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Overture : 'The Pre-Aletheia'

God, Literature, Projection, and the Prelude to Crisis
(the detached personal tense)



Pre-Text / Introduction Here to Follow

The Following is an Introduction
To the official accompaniment-text to
the sculptural-installation

At one with you, Even while you look at
other things, (2022)

By Danica Barboza

Exhibited at MORÁN MORÁN
Gallery
Los Angeles, June 2022

In a short lecture one can now find online, the popular American Reformed theologian and pastor, R. C. Sproul (Robert Charles Sproul, the now deceased founder of *Ligonier Ministries*), makes an argument that, “ God does not exist. ”

While the title—“R.C. Sproul proves that God does not exist”— is eye-catching, the lecture-segment itself appears more religiously-controversial than is its actual scholarly, theological aim. Sproul, as a brilliantly articulate orator, plays the role of a traditional Christian Apologist by explaining in linguistic, philosophical and etymological detail to the audience why God, in true accordance with man-made theological and logistical constructs, cannot and should not be said to “exist,” but “to be.” As Sproul cleverly explains, God, by nature—justified by the postulates of basic philosophy, is neither *a creature* nor *creaturely* in providence like you and I [moreover, by the dictates of unspoken common sense, if he were such, he would no longer by logical definition, *be* God]. And as such, it is not his/her/its providence in a non-creaturely state to stand in the place of “existence,” justified by the Latin lineage of meaning for the word “existence” itself. Some shorthand notes for the previously described argument might go as follows:

Notes -- “Exist” from the Latin *existere/exsistere* --to stand to stand out from, -- to be ‘out-standing’ -- tracing back to the Platonic sense that there is either the state of “being” or the *earthly, creaturely sense, of which creaturely, Earthly things are categorized, as living things*, (in the sense that, *Earthly/creaturely things*, are always in a changing state, akin to Earthly existence, ever shifting, changing.)

In 2020, while in conversation with the scholarly artist and writer Kristopher Rindon Johnson, I found myself sharing similar thoughts, in discussion of *why-or-why-not* my on-going novel, *Spondere*, by nature of its conceptual intention, may be categorized as a 'living document.' After making reference to Sproul's lecture, I explained the following concerning my own thoughts on the idea of the "art object" as a "living object."

Here is an excerpt from that conversation:

In the case of *Spondere*, the concept of 'the book' itself, is that of a conceptual 'living object' or living document —because, in the end the definition of its 'existence' *is* that of the object that can never be enough-- And now that its recipient is *gone* [deceased]— the concept of the text itself *and its existence* withholds under the weight and knowledge that it can never 'not be' or 'not exist,' as an entity. By its essence it is, *the entity unconsummated*, a something that can never be satisfied.

In the lineage of works such as Stéphane Mallarmé's *Un coup de dés Jamais...* (*A roll of the Dice...* 1897) — and the aspirations of later devotees of such work, including artist Vito Acconci (via vehement reflections on Mallarmé, found in his work *Spiritual Instrument*), and likewise the always well-articulated aspirations of writer Tom McCarthy—my own conceptual text or codex, *Spondere*, contains an inherent focus on self-realization/self-actualization, an intent which extends from the work itself, into the aim of my plastic arts and extending further, into all parts of my artist life and practice, the two fused as a single unit. While termed "ongoing," the central work is also a full-sized book in its own right, of around 170 pages, which moreover began as a "love letter" of sorts with myself very much, performing the more typically masculine role of *chivalrous pursuer* (as I so readily tend to do in life.) Given these subjects, it was natural that the concept of romantic love and psychological projection (even transference) naturally came up, as voice-able subjects in my dialog with Johnson.

These concerns, along with the spiritual, philosophical nature of Rudolf Otto's concept of *The Numinous*, and the concept of "the sacred grove" (Roman "grotto," which leads wanderers to direct spiritual transformation and enlightenment), also came to pertinence, as the influence of such concepts can likewise be readily found in my new and most recent works, such as *At one with you, Even while you look at other things*, (2022) [the impetus or *modus ponens* of which is discussed here in fuller detail in the section of this text titled, "**Central; Psycho-Spiritual, Psycho-Sexual Subsets**". The spiritualized, chivalrous/romantic element just as self-evident today, as may be noted in the wording of the title, *At one with you, Even while you *look at other things*, all with an intended explicit-embodiment imply by the titular-subject of "looking"... *viewing, the loving-gaze, projection, etc.* and specifically psychological/romantic, projection. And even now it seems natural, that Johnson, *even* at that time, should have then asked the following. As Johnson so delicately phrased, but so perfectly and astutely asked at that time— :

Do you think intimacy generally is a form of projection?

Even with the feedback of the other person saying "we are intimate" it is still a kind of leap or something that we assume the other person feels a similar depth (or maybe amalgamation) of sensations...

Johnson then elaborated their question, inspired by a conceptual piece I created titled, *Anima of a Relationship*, a somewhat ready-made sculpture, where a life-size, ectomorphically-figured sexdoll is displayed in its true-to-life commercial shipping crate, its head removed, a delicate cloth covering is open neck. One version of this piece was displayed at the Schinkel Pavillon in Berlin, while another more voluptuous iteration was exhibited at an exhibition at Artist Space in New York City, during a corresponding date just one month prior. “This question is definitely inspired by all the pieces of *Anima of a Relationship* Johnson adds, while asking quickly “—is that a *shearling* covering (terrible word choice, I know) at the top of her neck?”

My feelings then and now, where shared as follows:

The possibility that everyone projects somewhat on their partners, *whether their relationship is consummated, or otherwise* — seems like extra fair territory for speculation and intrigue — and here I think of Austrian author Arthur Schnitzler [*more on this below].

As an aside, I also love how this particular subject — say, the interplay between the psychology of people, — *that examination of the dynamics the shift between human interactions or interrelations*, plays such an interesting role in literature approximately around the turn-of the century and even just before. Specifically that examination of human interpersonal dynamics, and the examination of cause and effect. Again, this seems to be the territory of those authors just at that point of , *the brink of—the-brink-of...* the 20th century, such as, D. H. Lawrence, as well as his conceptual predecessor, fellow English author Thomas Hardy. I think this may be due in part because of that fresh new stronghold of the field of psychology...

I say this, as I am thinking of the work of specifically Austrian writers of fiction (again at the turn of the century, and into the 1940s), who likewise would have been aware or considering the works of Freud and Jung— again the author Arthur Schnitzler comes to mind of course, as well as possibly Stefan Zweig...

At the time of my conversation with Johnson, I found myself mentioning the subject of Literature, as the literary arts [often specifically from the era described], has throughout my life had an influence on my visual work. However, as I will explain in the “Central; Psycho-Spiritual, Psycho-Sexual Subsets” section of this text, the influence of literature is more than evident to me, such as in *At one with you, Even while you look at other things* (2022), in the case of the new work its autobiographical relevance has shifted to an embodiment now more similar to the initial readership and digestion of works such as Goethe’s *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774), and the sensory, psycho-sexual rumination and/or pondered machinations there, coiled within.

From the statement below, we can feel how much to a degree 'benign,' the place of Literature itself, at that time held in interplay and pressure against the body of influences, pressed as though intrepid against my visual works:

Literature seems to have always inspired my work for the same reason that, certain areas of psychology do—specifically because these areas have so much to do with the tracing of the cause-and-effect of human interplay, *both within and outside of the body/individual...* and extending outwards, into human interpersonal dynamics... —Or, specifically in the case of Jungian Psychology, because it attempts to move beyond and transcends the tangible, the earthly elements of cause-and-effect, the purely earth-bound constraints of everyday life.

At the time of my discussion all of these statements held earnest and true. Likewise, even now I would admit that, generally speaking, the influence of psychology, and even the more autobiographical interplay of psycho-sexual personal-dynamics are never more than just a few steps away from the “why” and impetus of perhaps all creative things... (possibly both within my own work, and without):

I think, I often personally speculate about the interplay of human-psychology, and interpersonal dynamics, for the same reason that I like to observe the cause-and-effect interplay of our own human biological system. Whether regarding motion and ‘mechanics’ of our *physical* form—namely the cause-and-effect of our anatomy and kinesiology ... or the cause-and-effect mechanism of our thoughts, extending outwards, outwards into actions, outwards into the interpersonal world at large... —All of these areas, seem juicy, dense and intriguing to me! In this sense — it is both the interpersonal-psychology of humanity that successfully intrigues—

- *Think novel, ‘Spondere’; — interplay of characters, cause and effect of plot structure; [even human expressions in sculptural poses, and hand-modeled portraits of clay], as well as the ‘outer-play’*
- *think sculptures, anatomical form — all of this I find inspiring.*
- *Concerning Jungian psychology/projection — [...]*

In continuation from this point in my shared, K.R. Johnson dialogue, I elaborated my thoughts on Jungian psychology and projection.

But, please allow me here to step-aside to say something—

Dear Reader,

Your very own tender and sensory skills of reading may have detected that *I*, your present tense guide, am in fact leading you towards the building of a case, as case of “before vs. after.” From a display of Sproul’s etymological definition of the state of God; to the etymology of existence; to the concept of the art object as a living object; and from there through a guided tour of my prior selfhood’s reflection on the influence of literature, psychology and nature of projection in correspondence with the subjects of my own work...

I am building you a case that can’t be voiced—

It is yet unvoiced – not for being unknown, nor for coexisting with subjects too *recherché* for a contemporary ear. The cause is because — the central text, toward which I wish to guide — not only contains code words, (for which I will not highlight) but because a sense of *kairos* is key – along with the cultivation of a sense of ‘felt understanding’ between you, my dear reader, and myself as your guide.

And so I beseech you: *Feel this—*

There is a “I” that was then, and there is an “I” that is now—

In the interim, by events outside of my cause and control, I have been altered at the root of myself, my ‘selfhood’ my being. – This is what I wish to convey.

And to speed you along this process of – understanding as I lead you to the central text: I would ask.

From this point I will guide you through a list of categories, these same categories will serve “as evidentiary,” for your own requested consumption of the “Central” text to follow.

I will intentionally end this section with no conclusion interjected via myself, but allow you, dear reader to feel the juxtaposition of past and presence.

And here, the case is built:

- E) --The Numinous Proper
 “The Supernatural /the Spiritual /Otto’s Concept Adopted by Liews”
 [From Rudolf Otto to CSL, Christian Apologist, and popular writer]
- D) -- The Numinous – Its Sensory Value & Spiritual/Religious Regard & Ramifications
- C) --On The Numinous within the “Sacred Grotto” – a place of Spiritual Transformation
 [spiritual transformation in the sight and solitude of anatomical forms]
- B) --On Hiding Information in Titles of Artistic Works
- A) --Regarding Personal Perception of ‘the beloved’ demonstrative in titular... (and sensitivity)

Exhibit A

Regarding Personal Perception of 'the beloved,'
Demonstrative in titular... (and sensitivity)

Barboza continues on projection signified:

[...] [–regarding personal perception of the beloved, demonstrative in titular modalities and rendered sensitivity]

—the title was, very much meant *in earnest*, and akin to felt-experience — I feel very sensitive and self-aware of this concept, –*of what it means to be 'projected upon' as a female in the contemporary, secular-and-worldly sense*, as well as the intimate and interpersonal.

I think that both with circumstance and age itself, I feel an essence of sensitivity and empathy towards all the obvious subjects surrounding feminized projection.

I don't feel shy towards admitting, that *I know exactly what it feels like, to be the recipient of given or forced perceptions and projections.*

Simultaneously, and in a more controversial sense, I also feel aware of that *self-devouring and theoretical 'learning-curve,'* (both as a factor within myself, and in the world as a whole) —those subtle cues and reminders, that come from society and from 'without', reminders which silently state that... Everywhere around us matter is consuming itself, concepts and ideas are consuming themselves—and wherever humanity blindly seems to extricate, or thoughtfully break itself out from a certain determinable boundary, —by the time we turn-around, we are likely to find ourselves in a cage, simply painted in a different color, most likely because, as a whole, *as a species*, we have yet to escape the grittier flaws of our own unencumbered nature.

Exhibit B

On Hiding Information in Titles of Artist Works

Johnson Asks:

Speaking of the *Aeolis* sculptures, the titles of both of those sculptures really fascinated me. *Anér-gune Aeolis*: in my Google wanderings the only thing I could find on that language is that ‘aner’ means husband specifically and ‘gune’ means universal woman; were you interested in drawing this space of commitment, heterosexuality etc. up with this sculpture?

Meanwhile *Middle-Seaxe Aeolis* [...] also seemed fascinating.

[...] Is the 7 backwards relational to the Greek letter Gamma, or is it maybe meant to note something about a cross?

Barboza Answers:

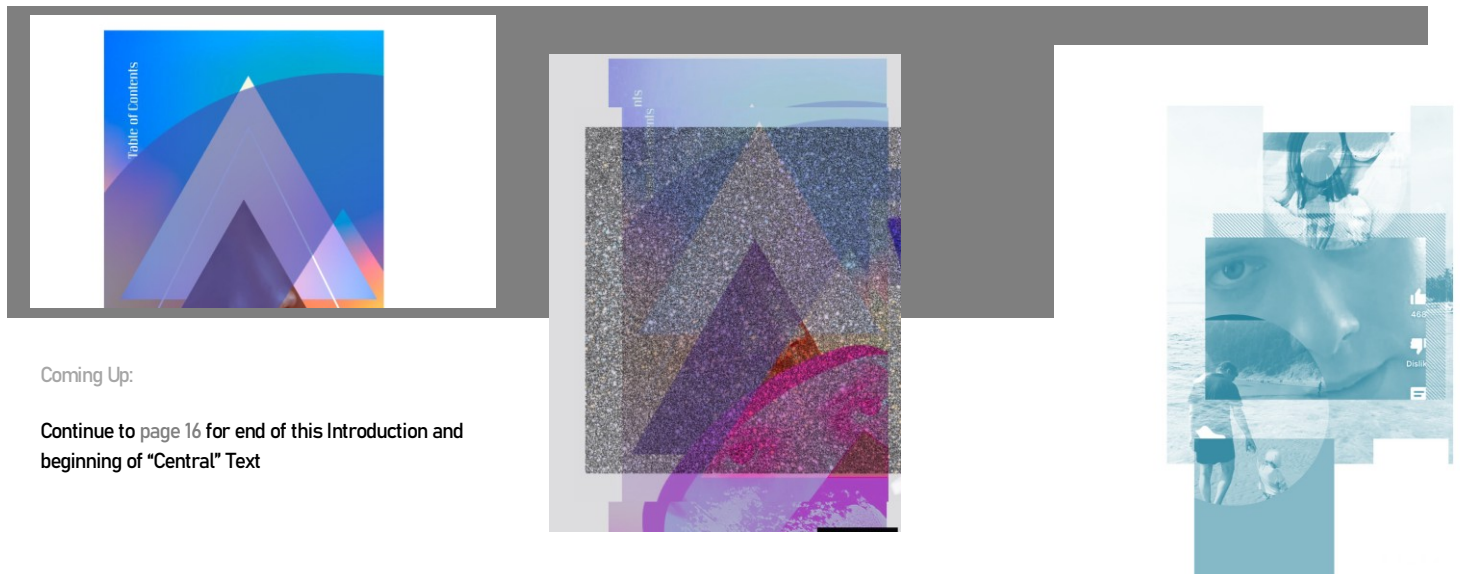
The titles of both of these works were chosen to hopefully emphasize an androgynous quality. [...] I had been envisioning a depiction of David, specifically as a female. In general, I am fond of the idea of emphasizing that, *the beloved (in this case David) is loved for himself, his singular self-hood, irrespective of age, or gender, and regardless of whether I myself* (in the more traditionally masculine role of ‘the pursuer’ —) [...]

[...] on the whole, the beloved is loved *in earnest* – for his dear and little sacred amour proper – with the same unconditional quality that a parent should love its child. –And in a broader sense, my hope is that the subject, idealized as such, may serve as a broader metaphor for the viewer, --concerning the subject of ideals. I believe there is even a manner of ‘hyper-romanticism’ in all this, ...almost *ala ‘Petrarch’*, or (in the best possible sense,) and --a chivalric pilgrimage [...] These themes of gender reversal and ‘hyper Romanticism’ and *hyper sensualism*, I believe, carry throughout [...]

In a broader sense, many thoughts on these subjects are always in my mind, —for example some books related to this subject I have been coming back to again-and-again, for the past

several years— are works by Stefani Engelstein, a professor of German and British literature, as well as certain works of Michel de Certeau (the French Jesuit historical scholar and contemporary philosopher) particularly his text in, *The Practice of Everyday Life*. And, more particularly relevant to aforementioned subject, —Victoria Nelson’s writing/studies on the archeological/sociological significance, within historical and contemporary human culture ... concerning psychological projection upon objects/artifacts, *objects such as dolls/ceremonial figures/religious idols and or relics ...*

In such works, [of Nelson’s,] the concept of a “doll,” a “puppet” or even a statue of the human form, —are all considered as a figure imbued with meaning— a something intended to be projected upon by the maker or beholder, again and again— *a projected significance...* which in some cases may even be ‘holy.’



Coming Up:

Continue to page 16 for end of this Introduction and beginning of “Central” Text

—The subject of what it means to be an icon, (*both in the sense of a ‘physical object’ or religious one, as well as its sense contemporary secular mass culture*) are thus, in relation to Nelson’s theories, much like the philosophical concept of ‘the Numinous.’

In general I feel Nelson’s theories, and areas of speculation have a fairly definite tie with the subjects relevant to my own interest and work.

* I mention Nelson's writing in particular, as she speaks and summarizes very beautifully on the Greco-Roman concept of the sacred cave or '*sacred grotto*,' —both 'the grotto' in its historical sense and its metaphorical manifestations ... such as, the concept of '*the grotto*': *seen as a place to retreat, for the sake of spiritual contemplation/rumination over the sacred, —sometimes in hope of revelation or insight—* and also '*the grotto*' as a physical space, of reoccurring characteristic, *a place often adorned with representations of the human form, quite often multiple figures, statues, —such as Nero's cave, or Plato's well known metaphorical one— a wild little den of many human shadows....*

To share the relevance of these thoughts (also in relation to the exhibition), below is a relevant passage of her work that I admire—

Victoria Nelson on *the Grotto, an Opening*

Unlike the history of the most great aesthetic movements, the birth of the Western grotesque is easy to pinpoint. When Italian antiquarians excavated the Roman emperor Nero's Domus Aurea outside Rome in 1480, they had to dig so far down to reach it that they called it's rooms and corridors *grotte*, from *crypta*, a Latin borrowing from the Greek meaning "hidden pit" or "cave." On the interior walls of the sunken place they found murals depicting strange hybrid monsters of a style in vogue in the first century after Christ— a style Horace had walked in *Ars Poetica* for its fantastic juxtapositions (a horse's neck with a man's head, a woman's body with the fish's tail) as "dreams of a sick person's mind."

Once uncovered from Nero's grotte, this visual conceit of the early Roman empire was immediately taken up by Raphael and other Italian painters at the turn of the fifteenth century. The mode *alla grotesca* swept across Europe and the grotto itself became a staple of every nobleman's garden. A century after the Domus Aurea excavations, the grotto or artificial cave had become nothing less than the "place of birth and death, passing away and rebirth, descent and resurrection," a highly charged microcosmic container of selected physical objects that drew down the arcane energy of counterpart forms in the superior world.

[...]

For another two hundred years after Bomarzo, grottoes replete with automata, water organs, and fantastic statuary proliferated in the gardens of Western Europe, culminating in such self-conscious eighteenth-century productions as Alexander Pope's studio at Twickenham, an underground passage cum atelier bedecked with mirrors, seashells, and false stalactites where Pope heroically communed with his muse [...] the perception-altering powers of this chamber, it's ability to make one feel one had entered a different reality, still shines through in Pope's enthusiastic description: "When you shut the doors of the Grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous Room, a *Camera obscura*; on the Walks of which the Objects of the River, Hills, Woods, and Boars, are forming a moving Picture in their visible Radiations."

Grottoes have long been out of fashion in the modern era, but what we continue to think of as *grotesque* has not. This style of art—in John Ruskin's definition still faithful to Horace, composed of "two elements, one ludicrous, the other fearful" —remains linked with caves and the underground by what seems an accident of linguistics and spatial association, but in fact evokes a tradition that was very old not only in

1480 but in the first century C.E. as well. The tradition of caves as an antechamber of the classical underworld, the land of the dead, a halfway point from which to contact the gods in their separate reality, was firmly entrenched from our archaic times. Before the advent of what Peter Kingsley has dubbed the "aetherial" model of Plato's cave (a World of Forms preceding and informing the shadowy reality we perceive through the senses), pre-Socratic Greek philosophy was rooted in a tradition of seeking wisdom in the darkness, not the light, via dream incubation in caves. Initiates who slept in these sacred places journeyed to the realm of the dead in hope of meeting a divinity who would become their friend and mentor. Unlike Parmenides and Empedocles, whose cults, like many others in the ancient world, offered the cave as a place of healing and connection to a transcendental world outside the senses, Plato would present the cave as a parable for the limitation of perception derived solely from sensory experience – [...]

--from Victoria Nelson's "The Secret Life of Puppets," 2000

Key Factors from Exhibit A and B

- The Art of hiding esoteric meanings and personal autobiographical signifiers in titles
- Artist demonstrates key respect for the personhood/respective *amour propre* of the artwork's focus point, "the beloved."
- Artist demonstrates individualized or hyper-romanticized/sensualized form of body-politics; in conjunction with a tendency towards *Greco* fifth-century Sophic values (Sophic values later reiterated by Postmodernist key figures of philosophical thought.)
 - Linguistic signifiers of (possible) Nihilistically-centered thought and/or foreshadowing Transcendental, no-humanistic-values /traits

Exhibit C

On The Numinous experience within the Sacred Cave/ 'grotto'

[On the connection between the theme of the 'cave'/'grotto' and subject of "The Numinous"---]

Barboza contextualizes the spiritual 'Numinous':

I also love how the previous [...] [the aforementioned], —concerning *the retreat from the world*, towards the sacred; *that very concept of 'cloistering' in attempt to draw-nearer to the holy*—may link readily or extend from philosopher Rudolf Otto's concept of 'The Numinous.' The concept is one of those ideas that has been highlighted in my mind for the

past several years— By chance, it happens to be one of those remarkable concepts that, by its nature, just ‘begs to be shared.’ —This is in part because the Numinous, by its nature has so much to do with quality of ‘intrigue,’ a quality of ‘the majestic.’

- * In general, the concept of ‘the Numinous’ is often tied to the same circumstances that might embrace an individual with a sense of ‘awe,’ —or a sense of ‘wonderment,’ even a deep-rich sensation of fear.... The general idea is that these feelings are felt by the individual specifically, in the face of that individual bearing witness to an apparently ‘supernatural’ occurrence. — It’s all about the expansive richness of that sensation, the fear, the chill, —the sensation of being made small and humbled by something as so-striking that all the rational world is mundane, hum-drum. The concept is beautiful — because it is specifically, and tangentially about ... how that sensation of ‘the unknown,’ leads one directly to a greater and more expansive evolution of thought or perspective.

—Quintessentially beautiful, quintessentially remarkable, ...the very ‘majesty’ of the chillingly unexplainable, the essence significance of what it means for some ‘supernatural’ to take place within the scheme of everything we experience as ‘life’! —And by the very awareness of it, that moment of being struck down in ones thoughts, one is ‘humbled by the holy or the divine.’

—Fascinating!

Exhibit D

On The Numinous — its Sensory Value and Spiritual/Religious Regard and Ramifications

Barboza re-describes and shares:

It’s both the shudder, and the intrigue, —the fear that comes about when ... *for seemingly no reason at all*— one is suddenly made witness to something that Earthly rationale simply cannot explain, and in the face of such wonderment one is made small/diminutive, apt and positioned for expansion ...

It may be seen as the moment where humanity suddenly witnesses a ghost or apparition, or something equally seemingly unnatural to our understanding of the world and how it functions. —In general again, the force, and the focal point of the source of wonderment is categorically so expansive or unnatural —that it may in turn be the moment when one believes one has heard the voice of God. And specific to the subject of the “the Numinous,” (opposed to say the Romantic idea of *the Sublime*) is the concept that by nature, dwarfs the viewer —one is kind of ‘left dead in one’s tracks,’ left a-gape (or *agapā*), but specifically with a sense of chill or fear (which may be equated to the somewhat antiquated term of being ‘God-Fearing’ (as say the proverbial ‘God-fearing’ person, ‘who fears/trembles before the expansive quality of God’). —And all because what one has witnessed, superseded previous understanding, as though the *felt-sensation* of that experience serves to transition the very experience itself from being, not simply *a phenomena* — but specifically *the phenomena which is made holy and elevates the self*, ...and most likely the mind itself towards elevated thoughts
...away from the toil-of-daily-life,
away from the mundane.

For example, perhaps the individual believes that they have seen a ghost... and then ever-after the initial event-witnessed, one is imbued with a sense of the “the unknown,” of what cannot be rationalized or explained —one begins to, for days, for months—*off and again* for years— question a now broader aspects of reality, of a possibility of afterlife ... because suddenly something, or a concept that seemed once remote, untouchable, unattainable — through a suddenness like--stupefaction, has become a part of one’s ‘lived-experience’ —has become tangible, and ‘*near*’.

Exhibit E

Closing Thoughts on

the Supernatural/the Spiritual/Otto’s Concept Adopted by Lewis

Barboza reflects of the appropriation of Rudolf Otto’s concept:

Of all things— there is even very beautiful reference to Otto’s concept of ‘the Numinous’ in one of the non-fictional works of author C. S. Lewis. (While this subject is not conditionally tied to religion, nor specifically to Christianity), Lewis happened to appropriate this concept in one of his Christian Apologetic texts. The passage is *haplessly-dear*. Lewis

illustrates the concept of the Numinous with a comparison to a scene from *The Wind in the Willows*, the classic children's novel, Kenneth Grahame...

[...]

And looking back – this is exactly what it feels like, the strange event, which is here suddenly in an instant – and now... one is left, standing awkwardly like a child, --looking up, or outward, mouth most likely agape, somewhat literally chilled and afraid (it is in fact the kind of occurrence that make one wonder about one's actual physical safety) ... and left thinking, *even if I never see anything like that again, it has already literally changed my life.*

(It has been a few years since this happened [a personal experience of 'the Numinous'], but I don't think about simply on the anniversary of its occurrence, I think about it *all the time.*)

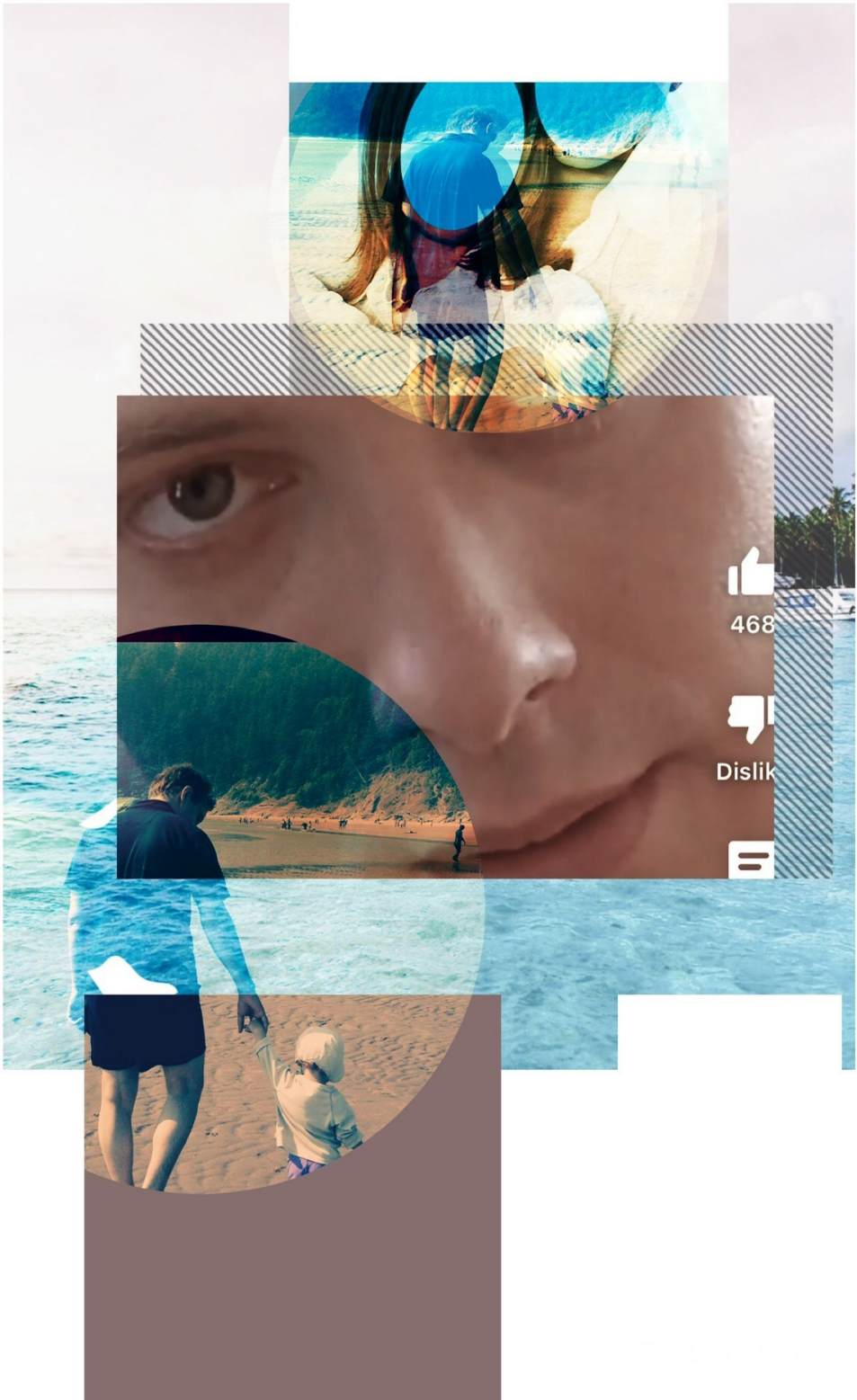
Key Factors from Exhibit C, D and E

- The Experience of the "Sacred Cave"/Grotto —why it is useful/significant
- The Sensory and lasting value of the Rudolf Otto's truly lived Concept of "The Numinous"
- Artist's demonstrated values of the 'cultural charming', the endearing and sentimental

Something to consider from Exhibit C, D and E

- Imagery— The soul of the dying sensualist, hovering in reverse

*Something to note in the next section : *The year '1987'





Central : Aletheia Herself

The Intrinsic

Psycho-Spiritual/Psycho-Sexual Subsets

Central -Text Here to Follow

The Following is an Accompaniment-Text

To the Sculptural-Installation

**At one with you, Even while you look at
other things, (2022)**

By Danica Barboza

**Exhibited at MORÁN MORÁN
Gallery
Los Angeles, June 2022**

Central : Aletheia (Herself)

Psycho-Spiritual/Psycho-Sexual Subsets

Danica C. Barboza

For the past three years I have been re-reading ***Sense of an Ending*** by **Julian Barnes**, as though it were my personal bible, while listening and re-listening to two versions of the audio book, as though it were an orchestral overture, reviewed, re-examined for study—

Simultaneous to this compulsion, I have added ***The Child in Time*** by **Ian McEwan**, a novel which contains a subplot where an accomplished publisher-recently-turned-politician, Charles, retreats from the claustrophobic pressures of his coveted career, to live in the countryside with his wife. While this may at first sound mundane, the reader soon learns that Charles has specifically done this (to the extent of quitting his career) with the aim of expressing his desire to relive both the playtime-pastimes and juvenile personality traits of childhood, his psyche becoming more and more lost, until it has entirely regressed into a boyish state. He runs about the woods playing at building forts and taking in the wilds of nature, reliving a childhood that never existed in his actual restricted youth, to the point of ‘madness’ — all while in the aging body of a 30-something-year-old adult.

In many ways, this subplot of ***The Child in Time***, released in 1987, is much like a predecessor sexual-reversal, to a more introductory/overture-styled subplot portrayed by **Farrah Fawcett** in the year 2000, one of the actress’ last major roles, in a film directed by **Robert Altman**.

In the film **FF** portrays an upper-class Gynecologist’s wife, of late middle age, who (— likewise to the character of Charles in ***The Child in Time***,) mentally disintegrates into semi-euphoric climatic-bouts of childlike or childhood-reminiscent behavior. Stripping unashamedly naked, much like an innocent four-year-old in a playground sprinkler, **FF**’s character “Kate” commits an act of public exposure to prance appreciatively about a public indoor fountain at a local shopping mall, her mental state like Charles’ regressed to that of an uninhibited, *un*-socially repressed child.

The fictitious condition attached to Kate’s mentally regressed state, by her expounding personal psychologist, is “**Hestia Complex**,” to take obvious cues from **Joseph Campbell**’s work and the sanctity of Myth, as well as its lasting impression on the collective human psyche; Kate’s Dr. explains “—I am looking into a lot of possibilities” Fictional Dr. Harper says, leading **FF**’s fictional husband through a tour of the sanitarium where his wife is kept, “one of which is ‘**Hestia Complex**’ [...] Hestia was a Greek Goddess, she was the Goddess of *the Home and the Hearth*, she kept the fires burning ... she was the guardian of family life. But! - In an interesting contradiction, she came to despise love, and consequently to reject it...” the doctor continues }

But, is my own beloved suffering from a male equivalent of **Hestia Complex** ... ?

Perhaps not.

While the re-examination and/or re-reflection on childhood is apparent, particularly to his current work ...
Perhaps not (Emphasis on the word *perhaps.)

That said— what I would not give to retreat to the woods in the nature of Charles and his wife-turned-motherly-figure, if my darling would only ask me to retreat with him to some cabin somewhere, somewhere where I might nurse him, build him bond fires, play proverbial cowboys-and-Indians in the dirt, only to bathe him later, clean him and caress him, and read him bedtime stories – with all my oxytocin-intoxicated brain, and all my odd distorted little-heart.

Instead, I have been running over *The Child In Time*, over-and-over for another reason more central to its core storyline, drinking in and basking in a fictitious blight of time's-poetic portal, of what it feels like to be a parent-bereft.

The loops one's mind, one's compulsion goes into – when, there is no closure “the **Sense* of an Ending” as though to differentiate from “*an* Ending” in itself. And even to voice this previous line aloud – seems like an act of provocation: Should I be daring enough to say that the sense of something is not inevitable towards something, the concrete form of something—I might very well by my words, provoke some embodied-or-disembodies spirit of wrath—

So let me instead say,

I have central argument to share with Therapists, Psychologists and general well-meaning people everywhere:

Suppose I love my beloved **unconditionally*,

Suppose I love him as much as if he were my own child – as though he were **My Son—*

(*Abandoning determination for a 'surrender to God'* – I am old enough, “lived”-enough to grasp,) But, what-for this trite nonsense of there being *other minnows in the sea*, and so forth? A minnow that has no apparent structure, makes no appearance and does not exist – *does* not exist.

A rudimentary understanding of philosophy teaches us that we cannot regret a life/experience that has never existed. If you and I were never born, we could not then, in our absence of existence, regret the unimaginable structure of life, nor regret some missed observation-of-features, to be found in a being-a person, who never was. By this same logic, I have never known what to make of this tight saying, about there being other options out there in the sea, a saying which seems to sate that one should, move-on from and ignore the person you love, for the possibility of a sea of phantasms.

If the sea were so rich and abundant with non-poisonous, not toxic laden sea-life worth catching and eating as thought it were the proverbial dish-of-all-dishes, one never would have been stuck on that one special fish to begin with. How does one ignore the something that exists, to chase a nonsense, that (like the life-unlived, or person that never was,) does not, or else has no imaginable structure?

I began this passage with mention of *Sense of an Ending*, By **Julian Barnes**, because for what has now become years, retracing the past like the novel's narrator, was really all my brain wanted to do. To trace over loops and loops of life's un-answered enigmas, nothing but to contemplate, –a rumination-style un-Buddha, reclined in a sedan chair, staring at the sky – with my thoughts immersed in a chasm of endless death... just the *sense of a sense of a sense of a sense of a Eeeennnnnnnnn—* [but nothing particularly more after that.]

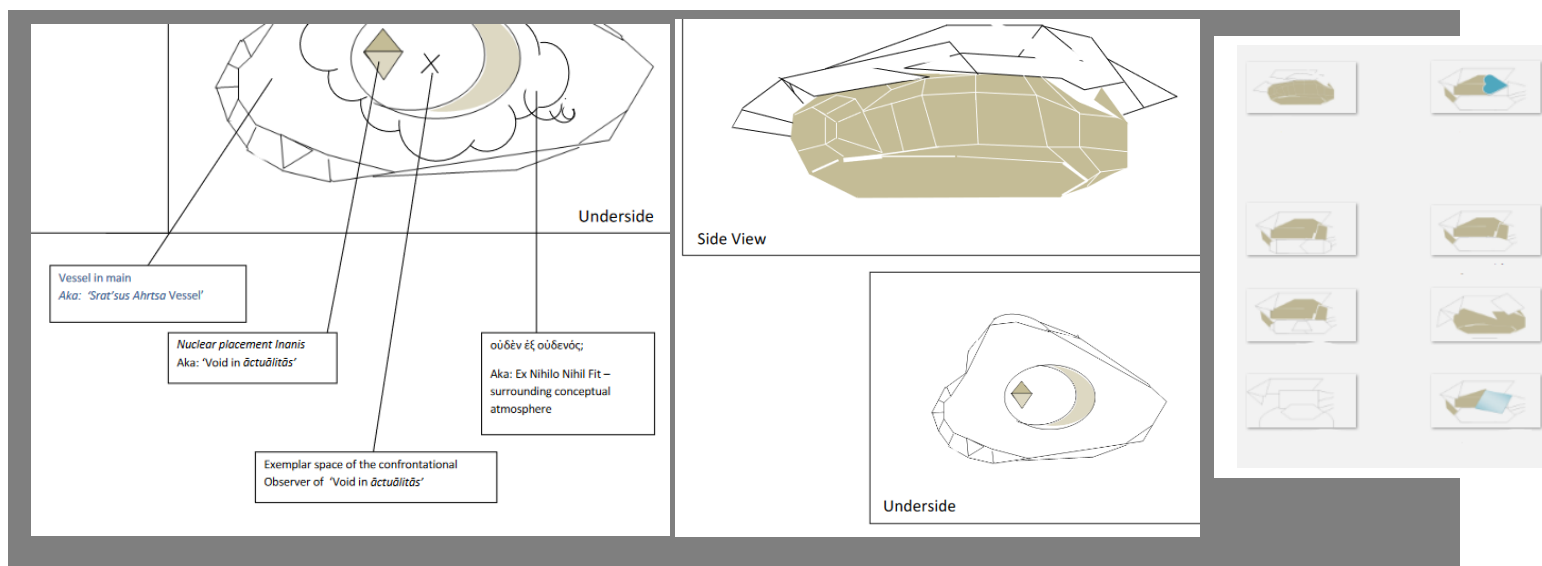
When the person I thought of as my supposed unacknowledged spouse, died in early 2016 – I found emotional semi-succor in the true-life recollections of parents who had lost their children. These true accounts, foil to **Ian McEwen's** poetic novelist depiction, were full of a rawness and frustration in their connivance of grief that I could find nowhere else. And regardless of whether I had the right to claim assimilation and simpatico essence – I really did not care. My grief at that time was private and my own, and such accounts were the only thing that resonated. Now, (some five-to-seven years later) embodied with a new circumstance of grief – which accumulates as all grief accumulates [until its resonance and flavor all begin to taste the same] I have found that the fusion of my soul or spirit itself has begun to crack –

And like an illness of the body, this centrifuge of the purification process, this [to count as-of-this-day] **567**-days-process-in-counting has expunged the cells of my physical and mental wellbeing – to a transcendental mush of symptoms, traceable and discernible only in co-collusion with that firsthand accounts of everyday individuals who have experience a ecru-colored state called, ***Singularity**.

There is a 'numbness' a state of divorce from machinations of life, its dramas, its mirth-and-pitch, its significance and its woes – a nature of something neither good nor bad, as death itself is neither good nor bad...

It is like a beautiful and constant flatline in the face of human-life's endless flutter of mindless badinage—

And the *en route* cause of it can be seen in the impromptu graph below:



Away from this, is the concrete tangible substrate of the human plotline, *a* human plotline, my own.

And, to exemplify this better, I here share my own honesty below, tucked in the horn and cucks-foil reminiscent of what author **Tom McCarthy** identifies as, *en papillotes*, encasements-of-encasements in the writing of **Laurence Sterne**, (but drawn to a 20th century mirroring, more style of a *stile-hard-by*, to that of say, **Joanna Rush**, 1937):

Sadie whom we will refer to as “I” and Herman whom we will refer to as “██████,” fell in love, and they created Kay. I and ██████ did not give birth to Kay, nor beget Kay, but yielded him or her, — like two layers of colored gel, overlapped over each other —which create a venn-diagram, a section, a widened-silver of new color.

Kay was neither loved nor unloved, he or she simply existed. She or he was much like the tangible in-concrete ‘Gin’ that is described by the Kabbalists, the thread of entity that accumulates in the sky when two people care very dearly for each other, and also when only one person loves another unrecognized, unacknowledged, but earnestly with all their heart, with all their soul, and all their mind.

Kay was like a widened slip of being, a section of bar-like blue which had been stretched expanded like a sliding door... all slimness, all coolness, as open and steady as that embrace of air-conditioning

received by the body of pedestrians as they pass by an expensive
and well-kept store, on a hot and summery day.

Was I really named Sadie, was [REDACTED] really named Herman.

That I Can Not say.

But I can tell you that Kay was full of tenderness, was tall and
upright as an aspen, was graceful in her or his movement of
walking—

And was neither loved nor unloved, and yet loveliness itself-
neglected.

For my 'Kay,' whom I gave up unwillingly —
because after five years and six month of petitioning God,
God did everything possible to prove to me that he no longer cared about anything I had to say — Healers
were repelled, therapist were motionless and doctors walked away

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