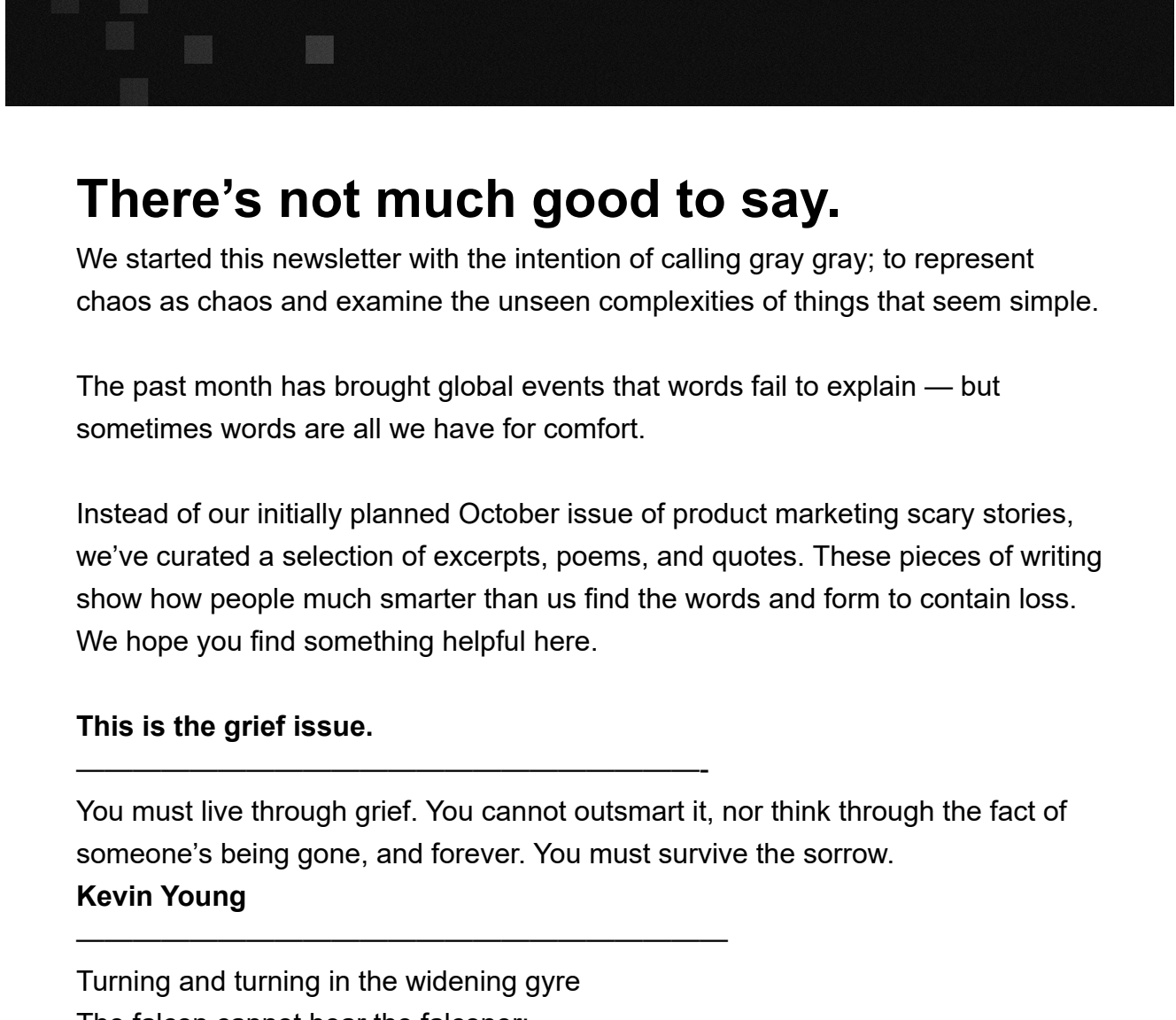


A Newsletter from

ARTICLE GROUP

Human Conditions

Exploring the messy, contradictory, and sorrowful side of creativity



There's not much good to say.

We started this newsletter with the intention of calling gray gray; to represent chaos as chaos and examine the unseen complexities of things that seem simple.

The past month has brought global events that words fail to explain — but sometimes words are all we have for comfort.

Instead of our initially planned October issue of product marketing scary stories, we've curated a selection of excerpts, poems, and quotes. These pieces of writing show how people much smarter than us find the words and form to contain loss. We hope you find something helpful here.

This is the grief issue.

You must live through grief. You cannot outsmart it, nor think through the fact of someone's being gone, and forever. You must survive the sorrow.

Kevin Young

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
from The Second Coming by W. B. Yeats

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.
from Funeral Blues by W.H. Auden

Someone is dead.
Even the trees know it.

Those poor old dancers who come on lewdly,
all pea-green scarfs and spine pole.

I think...

I think I could have stopped it,
if I'd been as firm as a nurse
or noticed the neck of the driver
as he cheated the crosstown lights;
or later in the evening,
if I'd held my napkin over my mouth.

I think I could...

if I'd been different, or wise, or calm.

I think I could have charmed the table,
the stained dish or the hand of the dealer.

But it's done.

It's all used up.

There's no doubt about the trees
spreading their thin feet into the dry grass.

A Canada goose rides up,
spread out like a gray suede shirt,

honking his nose into the March wind.

In the entryway a cat breathes calmly
into her watery blue fur.

The supper dishes are over and the sun
unaccustomed to anything else

goes on the way down.
Lament by Anne Sexton

"Why are you crying, mama?" he asked; the
minute his feet touched the floor he recognized his mother's face.

"Your father is dead," she said.

And then, as if her coiled grief had suddenly
burst free, she turned and turned in a tight

circle until hands grasped her shoulders and
stopped the spiraling of her tortured body.

Through the door he could see the dawn.

There were no stars. Only a leaden gray sky
still untouched by the rays of the sun. A drab

light that seemed more like the onset of
night than the beginning of day.

from Pedro Páramo by Juan Rufo

Dawn...It was time for us to gather up Father's ashes. Each of us picked up a pair
of hollow chopsticks and walked to Adashi moor. Even the last traces of smoke
had disappeared this morning, and there was only the sound of the wind blowing
uneasily in the pines. When I had come back on that night the third month, I had
received the joyful cup of wine. Now, at dawn, I was gathering up the sad white
bones of parting. The world is like a rope, plaited with strands of joy and anger,
pain and pleasure. All that meets will part. This present state of affairs should not
surprise me, but until now I had always relied on Father whenever I returned to
my village. From now on, whose strength could I depend on? I have no wife or
child to hold my affection. I haven't a thing to my name and am drifting like foam
on the water, blowing along with the wind like a speck of dust. Yet this string of
beads that is my life is difficult to snap.

Left behind
and drenched as the grass,

with drops of dew.

...

We cannot make water flow back again, we cannot return fire to the flint. No
matter how many regrets we may have, they are all useless. Each of the relatives
on whom we think we can rely will pass on to decay. Ah, this lonely orphan Issa,
abandoned like someone banished to an unknown land! How pitious I felt.
from Journal of My Father's Last Days by Kobayashi Issa, trans. R. Huey

The mower stalled, twice; kneeling, I found
A hedgehog jammed up against the blades.
Killed. It had been in the long grass.
I had seen it before, and even fed it, once.
Now I had maulled its unobtrusive world
Unmendably. Burial was no help:
Next morning I got up and it did not.

The first day after a death, the new absence
is always the same; we should be careful

Of each other, we should be kind
While there is still time.

The Mower by Philip Larkin

In mourning we found that the inhibition and loss of interest are fully accounted for
by the work of mourning in which the ego is absorbed. In melancholia, the
unknown loss will result in a similar internal work and will therefore be responsible
for the melancholic inhibition. The difference is that the inhibition of the
melancholic seems puzzling to us because we cannot see what it is that is
absorbing him so entirely. The melancholic displays something else besides what
is lacking in mourning — an extraordinary diminution in his self-regard, an
impoverishment of his ego at a grand scale.

from Mourning and Melancholia by Sigmund Freud

Soft.

Slight.

Like light, like a child's foot talcum-dusted and kissed.

like stroke-reversing suede, like dust, like pins and needles, like a

promise, like a curse, like seeds, like everything grained, plaited, linked,

or numbered, like everything nature-made and violent and quiet.

It is all completely missing. Nothing patient now.

from Grief is the thing with Feathers by Max Porter

I had seen nothing beyond life and accepted it as ultimate truth. When of a
sudden death came, and in a moment tore a gaping rent in its life's smooth-
seeming fabric, I was utterly bewildered. All around, the trees, the soil, the water,
the sun, the moon, the stars, remained as immovably true as before, and yet the
person who was as truly there, who, through a thousand points of contact with
life, mind and heart, was ever so much more true for me, had vanished in a
moment like a dream. What perplexing self-contradiction it all seemed to me as I
looked around! How was I ever to reconcile what remained with which had gone?

from My Reminiscents by Rabindranath Tagore

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere

In obstinate condolence is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd: whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love

Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire.

And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
from Hamlet by William Shakespeare

There is a loneliness that can be rocked. Arms crossed, knees drawn up, holding,
holding on, this motion, unlike a ship's, smooths and contains the rocker. It's an
inside kind--wrapped tight like skin. Then there is the loneliness that roams. No
rocking can hold it down. It is alive. On its own. A dry and spreading thing that
makes the sound of one's own feet going seem to come from a far-off place.

from Beloved by Toni Morrison

Today, like every other day, we wake up empty
and frightened. Don't open the door to the study
and begin reading. Take down a musical instrument.

Let the beauty we love be what we do.

There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground.

Today, like every other day by Rumi, trans. Coleman Barks

Woke up early this morning and from my bed
looked far across the Strait to see

a small boat moving through the choppy water,
a single running light on. Remembered

my friend who used to shout
his dead wife's name from the hilltops

around Perugia. Who set a plate
for her at his simple table long after

she was gone. And opened the windows
so she could have fresh air. Such display

I found embarrassing. So did his other
friends. I couldn't see it.

Not until this morning.
Grief by Raymond Carver

Denial, Anger, Bargaining, Depression and Acceptance

The stages have evolved since their introduction and they have been very
misunderstood over the past three decades. They were never meant to help tuck
messy emotions into neat packages. They are responses to loss that many
people have, but there is not a typical response to loss as there is no typical loss.
Our grief is as individual as our lives.

from Five Stages of Grief by Elizabeth Kubler-Ross

*Remember to, when despair menaces that kind of giving in to it
will only disturb the one who has died. Your sorrow may even
drag her back from the path she may be taking toward a good
rebirth. And if you are consumed by grief you will cripple yourself
from being able to help her. The steadier you are, the more positive
your state of mind, the more comfort you will give her, and the
more you will enable her to free herself.*

*When you are sad, have the courage to say to yourself: "Whatever feelings
I am experiencing, they will all pass: even if they
return, they cannot last" just as long as you do not try to prolong
them, all your feelings of loss and grief will naturally begin to dissolve and fall
away.*

from The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying by Sogyal Rinpoche

No one ever told me that grief felt so like fear. I am not
afraid, but the sensation is like being afraid. The same
fluttering in the stomach, the same restlessness, the
yawning. I keep on swallowing.

At other times it feels like being mildly drunk, or
concussed. There is a sort of invisible blanket between the world and
me. I find it hard to take in what anyone says. Or perhaps, hard to
want to take it in. It is so uninteresting. Yet I want the others to be
about me. I dread the moments when the house is empty. If only they
would talk to one another and not to me.

CHORUS Observed by C.S. Lewis

HERALD First-come of the returners, welcome here.

HERALD I am well come indeed; complete and beyond death's fear.

CHORUS You feared to be robbed of return to your fatherland?

HERALD That was the fear filled these eyes where joy's tears now stand.

CHORUS Then we may rejoice that the army too knew this disease.

HERALD The army too? Were you not at peace here? At ease?

CHORUS Our time was like yours. It was fear and longing and loss.

HERALD From the overseas army, our grief for you echoed across?

CHORUS Time of echoes and rebounds of bitterness, truly, it was.

HERALD And this fit of heartickness fell on my homeland because...?

CHORUS My oldest recourse against trouble's to hold my tongue.

HERALD Some trouble, some fear, the lords being away so long?

CHORUS Your words to describe it, "beyond death's fear", are not wrong.

HERALD Beyond fear—for all is done well!

Or mostly so:

in a long war it's sure collateral damage will come.

Whose lives escape all blame, all trouble? Only the gods'.

Oh, I could speak of hardships and ill-lodgings!

No bed but the verminous straw on the tramping deck,

day after day on the bile-green-sliding sea:

when you can't see the land, what doesn't make you sick?

Yet when we made landfall things got even worse,

bivouacked within bowshot of Troy's walls

in a mildew marsh that bubbled mephitic mists,

our hair and our clothes alive with crawling horrors.

Or we could talk of the bird-killing cold of the winters,

the unbearable cold that blew from the high snows of Ida.

Or again of the heat, the doldrum heat of the sea,

the waveless and windless aesthes of blank noon.

from Agamemnon by Aeschylus

Cremated. Something clicked inside Jess's head. That meant Leslie was gone.
Turned to ashes. He would never see her again. Not even dead. Never. How
could they dare? Leslie belonged to him. More to him than anyone in the world.
No one had even asked him. No one had even told him. And now he was never
going to see her again, and all they could do was cry. Not for Leslie. They weren't
crying for Leslie. They were crying for themselves. Just themselves. If they'd
cared at all for Leslie, they would have never brought her to this rotten
place. He had to hold tightly to his hands for fear he might sock Bill in the face.

He, Jess, was the only one who really cared for Leslie. But Leslie had failed him.
She went and died just when he needed her the most. She went and left him. She
went swinging on that rope just to show him that she was no coward. So there,
Jess Aarons. She was probably somewhere tight now laughing at him. Making fun
of him like he was Mrs. Myers. She had tricked him. She had made him leave his
old self behind and come into her world, and then before he was really at home in
it but too late to go back, she had left him stranded there like an astronaut
wandering about on the moon. Alone.

from Bridge to Terabithia by Katherine Paterson

I sleep with a glass of water on the nightstand so I can see by its level if the
coastal earth is trembling or if the shaking is still me.

What do I remember?

I remember only the useless things I hear—that Bob Dylan's mother invented
Wite-Out, that twenty-three people must be in a room before there is a fifty-fifty
chance two will have the same birthday. Who cares whether or not it's true? In my
head there are bath towels swaddling this stuff. Nothing else sleeps through.

I review those things that will figure in the retelling: a kiss through surgical gauze,
the pale hand correcting the position of the wig. I noted these gestures as they
happened, not in any retrospect—though I don't know why looking back should
show us more than looking at.

It is just possible I will say I stayed the night.

And who is there that can say that I did not?

I think of the chimp, the one with the talking hands.

In the course of the experiment, that chimp had a baby. Imagine how her trainers
must have thrilled when the mother, without prompting, began to sign to her
newborn.

Baby, drink milk.

Baby, play ball.

And when the baby died, the mother stood over the body, her wrinkled hands
moving with animal grace, forming again and again the words: Baby, come hug.

Baby, come hug, flurti now in the language of grief.

from In the Cemetery Where Al Jolson is Buried by Amy Hempel

