

CARNIVAL COSMOLOGY

World is a midway; cities are it's sideshows.

only difference between children and adults is that there is no one to take care of us. When we left home it meant we were lost on the midway and, unlike God, the carnies boss will only let us ride as long as we pay.

No one will come to find us. Some children will hurt us, others will stop to play... some are still deciding.

But you can sneak in too.

I have been exploring a world of adventures, exotic locales, mystic essences. Confronting my fears was the immediate goal, the predominant focus of the explorations and challenges. Now, nine months later, my fears have become wafer like and crumbling, shadows of their former selves. Now I find fear only a final, non-evolving image that stills other possibilities, the creation of more intoxicating future images, that prevents me from entering into a visionary dialogue with whomi could become.

Recently i have walked past the place where my fear images blotted out what would have come next if i had not been afraid. I climbed the golden gate bridge three weeks ago emerged in images of falling thru space into the ocean. There was nothing to fantasize beyond this one, final, deadly image. Fantasies of my friends deaths were perhaps even more vivid and recurring. People who didnt go asked their companions to call them when they returned, no matter what the hour. Those unable to express their love in this way simply asked for the rent before their roommates left for the climb. The image of death, for many THE culminating fear image, blots out all other possibilities.

The subject of fear has fascinated me for many years, that night i felt i understood it much better. Fear is a freeze on the future, the filter or floodgate that stops our imaginings; something within us that stops us from becoming more powerful and loving, rather than fearing, those things that are more vivid than our fancy, more powerful than our magic, more mysterious than our own mysteries.

I buried the predominance of fear in my own cosmology that night. After many months of incredible experiences and a rich new flood of images and emotions i began to see the colours and textures beyond the death images, beyond the fantasies of authority and arrest, beyond inner visions of my own failure of stamina or confidence. And something more began to emerge.

I am not speaking at all metaphorically when i say that it was the bright lights and moving colours of the bigtop, carnival, amusement park-midway. Once i was on the bridge i was greeted instead by moonlight on still waters and the skyline of the city diminutively reduced to scale on a plywood board, ready for display. The outline of the city floated across in, of all shades, autumnal colours of yellow and orange. Our height did not make them that way, it allowed me to see them that way as the houses, ships and lights below took on a bathtub, toylike countenance. The height silhouetted by the sky and underscored by the sea allowed me to place it within a gigantic midway, rather than myself as a stickfigure man within the reality of the cities overwhelming back buildings.

Two months before i had climbed the oakland bay bridge and for the first time the metaphor had become real. The bridge was obviously a jungle jim made to climb rather than drive over, the cars just using it in between times. The girders were so huge that you could climb inside them like chimps, risking nothing but a strained heart from the excitement. It was then that i was first struck with the feeling that we were here to play, if nothing else, here to play with the world and other people.

Before that i visited a ghost town in central california and it became the spook house of a long bankrupt carnival, disappearing into a marshy bog. At the same pace it was swallowed up by the past. As i walked along the tracks at night that led to the town, unsure if i was going the right way, a bouncing yellow light appeared behind and we waited for the predictable "hey you kids, get out of here!" only to have it explode instead in to a supernaturally silent coal black train screaming into the night ahead, shaking the ground in great heaps and gulps of air as it roared past.

My mind elongated with it, as it did as a small child in front of the tv, when Daffy Duck sold Elmer Fudd a new house and then turning to leave, opened the front door and let a train rush straight at the camera, straight at Elmer, straight at me, right thru his living room and mine, my childs mind simply gasping at the possibility.

Other possibilities are becoming much more apparent. The world is becoming a total play environment and i am becoming something else entirely. The future is no longer on a circuit like the news, entertainment something an entrepreneur plans as i expectantly read the notices in the bleached parchments on the corner stands. It is an imagination away.