

JOHNSON, Thomas - Ground Zero

Away with stagnant categorizations! Science is O.K. . . . , it just does not allow us to explore the true dimensions of human potentialities. If we want to get the "thingness" of things we need fresh redefinitions "based on NO reliable measurement". Let the things be a "flexible extension of the senses" and let's explore the relativity of definable categories

Thomas Johnson, the man of GROUND ZERO is the man on NO grounds, on no RELIABLE grounds and yet a man with the sharpest senses, capable of constructing to the most subtle minds the finest "supermental", "supersensitive" combinations of "unthinkable" images in the best surrealist style.

With a slight Bennettian overtone/murmur, J.T. touches the possibility of constructing a world of our own out of no established perspective, viewpoint or whatever, a world totally constructed upon Ground Zero. As Johnson himself puts it: "I am no longer satisfied to know the eagle's wingspan. I want to know how much of me it could carry away with its claws."

It's certainly new, beautiful, fascinating. It's touching too. It's a contemporary alloy of steel and flesh, of earth and blood, of salt and pavements, of glass and people . . . It's new. It's a young girl pedalling and "PUMPING LIKE PISTONS OF GLASS IN THE RAIN'S UNGOVERNABLE ENGINE".

But Ground Zero is also a ground. It's the ground all of us shall eventually get to know. It's "WHERE WE WILL BE ASKED TO LIVE UNDER A STONE NAMELESS, NATIVE, HUNTED FOR OUR SKIN". We can think of graves here, but we can think of (dis)integration into the nothingness where no name plays any role, where we'll all be natives, i.e. one with the ground, in complete disintegration but sinking into Lavoisier's concept of eternity. And there we shall walk off our nightmares and into the secrets of nature.

Let's never rely - that's what T.J. is saying. Let's just have our senses evaporating and feeling into the world's

best. Let's be "A NEWSPAPER READ OVER SOMEONE ELSE'S SHOULDER";
let's be the momentary interest. Let's be the moment that calls
us north like the ironed-flecked geese every coming summer, let's
be everything, everyone and everywhere, all the time, but mainly
let's be the wings of feelings whose only steadiness and reliabi-
lity is the awareness of its fragility, of its delicateness, of
its being on ground zero with a function: the function of recreat-
ing, redefining, recategorizing. . . of learning to sleep without
reading from bedside manuals.

