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Phenomenology of diving (a being drawn)

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A PHENOMENOLOGY OF DIVING (A BEING DRAWN)

By

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The thesis is a phenomenology of diving with emphasis upon the diver's orientation to the world. The thesis is not a phenomenology of the competitive aspects of diving, training methods, mechanics of diving, nor of the "other's" relation to diving, except in those areas in which the diver is orienting himself to the world.

The purpose of the thesis which underlies the phenomenology of diving is to reawaken a forgotten dimension of experience in sport which plays upon the subjective side of development. And to show that that lost dimension is rooted into our experience of being in the world. The thesis is an example of how activities in sport can be understood in a new light. And the thesis tries to point up the importance of the intense and physical nature of sport by supplying examples of ontological significance which occur during those intense activities. The thesis strives to root sport into the aesthetic experience and ontological needs of a person, so that others may be able to fight the arrogant objectification and exploitation of sport in this society.

In the discovery and description of diving I was forced back upon myself to examine the motivation for the diver's orientation to the world. It is at this point that the thesis really begins. For my own development in diving began with a kind of restlessness and disorientation. This restlessness shaped itself into an image which at a very early age kept me awake. The appearance of this image which was of the human form which spun endlessly in the dark attracted my attention to the nature of the
kind of control found in diving.

The appearance of the image is marked by another occurrence which preceded the appearance of the image in the dark. This was the occurrence of seriousness, awakened by an early confrontation with the ocean. The ocean awakened a sense of awe, uncertainty, and darkness about the world, with which I was unfamiliar and which left me in a state of general uneasiness and restlessness. It was this sense of seriousness which demanded a response.

Diving as an activity bridges the darkness and uncertainty awakened by the ocean. The diver enters that uncertainty and passes through that darkness and emerges after the dive into a world with the understanding that the darkness is a part of the world, and not a meaninglessness which the image in the dark was caught. Thus, a phenomenology of diving becomes essential for the discovery of those experiences and dynamics which orient the diver to a world, not the darkness.

The thesis deals with the image's endless spinning and why it suddenly stopped after years of diving. For the water, that which first aroused the sense of darkness to the diver, is also that which stops the spinning of the image.

The thesis is more than a personal account. The passage of the individual into a world from a sense of separatedness is a condition of growth and youth, when one first discovers the seriousness of the world.

The Psychology of William James in his chapter "Stream of Consciousness" renders a very useful passage concerning the general description and situation of the image in the dark. There he describes "the feeling of absence," which in a significant way deals directly with the image in the dark.

dark, thus providing a helpful grasp of the primary problem of the resolve of the image.

The thesis deals with two main parts. The first part deals with the problem of the image and the connection of the image to the ocean. The second part is the phenomenology of the dive which orients the diver to the world. In the second part is also the sense of the resolve of the image in relation to the diver's entry into the water and the diver's emergence from the water to a stand. Coming to a stand, the diver emerges into the world, and feels an integral part of that world with an understanding of the world reserved for those who become intensely involved with it.
CHAPTER I

THE IMAGE

The first experience I had with that form of control required in diving began with a well remembered restlessness to move in the dark, and the consequent inability to let myself sleep or rest peacefully. I needed to learn how to open up and be taken by the darkness unto sleep, but the restless anxiety stifled every attempt. How could I respond to this ambiguous situation? I wanted, needed sleep; but I needed a sense of being as well; and I thought if I allowed myself to sleep in the darkness I would be engulfed by it, or negated in some way.

The darkness was a region into which I could not focus well, nor make out shapes, colors, or things. I was without orientation. My vision couldn't hold onto something, and I couldn't really hold myself since I couldn't actually see myself. There was nothing I could identify myself with, yet I wanted to identify myself. The dark was not something one could hold or identify with at an early age. I could not rest without a sense of feeling oriented; thus I was restless. And my restlessness was meaningless as well for that anxiety lacked a shape, form, or name with which to be assured. I needed something which could offer a sense of control to me, to assure me of a steady existence through the dark.

The darkness offered a perfect screen for the imagination, for the dark was empty in a way and invited the imagination into play. The dark was my darkness. The dark room reminded me of my own darkness which invited
the imagination. But the dark was unwilling to allow freedom of the imagination, for my restless darkness was not of a playful mood. Playing occurred in the world in uninhibited care, not in the restless dark. The dark offered no world, but it was not empty. The dark was an intense feeling but offered nothing. My imagination didn't and couldn't invent a world, for I had to respond to the darkness before there could be a world. Playfulness can explore a world, discover a world; but playing is not responding to the seriousness of the world which one discovers. My response to the dark was a way to identify myself with the dark, in the dark. A seriousness born of such need searches for an identity and establishes an identity which play discovers the possibility of, but does not establish.

I responded unconsciously to my need with an image which I could see, relate to, and orient myself to in the dark. The image maintained what I needed, a self-control which existed in the dark, yet resisted the dark, and allowed me to sleep after I became exhausted from watching the image. The image sustained itself out of its own need to be. At that early age I don't think an image of a door or jar would have been sufficient for my needs. For there is nothing in a door or jar with which I could identify. They would not reveal an effort to be self-controlled which would maintain an identity. Thus my restless darkness and need shaped my desire for control and identity into an image which maintained itself and me by virtue of its own self-control. The dark limited the image to certain shapes and movements. My own darkness drew out of me the necessity for a control, an identity in the dark. My darkness molded the image into a rhythm and movement which I could identify; yet the image was only half an image, for it lacked a world. The image was of the human form spinning around in the dark, suspended and never ending. The image was the potential "I". The image with which I identified in my
own darkness was my own sense of identity. My darkness was awakened by the dark room, which was the serious reminder of the darkness of the ocean. The image was a response to the darkness awakened by my encounter with the ocean.

In trying to understand the image in the dark it is helpful to understand William James' account of a forgotten name. The image in the dark is more than a personal account of a development of an identity, but is a condition of growth. In James' *Psychology*, in the chapter "Stream of Consciousness" there is a short passage which deals most nearly to the image in the dark.

Suppose we try to recall a forgotten name. The state of our consciousness is peculiar. There is a gap therein; but no mere gap. It is a gap that is intensely active. A sort of wraith of the name is in it, beckoning us in a given direction, making us at moments tingle with the sense of our closeness, and then letting us sink back without the longed-for term. If wrong names are proposed to us, this singularly definite gap acts immediately so as to negate them. They do not fit into its mould. . . . There are innumerable consciousnesses of want, no one of which taken in itself has a name, but all different from one another. Such a feeling of want is toto coelo other than a want of feeling: it is an intense feeling. The rhythm of a lost word may be there without a sound to clothe it; or the evanescent sense of something which is the initial vowel or consonant may mock us fitfully, without growing more distinct. Every one must know the tantalizing effect of the blank rhythm of some forgotten verse, restlessly dancing in one's mind, striving to be filled out with words.\(^2\)

The image was surrounded by the dark, not mere darkness but a darkness which forced the image to spin endlessly. The image was the wraith which directed my attention not only to the image but to the dark as well. As I learned to dive I tried to near the image and fulfill attaining it, but would sink back from exhaustion and the image would take on its distant locale. The image was peculiar, and other images such as a door or jar never appeared for they would not have fit the mold. The image itself never opened up for it would have been negated. Only as long as the image

\(^2\)Ibid., p. 164.
held itself and spun did the darkness become more than a power of negation. When the image spun and held itself in control the darkness became the image's source. But the darkness itself was peculiar. The dark needed something in order for the image to resolve itself. The dark was an absence which needed a world—to belong to a world. The image directed me through that darkness, like the light at the end of a tunnel.

But there is an important difference between James' account of a forgotten name and the image in the dark. James states the forgotten name or world restlessly dancing in the mind strives to be filled out with words. The image in the dark strived to be filled out with the "I". The image in the dark was half an "I", the potential "I" which needed actualization in order for the spinning to be resolved. The darkness and the image was a question which needed resolve. And as long as the question of identity was unfulfilled the spinning continued.

James' passage about the forgotten name, the questioning feeling of what is there which seeks resolve, comes into play with the development of an identity and a growth into a resolve. When the name is remembered the feeling is resolved, the question answered, the "I" actualized; and there is a coming to understand the nature of the self. The image in the dark plays into the development of a self and thus lasts over a period of years. The image is fulfilled when the diver actualizes a self control. The image couldn't open up unto the dark until the darkness was realized as not a negating power but as a dynamic of the world.

My need to respond to the darkness created an image in which there could be no doubt. A door or a jar couldn't protect me in the dark. How could I in a fit of panic assemble myself to the sight of a door unless I wanted to escape? I could not escape my own darkness, nor the reality of
the darkness of the world. I needed to engage this darkness not to overcome it but to realize it as a part of the world. A jar would not have provided a useful weapon to throw against the dark, or to offer a drowning man. Nor would a jar provide a space to withdraw into nothing. Even a word would have been insufficient without a rhythm or light. An image was shaped by my darkness which was an image of the human form. Yet my darkness was aroused by the darkness I discovered in the world, the ocean; it was the darkness of the ocean which shaped the image.

The image controlled itself in the dark, and related or held onto itself. The image had nothing to see or hear but darkness. The image existed in the dark by virtue of the dark and was in a way dependent and enclosed by the dark. There was no opening of light revealing to the image a direction or escape. The image was suspended in the dark. There was no up or down, east or west, north or south, no star or sun. There was no moon, ground, sky, or sea. The image could relate or orient itself to nothing but itself and the dark. The image existed before me, but didn't acknowledge me. It was indifferent to me, but I was not indifferent to it. As the potential "I" developed it acquired a personification in so far as I posited attributes to the image to objectify my own feelings. The image developed into a reflection of my own ability and state of being. Thus the image acquired desires, my desires.

The image was in control of itself and my attention. The image had nowhere to go except around itself as it held itself. But its control did not seem to be an added feature; rather the self control seemed to be its very nature. It moved around itself and pointed to nothing except itself and the dark. The image held itself; thus the image had to be capable of holding itself. That is why the image was of the human form. For what
other living thing can hold and control itself in such a variety of ways? And if the image was to hold and control itself, then it had to be capable of holding itself by its very nature. The image was oriented to itself and the dark, lacking orientation to a world. The image needed a control to let itself pass through to the world. But that control is only available when there is direction. The diver establishes direction for the image. Being in the world is largely being able to control one's direction.

A door is itself open or closed, moving or still. A jar is itself full or empty, receiving or pouring. But a human being is truly human, when in control of itself and moving. The judgment of control necessitates movement. The dark wouldn't accept a jar or door. The darkness wanted me, that which was precious to me. The ocean wanted not a jar or door, but my self to enter and be drawn unto the ocean.

The image moved and was in control of itself, and rotated or spun around itself endlessly in the dark. If the image had opened up, I think it would have been negated by the dark. The image couldn't stop or rest. The image had nowhere to go, nothing to do except provide my darkness with a sensible identity and control. The image was my orientation to my darkness, to my feeling of absence.

Orientation to a world does not imply understanding of the world. Orientation provides for the passing through to the world. Orientation takes place through the senses, but does not begin with understanding. Orientation designs to arrive at an understanding. Understanding and reflection is the final orientation; orientation is not understanding. Understanding is required for reflection and real appreciation of the world one is oriented to.

Diving provided the orientation for the successful passage unto the
world. If the spinning image were to be resolved then I would have to develop an orientation and develop the control of the image. The resolve of the spinning necessitates a coming to an understanding. Resolve is understanding through the end of the spin and a coming to stand wherein understanding is allowed to mature and reflect. Thus the water ends the spin and gives the diver up to his stance in the world.

James' feeling of absence is a question, an uncertainty which asks resolve to the reasons for the absence. That primal uncertainty was aroused by the uncertain, indifferent nature of the ocean's darkness and mystery. Resolve comes in understanding; but understanding asks for a coming to stand through a passing through. Thus the image stops when the "I" comes to a stand. The water resolves the issue by allowing in its reception an emergence if one has developed the necessary self control.

When the image first appeared the darkness no longer kept me awake. The image with its constant speed and motion kept me awake. But the image was soothing as well; its spin and constant vigil, without prompting from me, kept my attention fixed and amazed. I immediately felt a becoming entuned to the image's rhythm, motion, and speed.

I felt torn by the ocean's power and darkness; but my sense of being torn was the drawing power of the ocean drawing something precious from me. The ocean drew from me something of my nature which was necessary for my survival. I needed to unify myself with it. For as it was torn from me and left me helpless I realized the necessity of it, a self control, and response. That which was drawn from me was a sense of being in the world. My being needed a self control, an identity in order to be in the world. That sense of being was held before my mind's eye each night in the dark in the form of an image, the unfulfilled "I". The image spun in suspension and
did not open up to the dark. For if half a rhythm reaches into the darkness it may not return. The image could reach into the darkness only when its name was fulfilled and embodied. The ocean awakened a feeling of absence, the image. And this feeling of absence is in a way a sense of separation. For my darkness was not realized as the darkness of the ocean at the time. The intense gap or darkness shaped the image in a way to suit the darkness of the ocean. The image became a distant reminder of a feeling which was only half of what it could be. The image was a distant motion to which I was attracted and needed to unify myself.

For the image to be received by the world, the image had to pass through an orientation of feeling which assured it not of an absence, nor a negation, but of a fullness. The final sense of orientation of feeling occurs when the diver is in the water. Even the fullness of the water is absent of a world, though it is a source of a world. Thus the diver emerges from the feeling of the dark, the feeling of the water unto a world. The water is the final sense of orientation in that it orients the diver to the feel, the touch, not only the sight and sound of a world.

When I began to tire of the endless spinning, I found I couldn't stop the image. Something had been started which now kept me incessantly awake until I fell asleep exhausted from trying to reach the image and somehow hold it down. That which had been shaped as a means of control now would not let me rest. I didn't have the control to stop the image of control. The image became something which drew my attention and amazement. The image controlled my consciousness and energy. I was a slave to my own unactualized name. And while the image sapped me of all my concentration and strength, I found I had a tireless amount of energy to give the image. The image inspired me to reach it and stop its spin and thus directed my whole source
of energy.

The spinning could not stop in the dark, for there was no world for the image to release itself to as yet. And nothing drew the image to a close. For the image to stop would have required a control I wasn't familiar with, or a ground to stand upon which the image didn't have. The image didn't stop because I didn't understand it, and I couldn't understand it until I had developed and embodied the image. For then I would understand its spin, and then I would be in a position to stop the spin. As long as my sense of being existed in the image, the image could not keep from reminding me of the direction I would have to go. And there was something of myself in that image which felt the experience of spinning in the dark. It is funny how I began to feel the moves of the image and its experience with the dark. I would be lying there, trying to go to sleep after becoming tired of the image, when I would be suddenly aware that my legs, arms, neck, and back were tightening up and moving with the motions of the image.

The image kept me moving and kept me with a sense of being even though I would go to sleep moving about with the motion of the image. When one is still long enough there occurs a numbness which has the effect of a feelinglessness. The image provided me with at least a feeling of absence to ward off the sense of a loss to the dark. I didn't want to be engulfed by the darkness, nor the darkness of the ocean; thus the image maintained a feeling of absence, a feeling of want, of a desire to be. If I became absorbed in the image, that image of want, then I would not have to worry about being absorbed by the darkness and its negating power. For until one has developed a self control within the dark there is the chance that the dark will not be understood as a dynamic of the world. That darkness was my darkness whose source was the like quality of the ocean.
The negating darkness had an image, a meaning which survived on and on by virtue of its controlled movement. I wanted out of the darkness as long as it represented such a negating power or quality, but the image kept me in it constantly drawing my attention to it and forcing me to face it. If the darkness was to be passed through I would have to actualize the image and present myself to the world. The possibility of meaning for me survived with the image, with the constant reminder of "I". But the movement of the image could not be willy-nilly, for that would have indicated an inability to accept the dark.

As long as the darkness surrounded the image, the image had to move in order to be. Its only sense of feeling came from itself. The image represented that which I was, when I had nothing else, yet desired to be in the world. The image represented a solitary feeling which reached out for a world by drawing my attention to my own condition. The image drew me to dive, drew me into the world by the image's lack, yet desire for a world. There in the dive the image comes to the surface from the dark and is introduced to the orientation of a world. If I had not dived the image would never have been able to reach out of the darkness and discover the dark as a part of the world. As the image was drawn into a more complete feeling of being, I too acquired a similar feeling through the development of self control necessary in diving. And this control engaged the world and provided a framework to view the world.

The image represented my condition when the world of play fell away, and the awe of the ocean inspired and asked for a response, rather than the carefree spirit of play. The image always seemed at peace with itself just spinning in the dark. It went on uninterrupted by anything as long as I was in the dark trying to sleep. The image didn't wait for me to go to sleep,
it waited to be released from the dark. It patiently waited over a number of years.

The image spun the same night after night. I began to think of it as controlling my thought and direction. I was drawn to that image. I tried to get closer to it, to study it. When I began to dive I never wanted the image to stop except when I wanted to go to sleep, which it never did. As I became drawn to it, to study its control and motion, I began to acquire a similar control. I began to take up various positions around the image, and discovered the image had a third dimension.

During the course of learning to dive I began to try and discipline the image into varieties of spins, twists, positions and speeds. The image resisted at first and was hard to control. I could never give up intense concentration without the image reverting to its annoying primal spin. And I could never succeed in either directly starting, or stopping the image; nor could I release the image from the spin or the dark. I could only vary the fate of the image as it progressed through time to an unknown destination.

The more I dived the more I was able to vary the performances and routines of the image. As I varied their performances I watched closely and intensely to see how they accomplished their performances.

Seeing the images perform was not enough. I began to approach the images more closely to try to touch them during their spinning. When the image first began I could tell it was the human form, but it lacked human characteristics. The image spun at a distance and was evidently the human form; but at first the image was never close enough to discern human characteristics other than the shape. When the image first began it was at such a distance that I couldn't see such features such as muscle, bone, tendon, or flesh if they at all existed then. Thus my trying to distinguish such
characteristics didn't begin until I began to near the image and to look for them or even expect them. The closer I became to the image the more human it looked.

I watched the image and noticed how and where the image held itself during the spin. I watched to see how the image initiated moved under my command. I also watched to see how the image changed speed, direction. I tried to sense the nature of their movements, of that control. I began to realize the relatedness of a certain move with the hand or arm to the rest of the form, or how the legs control changed the movement of the entire body. I began to see and feel the difficulty of certain moves while the image performed effortlessly. I felt the stretch, pulls, pushes, the sweat; and I could feel the necessity of breathing correctly at certain times. I got tired seeing and feeling what I thought the image must have been going through, but the image never tired.

The image plagued me, for I was still a servant to its continual spin. As I became exhausted I realized I was becoming the image; but my exhaustion was my release to sleep, not my control.

As I learned to dive, I learned dives which I never saw the images do, or were capable of doing. Some basic dives presuppose an entry into the water and don't spin or twist at all. The images never did those simple head-first dives which presupposed an entry. There is something about an entry of a dive which stopped the image from doing them. Was it the fall into the water, the sight of water, or the feel of the entry? The image never came out of a spin without going into another spin. The image never began with a stance or standing position, and never came to a stand after the dive. They were incapable of doing so. Unless the image was to somehow release itself to the water, I don't think the image would ever
sense a feeling of rest; for the image was born of restlessness. The image didn't make decisions or judgments, but it was the constant source of my decisions and judgments. And the image drew me into a coming to know myself. The more one discovers about oneself, the greater will that world be which is disclosed to him. And discovery about oneself can only take place in the world.

In diving one learns that the dark is a meaningful dynamic of a dive, wherein one learns that the dark is not something to be treated as an empty void which engulfs one if one has a self control, but as a reality through which one passes into the world. The ocean drew out from me my own darkness for me to see, then drew out and shaped the image which I saw every night. I had to enter that which was drawn out from me, and in so doing discovered that the dark was a reality through which one can pass. In diving I entered that darkness which when I first saw it I was afraid to enter.

It was not I who shaped my sense of being in the world, nor I who drew out my own nature to meet the world. It was the world, of which darkness was a part, which was drawing out from me the need to respond. My will was in letting myself be drawn and shaped by the world through many painful and difficult experiences.

What is there about the dark which resembles a world which would draw forth from me an image of my own response to be? The night is dark; the ocean is dark with mystery, awe, and power; and man must share in that darkness if man is to share in being in the world. There is in man a darkness which is in itself awe inspiring, but the source of that darkness is in the world. Man must know the power of the darkness in the world before he can be aware of his own. When I experienced the darkness of the ocean my playfulness fell away and left me with a darkness of my own, yet
different. My darkness was somehow an abstraction of the ocean's. Diving provided the bridge for my response to become actualized, and to discover the darkness as an integral dynamic of the world. In diving I discovered that my darkness was the darkness of passing through into the world, and that it is necessary. And that it was more necessary to develop a self control in order to learn that the darkness was not a negating power but a dimension of the world.
CHAPTER II

THE OCEAN

The image began sometime after I had confronted the ocean for the first time. The ocean awakened that seriousness with which the image in the dark tried to respond. My first experience with the water was by playing in it. I discovered the world of play through the water; for whatever the world was, so must have been the water. For the water offered such a variety of experiences and discoveries. You could swim in it, it would fall from the sky in a variety of ways; and for each way I discovered a new way to play and experience the world. The water was a constant, yet always changing. The water would sprinkle over rocks, or cascade through canyons, nourish, or destroy, create colors, and let things grow. The water fell before you, or could surround one; it was dirty or clean, cold or warm, hard as ice, or soft as a cloud. The more I discovered about the water, the more I discovered myself as well. For each different form and shape of the water, one had to look at it in a different way which meant moving with it. The water led to places, in and out of mountains, it created paths to follow, and distinguished high from low.

In play there is no form. One moves in the world without regard to form. Play is a sense of uninhibited care, and a sense of being carefree. The image in the dark could never have played for it lacked a world to play in. The image was serious and controlled, and had a form and restlessness to be.

Play has to change to a mood of concern, and when that mood appears
the world of play disappears; and though there may be no world for the seriousness, there remains the seriousness. The world of play dropped away and I was left with the seriousness awakened in me by the dark ocean. I was left with the image which lacked a world. But I regained a world when I learned to dive.

This sense of seriousness grows and possesses one, until one's being is possessed with the ability to be serious and responsible, not merely holding them as practical ideals. For the world to change from the world of wonder and play into a world of awe, fear, and seriousness there must be a change in the outlook of the beholder. The image was a response to seriousness and existence yet without a world. As I became skilled in diving, that skill moved into the world. But this time, the world seemed renewed and an identity formed by the world. Play discovers roles, skills, wonders and dimensions, and one's own possibility of being in the world. But while play discovers the world, the awe of indifference of a power such as the ocean draws one from play into the world and with the possible loss of being in the world. The ocean draws one into serious consideration, and the need for self control if one is to be drawn unto the source of one's awe, the ocean.

The ocean is an unusual power, and has always been the subject of dialogue for those recognizing the mystery and darkness surrounding it. The ocean is indifferent to attempts of controlling its dynamic. The ocean is a power which has stifled man's search for control over, and the ocean is actually the dominant force in its relation to man. For the ocean has forced man to adapt to the ocean's moods. The ocean is, in short, the nearest thing to a god that a man can imagine existing in the real world. Yet the ocean in its dominance is not totally dominant over man, for man
is able to work with the ocean in such a way that a relationship to the ocean is not strictly of the master/slave variety. Yet if man tries to dominate the ocean, if he puts millions of dollars into controlling it, then usually and most often the ocean washes it away in some way. The ocean is truly however a source of life on this planet; the ocean gives, and yields a tremendous harvest and is capable of much more if only man were able to work with the ocean. And while the ocean gives, the ocean also receives, mostly our waste. And the ocean has a tremendous drawing power to those who feel the pull of her indifference.

When I saw the ocean for the first time I was struck with that awe of seriousness. It was the source of all the varieties and shapes of the water I had discovered in the mountains where I was raised. And it was thus a major source of all I had learned about myself in relation to the world. I went down to the ocean and stared at it, gazed at its size. I couldn't look at just one part of the ocean such as a wave, or cloud without seeing the whole. My eyes were drawn to the activity of the whole. Then I went down to the beach and began to play in the waves, and for the first time I was stung with the pain of being knocked down and dragged out, scorched with salt, sand, and sun. I retreated to the safety of the high ground and shade, and was left to simply look at the ocean. I found myself not angered, but amazed. How could I be angry with something that was indifferent to my emotion? I was amazed, yet every approach of mine out of a playful spirit ended if I tried to grapple and control that envious rhythm of the ocean. It had no regard for me. Yet the ocean drew me incessantly into beholding it, which in turn would lure me to the beach and waves to be held by it. The waves attracted that playful spirit only to renounce it. I wasn't satisfied with being in the waves as they crept up toward me,
I wanted to go beyond the breakers where my older brother was. But all I could see there was a darkness in which the swimmers bobbed up and down, and I was never sure of whether they were all there where they were supposed to be. I would see the swimmers disappear with the slightest swell of darkness which loomed from nowhere.

The waves created a constant onrushing barrier and challenge. The waves rose, raced toward the sand, crashed, and left pools of calm which never lasted beyond allowing a view of the shore or next wave. I could not stand up to them, and I exhausted myself trying.

Watching the waves constantly break in and recede without recourse or respect to the hard earth made me feel that the ocean wanted something from the earth. The conflict along the shore was a battle between the unshakeable earth and the ocean, which the ocean seemed to be winning. The hard earth wept in its petrification and lost precious grains of sand with each wave. The ocean drew the earth unto its currents. It was as if the ocean wouldn't allow anything to stand in its way, or ignore its power and supremacy over anything which was still.

For my growing anxiety the ocean was time itself, constantly before me, waiting, drawing forth my wonder as to what to expect next. I felt each wave a moment I couldn't enter as it tried to reach me. I could not turn away, I had to stand there and be drawn into it, only to be rejected. When our family returned to the mountains I felt relieved at not having to reveal my inability any more; but the ocean had made its impression.

The ocean, its clouds, power, moods, and horizon awakened a seriousness in me from which I could not turn away from. I studied its movement, and nature trying to find a way to approach it. But I found it difficult to study the ocean for my attention was drawn to the whole of activity.
before me. That activity extended in every direction, even behind me as the morning clouds passed overhead into the hills of southern California. Anything as large as the ocean, that powerful, still, indifferent, encompassing, and waiting could not be taken lightly. And the ocean's patience only tried mine and made me more impatient with myself.

The ocean aroused in me the necessity to respond and show a willingness to acknowledge that power, not by letting it dissolve me away as the earth was dissolved, but by willingly entering it. I could not be an observer, a mere spectator. A mere observer who sat and watched the ocean was letting the world go by, and was as vulnerable to being dissolved as the earth. The earth was the hardest, most stationary thing around, yet it was the first to go. If I didn't enter the ocean, that future direction which drew all things, then did I not want to be at all? Did I want to be dissolved by the ocean in my petrification or engulfed by my panic?

My response would have to gesture my seriousness and humility, withholding nothing, yet offering nothing. I couldn't offer the ocean, those oncoming moments, with shreds of paper with seals on them. Reluctant or insufficient involvement would surely be discerned immediately and mean rejection to a life of whatever happens in failure, merely to be left behind perhaps. My response would have to be non-provoking as well and not attempt to gain something other from the ocean than the experience of being in it. And to be in it meant to sustain oneself in it.

The ocean demanded of me what was mine, yet I could not offer anything of like value to the ocean. That which was most deeply mine was myself. Nothing could go in my place. I could not make anything to offer the ocean such as a painting or sculpture. And I could not make anything out of the ocean to give to the ocean as a token of its significance to me. I
could not make anything for the ocean; indeed, it was the ocean which created towers of jagged stone for the eye to see. It was the ocean which left driftwood sculpturings along the shore, for the picture taking tourists to take home as reminders of what they thought they saw, heard, or felt. The ocean had the creative hand; it was the ocean which destroyed and created in the same movement and moment.

I couldn't understand the sea, it was a mystery, and one can't make anything out of a mystery without losing the mystery. I couldn't offer anything to the ocean but myself. But for that I would have to become prepared. And that meant I had to make something out of myself. Otherwise I would be offering something which would be destroyed without hesitation if I tried to go beyond the breakers. My need became my cause.

Thus began a rather long chain of lessons, wherein I learned how to move in control and enter the ocean's power without being repelled or destroyed. All I could do was make myself into an acceptable form, whereby I could exist in the ocean, yet experience the ocean. The image in the dark became the first step of that long series of events leading to a real entry into the water, and to the world.

The feeling I had of the ocean's power was one of total encompassment by a power, when all one could do was balance, control oneself within as best one could. It was as if I felt watched by the ocean's power which provoked caution. But it wasn't an eye watching me, it was more of a sense of indifference which I felt whenever I was in, around, or reminded of the ocean. If there were any eye watching me, it was my own eye of desire. And it was that strange sense of indifference which incessantly drew my attention and wouldn't let it go. The ocean is an animate indifference, which drew from me what was most mine, and that drawing power made me aware
that what was being drawn from me was precious to my own well being. It was as if I was constantly torn in two, when I was around the water. I had a desire to be in the water, but I couldn't yet stand the tests. The ocean tore me in two, and I was somewhat envious of that power. And I needed to know more about that power, the nature of that power so that I might know more about myself.

In order to actually be in the ocean or water, one has to do more than just be there. One has to move, adapt, respond by continually entering into it in order to be. I could not adjust the ocean to meet my demands or wants, it adjusted me.

In the water man's sense of objectivity is practically gone, he is involved and committed to a close situation; and the situation demands that he move and respond to the conditions in the water if he is to survive. Man is supported by the water if man can control his movement. The water is a medium in which his senses are all but confined to a small area, which represents not only space but his sense of time as well. And the horizon is as far as the hand can reach in the water. The distance of the eyes' horizon is an unattainable distance for the hand. Yet with every stroke in the water the hand reaches into the horizon. The ocean has this ambiguity of its nature, of being inescapably close or being infinitely far away. In the water man is faced with the immediate which is his horizon.

Man cannot perform skills in the water to make something; he is left solely to survive. Man's leverage is greatly reduced as well and man must therefore move horizontally in the water in a definite direction for efficient movement. To swim in the water is to adapt the upright stance to a horizontal movement, and plane.

The ocean is terrifying to be in and away from visible means of
support. The phenomena of the swimming pool enables man to play, rather than force a meaningful development. Pools allow man to mock the source of a great fear; and allow men to assume their dominance over the nature of water. Pools reduce the power and mystery of the water to being representative of time and space to nothing more than a mere idol or object.

The water separates man from man in a much more powerful way than a situation involving the hard earth. Each person is essentially on his own in the water. Only some lifeguards who have saved or retrieved people from the ocean get a real sense of intent and power which appears to overcome the conditions. But that feeling of power exists only in relative calm circumstances.

Man is limited in ways of involvement in the water. Involvement in the water arrives out of a self control, which in turn develops into a freedom of sorts in the water. One cannot move unless the moves are controlled; thus the water has a corrective power of immediate consequences.

Skill in the water depends upon a consciousness and ability to move. Consciousness moves into a more intense situation in the water or ocean and must develop a concentration for constant orientation, not reflection. Consciousness moves with the movement, not the anticipated role or performance as much as with the moment. Consciousness orients itself in the water through feeling, not sound or sight. Sound and sight are of course necessary, but unless they can unify with the feeling of being in the water they are useless. Consciousness must adapt, but not conform to the water if any sense of movement and direction are to be retained.

The power of the ocean would surely engulf and destroy man if that power didn't as well inspire man to his own nature. The creative dynamic of the ocean draws out from man his own dynamic quality which a man can
control and shape as it is drawn out. The ocean draws out from man his own desire to be, in spite of the awe and terror which petrifies. Man continually shapes himself as the ocean/moment draws out from man the necessity to do so. Thus man is continually entering into his own dynamic (formerly a restlessness), now a self-control or directed energy as it is drawn from him. And man's own shape facilitates this direction of energy by means of the upright posture. He is able to move with the ocean's currents and be conscious of himself as self-controlled, yet still experience the feeling of being in the water.

In other words man's inner nature or restlessness to be surfaces to a conscious need for self-control to meet the situation he is in. Man controls the release of himself to the situation, which is independently yet necessarily drawing out from man his own nature. In the ocean's/moment drawing out from man, the moment would indifferently as well draw out from man his life and consciousness and identity, if man were not careful to hold onto himself by letting himself be. Yet he still manages to experience the ocean's dynamic as nearly as one can if he controls his own life force around which gathers his identity. If a man loses his identity or consciousness to the water, then there is a good chance he won't survive the experience. Thus to experience the water on a survival level man must let himself go unto the experience, yet retain sufficient energy to allow himself to retain his consciousness and identity.

The dark of a room or the darkness of subjectivity will repel attempts to sleep if there is not the control to let one sleep. The water will not repel, but absorb you if you are in the water and not in control of yourself. A diver will first be warned of being possibly engulfed by first being repelled by the water if the diver loses control and lands on
his back or face with a smack. That pain should awake him to imminent danger of loss of orientation and consciousness. The diver's relation to the water is very much like an inability to sleep. Unless there is control one will be repelled by the water or dark, and there will be no successful passage or emergence from the dark unto the world. For what one wants who can't sleep is to be able to get up in the morning in the world. He wants to pass through the dark and come to a stand. So, too, the diver wants to come to a stand after the dive and be able to understand his experience. But to pass through the water requires a knowledge of the water.

The diver is received by the water. The water is not a feeling of absence, nor an absence of feeling. The water is a feeling of motion encompassing one. The feeling of being in the water can only long for a world more suitable to one's nature. The feeling of being in the water receives the diver; and the diver discovers or enters not an absence but a total feeling. The water receives the motion, rhythm of the diver, or receives the feeling aroused and awaited for by the ocean.

The final sense orientation for the diver, that which plucks him out of the air and places him in the water, is being in the water where sense is encompassed. The total sensation of the diver entering the water is in a feeling; the eyes and ears unify with the feeling of being.

On the earth the senses are separated from one another too often. The water receives the whole being and unifies the senses into supporting the feeling of being. And when the diver comes to a stand and emerges from the water the sense of feeling a part of the ocean, of the world, is extended to the furthest reaches of one's senses.

Being in the water, gaining entrance to the water through an orientation through the dive, presents one with a feeling of being a conscious
integral dimension of the world. There is a feeling of being one with the moment which extends through the fiber of the world. The diver unifies his feeling of motion to the source which first aroused the motion and becomes a part of that harmony.

The diver is received by that feeling which drew forth the motion and feeling of the image. The diver is drawn unto the source of his attention, the multidimensional movement of the ocean. His nature is that controlled rhythm which unifies itself to the larger whole.

The quality of the ocean which receives one is that the water receives one and sustains one. The water receives and in that reception sustains what is received if that which is received is in control of one's own being. The water sustains one, and in that being sustained allows the diver to emerge from the water and the darkness. The quality of the ocean which is necessary for the resolution of the diver's spin is that the water allows one to pass through unto the world and to a stand.

The ocean receives, sustains, yet gives one up to the basis of one's nature. The ocean receives, sustains in order to let one be. The ocean's quality of resolution is that the water resolves the question of identity and ends the feeling of absence.

The image in the dark retained its potential meaning by holding itself, preserving itself, and moving around itself in a spin in order to obtain a sense of orientation. However, to exist in the water means not only to control oneself constantly, but to let oneself move constantly into the water. In the water one is reduced to a self-control which sustains the effort to continuously move into and be drawn. One's real control in the water or the dark exists by virtue of letting oneself be drawn through and to emerge. In order to sleep, the image should have been controlled in an
effort to let itself be drawn into sleep, in order to emerge from sleep. Each moment should have been treated with the realization that each movement was necessary and correct, that one must move in order to be, and be in control if one is to move. But that is something which has to be learned through experience.

The dark of a room or the dark of one's subjective self enforces the need for a control if there is to be any resolution to the restlessness which occurs there, and an identity. But the dark of a room is only an abstraction of the darkness of one's own subjective self or the darkness of the ocean.

The diver is warned of a lack of control if he smacks upon the water, but that lack of control is sometimes a sign of self doubt and not a sign of not being able to dive. It is a doubt which backs away from the water in distrust that the water will let one rise again to the surface. It is a doubt which can't accept the world unless there is a light in the water for orientation and direction. But the diver discovers that there are other ways of orientation in the water than just sight.

The diver embodies the image by utilizing that same form which made possible the discovery of the world, namely the upright stance. The upright position made possible the first awakening of the ocean as a mysterious horizon, an unknown: and this stance makes possible the engagement or embodiment of the image. For the image was the human form.

It was the human form which was treated indifferently by the ocean and awakened to the seriousness of the ocean. It was the human form which needed to respond to the ocean, for it was the human form which the ocean drew. The ocean wanted what was most mine, it wanted that which was essential to me and for me to enter the water in control. My life was my form,
it was all of me or none at all. The ocean wanted that which was most precious to me; and that which was most precious was my nature. And my nature was that which could be released in a manner of self-control; thus my whole being was what was drawn into the ocean. The ocean was the source of that horizon which occurs only to those who stand up and are met with an horizon. The ocean laid bare the horizon as clear, and encompassing, yet uncertain. There was nothing vague about the source of my seriousness; it was clearly the darkness and unknown nature of the ocean. It was as clear as the horizon is clear, when one stands up, the uncertainty was clearly there. It was an horizon from which came the clouds; and it was an horizon in which dwelled a dark power of creation and destruction. But the ocean with all of its creations, darkness, moods, and wonder drew me unto itself as surely as time is inescapable.

For the ocean awakened not only a sense of darkness out there which had to be entered; but also awakened each moment as having a dark side to it. With each wave came a moment of darkness which had to be passed through, and each movement became realized as bearing either a world or a darkness depending upon how one controlled oneself.

The ocean is uncertain. On its horizon lies a dark restlessness which indifferently attracts man's attention. From that horizon comes a still clarity of uncertainty, or the certain danger of its destructive power. Its storms are uncompromising; its stillness clearly dark and unstable.

The ocean disregards attempts to control or pacify her moods. And when man embarks on any journey he makes himself prepared or risks being called irresponsible. For those who venture unto the ocean with a frame of mind respective and receptive to the nature of the ocean with an ability to move with the current, the ocean sustains them, and allows them to return to
hard ground. Yet it is impossible to be rid of the ocean's influence upon our lives. The ocean in its multi-dimensions encompasses the world with a life blood no life could do without.

Diving became my response to that need to respond to the darkness, which the ocean awakened in each moment and movement. Not only did diving seem the paradigm example for providing the bridge between a potential and a response but it as well seemed the way to which I was best suited.
PART II

A. PHENOMENOLOGY OF THE DIVE

Unlike the image which inhabited the dark, the diver finds himself confronted with the task of a coming to know himself before he can successfully dive. His body is at first an object, which he must fill with consciousness. In the process of learning to dive there are the intensely physical sensations of one's own body as it learns to move and balance. There are the feelings of ache, strain, pain, fatigue, gasping, hot, cold, wet, dry. Each bone and muscle can be felt on a given day. One's whole being becomes shattered and torn into little pieces. The fragmented diver has to unify himself when the approach to the dive begins. The fragmented, cold, disjointed feeling always exists before the diver is warmed sufficiently to dive well. The warming exercises before the dive unites body and mind with a single mindedness and feeling of intensity which feels more strongly the pull of the water, than many pieces.

The diver upon approaching a dive unites the parts of his being into a single form, thus a single direction. This bringing together is a form of centering around an energy which directs the attention and flow of the body. This energy is not the brain, but the eyes; for it is the eyes which are guiding to the source of their attention through the dive. The single form enters a single direction which enables the diver to enter the water at a single point.

Without the inspiration to dive, a source of direction, there is no
unified form. The image in the dark maintained a control to preserve the possibility of entering the world. But the image remained in the spin because there was no direction to let itself go into. The diver seeks the spin of the image in the dark, seeks its disorientation, until the diver realizes that to come out of the spin is more difficult than going into the spin.

Only pain can really bring to light the unknown aspects of one's being which need to be known before the successful dive can take place. The diver must know the pain of a broken dive before he can assemble himself to a successful dive. Indeed, how could a diver recognize the good dive unless he had experienced the poor ones? While the idea of a dive can be understood approximately, only pain really confronts the diver with a need to know more about the dive and himself if he is to respond to the water. For pain wakes one up to what one is and what one has, and flows into the reaches of one's whole being previously undisturbed. The experience of pain forces one to move correctly. These undisturbed regions, places, and feelings are necessary to know about when one begins to dive. For without a knowledge of them, they may unconsciously hold one back from the completion of the dive.

Pain seeks out and discovers what play left undiscovered, or what mere pleasure left undiscovered. Pain is a necessity of seriousness, although we don't like to admit it; if seriousness is to respond and enter the world, then pain is necessary for entry into the world. Play discovers the world and in its being uninhibited becomes hurt when confronted with the indifference of the ocean or water. Yet the ocean draws forth indifferently and necessitates a response, not an indifferent response. Play discovers seriousness, then discovers pain. The diver seeks out pain not intending to do so, but finds pain nevertheless.
Most diving fails in form, control, entry, and a true sense of emergence. It is at this point of pained frustration that the diver must back off and reexamine himself. He must try to understand what is wrong or lacking, and concentrate upon letting himself dive. Sometimes the diver must back up and rebuild his understanding of a move.

For the diver, forward becomes an unknown journey into which the diver can only depend upon his own control, even though his journey only appears to extend into the water below his eyes. That journey may extend well over a hundred feet, and when one is falling that journey is accentuated by the speed and spinning of a dive. In the constant entering of the diver into the moment of the dive (approach, spin, entry) there becomes a unity of the diver to that moment. He associates to that moment and builds his identity to it. The diver's identity is associated to the open, the moment of time and space, self-control, a facing and entering, and an emerging from those unknowns into a world of multidimensions. The diver is constantly encompassed by the source of his identity. The source of identity for the image in the dark was the dark. The future is the forward direction for the diver until he emerges from the water. The diver is trained to face each moment as a dynamic moment which, if he passes through in control, will reveal a world. When he stands again on the cliff or tower the moment is something he must pass through again in order to justly deserve the emergence into a fresh new world.

The diver's insecurity and loss of identity is precisely when he is immobile; for if he is immobile then he can't be in the world, can't move into those regions wherein he finds himself or can't associate with the dynamics which shape and affirm his existence, because those dynamics draw out from the diver his own nature. Thus he is restless when resting,
unless he has emerged from the dive after the successful completion of the dive.

Security for the diver is controlled movement in an uncontrollable dynamic, or a non-static world. Security is to continually place himself in an insecure position. Security for the diver is in keeping his eyes open to the moment and to be continually moving into it. Security is the insecurity with which the diver associates and emerges from. Thus the diver keeps himself in the open, open to that horizon of possibility, and strives to keep barriers from growing up around him between himself and the sources of his identity. Security is in keeping in the open on the edge, and not closing himself off with things which divert his attention from the world. (I am not implying the frontier ethic, rather I am trying to impart to the diver an understanding of himself to the world, not to objects or things which lack dynamic. I would freely associate the diver's frame of mind to things which represent the world to him as dynamic and full of wonder.)

The good diver does not force himself to dive, he lets himself dive. The diver makes himself skilled not as a matter of forcing himself to dive; he becomes controlled by letting himself be controlled by himself. However, self-control asks that there be something which will draw out from the diver his self-control to enter, thus to respond with, and to thank that which drew out the idea of self-control. The water draws out of the diver his own nature, or self-control. Then the diver sees the necessity before him as his own nature to enter, and the diver enters that necessity. The diver has the opportunity to begin this entering long before he enters the water, yet it is in anticipation of the water that he begins his entering into the idea of self-control.

This entering is not a forcing; strength is not a prime concern in
diving, understood as sheer brute strength. But the diver must be strong in the sense that he can be stable under pressure, both physical and psychological. He must be strong in the sense that his being drawn to the water does not pull him apart. The entirely weak person, the one unable to combine mind and body, cannot sustain the form required for the dive, for his body will not accept the strain of being pulled. The sense of effortlessness in diving is the ability to withstand the strain, and retain the form without resorting to sheer strength to make up for a loss of form. A show of effort or undue stress reveals to the trained eye that the performer doesn't adequately understand the form of control involved. Sheer strength cannot be a substitute for skill and knowledge, or else the experience of the dive will not be actualized. The weak diver usually doesn't understand or know his body either. He must stretch, reach, strain himself to realize what is involved in the dive. It is usually the weak person who tries to make up for a lack of form by resorting to his strength. The poor diver or weak diver is inspired by a misunderstanding; for their inspiration is usually derived from the frame of mind which considers man the dominant species, and thus entitled to, and destined for, success over the situation. Thus he assumes success before the actual accomplishment. The sense of effortlessness in the good dive is accompanied by the feeling of rhythm, but not a feeling of strain or dominance. Once rhythm has been established there is no sense of fragmentation or weakness. The poor diver, however, never loses his sense of physical power or physical strain, thus he remains an animal, without the idea of form, who tries to do the dive straining with every move. And his association to diving or movement is one of overcoming the elements found in the dive. The weak diver has not the unification of mind and body. Thus his body becomes an object to
overcome. The diver is only as good as his ability to unite his mind and body. The weak diver has a poor relationship between mind and body thus tries to compensate for the lack with unneeded strength.

The diver prepares for the take-off into the air with the aid of a cliff, tower, or springboard used as bases of stance and balance. To dive necessitates a stance, the correct stance. Diving requires a stable relation to the ground, not a stationary relation. Stability allows motion and a movement into the dive. A stationary relation goes nowhere. Stability allows orientation for the movement into the dive.

The actual dive begins with the upright stance. The diver stands motionless before the approach to collect himself and to begin an inner motion in accord with his orientation. The diver faces the water and steps into motion in accord with his sense of rhythm. This standing and facing the possibility of the dive requires a concentration which foresees the motion of the diver. Many times the observers know what the dive is going to be, so the task of fulfilling the dive becomes more difficult, especially in competition.

The diver is nervous of failing to establish a harmony, and nervous of unnecessary moves which mar the portrait of the dive; thus the standing before the approach is a last minute preparation to concentrate upon the form, to become oriented and not self-conscious. To be self-conscious before the dive is to withdraw one's hold and orientation upon the situation at hand. Concentration expends nervous energy outwards in a controlled manner to foresee the dive, and get ahold of the general situation which places the dive in context. Self-control is a prerequisite to orientation for the dive.
The diver stands in an opening between his ground of support and the clearing provided for the dive. The diver is on the edge of that which provides a point of reference, direction, balance. He faces the uncertainty of the air and water which provides the space and time for the dive. The air and water becomes the horizon of possibilities for the diver. Implicit in the horizon of air and water is the temporal aspect which clearly adds a quality of added uncertainty to the diver's task. Thus the dive takes place in the midst of a dynamic uncertainty wherein lies the success or failure of a dive dependent upon the diver's control and orientation to these dynamics. The diver is thrust into, or drawn into that uncertainty. The diver unites his consciousness with that uncertainty. The diver enters the source of his attention, the source of his seriousness. He enters the moment and is not left behind.

The diver's stance and readiness to move implies an understanding of the idea of the dive, and involves the realization of the possible consequences of pain and failure, or form and an entry into the water. The stance presupposes the diver's willingness to accept the consequences. From his stance in the open he understands what is involved in the dive.

The diver holds himself in control, but not a petrified control. The diver controls himself and holds himself back, but cannot stifle the inner rhythm he must depend upon for the completion of a dive. The diver gradually releases himself into the approach until his body motion aligns with his sense of harmony. His sense of harmony is based upon his own breathing, pulse, structure, and style.

From his stance the diver projects his line of movement into the water even though he can't see his point of entry. The diver must carry himself in the approach as if there were nothing to carry; for a single-mindedness
must possess the whole dive. The diver carries himself as if the water were infinitely far away upon the horizon. With this attitude in mind the diver senses a journey with each dive, which is of the utmost importance, because this attitude involves the diver in a growth and development which will take him years to master. The ground, tower, or diving board directs the diver's steps to a point where the diver goes alone, if he is to explore this uncertainty before him. His success depends upon his ability to correctly release himself from the ground of leverage.

From the standing position the diver begins his approach with a slow, balanced, alert, walk upon the board. The cliff or tower approaches or take-offs differ from the take-off from a springboard, and require a greater amount of fearlessness for the fall. But the cliff or tower approaches don't demand the slow approach as from the diving board. The springboard diver must accommodate to different speeds for each dive. He accommodates to his own speed and the flexibility of the board, plus the difficulty of the dive.

The springboard diver is in not as much potential danger as the cliff or tower diver, but the springboard diver spends a greater amount of time diving and practicing, for he must accustom himself to the added variable of the diving board. The cliff and tower diver grow accustomed to the added psychological variable of the height of the tower or cliff. But the springboard diver is always striving for the rhythm of the perfect dive which begins on the first step of the approach. The take-off from a cliff or tower is easier to master once the fear of the height is overcome. The approach off the springboard requires a fine sense of balance, and stronger legs than the tower diver. The slow approach of the springboard diver is not a natural walk, and requires hours of board work to attune oneself to the flexible instrument giving way to each move beneath the diver's feet.
The real power obtained from the springboard results from the proper adjustment of the diver to the board. The springboard diver can't try to dominate the board with his strength, for the board won't accept the careless moves of sheer strength. Yet the board requires more strength from the diver, because the board is slowing down the diver and thus the diver develops a muscular control which withstands the tremendous strain the board is placing on the natural rhythm of the diver.

The cliff or tower diver adapts to the firm natural hardness of the tower or cliff, and there is no artificial spring. The cliff or tower diver utilizes a more natural rhythm for the take-off. They, too, know that to push too hard off the tower or cliff will result in a dive they wish they hadn't started.

Poor divers seem to think they can make the board do all the work for them, but the board works only as well as the diver works with it. The good diver offers to the board a willingness to adapt to the board in order to be set successfully from the board. Above all, the diver should retain the upright posture in his take-off from the board, not a leaning position (unless off a cliff). The momentum of the approach in addition to the upright position will carry the diver sufficiently away from the board without the diver having to lean off the board. A leaning take-off denies the diver the apex of the dive, which he will need for the difficult dive.

The approach culminates in the take-off from the board. The take-off from the board is the most explosive moment in the springboard diver's experience of the dive. The take-off is that moment on the end of the board which produces the experience of suddenly being somewhere without a clue as to the passage of time or space. The diver suddenly finds himself in the air, and unless he is prepared for the sudden burst from the board he will
probably lose the dive. For the observer, coach, or fellow diver, the take-off is like trying to watch for the exact time the arrow leaves the bow. The take-off is spellbinding for the observer, and if the observer watches the take-off too carefully he will miss the rest of the dive.

The take-off from the board is the overall most important moment of the successful dive. Unless the take-off assumes the correct position the dive can't be performed. The entire lift of the diver from the board is dependent upon the diver's utilization of the powerful stable upright stance. Other sports related to getting off the ground from a standing position or running position also utilize the upright take-off without a lean. The physical freedom in the air, such as in the apex, is dependent upon the upright posture before leaving the ground. Even the fastest runners don't lean when they run.

The take-off marks the transition of the diver's position on the board to the diver's freedom and full experience of the dive in the air and water. The take-off from the board marks the coming to the set position required for any successful dive. The set is a process whereby the diver's relation to himself and to the context of the dive becomes in a way fixed. The set of a dive is the diver's final orientation of how things are before the diver is thrust into the air. The set position is the presupposition for the rest dive. The set acts as an extended moment of fixed position for everything except the diver. It is the orientation with which the diver follows through with the rest of the dive. The diver sets his position from the board, but moves into other positions or other dives by virtue of the set. The set extends through the whole dive. The set sets the tone, tension, balance, breathing, and rhythm of the dive. The set coalesces the energy flow into a single moment from the single direction and pervades the
dive. This coalescence into a single moment becomes the attitude and atmosphere for the entire flight through the air, and pervades the dive, even though the diver is changing positions. The set becomes the fixes presupposition from which a body logic must follow. If the set doesn't conform to what the dive is supposed to be, then there becomes a conflict between the idea of the dive and its realization.

The set is the last sense of orientation the diver has of being able to orient himself through sight, or of touching something other than himself. From this point on until the entry the sense of orientation is principally through a feeling of knowing where one is.

The set is the last sense the diver has of touching anything before he grabs ahold of himself. It is the last sense of a holding on, or of a letting go before he enters the water. The set is marked by the diver's letting go confidently, and a coming to hold himself, or control just himself, which is all he can do when everything else is left behind.

The set also is intended to grasp the attention of the observer and retain that attention through the dive. The diver wants the observer to follow through the dive with the diver, to follow along with the diver's gesturing and entering into the source of the diver's attention. Thus the set is two-sided. The set is the atmosphere of the dive for the diver himself, and the set tries to gather the attention of the audience into the dive, and to hold them in a fixed attentive gaze until the diver emerges from the water. It is the sense of efficiency and effortlessness which attracts the awe of the observer. For he is confronted with an activity which assumes the character of a pure movement.

The set for the diver is how he releases himself into the dive. He enters what has been drawn from him by the water. And even though some
difficult dives would hardly be considered necessary to perform, the attitude of the diver is to exhibit the degree of his control and orientation. The release involves not just filling space, but how the diver releases himself to that space provided for the diver's response to the water. If the diver releases himself to that opening provided for the dive without control, then there will not be the successful response to the water. The good dive necessitates a stable stance for the successful entry into the air, which affords the possibility of a controlled dive. Thus the successful dive depends upon one's willingness to assume a stand in the open.

A mistake in the approach or take-off or set should be compensated for, or the loss accepted and tried again. Mistakes can be compensated for if correctly done. When mistakes are overcompensated for, however, the overcompensation usually occurs from an attitude of making up for a lack of form by trying to force the dive. Forcing a dive can be successful for the diver who dives for points, but not for the diver who wishes the full experience of a dive either good or bad. A bad dive should not try to be covered over with compensations, for they are noticeable and expensive to the diver's sense of unnecessary movement. If a diver is going to learn from his errors, then he has to let himself make errors. Otherwise the diver will never learn from his errors, since he will never have made an error without distorting it with corrections.

A diver who tries to force the diving board will end up by losing all of the effectiveness of his own sense of balance, and the power given him by the board. Thus the dive is lost and so is the self-control. Overcompensation disturbs the harmony of the diver. If the diver is to correct a dive and still pull the dive around correctly into the water he must learn to correct a dive. And learning to correct a dive is more complex than
learning to dive correctly the first time around.

The set which leads the take-off culminates the thrust, power, and controlled dynamic of the dive in the apex. Again, the apex is another moment of the dive which spellbinds many people, which leads them to believe that the diver is somehow up there and suddenly in the water without an explanation of the movement from one moment to the next. The good diver doesn't appear to fall; he appears in the apex, then disappears into the water without a sense of falling, but of entering. The untrained observer sees the openings of the dive, namely, the approach, take-off, apex, and entry. He misses the intervening movements which really decide the grace of the dive.

The apex is literally the height of the dive and that is the area wherein the difficult dive is completed. The apex I refer to is the apex of an isosceles triangle, not an arc. The apex of an isosceles triangle affords the diver a decisive moment for the spin. The apex of an arc covers more distance than the height, and reduces the weightless moment needed for the completion of the difficult dive. The apex occurs only after the correct take-off. An incorrect take-off doesn't contain a true high point or apex; thus it does not gain the sense of a true weightless point. Rather the incorrect take-off results in a low arc, where no difficult dive can be accomplished, because there is never the true apex of weightlessness which the difficult dive depends upon. The apex is the region created by the upright posture. The apex most nearly resembles the image in the dark than any other aspect of the dive, except being in the water perhaps. The image in the dark remained in suspension, thus was not really at an apex. The diver reaches into the apex from his orientation of earth, sky, and water. The diver reaches into that darkness of
uncertainty, the image's habitation for a brief moment. The diver experiences the feeling of being in the dark and desiring a world. If the disorientation of being in the spin continues the diver will miss the dive and possibly hurt himself. The only sense of orientation in the apex is a feeling, a feeling of expectancy of the world to come. The diver embodies the image in the dark but anticipates a world and opens up to the possibility of an entry into the water. The potential "I" which exists in the diver surfaces out of its darkness and reaches the conscious anticipation of the diver as he spins. The diver lets the image in the dark be drawn to the surface by the need to respond to the fall and the water.

The apex of a dive is the diver's opportunity to express his self-control and orientation to the events leading up to the apex. The diver's conscious orientation anticipates his entry into the water, and the image in the dark is opened up to that entry and passing through. The diver is not faced with a fall into destruction or engulfment; he is faced with a fall which has been transformed into an entry. For the image in the dark to be resolved, the image could not fall and be destroyed or engulfed, but enter a world. The image was in control of its spin, but lacked the consciousness of the diver which anticipates the entry.

The image needed a very human element to resolve the spinning in the dark. The image needed the orientation to pass through the dark and the willingness to open up to the darkness in order to pass through. The image lacked consciousness, which the diver has. And consciousness for the diver is orientation, which anticipates passing through the uncertainty of each moment into the world. The image was the feeling of the potential "I", but lacked actualization simply because the image was an image. The image's skill was the idea of self control, which I needed to unify with
consciousness in order to be one person, instead of the torn person with a desire to be in the world but without the skill.

The image was the feeling of want, a feeling which needed something. It needed to open up and pass through the darkness, but couldn't without that human element which orients the consciousness. If the image had opened up to the dark, which it never did, it would have been negated by the dark as the image didn't fit the mold. The darkness was shaping me, not an image; the dark couldn't accept an image, but would accept me. The darkness wanted me, my whole being, that which was most precious to me, myself. And I lacked a self to offer the darkness. The image was a shadow of my self cast out before me what I had to actualize. For the darkness was real, and would only accept that which was actual.

The image was the representative of the feeling of absence existing in the possible absence of feeling, the dark if the dark were not passed through. When the diver discovers that the darkness is for a passing through and not for a remaining in, then the image opened up to the dark.

The image in a way withdrew into itself, and protected its feeling of want by holding onto itself as a constant reminder of the direction I had to go in. What better response to the representative of the absence of feeling, than the feeling of absence preserving itself in the face of that darkness? If the darkness could have been felt, been real, been understood as necessary, then perhaps the image would never have appeared.

Once the set of a dive has been established, the apex is a realm of freedom from bonds of orientation, which is sought after for its own sake as long as the desire to come out of the apex is the immediate concern of a desire to be free in the air. The type of freedom allowed is dependent upon which kind of release from the board took place. There are
five different take-offs for the five different categories of dive. For the novice diver that region of self control at the apex seems to be a tangled web of confusion. And, indeed, there would be confusion if the diver were thinking of anything than control of himself. The novice diver is confused by the difficult dive because he has not learned to release himself into a dive properly and hold himself.

To make full use of the apex and the creativity therein, which can't be duplicated on the ground, is to make full use of the force which holds the diver down. The true apex is attained by forcing oneself directly against gravity. By directly confronting gravity with the desire to reach into the apex and be free from gravity for a moment is to come to grips with oneself. The diver's weight pulls him down, that which gravity pulls down is also the image in the dark once it is embodied. Yet the gravity doesn't pull the diver down into destruction, but into a world by means of the water. Thus while the desire to be weightless is a powerful force, it is a desire which is made possible by gravity, and a desire which must be balanced by another desire to be in the world. Gravity pulls the diver down into the water, but the diver doesn't continue down to the core of gravity, for the diver's breath and nature return him safely to the surface. And the image in the dark, the potential "I", realizes that freedom is not in weightlessness, but in the world. And that realization is the diver's realization once he hits a dive successfully.

To assure the fullest experience of the apex means to relate oneself as well to the world below. For in the apex the diver anticipates the entry into the world after having been released from it by means of orientation. The diver anticipates the fall and the blur of the spin slowing down to where he is able to glance at the world he is entering. And he
longs for the moment he can leisurely appreciate that which he is passing into.

If the apex is not under control, then one senses confusion and fear, but may not necessarily lose being conscious of the experience. One might say that the fear compounds with the rate of acceleration downward, and is magnified by the difficulty of the dive. And the need for a clear head is all the more important, even though one may have lost all control of the dive. The experienced divers know the feeling of failure without having succumbed to the chaotic condition of the consciousness. In the controlled apex there is a center of reference which transforms confusion into an experience of being with oneself. Therein is made the decision of whether or not the diver wants to be in the world, or wants to spin endlessly. The experience is made possible not by remaining in the air, but in coming out of the spin. For spinning in the air does not lend itself to the conscious thought of being with oneself until one can look back at the experience. When the dive is over, then one can say that one has been with oneself in a way no other person at that time could have been. For that center of reference remains with one after the dive and provides a center of reference for all other experiences of being in the world.

For the diver who never quite gets a handle upon his own self-control, he will likewise never succeed in gaining that sense of center.

Dives can be generally divided into two categories, the simple head-first dives which do not involve a full spin or twist, and the difficult dives which do involve a full twist or spin or more, with combinations of a twist and spin being the most difficult. There are five types of dives. There are the front, back, inward, reverse, and one-half twist.
All dives establish a line, thereby establishing a pointing. And although the diver is bound for a single direction, his twist and spinning point in every direction as the diver heads toward the water. The poor or uncontrolled dive doesn't establish a line or pointing, for they are lost. The poor dive doesn't point, because it lacks a sense of true direction, inspiration, and unification of mind and body. A good dive gestures by virtue of the singlemindedness which has pervaded the dive. A pointing is a lining up of the parts into a unified gesture. The diver can gesture and point to the source of his attention; he can touch it and be surrounded by it, but he cannot hold it in his hand. The diver can be possessed by the source of his inspiration, but he cannot possess it. The diver can receive inspiration by placing himself in the open with a willingness to be received or possessed, but he cannot receive it.

The basic dives without spins or twists presuppose their entire movement upon the entry into the water. These basic dives establish a direct line to the water through the apex, which the difficult dives follow. The harder dives enter the water and find their direction by having previously experienced the line of entry established by the simple dives. In this way the diver begins the difficult dive with the understanding that the dive will have an end and not become lost in the air.

In the course of the dive the diver is inescapably bound to the consequences of the attempted dive. There is the possibility of falling-out-of-control. In diving, falling is understood as the lifeblood of the dive. To fall-out-of-control is one of the diver's greatest fears. The diver comes into full realization of this fear, when he first attempts a difficult dive, which first turns him over and causes the diver to rely upon his own control rather than having his eyes fixed upon the water.
throughout the dive. An uncontrolled dive is immediately met with pain and a serious need to practice the dive and rework it into shape. The uncontrolled dive lacks position for the fall. The uncontrolled dive lacks the outward concentration upon the dive, in other words it lacks sufficient attention toward orientation. The diver can't think about the spin while he is spinning. If he does think about the spin, he loses orientation. Orientation is anticipation of the next move. The diver is constantly one step ahead of the actual dive if not more. The image in the dark never had to anticipate the next move; thus if the diver thinks about the spin while he is spinning he is likely to spin himself into the water. Though the diver may fail in control and not enter the water cleanly, the idea of the dive is made clearer by mistakes. And the diver is enabled to dive again because the idea of the dive is ever more present in his mind.

The diver doesn't accept a lack of control because he is going to fall. The fall is not a variable to the diver. Falling in control, or out-of-control is a variable. If the diver falls in control, then he transforms the fall into an entry. The diver should accept the fall before he can begin to think about the idea of control or the dive. The diver can never accept the loss of control as long as he is falling. This is not a matter of correcting an error, but of continual striving. The diver instinctively tries to regain balance in the air. But if he loses his balance and cannot retain the feeling for balance, then he is lost. Many times one's sense of control is regained upon hitting the water, as if somehow the diver knows where the water is without really seeing it. For when one dives for many years one gets a sense of how much time one has left for the completion of a dive if one is lost in the dive. And indeed, the successful diver relies upon this sense as well. The image in the dark
attained and maintained a rhythm, but couldn't develop a sense of timing such as is found in the diver.

It is at these crucial moments, when all seems lost yet something retains a sense of where one is and then saves a lost dive, that one begins to embody a sense of control and balance. It is at the verge of a lost dive that one is able to correct mistakes without thinking about them, when the diver can on impulse or instinct respond to a seemingly lost cause. And while this ability to correct mistakes takes time and training, it is not a mechanical training. For the mechanically trained diver loses the experience of the dive, for the benefit of the crowd. The diver that remains sensitive to the dive will make mistakes and take a longer time to develop, but he won't lose the motivation for his dives. (The problem of coaching, competition, and development of style verses the methods of training which employ purely mechanistic theory is a subject which can't be discussed here and now.)

If the diver overcomes anything, he overcomes himself. The diver doesn't fight the fall into the darkness of the water, nor does he fight the air, but fights his lack of control. And his control is dependent upon the diver keeping in view the source of his control, wherein lies the source of the nature of his control, and the idea of the dive, the water. If he keeps in mind the water during the spinning, then he keeps in mind the idea of control and entry. The diver places himself in such a position as to reveal to the image in the dark an association to the world, not the dark. The dive is a result of a kind of dialogue designed to free the image in the dark. The dive is associated to the water, sky, earth.

That feeling of having to be in the world is not necessarily felt
in the good dives, but in the painful dives where the diver spins right into the water in a painful smack. This painful awakening reveals to the diver that he must come out of the spin; and can never hope to remain in the spin.

When the diver spins into a blur and has no idea where he is, then he falls upon the water without orientation. Even though the diver may be in control of the spin doesn't necessarily mean that the diver knows where he is. Most often the diver who is learning a difficult dive will spin correctly but not wish to come out of the spin because he is afraid of the water. But after a few painful drops upon the water he will soon care about his opening out of the spin, even if at first opening up out of the spin will place him in a more vulnerable position if his timing is off. If a diver can concentrate upon the timing rather than upon the pain of a new dive then his timing on the next dive will be greatly improved.

The beginner diver will at first choose to hold the spin rather than come out of it for fear of the consequences. These are times when the diver associates with the sense of a continual spin. There is a safety in holding a spin when one first learns to dive, but that safety must give way to the entry, which will soon be realized as much safer though harder to hit. He must want to come out of the spin, want to open up if he thinks there is something waiting for him which will resolve his reasons for diving.

The diver must remain attentive to the whole dive, not just the spin. The spin must be resolved, for at some time the diver will realize what a continual spin would mean, namely a dizzying sickness which can never be accustomed to, and never appreciated. Thus, the diver needs to keep the idea of the dive constantly before him, the whole dive. The diver keeps in constant touch with the idea of the dive by keeping in mind the whole setting for the dive; the earth, sky, and water, and the horizon. And he
strives to keep in the open wherein he can more freely associate with the sources of the activity of the dive. The diver identifies with being on the edge, thus identifies the image before the dark with that openness as well.

Diving is designed to utilize various body positions, and directions. If the body positions can be mastered, then the diver's need to control, to open up to the water is more easily attainable.

The layout position is the most difficult of all the positions to hold. Dives done in the layout position establish the clearest line to the water. The arms lift and open to that which the eyes are fixed upon. The front dive layout is truly an introduction of the diver to the sky and water. The front dive layout of back dive layout projects the diver to an apex wherein the diver offers himself to the source of his inspiration. For at the apex the diver is completely open and vulnerable. He has at this point no leverage, weight, or power. At the apex of the dive the diver is nothing but form if the dive is done correctly. This is the creation of a moment of release, but this release is dependent upon being able to come out of the apex and come into the world. That apex is not something one would want to generalize upon and wish to stay in. This apex of the simple dives affords a view, but not a mode of being. The apex is a visiting, a momentary vision, which affords a view of the world below, and that to which the diver is destined. From the apex the diver can see the water and earth, the river and pool of water waiting for him. The world expects the diver, for he is clearly in a position destined to enter the water. From the apex the diver sees the world beneath him; in a moment, a sudden rush, the diver knows he will be a part of that world, that he will be in its flow. The controlled apex is a moment in which the diver can for a
split second enjoy his view, but these moments are very rare, and not found in competitive diving at all.

The layout dives are the hardest positions to hold, because the sense of holding is so different from any other position. In the layout position the body must set into a line, a single line. From the set of the dive the body is held, not together, but held extended, opened and widened. And there can be no movement of the body in relation to itself in the air, except when the arms ford to a point above the head to enable a clean entry. To hold the layout position, as distinct from the pike or tuck position, is more difficult simply because the diver must hold himself without really holding onto himself or grabbing himself. The control and hold of the layout dive is not an external control but an inner control which orients itself to the world. (In all the difficult dives the hands hold the body in some way.)

The tuck and pike positions are easier to hold, because the diver can actually hold himself and feel more oriented. There is an element of safety in the tuck or pike positions which is needed for the difficult dives. But those positions should not be utilized as ways of escaping the entry, but to better orient the diver to the entry. The diver can compensate for error more easily when he is allowed to hold himself. Thus a push, or pull, a tightening here or there will speed up the spin, or slow it down, or correct a misalignment.

Even though the pike and tuck positions divide the body into different parts, there is still the singlemindedness of the diver to unite the parts to the dive. In the tuck or pike the body comes into relation with itself and can more fully orient itself to the spin or twist. There is the mistake, however, that the diver will use these positions to escape
the final opening into the water. Every dive should open to a near layout position before entering the water, preferably in coming out of the apex. For the excellent diver completes the spin or twist coming down from the apex.

The release from the apex of the basic dives usually affords a view of the water before entry. The back dives and reverse dives are called blind dives, because these dives are done without seeing the water until the last moment before entry if then. The diver's sensitivity to a dive develops enabling a diver to judge where he is in the air in relation to the water. But the problem becomes more acute with the difficult dives. For a sense of timing varies with each difficult dive. And in the back or reverse dives the sense of timing is very hard to judge in the difficult dives. Each day may bring to the dive a different sense of time, a different sense of control. A back two and one-half from the highboard will on one day seem stable, but if something happens to the diver the next day to excite his system, then he may have to gain a new sense of time for the same dive.

The release from any spin or twist into the water from the apex marks an acceptance for entry into the water by an opening and widening of the body into a unified straight or slightly curved line which points into the water.

The harder dives are usually done in those positions which allow a greater amount of spinning or twisting, thus the utilization of the tuck, pike, and free position for the twisting dives. The amazement of the observer occurs when the seemingly uncontrolled spin or twist comes to an abrupt halt with the diver opening out of the tuck, pike, or free position and entering the water smoothly. The freedom in the air allows the full
utilization of spatial mobility to point in any direction seemingly at once. The diver utilizes this free space to gesture to the observer the total encompassment of the diver by the world, yet separate from the world until the entry. The image in the dark was surrounded by darkness and held itself as a pointing to itself and the dark. The diver holds himself and draws attention to himself, and points away from himself by virtue of his self-control.

The very fast spin results in a blur for the diver, if he were looking for it, which he is not. The diver's attention during the spin is upon his next move, upon where he is going. This form of consciousness is made possible by the self-control of the diver allowing anticipation. And the self-control of the diver during the spin is his orientation. Thus the orientation of the diver allows the anticipation of the next move of the diver. Thus the diver is allowed to think about one thing, the next thing, by doing another, namely control himself.

The diver can't spin forever. As he begins to open out of the dive he looks for the quick reflections of light coming from the water, and ground. His self-control allows him to look ahead to the orientation needed for the entry. In opening out of a dive the diver looks for the sky, and earth, and water to come into their positions. But the main concern is to look for the water, even though the peripheral vision can sense the order of things around the diver. The diver is headed for the water, but as he heads for the water he is passing through existence unto which he will return to more fully appreciate as a world.

The spin of a dive affords a remarkable sense of being alone. It is a release, but also solitary. The diver's identity even while in the dive is to the world, to the air, water, and earth he left. So while the blur
may exist during the spin of a difficult dive, the diver knows that his identity is bound up in that blur. The blur could be understood as a darkness of sorts, which when the diver opens up the darkness or blur, disappears. If the diver's attention is upon the blur of the spin, his attention is distracted and he will become dizzy from the blur. But if his mind is upon his next move in anticipation of the entry, then he will notice no blur nor darkness. The image in the dark, perhaps, if I can personify it for a minute, was in control of itself, but didn't open up out of the spin, because its attention was upon the dark and not itself and its next move out of the spin. The image in the dark didn't open up to the dark, simply because the image didn't have consciousness.

The image was a feeling, but a feeling of absence. It lacked consciousness and a world to be conscious of. The absence was the absence of a world, the denial of orientation. But its feeling was the desire for that world, and orientation.

The whole dive takes place in an uncertainty, in the dark. The diver spins in the dark, he enters the darkness of the water. The whole dive is potentially undertaken in the dark. Diving doesn't just bridge the gap of the dark, but orients the diver to a world. Orientation opens that darkness unto the light of the earth, sky, and water. The diver identifies with the open, the sense of being oriented, but the image to the dark. If the image in the dark was going to stop, then the diver would have to orient himself to the light and realize that the darkness was a shroud that lies between where one is and where one wants to be.

While the diver is in the air he is surrounded by an extreme dynamic of the world; a dynamic in which he can't reside for long. To reside in the world implies a being balanced in the world, to be at the balanced
center from which the world extends in every direction. The diver's nature returns him to the ground.

The water is that balance point which lies between the light and the heavy. The diver enters into the world by passing through this center of balance, the water. While the source of a world is the ocean, the diver's sense of being at home is not to remain in the water. Rather he must be content to let his thoughts be there, be drawn there. For the diver must reside on the earth, in the world.

The good diver does the difficult dive for the sake of coming out of the spin, passing through the water, and coming to a stand where he can appreciate the experience of having a past which led from one extreme experience to the other. He doesn't want to prolong the spin as if he were in the dark and had nothing else to do. The difficult dive can be controlled only as long as it is enjoyed, for the sake of being there.

The first sign which gives the diver his real sense of direction while he is still in the spin is the sensation of falling from the apex. The image in the dark lacked this sensitivity, for a fall immediately creates a world. The good diver senses the fall from the apex and confronts the realization of falling in such a way as to transform the fall into an entry and passing through. It is the fall from the apex which brings the disorientation into orientation. For to fall is to fall somewhere. The truly excellent diver seeks the apex, while the poorer diver doesn't know how to handle the apex without losing control. The direction of the fall orients the diver. The diver trains himself to feel for the fall and not lose sight of the entry. The fall is in itself unalterable, but can be transformed into an entry rather than a painful drop upon the water. Falling trains a sense of anticipation which looks forward to the entry and
the renewal of the world.

Many times a diver becomes absorbed in the spin out of a naive fasci­nation for the whirling sensation, but a few destroyed dives will correct that mistaken attitude. Or many times a diver is insensitive to the fall for no other reason than he just can't feel himself in movement. The diver gets his idea of direction and entry from practical necessity and experience in the world which creates certain contexts which necessitate certain developments.

The good diver dives for the sake of affirming the world he is headed for. To become engrossed in the spin is not to see the whole of the dive. And not to realize the necessity for orientating oneself to a world.

If the disoriented state of the diver extends into the water, then the diver is faced with more than the fear of falling, or the fear of spinning endlessly in space. Disorientation in the water lends itself to a real panic which desires two things. The first thing the diver wants is to get out of the water. The second thing he wants is orientation to get out of the water with. To get out of the water means to be oriented. When he orients himself he loses his panic, though not the pain. This kind of dis­orientation can be very dangerous to the diver if there is no one around to drag him out of the water. The diver can lose his breath, burst an ear drum, sprain his back, and have his eyelids turned under all in the same dive. This lends itself to more than a fear of being in an abstract darkness.

When the diver is destroyed upon the water, he is repelled from passing unto the world. And he is driven back to try again. The entry affords an entry into a world. In this sense the water becomes the diver's
source to a world.
CHAPTER IV

THE ENTRY

An important feature of a diver's experience is his relation to that body of water which receives or repels the diver. The experienced diver feels drawn to the water and received by the water in an almost personal way, for the water ends the spinning, the flight, the homelessness of weightlessness. However, the inexperienced diver may have to force himself into confronting the water. The water accepts the diver, if the diver prepares himself and comes to a point to enter the water. Coming to a point, entering the water through a point is the least offensive way of entering the water. The point opens the water for the diver in a non-aggressive way.

The water has a depth which the diver rushes into in the clean entry. When the diver moves to the surface, he is again drawn, this time by the breath he holds, not his body weight. From the apex of the dive the body weight pulls the diver down into the water; at the deepest point reached in the water the diver's weight is slowed and drawn to the surface by the breath, and the need for more breath.

The diver reaches out of the dive, out of the spin, for the water. His reaching into the water is not an appropriation such as reaching to take ahold of an object. The reach is intentionally done at the end of the good dive. After a poor dive the diver hasn't the time to reach into the water. The good dive reaches into the water willingly.
The reach extends the body line and narrows the body to a thinner line thus to attain a finer point. The body line becomes a conscious line which strives to attain a feeling of passing through, rather than a sense of confrontation. If in the entry into the water the conscious line around the body can feel the water on any side or singular part of the body more than on any other part, except the hands, then the conscious line has been broken and the alignment into the water is incorrect. The clean entry shouldn't have direct contact with the water except at the point of the dive. And the meaning of the point is not to really confront the water, but to open the water; thus, the point of entry should be minimal in contact.

The clean entry doesn't just reach into the water, the clean entry reaches through the water to the bottom. The clean entry is the entry of least resistance. The entry of least resistance doesn't impress upon the water the diver's form or shape as in the poor dive. Rather the entry allows the diver to be impressed by the water as he rushes through it. For if the diver can enter the water leaving as little an impression as possible, then one leaves the water having been impressed as to how the darkness can be passed through.

The position of least resistance demands an entering into the water with minimal sensation, straight down. The sense of minimal feeling which is obtained by entering the water in a straight line led by the hands affords the cleanest entry, if that body that follows the hands maintains an unwavering body line. Thus, there is an intense feeling of consciousness in the hands as they open the water; and there is a conscious body line which feels the passage, but not the direct contact that the hands feel.

The point created by the hands is a conscious point. From that point consciousness sweeps around the line of the body. Consciousness becomes a
feeling, not a touching. The diver doesn't touch the water as if he were touching an object. The diver feels the water as he passes through it. The consciousness of the diver in the entry feels the passage, he does not touch the passage through the water. The diver's whole sense of being in the water is one of feeling, because he does not see the entry, nor hear the entry except as a sensation passing by his ears, a roar. The diver's anticipation orients around his sense of feeling; for it is his feeling which is experiencing the movement and passage. Thus the diver's existence in the water is maintained by his consciousness orienting around the feeling of passage.

And if the diver goes straight down, then the feeling will feel cleaner, freer of friction. The clean passage through the water compensates for the darkness that the diver is passing through. If the diver goes straight down, then he feels as if he is not really being slowed or stopped by anything except his breath which is pulling in the other direction. But when the diver surfaces from the bottom his eyes are open and they see the water, see through the water, see the light coming into the water; and the water, looking up, is no longer dark. And the diver can anticipate the world as he looks up through the water from the bottom. Looking down into the water, the water is dark; looking up even from two hundred feet under water, the water is light.

The diver in the clean entry is experiencing and conscious of the tug of war which goes on between extremes when one visits one or the other. However, if the diver goes in the water at a slant, then the body conscious line is stronger on one side than the other. The diver can feel a definite sensation of resistance, and the feeling of the clean entry is lost until the next attempt, thus the diver is repelled by the water in anything but
the clean entry.

In some ways the diver resembles the arrow or javelin, because their meanings are their points to a certain extent. The diver's meaning comes to a point. If the arrow or javelin breaks in the air, or is poorly released and lands on a side, its meaning is lost. If the diver smashes upon the water as a whirling mass of confusion his potential passage is lost, although a lesson learned.

The diver becomes a point for minimum contact and maximum effect of the experience of the clean entry upon the consciousness. The diver enters the water, not to impress a point as the arrow or javelin. The diver becomes a point sustained by a line for a clean entry and to obtain the clearest feeling of entry. The harder the dive, the harder the clean entry.

Because of the diver's conscious line and point, the diver during entry experiences a loss of physical sensation of the parts of his body. The body has become a line, and the sense of loss is due to the maintenance of that line through self-control. The body as an assemblage of parts doesn't enter the water; a conscious vector enters the water which is intent upon the passage through the water, through the darkness. The body is inherent and necessary for consciousness, and the makeup of the conscious line, but is not apparent to consciousness during the entry, the clean entry.

Intentionality is dependent upon an awakening to distance (space/time) as serious and necessary. Once one is aware of the seriousness of distance, then one can move into that distance. However, intentionality is a being drawn into that distance and is not an act of pushing ahead. To respond to distance is to let oneself be drawn into relation with space/time as providing the dynamics required for being in the world, or
just being.

One needs to respond or let oneself be drawn out of one's separatedness and enter into being and process. A need to respond is a need to be, a need to let oneself be drawn. One's attention upon space/time draws one into space/time.

The awareness of distance is to have been receptive to seriousness. Receptive consciousness is inherent and half of intentional consciousness, which is a being drawn, not a pushing or forcing.

The diver is trained to perceive form and position as he intends his entry into the water, or his inevitable entry from the fall. The intention cannot properly proceed without the receptivity of space/time, seriousness, and the form and position of the body. The excellent diver receives or perceives the situation and is drawn into his anticipation while at the same time controlling only his form and position as he is being drawn necessarily into the whole.

When he emerges and reflects upon the world his thought is likewise drawn out of him and enters the world. And the diver receives and enters the world in one and the same instant.

The diver doesn't want to experience the body in the entry; he wants to experience the entry, the passage, the entry of consciousness into and through the water. The diver becomes a line which sustains a point, a conscious point. In learning to dive, long before the clean entry is made, the diver experiences the other types of entries of being too far over, too short, too much to the side, and other more disastrous. When the clean entry is first hit the diver doesn't recognize it and passes it off until, or unless someone tells him that it was a clean entry. When he becomes aware of what the clean entry is, that quick passage to the bottom and
quick surface, before he knows what has happened, then he knows that the
dive means a passage through the water, not simply hitting the water.

The diver's consciousness depends at least upon his sense of feeling.
Consciousness tends to present itself to that point which senses the great-
est movement. In the diver's case the hands feel the greatest sensation.
Although the eyes and ears during an entry do have the feeling of having
been in a wind tunnel. When the body slows down in the water consciousness
returns to the parts again, although in a less concentrated sense than in
the entry.

When I stood and watched the ocean in awe, I could not help from being
drawn to the whole view. For the activity before me was encompassing. And
although the view was clear, each moment brought with it an uncertainty as
to what lay ahead or what would happen. The diver enters into that activity,
into that uncertainty of the whole activity at one point, and experiences it
as fully as he can as he passes through each uncertain moment unto a view
of world. The diver's entry into the water is also his entry into the world
as he surfaces into the light and the view the light allows.

The diver's consciousness is oriented to the feeling of the entry and
the anticipation of the world. His consciousness is oriented toward the
passing through unto the world; and the passing through is a consciousness
of feeling. The diver anticipates the feeling of being in the world.

The diver's consciousness is his body line and his self-control. The
meaning of the image in the dark was a self-control, but the image couldn't
let itself out of the dark. The diver's entrance into the water is the
letting out yet controlling of oneself as one passes through the water.

The diver's consciousness and self-control has entered the water
through a point sustained by a line. As he enters the water, the diver
closes his eyes and is in the dark and the water. He is confronted with a need to conform to the demand of the water upon him. The diver responds to the dark, something real, not the feelinglessness of the dark of the image. The image in the dark is drawn out to the surface of the diver in the body line as it reaches into the water; because if that inner control which the image preserved didn't surface to the need of the entry, then the diver would have lost control in the water. Yet the diver orients the image to the entry into the water. Now the image is in the dark, but not a negating darkness, but the darkness of a world which has to be passed through to stop the spinning. And it is a darkness which yields to the need for the diver to emerge from the darkness. The diver finds himself in the water, in the dark. He needs to surface, emerge from the dark to exist. Yet he needed to go into that darkness to exist as well, to exist in the world, not a shell. It is a darkness which allows the diver to be without being engulfed by a feelinglessness. And the dark of a room, or one's own darkness is no longer feared as something which might dissolve one. The dark is not something to be fought, but passed through. It is a darkness which can be passed through if one has the self-control to pass through it. For the diver the meaning of darkness changes from something awful, repelling, destroying, to that which accepts, draws, and yields or gives one up to an identity if one had the self-control to pass through that darkness.

The darkness of the image is broken through and understood as an awakened dynamic whose source is found in the world. The dark is very much like the feeling one first has of the ocean. Yet simple darkness at an early age can be misunderstood as the opposite as well. The ocean is a source of the feeling of dark meaninglessness, but of a world as well. If one can control oneself, then meaninglessness is transformed into its source, the
world, with one's identity or mode of self-control as the center of reference which transforms the chaos into a world. And it is precisely this world and its darkness which shaped one's form of control. But if one isn't in control of oneself, then the likely view is that the world is only meaninglessness, to which one can only dream up meanings to attach to it.

The diver goes through this process of transforming his own darkness and sense of nothingness unto the world where it rightfully belongs, because it was the world which awakened this sense of darkness and demanded a response. And if one responds to that feelinglessness, then one finds oneself striving for the self-control to pass through it, not the kind of control to dominate. To control meaninglessness is fruitless. The ocean is indifferent, but not meaningless. It its indifference which makes it so powerfully attractive. But if one responds by trying to control the ocean, then that manipulation is shortlived and the meaning lost, not gained.

The diver reaches into the water. He extends out of a need to respond through his own darkness and solitariness into the water. The solitary feeling of the difficult dive is as close to the image in the dark as the diver can become. But the diver is not suspended in the spin; he is in a world of light, earth, sky, sea, gravity, and darkness. The diver emphasizes his identity to the open sky, water, earth, horizon. But these sources of his identity all have a dark uncertain nature to them regardless of how clearly they are seen. The diver identifies with the darkness and uncertainty of those very elements which provide his orientation as well. And he is left with each movement to create a world and pass through the dark. This becomes his mode of being and he tries to balance his moves equally to reveal the world yet reveal its dark side as well. For in so doing he can more fully appreciate the nature of the world as both serene
and uncertain.

He treats each move with the care and anticipation of being in the world, yet he experiences the dark as well and looks up from it with every dive. It is the world and darkness which are anticipated, both as one with each moment with each move. And the diver knows he must let himself enter those moments. For each movement seeks a world to be in. If the diver remains conscious he passes through the dark because his consciousness is self-control. The diver faces possible destructive darkness with each move; thus he orients himself to pass through the dark with each move, yet experience it.

The diver does what the image couldn't do, enter the dark. The diver places himself into the dive and spin in order to face the dark and enter the dark. If the diver doesn't pass through, then he must dive again.

As the diver enters the water the abstract sense of darkness is washed away, but not the danger of being in the water without being in control. But now the darkness is not understood as something which negates any entry, only those entries which are not under control. When the diver emerges from the water with a new sense of what the darkness is, then he becomes more receptive to the world.

The entry is not a seeing or a hearing, but a feeling, a direct sense of being in something. One can stand around the surface of the earth, be in a crowded subway, or be in a park, and never know the feeling of being in something. When the diver emerges from the water, he still feels he is in something for his sensitivity for the feeling of being in something has been awakened. To really enter the water and feel the sense of its dynamic upon one's self one has to be in control of oneself. One doesn't give oneself up to the experience without letting oneself enter that experience.
without a feeling of being. That feeling of being is in a being in control of oneself.

The feel for the entry is the closest orientation one can have to the world. Seeing or objectifying the world places one at a distance. Hearing draws one a little closer as the sound of the waves draws one to investigate their rhythm. But feeling is being in the world. One can touch the shoreline, but that is not really feeling what is out there in the ocean. One has to be in it in order to feel it. The feel of the entry is the diver's experience of the water without the diver giving himself up to the water; for that darkness will yield one to the surface if the diver is under control. If one tries to control the water, then one doesn't experience the water; yet there must be some kind of control to which one can assemble after letting oneself roam the rhythm of an experience. If one doesn't control oneself in the water, then one fights the water and doesn't experience the water either, they experience only the dark side of the water's nature and its power to engulf one. And the one who fights the water only has one thing in mind, to get out of the water. The one who can balance the sense of control, between the sense of dominance and the loss of control, and utilize self-control will enter into the water and experience more deeply the real nature of the water. And his emergence into the world will be undertaken with the same approach, and result with a close understanding of the world he surfaces into.

What the diver learns from the entry is that the water's darkness is not absorbing like an abstract darkness, but engaging and receptive, sustaining and yielding. The entry into the water discovers not a loss, but an extension of what the world previously used to be.

The water provides the line for the diver to enter. He becomes an
extension of that line, and during the entry there is no clear sense of where the water begins and the body's line of consciousness. The diver feels the water and feels extended through the water, not lost or absorbed but experiencing.

The hands of the diver come to a point and the diver extends through that point into the water. As long as he is moving into the water or moving into the point, he feels his consciousness moving into the water as well. As he extends into the water the barrier of darkness is swept away by the feeling of the water, and the diver feels an integral dynamic of the movement and moment of the water.

The diver feels the pull of gravity in the apex and opens into a world of light which provides an alignment into the darkness. The dark is provided by the light. The diver peers into that darkness and anticipates the world of light through the dark.

At that point which pierces the water the experience of the diver is one of an entry into the water through an infinitely small point which admits the diver into the infinitely greater dynamic of the ocean. The diver's point and line become unified with the entire whole of the ocean. He is like the arrow that vanishes high in the air and is indistinguishable from the sky for a moment before the arrow's nature returns it to earth with the message of its journey clearly impressed in the earth. And the arrow is an extension of the earth which points into the air, yet is rooted in the ground. The arrow's weight brings it back to earth after it explored the source of its attention. The diver vanishes through a point in the water and is brought back to the earth by his nature as well. And the diver stands upon the ground with his eyes and thoughts clearly pointing to the source of his attention and the nature of his journey, with his feet firmly
placed upon the ground.

In the water, when consciousness begins to take ahold of the diver's body, it is a consciousness which has rushed into the water and affirmed itself in relation to the water. At the bottom the diver relaxes a moment and lets the experience catch up with him, and as he relaxes there he is enjoying the moment of peace with himself as the feeling of being in the water sweeps into his experience of being. The water becomes his source of identity. And when he is awakened to where he is and becomes aware of his being, the whole experience of the dive and the water become a part of the diver. And the diver feels the dynamic of the water upon himself even when he has emerged from the water.

The good dive is drawn from the diver, he lets himself enter what has already been drawn from him, the desire to be. It is the water which has drawn the diver to a point and line to enter the water. The water has drawn the seriousness of the diver to his consciousness in the dive. In a way the diver holds out to the water his consciousness for the water to clean away the diver's doubt and abstract darkness. When the diver returns to the surface the image no longer exists, for the image is the diver and the diver is in the world. And because the diver's consciousness has been cleared the diver awakens to a new sense of being in the world.

The self control which established the point and line of entry was drawn out and concentrated upon the dynamic power of the water. The diver's nature responds to the water as it was drawn out from the diver by the water. And the diver sees his nature before him as one of being receptive to the water and the world. And in being receptive he is received, if he is under control.

It was a receptive consciousness which first felt the need to
respond to the ocean. The body provided the source of energy and form to enable the diver to come to a point and extension of being in the water. It was the need of control which enabled the experience with the water to take place without the diver being engulfed by the water, or repelled by the water. The nature of the water was disclosed, because the diver disclosed and discovered his own nature.

The diver is drawn to the water, not just the attention his eyes or ears give a distant object or sound. The ocean drew out not just the wonder and awe, but drew the whole being into a response, which made the diver responsible for knowing his own body and abilities. And in responding to that drawing power, one experiences the ocean and nature of the water more powerfully through intense difficult activity than the ones who merely use the water as a vehicle for recreation. And the reality of the world is disclosed to those who engage it intensely, rather than to those who sit and read about it.
CHAPTER V

COMING TO A STAND

When the diver emerges from the water he is provided with an orientation to the world which lends itself to a mode of being in the world. The actualization of the "I" sometimes places the diver in a difficult position with regard to what is considered normal. For diving, when understood, when it has played so much a part in the development process of the person, instills a certain frame of mind and way of viewing the world. For the diver to remain in touch with the sources of his identity he walks a narrow line. Sometimes he feels he is on a tightrope or the edge of a cliff. He needs to keep in sight of the certain nature of the uncertain, or in sight of the uncertainty of what he sees clearly, if he is to feel at home in the world.

Diving instills a sense of control which experiences being in the world in quite a different way than people who view the world as a source of mere recreation. This instilled control enables one to partake of a variety of experiences and explorations without fear of losing oneself to them. His being in the world asks a careful style of balance, wherein he can come to know the world more intimately than those who don't know such a self-control or method of throwing oneself into the world.

He realizes his self was formed by the world. And now he has to pursue that self with every movement. The diver in that tendency to throw himself into the world or be drawn into the world willingly, tends as well
to be possessed rather than the possessor. His thought possesses him and speaks to his whole being. He experiences the thought, and does not merely look at it. For his mind and body have become indissolubly one. Thus what affects one affects the other. And this form of unification lends itself toward a more total use of energy and time.

The resolve of the image in the dark is rooted into this unity of mind and body. When the diver emerges from the water he is shaped and molded by the world he has pointed to or gestured to. The image pointed as well. But when the diver emerges from the water the image is gone; for when the diver enters the world he has been pointing to, he becomes the gesture. And as a gesture he can possess nothing, but perhaps he can point to more than others can possess.

The resolve of the image in the dark ends in an understanding, and understanding requires a self. The diver develops a self by acquiring an orientation to the world so that he may move more gracefully in the world. When he moves he has a self. He learns to anticipate the world; he is constantly ahead of himself and constantly entering his self.

When the diver comes to a stand the experience of the dive catches up to him in his moments of rest. The diver reflects upon his experience and passage into the world and comes to a better understanding of himself in the reflection of that passage. And his thought, style, movement, and sense of time become movements of the world. He is a part of the world; yet his thought and understanding of the world, while having been born of his passage into the world, recognizes his nature as apart from the nature of the world he has entered.

The water gives the diver up to his own nature; and his nature is in movement, thought, and understanding. The world still seems strangely
indifferent, but his passage through the water has left the water a certain element of his own being which lingers with the water, and when he thinks of it the indifference doesn't seem as great. He is no stranger to the world any more and he assumes a kind of dialogue with the world, which he only used to have with himself. In his passage he has in a way personalized and identified that which he has passed through and he feels right in contemplating with the world. The diver has identified himself in the world by means of the world, thus he identifies the world, and the dark indifference now at least has a name one can call or point to.

Diving provides a center of reference from which the world comes into focus. It is an activity which identifies the diver to the dynamics of the world. And the diver can be reminded of his experience and passage by the simple events which take place daily in the world. Walking along a path recalls a careful approach and a passing from one point of orientation to another all revealing different views, yet all affording a clearness and a shadow. Throwing a stone over a cliff or into a stream; or standing upon a cliff all recall the experience of the dive. Each movement is potentially a passing through and gesturing to a world through the moment's darkness. Each movement recalls the dive; and each movement recalls the world into the experience.

The diver is ahead of himself and his thought as well looks ahead into the world. The diver understands his being ahead of himself and thought as a having been drawn out from him by the world to follow his wandering eye. Yet while he is constantly being directed through the world, he is appreciative of the moment, for he has been trained to look ahead, yet feel and know the moment as well.

Thinking becomes an entering into the world; and when his thoughts
return they have been shaped by the world. Having emerged from the water every action, thought, word becomes a simple yet significant entry into the world in a new way and in a new dimension.

river reaching strains the eyes
with tides beyond horizons
winds swirl upon an ocean
drawing darkness into seasons,
dawn the clouds have risen

No longer does the diver concentrate upon his step and direction without lifting his eyes to the world around him. When he emerges his moment extends into the world as his eyes lift and carry him to new certain uncertainty.

He has a certain style, which allows him to move in the world more freely, yet not to be held to the ground for fear of falling. He moves with a certain effortless called grace. He feels with each step and movement not a physical strain, but a conscious entering into the world and entering into himself.

In diving the water becomes the infinitely far off horizon, even though it is as close as the end of the diving board. This frame of mind pervades the understanding with the sense of constant yet significant entry into the world. And those horizons become essential to his being if he is to feel the intensity of being in the world.

From his newly acquired stand he finds further basis for involvement in the world as long as those sources of his being are within his reach, sight, thought, or can be pointed to in some way. When he emerges from the water, he is able to appreciate and understand the world better in his reflective consciousness. And the quality of that understanding will depend upon how he has learned to control himself and be drawn into the world.
Perhaps, Spinoza states best what I mean by acquiring understanding of the world through intense engagement with the world and its dynamics.

... I will say generally that in proportion as one body is fitter than others to do or suffer many things (severally) at once, in the same proportion will its mind be fitter to perceive many things at once: and the less other bodies co-operate with it in action, the fitter will the mind of that body be for distinctly understanding.3

But the diver and others who have engaged with the world in a very intense way are lacking in many respects for the society they wish to belong to and communicate their experience with. They have an unusual understanding of the nature of their bodies in relation to the natural world. And in turn they have an unusual though not incorrect understanding of meanings and relationships. But in many respects they live in a society which is ignorant of the lived body aesthetic experience and sometimes denounce the validity of such experience.

The ones who have grown up in the world responding to every day with some type of daily exercise designed to bring them closer to their own nature through movement with the world are hardly understood at times, most of the time, because their articulation of the experience is inadequate for the ones they wish to communicate with, the same ones who don't know the experience because they won't engage the world.

Sometimes this inability to communicate is due to a definite lack of ability to articulate. Sometimes the lack of dialogue is due to the intense passion which works its way into the discussion (a necessary ingredient for those who engage the world seriously) which stifles the precise language of intellectual objectivity. But sometimes the lack of communication is due to those elements of depth which exhaust objectivity

and are gained by engagement with the world. For sometimes the active
intense person who has engaged the world out of a need has an understanding
of a word which goes much deeper than any objective sense of language.

Also, there are many times when the barriers of formality bar the
way to successful dialogue. These barriers of inhibition are rooted into
the educational system, which is incapable of understanding the intensity
and sensitivity which people are capable of possessing.

As long as the educational system turns out products, rather than
introducing its students to a world it will be incapable of knowledge.
I have seen many athletes and active individuals crushed by the system,
because whom a teacher thinks is an inhibited defensive person is actually
one who is afraid to open up because of a fear of what the teacher is
trying to do, engulfment with the teacher's personality, rather than let­
ting one develop and form an identity. And for those reasons and others
which would develop another thesis, the best of us were sent to war.
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