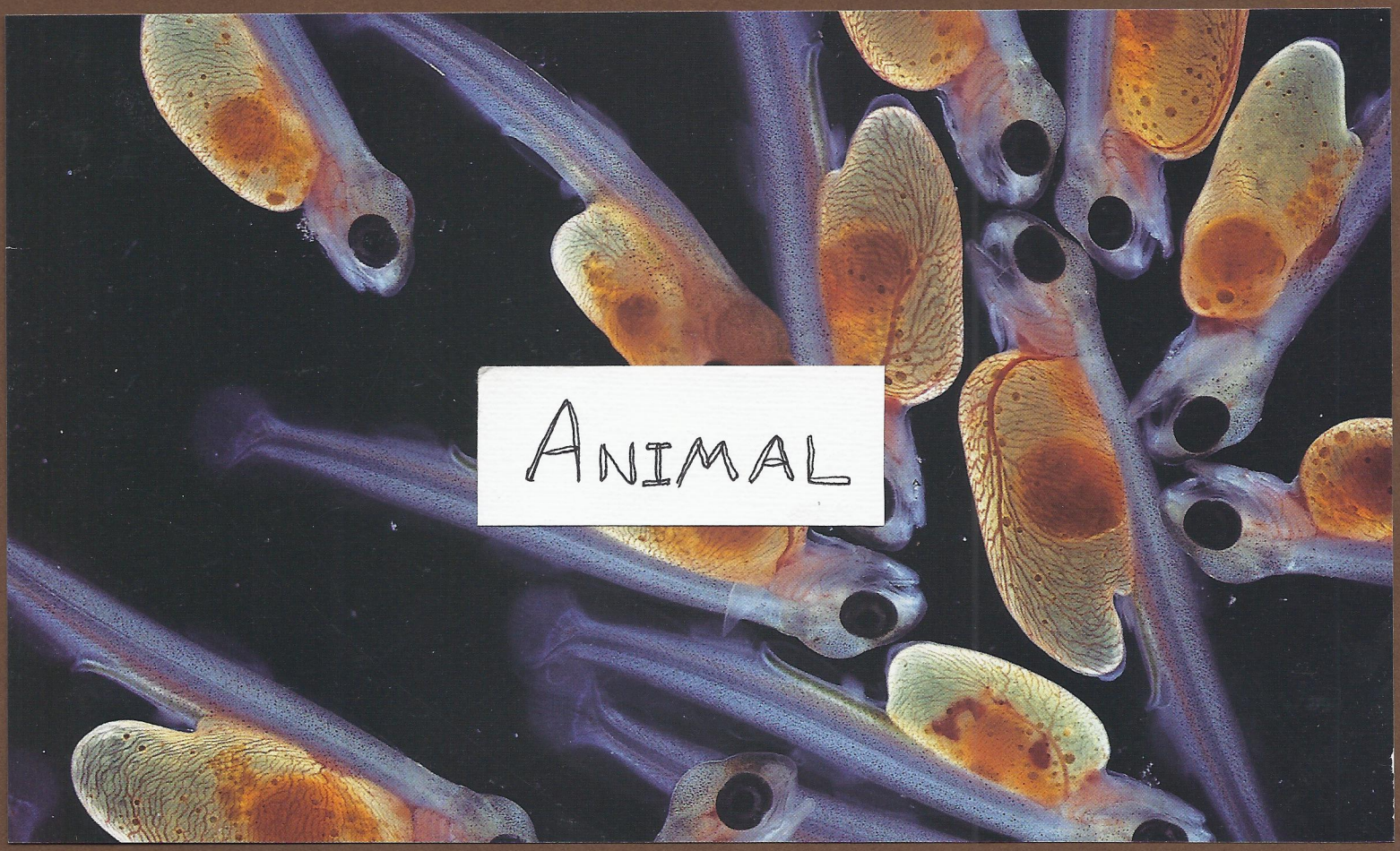
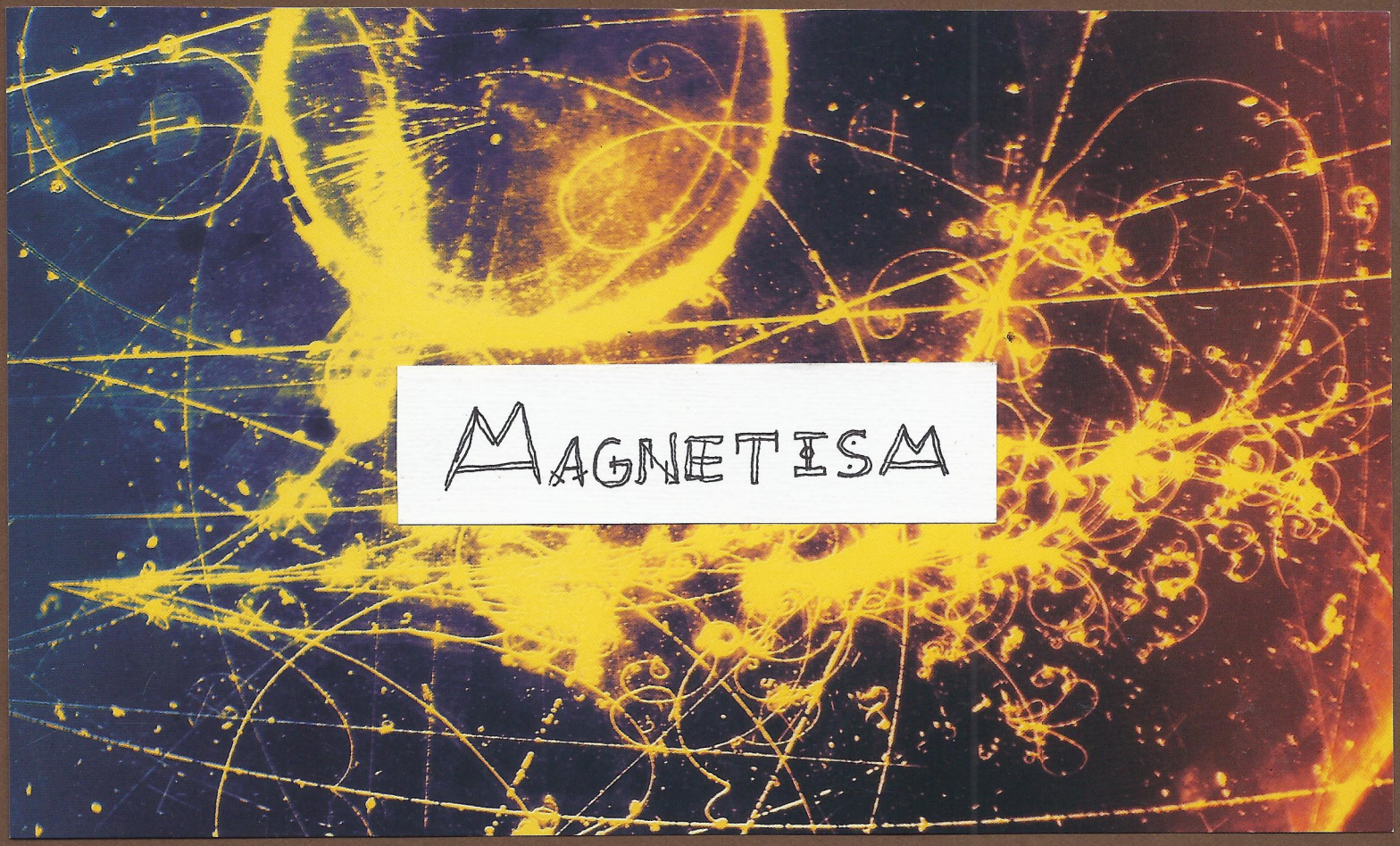
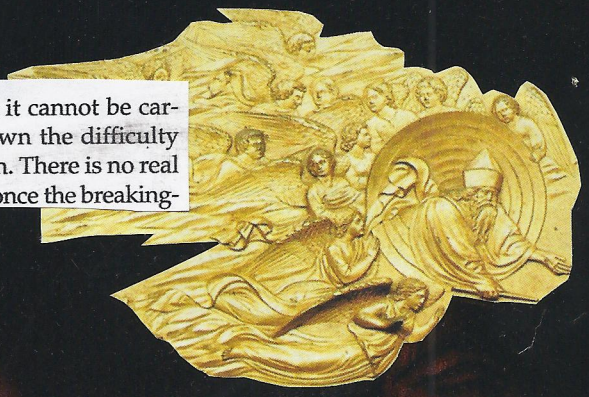

ANIMAL


MAGNETISM

Lévi-Strauss describes *bricolage* as a mythopoetical activity.

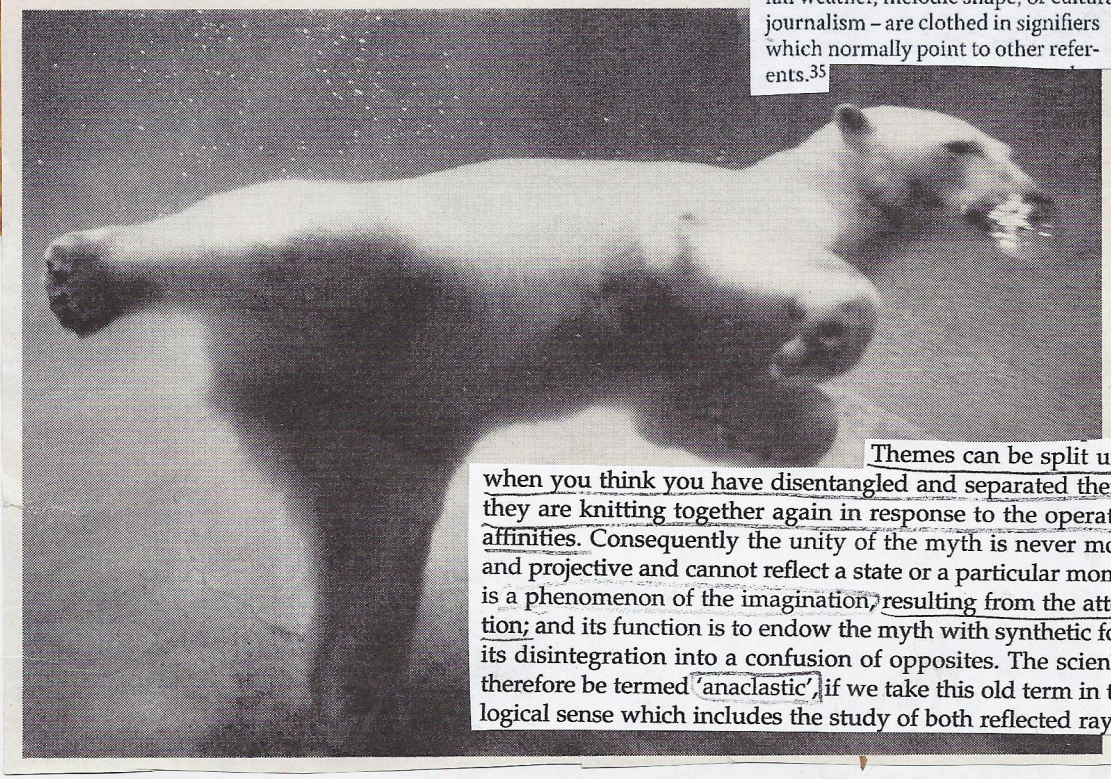
The study of myths raises a methodological problem, in that it cannot be carried out according to the Cartesian principle of breaking down the difficulty into as many parts as may be necessary for finding the solution. There is no real end to methodological analysis, no hidden unity to be grasped once the breaking-down process has been completed.



Nothing in this document is my own. I function as the lens through which the myriad multiples of others refract. I am not the author, in the sense that "the author is the entity responsible for the text". I am an interpreter and a thief and a bricoleur.

– Colton Grainger

Any expressive form works (when it works) by disarranging semantic contexts in such a way that properties conventionally ascribed to certain things are unconventionally ascribed to others, which are then seen actually to possess them. To call the wind a cripple, as Stevens does, to fix tone and manipulate timbre, as Schoenberg does, or, closer to our case, to picture an art critic as a dissolute bear, as Hogarth does, is to cross conceptual wires; the established conjunctions between objects and their qualities are altered and phenomena – fall weather, melodic shape, or cultural journalism – are clothed in signifiers which normally point to other referents.[35]



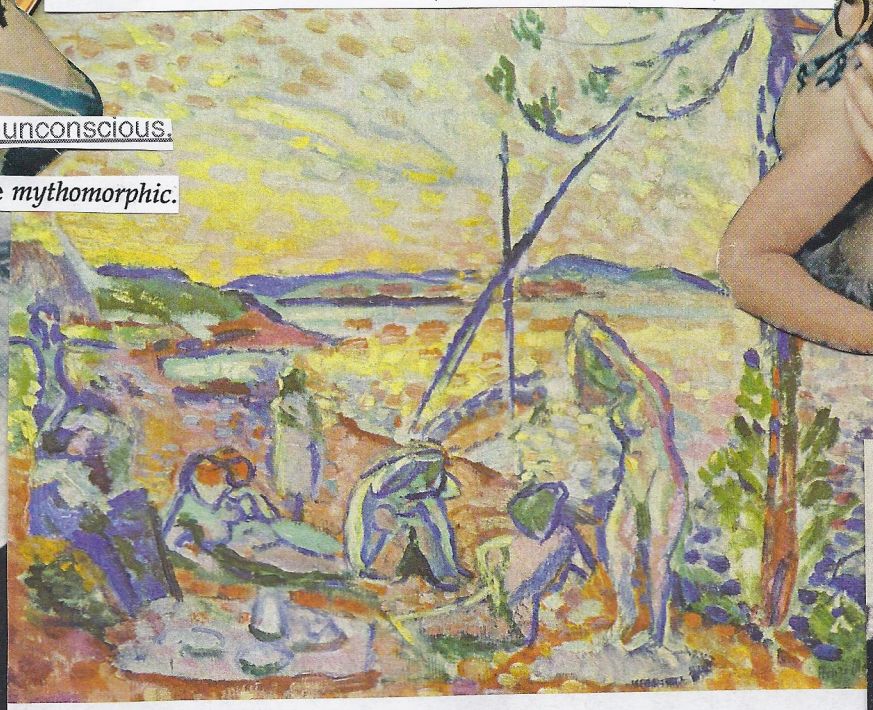
Themes can be split up *ad infinitum*. Just when you think you have disentangled and separated them, you realize that they are knitting together again in response to the operation of unexpected affinities. Consequently the unity of the myth is never more than tendential and projective and cannot reflect a state or a particular moment of the myth. It is a phenomenon of the imagination, resulting from the attempt at interpretation; and its function is to endow the myth with synthetic form and to prevent its disintegration into a confusion of opposites. The science of myths might therefore be termed 'anaclastic', if we take this old term in the broader etymological sense which includes the study of both reflected rays and broken rays.

Logos is a *zoon.* An animal that is born, grows, belongs to the *phusis.* Linguistics, logic, dialectics, and zoology are all in the same camp.

In describing *logos* as a *zoon,* Plato is following certain rhetors and sophists before him who, as a contrast to the cadaverous rigidity of writing, had held up the living spoken word.[7]

a cartographic unconscious.

It must be *mythomorphic.*



HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954). STUDY FOR "LUXE, CALME ET VOLUPTÉ," 1904. (12¾ × 16") JOHN HAY WHITNEY COLLECTION, NEW YORK.

There are more things in mind, in the imagination, than "you" can keep track of—thoughts, memories, images, angers, delights, rise unbidden.

Our bodies are wild. The involuntary quick turn of the head at a shout, the vertigo at looking off a precipice, the heart-in-the-throat in a moment of danger, the catch of the breath, the quiet moments relaxing, staring, reflecting—all universal responses of this mammal body. They can be seen throughout the class.

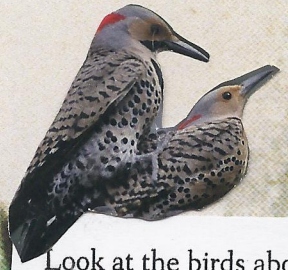
"Whoever told people that 'Mind' means thoughts, opinions, ideas, and concepts? Mind means trees, fence posts, tiles, and grasses," says Dogen (the philosopher and founder of the Soto school of Japanese Zen) in his funny cryptic way.

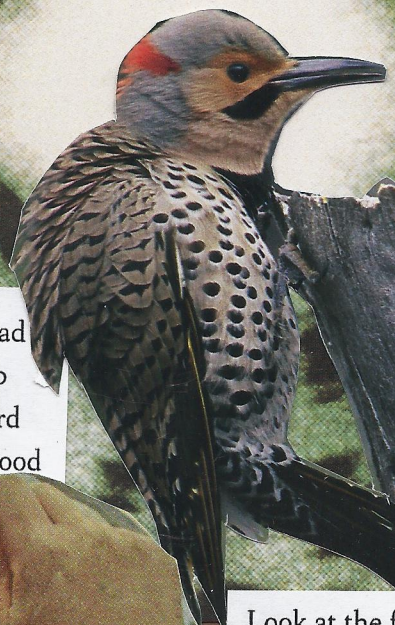
We need symbols and their emotive associations.

3. Nature is the symbol of spirit.

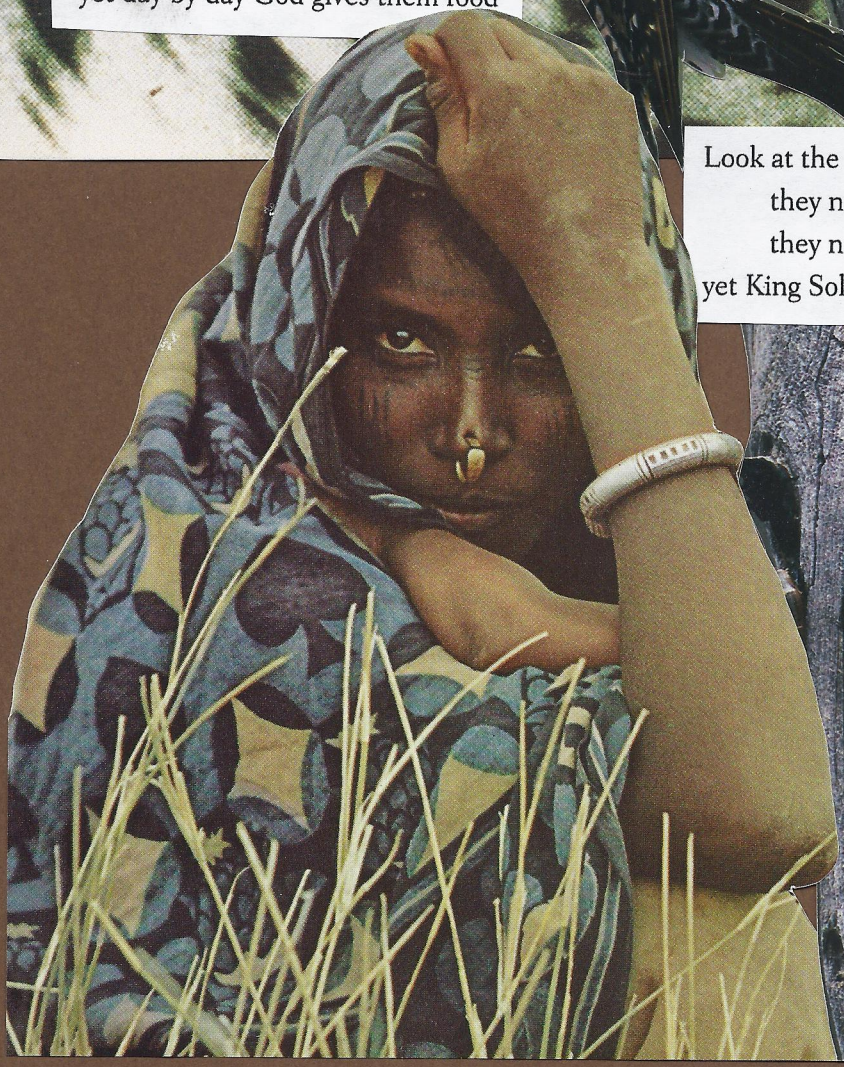
Who looks upon a river in a meditative hour, and is not reminded of the flux of all things? Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence.

The world is watching: one cannot walk through a meadow or forest without a ripple of report spreading out from one's passage. The thrush darts back, the jay squalls, a beetle scuttles under the grasses, and the signal is passed along. Every creature knows when a hawk is cruising or a human strolling. The information passed through the system is intelligence.

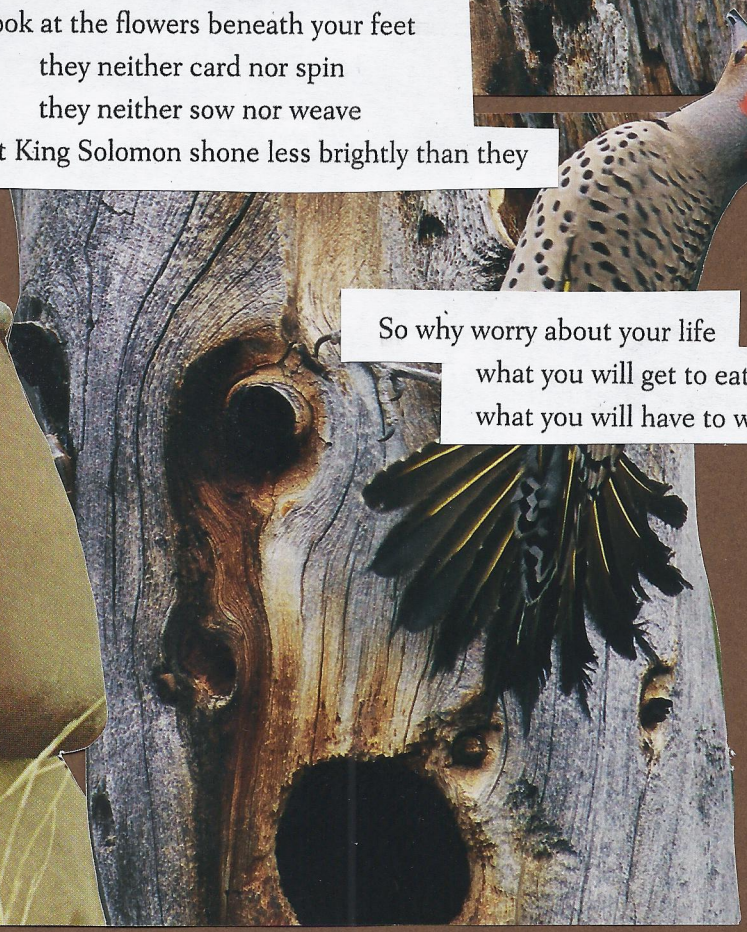




Look at the birds above your head
they neither plant nor reap
they neither store nor hoard
yet day by day God gives them food



Look at the flowers beneath your feet
they neither card nor spin
they neither sow nor weave
yet King Solomon shone less brightly than they



So why worry about your life
what you will get to eat
what you will have to wear

O'Connor's theory and practice mesh. In her critical writings she speaks of the necessity for the fiction writer to have an "anagogical imagination," by which she means "the kind of vision that is able to see different levels of reality in one image or one situation."[18]

προφήτης

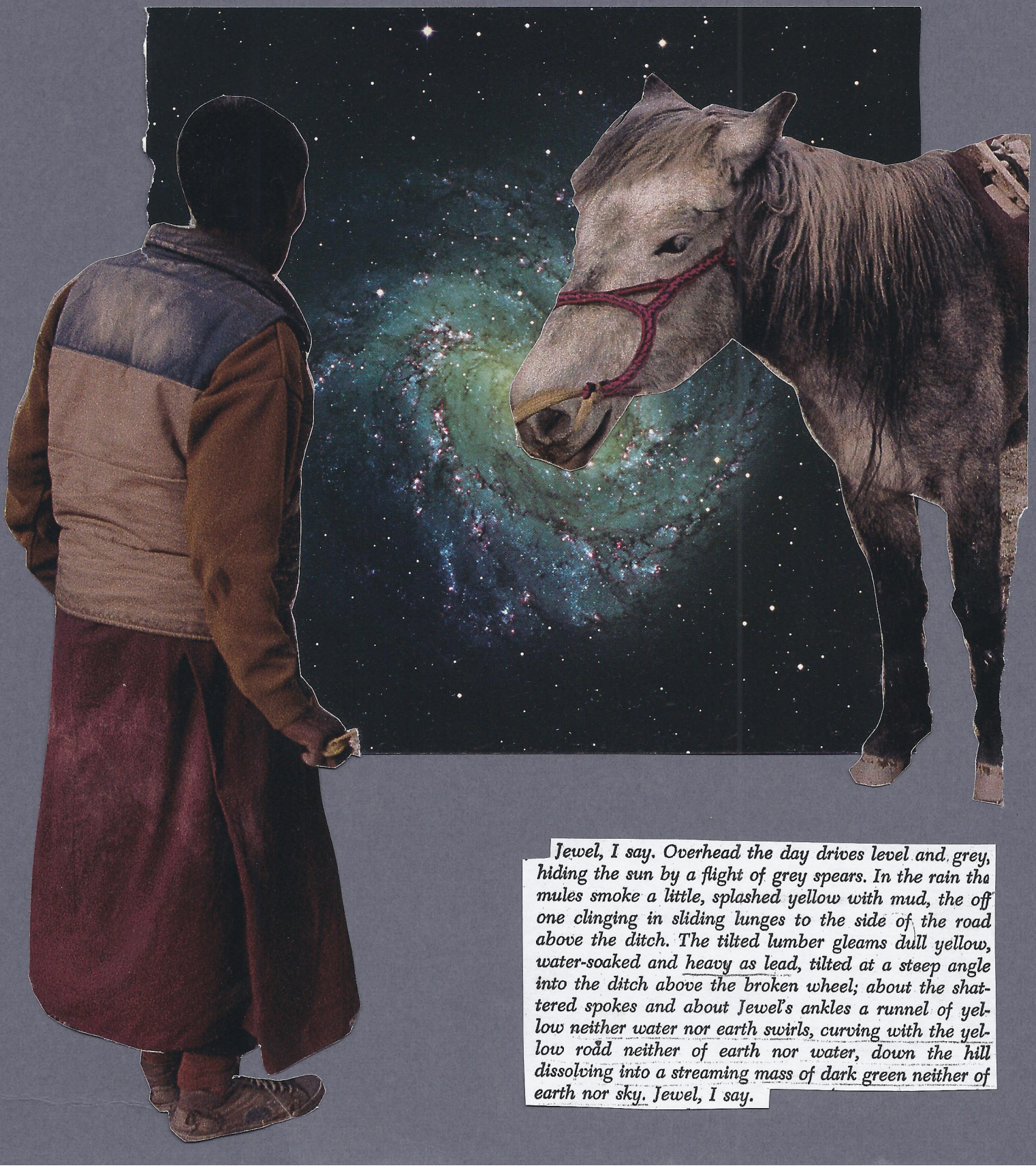
If Faulkner's écriture is prophetic, his archi-écriture is anagogical. In terms of electro-magnetism, his text invites the possibility of parabolic resonance; a single signifier calling others into the text along the lines of metaphor, metonym, and ANACLASIS.

she speaks in slightly different terms of the writer's vision as being similar to that of the prophet: "The prophet is a realist of distances, and it is this kind of realism that goes into great novels. It is the realism which does not hesitate to distort appearances in order to show a hidden truth."[19] The prophet is a "realist of distances," one who sees things with their extensions of meaning, who sees far things close up. It is a double vision: the ability to see the absolute in the concrete and the particular, to hear, in Southern talk, the old Adam.

ἀναγωγή

The Fourierist missionary Jean Journet, ca. 1858. Photo by Nadar.

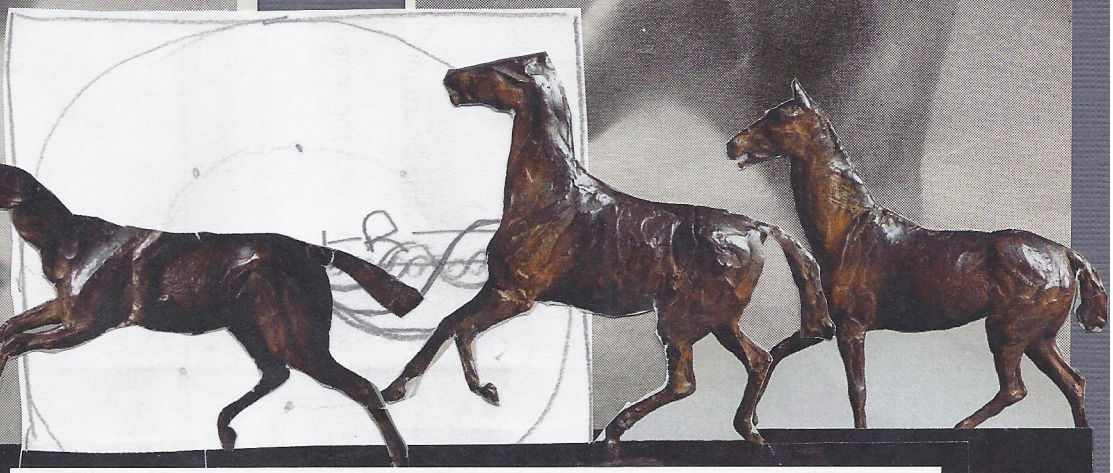
Considering depth as a pale black pool, still and still and flat, which buries itself in silence, dimension becomes a radial span, the hooked curve of refractory light spinning subtle and orthonormal, white once and over again, black patterned cool black patterned in. These waves, coming into Darl's gaze, are emancipated in the loose flesh of the inner pupil and form the stimuli-content-image of his dream.



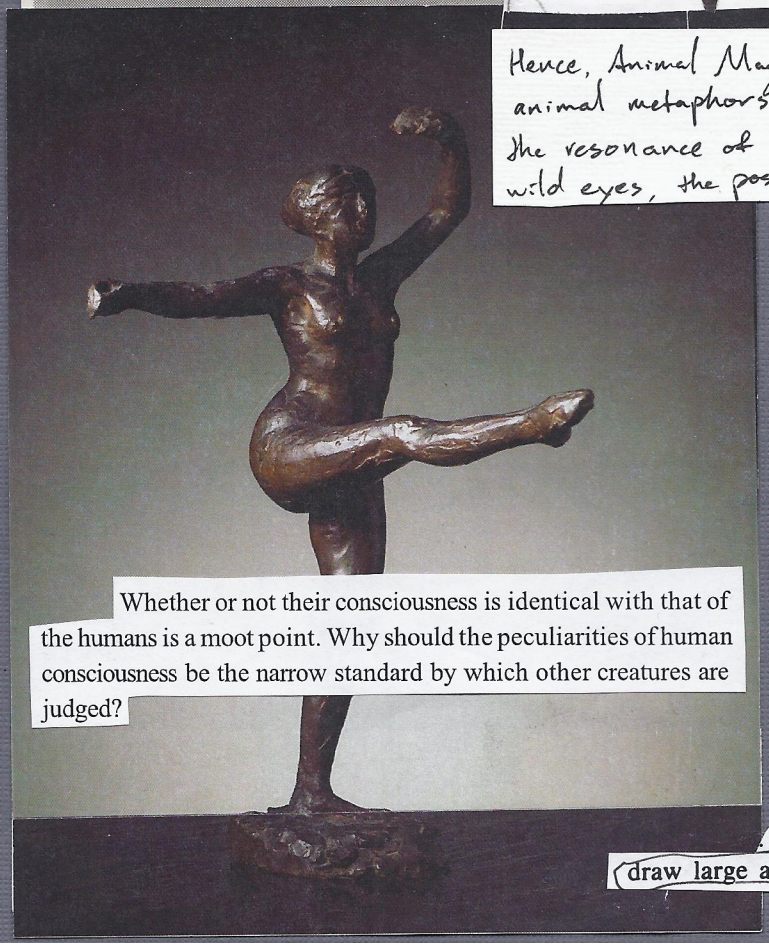
Jewel, I say. Overhead the day drives level and grey, hiding the sun by a flight of grey spears. In the rain the mules smoke a little, splashed yellow with mud, the off one clinging in sliding lunges to the side of the road above the ditch. The tilted lumber gleams dull yellow, water-soaked and heavy as lead, tilted at a steep angle into the ditch above the broken wheel; about the shattered spokes and about Jewel's ankles a runnel of yellow neither water nor earth swirls, curving with the yellow road neither of earth nor water, down the hill dissolving into a streaming mass of dark green neither of earth nor sky. Jewel, I say.

What, then, is Form? Hue? Shade? For one: relative to organ function. Skin thus HEAT and stomach thus SOUL. Eyes beget SIGHT and mouth LUST—food and fire and tastes of the grain: herbs and spices varied and poignant and bitter relieving the pressure of phantom dreams and the crushing weight of wanting. Eating becomes organismal (orgasmal) in its mete of fullness, fuel to the heat sink time of a body's buttery electric flow bending Volts beneath the skin.

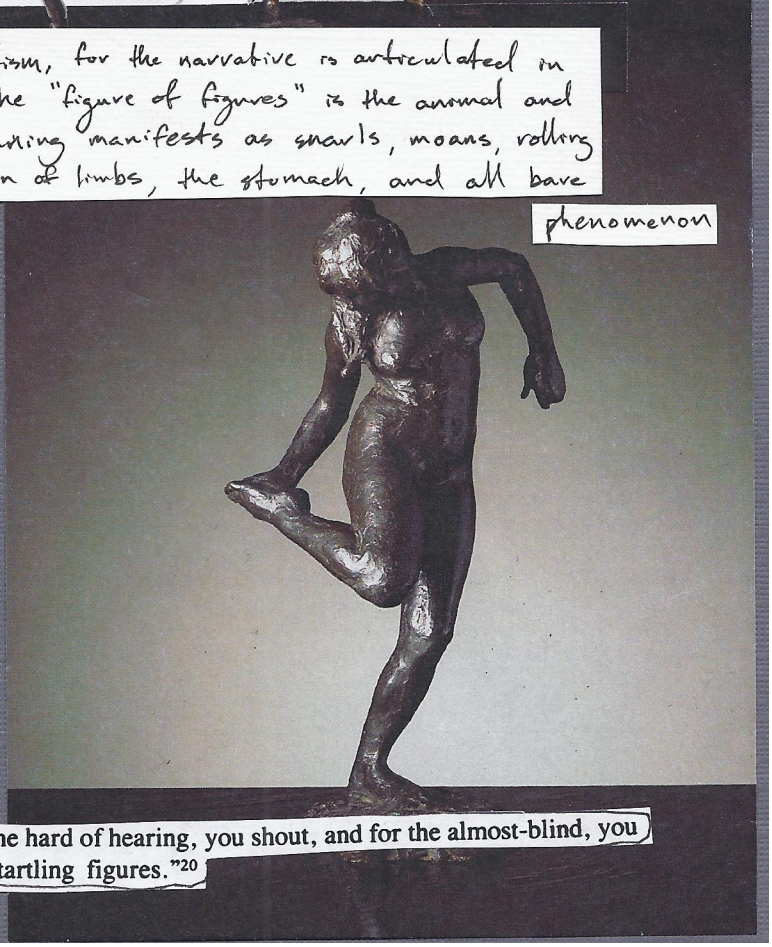
The body does not require the intercession of some conscious intellect to make it breathe, to keep the heart beating. It is to a great extent self-regulating, it is a life of its own. Sensation and perception do not exactly come from outside, and the unremitting thought and image-flow are not exactly outside. The world is our consciousness, and it surrounds us.



Hence, Animal Magnetism, for the narrative is articulated in animal metaphors. The "figure of figures" is the animal and the resonance of meaning manifests as snarls, moans, rolling wild eyes, the position of limbs, the stomach, and all bare phenomenon



Whether or not their consciousness is identical with that of the humans is a moot point. Why should the peculiarities of human consciousness be the narrow standard by which other creatures are judged?



"to the hard of hearing, you shout, and for the almost-blind, you draw large and startling figures."[20]

A landscape haunts, intense as opium.

—Mallarmé ‹"Autrefois, en marge d'un Baudelaire," in *Divagations*›

And I did not think that Darl would, that sits at the supper table with his eyes gone further than the food and the lamp, full of the land dug out of his skull and the holes filled with distance beyond the land.

The whole earth is a great tablet holding the multiple overlaid new and ancient traces of the swirl of forces. Each place is its own place, forever (eventually) wild. A place on earth is a mosaic within larger mosaics—the land is all small places, all precise tiny realms replicating larger and smaller patterns. Children start out learning place by learning those little realms around the house, the settlement, and outward.

ego occupies a very tiny territory,

As I Lay Dying is a thicket, ruin of the country's heart, and an open liver still exhausted from the density of green and black poison: lilting enzymes and shivering molecules. The rot oscillating by degrees, shaped of masks, projections and images, the noticeable qualities thereof constituting the mass plural, which speaks itself forth at once and immediately.

To read what was never written.

—Hofmannsthal[1]

an ethics of ethics

We picked on down the row, the woods getting closer and closer and the secret shade, picking on into the secret shade with my sack and Lafe's sack.

"Body am I, and soul"—thus speaks the child. And why should one not speak like children?

But the awakened and knowing say: body am I entirely, and nothing else; and soul is only a word for something about the body.

"Oh, her," I says. "She just wanted a little ~~medicine.~~

PHARMAKON

And once I wanted to dance as I had never danced before: over all the heavens I wanted to dance.

Men take on the nomos;

And so it was because I could not help it. It was then, and then I saw Darl and he knew. He said he knew without the words like he told me that ma is going to die

Then

you persuaded my dearest singer. And he struck up a horrible dismal tune; alas, he tooted in my ears like a gloomy horn. Murderous singer, tool of malice, most innocent yourself! I stood ready for the best dance, when you murdered my ecstasy with your sounds.

"Hit smells like turpentine," she says.

"Sure," I says. "That's just the beginning of the treatment. You come back at ten o'clock to-night and I'll give you the rest of it and perform the operation."

Only in the dance do I know how to tell the parable of the highest things: and now my highest parable remained unspoken in my limbs.

My highest hope remained unspoken and unredeemed. And all the visions and consolations of my youth died! How did I endure it? How did I get over and overcome such wounds? How did my soul rise again out of such tombs?

I cannot help it. And we picked on toward the secret shade and our eyes would drown together touching on his hands and my hands and I didn't say anything. I said "What are you doing?" and he said "I am picking into your sack." And so it was full when we came to the end of the row and I could not help it.

The cow nuzzles at me, moaning. "You'll just have to wait. What you got in you ain't nothing to what I got in me, even if you are a woman too."

She follows me, moaning. Then the dead, hot, pale air breathes on my face again. He could fix it all right, if he just would. And he don't even know it. He could do everything for me if he just knowed it. The cow breathes upon my hips and back, her breath warm, sweet, stertorous, moaning. The sky lies flat down the slope, upon the secret clumps.

In Klimt's constantly shifting representations of space and substance—from the naturalistically solid through the impressionistically fluid to the abstract and geometrically static—we can see the groping for orientation in a world without secure coordinates.

Beyond the hill sheet-lightning stains upward and fades. The dead air shapes the dead earth in the dead darkness, further away than seeing shapes the dead earth. It lies dead and warm upon me, touching me naked through my clothes.

only through the blows of the switch could my blood and their blood flow as one stream.

. The fish, cut into jagged pieces, bleeds quietly in the pan.

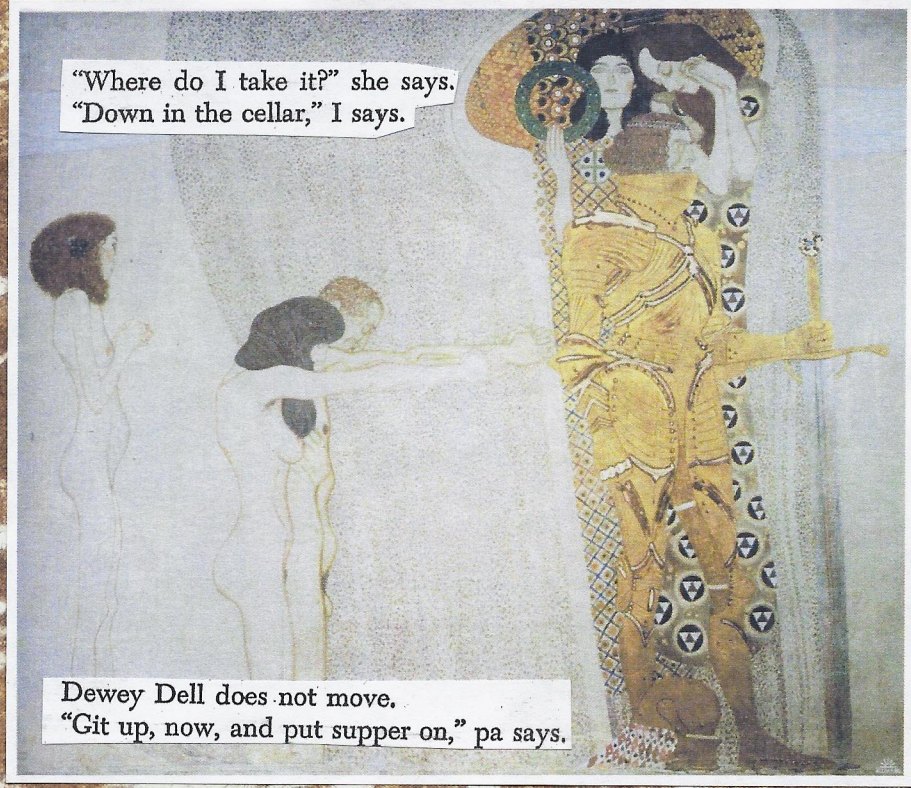
I don't know whether I am worrying or not. Whether I can or not. I don't know whether I can cry or not. I don't know whether I have tried to or not. I feel like a wet seed wild in the hot blind earth.

the metaphysical,

in the flesh or in the spirit

"Who's talking about him?" she says. "Who cares about him?" she says, crying. "I just wish that you and him and all the men in the world that torture us alive and flout us dead, dragging us up and down the country——"

"Now, now," I says. "You're upset."
"Don't you touch me!" she says. "Don't you touch me!"



"Where do I take it?" she says.
"Down in the cellar," I says.

Dewey Dell does not move.
"Git up, now, and put supper on," pa says.

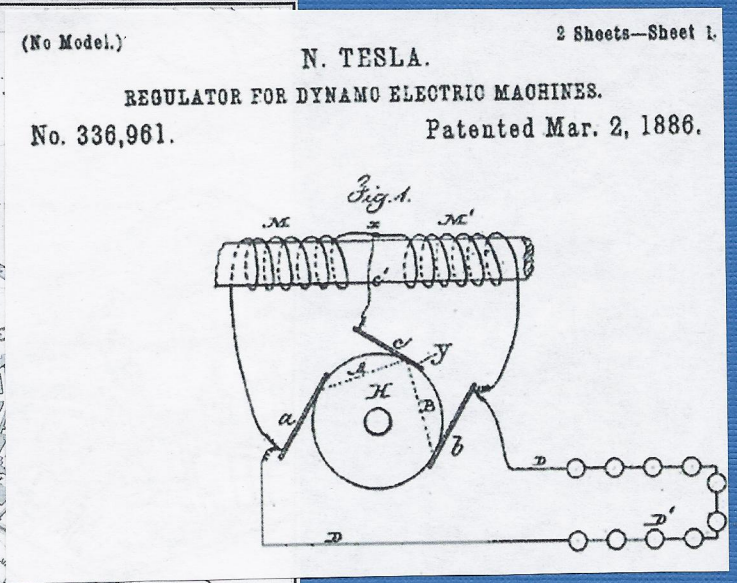
I expect you'd better go and get some supper ready.

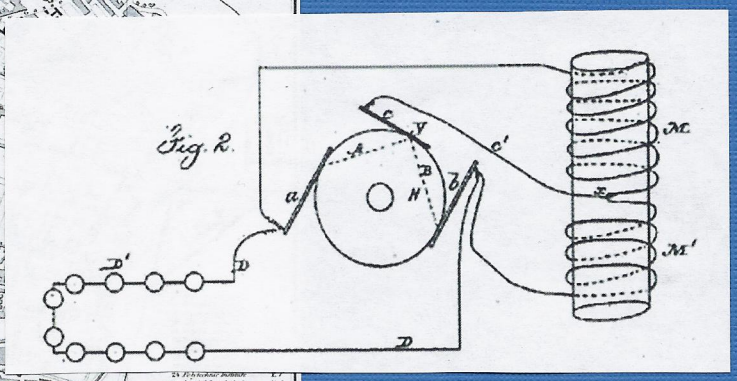
"God's will be done." "Now I can get them teeth."

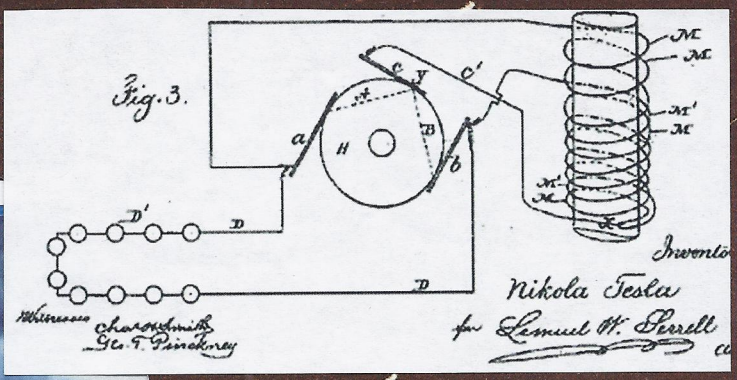
she looking at him, saying You could do so much for me if you just would. If you just knew. I am I and you are you and I know it and you don't know it and you could do so much for me if you just would and if you just would then I could tell you and then nobody would have to know it except you and me and Darl. "We got to

"Will to truth," you who are wisest call that which impels you and fills you with lust?

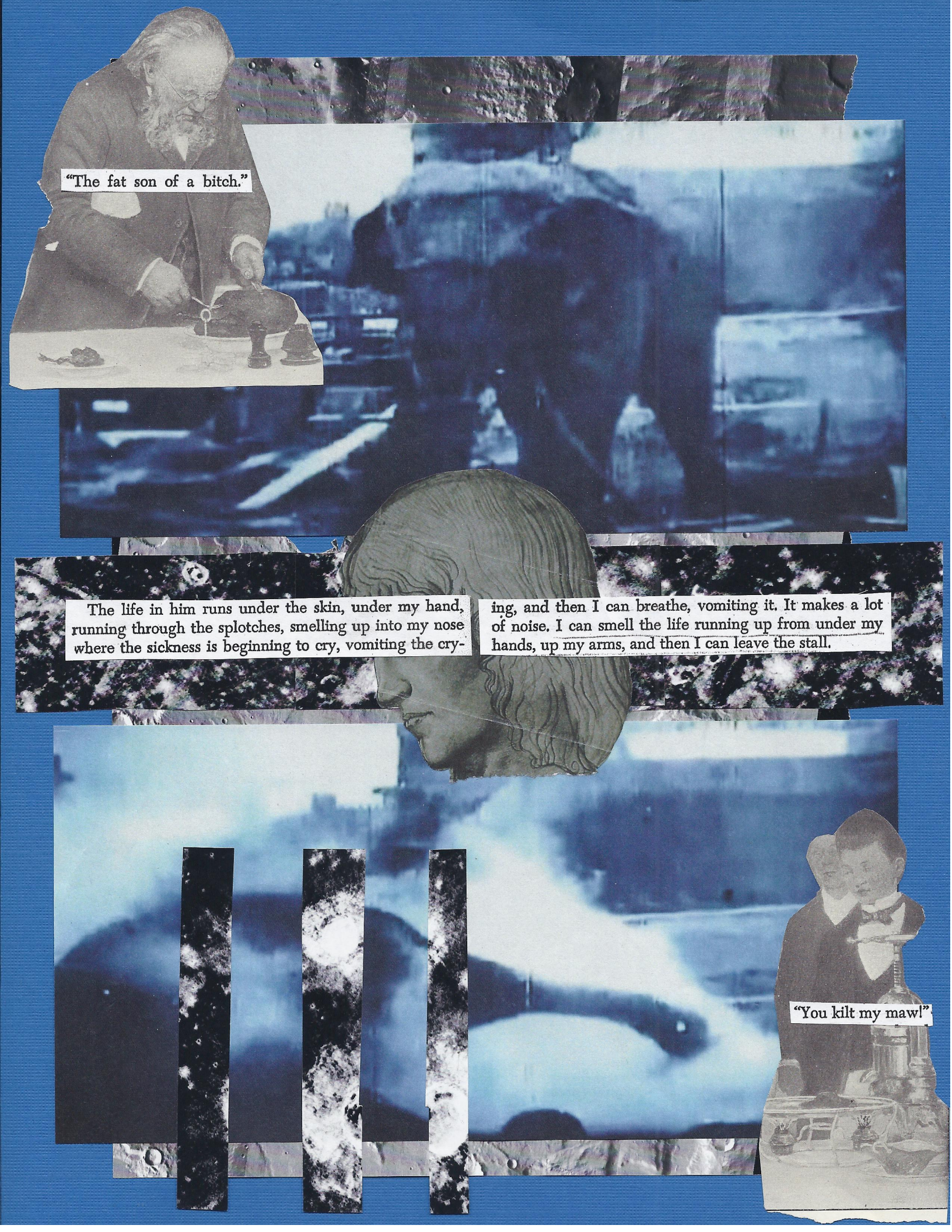
A will to the thinkability of all beings: this *I* call your will. You want to *make* all being thinkable, for you doubt with well-founded suspicion that it is already thinkable. But it shall yield and bend for you. Thus your will wants it. It shall become smooth and serve the spirit as its mirror and reflection.

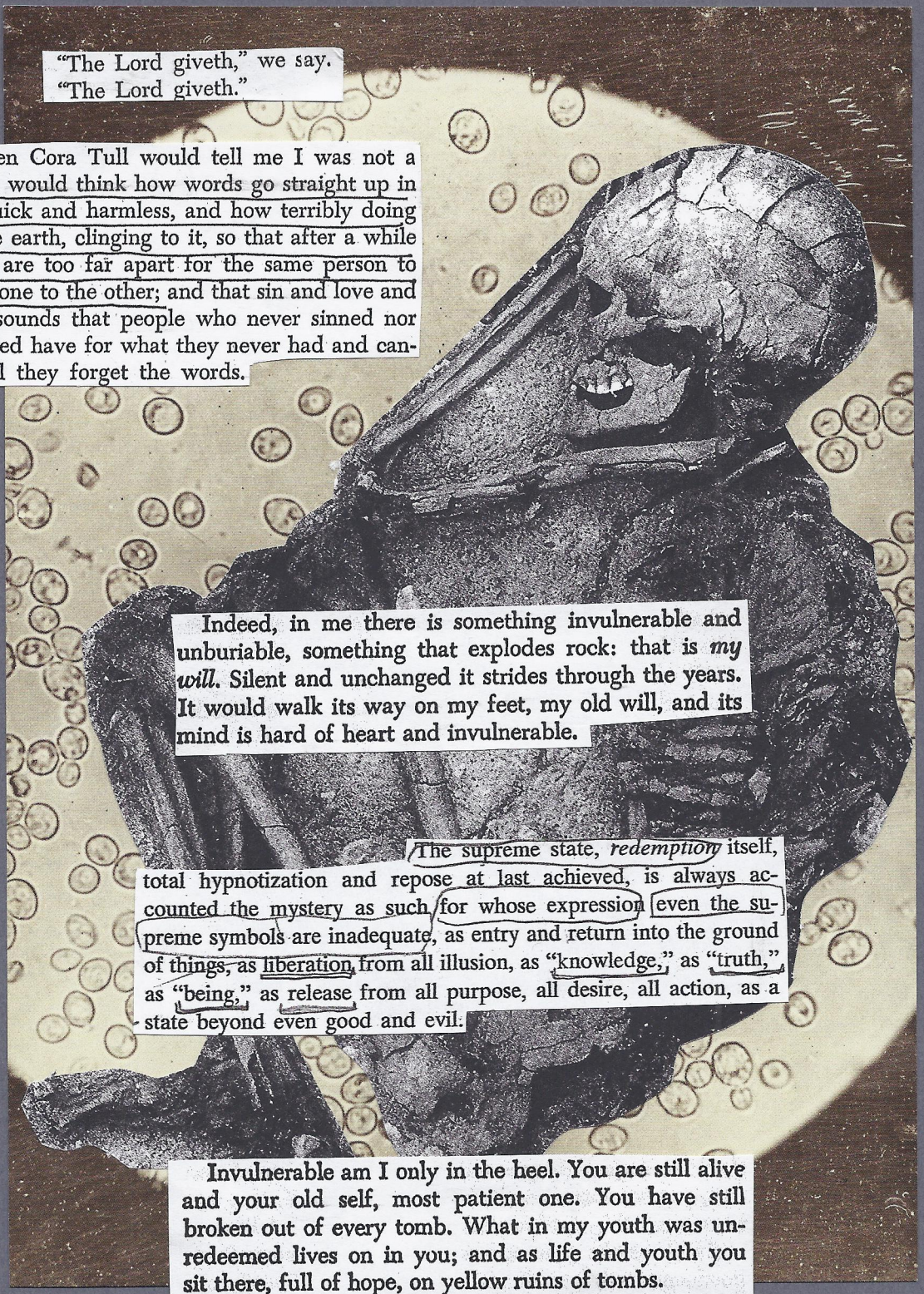






She watches me: I can feel her eyes. It's like she was shoving at me with them. I have seen it before in women. Seen them drive from the room them coming with sympathy and pity, with actual help, and clinging to some trifling animal to whom they never were more than pack-horses. That's what they mean by the love that passeth understanding: that pride, that furious desire to hide that abject nakedness which we bring here with us, carry with us into operating rooms, carry stubbornly and furiously with us into the earth again. I leave the room.


"The fat son of a bitch."
The life in him runs under the skin, under my hand, running through the splotches, smelling up into my nose where the sickness is beginning to cry, vomiting the crying, and then I can breathe, vomiting it. It makes a lot of noise. I can smell the life running up from under my hands, up my arms, and then I can leave the stall.
"You kilt my maw!"



"The Lord giveth," we say.
"The Lord giveth."

And so when Cora Tull would tell me I was not a true mother, I would think how words go straight up in a thin line, quick and harmless, and how terribly doing goes along the earth, clinging to it, so that after a while the two lines are too far apart for the same person to straddle from one to the other; and that sin and love and fear are just sounds that people who never sinned nor loved nor feared have for what they never had and cannot have until they forget the words.

Indeed, in me there is something invulnerable and unburiable, something that explodes rock: that is *my will*. Silent and unchanged it strides through the years. It would walk its way on my feet, my old will, and its mind is hard of heart and invulnerable.

The supreme state, *redemption* itself, total hypnotization and repose at last achieved, is always accounted the mystery as such for whose expression even the supreme symbols are inadequate, as entry and return into the ground of things, as liberation from all illusion, as "knowledge," as "truth," as "being," as release from all purpose, all desire, all action, as a state beyond even good and evil.

Invulnerable am I only in the heel. You are still alive and your old self, most patient one. You have still broken out of every tomb. What in my youth was unredeemed lives on in you; and as life and youth you sit there, full of hope, on yellow ruins of tombs.

Indeed, for me, you are still the shatterer of all tombs. Hail to thee, my will! And only where there are tombs are there resurrections.

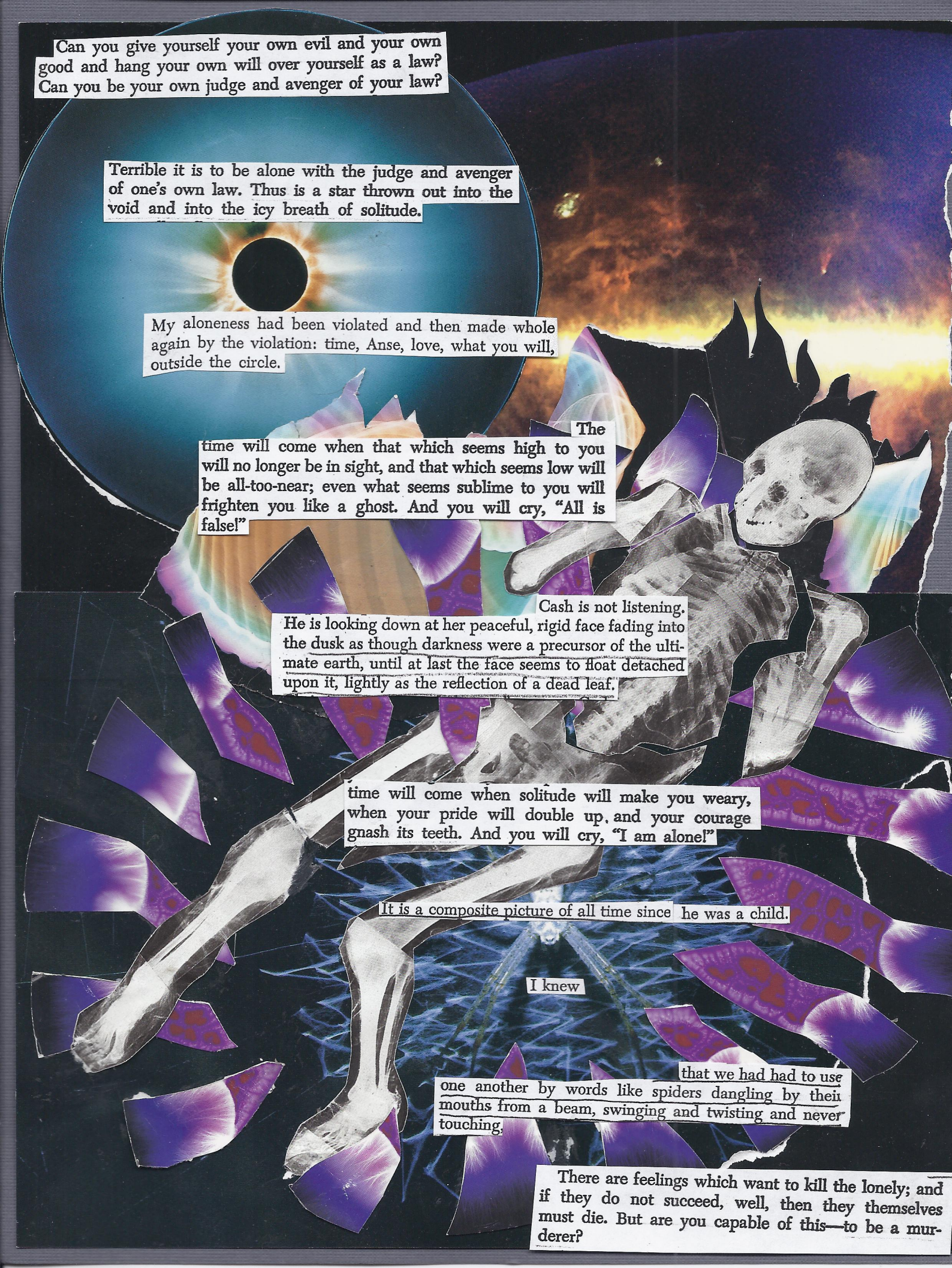
Then I believed that I would kill Anse. It was as though he had tricked me, hidden within a word like within a paper screen and struck me in the back through it. But then I realized that I had been tricked by words older than Anse or love, and that the same word had tricked Anse too, and that my revenge would be that he would never know I was taking revenge.

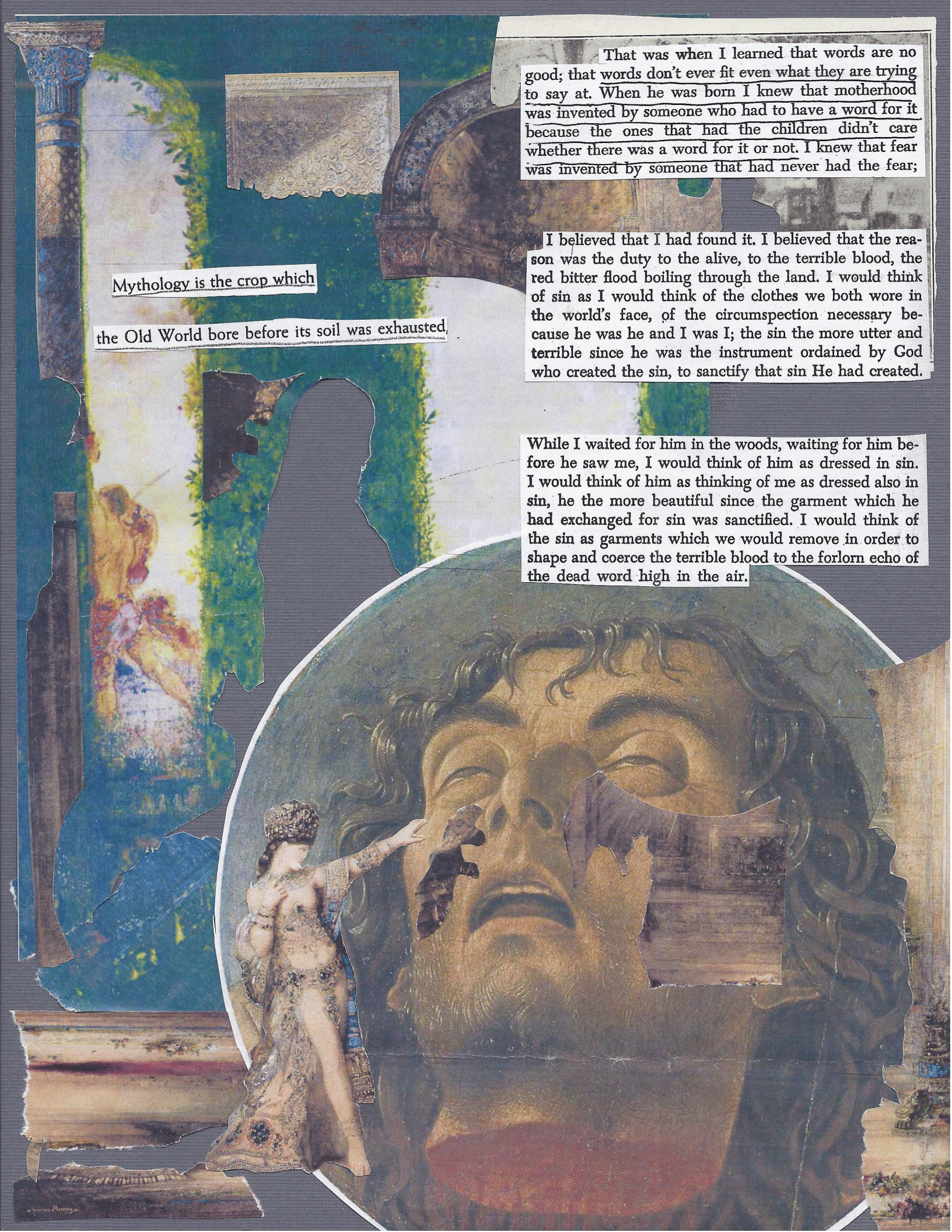
For this is your truth: you are too *pure* for the filth of the words: revenge, punishment, reward, retribution. You love your virtue as a mother her child; but when has a mother ever wished to be paid for her love? Your virtue is what is dearest to you. The thirst of the ring lives in you: every ring strives and turns to reach itself again. And like a dying star is every work of your virtue: its light is always still on its way and it wanders—and when will it no longer be on its way? Thus the light of your virtue is still on its way even when the work has been done. Though it be forgotten and dead, the ray of its light still lives and wanders. That your virtue is your self and not something foreign, a skin, a cloak, that is the truth from the foundation of your souls, you who are virtuous.

"He is my cross and he will be my salvation. He will save me from the water and from the fire. Even though I have laid down my life, he will save me."

"How do you know, without you open your heart to Him and lift your voice in His praise?" I said. Then I realized that she did not mean God. I realized that out of the vanity of her heart she had spoken sacrilege. And I went down on my knees right there. I begged her to kneel and open her heart and cast from it the devil of vanity and cast herself upon the mercy of the Lord.

Then Anse is cursed; he is the germinator and seed of resistance and inertial force; some idiot mass of momentum through and thrown blindly by the wild stigmata of his wife's bleeding word-curse; gaping open upon her split chest like a spider feeding and again taking and telling her no hope was to be found in the great conic opening of Tennessee's white weeping web.


Can you give yourself your own evil and your own good and hang your own will over yourself as a law? Can you be your own judge and avenger of your law?
Terrible it is to be alone with the judge and avenger of one's own law. Thus is a star thrown out into the void and into the icy breath of solitude.
My aloneness had been violated and then made whole again by the violation: time, Anse, love, what you will, outside the circle.
The time will come when that which seems high to you will no longer be in sight, and that which seems low will be all-too-near; even what seems sublime to you will frighten you like a ghost. And you will cry, "All is false!"
Cash is not listening. He is looking down at her peaceful, rigid face fading into the dusk as though darkness were a precursor of the ultimate earth, until at last the face seems to float detached upon it, lightly as the reflection of a dead leaf.
time will come when solitude will make you weary, when your pride will double up, and your courage gnash its teeth. And you will cry, "I am alone!"
It is a composite picture of all time since he was a child.
I knew
that we had had to use one another by words like spiders dangling by their mouths from a beam, swinging and twisting and never touching.
There are feelings which want to kill the lonely; and if they do not succeed, well, then they themselves must die. But are you capable of this—to be a murderer?



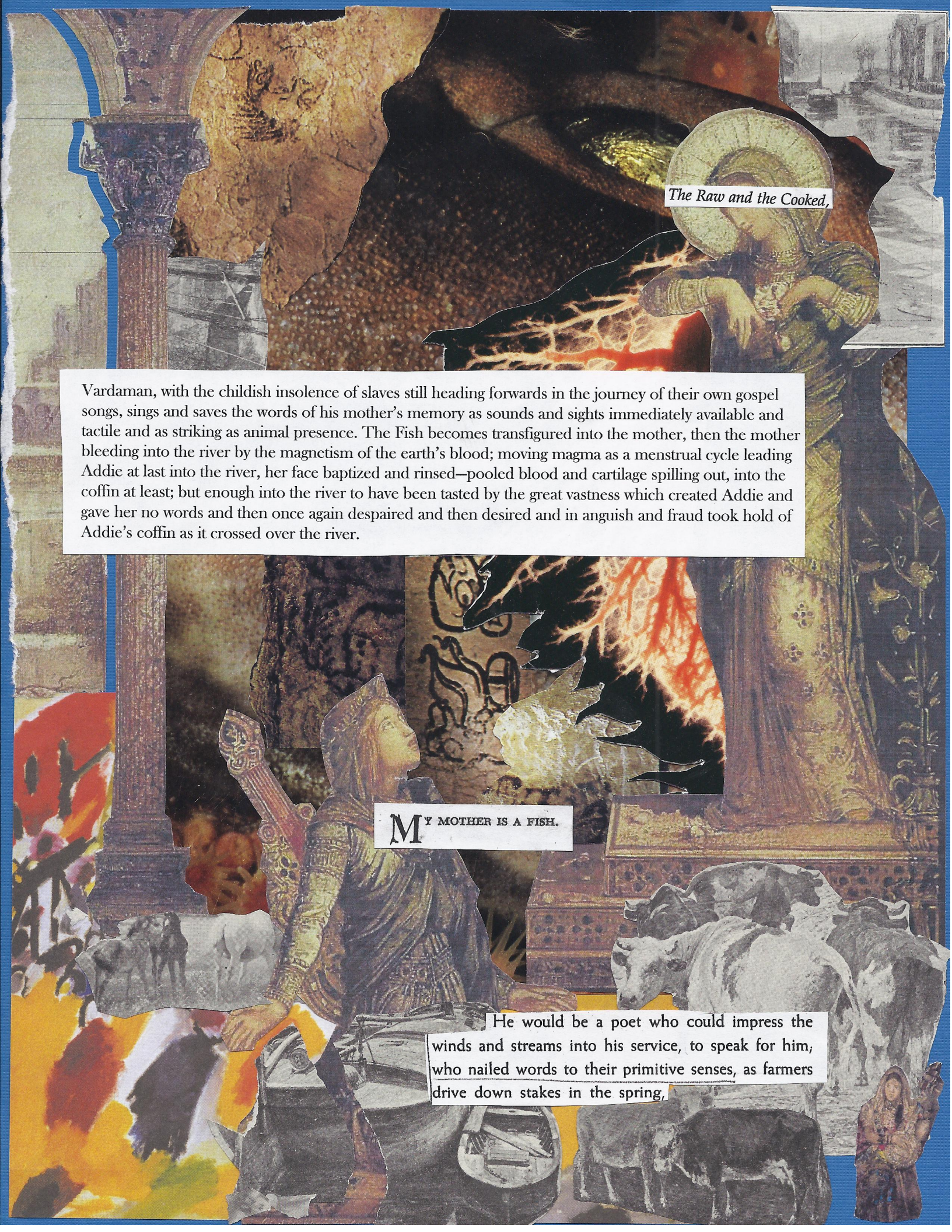
That was when I learned that words are no good; that words don't ever fit even what they are trying to say at. When he was born I knew that motherhood was invented by someone who had to have a word for it because the ones that had the children didn't care whether there was a word for it or not. I knew that fear was invented by someone that had never had the fear;

I believed that I had found it. I believed that the reason was the duty to the alive, to the terrible blood, the red bitter flood boiling through the land. I would think of sin as I would think of the clothes we both wore in the world's face, of the circumspection necessary because he was he and I was I; the sin the more utter and terrible since he was the instrument ordained by God who created the sin, to sanctify that sin He had created.

Mythology is the crop which

the Old World bore before its soil was exhausted,

While I waited for him in the woods, waiting for him before he saw me, I would think of him as dressed in sin. I would think of him as thinking of me as dressed also in sin, he the more beautiful since the garment which he had exchanged for sin was sanctified. I would think of the sin as garments which we would remove in order to shape and coerce the terrible blood to the forlorn echo of the dead word high in the air.


The Raw and the Cooked,
Vardaman, with the childish insolence of slaves still heading forwards in the journey of their own gospel songs, sings and saves the words of his mother's memory as sounds and sights immediately available and tactile and as striking as animal presence. The Fish becomes transfigured into the mother, then the mother bleeding into the river by the magnetism of the earth's blood; moving magma as a menstrual cycle leading Addie at last into the river, her face baptized and rinsed—pooled blood and cartilage spilling out, into the coffin at least; but enough into the river to have been tasted by the great vastness which created Addie and gave her no words and then once again despaired and then desired and in anguish and fraud took hold of Addie's coffin as it crossed over the river.
MY MOTHER IS A FISH.
He would be a poet who could impress the winds and streams into his service, to speak for him, who nailed words to their primitive senses, as farmers drive down stakes in the spring,

The universe is wider than our views of it.