

Spring 5-16-2011

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Recommended Citation

Vincent, Jesse, ""The Fire burning in my Belly / The White Noise in my Head"" (2011). *Senior Capstone Theses*. Paper 8.

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“The Fire burning in my Belly / The White Noise in my Head”

Jesse Vincent

Mixed Media – BFA

2011

After so many years of existing in this reality, there seems to be a sort of restraint on the spirit. When the world becomes so real and so routine, where is there a place to drift and recharge? The point: An escape is needed whether chosen or forced. When those barriers begin to soar too high, some one or some thing needs to throw stones in order to tear them down. Soon enough, the differentiation between dreams and reality will begin to blur and cross paths.

At first, the confusion between what is a literal state of being and this surreal nature is nothing short of terrifying, thinking that all remnants of sanity have fled; but, what harm can come of this? Has the thought that a vacation from this tense and crowded environment could be a fleeting moment of salvation ever occurred during the frenzy?

Let this moment orientate my direction and longing for the thesis installation. The location surrounding the viewer is not important, merely just a context from which to escape. Before entering, shoes must be taken off - my first endeavor to strip this actuality, followed by a step onto cool sand. The room begins to fade and another realm of consciousness emerges through cascading porcelain-dipped lace. Dimmed lights brighten where soft whispers swell in corners and spill mutterings that are layered, one atop another. Moments of vague memories are scurrying around the space wishing to make a similar cloudy impression of emotion. Silence is understood as necessary and an eerie but endearing narrative carries the mind away...

Start:

Please press play...

“When Water Comes to Life-Cloud Cult”

it's hard to track the beginnings down,

what goes around

comes around

and you can never be sure where this thing initiated itself,

but it rushes around circularly,

winding,

winding,

twining

around my obsessed mind,

KNOWING

that it will find refuge and sow a whole crop full of creations.

The overwhelming children of imagination

wander through

the forests

and I hear their whispers.

at first, the voices are

jumbling numbling muffled

these are the ideas that push through the walls of my brain and eventually drip out my eyes, ears, mouth and nose. they're pouring out uncontrollably, like water into a pierced bowl, cascading mermaids of nerves, excitement, and impulse.

slow down the speed,

recognize what it is you're doing...

THEN LOSE IT!

go

go

...GO!

follow your intuition, your soul will take over your mind.

let the mind go on vacation and travel to the memories

of dreams dreaming

and schemes scheming.

hello poppy:

hi mustache:

hey clocks:

take me to another time.

I want to go to the faire, the circus,

the underground of misfit toys.

oh, what's this? something in front of me? what are you little buddy? where do you come from? I've felt you inside me before, I think...

NO, I'm sure of it! YOU were the fire burning in my belly, the white noise in my head. I dreamt of you and instantly fell into obsession.

It's happening again... I'm giving you too much attention, you nag of a thing, to want to know you right now is a burden. please understand, it's detrimental to your evolution that I know you.

wait...

wade...

weight...

I've released you from my grip

and now the circus calls...

When the pieces fit they are a chorus

a thousand harmonious voices

a forced note never rings quite right

so...

adapt to the environment you're creating in

and the tools will gracefully crawl to your fingertips

wanting, oh so desperately, to function

according to the hands dependency

those rasps of laughter – boisterous and deep –
no one quite knows how comforting that voice would be
and at this very moment.

I search, longing for it,
always thinking I've come one step closer to knowing you again.

you weren't here long enough for me and when I need you most,
you mustache of a man.

I'm torn, wondering
whether to curse the force which took you away from me
or praise the notion that is only left in my memory.

four years of inspiration from the lack of time I had with
YOU.
I keep creating you over and over again in a desperate attempt
to grasp onto those loose strings of your face,

**but I am just fooling myself,
faking every word that drips off my tongue
into this empty vortex of paper.**

there are barriers on our thinking.

they are put there by us perhaps

or maybe the man in the breeze

they were a heavy factor for the sake of surrendering

an entire being to mind matters

but more weightless than a feather to remember

in fact if I came out of that deep thought,

I'd give a tug on them to send me back

there were moments of surrender

→ to that, an occasional tug to send me back to
meditation

→ maybe this prick of pain numbs my
surroundings and gives way to...

Contemplation...

your body traps your thoughts I'm afraid

and sentences them to lockdown.

to speak these reactors and impulses your brain shoots off

deletes the fundamental value to those thoughts

I think this is rather tragic

→ coming back full circle to that other land where a tape recorder
trapped my thoughts...

...without any spoken effort

Times, the working of each minute, are a loose fitting ring
... I can't say that I am ever in control (nor do I wish my brain to ever realize it has this
capability)
My words are a mystery
Where did the years start developing...

what's going on around here?

zone out on emotions...

Emotions... are they harnessing my every experience?

"you've been spending your time thinking about why you
think so much. If there was ever a time,

now would be the time to see your time
here is limited."

(Cloud Cult)

**LET IN THE MOMENT! ACCEPT TRANSCENDENCE! ESCAPE THE
MELTDOWN!**

so simple so pure, but NEVER a time

i'm not insecure.

forever wondering > yields inspiration,

pondering.

toil in the things you don't know,

and one day you'll reap the secrets

time has sowed.

to love is to fascinate with the unknown,

bestow the brain with curiosity,

foster uncertainty,

and tame controllability.

the desire completely motivates and captivates.

these four walls could collapse around me,

still, no matter...

KEEP doing this!

say “no” and, PROOF!

Proven wrong.

there is nothing else...

But this boiling fury of artistry.

Take away material,

but you can't take away ideas.

Take away freedom,

you'll create longing.

Take away longing,

you'll create protest.

But all along the way

you created performance.

All this time, you supplied

the material you stole.

THE CONSTITUTION

DON'T GIVE UP! DO NOT FAIL TO EXPLORE! For every opportunity that you find yourself beginning to bail on, you must take on double-fold.

DO NOT ANALYZE! There's something to be said of the initial action of impulse. Don't think that it's not worthy of making. Don't eliminate what hasn't even been finished.

DO NOT STOP MAKING! It's easy to lay down the hands when you get that instant pang of 'I don't really feel like doing this'. Don't listen to the mania.

DON'T STOP EXPERIENCING! Ignore impulses to numb the body against your state of being. Reach out and absorb the here and now. That moment won't show its face ever again. Learn, feel, fall in love, abhor. Once you do this, you've become fully alive.

DON'T DOUBT YOURSELF! There's a reason the spark has been ignited! Whether or not it will be the most successful operation is not the point. Investigate!

DON'T FEAR FAILURE! Why fear it, especially when it can be your fuel? Failure can be the best teacher. View it as a harbinger of lessons to be learned.

DO NOT DISCLAIM! Accept every fiber of your being. It is your makeup. It is the fundamental truth to your creations. Reveal it! No sense in hiding what truly motivates you.

DO NOT FORGET! Don't forget the things that have happened to make you who you are. Reference them. Nurture them. They may hurt at times but it is healthy and will help you draw nigh to a higher realm of existence.

Works Cited

"Everybody here is a Cloud." *Cloud Cult Official Site*. Web. 3 May 2011. <http://www.cloud-cult.com/store/product_info.php?cPath=21&products_id=54>.