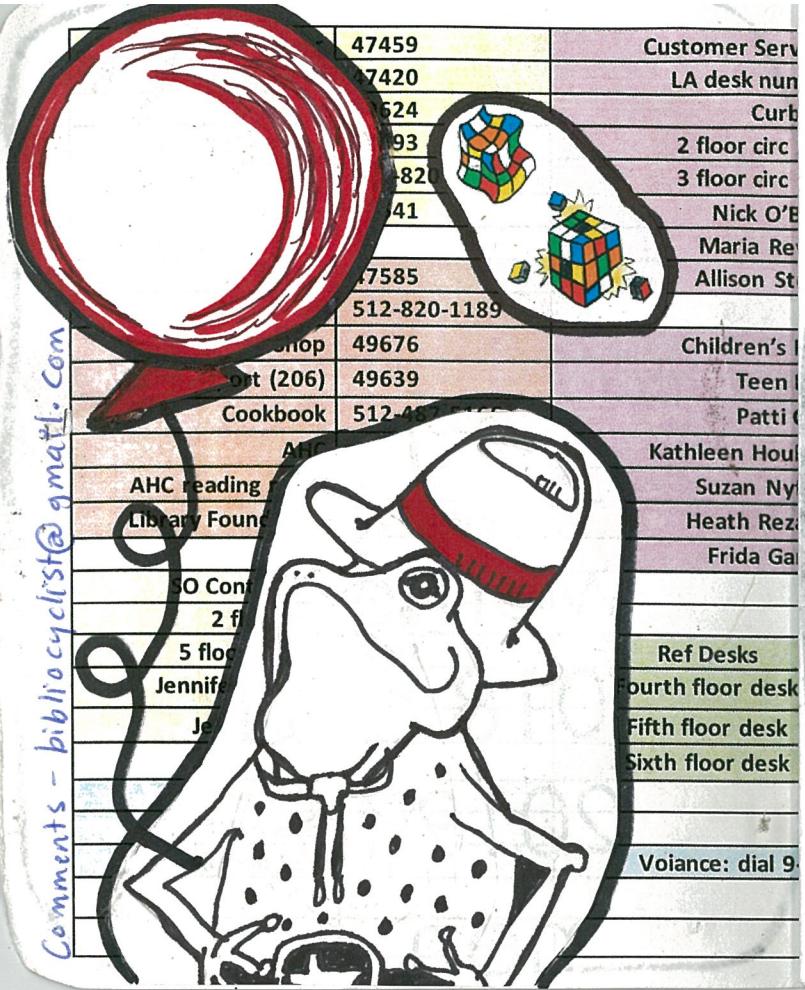


Comments - bibliocyclist@gmail.com



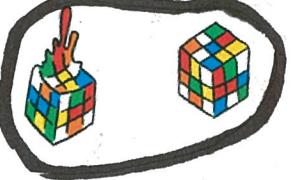
Ego Death Trip Zine

By: Katrin Abel & Joshua Adrian

The theme of this trip is Take It to the Limit.

Shelved titles for this zine:

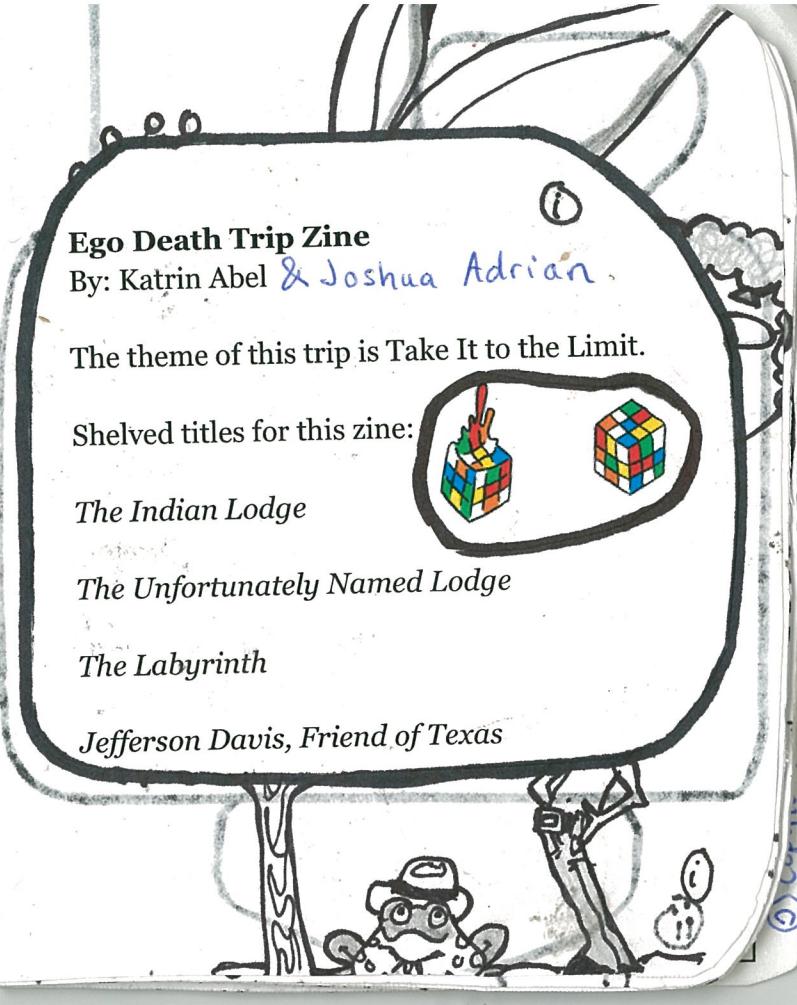
The Indian Lodge



The Unfortunately Named Lodge

The Labyrinth

Jefferson Davis, Friend of Texas





In and around Fredericksburg we pass many *Signs About Wines*.

Everything at last lingers or fades. The bad lingers, and the good fades.



I think I was *Born Dead*.

Must be nice to be experiencing ego death right now.

Yeah, my ego's died lotsa times, or so many of my egos have died I lost count. But I still remember some of them, which is nice, but it's better this way.

ABOUT WINES



At least Sisyphus had good, honest work and wasn't bothering anyone.

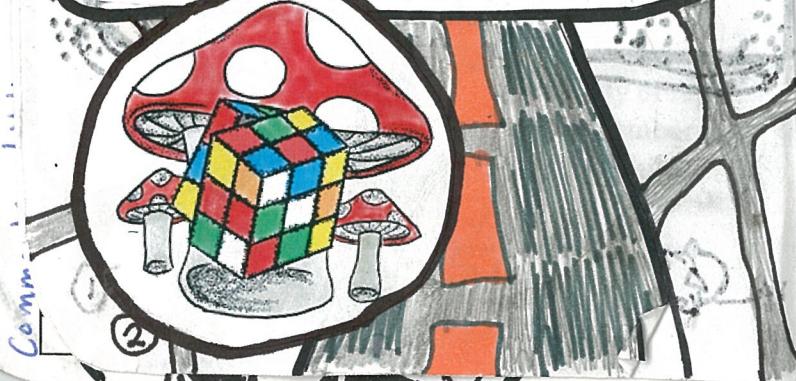


Camus said we have to imagine Sisyphus as happy. That sounds a little bossy, but at the very least we can't conclude he was necessarily miserable, nor made miserable by his particular, peculiar task.



The path, such as it is, is frequently difficult to discern. It is the merest suggestion of a path, defined chiefly by its ill-definition. Though it should be simpler to adhere to the path than to stray from it, if it's this murky to begin with you might as well wander. You'd get lost either way.

(2)



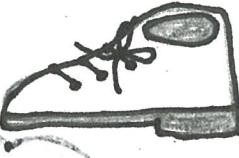
Comm

We like to claim that the journey means as much or more than the destination, but if we really believed that wouldn't we make it a little lovelier and more mindful? Instead of high speed interstates connecting anonymous strip malls and big boxes, wouldn't we make the most of where we are and make careful occasions of visiting and knowing other places? Wouldn't we put more thought into traveling?

(3)



(3)



Too often it's the case that our plebeian journeys and their ostensible destinations each leave much to be desired, but to the extent that we have our elements, value lies in both exiting and re-entering them. It behooves us to step out in order to step back in.

(4)



Com

(4)



We endeavor to show care in visiting and knowing this place, indulging in a bout of reverence for the magnificent tree, what it is, what it stands for, what it provides. I feel touched, throughout the park, wherever someone has installed a basic, needful bench beneath a solitary tree. The strategic placement communicates a duty of care and acknowledgement of interdependence.

(5)



(2)

(5)



Wind is to Big Bend as nausea is to the mushrooms.

You get trapped in the nausea. You are a balloon on a string, held to earth by the weight of the nausea to which you are tied, tethered to the body by the nausea, as a dog on a leash or a cord on a lamp or a chord on a piano, dependent upon the fingers that depend upon the keys. I tell you to let it go, knowing full well that whenever we're told to let go of the nausea or the pain or the intrusive thoughts or whatever dogs you, it's not that it goes away. You can work with it or even move beyond it, but it doesn't disappear. (Nothing disappears.) Everything is still there, always.



Who was here before? Here specifically and here elsewhere? What happened to the Incas, and did they get what they deserved?

Were they good, bad, or there's no way to know, or there may be a way but we haven't gotten there yet?





What we do know is that they relayed messages over great distances by utilizing runners atop the Andes, spaced consistently one unit apart.

But do we really know this?



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These days we've gotten to the point of trying, or of more convincingly pretending, to extend respect to other humans despite perceived differences, yet somehow we continue to deny commensurate respect to other, nonhuman species, equally deserving, if not more so.

YOUR TREE

23



5

8

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9



It's a bit of a bummer to realize that this plaque, this courthouse, this county, even these mountains and the state park that contains them are all named for Jefferson Davis, who is commemorated as, of all things, a Friend of Texas.

(10)



(10)

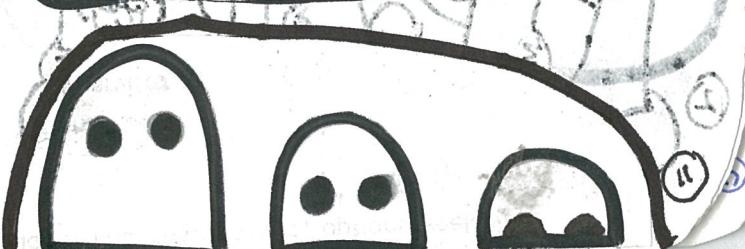


The labyrinth that is this Indian Lodge, despite its unfortunate name, bears, on the whole, good vibes and friendly, unobtrusive ghosts. Its thick adobe walls reassure.

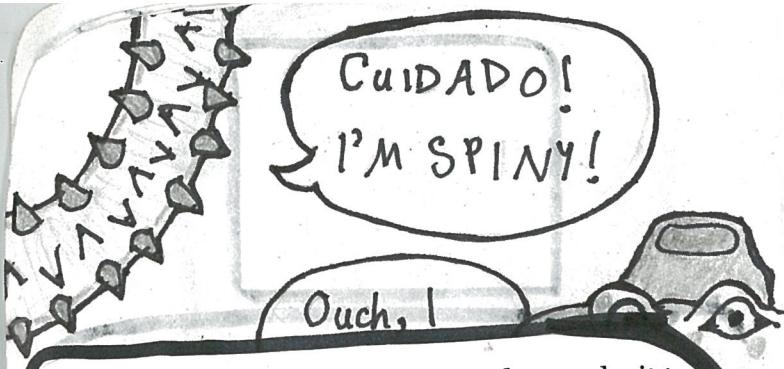
(11)

It could never be built now, we can take heart in its thoughtful restoration and maintenance. This is something.

Nothing dies, but things change.



(11)

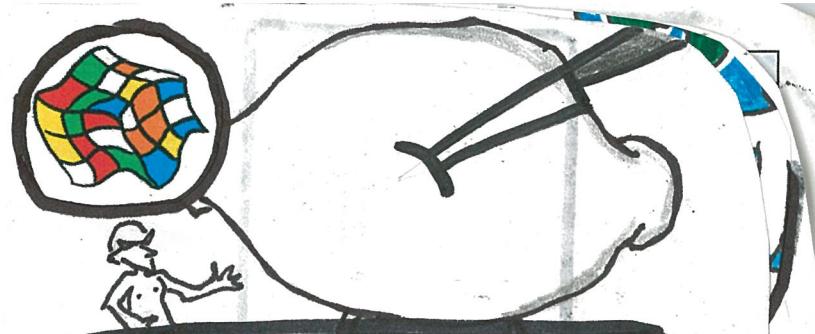


Ouch, I

The eagles, our egos, teach us, sagely, to take it to (but not beyond) the limit, to show us a sign, whilst simultaneously takin' it easy, lest the sound of our own wheels drive us crazy. This is a fine balancing act.

One day we will take it beyond the limit, all limits will cease to apply, we will be rad beyond reason, but for now we will content ourselves with this. Our fragile egos/eagles bruise easily, and we will remain rad within reason. For now this will suffice.

(12)



The ego death is a slow death by a thousand cuts. Henceforth when we refer to "death," it is to be understood that we are speaking of the hilarious release, which is and isn't death as classically construed.

(13)

The ego may not die so much as get rearranged and redistributed. Where does it go, and what does it



(14)



become? The long route to its final release is the gradual, cumulative chiseling of the stone to reveal the sculpture, the wind and rain and time that erodes the mountain into a heap of dull rocks. The first cut may be the deepest, but every minute wounds, while the last kills.

14



Throughout life the ego stretches outward and disperses, as if on an elastic tether, before it's reined back in and reconstituted more or less, but not entirely, as it was before.

15

Stretch, disperse, snap back, reconstitute, until someday the elastic finally gives, the bands release, and the ego undifferentiates for good.



16

17



Ego differentiation, the differentiation of selves, is illusory and temporary. The differentiated state amounts to little more than the belief in such thing as a differentiated state.

(16)

The elastic is a kind of slingshot, the ego neither an egg nor a stone but something that shatters before reconfiguring in a slightly altered form, so doing to shatter again until, at last, the elastic breathes its last and the shards escape their gravitational pull, never to assemble in this roughly known formation again, neither to disappear, but rather to join with other shards and assume utterly new, equally temporary forms.

(15)

(12)

This

B



This is depersonalization (unpersonalization?) at its most exalted.

(17)

Beyond the illusion of differentiation, past dissolution and dispersal, lies unity.



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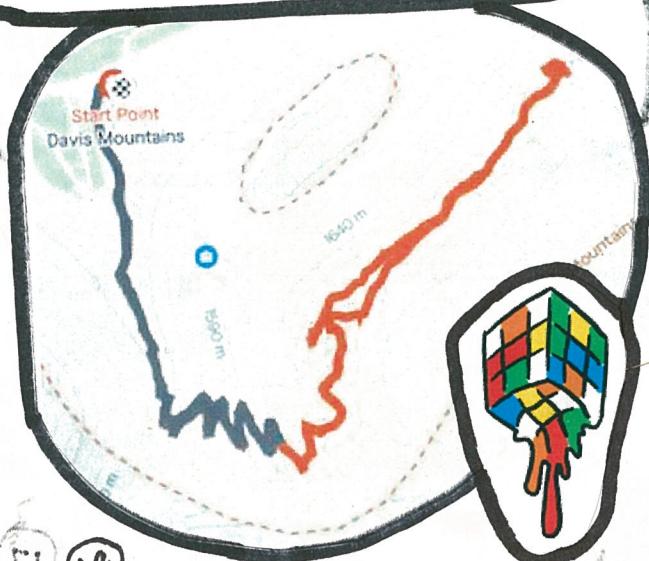
(16)

(15)

Meanwhile, you conceive of the ego as a sort of Rubik's cube wherein at a given time fewer or more of the colors arrive in lesser or greater alignment.

(18)

Your ultimate ego death, your moment of hilarious, permanent release, comes when all of the colored squares align, and the rainbow cube takes on its most harmonious whole.



17

18

The colored squares, though never fully motionless, are subject to periods of relative, exquisite rest within the overriding state of flux. This is one such rest. These voyages foster mergers which, though inadequate, inspire optimism and promise in what lies ahead.

(19)

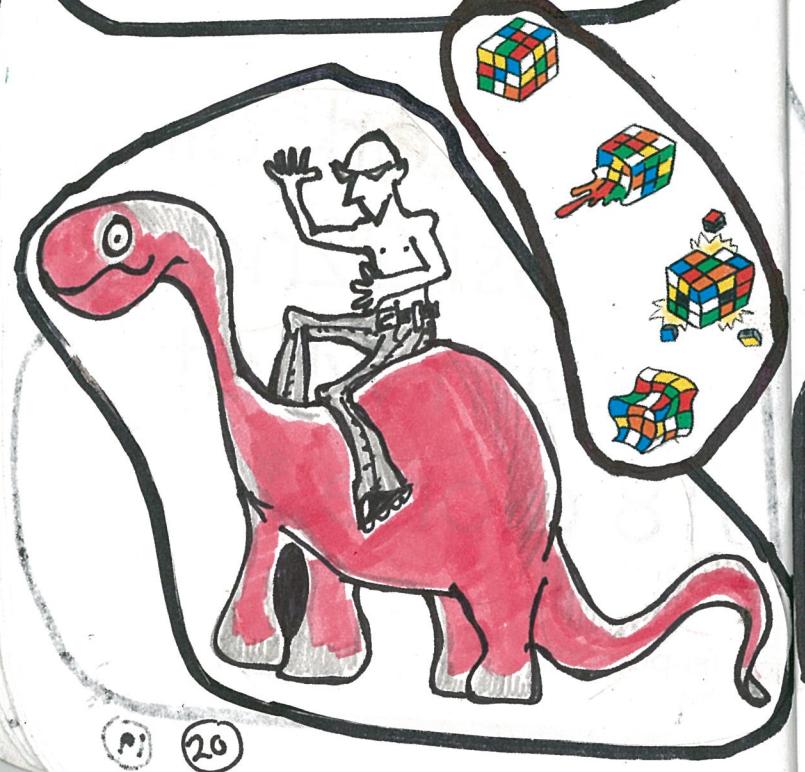
Even in the flux, there is the satisfaction of one pleasingly arranged face, whatever can be said, at that time, of the other five.

20

19

The delta largely promotes embodied delight, while the mushroom delight is unembodied or post-embodied. Both are instructive.

20



21

20

I relate to you as the other human creature, known, even in this incarnation, indistinctly, even irreconcilably by the other creatures in your orbit, to say nothing of your own interior architecture, however shaky or firm, though moreover as a minor moving piece in a vast mosaic in motion, the giddying whirl and smudge of a wildly spinning carousel.

21



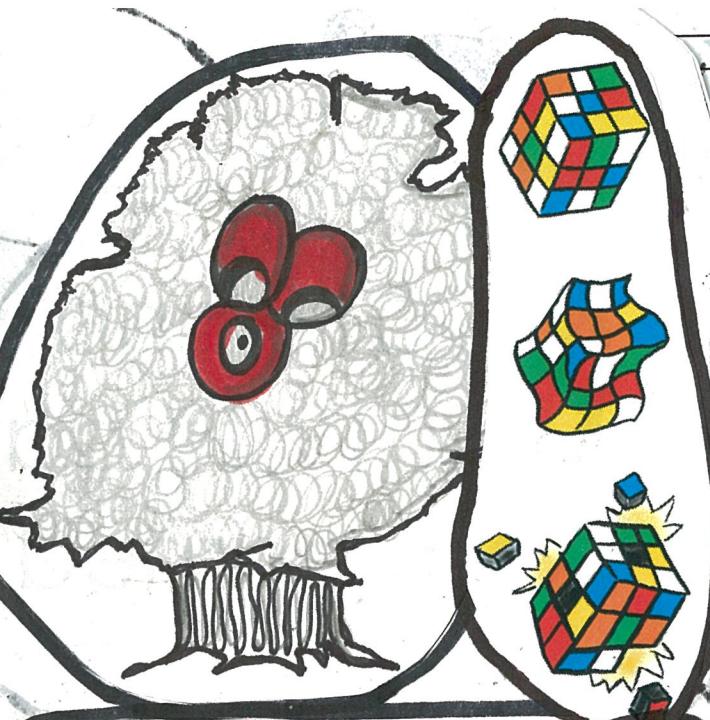
21

Connection and compassion permeate.

You feel huge and massive, while at the same time frail, wounded and woundable. I want to reassure you that you'll be fine even after you cease to be you, that perhaps you never were, not in any permanent way, not in the way of your constituent pieces, not as anything more than a blip—all of which is fundamentally fine.



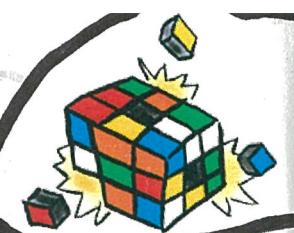
12



Nearly everything we frame as the self amounts to a shimmering, incidentally pleasing but ultimately insubstantial mirage—heat waves on the dusty, brown west Texas rocks.

dusty, 23

3

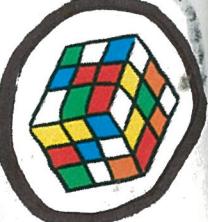


You take the cold plunge, you shiver, and they assure you that you'll get used to it, but so far you never really have.

(24)

You can fake it all you want, insofar as you can, but you suspect, you even know, that there is no making it to be had, that making it is as chimerical as the mirage of the self.

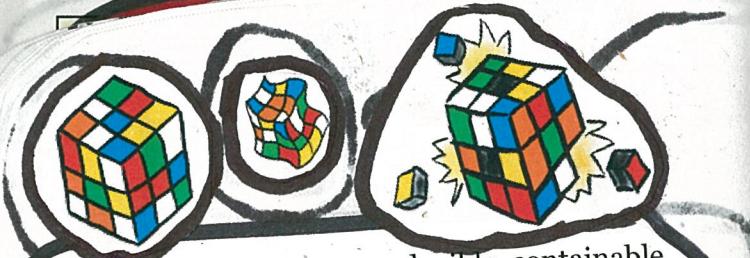
There is no way to find out and no way to know, and everything, however minuscule or monumental, recedes.



what you experience as a partial alignment of your Rubik's cube I feel as the fermata, the incomplete but deeply desired cessation of all desire, all striving, all desire and striving suspended in the moment, the moment suspended in amber, and the struggle rendered inconsequential, left for the nonce behind.

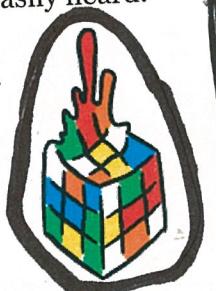
(25)

There are notes, there are measures, there are rests and fermatas, verses or movements, songs or sonatas, and there are codas. The song ends, but the notes don't die so much as dissipate and await rearrangement, potential-laden.



We conceive of a given reproducible, containable sequence of notes and rests as a cohesive whole, as a sonata, as if they can be captured and held and understood, but the notes exist outside the sonata, without beginning or end, concomitant with the rests, if more easily heard.

Nothing stops.



Nothing ends.

Nothing dies.

Nothing stays

Nothing stays the same.

ervice*	47475	Betsey Blanche	47529
umber	49682	Julie Brown	49608
rbside	47404		47547
c staff	47416		7532
c staff	47496		601
'Brien	47588		343
eyes*	49602		7550
teger	47431		9607
			7548
Desk	47410		7360
Desk	49633		7330
Cook	49620	Lean Oswald	47428
lihan	47545	Bryce Wilson	47339
feler	47347		
abek	49625		
arcia*	49632		

