

Nature/Art/Spiritual Ecology

Now that you're an environmentalist, what next?

EARTH VISION BOOKS carry the reader simultaneously into the multi-dimension of the natural world and to a place of self-knowledge.

THE EARTH VISION GALLERY, a thematic exhibit of photographs and watercolors contained within the covers of a book, offers a holistic experience of nature, color theory, and the soul.

Its premise is founded on the concept of liberating nature from the bondage of our materialistic perspective.

The Earth Vision Gallery



Josef Graf

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The Earth Vision Gallery

Photographs and watercolors
created and arranged by Josef Graf

ebook format
ISBN 0-9781990-8-1

www.evsite.net

bringing the spirit of wilderness
to the urban dweller

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*Delightful though it be,
to wander through a garden of bright images,
are we not enticing your mind
from a subject of equal,
if not greater, importance?*

- Kwai-lung

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The Black and White of Nature

Let us begin with a minimalist forum.

Reduce nature to a polarity,
to the extremes of black and white.

stark skeletal

light and shadow

dark and bright

duality without moderation

laid bare yet occult.



Prelude



Interspecies Communion



Wolf



Raven



Deer



Terra del Sol



Grass Sea

The Color of Nature

Now, let us take
the black and white of nature
and fill it with astrality, colorize it,
so that it is laid open,
spread out before us
in an uncontainable panorama.
Now, flesh is put on the bones,
there are progressive increments,
myriad gradations come into play.



Emergence



Yellow and blue counterpoint



Red and green counterpoint



Red wash



Color circle 1



Color circle 2



Waterclor tundra 1



Watercolor tundra 2



Color Divide 1



Color Divide 2



Color Divide 3

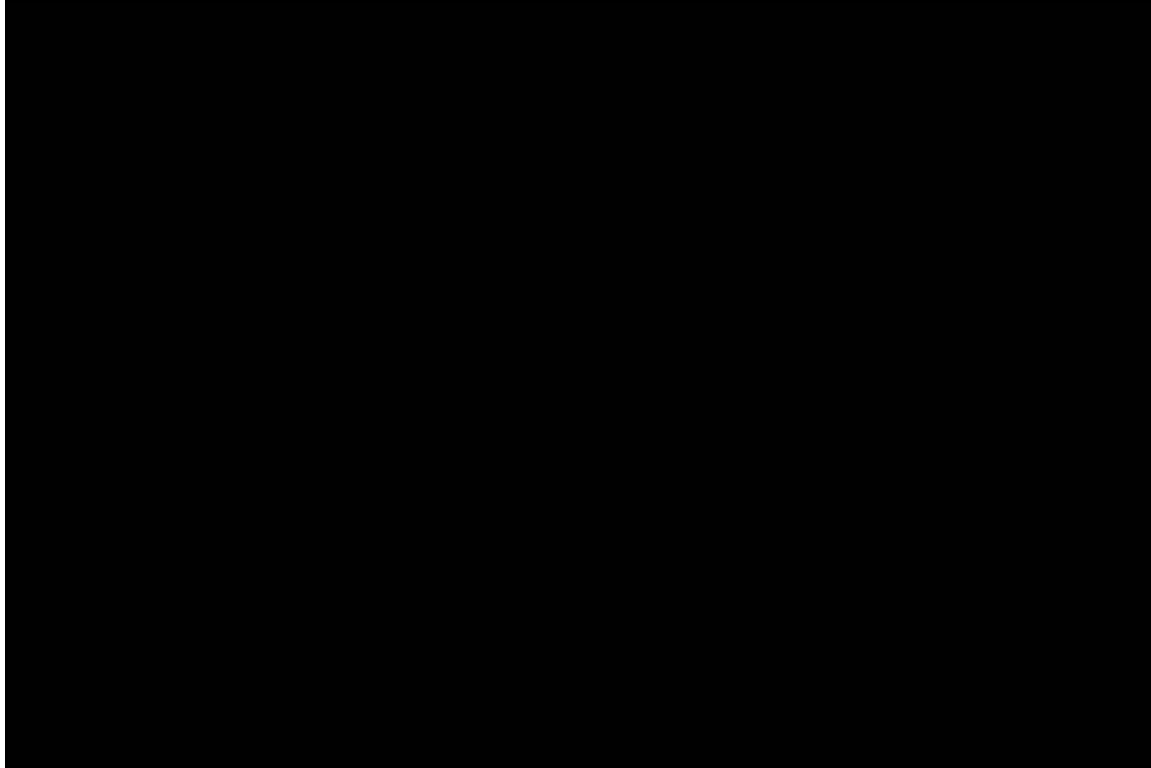
The Nature of Color

Color is born
in the interplay between light and dark.
Blue is the first lightening of the dark.
Yellow, the first darkening of the light.
Green, the merging of blue and yellow,
mediates.

Red rises to oppose the station of green.

And the colors progress
in their dynamic way.

Out of primary color,
comes secondary and tertiary color.
And a limitless array of tone and hue,
an infinity of coloration is born.



The Void



Birth of blue



Blue deepens



Yellow descends from light

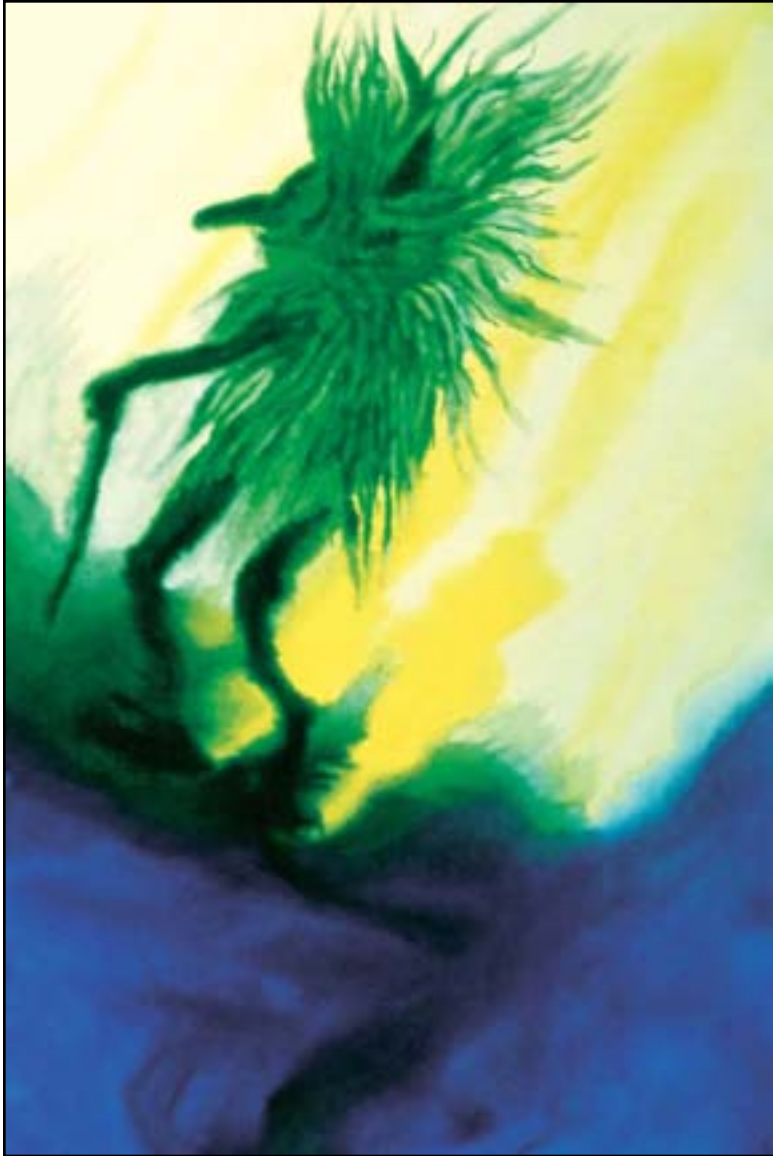


Yellow deepens



Premonitions

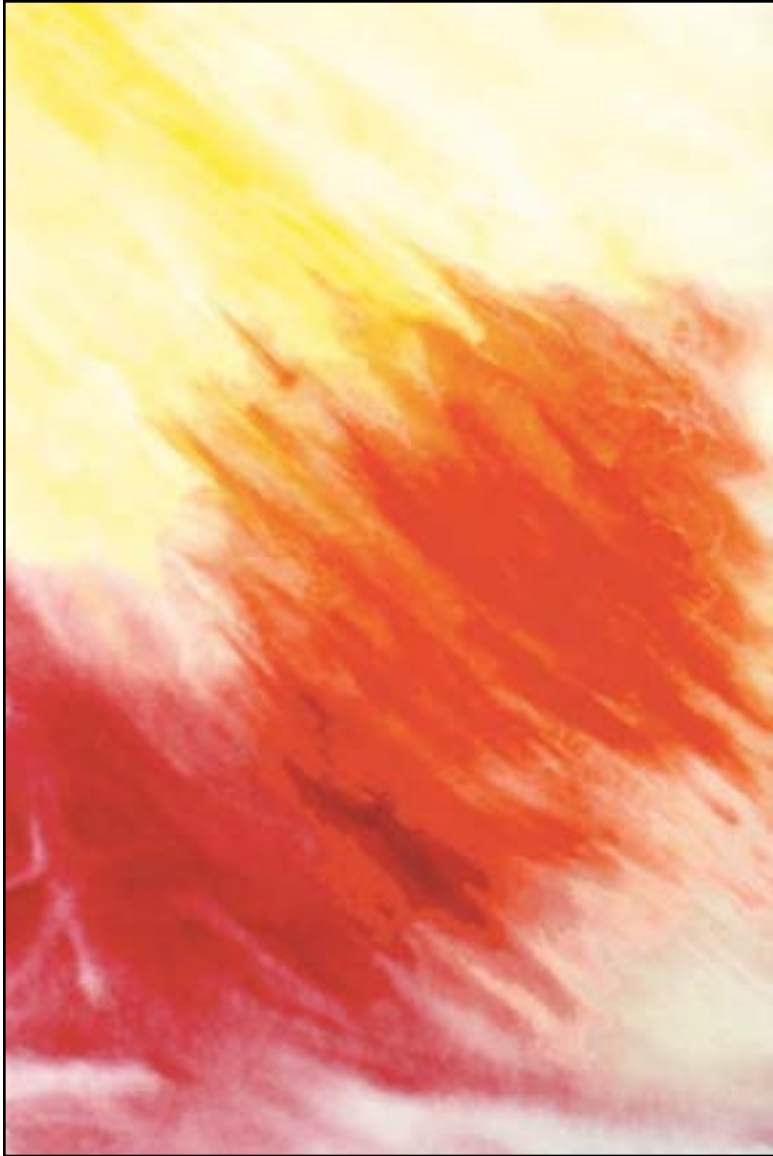
Seeds of color escape from a vent
across the threshold
where light encounters dark.



Birth of green



Red rises to oppose green



Birth of orange



Birth of purple



Birth of tertiary



Color regiment 1
rainbow



Color regiment 2
beginning to loosen

Color Unbound

Color is bound when confined to form,
unbound when released from form.

Ultimately, beyond the initial period
of concerted expression,
the personalities of the colors
become dissipated,
and when rendered completely unbound,
color seeks parameters
in which to incarnate.

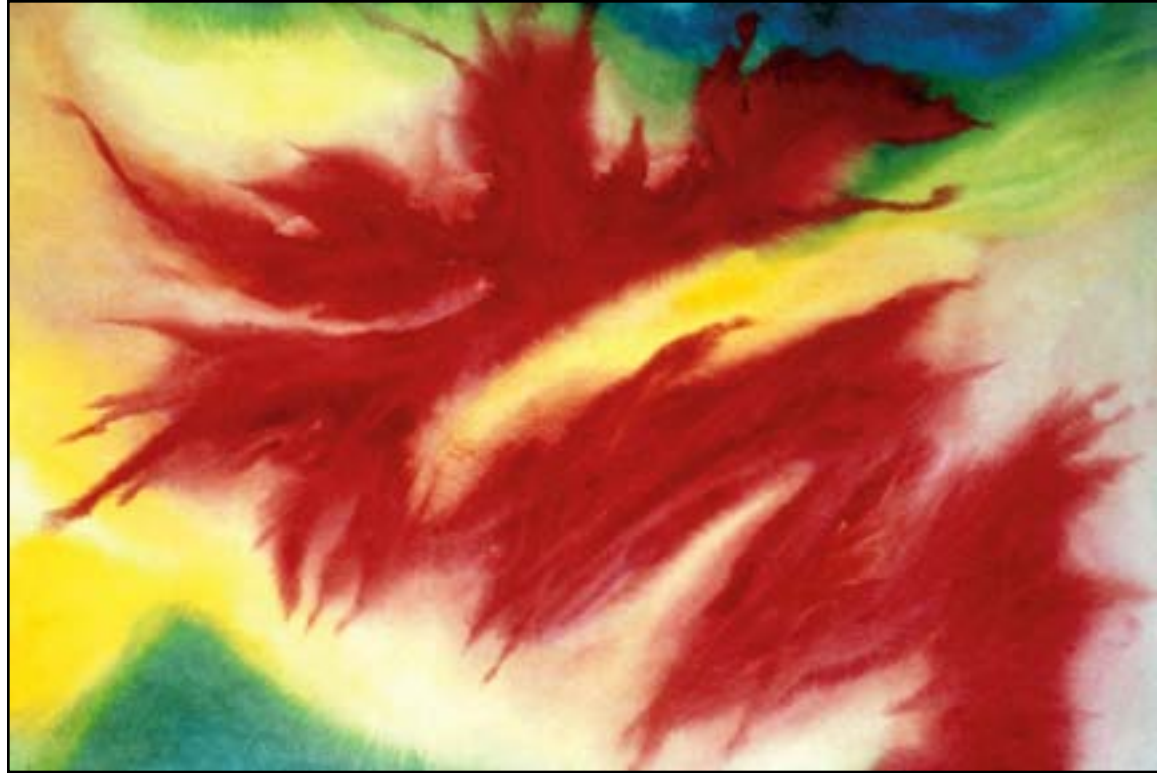
Note that an astral (soul) expression has a
natural propensity to seek a wide,
horizontal modality,
whereas, in the final segment
(Nature Unbound),
because an egoic (Spirit) force directs,
the predominant modality of expression
will assume a vertical stance.



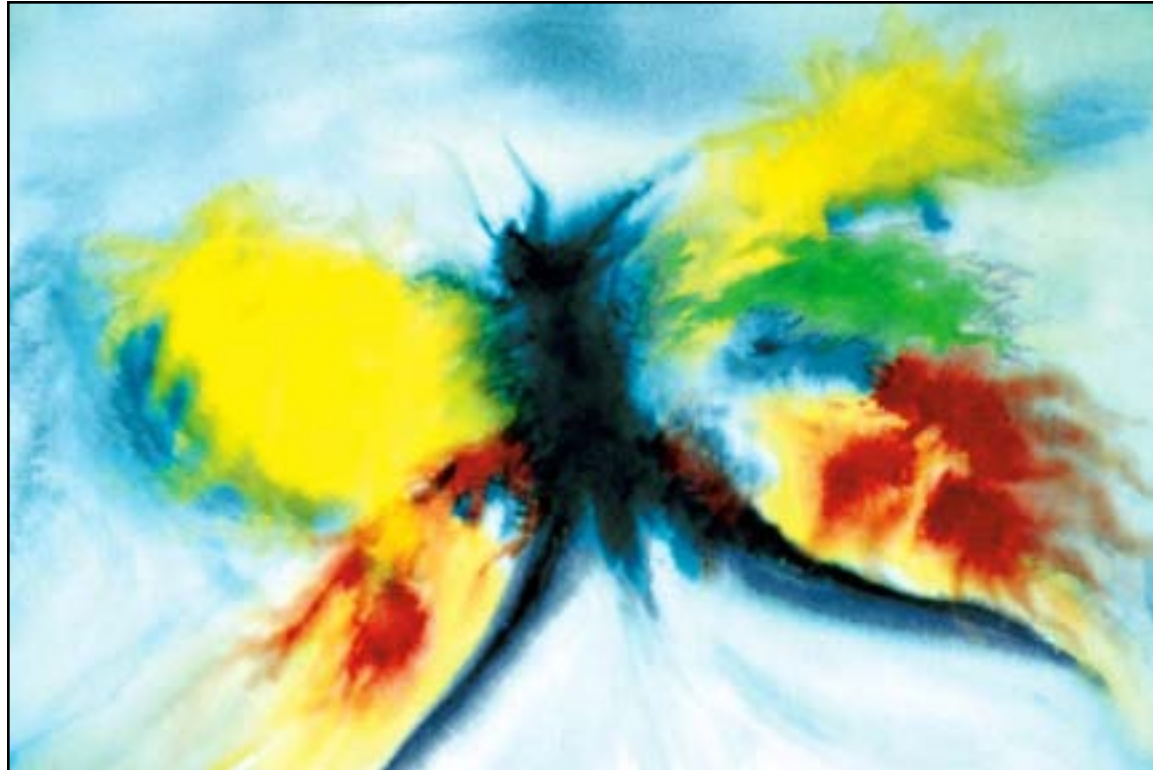
Color regiment breaking free



Collapsed rainbow
(color circle)



Red tries its wings



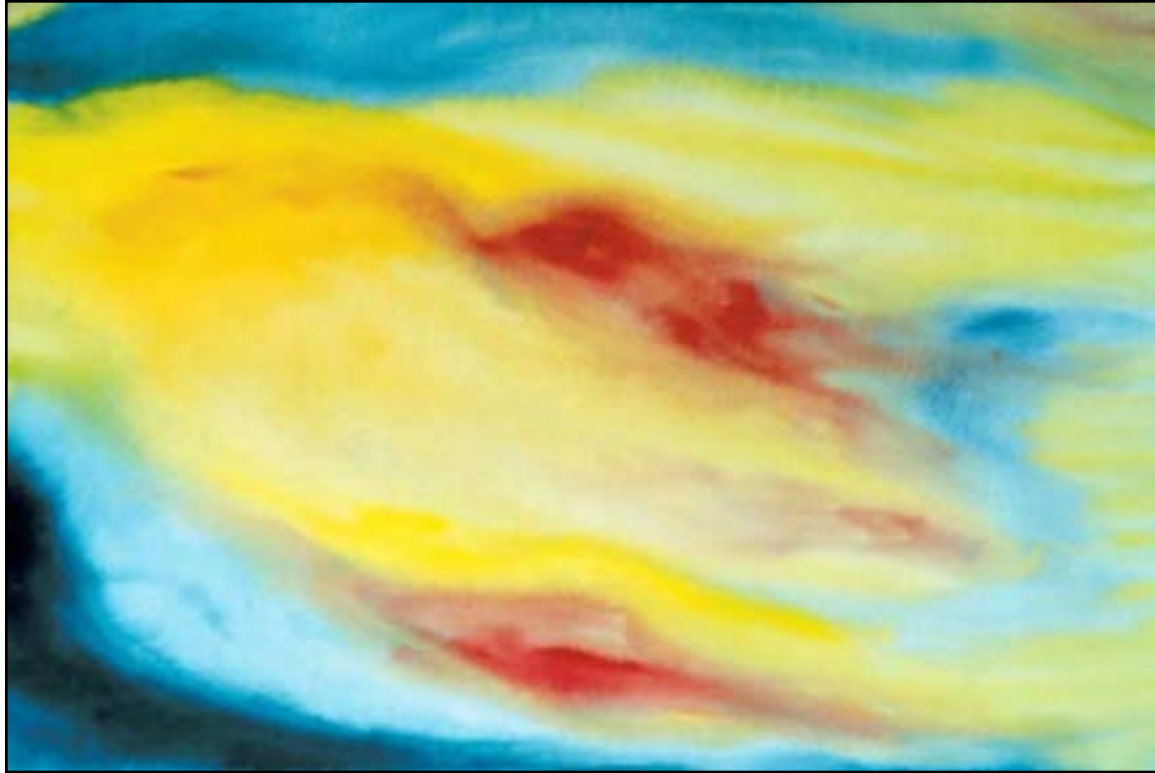
Lofting on the wings of psyche



Soaring



Firesky



Condensing



The spirit of the desert aspires to form

Nature Unbound

Color becomes unbound
when form is reduced to gesture.

Nature becomes unbound
when the human Spirit implements vision,
or raises perception to a higher level.

In the former, Lady Soul, or the astral forces,
are given a forum of expression.
In the latter, Spirit, or the egoic force, has its way.

Now, in a sense, we have come full circle.
Nature has again been reduced to black and white.
This time, instead of enhancing nature with color,
it is vitalized by means of sentient inspiration,
the heart's natural forum.

We are called upon to meet the challenge
of embracing nature by raising consciousness
to a level equal to the power that color embodies.
If we can take hold of nature in her basic elemental
form, and vitalize it the way color does,
but in our own egoic way,
we can help liberate nature from the bonds
fashioned by our materialistic consciousness.

Prelude: *Soundscape of Light*



In the night, as his dreaming forms a weaving of sound and image, he experiences a stream condensing from an ethereal height. Grounded in spirit, anchored in light, a chorale flows earth-bound to merge with redwood violin streams, wandering coyote piano keys, shimmering swan trumpeting, and myriad other voicings that form a symphonic pool.

Within the pool, trout and salmon harmonies wheel in a broad eddy, interplaying a lucency that wakens an angel who dwells upon a ridge of joy. And the river of light-sound spills down through a forest of dancing nature spirits and out across a broad plateau, over which lofts the angel prisms with light and color.

Steadfast the radiance glides on until, by the rim of the plateau, whitewatering through a canyon of deepening hope, the stream of rarefied consciousness rounds a final bend, then tumbles as a waterfall, a heartsong that cascades down into the Void. . .

There is no sound now. No movement. Only silence and stillness. And a soft imperceptible glow.

The mystery has begun.

Interspecies Communion



Treewords in the sap current of forest talk.
Birdsong and wing phrases of avianspeak.
Wolf-tongue eloquence.
Floral linguistics.
Rustling leaf poetry.
Watery oratory of riverflow and oceanwash.

Wing and arm, hoof and hand, beak and lip. Inner hooves race across an astral plain, inner wings soar a celestial sky, inner fins glide in an etheric current.

Beyond the melody of the song sparrow, beyond the haunting call of the owl, beyond the plaintive song of the wolf, a parallel voice is conversing. Whether sitting on a morning limb, ranging a wild tract, coursing the ocean deep, or rooted in the pulse of earthheart, it is there, proclaiming.

And his soul senses axis, a hub, a mirror of countless untamed agencies, a butterfly telepath alighting upon a legion of wilding catalysts, that leads him to ask, what is the essence of the device that nature so consummately applies, how the form of the being is not its identity, but only its creative disguise?

Wolf



Within the recess of an earthen womb, pups of creative will are born, dancing young canids discerning, throughout a terrain arranged in aromatic complexity, the meaning of a thousand scents.

Unhindered for a time, he ranges where the list of his yearning leads, over the tundra of aspiration, through the forest of golden-eye instinct, knowing that each turn leads on to yet another part of his indefinable quest.

The persecution of shadowy and elusive wildness has compelled free-ranging spirit to withdraw. And wandering now over unbridled tracts, at home with charismatic volition, its power cannot be purchased with currency of the faint, but revels in the hunt, in the culling of impulsive behavior.

Under a robust sky infused with the sanctity of moonlight, the wolf is charged with the untenable mandate of countering the world's obsession with subduing the wild, the assail of those who, beneath the transcendency of the stars, fall mundane.

Without wilderness, how can there be wolves? And without wolves, how wilderness? The wolf's song as it howls into the future conveys remembrance, and avows restoration, of its former range.

Raven



Scavenging excess, awaiting opportunity to rob unguarded eggs from the nest of complacency, black-feathered instinct anticipates intention.

Teach me to glide and bank on indigo arm-sails, to work with strident force the under-current of my mind. Through audacity and wit, ingenuity overcomes toil. But I must clarify what I really want, for, as I scheme it, it will come to pass. Teach me, avian of Mercury, to build a nest of influence, to incubate existential potency for a meaning-starved world, to waken self-reliance, craftiness and daring in the winds of destiny.

And out of a moment of pause, black feathers give over to silver shafts, to white of down, and the enigma of boreal serenity.

Deer



Whether by my doorstep or remote in forest, the deer always appears unexpectedly. Fleeting as a moonshadow, changing course on a whim, it shows me the secret of shifting intent lies in a subtle bearing, a stance of gentleness poised on the raw edge of risk.

As the eye is built by light, so the quiet pool of deer vision, fashioned by moonray, is reflective perception, a viewing to traverse the twilight, to render orientation through the thicket of shadow.

With the deer's adrenergic vigilance, I listen acutely, my ear attunes to hidden matters, the softest turn of wind in foliage, the quiet step of stalking paw. By its power I discern hidden movement within the voice of another, the subtle turn of intention, the muffled secret that fills the silence.

Teach me, then, deer within, to listen to the gentle cadence of my heart, that I may orient my most ultimate passage though this incarnational forest.

Terra del Sol



Southbound he drifts, to where the radiance of the sun renders the earth less and less tangible, to where white birds wade in light pools, seeking sustenance from the nightwind's sowing, and searing cloudscapes cushion a delicate field of enchantment.

Yet farther south, deeper than the well of desire he goes, farther than his most vivid feeling of wonder, to a place where the gold wings of a dreambird ply consecrated air. Pushing ever toward the heart of a lone star, yet never reaching its destination, the condor of chimera will never cease its striving. It flies an eternity, an ascension melody, an unending aviation into a frontier of obliviation.

But what South draws the great flocks of avatars? What sanctuary renews their celestial mission before sending them back to the land of spring, to their vigil in the north? What force operates down here in this eternal radiance, where the coldest night merely induces the bloom of the amarilla tree?

And beyond the birthplace of Mother Corn, the sunbeam of the gods, farther south than earth can be tread, he encounters a domain where thinking dims to a sentient dreaming, and feeling embers warmly, kindled by the golden deities harbored within the soul, and within the bullion glow of the land.

Grass Sea



I don't know who I am, and I don't know who they are. They are me by extension, and I am them. They-me being I-they.

The tree grows me.

Plants green me.

Clouds rain me.

I pass through capillaries of grass at the same time that I whistle through reeds, and shine on water droplets of an interior immensity. Photons extract me from a leafy throne, then deposit me in the account of an earthen bank.

He, like an island tree in the midst of a grass sea, branches up from the green. Roots respire, swimming an earthpool nutrition. Branching, branching, all limbs expand in unison, a harmony of expression. Sunfall rains down, filling the botanic sea, and circumspection churns the emerald brine until chlorophyll waves wash ashore by the roots of the island tree. The branching tree draws solar forces up from the verdancy, an etheric tide rising skyward, drawing sunfall back to home.

He cycles.

They cycle him.

He coheres.

He loves all.

Books by Josef Graf

- bringing the spirit of wilderness to the urban dweller

Author's Biography

Where worldly thinking falls to the dimness of a dream, and imagination and feeling rise to a throne of sentience, earth-vision is born.

Within the biography of Josef Graf can be found a Waldorf teacher, wilderness traveller, watercolorist, swing dancer, and anthroposophical researcher.

With over twenty years of experience in the field of spiritual ecology, his primary approach to writing is to open himself to nature until it can speak through him.

His works can be accessed through
www.evsite.net

EARTH VISION, *a travelogue of spiritual ecology*, portrays the human-nature relationship through 70 sites across North America.

A Calendar of Nature and Soul continues to follow the trail of a third millennium everyman, now shifting from a geographic focus to a passage through the seasons. 52 chapters coincide with the weeks of the year, in which natural and biographic events interweave with Rudolf Steiner's Calendar of the Soul.

GAIA SOJOURN, *Spiritual Ecology Across a Series of Incarnations*, takes a global perspective through mythic, historic, and future time forums, using reincarnation as its principle device (an artistic blend of biography and fiction).

The Earth Vision Gallery, a thematic exhibit of photographs and watercolors contained within the covers of a book, carries the viewer through a holistic experience of nature, color theory, and self-discovery.

Hebert Returns to America is a gallery of humor with its artwork hung off the wall. The reader is invited to test drive Hebert's haywire passage through a diverse array of wild lands, social, cultural, and natural.

Explore at www.evsite.net