

Tuinkamer schouw

***I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds (Openings to ecstasy)***

Written depictions exploring themes of ecstasy; from desire and drugs, to meditation and *ekstasis*: to be outside of oneself, transcribed with ink on soluble paper, dissolved in water, and presented in found glass vials.

Materials: Water, ink, paper, glass and crystal bottles

Edition: Bespoke version in ongoing series.

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Texts used in the creation of the artwork include:

1.

*So much I gazed, Constantine P. Cavafy*

So much I gazed on beauty,  
that my vision is replete with it.

Contours of the body. Red lips. Voluptuous limbs.

Hair as if taken from greek statues;  
always beautiful, even when uncombed,  
and it falls, slightly, over white foreheads.

Faces of love, as my poetry  
wanted them.... in the nights of my youth,  
in my nights, secretly, met....

2.

*Last Night As I Was Sleeping, Antonio Machado*

Last night as I was sleeping,  
I dreamt—marvelous error!—  
that a spring was breaking  
out in my heart.

I said: Along which secret aqueduct,

Oh water, are you coming to me,  
water of a new life  
that I have never drunk?

Last night as I was sleeping,  
I dreamt—marvelous error!—  
that I had a beehive  
here inside my heart.  
And the golden bees  
were making white combs  
and sweet honey  
from my old failures.

Last night as I was sleeping,  
I dreamt—marvelous error!—  
that a fiery sun was giving  
light inside my heart.  
It was fiery because I felt  
warmth as from a hearth,  
and sun because it gave light  
and brought tears to my eyes.

Last night as I slept,  
I dreamt—marvelous error!—  
that it was God I had  
here inside my heart.

3.

Tako to Ama, Katsushika Hokusai

LARGE OCTOPUS: My wish comes true at last, this day of days; finally I have you in my grasp! Your "bobo" is ripe and full, how wonderful! Superior to all others! To suck and suck and suck some more. After we do it masterfully, I'll guide you to the Dragon Palace of the Sea God and envelop you. "Zuu sufu sufu chyu chyu chyu tsu zuu fufufuuu..."

MAIDEN: You hateful octopus! Your sucking at the mouth of my womb makes me gasp for breath! Aah! Yes... it's... there!!! With the sucker, the sucker!! Inside, squiggle, squiggle,

oooh! Oooh, good, oooh good! There, there! Theeeeeere! Good! Whew! Aah! Good, good, aaaaaaaaaah! Not yet! Until now it was I that men called an octopus! An octopus! Ooh! Whew! How are you able...!? Ooh! "Yoyoyooh, saa... hicha hicha gucha gucha, yuchyuu chyu guzu guzu suu suuu..."

LARGE OCTOPUS: All eight limbs to interwine with!! How do you like it this way? Ah, look! The inside has swollen, moistened by the warm waters of lust. "Nura nura doku doku doku..."

MAIDEN: Yes, it tingles now; soon there will be no sensation at all left in my hips. Ooooooh! Boundaries and borders gone! I've vanished...!!!!!!

SMALL OCTOPUS: After daddy finishes, I too want to rub and rub my suckers at the ridge of your furry place until you disappear and then I'll suck some more. "Chyu chyu..."

4.

*A Dozen Cocktails—Please, Baroness Elsa von Freytag Loringhoven*

No spinsterlollypop for me-- yes-- we have  
No bananas! got lusting palate-- I  
Always eat them-- -- -- -- -- --  
They have dandy celluloid tubes-- all sizes--  
Tinted diabolically as a baboon's hind-complexion.  
A man's a--  
Piffle!  
Will-o'-th'-wisp! What's the dread  
Matter with the up-to-date-American-  
Home-comforts? Bum insufficient for the  
Should-be wellgroomed upsy!  
That's the leading question.  
There's the vibrator-- -- --  
Coy flappertoy! I am adult citizen with  
Vote-- I demand my unstinted share  
In roofeden-- witchsabbath of our baby-  
Lonian obelisk.  
What's radio for--if you please?

"Eve's dart pricks snookums upon  
Wirefence. "  
An apple a day-- -- --  
It'll come-- -- -- --  
Ha! When? I'm no tongueswallowing yogi.  
Progress is ravishing--  
It doesn't me--  
Nudge it --  
Kick it--  
Prod it--  
Push it--  
Broadcast-- -- -- --  
That's the lightning idea!  
S.O.S. national shortage of--  
What ?  
How are we going to put it befitting  
Lifted upsys?  
Psh! Any sissy poet has sufficient freezing  
Chemicals in his Freudian icechest to snuff all  
Cockiness. We'll hire one.  
Hell! Not that! That's the trouble-- --  
Cock crow silly!  
Oh fine!  
They're in France-- the air on the line--  
The Poles-- -- -- -- -- --  
Have them send waves-- like candy--  
Valentines-- -- -- --  
"Say it with-- -- --  
Bolts !  
Oh thunder!  
Serpentine aircurrents-- -- --  
Hhhhhphsssssss! The very word penetrates  
I feel whoozy!  
I like that. I don't hanker after Billyboys-- but I am entitled  
To be deeply shocked.  
So are we-- but you fill the hiatus.  
Dear-- I ain't queer-- I need it straight -- --  
A dozen cocktails-- please-- -- -- --

5.

Song of Solomon, chapter 2

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.

His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

6.

Unending love, Rabindranath Tagore

I seem to have loved you in numberless forms, numberless times...  
In life after life, in age after age, forever.  
My spellbound heart has made and remade the necklace of songs,  
That you take as a gift, wear round your neck in your many forms,  
In life after life, in age after age, forever.

Whenever I hear old chronicles of love, its age-old pain,  
Its ancient tale of being apart or together.  
As I stare on and on into the past, in the end you emerge,  
Clad in the light of a pole-star piercing the darkness of time:  
You become an image of what is remembered forever.

You and I have floated here on the stream that brings from the fount.  
At the heart of time, love of one for another.  
We have played alongside millions of lovers, shared in the same  
Shy sweetness of meeting, the same distressful tears of farewell-  
Old love but in shapes that renew and renew forever.

Today it is heaped at your feet, it has found its end in you  
The love of all man's days both past and forever:  
Universal joy, universal sorrow, universal life.  
The memories of all loves merging with this one love of ours –  
And the songs of every poet past and forever.

7.

Love poem, Audre Lorde

Speak earth and bless me with what is richest  
make sky flow honey out of my hips  
rigid mountains  
spread over a valley  
carved out by the mouth of rain.

And I knew when I entered her I was  
high wind in her forests hollow  
fingers whispering sound  
honey flowed  
from the split cup  
impaled on a lance of tongues  
on the tips of her breasts on her navel  
and my breath  
howling into her entrances  
through lungs of pain.

Greedy as herring-gulls  
or a child  
I swing out over the earth  
over and over  
again.

8.

Extract from *The doors of perception*, Aldous Huxley

"This is how one ought to see," I kept saying as I looked down at my trousers, or glanced at the jeweled books in the shelves, at the legs of my infinitely more than Van-Goghian chair. "This is how one ought to see, how things really are." And yet there were reservations. For if one always saw like this, one would never want to do anything else. Just looking, just being the divine Not-self of flower, of book, of chair, of flannel. That would be enough. But in that case what about other people? What about human relations? In the recording of that morning's conversations I find the question constantly repeated, "What about human relations?" How could one reconcile this timeless bliss of seeing as one ought to see with the temporal duties of doing what one ought to do and feeling as one ought to feel? "One ought to be able," I said, "to see these trousers as infinitely im- portant and human beings as still more infinitely important." One ought-but in practice it seemed to be impossible. This participation in the manifest glory of things

left no room, so to speak, for the ordinary, the necessary concerns of human existence, above all for concerns involving persons. For Persons are selves and, in one respect at least, I was now a Not-self, simultaneously perceiving and being the Not-self of the things around me. To this new-born Not-self, the behavior, the appearance, the very thought of the self it had momentarily ceased to be, and of other selves, its one-time fellows, seemed not indeed distasteful (for distastefulness was not one of the categories in terms of which I was thinking), but enormously irrelevant. Compelled by the investigator to analyze and report on what I was doing (and how I longed to be left alone with Eternity in a flower, Infinity in four chair legs and the Absolute in the folds of a pair of flannel trousers!), I realized that I was deliberately avoiding the eyes of those who were with me in the room, deliberately refraining from being too much aware of them. One was my wife, the other a man I respected and greatly liked; but both belonged to the world from which, for the moment, mescaline had delivered me "e world of selves, of time, of moral judgments and utilitarian considerations, the world (and it was this aspect of human life which I wished, above all else, to forget) of self-assertion, of cocksureness, of overvalued words and idolatrously worshiped notions.

At this stage of the proceedings I was handed a large colored reproduction of the well-known self-portrait by Cézanne—the head and shoulders of a man in a large straw hat, red-cheeked, red-lipped, with rich black whiskers and a dark unfriendly eye. It is a magnificent painting; but it was not as a painting that I now saw it. For the head promptly took on a third dimension and came to life as a small goblin-like man looking out through a window in the page before me. I started to laugh. And when they asked me why, "What pretensions!" I kept repeating. "Who on earth does he think he is?" The question was not addressed to Cézanne in particular, but to the human species at large. Who did they all think they were?

"It's like Arnold Bennett in the Dolomites," I said, suddenly remembering a scene, happily immortalized in a snapshot, of A.B., some four or five years before his death, toddling along a wintry road at Cortina d'Ampezzo. Around him lay the virgin snow; in the background was a more than gothic aspiration of red crags. And there was dear, kind, unhappy A.B., consciously overacting the role of his favorite character in fiction, himself, the Card in person. There he went, toddling slowly in the bright Alpine sunshine, his thumbs in the armholes of a yellow waistcoat which bulged, a little lower down, with the graceful curve of a Regency bow window at Brighton—his head thrown back as though to aim some stammered utterance, howitzer-like, at the blue dome of heaven. What he actually said, I have forgotten; but what his whole manner, air and posture fairly shouted was, "I'm as good as those damned mountains." And in some ways, of course, he was



infinitely better; but not, as he knew very well, in the way his favorite character in fiction liked to imagine.

Successfully (whatever that may mean) or unsuccessfully, we all overact the part of our favorite character in fiction. And the fact, the almost infinitely unlikely fact, of actually being Cezanne makes no difference. For the consummate painter, with his little pipeline to Mind at Large by-passing the brain valve and ego-filter, was also and just as genuinely this whiskered goblin with the unfriendly eye.

For relief I turned back to the folds in my trousers. "This is how one ought to see," I repeated yet again. And I might have added, 'These are the sort of things one ought to look at.' Things without pretensions, satisfied to be merely themselves, sufficient in their Suchness, not acting a part, not trying, insanely, to go it alone, in isolation from the Dharma-Body, in Luciferian defiance of the grace of god.

9.

*Wild nights - Wild nights!*, Emily Dickinson

Wild nights - Wild nights!

Were I with thee

Wild nights should be

Our luxury!

Futile - the winds -

To a Heart in port -

Done with the Compass -

Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -

Ah - the Sea!

Might I but moor - tonight -

In thee!

10.

Stanzas, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley

Oh, come to me in dreams, my love!

I will not ask a dearer bliss;

Come with the starry beams, my love,  
And press mine eyelids with thy kiss.

'Twas thus, as ancient fables tell,  
Love visited a Grecian maid,  
Till she disturbed the sacred spell,  
And woke to find her hopes betrayed.

But gentle sleep shall veil my sight,  
And Psyche's lamp shall darkling be,  
When, in the visions of the night,  
Thou dost renew thy vows to me.

Then come to me in dreams, my love,  
I will not ask a dearer bliss;  
Come with the starry beams, my love,  
And press mine eyelids with thy kiss.

11.

*The Agony and Ecstasy, Jalāl al-Dīn Muḥammad Rūmī*

In the orchard and rose garden  
I long to see your face.  
In the taste of Sweetness  
I long to kiss your lips.  
In the shadows of passion  
I long for your love.  
Oh! Supreme Lover!  
Let me leave aside my worries.  
The flowers are blooming  
with the exultation of your Spirit.  
By Allah!  
I long to escape the prison of my ego  
and lose myself  
in the mountains and the desert.  
These sad and lonely people tire me.  
I long to revel in the drunken frenzy of your love  
and feel the strength of Rostam in my hands.

I'm sick of mortal kings.  
I long to see your light.  
With lamps in hand  
the sheiks and mullahs roam  
the dark alleys of these towns  
not finding what they seek.  
You are the Essence of the Essence,  
The intoxication of Love.  
I long to sing your praises  
but stand mute  
with the agony of wishing in my heart.

12.

From Blossoms, Li-Young Lee

From blossoms comes  
this brown paper bag of peaches  
we bought from the boy  
at the bend in the road where we turned toward  
signs painted *Peaches*.

From laden boughs, from hands,  
from sweet fellowship in the bins,  
comes nectar at the roadside, succulent  
peaches we devour, dusty skin and all,  
comes the familiar dust of summer, dust we eat.

O, to take what we love inside,  
to carry within us an orchard, to eat  
not only the skin, but the shade,  
not only the sugar, but the days, to hold  
the fruit in our hands, adore it, then bite into  
the round jubilation of peach.

There are days we live  
as if death were nowhere  
in the background; from joy  
to joy to joy, from wing to wing,

from blossom to blossom to  
impossible blossom, to sweet impossible blossom.

13.

Diary entry on the 22nd of September 1939, Anaïs Nin

MIDNIGHT. CANDLELIGHT. A ROOM THAT WAS Mother's—now our own. Gonzalo's cigarette butts and ashes stewn all over. Gonzalo's clothes on the floor, all but the white underdrawers which he never takes off except in the dark. The pudeur of Gonzalo. Body worship. He kisses my feet. Adores my feet. Kisses my legs. Adores my legs. The strength of them. Kisses one all over. Delights over the shadows, the curves. Raves about the space between my eyes. About my ears. "They are so small, so delicate, so lovely, so incredible. They are not ears. They do not look like ears, Anaïs. I never saw such ears, such lovely ears. All my life I dreamed of ears like that."

"And looking for ears, you found me!"

Touching, touching the deeper layers of our being, gravity and depth.

"Anaïs, I feel you are mine. Oh, God, Anaïs, if I lost you now I would kill myself. You have enslaved me, enslaved me completely."

What is this? So many women passed through Gonzalo's life, as they passed through Henry's, leaving no traces; and I enslave, retain, hold, fix, for eternity.

"How we have changed, chiquita. When did you first love me?"

"I don't know, it was all so unconscious. At my party I felt a premonition."

"At your party I was already mad, and madly jealous. And with reason! Oh, chiquita, I want to lock you up!"

Dreamer. He wants the roulotte, he wants the péniche, but he lies there desiring, sighing. Surrenders before difficulties. It is I today who got the péniche, who pursued the quest, who walked along the Seine, saw Allendy, wrote to Maurice Sachs, persisted, discovered I could have half of Sachs's péniche. Isolation on the river. One big room and a bedroom. Walls of heavy wood beams covered with tar. Windows on the river. The ship's stern behind our bed. Our bed. Our place. Excitement. Seduced Sachs to get all I wanted. Charmed. Asked. Arranged. Paid. Planned to surprise Gonzalo. Fever. For a day or two I must keep a secret. Gonzalo. My lover. What racial, old, old blood past is stirred by his Spanishness, his jealousy—"celos de Moro"—Celos! the very word celos! more than jealousy! Night of caresses, without possession ... I do not understand this. Once he murmured, "Soy débil. I am weak." Another time: "Te quiero demasiado. I love you too much." The boy, eight years with the Jesuits. Not natural. He has never once urinated

while with me. Never walks naked. After he sleeps, he is more natural. Then comes his desire, free. Never when fully awake. But at night, mysteriously, like a cat. But how often with his hand he pushes his penis down, controls himself; does not let me kiss it, or hold it. Timidity, shyness, pudeur. But the love so immense, sex unimportant. But today, today, after our night together I was coming back from the river, in a taxi, reading an erotic book given to me by Sachs, and I felt the most powerful orgasm, the whole city reeled, the taxi seemed to fly in the air, and once, twice, three times I palpitated in a long orgasm.

14.

Ecstasy, Gabriella Mistral

Now, O Christ, seal my eyelids,  
Let ice on my lips be spread!  
All the hours are superfluous,  
All the words are said!

He looked on me,  
We looked each on each  
In silence, for a long space—  
Our look as rigid as death's  
The stupor that whitens the face,  
In the last agony, blanched us.  
After that instant life hold nothing more!

I heard him speak  
Convulsively. I spoke.  
My words—a confusion  
Of plenitude, tribulations, and fears—  
Hesitated, broke.  
I spoke of his destiny, of mine—  
A mortar of blood and tears.  
After this I know there can be nothing more.  
Nothing! No perfume but would roll  
Diluted down my cheek.

My ears are shut, my mouth is sealed!  
What meaning for me now  
By pallid earth could be revealed?

What to me are bleeding roses,  
Or quiet snows congealed?

Therefore, O Christ, I plead to You now;  
Though when anguished with hunger I stilled my cries.  
But now, stop my pulses!  
Shut the lids over my eyes!

Protect against the tempest  
This flesh that was thronged with his words.  
Let not the brutal daylight  
Shatter this image to shards.  
Receive me! I go without stain.  
And I go fulfilled, like a flooded plain.

15.

*I Worried, Mary Oliver*

I worried a lot. Will the garden grow, will the rivers  
flow in the right direction, will the earth turn  
as it was taught, and if not how shall  
I correct it?  
Was I right, was I wrong, will I be forgiven,  
can I do better?  
Will I ever be able to sing, even the sparrows  
can do it and I am, well,  
hopeless.  
Is my eyesight fading or am I just imagining it,  
am I going to get rheumatism,  
lockjaw, dementia?  
Finally, I saw that worrying had come to nothing.  
And gave it up. And took my old body  
and went out into the morning,  
and sang.