

I am choosing between
FICTION or METAPHOR.

Realism
(it is quite funny, and rather strange) but I can't be afraid of words can I?

Truth becomes fiction when the fiction's true;
Real becomes not-real when the unreal's real.
Dream of the Red Chamber - Cao Xueqin, 18th Century

MY REALITY

From *Midnight's Children*: Reality is a question of perspective; the further you get from the past, the more concrete and plausible it seems- but as you approach the present, it inevitably seems more and more incredible. Suppose yourself in a large cinema, sitting at first in the back row, and gradually moving up, row by row, until your nose is almost pressed against the screen. Gradually the stars' faces dissolve into dancing grain; tiny details assume grotesque proportions; the illusion dissolves - or rather, it becomes clear that the illusion itself is reality.



AS WE, OR MOTHER DANA, WEAVE AND UNWEAVE OUR BODIES, STEPHEN SAID, FROM DAY TO DAY, THEIR MOLECULES SHUTTLED TO AND FRO, SO DOES THE ARTIST WEAVE AND UNWEAVE HIS IMAGE, HIS OWN IMAGE TO A MAN WITH THAT QUEER THING GENIUS IS THE STANDARD OF ALL EXPERIENCE, MATERIAL AND MORAL.



Imagination affects
mines find hope in bun fun lun mun hun jun
kiun sun lunsoundless voice of height and
depth, art must die in order to live,
present a story of histories that clashed,
interests that merged is there no end?
narrative,
Images edge over each other creating worlds
and boundaries thereof pun fields of decimated
land
dinner table, coconut trees and coconut milk,
dawn dew, mango sweet piano.

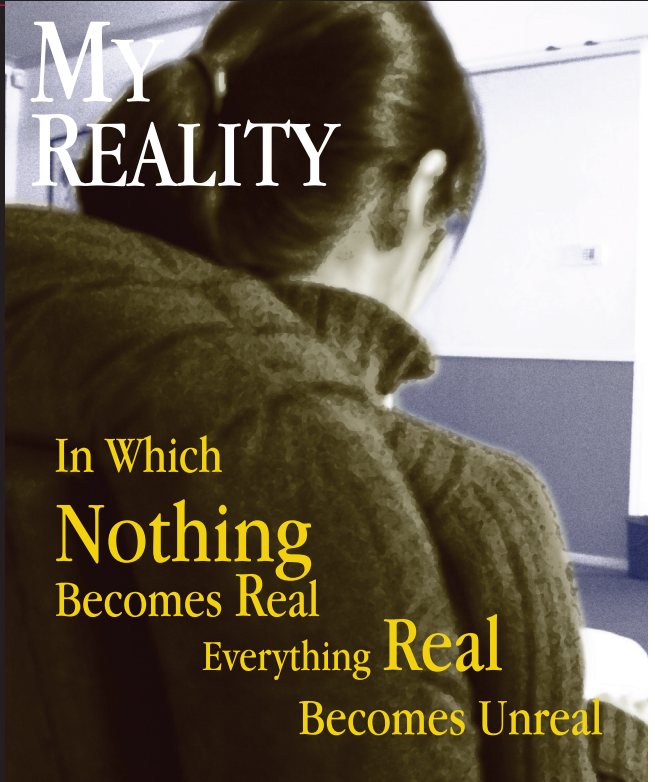
DO NOT
DESENSITIZE

MY REALITY

The reality is in this head. Mine. I'm the projector at the planetarium, all the closed little universe visible in the circle of that stage is coming out of my mouth, eyes, and sometimes other orifices also. From *The Crying of Lot 49*, Chapter 3 BY THOMAS PYNCHON

MY REALITY

In Which
**Nothing
Becomes Real
Everything Real
Becomes Unreal**



PG78

PG78

**PG
78** No Statements
Are Taken For
Granted

To the gentle reader: just pretend you understand.

Staff Pick

"... I am running away from something dreadful and cannot escape it. I am always with myself, and it is I who am my tormentor ... it is myself I am weary of and find intolerable and a torment. I want to fall asleep and forget myself and cannot, I cannot get away from myself."
Alexei Tolstoy
- *Memoirs of a Madman in World's Classics*, Tr. Aylmer Maude.

Fig. 11.9 Film with accompanying Staff Pick comment