

[Preliminary]



highway memorials in montana are an american legion program begun in 1953:

"Our marker program is strictly for caution to alert people that there's a dangerous piece of highway that you're fixing to go to."



& excerpt from *reign of yin 10.17* :

well anyway - i considered the interconnected
functions between psyche and body, hormone
-induced appeal, how well it makes you dance

how good it makes you at playing poker if you
can only misdirect from your intentions under
the folds of your clothing, baggy or contoured

and i got in my car and began driving towards
blue river, to the south, wound over lightly iced
and barely trafficked roads, until about 3 miles

from where i started i saw lights, flashing, the
internal reflectors turning round manically, so
i slowed down some, yielded to whatever was

awaiting over there that required appearance
of one two three dispatched vehicles, all with
their flashing flares, and when i did approach

saw what looked like layers of a mattress cut
through the center, but in less distance away
noticed was a deer, skinned, being harvested

-
- feedback loop of fossil fuels
 - memorial cross-cum-aid cross



- time-based factor: actual death observed / underway as rare & uncanny primer for the symbolic substance that follows (memorial walk-through)

Warmest and More Soon; plz respond w any thoughts or musings,

Rebecca

[subsequent]



H. salminicola is a myxozoan cnidarian and it is the first discovered animal [multi-cellular] that doesn't need oxygen to breathe

("a brilliant simplification that proves, sometimes, less is more")

"to draw a breath of air into your lungs and then surrender it, so it is to surrender your power of respiration as a whole, which you acquired but yesterday or the day before at the time of your birth, and are now surrendering to the source from which you first drew it" (M.A.)

::

[while driving] ~so, in the case of prolongation of decay, a necessary deprivation. anaerobic (or its analogue)

[while walking] ~a passing moment becoming a memory, becoming encased in the personal annals, & how does one gently excavate; and so an art, inevitably, a memorial or homage; a cross-section of geological stratigraphy : a memorial, a 'maternal' mummification



muniment-cum-monument
matronym-cum-metronym

cum-metronome

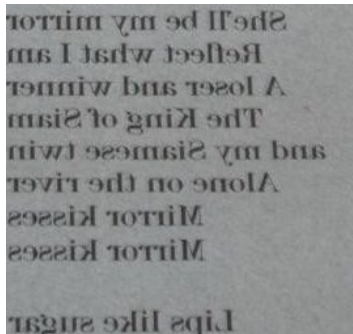
from *The Ordeal of Change* by Eric Hoffer:

1. Drastic Change

It is my impression that no one really likes the new. We are afraid of it. It is not only as Dostoyevsky put it that "taking a new step, uttering a new word is what people fear most." Even in slight things the experience of the new is rarely without some stirring of foreboding.

...In the case of drastic change the uneasiness is of course deeper and more lasting. We can never be really prepared for that which is wholly new. We have to adjust ourselves, and every radical adjustment is a crisis in self-esteem: we undergo a test, we have to prove ourselves. It needs inordinate self-confidence to face drastic change without inner trembling.

assuage, assuage, based on Latin ad- 'to' (expressing change) + suavis 'sweet'



(excerpt from *When: The Scientific Secrets of Perfect Timing* by Daniel Pink)

(excerpt from *Drive: The Surprising Truth About What Motivates Us* by Daniel Pink)

& in conclusion, pardon the brief solipsism:

many things that look like
Glowing opportunities
and which scatter before
the opportunist
Breed haste and therefore

no matter how pleasant
Accelerate the process
of progress and decay
which are linked at the core
aviating gracefully together
burning upon re-entry
Smelling of Christmas and
Sparkling like tinsel
The time as they say you can never
get back
The green tree whose needles
brown in the new year
who lays by the garbage
a pulsating image diminishing
In clarity
reclining finally
Pulsating Jesus star like pulsating
little bulbs
Like pulsating big star that warns
of collapse



Je suis Sincere,

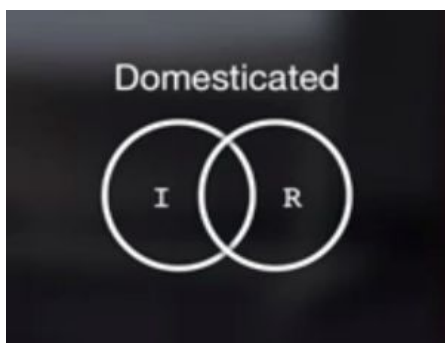
~R

animals who trust each other might sleep with their backs touching. a threat can be therefore sensed from either side .. threat of one another, removed, negligible



...is this trust, as we understand it? or is it just a process of elimination, of *What Doesn't Rouse Fear or Dread?*

in "The Borromean Knot of Jacques Lacan; Or, How to Beat Your Death Drive," Aron Dunlap mentions the primal real of the pre-mirrored child and the non-domesticated specimen, wherein the imaginary and the real are not interlocked with the symbolic:



and that in the case of the wild animal, the imaginary & real are succinct and "animals, undomesticated, live because they imitate their elders and obey unthinkingly the instincts rising from within, and there is no disconnect between their impulses and their actions."

But as soon as an awareness of other wanders in, and a cognizance of law, a bifurcation occurs between the two realms.

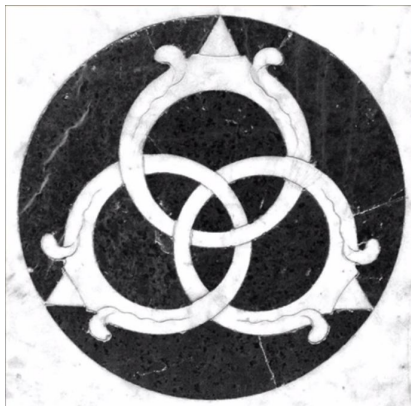
- This happens when the animal learns to obey commands, and when a schedule is introduced into the survival cycle. (food walk water affection, ad infinitum)
- This happens when the child starts learning language, before the realization of selfhood. language has correlation, but for awhile still lacks symbolic meaning.

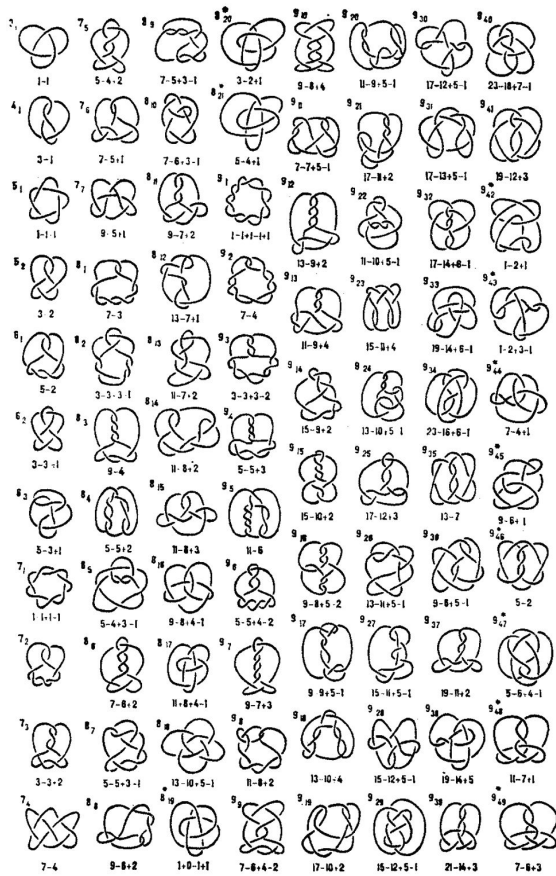
until the mirror is held, and language becomes us

until "i" becomes internalized, and the ego structured -- the realm of the symbolic crystallizing

the self is experienced as other, via mirror, via feedback, via friends parents siblings lovers enemies strangers dogs cats domesticated sheep

and therefore, the borromean knot



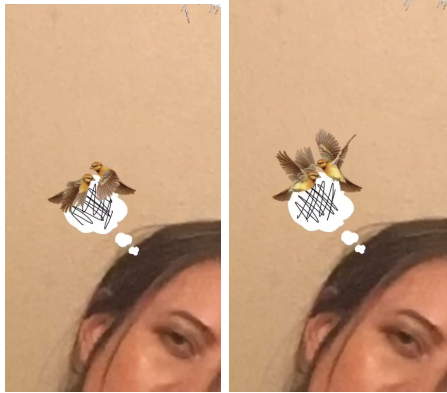


& all its permutations

in other news:

birds understanding sound from two angles (frequency, rhythmic), humans understanding music from two angles (rhythmic/melodic, linguistic) , the bringing together of hemispheres to experience The Real, & to experience some sort of magic? is this why we also need memorials? hymns?

...



Further:

do we mourn the human and the domesticated and the socially complex creature more than the so-called 'wild animal' because we know the former has a grasp of duality, plurality like most of us do? do we not mourn the death of the psychopath or the pervert because we, as a society of primarily neurotics, can't empathize with their type of unlinking of these realms, especially if it disobeys our understanding of law ... or the great repressive power of the symbolic?

i.e. desire tells me i want to say suggestive things
something holds me back from it, restrains me

The fate of the neurotic is to circle endlessly around a jouissance or a pleasure that can never be owned, since the symbolic will forever get in the way of complete satisfaction—triangulating between the erotic object as well as the aggressive one.

but there is a bright side : the lesson to all of this is we can learn to live with it all, or in your words, live with it or die with it; cohabitate with the desire and death drive and anxiety and jouissance, even aggression

therefore, I think whatever holds one back is okay, because that is the tension by which the realms remain tenuously in place even as they evolve

which might require some c jung (woe is me) and/or perhaps some Ikkyu Sojun to parse further

but, whatever it takes

<3

~R

it is said humans should avoid eating the tissues responsible for carrying chronic wasting disease. brain spinal cord eyes lymph nodes--vital organs
...despite no known evidence of transference between cervids and humans

They don't ever cook it, though. Later that night, Nate comes back to the trailer with just the rattle, a gift for a young local child I am watching. She will want to keep it in a box at her bedside, next to the precious hollowed-out ostrich egg from a nearby ostrich ranch. Ostriches are the gold of the future, some say.

Nate says: "We didn't eat that snake: my cousin said we don't know if it bit itself in that cooler. If you cook it, you burn the poison off. But when they get that scared enough to bite themselves, when they see the truck coming? It makes the meat go bad. Like when you scare a deer before you shoot it, the meat goes bad."

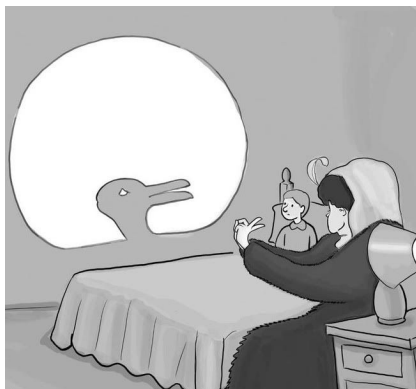
We poke at the cleaned rattle in his palm. When the snake or deer gets too scared the meat goes bad. You eat its fear, and you get sick too. Tainted by adrenaline, the meat must be thrown away.

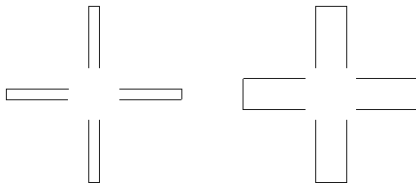
There it is resonating in so many ordinary moments. Poking that rattle we know that fear becomes a substance with its own effects. Nate and I understand together that trauma seeps outside the moment to stain and alter things when the moment of violence has past. I took another picture of the rattle in his hand.

Susan Lepselter, *The Resonance of Unseen Things: Poetics, Power, Captivity, and UFOs in the American Uncanny*

we fear fear itself
a looping irony

can deletion/cancellation cohabitate, or vacillate, with the simultaneous existence of
amplification/multiplication?





we may look to something like a Kanizsa figure for answers, and then come to realize that what we thought represented definition may actually evade it -- unless we are willing to accept it face-value as gestalt, we will be seeking edges, obsessing over them maybe, looking for an illusory "shape" when in fact the illusion, its existence, its ability to be both nothing and everything, total truth and total deception, might rather be best to simply muse upon and admire, find awe in

they tell me it is two figures overlapping, but how do i know it's not two figures having optimal meeting points, creating a dynamic and amplifying effect?

in a mirror, i betray myself; in a mirror of the mirror, i get closer to my truer image whilst also doubly departed, abstracted

a double-bind, a logistical knot

in another person? a similar sensation -- closer to Real but with the caveat of equal and opposite potential self-estrangement

Where, then, do we presently stand vis-à-vis the lifeworld? We do not wish simply to go *back* to it, yet it seems we cannot survive much longer in the toxic environment that has resulted from cutting our ties to it. Is there any way out? I suggest that there is, though the path in question is difficult and oddly circuitous. I venture to say that we can (re)turn to the lifeworld not simply by departing from the world of abstraction, but by going so far into it that, in a manner of speaking, we “come out on the other side”!

...

To be sure, such a paradox boggles the mind. Nevertheless, if our aim is to exceed the one-sided rule of abstraction so we can re-inhabit the lifeworld, it seems the abstract mind needs to be boggled. But while this is a necessary requirement, it is not sufficient. Merely setting these abstract words against themselves is not enough. Beyond the bare assertion of paradox in enigmatic words such as those I have used, the paradox needs to be articulated more fully by being fleshed out. Only then can the lifeworld really come to life. Accordingly, what I seek to realize in the pages that follow is the embodiment of paradox. To that end, I will make use of *topology*, a field of study that is “rooted in the body” (Sheets-Johnstone 1990, 42)—as we will see in subsequent chapters.

from preface to *Topologies of the Flesh: A Multidimensional Exploration of the Lifeworld* by Steven M Rosen

II

~R

[ongoing]



glimpse of the multi-stable



to live by the sword is to die by the sword
to live by the ford is to die by the ford (*sic*)

aka, when your most interior symbol becomes you, and vise-versa (chiastically*)

e.g. Anne Dufourmantelle and her death (*In Praise of Risk*):

To risk one's life is first, perhaps, not dying. Dying in the midst of our lives, in every form of renunciation, the blankness of depression, sacrifice. To risk one's life at decisive moments of our existence is an act that pushes ahead of us on the basis of a still unknown knowledge, like an intimate prophecy; it is a moment of conversion. Is it this gesture of the prisoner in Plato's myth of the Cave, his turning toward the true light? Or is it, in Kant's discussion of the moral law, this index within us, of universality, which we might take as a basis to think and be free?

As an act, risk lets chance take hold. We would wish it to be voluntary but it originates in obscurity, the unverifiable, the uncertain. I interrogate risk in a manner that does not permit its evaluation or its elimination, within the horizon of: not dying. How are we supposed to imagine that the certainty of our end might not, retroactively, have any effect on our existence? From the furthest edge of this certainty, we know that one day everything we loved, hoped for, and accomplished, will be effaced. And what if not dying in the midst of our lives was the foremost risk of all, refracted in the human proximity of birth and death?

Risk is a *kairos*, in the Greek sense, a decisive instant.

an overarching assertion that it is not entirely an aversion to death that paradoxically drives us toward it à la Freud, but an aversion also to *life itself* which is in servitude to perpetually re-invoking the conditions by which they press against each other -- consciousness, as it were, reminding us of the needs of survival and the omnipotence of death;

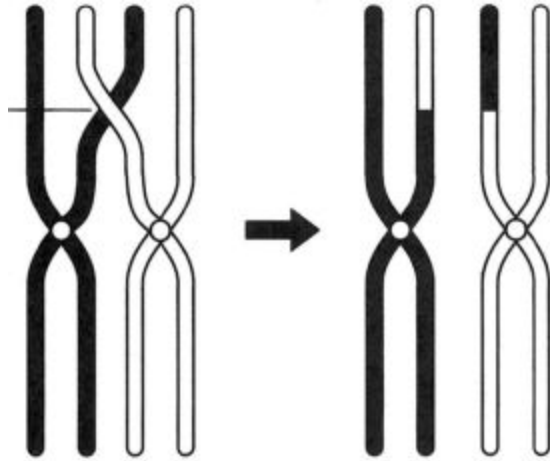
the *kairos*, the madness of Kierkegaard's moment of decision, represented by the area of overlap between certainty of past (and all it encapsulates incl. trauma of birth, of becoming, of structuring) and uncertainty of potential (hurtling into a virtual projection) beyond oneself

flesh again coming to rediscover life only when it has already suffered a small death, and this, only possible under the paradigm of risk;

and then death becomes written into the body and becomes recursive, maybe, obeying eternal return

*chiasma/ta, greek: 'crosspiece, cross-shaped mark,' from khiazein 'mark with the letter chi.'

- in biology: a point at which paired chromosomes remain in contact during the first metaphase of meiosis, and at which crossing over and exchange of genetic material occur between the strands



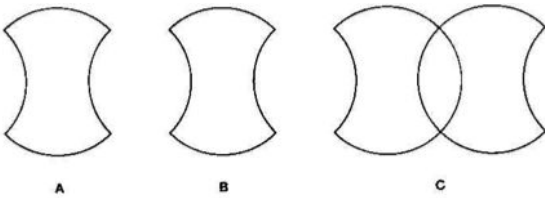
- in rhetoric and literature: a figure in which words, grammatical constructions, or concepts are repeated in reverse order, in the same or a modified form

*"You forget what you want to remember,
and you remember what you want to forget."*

(Cormac McCarthy)

some more symmetrical:

~my mind on my money & my money on my mind~



some, pleasantly less:

~chicken crosses road to prove it isn't chicken~

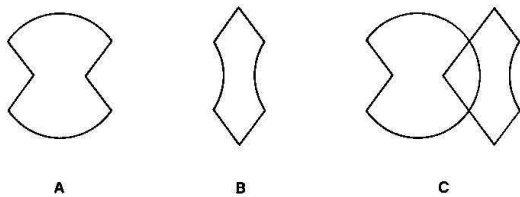


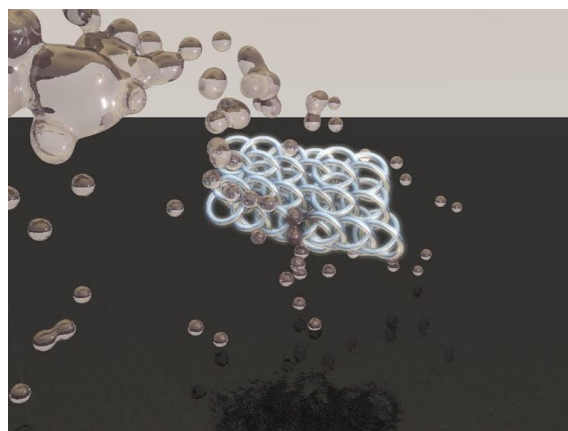
Figure 5.9 Continuity of direction prevails over maximal symmetry.

further, and to dovetail with artist/poet role in collective commiseration:

Cedric H. Whitman, the Homeric scholar, had this to say: “The mind is a strange organ, and one which perceives many things without conscious or articulate knowledge of them, and responds to them with emotions necessarily and appropriately vague.” This kind of intricate relationship established between the poet and his audience was metaphorically defined in Plato’s dialogue *Ion* in the image of the magnet. The poets and their interpreters are compared to a chain of magnetic rings suspended from one another to form a magnet. The magnet is the Muse, and the ring which immediately follows is the poet himself; from him are suspended other poets; there is also a chain of rhapsodists and actors, who also hang from the Muses, but are let down at the side; and the last ring of all is the spectator. The poet, like Homer, is the inspired interpreter of the God; and the rhapsodist is the inspired interpreter of the poet, like *Ion*. Through this living chain animated by the sacred discourse of the poet, the entire community was permeated by the vitality of hieros. The community was one living memory, ritually “ensouled” by the commemorative/performative body. Chiasmus was a means of imaginary binding, a most effective psychological device. There was – as Emmanuel Levinas put it – **“a pleasure of contact at the heart of the chiasm.”**

Chiasmus formed a most conspicuous geometric design, which could be visualized as a “ring composition,” “the acoustical analogue of the visual circle.” Analyzing the mnemonic patterns in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Whitman demonstrates how after the middle of the epic the composition repeats the topics in a reversed order sequence, the symmetrical format of the chiasm taking a geometric structure of the most amazing virtuosity, a **“fearful symmetry.”** Ring composition is pregnant with stylist possibilities, says Whitman, because “it returns to its point of origin and effects circularity of design, while the inverted elements may also be spread out to include as a centrepiece a whole scene or scenes, as in a frame.” The combined structure of the Homeric chiasmus and ring composition suggests not only circularity, but also framing and balance, which were typical of Geometrical period in ancient Greek art, especially in Dipylon vases.

(Nicoletta Isar, *Undoing Forgetfulness: Chiasmus of Poetical Mind – a Cultural Paradigm of Archetypal Imagination*)

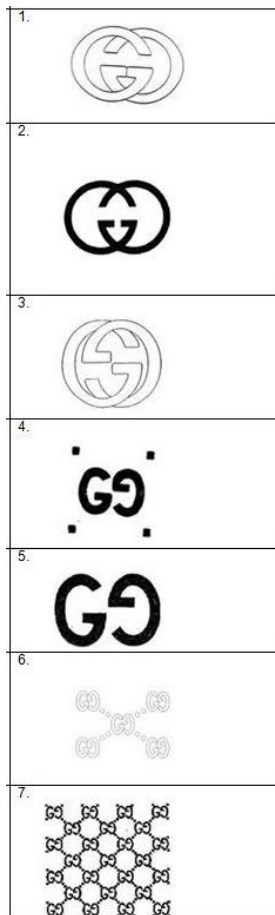


<http://rebeccarpeel.info/rings/rings.html>

Truth will not begin until the moment when the writer takes two different objects, sets down the relation between them that is the analogue in the world of art to the unique relation of the law of causation in the world of the sciences, and locks them together in the rings of a beautiful style, or even, when, like life itself, in bringing together two sensations with a common quality he extracts their essence by uniting them with one another to withdraw them from the contingencies of time and fixes them by the indescribable bonds of a marriage of words.⁵⁰

(Proust, *A la recherche du temps perdu*)

rings:



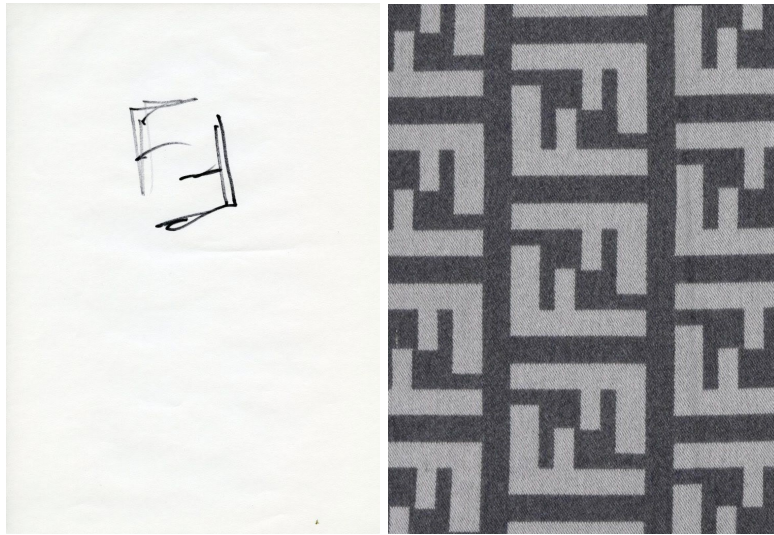
the Logos like the one of Chanel
is just so perfect
and so timeless
that they never needed any adjustments.
The Logo as used today
is identical to the one the day it was designed.

But what might have inspired Coco Chanel ?
There are different theories ...



Entrance of the Chateau de Cremat presented by VB.com

chiasmatic feedback loop of self-containment:



『	ふ	た	え	』
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Patricia Ann Lissner, *Chi-Thinking: Chiasmus and Cognition* :

CHAPTER TWO

X-NESS

X [...] is written completely otherwise.
Jacques Derrida, "How to Avoid Speaking: Denials"

The vital, arrogant, fatal, dominant X
Wallace Stevens, "The Motive for Metaphor"

The orientational departure furnishes a first clue to the oblique
'metaphysics' of this sideways cruciform: its being both identical to, yet at the same time being
decidedly different from what is otherwise its shape twin. The disposition of

×

rests in its
structural embodiment of likeness, difference, and transverseness.

Their evidence suggests that the visuo-spatial might of

×

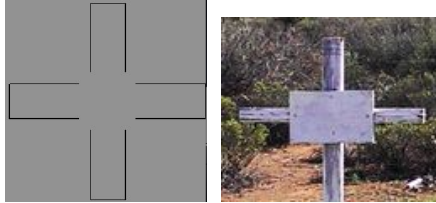
and

+

is also panhuman. Owing entirely to the physical silhouettes of this cruciform pair, they catch the eyes and
deposit in the minds of infants.

At under a year of age, the visual and mental systems of humans effortlessly 'grab onto' and record these
two cross shapes.





babies (some as young as six months) discriminated the cross pair and (2) they knew (recognized and discriminated) both cruciforms to an equal degree, a finding that caused the researchers to dub

✚ (*crux-quadrata*)

and

✕ (*crux-decussata*)

“geometrical cognates.”

Upright cross or diagonal cross, each finds very early favor with humans.

chi

is for ‘chasm’ (the abyss) and for ‘chaos’ (the unformed). The oblique cross traces to the deep primitive.

A spare, sans serif, single

weight typeface for the cross letterform of our language makes it simpler to concentrate on visual structure and it urges us to better attend

to the alphabetic skeleton that is kin to the diagonal cross.



~Rebecca