The Dreamer Drifter
by Scott M. Holdstock
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The vision opens with a young man sitting in a dense north American forest by the edge-interface of a broad river. Many pelicans drift in the yellow light of sunrise, central to the dreamer-drifter's vision is one large white pelican. This pelican who now has a name jingling in the mind of the dreamer-drifter has just begun to fly/leave from the surface of the river. She has begun to speak to the participant at the rivers bank. Only a fraction of a second has passed to the hypothetical stopwatch near the dreamer, but we have been in conversation with flying being for hours. Her wings have just now made their second cycle of flight, the second movement which propels her upward.

The spacetime is now seen by the dreamer-drifter. A box-container draws itself around the winged being. We know that it is the construct of their minds. The space is dense around the being. A message is received by the dreamer. Its content becomes words in his frontal lobes...spacetime is curved by biomass.

The information, thoughts...the concentration of both in the colorform which is that of the winged being, becomes the message. There is more here than the visuals of a fine creature. The spatial density of the information stored in the floating electro-neural thoughts and the dna structure which holds past and future points on the being's geodesic-worldline becomes part of the dreamer-drifter's communication. Even as he participates in this event a new spacetime has evolved.

The colorform of this fractional cinema of spacetime cannot be richer or more saturated without producing a sensory overload. This is not true.

An analytical machine, about halfway through the vision, begins processing the communication and forces the vision to recede, even as the bird flies. The newtonian-cartesian-fourth-century-b.c. entity within the dreamer-drifter has manifested its control...reared its ugly/perfect/pure head. The vision now has become a concept. A mural pattern in a loop which oscillates in shape from the perfect circle of euclid to the knots of the orient.
the universe is a dance...the last symbiotic thought before
the mind creates its existence separate from the body,
which is also created as an opposite.....the construction
of yin and yang from the tao. the brief but dense spacetime
has passed through the dreamer-drifter on its world-line.
the cosmic dance continues.

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