

Summer—2005
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BEING *there*



Light meets form

Text and Photographs by
George Lottermoser

More accurately, lighting visionary, McKim Stropes, principal of Nine Design, meets sculptor, Seth Tyler, at Seth's Mequon Road Studio.

On May 23rd Seth and I took the early Hiawatha Amtrak to Chicago. He needed to pickup a sculpture proposal he'd submitted to McCormick Place. For me, it was my last teaching day of the spring semester for the Visual Design for Interactive Multimedia class at Columbia College.

We enjoyed the early morning light falling on the city's backyards as we rode the historic train. And we edited the photographs I created, of his three recently completed

sculptures, on my PowerBook.

Seth mentioned that he was working on an awning project for a restaurant. When he discussed the project's lighting issues I immediately thought and shared, "You have to meet McKim Stropes."

On June 7th, Seth, McKim and I met at Seth's Mequon Road Studio to exchange ideas relating to the interactivity of light, form and color.

McKim generously offered his expertise regarding cutting-edge lighting technology, including: LEDs, programmable light controllers, and current theories of the psychological effects of light, color, and intensity. Not the least of

McKim Stropes (left) and Seth Tyler discuss potential lighting concepts



*Seafire, by Seth Tyler,
Mild Steel and Copper,
14.5" x 14.5" x 33"*

McKim's many passions is the "green potential" for these low power, high output, lighting technologies.

Pencils, hands and mouths moved to express that which has yet to take form and become permanent artifacts for others to enjoy. This meeting of "light and form" appeared every bit as bright as expected. I love these meetings of interdisciplinary, creative minds. The flow of ideas. The possibilities for collaboration.

Our conversation continued in the outdoor garden at Senior Sol's, a delightful new restaurant in Mequon.

With south-of-the-border music, flowers in bloom, a

breeze off the Great Lake Michigan, the potential continued to unfold.

We explored everything from driveway lighting, the relationship of innercity street lighting and crime, the color of room light, the lighting of sculpture and the use of sculpture as lighting fixtures.

When you are looking to bring the future of form and light into your homes and businesses today, contact Seth Tyler at 262-391-5153, and McKim Stropes at 414-351-9018. You can expect a new look and appreciation for both light and form.

(continued on page 4)

BEING there

When there and then becomes
here and now we receive
awareness, wisdom, and
appreciation.

This periodical publication intends to present views from writers, poets and artists for the purpose of shifting consciousness toward peace, clarity, affirmation of life, generosity, stewardship, wisdom, creativity and beauty; and away from fear, hate, greed, war, destruction, lies, pretense, ignorance and confusion.

We must administer the cultural medications of real awareness, acceptance, positive confrontation and optimism; while reducing the cultural poisons of denial, avoidance, cynicism and hypocrisy now running rampant around the globe.

We invite your comments, contributions, and critiques of this publication and the larger cultures of our planet (yes, it belongs to all of us—we best take care of it—heh?).

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From the publisher

Garret Keizer wrote in the 2005, March/April issue of *Mother Jones*, “Thomas Aquinas said that nothing in existence is evil because everything God created is good. Like Augustine before him, Aquinas defined evil as utter absence of good, basically as a dangerous nothingness.” Mr. Keizer went on to suggest that the “utter absence of love” would qualify as evil and listed a few examples: racism... the predicament of 9 million American children with no health insurance... a preemptive war in which thousands of innocent people get blown to pieces... the annual and largely preventable workplace deaths of nearly twice as many Americans as died on September 11... the widening inequality fostered by social policies...”

His statements — such as, “Poverty is not a culture to be understood; it is a condition to be eradicated. ...a classless society in which no identity trumped that of a human being. ...equality and solidarity [w]as the destiny of humankind. ...recover that faith. ...something more radical than reminding the minimum-wage custodian to sort the recyclables when he takes out the trash or the Latina housemaid to dust Che’s portrait when she does the den. ...relinquish more of our disposable income in order to reduce the numbers of disposable people. ...peace and justice.” — call us to consider our part and act in accordance with an alert social conscience.

He declares, “...certain social problems can be addressed only by a change in our cultural values.” We cannot, “...impose a single set of values on a pluralistic society.” We must, “...keep faith with [our] own professed values.” If we truly believe in the primacy of family let us, “...rejoice at the number of gay and lesbian couples who wish to form stable, monogamous unions and provide homes for unwanted children.” If we believe in, “...‘Judeo-Christian’ values, [we] would oppose the idolatry of ‘market forces.’ ...oppose relativistic arguments in defense of torture.” What if we don’t engage in “a committed struggle?” He quotes Emerson, “we...acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression.”

Walking through life
with lens and a light
sensitive rectangle
between eye and experience.
Blurring perception.
Seeking an awakened connection.
Always aware of the still
beautiful, tragic, silliness
of it all.
Inhaling life
through all five senses;
yet unable

to hold the fragrance,
the tang or hue,
the cold harshness or
unbearable moist heat
and soft tenderness of it
All.
We must,
at some point,
in time and space
— exhale.

From the editor

When I think of shifting consciousness I think of something heavy and intentional. Like moving a laser at an observatory. Odd that I might think of a sending device. The telescope, the device most associated with observatories, is a lens. It is receptive. In order to discover something new we look and listen more often than send.

Even so, my own consciousness is less substantial than I might imagine. It is more like a mirror ball at a disco lounge where everyone is singing Y.M.C.A. and waving their arms. Instead of shifting a laser or lens I am often break dancing on a bag of marbles I have spilled.

Lately the energy of fragmentation and polarization is up. There is the idea that we can no longer have reasonable discussions without heated argument. It is us versus them. With us being undeniably right. Usually.

We seem to be witnessing, perhaps even fomenting, a greater polarization in society. Discussions are increasingly rare. Arguments seem to be the norm. As if shouting something over and over will make it be true. Yet, so it is. Our leader tells us that that is his job: catapulting the propaganda. Google that.

That the news is not good is not news. The news has never been good. It doesn’t sell papers. In order to find the good news one must refocus. Move the lens. Be the laser. Carlos Castaneda spoke of “stopping the world”, not to get off, but to ride on.

The leaders, the pundits, the experts all have somewhere to take your mind. And yet, there are places that I wish to take my mind. A favorite Chinese proverb of mine is: “Don’t believe what they say. Go see.”

Perhaps what we can do in these pages of *Being Here* is offer another map to the terrain.



**Interview with David White, poet,
guitar picker and singer, publisher,
printer and our editor**
photographs by George Lottermoser

On Jun 9, 2005, at 12:08 PM, George Lottermoser began an email interview with David White:

GL: Good morning David. We've known each other for close to 15 years. Our first conversations occurred between a graphic designer (me) and a printer (you). As time went on I came to know you as a publisher of "Good Work" foreign language products, poetry chap books, the AZML Knews Review, a poet, and a guitar picking singer. You seem passionate about and fascinated by spoken, printed and sung words. In this age of huge amounts of verbal and visual information what keeps you rearranging letters and words?

DLW: It is not about seeking a singular perfection, but about experiencing the diversity. It's not as if I will make the perfect poem, song, or article and then quit. That would be like thinking I could make a perfect grocery list and then stop eating. Life goes on. We could use a hunting or fishing metaphor to answer the question. Why do people hunt for sport? For sport. It's the hunt. The catch. I personally don't hunt animals. I would be content fishing with some of the simple, traditional gear except



the hook. Pole, line, bobber, sinker, period. As a poet I want to get out, sit on the dock, feel the breeze, dangle my feet in the water, and catch a mess of words and phrases. To be able to describe that bit of reality as the sun stands on the water. That is why I fish.

GL: OK. Let's stick with this metaphor. Where have you been dangling your feet lately? Where are the hot fishing spots?

DLW: The hot spots for me are probably similar to the hot spots for many. It's the hot spots themselves in the culture and the world. How do we describe to ourselves and amongst ourselves what's going on? How do we maintain a grip on it? The fishing metaphor moves easily into a cooking metaphor. To catch a mess of words and phrases with the intention of being nourished by them is the bigger picture. If I am not interested in 'watching my diet' then I must eat what mercury gets put in my metaphysical tuna.

GL: Wonderful. However, while you've answered in a way that lets us know the type of spots you like to fish and an awareness for the quality of your catch in relationship to nourishment and possible effects; can you be more specific as to where you've actually been lately? What you've caught? How did you prepare the catch? How did they taste?

DLW: We were up in central Wisconsin the first weekend in June. Marathon county. Ginseng country. The piney woods for this Milwaukee boy. I'd seen a piece on public TV about the Hmong population in Wausau and had a chance to talk at length to someone that lived in Wausau. Out of this came a few lines about the local flavor of a Hmong family diner and my willingness to try the braised bamboo shoots and the

Sunday dog.

This is innocent ignorance at it's finest. And the principal reason to continue one's own investigations. I'm sorry to say that we were not able to take the time to actually locate a Hmong family diner. Next time.

And, we were so far from the non-stop beat of the humdrum, that I was able to put together a special piece for a young friend. A lovely and timely gift about not being in two places at once.

Grandpa used to say, "Don't talk. You'll scare the fish." The same thing working with words. Too many get in the way. A person needs a little space and quiet to figure out the difference.

GL: Well, the fishing metaphor, including the spot, the catch, the cooking and the consumption seems to have a lot of life. You recently shared with me an early draft of a poem which I found quiet profound. I've asked you to share it with this audience; to which you've generously agreed. The title of the poem is "Back in the Garden Again." Could you tell us a bit about where you were fishing when you caught its words and phrases?

DLW: Among the religions, I fish the Bible a bit. The NRSV specifically, and there's no better hole there than Genesis. I get stuck there time after time. I've lost a lot of lures. I don't know if I'm catching it or it's catching me. And right now, I'm up to my hip waders out in the river of that elusive old poem. I can tell I've got a lunker on the line.

You said it was an early draft and I think we should stay with that thought. Some things get revised and this will be one of those things. I might consider this Garden v.2.1. The thing that is so attractive for me about this is the bigger picture issues.



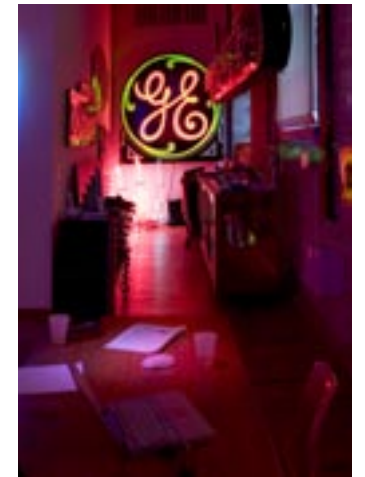
The walls of 9Design pulsate with color. These variations occurred within a few moments.

Walking into the 9Design Showroom is akin to full immersion into faith in light. Colors lap against the walls in waves of various durations and frequencies. The walls also hold a history of the last 60 years of evocative architectural lighting; from the large GE logo of the '50's to a contemporary aluminum arrow (sculpture-relief-sconce) by Richard Taylor.

McKim Stropes, lighting evangelist and principal of

9Design, has worked with neon and other sources in the field of architectural lighting for 25+ years. His current passion for programmable LED light sources becomes quite contagious as he fiddles with various programmers, creating many different effects, while discussing lighting design, color theory, and their psychological effects.

Grasping the potential of arrays of these one to three



watt LED light sources, which measure only half an inch to a couple inches in diameter, throws the imagination into altered states. Paper thin holographic lenses can control the shape, tint, hardness or softness of the light falling on a surface or object. This field, like all hi-tech fields, undergoes weekly advancements and has its bleeding edges. But what is currently available, off the shelf, should already amaze and excite anyone that can appreciate what this revolution in low power and small scale means for architectural lighting and lamp design, whether interior or exterior. McKim envisions the future while applying the current technology in the present.

Back in the Garden Again

v.2.i

by David L White

I was walking with my Lord
in the cool of the evening
naked, not naked,
who even knew?

We were back in the garden
coming home, starting over,
with nothing, but everything
something old, something blue.

“You know”, the Lord started,
a grin on his face,
“you left so quick when
I mentioned that tree

that I could not say
what you would not see,
I do not eat of it either,
in that, please believe.”

The downside of good
is better than bad
but the worst of the evil
is in being had

by the fermented fruit,
on that tree in the glade.
Give the forgiveness.
It is judgement forbade.



*Manhattan, by Seth Tyler,
Stainless and Mild Steel, 9" x 9" x 27"*



*Multiaxis Observatory, by Seth Tyler,
Mild Steel and Brass, 18" x 18" x 27", by Seth Tyler.*



*McKim discusses circles of light with Seth at Senior Sol's
Mexican Restaurant in Mequon.*





050626:15:55 —
As Sophia Antoinette Steele
contemplated leaving
the womb and entering
this world. I decided
to write her, my first
granddaughter, a letter.

Just a note about my day:
our visit to the hospital,
our waiting for her.

The doctor helped her out
via cesarean section
around 17:30.

Welcome Sophia.