

**You Are What Is Written** Debra Di Blasi & H. L. Hix

# **You Are What Is Written**

**Glasswing's Rebuses**

**Debra Di Blasi and H. L. Hix**

Greta Oto 2020

## **Paeon**

Greta Oto expresses gratitude to independent, not-for-profit presses, past and present: the important (counter)cultural energy they distribute, the sustenance they offer on behalf of what Sara Ahmed calls “diversity work.” *You Are What Is Written* pays homage especially to Helicon Nine Editions and Kelsey Street Press.

## Legend

The title of each rebus gives the message it encodes. This legend identifies for each rebus the source from which its text is quoted, and the artist from whose work its image panes are drawn.

the voices became more distinct, but I saw no one in the room.  
John Keene. *Counternarratives*. New Directions, 2015.

**Gerry Trilling**

This is humanity's most crowded, most bountiful condition  
Ece Temelkuran. *Book of the Edge*. Trans. Deniz Perin. BOA Editions, 2010.

**Petra Soesemann**

enough to change us without us knowing how we will be changed  
Ami Harbin. *Disorientation and Moral Life*. Oxford Univ. Press, 2016.

**Christopher Leitch**

the strong secret of the air removes one color after another  
Anne Portugal. *absolute bob*. Trans. Jennifer Moxley. Burning Deck, 2010.

**Lee Anne Schmitt**

All those heathery hues, every one of them difficult to name  
Gish Jen. *World and Town*. Vintage Books, 2010.

**Ashley Hope Carlisle**

they had been washed clean by some delicate invisible hand.  
Buchi Emecheta. *The Slave Girl*. George Braziller, 1977.

**Brian Dupont**

knowledge often obscures the conditions of its own making.  
Lisa Lowe. *The Intimacies of Four Continents*. Duke Univ. Press, 2015.

**China Marks**

I look out for the ravings of memory and the defiance of forms  
Muhammad Afifi Matar. *Quartet of Joy*. Trans. Ferial Ghazoul and John Verlenden.  
Univ. of Arkansas Press, 1997.

**Eleanor Erskine**

How can you read when you are what is written and what is read?  
Adonis. *Selected Poems*. Trans. Khaled Mattawa. Yale Univ. Press, 2010.

**Jim Sajovic**

The pile of stones at the spirit shrine kept growing higher.  
Ko Un. *Ten Thousand Lives*. Trans. Brother Anthony of Taizé, Young-moo Kim,  
and Gary Gach. Green Integer, 2005.

**Anne Lindberg**

The best thing about us is that we are capable of forgetting.  
Elias Khoury. *The Journey of Little Ghandi*. Trans. Paula Haydar. Univ. of Minnesota  
Press, 1994.

**Charity Kittler**

I know the dark places under stones where things are moving.  
Alice Oswald. *Dart*. Faber & Faber, 2002.

**Thomas Lyon Mills**

these are forgotten in the fight for markets and ideologies  
Arundhati Roy. *War Talk*. South End Press, 2003.

**Adriane Herman**

fighting unto death over their share of the ammunition box.  
Saadi Youssef. *Without an Alphabet, Without a Face*. Trans. Khaled Mattawa.  
Graywolf Press, 2002.

**Margaret Cogswell**

In the halls of the sun we manufactured virulent religions.  
Etel Adnan. *The Arab Apocalypse*. The Post-Apollo Press, 2006.

**Doug Russell**

louder: insults from the people, threats from the soldiers  
Luisa Valenzuela. *Bedside Manners*. Trans. Margaret Jull Costa. High Risk Books,  
1994.

**Leeah Joo**

impossible weeping suddenly pouring like a severed artery  
Maram Al-Massri. *A Red Cherry on White-tiled Floor*. Trans. Khaled Mattawa.  
Copper Canyon Press, 2007.

**Susan Moldenhauer**

the sound of the flute is absent from this sound-filled land  
Taslina Nasrin. *The Game in Reverse*. Trans. Carolyne Wright. George Braziller,  
1995.

**Rupert Loydell**

I'm burying myself in a hole in the earth and you can't find me  
Johanna Ekstrom. "I'm burying myself..." Trans. Eric Dickens. In Page, Edita, ed.  
*The Baltic Quintet: Poems from Estonia, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania and Sweden*. Wolsak  
and Wynn Publishers, 2008.

**Kyoung Ae Cho**

all buried below the surface where nothing breaks, bleeds.  
Joshua Bennett. *The Sobbing School*. Penguin, 2016.

**Ien Dobbelaar**

below words crossed out as a reminder of what is underneath:

Adrian Matejka. *Map to the Stars*. Penguin, 2017.

**Eric Pankey**

it was time that gave us the chance to read these sad shreds so

Heather McHugh. *Broken English: Poetry and Partiality*. Wesleyan Univ. Press, 1993.

**Margery Amdur**

Nothing is ever definitely lost; absence can be alchemized

Rita Felski. *The Limits of Critique*. Univ. of Chicago Press, 2015.

**Suzanne Chamlin**

Love is not gay abandon; it is to be courageous, to take risks

J. Nozipo Maraire. *Zenzele: A Letter for My Daughter*. Crown Publishers, 1996.

**Lester Goldman**

sense the terror of its fate; the fragments swept up and away

Sara Ahmed. *Living a Feminist Life*. Duke Univ. Press, 2017.

**Judi Ross**

a long way, through darkness, this wind that dies in the city

Cesare Pavese. *Disaffections: Complete Poems 1930-1950*. Trans. Geoffrey Brock.

Copper Canyon Press, 2002.

**Warren Rosser**

law works to affix assumptions about behavior onto bodies.

Lisa Marie Cacho. *Social Death: Racialized Rightlessness and the Criminalization of the Unprotected*. New York Univ. Press, 2012.

**Cassandra Hooper**

It matters with which ways of living and dying we cast our lot

Donna J. Haraway. *Staying with the Trouble*. Duke Univ. Press, 2016.

**Jane Lackey**

no metaphors, lost birds, or old dreams sitting in the shade

Joumana Haddad. *Selected Poems*. Ed. Khaled Mattawa. Tupelo Press, 2008.

**John Ferry**

how ghosts live in our bones depends on our family histories

Alexis Shotwell. *Living Ethically in Compromised Times*. Univ. of Minnesota Press, 2016.

**Piper Shepard**

Thus, where and what this future is remains an open question

Elizabeth A. Povinelli. *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Liberalism*. Duke Univ. Press, 2016.

**Sreshtha Rit Premnath**

out of sewers, out of horrifying dough beyond good and evil.

Aase Berg. *Remainland: Selected Poems*. Trans. Johannes Göransson. Action Books, 2005.

**Sarah Kabot**

less the illusion of reality than the illusion of totality:  
Roland Barthes. *Empire of Signs*. Trans. Richard Howard. Hill and Wang, 1982.  
**Daniel Dove**

I asked him to cut only a little piece of himself off every day  
Lawrence Chua. *Gold by the Inch*. Grove Press, 1998.  
**Holly Morrison**

somehow from that moment the serpent couldn't be dislodged  
Alexandrea Kollontai. *Love of Worker Bees*. Trans. Cathy Porter. Virago, 1977.  
**Garry Noland**

this idiom combines both ethical and religious repetition  
Catherine Pickstock. *Repetition and Identity*. Oxford Univ. Press, 2013.  
**Gretchen Goss**

and such is poetry a secondary thing like voices in the grass  
Aleksandr Skidan. *Red Shifting*. Trans. Genya Turovskaya. Ugly Duckling Presse, 2008.  
**Larry Bob Phillips**

A feeling of “infinitely falling” lurks in the background.  
Martha Nussbaum. *Hiding from Humanity: Disgust, Shame, and the Law*. Princeton Univ. Press, 2004.  
**Vera Scekcic**

The things of those who departed went on gleaming in the yard  
Amjad Nasser. *Shepherd of Solitude*. Trans. Khaled Mattawa. Banipal Books, 2009.  
**Egidijus Rudinskis**

the lost particles—risen for an instant to consciousness—  
Jacqueline Risset. *Sleep's Powers*. Trans. Jennifer Moxley. Ugly Duckling Presse, 2008.  
**Karen McCoy**

moonlight, the mother of the bud opens the shivering flower  
Anuradha Mahapatra. *Another Spring, Darkness: Selected Poems*. Trans. Carolyne Wright. Calyx Books, 1996.  
**Richard Mattsson**

We are drinking looking, or how to transcribe what eludes us  
John Keene and Christopher Stackhouse. *Seismosis*. 1913 Press, 2006.  
**Sarah Walko**

pine needles covering the path know more than we do. Be quiet  
Eva Sjödin. *Inner China*. Trans. Jennifer Hayashida. Litmus Press, 2005.  
**Olen Hsu**

In the blueberry bloom lungs loosen, the pulse is in retreat  
Jane Draycott. *The Occupant*. Carcanet, 2016.  
**Sarah McKenzie**

depends on where one places the stress. I place it on the soul  
Bessie Head. *A Question of Power*. Heinemann, 1974.

**Shelby Shadwell**

I prefer leaves without flowers to flowers without leaves.

Wisława Szymborska. *Poems New and Collected 1957-1997*. Trans. Stanisław Barańczak and Clare Cavanagh. Harcourt, 1998.

**Alisa Henriquez**

We are aware of moving our lips, though there is no one there.

Fleur Jaeggy. *Sweet Days of Discipline*. Trans. Tim Parks. New Directions, 1993.

**Barry Underwood**

The action of this story will end up with my transfiguration

Clarice Lispector. *The Hour of the Star*. Trans. Benjamin Moser. New Directions, 2011.

**Katherine Tzu-Lan Mann**

A strange contentment toward the order of things fell on me.

Hisham Matar. *Anatomy of a Disappearance*. Dial Press, 2011.

**Michael Cadieux**

Outside, snow fell insistently, without beginning or end.

Méira Cook. *The Blood Girls*. NeWest Press, 1998.

**Anna Von Mertens**



## **Artist Statement**

### **Principles:**

Alter a message's legibility, sound it for more of its meaning. Look otherwise, look again.

### **Rationale:**

Images and words may sometimes explain one another, as they are taken to by the bromide "a picture is worth a thousand words" or by the early Wittgenstein's picture theory of language. But explanation does not exhaust the interrelationships possible to images and words. Here, the interrelationship might be variously described: the text organizes the images, determining the frequency and placement of each in the array; the images reinscribe the text, each fulfilling the role of one alphabetic character; the images simultaneously conceal and reveal the text; the text simultaneously haunts and manages the images; and so on.

### **Process:**

Each rebus encodes a quoted text that consists of exactly fifty characters, including spaces and punctuation marks. Each spells out its text with image panes instead of alphabetic characters.

Each rebus also "samples" the work of one visual artist, collecting image panes in the form of identically-sized screen shots, each a detail from an on-line image of a work by that artist. By assigning each image pane to a character, and replacing each occurrence of that character with the associated pane, each text is reinscribed in an alphabet unique to that inscription.

### **Models:**

In many linguistic and cultural traditions, the division between verbal and pictorial representation is not as sharp as in Latin-alphabet traditions. In conceiving these rebuses, Glasswing hearkens to the glyphic, as in ancient Egyptian, the ideogrammatic, as in Chinese, the calligraphic, as in Arabic, and the runic, as in Elder Futhark.

For the imposition of a rigid and regular compositional pattern, Glasswing appeals to such exemplars as Agnes Martin grid paintings, Andy Warhol screenprints, the music of Steve Reich and Philip Glass, and the Ten Thousand Buddha Stele in the Shanghai Museum.

**Intention:**

By enacting rule-bound selection and composition rather than unconstrained invention and mimesis, these rebuses explore an inadequately theorized and infrequently tested merger of mark-making and meaning-making. Glasswing looks at words and listens to images. By hiding images in a text, and a text in images, Glasswing attempts to resist hiding behind images and hiding from a text.

**Proposition:**

Nothing conceals more than revelation. Nothing reveals more than concealment.

## Acknowledgment

I am grateful to Carol Hix for realizing these pieces, expertly transforming conception to execution.

## A Note About Glasswing

The English word “person” derives from the Latin “persona,” substantive sister of the verb “personare,” itself compounded from the prefix “per-,” meaning *through*, and “sonare,” meaning *to sound or resound*. Glasswing is throughsounder, I am sounded.

Glasswing might be construed by analogy with, say, Johannes de Silentio or Álvaro de Campos. Or by analogy with George Eliot or Currer Bell. But such suggestions come from me. Glasswing maintains silence on the matter.

Glasswing’s body of work, visual and textual, is rapidly growing. This array of rebuses inaugurates public presentation of that work.

## Intent

This work is produced in a limited edition of 200 hard copies, and a pdf is available for free download at [www.hlhix.com](http://www.hlhix.com). Copyright 2020. The global market economy is a “hyperobject” much too large for Greta Oto to alter, but even toward that in which one is complicit one may make gestures of non-compliance: this volume is not intended for sale.

# Glasswing Raptured

Debra Di Blasi

1. Bear with me.
2. Five million years ago, before our ancestor *Ardipithecus ramidus* became extinct, the black hole at the center of our galaxy ousted a luminous star. Yesterday, astronomers observed it in the constellation Grus.

Grus: Latin for *crane*.

Migratory cranes fly with necks outstretched for thousands of miles.

Many cultures consider cranes omens of luck—good or bad.

Speeding nearly eight times faster than our Sun, the star unpoetically named *S5-HVS1* will likely exit the Milky Way, never to return.<sup>1</sup>

No timely good-byes. You and I will be dead by then.

As will every crane now alive on Earth.

From the itinerant star's perspective there is no meaning to the above narrative. None whatsoever. To argue this is to sink into magical thinking, descend into baseless suppositions and primitive superstitions, choose beliefs that have no foundation in the empirical cosmos, no proofs or refutations produced from the fine experimental art that is the scientific method: *observation, measurability, repeatability*.

“Both artists and scientists strive to see the world in new ways, and to communicate that vision. When they are successful, the rest of us suddenly ‘see’ the world differently. Our ‘truth’ is fundamentally changed.”<sup>2</sup>

—Dave Featherstone (1967-2017); Professor of Biology and  
Neuroscience, University of Illinois at Chicago

Through words one can contrive a star's sentience. Through image one can fabricate a crane's prophetic shadow. And through the intersection of words and image one can speculate that cranes, like a bright star exiled from a black hole, entered your consciousness right now for reasons *critical to your survival*. Luck, good or bad.

Within the next month or so, based on mathematical probabilities and the fact that you are now reading this, references to *crane* and *star* may pop up in your life

with startling frequency. You might interpret the synchronicity as *significare*—a portent, presage to death or destruction.

“[C]ertain personality traits are linked to experiencing more coincidences—people who describe themselves as religious or spiritual, people who are self-referential (or likely to relate information from the external world back to themselves), and people who are high in meaning-seeking are all coincidence-prone. People are also likely to see coincidences when they are extremely sad, angry, or anxious.”

—Julie Beck, “Coincidences and the Meaning of Life”<sup>3</sup>

In the primordial muck of desire whence all art arises, story and image *signify*.<sup>4</sup>

Something. (Anything:

“As many as one in six Americans are not entirely certain the world is round... It's hard to find a flat Earther who doesn't believe most other conspiracies under the sun; a flat-Earth conference is invariably also a gathering of anti-vaxxers, 9/11 truthers and Illuminati subscribers, to name a few.”<sup>5</sup>)

Images created by words, and words created by images are catalysts in manufacturing *significance* to the phenomenon that is *Homo sapiens* and the metaphorical agar in which the species proliferates toward its own destruction.

Meaning emerges and evolves from a creator's conscious, subconscious and unconscious yearnings. Emerges and evolves again from the idiosyncratic desires of each reader, viewer, listener. Each *feel-er*.

Through Glasswing, I insist constellations are hidden within *You Are What is Written*. Luminous cranes and stars disappearing forever. Light fading toward the twilight of our being.

Listen: I insist that Glasswing insists that my meaning was not Glasswing's intent. Nor the intent of Glasswing's abettor H. L. Hix.

This is how we begin.

### 3. *Greta oto*. Common name: *Glasswing butterfly*

Witness the splendor of transparent wings framed in copper and leaded like holy windows.

In Glasswing's garden one can see the world in all its proverbial heaven and hell: verdant leaves and rotting fruit, blue sky and moldering wood. Glasswing alights on a knuckle and reveals one's fingers through alar panes: bloody hangnail and popping veins. When Glasswing flies, one sees the face of a lover turning away. A crucifixion in shadow. A politician's sneer.

Glasswing neither denies nor accepts. Like unstained cathedral windows, its transparent wings scarcely absorb, scatter or reflect light. And all because Glasswing desires to hide from those who would devour Glasswing.

Glasswing is not a mirror.

If one sees oneself reflected — *one self* — it's not Glasswing's fault.

4. Burgos, Spain, October 2019: In the Cathedral of Saint Mary stained glass windows both reveal and obscure the autumn light. I must crane my neck to gaze at the lofty gothic arches. Even then, important details remain elusive: I cannot swipe a finger in their dust. Cannot clear a path for sunlight slowed and diffused through glass tinted by powdered metals: cobalt, gold, chromium, silver, cadmium.... Cannot beckon the light blocked or bent by lead frames.

5. All light is history. Sunlight, moonlight, lamplight—whatever the source of photons now hitting the fovea of your retinas is the past, however infinitesimally recent.

“The fovea, which occupies about 15 degrees of the visual field, is the only part of the retina that is genuinely useful for reading.”

—Stanislas Dehaene, *Reading in the Brain*<sup>6</sup>

“Although we can't just will ourselves to take in more letters at a time, there are some people for whom the perceptual span is larger: deaf individuals who use American Sign Language (ASL).”

—Mark Seidenberg, *Language at the Speed of Sight: How We Read, Why So Many Can't, and What Can Be Done About It*<sup>7</sup>

Light becomes a more distant past by the time the brain deciphers this orthography—this *drawing right*—and applies meaning to or beyond it. We live in a present near or far that is a fiction we accept and agree upon because “we can only visualize in three dimensions. In order to imagine the geometry of space [and therefore time]—namely whether it is flat or curved—we would need to be able to think in four dimensions.”<sup>8, 9, 10</sup>

Sunlight and starlight. Furthest stars already gone nova and

dead in darkness glimmer this evening of mine and yours,  
though we and they be light years apart.

Why do they please us, these flecks in imperfect darkness?  
Why do they give us comfort, tumbling over us summer evenings,  
though they be harbingers of our mortality, the death of all things.

Glasswing, you and I are the story of light and darkness. History descending to dusk  
to night neverending.

6. So far, despite *Homo sapiens*, light exists even in the darkest depths of oceans.  
There, in the hadal zone—as in *Hades*—bioluminescent creatures pulsate, ripple and  
flare, biologically compelled to mate, attack and hide, fantastically aglow through the  
interaction between the enzyme luciferase and the molecule luciferin.

“Lucifer was not Satan, was not the Devil. He was the bringer of light,  
Phosphor, the lump on the end of a matchstick. Morning star, planet  
Venus, escort of each dawn.

“Stolen by Christians from the Romans, Lucifer came to represent the  
descending demise of the most shimmering angel of all, all asparkle,  
for beauty of course must be punished, damned to eternal hell: *Do not  
shine too brightly or we shall douse you with our bitter piss and smother.*

“The world so full of dark-ugly it swallows light-pretty whole.”<sup>11</sup>

7. And, ah, the guilt of massive altars and toilets! Plundered gold and silver erected  
not so much to honor gods but rather the venal power, profligate wealth and  
inexhaustible corruption of a ludicrous mortal species.

And, oh, the massive guilt of penitents aspiring to a higher task, polishing real and  
metaphorical guilt until its glint pierces their eyes!

What do they mean?

8. Bilbao, Spain, October 25: The altarpiece in the Church of San Antón is a grid  
of darkness, bleak paintings created in 2003 by Iñaki García Ergüin that read as a  
legacy of Goya’s *Black Paintings* and a mute criticism of the Spanish Inquisition,  
Basque witch trials, and ugly corruption of religious, economic and political powers  
that immolate whatever & whoever contradicts the structures that put them each on  
their altar of bones and ash.

Light is elsewhere, streaming in, pink as flushed cheeks.

A middle-aged woman mopping the church's stone floor sings loudly, blissfully, impenitent. I think she *knows* how light pierces the stained glass and intersects her own—a light undampened by either poverty or wet mop. She sings and sings. In my ephemeral memory she will sing eternal for I have wrought here of her *being*, of her light I cannot see, only hear in the high trilling of ecstasy.

She does not need guilt to make her shine; she shines unbidden. I smile because she smiles at me while she sings and mops. Because I hear her see me I think she means something. *Signifies* some thing I desire.

9. A human body radiates light, though we cannot see its inconsiderable glow except through machines human-made.<sup>12</sup> We do not see with glazed eyes but what we want to see: stone of flesh, lead of bone.

*I hate you because you are darkness.  
Scratched onyx and lead.*

“Bodies have their own light which they consume to live:  
they burn, they are not lit from the outside.”

—Egon Schiele, *I, Eternal Child*

The light we emit, how far does it travel? And how fast? Does it stop at what burns brighter than us: Sun, flames in forests, petroleum fires, blue plumes of sterno and passing comets? Does the light stop at “God” and demand answers, uncontested truths?

10. In journalism school I learned how to set lead type. A requirement in 1978, not an elective whim. In the bowels of printing facilities, lead type became words that became stories that became tin plates inked onto newsprint. Page after page, the news came off on our hands. Those days, we simply washed it off.<sup>13</sup>

It was lead that held the words in place, though it blocked the light.  
It was lead that held the stained glass in place, though it blocked the light.  
Glinting butterfly, what holds our wings in place?

11. A child with scapula sharp as raven wings came into the world autistic, deaf, and blind but for an *insignificant* percent of vision in his left eye. Abandoned by his parents to aging relatives living in poverty, he grew into a voice of only grunts, squeals, moans and sighs.



Each time he visited the nonprofit where I worked, he squawked his desire to “see” the photocopier, a monster of a machine with such speed that it rocked back and forth as it spewed reams of blank paper we copied for him. Tall for ten, he’d place his hands flat on the lid to feel its rollicking vibrations, then put his left eye to the narrow strip of dazzling light that flashed with each pass of the scan bar.

What held his wings in place was light. Each rare moment for him an entire universe rife with meaning. *Significant*.

12. Do words and images fix possibility in place, limit unknown reach? No voices, no braille or ink, no signs or vibrations can convey the visual attributes of the color *green* to one blind since birth. So, what lies beyond or beneath the ineffable inside us, dormant as organisms frozen under melting permafrost?<sup>14</sup>

In essence (and simplistically, i.e., fine points of neurological research omitted), I see the color and font of the word, **word**, on paper because of subtractive color mixing, the creation of negative and positive space through absorption and reflection of visible light. (On a digital screen, it’s additive: e.g., red, green and blue combined at full intensity create white.) I read **word** because I am literate. I am literate because I can combine and interpret abstract patterns into meaning.

Tell me, Glasswing: What do I see through the bend of your wings?



Because I just returned from Spain, I see  
Robert Motherwell’s painting, *Elegy to the Spanish Republic*.

“The ability to use what we know to go beyond the information given is a fundamental property of human perception and cognition. We fill in missing information all the time. We see shapes and letters where the parts are only implied, as in visual illusions and ‘incomplete’ type fonts.”

—Mark Seidenberg, *Language at the Speed of Sight: How We Read, Why So Many Can't, and What Can Be Done About It*<sup>15</sup>



Because I just returned from Spain,  
I see a sculpture by Spanish artist Jorge Orteiza.

I create new patterns from old, disassemble and reassemble, because Glasswing neither denies nor accepts, reflects nor absorbs. I pass through clear glass into idiosyncratic meaning.

13. I mean: One looks *through* Glasswing. Until one looks *at* Glasswing. Until one looks *in* at oneself observing *through* and *at* Glasswing. Three points of contemplation. A holy trinity.

All text and image offer these points of relativity.<sup>16</sup>

*Through* attempts to detect meaning from superficial patterns, a narrative signified by the orthography or visual composition. All meaning lies beyond and beneath words or image, not inside.

*At* considers the scaffolding of letters, ink-on-page, shape and size and color of marks, paper's texture, digital glass screen...all physically manifest.

*In* thrusts one's manifold and conflicting ideas of Self into the previous two actions. Wherever one is now while reading this, one is *in* a space both physical and psychological. Shifting distance occurs even for bodies at rest.

Nevertheless, between word and image lies discrepancy:

14. We do not process the reading of text and the “reading” of image in the same region of the brain, nor are speech and hearing processed in reading's dedicated area. Based on neurological research using fMRI and PET scans, “[scientists] noted that this region was stimulated *only by written words* and was not part of the low-level visual areas that are aroused by a visual pattern like a checkerboard....” (emphasis added)

Or like a grid of appropriated art reassembled to resemble stained glass.

“[The left occipito-temporal region] selectively analyzes incoming images for the presence of letters and forwards them to other brain areas that subsequently transform them into sound and meaning.”

–Stanislas Dehaene, *Reading in the Brain: The New Science of How We Read*<sup>17</sup>

Thus, discrete interpretations of text, image or sound are first juxtaposed, not amalgamated. Only later do we create imaginative monsters by merging parts into whole—chimeras “snorting out the breath of the terrible flame of bright fire.” (Homer, *The Iliad*)

Throughout history, books and bodies burn on pyres.

15. Glasswing, I could not duplicate your meaning, even if I tried.

“Butterflies and most other adult insects have a pair of spherical compound eyes, each comprising of up to 17000 ‘ommatidia’ – individual light receptors with their own microscopic lenses. These work in unison to produce a mosaic view of the scene around them.”

–Adrian Hoskins, “Learn About Butterflies: The Complete Guide to Butterflies and Moths”<sup>18</sup>

Mosaic: Glasswing’s rebuses. Tessera floors. Leaded windows tinted warm and cool. *This writing.*

“Even the briefest of sketches illustrates how literature has always consisted of two parallel practices: writing as transparent window on the world and writing that calls attention to the window itself, including the grid of its panes.”

–Steve Tomasula, *Conceptualisms: An Anthology of Prose, Poetry, Visual, Found, and Hybrid Writing as Contemporary Art*<sup>19</sup>

16. And besides, what any one literally sees is probably not what any other literally sees. Even my left eye and right eye do not see the same colors. My right eye tints everything a cool blue; my left eye tints all a warm red. I do not have tetrachromacy, but women with the condition see “a hundred different variants to each colour that humans normally see.”<sup>20</sup>

Neither can we fully know what others witness, experience, feel or believe that shapes their perception of the world. Shapes their mis/understanding and un/appreciation of literary, visual and performing arts. Shapes their embrace of whacko conspiracies and stubborn, catastrophic denials of science.

Does what doesn't matter mean some *thing*?  
Does what doesn't mean some *thing* matter?

17. From its anthropocentric perspective, *Homo sapiens* thinks *it* sees everything—*Seen it all! Seen enough! Nothing to see here, move along!* But there is so much the species cannot perceive with its own eyes beyond the visible spectrum. Not ultraviolet, radio or infrared rays. Not gamma rays or X-rays. Not what's beyond the known and knowable.<sup>21</sup>

Never mind what we *refuse* to see: What's right in front of us, transparent and comprehensible, if only we'd make the effort.

18. A certain art philanthropist walks into a museum bearing his name. One of the galleries contains an installation by artist Marco Maggi: reams of white paper laid out in a grid on the floor, top sheets meticulously cut then folded to create a topography marvelous as a city of milky light, or blind cathedral windows shining in a perpendicular universe.

The philanthropist says, "What's this shit?" and kicks one of the reams with his cowboy boot, sending the delicate paper flying. The young docent (at the time, one of my students) is terrified, caught between protecting the art and respecting the asshole.

True story. Sad story. Grim story that plays out again and again in hundreds of situations and hundreds of ways because most people cannot manage to separate art as commodity from art as salvation.

19. In a side chapel of the fifteenth century Church of San Antón, I marvel at the light coming through a leaded window, unstained, until I see through it: big red Coca-Cola truck parked in the street outside.

Time collapses with space.

20. The space and time between what we adore and what we loathe is vast and fluid as oceans.

An ebb and flow of emotions vacillating not with phases of the moon but our own.

Consider how one readily receives the word *love* as love itself. The way one accepts a \$10 bill as valued more than \$5 and less than \$20, though they are all made of the same ink-on-paper and therefore of the same intrinsic value.

Why is one painting worth less than another of identical dimensions and materials? Why does a real bound-to-rot banana duct-taped to a gallery wall sell for \$120,000, while at a New Mexico art fair a child's marvelous painting on wood of St Francis of Asissi sells for \$5?

Why is a poet less celebrated than a football player? A college professor paid less than an advertising executive?

Why are critically endangered species less protected than corrupt politicians making backroom, backchannel deals with mercenary petroleum and gun lobbyists?

Because obscenity exists:



Value resides not in the *thing* itself, but rather in the shared fiction of it. We, as a commodified species, agree to worship *Homo sapiens'* creations via the money they respectively cost or earn because we agree that their spiritual, aesthetic and existential values are lesser. We idolize the powerful and loathe the powerless, unwilling to pay pennies-a-day more to provide food, shelter, education and healthcare for *the wretched masses*. We deny the climate crisis existence because it is *inconvenient* to confront it, *inconvenient* to read a science book or peer-reviewed journal, *inconvenient* to digest anything but what we already believe—belief being the ultimate *convenience*.

According to the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources who assessed only 70,000 species, more than 30,000 species are threatened with extinction. Of the Lepidoptera—*butterflies and moths*—3% have already gone extinct and approximately 23% are listed as critically endangered, endangered or vulnerable.<sup>22</sup>

“God made every kind of wild animal and beast, every kind of reptile; and God saw that it was good.” But then God said: Let's make *Homo sapiens* in My image, after My likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the bees and butterflies of the fields, et cetera, and over the trees and flowers and moss of the forests, et cetera, and over the five layers of atmosphere, beyond the Karman line where millions of pieces of their space trash shall orbit the good Earth. Et cetera. So God created *Homo sapiens* in His own image, in the image of His Self he created them, both male and female. [Rimshot.]

—Genesis 1:25-26 (transmogrification mine)<sup>23</sup>

21. Beyond commerce, a creator's desire is to re-create and thereby save not necessarily the represented or abstracted object or idea—the *thing*—but rather the moment of seeing the thing, acknowledging it, thinking it, feeling it, remembering it, reckoning it.

Ideally, there comes a time when the re-creation ascends into raw materiality—ink, paper, paint, metal, clay, stone, light & darkness, flesh & bone. Comes a time when the creator recognizes there is no distinction between the moment and the recognition of the moment and the recognizer of the moment, and then breaks and reassembles it all into a desired and desirable shape, i.e., meaning.

I paint the bumblebee, the erstwhile humblebee, to save it from extinction.  
I paint the bee to hide my sorrow of the death of the bee, to remind myself:

*Once there was Eden, a space and time I entered, as if into mist  
to become mist—flushed cheeks and outstretched palms embracing.*

Or, to bring John Donne up to date: *Any death diminishes us, because we each are an inextricable part of the whole of nature. So never ask for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for us, Glasswing.*

22. In her provocative book, *A Sideways Look at Time*, Jay Griffiths writes:

“Irreplaceability is a time-concept of humanizing beauty. Every human value-system in art or in love is set to cherish the inimitable and to disregard the imitation; to protect the unique but not the replica; to notice the first edition but to ignore the photocopy. And to love the specific person, the last unparalleled, the irreplaceable you.”<sup>24</sup>

Yes. No. And yet:

I write *Glasswing Raptured* because I desire to save myself in a protracted moment of mortal undoing, the body aging, disintegrating, though the mind remains somewhat intact. Words like gang tags on abandoned buildings, like the silhouettes of hands on cave walls. *I am here* insisting to futures unknowable that *I was here*. The “I” I feel I am will be *here* after I am not. Though who I was, what meanings I contained, will likely be lost. An old star leaving a galaxy. Then forgotten.

Glasswing, I am this.  
This *this*.  
And you, reader, are that  
*this* you read.

Through Glasswing, I neither deny nor accept the probability, neither reflect the inherent light nor absorb the inherent darkness.

23. When we metaphorize the word *light* and the particle/wave that *is* light, when we overlay them with symbolism or allegory, we create a thing theretofore inexistent: a thing generated from the intersection of optical phenomenon and human consciousness—the latter likewise a phenomenon that the greatest scientific minds have not yet fully deciphered.

Precisely *when* and *where* is the creator in the spacetime between the *thinking* and the *doing* of writing, painting, composing, performing? The inquisitive mind seeks meaning through analysis of history, science, economics, politics, religion, art, and through feeling: waves of shifting sensations and emotions rising and falling in the storm of our consciousness.

Years ago, after reading about the enigma of the double-slit photon experiment in John Gribbin's *In Search of Schrödinger's Cat: Quantum Physics and Reality*, I wondered: *Isn't that an apt metaphor of how I write, how I paint?*

Perhaps—why not?—human consciousness is another complex form of energy whose behavior is similar to that of light: desire moving as particle until thoughts and emotions become a wave until we affix the photons of our words or images to a page or canvas, like a butterfly pinned to an entomologist's mounting card. Like *Greta oto* “sprawling on a pin...pinned and wriggling on” a wordsmith's page.<sup>25</sup>

I do not and cannot know. Not yet, Glasswing. Maybe never.

24. Meanwhile:

“The lamp of the body is the eye. ***If your eye is sound***, your whole body will be filled with light; but if your eye is bad, your whole body will be in darkness. And if the light in you is darkness, how great will the darkness be.”

—Matthew 6:22-23 (emphasis on double-entendre mine)

My confession:

I only quote religious texts and liturgy when it's convenient for my narrative; otherwise, I question the words and songs with a rational and impenitent agnosticism. Raised within the sanctimonious gloom of Lutherans, the small stained glass windows were the only light I *felt* in that dusty little church that worshipped a male creator and male savior, that believed women were punished with pain of

childbirth for Eve's having sought knowledge, that insisted women remain silent and fully submissive to men, that taught how menstruating women and anyone who touched or lay next to them were considered unclean.<sup>26, 27</sup>

*Beyond the light is another light. Brighter than You.*

When I rolled my eyes, the light through stained glass pierced me, then drew me outside, toward the ecstasy of perpetual creation. For the "deity" I came to love was light pearly inside dewdrops, sun-shimmer on fields of alfalfa and brome, moonlight dusting tree canopies and snow, the piercing glint upon waters still and rushing, shining through clear wings of insects and burning clouds.

"[A]nd though I do not fully see the light of your soul, I see the rays from it, as from the sun behind a cloud, or as from a great light..."

—Giordano Bruno<sup>28</sup>

By fourteen, I was rising earlier on Sunday to skip church and enter my own holy communion out there in the wide woods and rolling pastures of our farm. When I prayed, if I prayed, words and shivers of gratitude blessed everything everywhere under the Sun, Moon and stars.

25. Spiritual awe, whether induced by religion, nature or aesthetics, is a physiological phenomenon involving the brain's ventromedial parietal cortex. Like reading, it is centered in a specific area of the brain, an area that predated organized religion—and far earlier, before shamanism, animism and other secular ritualistic societies arose. Neuroscientists suspect that this brain region evolved to increase cooperation in a species that descended from life in trees to savannahs where larger cooperating numbers were necessary to protect hominins consequently more vulnerable to predators.

"[T]he more important alterations concerned the subcortical parts of the brain, which gave hominins the capacity to experience a broader range of emotions. These enhanced emotions promoted bonding, a crucial achievement for the development of religion."

—Brandon Ambrosino "How and Why Did Religion Evolve?"<sup>29</sup>

Religion has outlived its usefulness, evolving into closed-circuit extremism, irrational refutations and hate-filled exclusionism: chimeric monsters that breathe and bomb fire.

My hopeless questions:

Will *Homo sapiens*, creator of gods and monsters, survive long enough to let religion's deleterious influence fade away once and, literally, *for all*?



Will our bodies cast out religion so that it no longer affects our genetic “moral” compass or reduces our ability to think *better*?

Will this hopelessly hopeful species replace gods and monsters with poetry and art?

Will ecstatic conversion arise on our private road to Damascus where we shall finally see the light through a clear-winged butterfly suckling a lantana blossom?

26. To be clear: I do not take umbrage against the believer who needs the unprovable to suppress paralyzing fear: the protective *Father*, the promised resurrection or reincarnation of the mortal body, the heaven beyond nothingness.

When the 1989 San Francisco earthquake split city streets and sidewalks, toppled brick buildings and burned homes, and aftershocks as strong as major temblors rocked the floors and ground under me for a week, I desired something greater than I to hold onto: a parent’s outstretched hand, a wool-coat hem. I briefly regressed to a child, a child’s view, and became religious, going so far as to buy a gold cross that I wore over somber black clothing—gilt as amulet, prayer as refuge, me as all-important center of the universe, turned inward, closed off from nature’s inexorable mechanisms. I was consoled inside my fear of tectonic trembling outside myself.

Two weeks later I fled San Francisco to the Midwest where I’d grown up, where my family awaited to swaddle me in loving arms. Shaken and sober, I returned to church to learn what I might have overlooked or refused.

What I learned was that my early doubts and objections had been correct, that the existential answers given to me were demeaning to my gender, and the pastor who ran the church demeaning to my intelligence—his own fears and doubts dredged by my questions he could not answer, or answered with petty sarcasm and, occasionally, anger.

Thus, I went back into the light on the waters and the land, sunlight and moonlight and starlight on wings and webs spun by creatures who, though waning, go on as they have for eons, reproducing and dying.

I do, however, take umbrage against those who proselytize their “faith” (real or, more likely, feigned) to gain power over others, gain material and political wealth by bilking desperate *god-fearing* adherents into paying for favor. Umbrage too against those who use specious rationalizations as a weapon against anyone who would undermine their greed, power and selfishness. Umbrage against those who spew hate and bigotry of every fabric in the name of their deity or deities.

If evil exists in the world, then its *seeds prosper* in demagogues. And in their bilked indoctrinated followers.

27. After repeatedly witnessing troglodyte chimps bristling, swaying, and meditating to a waterfall in the Gombe National Forest, primatologist Jane Goodall concludes: “I can’t help feeling that this waterfall display, or dance, is perhaps triggered by feelings of awe, wonder, that we feel.” Because chimp brains and emotions are so similar to *Homo sapiens*, “why wouldn’t they also have some kind of feeling of spirituality, which is really being amazed at things outside yourself.”<sup>30</sup>

During seed faith rallies around the world, penitents sway and display to the waterfall of blather gushing from the mouths of corrupt ministers.<sup>31</sup>

In dank stone cathedrals, photons cascade from stained windows in waterfalls of prismatic color like rainbows arcing through mist. I am in secular awe, but I can speak, write, sing, dance, paint about the emotion while knowing that I can and am. I can recreate a new outside thing from what is outside me.

28. Is art the desire to connect, to bond, to protect oneself and one’s species from the inevitable predator, death?

Or (And?):

Is art the desire to idolize or, instead, to create idols?

29. A 43-year-old chimp named Cheetah spent nearly thirty years in biomedical research labs—the last nineteen of which was spent inside a windowless cell. Used for hepatitis research, Cheetah suffered through over 400 liver biopsies. Like other rescued chimps, while living at sanctuary he is given nontoxic paints as a way to help him heal from the past. He is one of many painting chimps.<sup>32</sup>



*Above left:* The popular vote in the chimp painting award sponsored by The Humane Society of the United States<sup>33</sup> went to 37-year-old Brent (of Chimp Haven<sup>34</sup>) who paints with his tongue. *Center:* Judge Jane Goodall selected art by 43-year-old Cheetah (of Save the Chimps<sup>35</sup>) who paints with brushes. *Right:* Thirty-six-year-old

Jaimie (of Chimp Sanctuary Northwest<sup>36</sup>) did not place in the competition, perhaps because of her more conceptual mixed media approach of attaching sunflower seeds to the paper's painted surface. Her painting is my favorite.

According to those at the sanctuaries, these chimps paint *by choice*. Their rewards are not some external cause-and-effect; they are not proffered special treats or extra grooming as “payment” for their artistic efforts. So what compels them to pick up a brush or stick a tongue into the paint and apply it to paper or walls, paint their lips and arms a gorgeous purple, elevate the *significance* of sunflower seeds, keep painting when they might choose toys or companions, food or sleep?

“Some of the propensities that [Dr. Jonathan] Turner lists as already present in apes include: the ability to read eyes and faces and to imitate facial gestures; various capacities for empathy; the ability to become emotionally aroused in social settings; the capacity to perform rituals; a sense of reciprocity and justice; and the ability to *see the self as an object in an environment*.”<sup>37</sup> (emphasis added)

—Brandon Ambrosino, “How and Why Did Religion Evolve?”

30. So then, what compels chimp cousin, *Homo sapiens*? If what we write or paint no longer has a function beyond aesthetics—no monetary reward, for example, no extra rolls in the hay—what are we *really* writing and painting? And why? Where does the long, long backward glance of genetic memory fit within our vestigial compulsions?

Our behaviors fundamentally result from an RNA-encoded desire for genetic immortality.<sup>38</sup> A desire perhaps too smart for our own—and others’—good. A desire too old and set in our emphatically self-destructive ways.

“RNA is, in a word, essential—and some researchers suspect that it was the first molecule to carry genetic information in Earth’s earliest lifeforms, well before DNA and proteins became commonplace. Now that ribose has been detected in two 4.5-billion-year-old meteorites (but 2-deoxyribose, the primary sugar in DNA, has not), scientists can make a stronger case that sugar from space bombarded early Earth and helped life take shape.”

—Brandon Specktor, “Your RNA May Have Come from Space, Meteor Study Suggests”<sup>39</sup>

Are Glasswing’s rebuses—like this musing—just another form of biological procreation, a way to gain immortality while the body and the mind within the body slouch toward nothingness?

We have options:

To live as nothing. No *thing*. To simply and complexly *be*. That is when the world and the words and the images enter. When the light enters. Light becoming boundless as you become boundless.

And, ah, to be the wave that you are, wave within and among waves, so that there is no beginning and no end. To see the light, see the world *through* glass beyond clear wings, and understand that it is you as much as you are it.

31. The fear of death creates in *Homo sapiens* a physical neurological response in the brain that cloaks that fear in untruths and half-truths. “The brain does not accept that death is related to us,” said [Dr.] Yair Dor-Ziderman, at Bar Ilan University in Israel. “We have this primal mechanism that means when the brain gets information that links self to death, something tells us it’s not reliable, so we shouldn’t believe it.”<sup>40</sup>

Hiding death from one’s conscious reality can be the slippery slope that descends into nostrum: snake oil and Gwyneth Paltrow’s vaginal jade eggs and Chinese Medicine’s “long history of making outsized claims, not least in the case of fertility and virility, where demand for tiger penis and rhino horn has devastated wild populations.”<sup>41, 42</sup>

*The cost of limp dicks is the decimation of entire species.*

Denial or deflection does not create immortality, but rather prevents one from appreciating and enjoying that which *is*. And perhaps consciously preventing what may be relegated to that which *was*.

In other words:

32. More words:

“Magical thinking presumes a causal link between one’s inner, personal experience and the external physical world. Examples include beliefs that the movement of the Sun, Moon, and wind or the occurrence of rain can be influenced by one’s thoughts or by the manipulation of some type of symbolic representation of these physical phenomena.”

—Brian Vandenberg, “Magical Thinking”<sup>43</sup>

Desiring *it* to be *X* does not make *it* more or less than what *it is*. Belief does not change *is*. Nor do lies and omissions.

By contrast, learning and accepting existential truths create greater possibility, both in living day-to-day and in creating art, than does causal fallacy which promulgates ignorance and, perhaps worse, apathy of the most insidious intent: to preserve one's selfish needs over and in spite of others' needs—all others, *all* species. Every ontological argument should lean toward *observable, measurable, repeatable* truths that can be known, not the primitive bending and breaking of facts.

33. Words and images: symbolic displays, dances, meditations.

Awed by the mysteries of the universe's creations, we sway  
to the mystery of *our* creations here thin on a page.

Synapses firing like transformers exploding, neurotransmitters rewarding. The species that can (but often doesn't) reflect back upon its *self* still moves its *ilk* forward by means of profane desire: a butterfly's sexual reward as instantaneous as *Homo sapiens*' orgasm or a poet's or painter's ecstasy from a perfectly rendered line.

Oh god, the power of desire! The desire to power!  
Or some *thing* entirely *else*.

34. When I link Glasswing to stained glass, to extravagant temples, to religious and political corruption, I'm only adding to a reader's base of possibility—not proof. Though my desire is that my meaning becomes, at least in part, the reader's:

My meaning is that my meaning is not the last word, however much I try to sway the reader to it. I'm spinning a tenuous thread between reader and me, between our divergent lives, much in the same way I'm soldering lead between seemingly unconnected narratives to create high windows or clear wings through which meaning and *significance* are ultimately determined by my—and subsequently the reader's—desire.

To which Glasswing hearkens. Insinuates you hearken, too.

Glasswing's rebuses transpire, come to light redolent with sound and movement, hot and cold, soft and hard. Delicious. Fragrant. Synesthetic. If only the reader/viewer would step closer to hear, taste, smell, feel, see beyond the pane.

35. Pamplona, Spain, October 22, 2019: On a street gleaming with low morning light, an old man sits on a wooden crate playing classical guitar: the adagio from Joaquín Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez*, arguably one of the most important, most beautiful pieces of Spanish music. As soon as the sound moves through me, and I through it, something awakens: I feel—*how can I explain?*—delightfully melancholic, sumptuously nostalgic for a time and place that for me never existed.

Across the Spanish border, the Portuguese have a word for this feeling, one they claim as peculiarly theirs and peculiar to their temperament: *saudade*.

Saudade denotes the overwhelming feeling that links, for example, the homesick to home, that causes hairs to prickle and eyes to well when hearing Fado—a music that sounds as if it contains the entirety of every passion, sorrow, fear and joy of the first bipeds descending from trees to sing their warnings and grief and tenderness and longing and pleasure in voices preceding spoken and written words.

I now live in Portugal. Where I belong.

36. Ecstasy means to *be outside oneself*. For me, it can be brought on by certain combinations of light, sound, touch or fragrance—or the memory of such. Wind on the down of my arms, for example. Scent of wet moss or tadpoles. Streaks of meteors. Adagio in B minor.

Aroused by nature's unfathomable splendors and by art—whether literary, visual or performing—I am moved to erotic shivers down my spine, piloerection, tears welling as reflexively as before a photic sneeze triggered by sunlight. Sometimes I am moved to orgasm.

*A requiem fills the bedroom as my husband and I make love. Fills me. Choruses crest and wane, ripple around and over and through us. Every note a finger, every timpani strike a throb. From Verdi to Mozart, Fanny Mendelssohn to Felix Mendelssohn, Shostakovich to Xin Huguang..., taking a different lover each time, making a different lover out of the enigma that is music, each and all perfect, perfectly able to bring me to climax again and again, climaxing with the music's crescendos.*

“Gooseflesh, piloerection, and ‘shivers down the spine’ are vegetative manifestations associated with a strong emotional response upon hearing or performing music. As occurs with any other type of language, the processing of music in the brain involves specific mechanisms... Music probably developed before language as a means of expressing feelings and promoting social relationships (which also produces pleasure and promote human survival).”

—Manuel Arias, “Neurology of ecstatic religious and similar experiences: ecstatic, orgasmic, and musicogenic seizures. Stendhal syndrome and autoscopic phenomena”<sup>44</sup>

My body responds to what my brain receives, interprets, categorizes, rifles from the filing cabinets of my genetic memory and experience memory. But I cannot convey that emotional “color” to one who has been blind to it from birth. Meaning

disappears or transmutes into a thing through or beyond: an ineffability toward which I continually strive. Silence absolute. Stasis. A little death. Manifestations so sublime that they shut down language. Exalted, hung on the crosses we bear.

37. Instructions for Rapture:

*Look long at and through and in each Glasswing rebus until you hear its music. Until it becomes more and less: a wave: other and self.*

Subvocalization refers to the way we *sound* words in our head while we read. Skilled readers “mentally activate the phonological code that allows one to hear the differences between [for example] PERmit and perMIT in the mind’s ear.”

“What if skilled readers cannot prevent themselves from activating phonological information because it is so deeply integrated with spelling and meaning in writing systems and in the neural circuits that support reading? These what-ifs are indeed the case, as established by several decades of research.”

—Mark Seidenberg, *Language at the Speed of Sight: How We Read, Why So Many Can't, and What Can Be Done About It*<sup>45</sup>

38. Inside the words and images are real and metaphorical sounds outside us that we take in like communion wine and wafer. Ideally, as Featherstone wrote, “Our truth is fundamentally changed.” And just how innate are *Homo sapiens*’ responses to *things outside our selves*?

Chimps sway, tap their feet and display to music in a research lab. In the forest, and in at least one ape sanctuary thus far, chimps perform “rain dances.”<sup>46</sup>

Again: During seed faith rallies around the world, penitents sway to the waterfall of rhythmic babble from the mouths of corrupt ministers.

“In humans, listening to music [or the chanting of preachers] induces rhythmic movement, suggesting a close connection between the auditory and motor areas in the brain. Sound also induces rhythmic swaying in chimpanzees.... These results suggest that prerequisites for music and dance are deeply rooted and existed in the common ancestor shared by humans and chimpanzees, approximately six million years ago.”

—Yuko Hattori and Masaki Tomonaga, “Rhythmic swaying induced by sound in chimpanzees (*Pan troglodytes*)”<sup>47, 48, 49</sup>

39. Joaquin Rodrigo’s *Concierto de Aranjuez* premiered in 1940 at Barcelona’s Palau de la Musica, a luminous performance space in the Catalan modernista style,

considered by many to be the most beautiful concert hall in the world. Its skylight of stained glass is a golden breast descending from a shimmering heaven fragmented in blues, lavenders and greens. The walls of enormous arched windows are likewise stained glass jewels of floral wreaths in fields of flushed-cheek pink. The massive stone sculptures flanking the stage appear wondrously frothy, like whipped cream, like cake icing. Light is everywhere, erotic.

One afternoon in April 2009 I attended a concert at the Palau. When the sunlight outside dimmed and the manufactured light came up over the stage and choir seats where Catalan girls in frilly dresses blushed at the romance of Chopin, I swayed inside what I perceived as a Renoir painting, my body yearning toward a climax both physical and aural: vertiginous, breathless, on the verge of Stendhal syndrome.

Now, ten years later, while Rodrigo's guitar adagio washes over the wet Pamplona streets, I recall that night's excruciating beauty, the wealth of stained glass and light and sound, my body and mind bobbing in its wake.

40. The way lives, ideas, narratives and compulsions intersect is the way we say they do.

So where does coincidence and fortuity fit into meaning and interpretation? How *significant* is the facsimile of *Glasswing Raptured* to what concerns the reader now reading it?

The day after I returned from Spain, from cities gleaming with stained glass fixed in place by lead, I received an email from Glasswing's abettor Hix, asking me if I'd be interested in exploring the overt and covert ideas of these rebuses. Flush with guilt and lead, I viewed the appropriated images, read the appropriated text, and thought, *Aha!*

For all its destructive outcomes, the phenomenon we name *coincidence* has the potential to expand perception, realization and recognition of what is otherwise overlooked or willfully ignored. (Coincidence increases exponentially due to the internet's burgeoning glut of useless or useful information.)

Boston, Massachusetts, December 2019: I visit a friend at his flat. We drink wine and discuss our respective writing projects, including Glasswing. The next day, as we go for a walk, I notice for the first time the old stained glass window illuminating the stairwell of his building. I mention how its presence dovetails nicely with this project. *Synchronicity*, I think, *a clear message serving my literary needs*—though the window has been in place for decades.

That the world and its animate and inanimate things behave according to one's desires is a pathological response: absurd, primitive, bereft of meaning except in



convoluted narratives. Much like the way we abuse the words *always* and *never* to insist we are absolutely right.

*Grus: Significare:* Since writing the first page of *Glasswing Raptured*, each time I've walked past the 200-foot construction *crane* down the street, under its *prophetic shadow*, I *always* catch myself wondering if this is the day and time that the crane collapses, killing me. My megalomaniacal question, in order to be right, requires the deaths of the crane operator and likely many construction workers and pedestrians below. Requires, in order to be right, that each death and maiming be traced back to and therefore blamed on Glasswing's desire to create rebuses from appropriated text and image.

Rationally, it's absurd, and yet: *Homo sapiens* can *never* fully detach from the importance of *Self*. I too am self.

So I repeat: The way lives, ideas, narratives and compulsions intersect is the way we say they do.

A bird flies into a window of my building, thinking *through* and *beyond* is possible because of the way light on glass reflects the unobstructed world. The bird's neck breaks. The bird dies.

Does what matters mean something?

See, Glasswing, where I am seeing through you?

41. Well, of *course* there are things *Homo sapiens* do not know, may never know, can never know. Entanglement in the microcosm may have a force upon us in the macrocosm that we cannot choose or overcome. Like Glasswing across an ocean and continent, whispering to me in cathedrals: *See what you hear! Hear what you see!*

Nothing is not connected. In a universe presumably without end, emptiness does not exist except in cold hearts. Meaning: There are no boundaries but those invented by conquerors and cartographers, border walls and barbed wire fences to keep out those we loathe, keep in those we dominate.

"[W]e know the individual is a myth. We are made of about 37 trillion cells each. About 100 trillion microorganisms live on and in our bodies. The breath we inhale has been exhaled by other humans and animals and plants. We are what we eat, all that nourishment and toxicity. The dust that coats our windowsills, our bookshelves, is made up of so much dead skin, so much shed hair, all of us mingled together."

—Gayle Brandeis, "#WeToo: Women Writing the First person Plural"<sup>50</sup>

Glasswing, we are perhaps entangled. Photons in a quantum universe. Cat's cradle in perpetual motion.<sup>51</sup>

42. Yes, we choose our narratives every moment of every day, willingly or not.

“Among the enemies of writing, belonging is closely related to fear.... It's the fear of moral judgment, public shaming, social ridicule, and ostracism. It's the fear of landing on the wrong side of whatever group matters to you. An orthodoxy enforced by social pressure can be more powerful than official ideology, because popular outrage has more weight than the party line.”

—George Packer, “The Enemies of Writing”<sup>52</sup>

I make choices in writing *Glasswing Raptured*, including my own recontextualization. Those choices stem from a desire to communicate to readers I do not know and will never meet in person and therefore cannot argue against their prejudices—any more than they can argue against mine to make me revise my words<sup>53</sup>. Mine is a mercenary desire to figure things out relevant to my waning existence on Earth, which includes coming to terms with desires I may never be able to control.

The thrumming in one's ears is not God; it's the sound of clenched teeth.

Hidden from view, I am writing about politics here: the politics of culture and art, religion and governments. But are you [reading] what is written?

Glasswing does not care, any more than I, if the world shares Glasswing's meaning, whether text or image or both or all.

I repeat myself because I have not yet got it right.

43. Let's you and I, Glasswing, suggest that all words and images exists as reflex, before and after the overlay of meaning. In the overcrowded tribe that is *Homo sapiens*, a single yawn begets others' yawns, laughter begets more laughter, rage begets more rage. Stimuli that compels and propels us—images, scents, sounds, tastes, touches—are all processed in parallel packets, at different speeds, and may remain ever hidden because they never reach the cerebral cortex; even those that do may not reach cognition, making self-reflection impossible.<sup>54, 55</sup>

Moreover, when the creator is dead the creation—if *deemed of value*—physically remains inside books, audio, video, inside digital clouds, inside a body's memory. Even who or what is burned on pyres of willful ignorance does not negate its space in time, its time in space.

Stars burn and are borne out of darkness, borne into trajectories we will never see or know.

“If you don’t notice something within 1.5 seconds, you may never see it.”<sup>56</sup>

There, in the background: a body lit from within and without.

44. Set aside words that blur or veil.

Light is a physical phenomenon; the name is secondary. We name the butterfly *Glasswing* because it has *wings* that resemble *glass*. The butterfly does not know its name. And, even knowing, would not benefit any more than a deaf and blind child racing toward the water’s drowning light.

*I write with light against darkness.*

When *Homo sapiens* become extinct, light will remain. Untouchable. Beyond human language. Far worlds lit and countless suns spewing. Millennia, eons, infinity illuminated by particles that are waves that are now words or images we’re trying to comprehend.

45. Glasswing trapped under my heel, I crushed you  
and your wings like leaded glass went on exposing  
the world from which you tried to hide.

Now it’s my flesh revealed. My death from birth. My callouses earned.  
Now it’s me seeking the light beyond the light.

46. Yes, sure, language reduces potentiality—but only for the unimaginative locked inside oppression, repression or suppression. Recall the squealing child creating constellations, speeding stars and migrating cranes out of a bright sliver of light.

Glasswing, you and I know that it’s not just that person and those people who won’t see what’s put before them but that, even seeing, they’d not clearly comprehend the words or images. Or would bend them to their needs, the way religious texts and rituals have been bent over millennia, the way political facts are bent until they break every day in the news. The way I bend and am bent, too.

“I leave aside those sordid and mercenary minds, that, with little or no solicitude for the truth, contended to know only what the common esteem as knowledge; poorly acquainted with real learning, more

anxious for fame and reputation from it, having only the appearance of knowledge, not the truth of it.”

—Giordano Bruno, *On the Infinite, the Universe, and the World* (1584).<sup>57</sup>

In 1600, during the Roman Inquisition, the Church convicted Giordano Bruno of heresy. They clamped his tongue, hung him naked and upside down in Rome’s central square, and burned him alive.

Because of you, Glasswing, I am the light through clear wings. Forest. Glade. Valley. Green canopy swaying like penitents in a trance. My wings invite the light and the light passes through me.

47. Writers who reach a point when they are no longer writing for readers understand the futility of trying to satisfy unnamed faceless clucks and markets based on and manipulated for revenue, when writing becomes a kind of salvation for Self rather than the whole of a species that cannot even stop its own demise. That point is Glasswing’s beginning.

Glasswing’s point is the ash of cremated bones flung off a windy cliff.

48. In the end, in the beginning, it is all desire.

Appropriation recontextualizes, but it is still the choice of the creator; thus, the new context is specific to the appropriator’s desire. Even if the appropriation is the result of “random” selection and/or a complex constraint, the trail leads back to appropriator’s impulse/s, whether aesthetic, ontological and/or experiential, whether conscious or not. The reader may begin interpretation at that point, but the means do not define the end. That is, once “out in the world” it’s up to each reader to create meaning from the *jetsam*—words and images thrown overboard to lighten the vessel. A reader’s meaning likewise derived from the reader’s own desire:

*Prove that I’m right, wrong, an idiot, a genius!*

*Prove that I meant something!*

We repeat ourselves because we did not get it right. Those who do, quit, having no need to go on.

49. Meanwhile, we chew up these last days and spit out goodbyes, timely or belated.

With neck outstretched as if for a guillotine, Glasswing left my orbit the moment I began parsing Glasswing's rebuses. When you read this, Glasswing will have left your galaxy, never to return.

I crane my neck toward breaking as every bee and butterfly disappears from this world.

"When animals die out, the last survivor is called an **endling**. It is a word of soft beauty, heartbreaking solitude, and chilling finality."

—Ed Yong, "The Last of Its Kind"<sup>58</sup>

I could not have said it better. Though I have tried.

50. Glasswing, my friend, my enemy, my nothing, my all: *May the light of the light shine through you and give you peace.*

## Notes

<sup>1</sup>"Runaway star was ejected from the 'heart of darkness'" *Carnegie Institution for Science*. November 12, 2019. [carnegiescience.edu/news/runaway-star-was-ejected-heart-darkness](https://carnegiescience.edu/news/runaway-star-was-ejected-heart-darkness)

<sup>2</sup>"Why Art and Science Are More Closely Related Than You Think." Dave Featherstone. *Forbes*. March 16, 2016. [www.forbes.com/sites/quora/2016/03/16/why-art-and-science-are-more-closely-related-than-you-think/#33fa8e4e69f1](https://www.forbes.com/sites/quora/2016/03/16/why-art-and-science-are-more-closely-related-than-you-think/#33fa8e4e69f1)

<sup>3</sup>"Coincidences and the Meaning of Life." Julie Beck. *The Atlantic*. February 23, 2016. [www.theatlantic.com/science/archive/2016/02/the-true-meaning-of-coincidences/463164/](https://www.theatlantic.com/science/archive/2016/02/the-true-meaning-of-coincidences/463164/)

<sup>4</sup>From Latin *significare*, to indicate or portend.

<sup>5</sup>"The flat-Earth conspiracy is spreading around the globe. Does it hide a darker core?" Rob Picheta. *CNN.com*. November 18, 2019. [edition.cnn.com/2019/11/16/us/flat-earth-conference-conspiracy-theories-scli-intl/index.html](https://edition.cnn.com/2019/11/16/us/flat-earth-conference-conspiracy-theories-scli-intl/index.html)

<sup>6</sup>*Reading in the Brain: The New Science of How We Read*. Stanislas Dehaene. Penguin. 2010.

<sup>7</sup>*Language at the Speed of Sight: How We Read, Why So Many Can't, and What Can Be Done About It*. Mark Seidenberg. Basic Books. 2008.

“Signing makes use of several types of visual information, including hand configurations, hand movements, spatial locations, and facial expressions. In conversation, fluent signer look at each other’s faces, not their hands. They pick up the important information conveyed by space and movement because they have become exceptionally good at processing information outside the fovea. The study showed that this capacity carries over to reading.”

<sup>8</sup>“How Mere Humans Manage to Comprehend the Vastness of the Universe.” Sophie Evans. *Scientific American*. October 11, 2019. [blogs.scientificamerican.com/observations/how-mere-humans-manage-to-comprehend-the-vastness-of-the-universe/](https://blogs.scientificamerican.com/observations/how-mere-humans-manage-to-comprehend-the-vastness-of-the-universe/)

<sup>9</sup>More at: “What Is Spacetime? Physicists believe that at the tiniest scales, space emerges from quanta. What might these building blocks look like?” George Musser. *Scientific American*. June 1, 2018. [www.scientificamerican.com/article/what-is-spacetime/](http://www.scientificamerican.com/article/what-is-spacetime/)

<sup>10</sup>For further reading on light: *The Story of Light*, by Ben Bova. Sourcebooks, Inc. 2001.

<sup>11</sup>Excerpted from “Morning Star, My Father, Mine,” Debra Di Blasi. First published (in slightly different form) at *Ragazine: Online Magazine of Art, Information & Entertainment*. Fall 2009.

<sup>12</sup>“Strange! Humans Glow in Visible Light.” Charles Q. Choi. *Live Science*. July 22, 2009. [www.livescience.com/7799-strange-humans-glow-visible-light.html](http://www.livescience.com/7799-strange-humans-glow-visible-light.html)

“The human body literally glows, emitting a visible light in extremely small quantities at levels that rise and fall with the day.... This visible light differs from the infrared radiation — an invisible form of light — that comes from body heat.”

<sup>13</sup>‘Geoffrey’ commenting at Briar Press. [www.briarpress.org/](http://www.briarpress.org/)

“When you print using opaque inks, the light can’t get through the ink film, so it bounces off the top surface of the ink film and then goes back to the viewer’s eye. This basically cancels out any effect the paper might have had on the color, and look, of the printed area.”

<sup>14</sup>“There Are Diseases Hidden in Ice and They Are Waking Up.” Jasmin Fox-Skelly. *BBC Earth*. May 4, 2017. [www.bbc.com/earth/story/20170504-there-are-diseases-hidden-in-ice-and-they-are-waking-up](http://www.bbc.com/earth/story/20170504-there-are-diseases-hidden-in-ice-and-they-are-waking-up)

<sup>15</sup>*Language at the Speed of Sight: How We Read, Why So Many Can't, and What Can Be Done About It*. Mark Seidenberg. Basic Books. 2018.

<sup>16</sup>To be clear, but less on point, I could include *around, behind, beside, under, over*. (As in: “The TV pundit *behind* me is speaking such distracting nonsense that I cannot read the meaning of my own words.” As in: “The climate crisis denier bends science to his selfish needs, while *around* me Rome burns.”)

<sup>17</sup>*Reading in the Brain: The New Science of How We Read*. Stanislas Dehaene. Penguin. 2010.

<sup>18</sup>“Learn About Butterflies: The Complete Guide to Butterflies and Moths” Adrian Hoskins. [learnaboutbutterflies.com/Anatomy.htm](http://learnaboutbutterflies.com/Anatomy.htm)

<sup>19</sup>*Conceptualisms: An Anthology of Prose, Poetry, Visual, Found, and Hybrid Writing as Contemporary Art*. Introduction by Steve Tomasula. University of Alabama Press. 2020.

<sup>20</sup>“The Women with Superhuman Vision.” David Robson. *BBC Future*. September 5, 2014. [www.bbc.com/future/article/20140905-the-women-with-super-human-vision](http://www.bbc.com/future/article/20140905-the-women-with-super-human-vision)

“[T]he gene for our red and green cone types lies on the X chromosome. Since women have two X chromosomes, they could potentially carry two different versions of the gene, each encoding for a cone that is sensitive to slightly different parts of the spectrum. In addition to the other two, unaffected cones, they would therefore have four in total – making them a ‘tetrachromat’. For these reasons, it’s thought to be a condition exclusive to women, though researchers can’t totally rule out the possibility that men may somehow inherit it too.”

<sup>21</sup>“What Are the Limits of Human Vision?” Adam Hadhazy. *BBC Future*. July 27, 2015. [www.bbc.com/future/article/20150727-what-are-the-limits-of-human-vision](http://www.bbc.com/future/article/20150727-what-are-the-limits-of-human-vision)

<sup>22</sup>The International Union for Conservation of Nature’s Red List of Threatened Species. [www.iucnredlist.org](http://www.iucnredlist.org)

“The IUCN Red List of Threatened Species™ is the world’s most comprehensive inventory of the global conservation status of plant and animal species. It uses a set of quantitative criteria to evaluate the extinction risk of thousands of species. These criteria are relevant to most species and all regions of the world. With its strong scientific base, The IUCN Red List is recognized as the most authoritative guide to the status of biological diversity.”

<sup>23</sup>“Space Debris and Human Spacecraft.” *NASA.gov*. September 27, 2013. [www.nasa.gov/mission\\_pages/station/news/orbital\\_debris.html](http://www.nasa.gov/mission_pages/station/news/orbital_debris.html)

“Orbital debris is any man-made object in orbit about the Earth which no longer serves a useful function. Such debris includes nonfunctional spacecraft, abandoned launch vehicle stages, mission-related debris and fragmentation debris. There are more than 20,000 pieces of debris larger than a softball orbiting the Earth. They travel at speeds up to 17,500 mph, fast enough for a relatively small piece of orbital debris to damage a satellite or a spacecraft. There are 500,000 pieces of debris the size of a marble or larger. There are many millions of pieces of debris that are so small they can’t be tracked.”

<sup>24</sup> *A Sideways Look at Time*. Jay Griffiths. TarcherPutnam. 1999; reprint edition March 8, 2004 by TarcherPerigree.

<sup>25</sup> Excerpted from “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock.” T. S. Eliot.

<sup>26</sup> 1 Timothy 2:11-15. *The Bible*. Translation by James Moffatt, Hon. D.D., St. Andrews; Oxford, D.LITT. Harper & Row. 1954

“A woman must listen quietly in church and be perfectly submissive; I allow no woman to teach or dictate to men, she must keep quiet. For Adam was created first, then Eve; and Adam was not deceived, it was Eve who was deceived and who fell into sin. However, women will get safely through childbirth, if they continue to be faithful and loving and holy as well as unassuming.” Ugh!

<sup>27</sup> Leviticus 11:19-30. *The Bible*. Translation by James Moffatt, Hon. D.D., St. Andrews; Oxford, D.LITT. Harper & Row. 1954.

“If a woman has a discharge (the discharge in her case being blood from her body), she must be separated for seven days; anyone who touches her shall remain unclean till evening...When she is cleansed of her discharge, she must count seven days for it; after that she shall become clean.... On the eighth day she must take two turtledoves or two young pigeons and bring them to the priest, at the entrance of the Trysting tent; one of them the priest shall offer as a sin-offering, the other as burnt-offering. So shall the priest make expiation for her and her unclean discharge...” Ugh!

<sup>28</sup> *Giordano Bruno, On the Infinite, the Universe, and the Worlds (1584)*. (p. 43) Translation and Introduction by Scott Gosnell. Huginn, Muninn & Co. 2014.

<sup>29</sup> “How and Why Did Religion Evolve?” Brandon Ambrosino. *BBC Future*. April 19, 2019. [www.bbc.com/future/article/20190418-how-and-why-did-religion-evolve](http://www.bbc.com/future/article/20190418-how-and-why-did-religion-evolve)

<sup>30</sup> “Chimpanzees at Gombe National Park in Tanzania often become animated during rainstorms and around waterfalls.” The Jane Goodall Institute. YouTube video at [youtu.be/jjQCZClpaaY](https://youtu.be/jjQCZClpaaY)

<sup>31</sup> Seed faith ministries or “prosperity ministries” like those of Paula White-Cain, Joel Osteen, Kenneth Copeland and Pat Robertson (to name only a few of the worldwide multi-millionaire seed faith preachers) earn extortionate wealth by convincing adherents that the amount of money they donate to the ministry will correspond to the amount of wealth, health and sometimes vengeful stealth they will receive.

See YouTube video (especially minute 13:30): “Breaking Ungodly Soul Ties: Paula White-Cain” June 25, 2012. [www.youtube.com/watch?v=VS1EZGK\\_R2M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VS1EZGK_R2M).

See YouTube video (especially minute 5:54): “Top Richest Pastors in Nigeria in 2019: Genius List.” [youtu.be/HgJ4CN2mioc](https://youtu.be/HgJ4CN2mioc)



<sup>32</sup> “6 Chimps Who Are Better Than You at Painting.” Dina Spector. *Business Insider*. August 29, 2013. [www.businessinsider.com/winners-of-the-chimpanzee-art-contest-2013-8](http://www.businessinsider.com/winners-of-the-chimpanzee-art-contest-2013-8)

<sup>33</sup> The Humane Society of the United States. [www.humanesociety.org/](http://www.humanesociety.org/)

<sup>34</sup> Chimp Haven, Keithville, Louisiana, USA. [chimphaven.org/](http://chimphaven.org/)

<sup>35</sup> Save the Chimps, Ft. Pierce, Florida, USA. [www.savethechimps.org/](http://www.savethechimps.org/)

<sup>36</sup> Chimp Sanctuary Northwest, Cle Elum, Washington, USA. [chimpsnw.org/chimpanzees/jamie/](http://chimpsnw.org/chimpanzees/jamie/)

<sup>37</sup> Jonathan H. Turner, Professor of Sociology, Emeritus, University of California, Riverside, author of *The Emergence and Evolution of Religion*, is quoted in: “How and Why Did Religion Evolve?” Brandon Ambrosino. *BBC Future*. April 19, 2019. [www.bbc.com/future/article/20190418-how-and-why-did-religion-evolve](http://www.bbc.com/future/article/20190418-how-and-why-did-religion-evolve)

<sup>38</sup> “Sex on the Brain: Orgasms Unlock Altered Consciousness.” Kayt Sukel. *New Scientist*. May 11, 2011. [www.newscientist.com/article/mg21028124-600-sex-on-the-brain-orgasms-unlock-altered-consciousness/#ixzz678MnhEEM](http://www.newscientist.com/article/mg21028124-600-sex-on-the-brain-orgasms-unlock-altered-consciousness/#ixzz678MnhEEM)

“[Barry] Komisaruk is interested in the time course of orgasm, and particularly when an area of the brain called the prefrontal cortex (PFC) becomes active. The PFC is situated at the front of the brain and is involved in aspects of consciousness, such as self-evaluation and considering something from another person’s perspective.”

<sup>39</sup> “Your RNA May Have Come from Space, Meteor Study Suggests.” Brandon Specktor. *Live Science*, November 21, 2019. [www.livescience.com/space-sugar-rode-rna-metoers.html](http://www.livescience.com/space-sugar-rode-rna-metoers.html)

<sup>40</sup> “Doubting Death: How Our Brains Shield Us from Mortal Truth.” Ian Sample. *The Guardian*. October 19, 2019. [www.theguardian.com/science/2019/oct/19/doubting-death-how-our-brains-shield-us-from-mortal-truth](http://www.theguardian.com/science/2019/oct/19/doubting-death-how-our-brains-shield-us-from-mortal-truth)

<sup>41</sup> “Some European Doctors Think Chinese Medicine Should Come with a Health Warning.” James Griffiths. *CNN*. November 17, 2019. [edition.cnn.com/2019/11/16/health/traditional-chinese-medicine-facebook-intl-hnk-wellness/index.html](http://edition.cnn.com/2019/11/16/health/traditional-chinese-medicine-facebook-intl-hnk-wellness/index.html)

<sup>42</sup> “The Story of Rhinos and How They Conquered the World.” Chris Baraniuk. *BBC Earth*. May 18, 2015. [www.bbc.com/earth/story/20150518-the-epic-history-of-rhinos](http://www.bbc.com/earth/story/20150518-the-epic-history-of-rhinos)

<sup>43</sup> “Magical Thinking” Brian Vandenberg. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*: Psychology. August 1, 2016. [www.britannica.com/science/magical-thinking](http://www.britannica.com/science/magical-thinking)

<sup>44</sup>“Neurology of ecstatic religious and similar experiences: ecstatic, orgasmic, and musicogenic seizures. Stendhal syndrome and autoscopic phenomena.” Manuel Arias (Department of Neurology, Complejo Hospitalario Universitario, Santiago de Compostela, Spain). *Science Direct*. Volume 34, Issue 1, January – February 2019. [www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S2173580818300634?via%3Dihub#!](http://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S2173580818300634?via%3Dihub#!)

<sup>45</sup>*Language at the Speed of Sight: How We Read, Why So Many Can't, and What Can Be Done About It*. Mark Seidenberg. Basic Books. 2018.

<sup>46</sup>Watch Chimpanzee Sanctuary Northwest video, “Chimp Rain Dance.” [www.youtube.com/watch?v=JERIIC3\\_IT0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JERIIC3_IT0)

“Burrito is a chimpanzee who was used as a pet, in entertainment, and in biomedical research before being rescued by Chimpanzee Sanctuary Northwest. In this video, he displays during a rain storm, in a similar way that chimpanzees in the wild perform ‘rain dances.’”

<sup>47</sup>“Rhythmic swaying induced by sound in chimpanzees (Pan troglodytes)” Yuko Hattori and Masaki Tomonaga. *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States of America*. January 14, 2020. Scroll down website to watch the videos: [www.pnas.org/content/early/2019/12/17/1910318116#ref-36](http://www.pnas.org/content/early/2019/12/17/1910318116#ref-36)

<sup>48</sup> More video this topic: “Chimp Sound Music Experiment/2018” (especially minutes 3:05-5:30). Dave Norwoods. Filmed at The Jane Goodall Institute South Africa Chimp Eden, Mpumalanga, South Africa. [youtu.be/OxAjXtJf5AE](https://youtu.be/OxAjXtJf5AE)

<sup>49</sup> More video and information this topic: “Dancing chimpanzees may reveal how humans started to boogie.” Eva Frederick. *Science Magazine*. December 23, 2019. [www.sciencemag.org/news/2019/12/dancing-chimpanzees-may-reveal-how-humans-started-boogie](http://www.sciencemag.org/news/2019/12/dancing-chimpanzees-may-reveal-how-humans-started-boogie)

<sup>50</sup> “#WeToo: Women Writing the First person Plural,” Gayle Brandeis. *Gay Mag*. January 22, 2020. <https://gay.medium.com/wetoo-b2b01fa2ae79>

<sup>51</sup> “Quantum physics: Our study suggests objective reality doesn’t exist.” Alessandro Fedrizzi and Massimiliano Proietti. *Phys.org*. November 14, 2019. [phys.org/news/2019-11-quantum-physics-reality-doesnt.html](http://phys.org/news/2019-11-quantum-physics-reality-doesnt.html) and [advances.sciencemag.org/content/5/9/eaaw9832](http://advances.sciencemag.org/content/5/9/eaaw9832)

<sup>52</sup> “The Enemies of Writing: A writer who’s afraid to tell people what they don’t want to hear has chosen the wrong trade.” George Packer. *The Atlantic*. January 23, 2020. [www.theatlantic.com/ideas/archive/2020/01/packer-hitchens/605365/?utm\\_source=feed](http://www.theatlantic.com/ideas/archive/2020/01/packer-hitchens/605365/?utm_source=feed)

<sup>53</sup> Social media sites like Twitter and Facebook are *not* meeting places; they are consumer spaces of disconnection and separation from living in *all-sensory* nature and social realms that proffer necessary human interaction, self-reflection and ontological contemplation. Social media are chaotic averting places of anonymity and impropriety, where words often transmute into those proverbial bruising and breaking *sticks and stones*.

See: “Social Interaction Is Critical for Mental and Physical Health.” Jane E. Brody. *The New York Times*. June 12, 2017. [www.nytimes.com/2017/06/12/well/live/having-friends-is-good-for-you.html](http://www.nytimes.com/2017/06/12/well/live/having-friends-is-good-for-you.html)

<sup>54</sup> “Temporal Consciousness: Some Relevant Empirical Findings.” *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*. [plato.stanford.edu/entries/consciousness-temporal/empirical-findings.html#ThreSimuSuccInte](http://plato.stanford.edu/entries/consciousness-temporal/empirical-findings.html#ThreSimuSuccInte)

“Why do our brains treat stimuli which arrive over brief intervals as simultaneous? It is by no means just a matter of insensitivity. Not only do sound and light travel at very different speeds, our eyes and ears work at different speeds too (our ears are faster). Consequently, our brains have a good deal to take into account when attempting to work out what happens when and where on the basis of the information it receives from millisecond to millisecond.”

<sup>55</sup> *Anatomy and Physiology*. Gail Jenkins and Gerard J. Tortora. Wiley. May 3, 2016.

“Conscious sensations or perceptions are integrated in the cerebral cortex. You seem to see with your eyes, hear with your ears, and feel pain in an injured part of your body because sensory impulses from each part of the body arrive in a specific region of the cerebral cortex, which interprets the sensation as coming from the stimulated sensory receptors.”

<sup>56</sup> “If You Don’t Notice Something Within 1.5 Seconds You May Never See It.” Chelsea Whyte. *New Scientist*. November 20, 2019. [www.newscientist.com/article/2223992-if-you-dont-notice-something-within-1-5-seconds-you-may-never-see-it/?utm\\_campaign=RSS%7CNSNS&utm\\_source=NSNS&utm\\_medium=RSS&utm\\_content=news](http://www.newscientist.com/article/2223992-if-you-dont-notice-something-within-1-5-seconds-you-may-never-see-it/?utm_campaign=RSS%7CNSNS&utm_source=NSNS&utm_medium=RSS&utm_content=news)

“Inattentional blindness feels counterintuitive precisely because we don’t notice what we are missing... We remember vividly all the times we have noticed something unexpected or unusual, but have no idea how many times we have missed gorillas or unicycling clowns...”

<sup>57</sup> *Giordano Bruno, On the Infinite, the Universe, and the Worlds (1584)*. Translation and Introduction by Scott Gosnell. Huginn, Muninn & Co. 2014.

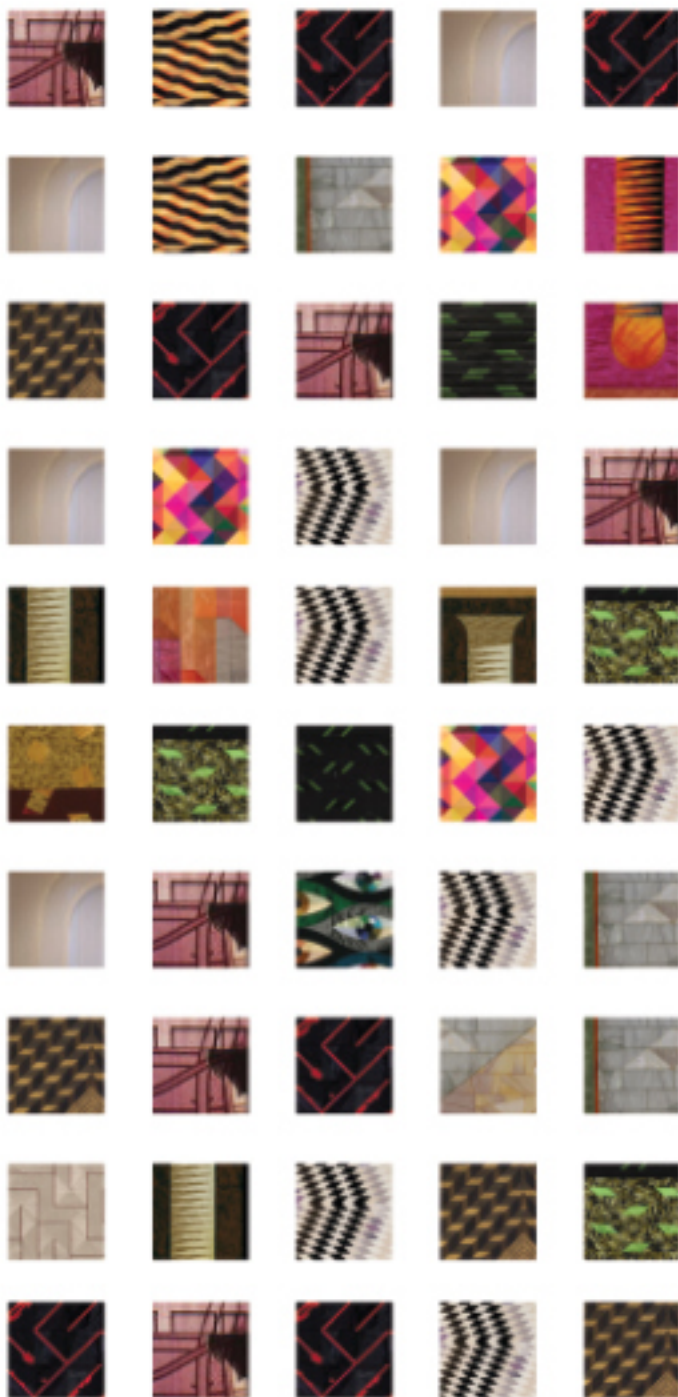
<sup>58</sup> “The Last of Its Kind.” Ed Yong. *The Atlantic*. July 2019. [www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/2019/07/extinction-endling-care/590617/](http://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/2019/07/extinction-endling-care/590617/)

“The biologist David Sischó has a tragic assignment: keeping vigil over a species’ sole survivor, then marking its extinction in real time.”

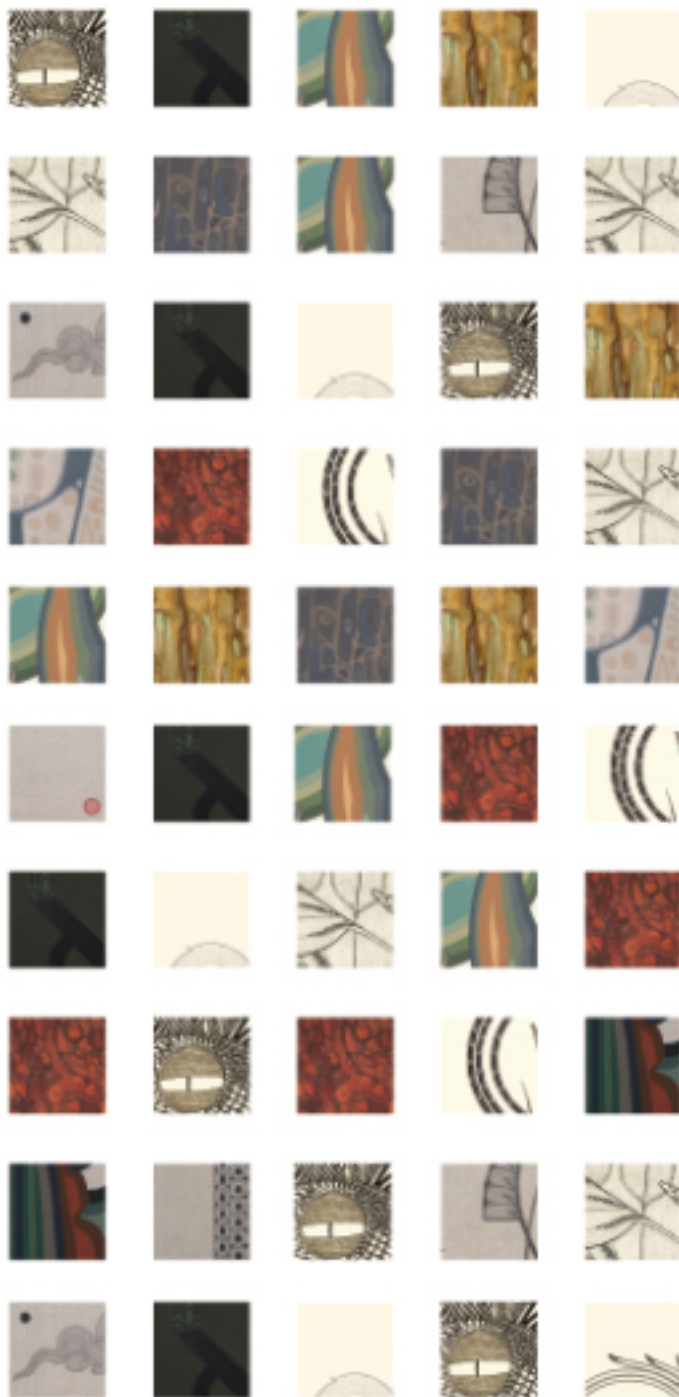
## **Glasswing's Rebuses**



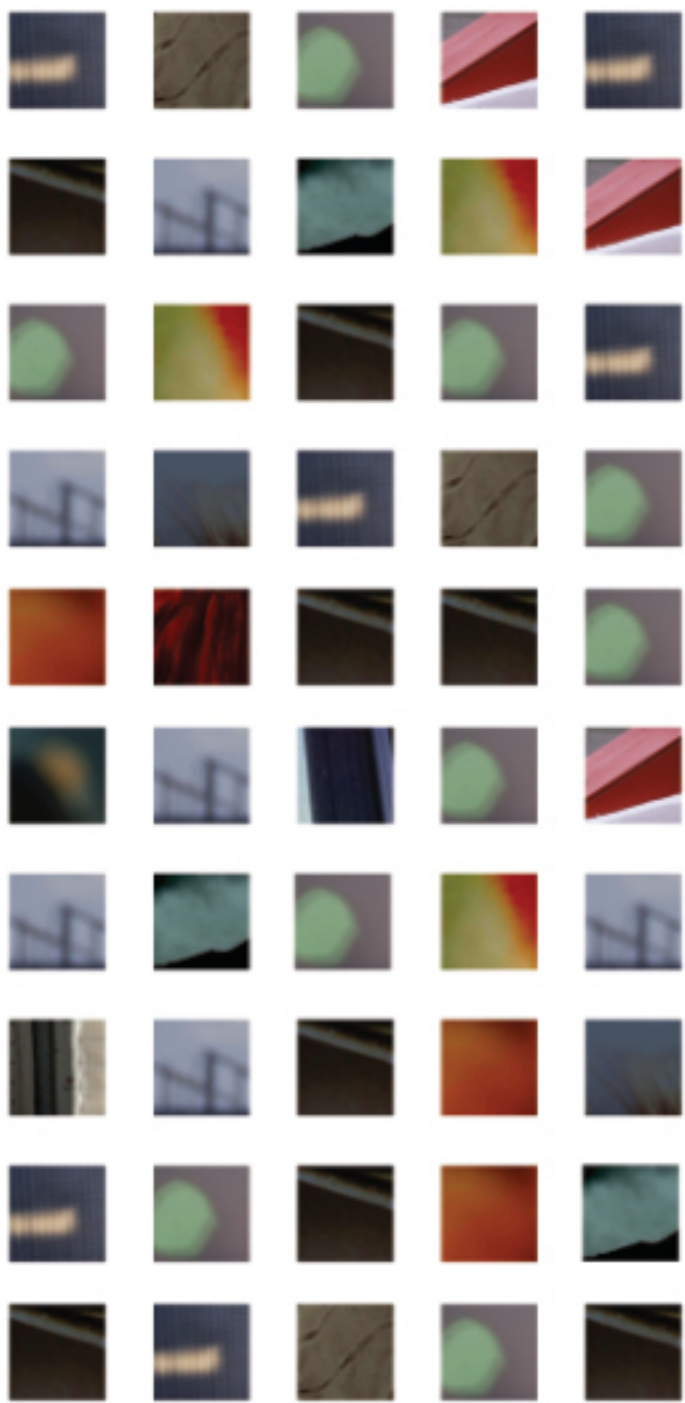
the voices became more distinct, but I saw no one in the room.



This is humanity's most crowded, most bountiful condition

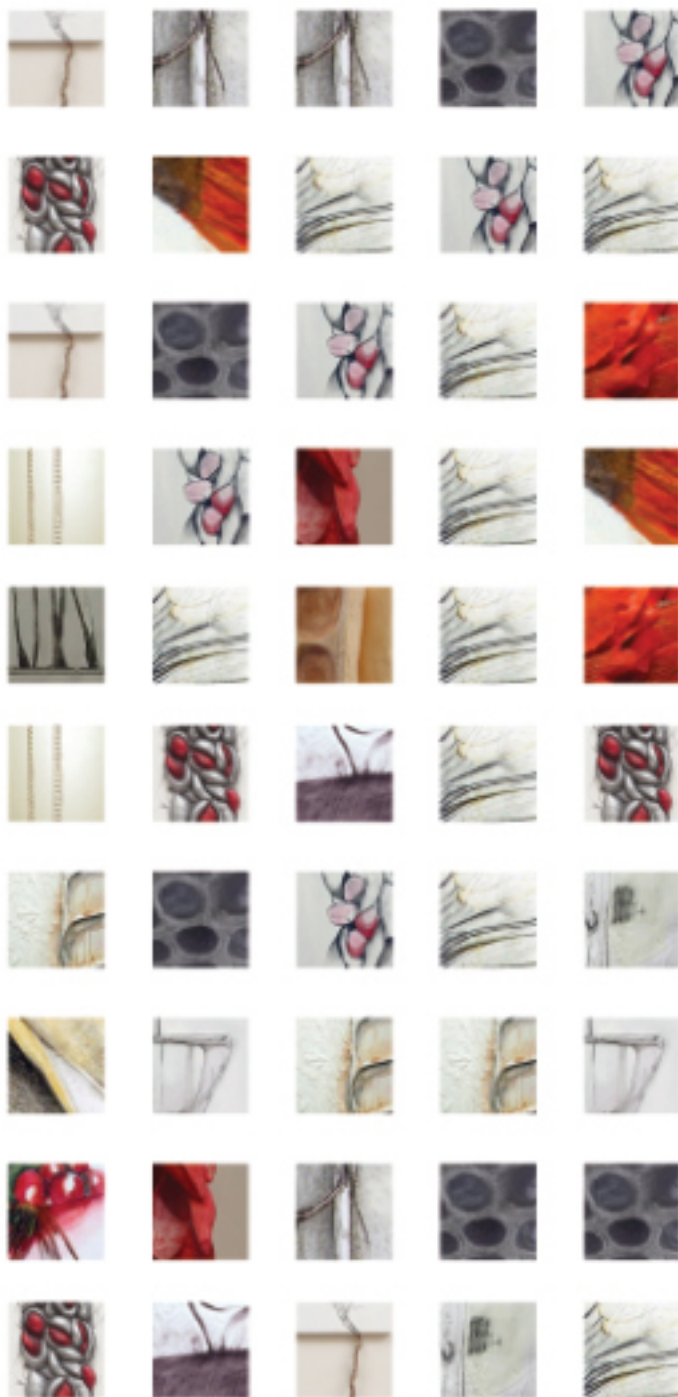


enough to change us without us knowing how we will be changed

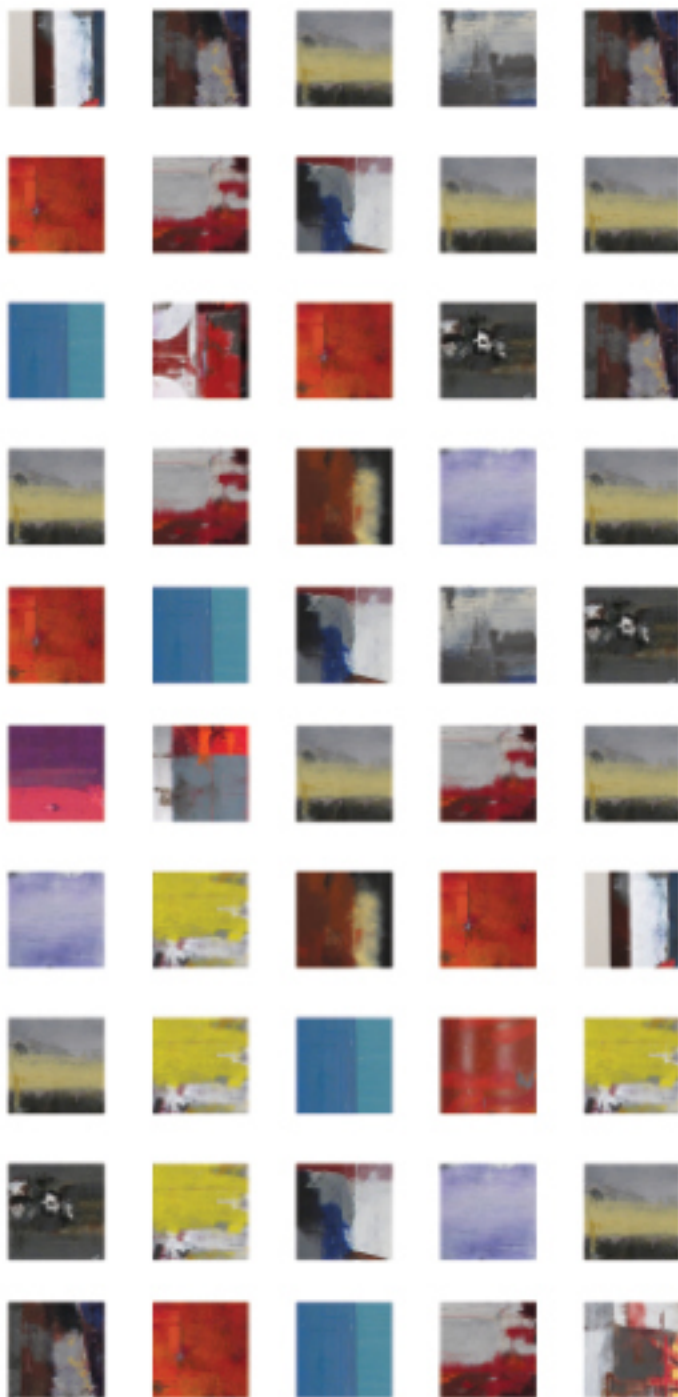


the strong secret of the air removes one color after another

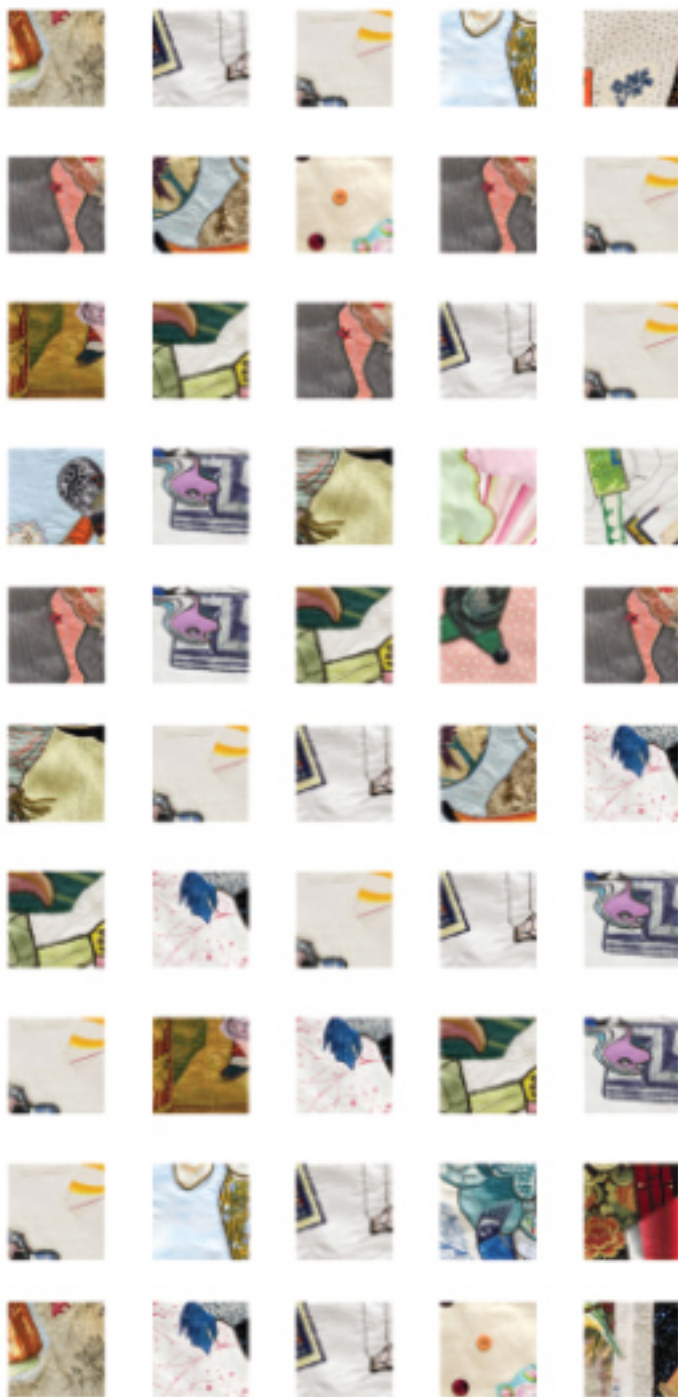




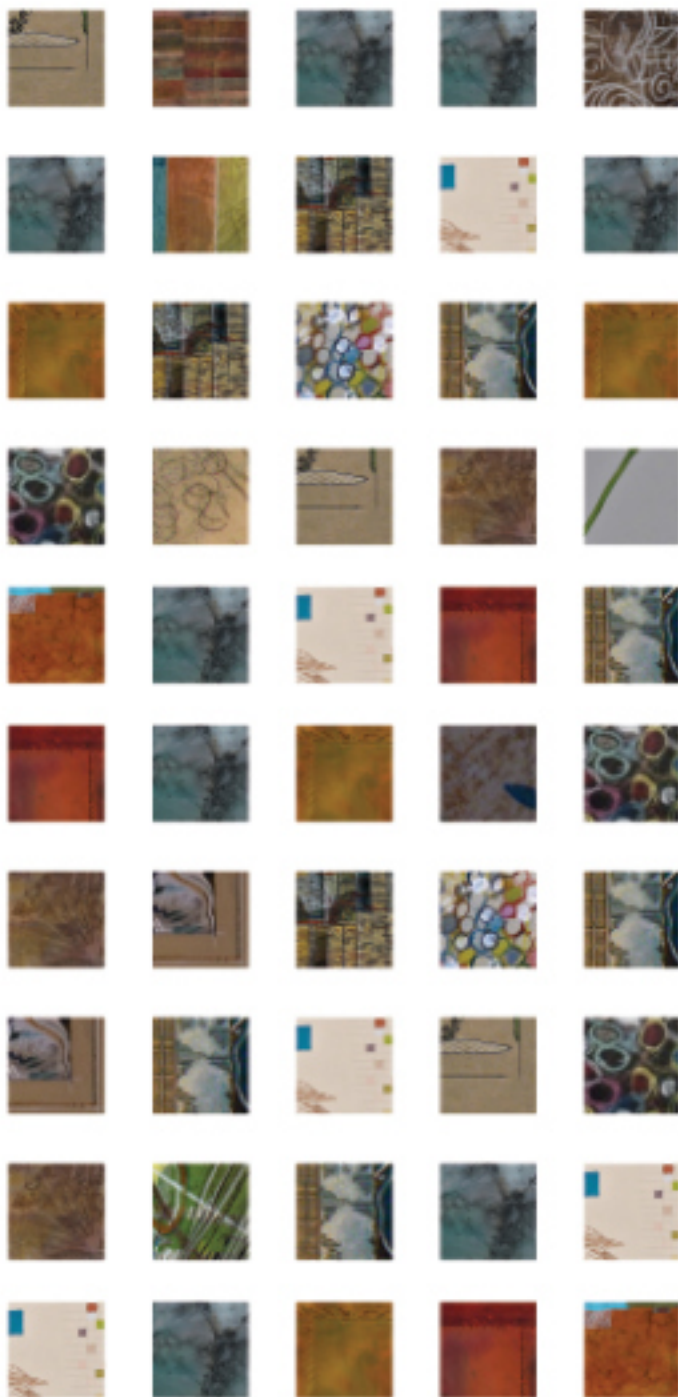
All those heathery hues, every one of them difficult to name



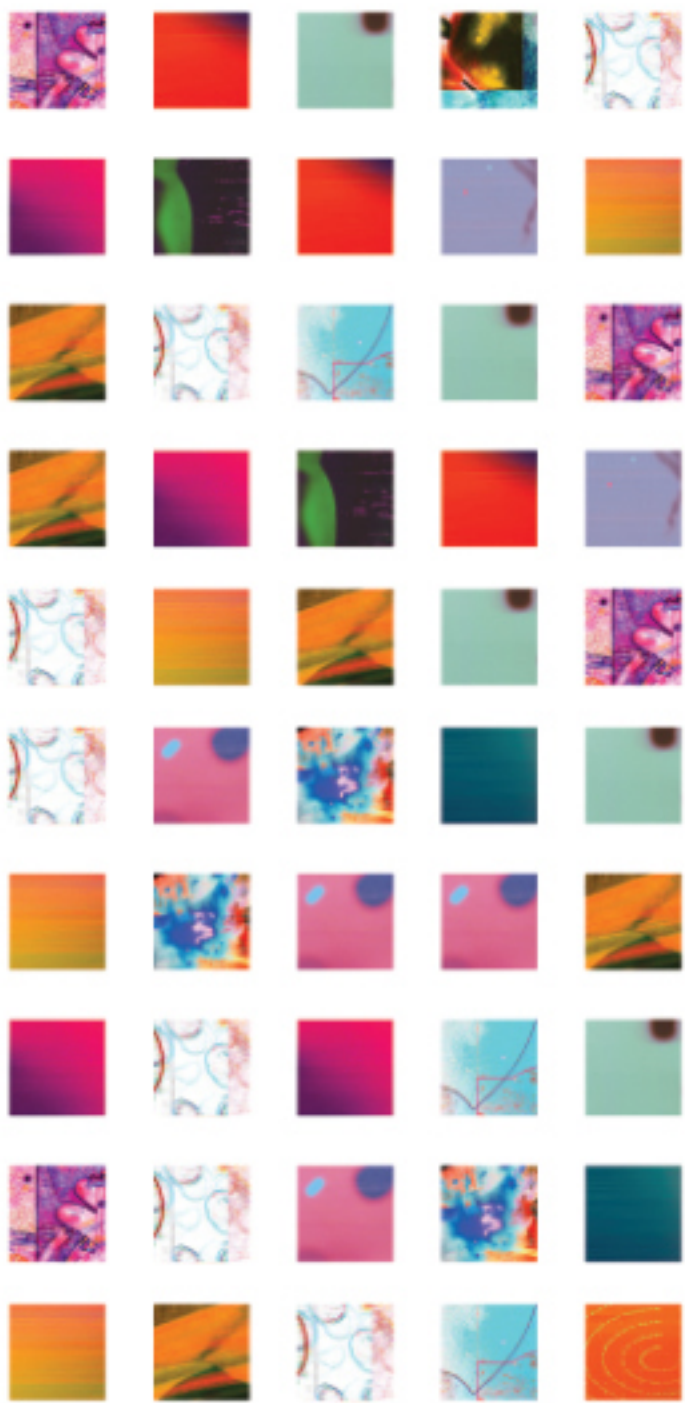
they had been washed clean by some delicate invisible hand.



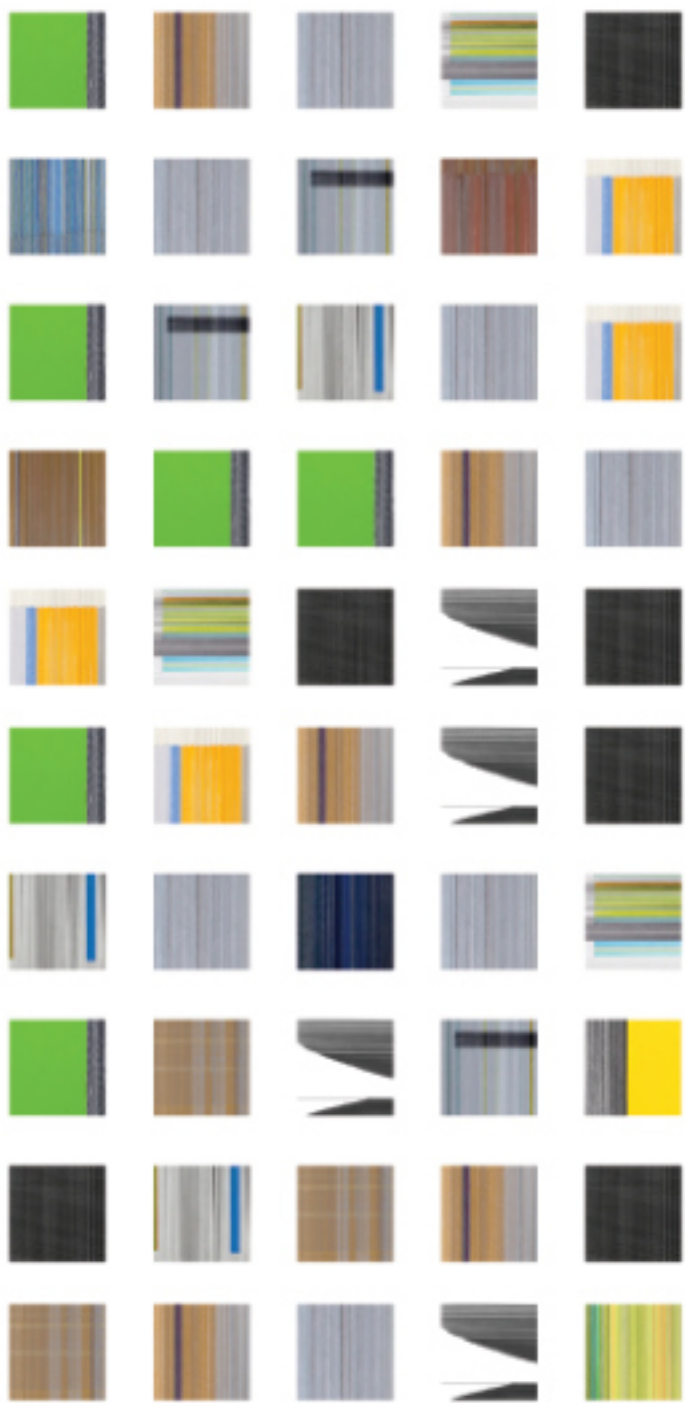
knowledge often obscures the conditions of its own making.



I look out for the ravings of memory and the defiance of forms

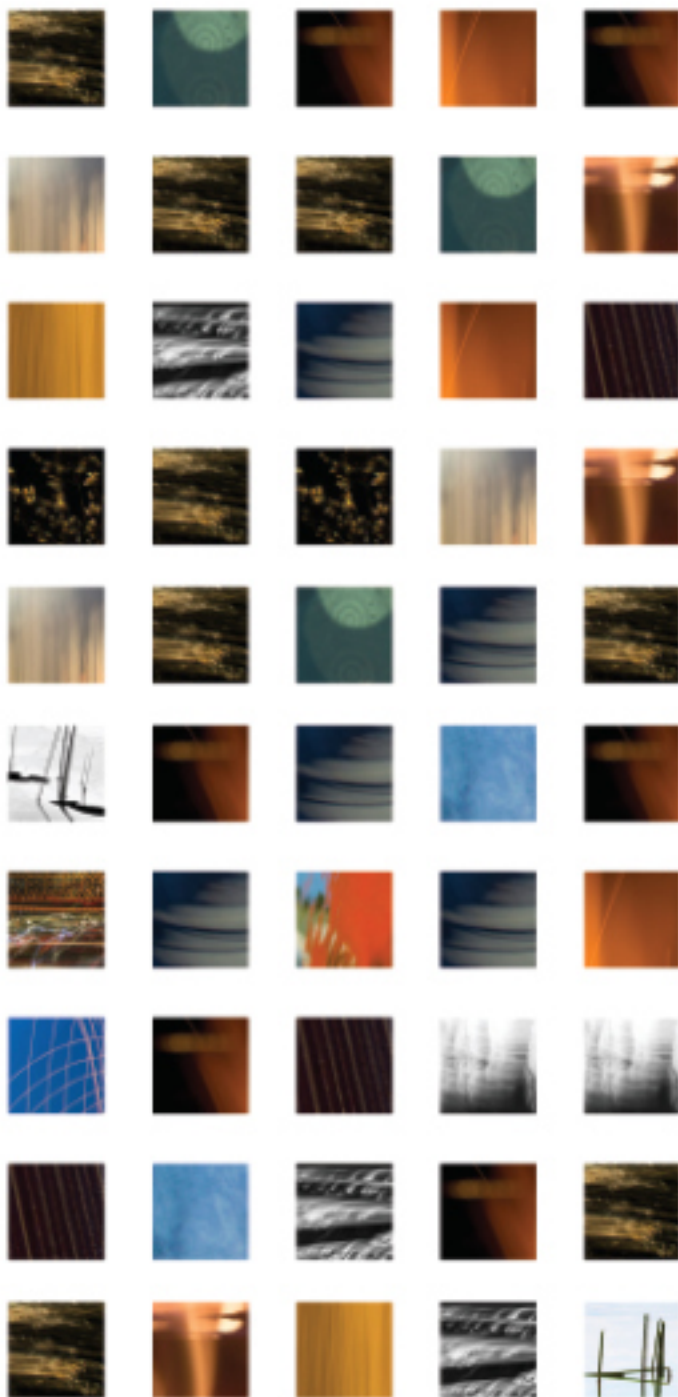


How can you read when you are what is written and what is read?

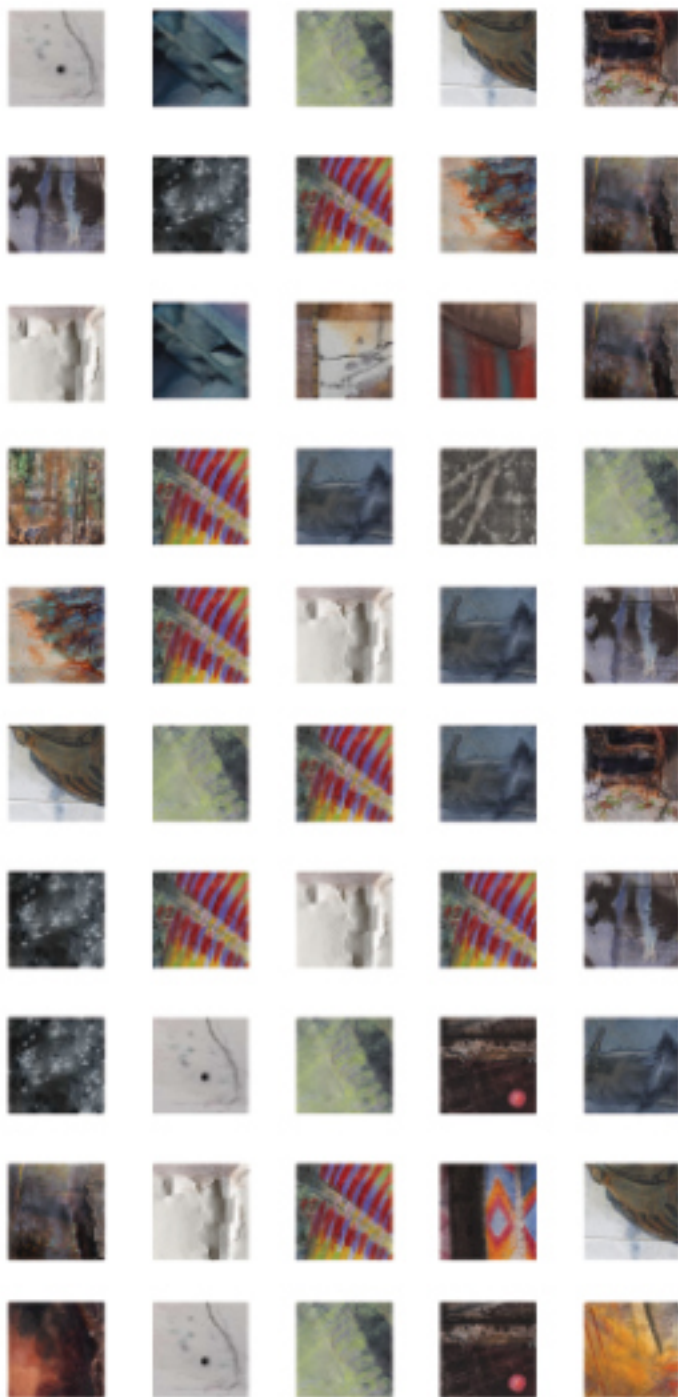


The pile of stones at the spirit shrine kept growing higher.



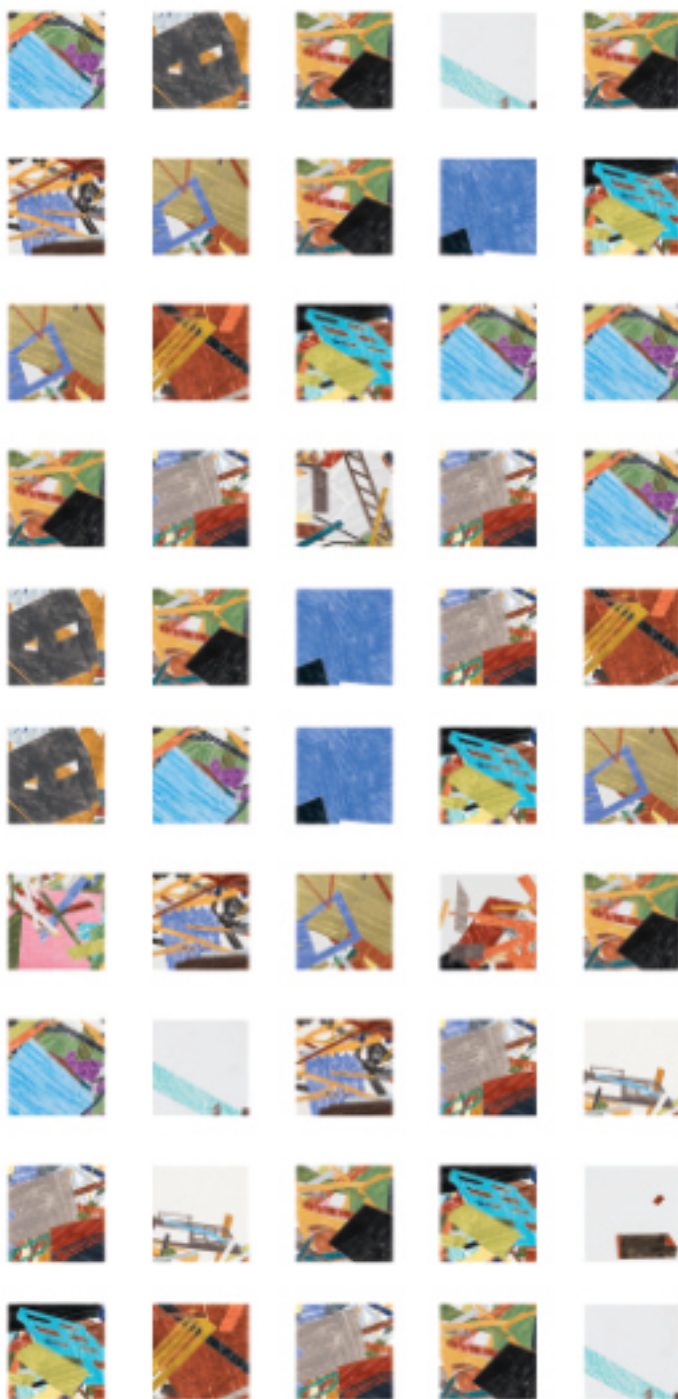


The best thing about us is that we are capable of forgetting.



I know the dark places under stones where things are moving.

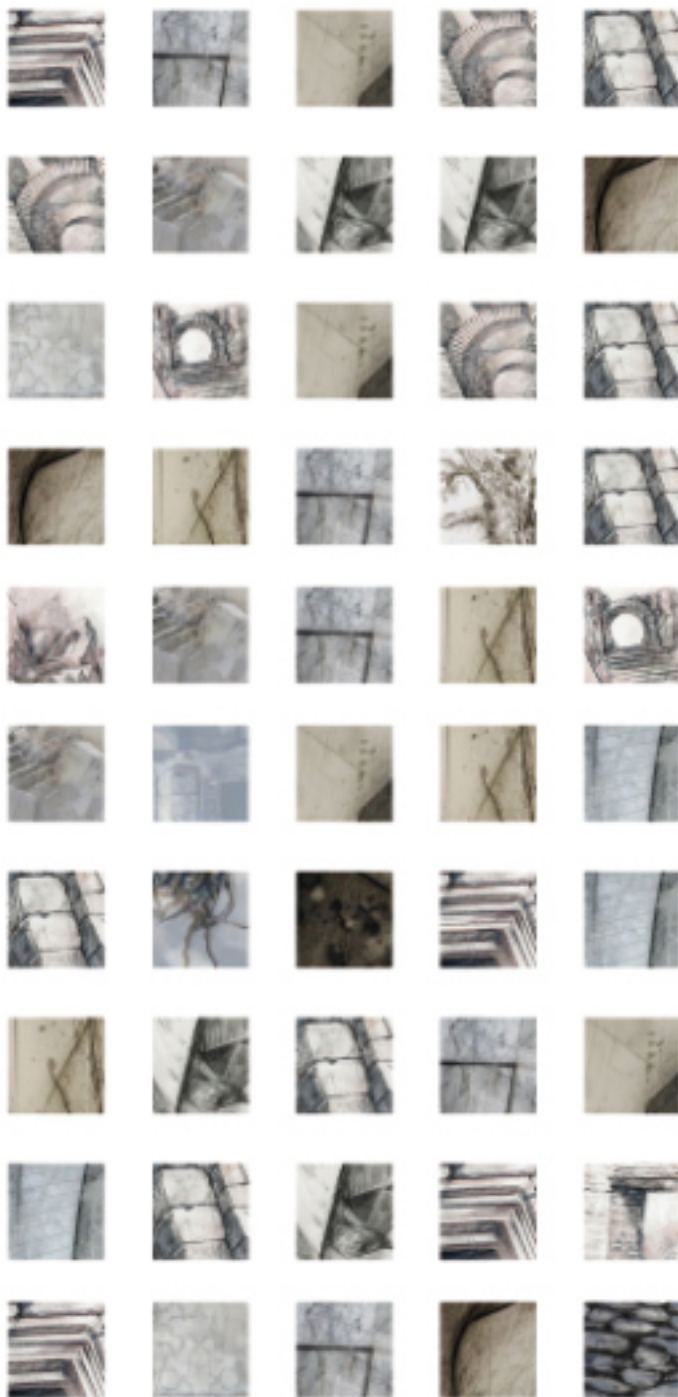




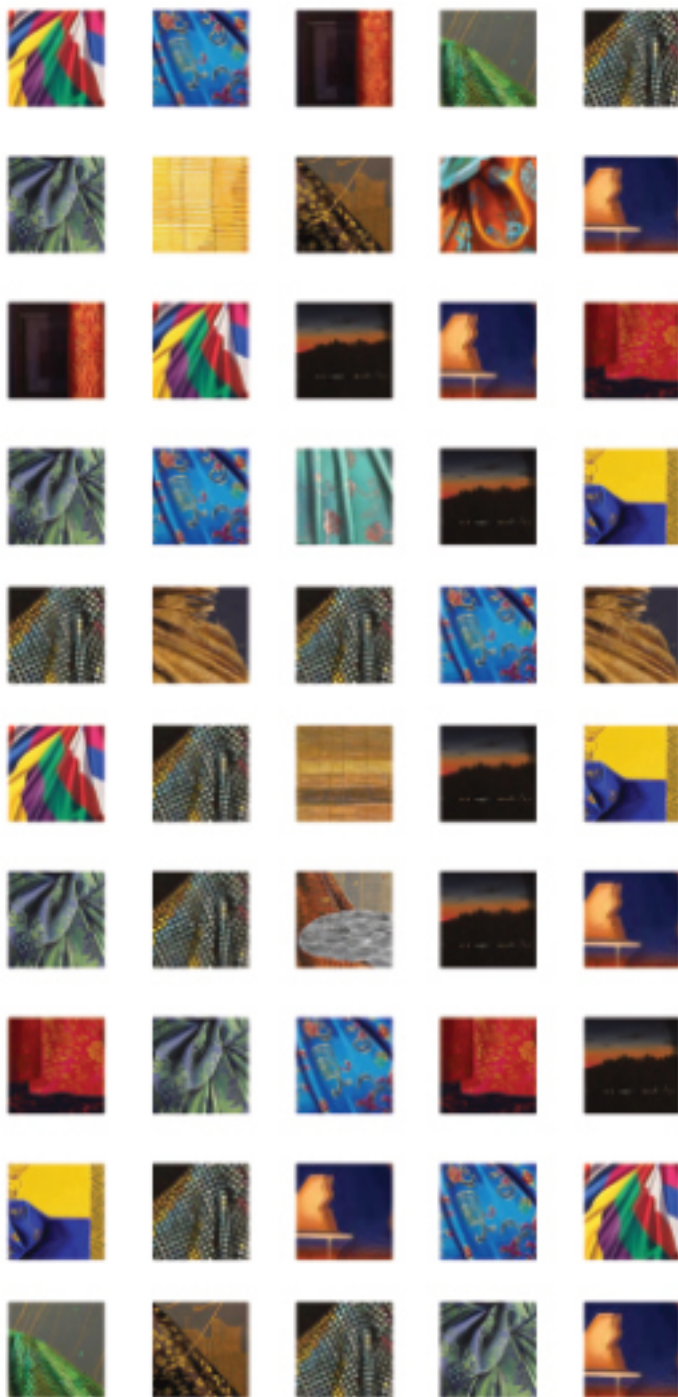
these are forgotten in the fight for markets and ideologies



fighting unto death over their share of the ammunition box.



In the halls of the sun we manufactured virulent religions.

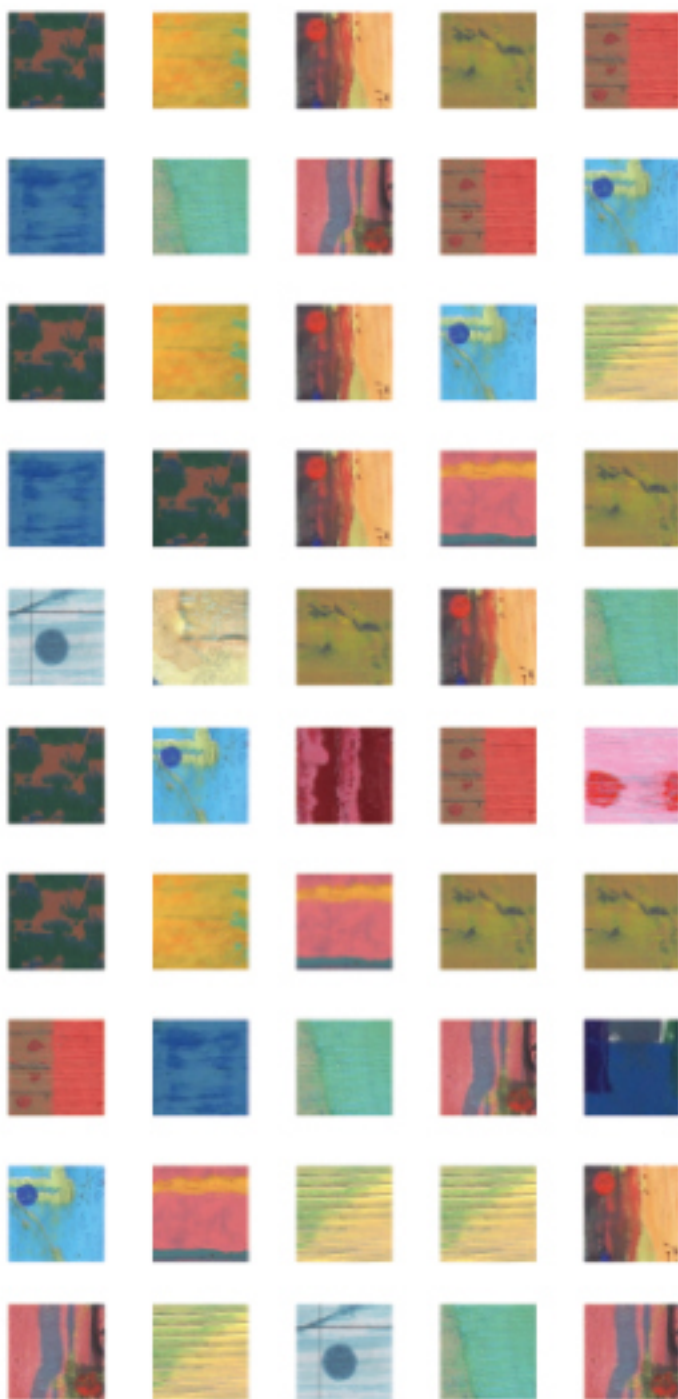


louder: insults from the people, threats from the soldiers



impossible weeping suddenly pouring like a severed artery

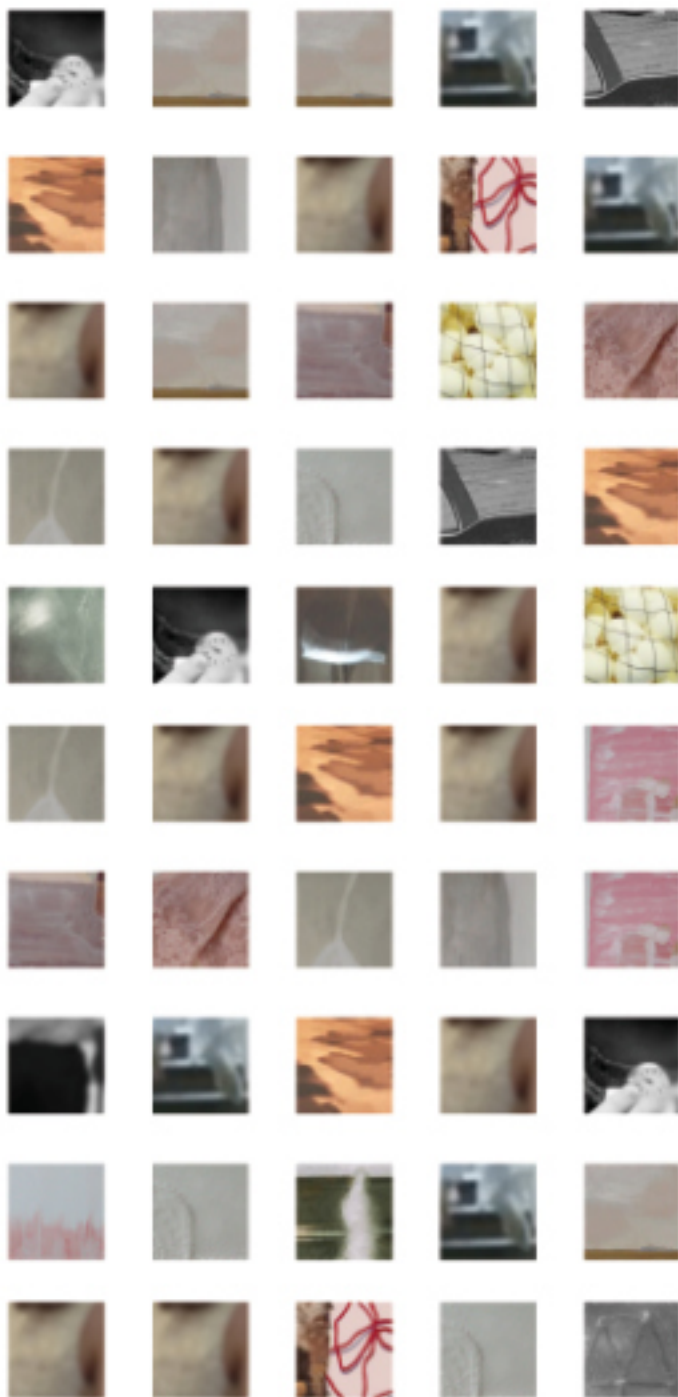




the sound of the flute is absent from this sound-filled land

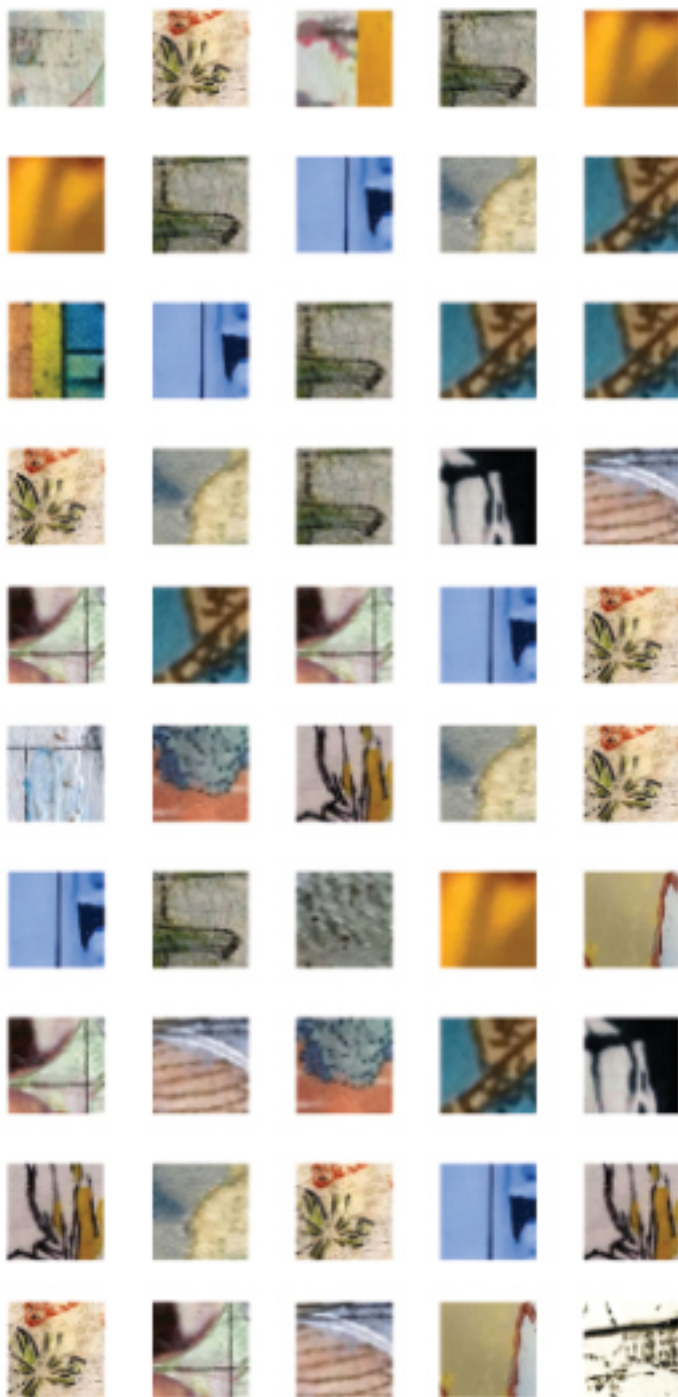


I'm burying myself in a hole in the earth and you can't find me

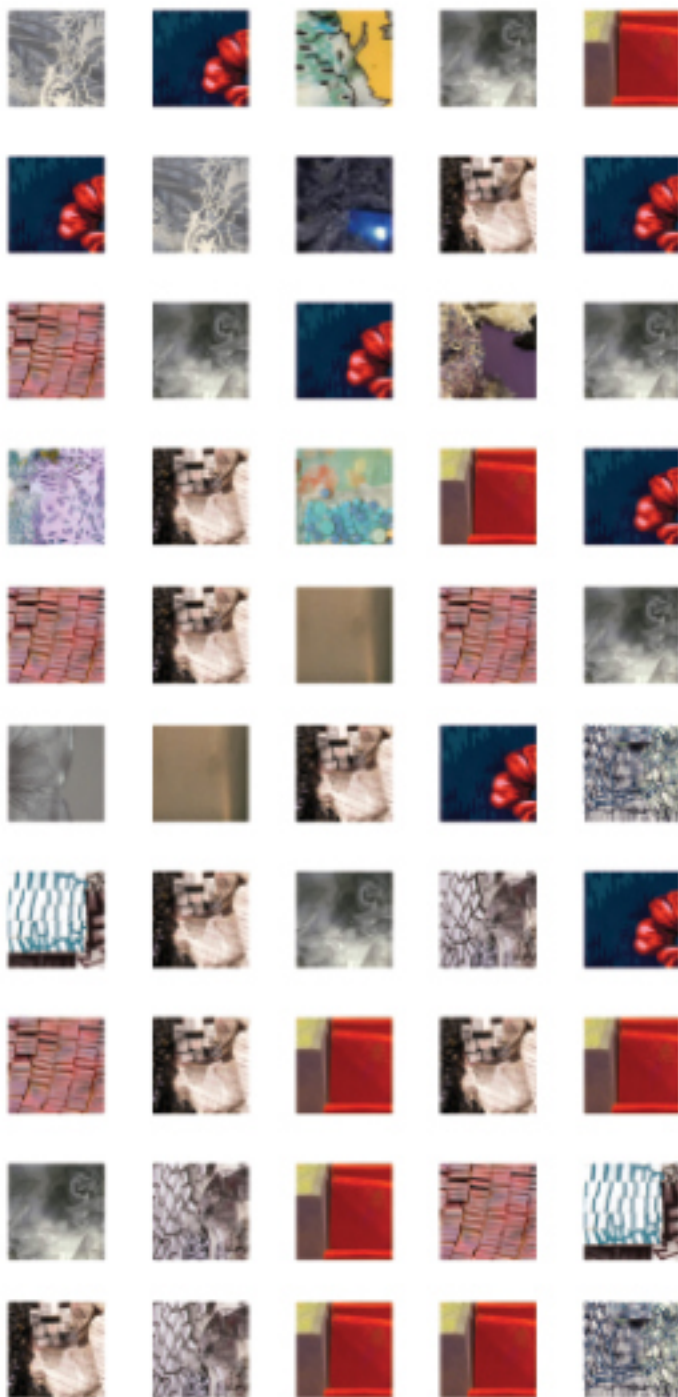


all buried below the surface where nothing breaks, bleeds.





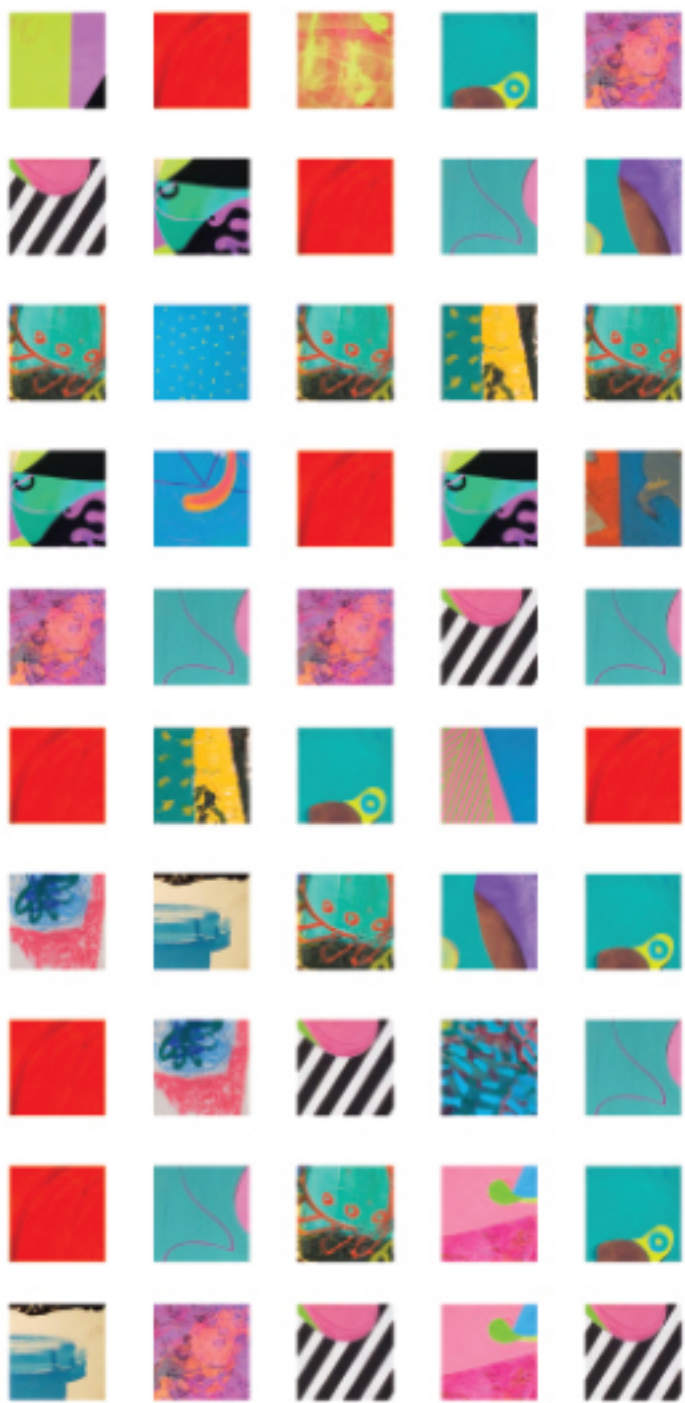
below words crossed out as a reminder of what is underneath:



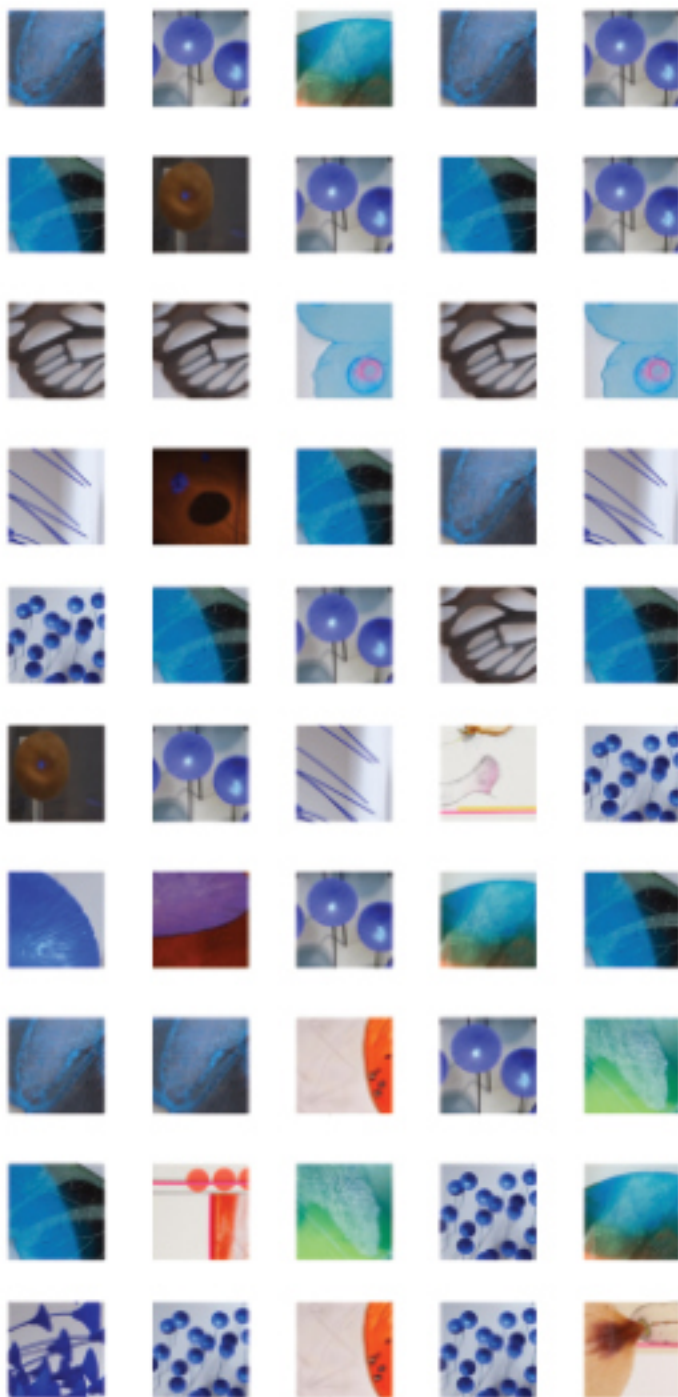
it was time that gave us the chance to read these sad shreds so



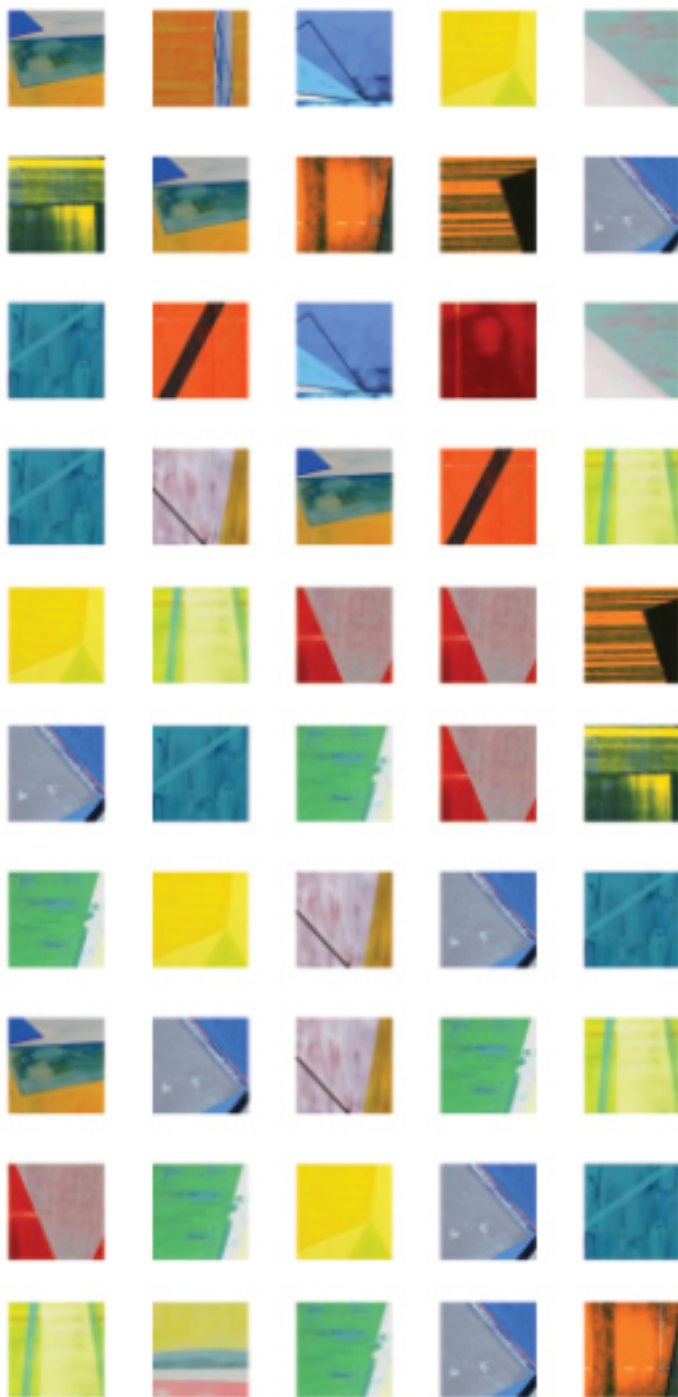
Nothing is ever definitely lost; absence can be alchemized



Love is not gay abandon; it is to be courageous, to take risks



sense the terror of its fate; the fragments swept up and away



a long way, through darkness, this wind that dies in the city



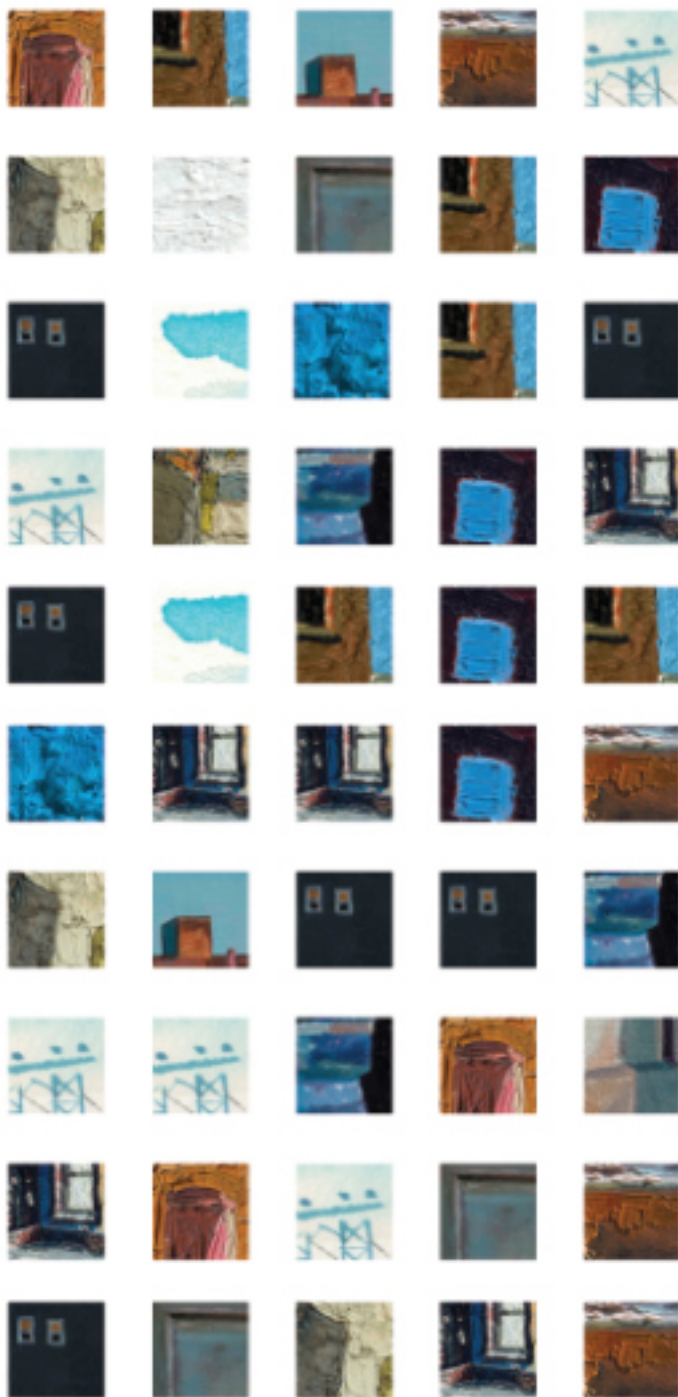


law works to affix assumptions about behavior onto bodies.

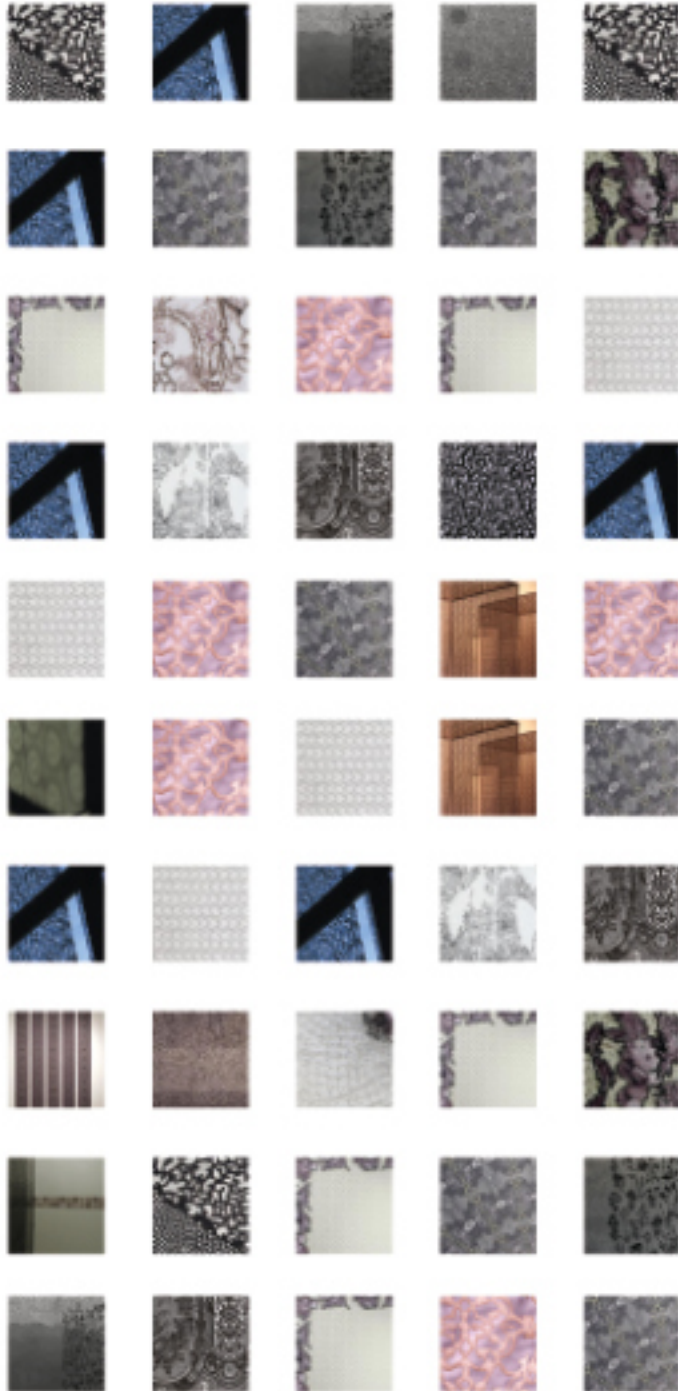


It matters with which ways of living and dying we cast our lot

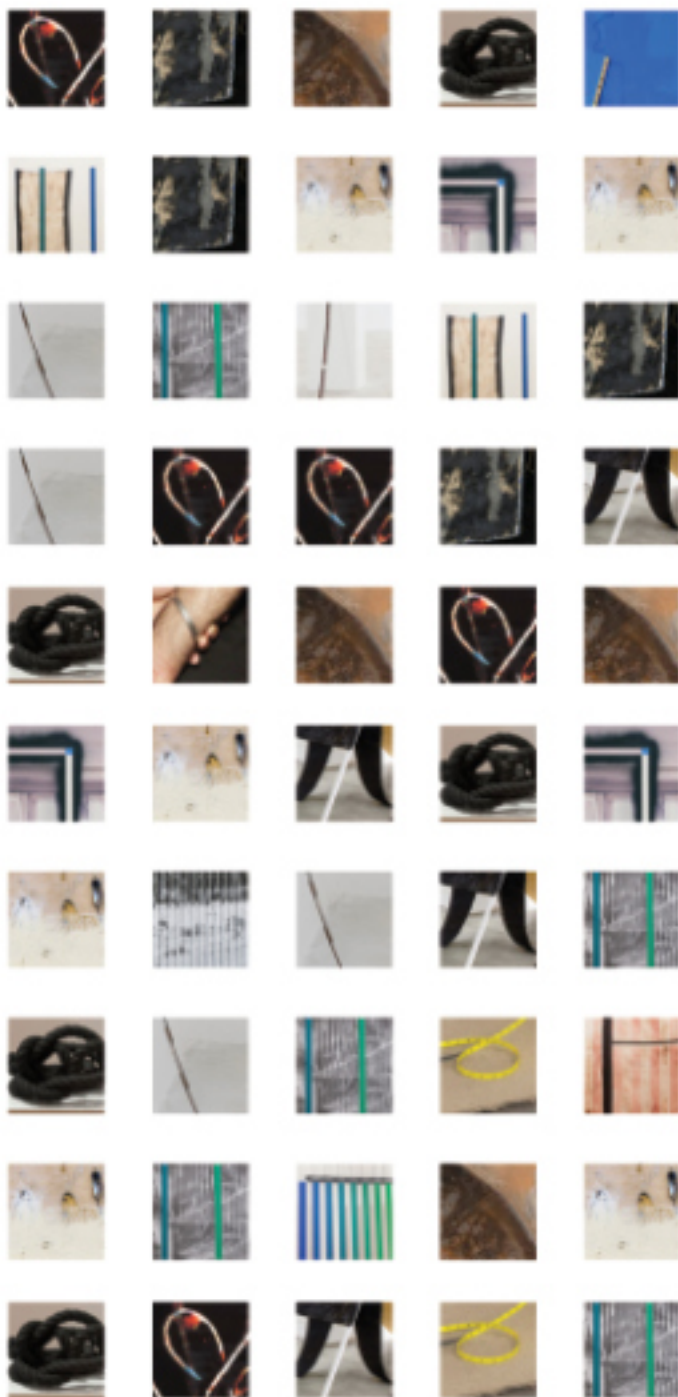




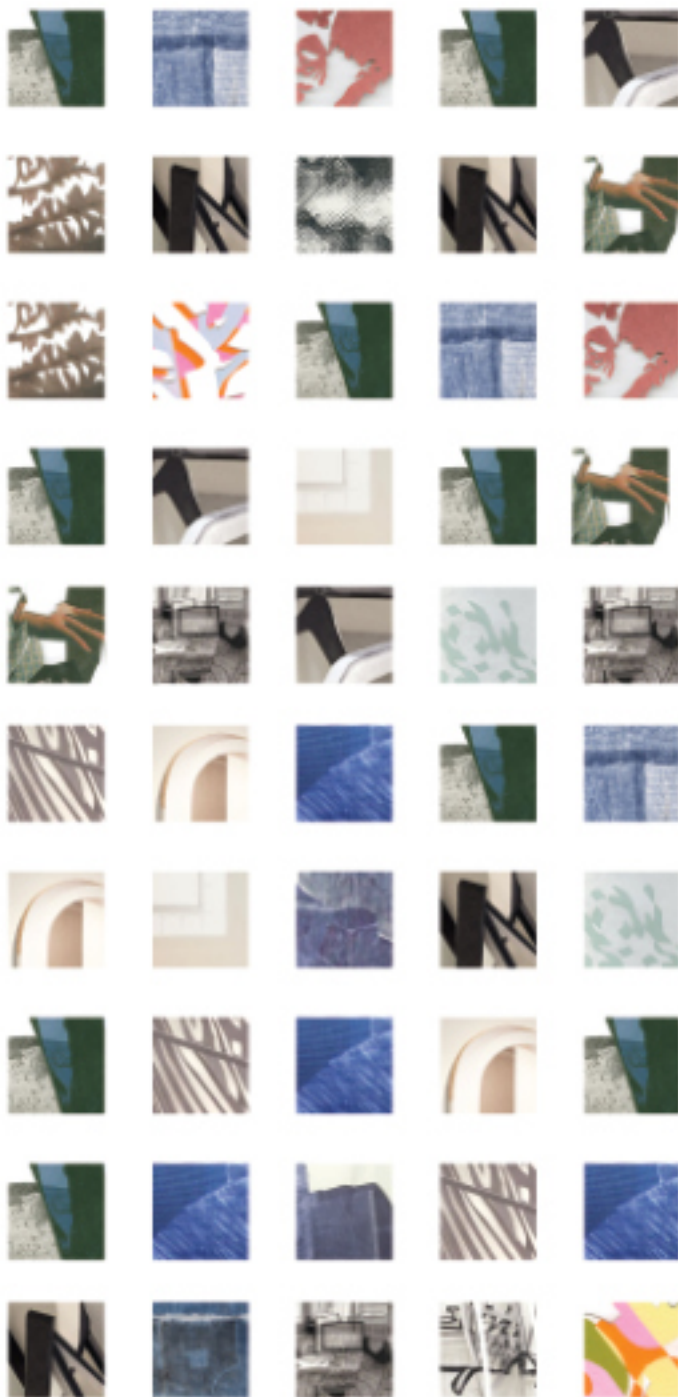
no metaphors, lost birds, or old dreams sitting in the shade



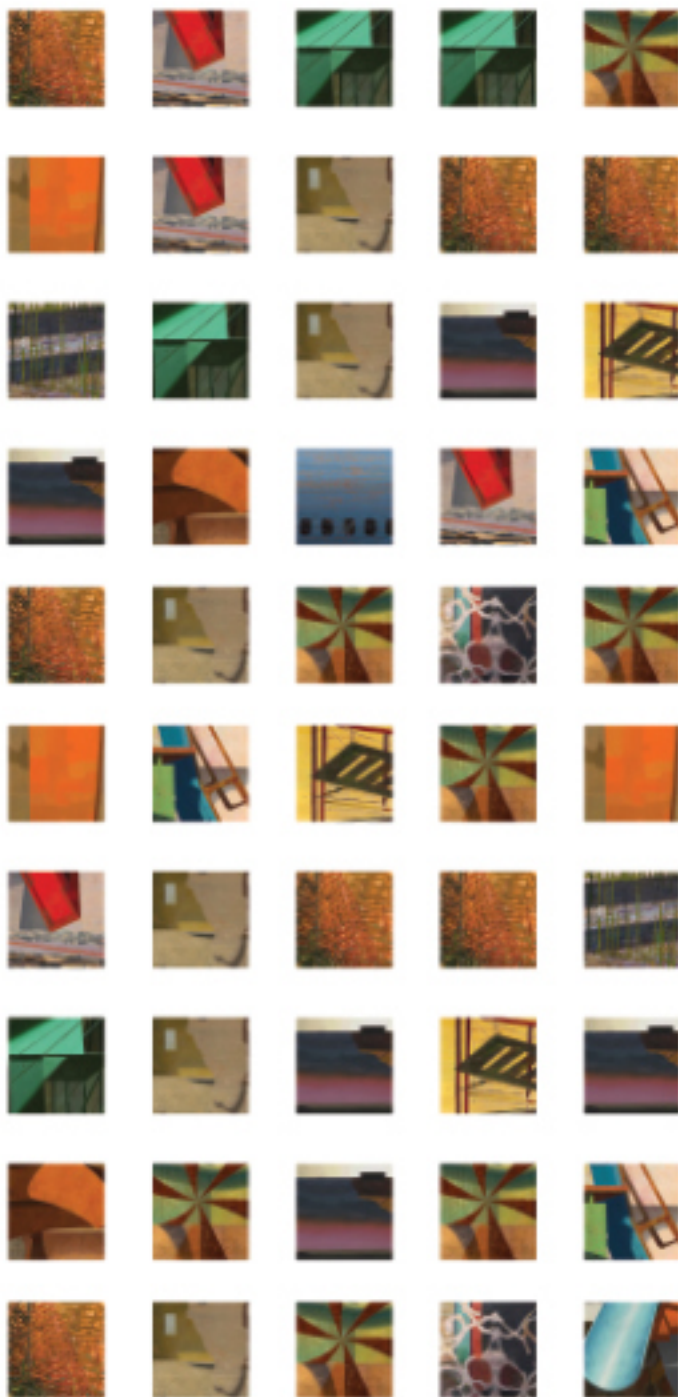
how ghosts live in our bones depends on our family histories



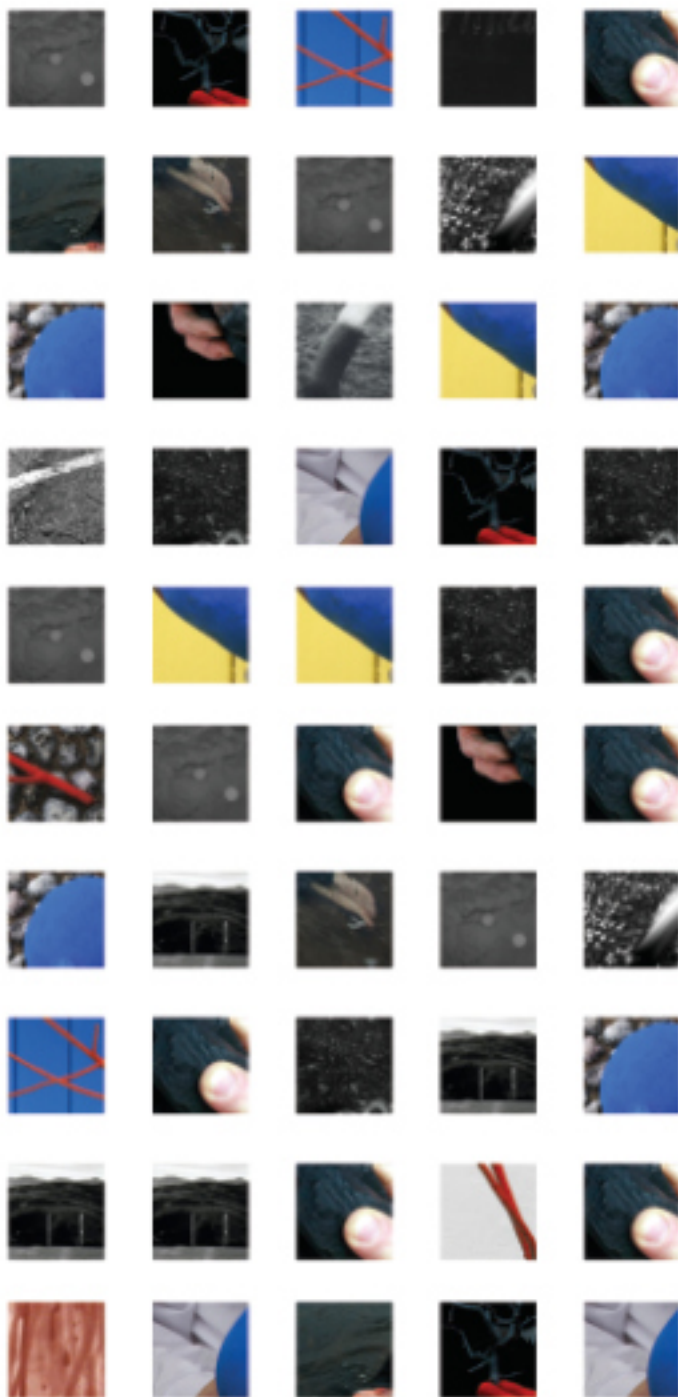
Thus, where and what this future is remains an open question



out of sewers, out of horrifying dough beyond good and evil.

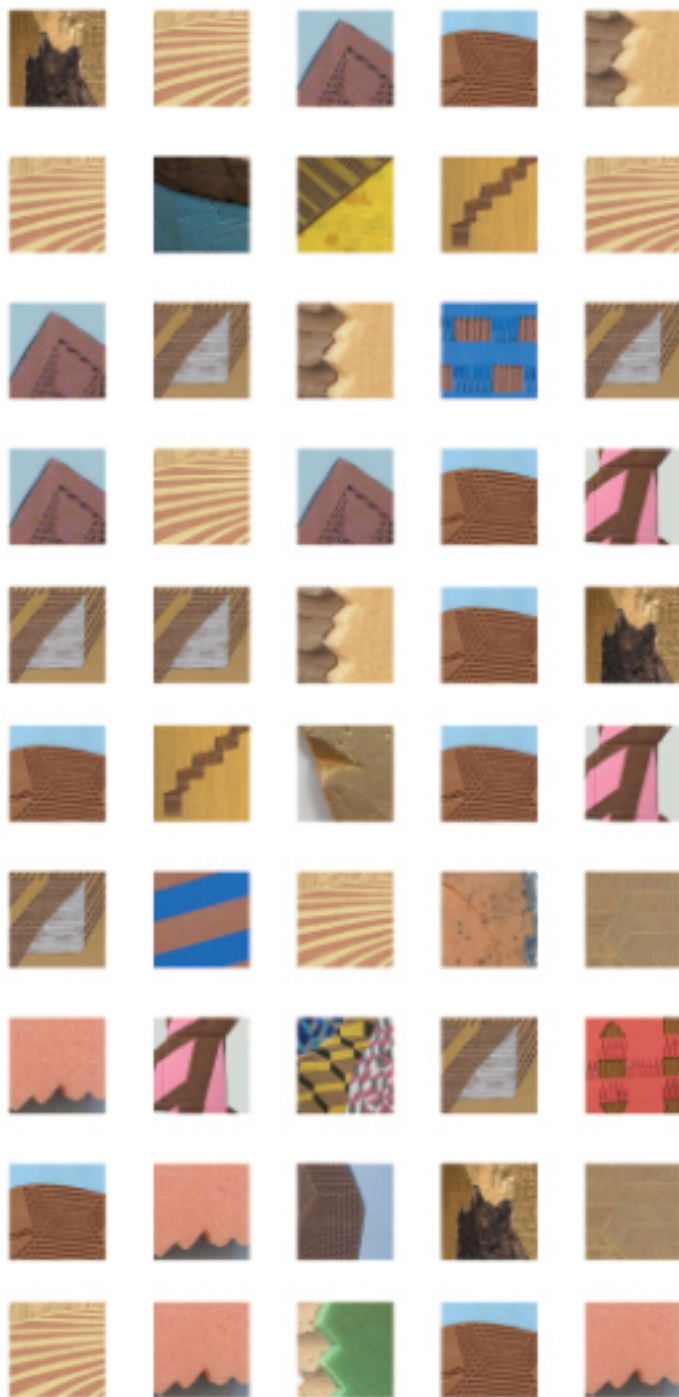


less the illusion of reality than the illusion of totality:

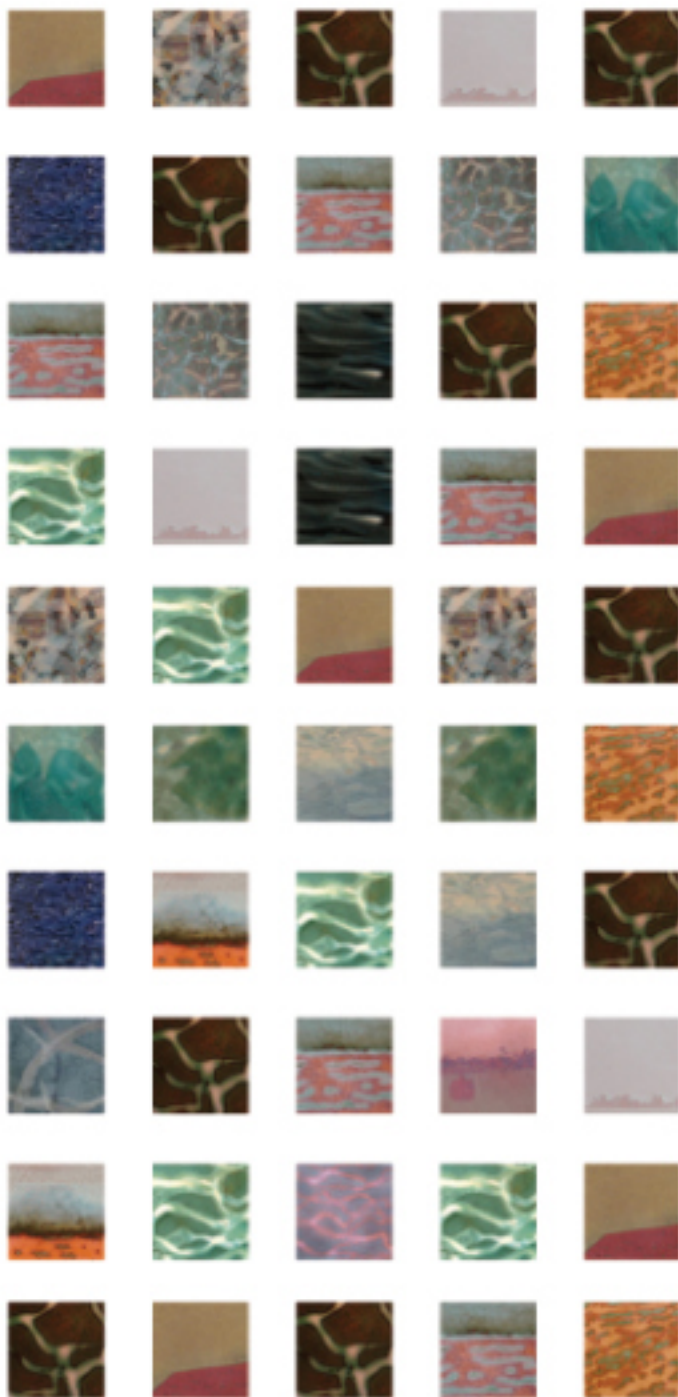


I asked him to cut only a little piece of himself off every day





somehow from that moment the serpent couldn't be dislodged

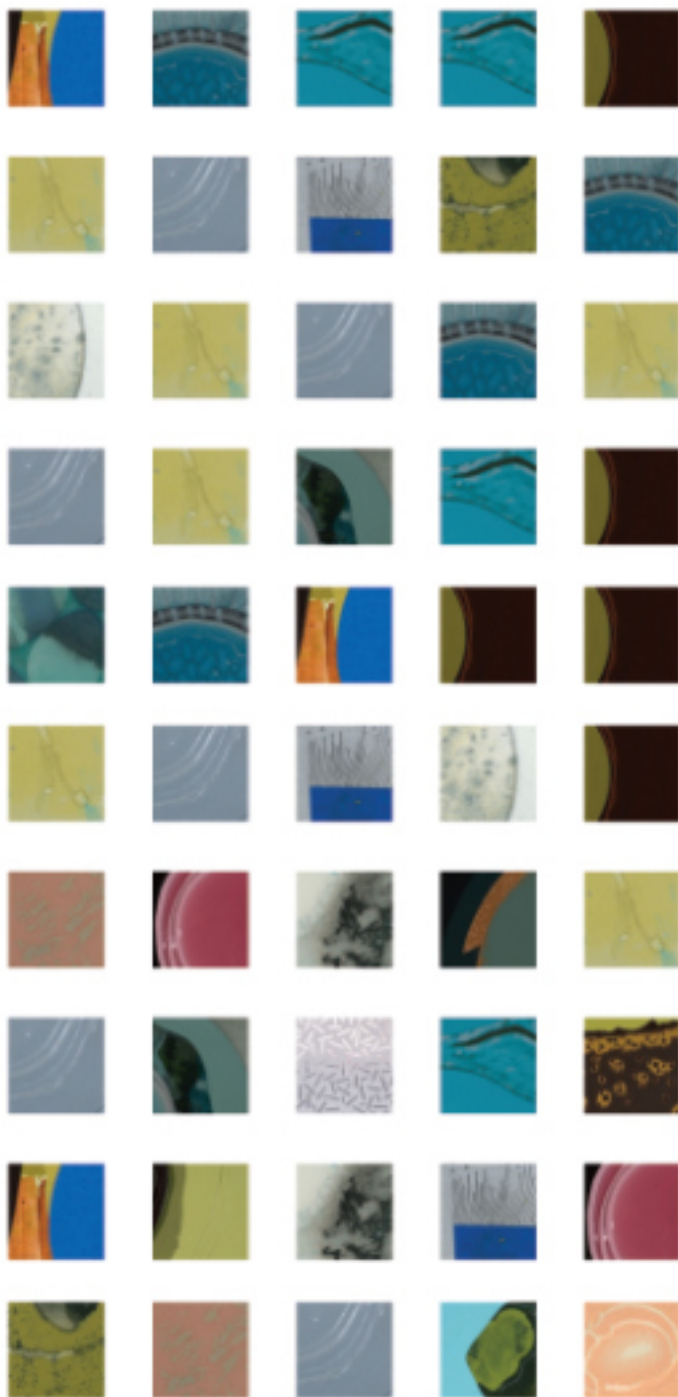


this idiom combines both ethical and religious repetition

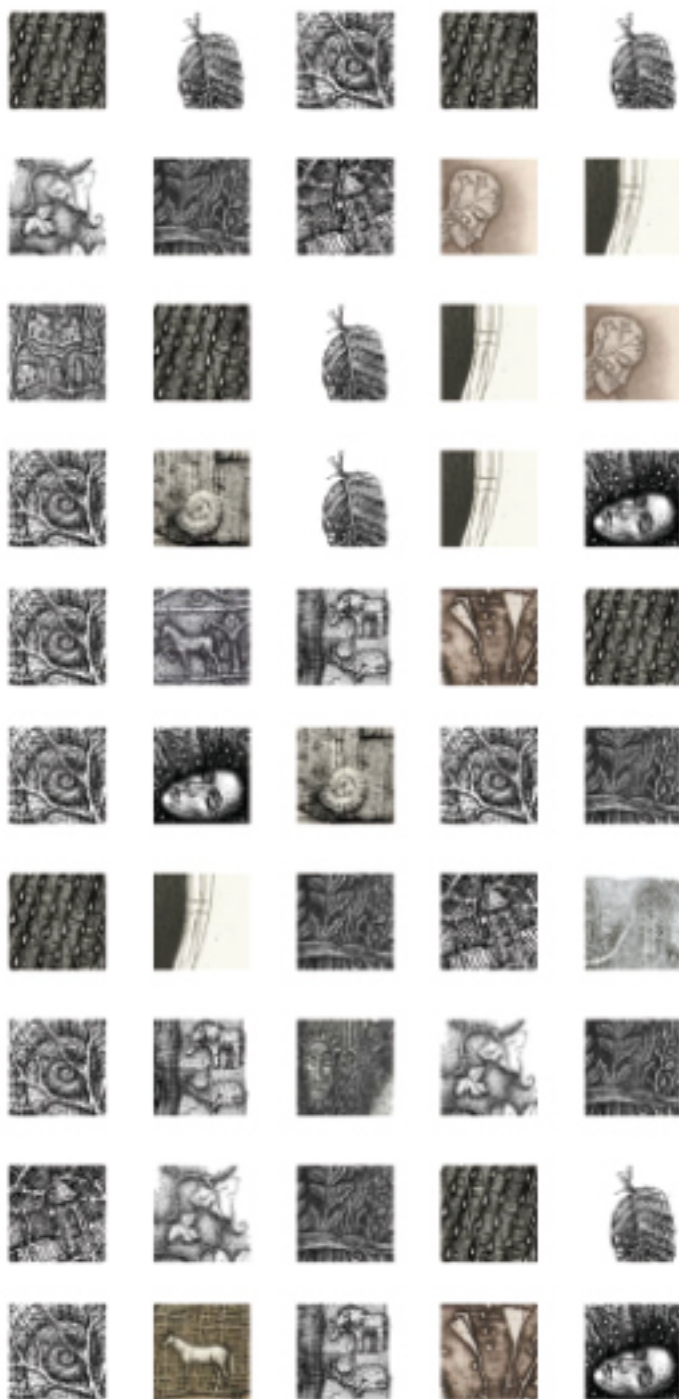




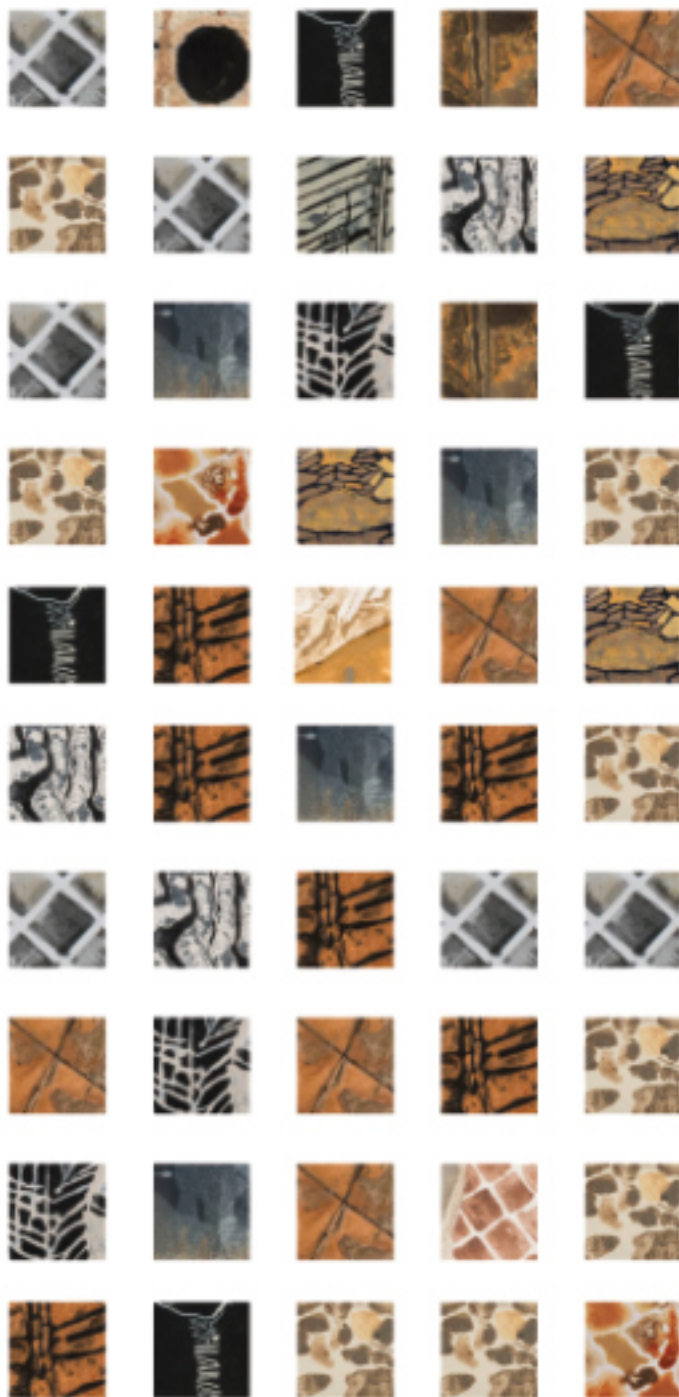
and such is poetry a secondary thing like voices in the grass



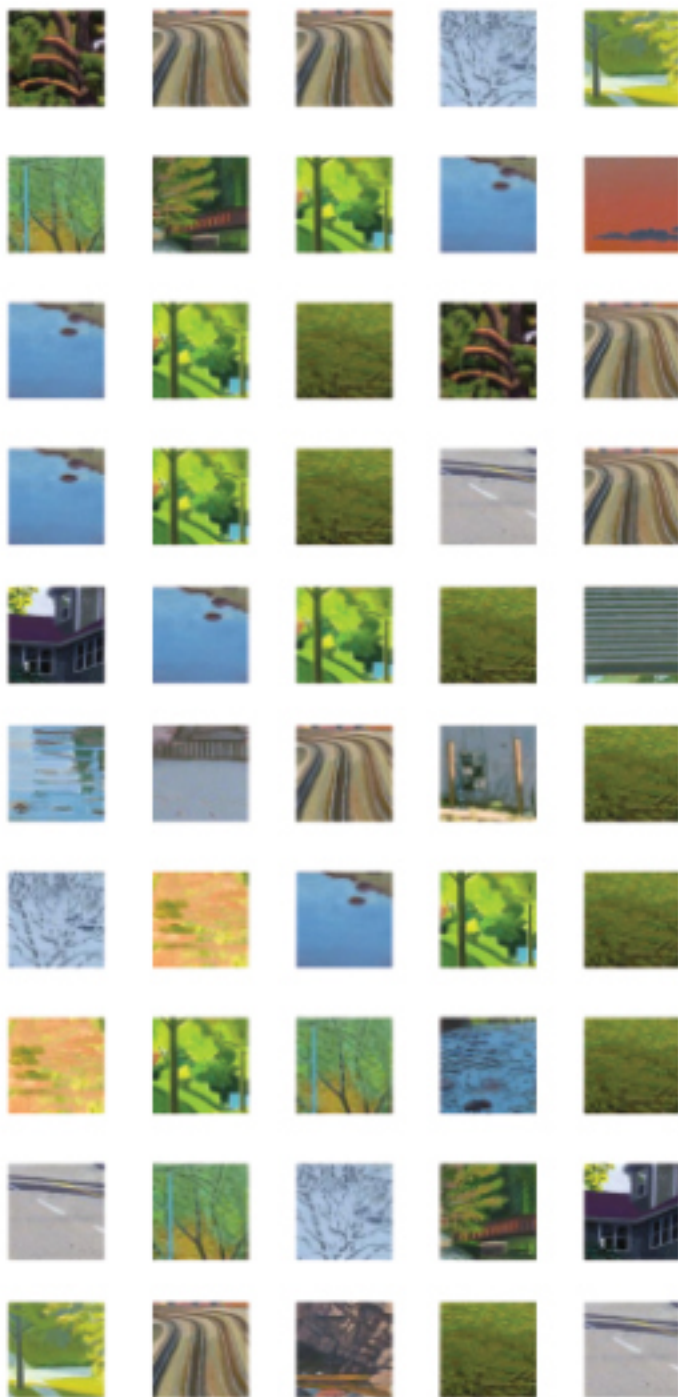
A feeling of "infinitely falling" lurks in the background.



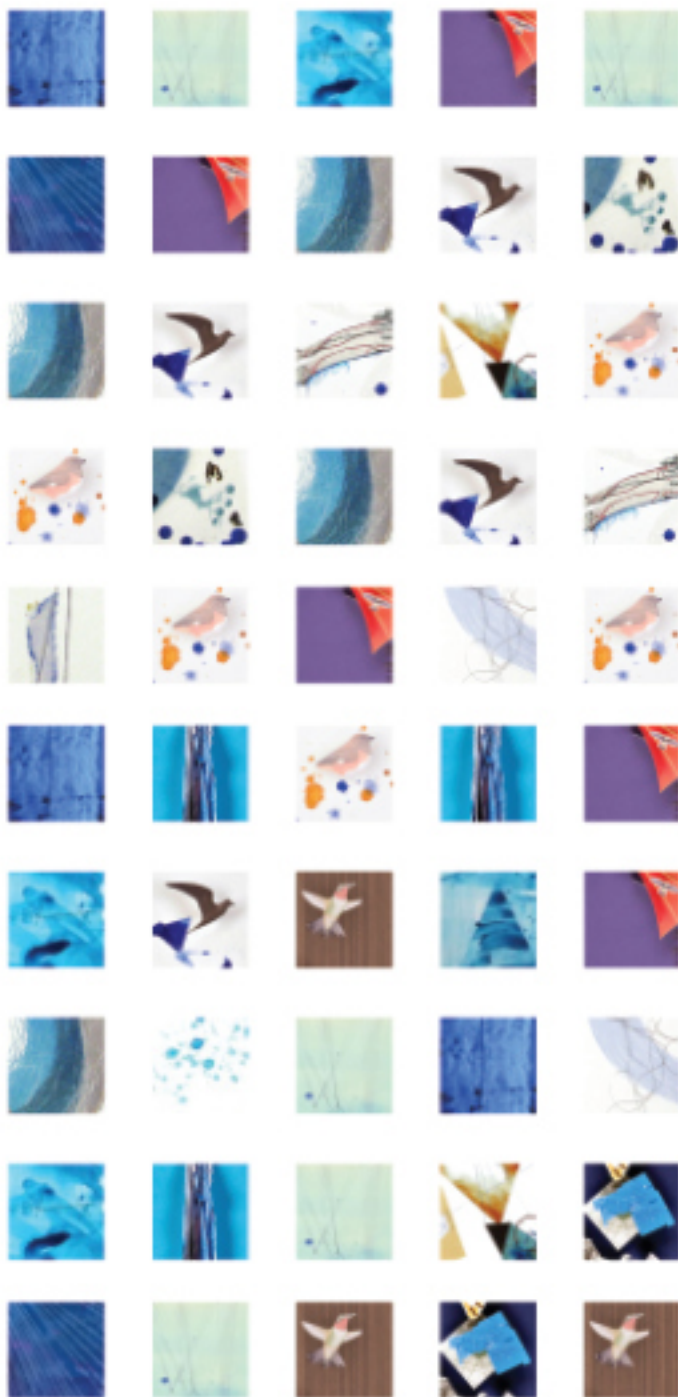
The things of those who departed went on gleaming in the yard



the lost particles--risen for an instant to consciousness--

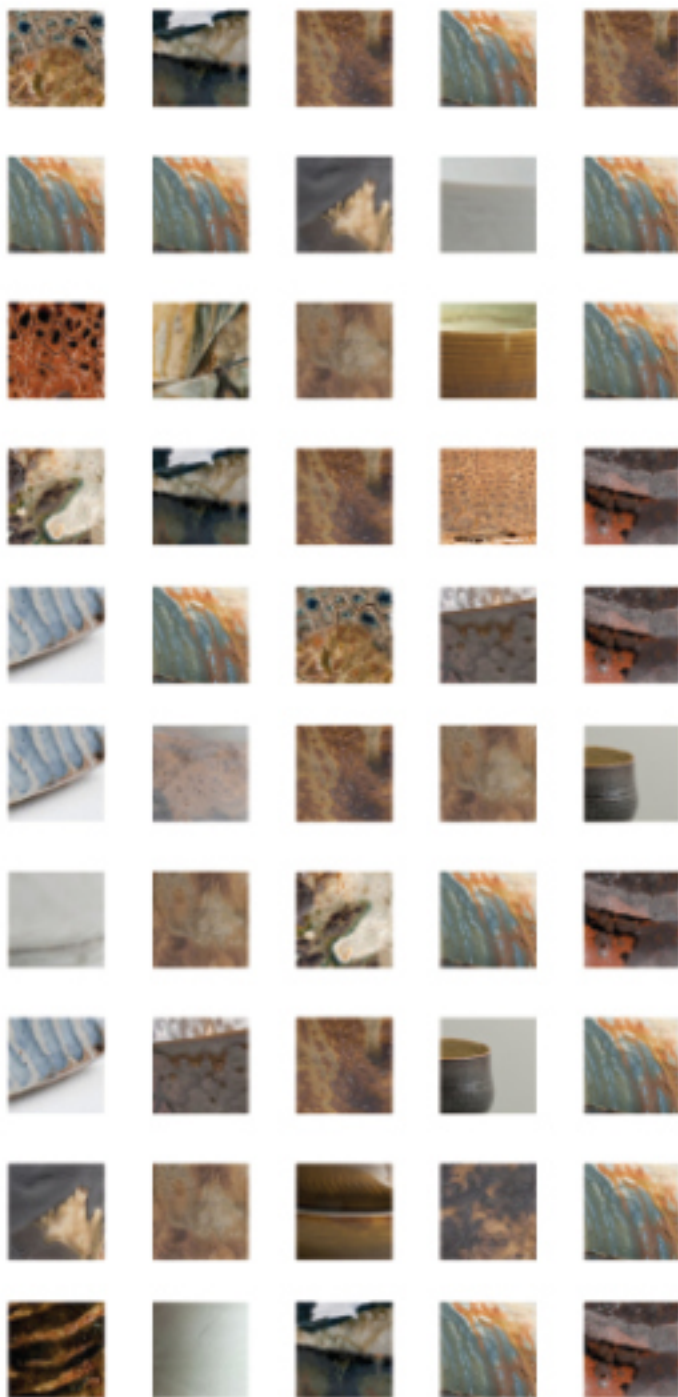


moonlight, the mother of the bud opens the shivering flower

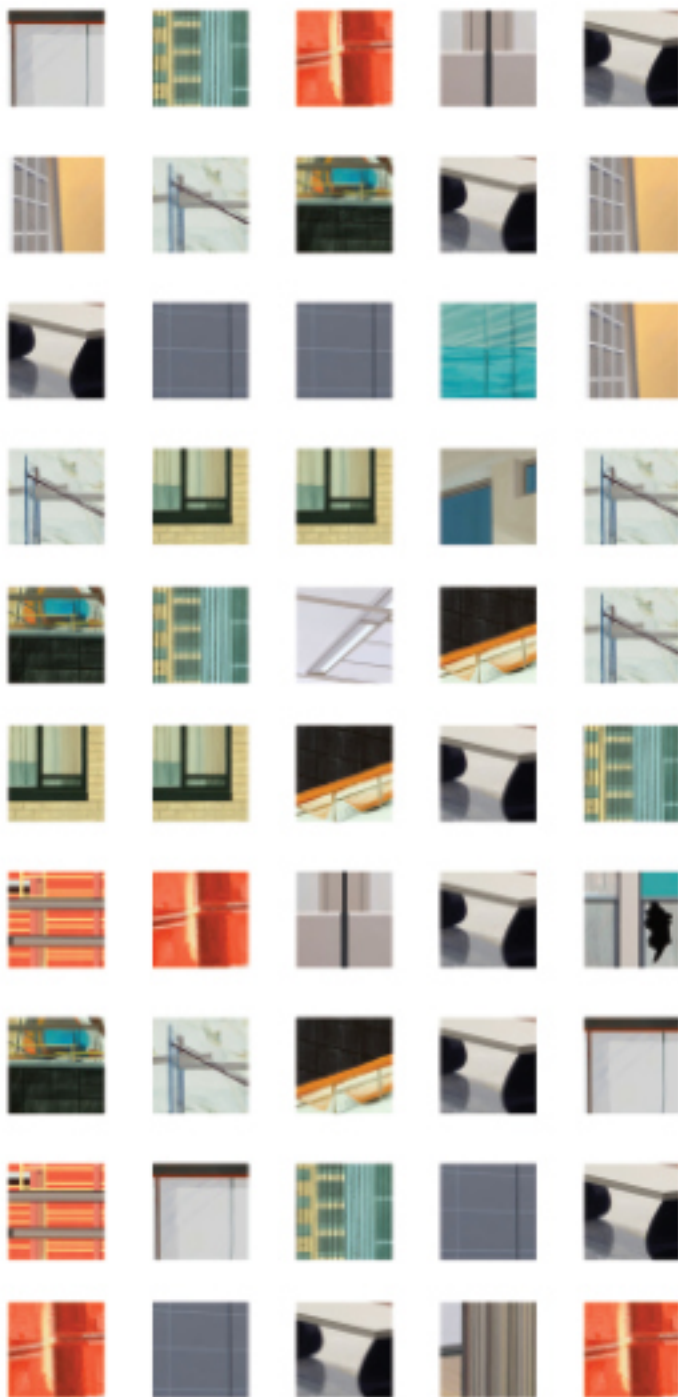


We are drinking looking, or how to transcribe what eludes us





pine needles covering the path know more than we do. Be quiet

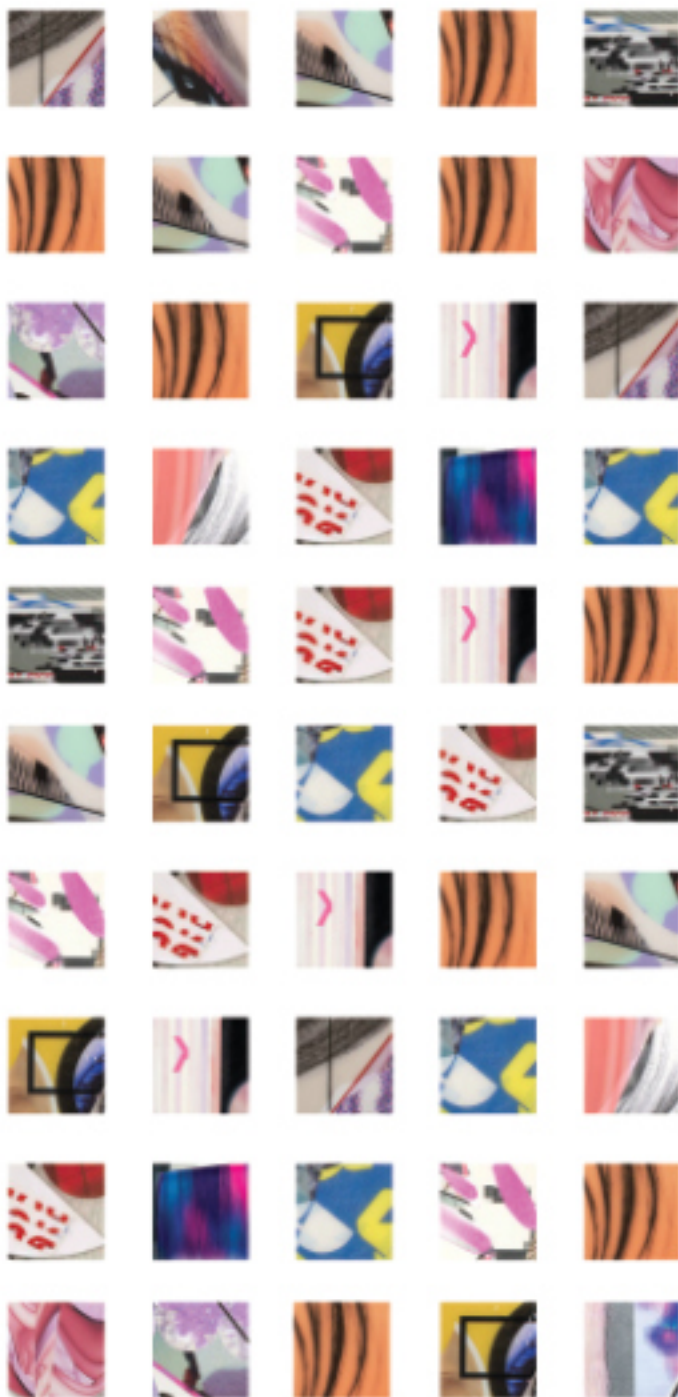


In the blueberry bloom lungs loosen, the pulse is in retreat

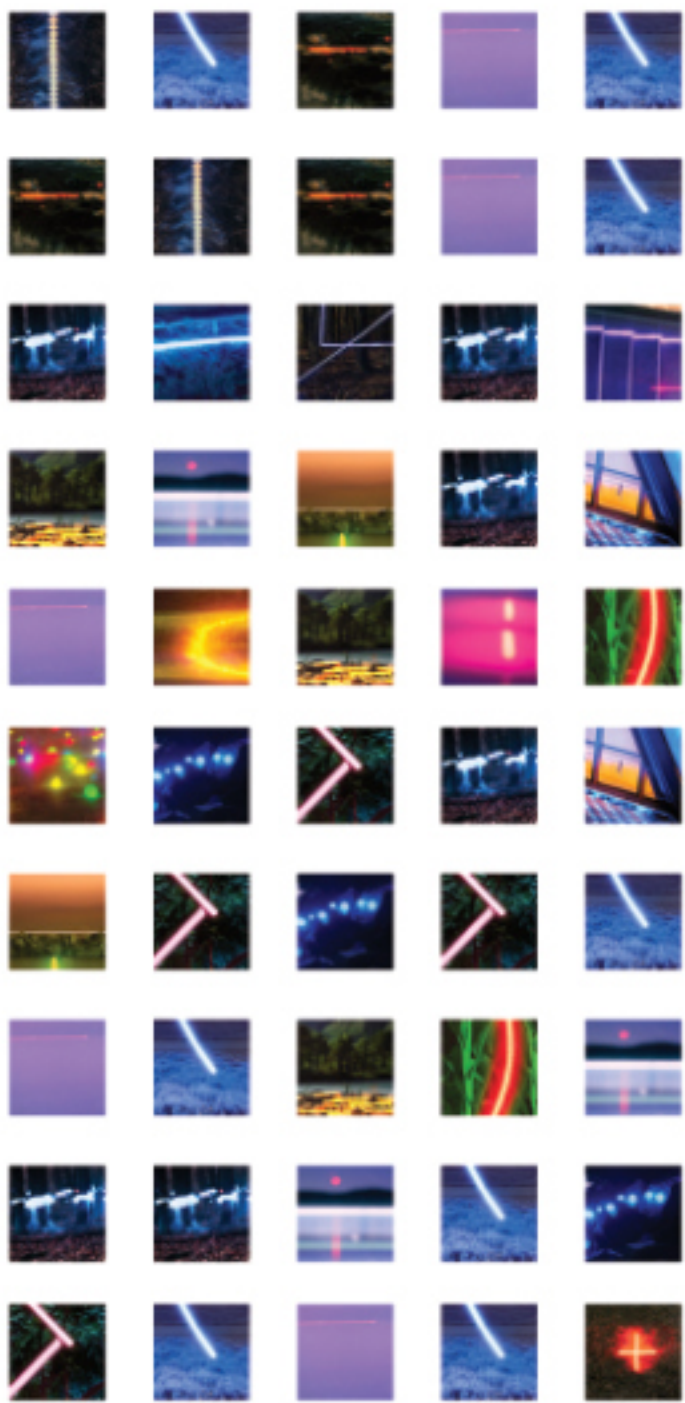




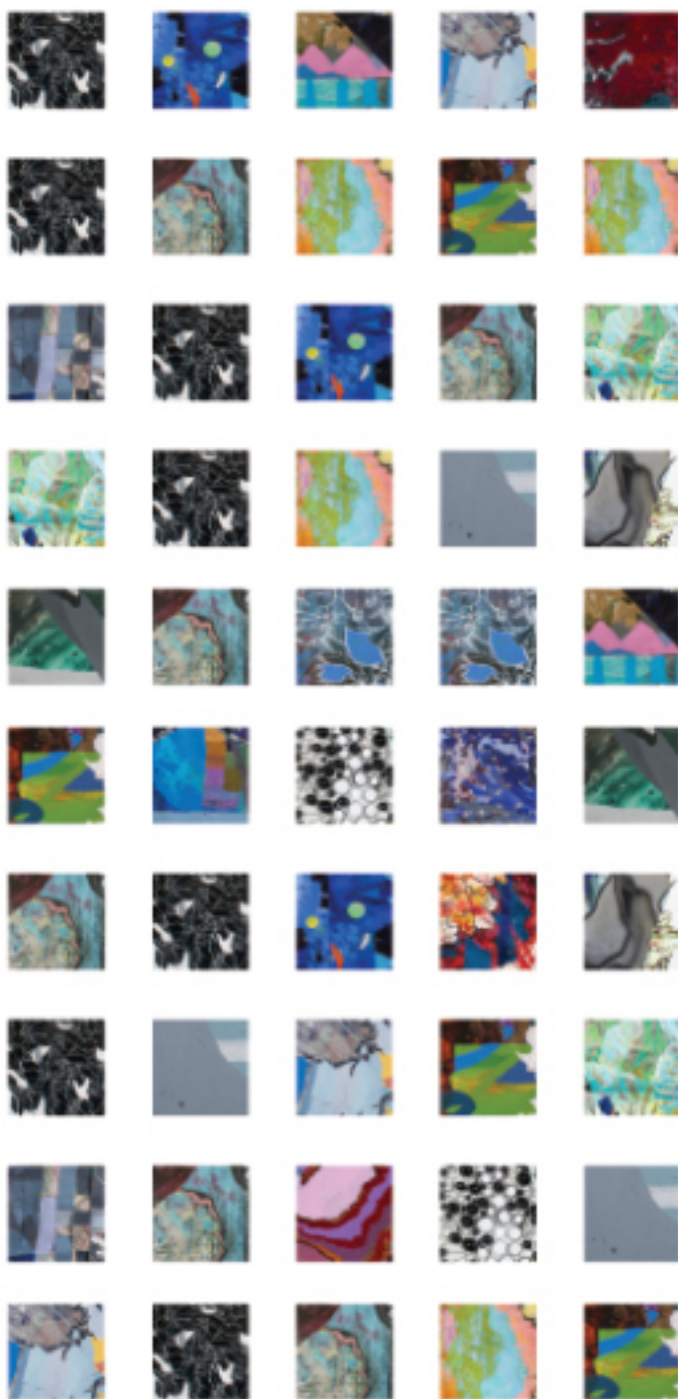
depends on where one places the stress. I place it on the soul



I prefer leaves without flowers to flowers without leaves.



We are aware of moving our lips, though there is no one there.

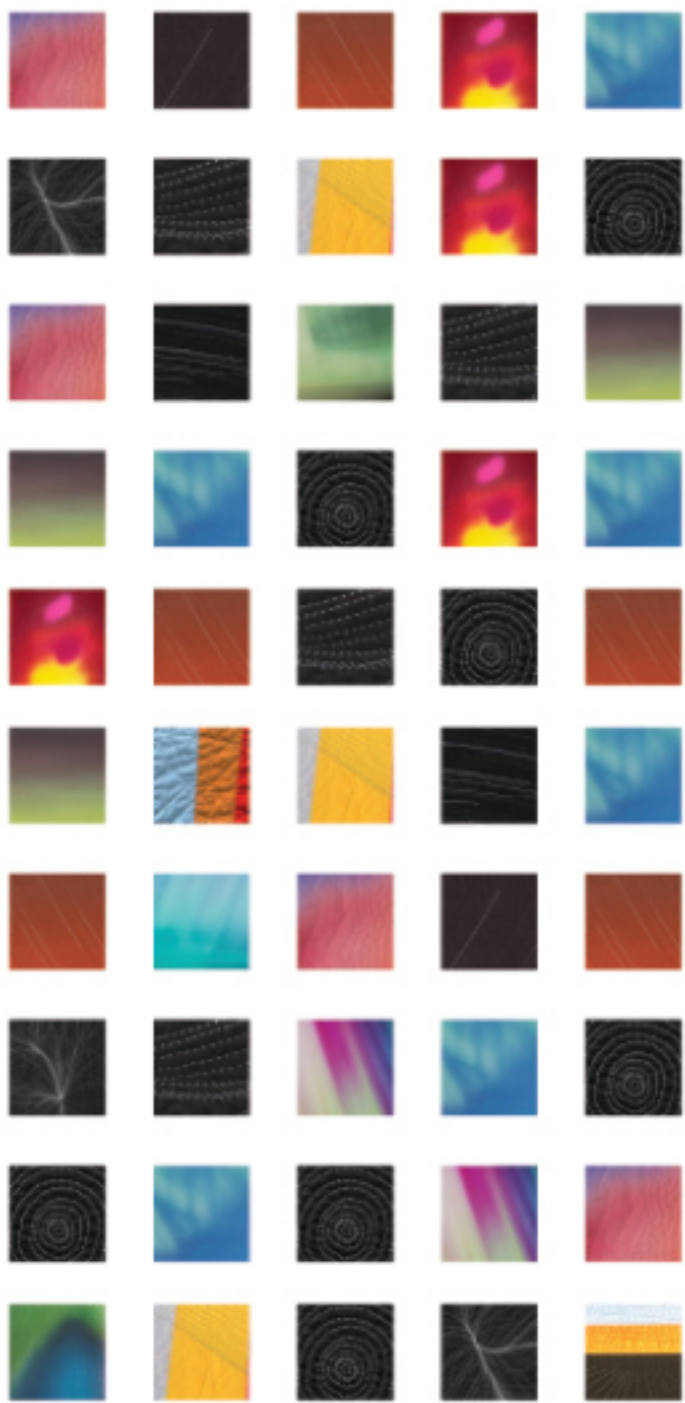


The action of this story will end up with my transfiguration



A strange contentment toward the order of things fell on me.





Outside, snow fell insistently, without beginning or end.