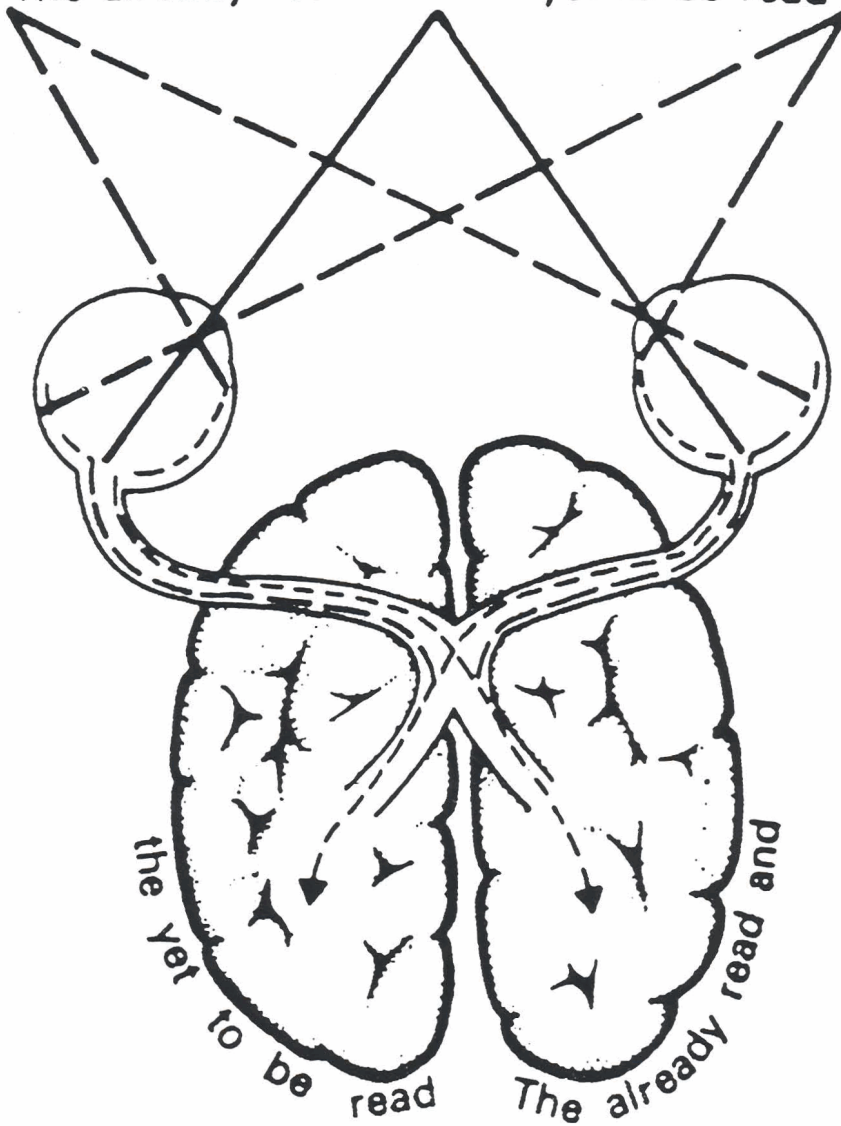


Unattended Channels

The already read and the yet to be read



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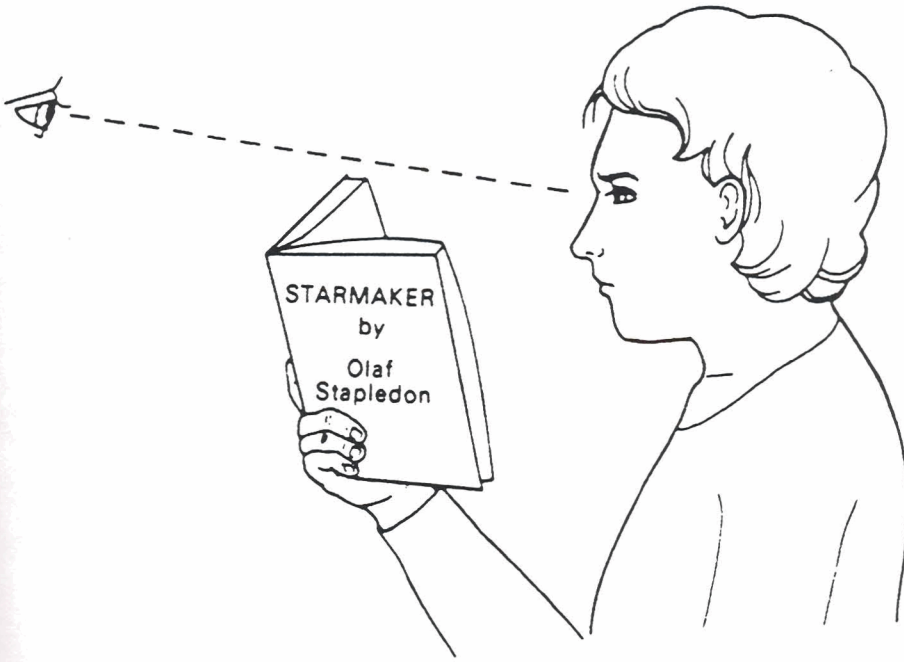


Figure 60 Watch someone reading and observe his eye movements.

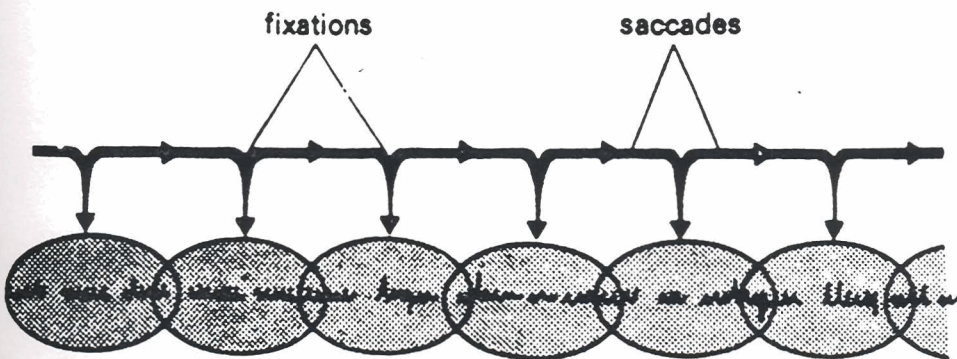


Figure 61 The eye moves along a line of print in steps, taking in the section of the line which is at the center of vision at each fixation.

It's so dark, I cannot see my hands. I stretch out my arms **and hit** a wall an inch or two before **full** extension. I swing my elbows back into walls a foot away **from** both my left and right sides. The sketch of a box is somehow completed, half a second later, when these sensations reach my mind.

Wooden pellets seem to rain on the box. Flashes of dark blue and dark purple soak out **from** where the sound moves, trailing around the many shades of black. Purples and blues are equally dispersed, emanating **from** different centers of release out there in the darkness. The sound speeds up and the newly released colors play on top of the old ones that are still ringing out. The waves of black and red and purple increase their frequencies until they weld a completely new darkness. The loss of these colors drains my faith in the sound and it quickly fades.

A light kicks in **from** above. It brings back the sound and reveals some creature moving on the opposing walls that surround my head. Its transformations move fluidly across the **walls**, in criss-cross patterns, in abbreviated **figure-eights**.

Readjusting it in my focus, I am enamored, **bewildered**. The sound continually changes as the object becomes a kind of Indian percussion instrument, that only plays itself, and only plays what it wants.

By now, I'm in love with it, smiling, **amazed** at each new change this music creature makes. Then in an instant, it goes crazy; speeds up and sounds like a tape being eaten, like a reel-to-reel going faster and faster, mixing **and** alternating. Better than an owl or a periscope, my eyes pivot and follow the creature as it circles around my head. This center eye no