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Dowager Empress Cixi: Eight Versions of Tragedy at Once, February to May, 2020

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Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
IRVINE

A Tragic Trilogy:
The Divine Mother Empress Dowager &
Eight Versions of a Tragedy at Once

THESIS

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

in Art

by

Gabby Miller

Thesis Committee:
Professor Daniel J. Martinez, Chair
Professor Juli Carson
Professor Monica Majoli
Associate Professor Amanda Ross Ho
Professor Bruce Yonemoto

2020

Dedication



fig 1

*To the Future that is coming
& to the lineages of Cixis
of Quanyins & Kassandras*

Ba Bach Lan

Mama

Layla



Table of Contents

List of FIGURES	vi
Acknowledgments	v
Abstract	vi
Part 1	
A Tragic Trilogy: Dowager Empress Cixi	1
Part 2	
Eight Versions of a Tragedy at Once February to May, 2020	16
1. Prologues	23
2. Entry Songs	31
3. Episode 1	40
4. Dirges	50
5. Episode 2	60
6. Odes	70
7. Exit Songs	80
8. Epilogues	91
a. Appendix 2: Version 2 - As it was & is, underlying	102
b. Appendix 3: Version 3 - From the Mountain to the Lake	110
c. Appendix 4: Version 4 - Memory Palace	118
d. Appendix 5: Version 5 - Bathing Chambers & Memories	127
e. Appendix 6: Version 6 - Slices	140
f. Appendix 7: Version 7 - Conditions of Possibility	148
g. Appendix 8: Version 8 - Quotes to Exit	158

List of figures

		Page
Fig. 1	The Future is Coming	ii
Fig. 2	Daniel, CDG & me in July, 2020 by Sam Richardson	v
Fig. 3	Cixi dressed as Quanyin	1
Fig. 4	Palm holding tourmaline on Mount Washington	17
Fig. 5	Entrysong lights, bye bye	166

Acknowledgments



fig. 2

Photographed in Los Angeles by Sam Richardson, July 2020

Thank you to Daniel.

Thank you to Amanda, Juli, Monica & Bruce.

Thank you to the class of 2020 (666).

Thank you to Sâm.

Abstract

This project works to disassemble a tragedy into its parts, both in terms of stagecraft & composition by staging the biography of The Dowager Empress Cixi as an exhibition. *This is a text written in lieu of a physical exhibition that could not happen, in preparation for one that could. This text is written in order to unearth, levitate and vibrate the threads at work in this exploration as it evolves.*

This is also a record of February to May, 2020.

I continue to enter into this endeavor to problematize & highlight the ways in which we fictionalize, or narrativize, from Aristotle to the present, in order to open onto different relationships with past, present, & future. This project leans heavily on Aristotle's break down of tragic plot structure to map the biography of the Empress Dowager Cixi, ruler of the Qing Dynasty from 1860 to 1908, into a physical exhibition. *For now, this project is an experiment in written text, and it lets itself drift beyond the limits of Cixi's worlds.*

Initially, the dramas of Cixi's life were to be parsed out and assigned to different pieces in the gallery. Prologue, two episodes, epilogue & chorale parts - entry song, dirge, ode & exit song. Each of the eight components of tragic plot structure would correlate with a piece. *Instead, each of the eight components of plot structure will be proposed as eight versions of a tragedy.*

THESIS // PART ONE
The Divine Mother Empress Dowager
Ci-Xi of the Great Qing Empire



fig. 2

A Tragic Trilogy

One: Little An (Set in 1869)

Two: The Boxer Rebellion (Set in 1901)

Three: Death “Five Times the Thunder” (Set in 1908)

Setting for trilogy: The three plays are set at the gates, and inner royal chambers of the Forbidden City (紫禁城, *Zǐjìnchéng*), also known as the Forbidden Purple Palace. They begin in 1869, during the penultimate reign of the Qing Dynasty (1644-1912). **Empress Dowager Cixi** effectively controlled the Chinese government for 47 years, from 1861 until her death in 1908.

PLOT SUMMARIES

One: Little An (Set in 1869)

Early in her reign, Empress Cixi falls in love with her Little An, a eunuch and her servant. Cixi defies the royal edict to keep eunuchs within the palace walls and sends Little An on a mission to purchase goods for her young son's marriage. The conservative members of the court are enraged. Little An, as well as several coraboraters are put to death with no trial. He is beheaded and his nude body is rolled out on the ekkyklema to show the public that he has no male genitals. Cixi falls into a dark depression and calls to Quan Yin for guidance.

Two: The Boxer Rebellion (Set in 1901)

Gangs of villagers dressed as theatre troupes, fashion themselves after characters in popular folk opera like the *Monkey King & Red Lantern Girls*, prepare for battle against foreign invaders. Cixi throws her royal weight behind The Boxers and they are slaughtered. Cixi flees to the countryside on an oxcart, abandoning the palace, and calls to Quan Yin again.

Three: Death "Five Times the Thunder" (Set in 1908)

It has been found that Cixi's adoptive son has plotted to kill her. She keeps him on house arrest, and in lieu of putting him to death, produces an opera where a mother who is wronged by her son is put to death by the gods. In the final days of her life, Cixi arranges for her son to be poisoned to death and for her own tomb to be carved entirely of pink tourmaline, the gemstone emblematic of Quan Yin. After her death, the pink tourmaline Cixi has amassed over the course of her reign is piled onto a barge and sunk in the middle of a lake.

Play One:

Little An

CAST

(in order of appearance)

Quan-Yin - *The Goddess of Mercy & Compassion, who hears and sees all*
Watchman

Chorus - *Courtesans*

Cixi - *The Dowager Empress, in the early years of her reign*

Little An - *An Dehai, a eunuch and Cixi's devoted servant & suspected lover*
Servant

Emperor Tongzhi - *The young son of Cixi, soon to be married*

Grant Tutor Wang - *Emperor Tongzhi's tutor, a conservative force in the court*

Prince Chun - *Cixi's brother in law, brother of the deceased emperor*

Setting: The outer gates of the Forbidden City (紫禁城, *Zìjìnchéng*). The year is 1869. It is the early years of Cixi's reign. It is night. A watchman is lying on the palace roof. Quan Yin hovers above the palace.

PROLOGUE

[Quan Yin, floating above the palace]

Here I am.

Quanyin. Quan Yin. Guan Yin.

The One Who Perceives the Sounds of The World

Many names, many forms, many ages, throughout all time
man or woman or in between - who cares?

Mother Goddess.

Bodhisattva of mercy & compassion, formerly *Avalokiteśvara*

Lord who gazes down at the world

*the sun and moon are said
to be born from Avalokiteśvara's eyes,
Sarasvati from his teeth,
the winds from his mouth,
the earth from his feet,
and the sky from his stomach*

I scale the continent, centuries back,

I move for centuries & live eternal

Avalokiteśvara becomes me in the motherland.

Here I am.

Quanyin. Mother Goddess. Quan Yin. Guan Yin.

Pouring a perpetual vase, *A vase of plenty*

holding a bending branch of willow

Long Robes Alight in an Orb of Pink

Branch I bend, bend like a willow branch

A tree of miracles

I become the form that each being needs,

I hear every call & answer

I took my bodhisattva vow

To work ceaselessly to

free all beings from sorrow

& to never despair, I added, to be sure.

tirelessly I work...

One day

looking down from the sky

Watching countless new beings birthed

into their earthly existence
The ceaseless flow of suffering,
 pits of hell, hell after hell, this life.
Grasping, hungry ghosts,
Crowd into *samsara's* filthy stream

On that day
The grief breaks me

I despair.
I throw my hands skywards.
 By head breaks into eleven pieces.

 I split into a thousand parts as I fall to earth

My teacher, the buddha Amitabha helps repair me
 Mends me together with a thousand arms

in-all-directions

 Mends me with a thousand eyes
 In the palms of each hand,

Eyes seeing in- all-directions

All seeing, all knowing, all hearing
To all beings

 Past, Present & Future

 In-all-directions.

the one who hears all the sorrows of the world

I come to the aid of all who call

Here I have been called

 To the palace grounds again

The story of what is to come

Young Cixi who emulates me

Bejeweled with pink stones

A mountain is open across the world

Pink veins of stone mined & drained

Dredged broken gems

Gathered and shipped across the sea

Carved into amulets and figure of me

 All for Cixi, this young ruler

 Poor child, cloaked in my stone but

 Does she understand my guidance?

Posed as me, dressed in silks in rooms
full of silk lotus flowers and silk leaves

 She calls me

Asking for protection
*May all who leave to sea
In boat or ship
Reach the shores that they desire
& Sweet reunion with their kith & kin*
Whose safety does young Cixi plead for tonight?
Let's see how this unravels

[Watchman yawns]

What a bore it is to stand all night
bright stars and half a moon above me
would rather me gazing at them
I lay my body down on the roof
Rest my eyes a bit *lim dzim lim dzim*
to sleep with eyes half open
like most nights on The Purple Palace.
I guard a secret that everyone knows
You too would like to know it?

The Empress Cixi has her lover
Little An, her eunuch servant
In her bedroom chambers again
Like all nights! This long spring & last years too!
Halls of flowers, perfumed chambers
love songs echo their affair
Known and guarded throughout the court
Handsome, he is! Yes. But he is a eunuch!
More worm than man, as long has been said
Sold as a child into the court
His own father castrated the boy
Too poor to afford the service
Raised as a servant
in the inner chambers
Of the palace
Little An's gentle manners
Seduced the empress
A secret love I oh so lazily guard
Here is something new to the story!
Tomorrow he will embark on a journey

Out past the palace walls
 To search for silks and jewels
 For the emperor's new bride,
 Cixi's young son is to be married
 And must be properly anointed, her dowry paid
 As the wedding day fast approaches
 Cixi decided her lover is best fit to buy the silks & jewels
 It is completely forbidden for
 Both Royals & Eunuchs to be seen in public
 As a guard, of course I know this!
 An edict that long precedes me
 Lim dzim lim dzim
 Eyes half open I watch
 Strum of the zither *lim dzim lim dzim*
 Even the young bride
 who is not yet a royal by marriage
She cannot be seen by common eyes
 See there, take your eyes across the horizon
 A long corridor is being built of silk
 So that the young princess to be can cross
 the city in a Royal procession
 Shielded from view
 The Empress orders the cloth tunnel built
 The princess will be carried through as dark night falls
 At the same time
 The Empress Cixi, blinded by love for Little An
 She sends her eunuch out in full daylight
 Bright
 A royal procession to gather jewels & gifts for this
 Grand wedding to be
 Against all the Gods!
 Clearly the Empress wishes she could go
 Beyond the palace walls
 Arm in arm with her eunuch lover
 Blinded by love,
 she sends him beyond the palace gates
 She tests the court...
 Surely his head will roll
 From his wormly body by

*Tomorrow's sundown
This you will see...*

[ENTER CHORUS]

ENTRYSONG

...Is this the life that myth shows us in order to transcend it?

- ***The Birth of Tragedy, Nietzsche, p. 142***

Cixi was thrilled when she saw them, and there followed a frenzy of photo-taking. She posed in various postures - in one, putting a flower in her hair, like a coquettish young girl. She changed clothes, jewels, and surroundings, and had complicated sets constructed as if for the stage. She had long wanted to act in an opera, and courtiers had spotted her singing and dancing in the palace grounds when she thought no one was watching. Now she dressed up as Guanyin, the Goddess of Mercy, had court ladies and eunuchs clothed in the costumes of the characters associated with the Goddess, and posed with them on the sets.

- ***Empress Dowager Cixi, Jung Chang, p. 333***

Thus I can direct my perception first to the moon and subsequently to the earth, or, conversely, first to the earth and then subsequently to the moon, and on this account, since the perceptions of these objects can follow each other reciprocally, I say that they exist simultaneously.

- ***Critique of Pure Reason, Kant B257/P. 316***

Preceding these entrysong quotes are the first pages of an experiment in progress, something that began before, transforms in and continues through the pandemic. I am working on developing the biography of the Dowager Empress Cixi, who ruled the Qing dynasty for almost fifty years at the turn of the 20th century, into a trilogy of tragic plays. Until March, when the University closed and we went into shelter-in-place across the planet, I had spent the year merging classic tragedy & Cixi's biography into the form of an exhibition.

Using sculpture and installation, I planned to disassemble the plot structure of Ancient Greek tragedy into its parts, both in terms of stagecraft & composition, by staging the biography of The Dowager Empress Cixi as an exhibition. Different pieces in and parts of the gallery were to be designated as *prologue*, *entrysong*, *ode*, *episodes*, etc - each part correlating to, and together presenting the tragic character of Cixi's life as a physical space to navigate through. Initially, I entered into this endeavor to problematize & highlight the ways in which we fictionalize, or narrativize, from Aristotle to the present, in order to open onto different relationships with past, present, & future. Three months into this pandemic, in which our collective and individual relationships with the history, the present & the future are seemingly some profound type of initiation, an opening and unravelling. I continue with this endeavor, changed in ways that I am unable to comprehend. In lieu of the exhibition, I write this trilogy of tragic plays based on the life of The Dowager Empress Cixi. It is unclear what form these plays will eventually be able to take. Perhaps they will be staged in an outdoor amphitheatre or recorded in some way. I commit to writing the possibilities into existence as the conditions in our current era of confinement, upheaval and potentiality unfold.

Throughout these speculative plays, Cixi and the mythical goddess Quanyin, navigate Cixi's tragic flaw - an error of images - an inability to differentiate life from theatre, and to learn from the lessons of the stage. Cixi was the first ruler of the Qing Dynasty to show herself in public. As the title *Forbidden City* denotes, royal leaders were strictly kept from public view, as a form of reverence and system to maintain obedience to the celestially ordained rulers. This edict was inverted during Cixi's reign, which was rife with contestations between "Westernization" & "traditionalism." Alongside and through her reign came the abolishment of footbinding, the laying down of networks of rail & copper telegram wire, & overall the opening

up of the era of the “*closed Kingdom*”. Important to this story, the advent of photography also coincided with her rule. Over the course of fifty years, Cixi went from ruling from behind a yellow silk screen, to staging public appearances and photographs for mass dissemination across the world & empire. She posed An avid lover of opera and a devout Buddhist, Cixi went to great lengths to stage elaborate photographs of herself dressed as Quanyin.

In the tragic interpretation of Cixi’s biography that I am working on, she is haunted by her inability to correctly learn from or interact with images - mistaking image for reality, and theatre for her life, leads to great suffering, extending from intimate realms of her personal life towards the collapse of the Qing Dynasty. From the beginning of her reign (Play 1 - “Little An”, set in 1869) to her profound regrets in the 1900 Boxer Rebellion (Play 2), and ending with the murder of her step-son hours before her own death (Play 3 - “Five Times the Thunder) in 1908 - Cixi is unable to learn from the dramas on stage. Her persistent tragic flaw is an error of images, a mistaken understanding of illusions and their power. I approach this paper as an opportunity to deepen my understanding of what Nietzsche means by *The Birth Of Tragedy* by tracing his text to Kant’s *Critique of Pure Reason*. These explorations will in turn be applied back to be used as guidance in the development of Cixi as a tragic figure - in terms of stagecraft and plot construction - for this speculative project.

As I develop tragic plays based on this larger than life historical figure, our course provides an excellent opportunity to step back and better understand the lineage of tragedy and myth in Western philosophy that I am attempting to engage with. The notion of a female hero whose fatal flaw has to do with her inability to correctly learn from or interact with images or artistic production can also be linked to other myths from Western antiquity. I take special interest in Euripides “Bacchae” - where Agave, bewitched by Dionysis, dismembers her son Pentheus in the mountains above Thebes. The gruesome moment binding suffering, recognition and reversal - comes when Agave realizes she is proudly holding the severed head of her own son, not a fierce lion in her newly guilty hands. The whole mythical city of Thebes is cursed with an inability to see correctly. Narcissus--also from Thebes, according to Ovid, where the Bacchae takes place. His error was not abundant self-love, but misrecognition; he thought his reflection was another, possible the Other, & he *LOVED* it. It's at the moment when he understands the

pond is giving him his own image that he dies (remember that Tieresias, the same soothsayer who prophesied Oedipus' fate to his parents, told Narcissus' mother that the baby would live a long life unless he came to know himself). “*Know thyself*,” Nietzsche echoes Socrates, but “*Nothing too much*”¹ - the Dionysiac spirits seems to warn through Nietzsche’s, “*his Appolonian consciousness was but a thin veil hiding from him the whole Dionysiac realm*”². How does Nietzsche lean on Kant’s metaphysical framework to understand the fundamental split between the Dionysiac & Appolonian forces at play in tragedy? How can Kant’s notions of vision, illusions, limits and limitlessness be unearthed in Nietzsche’s exploration of tragedy, myth and theatre in *The Birth of Tragedy*?

Concerned in particular with the circulation of myth and image, I attempt to unravel some of the Kantian underpinnings of Nietzsche’s conception of tragedy by examining passages of *The Birth of Tragedy*, and highlighting their links to *The Critique of Pure Reason (CPR)*. In returning to this foundational text, I hope to deepen my understanding of the ways that Nietzsche relies on Kant to “*find our ways through the labyrinthian origins of Greek tragedy*”³. In navigating this labyrinth, I begin by proposing that Nietzsche’s argument that “*to understand tragic myth we must see it as dionysiac wisdom made concrete through Appolonian artifice*”⁴ can be potentially understood as structured after the replacement architecture for vision as a metaphor for critique in the *CPR*. I focus this study further by examining the potential links between architectural spaces of the amphitheatre as described by Nietzsche and dwelling as introduced by Kant. I mainly do so by exploring passages pinpointed for their link between vision and architectural spaces in both texts.

Let’s begin with Nietzsche’s description of the Dionysia Greek Theatre - , a space, according to him, that blurs “reality” and stage, human with goat (satyr-chorus), spectator with actor, subject and object, sight and architecture, physical structures with luminous clouds.

The chorus is the “ideal spectator” inasmuch as it is the only seer - seer of the visionary

¹ The Birth Of Tragedy, 34

² Ibid , 28

³ Ibid, 46

⁴ Ibid, 32

world of the proscenium. An audience of spectators, such as we know it, was unknown to the Greeks. Given the terraced structure of the Greek theatre, rising in concentric arcs, each spectator could quite literally survey the entire cultural world about him and imagine himself, in the fullness of seeing, as a chorist.

Beginning on the stage, looking outwards, Nietzsche brings us to the line of view of the chorus and the ideal actor, looking out at the proscenium. Immediately following, the audience's gaze is turned back to the stage, and able to "survey the world...in the fullness of seeing" imagine himself as a chorist. The terraced structure of the Greek theatre allows in the fullness of the sky and acts as a mirror, where the spectator and chorus merge as their lines of vision overlap. Positioning the chorus as the "ideal spectator" - the only seer, in that that the chorus is able to see from the proscenium, and the chorus in turn is understood to be a "projected image of Dionysiac man..."

Thus we are enabled to view the chorus of primitive proto tragedy as the projected image of Dionysiac man...

The satyr chorus is, above all, a vision of the dionysiac multitude, just as the vision of the world of the stage is a vision of that satyr chorus - a vision so powerful that it blurs the actors sense of "reality" of cultured spectators ranged on row on row about him.

The structure of the Greek theatre reminds us of a lonely mountain cloud configuration which Bacchae behold as they swarm down from the mountaintops, a marvelous frame from which Dionysis manifests himself to them (54)

We can also see, as will be explored, the ways that Nietzsche seems to disintegrate Kant's thresholds allowing the rising concentric arcs of the Greek theatre dissipate into cloud formations. Nietzsche brings us to the Bacchae, to Dionysus's loyal believers, descending from the mountaintops. When the stone seats the theatre become a cloud, unhinged from edifice and structure, as the notion of structure disperses into the sky - is Nietzsche calling for a return to the Dionysiac roots of tragedy? To survey the limits of the world, and through seeing them beyond the proscenium & the terraced structure, beyond the metaphor of edifice for critique and into a realm of nature, a return to Dionysus or a jump to a place that cannot be known? Is this a metaphorical move from vision to the architectonic and then beyond?

This notion of knowing what is beyond boundaries, and through negative definitions is arguable rooted in Kant's distinction between phenomena and noumena. In discussing noumena in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, Kant explains that it is a negative word to designate an object that is outside the reach of our intuition. When it is used in a positive sense, noumena becomes the *THING* per se, the thing in itself is the noumena. "*the concept of a noumenon, i.e., of a thing that is not to be thought of as an object of the senses but rather as a thing in itself*", and continues to articulate the conception of the noumenon as merely a boundary concept "*in order to limit the pretension of sensibility, and therefore only of negative use. But it is nevertheless not invented arbitrarily, but is rather connected with the limitation of sensibility, yet without being able to posit anything positive outside of the domain of the latter.*"⁵ Kant denies that we ever have knowledge of things through pure reason alone, but only by applying the categories to pure or empirical data structured by the forms of intuition. Noumenon in a negative sense, can be understood as an intellectual intuition, as the thing per se, while there is also another type of intuition that is beyond what we cannot know, beyond the horizon of our intuition, where reason will want to go through.

Returning to Nietzsche, we see this extension beyond limits and surface is articulated in the experience of the spectator "...[h]e will remember how, watching the myth unfold before him, he felt himself raised to a kind of omniscience, as though his visual power were no longer limited

⁵ Kant, CPR, B310 p 362

⁶ Ibid

*to surface but capable of penetrating beyond them... ”*⁷ The spectator vision emerges through surfaces, beyond the edifice, which he seems to equate with Dionysiac wisdom and Appollonian artifice “*To understand tragic myth we must see it as Dionysiac wisdom made concrete through Appollonian artifice.*”⁸

We can trace this type of expansive mirroring, a mirror to go beyond what is seen, to the Kant’s Critique of Pure Reason - to the beautiful, confusing and clarifying passage, just following the introduction of the *focus imaginarius (FI)*.

Now of course it is from this that there arises the deception, as if these lines of direction were shot out from an object lying outside the field of possible empirical cognition (just as objects are seen behind the surface of a mirror); yet this illusion (which can be prevented from deceiving) is nevertheless indispensably necessary if besides the objects before our eyes we want to see those that lie far in the background, i.e., when, in our case, the understanding wants to go beyond every given experience (beyond this part of the whole of possible experience), and hence wants to take the measure of its greatest possible and uttermost extension. (A645/B673, p. 591)

The *Focus Imaginarius* allows us to think in impossible ways. How to be open to a new way of looking into our future without being dogmatic of time being an arrow, of the possibility of / the concept of *TELOS* as orientation, as a direction for our gaze and for our action? Would it be correct to think of the model as the *focus imaginarius* as something that regulates orientation of our gaze? I've been thinking of this in terms of the limitless thinking in Bodhisattva vows - to be in the practice of thinking in an impossible /limitless way, but also in terms of the the recent arrival of a potential abolitionist movement across the US. Could you say that orienting yourself / a movement towards a seemingly impossible thing could be applied to the structure of a focus imaginarius, with actions being regulated in their relation to Focus Imaginarius / Abolition /

⁷ Nietzsche, The Birth of Tragedy - Book XXII, p 131

⁸ Ibid

anything that is oriented towards something impossible, but that we can commit to through our own lifetime?

This is all a hodge podge, written as the COVID-19 pandemic initiated us into some other form of living and life. My thinking isn't too clear, but I was trying to think. Trying to think about tragedy, trying to link the form to Cixi, the Dowager Empress, her penchant for jewels & Opera while aspiring towards Quanyin-ness. This slips and slides into the next mode. Maybe I will return to Cixi's tragedy, stage the play, stage an exhibition, light an entrysong.

Up NEXT / THESIS PART 2

Part Two

This project works to disassemble a tragedy into its parts, both in terms of stagecraft & composition by staging the biography of The Dowager Empress Cixi as an exhibition. *This is a text written in lieu of a physical exhibition that could not happen, in preparation for one that could. This text is written in order to unearth, levitate and vibrate the threads at work in this exploration as it evolves.*

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fig. 3

“Up here the earth has folded over, it’s folded once and twice and three times, and opened up in the middle, and in the middle there’s some water, and the water is green, and the green is white, and the white comes up from further, comes up from glaciers.”⁹

“the one says what has happened,
the other the kind of thing that would happen.”¹⁰

⁹ The character Klein, speaking in Paul C elan’s “Conversation in the Mountains” quoted in “The Economy of The Unlost” by Anne Carson. Page 62. Carson continues “This world folded over on itself, one and twice and three times. It is also a world of sleepers”

¹⁰ Distinguishing between a historian and a poet, Aristotle’s Poetics (Section 5.5 - Universality)

Eight Versions of
Tragedy at Once
February to May, 2020

How you could read this text

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@-->--->---

You could think of the whole as 64 parts.

There are various ways to read this. Read it by scrolling down or in page turning order, pages 1 to XXX. Begin with all eight versions of a prologue in a row, then on to all eight entry songs, etc, in succession, until you reach the eight epilogues at the close of the text.

In the eight appendices that follow the main text, you can read each of the eight versions independently of one another. Or read at random. Or read in a cycle. Or don't read. Or read however you want. Simultaneously synchronic & diachronic. I have categorized the versions of this tragedy as follows:

- Version 1 - Quotes to Enter
- Version 2 - As it was & is, underlying
- Version 3 - From the Mountain to the Lake
- Version 4 - Memory Palace
- Version 5 - Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers & Memories
- Version 6 - Slices / Navigation
- Version 7 - Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility
- Version 8 - Quotes to Exit

The Order of 8 Tragedies

1. Prologues (1-8)
2. Entry Songs (1-8)
3. Episode 1 (1-8)
4. Dirges (1-8)
5. Episode 2 (1-8)
6. Odes (1-8)
7. Exit Songs (1-8)
8. Epilogues (1-8)

APPENDICES

- a. Appendix 1: Version 1 - Quotes to Enter
- b. Appendix 2: [Version 2 - As it was & is, underlying](#)
- c. Appendix 3: [Version 3 - From the Mountain to the Lake](#)
- d. Appendix 4: [Version 4 - Memory Palace](#)
- e. Appendix 5: [Version 5 - Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers & Memories](#)
- f. Appendix 6: [Version 6 - Slices](#)
- g. Appendix 7: [Version 7 - Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility](#)
- h. Appendix 8: [Version 8 - Quotes to Exit](#)

PROLOGUES

1.1 Prologue Version 1 / 1
Quotes to Enter

“A word is a picture of things.”¹¹

“ If the presence or absence of something has no discernable effect, it is not part of the whole.”¹²

¹¹ Anne Carson describing Paul C elan’s work in *The Economy of The Unlost*

¹² Aristotle, *Poetics*. 5.4 “Determinate Structure”

1.2 Prologue Version 2 / 2

As it was & is, underlying

We've been asking how to exist in a state of that which was to be.

It was fall, and night fell early. Working my way up the shadowed hills, along rows of eucalyptus, I switched back from side to side of the street, pushed to criss cross by the sidewalks end. In the drone of cicadas, the sky dispersed from deep blue into black, and very few other people appeared on the road. I was 10 miles and 10 hours in on my slow walk to the edge of The Pacific from my house in Echo Park.

Through this all I continue to be interested in the folding of space and time.

How to encounter a space that didn't come into being? *In this time.*

Starting on a Sunday morning I passed the lake, glittering with birds and light and people. I turned left on Sunset Boulevard and I keep walking. Past coffee shops, record stores, churches, temples, bars, Scientology Centers, smoke shops, and hospitals. Through crowds and empty stretches. I eat a hamburger and keep walking. I lay down in the grass in Beverly Hills and sleep for an indeterminate amount of time while Jewish families sing in Hebrew while facing a fountain dotted with swimming ducks. Some hours later I get to the end of the continent. The sky is so dark that I can't see the waves, but I record the sound of their drag against the shore.

The beginning of a beginning, a middle and an end.

The end of a beginning, a middle, and an end.

1.3 Prologue - Version 3 /3

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Dig the mountain, cross the sea

We are carved gemstones, pink tourmaline
that speak to you

From under a dark blue water
the bottom of a lake

in the interiors of a palace garden
some ways away from the forbidden city
we cannot tell you precisely where

A great pile of jewels, rough gemstones, talismans & figurines
we were wrapped together, under rough cloth,
with golden coins, & porcelain cups
tied down with rope onto a barge
towed to the center of this water
at the purple end of night
& sunken

From the mountain to the lake

We will tell you how we came to be

*Dug from the mountain, crossed the sea
brought into the private chambers of
The Dowager Empress Cixi*

1.4 - Prologue Version 4 /4

Memory Palace

The tall gray door on the left hand side is propped open. A pink light pours from the interior of the gallery, a triangle darkens the edges of the entryways carpeted floor.

The prologue is the wall text. Dark gray vinyl on white hallway before the gray doors.

The prologue is a printed manual. Cut, creased and folded flower pink paper. Unfold.

The manual is an exhibition map, the spaces of the gallery drawn and linked to prologue, entrysong, episodes, ode, dirge, exit song & epilogue.

The manual is a map to this memory palace, the place that exists to store the objects that hold the information & ideas you can't remember without being reminded.

A storehouse in the place that is not a place.

Hold this paper between your index and your thumb.

Walk through the tall gray door.

1.5 - Prologue Version 5 / 5

Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 13th, 2020

When I was crossing the ocean, I traded daily writing with my mom. She sent me bits of the memoir that she has always been writing, and I sent thoughts from, deadass, the middle of the Pacific. Now is a portal to that time crossing the sea. During that time the strong desire to escape from the soupy sauce of the poetic / historical / geopolitical lenses that I was used to seeing with came and I fell into into the urgent mode of only seeing ecological genocide / earth suicide / 6th extinction... Big despair (Remember Quan Yin now?!) Some sort of awakening happened for me on the ship, a crisis of some sort, but have I done anything since then?

It's 5 years later. The year is 2020. The entire planet is acutely aware of being in a profound crisis. Evolve or die moment. Authoritarian lockdowns. Constant tracking. Closing of borders. Obedience tests & mass initiation. What kind and whose kind of purification will this be? We can't fathom the grief yet.

Right before this started I was able to balance on my hands in a new way - felt the palms of my fingertips - the pads, that is the word - gripping into the ground in miniscule measurements - bearing the weight of my whole body upside down with shifts very subtle, my body balancing before my mind knew it could.

What is there to describe?

This last month in quarantine.

The slip of time.

Getting to know each road and curve of the mountain.

(Who is home and who has skipped town

Thinking they can ride this out)

Always wanting walking up

Returning to some roadway, green alleys in Istanbul

The cloud library above Tbilisi

A stone blue bath house

1.6 - Prologue Version 6 / 6

*SLICES*¹³

Pink Tourmaline may vary in color from pale pink to deep red, and in clarity from flawless transparent gems to opaque rough crystals, yet all are devoted to serving the highest aspects of the heart. A primary stone of the Heart Chakra, Pink Tourmaline links to the Crown Chakra infusing love and spirituality, encouraging compassion and gentleness during periods of growth and changes as humanity works toward enlightenment. [Simmons, 407][Raphaell, 131][Melody, 658]

Tourmaline belongs to a complex family of aluminum borosilicates mixed with iron, magnesium, or other various metals that, depending on the proportions of its components, may form as red, pink, yellow, brown, black, green, blue or violet. Its prismatic, vertically striated crystals may be long and slender, or thick and columnar, and are uniquely triangular in cross-section. They often vary in coloration within a single specimen, lengthwise or in cross sections, and may be transparent or opaque. The name Tourmaline comes from an ancient Sinhalese word turmali, meaning “a mixed color precious stone,” or turamali, meaning “something small from the earth.” [Mella, 110][Simmons, 406][Megemont, 182]

One of Tourmaline’s most distinguishing properties is its ability to become electrically charged simply by heating or rubbing it. When charged, one end becomes positive and the other negative, allowing it to attract particles of dust or bits of paper. This property of pyroelectricity (from heat) or piezoelectricity (from pressure or rubbing) was well-known to the Dutch traders of the 1700s who used Tourmaline to pull ash from their Meerscham pipes, calling the stone Aschentrekker, or “ash puller.” [Simmons, 406]

¹³ <https://www.crystalvaults.com/crystal-encyclopedia/pink-tourmaline>

1.7 - Prologue - Version 7 / 7
Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility

Week 1 - Class Notes - Monday March 30th, 2020

In what sense should we understand “Critique” ? Critique comes from krinein, in Greek, that means to discriminate, to differentiate. The substantive for krinein is krisis, crisis.

A crisis is a moment of extreme tension and conflict that precedes an outcome, a decision. A pathological crisis is a state of emergency indicating the need for a solution.

In Greek, it also designated a trial, and more exactly the moment preceding the sentence. The sentence is the moment when the crisis turns into a resolution. This turning moment is analyzed by Kant as a revolution.

All these meanings are present in the Kantian definition of critique.¹⁴

¹⁴ Definition of ‘critique’ in the Critique of Pure Reason, in Catherine Malabou’s Instructors Manual. March 30th, 2020

1.8 - Prologue Version 8 / 8
Quotes to Exit

33 . “There is nothing” - when this is asserted,
No thing is there to be examined.
How can a “nothing” whole unsupported,
Rest before the mind as something present?¹⁵

Colors brighter
The mountain folding
Turning the water
a griefing hovers
leaf doubling
Open the limbs open
And drain

¹⁵ Shantideva. *The Way of the Bodhisattva*. Verse 33, Book 9. P. 142

ENTRY SONGS

2.1 Entry Song - Version 1 / 9

Quotes to Enter

“You must gaze steadily at what is absent as if it were present by means of your mind.”¹⁶

“Every tragedy consists of a complication & a resolution. What is outside the play, and what is inside of it, comprises the complication, the resolution is the rest.”¹⁷

¹⁶ Anne Carson quoting Paramidos in *Economy of The Unlost*. Page 103

¹⁷ Aristotle *Poetics* 8.5 *Complication & Resolution*. Page 29.

2.2 - Entry Song Version 2 / 10

As it was & is, underlying

Moving slow is a strategy for urgency.

“The urgency of slowness” must be an en vogue catch-phrase. Slow food, slow travel, slow violence. I’m not so interested in catch phrases, but there is something about slowness as a strategy, a mediation through the body that resonates with me. Taking a slow boat across the pacific in 2015 is obvious and grand.

But I’m interested in something more subtle. *Who knew the acceleration was going to be in slow motion?*

A singular, but porous, and obviously entangled human being.

If we really listen to what is happening, we know that we can’t move like this anymore. Even when there is a vaccine. It’s not about the safety of breathing air on a plane. It’s about the plane, and the oil it runs on, and the endless wars that extract the oil, draws it out the earth with the blood of every being as our fuel. This is that sad awakening aboard the ship. Standing at the edge of the Port in Shanghai, the biggest port on the planet, my first time on land in two weeks. I look up and realize for the first that that we are in the shadows of enormous stone mountains, crisscrossed with dark vines. The air is filled with a shrill ringing of crickets beating their wings. It occurs to me that right beyond the parking lot, the earth is still teeming with life. The containers, roadways, cranes and concrete living quarters were all relatively new to this seashore.

I’m interested in the circulation of images and myth. *I’m interested in circulation (meridians, myth, images, commodities, materials, ideas).*

2.3 - Entry Song - Version 3 / 11

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Strophê (Turn)

The chorus moves in one direction towards the altar

From the mountain to the lake

Carved from a deep pink beam of stone
our bodies shaped by a diamond edged saw
From tourmaline into the shape of Quan Yin,
Goddess of mercy & compassion
Stone carved into small hands, small body
one hand perpetually pours a vase
the other holds a willow branch bending

Antistrophê (Counter-Turn) -The chorus moves in the opposite direction.

Our submersion is forever tied to Cixi's death

The Empress Dowager

who ruled the Qing Dynasty for 47 years

In these last fifty years of empire

the closed kingdom opened

The Boxers rebelled, believed themselves

imbued with magic power,

monkey kings & fire lantern women

Theatrics did not protect

Networks built of rail & telegraph wire

Cixi's image seared in black & white

Circulates the world

Quan Yin is the pink glow

the one who hears the sound of the world

Quan Yin is the pink glow - all-seeing, all hearing

Quan Yin is the pink glow - the rose beam

Quan Yin is the pink glow

Rose beams

Dig the mountain

move the mountain across the sea

2.4 - Entry Song Version 4 / 12

Memory Palace

Step in through the high gray doorway. Hovering in pink. Difficult to distinguish where the walls begin and where the corner corners. Look left and right and forward. Forward past the wide room where you are. The room opens to a second room, long and narrow, the fuschia air drains out to white, far, over there. This first room is the entry song. *Strophê (Turn) The chorus moves in one direction towards the altar, here it says on the map.*

Pupils wide adjusting. Turn around inside the entry song. There's nothing on the walls but light reverberating. Pink, and flushed. You begin to realize that you are also pink and flushed, the light hits your skin and you raise your head to look up. *Antistrophê (Counter-Turn): The following stanza, in which it moves in the opposite direction. UP.*

Quan Yin is the pink glow / the rose beam / who hears the suffering of the world / Quan Yin is the pink glow

Four maroon light fixtures, rigged to the ceiling thirty feet up, hanging twenty feet down. Curved containers blasting light, maroon fixtures levitating just out of just out of arms reach. Television set lights. Soap opera soft glow. Lights from The Days of Our Lives, in use since March, 1985.

Rosy Quartz Gels over 2K bulbs. The beams rise through the gels. Light slides down - thrown out the C shape, the seashell, light rides the half pipe, hook shots of rose beams out of each fixture out to hit the walls. Heat the room up warm.

There it is. Episode one, on the map, a low table. Is this the altar? Towards a corner.

Quan Yin is the pink glow / These are the days of our lives / Rose beams

Dig the mountain, move the mountain across the sea.

2.5 - Entry Song Version 5 / 13
Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 14th, 2020

In Istanbul there was a man who bought me soup, and at 3 am, he touched my hand from across the table. We were outside, seated in the stone paved street. How did we begin to speak?

Tuan, the tip of his pointer finger blown off by a firecracker
ushered me to all the lesbian haunts he knew in Saigon.
The *phoi pha* bar, studs bellowed golden yellow love songs
Jumping from motorbike to motorbike, holding tight to strangers with abandon

Peo was pregnant and had opened a shoe shop
We sat in a pile of high heels while we drank coffee
We grilled dried squid on burning coal late in the hot nights
outside her family's low slung house in the old quarter

Walking a fluorescent green rice field
The sea water black with ink from the village women flushing out the bodies of the squids
Clara's mouth black with ink in a cavern in Lisbon
Suck on the spine and flush back with wine
I have wandered and enjoyed a lot
New cities, get on a train, a bus, hold in your piss, get to the ocean
It's a long road

What are you trying to remember

Places and the dreams in them, difficult to differentiate
The slide out of dream when our ship arrived in Nakhodka
A churn of ocean water
Under the dream of a ships hull

Redder than a boars blood in a dream, she wrote
Can't hear anything under the waterfall
Rush
Hush

2.6 -Entry Song Version 6 / 14

*SLICES*¹⁸

Tourmaline is a shamanic stone, providing protection during ritual work. It can be used for scrying, and was traditionally used to point out a cause of trouble or an offender, and to indicate a good direction in which to move. [Hall, 297]

Tourmaline strengthens the sense of smell, and in that respect, can also enhance the perception of pheromones which produces an aphrodisiac effect. [Megemont, 184]

Tourmaline is specifically used to treat motion sickness. It may also assist in restoring luster and shine to hair and nails. [Megemont, 184]

In industry, Tourmalines are highly valued as electrical tuning circuits for conducting television and radio frequencies. They are used for their durability since high frequencies can be passed through them without shattering, as many crystals do. [Mella, 110]

2.7 Entry Song - Version 7 / 15

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility

¹⁸ <https://www.crystalvaults.com/crystal-encyclopedia/pink-tourmaline>

Week 2 - Class Notes - Monday April 6th, 2020

1. Space is not a discursive or relation of things in general
 - a. What does that mean?
 - b. Space is not constructed out of experience but where is SPACE ?
 - i. Where is the door? I ask...
 - ii. Where is space? What is the space of space?
 1. It is an impossible question
 2. Beside / above / in back of / are not localized here or there
 3. Space has no spatial location
 - iii. It means that it [space] is a condition of possibility [like time]
 - iv. I'm somewhere but the space is nowhere because it is everywhere

2.8 Entry Song Version 8 / 16

Quotes to Exit

*“The organism which destroys its environment destroys itself.
The unit of survival is a flexible organism-in-its-environment.”*¹⁹

79. The body is not ribs or hands,
Armpits, shoulders, bowels, or entrails.
It is not the head, and it is not the throat.
What is the “body,” then, in all of this? ²⁰

¹⁹ Bateson, 458. *Steps towards an Ecology of Mind*

²⁰ Shantideva *The Way of the Bodhisattva*. Verse 79, Book 9. P. 148

EPISODE ONE

3.1 Episode One Version 1 / 17

Quotes to Enter

Is blindness a defect

Not always.

Is stammering a waste of words?

Yes and no.²¹

8.3 *Visualizing the action*

“ When constructing plots and working them out complete with their linguistic expression, one should so far as possible visualize what is happening. By envisaging things very vividly in this way, as if one were actually present at the events themselves, one can find out what is appropriate, and inconsistencies are least likely to be overlooked.”²²

²¹ Anne Carson, *Economy of the Unlost* [Page]

²² Aristotle *POETICS*, section 8.3 *Visualizing the action*. Page 27

3. 2 - Episode One - Version 2 /18

As it was & is, underlying

A singular, but porous, and obviously entangled human being.

To understand all things teleological, all the marches towards - whether towards progress, utopia, dystopia of doom - or any claim to power (celestial / god given / etc) - we need to examine the architecture of Aristotle's consequential influence. How he defines the management of spectacle, how plot structure is both form and substance, and how he delineates how the poet dramatizes action in pursuit of ethical goals and fulfilments.

What is outside and what is inside a play?

In exploring theatre from the “Occident” & “Orient” across time and territories, I hope to pose underlying questions surrounding the possibility of ethical action. How is it that we orient ourselves, ethically, in space and in time? With a mix of improvisation and control I’m working to stage an exhibition space that examines and makes possible the conditions for performance.

With a mix of improvisation and control, I write this text to examine and try to make possible new conditions of possibility.

3.3 - Episode One - Version 3 /19

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Little An, Cixi's lover
Little An, Cixi's lover
Handsome, and sensitive
He turned her head
A eunuch, and her loyal attendant
Handsome, he turned her head

*By 1869, the Empress had risen to power
staged a quiet coup after her weak husband's death
She ruled from behind a yellow silk screen
With her young emperor son sitting on a lion's throne before her*

Little An, Cixi's lover
Handsome, he turned her head
The young empress fell in love
Distracted & dreaming
attention to the authority of tradition fades

3.4 - Episode One - Version 4 / 20

Memory Palace

There. Episode one, dialogue, small low table. Towards a corner. Is this the altar?

Table top cleanly made of clear acrylic, a display.

The table holds two mirrored stands, circular and rotating slow.

A jewelers display, roughly palm sized.

A thin copper plinth in the center of each mirror.

Each plinth holds a slice of tourmaline, in a thin claw grip, perched at forty five degrees diagonal. Two translucent slices of stone, not more than a pinch thick and an inch in length and width.

The slices turn towards each other, then away, in tandem, and repeat.

A gem becomes a jewel when placed in the setting appropriate to its use.

An electrical charge can also be induced in some tourmaline crystals simply by applying pressure to the crystal in the direction of the vertical crystal axis.

The Piezoelectricity of Tourmaline is used to measure the magnitude of instruments of war & the earths reverberations. The blasts of guns, grenades, bombs, dynamite taking down bridges & buildings. Earthquakes, waterfalls, & avalanches.

The pressure gauges that measured the power of the first atomic bomb blasts were made with slices of this gem.²³

A gem becomes a jewel when placed in the setting appropriate to its use.

The slices turn towards each other, then away, in tandem, and repeats. The mirror gives the illusion of reason - in looking forwards, can see back.

A gem becomes a jewel when placed in the setting appropriate to its use
Two slices tourmaline rotate towards one another

²³ See Frank C. Hawthorne and Dona M. Dirlam. "Tourmaline: Tourmaline the Indicator Mineral: From Atomic Arrangement to Viking Navigation." *Elements*, October 2011, v. 7, p. (5): 307–312, doi:10.2113/gselements.7.5.307.

These slices used to gauge the strength of the first atomic blasts
Step back from the small low tables, round the corner
Eyes adjust
Fold the paper in your palm
Carry on into the long wide room ahead

3.5 Episode One — Version 5 / 21
Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 16th, 2020

The folding of time. How we hold spaces within us. Something different from an imagination or a subconscious. It's not just an amalgamation of memories & places that we've been. I'm curious about the places we haven't been to but somehow conjure, not even in a dream. A productive chamber. An undercurrent. A subterranean river beneath a mountain, through a tunnel through a glacier, sliding up, opening, folding (Klein says up here the world has folded over twice, three times). A sound, a chorus, coasting into the arcades.

We barely know that we barely know our minds. There's a glimpse every time we meditate. A slim taste of our permeability, our constant state of being in other states, and places. How can we begin to think, to work and be in limitless, edgeless, unimaginable ways?

Naked in the Kabuki baths in San Francisco from day into night. Darkness, dim lit, all day. Was it The Confessions of St. Augustine that I re-read that day? The one who wept under the pear tree? Layla has him tattooed on her thigh - I should remember. It was the first memoir. The first confessional. I will remember later. Yes, it was him. St. Augustine. He cried because he *threw* the pears, and wrote to absolve himself from his sins, from pears to loving prostitutes. I had found a copy on a residential street corner in the Haight-Ashbury. Remembering now.

There in the dark, hours and hours of bathing and dipping. Floating in hot water, stone rooms, scrubbing with salt and plunging in cold, I started to read again and descended into the whole book. There was a passage about memory - of folding entire mountains into the interior world, subterranean chambers in the self, but in the spirit within body, the mind not the flesh.

I don't know if that was really written, or really read, or if it's just the vision that I remember coming to mind while I was reading in the dark, nude, body scrubbed hour after hour. *Now I am understanding that this is where I stitch together what a memory palace is.* The bathhouse becomes speared and spiraled into a chamber for memory. To remember is to return. *To this place that is not a place.* This was 2011, In the midst of falling in love with someone who I would remain in love with for a long time.

And I come to the fields and spacious palaces of my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable images, brought into it from things of all sorts perceived by the senses.²⁴

²⁴ Book X "Memory" / The Confessions of St. Augustine

3.6 -Episode One - Version 6 / 12

*SLICES*²⁵

Tourmaline is a marvelous tool for balancing the right/left hemispheres of the brain and bringing mental processes into alignment with the chakras and auric body. It diminishes fear and may be useful in treating paranoia, and to overcome dyslexia by improving eye/hand coordination and the assimilation and translation of coded information. [Hall, 297][Melody, 653-654]

²⁵ <https://www.crystalvaults.com/crystal-encyclopedia/pink-tourmaline>

3.7 Episode One - Version 7 / 23

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason

Excerpt from the Instructors Manual

THE LAWS OF THE UNDERSTANDING ARE THE LAWS OF NATURE. OR: THE
CONDITIONS OF POSSIBILITY OF EXPERIENCE ARE LIKEWISE THE CONDITIONS
OF POSSIBILITY OF THE OBJECTS OF EXPERIENCE A/158-B/197

This of course will be explained in class.²⁶

Week 3 - Class Notes - Monday April 13th, 2020

1. Apophansis - **The art of opening a concept and unraveling it.**
 - a. **The revelation of a link**
 - i. What is it to think?
 1. Kant says “logic is pure thinking”
 2. Aristotle says that to think is to see links between different things
 - a. **To see is to discover links between things**
 3. Kant says that Aristotle’s general logic doesn’t give us anything to *COGNIZE*
 - a. It is FORMAL & formal logic doesn’t consider the *CONTENT* only the *LINK*
 - b. Kant is not satisfied with this
2. TRANSCENDENTAL LOGIC INCLUDES SOMETHING LIKE THE RELATIONSHIP TO OBJECT
 - a. An a priori relation to objects
 - b. Includes the apriori / transcendental dimension of our cognition of objects
 - c. Kant adds the *RELATION* to *CONTENT*
 - d. This is WHY
 - i. We *provisionally* formulate the idea of a transcendental logic
 - ii. It’s provisional // I just open the possibility
 - iii. Transcendental logic has become one of the most controversial points of Kantian philosophy
 1. We have to wait before we understand what is at stake
 2. **Even if it’s provisional, it’s where we are going**

²⁶ From Catherine Malabou’s Instructor’s Manual - Week Three - Critique of Pure Reason “Understanding”

3.8 Entry Song Version 8 / 24

Quotes to Exit

10. A bathing chamber excellently fragrant
With even floors of crystal, radiant and clear,
And graceful pillars shimmering with gems,
All hung about with canopies of pearls²⁷

*And I come to the fields and spacious palaces of my memory,
where are the treasures of innumerable images, brought into it
from things of all sorts perceived by the senses.*²⁸

²⁷ Verse 10, Book ? - From Shantideva, The Bodhisatva Way. 700 AD / Cite translation / etc

²⁸ Book X - The Confessions of St. Augustine, where we are introduced to the notion of Memory Palaces. See Section 3.5

FUNERAL SONGS (Dirge)

4.1 Dirge - Version 1 / 25

Quotes to Enter

...There are two parts of the plot, reversal & recognition, a third is suffering...*suffering* is an action that involves destruction or pain (e.g. deaths in full view, extreme agony, bodily woundings and so on).²⁹

“Reachable, near and utmost amid the losses, this one thing remained: language. This thing, language, remained unlost, yes, in spite of everything...But it had to go through its own loss of answers, had to go through terrifying muteness, had to go through the thousand darkneses of death bringing. It went through and gave no words for that which happened; yet it went through this happening. Went through and was able to come back to light “enriched” by it all. In this language, during those year and the after, to write poems.”³⁰

²⁹ Aristotle *POETICS*. Section 6.5 *Suffering*, p.19

³⁰ Paul Celan - an often quoted quote from 1958, page 29 of [Economy of the Unlost](#) / Anne Carson

4.2 - Dirge Version 2 / 26

As it was & is, underlying

It takes the same amount of time to cross the pacific on a plane as it does to walk across LA.

I took the recording at the edge of the ocean and layered and condensed it into an audio piece that covered the movement from East to West in ten minutes of overlapping sound. Not entirely linear. The samples looped and repeated. They began with the lake and ended with the sea.

Weeks after the walk, I played the 10 minute sound of 23 miles on Sunset Boulevard while I steered myself backwards on a thin roll of paper flattened on the floor. I placed the paper diagonally, marking a line from East to West in a studio on campus.

I held a string in my mouth that was tied to a frozen cube of my blood. I drew a slow sanguine line. Gauging as the crystalized red block melted down, I pulled the string in my mouth as I reversed, my hands held behind my back to keep balance.

Can we find another way to permit the future?

4.3 - Dirge - Version 3 / 27

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

In preparation for the prince's wedding
Cixi sends Little An to collect silks and jewels from a far province
She also longed to go, but law forbade her from travel
How Little An would enjoy the journey, she sent her lover in her place
breaking the law that kept them both within the palace walls

Neither eunuchs nor royalty were to be seen by common people
Power & servitude within the forbidden city

*The critique is the building of an edifice which is ours
The place in which finite beings can live & think
We are now in this house where we live
The walls are low enough for us to see what we are doing
Now that we are in our house, we can see what we can do
What is reason allowed to do
What it is allowed to do has to do with freedom*

The new bride of Cixi's son would soon arrive by night
A processional pathway, carved through the streets
sheathed and guarded so that no onlookers could see
Her ghostly passage to the palace, between dusk and dawn

4.4 - Dirge - Version 4 / 28

Memory Palace

The spectrum fades down from the entry song, & the first episode. Carry on into the long wide room ahead. A walkway has been laid down, a thin low stage. Off center, but bifurcating three quarters the length of the long room.

Twenty feet long and topped with a white roll of paper, a deep red line is drawn down the walkways surface.

A line of blood drawn without anyone around. Blood pulled backwards, step by step. A temporary reliquary line, preserved. *First they threw their blood on draft cards, then they threw their blood on nuclear missiles. A dirge is a song of lamentation sung antiphonally by a company of mourners and one or more soloists, either actually over the dead body.*

Neither eunuchs nor royalty were to be seen
Beyond the forbidden city walls
The new bride of Cixi's son would arrive by night
A processional pathway, carved through the city
sheathed and guarded so that no onlookers could see
Her ghostly passage to the palace, between dusk and dawn

The image of his body, a rubbing of his body
The headless corpse is a flat sheet, no death masks
Only the transfer of image onto cloth
The cloth is laid on the ekkyklema
The roll-out machine, that carries the corpse out
For the audience to see
As death could not happen on the stage
Little An rolled out from behind the skene
Bodily woundings, death in full view
After reversals & recognitions
Suffering is the third component of tragedy

4.5 Dirge - Version 5 / 29
Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 15th, 2020

I bought a carton of American Spirit cigarettes in the Duty Free on the way out of San Francisco. Cozied myself easily to the men selling rusted parts out of container ships with smokes, taking shots, and sputtering out new sentences in Georgian. Talking to strangers. Drinking from the same cup. Drinking from a small cup cleansed wholly by pouring the first round of hot tea.

What was possibly that isn't possible anymore, isn't possible now?

What is possible now that wasn't possible before?

The village chief and I downed an impressive bottle of Makoli at 10 am - the fizzy rice water booze poured into a cold metal tea kettle. Why was I the only one there? I drew out my plans, asking for his approval over gulps of the drink.

He agreed!

But what was it that I asked? I don't remember.

I remember walking to the village and finding the characters on a sign that correlated to a bath house. Through a lightless empty lobby and up the elevator to the third floor. The woman sat in a glass ticket booth and pointed me to the woman's side.

I was scrubbed with rigor. Dead grey rolls of skin sloughing off, cleared from the surface with a bucket full of water. After the woman scrubbed me, she bit into a large whole cucumber with one crunch.

A boy was in the warm bath with his mom
The cold plunge was tiled in blue
The squat toilet was clogged with virginia thin butts
Through the window in the bathroom
The horizon line dropped into only rice fields

Back in Tbilisi. The old lady at the stone bathhouse, centuries old, used a a gray rag that smelled of vinegar to clean my back. In the silk museum the guide slid open the wooden drawers, one after the other. Butterfly specimens pinned under glass.

I seem to be traveling, letting some moments come to memory. *Speak Memory*, my mom's favorite book as a teenager.

Conjuring a memory palace - but what do walking through the rooms help me to remember - an order of things?

A way of things unfolding that cannot or should not return?

Yesterday it was the dream of the ship speeding out of the dream in Nakhodka - I still don't know how to describe it, and so should try again.

4.6 - Dirge - Version 6 / 30

Slices

Pink Tourmaline re-balances the meridians of the physical body, replacing old hurt with nurturing love, and provides an optimal balance in the ethereal body. [Raphaell, 41-42, 128][Melody, 654][Hall, 297]

Hold or place a Pink Tourmaline on the Heart Chakra in meditation and visualize a pink light radiating from the stone, totally encompassing the body. This infuses the entire emotional body with love and can restore a sense of wholeness. [Simmons, 408]

4.7 Dirge - Version 7 / 31
Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility

Week 4 - Class Notes - April 20th, 2020

After we do the deduction / schematization it's like after reaching the peak of the mountain. We are going to hold on and try to do our best to hold on and explain what is at stake in Sensibility & Understanding.

Something that becomes, means that it is not yet what it is

Is it already always whole

The categories are always already accomplished and yet their being is the process

They produce themselves

Think of Aristotle and the circle

- Thinking and ideas are taken in the circle
- A circle is always moving
- It does not become b/c it is always circular
- Kant must be thinking of Galileo, who he liked...
- The earth is what it is because it moves

Is there something passive in the process?

4.8 Dirge - Version 8 / 32

Quotes to Exit

34. When something and its nonexistence
Both are absent from before the mind,
No other options does the latter have:
It comes to perfect rest, from concepts free
87. All form, therefore, is like a dream
And who will be attached to it, who thus investigates?
The body, in this way, has no existence;
What, therefore, is male and what is female? ³¹

³¹ Verses 34 & 87, Book 9. Shantideva *The Bodhisatva Way*

Episode Two

5.1 Episode Two - Version 1 / 33

Quotes to Enter

Measuring out the area of the given and the possible³²

A reversal is a change to the opposite in the actions being performed, as states - and this, as we have been saying, in accordance to probability or necessity.”³³

³² (113) → Paul Celan’s project according to Anne Carson in *Economy of The Unlost*.

³³ Aristotle *Poetics*, 6.3 page 18

5.2 - Episode two - Version 2 / 34

As it was & is, underlying

We've been asking how to exist in a state of that which was to be.

Bloodlines, drawings, moving backwards, practices of meditation & concentration, the condensation and mapping of time and of space, practices of disciplining your body and mind, crossing territories & lineages.

This two part procession - one long, and meandering (walk towards The Pacific, East to West), the other short, and doubly focused (drawing frozen blood backwards across a room, East to West) - sets the tone for the questions I have been asking.

How to move with awareness of the constraints and power shaping the world, the planet, your body & life?

5.3 - Episode Two - Version 3 / 35

The Empress Dowager Cixi
From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Little An, Cixi's lover
Little An, Cixi's lover
Handsome, and sensitive
He turned her head
A eunuch, and her loyal attendant
Handsome, he turned her head

The people gathered and gawked to see this eunuch, on his royal barge, the unauthorized messenger of the empress Cixi. The conservative Qing court roared back. a Eunuch was not to be seen by common people. The empress would be brought into line.

“So Little An was beheaded. Also executed were six other eunuchs and seven hired bodyguards. Governor Ding reportedly had his corpse exposed on the execution ground for days, so the public could see that he had no male organs. Talk of his being Cixi's lover had been widespread.

³⁴”

Little An's corpse was left, headless and unclothed for spectators to see.

Little An rolled out from behind the skene
Bodily woundings, death in full view
After reversals & recognitions
Suffering is the third component of tragedy

Cixi ceases to eat
Vomits bile for a year
Love closes Cixi

³⁴ Excerpt From: Chang, Jung. “Empress Dowager Cixi: The Concubine Who Launched Modern China.” Apple Books. Page 184

5.4 Episode Two - Version 4 / 36

Memory Palace

There. Episode two, dialogue, a small low table. Towards a corner in the long room.

The table top cleanly made of clear acrylic, a display.

The table holds two mirrored stand, circular and rotating slow.

A jewelers display, roughly palm sized.

A thin copper plinth in the center of each round mirrors.

Each plinth holds a photograph printed on glass, in a thin claw grip, perched at forty five degrees diagonal.

The small motors turn the images towards each other, then away in tandem, and repeats.

A gem becomes a jewel when placed in the setting appropriate to its use

Two translucent photographs, not more that a pinch thick

Four x Four in width and length.

Two versions of a monarch

Four versions of a monarch

Cixi dressed as Quan Yin

Cixi dressed as Queen Victoria

Queen Victoria dressed as

Cixi dressed as Quan Yin

5.5 - Episode Two - Version 5 / 37
Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 22nd, 2020

That winter before the superbloom, when it rained for one month straight after years of drought, I fell into an easy romance with a friend.

It was a few days into 2017. He had been elected but not sworn into office. The Ghostship had burned through a whole world in the city where we lived. Standing Rock had already begun to be dismantled, structure by structure.

I had just finished my three applications to grad school. The criteria was simple - 3 years, free and in Southern California. I wanted to surf. I would be moving South soon.

I had rung in the new year by selling drugs, quietly and calmly, without too much fanfare and celebration. A service of redistribution, headquartered in my living room. Tasting the acrid lick of moon rocks and psilocybin dustings as I cut and weighed. Stacking just a bit of cash. I was on the guest list to something, and my roommate, who was going through some silent inner terror (later, I learned this was due to acid), slipped into the passenger seat with me and we headed downtown.

My neighbor, who taught pole classes and came to meditate in my living room with me some mornings was sliding, thighs wrapped down the pole at the center of the stage. We had plenty of ones, and clapped the bills free from the second floor, aiming for their flutter to hit her ass.

Eh! Ehhhhh! Ayyyyyeeeeehhh!

The friend who I would begin to sleep with soon, in that winter with so much rain, slips next to me on the railing.

Support the arts! she yells, a burst of bills levitates in the air in front of us.

We did not realize the rain would lead to the super bloom would be tinder for the months of wildfires.

The romance with the friend didn't crash and burn, it doesn't match up as a metaphor here.

That's not the point. We remain friends. We became better friends.

More so ... this is about how we didn't know what was ahead even though we knew things were already bad. The empire's break would be long, and painful, its acceleration only beginning to hit us.

How it was easy to be with each other, surprising but familiar, steady company with bursts of heat and sweat. A spray of cash in a month of rain.

5.5 - Episode Two - Version 6 / 38

SLICES

Tourmaline was known to the ancients in the Mediterranean. Egyptian legend speaks of how Tourmaline made its journey from the center of the Earth and passed over a rainbow, taking with it all of the colors as its own. [Eason, 53] The Romans used these stones for their relaxing properties of inducing tranquil sleep, calming the mind and relaxing the body. [Mella, 110]

In India, a likeness of Alexander the Great was carved in Tourmaline and dates to around the second or third century B.C., and in rituals of this culture, Tourmaline was used to provide direction toward that which would bring good, and was believed to be a “teller” stone to provide insight as to who or what was causing trouble. [Simmons, 406][Melody, 654]

5.7 Episode 2 - Version 7 / 39

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason

Week 5 - Class Notes - April 27th, 2020

5.8 - Episode 2 - Version 8 / 40

Quotes to Exit

36. The healing shrine of the *garuda*,
Even when its builder was long and dead,
Continued even ages thence
To remedy and soothe all plagues and venom.³⁵

April 19th, 2020

See the flowers vibrate from space.
The rampage to the hills
This is not a bug out drill
Melt into the mountain, she wrote
Desert lilies high as hips in the dunes

After the winter with a month of rain
the first rain in years.

The bloom rushed & In our rapture we couldn't think a season forward to dry flowers blazing
flames that would be fought by prisoners being paid \$1 a day.

Rikers Island prisoners are digging mass graves for unclaimed bodies in New York, the drone
footage proves.

This week, Californians are tempted by the superbloom to disobey shelter in place. It must have
been ten miles of poppies, on both sides, she says.

Who will write the epitaphs?

³⁵ Book 9, Verse 36. Shantideva, The Bodhisattva Way

ODES

6.1 Ode Version 1 / 41

Quotes to Enter

Breathe the breathcoin out / of the air that is around you and around the tree³⁶

A coined noun is one that is not in use by anyone,
but is posited by the poet himself.
There seems to be a few nouns of this kind. ³⁷

³⁶ In the poem “Le Contrescarpe” These verses occur. (Celan (1983) / 1:282. Cited in *Economy of the Unlost* (Reading Simonides of Keos with Paul Celan), Anne Carson. Princeton University Press. 2009.

³⁷ Aristotle *POETICS* - 9.3 Classification of Nouns, p. 35

6.2 - Ode - Version 2 /42

As it was & is, underlying.

Can we find another way to permit the future?

*The virus tells us what is broken. The planet is a system that isn't inexhaustible, that can't be traversed, dredged, squeezed to produce without replenishment and rest. The current crisis is indistinct from the climate crisis. It's just an accelerated and clearer message that everything has to radically slow down and speed up at the same time. **The urgency of slowness.***

We cannot continue to fold space & time on earth as if it has no consequence. Each breath & blow & dig & grid & toxic dump has consequence.

*Sure, it's a war on the virus, requiring tactics, strategy, and massive coordination. But if we don't see that this mode of war is just one part of humankind's ruthless war on nature, we'll be setting ourselves up for the same conditions for the next pandemic to hit. The planet is not worried about swallowing us. **THERE'S THAT BERKELEY WING NUT VIBE. I DON'T CARE! ALL CAPS! THE VIRUS COULD BE OUR FRIEND IF WE LISTENED.***

6.3 - Ode - Version 3 / 43

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Quan Yin is the pink glow
the one who hears the sound of the world
Quan Yin is the pink glow
all-seeing, all hearing
Quan Yin is the pink glow
the rose beam
who hears the suffering of the world
Quan Yin is the pink glow
Rose beams
Dig the mountain
move the mountain across the sea

Ode to the mountain
Ode to hidden chambers
Ode to Cixi
Ode to Quan Yin
Ode to breaking
Ode to bathing

4.6 - ODE - Version 4 / 44

Memory Palace

Beyond the reach of the walkway
With the line of blood
Past the flattened corpse
A pile of pink tourmaline stones
broken, rough & unpolished
reaches very high

The gemstone was mined from the mountains and moved by the ton across the planet to satiate Cixi's desire to achieve a metonymic merging with the stone's symbolic holdings.

Before she was Quan Yin, she was Avalokiteśvara- the Hindu God of compassion. The figure with a thousand arms and a thousand eyes, outstretched in all directions. In the 9th Century, during the Chinese assimilation of Buddhism, Avalokiteśvara changed from male to female, integrating the mother goddess figure into her form. Quan Yin, all hearing, all seeing, comes in the form that is needed to relieve a sentient being from sorrow. Whatever gender, age, human or non human. A follower once asked - but Quan Yin, did you not used to be a man? To which she answered "yes, but does it matter?"

Quan Yin is in the pink glow / the one who hears the sound of the world
Quan Yin is the pink glow / all-seeing, all hearing

Ode to the mountain
Ode to hidden chambers
Ode to Cixi
Ode to Quan Yin
Ode to breaking
Ode to bathing

5.6 - Ode / Stationary Song - Version 5 / 45
Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 19th, 2020

Let this be as weird as it needs to be
This moment is weird
Mourning a time when we could gather
Mourning things that have not been and can not be

I am staying at my girlfriend Sam's house on Mount Washington. There's no plan in place, I just haven't left since Saturday, March 13th. My aunt told me that when the Berlin wall went up it was sudden, basically overnight. People who were out - visiting friends, eating dinner, out for a walk - they were stuck where they were, either East of West, when the wall went. That's it.

There's five of us in this house. *I know it's different from the Berlin wall going up!* But the five of us here are in an instant marriage that we neither expected nor planned, a social contract binding our safety & sanity with one another. Rapid commune, pentagram partnership, blessed multi-union, forged overnight.

This house has two levels of porch, extending out over the backside of a green mountain on the Northeast side of Los Angeles. From the porch, a panoramic view of mountains after mountains, cloud shadows across the green, the hillside tingles with chickens, ranchero music, and last night one willowing voice, falling and rising on a loop. Tiny neon bright parrots. Tick tick ticking of all the birds.

I was worried about what the Ukranian woman said about the psychedelic product and so I broke off two squares and put them in my mouth to see for myself what would happen.

The voice was a song that swam through the dark green
Rushing to the bottom floor of a pool diving up

I stood on the top deck my pupils so wide that I could only take in light in hazy circles no distinct points of light

The rows of hills blooming with lights, and the song of the lilting voice and the spark of a dog
A planet beamed into view

One swath of mountainside was all unlit dark black
On the left hand side of the far horizon
How have I never seen it? How have I never been it?
An ink body laying on top the point
illuminated earth

6.6 - Ode Version 6 / 46

Slices

In antiquity, Tourmaline was considered a talismanic Gem of Autumn, and the six o'clock Gem of the Night. [Kunz, 326, 337]

Tourmaline is a [Seeker](#) Energizer talisman. Seekers contain the crystal energy structure that aligns the natural energy of the crystal to the natural power of the human mind to find the way to new horizons and new capabilities. They're pointers, directors, and compasses; the fresh start crystals. These are talismans of the scientist, the adventurer, the hunter, wanderer, and explorer. They're also crystals of the student and the researcher.

[Energizer](#) crystals, such as Tourmaline, are powerful conduit crystals for focusing and amplifying the Universal Life Force and our energy to accomplish our goals. They aid in our efforts to gain what we seek, enhance our lives, protect what we value, and defend us from undesirable elements.

6.7 Ode - Version 7 / 47

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason

CLASS NOTES WEEK 6

6.8 - Ode Version 8 / 48

Quotes to Exit

83. Thus there is not “body.” It is through illusion,
With regard to hands and other parts, that “body” as a notion is
conceived --
Just as on account of its specific shape
A pile of stones is taken for a man.³⁸

Ode to the mountain
Ode to hidden chambers
Ode to Cixi
Ode to Quan Yin
Ode to breaking
Ode to bathing

³⁸ Shantideva *The Way of the Bodhisattva*. Verse 83, Book 9. P. 149

Exit Songs

7.1 Exit Song Version 1 / 49

Quotes to Enter

5.2 Magnitude

Any beautiful object, whether a living organism of any other entity composed of parts, must not only possess those parts in proper order, but its *magnitude* also should not be arbitrary; beauty consists in magnitude as well as order. For this reason no organism could be beautiful if it is excessively small (since observation becomes confused as it comes close to having no perceptible duration in time) or excessively large (since the observation is then not simultaneous, and the observers find that the sense of unity & wholeness is lost from their observation, e.g. if there were an animal a thousand miles long)³⁹

35. As the wishing jewel and tree of miracles
Fulfill and satisfy all hopes and wishes,
Likewise, through their prayers for those who might be trained.
The physical appearance of the Conquerors occurs.⁴⁰

³⁹ Aristotle POETICS 5.2 Magnitude, page 14

⁴⁰ Shantideva *The Bodhisattva Way Verse* 35, book 9, p. 142

7.2 - Exit Song - Version 2 /50

As it was & is, underlying.

We've been asking how to exist in a state of that which was to be.

I turn to Aristotle as the progenitor of the fiction of narrative. This pervasive belief that there is a beginning, a middle and an end. The assumption that there is a conclusion to the story.

Anyone whose family history is seeded and fractured with violence, which is everyone, knows (or rather could know) that the story does not end.

How to move with awareness of the constraints and power shaping the world, the planet, your body & life?

Nature is not healing. The EPA is being slashed and Bezos is gonna be the first trillionaire while most of the world's human & nonhuman population starves, drowns in hot water, typhoons, mudslides, or maybe nuclear war and if we don't die of this pandemic, it will be the next one, or the next one, because we THINK this is the BIG ONE. But it's not THE BIG ONE. The BIG ONE will be an airborne flu!

Okay okay okay.

Hush Hush

I'm getting stuck in smallness, here. Ultimately, I am afraid of all the suffering.

Of all my smallness in it.

My smallness of being able to bring ease.

How to move?

How to move?

How to move now?

7.3 - Exit Song - Version 3 / 51

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

With her last breath, she grasped a tourmaline stone
Cixi, who rose to power from low ranking concubine
She longed to be like us - pink, translucent stones
Emblems of Quan Yin, the goddess of mercy & compassion

From the mountain to the lake

A pillow made of our stone
Cradles her skull In her tomb
With her death the dynasty disintegrates
With her death, we are sunk into these unmarked waters

7.4 - Exit Song - Version 4 / 52

Memory Palace

Somewhere in this space is where a bronteion, a thunder machine, would be. It can't be imagined yet.

Quan Yin took her bodhisattva vow to free all beings from sorrow, and added to her vow that she would never despair in her task. One day, looking down on earth, seeing more and more beings entering into our hellish existence of samsara, she threw up her hands. Despair! Breaking her bodhisattva vow, she broke into a thousand pieces as she fell to earth.

Her teacher, the Buddha Amitabha, helped Quan Yin repair. She was merged back into a body, but this time, her shattered limbs were turned into a thousand arms, hands outturned and pointing in all directions, an eye in the center of each palm. Shattered into a thousand pieces, Quanyin's vow to not despair increased in strength, a thousand times over - the eyes on her hands looking in all directions.

7.5 - Exit Song — Version 5 / 53

Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 17th, 2020

Yesterday I began wandering around through cities I had wandered around in
Walking without aim and with direction at the same time
Pointing towards what
The rule is to always go up
Walk up the hill, up the mountain, up the stairs

In Xiamen, I followed the direction of old women and they led me to a temple at the base of a mountain, and I kept walking up. Concrete stairs through vines and gardens, dirt patios swept clean. A man stretched out his voice for dawn exercises, heaving full blooded screams into the sky

The stairs led to small caves full of carved buddhas, and I kept walking until I reached the end of the path and turned around to see that I was above the city, the skyline reached the sea. I had just crossed the sea

Places that I have been.

Not sure I will wander again, walk through foreign cities following the elderly, or a flash of fish, a sign to continue on or turn left, turn right. Will it be possible to walk again, without aim, through neighborhoods, across cities?

I understand that it was a privilege to wander like this. Cheap flights, visas on arrival, jump on the bus, to walk through the streets of foreign places, at times gawked at but not too bothered.

Of course this is not just about just wandering freely. Most of us are born, with our lineages already torn across distances & territories. Our family is dismembered by state & geographical limits & contestations. Everyone we love is here and somewhere else, all of the time.

I sure wish the virus ends so that we can see each other again, maybe this summer? My twelve year old nephews says this every week when we call to work on a story about a dragon together. *Even when we are far apart, I tell him, I am always with you, remember that.* I talk to him like a soldier or a sailor writing a letter home, with no certain promise of return. It is melodrama and it is also real.

When my great-aunt was getting close to dying she asked me to find the letters between her and her piano teacher, to whom she was a devoted friend & student for forty years. She pointed me into drawers and suitcases. We unearthed decades of correspondence between my aunt & Nadia, who lived in Paris. The letters are often about making plans to meet again. Figuring out how to cross the Atlantic, or cross the country - logistics underwritten with affection. As they move from the era of steamships to airplane travel, the two women age - their bodies unable to travel even if planes permit it. Their letters keep returning to certain mornings, certain nights and sites, a cathedral at dawn, fresh milk and bread, a bed left purposely unmade.

"How big is our shranked world ? I am here and you are there, and that makes all the difference."

"Read all what is not written & believe me to be, as ever yours..."

Letters fold the distance. A word is a picture of things.

Maybe we will all have to walk more, to keep each other alive.

7.6 Exit Song Version 6 /54

Slices

Used by shaman of the African, Native American, and Aboriginal tribes, Tourmaline was thought to bring healing powers to the user and provide protection from all dangers occurring on the physical plane. The African shaman also used it to promote the awakening of the “dream of illusion” and to experience the self as a part of the universal spirit. [Melody, 654]

7.7 - Exit Song Version 7 / 55

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason

Week 7 - Class Notes- Monday May 11th, 2020

This is very strange⁴¹ / The determination of the understanding is very strange // WE ARE ON MOVING GROUND

It is as if you knew, for example, that you were able to know how far you can run, to know your limits and at the same time, through your thinking, envisage the possibility of running much farther but without knowing exactly why and where and how

Every time I experience a limit, I also experience the absence of limit

- We can only KNOW something because we can think of something
 - We can only RUN that distance because we can think of a totally other type of running and a totally indeterminate distance
 - SO → it is only through the possible excess of our limits that we know our limits
 - This kind of negative mirroring of the LIMITS & the transgression of LIMITS
 - This is what gives you the difference between **knowing** and **thinking**

→ **this is very incredible how he proceeds**

→ **we can think farther than we know**

→ **Thinking allows us to think about somewhere where we are not**

→ the excess that I was telling you about, is not only about the excess of our limits, but also the possibility of yes, THINKING

→ of *ANOTHER* type of thinking

→ or another type of intuition

→ thinking of the possibility of another MIND

⁴¹ The Transcendental Doctrine of the Power of Judgment (Analytic Principles) Third Chapter On the ground of the distinction of all objects in general into phenomena *and* noumena. A235/B294 Page 338. Kant, Critique of Pure Reason. 2nd Edition. *“We have now not only traveled through the land of pure understanding, and carefully inspected each part of it, but we have also surveyed it, and determined the place for each thing in it. This land, however, is an island, and enclosed in unalterable boundaries by nature itself. It is the land of truth (a charming name), surrounded by a dark and stormy ocean, the true seat of illusion, where many a fog bank and rapidly melting iceberg pretend to be new lands and, ceaselessly deceiving with empty hopes the voyager looking around for new discoveries, entwine him in adventures from which he can never escape and yet also never bring to an end. But before we venture out to sea, to search through all its breadth and become certain of whether there is anything to hope for in it, it will be useful first to cast yet another glance at the map of the land we would now leave...”*

**The mind has the capacity to
THINK of the possibility of
another kind of MIND**

7.8 Exit Song Version 8 / 56

Quotes to Exit

“For even when I am in darkness and silence I can bring out colors in my memory if I wish, and discern between black and white and the other shades as I wish; and at the same time, sounds do not break in and disturb what is drawn in by my eyes, and which I am considering, because the sounds which are also there are stored up, as it were apart.”⁴²

102. The mind within the senses does not dwell,
It has no place in outer things like form.
And in between the mind does not abide:
Not out, not in, not elsewhere, can the mind be found.⁴³

⁴² St. Augustine - Confessions, book X, Ch. VIII, p. 179

⁴³ Shantideva *The Bodhisattva Way* Book 9, Verse 102, p. 151

EPILOGUES

8.1 Epilogue Version 1/ 57

Quotes to Enter

5.1 Completeness

We have laid down that tragedy is an imitation of a complete, i.e. whole, action, possessing a certain magnitude. (There is such a thing as a whole which possesses no magnitude.) A *whole* is that which has a beginning, a middle and an end. A *beginning* is that which itself does not follow necessarily from anything else, but some second thing naturally exists or occurs after it. Conversely, an *end* is that which does itself naturally follow from something else, either necessarily or in general, but there is nothing else after it. A *middle* is that which comes after something else, and some other thing comes after it. Well-constructed plots should therefore not begin or end at any arbitrary point, but should employ the stated forms.”

“That is the sort of world we live in - a world of circuit structures - and love can survive only if wisdom (i.e. a sense or recognition of the fact of circuitry) has an effective voice.”⁴⁴

⁴⁴ Bateson, 156 “ Style, Grace and Information in Primitive Art” in “Steps Towards an Ecology of Mind.

8.2 - Epilogue - Version 2 / 58

As it was & is, underlying.

What is outside and what is inside a play? Can we find another way to permit the future?
If we dissolve our belief in the logic of a determinant narrative structure can a different future be permitted?

I'm interested in something subtle. A singular, but porous, and obviously entangled human being.

We've been asking how to exist in a state of that which was to be.

Maybe this is the end of American Empire, capitalisms swansong. Could that process be anything but cruel and violent, while also being cause for transcendent celebrations? This country has always been broken & rotten. Most everyone I love is here. Empires have ended, over and over again. The earth will heal. This is going to hurt. This has already changed us, will change us & then what?

The beginning of a beginning, a middle and an end.

The end of a beginning, a middle, and an end.

8.3 - Epilogue - Version 3 / 59

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Dig the mountain

move the mountain across the sea

Quan Yin is the pink glow

the one who hears the sound of the world

Quan Yin is the pink glow

all-seeing, all hearing

Quan Yin is the pink glow

the rose beam

who hears the suffering of the world

Quan Yin is the pink glow

Rose beams

From the mountain to the bottom of the lake

4.8 Epilogue - Version 4 / 60

Memory Palace

A piece of glass affixed to the wall.

Hard to find.

8.5 x 11, 12 pt.

Standard letter size.

Translucent round pegs affix the

Glass into the wall

Text etched into the surface

An office prize? Epilogue.

LIZ McALISTER: They put guns on us and told us to freeze and so forth.

AMY GOODMAN: Did you explain to them why you were there?

LIZ McALISTER: Oh, we did, yes, yes, that we were here to witness against the destruction of this Earth, which is represented by the weapons on this base.

AMY GOODMAN: And how did they respond?

LIZ McALISTER: They looked at us. They did not respond. They sent somebody to put cuffs on us, do searches and the rest of it.

AMY GOODMAN: You've been doing this for decades.

LIZ McALISTER: Yes.⁴⁵

⁴⁵ On April 4th, 2018, on the 50th anniversary of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination, the activists entered the base, which is home to at least six nuclear ballistic missile submarines. Each submarine carries 20 Trident thermonuclear weapons, armed with just hammers, crime scene tape, baby bottles containing their own blood, and an indictment charging the U.S. government with crimes against peace. "we had found ways to resist the war by destroying draft files. What can we do to resist these weapons? Obviously, you can't dismantle them. But you can get near them. You can put blood on them. You can say no to them in that fashion. And we began looking for ways to do that, if that makes any sense."

https://www.democracynow.org/2019/10/21/kingsbay_plowshares_seven_activists_trial

8.5 Epilogue Version 5 / 61

Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

May 10th, 2020 - not exactly finished

Sam wants to go see the blue phosphorescent waves down south.

Are we joining those insane beach freedom fighters in Newport Beach?

I want to see the waves too.

We drive, hesitantly, guilty and excited.

Sam puts on a recording of two of her beloved NY queers doing astrology talk together. A hot young nerdy black trans woman (named Tourmaline!) is wearing a fishnet top and tape X's over her nipples, and her astrological mentor, a large, bespectacled, moon-faced white witch-like queer who holds the phone camera very close to her face while they are in conversation. All face in dialogue with all torso. They are talking about the full moon in scorpio. We are headed to see the phosphorescent waves. A most gay pandemic outing.

In my resistance, I let myself begin to like their banter back and forth, teacher and student, friends across gender, age and racial lines in search of some guidance from the cosmos. I am reminded that even as I am annoyed and constantly uncomfortable with the practice of overcategorization that queers engage with. *HOW IS IT THAT YOU WANT TO GIVE IDEOLOGY MORE NAMES TO CALL YOU BY? BE AS UNCATEGORIZABLE AS POSSIBLE.*

The flipside of the coin is that it's the lived experience of the openness of these categories that has raised me.

Real queers don't care. Change your name, change your gender, change whatever however you want, but be cool with what I do and live in a harm reduction mode. Have sex with whoever, however, wherever. You don't have to have sex at all, as long as you want to get free and you want me to get free too. Autonomous together is the vision, and sometimes the practice.

All are welcome, come on in, freaks. My kitchen table in San Francisco - elven people, hookers, healers, dominatrix meditators - a gremlin who is really good at math, someone whose name is Froggy, treehuggers, fag taggers, a beekeeper, a goatherd - everyone has made just a little bit of porn.

I love the gays. I love to be gay. Ease with transmutable bodies, and names. I forget about how I've gotten to live when I get annoyed at the other side of the coin - the overcategorization.

This full moon is the anniversary of the buddha reaching enlightenment.

The full moon was full for about five days, by my count.

The flash of blue. We saw the wave break electric blue, snuck past the stay at home orders, with guild.

The patrol car closes the strand. Due to COVID-19, the strand is closed.

The family that brought their grandparents out, with wheelchair and a mask.

We want to stay alive, and we also want to be alive.

Back at home, on the mountain in Northeast Los Angeles, we undress and take a shower. Through the small window above the tub, we can see hill after hill glimmering. Sam squeezes the shampoo into her hand and suds my hair. We go to sleep. Three months in.

8.6 Epilogue Version 6 / 62

Slices

More recently, some in the metaphysical world have come to believe Tourmaline is not indigenous to Earth, but has been materialized onto our planet by higher life forms to assist humans with their transition into the Aquarian Age. It is further believed that special Tourmaline wands are being created in alchemical laboratories deep in the Andes in South America, and the enlightened beings who perform this magic dematerializes these wands, transports and then rematerializes them into mines in South America. These perfectly terminated wands may be up to twelve inches long and contain the full color spectrum, capable of vibrating all of the chakras simultaneously as they align the consciousness with the omnipotent cosmic force. Once mined, these wands attract themselves to those who intuitively know how to use them. [Raphaell, 129]

8.7 Epilogue - Version 7 / 63

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason

Week 8 - Class Notes- Monday May 18th, 2020

*We are moving from the conditioned to the unconditioned, from the universal to the absolute
A kind of enlargement, to a level of less conditioned (universal) to the absolute (beyond
conditions) / where reason cannot go/ but where reason constantly looks to transgress the
frontiers of, towards the totality of conditions*

THIS OPENS THE SPACE OF METAPHYSICS

What is the link between beings & existence?

CRITIQUE IS THE ART OF NOT BEING GOVERNED

- It means that we ARE in the position to REFUSE any dogmatic authority
 - In a position of truth
 - THE ENLIGHTENMENT was a REVOLT of all the theologians imposing dogmatic content on ppl
 - **The critical path alone is still open**
 - The reader can turn the footpath into a highway
 - If we have limits, then lets transgress them (says FOUCAULT)

TODAY → the critique has become an understanding of how we became what we are

- What is this a mirror of?
- What forces are constituting me as a subject?
- How am I constrained / shaped as a historical subject ?
 - Foucault says that is what CRITIQUE has become
- When it comes to the subject - what kind of limits is it about?
- How was the SUBJECT of CRITIQUE formed in KANT?

THE NOTION OF LIMITS HAVE CHANGED

- *What is enlightenment* moves us from objectivity to subjectivity
- Using the same title, Foucault show us how to critique has changed while remaining the same

8.8 - Epilogue Version 8 / 64

Quotes to Exit

Things that aren't in here yet
The Bog Man at the basement floor
of the anthropology museum in Aarhus

Grauballe Man to be one of those strangely well-preserved 'bog bodies' from the Iron Age, several of which had been found across Denmark and elsewhere in north-western Europe...The man was buried naked, lying on his stomach in an Iron Age peat cutting. He was exceptionally well preserved, with clearly defined facial features, a smooth skin a shock of red hair and even the stubble of a two-week old beard on his cheek.

Staring at the mummy with Anna, the woman who wrote the mushroom at the end of the world
The possibility of life in capitalist ruins

*Things Caused by human infrastructure but no longer in human control
Blueberries from chernobyl, small pox, killer slugs, drifting insecticides
Grid, dump, speed - the anthropocene can be understood as a series of detonating events
: INVASION, EMPIRE, CAPITAL, ACCELERATION*

Two weeks (and then two years) working for AURA
Aarhus University Research on the Anthropocene
The department is headquartered at the edge of a forest in Denmark
I bicycled thirty minutes through the forest by the sea
a triangular concrete structure wedged into the hillside
A Wooden Viking House at its feet

CRITIQUE IS THE ART OF NOT BEING GOVERNED

The notion of limits have changed
The mind has the capacity to THINK
of the possibility of another kind of MIND
Every time I experience a limit,
I also experience the absence of limit
We can think farther than we know
Even if it's provisional, it's where we are going

*APPENDICES WERE NOT PUT IN
PROPERLY*

1.2 Prologue Version 2 / 2

As it was & is, underlying

We've been asking how to exist in a state of that which was to be.

It was fall, and night fell early. Working my way up the shadowed hills, along rows of eucalyptus, I switched back from side to side of the street, pushed to criss cross by the sidewalks end. In the drone of cicadas, the sky dispersed from deep blue into black, and very few other people appeared on the road. I was 10 miles and 10 hours in on my slow walk to the edge of The Pacific from my house in Echo Park.

Through this all I continue to be interested in the folding of space and time.

How to encounter a space that didn't come into being? *In this time.*

Starting on a Sunday morning I passed the lake, glittering with birds and light and people. I turned left on Sunset Boulevard and I keep walking. Past coffee shops, record stores, churches, temples, bars, Scientology Centers, smoke shops, and hospitals. Through crowds and empty stretches. I eat a hamburger and keep walking. I lay down in the grass in Beverly Hills and sleep for an indeterminate amount of time while Jewish families sing in Hebrew while facing a fountain dotted with swimming ducks. Some hours later I get to the end of the continent. The sky is so dark that I can't see the waves, but I record the sound of their drag against the shore.

The beginning of a beginning, a middle and an end.

The end of a beginning, a middle, and an end.

2.2 - Entry Song Version 2 / 10

As it was & is, underlying

Moving slow is a strategy for urgency.

“The urgency of slowness” must be an en vogue catch-phrase. Slow food, slow travel, slow violence. I’m not so interested in catch phrases, but there is something about slowness as a strategy, a mediation through the body that resonates with me. Taking a slow boat across the pacific in 2015 is obvious and grand.

But I’m interested in something more subtle. *Who knew the acceleration was going to be in slow motion?*

A singular, but porous, and obviously entangled human being.

If we really listen to what is happening, we know that we can’t move like this anymore. Even when there is a vaccine. It’s not about the safety of breathing air on a plane. It’s about the plane, and the oil it runs on, and the endless wars that extract the oil, draw it out the earth with the blood of every being as our fuel. This is that sad awakening aboard the ship. Standing at the edge of the Port in Shanghai, the biggest port no the planet, my first time on land in two weeks. I look up and realize for the first that that we are in the shadows of enormous stone mountains, crisscrossed with dark vines. The air is filled with a shrill ringing of crickets beating their wings. It occurs to me that right beyond the parking lot, the earth is still teeming with life. The containers, roadways, cranes and concrete living quarters were all relatively new to this seashore.

I’m interested in the circulation of images and myth. *I’m interested in circulation (meridians, myth, images, materials, ideas).*

3.2 - Episode One - Version 2 / 18

As it was & is, underlying

A singular, but porous, and obviously entangled human being.

To understand all things teleological, all the marches towards - whether towards progress, utopia, dystopia of doom - or any claim to power (celestial / god given / etc) - we need to examine the architecture Aristotle's consequential influence. How he defines the management of spectacle, how plot structure is both form and substance, and how he delineates how the poet dramatizes action in pursuit of ethical goals and fulfilments.

What is outside and what is inside a play?

In exploring theatre from the "Occident" & "Orient" across time and territories, I hope to pose underlying questions surrounding the possibility of ethical action. How is it that we orient ourselves, ethically, in space and in time? With a mix of improvisation and control I'm working to stage an exhibition space that examines and makes possible the conditions for performance. *With a mix of improvisation and control, I write this text to examine and make possible new conditions of possibility.*

4.2 - Dirge Version 2 / 26

As it was & is, underlying

It takes the same amount of time to cross the pacific on a plane as it does to walk across LA.

I took the recording at the edge of the ocean and layered and condensed it into an audio piece that covered the movement from East to West in ten minutes of overlapping sound. Not entirely linear. The samples looped and repeated. They began with the lake and ended with the sea.

Weeks after the walk, I played the 10 minute sound of 23 miles on Sunset Boulevard while I steered myself backwards on a thin roll of paper flattened on the floor. I placed the paper diagonally, marking a line from East to West in a studio on campus.

I held a string in my mouth that was tied to a frozen cube of my blood. I drew a slow sanguine line. Gauging as the crystalized red block melted down, I pulled the string in my mouth as I reversed, my hands held behind my back to keep balance.

Can we find another way to permit the future?

5.2 - Episode two - Version 2 / 34

As it was & is, underlying

We've been asking how to exist in a state of that which was to be.

Bloodlines, drawings, moving backwards, practices of meditation & concentration, the condensation and mapping of time and of space, practices of disciplining your body and mind, crossing territories & lineages.

This two part procession - one long, and meandering (walk towards The Pacific, East to West), the other short, and doubly focused (drawing frozen blood backwards across a room, East to West) - sets the tone for the questions I have been asking.

How to move with awareness of the constraints and power shaping the world, the planet, your body & life?

6.2 - Ode - Version 2 /42

As it was & is, underlying.

Can we find another way to permit the future?

*The virus tells us what is broken. The planet is a system that isn't inexhaustible, that can't be traversed, dredged, squeezed to produce without replenishment and rest. The current crisis is indistinct from the climate crisis. It's just an accelerated and clearer message that everything has to radically slow down and speed up at the same time. **The urgency of slowness.***

We cannot continue to fold space & time on earth as if it has no consequence. Each breath & blow & dig & grid & dump has consequence.

*Sure, it's a war on the virus, requiring tactics, strategy, and massive coordination. But if we don't see that this mode of war is just one part of humankind's ruthless war on nature, we'll be setting ourselves up for the same conditions for the next pandemic to hit. The planet is not worried about swallowing us. **THERE'S THAT BERKELEY WING NUT VIBE. I DON'T CARE! ALL CAPS! THE VIRUS COULD BE OUR FRIEND IF WE LISTENED.** If we listened to what is really here, not how we want things to be. The pandemic as a portal.*

7.2 - Exit Song - Version 2 /50

As it was & is, underlying.

We've been asking how to exist in a state of that which was to be.

I turn to Aristotle as the progenitor of the fiction of narrative. This pervasive belief that there is a beginning, a middle and an end. The assumption that there is a conclusion to the story.

Anyone whose family history is seeded and fractured with violence, which is everyone, knows (or rather could know) that the story does not end.

How to move with awareness of the constraints and power shaping the world, the planet, your body & life?

Nature is not healing. The EPA is being slashed and Bezos is gonna be the first trillionaire while most of the world's human population starves, drowns in hot water, typhoons, mudslides, or maybe nuclear war and if we don't die of this pandemic, it will be the next one, or the next one, because we THINK this is the BIG ONE. But it's not THE BIG ONE. The BIG ONE will be an airborne flu!

I'm getting stuck in smallness, here. Ultimately, I am afraid of all the suffering. Of all my smallness in it.

How to move?

How to move?

How to move now?

8.2 - Epilogue - Version 2 / 58

As it was & is, underlying.

What is outside and what is inside a play? Can we find another way to permit the future?
If we dissolve our belief in the logic of a determinant narrative structure can a different future be permitted?

I'm interested in something subtle. A singular, but porous, and obviously entangled human being.

We've been asking how to exist in a state of that which was to be.

Maybe this is the end of American Empire, capitalisms swansong. Could that process be anything but cruel and violent, while also being cause for transcendent celebration? This country has always been broken & rotten, and most everyone I love is here. Empires have ended, over and over again. The earth will heal. This is going to hurt. I has already changed us, & then what will happen?

The beginning of a beginning, a middle and an end.

The end of a beginning, a middle, and an end.

Appendix 3 - VERSION 3 - From The Mountain to The Lake

1.3 Prologue - Version 3

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Dig the mountain, cross the sea

We are carved pink gemstones, tourmaline

that speak to you

from deep under a dark blue water

From the bottom of a lake

in the interiors of a palace garden

some ways away from the forbidden city

we cannot tell you precisely where

A great pile of jewels, rough gemstones, talismans & figurines

we were wrapped together, under rough cloth,

with golden coins, & porcelain cups

tied down with rope onto a barge

towed to the center of this water

at the purple end of night

& sunken

From the mountain to the lake

We will tell you how we came to be

Dug from the mountain, crossed the sea

brought into the private chambers of

The Dowager Empress Cixi

2.3 Entry Song - Version 3

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Strophê (Turn) - The chorus moves in one direction towards the altar

From the mountain to the lake

Carved from a deep pink beam of stone
our bodies shaped by a diamond edged saw
From tourmaline into the shape of Quan Yin,
Goddess of mercy & compassion
Stone carved into small hands, small body
one hand perpetually pours a vase
the other holds a willow branch bending

Antistrophê (Counter-Turn) -The chorus moves in the opposite direction.

Our submersion is forever tied to Cixi's death

The Empress Dowager

who ruled the Qing Dynasty for 47 years

In these last fifty years of empire

the closed kingdom opened

The Boxers rebelled, believed themselves

imbued with magic power,

monkey kings & fire lantern women

Theatrics did not protect

Networks built of rail & telegraph wire

Cixi's image seared in black & white

Circulates the world

Quan Yin is the pink glow

the one who hears the sound of the world

Quan Yin is the pink glow - all-seeing, all hearing

Quan Yin is the pink glow - the rose beam

Quan Yin is the pink glow

Rose beams

Dig the mountain

move the mountain across the sea

3.3 - Episode One - Version 3

*The Empress Dowager Cixi
From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake*

Little An, Cixi's lover
Little An, Cixi's lover
Handsome, and sensitive
He turned her head
A eunuch, and her loyal attendant
Handsome, he turned her head

*By 1869, the Empress had risen to power
staged a quiet coup after her weak husband's death
She ruled from behind a yellow silk screen
With the young emperor sitting on a lion's throne before her*

Little An, Cixi's lover
Handsome, he turned her head
The young empress fell in love
Distracted & dreaming
attention to the authority of tradition fades

4.3 - Dirge - Version 3

The Empress Dowager Cixi
From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

In preparation for the prince's wedding
Cixi sends Little An to collect silks and jewels from a far province
She also longed to go, but law forbade her from travel
How Little An would enjoy the journey, she sent her lover in her place
breaking the law that kept them both within the palace walls

Neither eunuchs nor royalty were to be seen by common people
Power & servitude within the forbidden city
The new bride of Cixi's son would soon arrive by night
A processional pathway, carved through the streets
sheathed and guarded so that no onlookers could see
Her ghostly passage to the palace, between dusk and dawn

5.3 - Episode Two - Version 3
The Empress Dowager Cixi
From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Little An, Cixi's lover
Little An, Cixi's lover
Handsome, and sensitive
He turned her head
A eunuch, and her loyal attendant
Handsome, he turned her head

The people gathered and gawked to see this eunuch, on his royal barge, the unauthorized messenger of the empress Cixi. The conservative Qing court roared back. a Eunuch was not to be seen by common people. The empress would be brought into line.

“So Little An was beheaded. Also executed were six other eunuchs and seven hired bodyguards. Governor Ding reportedly had his corpse exposed on the execution ground for days, so the public could see that he had no male organs. Talk of his being Cixi's lover had been widespread.

⁴⁶”

Little An's corpse was left, headless and unclothed for spectators to see.

Little An rolled out from behind the skene
Bodily woundings, death in full view
After reversals & recognitions
Suffering is the third component of tragedy

Cixi ceases to eat
Vomits bile for a year
Love closes for the Empress

⁴⁶ Excerpt From: Chang, Jung. “Empress Dowager Cixi: The Concubine Who Launched Modern China.” Apple Books. Page 184

6.3 - Ode - Version 3

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Quan Yin is the pink glow
the one who hears the sound of the world
Quan Yin is the pink glow
all-seeing, all hearing
Quan Yin is the pink glow
the rose beam
who hears the suffering of the world
Quan Yin is the pink glow
Rose beams
Dig the mountain
move the mountain across the sea

Ode to the mountain
Ode to hidden chambers
Ode to Cixi
Ode to Quan Yin
Ode to breaking
Ode to bathing

7.3 - Exit Song - Version 3

The Empress Dowager Cixi

From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

With her last breath, she grasped a tourmaline stone
Cixi, who rose to power from low ranking concubine
She longed to be like us - pink, translucent stones
Emblems of Quan Yin, the goddess of mercy & compassion

From the mountain to the lake

A pillow made of our stone
Cradles her skull In her tomb
With her death the dynasty disintegrates
With her death, we are sunk to unmarked waters

8.3 - Epilogue - Version 3
The Empress Dowager Cixi
From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake

Dig the mountain
move the mountain across the sea
Quan Yin is the pink glow
the one who hears the sound of the world
Quan Yin is the pink glow
all-seeing, all hearing
Quan Yin is the pink glow
the rose beam
who hears the suffering of the world
Quan Yin is the pink glow
Rose beams
From the mountain to the bottom of the lake

APPENDIX 4 - Version 4 - Memory Palace

1.4 - Prologue Version 4

Memory Palace

The tall gray door on the left hand side is propped open. A pink light pours from the interior of the gallery, a triangle darkens the edges of the entryways carpeted floor.

The prologue is the wall text. Dark gray vinyl on white hallway before the gray doors. *Cixi: From the Mountain to the Bottom of the Lake.*

The prologue is a printed manual. Cut, creased and folded piece of flower pink paper.

Unfold the paper.

The manual is an exhibition map, the spaces of the gallery drawn and linked to prologue, entrysong, episodes, ode, dirge, exit song & epilogue. The manual is a map to this memory palace, the place that exists to store the objects that hold the information & ideas you can't remember without being reminded. A storehouse in the place that is not a place.

Float the paper in between your pointer finger and your thumb. Walk through the tall gray door.

2.4 - Entry Song Version 4

Memory Palace

Step in through the high gray doorway. Hovering in pink. Difficult to distinguish where the walls begin and where the corner corners. Look left and right and forward. Forward past the wide room where you are. The room opens to a second room, long and narrow, the fuschia air drains out to white, far, over there. This first room is the entry song. *Strophê (Turn) The chorus moves in one direction towards the altar, here it says on the map.*

Pupils wide adjusting. Turn around inside the entry song. There's nothing on the walls but light reverberating. Pink, and flushed. You begin to realize that you are also pink and flushed, the light hits your skin and you raise your head to look up. *Antistrophê (Counter-Turn): The following stanza, in which it moves in the opposite direction.*

UP.

Quan Yin is the pink glow / the rose beam / who hears the suffering of the world / Quan Yin is the pink glow / These Are The Days Of Our Lives

Four maroon light fixtures, rigged to the ceiling thirty feet up, hanging twenty feet down. Curved containers blasting light, maroon fixtures levitating just out of just out of arms reach. Television set lights.

Soap opera soft glow. Lights from The Days of Our Lives, in use since March, 1985.

Rosy Quartz Gels over 2K bulbs. The light beams rose through the gels. Light slides down thrown out the C shape, the seashell, light rides the half pipe, hook shots of rose beams out of each fixture out to hit the walls. Heat the room up warm.

There it is. Episode one, on the map, two small low tables. Is this the altar? Towards a corner.

Quan Yin is the pink glow / These are the days of our lives / Rose beams

Dig the mountain, move the mountain across the sea.

*These
Are
The
Days
Of
Our
Lives*

3.4 - Episode One - Version 4

Memory Palace

There. Episode one, dialogue, two small low tables. Towards a corner.

Table tops cleanly made of clear acrylic, a display.

Each table holds a mirrored stand, circular and rotating slow.

A jewelers display, roughly palm sized.

A thin copper plinth in the center of each mirror.

Each plinth holds a slice of tourmaline, in a thin claw grip, perched at forty five degrees diagonal. Two translucent slices of stone, not more that a pinch thick and an inch in length and width.

The slices turn towards each other, then away, in tandem, and repeats.

A gem becomes a jewel when placed in the setting appropriate to its use.

An electrical charge can also be induced in some tourmaline crystals simply by applying pressure to the crystal in the direction of the vertical crystal axis.

The Piezoelectricity of Tourmaline is used to measure the magnitude of instruments of war & the earths reverberations. The blasts of guns, grenades, bombs, dynamite taking down bridges & buildings. Earthquakes, waterfalls, & avalanches.

The pressure gauges that measured the power of the first atomic bomb blasts were made with slices of this gem.⁴⁷

A gem becomes a jewel when placed in the setting appropriate to its use.

The slices turn towards each other, then away, in tandem, and repeats.

A gem becomes a jewel when placed in the setting appropriate to its use

Two slices tourmaline rotate towards one another

These slices used to gauge the strength of the first atomic blasts

Step back from the small low tables, round the corner

⁴⁷ See Frank C. Hawthorne and Dona M. Dirlam. "Tourmaline: Tourmaline the Indicator Mineral: From Atomic Arrangement to Viking Navigation." *Elements*, October 2011, v. 7, p. (5): 307–312, doi:10.2113/gselements.7.5.307.

Eyes adjust

Fold the paper in your palm

Carry on into the long wide room ahead

4.4 - Dirge - Version 4

Memory Palace

The spectrum fades down from the entry song, & the first episode. Carry on into the long wide room ahead. A walkway has been laid down, a thin low stage. Off center, but bifurcating three quarters the length of the long room.

Twenty feet long and topped with a white roll of paper, a deep red line is drawn down the walkways surface.

A line of blood drawn without anyone around. Blood pulled backwards, step by step. A temporary reliquary line, preserved. *First they threw their blood on draft cards, then they threw their blood on nuclear missiles. A dirge is a song of lamentation sung antiphonally by a company of mourners and one or more soloists, either actually over the dead body.*

Neither eunuchs nor royalty were to be seen
Beyond the forbidden city walls
The new bride of Cixi's son would arrive by night
A processional pathway, carved through the city
sheathed and guarded so that no onlookers could see
Her ghostly passage to the palace, between dusk and dawn

The image of his body, a rubbing of his body
The headless corpse is a flat sheet, no death masks
Only the transfer of image onto cloth
The cloth is laid on the ekkyklema
The roll-out machine, that carries the corpse out
For the audience to see
As death could not happen on the stage
Little An rolled out from behind the skene
Bodily woundings, death in full view
After reversals & recognitions
Suffering is the third component of tragedy

4.5 - Episode Two - Version 4

Memory Palace

There. Episode two, dialogue, a small low tables. Towards a corner in the long room.

The Table top cleanly made of clear acrylic, a display.

The table holds two mirrored stand, circular and rotating slow.

A jewelers display, roughly palm sized.

A thin copper plinth in the center of each round mirrors.

Each plinth holds a photograph printed on glass, in a thin claw grip, perched at forty five degrees diagonal.

The small motors turn the images towards each other, then away, in tandem, and repeats.

A gem becomes a jewel when placed in the setting appropriate to its use

Two translucent photographs, not more that a pinch thick

Four x Four in width and length.

Two versions of a monarch

Four versions of a monarch

Cixi dressed as Quan Yin

Cixi dressed as Queen Victoria

Queen Victoria dressed as

Cixi dressed as Quan Yin

4.6 - ODE - Version 4

Memory Palace

Beyond the reach of the walkway
With the line of blood
Past the flattened corpse
A pile of pink tourmaline stones
broken, rough & unpolished
reaches very high

Ode to the mountain
Ode to hidden chambers
Ode to Cixi
Ode to Quan Yin
Ode to breaking
Ode to bathing

The gemstone was mined from the mountains and moved by the ton across the planet to satiate Cixi's desire to achieve a metonymic merging with the stone's symbolic holdings.

Before she was Quan Yin, she was Avalokiteśvara- the Hindu God of compassion. The figure with a thousand arms and a thousand eyes, outstretched in all directions. In the 9th Century, during the Chinese assimilation of Buddhism, Avalokiteśvara changed from male to female, integrating the mother goddess figure into her form. Quan Yin, all hearing, all seeing, comes in the form that is needed to relieve a sentient being from sorrow. Whatever gender, age, human or non human. A follower once asked - but Quan Yin, did you not used to be a man? To which she answered "yes, but does it matter?"

Quan Yin is in the pink glow / the one who hears the sound of the world
Quan Yin is the pink glow / all-seeing, all hearing

4.7 - Exit Song - Version 4

Memory Palace

Somewhere in this space is where a bronteion, a thunder machine, would be.

Quan Yin took her bodhisattva vow to free all beings from sorrow, and added to her vow that she would never despair in her task. One day, looking down on earth, seeing more and more beings entering into our hellish existence of samsara, she threw up her hands. Despair! Breaking her bodhisattva vow, she broke into a thousand pieces as she fell to earth.

Her teacher, the Buddha Amitabha, helped Quan Yin repair. She was merged back into a body, but this time, her shattered limbs were turned into a thousand arms, hands outturned and pointing in all directions, an eye in the center of each palm. Shattered into a thousand pieces, Quanyin's vow to not despair increased in strength, a thousand times over - the eyes on her hands looking in all directions.

4.8 Epilogue - Version 4

Memory Palace

A piece of glass affixed to the wall.

Hard to find.

8.5 x 11, 12 pt.

Standard letter size.

Translucent round pegs affix the

Glass into the wall

Text etched into the surface

An office prize? Epilogue.

LIZ McALISTER: They put guns on us and told us to freeze and so forth.

AMY GOODMAN: Did you explain to them why you were there?

LIZ McALISTER: Oh, we did, yes, yes, that we were here to witness against the destruction of this Earth, which is represented by the weapons on this base.

AMY GOODMAN: And how did they respond?

LIZ McALISTER: They looked at us. They did not respond. They sent somebody to put cuffs on us, do searches and the rest of it.

AMY GOODMAN: You've been doing this for decades.

LIZ McALISTER: Yes.⁴⁸

⁴⁸ On April 4th, 2018, on the 50th anniversary of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination, the activists entered the base, which is home to at least six nuclear ballistic missile submarines. Each submarine carries 20 Trident thermonuclear weapons, armed with just hammers, crime scene tape, baby bottles containing their own blood, and an indictment charging the U.S. government with crimes against peace. "we had found ways to resist the war by destroying draft files. What can we do to resist these weapons? Obviously, you can't dismantle them. But you can get near them. You can put blood on them. You can say no to them in that fashion. And we began looking for ways to do that, if that makes any sense."

https://www.democracynow.org/2019/10/21/kingsbay_plowshares_seven_activists_trial

Appendix 5: Version 5: Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers/ Memories

1.5 - Prologue Version 5

Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 13th, 2020

When I was crossing the ocean, I traded daily writing with my mom. She sent me bits of the memoir that she has always been writing, and I sent thoughts from, deadass, the middle of the Pacific. Now is a portal to that time crossing the sea. During that time the strong desire to escape from the soupy sauce of the poetic / historical / geopolitical lenses that I was used to seeing with came and I fell into into the urgent mode of only seeing ecological genocide / earth suicide / 6th extinction. Big despair (Remember Quan Yin now?!) Some sort of awakening happened for me on the ship, a crisis of some sort, but have I done anything since then?

It's 5 years later. The year is 2020. The entire planet is acutely aware of being in a profound crisis. Evolve or die moment. Authoritarian lockdowns. Constant tracking. Closing of borders. Obedience tests & mass initiation. What kind and whose kind of purification will this be? We can't fathom the grief yet.

Right before this started I was able to balance on my hands in a new way - felt the palms of my fingertips - the pads, that is the word - gripping into the ground in miniscule measurements - bearing the weight of my whole body upside down with shifts very subtle, my body balancing before my mind knew it could.

What is there to describe?

This last month in quarantine.

The slip of time.

Getting to know each road and curve of the mountain.

(Who is home and who has skipped town

To ride this out)

Always wanting walking up

Returning to some roadway

one particular green alleyway in Istanbul

The cloud library above Tbilisi

A stone blue bath house

2.5 - Entry Song Version 5:
Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 14th, 2020

In Istanbul there was a man who bought me soup, and at 3 am, he touched my hand from across the table. We were outside, seated in the stone paved street. How did we begin to speak?

Tuan, the tip of his pointer finger blown off by a firecracker
ushered me to all the lesbian haunts he knew in Saigon
The *phoi pha* bar, studs bellowed golden yellow love songs
Jumping from motorbike to motorbike, holding tight to strangers with abandon

Peo was pregnant and had opened a shoe shop
We sat in a pile of high heels while we drank coffee
She grilled dried squid on burning coal late in the hot nights
outside her family's low slung house in the old quarter

Walking a fluorescent green rice field
The sea water black with ink from the village women flushing out the bodies of the squids
Clara's mouth black with ink in a cavern in Lisbon
Suck on the spine and flush back with wine
I have wandered and enjoyed a lot
New cities, get on a train, a bus, hold in your piss, get to the ocean
It's a long road

What are you trying to remember

Places and the dreams in them, difficult to differentiate
The slide out of dream when our ship arrived in Nakhodka
A churn of ocean water
Under the dream of a ships hull

Redder than a boars blood in a dream, she wrote
Can't hear anything under the waterfall
Rush
Hush

3.5 Episode 1 — Version 5

Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 16th, 2020

The folding of time. How we hold spaces within us. Something different from an imagination or a subconscious. It's not just an amalgamation of memories & places that we've been. I'm curious about the places we haven't been to but somehow conjure, not even in a dream. A productive chamber. An undercurrent. A subterranean river beneath a mountain, through a tunnel through a glacier, sliding up, opening, folding (Klein says up here the world has folded over twice, three times). A sound, a chorus, coasting into the arcades.

We barely know that we barely know our minds. There's a glimpse every time we meditate. A slim taste of our permeability, our constant state of being in other states, and places. How can we begin to think, to work and be in limitless, edgeless, unimaginable ways?

Naked in the Kabuki baths in San Francisco from day into night. Darkness, dim lit, all day. Was it The Confessions of St. Augustine that I re-read that day? The one who wept under the pear tree? Layla has him tattooed on her thigh - I should remember. It was the first memoir. The first confessional. I will remember later. Yes, it was him. St. Augustine. He cried because he *threw* the pears, and wrote to absolve himself from his sins, from pears to loving prostitutes. I had found a copy on a residential street corner in the Haight-Ashbury. Remembering now.

There in the dark, hours and hours of bathing and dipping. Floating in hot water, stone rooms, scrubbing with salt and plunging in cold, I started to read again and descended into the whole book. There was a passage about memory - of folding entire mountains into the interior world, subterranean chambers in the self, but in the spirit within body, the mind not the flesh.

I don't know if that was really written, or really read, or if it's just the vision that I remember coming to mind while I was reading in the dark, nude, body scrubbed hour after hour. *Now I am understanding that this is where I stitch together what a memory palace is.* The bathhouse becomes speared and spiraled into a chamber for memory. To remember is to return. *To this place that is not a place.* This was 2011, In the midst of falling in love with someone who I would remain in love with for a long time.

*And I come to the fields and spacious palaces of my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable images, brought into it from things of all sorts perceived by the senses.*⁴⁹*April 15th, 2020*

⁴⁹ Book X "Memory" / The Confessions of St. Augustine

4.5 Dirge - Version 5

Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 15th, 2020

I bought a carton of American Spirit cigarettes in the duty free on the way out of San Francisco. Cozied myself easily to the men selling rusted parts out of container ships with smokes, taking shots, and sputtering out new sentences in Georgian. Talking to strangers. Drinking from the same cup. Drinking from a small cup cleansed wholly by pouring the first round of hot tea.

What was possibly that isn't possible anymore, isn't possible now?

What is possible now that wasn't possible before?

The village chief and I downed an impressive bottle of Makoli at 10 am - the fizzy rice water booze poured into a cold metal tea kettle. Why was I the only one there? I drew out my plans, asking for his approval over gulps of the drink.

He agreed!

But what was it that I asked? I don't remember.

I remember walking to the village and finding the characters on a sign that correlated to a bath house. Through an lightless empty lobby and up the elevator to the third floor. The woman sat in a glass ticket booth and pointed me to the woman's side.

I was scrubbed with rigor. Dead grey rolls of skin sloughing off, cleared from the surface with a bucket full of water. After the woman scrubbed me, she bit into a large whole cucumber with one crunch.

A boy was in the warm bath with his mom
The cold plunge was tiled in blue
The squat toilet was clogged with virginia thin butts
Through the window in the bathroom
The horizon line dropped into only rice fields

Back in Tbilisi. The old lady at the stone bathhouse, centuries old, used a a gray rag that smelled of vinegar to clean my back. In the silk museum the guide slid open the wooden drawers, one after the other. Butterfly specimens pinned under glass.

I seem to be traveling, letting some moments come to memory. *Speak Memory*, my mom's favorite book as a teenager.

Conjuring a memory palace - but what do walking through the rooms help me to remember - an order to things?

A way of things unfolding that cannot return?

Yesterday it was the dream of the ship speeding out of the dream in Nakhodka - I still don't know how to describe it, and so should try again.

5.5 - Episode 2 - Version 5
Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 22nd, 2020

That winter before the superbloom, when it rained for one month straight after years of draught, I fell into an easy romance with a friend.

It was a few days into 2017. He had been elected but not sworn into office. The Ghostship had burned through a whole world in the city where we lived. Standing Rock had already begun to be dismantled, structure by structure.

I had just finished my three applications to grad school. The criteria was simple - 3 years, free and in Southern California. I would be moving South soon.

I had rung in the new year by selling drugs, quietly and calmly, without too much fanfare and celebration. A service of redistribution, headquartered in my living room. Tasting the acrid lick of moon rocks and psilocybin dustings as I cut and weighed. Stacking just a bit of cash. I was on the guest list to something, and my roommate, who was going through some silent inner terror (later, I learned this was acid), slipped into the passenger seat with me and we headed downtown.

My neighbor, who taught pole classes and came to meditate in my living room with me some mornings was sliding, thighs wrapped down the pole at the center of the stage We had plenty of ones, and clapped the bills free from the second floor, aiming for their flutter to hit her ass

Eh! Ehhhhh! Ayyyyyeeeeuhhh!

The friend who I would begin to sleep with soon, in that winter with so much rain, slips next to me on the railing

Support the arts! she yells, a burst of bills levitates in the air in front of us

We did not realize the rain would lead to the super bloom would be tinder for the months of wildfires

The romance with the friend didn't crash and burn, it doesn't match up as a metaphor here. That's not the point. We remain friends. We became better friends.

More so ... this is about how we didn't know what was ahead even though we knew things were already bad. The empire's break would be long, and painful, its acceleration only beginning to hit.

How it was easy to be with each other, familiar and steady company with bursts of heat and sweat, a spray of cash in a month of rain.

5.6 - Ode / Stationary Song - Version 5
Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 19th, 2020

Let this be as weird as it needs to be
This moment is weird
Mourning a time when we could gather
Mourning things that have not been and can not be

I am staying at my girlfriend Sam's house on Mount Washington. There's no plan in place, I just haven't left since Saturday March 13th. My aunt told me that when the Berlin wall went up it was sudden, basically overnight. People who were out - visiting friends, eating dinner, out for a walk - they were stuck where they were, either East of West, when the wall went. That's it.

There's five of us in this house. *I know it's different from the Berlin wall going up!* But the five of us here are in an instant marriage that we neither expected or planned, a social contract binding our safety & sanity with one another. Rapid commune, blessed union, forged overnight.

This house has two levels of porch, extending out over the backside of a green mountain on the Northeast side of Los Angeles. From the porch, a panoramic view of mountains after mountains, cloud shadows across the green, the hillside tingles with chickens, ranchero music, and last night one willowing voice, falling and rising on a loop. Tiny neon bright parrots. Tick tick ticking of all the birds.

I was worried about what the Ukranian woman said about the psychedelic product and so I broke off two squares and put them in my mouth to see for myself what would happen.

The voice was a song that swam through the dark green
Rushing to the bottom floor of a pool diving up

I stood on the top deck my pupils so wide that I could only take in light in hazy circles no distinct points of light

The rows of hills blooming with lights, and the song of the lilting voice and the spark of a dog
A planet beamed into view

One swath of mountainside was all unlit dark black

On the left hand side of the far horizon
How have I never seen it? How have I never been it?
An ink body laying on top the point
illuminated earth

7.5 Exit Song — Version 5 / 53

Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

April 17th, 2020

Yesterday I began wandering around through cities I had wandered around in
Walking without aim and with direction at the same time
Pointing towards what
The rule is to always go up
Walk up the hill, up the mountain, up the stairs

In Xiamen, I followed the direction of old women and they led me to a temple at the base of a mountain, and I kept walking up. Concrete stairs through vines and gardens, dirt patios swept clean. A man stretched out his voice for dawn exercises, heaving full blooded screams into the sky

The stairs led to small caves full of carved buddhas, and I kept walking until I reached the end of the path and turned around to see that I was above the city, the skyline reached the sea. I had just crossed the sea

Places that I have been.

Not sure I will wander again, walk through foreign cities following the elderly, or a flash of fish, a sign to continue on or turn left, turn right. Will it be possible to walk again, without aim, through neighborhoods, across cities?

I understand that it was a privilege to wander like this. Cheap flights, visas on arrival, jump on the bus, to walk through the streets of foreign places, at times gawked at but not too bothered.

Of course this is not just about the wandering freely. Most of us are born, with our lineages already torn across distances & territories. Our family dismembered by state & geographical limits & contestations. Everyone we love is here and somewhere else, all the time.

I sure wish the virus ends so that we can see each other again, maybe this summer? My twelve year old nephews says this every week when we call to work on a story about a dragon together. *Even when we are far apart, I tell him, I am always with you, remember that.* I talk to him like a soldier or a sailor writing a letter home, with no certain promise of return. It is melodrama and it is also real.

When my great-aunt was getting close to dying she asked me to find the letters between her and her piano teacher, to whom she was a devoted friend & student for forty years. She pointed me into drawers and suitcases. We unearthed decades of correspondence between my aunt & Nadia, who lived in Paris. The letters are often about making plans to meet again. Figuring out how to cross the Atlantic, or cross the country - logistics underwritten with affection. As they move from the era of steamships to airplane travel, the two women age - their bodies unable to travel even if planes permit it. Their letters keep returning to certain mornings, certain nights and sites, a cathedral at dawn, fresh milk and bread, a bed left purposely unmade.

"How big is our shranked world ? I am here and you are there, and that makes all the difference."

"Read all what is not written & believe me to be, as ever yours..."

Letters fold the distance. A word is a picture of things. Maybe we will all have to walk more, to keep each other alive.

8.5 - Epilogue - Version 5
Daily Writing / Bathing Chambers / Memories

Maybe there were a hundred of us there. The RAVE CAVE. The hallways labyrinth.

April 19th, 2020

Let this be as weird as it needs to be
This moment is fucking weird
Mourning a time when we could gather
Mourning things that have not been and can not be

I am staying at my girlfriend Sam's house on Mount Washington. There's no plan in place, I just haven't left since Saturday March 13th. My aunt told me that when the Berlin wall went up it was sudden, basically overnight. People who were out - visiting friends, eating dinner, out for a walk - they were stuck where they were, either East of West, when the wall went. That's it.

There's five of us in this house. *I know it's different from the Berlin wall going up!* But the five of us here are in an instant marriage that we neither expected or planned, a social contract binding our safety & sanity with one another. Rapid commune, blessed union, forged overnight.

This house has two levels of porch, extending out over the backside of a green mountain on the Northeast side of Los Angeles. From the porch, a panoramic view of mountains after mountains, cloud shadows across the green, the hillside tingling with chickens, ranchero music, and last night one willowing voice, falling and rising on a loop. Tiny neon bright parrots. Tick tick ticking of all the birds.

I was worried about what the Ukranian woman said about the psychedelic product and so I broke off two squares and put them in my mouth to see for myself what would happen.

The voice was a song that swam through the dark green
Rushing to the bottom floor of a pool diving up

I stood on the top deck my pupils so wide that I could only take in light in hazy circles no distinct points of light

The rows of hills blooming with lights, and the song of the lilting voice and the spark of a dog
A planet beamed into view

One swath of mountainside was all unlit dark black
On the left hand side of the far horizon
How have I never seen it? How have I never been it?
An ink body laying on top the point
illuminated earth

Appendix 6 - Version 6: Slices / Navigation / Stones / Extractivism Prologue Version 6

Pink Tourmaline may vary in color from pale pink to deep red, and in clarity from flawless transparent gems to opaque rough crystals, yet all are devoted to serving the highest aspects of the heart. A primary stone of the Heart Chakra, Pink Tourmaline links to the Crown Chakra infusing love and spirituality, encouraging compassion and gentleness during periods of growth and changes as humanity works toward enlightenment. [Simmons, 407][Raphaell, 131][Melody, 658]

Tourmaline belongs to a complex family of aluminum borosilicates mixed with iron, magnesium, or other various metals that, depending on the proportions of its components, may form as red, pink, yellow, brown, black, green, blue or violet. Its prismatic, vertically striated crystals may be long and slender, or thick and columnar, and are uniquely triangular in cross-section. They often vary in coloration within a single specimen, lengthwise or in cross sections, and may be transparent or opaque. The name Tourmaline comes from an ancient Sinhalese word turmali, meaning “a mixed color precious stone,” or turamali, meaning “something small from the earth.” [Mella, 110][Simmons, 406][Megemont, 182]

One of Tourmaline’s most distinguishing properties is its ability to become electrically charged simply by heating or rubbing it. When charged, one end becomes positive and the other negative, allowing it to attract particles of dust or bits of paper. This property of pyroelectricity (from heat) or piezoelectricity (from pressure or rubbing) was well-known to the Dutch traders of the 1700s who used Tourmaline to pull ash from their Meerschaum pipes, calling the stone Aschentrekker, or “ash puller.” [Simmons, 406]

6.2) Parodos /Entry song—the entrance of the chorus, usually chanting a lyric which bears some relation to the main theme of the play.

Tourmaline is a shamanic stone, providing protection during ritual work. It can be used for scrying, and was traditionally used to point out a cause of trouble or an offender, and to indicate a good direction in which to move. [Hall, 297]

Tourmaline strengthens the sense of smell, and in that respect, can also enhance the perception of pheromones which produces an aphrodisiac effect. [Megemont, 184]

Tourmaline is specifically used to treat motion sickness. It may also assist in restoring luster and shine to hair and nails. [Megemont, 184]

In industry, Tourmalines are highly valued as electrical tuning circuits for conducting television and radio frequencies. They are used for their durability since high frequencies can be passed through them without shattering, as many crystals do. [Mella, 110]

6. 3) Episode — There are several episodes (typically 3-5) in which one or two actors interact with the chorus. They are, at least in part, sung or chanted.

Pink Tourmaline is thought to be helpful for spinal problems or injuries, the nervous system, neuralgia and migraines. [Eason, 53] It also aids in balancing a dysfunctional endocrine system, and may be useful in treating the lungs and skin disorders. [Melody, 658][Hall, 301]

Tourmaline is a marvelous tool for balancing the right/left hemispheres of the brain and bringing mental processes into alignment with the chakras and auric body. It diminishes fear and may be useful in treating paranoia, and to overcome dyslexia by improving eye/hand coordination and the assimilation and translation of coded information. [Hall, 297][Melody, 653-654]

6.4) Dirge/Funeral Song

Tourmaline was known to the ancients in the Mediterranean. Egyptian legend speaks of how Tourmaline made its journey from the center of the Earth and passed over a rainbow, taking with it all of the colors as its own. [Eason, 53] The Romans used these stones for their relaxing properties of inducing tranquil sleep, calming the mind and relaxing the body. [Mella, 110]

In India, a likeness of Alexander the Great was carved in Tourmaline and dates to around the second or third century B.C., and in rituals of this culture, Tourmaline was used to provide direction toward that which would bring good, and was believed to be a “teller” stone to provide insight as to who or what was causing trouble. [Simmons, 406][Melody, 654]

Used by shaman of the African, Native American, and Aboriginal tribes, Tourmaline was thought to bring healing powers to the user and provide protection from all dangers occurring on the physical plane. The African shaman also used it to promote the awakening of the “dream of illusion” and to experience the self as a part of the universal spirit. [Melody, 654]

6.5) Episode Two

Pink Tourmaline re-balances the meridians of the physical body, replacing old hurt with nurturing love, and provides an optimal balance in the ethereal body. [Raphaell, 41-42, 128][Melody, 654][Hall, 297]

Hold or place a Pink Tourmaline on the Heart Chakra in meditation and visualize a pink light radiating from the stone, totally encompassing the body. This infuses the entire emotional body with love and can restore a sense of wholeness. [Simmons, 408]

6.6) ODE / Stasimon / Stationary Song —the choral ode. A stasimon comes at the end of each episode so that the tragedy is a measured alternation between these two elements. A choral ode in which the chorus may comment on or react to the preceding episode.

In antiquity, Tourmaline was considered a talismanic Gem of Autumn, and the six o'clock Gem of the Night. [Kunz, 326, 337]

Tourmaline is a [Seeker](#) Energizer talisman. Seekers contain the crystal energy structure that aligns the natural energy of the crystal to the natural power of the human mind to find the way to new horizons and new capabilities. They're pointers, directors, and compasses; the fresh start crystals. These are talismans of the scientist, the adventurer, the hunter, wanderer, and explorer. They're also crystals of the student and the researcher.

[Energizer](#) crystals, such as Tourmaline, are powerful conduit crystals for focusing and amplifying the Universal Life Force and our energy to accomplish our goals. They aid in our efforts to gain what we seek, enhance our lives, protect what we value, and defend us from undesirable elements.

6.7) Exodos / Exit Ode / Exit Song —the final action after the last stasimon. The exit

Tourmaline was first brought to Europe by Dutch traders in the 1700s who gave it the name, *Aschentrekker*, or “ash puller,” for its alternating powers of attracting, then repelling, hot ashes from burning coals when the stone was laid near the coals for any length of time. The Dutch traders used the crystals to pull ashes from their Meerschaum pipes. This ability to gain magnetic powers and become electrically “polar” by means of heat readily distinguished Tourmaline from any other gem. [Ferne, 154][Simmons, 406]

6.8) Epilogue

More recently, some in the metaphysical world have come to believe Tourmaline is not indigenous to Earth, but has been materialized onto our planet by higher life forms to assist humans with their transition into the Aquarian Age. It is further believed that special Tourmaline wands are being created in alchemical laboratories deep in the Andes in South America, and the enlightened beings who perform this magic dematerializes these wands, transports and then rematerializes them into mines in South America. These perfectly terminated wands may be up to twelve inches long and contain the full color spectrum, capable of vibrating all of the chakras simultaneously as they align the consciousness with the omnipotent cosmic force. Once mined, these wands attract themselves to those who intuitively know how to use them. [Raphaell, 129]

APPENDIX SEVEN

*Version 7: Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason
Notes from The Critique of Pure Reason Course
with Catherine Malabou, Spring 2020*

1.7 - Prologue - Version 7

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason

Week 1 - Class Notes - Monday March 30th, 2020

Excerpt from the Instructor's Manual

In what sense should we understand “Critique”? Critique comes from *krinein*, in Greek, that means to discriminate, to differentiate. The substantive for *krinein* is *krisis*, crisis.

A crisis is a moment of extreme tension and conflict that precedes an outcome, a decision. A pathological crisis is a state of emergency indicating the need for a solution.

In Greek, it also designated a trial, and more exactly the moment preceding the sentence. The sentence is the moment when the crisis turns into a resolution. This turning moment is analyzed by Kant as a revolution.

All these meanings are present in the Kantian definition of critique.⁵⁰

⁵⁰ Definition of ‘critique’ in the Critique of Pure Reason, in Catherine Malabou’s Instructors Manual. March 30th, 2020

2.7 Entry Song - Version 7

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason

Week 2 - Class Notes - Monday April 6th, 2020

1. Space is not a discursive or relation of things in general
 - a. What does that mean?
 - b. Space is not constructed out of experience but where is SPACE ?
 - i. Where is the door? I ask...
 - ii. Where is space? What is the space of space?
 1. It is an impossible question
 2. Beside / above / in back of / are not localized here or there
 3. Space has no spatial location
 - iii. It means that it [space] is a condition of possibility [like time]
 - iv. I'm somewhere but the space is nowhere because it is everywhere

3.7 Episode One - Version 7

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason

Excerpt from the Instructors Manual

THE LAWS OF THE UNDERSTANDING ARE THE LAWS OF NATURE. OR: THE
CONDITIONS OF POSSIBILITY OF EXPERIENCE ARE LIKEWISE THE CONDITIONS
OF POSSIBILITY OF THE OBJECTS OF EXPERIENCE A/158-B/197

This of course will be explained in class.⁵¹

Week 3 - Class Notes - Monday April 13th, 2020

1. Apophansis - **The art of opening a concept and unraveling it.**
 - a. **The revelation of a link**
 - i. What is it to think?
 1. Kant says “logic is pure thinking”
 2. Aristotle says that to think is to see links between different things
 - a. **To see is to discover links between things**
 3. Kant says that Aristotle’s general logic doesn’t give us anything to *COGNIZE*
 - a. It is FORMAL & formal logic doesn’t consider the *CONTENT* only the *LINK*
 - b. Kant is not satisfied with this
2. TRANSCENDENTAL LOGIC INCLUDES SOMETHING LIKE THE RELATIONSHIP TO OBJECT
 - a. An a priori relation to objects
 - b. Includes the apriori / transcendental dimension of our cognition of objects
 - c. Kant adds the *RELATION* to *CONTENT*
 - d. This is WHY
 - i. We *provisionally* formulate the idea of a transcendental logic
 - ii. It’s provisional // I just open the possibility
 - iii. Transcendental logic has become one of the most controversial points of Kantian philosophy
 1. We have to wait before we understand what is at stake
 2. Even if it’s provisional, it’s where we are going

⁵¹ From Catherine Malabou’s Instructor’s Manual - Week Three - Critique of Pure Reason “Understanding”

4.7 Dirge - Version 7

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility

Week 4 - Class Notes - April 20th, 2020

After we do the deduction / schematization it's like after reaching the peak of the mountain. We are going to hold on and try to do our best to hold on and explain what is at stake in Sensibility & Understanding.

Something that becomes, means that it is not yet what it is

Is it already always whole

The categories are always already accomplished and yet their being is the process

They produce themselves

Think of Aristotle and the circle

- Thinking and ideas are taken in the circle
- A circle is always moving
- It does not become b/c it is always circular
- Kant must be thinking of Galileo, who he liked...
- The earth is what it is because it moves

Is there something passive in the process?

5.7 Episode 2 - Version 7
Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility

Week 5 - Class Notes - April 27th, 2020

6.7 Episode two - Version 7
Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility

Week 6 - Class Notes - May 4th, 2020

7.7 Exit Song - Version 7
Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility

Week 7 - Class Notes- Monday May 11th, 2020

“We have now not only traveled through the land of pure understanding, and carefully inspected each part of it, but we have also surveyed it, and determined the place for each thing in it. This land, however, is an island, and enclosed in unalterable boundaries by nature itself. It is the land of truth (a charming name), surrounded by a board and stormy ocean, the true seat of illusion, where many a fog bank and rapidly melting iceberg pretend to be new lands and, ceaselessly deceiving with empty hopes the voyager looking around for new discoveries, entwine him in adventures from which he can never escape and yet also never bring to an end. But before we venture out to sea, to search through all its breadth and become certain of whether there is anything to hope for in it, it will be useful first to cast yet another glance at the map of the land we would now leave...”⁵²

This is very strange / The determination of the understanding is very strange // WE ARE ON MOVING GROUND

It is as if you knew, for example, that you were able to know how far you can run, to know your limits and at the same time, through your thinking, envisage the possibility of running much farther but without knowing exactly why and where and how

Every time I experience a limit, I also experience the absence of limit

- We can only KNOW something because we can think of something
 - We can only RUN that distance because we can think of a totally other type of running and a totally indeterminate distance
 - SO → it is only through the possible excess of our limits that we know our limits
 - This kind of negative mirroring of the LIMITS & the transgression of LIMITS
 - This is what gives you the difference between **knowing** and **thinking**

→ **this is very incredible how he proceeds**

→ **we can think farther than we know**

⁵² The Transcendental Doctrine of the Power of Judgment (Analytic Principles) Third Chapter On the ground of the distinction of all objects in general into phenomena *and* noumena. A235/B294 Page 338. Kant, Critique of Pure Reason. 2nd Edition.

- **Thinking allows us to think about somewhere where we are not**
- the excess that I was telling you about, is not only about the excess of our limits, but also the possibility of yes, THINKING
 - > of *ANOTHER* type of thinking
 - > or another type of intuition
 - > thinking of the possibility of another MIND

The mind has the capacity to

THINK of the possibility of

another kind of MIND

8.7 Epilogue - Version 7

Space & Time / Conditions of Possibility / Critique of Pure Reason

Week 8 - Class Notes- Monday May 18th, 2020

*We are moving from the conditioned to the unconditioned, from the universal to the absolute
A kind of enlargement, to a level of less conditioned (universal) to the absolute (beyond
conditions) / where reason cannot go/ but where reason constantly looks to transgress the
frontiers of, towards the totality of conditions*

THIS OPENS THE SPACE OF METAPHYSICS

What is the link between beings & existence?

CRITIQUE IS THE ART OF NOT BEING GOVERNED

- It means that we ARE in the position to REFUSE any dogmatic authority
 - In a position of truth
 - THE ENLIGHTENMENT was a REVOLT of all the theologians imposing dogmatic content on ppl
 - **The critical path alone is still open**
 - The reader can turn the footpath into a highway
 - If we have limits, then lets transgress them (says FOUCAULT)

TODAY → the critique has become an understanding of how we became what we are

- What is this a mirror of?
- What forces are constituting me as a subject?
- How am I constrained / shaped as a historical subject ?
 - Foucault says that is what CRITIQUE has become
- When it comes to the subject - what kind of limits is it about?
- How was the SUBJECT of CRITIQUE formed in KANT?

THE NOTION OF LIMITS HAVE CHANGED

- *What is enlightenment* moves us from objectivity to subjectivity
- Using the same title, Foucault show us how to critique has changed while remaining the same
- Moving from objectivity to subjectivity

Appendix 8 - Version 8 - Quotes to Exit

1.8 - Prologue Version 8

Quotes to Exit

33. “There is nothing” - when this is asserted,
No thing is there to be examined.
How can a “nothing” whole unsupported,
Rest before the mind as something present?⁵³

Colors brighter
The mountain folding
Turning the water
a grieving hovers
leaf doubling
Open the limbs open
And drain

⁵³ Shantideva. *The Way of the Bodhisattva*. Verse 33, Book 9. P. 142

2.8 - Entry Song Version 8

Quotes to Exit

34. When something and its nonexistence
Both are absent from before the mind,
No other options does the latter have:
It comes to perfect rest, from concepts free⁵⁴

⁵⁴ Shantideva. *The Way of the Bodhisattva*. Verse 34, Book 9. P. 142

3.8 - Episode One - Version 8

Quotes to Exit

10. A bathing chamber excellently fragrant
With even floors of crystal, radiant and clear,
And graceful pillars shimmering with gems,
All hung about with canopies of pearls ⁵⁵

4.8 - Dirge - Version 8

Quotes to Exit

⁵⁵ Stanza 10 - book ? - From Shantideva, The Bodhisatva Way. 700 AD / Cite translation / etc

36. The healing shrine of the *garuda*,
Even when its builder was long and dead,
Continued even ages thence
To remedy and soothe all plagues and venom.⁵⁶

See the flowers vibrate from space.
The rampage to the hills
This is not a bug out drill
Melt into the mountain, she wrote
Deserts full lilies high as hips.

After a winter with a month of rain
the first rain in years.

The bloom super bloomed & In our rapture we couldn't think a season forward to dry flowers
super brush tinder for tsunami fires that would be fought by prisoners being paid \$1 a day.

Rikers Island prisoners are digging mass graves for unclaimed bodies in New York, the drone
footage proves.

This week, Californians are tempted by the superbloom to disobey shelter in place. It must have
been ten miles of poppies, on both sides, she says.

Who will write the epitaphs?

⁵⁶ Book 9, Verse 36. Shantideva, The Bodhisattva Way

5.8 - Episode Two - Version 8
Quotes to Exit

6.8 - Ode - Version 8

Quotes to Exit

83. Thus there is not “body.” It is through illusion,
With regard to hands and other parts, that “body” as a notion is
conceived --
Just as on account of its specific shape
A pile of stones is taken for a man.⁵⁷

⁵⁷ Shantideva *The Way of the Bodhisattva*. Verse 83, Book 9. P. 149

Ode to the mountain
Ode to hidden chambers
Ode to Cixi
Ode to Quan Yin
Ode to breaking
Ode to bathing

Thank u.



fig. 4

The end.