotkin's *Evolution in Mind: An Introduction to Evolutionary Psychology*, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1998 (first published in 1997), p. 237.

ISLANDS OF ASTONISHING TALENT (July 28, 2001)

I have been fascinated with autism for quite some time. More correctly, I have been fascinated with the match between the standard descriptions of autistic behavior and that of my own. Henry Plotkin's introduction to evolutionary psychology, [45] which I finished today, offers a few interesting words on the subject. According to Plotkin, Leo Kanner, who discovered autism in 1943, described it as involving extreme aloneness, an obsessive desire for sameness and routine, and occasional islands of astonishing talent that sometimes coexist with general retardation.[46] If one takes “extreme” from “aloneness,” “obsessive” from “desire for sameness and routine,” and “astonishing” from “islands of talent,” and if one takes away general retardation as a whole, one ends up with a reasonable description of myself. An imperfect autist, in short.

But why am I so eager to find such matching descriptions? Is this a joy of recognition? Or an attempt of exculpation? Or perhaps a lament in view of those beguiling islands of talent?

SPOT ON (August 6, 2001)

In response to my many missives about cave art, Elise sent me a cartoon from a recent issue of *The New Yorker*, to which she is subscribed. It shows a cave with six bearded guys wearing animal skins. An active volcano can be seen from the entrance of the cave. Prehistory, in short. One guy is sleeping in the foreground; three of them are sitting around a fire and devouring an animal; and two guys are standing by the cave wall in the background—one is painting a herd of animals, and the other is holding a torch. The painter says: “Maybe someday we could set aside a cave just for art.” Spot on, except that there is not a single geometric image anywhere on the cave wall.

THE ONLY SOLID FOUNDATION (August 8, 2001)

Evolutionary psychology has preoccupied me ever since 1998, when I read Steven Mithen's *The Prehistory of the Mind* (1996), where he builds a bridge between this school of psychology and his own field, cognitive archeology. In the meanwhile I read Richard Dawkins' *The Blind Watchmaker* (1986), Steven Pinker's *How the Mind Works* (1997), Henry Plotkin's *Evolution in Mind* (1997), and Edward Wilson's *Consilience* (1998). I am now reading Marc Hauser's *Wild Minds* (2000), which I bought a couple of weeks ago in Ljubljana together with Dawkins' *Climbing Mount Improbable* (1996), and Craig Stanford's *The Hunting Apes* (1999). Today I bought in Reading Daniel Dennett's *Kinds of Minds* (1996), Matt Ridley's *The Origins of Virtue* (1996), which Dawkins considers a suitable sequel to his *The Selfish Gene* (1976), and Pinker's *Words and Rules* (1999). I am still looking for a few other classics of evolutionary psychology, such as Pinker's *The Language Instinct* (1994), Plotkin's *Darwin Machines and the Nature of Knowledge* (1995), Dennett's *Darwin's Dangerous Idea* (1997), and Terrence Deacon's *The Symbolic Species* (1997), but the bulk of the literature, at least in terms of popular science books, is already in my hands. The co-development of mind and language dominates the field, leading up to the unity of knowledge and the central place of culture—that is, art, religion, and science—in human development. This strikes me as the only solid foundation for understanding of art. More important, it strikes me as the only solid foundation for the development of art itself. The past, present, and future cannot but be on the same path.

KATRINE, HELENA (August 10, 2001)

In early June I bought *The Seven Daughters of Eve* by Bryan Sykes,[47] read it in a few days, and then responded to his offer for a discount on a genetic test to determine exactly which of these seven women was my ancestor along the maternal line. To deal with such request, the Oxford professor set up a company, Oxford Ancestors. From the outset, I was rooting for Katrine, who lived in the region of Venice some fifteen-thousand years ago. The results of the test arrived today. As it turns out, I am a descendent of Helena, who lived some twenty-thousand years ago someplace between the Mediterranean coast around Perpignan and the Dordogne valley. Disappointingly, some forty-seven percent of modern Europeans come from the same clan, whereas the clan of Katrine boasts only about six percent of Europeans today. But the connection with the Dordogne is still a welcome twist to the story. According to Sykes' attempt to endow Helena with life,[48] she might have witnessed the cave paintings characteristic of the region and the period, such as those of Lascaux. Whence my fascination with cave art, no doubt. Anyhow, I am still waiting for the results of the genetic test to determine my ancestor along the paternal line. According to Oxford Ancestors, there are ten sons of Adam, as it were. The prehistoric connection with Venice is still in the balance.

BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE (October 3, 2001)

In response to one of my pieces about evolutionary psychology and art, Arnd Schneider suggested that I should also consult the literature in his own field, social anthropology. In particular, he suggested *The Evolution of Culture*,[49] edited by Robin Dunbar, Chris Knight, and Camilla Power. Failing to find it in bookstores, I ordered the book, and got it a month ago. Today I began reading it. As art is central to my investigation, I immediately looked into the subject index and discovered as many as ten related keywords. To my delight, the first of these happened to be “abstract art,” and I immediately checked the reference, which fell into a paper on sexual selection and culture by Geoffrey Miller. I was already familiar with some of his work. He has published a great deal about the uses of language, music, and art in courtship displays, the investment in which can be explained in terms of sexual rather than natural selection. Miller argues that these displays are highly ritualized so as to facilitate comparisons between potential mates in the context of sexual competition. According to Miller, “[t]his is why most people dislike abstract art, atonal music, and modernist architecture: these styles avoid just those recognizable, ritualized elements that indicate whether their creators are any good at the basics of their craft.”[50] After so many years of pursuing abstract art, both theoretically and practically, I learn that I have been barking up the wrong tree!

Addendum (October 4, 2001)

Billy Childish—a musician, poet, and artist in equal measure—responds that most musicians are quite plain about playing to get laid. “Honest poets would tell you the same,” he continues, “as would artists, only there are hardly any honest artists.” Most of them are prudish, he says. “A strange state of affairs when the whole of nature speaks in sexual terms,” Billy concludes. It is nice to have such a clear confirmation of Miller’s argument. Which, by the way, I did not question, either. I was only bemoaning my poor choice of style, to use Miller’s own term.

SYMBOLIC POWER (December 27, 2001)

My last painting, completed around noon today, bears a simple geometric composition, and one we have all seen in so many different contexts: the trident. Neptune? The vast, shimmering ocean? Something to do with fishing? No. The earliest such shapes—albeit a bit less unwieldy and square, a bit less unforgiving, and thus a bit more suggestive—can be found in paleolithic cave paintings. No-one knows exactly what they represent, and no-one will ever be certain of their meaning, but one reading is obvious enough: the female pudenda. And, who knows, this is where the trident might have gotten its symbolic power. More, this might be the sole reason the trident has ever come into existence. At any rate, it was a real joy to paint it in bright red on a white surface and frame it in pitch black. Cunt!

THE PRIMACY OF ABSTRACT ART (January 12, 2002)

The Daily Telegraph reported yesterday that two pieces of engraved ochre found at Blombos in South Africa were recently dated to more than seventy-thousand years. The surfaces of the red ochre pieces, measuring two and three inches, were scraped and ground smooth before they were engraved with geometric patterns. The piece depicted in the only photograph accompanying the article shows parallel lines forming a triangular grid. There is no doubt that the engraving is intentional. According to the archeologists and anthropologists involved, these finds point to Africa as the cradle of both human anatomical and behavioral modernity. It was previously believed that modern behavior arose forty to fifty-thousand years ago. Deliberate depictions, be they abstract or figurative, signify modern cognitive abilities. The scientists quoted in the article repeatedly mention both abstract and figurative images in this context. It took me an entire day to realize that there is something wrong in this formulation. In fact, it is the abstract images that signify the rise of cognitive abilities of modern humans. Figurative images came much later. Put differently, the Blombos finds demonstrate the primacy of abstract over figurative art.

Addendum I (January 24, 2002)

I left the newspaper page with the article about Blombos on my kitchen table. I like the big and stark black-and-white photograph of one of the pieces of engraved ochre. Also, I like the article's title in big lettering: "Cave Art Dates Dawn of Creativity." But it took me a long while to realize the article was written by the Science Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*, a certain Roger Highfield, rather than the Art Editor, whoever that is. Cave art is too important to be entrusted to the likes of art critics or art historians.

Addendum II (June 29, 2002)

Half a year after much of the international press, *The Economist* came out today with a piece about the Blombos ochres. To the newspaper's credit, the article appears in the Science and Technology Section rather than Books and Arts Section. The ochre with the triangular grid is reproduced in full color, as well. "Picasso," the caption mocks all the figurative artists, "eat your heart out." Funny, as well as poignant, but way too late. I rarely feel sorry for *The Economist*, but this is exactly my sentiment today.

ON SUFISM AND SHAMANISM (January 31, 2002)

While re-reading *The Sufis* by Idries Shah, and especially the chapter entitled "Strange Rites,"^[51] I suddenly realized the Sufi traditions were best understood as remnants of shamanistic practices in Asia. Just like the marriage of Bön and Buddhist traditions in Tibet, for instance, the marriage of Sufism and Islam ensures the survival of older traditions going back to the stone age. Witchcraft, dancing, hallucinogenic drugs, visions, and flying are all examples of such practices that a student of shamanism, like Mircea Eliade, would immediately recognize. However, it took me about a decade to understand my attraction to Sufism. It is plausible that all mystic traditions, all attempts to commune with divine directly, draw roots from the stone age.

HOMAGE TO ABE LINCOLN (February 13, 2002)

Arnd Schneider sent me an article about the engraved ochre from the Blombos Cave in South Africa that recently appeared in the *New Scientist*.^[52] The article is based on the work of Arnd's colleagues Chris Knight, Leslie Aiello, Camilla Power, and Ian Watts—all London-based anthropologists. The basic idea is that women started using red ochre at least seventy-thousand years ago, the age of the Blombos find, to fool the hunting men into believing they were all menstruating and thus fertile, so as to get meat in return for sexual favors. Ochre is still used in some parts of Africa for body-painting purposes. On Arnd's advice, I have already read a good deal about these anthropologists'

work, but the short article helped me frame a simple rebuttal. It comes straight from Abe Lincoln: “You can fool some of the men all of the time and all of the men some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the men all of the time.” That is, the argument about so-called sham menstruation is begging the question. To wit, why did hunting men let themselves be fooled by red ochre for thousands upon thousands of years?

ANTHROPOLOGY AND ART (March 27, 2002)

Arnd Schneider took me to a wonderful Indian restaurant close to his home in Old Castle Street in East London. It was a mom-and-pop kind of place, but minus mom. He told me about a book he is now finishing for Thames and Hudson together with another anthropologist. The book is about the links between anthropology and art. It will usher a number of shows and conferences. Arnd hopes to get into Documenta and Tate Modern. I was quite fascinated by the project. Then I ventured that artists can learn a lot from anthropologists by exploring the artefacts and practices of peoples on the way out, but that anthropologists can also learn a lot from artists by exploring their artefacts made under conditions that simulate the practices of peoples long forgotten. As an example, I talked about the exploration of the roots of yoga that seem to lead to shamanism. I mentioned my own recent experiments of this ilk. Arnd agreed in general, but suggested that anthropologists would rather study extant shamanistic practices in places like Siberia and the Amazon. I actually had cave art in mind, but did not mention it. I wonder why. Am I embarrassed to talk about my own experiments with a “professional” anthropologist?

WHAT ART IS NOT: A LETTER TO *THE JACKDAW* (March 29, 2002)

In the letters to the editor that appeared in *The Jackdaw* of December 2001 and January 2002, Philip Smith invited artists to define art, and the editor, David Lee, endorsed the project by promising to publish all responses. In the February 2002 issue I argued that definitions of art, which are not difficult to concoct, are of no great value to artists. Moreover, I argued that we were fortunate that no-one had the power to define art. In the April 2002 issue of *The Jackdaw*, Mr. Smith not only disagrees with me, but also bravely ventures the following definition: “Art is a selective recreation of reality according to an artist's fundamental world-view, which includes his (sic) deepest positive values.” He even calls upon Robert Browning as his witness. Disregarding conundrums like “fundamental world-views” and “deepest positive values,” this statement clarifies little about art as I see it, let alone defines it. I am an abstract realist. I search for geometric images projected by my brain onto my inner eye, and I search for evidence of such images in the work of others, from cave art at least seventy-

thousand years ago to Modern Art masters like Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich. These so-called entoptic images are universal and may be used by the brain to interpret visual signals coming from the eyes. I am interested in entoptic images as such. I render them all in my paintings as faithfully as I can. In short, anything like “selective recreation of reality” is foreign to me. Well, Mr. Smith’s “definition” of art has quickly crumbled in my hands. Except if he wishes to define abstract realism as something other than art!

A GOOD INVESTMENT (April 10, 2002)

This morning I ordered yet another batch of one-thousand postcards from Abacus Color Printers Limited in Cumbria, who have made all my cards to date. According to my records, so far I have had seven of them made. The eighth batch of postcards will perhaps be the last I will order. The front will show about fifty of my paintings in the southeast corner of my livingroom. The reverse side will show my name, which will appear for the first time on a postcard of mine as that of an artist; the name of the show, “Cave Art Now”; the name of the venue, namely Abbot’s Walk Gallery, which will end up having just one show in its history; the gallery’s postal address in Reading; my electronic mail address; and the address of my *Residua* website, which contains a host of pieces about my paintings and their connection with cave art. The picture was taken by Mary Lemley, an American artist living in London, who took many shots of my livingroom last October. I think her picture captures my work very well. I hope the card will help me start selling my paintings in earnest. That is the main reason for ordering this batch, which will cost me about hundred-fifty pounds. At one-thousand pounds per painting, the price at which I have already sold a few, this is a good investment.

Addendum (May 28, 2002)

The package from Abacus arrived by courier this morning. It is late afternoon, but I have already sent out more than one-hundred and seventy postcards. About a half of them have gone to gallerists, art critics, and artists in Istria and the neighboring countries—Slovenia and Italy. Another forty or so cards will follow in the next few days. My fingers are sore from all the pasting, which took some four hours, but I am glad everything is going according to plan. Although I know that only a few people will respond to this avalanche of postcards, that is how things are in the world of art. Perhaps this is how things ought to be, too. Were it even slightly easier for artists to make ends meet, the world would be crawling with them. An unpleasant prospect, to say the least.

TAKING STOCK (May 7, 2002)

Her fifth book in the Earth's Children series just out, Jean Auel is in the spotlights. An Oregon housewife turned writer of blockbuster novels at forty, she has already sold thirty-eight million books in twenty-eight languages. And this does not include the fifth book, copies of which are already selling like hotcakes. All the reviews and interviews I have seen in the newspapers the last few days focus on the author and her unassuming background. They all miss the truly surprising bit in her success: her books are about human prehistory some twenty-thousand years ago. The last book is set in the Dordogne. Cave art, which flourished at the time, figures prominently in the book. But why do cave people attract so much interest today? Because people are beginning to suspect that the human mind is quite old and well entrenched, not to say intractable. It needs to be understood and appreciated rather than manipulated to no avail. And taking stock precedes every new beginning.

THRICE OVER (May 11, 2002)

I sit among my paintings and I wonder. If I came to this place for the first time, having never heard of these paintings, I would be stunned by them. If I heard about them and their connection with cave art, having never heard about the deepest roots of abstract art, I would be stunned twice over. But how come so many people who come here do not appear to be stunned at all? As for me, I am stunned thrice over.

PUZZLED, BEWILDERED (May 16, 2002)

The door of my office has a little gadget that can hold messages of all kinds. These are typically addressed to students. All my colleagues have the same gadget on their doors. Since the advent of electronic mail, they are used rarely, if ever. Will Hughes, my colleague and friend, has been using the message holders for drawings based on my paintings. Some are the same as my paintings, but many are not. He enjoys making the drawings, which he produces with some computer-graphics software, and which he prints out in black, white, and red on his color printer. They are now arrayed on the walls of his office, as well. Our colleagues are puzzled. What do these geometric patterns represent? Why is Will making them? As of late, he gives me batches of his drawings, which I put into the message holder on my door. What are we doing? Who is behind this? Our colleagues are becoming bewildered. Will usually sends them to me, and I send them to him. The confusion is growing. The funny thing is that Will and I believe we know what we are doing.

Addendum (June 25, 2002)

Will's children delight in his drawings. They take them to school, as well. For that purpose, he has been printing them on small cards, and children enjoy playing with them. Will told me today that he had made a drawing using green and yellow in place of the customary red. When he showed it to his ten-year-old daughter, Vicky, she burst into laughter. "I was proud of her," he said. And I am proud of Will. Indeed, only red would do beside black and white.

CAVE ART FOREVER (May 28, 2002)

Not so long ago I introduced this painter as a writer in these very pages. Actually, I introduced him twice. The first time I wrote about his *Residua* when the 1996 edition appeared in print. It was designed in Venice and printed in Ferrara. And the second time in 2000, when *Residua* appeared on the World Wide Web. It keeps unfolding there, too. But the search for "cave art" in the book on line will yield the links between the writer and the painter. He is after the roots of abstract art—that is, Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich—in the very structure of the human mind. Cave art is full of abstract images, as well. The so-called entoptic or "inner eye" forms are "wired in" just like language, according to Chomsky. They can be elicited by a variety of means leading to trance: fatigue, sensory deprivation, hyperventilation, drugs. The title of his ongoing show, *Cave Art Now*, is thus ever-so-slightly misleading. "Forever" is the word.

From Dario Dandolo's "Cave Art Now," *De natura verbalis*, Vol. XX, No. 2, Summer 2002, pp. 223-224, in Italian.

THE UNDERGROUND CITY (June 25, 2002)

Dean Zahtila from Labin Art Express visited me in Reading together with his son Viktor. He showed me many images of art projects with his LAE partner, Krešimir Farkaš. The one I find the most enchanting is the Underground City, a project to revitalize the abandoned coal mine under Labin, which is at the hub of three shafts that stretch all the way to Rabac, Plomin, and Raša, small towns several kilometers away. Claiming that they were the descendants of the miners who had formed the Labin Republic in the Twenties, LAE got a concession of the mine for twenty-five years. All kinds of attractions are envisaged for the mine, including a variety of art spaces. As soon as I learned about this project from the Public Relations Officer of Labin County, Loredana Ružić Brezac, I saw the link with cave art. I have been sending postcards to both Dean and Krešimir to their LAE address, but Krešimir has never responded to my missives. When I asked about him, it turned out he had died of overdose a couple of years ago. As he first got drunk and then

took some heroin, Dean fears this was not an accident. Whatever the case, I cannot but think of Krešimir as the first Labin shaman. Perhaps he is now hanging around the Underground City.

ON THE EMERGENCE OF FIGURATIVE ART FROM ABSTRACT ART (July 1, 2002)

The standard story about abstract art, espoused most fervently by art historians on purely formal grounds, is that it is derived from figurative art. According to this view, geometric patterns are the product of simplification of reality—that is, abstraction from it. As the primacy of abstract art cannot be disputed after the Blombos finds, the question is how figurative art has emerged. My answer, illustrated by several paintings I have just completed, is that zoomorphic and anthropomorphic images were gradually discovered while manipulating geometric patterns, such as grids, lines, and dots. This could be achieved most easily through activities such as weaving, especially basket-weaving, braiding, and the like. Here, small departures from the regular pattern can have surprising effects. Early textiles, including mats and rugs, are replete with such simple representations. The hypothesis of gradual emergence of figurative art from abstract art is testable, as well. Careful examination of the archeological record, beginning with the Blombos ochres, will in time settle this question.

Addendum (October 13, 2002)

The new book by David Lewis-Williams, *The Mind in the Cave* (London: Thames & Hudson, 2002), provides ample support for my hypothesis that figuration follows in the footsteps of abstraction. His model of human consciousness, which is at the center of his theory about the emergence of image-making, moves from waking, problem-oriented thought *via* daydreaming to the bifurcation between normal autistic states and those associated with altered states of consciousness. The latter are crucial for image-making, according to Lewis-Williams. The normal path goes from hypnagogic states to dreaming and the unconscious, whereas the path of altered states goes from the entoptic phenomena to construal and hallucination (p. 125). In the first of these stages, which is universal, people experience geometric images that include arrays of dots, parallel lines, grids, zigzags and the like (p. 126). In the next or construal stage, which is culture-specific, people try to make sense of the entoptic phenomena by elaborating them into iconic forms of object they are familiar with from daily life (p. 127). Here, geometric images are shaped into faces, bodies, objects, symbols. The third stage does not concern us here. According to Lewis-Williams, image-making appeared as people experimented with altered states of consciousness. It is associated with the development of shamanism. It thus stands to reason that this path was explored and mastered in stages, as well, as the higher stages on the path could not be reached directly. In terms of human development, thousands of years might have

separated the mastery of these stages at different geographic locations. However, the geometric images associated with the first stage of altered states of consciousness were experienced and rendered in cave art much earlier than all others.

ON THE PROHIBITION OF IMAGES (July 3, 2002)

The prohibition of images of people, animals, plants, and so on, in Judaism, Christianity, and Islam cannot but have deeper roots. The unease with images can be found in most “primitive” cultures, and it is likely that it has followed *Homo sapiens sapiens* for a good part of the species' development. Why would this be the case? Religious prohibitions are unlikely to hold the key to the puzzle for two reasons. First, they are relatively new. A few thousand years account for little in terms of the human mind. Second, they tell us more about the time the prohibition was introduced than about the underlying cause of unease with images. The simplest explanation is that the ability to both produce and properly perceive images of people, animals, plants, and so on, is relatively novel in the development of the species, and that the new skills are thus both mistrusted and found fascinating in an almost frightening sort of way. Even now, many people say with a bit of pride that they cannot draw. The long quest for ever-closer likeness between the image and reality acquires a new meaning in the context. It ran counter to an inhibition rooted in the human mind, which was later upheld and reinforced by religious authority as outright prohibition. It is interesting that abstraction “reasserted” itself precisely at the moment that figuration had finally triumphed. This was about a century ago. It is even more interesting that abstraction is associated with mysticism—that is, direct communion with the world around us, rather than its mediation through representation and interpretation. Having been “domesticated,” images are rendered powerless. The old quest thus turns to deeper structures in the human mind, which gave rise to abstraction at the outset.

ABSTRACT REALISM EXPLAINED: A LETTER TO *THE JACKDAW* (August 30, 2002)

My debate with Philip Smith in the letters to the editor of *The Jackdaw* is unfolding at a leisurely pace reminiscent of the Victorian era. It all began in the double issue of December 2001 and January 2002, where he invited artists to define art. In the February issue I argued against it, for to define is to divide, and his response appeared in the April issue. There, he attempted his own definition of art. I argued in the June issue that his definition does not encompass my own work, for instance. I declared myself an abstract realist, and offered a few words of explanation. In the September issue he wonders whether this is not a contradiction in terms. I feel that I ought to explain what I mean by abstract realism. Only then will I return to the gist of our debate.

Entoptic phenomena are many and varied. I was not referring to things one sees when one closes one's eyes and presses against them, as Philip Smith surmises. Rather, I was referring to things one can see in altered states of consciousness that can be reached by various means, from fatigue and hunger, darkness, sensory deprivation, fear, hyperventilation, to hallucinogenic drugs. Abstract images in cave art are now believed to originate in shamanistic practices leading to trance. In early stages of trance one can see regular geometric patterns, which shamans quickly rendered on cave walls. Prepared for such events, the audience experienced similar entoptic phenomena. These are ideas coming from cognitive archeology, which attempts to understand cognitive structures behind human artifacts, like cave paintings.

By sitting in a dark and quiet place for a long time, I have experienced early stages of trance on a number of occasions. Each and every time I have seen in my inner eye regular geometric images. They were always silvery-white on a sparkling-black surface. The quality of the image is reminiscent of that on a television screen. One image appears at a time. Images are rectangular, and most of them are enclosed from all sides. The simplest images would be very like windows divided into panes. A two-by-three pattern is very common. Many, but not all, images are symmetrical. Once I would see three or four such images, I would quickly draw them, and I would subsequently paint them on wooden boards. I paint the boards from both sides and place them on wooden battens that can cover walls of all shapes, rooms, entire buildings. My paintings include entoptic images I have experienced myself, those I have found in prehistoric caves, and a variety of images that I believe originated from similar experiences. One of my favorite paintings can be found in a French cave and in Mondrian's *Composition No. 2* from 1931.

Now, Philip Smith and I certainly agree about one thing: artists ought to think about their work and share these thoughts with others. That is, they ought to talk and write about their work. Perhaps more important in this context, they ought to debate their positions. Perhaps I took his original invitation to artists too narrowly when I objected to defining art. Although I still believe that definitions of art are of little use to artists, I accept that his invitation can be construed in a bit wider sense, to include more than definition as such. My own attempt to explain abstract realism may be understood as an attempt to define it broadly speaking. In this sense, but in this sense only, I very much agree with Philip Smith. And I feel grateful that *The Jackdaw* provides a platform for debate between artists.

ON DISCOVERY (September 29, 2002)

Discovery is most commonly associated with intelligence and knowledge, as well as hard work. However, one of its most important

ingredients is courage. The courage to seek, to find, to tell about it, and to live with the consequences. This takes nearly a lifetime to discover, too. Which only goes to show that courage is the least desirable ingredient of discovery—a dangerous pursuit by any reckoning.

DRUMMING, CHANTING, PAINTING (October 8, 2002)

Working on the altogether reasonable hypothesis that some sort of musical or rhythmic activity probably took place in Upper Paleolithic caves, researchers have investigated the acoustic properties of various chambers and passages. Findings suggest that resonant areas are more likely to have images than non-resonating ones. The implication is that people performed rituals involving drumming and chanting in the acoustically best areas and then followed up these activities by making images.

From David Lewis-Williams' *The Mind in the Cave: Consciousness and the Origins of Art*, London: Thames & Hudson, 2002, p. 225.

CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT: FROM AN ELECTRONIC-MAIL MESSAGE TO DAVID LEWIS-WILLIAMS (October 9, 2002)

As you will see from the title of my ongoing show at Abbot's Walk Gallery in Reading, "Cave Art Now," I am interested in "the signs of all times," to quote the title of your paper with T.A. Dawson that appeared in *Current Anthropology* in 1988. By the way, I got the paper in 1997 from Ed Wilmsen, whom you know well. I have written a good deal about cave art, as well as about your work on the subject, in my book on line, *Residua* (www.residua.org). Your last book, *The Mind in the Cave: Consciousness and the Origins of Art* (London: Thames & Hudson, 2002), is thus a delight to read, just like your seminal paper.

By way of further introduction, let me say that beside painting and writing I also teach at the University of Reading. It will not surprise you that I know Steven Mithen, whose book, *The Prehistory of the Mind: A Search for the Origins of Art, Religion, and Science* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1996), you discuss at length. Not so long ago I briefly considered taking another doctoral degree, this time in cognitive archeology. Steven would have been my dissertation supervisor of choice. However, I decided to take an early retirement instead, and dedicate myself entirely to writing and painting.

I am especially interested in the entoptic phenomena, about which you have written extensively, and the roots of Modern Art, as exemplified by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich. Parenthetically, this link was to be my dissertation topic. And here I come to my comment on your work, including your last book. Namely, contemporary art is

conspicuously absent from your discussion of “the signs of all times.” I wonder why this is so. The work of the masters of abstract art I just mentioned is replete with entoptic images that can be found in caves. Each and every one of them was interested in the so-called spiritual world. Besides, many contemporary artists would be interested in experimenting with altered states of consciousness leading to the making of such images. They would also be able to provide experimental evidence concerning the origins of art.

I would appreciate it very much if you would share with me your thoughts on contemporary art. Even off-the-record comments would be most valuable to me as an artist. And I am convinced that you must have ruminated on the subject, as well.

THE WONDER OF IT ALL (October 15, 2002)

Modern visitors to Lascaux are overwhelmed by the beauty, size, and startling preservation of so many of the images thronging the walls that “scientific” appraisal is apt to be silenced. A prominent American archeologist, who was granted twenty minutes in the cave, told me that the first half of his allotted time was rather wasted because, overcome by the wonder of it all, he viewed the art through a curtain of tears. Such is the impact of Lascaux.

From David Lewis-Williams’ *The Mind in the Cave: Consciousness and the Origins of Art*, London: Thames & Hudson, 2002, p. 237.

THE GATE TO THE WORLD OF SHAMANS (October 20, 2002)

David Lewis-Williams’ neuropsychological model of human consciousness, first put forward in 1988,[53] is at the center of his last book about cave art, *The Mind in the Cave*.[54] I will call it the Y model, as this is how it is graphically depicted in the book.[55] The alert side of the consciousness spectrum is singular. It is at the foot of the Y. This is where we find waking, problem-oriented thought, and daydreaming. The spectrum bifurcates into two spectra on its autistic side. One is labeled “normal consciousness,” and it goes from hypnagogic states to dreaming and the unconscious. The other spectrum is labeled “intensified trajectory,” and it goes from entoptic phenomena to construal and hallucinations. All the states along the three prongs of the spectrum are understood to be fluid and partially overlapping. Now, the very point of bifurcation is at the center of the Y model. This is where hypnagogic states and entoptic phenomena intersect, as it were. And this is where the entoptic images beckon to the “spirit world” of hallucinations. How did prehistoric people discover this gate? As it stands, the model offers little guidance on this point. Were the hypnagogic states not at such proximity to the entry into the “intensified

trajectory,” the *sui generis* cave in the mind, it would not have been discovered by so many cultures across the globe, leading to the ubiquity of shamanistic practices. Even more important, were this gate not so clearly marked, as it were, by a wide range of stupendous entoptic phenomena, it would not be enticing enough for those who accidentally discovered it. In other words, the intersection of the Y model is structured in a rather surprising way. It stands to reason that people—both pre-historic and modern—differ considerably in terms of their ability to discover the gate and go through it. This would depend on a range of possible interactions between hypnagogic states and entoptic phenomena in each person's case. And this is the first step toward understanding the differentiation of experience of the “intensified trajectory” built into the world of shamans. There are shamans, and then there are shamans.

IN NEW LIGHT (October 21, 2002)

On my way to London, where I am to meet David Lewis-Williams for a chat about cave art, through the train window I spot a number of horses in a field. Suddenly, I see them in new light: powerful, dignified, resourceful, cunning, free...

AN EARLY ANNOUNCEMENT (October 21, 2002)

Just met with David Lewis-Williams at his hotel in London. A man to my liking. An hour into our conversation, he proposed a gathering of anthropologists, painters, cognitive archeologists, writers, performance artists, art historians, musicians, brain scientists, and others to look into the connection between cave art and contemporary art. I jumped in at once. The place: Motovun, Istria. He pressed on. Possible funding: European Union. I moved along, or perhaps it was he again. Sponsor: Thames and Hudson, publisher of a number of books in cave art, including David's just-published book, *The Mind in the Cave*. We kept going. Possible participants: Steven Mithen, Jean Auel, James Turrell, Edward Wilson, John Berger, Jean Clottes, Elizabeth Marshall Thomas, Simon McBurney, David Whitley, David Wilson, Steven Pinker... The time: October 2004 at the latest. My mind is still reeling. The aim: to let the scientists soar and to help the artists find the ground under their feet. The name of the event: Cave Art Now. The outcome: papers, exhibitions, research projects, installations, performances, readings, concerts, experiments... We parted with fireworks in our eyes. A man to my liking, David Lewis-Williams.

HAVING SENSE OR BEING INTELLIGENT (October 25, 2002)

The sexual symbolism of rock art and the supernatural world has been alluded to numerous times. It is important here to focus on two

concepts. First, supernatural power was equated with sexual potency; thus, the shaman was believed unusually virile and, sometimes, sexually rapacious. Second, rock art sites were symbolic vaginas or wombs; entry into the supernatural world, which occurred when the shaman “entered” a rock art site, was then a kind of ritualized symbolic intercourse. The association between the shaman, supernatural power, and sexual potency rested on several facts. At a fundamental level, supernatural power was the basis for all talents, abilities, and success. Since the sexual drive is a basic human instinct, it necessarily followed that those imbued with great power should also maintain unusual virility. Whether this principle is empirically true is uncertain, yet the ethnographic literature is filled with tales of the sexual appetites and achievements of shamans. Indeed, the perceived importance of sexual potency—and especially male sexual potency—was well expressed by the Numic people. One of their terms for having sense or being intelligent, a trait strongly associated with the shaman, translates literally as “having semen.”

From David S. Whitley’s *The Art of the Shaman: Rock Art of California*, Salt Lake City: The University of Utah Press, 2000, p. 116.

TOWARD A PROPOSAL FOR A BOOK ABOUT THE LINKS BETWEEN CAVE ART AND MODERN ART: FROM AN ELECTRONIC-MAIL MESSAGE TO DAN CROWE (October 26, 2002)

Much of the book is already there. It only needs to be shaped. Back in 1997 the Hereford Salon published a little book of mine entitled *Salon: Whence and Whither? Second Lecture*. This is a proper book with ISBN code and the like, but we made only some 100 copies. It has long been out of print. The best way to get a feeling about the book is to go to the Salon website (www.herefordsalon.org), click “Publications,” and then click the book itself. There is a blurb there saying a few words about my views of abstract art, and especially Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich.

The very same web page has information about my *Residua*, another Salon publication that appeared in print in 1996. The blurb about the book also contains a nice picture of the hefty tome. The book is now available on the Web, as well (www.residua.org). The site contains about one-million words, but it has a wonderful search engine that makes it easy to navigate. The best way to get a picture of my writings about cave art and the links with modern art is to search for phrases or words like these: “cave art,” “entoptic” for entoptic phenomena, “shaman” for references to shamanism and shamanistic practices. These searches will overlap to some extent, but they will yield at least sixty relevant texts. With a bit of additional tweaking, this would add up to about thirty to forty thousand words. In short, a small book.

The book could contain photos of entoptic phenomena from Upper Paleolithic, Mesolithic, and Neolithic caves, diagrams I have prepared for the Salon book above, my paintings, and the like. The text could appear in a number of forms, including actual postcards, screen shots, color printouts of electronic postcards, which I send regularly to some two-hundred people from the art world, and color printouts of *Residua* on the Web. The whole thing could look quite interesting.

I think this is enough at this stage. A book that would boldly claim that geometric images in caves and an artist like Mondrian have much in common because of the structure of the human brain ought to have significant readership. I would love to put such a book on the map. Please pass this message to the book agent you think would be interested.

Addendum (December 10, 2002)

I was meeting a friend in Notting Hill, as I often do because I know the area well, and so I called Dan Crowe, who had recently moved to Lauren's house on Artesian Road, where he would be staying for a year or so. I told him I had a few minutes only, but that I wanted to meet his lady, an American woman also called Lauren. They were on the way out, but a few minutes they could always spare me.

Waiting for Dan's Lauren to come down, he told me about a book agent he had just met, who he thought would be interested in my writings. In particular, Dan thought the fellow would be interested in my writings about cave art. They already exchanged a few words on this topic. Of course, I was eager to meet the man. Thus my letter, written and sent the next morning. In fact, I was positively excited by the prospect.

It took Dan a while to contact the book agent, however. And it took the agent a while to contact me. Before another meeting of mine, we met in Notting Hill three weeks ago. Ivan Mulcahy is his name. I was startled at first by his pin-striped suit, but we quickly got through all the barriers. Personable, intelligent, imaginative, and well read, Ivan was a joy to talk to. But he was a bit less sanguine about my book about cave art than I had hoped. Still, we have been in touch ever since. When I let him know about my lecture about cave art at the University of East London, he replied at once that he had put the date into his calendar.

My lecture and the book are connected in my mind. In fact, yesterday I set out to produce a rough draft of the book before drafting the lecture. Both will be selections from my *Residua*, it goes without saying, but the latter will be a subset of the former. I think of the pieces I will read at the lecture as a selection from the book about cave art and its relevance today. In my mind, the book should count some thirty-thousand words plus pictures. The lecture, which should run for some forty minutes,

should not be longer than five-thousand words. The same pictures, most of which I already have, should appear in both.

Today I lit upon another idea: I should ask a few of my friends from the “Let’s Make Art!” list to help me shape the book. The lecture is a couple of months off, and Christmas is approaching. Chances are I will get a number of comments worth my trouble. Once the book is shaped, the lecture will be child's play. And so will be my quest for the publisher of my dreams, I dare say.

PSILOCYBE SEMILANCEATA (November 4, 2002)

It is known as Liberty Cap in England. Or, more affectionately, Magic Mushroom. The cap is 0.5 to 1.5 centimeters across. It is conical with a distinct sharply pointed knob on top and it is puckered at margin. Yellowish-brown, it dries ochre-buff. The stem is one to two millimeters wide and 2.5 to 7.5 centimeters high. It is white to cream, sometimes with a bluish tinge at the stem base. The flesh is cream to pallid. The gills are pale-clay at first and then dark purple-brown. It inhabits lawns, pastures, and roadsides, and is quite frequent. It has strong hallucinogenic properties, too, as suggested by its worldly name. And whence all this? My dear friends and neighbors in Reading, Cat and Nigel, helped me find a score of these mushrooms yesterday afternoon. We went to a pasture in the hills half way between Reading and Oxford. According to Nigel, about five of them will be enough to get me going in my experiments with the world of the shaman. So far, I have become familiar with entoptic phenomena, at the very root of the shaman's path. Beyond this stage there are two more, according to David Lewis-Williams: the so-called construal stage and that of full-blown hallucinations. Time to try. With science by my side.

Addendum I (November 5, 2002)

Nigel lent me a wonderful book about mushrooms, which he got from Cat. It is Roger Phillips’ *Mushrooms and Other Fungi of Great Britain and Europe*.^[56] The book contains more than nine-hundred illustrated species and about a thousand listed ones. They are classified as follows: edible, not edible, edibility suspect, edibility unknown, slightly poisonous, poisonous, deadly poisonous, and hallucinogenic. Of all the species, only three are hallucinogenic, and they all appear on one page.^[57] They are *Psilocybe cyanescens*, *Psilocybe crobulus*, and *Psilocybe semilanceata*. The first is rare, the second occasional, and the third frequent. However, hallucinogenic mushrooms as a whole are pretty rare.

In his book, Phillips treats hallucinogenic mushrooms like all the others. He does not give them any special treatment. And yet, in the introduction, which is very short, we find the following regarding the traditional fear of dangerous mushrooms:

In his revised introduction to *The Greek Myths*, Robert Graves discussed the use of hallucinogenic mushrooms in religious ceremony. Is the British attitude of deeply ingrained tradition from Druidic times that mushrooms contain magical properties and may only be eaten under the control of the Druids themselves?[58]

The Druids, the Neolithic shamans of the British isles, undoubtedly controlled the consumption of these magical mushrooms. It is fascinating that nowadays one can experiment with shamanism aided only by an abundant literature. Teachers and guides, who were essential in prehistory, can be dispensed with nowadays. Well, not entirely. For where would I be without Cat and Nigel?

Addendum II (November 6, 2002)

Yesterday afternoon I had my first experience with a drug beyond alcohol and tobacco. So far, I have touched not even marijuana, let alone anything more fanciful. Having had a light lunch at noon, including mushroom soup and a glass of wine, I had nothing else the entire afternoon. At 16:25 I started boiling the mushrooms. Although Nigel suggested only five of them, I went for seven because a few were rather small. At 16:45 the "tea" was finished. I poured it into a cup together with the mushrooms and added a bit of cold water to cool it. A minute later I ate the mushrooms and washed them down with the water in which they were boiled. The taste and smell were very faint but definitely mushroomy.

I went to my livingroom and put on a compact disk with Nubian oud music. I sat on a cushion between the two large windows, so that I could see all my paintings in front of me. To my right rested a notebook and a ball-point pen. I took careful notes of my experiences. By 17:00 there was no discernible effect, but I felt a great calm descend on me, as well as an intense pleasure to be surrounded by my paintings. A few minutes later, I found myself staring at them ever more intently. They appeared to me to be somewhat more three-dimensional than usually. Their physicality appeared exaggerated. The battens supporting the wooden boards were especially dominant. By 17:15 I felt a bit sleepy, but I realized that might be due to intense staring.

Around 17:25 I began to be annoyed by the sounds of the street behind me. The daycare center next door was closing, and parents were coming to pick up their children. Car doors were slamming. Children were crying. Parents were yapping with each other. All this was increasingly jarring. I realized I should have been far away. Far from people, traffic, civilization... At 17:30 the first compact disk was over, but I did not wish to listen to music any longer. I left several disks within easy reach, but I quickly decided against them. Instead, I picked up my variable-pitch drum and started tapping on it with my eyes closed.

I was tapping a very simple rhythm: toom-ta-ta, toom-ta-ta... The first tap was of higher pitch, and the second two of lower pitch, sounding quite flat. This pattern was very soothing. The drumming occasionally sounded as though it was coming from somewhere else. A few times I opened my eyes to check if I was still alone. I stopped drumming at 17:50 although the rhythm was most calming. While drumming, I felt it would continue even if I stopped. Of course, it did not. However, all other sounds became even more annoying. As luck would have it, this was Guy Fawkes Night, and I could hear all kinds of loud noises out there. I thus returned to drumming at 18:00. Because my eyes were closed most of the time, the room felt ever brighter and the paintings ever more vivid. Tapping on the drum helped block out the jarring sounds of the world behind my back, but I was ever more convinced that the right sort of place for this sort of quest would be far, far from everything. Indeed, a silent cave would be just perfect.

I occasionally checked whether I was drumming too loudly, for I did not wish to annoy my neighbors, but I always discovered that I was tapping on the drum with the lightest possible touch. I realized all the sounds had become intensified. Feeling hungry, I got up at 18:20 and went to the icebox in search of something to eat. I had some of my spicy sauce with rice, which I cooked the previous day. It was as delicious as ever, but I was surprised by the crunch of my jaws. My chewing produced all kinds of sounds I have heard never before. Back in the livingroom at 18:25, I realized that seven mushrooms was not enough for my experiment. The next time, most likely two days hence, I would take the remaining thirteen mushrooms all at once.

As I kept tapping on the drum, never varying my simple rhythm, I started hearing a high-pitched echo. Once again, the drumming sounded as though it was coming from someplace else. At 18:50, some two hours into my experiment, I decided to quit. I felt the effect of mushrooms was wearing off. Although I was still hyper-sensitive to sounds of all kinds, I had experienced no visual effects to boast about. Most of what I saw with my eyes closed were after-images of my own paintings, and especially entire arrays of them. However, the drumming was divine. The color and intensity of sound were truly wonderful. At 18:55 I uncorked a bottle of Côtes du Rhône and tucked into rice with my sauce.

When I returned to my drum at 19:10, I found that the simple rhythm I was enjoying so much a short while ago was no longer enough. Toom-ta-ta, toom-ta-ta, was still soothing, but I would soon depart from it and relish more complicated rhythmic patterns. Also, my drumming became louder. I went at the drum with force. By 19:30 I was sure the experiment was over, but I felt quite eager to resume it within a few days. So far, so good.

Addendum III (November 8, 2002)

Just like a few days ago, yesterday I had a light lunch, but this time I had onion soup. This was around noon, and I had nothing else hence. Having boiled the remaining thirteen mushrooms for twenty minutes, at 14:55 I ate them and drank the “tea.” This time I went to my bedroom, drew the curtains, closed the door, and sat on the floor. The floor and the walls are covered with oriental carpets, thus muffling all the sounds from the outside. A small reading lamp lit one of the Tibetan *thang-ka* in the corner. A notebook and pen were to my right, and my drum to my left. I closed my eyes and concentrated.

By 15:10 I could feel no effect of the mushrooms. I felt very clam, though. I picked up the drum and gave it a few gentle taps, but it sounded as usual. Thus I put it down and closed my eyes again. When I opened my eyes at 15:15, I found myself staring. Whenever I would close my eyes, the after-images would linger longer than usual. This stayed with me for a few hours. The hyper-sensitivity to sound returned by 15:20. Noticing more pronounced sounds from the outside, I picked up the drum again. The sound was different, indeed. Deep, resonant, it filled the room. Gentle tapping was very soothing once again: toom-ta-ta, toom-ta-ta... By 15:25 I felt a bit sleepy, but I continued drumming with my eyes closed. The drum sounded ever louder. Once again, I found myself repeatedly checking whether I was using too much force, and repeatedly established that my tapping was very gentle. I tried different rhythms, but they were still quite simple: too-ta-toom, too-ta-toom... At 15:30 I stopped drumming for a while. I closed my eyes and concentrated.

When I looked around at 15:40, the *thang-ka* looked so much brighter and vivid than before. Even though I was sitting quite far from it, I could see every detail, too. The painting's color seemed to pervade the entire room. Everything was bathing in a pink-orange light, which seemed to emanate from it. I started experimenting with more complex rhythms at 15:50, and they came to me more easily than the first time I had experimented with mushrooms. The sounds of the drum were improbably deep and resonant. Looking around at 16:00, I was amazed by the *thang-ka*. Even though I could clearly see the lamp in front of it, it appeared that the light radiated from the painting itself. The pink-orange glow was quite intense. Although I knew the light in the room was muted, if not outright dim, At 16:10 I could see very well the patterns on the Khazak carpet on which I was sitting. They were sharp and strong. I enjoyed staring at them. Looking around the carpet I picked out various patterns in the sequence in which they present themselves to me: animals, birds, people with raised arms, trees, flowers, sundry geometric figures...

By 16:15 I became rather sleepy and it became pleasing to slump forward as I sat cross-legged with my eyes shut. From time to time, I saw parallel lines arranged in a horizontal rectangle, but the image was not sharp. It was fleeting, too. My stomach seemed to be quite active, but I would not say it was also upset. I was yawning a lot, I noticed at

16:30. Nothing special seemed to be happening, but I kept being amazed at the intensity of light coming from the *thang-ka*. The sound of a car starting up and driving away from the parking lot in the back of the house annoyed me no end. In fact, it broke my concentration. All sounds from the outside were jarring in the extreme. Thus I picked up my drum once again, so as to block out all the sounds. However, I dropped the drum at 16:45 one more time. I repeatedly picked it up and dropped it... I noticed that my belly was unusually warm. Actually, it was burning, whereas the rest of my body was not. By this time my stomach did feel slightly upset.

I got up at 16:55 and walked to the window. Peering through the curtain, I saw it was dusk already. By this time I began to realize that my second experiment was going nowhere. The experience of sound and light was intensified. Light appeared to come out of the painting itself, and the sound appeared to pervade the entire room. But that was all. Although my stomach felt a bit funny, at 17:00 I decided to go down to the kitchen and cook some rice, which I would eat with my fabulous sauce. I decided to uncork another bottle of Côtes du Rhône, as well.

Having eaten my fill, I was back in my bedroom at 17:45. I brought a glass of wine with me as a matter of course. The light in the room was still intense, and so was the sound of the drum, but my drumming was different than before. It was faster, louder, and more intricate than an hour earlier. At 17:55 I lighted a candle in front of the other *thang-ka* in my room to celebrate another failure on the shaman's path. Perhaps Cat and Nigel will be kind enough to take me to another mushroom hunt before the season of *Psilocybe semilanceata* is over.

Addendum IV (December 9, 2002)

I did not manage to hook up with Nigel and Cat, but they went mushroom-hunting by themselves a couple of weeks ago. They were quite successful this time, and they brought me some fifty mushrooms of all sizes. When I got them, they were already dried. However, yesterday was the first time I could return to my experiment in peace. It was Sunday, too. I decided to go for the whole lot at once. This was to be my last attempt, and I did not wish to blow it. However, I decided to prepare the "tea" a bit differently than before. This time I put the mushrooms in cold water, brought it to a boil, and let the concoction cool down. I figured that I might have boiled them for too long on the two previous occasions.

I ate the mushrooms and drank the tea at 16:35. Earlier in the day I had a light lunch and a few glasses of wine. Then I retired to my bedroom. It was dark already. Once again, I drew the curtains and closed the door to keep noises down, and I lit only the small lamp shedding light on one of the *thang-ka*. Then I sat on the floor and waited. I picked up my drum at 16:45, but I put it down soon afterwards. I could feel no effect of the mushrooms yet. However, I noticed by 16:50 that I was beginning

to stare, as well as that my vision appeared to improve considerably. Like before, after-images became much more intense. I was aware of the fact that I was also becoming used to relative darkness, but the improvement in vision was noticeable nevertheless. I also felt calm. I returned to the drum at 16:55, and the sound was now richer, deeper. Still, I put it down after a few minutes.

By 17:00 the light began changing intensity. It became unsteady. It would wax and wane rather than flicker. All colors and patterns began intensifying by 17:10. I felt there was a lot of light around me. I also felt that my facial muscles were tightening, rigidifying. I started yawning, like last time. My stomach started feeling a bit funny, too. It felt bloated. I returned to the drum at 17:15. It felt soothing, but I gave it up after five minutes because I felt that I should focus on other, new things. The light attracted me. It was pink-orange and very intense, just like the last time. Writing into my notebook was not a problem even in the shade of my right leg.

Less than an hour into the experiment, at 17:25, I realized that this time it was for real. But the question was what to do with it. I am not a passive observer only. I could play an active part, as well. But what part? That question followed me through the entire experience. I noticed at 17:30 that everything in my room was so bright that I had to squint when looking at the *thang-ka*, which appeared to bring all the light to the room. The Khazak carpet on which I was sitting appeared to ripple every once in a while. And so did the other carpets on the floor and on the walls. I was staring around like a drunk, I noticed at 17:40. The carpets around me occasionally crawled and bulged. But the rôle of the mere observer felt increasingly unpalatable. I felt like stopping writing and dedicating myself to my experience. I felt like plunging into it. But I also knew this was not a good idea, for I was alone.

More and more often I would catch myself staring at the *thang-ka*, the source of all light. I noticed at 17:50 that it occasionally looked three-dimensional. Certain figures would gain depth, but only for a brief while. At times, some of the figures would appear to move. This delighted me, but I felt quite odd. I knew I was in the grips of the mushrooms, but I still felt odd. I was not sure whether my stomach was upset. I was yawning all the time. Most important, I felt that my entire body was tense, rigid. My stomach muscles were especially tense. I noticed at 18:00 that my visual field was quite active whenever I closed my eyes. I could see swirling forms, like animated carpets. I could also see a great deal of vertical parallel lines, but they were on the move all the time. From time to time the parallel lines would fold to form swastikas, which would fold onto themselves and float by. I realized at 18:50 that I could let myself sink into these patterns if only I had someone else with me. In that case I could stop being the observer myself. I could float away.

I was fully aware of the fact that the light in the room was steady, but by 18:10 it appeared to me to be like that of a bright candle. The light was swaying, twisting, but never flickering. Everything around me, and especially in the peripheral field of vision, was moving, bulging, folding, breathing. I was becoming aware by 18:15 that I was making grimaces all the time. From the facial muscles that were very tense, I felt I must have looked angry or belligerent, but this was not how I felt. When I would stare very intently, I noticed at 18:20, I would also stop breathing. I would become all eyes. I would go still. By 18:30 I started feeling tired because of the muscular tension. My stomach was in a knot, and so was my face. Whenever I would become aware of the tension, I would consciously relax, but the tension would return as soon as I focused on something else.

I went to pee at 18:35. I was a bit unsteady on my feet, but I managed the whole thing quite well. That was comforting. I could move around at will, I realized. At 18:40, two hours into the experiment, I felt like curling up on the carpet and letting go, but I did not dare do that. I did not dare turn off the light, either. Alone, I felt a bit exposed. With a mate, someone I could really trust, I would feel safe to take off. I noticed at 18:45 that I was tensing my stomach muscles so much and for so long that it could not but be good for my looks. The thought made me laugh. By 18:50 I realized I could best describe the muscular tension as a fever of sorts. I was feverish, indeed. On occasion I would tremble a bit. If I did not tense my muscles, I would feel nauseous. My stomach was hot from all the muscular activity. The tension also made me fart, and farts made me laugh.

The right way to take mushrooms, I jotted into my notebook around 19:00, is to have a trusted mate by one's side and then let oneself go. Really let go. What if I vomited or beshat myself? Like dying, taking mushrooms should be an act of reaching for freedom. Come to think of it, is this where Liberty Cap's name comes from? But there was no-one with me. Without this kind of support, I felt stranded. Yawning a lot, still very much under the influence, I went down to the kitchen at 19:05. I wanted to see how it felt. And I was fine. I could manage. I returned to my room at 19:15 feeling a bit shaky on my feet. My stomach was still in a clinch, but I felt that I was past the peak of the experience. To wit, I managed to stay in control, but that was precisely where the problem was. To get anywhere, I must let go. Again, that means not being alone. Or, I realized, this might be something that comes from experience—to let go and to stay on top of it at the same time. Only experience could get you there. At any rate, I remained far from the right combination of the two. I was too good at control and too poor at letting go.

At 19:30 I felt safe enough to turn the light off. Ten minutes later I turned the light on again. There was not much to report, except intense annoyance at all external sounds—cars maneuvering near the house, doors slamming, people talking. I also felt a bit chilled from all the

muscle contractions. Three hours into the experiment, I could tell that the mushrooms would be with me for another hour or so. I decided to go back to the kitchen at 19:45 and to call it a day. I drank a cup of chamomile tea before going to bed. My last hope was that I would have interesting dreams.

This was not to be, though. This morning I do not remember any dreams, for that matter. However, I had hard time going to sleep because of the patterns that kept twirling and twisting before my eyes. Everything I saw was like on a screen. I was unable to get into that shifting world, as it were, but I could watch it from the outside. I saw mostly grids of very fine grain that moved and folded all the time. Some of the grids felt scaly as they slithered past. The others were thin, web-like. The colors were delicate and subdued. It all looked like computer graphics, I realized at the time. Even when nothing was “on” in front of me, I could see that my field of vision was bulging, rippling, folding all the time.

This morning I can only say that *Psilocybe semilanceata* has taught me a few good lessons, but that the most important one is about the fine balance between control and letting go. This is where apprenticeship must have been essential to the shaman. Learning about the shaman’s world by oneself is not impossible, but it is certainly difficult. Perhaps too difficult, but I will persist. Who knows, one day I may find an apprentice?

VERY MUCH INTERESTED (November 5, 2002)

David Lewis-Williams gave me David Whitley’s electronic-mail address. Having read his recent book, *The Art of the Shaman: Rock Art of California* (Salt Lake City: The University of Utah Press, 2000), I sent him an electronic-mail message inviting him to the Cave Art Now gathering in October 2004. I found his response this morning. “First,” he wrote, “I would be very much interested in participating in your proposed meeting.” But then he continued:

Second, and related to its topic, I have been very intrigued by Wasily Kandinsky, his work with Siberian shamans and the effects of this on his art and art theory, and of course his own influence on the course of “modern” art and design. (And even before his work with shamans, which precipitated his move into non-figurative painting, he wrote a paper for a German psychology journal on the entoptic phenomena associated with migraine headaches.) In my view this suggests that art has finally come full-circle, from its initial internal inspiration back to that same place, after a journey of some 33,000 years. (Somewhere I have

written on Kandinsky and his relationship to cave art but,
at the moment, I can't remember where or when.)

I wrote back at once and with enthusiasm. I pointed out the connections between both Kandinsky and Mondrian and Helena Blawatsky, a spiritualist of note around the turn of the last century. I added that Malevich, as well, was very much interested in spiritualism of his time. And I mentioned that I recently considered undertaking another Ph.D. to explore the links between the masters of abstract art and cave art. I concluded my message by saying that it now appears that the gathering will take off, as a number of good people are interested, but that we will have to be very careful about the dates. In fact, this is what Steven Pinker wrote to me a few days ago.

MEDICINE MEN AND PAINTERS (November 7, 2002)

An understanding of the activities of Bushman medicine men is essential to an interpretation of the art, because some of the medicine men were probably also painters. One early writer was told of a highly respected man who was both a painter and “a great rain doctor,” and I do not believe he was the only one. Some depictions indeed show supernatural entities and events which are said to be seen only by medicine men; these include the potency which the medicine men harness, the evil which they expel from their bodies and the capture of the “rain animal.” The details in such paintings suggest very strongly that they were painted by those who actually experienced the hallucinations of trance rather than by others to whom medicine men described their experiences. Of course, this evidence does not mean that every medicine man was a painter or that every painter was a medicine man.

From David Lewis-Williams' *The Rock art of Southern Africa*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983, p. 21.

ON PATTERN EXAGGERATION (November 25, 2002)

Organisms get pleasure from things that promoted the fitness of their ancestors, such as the taste of food, the experience of sex, the presence of their offspring, and the attainment of know-how. Some forms of visual pleasure in natural environments may promote fitness, too. As people explore an environment, they seek patterns that help them negotiate it and take advantage of its content. The patterns include well-delineated regions, improbable but informative features like parallel and perpendicular lines, and axes of symmetry and elongation. All are used by the brain to carve the visual field into surfaces, group the surfaces into objects, and organize the objects so people can recognize the next time they see them. Vision researchers such as David Marr, Roger Shepard, and V.S. Ramachandran have suggested that the pleasing

visual motifs used in art and decoration exaggerate these patterns, which tell the brain that the visual system is functioning properly and analyzing the world accurately. By the same logic, tonal and rhythmic patterns in music may tap into mechanisms used by the auditory system to organize the world of sound.

From Steven Pinker's *The Blank Slate: The Modern Denial of Human Nature*, London: Allen Lane, 2002, p. 405.

Addendum (January 22, 2003)

Tibetan lamas, in chanting their rituals, employ seven or eight sorts of musical instruments: big drums, cymbals (commonly of brass), conch shells, bells (like the hand-bells used in the Christian Mass Service), timbrels, small clarinets (sounding like Highland bagpipes), big trumpets, and human thigh bone trumpets. Although the combined sounds of these instruments is far from melodious, the lamas maintain that they psychically produce in the devotee an attitude of deep veneration and faith, because they are counterparts of the natural sounds which one's own body is heard producing when the fingers are put in the ears to shut out external sounds. Stopping the ears thus, there are heard a thudding sound, like that of a big drum being beaten; a clashing sound, as of cymbals; a southing sound as of a wind moving through a forest or as when a conch shell is being blown; a ringing as of bells; and a sharp tapping sound, as of a thigh-bone trumpet.

From *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, Book I, Part II, compiled and edited by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000 (first published in 1927), p. 128 (fn).

IN PRAISE OF THE MURUNG (November 25, 2002)

Listening to an orchestra of ritual mouth-organs of the Murung from western Bangladesh.[59] The Murung have not succumbed to Hinduism, Islam, or Christianity. Semi-nomadic farmers descending from hunter-gatherers, they worship spirits. The eleven mouth-organs or *plung* in the orchestra are tuned on a pentatonic scale. The polyphonic music alternates between free and regular rhythms. It is repetitive. It is monotonous. It goes on for ever. But it is far from boring. The pulsating waves of warbling sounds are mesmerising. The Murung have not succumbed to harmony, melody, or development, either. Their musicians do not dilly-dally—they take you straight to the world of spirits.

SENSORY DEPRIVATION GOES COMMERCIAL (November 28, 2002)

Google is a wonderful plaything. If you search for “sensory deprivation” on the World Wide Web, you quickly find all kinds of things. Among them, you will find an Australian company that makes float tanks, aptly named Float Tank Australia or FTA (www.floattank.com). Their pride is the Apollo Float System, which is described as follows:

The Apollo float tank is a light-proof, sound-insulated capsule which contains a shallow pool of thirty centimeters of twenty-five percent saturated Epsom Salts solution, which is five times denser and more buoyant than sea water. Lying back, you float effortlessly on the surface with all parts of your body firmly supported. Your muscles no longer have to fight against the constant downward push of gravity, the single greatest cause of wear and tear to bones, joints and body tissue. As muscle tension melts away, you find yourself floating weightless and free, like an astronaut in zero gravity conditions.

The pleasures and perks of the modern float tank are based on a revolutionary scientific approach to deep relaxation called Restricted Environmental Stimulation Technique or REST for short, first developed back in 1954 by researchers at the NIMH (National Institute of Mental Health) in Washington, DC.

During the past twenty years the remarkable effects of the float tank have been systematically studied and applied in such areas as health care, medicine, fitness training, sports science, and education. Meanwhile, floating has caught on in America, Australia and, more recently, Europe and Asia as a powerfully productive and creative form of recreation in its own right.

And how does this work? Here is the explanation provided by the FTA’s excellent website:

Scientists estimate that up to ninety percent of the brain's normal workload is caused by the effects of routine environmental stimulation the combined effects of gravity, temperature, touch, light and sound on the muscles, nervous system and sense organs of the body. The float tank screens out these external physical stimuli, creating a pure state of “sensory” relaxation. Under these unique conditions your body has a chance to restore its natural powers of self-regulation, while you simply lie

back and rediscover the latent abilities of a deeply relaxed mind.

While you are floating, your ears are below the surface of the solution, cutting out external sounds. Many people, however, find that gentle ambient music accelerates and intensifies the relaxation process. The Apollo's powerful underwater speaker system creates the feeling that you are floating in a sea of music, enhancing the rich dream-like quality of the experience.

The temperature inside the capsule is kept at a constant 34.5 degrees Celsius, or relaxed skin temperature. As a result, the nerve endings that cover the surface of the skin no longer perceive any sense of separation between the skin and the silky mineral solution surrounding it. In the dark, weightless tranquility of the Apollo float tank, the boundaries of your body seem to dissolve and vanish. As you enter progressively deeper levels of relaxation, even your body seems to “disappear” from conscious awareness because of the sharp reduction in signals being transmitted through the nervous system to the brain. Free from all external stimulation, your body can achieve a state of relaxation that is deeper, purer and more beneficial than sleep. With no body to look after, your mind can attend to other business.

This is what floating is all about, after all. And here is what we can learn about the floating mind on the website itself:

Although your body enters a level of physical relaxation that is even deeper than sleep, in the tank your mind remains awake and dreamily alert, just above the threshold of sleep. Large areas of the brain are suddenly liberated from their normal workload of processing signals from the nervous system and sense organs. There is a sharp drop in the level of electrical activity of the brain (measured on an EEG) from the usual 20-25 Hz down to 4-8 Hz. EEG readings show a slow, rhythmic wave pattern known as the “theta state.”

This is a twilight zone of creative, inspirational thought processes, where your learning abilities are at their highest and powers of visualization and auto-suggestion are greatly enhanced. Measurements of the brain waves produced by experienced Zen meditators in deep *satori* show large amounts of theta activity across the cortex. For most people, however, the theta state is almost impossible to enter without falling asleep. In the tank you enter this elusive state effortlessly and enjoyably, and

stay in it for most of the float session. Time seems to vanish.

EEG measurements on floaters show that the level of activity in the two hemispheres of the brain also becomes more balanced and synchronized. This can produce a subtle shift in awareness away from the normally dominant “left-brain” thought patterns (logical, linear, analytical, detailed) towards the more intuitive, synthetic and large-scale thought modes of the “right-brain.” The tank does not inhibit the left hemisphere, but simply changes its role from one of dominance to one of partnership with the other hemisphere, enabling floaters to use all their mental powers.

Not once are hallucinogenic effects of flotation mentioned in this anodyne account of sensory deprivation, but that is what the whole thing is really about. The above text ends with a short paragraph to the effect that Apollo float tanks are easy to install and operate, and that they are a valuable asset for resorts, fitness centers, sports clubs, hotels, beauty salons, massage practices, natural healing centers, hospitals, medical practices, universities, recreational complexes, and private homes. The price of the system is about thirty-thousand Australian dollars. So, go for it. Most important, it is legal!

“*MEHR LICHT*” (December 2, 2002)

Thus Goethe with his last breath. Light is good, darkness is bad. Just like life and death. Light is God's province, darkness is the Satan's. Or is it? If light reveals what is around you, darkness reveals what is within you. You yourself. And your demons. But I will compromise, out of respect for the dying man: “Less light.” A single torch, lamp, candle, lantern. And a flickering, tenuous, wily one. One rich with darting shadows. And bursting fears. One promising eventual extinction. *Pace* Goethe, but less is more, as we have learned in the meanwhile.

Addendum (December 3, 2002)

I wrote these words only last night, just before going to sleep, but this morning, soon upon waking, I already feel like explaining the background of my petulant dispute with one of the giants of the Enlightenment. I was thinking of a shaman's apprentice on a quest—a rite of passage. A brave but jittery soul descending alone into a cave. Plunging alone into the teeming depths of another world. I was thinking of the stone-hewn oil-lamp sputtering in his or her hand. And the untold wonders of the apprentice's throbbing mind to be encountered on the way.

THE SIGNS OF ALL TIMES, INCLUDING OURS (December 5, 2002)

Arnd Schneider called today. He invited me to give a talk about cave art and its relevance today at a research seminar in anthropology, which he runs at the University of East London. Among other things, the seminar explores the intersection of anthropology and art. We quickly agreed on the date: February 5, 2003. I will have an hour, of which some forty minutes will go to the talk itself and twenty minutes to discussion. And we quickly agreed on the title of my talk: "The Signs of All Times, Including Ours." Then I sent an electronic-mail message to David Lewis-Williams to tell him about the talk and its felicitous title. "The Signs of All Times" was the title of his seminal paper with T.A. Dawson, published in *Current Anthropology* in 1988, which focused on entoptic phenomena since prehistoric times. All that paper needs is a finishing touch—the inclusion of Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich. I just received his response. As I expected, he very much agrees with me.

Addendum (December 6, 2002)

Many people on my "Let's Make Art!" list have perked up since I circulated this piece yesterday morning. For better or worse, the topic of cave art is now well received among the people from the world of art. But Billy Childish is not amused by my boast. "Smug git!" he wrote back. "Yup!" I responded this morning. And smug is the word. As I always say, Billy has a way with words.

JUST AS I SAW IT (December 7, 2002)

Before I got up this morning I had two or three dreams. Each was quite short, or so it appeared to me. I must have been in and out of them in quick succession. I still remember only one of these dreams. I got a call on my mobile phone from a fellow who said that we had known each other in highschool in Belgrade. I could not remember his name, though. When I came out of that dream, I realized that I saw his last name—something like Vojić or Kojić—on the screen of my phone, which would be impossible if I did not have his phone number in my address book already. The last such dream I do not remember at all, but something interesting happened as I was waking up. It was as though the center of a film screen suddenly went blank and a simple geometric figure appeared in the middle of the white field. For a brief while I could see the edges of the "screen," which was in color. The figure was rendered in thin, straight, black lines, as though carefully drawn in ink with a ruler. It was a rectangle lying on its longer side. A horizontal line divided it into two fields of equal size, and the top field was again divided in two by a vertical line. A two-by-three grid lying on its longer side was suspended in the middle of the lower field. "I do not like this," I thought as the entoptic form faded in front of me, "but I will still paint it on one of my boards just as I saw it." Then I realized this was a first,

for all the other geometric figures I had seen were always in the negative—white on black. And then I jotted what I saw into a notebook that is always ready by the side of my bed.

KANDINSKY *VERSUS* KLEE (January 13, 2003)

Why does Kandinsky at his most popular look like Klee at his least?

LOGICALLY (January 15, 2003)

Adults and children sometimes have boards in their bedrooms or livingrooms on which they pin pieces of paper: letters, snapshots, reproductions of paintings, newspaper cuttings, original drawings, postcards. On such boards all the images belong to the same language and all are more-or-less equal within it, because they have been chosen in a highly personal way to match and express the experience of the room's inhabitant. Logically, these boards should replace museums.

From John Berger's *Ways of Seeing*, London: British Broadcasting Corporation and Penguin Books, 1972, p. 30.

Addendum (January 16, 2003)

By extension, such boards should also replace television shows, exhibitions, novels, public lectures...

ORIGINAL, COPY (January 22, 2003)

I sent a draft of my new book, *Cave Art Now*, to about a dozen friends in the world of art and asked them for comments. Many have obliged me, and the book is now better for it. One of them is Goran Djordjević, director of Salon de Fleurus in New York. He begins by wondering whether cave art is art at all, but he closes his comments with a poignant question: "Is a copy of an abstract painting—by, say, Mondrian—an abstract painting, as well?" As soon as I read his message, I recalled one of his early projects. This must have been in the late 1970s. He went to the National Museum in Belgrade, where they have a fine Mondrian from the early 1930s, planted an easel in front of it, and got himself photographed while meticulously copying the painting. I do not think he wore a beret at the time, but it would not have been out of character. A realist to boot, Goran.

TOWARD AN APOLOGY IN ADVANCE (February 2, 2003)

For my lecture at the University of East London about the ties between cave art and contemporary art, I made a selection of texts from a new book, *Cave Art Now*, itself a selection from my *Residua*. In addition, I made a selection of slides that had been prepared for my previous lectures on the subject. I have been reading the text aloud and viewing the slides for a few days. Every now and then I add or subtract a piece of writing or a slide, but such changes are becoming quite rare. And I am enjoying myself ever more. However, the closer I get to a lecture to my liking, the more I lose track of my audience. God only knows what the good people will make of it. Alas, one always ends up by talking to oneself!

Addendum (February 23, 2003)

Ditto for the book, of course.

Sundry Afterthoughts

FRAGMENTS UPON FRAGMENTS (May 20, 2003)

Using his computer, Will Hughes has been playing for a year or so with patterns he first saw on my boards. My friend and colleague from the University of Reading with whom I share most lunches, he has become fascinated with entoptic images and their rôle in art, beginning with cave art, which I could not stop telling him about. His early compositions borrowed as heavily from my work as I have borrowed from the work of others, as well as from ornaments and characters from many an alphabet, but he has long been doing his own thing. Most important, he finds tremendous joy in his exploration. That joy is visible in his compositions. Early on, he printed his black-white-and-red patterns on A4 paper, but then he started experimenting with smaller formats. The size of business cards, his batches of cards are a marvel to flip through, arrange in rows and columns, compare and contrast, and divide into groups. Will's children have taken them to school, and other children have enjoyed playing with them, also. At first he printed the cards on his own color printer, but now he is going for the real thing. The first batch of thirty-two cards is about to be produced by a printing shop, and other batches are likely to follow. At the moment, he is going for one thousand batches. He will use them as calling cards of sorts. But the last step he has taken is the most exciting. His new website (www.efragments.com), which will eventually contain both his compositions and his writings, has just come on line. Quite a site it is, too. Will's compositions can be seen either arrayed in rows and columns, or one by one, each one projected on the entire screen. Strong and cheerful, they bring Will to a well-travelled path. Simple and clean, they betray little of the toil that goes into their making with the help of computer software. Inscrutable and powerful, they point to the beginning of time. Fragments upon fragments, breaking apart and recombining ever anew...

IN PRAISE OF DECORATIVE ART (August 10, 2003)

When I talk about my painting, and when I make a particular emphasis on the continuity of entoptic forms that underlie it, people sometimes

ask me for evidence of this continuity. Even when they grant me the link between cave art and abstract art that has surfaced a century ago, they are at a loss with the intervening period. At this point I remind them of the so-called primitive art across the globe, as well as the decorative art in our own culture. The rub is that decorative art is not recognized as “real” art any longer. In fact, since about a century ago all ornament has been devalued to the point of ridicule. My argument thus falls on deaf ears or blind eyes. Therefore, the task is to bring decorative patterns back to the world of art, and thus make them “visible” once again. Indeed, this is precisely what many of my paintings strive to accomplish.

MIT’S NEW LOGO (September 15, 2003)

MIT has a new logo, which is very much to my liking. It is bold, and it vaguely suggests the world of science and engineering, the Institute’s proud domain. Still, it is not bold enough. It does not go deep enough into the human mind, either. To wit, it is an entoptic form, albeit a flawed one. The connection with my paintings came to me at first glance. The logo fits into a four-by-six grid, so typical of my compositions. It could fit into such a grid, that is. Yet, the actual logo is too squat for its width. The vertical dimension is someplace between three and four. It is neither here nor there. This is the logo’s fatal flaw. Were it inscribed into a well-formed grid, it would allow for all kinds of interpretations. It would allow for much play. And it would stretch all the way down to cave art. Chances are its designers were innocent of entoptic forms. And my paintings, of course.

Addendum I (January 3, 2004)

I found the new logo in the *Technology Review* of September 2003, and I sent this piece to the editor. By way of explanation, I attached a couple of images of my paintings. A few days later, I also sent the “corrected” version of the logo, rendered beautifully by Ivan Pesic, my old friend from Belgrade who now lives in Los Angeles. The piece appeared in the Alumni Letters Section of the December 2003/January 2004 issue of MIT’s magazine of innovation, but minus my pictures or the four-by-six logo. Still, I got a kick out of the attribution following the letter: “Ranko Bon, Ph.D. ’75, Motovun, Croatia.” I got a kick out of seeing Motovun in print, that is.

Addendum II (October 10, 2007)

More than four years ago, when I wrote the original piece, I had no idea I would paint MIT’s logo one day. In fact, such a painting would be inconceivable to me back then. The idea came to me only a few weeks ago, in a playful sort of way. And today I actually painted my version of the logo. On the other side of the painting I put something that looks very like the Millennium Bug. It just happened this way, though,

without any connection to my *alma mater* of choice. Anyhow, the logo feels at home on my wall. It is time to take a few pictures of the new painting and send them to the *Technology Review* once again. The editor will be quite delighted, I am sure. This time around, my version of MIT's logo may well appear in the Alumni Letters Section.

BIN ENDS (October 27, 2003)

In the Bin Ends section of the last issue of *The Jackdaw* (No. 33, November 2003), which arrived this morning, I immediately spot a single-line item saying that the ancient Aboriginal cave art at Ayer's Rock or Uluru in Central Australia is being damaged by graffiti sprayed by tourists. Blood surges through my brain. The fuckers should be eaten alive! But I calm down at once without succumbing to despair. Nothing of essence can ever be lost. It is safely lodged between our ears and reproduced from generation to generation. It will be there if and when it is needed.

Addendum (August 3, 2018)

Looking at the paintings that surround me in my livingroom, I am not concerned about their future. Although they are marked by my own experience on earth, each one of them is bound to pop up again and again all over the planet of my birth. That is how they have popped up in my own brain, after all. To my joy, I am among those regaled with the immortal gift of my species. All I am concerned about at this stage of my life is that I remain surrounded by these very paintings till my last breath. What will happen to them afterwards is none of my business, anyhow. Which is why I am delighted by the title of this piece. It spells out in no uncertain terms my own feelings toward my legacy. Bin ends for true. Residua, that is. Alleluia!

DIRECT ACCESS (November 19, 2003)

When you lie down on large cushions on the wooden floor of my livingroom, which doubles as the main attraction of Ca' Bon Gallery, you realize it is most appropriate for the exhibition of my abstract paintings. Its ceiling is an entoptic form, that is. Roughly eight meters in length and four in breadth, it has twelve wooden beams running parallel to the shorter side of the ceiling. Like all the other wooden surfaces in the house, the roughly-hewn beams are painted gray. The ceiling itself is white, as are the walls. Various patterns composed of parallel lines are everywhere on my paintings. The ceiling that cave artists of old could only dream about. And direct access to the sky!

Addendum (October 17, 2018)

Not surprisingly, my livingroom ceiling ended up among my paintings less than a year after this piece was penned. As a matter of fact, it was the fourth painting I came up with after my move to Motovun. Since it had to fit into the grid emblematic of all the entoptic paintings from this period, there are only seven parallel lines in it rather than twelve. But the likeness is still unmistakable, which makes the painting yet another of my many jokes on abstraction. So many years later, I love to stare at it, and especially while I am lying on the floor near the fireplace. Now I stare at the ceiling, and now at the painting. Soon enough, the sky is mine. All mine.

BOTH SIDES OF LOVE (January 8, 2004)

My first painting in Motovun is now complete. Last night I painted one side of a pine board, and this morning I painted the other. This is the first of thirty boards I brought from Reading, where I diligently sanded them already. This is my last batch, by the way, which I will nurse along for a few years. The varnish is now drying. In an hour or so, the board will be displayed on one of the battens fastened to the wall. I have already found a place for it, and put the board that used to be there in the attic. I will turn the new board often, so that both of the paintings on it can get to know their new world. Few people will notice it among all the other boards, for it is pretty indistinguishable from them at first sight, but I will always remember it as the first one painted in my new home. In my new world. The two geometric compositions will help me in this regard, as well. Both sides of the board are very much about love. Both sides of love, that is.

Addendum I (May 27, 2016)

From the day it was painted twelve years ago, the first board painted in Motovun has never been turned around. The side on view shows a simple entoptic form that looks a bit like an “I” with elaborate serifs. My beloved saw it while we were making love soon after my move to the new house. She had an orgasm at the time. The other side surprised me when I turned the board around a moment ago, for I do not remember it at all. It shows two black circles next to each other with a white halo that holds them together. A black circle with a white halo is one of my sixteen symbols from the late Eighties, but here it is split in two to show my beloved and me in tight embrace. Again, I have not seen this side of the board for about twelve years. If I were to find it in the attic, where I keep the boards that are not on display around my house, I would probably think it was a hoax. At any rate, both sides of love are now out in the open, as it were. Peekaboo!

Addendum II (June 5, 2016)

The two black circles next to each other with a white halo that holds them together has been attracting my attention ever since I turned the board around a week or so ago. Every now and then, I find myself staring at it. This happens quite a few times every single day. The ecstasy of orgasm painted behind it, it shows my beloved and me merging. A painting showing a black circle with a white halo is on a neighboring wall, and I find myself staring at it, too. When I came up with my sixteen symbols, I was not aware of their meaning, but now I realize that this particular symbol stands for “me” or “I.” Whence the merging of two such symbols in the representation of love, I reckon. Here, my beloved’s “I” and my “I” are merging into one “I.” In short, I find myself interpreting my own painting that kind of disappeared for so many years. And I am delighted by the interpretation. As I am staring at the painting, my love for my beloved keeps growing. Besides, I am getting a sweet erection. Her orgasm on the other side of the board completes the merging.

HOW CLEVER OF ME (October 5, 2004)

How clever of me, I like to boast, to have decided not to paint but so many pine boards. As of today, there are twenty-eight unpainted boards still waiting in the attic. Painted on both sides, they will bear fifty-six more compositions. And that is it. Period. No more. Ever. How clever of me, indeed, to put an end to my painting project way before its end. At the rate of two or three boards per year, it may well take me another ten years to paint the last board. To complete the cycle. To round it off once and for all. To reach the glorified end, which will be looming ever larger. And ever brighter. How about my writing, though? I am quite clever, no doubt, but am I clever enough? Am I clever enough to put an end to my writing project, too? Another period. Another looming. Another light at the end of a tunnel. As of today, I doubt it. It seems I am far from clever enough. How clever of me, should I boast?

Addendum (February 13, 2016)

How clever of me, indeed. Completing the painting cycle was ever more fun as the number of unpainted boards conspicuously dwindled in the attic, just as I expected. Although I put an end to it a year or two sooner than I planned, it stretched for about a decade, just as I guessed in this piece (“The End of the Cave Art Now Cycle,” August 22, 2013). Which is why the end of the writing cycle has been on my mind all these years, as well. To no avail, though. Sadly, I do not seem to be clever enough to actually go for it. For better or worse, there is nothing even similar to unpainted boards in my writing endeavor. In other words, the number of blank pages on the World Wide Web is as good as unlimited. The best I can do is to cut down the number of my pieces to a bare minimum. And I am ever more successful in limiting my output, with the notable

exception of *addenda*. They are blossoming as of late, and they are likely to become central to my writing in the years to come. Whence this *addendum*, too. How clever of me, to be sure.

“MY” ARTISTS *VERSUS* “YOUR” SCIENTISTS: FROM AN ELECTRONIC-MAIL MESSAGE TO DAVID LEWIS-WILLIAMS (December 6, 2004)

Two years after my first and rather frantic reading of *The Mind in the Cave*, which just appeared in the London bookstores, I am reading your book again. The main reason for writing to you now is to tell you how much I enjoy rereading it. It is wonderfully written and true to the evidence, as well as courageous in showing the way forward and replete with useful pointers for further research. It is a joy to read it again. I wish to congratulate you one more time.

As you can imagine, I am very disappointed that I have been unable to organize the gathering of scientists and artists on the subject of cave art, which you originally suggested. It would help us explore the links between prehistoric and contemporary art in the most straightforward way. If you remember, the gathering was to take place late this year in Motovun, where I moved in the summer of 2003. In retrospect, I must be the main culprit. My retirement and my move from England to Istria must have sapped my energies. However, it is sad to remember how much less willing were “my” artists than “your” scientists regarding the proposed gathering. It was like pulling teeth with the artists, while the scientists of the stature of Jean Clottes, Steven Mithen, Steven Pinker, Vilayanur Ramachandran, David Whitley, and yourself all responded with interest and even zeal.

I hope you are well. I also hope your research is going well. It would be a pleasure to hear from you about the response to your book since the last time we were in touch; about the possibility that Thames and Hudson will come up with another edition; about your current research; and about other research projects that impinge on your life’s work. Any pointers would be most welcome. I am eager to keep abreast of it all.

Although I am not as optimistic now as I used to be about a gathering of scientists and artists to discuss the links between prehistoric and contemporary art, I have not lost all hope. With a little bit of luck, and a couple of friends in the rights places, I still hope to bring this gathering to life. Any ideas on this score would be most welcome, too. It goes without saying that such a gathering would not make much sense without you.

My life in Motovun, a small town of several hundred people, is predictably and pleasingly dull. In fact, it is quite wonderful. So far, I have managed to exhibit my paintings here, and I have had a two-page interview about my painting with the leading Istrian newspaper. The

interview also touched prehistoric art, shamanism, and the key ideas set forth in *The Mind in the Cave*. However, I do not spend that much time painting. Most of the time I am writing about everything under the sun, including my painting.

Addendum (December 8, 2004)

David Lewis-Williams responded with a few lines only. “Thank you for your kind words,” he started. “I have now completed a sequel,” he continued, “*The Mind in the Tomb: Neolithic...*” The ellipsis is his. The title has not yet solidified, it seems. I assume Thames and Hudson will publish this book, as well. And he concluded with the following words: “Your life sounds enviable to me!” Which is exactly what he told me the second time we met in London a bit more than two years ago. He listened to my plans of early retirement without a word, and he shook his head when I finished: “Sounds enviable to me!” Living and working in South Africa, he cannot even imagine retiring, although he is in his early seventies already.

THE SPECTRUM OF HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE
PRIMACY OF ABSTRACT ART (December 12, 2004)

David Lewis-Williams offers his model of the spectrum of human consciousness, as well as shows how it can be used in the interpretation of cave art, in the final sections of Chapter 4 of *The Mind in The Cave*.^[60] In his model, the “normal” spectrum of consciousness that moves from alert to autistic states in five stages—waking, daydreaming, hypnagogic states (falling asleep), dreaming, and unconscious—is bifurcated in the middle, leading to the three stages of the “intensified” part of the spectrum—entoptic phenomena (grids, arrays of dots, parallel lines, zigzags, etc.), construal (rendering various geometric patterns culturally “recognizable”), and hallucinations (visions of animals, people, and combinations of the two). These are also known as altered states of consciousness. He argues that the peoples of the Upper Paleolithic, being fully modern anatomically, must have experienced the full spectrum of consciousness,^[61] and he therefore employs all the three stages of the intensified trajectory in explaining the full range of images that can be found in the European caves of the period, such as Altamira, Lascaux, and Chauvet, as well as others. In the last section of Chapter 4, Lewis-Williams introduces shamanism in connection with the “domestication” of altered states of consciousness. Here, he briefly discusses shamanism among various hunter-gatherer peoples that have been studied first hand. Among some of them, the first stage of the intensified trajectory is valued greatly, while other peoples virtually ignore this stage.^[62] It can therefore be hypothesized that the intensified trajectory was not mastered all at once, but only gradually. More to the point, it can be hypothesized that the early stages of the intensified trajectory were domesticated earlier than the later stages. In

other words, abstract art must have predated figurative art, perhaps by tens of thousands of years of the Middle Paleolithic.

Addendum I (December 15, 2004)

It has just crossed my mind that my argument can be generalized in a promising way, thus leading to its further elaboration and possible testing. All I am saying, in fact, is that ontogeny follows phylogeny, to borrow a biological metaphor of some vintage. Which is to say, the development of an individual organism follows the development of a group or a species to which the organism belongs. It should be noted here that the biological metaphor is entirely appropriate in this connection as consciousness performance has a neurological basis. In terms of painting, the development of a single piece of Upper Paleolithic art, as portrayed by David Lewis-Williams in his model of consciousness, follows the development of painting from the Middle Paleolithic to the Upper Paleolithic. That is, it begins with representations of entoptic phenomena, moves on to construal in all its culturally-dependent forms, and it ends in full-blown hallucinations. This is the path of “domestication” of different stages of altered states of consciousness. Put this way, my hypothesis is both clearer and more easily available to scrutiny. Which is exactly as it should be, if the hypothesis is to be properly tested by empirical research.

Addendum II (March 4, 2005)

I sent this piece and the *addendum* to David Lewis-Williams. I was interested in his reaction. At first I sent everything to him *via* electronic mail, but then I sent him a letter by mail, as well. Only today I received his answer by electronic mail, as his original message had bounced:

Thanks for your thoughts on the primacy of abstract art. I have thought much about it. And you have the recent (well, comparatively) Blombos finds of ochre engraved with patterns of crosses and encompassing lines (nearly 80,000 years old). Yet, all in all, I have to say that I am not persuaded. But, as you rightly say, we shall have to see what the evidence says.

In short, he is skeptical, but he does not dismiss the idea. For the time being, that is good enough. With Blombos behind the hypothesis, everything is fine and dandy. More such finds in Africa would only lend credence to the idea of primacy of abstract art.

THE VORTEX (February 16, 2005)

Looking at my paintings refracted in a large wine glass filled with water, I can see the connection with cave art even better than usual. Turned upside down and around, the array of geometric paintings twists and vanishes toward the bottom of the tall glass, just as it would in a full-

blown hallucination of a prehistoric shaman. The vortex would fit into a dark, narrow, and winding cave so much better than it does in my bright, ample, and square house *cum* art gallery. In fact, the vortex and the cave would become one and the same.

RED GLOW (April 5, 2005)

When the light strikes my boards at a sharp angle, and when you look at them from a sharp angle, too, you can see not only the paintings facing you, but also the reflections of the paintings facing the wall. Both sides of each board come to life. The reflection is most striking if the hidden painting is partly or completely red. As the top of the board leans against the wall, and its bottom rests at the outer edge of the batten which supports it, the space between the board and the wall is wide enough to give the painting in front a mysterious red glow. It appears backlit. It is a pity I did not think of this effect before making my boards, but had to discover it quite by chance by staring at my paintings at sunset. Anyhow, now I find myself a bit better disposed toward the red, which I otherwise tend to find a bit too garish. And especially at sunset.

CONTINUITY, ORIGINALITY (May 5, 2005)

Several people have told me recently that a young Istrian artist has lifted my paintings. The same motifs, the same colors, the same installation. Some say he is Slovene, while others say he is Croatian. No-one remembers his name, though. I am not bothered, I tell everyone. As I said many times—and in print, including Istrian newspapers—I am about continuity rather than originality. The only thing that bothers me, however, is that he did not get in touch with me. Having discovered my paintings in print or on the World Wide Web, the rascal certainly knew how to get in touch with me. I would have helped him in any way I could. If he is lifting my paintings already, let him do it as well as possible. More, let him surpass me.

Addendum (January 30, 2015)

It has taken me nearly ten years to see the Istrian artist's work with my own eyes ("Sebastijan Vojvoda, Plagiarist," January 30, 2015). His exhibition in the center of Zagreb has dumbfounded me, no less. Sadly, he has done nothing in so many years to get in touch with me. Not a peep. Which is why I am kind of angry with him by now. He is nothing but a plagiarist, and a brazen one. As for surpassing me, tough luck. For all his plagiarism, he is all over the place. My paintings look formidable next to his. They hang together. The only thing that remains to be done at this stage is to expose the faker for all his faking. And the exhibition that will open in a few days offers a wonderful opportunity for nailing him down.

YUSUF (May 11, 2005)

Orlando Mohorović came to see me today. He lives in Rabac near Labin. A while ago he read about me in the local newspapers, where he also saw a couple of pictures of my paintings, and so he wanted to meet me. We got on famously. As it turned out, he was Joseph Beuys' student in Düsseldorf in the mid-Seventies. We talked a lot about his teacher, and especially about his well-publicized brush with shamanism. Before he left, Orlando told me a little secret of the inner circle of Beuys' students: between themselves, but not to the approval of their stern teacher, they called him Yusuf. Even now, thirty years later, Orlando dropped his voice whenever he uttered the secret name.

Addendum (January 31, 2007)

When Orlando came to see me, we agreed to look for an opportunity to exhibit together. We also agreed to look for a third artist, someone who would fit our mold and round off our vision of art. Today Armano Jeričević came to see me. We met a short while ago quite by chance, and we got on famously, too. His paintings are raw, powerful, direct. I told him about Orlando, and we agreed to look for a common goal. When I proposed that we go for the transcendence of the individual in art, he agreed at once. The signature be damned. Now I must return to Orlando and see how he feels about such an endeavor, which reaches far beyond originality, authorship, creativity. With some luck, there will be three of us. One fine day, circumstances permitting, there may be thousands upon thousands of us troglodytes. And old Yusuf, the shaman of collective art from the Sixties, may be among us once again.

ICONS, ICONOSTASES (September 19, 2005)

As I read in *The Economist* about Russia's most famous paintings on show at the Guggenheim in New York ("The Big Haul," September 17, 2005), I am startled by the following bit of wisdom about one of my favorite Russian painters: "The western eye understands Kazimir Malevich's 'Black Square' primarily as a work of minimalism, for example. The Russian eye places it within the tradition of the icon." Minimalism, for example? What the hell is that supposed to mean? Much of Malevich's work comes from the world of icons, as is well known to anyone who cares about Modern Art. But then I think of my own work and swiftly panic. Another example of minimalism? For crying out loud, arrays of my paintings on their battens are nothing less than iconostases!

POSITIVE, NEGATIVE (October 19, 2005)

Grids can be quite fascinating in spite of their stark simplicity. They have thus fascinated many a careful observer since time immemorial.

Take any square grid constructed with straight lines of a certain thickness. Any two colors will do, as will any two sufficiently different shades of the same color. If the lines are thin, the faces of the grid will appear empty or “negative” and the grid full or “positive.” Increase the thickness of the lines until the faces of the grid appear to form a square array of dots. The grid itself will appear negative and the dots positive. As the thickness of the lines continues to increase, the dots will shrink, and ultimately vanish. At this point, the grid will turn into a surface, which will appear positive once again. But there is an intermediate thickness of grid lines and size of its faces that will confound the eye. The brain, that is. The grid will appear positive for a while, and then the dots will appear positive for a while. The composition will seesaw indefinitely between the two. It will appear to be pulsating. Nay, alive. No wonder shamans of old found grids fascinating.

THE ICEMAN’S TATTOOS (December 1, 2005)

Some friends recently lent me a book about tribal tattoos, and I just spent an hour or so leafing through it. Some of the tattoos in the book were taken from Neolithic finds, as well. To my disappointment, there is nothing in it about the so-called Iceman, who was buried in ice in the Alps more than five-thousand years ago. His body, still in excellent condition, was found in the early Nineties. It was studied quite extensively by a large team of scientists from many countries. The Iceman had a score of tattoos all over his body, but most of them clustered around his leg joints and his lower back. As it was determined that the man had suffered from arthritis and rheumatism, it was inferred that the tattoos most likely served a therapeutic purpose. Be that as it may, all the tattoos are distinct entoptic forms. Most of them are sets of parallel lines, but a couple of them consist of single crossed lines. Most of the parallel lines come in sets of three, but there are also several tattoos with sets of four and six lines. Flag-like and bold, they are wonderful to behold. Why were they not included in the book of tribal tattoos then? The reason is not difficult to surmise. Even if the people who compiled it were aware of the Iceman’s tattoos, they would probably strike them as a bit too simple. A bit too plain, and maybe even boring. At this day and age, tattoos by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich would probably suffer the very same fate.

GREAT LEAPS FORWARD: A LETTER TO *THE ECONOMIST* (January 4, 2006)

The so-called Great Leap Forward of around forty-thousand years ago, which you suggest is going out of fashion in your survey of human evolution (“The Proper Study of Mankind,” December 24, 2005), is associated with the mastery of the entire autistic spectrum of human consciousness, culminating with hallucination. This was the proper domain of the shaman, and it is reflected in the Upper Paleolithic art in

France and Spain. But the gradual “domestication” of autistic states of consciousness most likely began much earlier, as witnessed by recent finds from South Africa. Dated to close to eighty-thousand years ago, these finds bear abstract patterns, which are associated with the first step along the path toward full hallucination. According to David Lewis-Williams, a leading student of prehistoric art, there are three stages along the autistic path. The first is associated with abstract patterns projected onto the inner eye; the second with construal of people or animals out of these patterns; and the third with hallucinations of animals and people, or combinations of the two. This would suggest not one leap forward, but three. The shamanistic “revolution” itself was the result of an evolutionary process.

WHILE I WAS NOT LOOKING (January 20, 2006)

Whenever my paintings are fooled around with, like turned around or switched about on their battens, I spot it immediately. Today I was visited by a merry bunch of Motovun Film Festival people, who unexpectedly appeared in town, and I showed them my house. One of them had playfully turned around a number of my paintings while I was not looking. And I spotted the change as soon as my visitors had left, as I always do. Although both sides of each of my paintings are painted at the same time, each side makes sense to me in the context of other paintings on display in their vicinity. Each painting relates to several others in the array. They form compositions of sorts, of which there could be several interrelated ones in a large array of paintings. For some reason, no-one seems to see these compositions in the same way as I do. And thus no-one can fool around with them unnoticed.

ETCHED AGAINST THE SKY (February 7, 2006)

I was standing by the low parapet of my terrace and measuring segments of the horizon with my outstretched arms. My thumbs were touching, and my little fingers were pointed upward. The sun was still high in the sky. “Neighbor,” called Nada Tarandek from the vegetable garden under Istra Toner’s house, “what in the world are you doing?” She and her sons often come to the garden, but I forgot to look. “Oh,” I cleared my throat, “I am figuring out where the sun will set this evening.” Nada just wagged her index finger at me. Had I seen her beforehand, I would have been much more careful. Many people in these parts are worried about witches and sorcerers of all kinds. And I must have looked quite funny etched against the sky in my black fleece with my outstretched arms pointing toward the horizon. Add my interview about shamanism and art in *Glas Istre* or *The Voice of Istria* two years ago, and my spooky reputation is as good as made—the shaman of Motovun.

PACE MONDRIAN, KANDINSKY, AND MALEVICH (February 19, 2006)

Above the hot tip of my cigar, my squares, lines, and dots shimmer. The only dynamism that will ever befit my paintings. *Pace* Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich.

HOMAGE TO JULIUS KNIFER (August 4, 2006)

In Croatia, my paintings are often associated with paintings and drawings of Julius Knifer, an abstract Croatian artist who died not long ago. More often than not, I am annoyed by this connection. Although I do appreciate his drawing method, which involved months of meticulous application of graphite to paper, I do not see much in his compositions. Meanders all. They are a bit too pretty for my taste, as well. For some reason, there are no meanders in my compositions, either. Which is why I recently decided to make a painting of a simple meander. This afternoon I started it, and I will finish it tomorrow morning. The meander will be white on black surface, and it will fit perfectly into my standard four-by-six grid. This homage will be a bit of a joke, too. At least in part, I should add. Here I go, sinking into the Croatian soil, as it were. But there is nothing wrong with meanders, I must admit, and I am sure to enjoy my new painting once it finds its proper place on one of the walls in my livingroom. My very own Knifer.

Addendum I (August 6, 2006)

The painting on the other side of the wooden board ended up being a simple meander, as well. In fact, it is even simpler than the one I have started with. Again, the meander is white on black. But it is quite dynamic due to the background-foreground ambiguity in the composition. The two black rectangles extending from the black border of the painting compete with the ostensible subject of the composition, which looks like a fat, white “S” lying on its back. The background and foreground alternately compete for attention. Parenthetically, this is only appropriate for a painting in the tradition of shamans. In addition, the black rectangles attached to the black border are reminiscent of Malevich’s bold sketches illustrating his theoretical arguments about the development of painting. In short, my homage to Knifer turned out much better than I had originally expected. If there were any joke to it, it is quite gone by now. And it is a real joy to see either of the new paintings among so many others gracing my walls.

Addendum II (December 13, 2006)

After a brief respite, I returned to meanders. Minus Knifer, though. This time the inspiration came from a new solar cell that can be installed in windows. I found a picture of one of those, recently produced somewhere in the States, in the last issue of *Technology Review*, a

magazine I regularly receive as an MIT alumnus. “Power windows,” the title of the article blared. The pattern of interlocking combs is striking, but the meanders in it are not immediately visible. They have to be, as it were, discovered. Today I painted one of those on one side of a board, and two parallel ones on the other side. Both sides are quite arresting, but the meanders take a little time to come into focus, especially with parallel meanders. As do the interlocking combs, once the meanders become dominant. At some point the two patterns start going back and forth. That is just how I like it, too. Returning to Knifer, it is fair to say that I would never have been moved by the solar cell had I not painted the board eulogized in this piece. So be it. Painting is about painting, after all.

SO VERY ABSTRACT (September 26, 2006)

What annoys me most about abstraction is its very name. Abstraction from reality, that is. True abstraction is as real as reality, I have been claiming for a long time. More, true abstraction has nothing to do with abstraction, either. But, I am in a playful mood as of late. Today I finished a painting dedicated to the Plumed Serpent, the Aztec Quetzalcóatl, from the divinity’s temple in Teotihuacán north of Mexico City. I painted the tip of its nose. Its nostrils, to be more precise. Hewn in reddish stone, the monster greets the visitor to the temple, its teeth bared. The head is closest to that of a jaguar, while the massive serpent body is covered with plumage. The huge nostrils are rendered in a few simple strokes. I could not but push it a few steps further. At any rate, the abstraction is so complete that the nose tip on my painting is unrecognizable as such. All one can see are two opposing spirals. To help the innocent spectator, I put bared teeth on the other side of the painting. Very abstract, too. So very abstract, in fact, this little bit of writing is needed to poke fun at the abstraction.

Addendum (October 2, 2006)

In Christian Orthodox iconography, the iconostasis is conceived of as a membrane between this world and the other one. Each icon in the array both connects and separates the two. The same is believed to apply to prehistoric cave paintings, where the cave wall could have been conceived of as a membrane between this one and the spirit world. As I sit and stare at my many paintings on their battens in my livingroom, I like to think of the last one as linking me with ancient Mexico. Quite directly, too. The tip of Quetzalcóatl’s nose is right here on my wall, his curly body wriggles over untold mountains and oceans, and the tip of his tail stretches all the way to his temple in Teotihuacán. By way of a humble offering, I am puffing at a long cigar.

YET ANOTHER MEME (October 18, 2006)

A couple of weeks ago, as I was reading Richard Dawkins' *The God Delusion*,^[63] I came upon his brief review of the growing literature on "memes"—short for "mimemes" or cultural replicators reminiscent of genes that evolve by imitation. Examples of memes are memorable phrases, images, and tunes. Some of these are mulled over obsessively, suggesting that they have lives of their own. According to Dawkins, it is Susan Blackmore, in *The Meme Machine*,^[64] "who has pushed mimetic theory further than anyone."^[65] Without much ado, I ordered her book, too. As soon as it arrived a few days ago, I scribbled the following note on the back of the front cover: "I ordered this book on a vague idea that memes would be useful in theorizing about my paintings—that is, the geometric patterns that underlie them since the stone age. That is about all I had in mind, but now we will see where the reading takes me." The very same day I jotted the following note at the bottom of the page at the end of the first chapter: "Concerning my original reason for ordering this book, here is a simple proposition regarding so-called abstract painting: entoptic forms underlying all geometric patterns, which were first experienced in shamanic trance in stone-age caves, evolved by replication and recombination into increasingly complex ornamental designs to the point of becoming ubiquitous and thus unrecognizable as products of primordial visions. Think about testability, though." And now I am reading Blackmore's book with growing agitation in search of ideas concerning testability of my hasty proposition. As I go along, I humor myself with the thought that the obsessive character of my search suggests the birth of yet another meme.

FOLDING PARALLEL LINES (November 18, 2006)

My last painting, which has already found its place of honor on my livingroom wall, is the best representation so far of folding parallel lines forming orthogonal spirals with swastikas at their center that I have witnessed while experimenting with *Psilocybe semilanceata* in October and November 2002. The painting is still but an arrested image of what I have witnessed, though. It is dying for animation, a dynamic representation of the recurrent folding process. Showing one large swastika in the center and two smaller ones to its sides, the painting only suggests the actual visual experience. In this regard, it is a sharp departure from all the entoptic phenomena I have managed to capture so far. And it leads me to the revaluation of animation, which I now see in a new light. The only thing that spoils my enthusiasm for moving images is a sketch I have found in one of my notebooks, which shows the pattern I have just painted. In fact, I decided to make the painting upon discovering the sketch while leafing through the collection of my old notebooks two days ago. I just checked it again so as to place it in time. To my surprise, the sketch was made in July 2002, many months before my experiments with the mushroom.

A DECORATIVE FLOURISH (January 16, 2007)

Before I moved to Motovun, I had shipped from Reading thirty pine boards prepared for painting. Now there are twenty of them left in the attic. At this pace, I will go through them in seven years. Way too soon, I fear. Even if I paint no more than two boards a year, there are only ten years to go. And so I cannot but be aware of the end of my Cave Art Now project. Painfully aware, I must add. No matter how much I curtail my urge to cover the boards with paint, the end is nigh. Predictably enough, I am starting to think about the last board. The end of the line. A short while ago I sketched one side of that last board. It is a pattern that I found on a decorative panel in a Chinese restaurant in Zagreb. A joke, to be sure, but a fitting one. A decorative flourish only points at the fate of all entoptic forms—they are so deeply embedded in the human mind as to become innocuous. Indeed, domesticated. But my boards are two-sided, which means that I am in search of yet another pattern of the same ilk. Luckily, I have at least seven years to find it.

THE DAMNED SIGNATURE: A LETTER TO *THE JACKDAW* (January 23, 2007)

In art, the past is better, as you claim in your editorial (“The Past is Better,” No. 65, February 2007). No quarrels here. But the past was better even in the past, for at least a thousand years. Just as you are not thrilled by much of the Twentieth Century, most of the Nineteenth leaves me cold, in spite of the palpable prowess of its main protagonists. The Eighteenth Century fares only slightly better in this regard. And so on down the line, all the way to the early Renaissance. A few leading protagonists of that debauched age do thrill me, I must admit, but real thrills are still deeper in the past—in the Middle Ages. In my mind, the reason for this is quite simple: beyond the Renaissance, artists deferred to art, rather than the other way around. That is, they deferred to the community of which they were part. Thus they went nameless, as was only appropriate for those who served others without ulterior motives of any kind. If this is correct, the future might again be good, or at least better than the present, but at the cost of renunciation of the Renaissance spirit of individualism that is still among us. It is the damned signature that ruins all art.

THE CRITERION (March 3, 2007)

I am talking to Jozo Brandić about African art and music. I tell him there are none better. I tell him I am in love with both. And then I return home. I select the most potent African music I can find among my recordings. Still reeling from our talk, I look at my paintings. I look at them hard. Pulled along by the music, I can only hope that my paintings would be to the musician’s taste. That they would make them play even better. And harder. The criterion.

THE AWAKENING (April 6, 2007)

I suggest that not only art but the entire switch to behavioral modernity came when those in any Stone Age society who lacked the genetic capacity to trance spontaneously were enabled to do so by the discovery and subsequent systematic exploitation of plant hallucinogens or one of the physical methods of trance induction. The hypothesis is that it was this “democratization” of altered states of consciousness, the possibility for the entire community to share in the life-changing visions and encounters that had previously been limited to a very few, that brought new, more open, more creative, more innovative, more flexible, more intuitive, and, frankly, more intelligent ways of thinking to a point of “critical mass” in society after society and ushered in the single most decisive shift ever to have occurred in human evolution. We need not be surprised that the archeological record shows this moment being reached at different times in different places, sometimes with intervals of thousands of years between the awakening of one group and another. If the trigger factor in every case was the discovery of reliable means to enter altered states of consciousness, and if this first discovery was often accidental, then we would not expect to find modern human behavior emerging everywhere all at once, but rather in stages and somewhat randomly—which is in fact what we see in the archeological record. Once the process had started, however, it could not be stopped, as people who did not know how to use altered states of consciousness would sooner or later have encountered people who did and would have learned from them.

From Graham Hancock’s *Supernatural: Meetings with the Ancient Teachers of Mankind*, London: Arrow Books, 2006 (first published in 2005), pp. 505-506.

ADIEU LASCAUX (July 3, 2007)

Today I painted another board. At the moment, there are eighteen plain boards to go in my attic. On one side of the new board there is a simple geometric composition from Lascaux, which I recently found in the literature on cave art. It looks like a simple two-by-three window with a slight complication—one windowpane is further divided into two halves. The other side, which I take to be the front, looks like a face with black crosses for eyes and a long red line for a mouth. It can be construed as the face of a clown, but it also looks like a kid drawing of someone in a coma. Or someone utterly lost—a drunk or a drug addict. *Adieu* Lascaux, that is. Although I never give titles to my paintings, this board kind of has it. My first, as it were. And quite likely my last.

THE MOTOVUN STAR (July 6, 2007)

Even though I am loath of rushing with my painting, I have just finished another board. And this is only days after the last one! If I continue at this pace, I will exhaust my stash of plain boards in the attic in four or five years rather than nine or ten, as planned. Be that as it may, on one side there is a simple geometric pattern that spells “or” in Croatian, or *ili*. A while ago I spotted it in the headlines of local newspapers, and it immediately struck me as one of my paintings. Ever since, I have been seeing it in the newspapers quite regularly, and so I eventually decided to paint it in black and white. It is a joke of sorts, but, admittedly, not a very funny one. On the other side of the board, which strikes me as the main one, there is a red orthogonal symbol on white background that can be construed as a pentagonal star bungled by a small kid—say, a toddler. It looks like a Greek letter Pi with another leg stuck in the middle on top. Awkward, heavy, stunted, silly, inelegant, the symbol gives me a great deal of joy. In my excitement, I could not but call it the Motovun star.

Addendum (October 11, 2007)

I have nothing to add to the above except further laments. And, yes, I have just finished another board, only a day after the previous one. Surprise, surprise, it is yet another Motovun star. This time it is white on a black background. It is magnificent, too. On the other side of the board I put the star’s geometric structure in black on a white surface. As if it were needed. At any rate, here it goes. Take a golden-section rectangle and place it so that it sits on its longer side. Divide it in half lengthwise. And then divide the upper half in two and the lower part in three breadthwise. That is the structure of the Motovun star. It is magnificent, indeed. But the joy it gives me is difficult to put in words.

NURSING (October 27, 2007)

As I often do, I am sitting and staring at my paintings. There are about forty of them in my field of vision, but my gaze rests on the most recent ones more often than on any others. Out of the blue, my eyes light upon a painting from the winter of 2000-2001. My mother was still alive, I remember vividly. She quite liked it, too. When my eyes shift to a painting next to it, I remember that it comes from the winter of 1990-1991. It is from the first batch of paintings in this long-drawn project. Only at this point my chest swells with something akin to pride: at least I nurse my projects for a long time. In this particular case, for decades. And then I reward myself with a proverbial cigar. For nursing, it goes without saying. Only for nursing.

SOOTHING, GREEN (April 14, 2008)

I have been in touch with Damir Stojnić for the last few months, but over electronic mail only. He teaches at the Fine Arts Department at the University of Rijeka. When he came to see me in Motovun together with his wife, Tanja, he said two surprising things about my paintings. First, he found them soothing in spite of their stark geometry. Second, they looked to him green even though they are black, white, and red. “When I look at all of them together,” he said as he looked around my livingroom and gallery, “they strike me as green.” He paused as he looked around the room one more time. “Yup,” he nodded, “soothing and green.” And I envied him a bit concerning the color.

BLACK ON BOTH SIDES (July 6, 2008)

Thirteen plain boards are still idling in the attic. Still chaste. Still patiently waiting for next whim of mine. The thirteenth board is too important for any old composition, though. It demands special attention in this silly world of ours. Special care, as it were. Thus I long decided not to rush it. Not to push my luck, which has served me so well for so many years. But the problem is now resolved in my mind: it will be black on both sides. Simple, and yet demanding. Painful. Even excruciating, given the dwindling number of boards yet to be brought to life. The only problem still to be resolved is when to walk up and carry the faithful board down. When to bring together my many trusted tools... Or when to execute it, if I may be allowed such a menacing word. Black on both sides for all times. An eternity.

Addendum I (August 15, 2008)

The thirteenth board is now finished. Could there be a more auspicious day for its execution than the Feast of the Assumption?! After all, Virgin Mary has been guarding my garden from the neighborhood witches for a while now (“The Mother of God,” August 3, 2008). A board that is black on both sides is thus most fitting at this particular moment. What better way to counter the dark forces that surround me?!

Addendum II (August 16, 2008)

To my surprise, my last painting is giving me unprecedented joy. I loved making it. And I love looking at it among all the other paintings on the main wall in my livingroom. It is impenetrable. Inscrutable. Indecipherable. And mysterious beyond compare. Although a few of my boards are black on one side, this is the first one that is black on both sides. Unfathomable to boot. The only problem I face at this moment is exceedingly simple: why not paint the remaining twelve boards exactly the same way?! Black on both sides, they would only require clever timing, which would be spread over many years. The Feast of

the Assumption for the next twelve years, say. Completely indistinguishable, they would be differentiated by mere dates. Aaargh!

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN PREHISTORY AND ETHNOGRAPHY (November 26, 2008)

Several weeks ago I sent an electronic-mail message to David Lewis-Williams, whom I consider the foremost authority on cave art today, and with whom I have corresponded about the subject ever since we met in London in 2002. He has persuasively argued that understanding the art of hunter-gatherers from recent times can help us understand the art of prehistoric people. Here is my message in its entirety:

My son, who lives in New York, just sent me a printout of Judith Thurman's article about cave art in *The New Yorker*. Entitled "First Impressions," it came out on June 23 of this year. I was quite stunned by her account, for she does not even mention your seminal book, published in 2002.[66]

Although Thurman has talked with Jean Clottes, and although she mentions your 1996 book with him,[67] as well as your 1988 paper with Dawson,[68] it is clear that she has fallen victim to the French School's abhorrence of any connection between prehistory and ethnography (ah, Annette Laming-Empeaire!). She mentions that Clottes has had huge problems in the academic community because of his book with you, but she leaves it at that.

I am writing to you because I sense that the French academic establishment is being successful in marginalizing your work. The connection between prehistory and ethnography is banned with some success, or so I fear. Am I correct? Or is this only another instance of ignorance and innocence on Thurman's part? In my mind, your 2002 book is absolutely crucial for understanding of cave art, and I sincerely hope my fears of academic shenanigans are all wrong.

To my surprise, I got no response for quite some time. A few days ago there finally came a message from Lewis-Williams. "Just back from three weeks in Britain," he starts. And then he turns to my question: "You are right in all that you say. The French are determined that my 2002 book does not exist." It has taken me a few days to realize that this exchange should be made public. The connection between prehistory and ethnography lives!

THE MOTOVUN CYCLE (September 1, 2009)

This morning I painted my twentieth Motovun board. This one simply demanded to be made. And I could not resist its calls any longer. On one side there is the simplest rendering so far of Kandinsky's "symbol" that started me on this journey more than twenty years ago. As it turned out, it was also painted in several caves many thousands of years ago. In this case, there are only two white line segments on a black surface. The painting is so sparse, so bare, that not even the great master would recognize himself in it. On the other side there is an array of white dots on a black surface. Based on my four-by-six grid, which has dominated my compositions for quite a while, the array has five rows and seven columns of little squares. It is splendid. It fits perfectly into the rest of the Motovun cycle on the same wall. Anyhow, the new board gives me an enormous pleasure. I cannot stop staring at it and congratulating myself on this morning's effort. Ten more to go, though.

SORT OF FUNNY (April 16, 2010)

One of my relatively recent paintings is very like the American flag. Or that is how many visitors to my house interpret it regardless of their nationality. Actually, I am quite enthralled by the flag, minus the white stars and the blue background, but my painting is not about America. Far from it. The pattern itself is an entoptic form, and that is all there is to it. Looking at the painting today, I realized to my surprise that it is surrounded by other paintings that are sort of funny. Above it is a dead face. To its left are two intertwined swastikas. And the painting to its right is entirely and ominously black. This arrangement is haphazard, though. I put my paintings up as they come. But it just crossed my mind that some of my American friends might take the whole thing amiss. What am I trying to say? I, too, wonder about it for the very first time. Am I trying to say something unbeknownst to myself?

Addendum (April 17, 2010)

As the cycle of my paintings harking back to cave art draws to its close, which I expect in about five years at the latest, I write a few words in my *Residua* about every single board I paint. Or so I thought. I tried to find any reference to the American flag in connection with the painting bearing its likeness, but without any success. I can see from my writings about the paintings immediately before and after it that it hails from 2008, but that is all. And that tells me clearly enough that I am ever-so-slightly embarrassed by the striking likeness. As well as that it may very well be that I am surrounding the American flag with funny stuff for this very reason. Having arrived at this conclusion, which I did not even suspect at the onset of this humble exercise, I turned the board with the flag's likeness around to see what was on the other side. Alas, it was yet another pair of intertwined swastikas!

ABSTRACT ABSTRACTION (May 20, 2010)

I just completed another painting. I worked on it feverishly, and maybe even anxiously, as though a vicious ghost was after me. On one side of the board I put another pair of mating swastikas, which have been pursuing me for a while. On the other I put another Kandinsky simplified to the bone, which I also put on my last painting, but I added to it a Bon “pimple” of sorts. Now, Kandinsky would never recognize himself in my rendering, nor would the pimple strike anyone as my own. And the mating swastikas are nigh impossible to recognize as such. They are rather bland, too. Feverish or not, my painting is entering the stage of, as it were, abstract abstraction. Only I can see what I am hallucinating about. Hooray!

“THE OLDEST DRAWING IN CROATIA” (June 24, 2010)

Thus the title of an article in one of the leading Croatian newspapers yesterday. The pictures that come with the article show a bone fragment with a simple geometric pattern: a rectangular field divided roughly in half, one half of which is covered with parallel lines perpendicular to the bone itself. Perhaps a part of the composition is missing, but it looks like any old entoptic form. The artifact was found in a cave on one of the Adriatic islands. It is believed to be about fifteen-thousand years old. And I had to paint it. At once, too. On the other side of the board I put two square eyes and a straight mouth. The oldest artist in Croatia, I guess.

THE FORMIDABLE SHOW (September 21, 2010)

It is a bit chilly, as one would expect on the Autumn Equinox, but the day is bursting with sunlight. Since I got up this morning, all the shutters are open to catch as much heat as possible. As well as light. The house is bathing in it already. This time of the year, it is most delightful to stay inside. Wherever I find myself in the house, I can see many of my paintings. Although I cannot see more than sixty of them at a time, it appears that there are zillions of them. Nay, an infinite number. As my eyes rest now on one painting and now on another, I am surprised by each one of them ever anew. “Ah,” I can almost hear myself, “look at this one!” And so I sit and stare as the light slowly shifts with the sun. In a few hours, the sunlight will enter the house and start crawling across the floor. Ever so slowly, it will start crawling up the walls, too. Before it sets, it will set my paintings alight. For an hour or so, it will be impossible for me to leave the house even for a few minutes lest I miss the formidable show.

TOMORROW'S GODS (December 21, 2010)

Judging by many images of devils, they are representations of animals. Or gods of yesteryear. The way things are shaping, these may well become tomorrow's gods.

Addendum (January 10, 2011)

This is one of my most important discoveries ever. I remember being quite astonished by the thought when it occurred to me out of the blue. My beloved was sitting next to me at the time, but she could not understand my excitement. Or my "discovery," for that matter. But it came in the wake of a television show about a medieval bible of world fame, which I saw intermittently and only in part while sitting in the Bulldog Bar the previous day. A number of images of the devil from that bible had strong animal features, but that is the case with many other old images of the devil. All this goes back to my writings focusing on cave art from more than a decade ago ("Some Thoughts on Intrinsic Religiosity," March 28, 1997, and "Releasing Fear Revisited," November 24, 1999). The question is what to do with this discovery, though? That is, how to present it in the most palpable form? The few words of this "haiku" are just a reminder for myself of the task ahead.

THE STARKNESS (March 24, 2011)

This morning I made another painting. In fact, I could not wait to get to my paints, brushes, and one of the remaining plain wooden boards that still languish in the attic. Both sides of the board ended up rather stark. On one side I put a slightly streamlined rendering of the glass screen from my favorite doorway in central Zagreb ("Mondrian in Zagreb," July 7, 2010). This is another joke on abstraction, as the painting is realistic to boot. There is no abstraction whatsoever in it. On the other side I put an entoptic form that consists of two letters "H" standing next to each other. As this letter is pronounced "ha" in Croatian, the composition spells "ha, ha." Far from subtle, but hopefully more effective for that very reason. Perhaps the last silly joke on abstraction, too. Returning to the glass screen from the doorway, this painting definitely falls in the category of no-bullshit Mondrians I introduced in the Nineties ("No-Bullshit Mondrians," August 19, 1998). I can imagine him frowning at the starkness. And making a few involuntary steps backwards.

MY PROTECTIVE SHIELD (March 27, 2011)

My paintings wrapped around me, I sit in awe. A rambling iconostasis in black, white, and red. Every icon to itself, they work in concert. My protective shield.

THE LAST OF MY JOKES ON ABSTRACTION (May 23, 2011)

Last night I started another board. I finished it this morning. On one side I put something I spotted quite by chance on a tiled floor of a Motovun shop. Also tiled, it was a cover of an access to a utility duct of some kind. It immediately reminded me of one of my no-bullshit Mondrians, and I jotted it down in my notebook for possible use. It came out quite well, too. The last of my jokes on abstraction, I guess. Enough is enough. Which is why I put my own rendering of the first and last word, “*Aum*,” on the other side of the board. Quite stark, the ancient Indian symbol is a joy to behold. The five boards that are still waiting in the attic will be used sparingly over the next five years or so. An abstract realist to boot, I will consider reality only at its most abstract. Nay, transcendent.

THE MOTOVUN BUG (June 24, 2011)

Something has been bugging Motovun for years. Today I came up with a sketch of it, and I will paint it soon. But the title delights me already: The Motovun bug.

Addendum I (June 25, 2011)

Only a day later, the painting is finished. It looks gorgeous, too. Very much in line with all my entoptic forms, it has found its proper place on my crowded walls. Ah, the bug. The bug as such, in fact. On the other side I painted two meanders, which have been rather popular in Croatia as of late (“Homage to Julius Knifer,” August 4, 2006). For better or worse, they also look like two letters “s” stuck together. *Schutzstaffel*, perhaps? Anyhow, the composition goes well together with one of my recent ones, that can be read as “ha, ha” (“The Starkness,” March 24, 2011). The only apprehension I have about my last painting is that there remain only four more unpainted boards in the attic. I am painting too fast, as ever.

To Ai Weiwei

Addendum II (June 26, 2011)

Some of my friends note with a wink and a wry smile that the bug I painted yesterday looks suspiciously like a cockroach. “No, no, no,” I always protest in earnest. “Not a bit like a cockroach!” God forbid. For creatures that work in the dark and behind closed doors are protected in Croatia. And by law. They are nigh sacred. In fact, they are a national emblem of sorts. The best and the brightest in this country work in the dark and behind closed doors ever since independence twenty years ago, too. Even a metaphor about such chancy things is liable to land you in court. Or in the dark and behind closed doors, as well. And no kidding. I know what I am talking about, from personal court experience, and my

friends are only kidding. The bug I painted has nothing whatsoever to do with the cockroach, I solemnly swear. And I am prepared to bring bug experts to the court, if needed. To begin with, the bug I painted has a sting. Besides, cockroaches are much more handsome than I could ever depict them! I am only an amateur in the field of art, for crying out loud.

Addendum III (June 27, 2011)

I wonder what Stefan Füle and his team concerned with the enlargement of the European Union think of my many missives, but I am sure that this piece and the first two *addenda* will make them wonder, too. It should not take them long to recognize what I am going on and on about, though. My three court cases for libel and insult, lodged by the mayor of Motovun for no other but political reasons, are already known to them, and in quite some detail. And I cannot but hope that they will do their best to put a stop to such abuses of law in Croatia, a candidate country with the accession date already set. True, I am not as fond of the Union as I used to be a couple of decades ago, but in this respect at least it certainly beats Croatia by a wide margin. Freedom of thought, as well as the expression of thought, are European values through and through. Authoritarian abuses of that freedom must stop across the Union, Croatia included. Motovun included, as well.

Addendum IV (July 2, 2011)

I came up with my sketch of the Motovun bug just about the time the court in Pula came up with its decision on my supposed insult of the mayor of Motovun. It was in the air. I received the decision by registered mail on June 29. But I picked it up in some miraculous way five full days ahead of its arrival. A shaman of worth, or what?

THE MOTOVUN BUG FOREVER (September 7, 2011)

My paintings delight me ever anew. Whenever I return to Motovun, I stare at them for a long while. I miss them in Zagreb, too. As is almost always the case, the last one is my favorite ("The Motovun Bug," June 24, 2011). It attracts my gaze again and again. It also gives me comfort, if that is the right word. For better or worse, it reminds me of where I happen to be. It gives me the precise coordinates of the place I call, as it were, home. Something is bugging Motovun, indeed. And I should never forget it. As long as I live, the bug will keep reminding me of my fate in this godforsaken hilltown. I do not dare even think of my next painting, though. It might detract me against my better judgment. Come to think of it, should it be another, perhaps even better, rendering of the pestering bug?

CAVE ART WHEN (February 9, 2012)

Looking at my paintings in my beloved's apartment, I remembered my unpublished book about cave art. "Cave art now," I said out loud. A moment later I started searching for the book's title on the World Wide Web. It can be found on my two websites, but that is about all. Yet another among my many fruitless projects, the book has never found a proper reader, let alone a publisher. And this is how things are likely to remain. The many ties that bind the likes of Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich, on the one hand, and the prehistoric shamans, on the other, are of no interest whatsoever. "Cave art when," I said out loud once again after my disappointing search, which I cut short rather abruptly. A good question, no doubt. We are talking about a couple of thousand years at most. As for the ties that bind abstract art in all its forms, not even the posthistoric shamans will have a clue.

A BOARD REDISCOVERED (March 31, 2012)

I just painted another board. On one side there is a composition that looks like something I would have painted in the mid-Nineties. Parallel lines. Six horizontal ones and three vertical ones side by side. White on black, although it is hard to tell which way around the two actually go. A tad awkward, to say the least. Anyone looking at all the boards exhibited in my house would thus mistake it for a pretty old one. Which is precisely why it gives me quite a kick right now. A board rediscovered, as it were. To help confuse the make-believe visitor, and an art aficionado to boot, I put a Malevich of sorts on the other side. Well, a Bon-Malevich, to be a bit more precise. It would place the board in the mid-Nineties quite exactly. Ah, what a fiend I can be on occasion!

Addendum (April 1, 2012)

The new painting has ended up in the Malevich corner of my livingroom. There are only six boards in that corner, but it is rather distinct. And the new board fits it very well. But I wonder what will happen with the three unpainted boards that are still waiting in the attic. I would like to stretch this project as much as I could, hopefully into my early seventies, but the last board is likely to be painted within the next few years. Yesterday I acted on a mere whim, and it is hard to tell if and when I will succumb to it again. One way or another, I am very much aware of the three remaining boards. They are beckoning from their corner in the attic. If only I could be sure that they will not be painted in vain!

MY TEMPLE (April 2, 2012)

My paintings give me an enormous joy. I spend quite a bit of time staring at them. And they always strike me as different than ever before.

Which is indeed the case on account of the changing light. My livingroom is a veritable temple for me. As years go by, I am getting attached to it ever more strongly. I do not miss very much of Motovun when I am in Zagreb, but the view of the Mirna valley from my terrace and my livingroom bursting with black, white, and red geometric patterns I certainly miss. Although my paintings can be easily moved, a new space would take a while to get used to. The same happened when I moved from Reading, where my livingroom had turned into my temple, as well. It took a while for me to get used to the new abode for my paintings. At any rate, Motovun it is for now. And my temple is the place to be.

JEAN AUDEL AND I (April 16, 2012)

Today I bought Jean Auel's last book, *The Land of Painted Caves*.^[69] Somehow I missed it last year, when it finally appeared in print. So many years have passed since the previous book in her Earth's Children series that I am not sure how I will find it this time around, but the whole series has been very much to my liking ever since the first book, *The Clan of the Cave Bear*,^[70] which I gulped down in 1998. My fascination with the series has to do with the period it brings to life, which goes all the way back to the stone age. The last, and perhaps the final, book in the series delves into cave art, the very reason I have found it so appealing from the very beginning. And this is the art that I have been bringing back to life over the last two decades or so. Which is precisely why I feel a bit cautious, if not even guarded, at the moment. Will Jean Auel and I share the view of cave art? This is surely my hope.

Addendum (May 25, 2012)

I enjoyed the book quite a lot, but Jean Auel and I do not share the view of cave art. Not at all, as a matter of fact. This is what I feared from the beginning, as her Acknowledgments do not mention David Lewis-Williams, whose work is central to my understanding of cave art. Instead, she thanks Jean-Philippe Rigaud and Jean Clottes, two leading French specialists in the field.^[71] Both of them helped the author visit many painted caves in France. However, French scientists dealing with cave art have little time for Lewis-Williams' arguments, expressed brilliantly in his key book on the subject.^[72] They insist on sticking to what can be found in the caves rather than surmising anything about the mentality of people in the Paleolithic. Quite a number of them are outright hostile to his views about shamanism. As the book demonstrates, they have won in the end. Auel's shamans hardly do any cave art. Their trance does not lead them to visualizing entoptic forms of all kinds before experiencing full hallucinations involving animals and even humans. Which is why she has hardly anything to say about geometric art that is of greatest interest to me. Besides, most of the paintings are already on cave walls when the story starts and no-one

knows when they were painted. Perhaps this is Auel's way of avoiding the subject?

GOLDEN DAWN REVISITED (May 7, 2012)

Searching the World Wide Web for Golden Dawn, a Greek far-right party that did exceedingly well in yesterday's elections, I was stunned to discover its emblem. It is one of my meander-like compositions from the Cave Art Now series painted a bit more than a decade ago. It fits my four-by-six grid perfectly. Indeed, it comes from the period when I was exploring the swastika, which fits perfectly the neo-Nazi origins of the Greek nationalist and anti-immigrant organization. At first I thought that the emblem had been stolen from me. A moment later I realized that it hailed from the same source as most of my compositions. They go back to the origin of geometric painting. The African origin of all painting, that is. They are thus everyone's property, as I am fond of emphasizing whenever an opportunity arises. Pity the connection, though. But the party's name is no less than prophetic nonetheless. Golden dawn revisited. If only it had any connection with contemporary art rather than politics at its worst.

JEAN AUDEL AND GEOMETRIC ART (May 16, 2012)

I am going rather slowly through Jean Auel's last book, *The Land of Painted Caves*.^[73] I am savoring every page. There is much there for the heart. I am a bit disappointed with her rendering of cave art, though. In particular, I find next to nothing about geometric art that is of greatest interest to me. I was thus delighted a moment ago when I came across the first mention of it. She describes a sign composed of five vertical lines and two horizontal ones, one of which crosses all five of the vertical lines, while the second goes only halfway across.^[74] I immediately drew my rendering of it into my notebook. It is most likely to end up on one side of one of my remaining three boards in the Cave Art Now series. But I will not rush with it. Perhaps Auel will regale me with a few more signs in the remaining pages. However, she does not go into the nature of geometric art at all. How did it come about? What is its purpose? Why is it interspersed with renderings of animals? So far, she skips the subject entirely. It seems that our several communications over the years have left no impact on her. Alas!

OUR PAINTINGS (May 24, 2012)

Once again, I catch myself admiring my paintings. They are divine. But, I hasten to add, I know they have little to do with myself. Yes, they are our paintings!

MY BUG (November 7, 2012)

As I sit at my dining table, my gaze often focuses on the painting of a bug on my wall (“The Motovun Bug,” June 24, 2011). I have placed it on the wall in such a way that my eyes cannot but stumble upon it over and over again. In fact, every single day. Although I love all of my paintings, I am kind of partial to this particular one as of late. It sums up my life in Motovun, Istria, and Croatia as a whole. The bug. For that reason, this painting is always with me in my mind, even when I am far away. At the beginning, it was the focus of my fear and anger. As well as deep, suffocating hatred. By and by, it has turned into something entirely different. Just another bug among bugs, of which there are many all around me. As of late, I also find it rather pretty. My bug, as it were. Which is exactly why I painted it in the first place. Of course, it was my way of dealing with fear and anger. Slowly but surely, the hatred is ebbing away. What I now feel cannot be called love, not exactly, but it is surely edging that way. And the shaman in me already feels kind of proud of this little ruse of old. Domesticating a tricky bug by painting it is a skill for just a few.

MY TOTEM (November 15, 2012)

Every shaman has a totem that has been acquired through a perilous quest. My totem is the Motovun bug (“My Bug,” November 7, 2012). And my quest was the misguided struggle against crooked golf in Motovun, Istria, and Croatia as a whole. Thus my fascination with the painting of the bug that is now perched on a batten in my livingroom. Yes, my totem is not a soaring eagle or a roaring lion. It is the mighty bug, superior to them both by a wide margin. No wonder I have been fascinated with cockroaches all my life. It was a premonition of momentous things to come in the fullness of time.

“ROLL OVER KANDINSKY, TELL MALEVICH THE NEWS!” (March 25, 2013)

Thus the title of an article on my Internet service provider’s website this morning. And in English. I was attracted at once, although I was surprised that Mondrian’s name was nowhere in the title. As it turns out, the article is by Slavenka Drakulić, a Croatian writer of renown and an erstwhile friend. She was imitating Chuck Berry, the father of rock ‘n’ roll, she explained the title. The article is about Hilma af Klint, a Swedish artist and mystic who has been in the news lately. Like Kandinsky, Mondrian, and Malevich, she was inspired by Madame Blavatsky’s Theosophy. Drakulić is hailing af Klint as the first abstract artist ever, which is not surprising given Drakulić’s feminist credentials. The article is about the Swedish artist’s current exhibition in Stockholm, which is entitled “The Pioneer of Abstraction.” Only a brief search on the World Wide Web is enough to put af Klint (1862-1944) in her proper

place, though. True, quite a number of her mystical diagrams are kind of abstract. Many of her paintings feature circles, ellipses, and all sorts of blobs reminiscent of flowers. But they also feature black and white swans in tight embrace, as well as crosses and other symbols galore. Much of her oeuvre smacks of kitsch. One has to be an ardent feminist not to see all this before cackling about Kandinsky and Malevich. Of course, the first abstract artists go back nearly eighty-thousand years in Africa. Mysticism was the key to their work, as well. And chances are that both men and women took part in shamanistic rituals that led to abstract art. So much for the pioneer of abstraction from the Nineteenth Century. As well as for misguided feminism.

ON OLIVER SACKS AND GEOMETRIC HALLUCINATIONS (March 25, 2013)

Today I got an electronic-mail message from my No. 1 son, who forwarded a message from his mother about Oliver Sack's recent Ted talk about visual hallucinations. He mentioned that the last few seconds are a real gift for me, and so I watched the talk. Sacks, a neurologist of sorts, does mention geometric hallucinations, which he has experienced himself, but he does not mention entoptic forms, which I have experienced myself. At the very end of his talk he indeed mentions cave art, but only fleetingly. He seems not to be aware of David Lewis-Williams' work on cave art, let alone of my work on modern art and its roots in cave art. So be it, but Sacks ended up being rather a disappointment. The connection between geometric hallucinations, cave art, and modern art seems to be well beyond his grasp. Having watched the talk, I cannot but ponder this strange world of ours. How many years will it take till Lewis-Williams' and my work come to the fore? When will the connection between so-called abstract art and shamanism become common knowledge, at least among the cognoscenti? Will it come to pass that I will not live long enough to witness the miracle?

KANAGA (March 30, 2013)

About twelve years ago, I painted the stick man from the original flag of Mali. Its legs spread wide, the figure's arms are raised to the sky. Known as *kanaga*, which originated with the Dogon people of Mali, it was eventually removed from the flag because it offended the aniconic sensitivities of the Muslims, who are the majority in the country. Today I painted the Mali stick man running. Its symbolism notwithstanding, it looks very like a pair of swastikas in motion. On the other side of the same board, I put the stark icon from the gearshift handle in my beloved's car, which looks a bit like a Cyrillic character. Showing six speeds and reverse, the icon goes very well with the *kanaga* in motion, and especially its part representing the reverse. For good measure, my

beloved helped me paint the two sides of the board. It will be a welcome addition to the collection in the livingroom.

THE END TO THE CAVE ART NOW CYCLE (August 22, 2013)

I kept two boards in the attic for the next two years. I planned to paint the last one in 2015, when I will turn sixty-nine. Today I changed my mind, though. It is time to complete my Cave Art Now cycle, for I have no idea where I will be living two years from now. Perhaps I will stay in Motovun, but it is much more likely that I will leave Croatia for ever. At any rate, the first board has two paintings. The first contains the only piece of geometric art described in sufficient detail in Jean Auel's last book ("Jean Auel and Geometric Art," May 16, 2012).[75] Composed of five vertical and two horizontal lines, it is quite to my liking, too.[76] The reverse side carries a Glagolitic character from Hum that represents a meander reminiscent of Julius Knifer ("Homage to Julius Knifer," August 4, 2006). The second board has two paintings once again. The first contains yet another play of swastikas bound together. There are three of them this time around. The reverse side carries a decorative flourish I long discovered in a Chinese restaurant in Zagreb ("A Decorative Flourish," January 16, 2007). Nothing but a geometric joke, it offers a fitting end to my cycle. Laugh art lovers, laugh!

THE STAR AND THE BUG (September 11, 2013)

I have been rearranging the paintings in my livingroom ever since I finished my last painting not so long ago ("The End to the Cave Art Now Cycle," August 22, 2013). The last couple of changes ended up being interesting. Nay, revealing. First I removed the *Aum* sign from the wall ("The Last of my Jokes on Abstraction," May 23, 2011). Looking for a better place for the first and last word, I exchanged its place with the Motovun star ("The Motovun Star," July 6, 2007). Only then I noticed that the latter ended up right above the Motovun cockroach—sorry, bug ("The Motovun Bug," June 24, 2011). Although this was not my original intention, I was delighted by the rearrangement. The felicitous juxtaposition, that is. The star and the bug are together at long last! The symbol of my town and my totem are now one above the other, as they ought to be ("My Totem," November 15, 2012). Ah, rearranging my paintings can be such fun! But the twain will stay together, I solemnly promise.

Addendum (July 10, 2018)

Having come across this piece entirely by chance, I looked toward the livingroom wall. The Motovun star is right above the Motovun bug to this day. Five years and counting. But then I noticed that my one and only painting that is black on both sides is right beneath the bug ("Black on Both Sides," July 6, 2008). The thirteenth painting I came up with

in Motovun, it marks one of the darkest periods in my life. My struggle with the then mayor, Slobodan Vugrinec, was close to its peak. Chances are that the three paintings will remain tied together for many more years. After all, I am still awaiting the resolution of the legal quagmire Vugrinec regaled me with in 2008 and 2009 (“*Bon versus Croatia*,” April 13, 2015). The star, the bug, and the darkness... In my mind, they are inseparable. And all imaginable shades of darkness bring the whole lot in tight embrace. Looking back toward the wall, I cannot but feel grateful that I am surrounded by my paintings. My life in black, white, and red.

NO-BULLSHIT MONDRIANS AT IKEA (August 27, 2014)

My beloved needed a new battery for one of her wristwatches, and so I accompanied her to the nearest watch repairman. As it happened, I was stunned by the doormat in front of the shop’s door: it looked like one of no-bullshit Mondrians I painted many years ago (“No-Bullshit Mondrians,” Aug. 19, 1998). It was beige with a simple composition of stark black lines. Having waited for my beloved to explain what she needed, I turned to the fellow behind the counter: “Where in the world did you get your doormat?” “Oh,” he smiled politely, “I got it at Ikea a few years ago!” “Amazing,” I shook my head, “it looks exactly like some of my paintings.” I did my best not to mention cave art, entoptic forms, trance, shamanism, and the like. “Look,” I pointed at the doormat to my beloved on our way out of the shop, “this is the Kandinsky that started me going with one more field across the top.” She just squeezed my hand. “We’ll go to Ikea one day soon,” she assured me. We will, indeed. Chances are there is more than one doormat of this ilk to be found there.

Addendum (August 28, 2014)

In search of the magical doormats, I just went through two Ikea catalogues that my beloved happens to have in her apartment. One is from Graz in Austria, and the other is from the Croatian capital, where the intrepid company has recently opened an outlet. If the media are to be trusted, it is doing pretty well. Sadly, though, not a single doormat is to be found in either of the catalogues. Too cheap an item, I suppose. Disappointed, I could not but notice many catalogue features that stretch between the two neighboring countries. First, many people on display on the colorful pages are African and Asian. As neither Austrians nor Croats are eager to see such people in their midst, Ikea’s cosmopolitanism cannot but irk many a customer in these parts. On top of that, the catalogues carry many a thought by so-called development engineers from across the European sub-continent. Some of them muse about Ikea’s clever design while others dabble in issues of sustainability. One of the development engineers goes as far as to claim that sustainability is no longer a technical question but an ethical one, instead. The engineers have it, that is. Now it is up to the silly customer.

Irked by the gibberish, I tossed the two catalogues away from me. The doormats can wait, to be sure. Besides, no-bullshit Mondrians are in our genes. They will be popping up left and right as long as humans are around and about.

SULAWESI TO THE RESCUE (October 9, 2014)

Cave art from Sulawesi, Indonesia, has been known for some time, but it has recently been established that it goes back many more thousands of years than has previously been thought. Recent research has shown that the cave paintings and handprints from Indonesia are some forty-thousand years old. There is a great deal written about it as of late, but the main thrust of many articles on Sulawesi is that it challenges the view that cave art is somehow special to Europe. Also, the Indonesian find suggests that cave art ultimately comes from Africa. But there could not have been any doubt about this connection, anyhow. Most of the articles are of interest only as so many pointers to cultural biases of all sorts. And there are many of those across the globe. Even a cursory look at the cave art from Sulawesi shows many common features with cave art elsewhere, including Europe. Humans who left Africa about fifty-thousand years ago were birds of a feather. Some went west and some east, and that is all there is to it. The only puzzle in the current frenzy is how many more times will the same point have to be made before it takes hold.

A PERFECT TOMB (December 2, 2014)

I have been daydreaming for years about the ideal space to exhibit my paintings, preferably all of them at once. Given their identical dimensions, this would be easy enough to arrange. Predictably, it would be a cube, which I like to think of as my last abode. The access would be through the floor, so that the array of paintings on each of the four walls would not be spoiled by a door no matter how tiny. Now that my Cave Art Now cycle is complete, the dimensions of the cube can be determined with great precision. I know that I have around three-hundred and twenty paintings, which means that there would be eighty of them on every wall. If ten paintings would be placed on each batten, eight battens of the same length would go on each wall. As ten paintings in a row with spaces between them measure five meters, the cube would need to be five meters wide and five meters high. Eight battens with paintings on them would be about three meters tall, thus leaving sufficient space from the lowest batten to the floor and from the highest one to the ceiling. The ideal space to exhibit all of my paintings at once is thus complete. Painted white just like the battens, it would be a perfect tomb. Come to think of it, perhaps it would not need any access through the floor, either.

(December 5, 2014)

The number sign comes closest to geometric art of all the characters commonly used in the so-called west, but I have never paid it any attention. Until today, that is. It came into focus this morning when I came across an article dedicated to it. A quick search on the World Wide Web tells me that it was introduced in the early years of the last century. The Teletype Corporation in the States was the first to use it to mean “number.” It is called “hash” in Britain, which is a corruption of “hatch” referring to “cross-hatching.” In recent years, it has been used for “hashtagging” on social media, whatever that means. A similar character is used in music to mean “sharp.” There is a Chinese character that looks very much like the number sign, as well. Having learned all of this, I am none the wiser. Returning to geometric art, the number sign beats a number of simple characters in the Latin alphabet in its punch. The characters I have in mind are “I,” “L,” “T,” “H,” and “O.” In typefaces without serifs, such as Helvetica and Geneva, these characters shine through. Not surprisingly, I have used them all in my paintings. Characters like “V,” “W,” and “X” are also quite punchy, but I have never used oblique lines or “diagonals” as I like to call them. At any rate, not a single number sign can be found in any of my paintings. Belatedly, I feel kind of sort of sorry about it. Now that my Cave Art Now cycle is complete, the best I can do is acknowledge the lamentable omission.

ROY LICHTENSTEIN’S JOKE ON ABSTRACTION (January 27, 2015)

Looking for something entirely different on the World Wide Web, I chanced upon a print series by Roy Lichtenstein, which I have seen never before. “Cow Triptych (Cow Going Abstract)” is the title. One-hundred and fifty prints of it were made in 1982. The series is quite funny to behold. The first print shows a cow grazing. The cow is cut up and glued together haphazardly in the second. And the third print is pure geometry without a trace of the cow remaining. With its blues, yellows, whites, grays, and blacks, it smacks of Mondrian, too. I could not find any explanation of the triptych, but it strikes me as Lichtenstein’s joke on abstraction. It is as though we have conspired to make it together. The very notion is a joke, to be sure. Geometric art has nothing to do with so-called abstraction, as I have argued time and again, and Lichtenstein’s series shows it plainly enough. Every art historian should have it on the wall above his or her bed. Abstraction is a joke on the entire profession, no less.

SEBASTIJAN VOJVODA, PLAGIARIST (January 30, 2015)

On our way to one of our favorite restaurants in central Zagreb this evening, my beloved stopped in front of a gallery where a new show was

being prepared. She called me back, and I peeped through the curtains together with her. I could not believe my eyes, but my paintings were all over the walls. I could immediately recognize at least a dozen of them. After a closer look, it was clear that the format was a bit different, for the paintings were square, whereas mine are rectangular. Some of my compositions were placed upside down, and some were hung sideways. But it was amazing to see so much of my own work getting ready for the opening. My beloved even quipped that she thought at first that I was trying to surprise her with the show.

When we ordered our dinner, my beloved took out her mobile phone and started searching for the artist. It took her only a few minutes to find out that the opening would take place in a few days. Sebastijan Vojvoda was the artist's name. Born in Pula in 1976, he serves as a custodian of some educational establishment in Poreč. She also found a piece introducing the upcoming exhibition, as well as his own words about it. Not surprisingly, my name does not appear anywhere in spite of so much that is borrowed from me. Given all the givens, this is a straight case of plagiarism. There is no other word for it. I have long heard of an Istrian artist lifting my work, but this was my first encounter with his work ("Continuity, Originality," May 5, 2005).

I am doing my best to record my astonishment this evening not because I intend to make trouble for Vojvoda. Far from it. In fact, I am worried that he might take me to court for plagiarism in turn. This is Croatia, after all. If he has good connections in any of the Istrian courts, he may even get ahead in the legal game. Although I would win in the end, for there is no question about Vojvoda's plagiarism in this case, I would have another harrowing experience with the court system in this godforsaken country. Once burned, one blows on cold, too. At any rate, I am so sorry that he has not had the brains to get in touch with me ahead of time. I would even endorse our, as it were, collaborative venture with an open heart. After all, authorship is not my cup of tea, as I have made clear time and again.

Addendum I (February 3, 2015)

Over the last few days, my feelings have changed quite a bit. As time went by, I became more and more angry with Vojvoda on account of his mindboggling plagiarism. Seeing one's work paraded under someone else's name is harrowing, to be sure. The paintings I saw through the gallery window kept pulsating in my mind. I can see them as I write, as a matter of fact. After a few sleepless nights, this morning I sent an electronic-mail message to the director of the gallery, which is a part of a cultural outfit associated with the administration of the Croatian capital. I introduced myself by providing a link to the website of my gallery in Motovun, which harbors several pictures of my paintings taken in Reading in 2001. I added a link to the EAST International show in Norwich in 1998, where at least two-hundred of my paintings were exhibited. To top it off, I included a link to this piece of writing and its

precursor from 2005. And then I warned the gallery director of Vojvoda's unabashed plagiarism on the opening day of his show. A perfect day for the all-out assault, no doubt. By way of a conclusion, I asked for Vojvoda's public apology together with an articulate explanation of his artistic pursuit, if that is what his plagiarism amounts to. For good measure, I copied the message to many of the key people associated with the gallery, as well as a good number of leading newspapers in Croatia. It is anyone's guess what will happen next. Many hours later, not a peep from anyone. A message like mine typically goes unnoticed in this corrupt country. It is all about connections and nothing but connections. Surprises are few and far between. Plagiarism, what plagiarism?

Addendum II (February 4, 2015)

Not long before the vaunted opening, Vojvoda responded to my electronic mail, and in kind. He started by saying that he was very sorry that I thought that my work had been plagiarized. This was definitely not the case, he pleaded. He had heard of me, and he wanted to get in touch with me, but... He did not explain why he had never managed to send me a few words over the intervening decade or so. The best he could say in his defense was that we both had discovered the same symbolic language, the same geometry that underlies much of the world around us. Although the common ground was allegedly only a small part of his opus, he did acknowledge incredible similarity between my work and his.

The best he could offer by way of an explanation was that we were connected by a Jungian archetype of some kind. Many other artists were also connected, and he listed quite a few of them. The only one I would agree to would be Malevich, though. He also added that it would be outright crazy for him to plagiarize my work given that we lived but a few kilometers apart in Istria. He concluded by repeating that he was sorry about everything, but that he hoped that we would have a chance to meet soon and talk about our work.

My response was predictably cold. Archetypes are fine, but way too many of his paintings are exactly the same as mine. I am not exaggerating, either. Walking past the gallery, I spotted at least ten of them, and there were about twenty paintings on view all told. Any art critic would be quite suspicious about Vojvoda's argument, I was pretty sure. I closed my reply by telling him that I had already engaged my lawyer, which was indeed the case. The lawyer now has the full correspondence with the gallery, as well. The long silence separating our messages today drove me nuts, I must admit. To sue or not to sue, that is the question. In this case, both Vojvoda and his gallery are liable. Although I am weary of the Croatian courts, some wrongdoings do deserve to be punished. The sooner, the better.

Addendum III (February 5, 2015)

Either Vojvoda has persuaded the key people in the gallery of his innocence, or they had cunningly accepted his story so as to avoid my charges of plagiarism, but they offered me a show together with him. And no kidding. According to one of the gallery bosses, the similarity of our “geometries” is so stunning that they are prepared to celebrate it with a special show. In short, we are dealing with a miracle, no less. Even though I responded that I was far from convinced of Vojvoda’s Jungian archetypes, for there were too many of his paintings that were nearly identical to my own, I thanked him for the offer and invited him to see my paintings in my own gallery in Motovun. That was their house and home, I explained in my last electronic-mail message. Once again, I copied my lawyer for all to see. My anger is receding, heaven be praised, but a lawsuit is still ricocheting through my mind whenever I remember my paintings on show in the center of Zagreb. And under Vojvoda’s name.

Addendum IV (February 6, 2015)

On our way to the same restaurant this evening, my beloved and I passed by the same gallery once again. We were quite astonished to see a large number of Vojvoda’s paintings wrapped in black cloth. Twelve of them, to be exact. The postcard I sent to one of the gallery bosses a couple of days ago was persuasive enough, I gather (“The Fucking Postcard,” February 4, 2015). Indeed, the plagiarism was perfectly obvious. The funny thing is that I felt kind of sorry for Vojvoda out of the blue. And I missed seeing my paintings even under someone else’s name.

MY OPENING (February 3, 2015)

I just went through the three longest days in my life, or so it seems to me at this particular moment. Saturday, Sunday, Monday. Waiting forever for my opening.

Addendum (November 26, 2015)

What was this about? Opening, what opening? At the risk of explaining the obvious, this haiku is about Sebastijan Vojvoda’s show in the center of Zagreb (“Sebastijan Vojvoda, Plagiarist,” January 30, 2015). I was waiting for the opening day to get in touch with the gallery in question. My assumption was that I could not find anyone there over the weekend. At any rate, I still remember those days. They struck me as interminable, no less. While I was waiting, I was seething with anger, as well. I could not believe what was in front of my eyes each and every time I walked by the gallery window. Many of my paintings were in plain sight, but under someone else’s name. And without a word of explanation for the travesty. Looking back, I cannot but feel sorry for myself. Ever since

my “return” to Croatia, I have gone through one horror after another. And who the hell knows what awaits me behind the proverbial corner...

“HOW THE FAKE ART INDUSTRY IS FORGING AHEAD”
(February 4, 2015)

Thus *The Financial Times* today. I almost laughed when I saw the title. “A London gallery is asking visitors to ‘spot the copy’,” the newspaper elaborates. I skipped the article, but I was delighted by the coincidence of the story with my own predicament at this very time (“Sebastijan Vojvoda, Plagiarist,” January 30, 2015). If only visitors of the Zagreb gallery in which my own art is on show right now could spot a copy. And not only one. At least ten of them, as a matter of fact. Be that as it may, fake art is on the rise precisely because the art-loving public is disappearing by the day. The so-called upper middle class is as good as dead by now. As for the art experts, they are better not even mentioned. Art is farthest from their minds nowadays. To the best of their ability, they are promoting only themselves on all the media available today.

THE FUCKING POSTCARD (February 4, 2015)

Today I got photographs of all paintings by Sebastijan Vojvoda exhibited in Galerija Forum in the center of Zagreb. Now I am certain that twelve of them are plagiarisms, of which five are identical to my paintings. He has fooled around with the rest of them, but only just. The underlying compositions of mine are always loud and clear. How can I be so sure of Vojvoda’s misdeed? I just remembered one of my postcards that I was sending to artists in Istria before my move from Britain. As luck would have it, I had a bunch of them in my knapsack. The postcard shows a photograph of my gallery in Reading taken in 2001. My paintings on their battens are lining all the walls. The twelve plagiarized originals are there in plain sight. I must have sent at least a hundred of such postcards to Istria in late 2002 and early 2003. At the time, I had a romantic notion that I would soon strike a warm relationship with Istrian artists. Vojvoda might have even been among the recipients of the fucking postcard. Otherwise, a friend of his got it and gave it to him. There is one particular painting on the postcard that no artist could ever paint by fooling around with geometric art. It shows four of my symbols from the early Nineties in a very peculiar arrangement. Vojvoda stupidly plagiarized it as though there was no tomorrow. He did not change an iota. Together with eleven other paintings on the same postcard, it offers the proof positive. Plagiarism pure and simple. Amen.

Addendum (May 20, 2015)

Today I found an article in *Glas Istre (The Voice of Istria)* about yet another exhibition of Sebastijan Vojvoda, this time somewhere in Istria.

The photograph that accompanies the article shows an additional painting plagiarized straight from the postcard in question. It did not appear in the Zagreb show. One more time, Vojvoda is quoted as going on and on about geometry that comes his way from everywhere he looks. That fateful postcard of mine he does not mention, it goes without saying. Anyhow, now I am sure of thirteen Vojvoda's paintings that were plagiarized from it. A lucky number, or what?

COMPARING ME WITH A NOBODY (February 5, 2015)

The misery of Sebastijan Vojvoda's plagiarism is behind me by now, or so I sincerely hope. We have reached an agreement of sorts, and I thus desisted from asking that the plagiarized paintings be removed from his current show in Galerija Forum. I was more than ready to engage my lawyer, too. What got me particularly angry was not Vojvoda, who has been quite supple the last few days, but the boss of the gallery, a certain Emil Matešić. At least in his own mind, he is a somebody in the local intellectual circles. In our exchange of photographs in connection with Vojvoda's plagiarisms, I alerted him to one of my paintings that can be found on the World Wide Web. As it turned out, the photograph also showed a painting of a simple meander. He responded by ridiculing my complaint against Vojvoda on account of my plagiarism of Knifer. I immediately sent him a piece written about this painting that comes from my *Cave Art Now* (2003), which is available on the Ca' Bon Gallery website ("Homage to Julius Knifer," August 4, 2006). The piece shows that the homage was merely a joke on the artist. I also advised Matešić to check my book before challenging me pointlessly next time, and then I informed him that our communication was over. Enough of silly banter! But comparing me with a nobody such as Knifer made me angry beyond belief. In fact, I was seething with it for hours. The late artist is a great star in Zagreb, which only demonstrates the city's palpable provincialism. At any rate, Matešić's *faux pas* almost cost his gallery and Vojvoda a lawsuit. But I have calmed down by now, as I already said. It is my own fault that I have elected to live on the edges of civilization rather than theirs. *Malo nodo malus quaerendus cuneus.*

Addendum I (September 3, 2015)

The last few months, this piece has been among the most popular on my *Residua* website. Why? I have no idea, but I can imagine that many a Croatian artist and art aficionado find this piece boastful past compare. For them, Knifer is a major artist, and not only in Croatia. Even though this piece was written in quite some anger, I still think of Knifer as a minor artist. His prominence in these parts can be explained only by the fact that Zagreb is a minor European capital, as well. For crying out loud, he has never come up with anything but thicker and thinner meanders in black and white! What annoys me even more, his meanders are on the verge of being pretty, or at least embarrassingly elegant. In simple words, Knifer has never come even close to anything

fundamental in geometric art. The prehistoric origin of entoptic forms was entirely beyond him, to be sure. Enough, though. Let Croatian artists and art aficionados have their fun.

Addendum II (September 20, 2015)

According to a series of photographs I have found on my Internet service provider's website today, Emil Matešić is a celebrity in Zagreb. His photo appears together with the photos of many other celebrities captured walking through the pedestrian area in the center of the city. That was yesterday, which was a Saturday. And this is the day when all celebrities in the city crawl out of their nests in their best clothes to be captured by the local paparazzi. Interestingly, I do not know a single name listed. Celebrities? It took me a while to remember where I have heard Matešić's name, too. When I searched for it on my *Residua* website, it popped out at once in connection with Sebastijan Vojvoda, the plagiarist. Dealing first hand with a celebrity in this city is supposed to be quite an honor for me, I imagine. At any rate, this is the Croatian capital in a nutshell. Provincial to boot.

PREHISTORY AND POSTHISTORY UNITED (April 7, 2015)

My paintings are a blessing. I feel outright fortunate to have painted them over more than two decades. Sitting among them, I am truly at home. And I feel connected to my precursors over thousands of generations. At the same time, thousands of generations of my successors are also within my sight. If there is painting worthy of the new millennium, it is definitely my own. It points both backwards and forwards. Prehistory and posthistory united for the first time. And on top of the Motovun hill, of all magical places.

ON CRYPTOMNESIA AND PLAGIARISM (May 23, 2015)

Cryptomnesia is defined as a forgotten memory that returns to a person without being recognized as such, and the person thus takes it as new and original. This may happen with a thought, melody, or image. Carl Jung quite liked the notion, which was introduced by Théodore Flournoy at the turn of the last century. The person would be falsely accused of plagiarism because he or she does not remember it at all. And this is what Sebastijan Vojvoda keeps telling everyone about his paintings, many of which look suspiciously like mine. He might have seen my work, he says, but he certainly does not remember it. Thus it is coming back to him as his own. This would sound plausible enough if a few of his paintings were in doubt. In fact, at least thirteen of them can be found on a single postcard of mine ("The Fucking Postcard," February 4, 2015). Many of his paintings are nearly identical as my own, which were painted earlier than his. And a few are so close that not even cryptomnesia can be of any help. Vojvoda has plagiarized even the

tinest details from the postcard in question. In my reply to his latest interview for *Glas Istre (The Voice of Istria)*, I challenged him to a polygraph test. I hope it will appear in print sometime next week. Let us see if he can persuade the lie detector of his innocence, which he loves parading for all to see. Otherwise, we might have to call in a court expert specializing in visual arts. Any such expert would only laugh out loud at any mention of cryptomnesia, I am pretty sure well in advance.

Addendum I (May 26, 2015)

My reply to Vojvoda's interview appeared in today's issue of *Glas Istre*. And in full. The only disappointment is that the photograph of my paintings from 2001, which appeared on the postcard in question, is not large enough to show all the requisite detail of the thirteen plagiarized paintings. And this was my specific request, too. This error on the part of the newspaper notwithstanding, I am pleased that my challenge is out in the open at long last. I only wonder when will Vojvoda take the polygraph test so as to prove me wrong once and for all. This month? This year?

Addendum II (May 27, 2015)

Vojvoda saw my reply in the newspapers. I got an electronic-mail message from him yesterday evening. As always, he sounds conciliatory, but he insists that plagiarism is out of the question. Everyone I show my paintings and his paintings agrees that cryptomnesia is a ludicrous idea, but he insists on it in spite of all the evidence. Most important, he agrees to a polygraph test, and he wants to know where and when he should take it. But he abhors any mention of the court, and he thus hopes we will manage to find a solution in a friendly way. I am not sure what, if anything, to write to him in return. The ball is now in his court, anyhow. Although few Croats read English, my argument is now loud and clear in Croatian, as well. And at least thirteen of his paintings can be found on a single postcard of mine. Pure mystery, for sure!

Addendum III (December 8, 2018)

Quite by chance, Sebastijan Vojvoda came up in conversation with a friend, who knew nothing about my troubles with Vojvoda's plagiarism. To help him understand my case, I send my friend links to several relevant pieces from my *magnum opus*. Having done that, I searched the World Wide Web for my response to Vojvoda's interview in *Glas Istre (The Voice of Istria)*. Try as I might, though, I could not find it. Only after much trying, I realized that my response has been removed in the meanwhile. Which is to say, Vojvoda has good connections in the leading Istrian newspaper. Luckily for him, few people on the peninsula can read English of any complexity, either. In short,

cryptomnesia is here to stay. Plagiarism, what plagiarism?
Congratulations all around!

THE LAST OF MY JOKES ON ABSTRACTION, AGAIN (July 8,
2015)

A bit more than four years ago, I painted my own version of *Aum* in Sanskrit (“The Last of My Jokes on Abstraction,” May 23, 2011). It is stark and powerful. The painting has been gracing my livingroom wall ever since. Each time I spot it, I pronounce the word with relish. Several months ago, I decided to have it printed on the chest of a T-shirt, which I even imagined wearing from time to time. Through a friend in Motovun, I have access to a T-shirt printer in Poreč. As I explained to my friend when I gave her a drawing of my painting, it should be in red or reddish-brown on a yellow or orange T-shirt. For some reason, the printing turned out to be much more difficult than I expected. I got the mother of all words printed sideways a month ago. To me, it looked wrong. And today I got it printed upside down. It looks very wrong, as well. The last of my jokes on abstraction is turning into a real joke by now, and I wonder whether I will ever get it printed as it is meant to be. Come to think of it, perhaps my version of *Aum* is not meant to be printed on the chest of a T-shirt, anyway. Indeed, would I ever dare to wear it after all these mishaps?

Addendum I (July 15, 2015)

A week later, I finally got two yellow T-shirts with my version of *Aum* printed in red on their chests. And without a glitch. As I write, I am wearing one of them. This time around, I love the last of my jokes on abstraction quite a bit. All it took was a little bit of perseverance, as ever. The only remaining problem is that I must not look at myself in a mirror, as I just did a moment ago, for the word will appear back to front from my vantage point. The best I can do is to give the two T-shirts to friends I see often enough, and delight at spotting them ever anew. Each time, I can pronounce the mother of all words with growing relish.

Addendum II (August 10, 2017)

One of the T-shirts with the last of my jokes on abstraction went to my No. 1 son, who lives in New York City. I can only hope he wears it often enough to the delight of his friends and acquaintances. The other is still with me, but I wear it rather rarely. Out of the blue, I put it on this morning. On my way to the grocery store, many people were surprised by my looks. “Hey,” they would point at my chest, “what’s that?” Bereft of a straightforward answer, I went for yet another joke: “It spells ‘good morning’ in Bulgarian.” After a chuckle or two, they would leave me alone. Explaining the sign on my chest would take quite a while, it goes without saying. The last of my jokes on abstraction might well take an entire lecture.

WRITING, PAINTING (August 13, 2015)

Out of the blue, I realized only this morning that my spiritual development, as reflected in my writing, is closely related to my painting. That is, both Bon Buddhism and Bon Yoga are very much intertwined with my Cave Art Now cycle. In fact, the cycle goes back to prehistoric shamanism, which is at the foundations of the interconnected spiritual paths. In my own life, it all goes back to the late Eighties and early Nineties, when my writing and painting interlocked. But I found this realization so startling that I was puzzled that it had not dawned on me much earlier—say, a quarter of a century ago. And then I started wondering whether I had forgotten about it in the meanwhile, for the intimate relationship between my writing and painting struck me as old hat. It must be all over my *magnum opus* by now, I figured. In the end, I got utterly confused. Am I onto something entirely new, or am I suffering from momentary oblivion? As ever, the best I can do is record the conundrum. The resolution will follow in the fullness of time. Phew!

CAPTURING (September 28, 2015)

The last issue of *The MIT Technology Review*, which covers September and October of this year, reached me by post this morning. As I flipped through it, I came across an article that looked a bit odd, at least for a magazine dedicated to technology. Entitled “Motion Pictures,” it came with a number of unusual illustrations. “Technology is now allowing artists to do something they’ve aspired to since the stone age: make their paintings move,” runs the byline. Stone age? Really? Written by a certain Martin Gayford, it starts *in medias res*. “By and large, visual art has always been defined as static,” the abstract artist Frank Stella observed to him in 1998, “but the tradition has always been to use illusion to create a sense of motion.” Even tens of thousands of years ago, artists have attempted to show the world in motion, the argument goes. “If something moves, that’s how you can tell it’s alive,” Stella is quoted again. The rest of the article is dedicated to various attempts of artists to animate their paintings, but I went straight for the last paragraph, where the stone age predictably pops up again. “The aurochs, stags, and horses on the walls of Lascaux were painted to be seen in the flickering torchlight, and would have shimmered with apparent movement,” Gayford argues. “Yet, because they are frozen in a moment, each animal still possesses a specificity, a quality of being *captured*, that animation may find difficult to replicate.” The word he himself italicizes negates the underlying thesis of the article, of course. Capturing was the word back then, indeed. And there were no artists, but shamans capturing and subduing the world of spirits for their enthralled tribesmen assembled in deep caves. Motion pictures were farthest from the shamans’ minds in the stone age. Come to think of it, motion pictures would frighten them out of their wits. *Pace* Stella, creating a sense of motion was a dream of the early Twenty First

Century. And stopping all motion was the dream of the stone age for untold thousands of years.

THE SIZE OF THE CAVE ART NOW CYCLE (December 17, 2015)

Looking at my paintings, which are very close to my heart, I find myself thinking about the end to the Cave Art Now cycle. When I moved from Reading to Motovun in 2003, I brought with me thirty plain boards, which I planned to nurse along for a few years, and I painted the first one of them the following year (“Both Sides of Love,” January 8, 2004). As it turned out, I did nurse them along for quite a few more years than I originally had in mind. In fact, the last board was painted a whole decade after my move (“The End to the Cave Art Now Cycle,” August 22, 2013). In retrospect, I painted three boards per year on the average during this period.

Two things strike me as curious about the cycle a couple of years later. To begin with, how did I come up with the number of plain boards to bring to Motovun? Why thirty, that is? Perhaps more important, have I ever felt sorry not to have brought more boards with me? In this context, have I ever felt sorry about the end of the cycle itself? Concerning the first question, I have no recollection of my reasoning about the number of boards taken from Reading. Perhaps that was the number of boards that could fit into a cardboard box I had at my disposal at the time. As for the second question, I have never felt sorry about the number of boards available to me. For better or worse, I have never felt sorry about the cycle’s end, either.

One possible reason why the cycle’s end has not affected me in any palpable way is that there are many of my boards in the attic of my house in Motovun. Were the house larger, I would put them all on display. Thus I can imagine feeling sorry about the number of boards available to me only in the case I had much more space in which to display them. Along these lines, I can also imagine feeling the need for more boards if they were selling like hotcakes on the art market. In such a case, I would perhaps enjoy painting ever more of them. As a matter of fact, the entire cycle has always catered to my own needs and no-one else’s. Which provides reasonable answers to all my questions about the size of the Cave Art Now cycle.

THE RUSSIAN AVANTGARDE (January 4, 2016)

My beloved brought home a hefty hard-bound book about the Russian avantgarde that was published in Zagreb in 1984. It covers all the arts with the possible exception of architecture. The emphasis is on the written word, including theater. Anyhow, it is a joy to leaf through it. The book is teeming with photographs, drawings, posters, prints, and

paintings. Many a poem or story in the original Russian only adds to the joy. The Cyrillic alphabet is rarely seen in Croatia nowadays.

As I am leafing through the book, I realize out of the blue that many of the names in it are very close to my heart: Isaak Babel, Velimir Khlebnikov, Daniil Kharms, Kazimir Malevich, Nadezhda and Osip Mandelstam, Yuri Olesha... More, they are part and parcel of my own writing and painting. Put differently, the Russian avantgarde from the early years of the Twentieth Century is at my own intellectual roots.

This has nothing to do with my growing up in former Yugoslavia, I hasten to add. Actually, I grew close to a good number of these artists while I was living in America and Britain. Russia was an enemy country in my very youth, as a matter of fact. The very notion of the Russian avantgarde was suspect, too. Sadly, the book I am leafing through now feels not only out of date, but also utterly irrelevant. So much for my own wilting roots, not to mention their unsavory fruits.

FUCKING FABULOUS (April 8, 2016)

Having spent some time in the garden, where I was planning my next attack on the ubiquitous dog rose, I returned to my house. When I entered the livingroom from the terrace, I looked to the left of the door. My eyes fell on the south-facing wall, where there are six paintings dedicated to Kazimir Malevich. Stupefied by what I saw, I stopped in my tracks. "Fucking fabulous," I whispered to myself out of the blue. As I looked at each painting in turn, I was riveted to the same spot. Every single painting is powerful all by itself, but the six of them are even more powerful together. I chuckled to myself in the end, closed the door behind me, and walked into the house. Shaking my head in awe, I looked at all of my paintings around me. And there are more than a hundred of them on permanent display. "Fucking fabulous," I whispered again. Yes, I adore my paintings. And I feel lucky beyond measure to be able to live among them. In my own mind, they are among the greatest attractions of Motovun, itself a marvel to behold. I am lucky beyond measure, indeed.

A NURSING HOME STORY (April 13, 2016)

"If I ever end up in a nursing home," I just caught myself thinking, "I will have all the walls of my room covered with my paintings." I was actually looking at them in my livingroom when this thought popped up out of the blue. A sense of bliss surged through my mind a moment later. "Yes," I felt like exclaiming. Taken aback, I smiled to myself sheepishly. And then a question came to my mind: "Would you really not mind ending up in a nursing home?" I raised my eyebrows as the answer shaped up all by itself: "Not at all, provided my paintings were all around me!" Having had enough of this uninvited conversation, most

of which felt entirely alien to me, I decided to write it down. Sooner or later, I will be entertained by it, no doubt. Behold, a nursing home story out of thin air, embellished by my darling paintings.

THE LAST OF MY JOKES ON ABSTRACTION, AGAIN AND AGAIN (June 25, 2016)

It has been way too hot for my taste the last few days. This morning I decided to put on a T-shirt with my version of *Aum* printed on its chest (“The Last of My Jokes on Abstraction, Again,” July 8, 2015). I was summoning rain, it goes without saying. And the shower dutifully arrived in the early afternoon. The temperature dropped without much ado. In fact, it has turned quite fresh. Now that the heavy rain has stopped, I cannot but feel kind of thrilled in my shaman’s garb. The last of my jokes on abstraction is as serious as serious can ever be.

JUST LIKE NOTES (August 14, 2016)

When I came to Benjamin’s for lunch today, a whole bunch of people were assembled there. They came from the church after mass, and they had a glass of wine with the Pahović family. One of them was Marčelo Pavletić. “Hey,” he grabbed my hand, “you seem to be an artist!” Apparently, he found some of my paintings on the World Wide Web. “I have no idea what your paintings are about,” he chuckled, “but they may have some meaning.” And then he proceeded to tell how an elderly Austrian musician once asked him for notes of traditional Istrian music. Marcelo managed to find some through a friend in Buzet. As soon as the Austrian fellow got the notes, he started humming the Istrian songs. “Although he did not know the words,” Marcelo laughed, “his singing was just right!” He was amazed at the power of the notes. “The same with your paintings,” he chuckled and grabbed my hand again. “Just like notes, they must mean something to you!” I laughed and slapped him on the shoulder. “Exactly,” I exclaimed, “exactly!”

OUTSIDER (September 25, 2016)

I dreamt that I was taking part of an exhibition bringing together prehistoric cave art and geometric art of the last century. My paintings were on show together with the works of two other fellows, neither of whom I knew well. There were many people at the opening night. And there was much talk about the work of the other two fellows, but hardly a word about my own work, which predated theirs by at least a decade. This was true of my writings about cave art, as well. It was clear to me that the two were well connected in the art world, which I was not. They had gallerists, collectors, and art critics on their side, and I was all alone. I was an outsider. I remember being quite miffed about the whole thing as the hubbub went on. I was also thinking about the fate of my writing,

which no-one of note would even mention to this day. If you are not a part of a tight group brought together by common interests, which often revolve around money, you are as good as dead. When I woke up, I felt relieved. Just a dream! It was quite true to life, though, except that I would exhibit my paintings never again, let alone alongside the work of others. The art world is a horrendous place, and I am glad to have nothing to do with it at this stage of my life. Still, the sullen mood of the opening night was with me when I got up in the morning. Forever an outsider, I had hard time shaking off the gloom.

HOMESICKNESS OF SORTS (February 17, 2017)

My beloved went on a trip a couple of days ago, and so I find myself alone in her apartment in Zagreb. I spend most of my time reading the books she has acquired for me, and I sleep a lot. Unexpectedly, Motovun is popping up in my mind ever more often. It has been a month and a half since we left it. My paintings lining the livingroom walls appear in front of my eyes every now and then. And so does the view of the Mirna valley from my terrace. The oriental carpets lining the walls of our bedroom and my study come to me every once in a while, as well. Also, friends assembled at Martina's surprise me on occasion. There is much laughter, as ever. Yes, I am suffering from homesickness of sorts in my beloved's absence. Luckily, she will be back in a couple of days. As for Motovun, though, it will be another month and a half till we return to my, as it were, hometown. Hard to believe it, but this stretch of time strikes me as almost painfully long.

NO HEAVEN ON EARTH? (May 17, 2017)

I am enchanted by my paintings. And I am over the moon with my writings. Surrounded by the twain, I feel outright blessed. Who says there is no heaven on earth?

SIX BOARDS (August 4, 2017)

As I write, my No. 1 son and his girlfriend are on their way to Venice, where they will spend a couple of days. Then they are going to Nantes to spend a while with her mother, who has a house on the French coast. They are travelling with all sorts of delicacies from Motovun, including several bottles of Teran I regularly drink. On top of that, they have six boards of mine. Carefully wrapped, they are destined for their apartment in New York City. Although I am quite delighted by my son's love of my paintings, and his love is palpable, I feel that I am now bereft of a part of my own self. Six boards! That is exactly the number of my paintings in my beloved's apartment in Zagreb, as well. The only difference is that New York is as far as Mars in my mind, and maybe even father. Ouch! Which only shows that my paintings are truly a part

of me. My flesh and blood. My body and soul. As I write, I can feel those six boards speeding away from me. I will touch and feel them never again...

THE VERY LAST OF MY JOKES ON ABSTRACTION (November 14, 2017)

Ever since I decided to put together a new edition of an old book of mine entitled *Why I Am Perhaps Not an Artist* (1996), I have been thinking of its appropriate cover ("Why I am Perhaps Not an Artist, Again," September 21, 2017). All selections from my *Residua* have one, and all of them are close to my heart. After some rumination, I decided for my rendering of "Aum," the first and last word ("The Last of My Jokes on Abstraction," May 23, 2011). The new cover gives me a lot of joy. My liberation behind me as of early last year, the painting and the title of the book are a perfect match. The very last of my jokes on abstraction, I promise. Amen.

PI-KA-ZO (November 15, 2017)

I dreamt that a woman I knew started making jewelry of sorts with my symbols. I also knew her husband, who was helping her in her endeavor. She printed my symbols in black on pieces of pale wood the size of cigarette boxes, albeit thinner. And she connected them with steel loops, which were attached to all four sides of each piece of wood. Her typical composition had four symbols across and four upside down. Sixteen symbols were to be worn on the chest, and sixteen on the back, which made the whole thing look like a formidable cuirass. Thin steel wires held the two arrays across the shoulders. Both women and men were meant to wear them on special occasions. Each of my sixteen symbols was assigned a simple syllable, and so they could be read in different languages. I remember being instructed by the couple that the symbol having a circle in the middle was read as "pi," the one with two fields across divided by a single line was read as "ka," and that the symbol divided in three upside down fields of which the ones on the sides were black was read as "zo." In sequence, they read as "pi-ka-zo," which stood for "Picasso." The joke was on me, of course. Although the couple was making good money by selling this sort of jewelry, I did not mind it a single bit. In fact, I remember helping them on one occasion join the pieces of wood together by means of steel loops. Whenever asked, they acknowledged that I came up with the symbols, and that was enough for me. Pi-ka-zo for true.

THE QUIET BUT PROFOUND JOY (May 22, 2018)

I spend a good chunk of my time staring at my paintings. Perched on their narrow battens, arrays of them can be found on nearly every wall

in my house. Whenever I sit down and stare at them, I make sure to clear my mind of every thought. As the last painting was completed no less than five years ago, and as I have promised myself back then that no more of them will be painted ever again, this is not hard to achieve (“The End of the Cave Art Now Cycle,” August 22, 2013). Slowly but surely, my book about cave art, which is available for free on my Ca’ Bon Gallery website, is fading away, as well (www.cabongallery.org). Who cares about all those fancy theories buried in it? And who cares about their fate in the fullness of time? All I care about at this juncture is the quiet but profound joy that my paintings give me from day to day. And the joy is becoming ever more quiet and profound as years go by, I hasten to add. Everything else is for the birds. Amen.

LUCKY YOUNGSTER (October 7, 2018)

Every now and then I catch myself thinking about my final years. Say, late eighties or early nineties. Motovun suits me fine right now, but this is likely to change with age. And how. Although walking up and down the medieval streets and squares is quite a joy at this stage of my life, I cannot imagine feeling the same in my final years. Nursing homes are not my cup of tea, mainly on account of decrepit people that would surround me, but I can well imagine selling my house and buying a small apartment in a nearby town or city. I can also imagine booking such an apartment in a reasonably good hotel, where I would get all the services I could possibly need. But each time I think of my final years, I assure myself that I will remain surrounded by my paintings till my last breath (see, *e.g.*, “A Nursing Home Story,” April 13, 2016). Any place I imagine moving into would have to accommodate a good number of them, too. And I see them on all walls and above all doors and windows of my last abode. Without my paintings, my life would be nigh unimaginable. Actually, appalling. Coming to the same conclusion time after time, I sit and stare at the arrays of paintings surrounding me in my house. Relieved, I keep smiling from ear to ear. Lucky youngster!

WELCOME TO YOUR CAVE, RANKO! (December 6, 2018)

At this time of year, it is quite an experience to return to Motovun after ten days in Zagreb. The Croatian capital is hopping with holiday-makers, while Motovun is a ghost town nearly a month after the tourist season’s end. When I returned yesterday evening, nearly everything on the lower and upper squares was closed. There were hardly any lights anywhere. Marko’s was closed for the season late last month. As of late, Martina’s is closed on Wednesdays, and it was Wednesday yesterday. And Hotel Kaštel is closed after three o’clock in the afternoon, except for weekends. Only Klaudio’s was opened, but he practically kicked me out ten years ago on account of our differences regarding golf development in Motovun. Anyhow, calmness and darkness engulfed the hilltown. On top of this, there were no lights in

any houses neighboring mine. My stretch of Borgo is exclusively for rent now. The only joy upon my return was turning on the lights in my house. My paintings welcomed me with a loud shout of joy: "Welcome to your cave, Ranko!" All of a sudden, the calmness and darkness out there suited me fine. And this is how I still feel this morning. Surrounded by my paintings, I cringe at the memory of Zagreb. Restlessness and brightness. The very opposite of Motovun, my cavetown.

ENDNOTES

1. See, *e.g.*, *A History of Venice* by John J. Norwich, Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1983 (first published in 1982), pp. 12-13.
2. See, *e.g.*, Mary McCarthy's *The Stones of Florence and Venice Observed*, Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 1972 (first published in 1956), p. 85.
3. *Loc. cit.*
4. *An Outline Dictionary of Maya Glyphs*, New York: Dover, 1978 (first published in 1931), p. 47.
5. *Blood of Kings: Dynasty and Ritual in Maya Art*, London: Thames and Hudson, 1992 (first published in 1986), pp. 141-142.
6. See, *e.g.*, S. Beckett, *Collected Shorter Plays*, London and Boston: Faber and Faber, 1984, pp. 209-11.
7. Lawson, A.J., *Cave Art*, Princes Risborough, Buckinghamshire: Shire Archeology, 1991, p. 59.
8. *Op. cit.*, p. 50.
9. See, *e.g.*, K. Spindler, *The Man in the Ice*, London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1994 (first published in 1993), pp. 167-173 and color plates.
10. See, *e.g.*, *Masnavi i Ma'navi: Spiritual Couplets*, translated and abridged by E.H. Whinfield, London: The Octagon Press, 1979, p. 326.
11. Quoted by Ouskensky (Uspensky), *Essai sur la Théologie de l'icône dans l'Eglise Orthodoxe*, Paris, 1960, p. 60. According to John Stuart (*Ikon*, London: Faber and Faber, 1975, p. 31), “[t]he ikon is deeply immersed in the Christian consciousness and, indeed, tradition associates the making of the first ikon with Christ himself.” He continues (*loc. cit.*):

[...] the ikon consists of a synthesis of art and idea, and [its] form is derived from a spiritual vision or understanding of the universe. But the ikon is also a

synthesis of matter transformed by spirit—a vehicle for the transmission of spiritual energy. This is graphically suggested by the legend [...] of Christ’s image “not made with hands.” Brought to King Abgar as a proxy for Christ’s divine presence, the image was created by direct contact with Our Lord, and thereby became infused with his spiritual aura. The image presupposes the imaged just as a shadow denotes the presence of the figure that casts it. The ikon not only represents the shape (*morphé*) and the idea (*idea*) but it also participates in the nature of the imaged.

The icon is thus not only live, as all living creatures are live, but it is live spiritually—that is, it is life-giving, healing. The association between healing and this particular art form goes to its very origin, as demonstrated by this story about the first icon.

12. Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 2000 (first published in 1994), p. 111.

13. *Loc. cit.*, quoting from John of Damascus, *The Orthodox Faith*, 4.16.

14. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.: *Missionary for the Modern*, Chicago: Contemporary Books, 1989, p. 361.

15. Kandinsky, W., and F. Marc, eds. and authors, *Der Blaue Reiter Almanac*, documentary edition, ed., K. Lankheit, New York, 1974, p. 64.

16. *Op. cit.*, p. 259.

17. Lawson, A.J., *Cave Art*, Cromwell House, Church Street, Princes Risborough, Buckinghamshire: Shire Publications, 1991, p. 59.

18. *Loc. cit.*

19. Lewis-Williams, J.D., and T.A. Dowson, “The Signs of All Times,” *Current Anthropology*, Vol. 29, No. 2, 1988, pp. 201-245.

20. Lewis-Williams, J.D., and T.A. Dowson, “Wrestling with Analogy: A Methodological Dilemma in Upper Palaeolithic Art Research,” *Proceedings of the Prehistoric Society*, Vol. 57, No. 1, 1991, pp. 149-63; and Lewis-Williams, J.D., and T.A. Dowson, “On Vision and Power in the Neolithic: Evidence from the Decorated Monuments,” *Current Anthropology*, Vol. 34, No. 1, 1993, pp. 57-65.

21. Krauss, R.E., “Grids,” pp. 9-22 in Krauss’ *The Originality of the Avant-Garde and Other Modernist Myths*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and London: The MIT Press, 1986.

22. *Op. cit.*, pp. 16 and 17, respectively.
23. See Lorenz Eitner, "The Open Window and the Storm-Tossed Boat: An Essay in the Iconography of Romanticism," *Art Bulletin*, XXXVII, December 1955, pp. 281-290.
24. Krauss, *op. cit.* p. 16.
25. Adriani, G., ed., *The Books of Anselm Kiefer, 1969-1990*, London: Thames and Hudson, 1991 (first published in 1990), pp. 180-189.
26. London: Thames and Hudson, 2002, pp. 216-220.
27. *Consilience: The Unity of Knowledge*, New York: Alfred Knopff, 1998, p. 162.
28. *Henri Michaux (1899-1984)*, London: Whitechapel Art Gallery, 1999, no page, quoting from *Passages*, translated by Michael Fineberg, Paris: Gallimard, 1963, no page cited.
29. *What is Painting? Representation and Modern Art*, London: Thames and Hudson, 1999.
30. *E.g.*, *op. cit.*, p. 192.
31. London: Icon Books, 1963 (first published in 1952).
32. *Op. cit.*, p. 195.
33. "L'art et la magie," *L'Antropologie*, Vol. 14, 1903.
34. Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1998 (first published in 1997).
35. *Op. cit.*, p. 21.
36. *Op. cit.*, p. 526.
37. *Loc. cit.*
38. Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1998 (first published in 1997).
39. *Op. cit.*, p. 501.
40. *Op. cit.*, p. 502.
41. London: Hereford Salon, 1997.
42. *Op. cit.*, p. 18.

43. From Lutz Becker's Film Notes No. 1, Student Cultural Center, Belgrade, 1975 (in Serbo-Croatian).
44. *The Forbidden Image: The Intellectual History of Iconoclasm*, Chicago University Press, 2000, first published in 1994.
45. *Evolution in Mind*, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1998 (first published in 1997).
46. *Op. cit.*, p. 212.
47. London: Bantam, 2001.
48. *Op. cit.*, Chap. 17, pp. 221-233.
49. Edinburgh University Press, 1999.
50. *Op. cit.*, p. 78.
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52. Kate Douglas, "Painted Ladies," October 12, 2001, pp. 42-45.
53. Lewis-Williams, J.D., and T.A. Dawson, "The Signs of All Times," *Current Anthropology*, Vol. 29, No. 2, 1988, pp. 201-245.
54. London: Thames and Hudson, 2002.
55. *Op. cit.*, p. 125.
56. London: Macmillan, 1994 (first published in 1981)
57. *Op. cit.*, p. 173.
58. *Op. cit.*, p. 6.
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60. London: Thames and Hudson, 2002, pp. 101-135.
61. *Op. cit.*, p. 131.
62. *Op. cit.*, p. 134.
63. London: Bantam, 2006.
64. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999.
65. Dawkins, *op. cit.*, p. 196.

66. Lewis-Williams, J.D., *The Mind in the Cave: Consciousness and the Origins of Art*, London: Thames & Hudson, 2002.
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69. New York: Bantam Books, 2011.
70. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1980.
71. *The Land of Painted Caves*, *op. cit.*, p. xv.
72. *The Mind in the Cave*, London: Thames & Hudson, 2002.
73. New York: Bantam Books, 2011.
74. *Op. cit.*, p. 279.
75. *The Land of Painted Caves*, New York: Bantam Books, 2011.
76. *Op. cit.*, p. 279.

SHORT BIO

Ranko Bon writes and paints. He has published several collections from his *Residua*, the Mother of All Blogs (www.residua.org): *Residua I-XX: Selections* (London: The Hereford Salon, 1996), *Belgrade Postcards* (Belgrade: Vračarski Breg, 2002), *Istrian Postcards* (Belgrade: Vračarski Breg, 2003), *Toward a Short History of Motovun* (Munich: Elisabeth Sandmann Verlag, 2010), and *What is to Be Done? Climate Change for Beginners* (Belgrade: HESPERIAedu, 2014). In addition, he has published in several art and literary journals: *Inventory* (1996-1997), *Flash Art* (1998-1999), *Butterfly* (1999), *Statement Art* (1999), *Tank* (2000), *Another Magazine* (2001), *The Jackdaw* (2001-2010), and *Gazet* (2002-2003).

He has exhibited at the Hereford Salon in London (1994-1999), Norwich Gallery in Norwich, England (1998), Made to Measure Gallery in London (2000-2001), Abbot's Walk Gallery in Reading, England (2001-2003), Ca' Bon Gallery in Motovun, Croatia (2003-present), Five Towers Gallery in Motovun (2004-2005), Open Space, *Zentrum für Kunstprojekte* in Vienna (2010), and Calvert 22 Gallery in London (2011).

He holds a Diplome Engineer in Architecture degree from Belgrade University (1969), a Master's in City Planning from Harvard (1972), and a Ph.D. in Urban Studies and Planning from MIT (1975). He has worked in the Urban Planning Institute of Slovenia in Ljubljana (1975-1979) before teaching at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (1979), the University of Massachusetts in Boston (1979-1980), Northeastern University (1980-1983), Massachusetts Institute of Technology (1983-1990), and the University of Reading (1990-2003), where he is professor emeritus. He lives in Motovun since leaving teaching and research in 2003.