

Colors

Green as ~~aper~~ is overdone. Maybe white? White is pretty good. White also ties to death

Ancient as what. Stone? Stone is good shorthand
see also: green as present day. Stone is grey/brown.

Green is all about life. Trees/plants. Green things are alive, and being alive is, for us, a temporary state.



final confrontation?

going through ~~minuter~~ maze as a type of confrontation w/ past selves?

Website as maze? pop-ups as blockages?

I'm not sure how far into horror this wants to get, but I definitely think there's at least some horror elements, because horror is about the breakdown of the boundaries of the self

Feels like it could very quickly get into I see no mouth and I must scream. Not sure how much of that it went to lean into

What color is grief? All three. Grief is ancient & it is new and it permeates the internet.

anterograde nostalgia? maybe?

How does the internet show grief?

- memorial pages
- dead people's profiles
- dead landscapes & houses
- isolation, somehow

the internet as
metaphor for
the world

There is no way to buy a digital body. There is no passage in the internet. I can look at news stories of those I loved still written in the present tense. I can look at the report of their accidents before they were declared dead, when they were still in the ambulance or ICU. How can we move on?

the issue is definitely
ghost/had been issue

With these ghosts of our past selves, how do we mark their infinite passing futures?

ghosts

Grief as a type of growth no longer seems possible because there is no physical "moving on" anymore. Facebook cepts frozen in time.

temporal displacement

the issue
is simply
reality

Minotaur: existence vs nonexistence) fool to help
cutting out the parts that make you sick
minotaur is helping

don't want to make
the minotaur
past thing

corruption of memory death & grief is bad
there's something wrong w/ you if you put
bad - grief as healing

there's something about grief as
a purging ion. of time

Narcissus: hole in his chest/stomach ^{mirror}
↓ where characters? sculptures? mirrors?
constantly stuffing self portraits into the hole,
of course they never fit

the not-you object is a fundamental part of the you subject

images of disparate body parts amalgamated?

tomorrow & tomorrow & tomorrow - once the ideal I is conceived
we only face towards the future

"do not look at me. Please. The looking only makes it worse."

Narcissus must have an ideal-I shell through which
the protagonist must break

- First appears as a literal projection, is actually behind
the screen

- This must be a seamlessly unbrushed construct

Find
something
for this

To break through this: tear a hole through the chest ^{or other}
tool to do so: some sort of philosophical wedge? ^{center of}
^{"wound"}
dismemberment? Find ^{bridge?}

How does the Lacanian model no longer apply?

within a postmodernist, fractured reality, we no longer have a single ideal-I
we are constantly inundated with fractured ideals - see the objectification
of the form, the advertisements of the ideal life through consumerism

★ The necessary outcome of a Lacanian worldview is paralysis ★