

FOUR PROSE POEMS

Nic Leigh

Yasuzo Nojima

There was a time I dragged the brush to lift the earthy curve from a woman's body, like a household vase. This was her ghost I shot. I urged it through mechanics, and it pronounced itself through the omnivorous photograph. Nothing left out. I always felt tempted to ask, What should I make of this? A sacred thing, but I was not moved to honor it. Instead I simply moved ahead. And perhaps it was right then I shook off faith. When I make portraits, I move the subject to a place with suitable light and first just look. I wait for imprisonment in a fixed moment, for the subject to unwittingly emit shape. I shoot in tune with my perception of light and form: these are the elements that interest me. The clay-like grooves, the velutinous textures—these are delivered. As the murmur right at the point of contrast; I place my eye on it like a finger. Shimooka, the braggart, he hid his camera in a box, but there is no surprising reality; you must shoot light together with its harmony, artlessly, and hope for the best. Actuality is photography's tax: Psyche lifts her hand to her neck, warmly admiring herself, but the oil paints meaning. We photographers have no such luck. Photographs, which fiddle with the scale of the world, they are bound. What care I for the person in front of me but how reality worms its way through her equine eye, and where in the shadows I can be found. From a real body, which was there, proceed radiations which ultimately touch me, who am here. And so I was fated to copy truth—a gloomy fall of the upper lip, or ordinariness. I stayed three years on that rock. The light was stark; I saw as if expressing. The whole took on a great and powerful pose. Every true thing has also its foil truth: Seeing is a flower.

I was tempted to fiddle with the
reality that lifts from the pose. But
I saw it admiring itself artlessly,
and left it to flower. There I found
the sacred elements of seeing.

Sources:

*When I make portraits, I move the subject to a place with suitable light and first just look.
I shoot in tune with my perception of light and form: these are the elements that interest me.*
Nojima, Yasuzō, Filippo Maggia, Chiara Dall'Olio, and Shinji Kōmoto. *Yasuzo Nojima*.
Milano: Skira, 2011.

Original line: "Photographs, which fiddle with the scale of the world, themselves get reduced,
blown up, cropped, retouched, doctored, tricked out."
Sontag, Susan. *On Photography*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1977.

From a real body, which was there, proceed radiations which ultimately touch me, who am here.
Barthes, Roland. *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography*. New York: Hill and Wang, 1981.

Sergiu Celibidache

Absolute indifference is not human. We are always directed toward something. I through the score, as much my bone as bone. But I was not submissive. Do you understand?—it's up to you to liberate it through the beat of a finger. And then you too will be freed. Great symphonic stunts are forged by the most imperceptible of gestures. *That* moment defies, contains in full the certainty and the yes that is desired. Beware distractions. Brushing hair off your forehead, scratching your ear—all these little habits must be eradicated like weeds whenever they appear. What you want is uncrooked passage, through the blur to the F at the base of the pinky, the G at its knuckle. One day, it was windy, I called *tutti* to the trees. Everything shook in one quiver, as if an audience had in concert crossed all unmelodious space. Then, *divisi*, a section of trees split from its comrades. With duality like that, its ugliness, there is no transcendence—you see what I mean. Suddenly you hear crude things like the choppy treble of insects or leaf grinding over leaf. It needs to be a monad, or nothing. You must comprehend all of the possibilities, wave to wave, human emotion from the meekest *pianissimo* to the most raging *fortissimo*, in one note and all at once. And then all the notes at once. Repetition is not a real argument; there is only one opportunity, one encounter. And if there's one thing music can't do, it's represent something. That's childish. A sound is physical material. It has an entrance, soft as cotton, say, and an exit, a blazing gush into its neighbor. Beauty is only the bait. Do you see? Not homophony, unity. No bar stands alone. There are still people today who ... but let the world rest.

I beat the audience with my finger.
Divisi, note is freed from sound,
suddenly transcendence with the
soft passage of a leaf. *That* is the
only human argument.

Sources:

Absolute indifference is not human. We are always directed towards something. "Sergiu Celibidache on His Philosophy of Music."
(youtube.com/watch?v=SthKs40CICY)

Brushing hair off your forehead, scratching your ear—all these little habits must be eradicated like weeds whenever they appear.
McElheran, Brock. *Conducting Technique: For Beginners and Professionals*. New York: Oxford University Press, 2004.

If there's one thing music can't do, it's represent something. That's childish.
"Sergiu Celibidache: You Don't Do Anything, You Let It Evolve. Part 4."
(youtube.com/watch?v=p-vhTcCQywo)

There are still people today who... but let the world rest.
"Sergiu Celibidache: You Don't Do Anything, You Let It Evolve. Part 3."
(youtube.com/watch?v=MAAID86cf4Y)

Masaru Emoto

What I am about to say applies to everyone, all over the world. You can either be grateful or free. The plants in the shadows of the trees do not complain. I once had a perfect globe of people in my palm and I sent them messages through gnomonic notes, *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, *Symphony No. 9*. And for them created a blueprint of secret vibrations—vein maps from midrib to margin—that revealed fibers of the most unseen. It's hard to believe an oracle, but what about hexagons, hexagons inside hexagons, enveloped by a halo-like pattern of light. Crystals with petal-like wings, broad columns, arthropodic exactness—all performed on the crown of a drop of ice. The earth itself crafts. It wants beautiful things: creeks in gentle twists, foam beads on leaves. It wants to purify, to confirm its place as the liver of the solar system, filtering and shuttling deformities to the far reaches of the universe. Exorcism is necessary, of us strange nuisances at least—abuzz at 570 trillion Hz; more particle than light, more wave than the sun. Of all our sensations and their counterpart elements—irritation to mercury, uncertainty to cadmium, despair to steel—and of all the sensations and elements yet to be discovered. But wanting is a weakness. I coaxed the spirit inside water, where all private information is stored, and as the pearls formed I betrayed each mystery one by one: here is how a man can wrestle a substance, and there are our world powers, neatly encoded on a facet. Water simply can't contain itself; fluid and lawless, it always gives over. To the secrets, in the river, the snow.

Water—like a strange oracle—
revealed my most beautiful
powers. Each drop, in despair of
its secrets, leaves unseen messages,
wanting simply to be free.

Sources:

What I am about to say applies to everyone, all over the world.

The plants in the shadows of the trees do not complain.

Original line: “Within one hexagonal shape there was a smaller hexagonal shape, all enclosed by a halo-like pattern of light.”

Emoto, Masaru. *The Hidden Messages in Water*. Hillsboro, OR.: Beyond Words Pub., 2004.

Further reference:

“Dr Masaru Emoto Hado Water Crystals—Full Documentary.”

([youtube.com/watch?v=PDW9Lqj8hmc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PDW9Lqj8hmc))

Natalia Molchanova

A flip of the master switch; I have perceived non-existence. In the under-belly of light where you go backwards into being. Three hundred feet. Three hundred feet, here—I am not sure—my lungs crumple to apples. But my consciousness, that usual profligate, exhales to a cool bulb. Only a fool looks for God in the sky. I could go even further, to the blue, blue, forever and forever blue. Broad into the saturated swell, the earth's wettest. An invitation. The plant life—is it?—it seems to be undressing. Pressure is at war with my organs, I fall nameless. When organism is in so deep a stupor, it dares not ask for any amount of energy. When we think, we are separate. Rejoice instead to be free of the eyes' greedy guzzle, unite all senses; one great, solid field of reception; braid the heartbeat with the water. There, in that fundamental hum, you'll mark the constraint of silly meters—so measurable, as if measurement is what has always stood between you and presence. And it's frustrating to be an object. And to carry a force. I always had such round longing for the bathypelagic zone, even deeper, to see the deep as deep as the grumpy fangtooth, where the sunray finally drowns. But even a crayfish is a fish; and death and birth are important, and one has children to think of, and friends. Do not mistake this for heroism; heroism is wild and inattentive. I dissolved. I was roused. I lost my body in the waves. Of one piece with the blackish blue, the new brain spins, I moved in all directions at once, here is there, the surface fuss breaks into tiny individual memory currents. And I finally found, free from the static rope, every bottom.

I moved into a blue forever, where
God is nameless, and cool—so
deep that death and birth unite.
The new organism exhales an
invitation: go deeper.

Sources:

I have perceived non-existence.

I lost my body in the waves.

Molchanova, Natalia. "The Depth." (molchanova.ru/en/verse/depth)

—blue, blue, forever and forever blue

Beebe, William. *Half Mile Down*. Publ. under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society. New York: n.p., 1934.

When organism is in so deep a stupor, it dares not to ask for any amount of energy.

Molchanova, Natalia. "Attention Deconcentration in Freediving."

(molchanova.ru/en/article/attention-deconcentration-freediving)

When we think, we are separate.

"Free Diver Natalia Molchanova Descends for Fun, Then Vanishes." *New York Times*, August 4, 2015.