

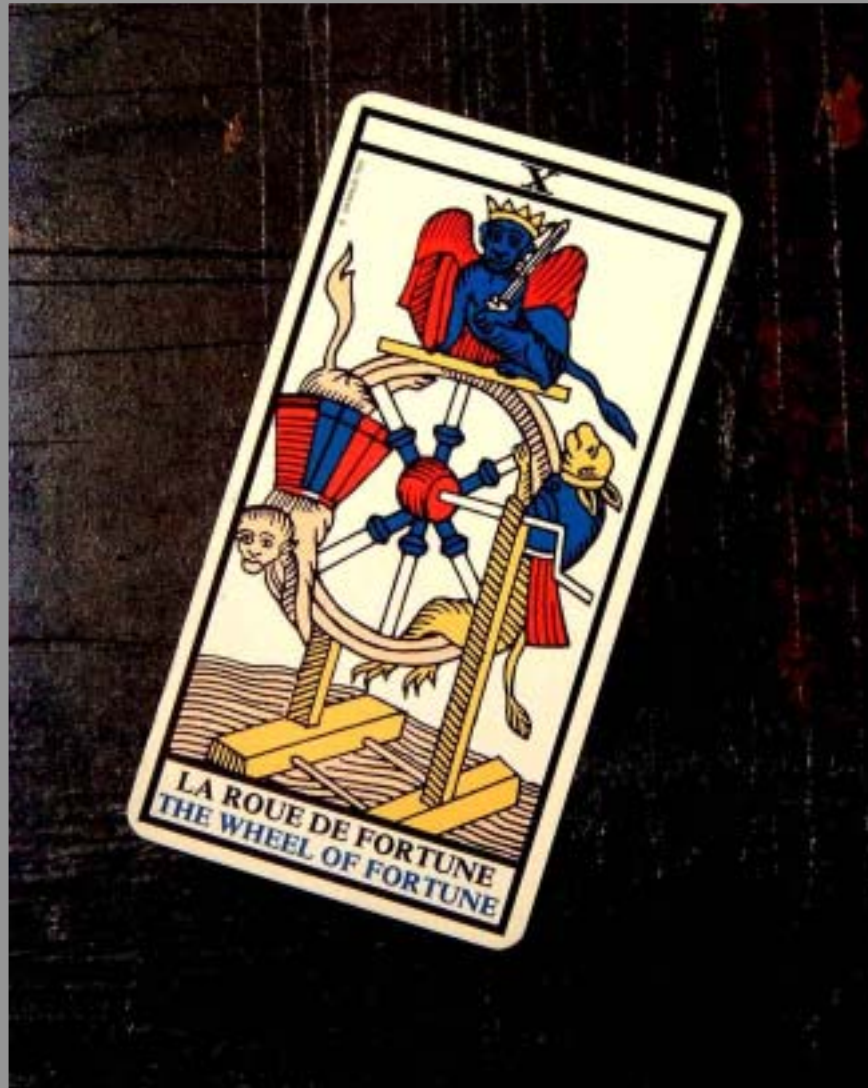
The Archetypes in the Studio

Fall, 2003

I would travel but not be touched;
I would move as if encased in crystal;
I would see and experience the other lands
aesthetically, as in trance.

As a tree I would eat the sky;
as a warrior I would drink the blood;
but all as one who travels in a crystal case.

--from Fred Martin: *From an Antique Land*, 1979.



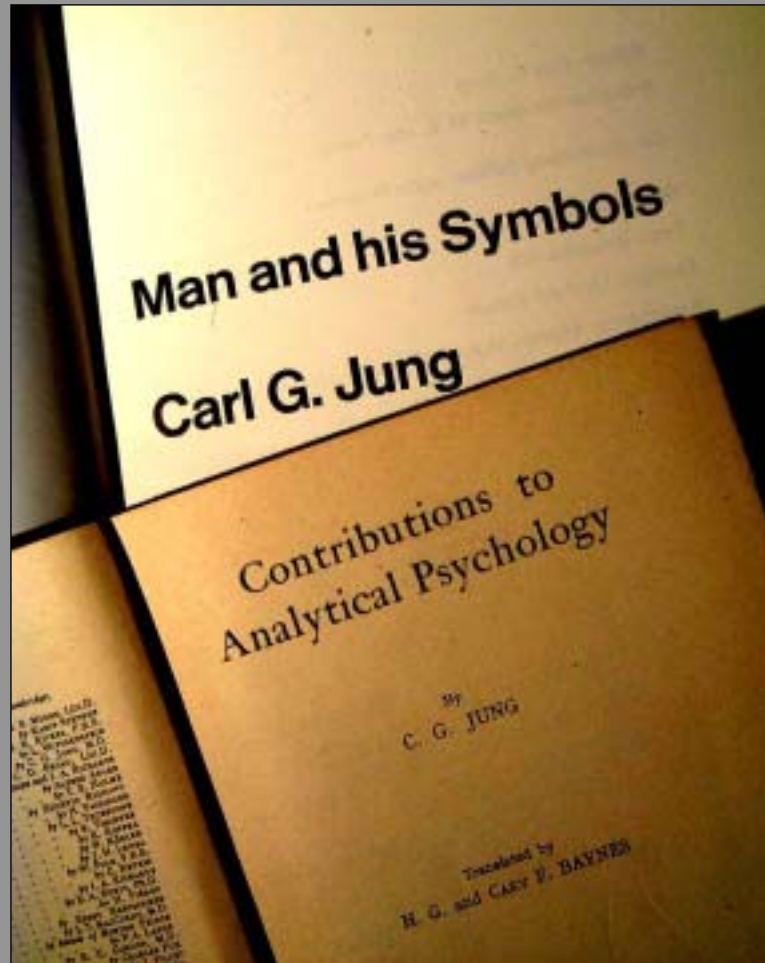
**We go from aspiration to triumph, and failure to despair...
and all the while we seek for why, and how, and what**



**The wheel turns and the gods laugh at us or cry...
and all the while we seek for why, and how, and what**



When I was a student, I wondered why the world is like this.
I read Kant and learned because I cannot know the *noumenon*,
I would never know who turns the wheel.



Then one of my teachers said one day that Jung was the only psychologist worth reading for artists. So I read Jung and learned of archetypes—and that we can know them only by their traces in the world and in our lives.



My wife had an old set of Tarot cards, brought at the turn of the century by her great uncle from Italy. They were mysterious like I thought archetypes must be, and I made a tower out of their images. Soon after, I lost both the tower and my interest in the cards.

ALTERIUS NON SIT QUI SUUS ESSE P



Fig. 3. Paracelsus

PARACEL



Jung wrote of alchemy, that it might reveal the archetypes. I was working in a bookstore and found a book on Paracelsus. Alchemy and Paracelsus hung around in my head where the Tarot cards were, but I began to paint the ruins of San Francisco as the ruins of my soul... the archetypes manifested in my life instead of in a book. But I did not know.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



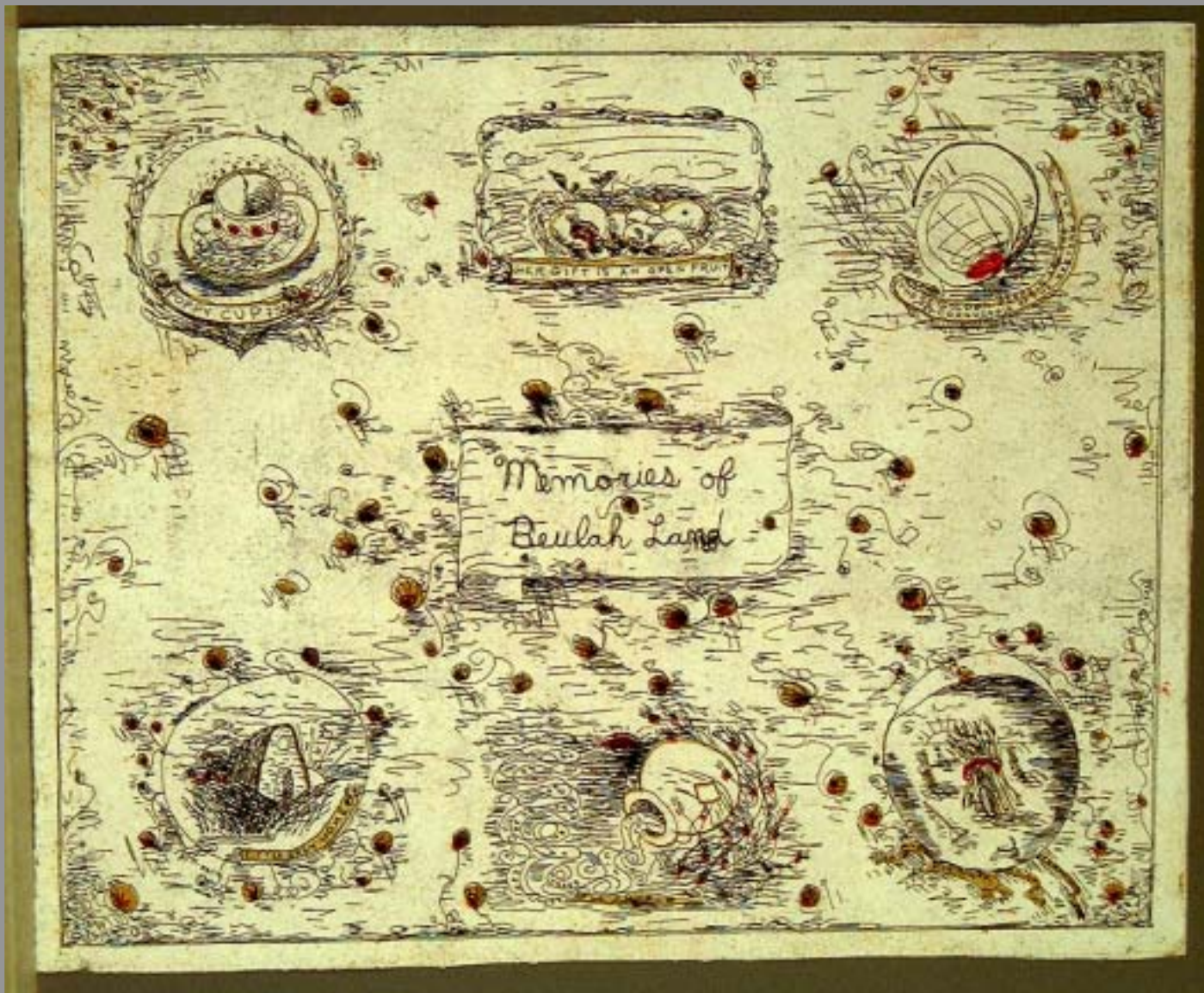
10.



12.



After a few years, the landscapes could not satisfy me because they could not say the boiling in my head. I began to make collages of the sounds and music, the sights and sentences in my “evening air.” (After my work all day in the world, I worked every night in the studio.)



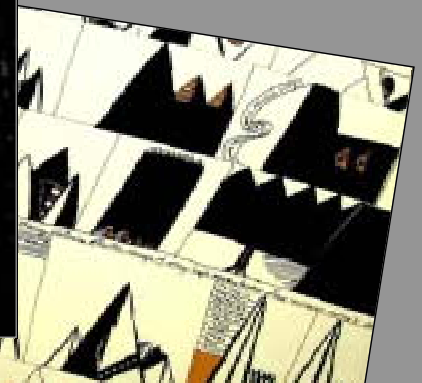
**The wheel turns and the gods laugh at us or cry...
and all the while we seek for why, and how, and what—and hardly know.**

**I was a young man with a family, I sought to build a homestead for my family and myself—that is, a job to support us
and a house to live in. And in the night, I made those too.**



Cover of Catalog for Fred Martin 1973 Retrospective at SFMOMA

**I was a young man on the make.
I sought aspiration and triumph, power and grandeur, and I got them.**



**I was a young man on the make.
I sought aspiration and triumph, power and grandeur, and I got them.
And after a bit, I got the other gifts fortune brings—failure and despair.
The world became a ruin, my job of power and authority was gone, and after my show no one wanted my art.**



Ray of Light in a Mosque



Cosmos



Saturn



Earth



Mars



Venus, the Germ of Metal Star



Conjunction Jupiter/Uranus



Untitled



Untitled



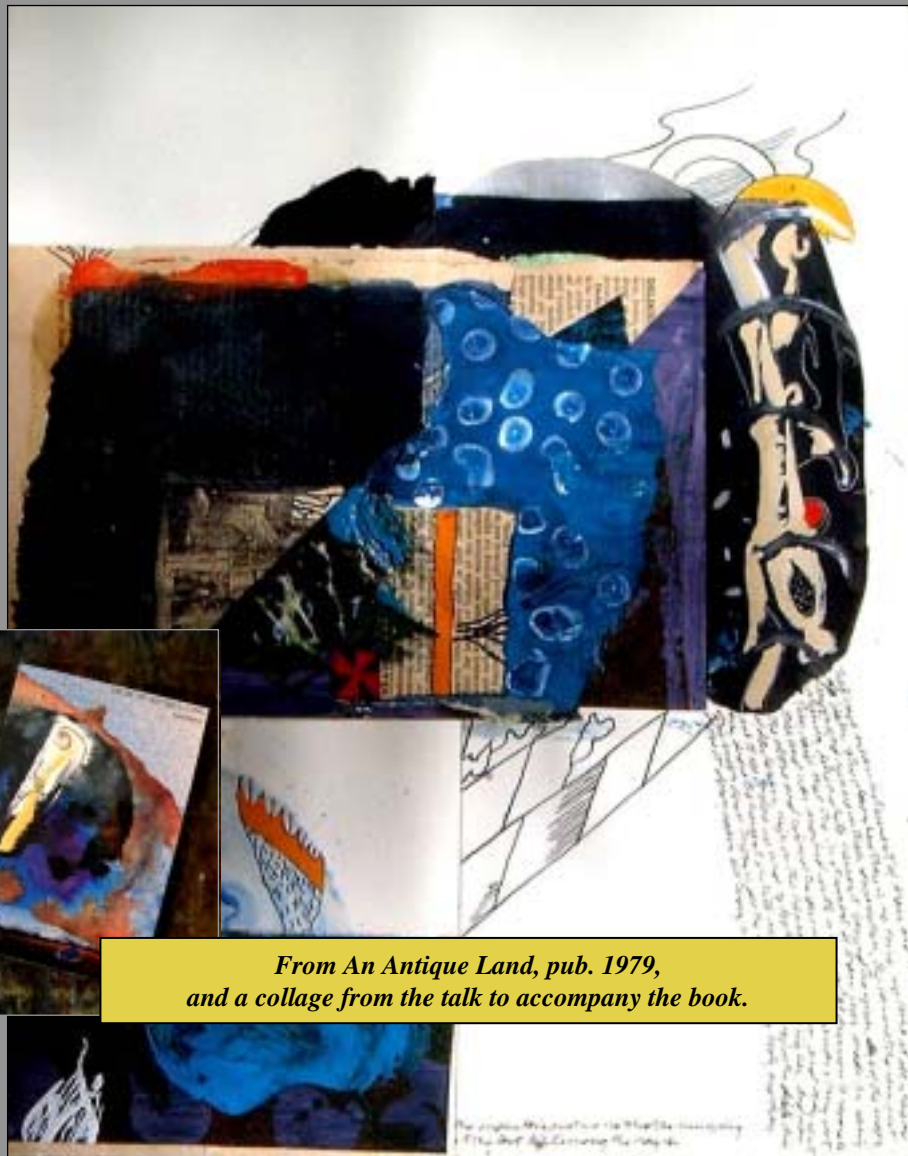
Winter Solstice

I turned to the cosmos and its harmonies... the archetypes of infinity and eternity.



*A Travel Book, written and illustrated from my notebook of Asian travel.
Arion Press, San Francisco, 1976*

After a year or two, a friend talked to his friend who was a publisher who wanted to get into “artist’s books.” The publisher contacted me and we made a book. It was again aspiration and triumph, and again the always result. But this time, my nearly always flowing fountain to the source was dead... dead... dead... dead.



*From An Antique Land, pub. 1979,
and a collage from the talk to accompany the book.*

A student saw a page from *A Travel Book* at a pre-publication party, and read in the page the word “timeless.”
He said, “If you ever want to experience the timeless get in touch with...”
After *A Travel Book* and months of nothing, I got in touch with the people he mentioned
and set off on years of exploration in altered states of consciousness.

The Theory and Practice of Altered States of Consciousness—

Consciousness: Attention/Awareness

Patterns of Consciousness:

“BSoC”— “Basic State of Consciousness,”

daily life, walking around talking, working, doing

“DASC”— “Discrete Altered State of Consciousness,”

meditating, dreaming, hypnotized, drunk, stoned

Structure and Process of Patterns of Consciousness:

1. Internal and external stimulus are processed by

a. pleasure, pain

b. time, space, memory

c. subconscious, unconscious

2. action and then feedback

gives internal and external stimuli to continue the process in a self-maintaining loop

Each state of consciousness has its distinctive pattern, held in place by internal and external stimulus and habitual response.

—adapted from Charles Tart: *States of Consciousness*

Patterns of Consciousness:

“BSoC”—daily life, walking around talking, working, doing

“DASC”—meditating, dreaming, hypnotized, drunk, stoned

BSoC...

External Stimulus... people talking, gravity acting on your body (the outer world)

Internal Stimulus... breathing, heart beating, digesting (the physiological world)

Habitual Response... daily life (“Getting and spending, we lay waste our lives.”)

DASC...

Meditating

External stimulus: Chanting, incense, ceremony, architecture, sacred objects, etc.

Internal stimulus: Breathing, *mantra*, etc.

Habitual response: Depends on the religion (culture, what you have been taught)

Dreaming

External stimulus: Warm bed (no gravity, no tactile sensation), darkness, silence

Internal stimulus: Slower, regular, deeper breathing, slower heartbeat.

Habitual response: Dreams

Hypnotized

External stimulus: Quiet, monotony, minimization of external stimuli

Internal stimulus: Slower, regular, deeper breathing, slower heartbeat.

Habitual response: Less ego defenses, open to suggestion

What we did with it...

External stimulus... mattress, sleeping bag, pillows, dark room, “white noise” and left/right harmonic “sync”

Internal stimulus... minimized due to sleeping position, nervous system flooded to non-response due to white noise, brain activity entrained and synchronized by left/right harmonic sounds

Habitual response... hypnotic suggestion breaks down habitual responses, suggests new ones appropriate to brain wave cycles..

a. pleasure, pain are gone

b. space... clairvoyance, telepathy, out-of-body experience—paraphysical, *Focus 10*

c. subconscious... autogeneic training—paraphysical, *Focus 10*

d. time... timeless—*Focus 15*

e. memory... timeless now—*Focus 10-12-15*

f. unconscious... the “mythic”—*Focus 12-15*, “the astral”

What I got...

I have two brothers. The first is named Nurse Billy for the goat he is, and he is also called Black Redmon for his hair and armor and blood.

I was in a weatherworn old shack by the sea. It was late afternoon, and the western sun reached through spay-dim windows to touch two caskets. The lid of one was marked with a red smear, the other was lidless and held only a few bits of turquoise and scraps of feathers. I lay on a cot in the shack and listened to the long pounding of the surf below. I watched the sun's slow warming of the wooden caskets and knew I was Black Redmon.

Later I learned that my brother Redmon is Pan, a satyr, a hunter, a warrior, an executioner and devil. I learned that he lives in the genitals and they are his sign.



What I got...

My second bother is Ikarion...

I was a mummy case smeared with red and filled with light, and then I was a sizzling sphere, an egg of very bright silver spinning very rapidly indeed. Then Ikarion leapt up hatched from the spinning egg in winging frenzy of gold and turquoise fluttering every way. He was attached to the egg by strands of light, and he was high, high in the air and I saw him and was him.

Once I saw Ikarion's brothers marching in columns sweeping from horizon to zenith. I saw Ikarion's palace, too, far out over the sea beyond the land. I went to enter his palace by its distant gates to speak with him if I could. I lay on the steps of his great house until the winds took me to the top, up to the very eye of Ikarion himself, the sun gleaming among puddled clouds. I was pressed in and was flooded with Ikarion's eye and mind. His brain is a clotted skein of sperm and azure; it blazed and I ate it.



What I got...

The body of light which I was given is a node of knowledge, a point of awareness in the tissue of infinity that is the synthesis of mind and matter.

And I learned that art is my tool for work beyond the grave, for finding the forms that are beyond death. I learned that art is my tool for extraction of the essence, for cleansing from the husk, and for the study of all things in their aspect of geologic age.

And I learned what I must do in these late autumnal days is to see in the flickering, shadowy sun of windless afternoons when all space vibrates between warm and cool, when every splash of sun opens and every stroke of shadow falls away, what I must do is see through those openings of sun and shade, must see through them into the lands of art that are beyond the grave.



What I got...

I saw a meadow high on the flanks of Tamalpais in the early morning sun as the sun was breaking through the fog, and I saw an old, wooden water tank there and the light gleaming in the dripping overflow. I drank the bright drops one by one as pearls of light, and I drank the mist swirling brightly at the top of the fog fading before the sun.

The white light of the dawning sun crackled along the curve of the far horizon and crackled also all along the underside of the top of my skull; it poured down the center of my brain like a crystallizing liquid... and it poured down into my shoulders/wings and heart as the gold of cirrus in the afternoon and the blue-red of horizons far across the sea at twilight; and it poured down into my genitals and filled my erect phallus with the star-struck radiance of night.



What I got...

The gathering place was on the mountain far on the horizon, and I was so high that I could see the world curve away and the sun very far down beyond, a tiny red ball in a pale ocher sky. The peaks of the mountain were old men sitting around a circle that was a lens or tube sunk into the center at the top of the mountain...

They gave me an instrument of brass and forced me to look up beyond the peaks to the place where there is no time, no time at all, where the moon and the sun were in their conjunction, the curve of the sun shining like a white crescent beyond the edge of the moon...

Later, below, I sat with the old men that were the peaks of the mountain and we watched the sun going down. Even later, down in the valley in the twilight, I looked up at the last light among the crags.



What I got...

I rubbed my body all over with autumn flowers, I rubbed my cheeks with their dying petals, I rubbed my ears, arms, chest, nipples, belly, genitals. I rubbed my body everywhere with dry, flaking bits of blue, red, lavender and orange flowers.

I walked in the grass growing on the bluffs and the wind blew on toward the edge of the world. I found a small, red, square amulet and hung it around my neck; then I tattooed its sign into my chest right down to the bone because I was out young with virile life.

I went on into the woods and became a satyr, mature and strong like the great wooden posts which mark the meeting and are the signs of the fertility of the fields. There was a deep blue stone folded in the palm of my dark brown hand. Then I went out into the fields beyond the woods and wondered about the next, older age as a star opened, glittering and vibrating in my head.



What I got...

There are three red lands. One is the rose-red land beyond the sunset. It is signaled by the blue-red colors of the sunset paradise. It has white crackling in it.

The second is the red land of the earth, of old canyons where the sea dried away long ago. It is colored red of ancient cities of the desert, of Petra, of Alexander's lost cities on the Oxus, of the Seven Cities of Cibola which Coronardo never found. It is the red land through which flows the blue river of Paradise.

The third red land is every human body, that thousand-voiced city, the continent of all who have ever lived and who whisper forever in the blood of everyone.



What I got...

On the morning of my last day of traveling in the antique land, I lay upon the grass and found that the point of light lay nearest to my heart. I lifted the point out of my body and vibrated my heart with it, then my solar plexus and then my genitals. My mind directed the action, my mind felt the results. I massaged my phallus with the point of light and rubbed the sperm on my heart; my solar plexus glowed warm like the sun... my heart became a brighter, more transparent red and its wings and bindings a brighter gold. I knew this was to be my last day in the antique land, and so I stretched and stretched along the horizons of the place, to perceive and remember all that which I had found there but would not see again.

And then they said, "Walk on into the future."



What I got...

...the stream of my spirit flew far in the pale cerulean beyond the clouds; it curved down in the sky toward the setting sun; it was a shining line with wings at its head twisting and beating far, far down toward the sun, glowing in its rays.

...and in the evening I watched the speckled twilight fade beyond Tamalpais. I smelled the wind of distant skies and knew the source of my food is always there.

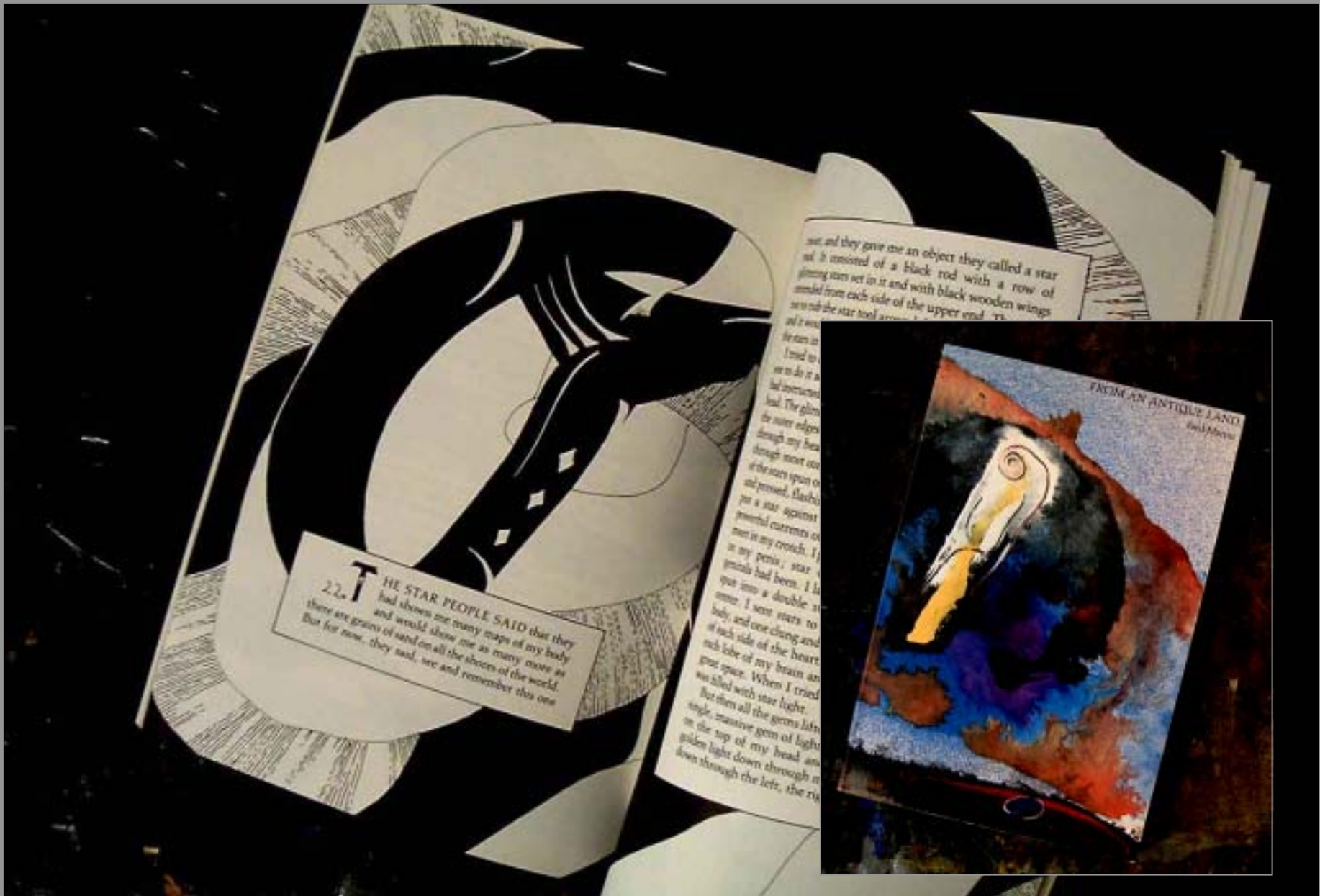


What I got...

There is a cabin in the evening star. The walls are hung with pictures, the shelves are lined with books. This has been drawn from those pictures, has been told from those books.



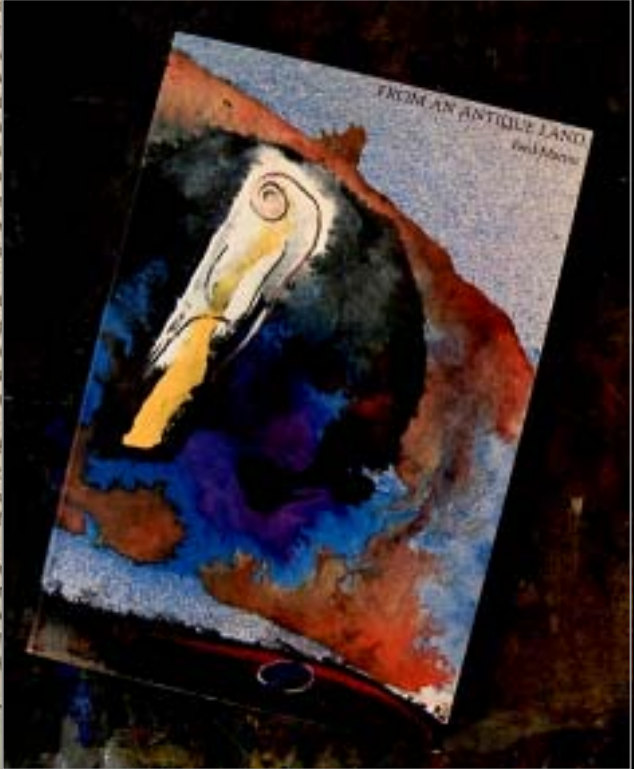
What I got...



22. **T**HE STAR PEOPLE SAID that they had shown me many maps of my body and would show me as many more as there are grains of sand on all the shores of the world. But for now, they said, see and remember this one

...and they gave me an object they called a star tool. It consisted of a black rod with a row of glowing stars set in it and with black wooden wings attached from each side of the upper end. They showed me the star tool around my neck and I wore it for many days.

I tried to do it as they had instructed me. The glowing stars entered through my head through most of the scars upon my body and passed, flashing like a star against powerful currents of air in my crotch. I felt it in my penis; star-people had been. I lay upon my back and saw into a double star. I saw stars to the left and one clung around each side of the heart and each lobe of my brain and gave space. When I tried to fill it with star light, I saw that all the gems lying on the top of my head and golden light down through it down through the left, the right





Aspiration and triumph, failure and despair—the wheel never stops.

For some it is a wheel turning in the world, and I have been such a person.

For others, it is a wheel turning in the soul—the place where the archetypes come closest—and I have been such a person. And my turning has been always in my art as well as in my life.

In life, we lose our lovers, our jobs and homes; and they may be indeed gone forever.

In art, we lose the great things we have made, and we may no longer have the power to make them again.

But in art, the wheel will always turn once more... aspiration and triumph are always ahead.

So are failure and despair.

