

Paring down the Signals: Inquiring into “I”, for instants...



i among Is, i ponder our pronoun
- twist it and shape it –
underneath and inside
turn it on its head...

1/18th of a second, biologists say, constitutes for us a “moment”:

“the shortest segments of time in which we perceive no changes in the world”

-Jakob von Uexkull-

although (we say we *know*) in *actuality* changes are occurring even during that measure, but what’s the diff - ? as “actuality is a work of the imagination only” (*William Bronk*)

as distinct from what’s “real.”

So the semioticians say “it” is preferable. More demonstrably or culturally referential to our brains of our extensional and vast multiplicity as well as our minutely signifiable particularities. Of living subjects, each composed of living subjects all the way down to our tiniest particles...”*each and every living thing being a subject that lives in its own world, of which it is the center*” (von Uexkull)

“Dissimilarity of the similar,” we say, “on being singular plural.”

“it”

or

“i” = “?”

with just a little manipulation
of presentation and perspective,
what makes us.

If you'll allow “instant” to synonym “moment” for the moment, I am writing the instants of “I.” “i” for instance, just now, using language...

*“Language is a river that makes its banks fruitful.
But will I never be except where I almost no longer am?”*

-Edmond Jabes-

*“Language is like drinking from one's own reflection in still water.
We only take from it what we are at that time.”*

-Simon van Booy-

to which “i” would amend – *moving* water. Either way it's not a novel preoccupation or concern.

Not only imminent but utterly absolute mutability of the “we” who utilize names and pronouns (signifiers of any kind) – language, gestures, codes, signals... and yet, perceptibly (or imperceptibly most often?) there are *moments*, instants, instances of...

that *seme*

and seem

and seem to seam

a surround, a world, an i-dentity...

to what purpose?

in-dent: to strike a blow, leave a mark

i-dent-ify: to recognize the same, over and over again

Take an instant, a syllable, a feeling or instinct or vision, a perception...anything capable of lasting a moment – and it strikes a blow, imprints and impresses...then repeat over and over (dissimilar similarities) and an identity is forged.

A seme that will seem a seam.

Distinctly the same, but never identical, only fabricated so.

I doubt it is possible to erase or undo the blows moments strike, which we are prone to repeat, mimic, extend...

but “i” think it in our capacity to twist them and turn them, distort them and shape them into instants and for instances...

for instance: “i” – become – “?”

And language is one tool we’ve developed for this. That locks us to our repeating strikes and blows, marks and signals the most similar shapes and sounds, yet also exhibits a representational capaciousness of enormous malleability and flux, like a river, moving water, dancing flame.

*“Language is what gets us where we want to go
and prevents us from getting there”*

-Samuel Beckett-

And where is it, dear Samuel, that we want to go?

“The place I really have to get to is a place I must already be at now”

-Ludwig Wittgenstein-

“Here is where one seems to be”

-Robert Creeley-

To “reality”?

To what is “actual”?

to what purpose (again I ask) this enormity and specificity of a generalized mark for all living subjects and a name we claim identifies us in each moment of living, us each particularly?

Might it be to co-habit? Co-here? To be-with rather than alone? To find a mark capable of infinite and symmetrical reproduction that is able to carry or refer to all instances and instants at once? To cease with time and disperse space...and *be* presently *here*?

“For in order to be alone one must be more than one...

the secret project...secret even to ourselves...

we dream of arriving where I is You”

-Helene Cixous-

Where i and ? are identical...and open...for all of us...together?

Perhaps?

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