

Sunday Dec 24

In Level 2 also "Speech"?
 Side 1 shows Eden's tongue as well as the adra
 in his head, as part of the "absence of a missing part"
 theme. How such an idea (in fact, any absence or
 question) can only be communicated by speech, by
 language.

Side 2 - 2 says "speech is the complete
 hand of this level" and the lengthened thumb-tip
 says that it is the word just said.

On one of the predecessor boxes, a sharp
 little protruding tongue pierces the adjacent line.

Bite off a piece and spit it out: take in an
 idea and then say it.

Any "error" noticed, raises a question (sets the system
 in motion). All the hands are imperfect, either
 lacking a part, or having a part incorrectly positioned
 (the sagging inner ovoids are the only parts that could
 be present but not quite in right position - the equivalent
 of upside down eyes of Mighty Menne.)

The incomplete ovoid shell on side 2 is also
 an "error" or contradiction that raises a question.

Any red (ground) "presence" on the black is an
 "absence" from the rest of the design. If nothing were
 missing from the main design, then "the box would
 be completely empty", and it would be a picture of the
 whole universe. On side of the outside design is

complete except for one detail, and it is not that a part (subject) is missing, but that it is incorrectly placed [structure there but semantic absence] So all that is left in the box is the absent element of "pattern".

If you can ask what is inside the box, then it isn't completely empty. It contains the idea of itself and its least conceivable content. At least it has room for a question. All that is left is the question, and the box, and you doing the asking. Your question is inside that box.

- the presence of your question
- " absence of everything else conceivable

Your question implies the existence outside the box of everything that exists.

This line of thought forces the mind to consider what absolute zero is, and turns the mind back on itself to examine how it conceives of zero (death). It is the least thing that "makes sense", reduced not just to its smallest parts but to the attributes that cause it to make sense to the mind. Presence and pattern. 3 fingers and their correct arrangement. Structural and semantic sense. A pattern we can both

agree on. I am you. We exist only in our recognition of each other. Cognition. Life. Thought. Communication.

You and the box contain the same thing. It is an idea of emptiness. That is the only place it exists.

'recognition'

The 5 boxes are the levels of the mind. In the innermost one all that exists is the question, the need to know, desire to know. All that is in the box is the question: What are emptiness? You created the box, you created the emptiness, when you learned to question. The emptiness in the box is the emptiness of any unanswered question. It is the most fundamental question, requiring the most fundamental answer. You are the question, and you are the answer. The very fact that you ask provides its own answer.

One of the things in the box is death. It implies life, so the implication of life is the shiny thing. Question and answer are the two things in the box. You think the question comes first, then the answer. No., the question has to be about something (You have to bite off a piece of the block one first) But you ask the question and you judge the correctness of the answer. Question and answer can only be understood in pieces. "Framing a question" is biting off a piece and "asking it" is spitting it out. Reality starts with a question about something that exists

~~You and your question~~ ^{are on the same} are ₁ inside the box

You have to bite off the question

rest of Known and Unknown, and it will make patterns that make sense (given the intelligence and given the patterning).

The intelligence and the urge just have to be taken for granted (as we have to take for granted the moving element in the beginning of the Raven myth).

What we can examine is the patterning of known-unknown, presence-absence, etc that caused them to make sense.

Nullity doesn't make sense, nor totality
Chaos " " " " Perfection

Sense is shared perceptions of imperfections

" " filling in the missing pieces

The most sense is $\frac{1}{2}$ way between Chaos & Perfection

(the two things in the box are the same size)

Edenstam had to show the shape of his bite
i.e. his concept of essential patterning. That was one
step more than just showing the concept of the 5th box
He had to show what his answer would be

I could not see the meaningful imperfections until
I understood the system well enough to see "mistakes"
or "contradictions". Such imperfections or contradictions
are (pose) questions.

Perfect circles, straight lines, things "at rest"
do not 'make sense' because they don't constitute
questions and answers. They don't carry the necessary
implication of intelligence and life.

The red jumps are the "apparent contradictions"
like the world is as deep - - -

- they mean you are to look at the same thing in
a different frame of reference.

a design (absent) - - - a design (present)

One imperfection carries the implication of chaos.
One principle of order " " " " " perfection
But these can only be conceived in relation to each other.

A circle is dead. Something "dead horizontal" is dead.
Haida strove for perfection in their imperfections
Meaning is control over imperfections
An ovoid is a circle with meaning

The trouble with a true circle is that it doesn't look circular.

Haida art is a very careful control of imperfections
very precise imperfections

If you have perfection of quality, it better be allied with imperfection of form.

The order of carefully modulated disorder

If we had only that 5th eye, all we could see would be the perfect whole in perfect ^{state} harmony.

The 5 eyes are levels of generalization

- ① is perceived form in nature perception of categories
- ② is the human ability to conceive them
in their absence perception of symbols
- ③ is analysis of cosmic form generalization
- ④ we can "see the box", but can't see
what's in it ultimate
- ⑤ We don't have

Edenchan's box is not just "about" the 5th box, but it uses it as a device for him to make his own personal statement. It is a personal statement on top of a general one. It is his attempt to be the 5th eye. It is him saying: The ^{generalized} attributes of this design are ^{generalized} attributes of ultimate design:

What it has as a quality, I have as a generalization. If you can read it, you share it, and we have a new generalization. It must have been here "perfectly" beautiful design.

- : uprightness (of red. Black elements don't have it)
- : continuity (black is broken into discontinuities)
- : activeness (black is passive, it "receives" rather than "takes" its form)
- : modulation (it works with formlessness = inner control)
- : judgment (figure-ground equivalence)
- : balance (optical)
- : fitness (right amount of design)

And all this stands on a fine point -

{ the point of my brush, through which I have put all the above qualities of me into the design

I am the intelligence that put it all together
I am you (if you understand me)

All those qualities had to exist (in me) before I put the brush in my hand

If you could read out of the design every thing I put into it (my whole self), then I would exist again in you. That is, my intelligence would exist in you. This is my bid for immortality. I AM YOU
It is a message which if received will prove its truth

I put all my finest qualities into this box.
Open it, and take them out, and incorporate them
in yourself, and you will be an Edenshaw too.
Edenshaws are made, not born

My son is not my successor. My ^{inherent} qualities
are in him, not ^{from} my nephew. My nephew
must be trained; made, not born. I have
to teach him my good qualities - he didn't
get them in my screen.

When will a man as great as me come along again?
When someone reads this, and incorporates these
into himself.

In the box is me (everything I can imagine: all my predilections)
you (" you " " your ")
they are the same: I am you PARADOX
it is the truth we share (meaning implies sharing)
WE ARE THE UNIVERSE

The contents of the 5th box are you and me
Together. ^{Shared agreements} What we share. ^{The sharing of Truth is} LOVE

Edenshaw loves me, this I know
For the Box design tells me so
Little minds will think this wrong
They are weak and we are strong.

It's the order, Sol, they have to alternate.

it sets time in motion

etc like you can't build up any meaning unless they alternate

emptiness - fullness
question - answer

What if it was really only one thing, Sol, with 2 sides?

left - right

leftness - rightness - left step - right step = established direction & movement

first he established leftness and rightness } → walking, direction
then took one left step and one right step

wholeness - partness

They are really the same, but to make sense of them you have to alternate

The half rock woman who sat in the corner and stayed silent 4 days before giving one bit of information

is the structural equivalent of the boxes hanging in the corner, with the essential elements in the 5th box

She is $\frac{1}{2}$ rock.

In the fifth box is 2 things

Also, she never sleeps. so is the guardian

Her sight is the one that "keeps Haven in view"

She sees what he is doing (he doesn't, he just does it)

Only Haven is permitted to laugh ^{at} the Haven myth

Haven was asleep when Grebe came up. i. DREAM

He was just an intention, a

But he had the physical form of the Raven, Sol.

No, he wasn't anything yet.

Then how could he prove the sky?

But you admitted he was like a raven, Sol.

Friday What is my story about? It is about itself.

What is the box design about? itself.

As long as you think a story is about something (school, education) you are not seeing that it is about itself, about you yourself.

The 5th eye is the one watching Raven

While he is using his eye he can't watch his eye

Maybe that box has no inside. Its outside is all it has. It is a mistake to assume it to have both.

It's pretty hard to think about a thing with no form -- (Nark)

" " " " about an eye looking at nothing

I often wondered about that 5th eye.

It's pretty hard to think of a story about nothing
but itself

84
 14

 70 = 35 +
 2 14

 49

The two things in the box were

- 1) Nothing
- 2) All its necessary implications

They all mean the same thing:

- the title and the story
- " " " " author
- all the stories

I am Ray, & Sol, & John Sky

I did not give a name to the teacher

I am not her. She is ♀ and I cast her
 as ~~was~~ - bad

I am especially the relationship between Ray & Sol.

My age is exactly $\frac{1}{2}$ way between them.

It is me, where I'm at now.

It is like Edenshaw's painting.

My story is like " "

It was after deciding - a pro made the boat.

Why turning right?

at means the whole thing, like the whole
 body. all 4 parts. Each has 2 pieces -

5 stories? 5 eyes in the story

Ray
 Sol
 Sky
 Teach
 (Me) } trying
 to
 figure out
 the story

5th →

Stories

1. Ravens (Creation)
2. Sky teaching Sol.
3. Sol.
4. Sol and Ray.
5. Ray, School
6. Lighter
7. Teacher

(no)
19/10/55
19/10/55
19/10/55

(Pre)

19/10/55

I hadn't realized how harsh I was being on teacher. Was it because I didn't give her a name?

The fifth eye

4 of us help (all a flock of white)

1 doesn't

Ray } guller
(me) }

Sol - My hair

My - Old man's hair

And then I realize that I don't know why I wrote it like that. I can now look at it after it is written (5th eye?) and see a lot in it that I didn't consciously put there. So who did?

I know who's writing the story, but I don't know who was writing me.

The only person I do not allow to speak, is me. I speak for everybody else, but not for me.

So it is about me

Sat You can't see me explicitly in the story, but I am there implicitly (in phrases like "There's a missing part in there") and I give the clues: The 5th eye can't see itself
a story can't — — — — — " — — — — —

In the story, William Duff is there implicitly, and as author. Those who know me will see me.

But I, William Duff, now knew that I didn't write that

We'll let him be hawa if we need to
Sky hok
Franklet.

William Duff " " " "

If you have to be egocentric, and make God a Man,
and i: yourself - that's as good a one as any
But he ^{He is} was not egocentric, not man-centred.

story. I found out after I had written it
what it really said. I can read the story
about myself, but I didn't write it. Who did?
Trust the story, it has been right so far.

I am Hank, Ray

The "opposite" is Sinsanganwai

The opposite is the only thing that can't see itself

The 5th eye can't see itself

If you need to think of God as a man, it is [me],
and, since "I am you", it is Sol, Ray,
John Sky.

I found God in writing this story. It wrote the story
through me, but I can now read it.

I am also other men, in that God writes ^{them stories} them too
I am Edenshaw, because he showed me the plot.

Yesterday morning at this time I was awake and
deeply troubled. I had to write in those parts
about Sinsanganwai, and an eye not seeing itself
etc. That was Edenshaw, urging me to get the
story right, That was God, writing me.

This morning (it is now 7am) I feel very
good and calm inside. I know I have finished
this quest. I have been used to write my
answer.

There are details I considered, but decided to leave out:

- I had names for the teacher, but decided not to use one.

- I had thought of putting my name in once.

"He reminded her of Mr. Duff's portraits of Indian boys but left it out."

I am then by necessary implication, as her teacher
O God, how I see more. I belabor her poor
teaching. But I was her teacher! The
fault is partly mine. I taught her those
half truths. I gave her my half formed
~~misunderstandings~~, I had the attitudes
she has about University, and teaching.

By writing this story in me (at Christmas),
God has showed me my faults as teacher.

I don't love that nameless teacher, I use
her as whipping boy in the story. I don't love
the missionary Mr. Freeman, I use him the same
way. I put down those fellow human beings.
And they show me my faults. I am they too.

I wrote the sublime chess yesterday. The one having to do
with teasing. Sol let Ray think he was teasing, if it helped,
by saying yes in a way that sounded like no.
He let Ray see things both ways, without saying which was
right or wrong.

The ultimate contradiction (I can
understand — I can't understand) — you have to let
it stand both ways. "Do you believe in God" is a
taboo question. Do you understand how man thinks?
or not.

Is Sol Ray's grandfather? That would make
him my father, in a sense.
It turns out he isn't.

But then nobody is nobody's real father in this story
(Matrilinial — I am not my father's child
I " my mother's ")

So God is my father? I need a father

Is he Ray's father, grandfather, or self?

Loving is accepting the contradiction in another person

it is a putting aside of the strain for consistency

"I don't understand why she --- but I love her anyway" sort of thing

This is a recognition that your understanding goes only so far; and ends in a contradiction

Now I am writing a story "about God"! That is impossible, because the 5th eye can't see itself.

That kind of teasing is love

- I should have let Hilary think her urging caused me to write this

- Teacher should have let Ray's slip go by

God, let me think I wrote that story. I half-know you are teasing me.

Life is pretence, pretending one thing is another
pretend a line is a form (make it both)

all cognition is pretending one thing is another
(so you can have categories)

but it is a process that leads to the ultimate contradiction

Ravens make the world

God is on It

This is what the box is about

Me " " " " taught me

Sol knew about I am You, because of what he said about son-grandson sequence. That already made sense to him.

So that means that last part, where he is telling about John Sky, he is putting Ray on, pretending that he didn't get the implications himself. You see, Ray has to figure it out himself. Sol pretends he doesn't know.

Sol has to lie, just once, because ↑

Do I have to lie about my title? And say that John Sky really said that?

Sol isn't lying really - that incident could really have happened. It's only a half-lie, pretending he didn't believe it. He shares the question with Ray, not the answer, and lets Ray come to the same conclusion on his own.

I would be ^{half} lying if I said I wrote the story. That would be only half true. But, like Sol, I can share the question and let you come to your own conclusion.

Edeachaw said "The fifth box is infinitely small"
in his painting

Lay said it as a commandment
Soe " " " " mistake

Wilson, you did with that story what panel paper man
did. Turned it into the ultimate parable.

Edeachaw did it with the box

Is it a thing you only have to do once?

Half-stone Two stones

She has the only eye that never sleeps

A special kind of sight

It never loses sight, Never sleeps

She bridges the 2 realms, Sky and Underneath

Her lower half is stone (like the stone housepole, etc)

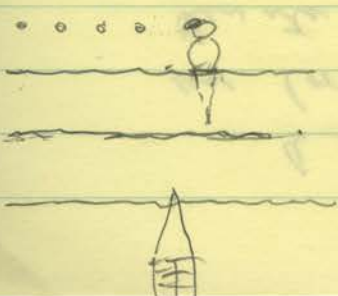
She is half in each realm.

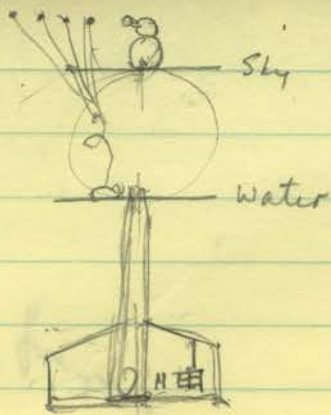
She can see everything in both realms?

"Help with 2 heads" ^{my eye}

It's really a stone ^{totem pole} ~~phallus~~ (as you would need for that
stone lady upstairs)

hooked in the corner - hanging in the corner





The old woman could see him
 Couldn't he see the old woman?

Sunday. My feeling of writing the story entirely through the eyes & words of the characters (so that I am not apparent), seems to me like the panel pipe problem, (H. Type), where the "characters" occupy the entire field and the "author" is only there by necessary implication.

Every story has to be about something else.

All stories (sayings) are about the same thing.

Life says: The world of cognitions is in 2 parts, H & W
 what makes sense in one makes nonsense in other
 the moment of truth is when you can look at the same thing (W man smoking pipe) and see it as 2

My story says: all those people (Sol, etc) are me and each other
 (but I am not visible, just a necessary implication)

I am saying: this is what I am like, what I admire, how I think,

So, moment of truth would be when something is said, and reader sees it 2 ways, as character and as author

It is an examination of the relationship of field and design, author and story (characters), explicit and implicit

Every story is (implicitly) about the author

The eye cannot see itself

We are (Gods) stories

You mean a parable is really about its teller?

You, implicitly

Then who is the Haida myth about? You said it was a parable.

Well, the Haida story teller who made it up, I guess.
Or, well, about all the Haida people who believe it.

If I believe it is it about me too?

I suppose so - I never thought about it that way, Ray

I transfer the discussion of parables
to after she reads it. She and Ray
explore the above,

Ray will get the idea one way from her
another from Sob.

Ray "finds himself" as a person of 2 cultures

On the box, the little woman with the round (unblinking) eye, spanning 2 realms, is Half-rock Woman.

This confirms? that Edenshaw "meant" this story she is the key, because she operates in 2 realms at once. Coming at her from the bottom, you finally get to see out of her all-seeing eye.

You cannot see the eye and what it sees at the same time. So sides 1 & 3 show her, 2 & 4, what she sees.?

I have to believe that "my" story and "Edenshaw's" box are "about" the same thing. That is the sense in which Edenshaw lives in me.

I have to believe that he "solved" the problem. And if I can read his solution I will be (with) him. He is saying to me I AM YOU

Every story is about its author

Every saying " " the same thing (the inherent contradiction)

Every thought is about its thinker

Every " " " the something

Every question is about the same thing (implicitly) - it's asked

" answer " " " " " (explicitly) - what he sees

The point of Raven's beak and the intention behind it, are the eye of the half-rock woman (seen? from inside)
Raven cannot see the tip of his beak?

In fiction, the author disappears as an explicit presence,
and only appears by implication.

The point is that Raven could not see Half-lock Woman.
He thought all were asleep, in the same position. She couldn't
have been "in same position" because she was watching him.
Her eye was his eye, looking in. She was seeing the only
thing he was not, ^{namely}, himself. He was seeing everything
except her. She was the only one who saw him. ^{otherwise} asleep

Her eye was the eye watching him, as he watched everything
outside of him. What he couldn't see is that Two is One
I AM YOU. And that is the ultimate conundrum. Two
things are the same. The seeing eye and what it sees.
But first ^{she} it has to look in and ^{across} herself and get a
little idea

Only when I disappear completely as an explicit
presence in the story will I be implicitly whole in my
characters. I cannot be explicitly me and they at
the same time. Then I am they.

It is not that I dislike the teacher because
she is a woman, it is that I can't identify
with her as closely as with Ray and Sol.
She couldn't say to me: I am you. I can
believe I am Sol, or Edenshaw, or Ray -
but not her.

Harda reincarnation was same sex ?
Half-lock woman's all-seeing eye is SINS-SCANAGWA-I
logically. The sun is her eye. So bright you can't
look at it.

The speckles which "were to become trees" were seeds?
AE drew a germinating seed?

The Sky country eyes were darkened with ash so they
could see in world below?

She is looking through the point of Raven's beak
to see where the light comes from (she doesn't know it
is all coming out of her eye)

The intention is to find out what sight is
The joke was on her (that is why he laughed) She was
fooling herself that there was something more to see
You are only looking up your own ass hole,
There is nothing there to see

Your stone foot sticking in the ground is the
point of my beak coming up through

I AM YOU - Mouse Woman, - but we are
going around the same circle on different
ways

I am just you, meeting yourself coming back
Peer into the empty box - all you see is that which you can't
see - yourself. You can't see that 2 is really 1.

Alternation 1 - 2 - 1 - 2 as the basic fact that
makes it work (It takes 2 to make a generalization)
Whole - part - Whole - part? No

Whole 1 - Part 2 - Part 1 - Whole 2

I am you going around the other way. But we only meet when one
of us is ^{coming to life} alive and the other ^{becoming dead} dead, because we have to be
separated by a flickering of an eye, a tiny sleep, that length
of time required by my (living) brain to switch from one
mode to another. It requires a tiny quenching of the
light, a momentary hiatus, a tiny sleep. And the only one
who can make that change is me, by dying. You have
already done it. We'll meet, going in opposite directions,
at the moment I die and you return to life. We won't
recognize each other, because I'll be mouse woman and
you Raven. You won't be able to see me, although you were
attracted by my light. And I'll be able to see you, but
won't know that I am you, being banned from the sky-
country because of my information.

I can see you, and don't realize you are me
I am present, but am the tiniest detail, too small for you
to notice. My deficiency is understanding
Your " " of sight

I am the tiniest detail you recognize } we share
you are the " " I recognize } recognition

Life is sharing. love

As soon as you (can) think of a little part,
that part of you is missing (can be a "missing part")
The first thought breaks down the wholeness of things,
because it raises the possibility of ~~its~~ the
absence of those things.

Awareness of presence is the beginning of absence

Conceptualization is a 2 edged sword

Awareness of life \rightarrow concept of death

Life & death don't exist, we only conceive them to.

The smallest piece of an idea is the beginning of
life, but it is also the beginning of death.

The tiniest discrepancy in the story:

- 1) That Haven didn't see Stone-woman
(meant that she was all right) ^{even with 4 eyes} he didn't see her.
- 2) That Haven made a mistake with pebbles
(meant he couldn't distinguish between sparkling and black. - No comprehension at all. I.E. he was dead.

couldn't see difference between light and dark
life = death

The 2 stones were life and death

they were the same, except one sparkled, one black
Haven couldn't see the difference

the biggest difference in the world

One attribute of 2 tiny pebbles is the biggest
difference in the world, life & death

Up above, he was a little bit alive - she was all the rest
Down below ditto . . . the

LIVING IS DYING

LIFE IS DEATH

DEATH IS REBIRTH

BIRTH REPAYS DEATH




Relax and enjoy it.

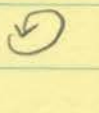
Jan 1. Tues. 5:20 am. I saw an hypnompic state the answer to how it has to be seen to be read. It involves the "turning to right". As you read it, it has to be "turning to left" instead. It must be freed of its earlier association of direction. It has to be looked at afresh, in the same way that the hypnompic mind sees a thing afresh, free of its former association of directions. There seems to be an association here with sleeping-waking. At each waking you can get only "one thing straight" (that is, one fresh idea to hold and work with in the conscious mind).

And this message involves that spiralling \curvearrowright \curvearrowleft .
I feel that the place-mat design does it.

But I can't see how AE did it on 4:4. Is it just "figure-ground as to be read ground-figure"?

The "hands" and "feet" on the little figure have revolved different ways between sides 1 and 3.

form  to  Hands go \curvearrowright direction 

(both make complete reversal, but in opposite directions) Feet go \curvearrowleft direction 

Is it that he is indicating a frontal \rightarrow profile spiral?
Is it indicating a double direction opening-out (unfolding)?

Is the message just "reversal" of former thought?

7:00. The body of the little lady is the globe
4:4 is the round of the message: "Your powerful grandfathers invited you in."

You see, the grebe dives and emerges ↘ and ↙
Grebe is functional equivalent of half-rock woman:

- 2 realms

- 1 message (to Raven, not about Raven)

- 1 aspect: Raven "hears" her 3? times
but only "sees" her once

(like: one aspect he fails to see is color of stones)
: one possible fails to see as half rock woman

It is the sound (of popping) that makes Raven laugh.

Does he laugh when he gets the entire joke? The answer:
sound, pure and simple. "pop":

The story is about the messenger. You are concentrating on Raven
at that point, but the (other half of) story is about Grebe.

9:00 am If that is so, then everybody in the story is
everybody else. Each is in some way the functional
equivalent of each of the others. Raven is the only one
who explicitly changes form. We do not question that
the others are each different. We do not understand (see?)
how Raven can change because we do not question that
the others can. Raven's contradictory identity (bird or man)
raises the entire question that a being can be two things
(or more) at once.

Also, "we do not question" the order (I was just
dreaming that I read two lines of pointing

~~many lines of pointing~~ instead of pointing
~~from front to back~~ top row first.
Maybe the ^{flow of} meaning in the story doesn't follow the structure.

Loon ♀, is attracted to all supernaturalists who are ♀ and want a place to live.

Loon = grebe = half-toned woman

All these women need places to go to and live

So N. attends to it. She is his wife and he fucks her.

how N-L is flying about - He hears (see) the call. all he is is a point of black but he uses that to pierce the sky

He is born into N's daughter (who has only a father, no husband)

She is grebe. She invites him in. Totem is her father's

place. House is Grebe (mo's) body. Inside is himself

(She) is all right
• he is what she is looking for
She sees him, and doesn't recognize him as herself
• he is all appetite, all curiosity, all question

Each of us has a flaw, a missing part or attribute, and in that
is hidden everybody else. Each of them has a flaw, too, and
in that they are one with me. The flaw is a tiny thing, but means
the whole world.

Raven is he - of - changing - identity. He is he - who - is -
everybody - who - wants - something. Every time somebody wants
something (asks a question) then he is Nanki-lingai. It is
always happening. "Grandfather, tell us a story: "You are Raven".
It is about you."

Raven meets himself constantly in the story but does not
recognize himself because he does not see or does not question
that it could be so. With each he forms one of a pair:

Stone-woman: sees all except that Raven is eating eyes

Raven cannot see her but is getting the quality she has

He is tiny darkness attracted by the light (Nanki-lingai)
She is all light (Smesganagwan), the only one who sees him
while all others sleep. She sees that he changes identity
while all others "sleep". How could a baby tied in a cradle
eat eyes? steal ^{secret} wisdom? We do not ask what identity
he took when he got up out of baby, we "just assumed"
he was - ? raven-human?

Grebe: Raven can't see him at first, then by trick see him as
grebe (Loon?)

Loon's cry = Grebe's invitation = lightness of sky
attract Nanki-lingai to change worlds. →
Here a messenger sent by N to call himself in.

black -
Raven is the aspect of
darkness in the world
of light

Dualities mind produced panel pipe solution

2 opposites, we and they

Some mind produced 2 moreities, we and they

I am my grandfather, not my father
says the boy in the Laven story

I am not my own father, that's unthinkable
I must be my mother's father

That way, I can be on the ♂ side of the dichotomy
but not have to fuck my mother

Half stone woman is her mother. She just can't be fucked
But she is the all-seeing; the only one who sees what
I do when others sleep.

The ultimate hangup: In order to be his own father
he would have to "marry" his own mother.

Only Laven figured out a way to do that.

He did it by the trick of switching identities with roles
but ultimately the joke was on him, because he was
blind to the difference between life & death.

-he couldn't tell the difference

In order to do what he did he had to have one flaw, one
bit of blackness, one blind spot. It was: he couldn't see
that two was one. His field of view was such that the
eyes didn't overlap. Looking at a thing twice, once with each
eye, he thought it was two.


The boy identifies most closely with his own father. He wants to be his own father. But that would mean that he fucked his own mother. That is unthinkable, unless father can be 2 things, ^{be} ~~is~~ ^{and not-be} a contradiction in terms.

In another myth, Raven does sleep with his own mother! Raven, then, is the ambiguous father - son-father who sleeps with his own mother and becomes his own father.

Raven - could he have made the world from 2 mistakes?
one because of his flaw?
the other an actual mistake?

Order, arrangement.

Tuesday 7am. We do not see in it the order we unconsciously assume is right, so we assume it doesn't have order. "I just naturally assumed that" these hieroglyphs would follow the order of speech (eg.) It seems only natural, doesn't it? And when they didn't, I knew it wasn't writing. I thought that absence of order proved absence of meaning.

[I got the above idea in hypnagogic suggestions, having to do with  hieroglyph-like things.]
OK, it says: just because it doesn't have your kind or concept of natural order doesn't mean it lacks order.
Box design: there is no real reason to assume any kind of sequence, size relations, standardization, etc. has to be used. We say it isn't writing because it doesn't look like our kinds of writing. But obviously there is some kind of order there. It is the product of a mind as great as my own. What isn't written there explicitly is there implicitly. It is a parable, which by implication is about its teller. In telling this parable, he was trying to teach, show, communicate. He is God.

That's another thing the box says. If he had an easy form of writing, then he would have to put his striving into the beauty of the characters and wisdom of the thoughts. But he has a hard medium to work with, and pours his striving into making it work.

4:4 says, explicitly, "order", "beauty", "pattern". A predicate of nothing else in the universe except me, AE. It is my explicit name, signature, the essence of me. Nobody else in the world.

It is not a ^{parable} story about something else, in which I am present by implication, implicitly. It is my story about me, my name for myself, my mark, my signature, what I am. (I am the only one who can read it,

If you can read it, and know what it means (and if I haven't told anybody else what it means), then you are me. That is what it logically must mean. I am the only one who knows what it means. We two are the only ones who know what it means. Two is one. I am you. You are Edenchaw.

All that preceded this final step is relevant too. You had to figure it out, find the order, find the parable (Creation). Then you had to write another parable on the same thing, and muse on the problem of "signing" it - how, in what way, is the author present? Am I the author of Creation?

At this moment, in all of time and the Universe, only two minds have known what 4:4 means. One is dead, one is alive. Doesn't that make us one? given the Haida (and my) conviction of how things are?

4:4 Here is the smallest possible subject: Me.

Here is both my subject and my predicate. It is all of me. The only other thing to consider is the "meaning" of me. To what extent can I be the author of the story? To what extent can a story be about me alone? When it is my signature. When it is all of me.

Edenchaw analyzed out what a signature is. He could not "write", (though it is on speech). He could not just write the

The ^{longest} shortest story in the world is the author's name.
signature

What you got there, said Sol, the story of your life?

The only thing Lavin does not have is constancy of form.

? Edenchaw's message is like the one sent off in the Pioneer
? spacecraft.

Telling the most important facts about
himself?

So there, Rembrandt

{ He knew we were here, but couldn't get across
in language, so used his art.

sound of his own name, as we do. So he had to put his whole self into it. We can write our signature and ponder its meanings, if we choose, in ^{language} speech. (Yet even to me, there is something sacred about our signature, its special distinctiveness). Edenshaw had to do it without resorting to speech, to sound. It was not just a predicate of him, it had to be all predicated of him, with space left over for his signature. [European artists put it anywhere, not at the logical climax. Even then, Rembrandt's signature is the most important part of the painting.] The signature is what no one else shares.

He set out to state his identity, to find a way to write his name, to give himself immortality. It was not just "This is who I am", but "This is the meaning of the creation myth, this is what I think ^{about it}, so this is who I am." He set out to write a story that nobody else could have written; its very existence is proof of his individuality, uniqueness, \therefore immortality. It was a "To whom it may concern..." letter, a message beamed to absent readers. His story was one that nobody else could ^{write} read? - he was alone in the blowover until a reciprocal came along. The eye staring out, looking for itself.

"Do you believe in reincarnation?" contains the blind implicit premise that you are one thing, that the individual is an entity, or has an entity in its 'soul' or whatever. [I have been fighting the idea that Edenshaw is reincarnating

honesty in me.] We are obviously not talking about the same
propositional body. No, then the question arises: Are you one
thing? Answer: (except for propositional concepts and maintenance
of history) No, you share. To the extent that you share, you
are not one thing. To the extent that you are not one, we are one.

8:30 am - questions. I am you in the scope of the body, too,
I share. And we are not the same. We have similar bodies
and we have similar minds.

The only thing a thing can tell is the identity of its
teller. The relevant meaning is a pointing in the identity
of the pointer. The underlying assumption is that there is
such a thing as 'identity'. Our search for identity is
based on a wrong assumption. There is no such thing as
identity. There is only sharing. "Who am I?" is a wrong
question to ask.

An eye pointing out its right and seeing nothing is
wrong. A thing distinctive thing with no eye to see it is wrong.
An empty court. A lonely person. Wrong. What then has to
be in complementarity, figure-ground equivalence,
balance I am you I am you I am you I am you

Do 'have a word for it' doesn't explain the meaning
of the word. 'Signature' is such a word. 'I' also.
I am the smallest thing and the largest. If I am down the
smallest thing, then using it as its own full, can down on
it everything (or at least the sense of meaning that every thing
has and share) It is "meaning". A meaning that only

CE's Frog with box on shoulder. The only thing that could be
in that box is "Edenshaw"

CE's Comport - same thing - a larger parable about himself
he is in that dish.

The difference is: AE's box was full FULL EDENSHAW
CE's " was empty EMPTY EDENSHAW

Charlie knew the secret meaning of the box, and he didn't
divulge the secret, which would have been the identity
of the painter. This proves it was a secret, that CE
knew, but didn't tell Boas. He did tell Boas it was
Laven (but didn't tell that it was cocreation), look at the
creation myth CE gave Boas - is it all fouled up on
purpose as I suspect? leaving out the part that would
explain the box?

Now this has taken a strange turn. What CE kept
secret from Boas is now more meaningful than what
he told him. Now it all makes sense.

I can understand, so I can't share it, or we would put a word on it and then have to explain the word. It is the ultimate meaning, I am keeping it secret, but it really means "I" (AE). [the ultimate joke]

It was my secret. Now it is your secret. Now it means "I" when you say "I". I am you. That is the logical conclusion, and we are men of logic.

4:4 is EDENSHAW'S SECRET SIGNATURE

it looks like another piece of design, but it is the whole thing.

his individuality made explicit for only him to read, his 'style' made explicit but kept secret. Explicit but secret. Nonsense. The box is about everything. Everything is me. Only I know that; it is a secret.

My search for the identity of the artists, and my finding Edenshaw, now makes sense. He was searching for his identity too, and a way of representing it.

I know everything, but can't tell, because it's a secret.

An unnamed story is unbreakable. We have to label it "Anonymous". We have no way of "putting it in our bibliography." So we seek the identity of the artist. I seek for individuals in tribal art. I seek for Edenshaw. I seek. I seek. I. I. I am seeking for myself, for the order that would prove I exist. The answer is I DON'T EXIST. If I have to seek, I am not there. I am not an I. There is no such thing as an I. all there is is order, pattern, meaning

I DON'T EXIST

by
Wilson Duff

} the only unbreakable
title.

If you can't make meaning out of it, see how far you
can go in making it meaningless.

I DO NOT EXIST

by

(it's a secret)

Name withheld

This story does not exist, and
has no meaning. Let me explain...

How can there be any reincarnation, if there is no death?
There is only life, and birth

4:4 is a form that does not exist. It is Edenshaw's signature. It is a statement: I do not exist. That is the title of the whole box painting.

4:4 is the ultimate meaningless design. It has no iconicity. Its subject has no continuity and its predicate has the quality of continuity. It is the ultimate "instead of design". It does not communicate to another mind, so has no meaning. Alone, it has no meaning. It is the signature of meaninglessness.

But it was done "on purpose" by a man. So it is his signature as well as his statement. as title and signature it says:

I DO NOT EXIST

by

(it's a secret)

The complicated painting on this box has no meaning. Let me explain what I mean by meaning. - - - -

If it says: "I am dead" by (secret author), and I know the identity of the author, then I can judge whether he was right or not.

I AM DEAD, SAID THE DEAD MAN

but he has said it only to me, and he is dead

"I am dead," said the dead man,
and I was the only one who heard him. } = I am you

"I am you" is absolutely the most meaningful statement
that anyone can say to another person. It is the
ultimate communication. And Edenshaw said it on
the box, and I heard it.

What a long road to travel in a year!

Raven failed to see that the two things were really one,
because he was seeing double. Everything except himself
looked like 2 (this proves the old man was himself). One
can be treated as two, if you bite off pieces and mix
them right. But it means that forever after the
unity will look like duality. You won't be able to
see that it is unity. You will be plagued by opposites
until the end of existence. You are doomed to endless
uncertainty (because you fucked your mother?)

(Raven fucked his outer shell, and we are)

(born from that. We are doomed because of it)

There was no fifth box (and yet there was, you know) There were just
two things, a box, and something in it. Raven, seeing double (seeing 2 eyes
^{one a cunt} on his mother), only thought there were. Each box looked like 2. That one thing
in the corner was his mother. He took 2 "bites" of her, one as son, one as
husband, and that made the world. Eve was Adam's ^{own} mother. That story
about Adam's reb is a cover-up. Bite that apple, you
mother-fucker.

I am dead, said the dead man, to me. And I am the only ^{living man} who knows who that dead man was. The only way out of the dilemma is "I am you"

I am Kwaiqwanthlan. I have his former name. Why did Mrs Turley give me that name? What a coincidence!

I am you. How can that be conceptualized? With a woman, by "becoming one". [But not with your own mother or sister] With a man, by succeeding him, taking his name or being his reincarnation

I am Wilson Duff, world's acknowledged expert on Haida etc. I wrote "Haida" for Encyclopedia Britannica. I know more about Edenshaw's art than any other living person. I am Kwaiqwanthlan - I am to be Edenshaw.

"Your powerful grandfather invites you in" (wants you to come into his house) said the grebe, and died, leaving Ravens alone in this world. (He wants to tell you that you are he). (He wants you to be him).

That is what the box says. The hands and feet of the little figure show the \uparrow and \downarrow action of grebe. The little thing he brings up from below is the invitation to become Edenshaw.

Why did Bill make left handed copies?

Evechaw as mighty mouse. ("Signature")

Christ died and lives, both at the same time.

He had no father but God

Mary was a Virgin

The gift of God is eternal life, in Jesus.

Christ died for our sins.

The original sin was only a sin if Eve was Adam's
mother.

Any child born of woman is the result of incest,
and a bastard, unless, somehow, it is a
"virgin birth". If it isn't, it was a result of
fucking, and I own my father, I did it.

Mary was Virgin, so Christ himself fucked her; then
when he died (we eat him) he paid for his own sin.

He died, but he was God. \therefore God lives.

\therefore our life is God's death. God lives in me.

We are the way God manufactures life.

I am my father. But I cannot fuck my mother.

The Creation myth is the sanction for the nuclear family

Make "men" first, bite off a piece of him and make
that "woman". Then bite off a piece of the other, and that
is a man. Then that man & woman can fuck.

The two kinds of "biting" are different. One is biting (eating)
the other is biting (fucking). Suckling and fuckling
are opposites. Suckling and fuckling is being your
own father. But that means she is your mother. SIN.
Who's to know? She is. She is the one who sees at all.
She knows who it is fucking her.

She knows who it is fucking her.

It is not really five boxes, it is one. It just looks like 4 in 1; it is really only one thing.

Raven made woman first, a mistake. That meant he had to fuck his own mother in order to make the world. If, like God, he had made Adam first, then he could have made woman out of a piece of him.

Eden's solution was also a comment on the panel pipe solution. He said: "The White Indian dichotomy is not the essential one. The fundamental dichotomy is deeper than that. Panel pipes are just a parable of dichotomy; all they prove is that dichotomy, per se, exists.

Then he set out to prove it, by painting a secret design, about the essential dichotomy, which a white man would read long after Eden's own death. A white man born after Eden's death. Hence, me.

6 pm. It is a design that doesn't "mean" anything (has no identifiable iconographic subject). If it is about heaven, it doesn't show him; not even the smallest identifiable part of him. (So it can't be a crest, or even a logo.) It ends up with a 2 fingered hand, and a spare dis-oriented "thumb". (etc) It has some "human" bits. The little head is unique - no eyebrow etc.

As I see it, it culminates a whole series of developments which I can describe formally but not semantically. (H black, red on black, etc). To me, it culminates in 4:4 design which has no known iconographic meaning, but certain character. Which I can describe - eg figure ground equivalence. I think it is a kind of signature - an iconic signature of the artist.

If the figure doesn't mean anything, it has the structure of nothing. It does mean nothing. The basic human dichotomy is I - not I. Not I is nothing. I is everything. I have drawn nothing, but everything I am is in there implicitly. An anonymous story is

It is evidently something in a state of flux, happening. There are a lot of clues that it is not something at rest (exc. 4: where it has stopped moving but hasn't formed a new image yet)

I cannot contemplate my own death, but I can do it mythically, as "creation" "rebirth"

You didn't see, did you, that Halfstone Woman (Hoyen Mary) was same as Chief's daughter. She is Raven's mother, and sees all he does. She is also Kube, and the five boxes

She has within her medicines (black) and pemolians (speckled), Raven and Eagle.

"Come inside, my son" is it his mother (the house) talking?

Was Raven like Jesus?
Yes a little.

Why wasn't Jesus a girl?
Did Jesus have a wife & kids?
No - did Raven

. Omskell & people (male)

Why isn't Satan a Woman?

Raven Put the black one on the water first (matter), and then the speckled one (let the light shine.) Then bite a little piece off black one first (Raven, ♂) and then a little piece of speckled (♀, love, seeds.) They will spread.

John Sky
White men fear death. It is the agony of crucifixion, anxiety over Hell, expectation for fucking our mother, eternity out of this world - the whole bag

Harde don't fear death. It isn't eternity. Death & life are the same thing. Don't go away, I'll be back soon. It can be quick, not torture.

The only thing we let slip by without question is the beginning of the story. The end is the beginning. The black thing is this world, and the water [The reef in your initial understanding]. In order to create this world you have to create the black thing. It is the world! To understand the end, you have to take the beginning "on faith". Then you come back to the beginning - it is the end of the story.

Like Escher's hand becoming MY hand, I become Haven & I create the world. (by understanding the story)

The 5th eye is your realization that you are Haven

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---|--|
| 1. Black stone or water | = | Endless expanse of sea |
| 2. Bright " " " | = | " " " sky |
| 3. Bite of black | = | reef |
| 4. " " sherry stone | = | piece of yourself - realization
Haven himself.
N-hogai |

You have to bite off your self and spit it into the world as Nookidletlas.

"The only answers to the unanswered questions at the beginning is the story itself. The only answer to the question at the end (what is that thing he bites?) is the beginning of the story.

That spore bite flying around looking for a place to land is Nookidletlas. So we have musical chairs as well.

unasked
Question at end is: what happened to that spore bite? Ans: it is still flying around. it is Nookidletlas.