

CASCADING MAN
William Bricken
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I suppose you might be needing a character to identify with, a persona with-whom-to, so I may as well introduce myself. That last sentence contains three errors of misinformation, two associated with the word "I" and one with "myself". At times I might seem to be here, you see, and at times I seem to appear here but actually only what you see as me is here and I am somewhere else. Or rather someone else (and often sometwo else and more). Its not confusing to me since I seem to be wherever or whoever (and/or whatever) I am and so I feel, inside to myself, real and even persistent.

Definition: persistent -- tending to go back at a later time to where one has been. Or, the tendency to be at several times and at several places the same. Persistence comes, like most things, in two directions. My story is unfolded, using time. But the events of my life have taken place all at the same time. You see, my friend, persistence is, too, my downfall. Or, rather, it is currently my Number One problem, the definer (so you might say) of evil in my life. But evil is such a shallow concept. Persistence is the definer of my direction. Ah, my friend, I know you have felt what I mean. Try as we may, every morning, we wake up in the same, slightly older, body. My wretched persistence to stay on this earth is the only thing I know about time. Ageing and ageing, growing up and dying. Seconds tick away.

Yes, well! That was before I began my cascade. That last sentence errors thrice, once with the persistence of "I" and twice with the notion of time (before and began). Cascading, you see, has no time, no start, and no self. Rather it has ranges and scales. Areas of local organization and areas of rapid change. Appearances of presence, persistence, and appearances of confusion. The confusion is not clear to me but it can be represented by large distances, or vast passages of time, or by the geometry of space, or the feeling of rapid acceleration, or the change of phase, or altering consciousness, or the hopeless jumble of thoughts that pass into my mind continuously, or the stream I swim against and float along with, one of those things yields these words to you. And so we are doing just that, together but not *together*. The same and different. But my friend, we are only the same when I am not here (and, alas, when you are not there). My problem is that I have fallen so far into this Persistence: the ugly habit of being here and no where else. Until the cascade.

Ah, then the times and the places and the people I am! The organization that is I moves in space. My rather arbitrary focal point is what you call me and what I have come to accept as the persistent part of my human dimension, stuck moving gently through time, moving around space in three dimensions, no more. But when I cascade, I organize at the other levels, far away from the human size, from the size of my organs, my organized parts.

Lost! Why is persistence such as paradox? I swear to stay here, my friend, with you. I wish to persist here but cannot. I wish to leave but cannot. I retrieve for you; a diver, a dog. I come back and bring back. But we part when to there I go. You part me to go there yourself. Yet there we can see that we are here together. The greater We, so distant, so close. The greater we that is beyond time. The greater we, cascaded together, that brings the lesser we to part.