

## string |stri NG |

noun

- 1 material consisting of threads of cotton, hemp, or other material twisted together to form a thin length.
  - a piece of such material used to tie around or attach to something.
  - a piece of catgut or similar material interwoven with others to form the head of a sports racket.
  - a length of catgut or wire on a musical instrument, producing a note by vibration.
  - (**strings**) the stringed instruments in an orchestra.
  - [as adj.] of, relating to, or consisting of stringed instruments : *a string quartet*.
- 2 a set of things tied or threaded together on a thin cord : *she wore a string of agates around her throat*.
  - a sequence of similar items or events : *a string of burglaries*.
  - Computing a linear sequence of characters, words, or other data.
  - a group of racehorses trained at one stable.
  - a team or player holding a specified position in an order of preference : *Gary was first string on the varsity football team*.
- 3 a tough piece of fiber in vegetables, meat, or other food, such as a tough elongated piece connecting the two halves of a bean pod.
  - 4 short for STRUNGBOARD.
- 5 a hypothetical one-dimensional subatomic particle having the dynamical properties of a flexible loop.
  - (also **cosmic string**) (in cosmology) a hypothetical threadlike concentration of energy within the structure of space-time.

## verb (past string |strə NG | |strəŋ | |strəŋ |)

- 1 [trans.] hang (something) so that it stretches in a long line : *lights were strung across the promenade*.
  - thread (a series of small objects) on a string : *he collected stones with holes in them and strung them on a strong cord*.
  - (**be strung**) be arranged in a long line : *the houses were strung along the road*.
  - (**string something together**) add items to one another to form a series or coherent whole : *he can't string two sentences together*.
- 2 [trans.] fit a string or strings to a musical instrument, a racket, or a bow) : *the harp had been newly strung*.
- 3 [trans.] remove the strings from (a violin).
- 4 Brit., Biards another term for LAG 1 (sense 2).



# LIGHT WRITING

Tara Jay von Isser

It is said that the one thing we can be certain of is change. It is a constant, yet we never can predict when and at what velocity it will arrive or depart.



For me it came as a tempest raging into my life and I stood frozen. Then began the long cycle of yearning deeply for something past, layered with a permeable dark anger, while struggling to lift eyes to the open sky above that offered possibilities.

In consideration of attachment as a physical state, a ball of string finds its way into my hands. I had bought it at the hardware store, remarking to my friend, I am looking for something. What object, device or instrument will be found to serve as a tool to transmit a semiotic idea into a visual one? At first I walked out into a dry desert wash, a place that holds the memory of water. Later, I took it everywhere: wound it, unrolled it, cast it into rivers and off of cliffs and drew it back, longing and despairing, a gesture of almost desperate measures. At times we find the most profound things during our lowest points, the richness of the well revealed.



I read once, and have heard many times, that everything you need to know you can learn from a river. It is always flowing but always different, moving constantly towards its destination. Memory, like water, is fluid and changing.

rising and falling, and certainly not always predictable. The landscape offers metaphors for existential understandings.



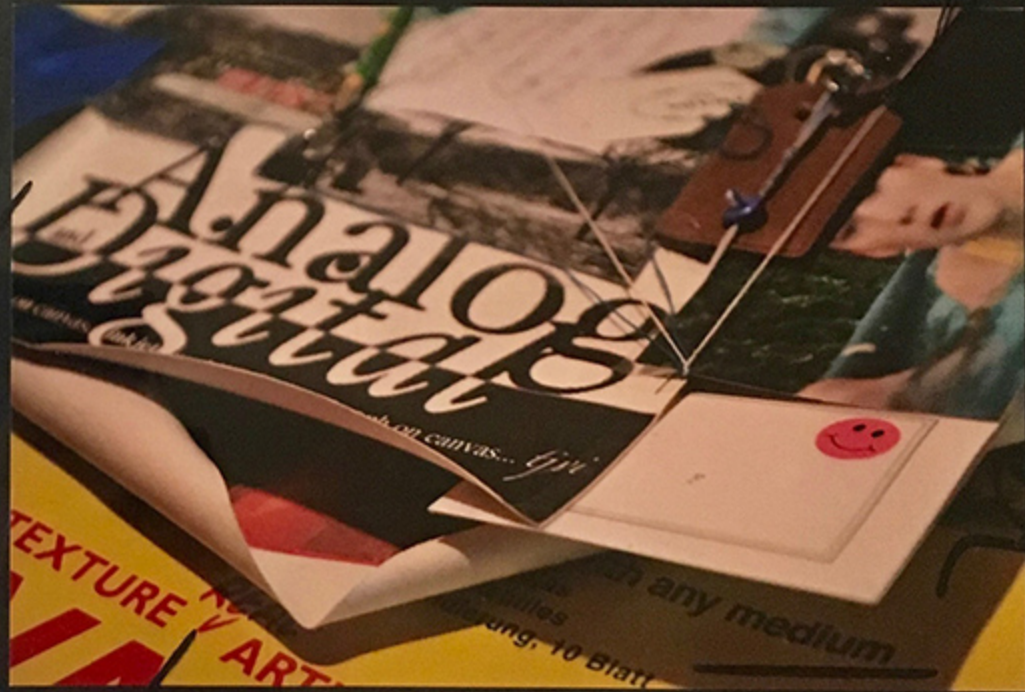
In 1908 Arnold van Gennep identified three stages of passage: separation, transition and re-aggregation. It unfolds so clearly here.



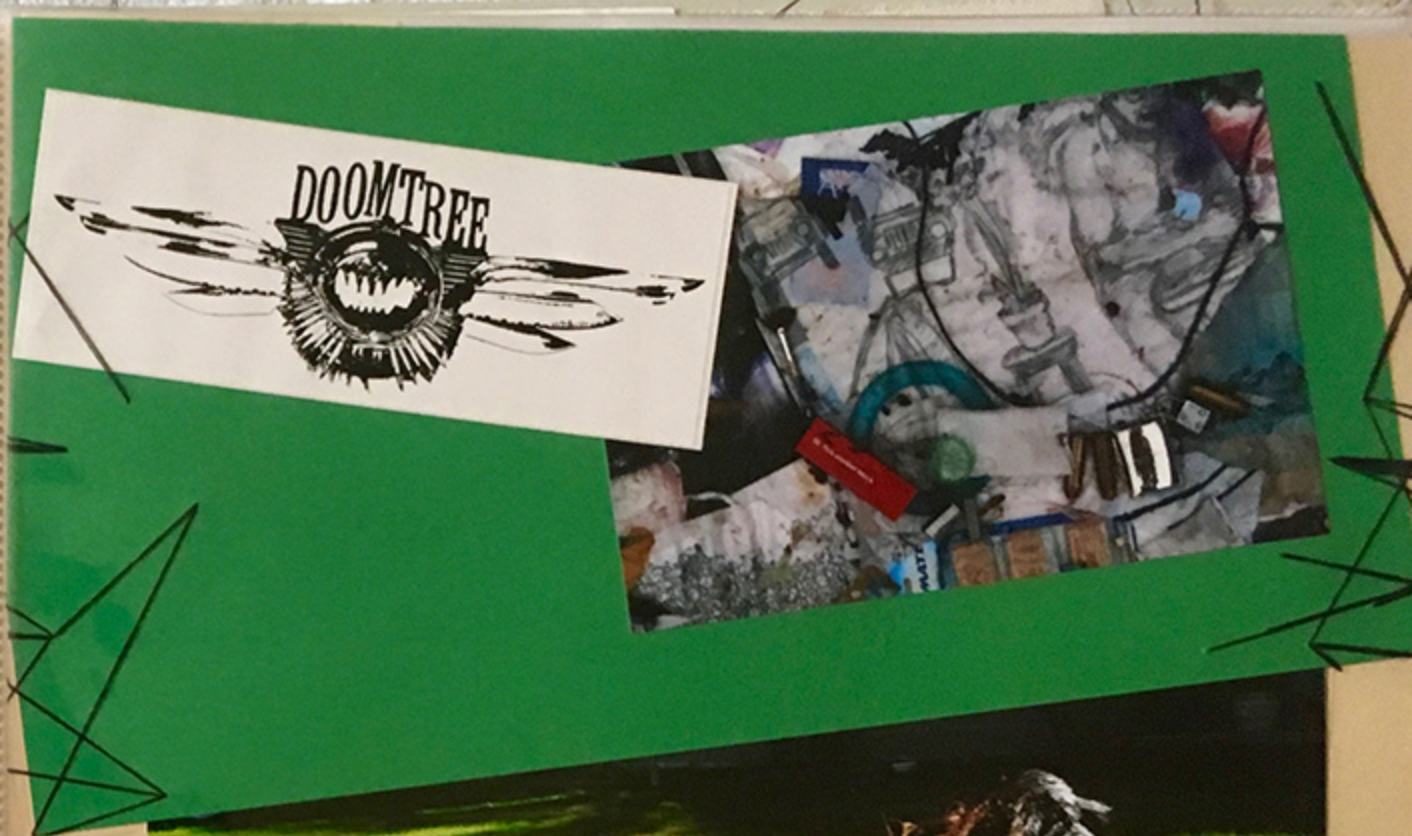
Transformation occurs in allowing things to change states as simply as molecules become solids, liquids and gases. Small gestures repeat themselves, and finally, something very physical and recognizable, a visible change to the body. The moment of ritual creates a liminal space for transcendence beyond the everyday exhaustion of human activity.



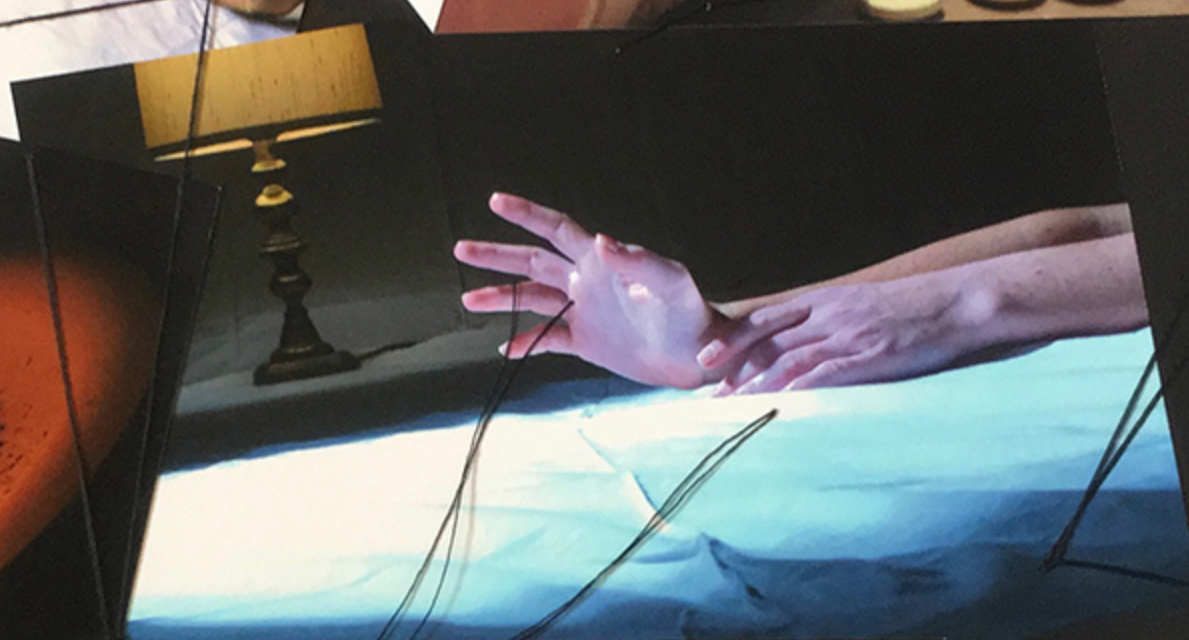
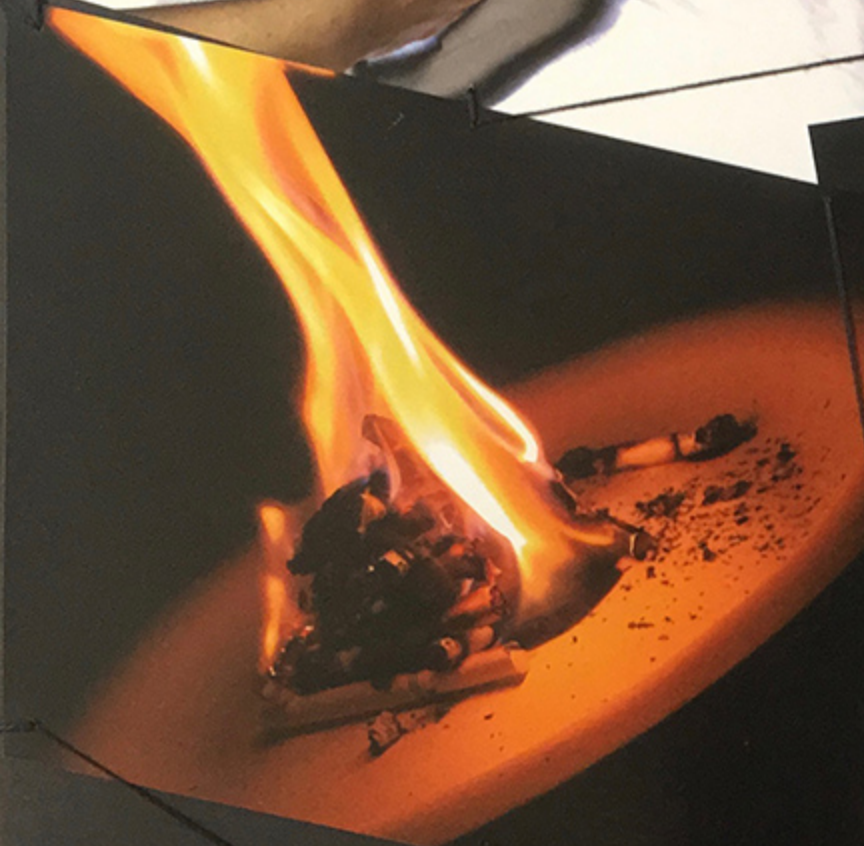
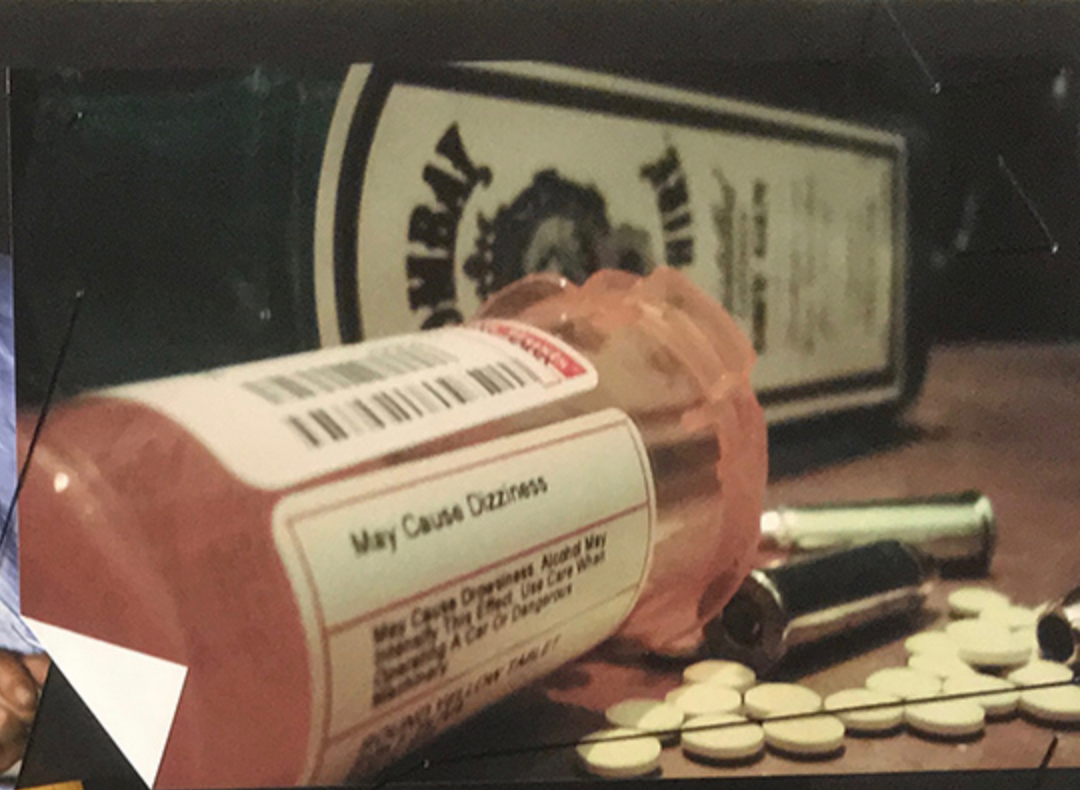
tomiko jones, 2006





















DOOMTREE







There is a story that says that the bear was made by a man who was very kind and who had a lot of children. He made the bear to be a friend to his children and to be a comfort to them when they were sad. The bear was made of soft cloth and had a friendly face. It was very popular and many children loved it. One day, a man who was very greedy and who had no children, saw the bear and he thought that it was very valuable. He decided to steal it and to sell it for a lot of money. He took the bear to a market and he put it on a table. Many people came to look at the bear and they all wanted to buy it. The greedy man asked for a very high price and the people who wanted to buy the bear could not pay it. They were very angry and they started to shout and to throw stones at the man. The man was very scared and he ran away with the bear. He hid the bear in a secret place and he was very happy. But one day, the children found out that the bear was missing and they started to cry. The greedy man was very sad because he had lost the bear and he had lost the money. He thought that the bear was a magic bear and that it could bring him good luck. But he was wrong. The bear was just a toy and it was not magic. The children were very sad and they missed the bear very much. The greedy man was very sorry and he decided to give the bear back to the children. He was very happy to see the children happy again and he learned that it was better to be kind and to share than to be greedy and to keep things for himself.

Blow hope  
to terror;  
Blow seeing  
to blind  
(blow pity to envy  
and soul to mind)

you, by god.  
for i am they are pointing at the queer monkey with a little  
oldish doll-like face and hairy arms like an ogre and rubberband  
ed hands and feet filled with quick fingers and a remarkable tail  
which is althysself alive.(and he has a little red coat with i  
have a real pocket in it and the round funny hat with a big feather  
is tied under my chin.) that climbs and cries and runs at  
foams like a toy on the end of a string

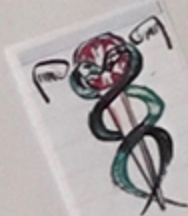
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who were so dark of heart they might not speak,  
a little innocence will make them sing;  
teach them to see who could not learn to look  
—from the reality of all nothing

will actually lift a luminous whole;  
turn sheer despairing to most perfect gay,  
nowhere to here, never to beautiful:  
a little innocence creates a day.

And something thought or done or wished without  
a little innocence, although it were  
as red as terror and as green as fate,  
greyly shall fall and daily disappear.

but the proud power of himself death immense  
is not so as a little innocence







Interestingly enough, you even feel different in a group of adult children of alcoholics. Feeling different is some-  
 thing you have had with you since childhood, and even if  
 the circumstance does with you warrant it, the feeling prevails.  
 Other children had an opportunity to be children. You  
 didn't. You were had an opportunity to be children. You  
 able playing with other children. You could not be fully  
 going on at home. You very much concerned with what was  
 there. Your concerns about your home problems clouded  
 everything else in your life.

**11 Adult Children of Alcoholics are either super-  
 responsible or super irresponsible.**

You take it all on or you give it all up. There is no  
 middle ground. You and tried to please your parents, doing  
 more and more and more, or you reached the point where  
 you recognized it didn't matter, so you did nothing. You  
 also did not see a family that cooperated with each other.  
 You didn't have a family that decided on Sundays. "Let's all  
 work in the yard. I will work on this and you work on  
 that, and then we'll come together."

Not having a sense of doing a part of a project, of how  
 to cooperate with other people and let all the parts come  
 together and become a whole, you either do all of it or you  
 do none of it. You also don't have a good sense of your own  
 limitations. Saying no is extraordinarily difficult for you so  
 you do more and more. You do it, not because  
 you really have a bloated sense of yourself but rather (1)  
 because if you say "no," you are afraid that they will  
 find you out. They will find out that you are incompetent.

The quality of the job you do does not seem to influence  
 your feelings about yourself. Until you finally burn out.  
 more and more and more. So you take on more and  
 more and more and more. The constant and your energy that you  
 could be using to do a better job. Not better in terms of  
 what the employer asks for because you're probably giving  
 more efficient.

The employer more than he asks for, but better in being  
 more efficient.



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yes, By god.

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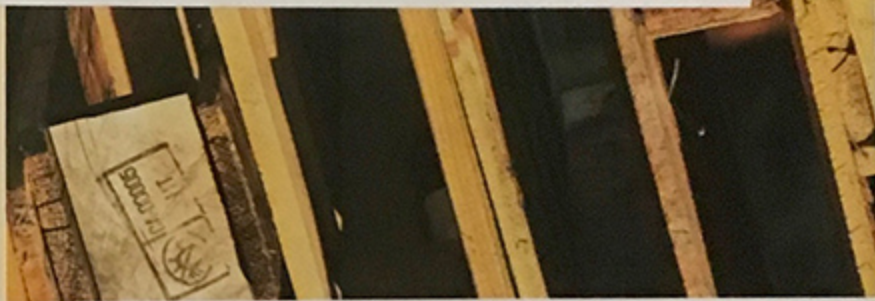




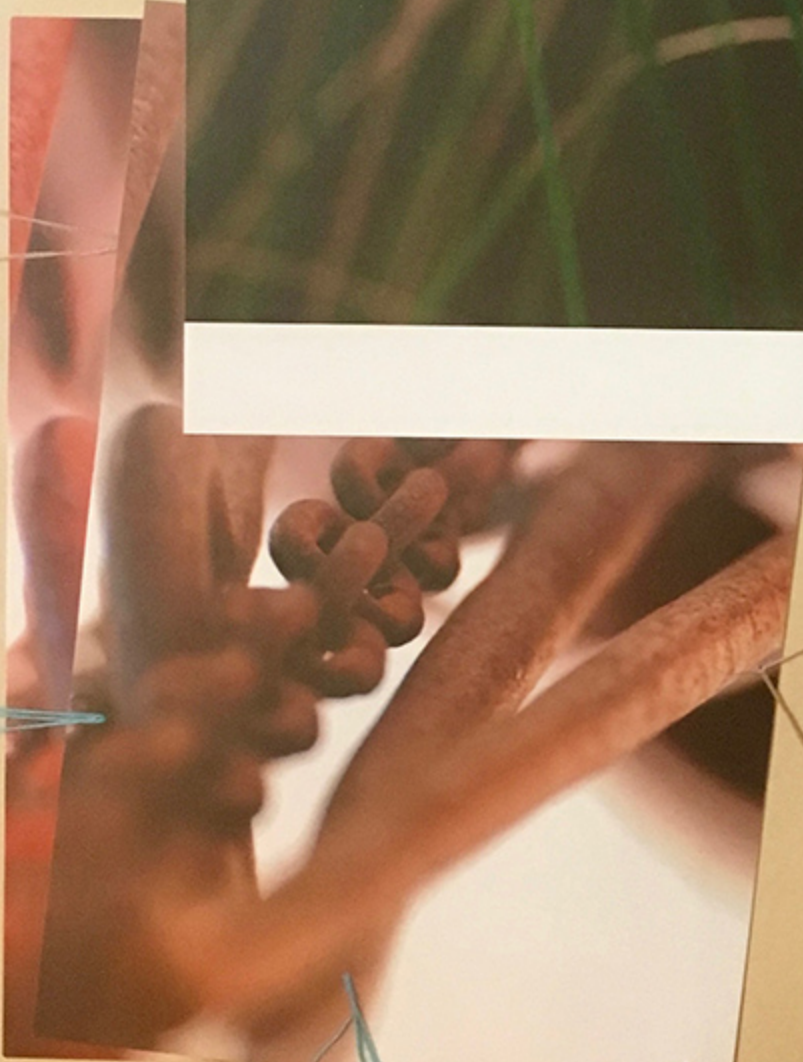


In making proper use of the physical body, you need a balance of exercise and rest, not too one or the other. In the case of skin and muscles, you need a variety of skin and muscle care. And if you are seeking to increase your level of fitness, it is not possible to do that simply by skipping a meal or two or taking a walk or jog or swim. Change takes time. Even if you are not in the best of health, it is not possible to do that. And so the same goes for your skin and muscles. There are a lot of ways to take care of your skin and muscles, but you need to use them in a way that is not too one-sided. The best way to take care of your skin and muscles is to use them in a way that is not too one-sided. The best way to take care of your skin and muscles is to use them in a way that is not too one-sided.

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... taking proper care of the physical body, you need a variety of vitamins and nutrients, not just one or two. In the same way, in order to achieve happiness, you need a variety of techniques and methods to deal with and overcome the varied complex negative mental states. And if you are seeking to overcome certain negative ways of thinking, it is not possible to do so simply by adopting a particular thought or technique once or twice. Change takes time. Even if change takes time. For instance, if you're moving from one state to another, the body needs time to adapt to the new environment. And in the same way, transforming your mind is not easy. There are a lot of negative mental traits, so you need to work on and counteract each one of these. That isn't easy. It takes the repeated application of various techniques and taking time to familiarize yourself with the practices. It's a process of learning.

... think that as time goes on, you can make positive changes. Everyday as soon as you get up, you can develop a positive motivation, and...

... things may arise, like a lack of determination, an impatience, at the beginning, the impatience is very small, so the negative traits are very small. However, eventually, the negative traits become more prominent. So, actually the practice is about replacing previous negative mental states with new positive conditions.

Continuing he said that as you are pursuing, there is a constant familiarity and change, we can transform our mind. There are various methods...

\*The term Dharma has been defined as...







kids assume so much from one parent and hold the other to a lower, looser standard?

Maybe it's like my old man said: You can be a mama's boy or a daddy's boy, but you can't be both. So you cling to the one you think you might lose.

#### Times My Mother Stood Up for Me

*I am five years old. We are walking to Fenelli's market. A neighbor in a halibute and pink curlers opens her screen door and calls to my mother. As they talk, I wander to the backyard of the house next door.*

*Suddenly, out of nowhere, a German shepherd lunges at me. Awwwwww! It is tethered to a clothesline. Awwwwww! It rises on its hind legs, straining the leash. Awwwwww!*

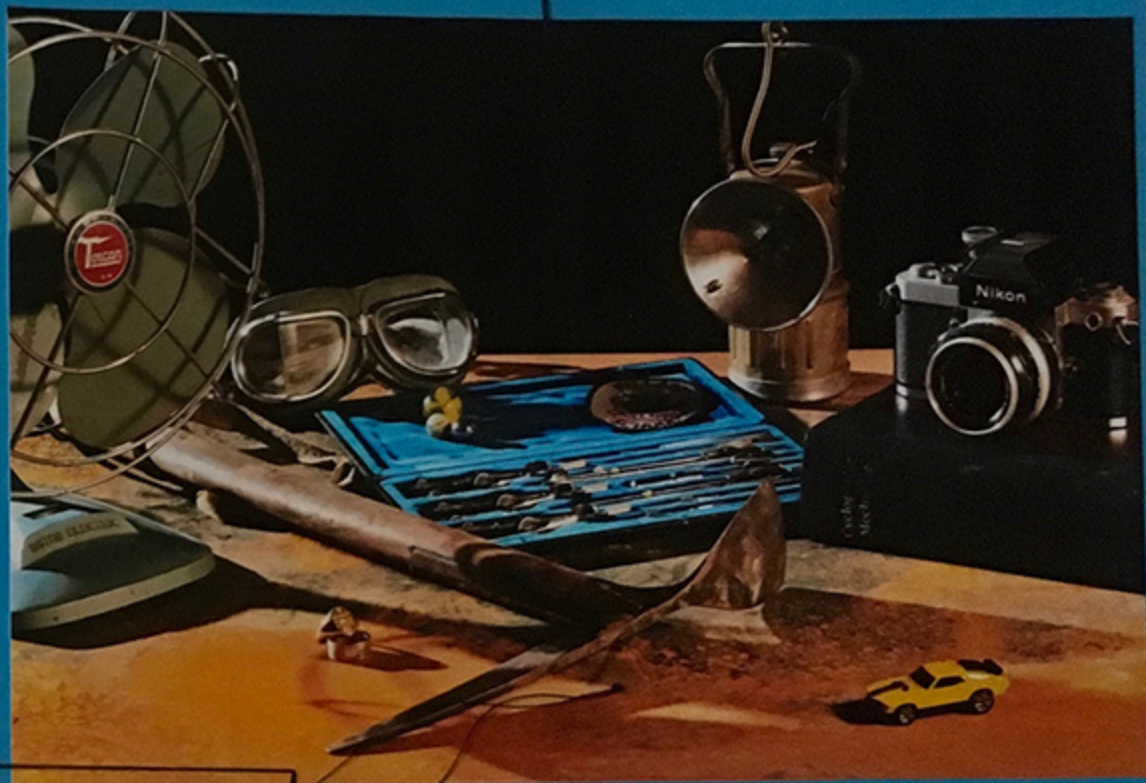
*I whirl and run. I am screaming. My mother dashes to me. "What?" she hollers, grabbing my elbows. "What is it?" "A dog!"*

*She exhales. "A dog? Where? Around there?" I nod, crying.*

*She marches me around the house. There is the dog. It howls again. Awwwwwwwww! I jump back. But my mother yanks me forward. And she barks. She barks. She makes the best barking sound I have ever heard a human being make.*

*The dog falls into a whispering crouch. My mother turns. "You have to show them who's boss, Charley," she says.*

(from a list in a notebook found amongst Chick Benema's belongings)





kids assume so much from one parent and hold the other to a lower, looser standard?

Maybe it's like my old man said: You can be a mama's boy or a daddy's boy, but you can't be both. So you cling to the one you think you might lose.

### Times My Mother Stood Up for Me

*I am five years old. We are walking to Fanelli's market. A neighbor in a bathrobe and pink curlers opens her screen door and calls to my mother. As they talk, I wander to the backyard of the house next door.*

*Suddenly, out of nowhere, a German shepherd lunges at me. Awowwow! It is tethered to a clothesline. Awowwow! It rises on its hind legs, straining the leash. Awowwowow!*

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*The dog falls into a whimpering crouch. My mother turns.*

*"You have to show them who's boss, Charley," she says.*

(from a list in a notebook found  
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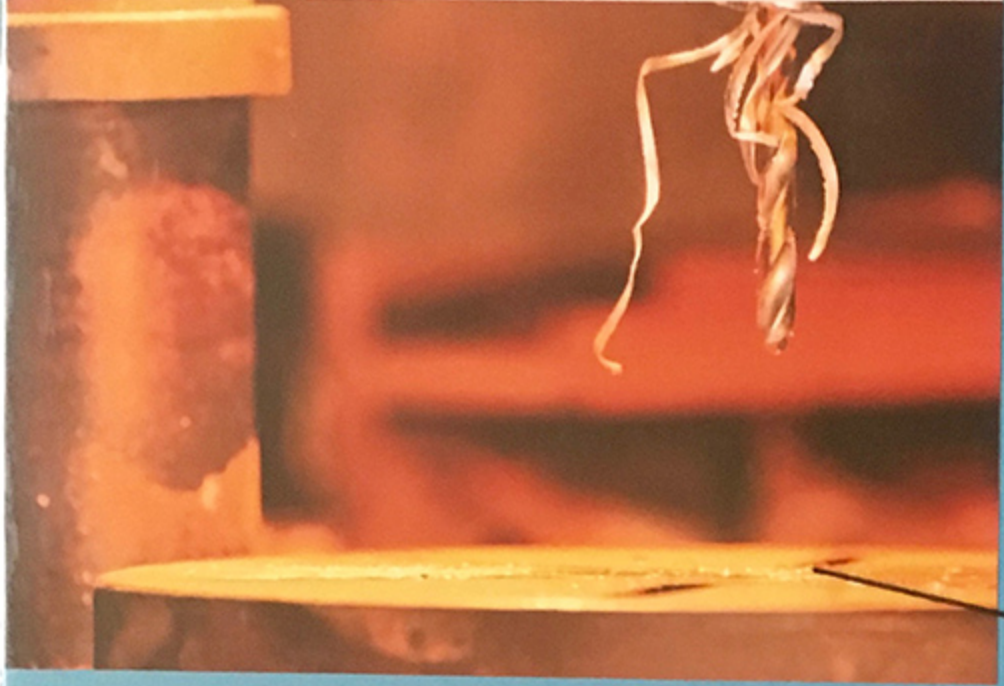




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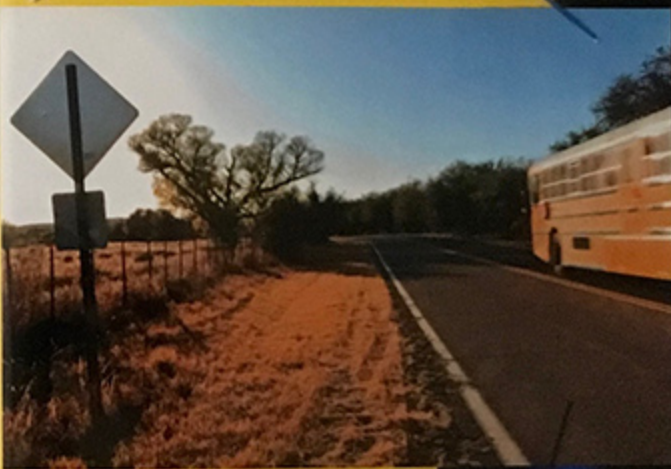
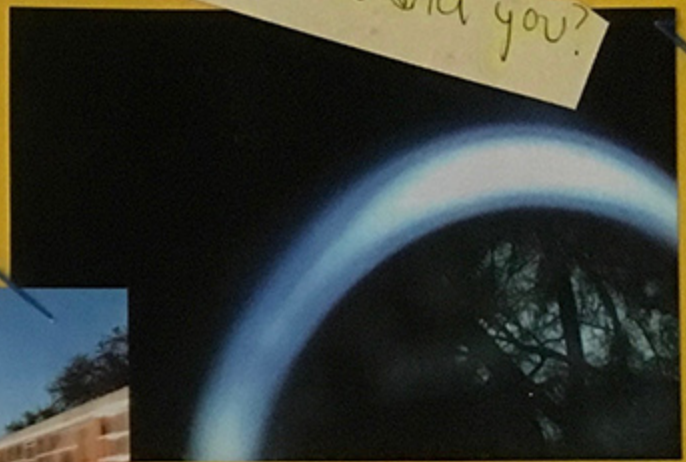








what if a dawn of a doom  
bites this universe in two,  
peels forever out of his grave  
and sprinkles nowhere with me and you?



However, eventually, as you gradually build up the positive practices, the negative behaviors are automatically diminished. So, actually the practice of *Uffness* is a constant battle within, replacing previous negative conditioning or habituation with new positive conditioning.

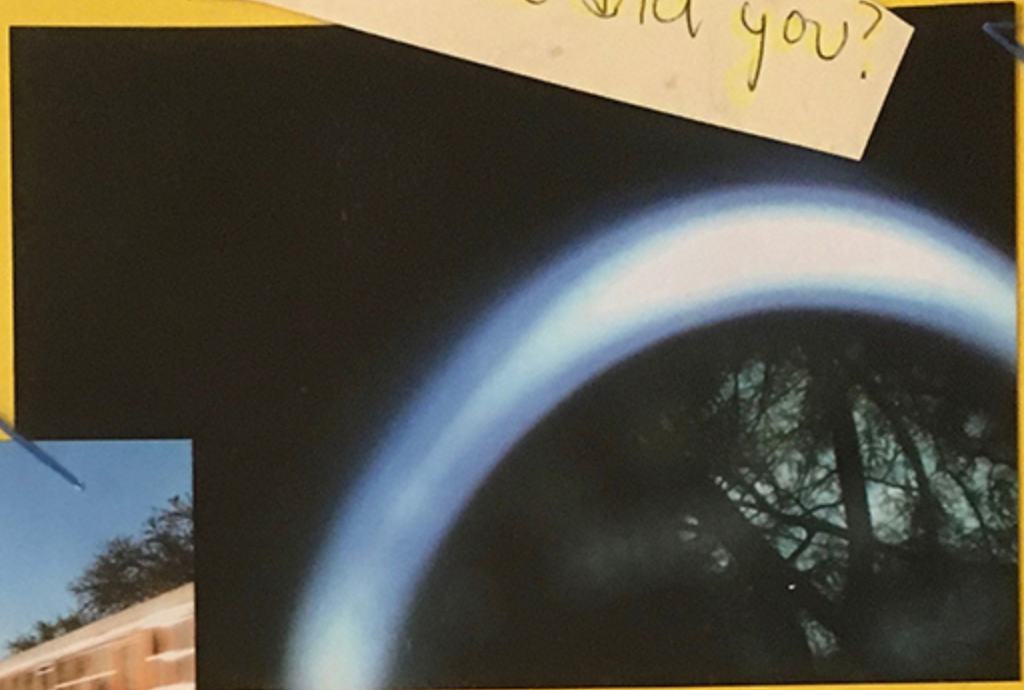








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However, eventually, as you gradually build up the positive practices, the negative behaviors are automatically diminished. So, actually the practice of Dharma is a constant battle within, replacing previous negative conditioning or habituation with new positive conditioning.





However, eventually, as you gradually build up the positive practices, the negative behaviors are automatically diminished. So, actually the practice of *Dharma*\* is a constant battle within, replacing previous negative conditioning or habituation with new positive conditioning."











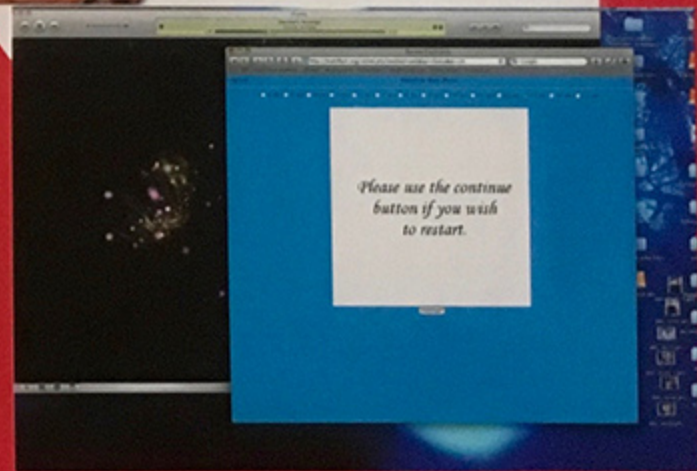
Everyday we are faced with numerous decisions and choices.  
And try as we may, we often don't choose the thing that we  
know is "good for us." Part of this is related to the fact that the  
"right choice" is often the difficult one—the one that involves  
some sacrifice of our pleasure.

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"the pleasure of what we enjoy is  
lost in wanting more"















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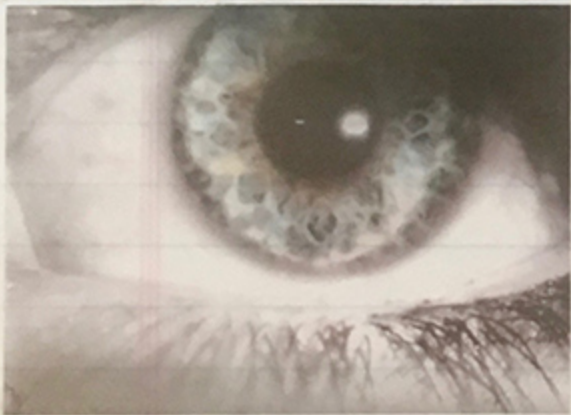
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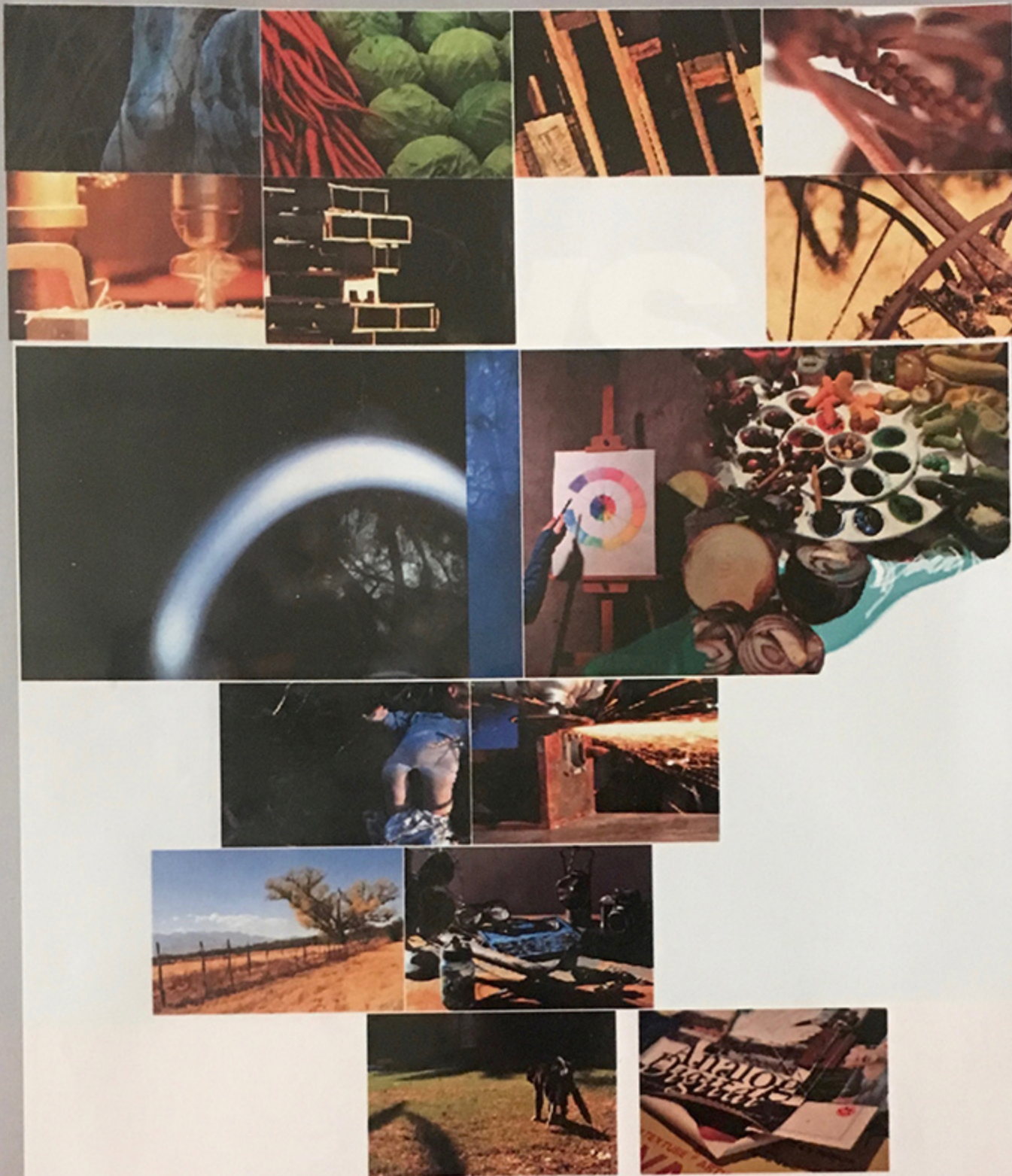


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Handwritten notes and sketches at the top right of the page, including the name "Jag van Isser" and some abstract drawings.

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