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A Beautiful Song About Incontinence Neglect

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Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,

IRVINE

A Beautiful Song About Incontinence Neglect

THESIS

submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements  
for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS  
in Art

by  
Laura R Solomon

with thanks to Thesis Committee:

Professor Antoinette LaFarge (chair),

Professor Kevin Appel

Professor Monica Majoli,

Professor Amanda Ross-Ho

2021



All and all dedicated to Carolyn Louise, 1945 — 2017

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## Abstract

The truth is, things break down. The human body breaks down, and our culture isn't willing to acknowledge that. We are blinded by the fear of our own vulnerability and a peculiarly insistent ethic — that the non-productive do not deserve our consideration. My project and my thesis are an attempt to assimilate the aftermath of caregiving. More narrowly, my project and thesis treat with a specific area of institutional elder care (meaning in the nursing home or skilled nursing facility), that is, with adults sufficiently disabled as to need incontinence care, colloquially known as diaper care, and those who labor to provide it.

Consistently, the business of incontinence care for the elderly disabled at the management and policy levels shows a breathtaking failure of empathy, a gleaming and flawless inability of humans to relate the human needing care with their own humanity. I took my lessons from advertising and politics: nobody buys on the facts. Or on ethical standards. People need truths to be contextualized for them and that can't be done without having those truths placed in the correct emotional territory; they need to be emotionally contextualized.

My project, the 'beautiful song', is a solo choral work in five movements, 37 minutes of tender vocals and abrasive instrumentals contextualizing this not-to-be-spoken-of state of being. "A Beautiful Song About Incontinence Neglect" lays out an emotional territory for the apprehension of the truth that bodies break down, and honors that truth with love and sorrow.

This thesis paper voices the project's underpinnings and muses on the act of writing 'about' a piece of writing read aloud as 'speech' and vocalized as song, processed through Plato's Pharmacy. The processing is less as theory than as an instrument, improvised for playing riffs on a theme of motherness.

anger



complaint

un•guent ũng'gwənt

n. soft composition used as an ointment or for lubrication.

n. salve for soothing or healing; an ointment.

n. lubricant or salve for sores, burns, or the like; an ointment.

from The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, 4th Edition

[Middle English, from Latin unguentum, from unguere, to anoint.]

from Wiktionary, Creative Commons Attribution/Share-Alike License

From Latin unguentum (“ointment”), from unguō (“smear with ointment”), from Proto-IndoEuropean \*ongw- (“to salve”).

**On the Cleanliness That is  
Proper to Your Person**

Sometimes the smell of shit contains a note of the oceanic. The smell of feces, the smell of human excrement at close range is overwhelming. On offer, an interrogation for whomever has never before smelt it at close range. The image of filling a mouth, by implication, with shit, how dare you? Drowning, gagging, choking. The thing that fills the mouth renders one helpless.

The ocean. Water and salt. Life and death and antiseptic. Multiples, masses— ocean water teems with life. Excrement, too, is filled with life.

## **Text**

Multitudes.

The song needs to be voiced as a chorus because it's meant to imply multiple subjects. The voices of the interested witness, the care givers, spoken from the inside and the outside. Witness multiplied, from subject into substance. Subject becoming substance. The body of the neglected patient as a speaking object. The narration of the encounter between excreta and skin. Those are the bones of the structure, its theoretical purpose or support.

comment

Materially, multiplying a single voice has a softening effect, lets the sound approach gently, sharp edges rounded, decorous. The address of the uncomfortable subject is made softer, soothing, a suasion to the listener. A multiplied and layered voice softens the advance of the solo complainant, blurring its attack when the identity of the individual is absorbed into a collective of itself. A layering of voices sounding different notes also

means the possibility of chords, and the flavors of mood they carry. Multiplied vocals carrying harmonious notes build an embracing sweetness; with dissonance they can deliver a quick, sharp strike of unease.

### The Tenor.

Once processed and disguised, my own voice, the voice proper to me, is a strange pleasure. It's disorienting, awkward but joyful to have an unknown or foreign voice seem to come out of my own body, to take an external marker into my own mouth and belly. Besides the difference in pitch, the tenor voice has a different tension and resonance. It has a thicker vibrato. It sounds like a different mouth, a different resonating cavity; it's clear that the singer's palate has a higher, wider arch than mine. It becomes my co-conspirator, this imaginary, manufactured other body, to ingest and regurgitate my words as continuous tone, as a singing voice. As myself, I'm effaced a little, granted the relief of a surrogate to take up and share what chokes me.

### Repetition.

A sparse text means I sing the same few words over and over, sometimes set in electronic loops. Layers of loops can be set to play their repetitions together with each other, reinforcing each other, building a solid wall of united speech. With a shift of entry point, they repeat against each other. If cleanly regular and complementing, the wall of united speech may be reinforced further, as by regular offsets of masonry brick. Irregular variations of entry point will after a time suggest that its unity is disintegrating.

## **A Beautiful Song About Incontinence Neglect**

So you know from here where we  
are and what to expect.

What is speech when it recites?

Repeating without knowing.

In “The Filial Inscription”, Jacques Derrida writes

For it goes without saying that the God of writing must also be the God of death.

Thoth extends or opposes by repeating or replacing. By the same token, the figure of Thoth takes shape and takes its shape from the thing it resists and substitutes for. .... In distinguishing himself from his opposite, Thoth also imitates it, becomes its sign and representative, obeys it and conforms to it, replaces it, by violence if need be.<sup>1</sup>

As the god of language second and of linguistic difference, Thoth can become the god of the creative word only by metonymic substitution, by historical displacement, and sometimes by violent subversion.<sup>2</sup>

A smell that fills the mouth like ocean water

All will gone

From how many removes?

In the process of building, the structure of the song thickens itself by traversing through a potentially infinitely mirrored remove: sing, listen, sing again, listen again.

But from where in relation to incontinence neglect is it speaking, the song about incontinence neglect? What is the position of the written text?

1 Jacques Derrida, Dissemination, Plato's Pharmacy, The Filial Inscription, p. 93

2 Ibid., p. 89

|                             |                            |                             |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| I confess to almighty God   | in my words,               | through my most             |
| and to you, my brothers     | in what I have done and in | grievous fault;             |
| and sisters,                | what I have failed to do,  | Wash me, O Lord,            |
| that I have greatly sinned, | through my fault,          | from my iniquity            |
| in my thoughts and          | through my fault,          | and cleanse me from my sin. |

Not a choral work. A memory of choral works. A replacement for choral work.

Not the experience of incontinence neglect. The experience of witness to incontinence neglect. A replacement for the act of bearing witness. A replacement for the bearing of witness.

So, addressing the experience of incontinence neglect, how many times removed? Removed for each iteration of experience? What is an iteration? Witness that takes place in four different locations, each new location repeating and compounding, and wait — what is witness? When does it (does it?) liquify and spread, touching, tainting, staining, digested from subject into substance? When is it contained by too many to, ultimately, remain contained?

The infinite looping recall of witness to incontinence neglect. The witnessing having passed, re-placed by recollection, being written into text. Writing reconceived as melody. Writing sung into speech. I listen to me singing the writing, then sing again. I listen again, I sing it again. Looping recall, churning in parallel confusions of too-close proximity and the illusion of distance.

To whom is this artwork offered?

Anyone who has given basic cleanliness and toileting care to a chronically non-abled adult. Also to the stakeholder inside systems of medical provision and profit slipping the punches, escaping accountability for the physical and fiscal cost of minimizing the toileting needs of patients in long-term care.

Salt, rank, and teeming

What do you imagine, in your clean life, in your clean person?

## The King God.

...[W]riting will not be itself, writing will have no value, unless and to the extent that God-the-king approves of it.<sup>3</sup>

In this context, who is it that says, dictates, whose word suffices? Who is the king? What is the king against whom I would rebel? What is here rejected, belittled, abandoned, disparaged? What is suppressed in favor of a clean translation? What, in this context, is the son who will be destroyed in his presence without the present attendance of its father?

## Repeating without knowing, part 2.

I am writing, I am written. Or re-citing. Reciting a fable repeated.

The link between writing and myth becomes clearer, as does its opposition to knowledge, notably the knowledge one seeks in oneself, by oneself. And at the same time, through writing or through myth, the genealogical break and the estrangement from the origin are sounded.<sup>4</sup>

I'm writing the piece from inside knowledge, inside what it's like to witness diaper neglect. Plato the writer writes Socrates' accusation that the techne of writing condemns the reader to repeat without knowing. I have words, and I have too much that I don't know. So I repeat my words. I repeat words, without knowing (here make a list of what you do not know) the proper theoretical application to give an account of how the witness comes to grief. The proper theory to apply to the motions of grief. How to reach to

Skin disintegrates  
They say 'skin break-down'

And wear integrity with pride.

3 Derrida, Jacques. "Plato's Pharmacy Part I." Essay. In *Dissemination*, translated by Barbara Johnson, 65–119. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981.

4 Ibid. 74

Therefore, O Lord,  
we offer to your  
glorious majesty  
from the gifts that you  
have given us,

this pure victim,  
this holy victim,  
this spotless victim,  
Wash me, O Lord,  
from my iniquity

and cleanse me from my sin.  
Brothers and sisters, let us  
acknowledge our sins,  
and so prepare ourselves  
May almighty God



Logos is a daughter, then, a daughter that would be destroyed in her very presence without the attendance of

speaking respectfully of 43 million<sup>5</sup> other potential instances of grief. How to properly lay out the proprieties of this experience proper.

The speaking subject is the father of his speech.

My mother was the word spoken by her mother. I am the word spoken by my mother spoken by her mother.

I'm nothing but a word spoken by my mother. At the end, my mother could not speak. I am only the word spoken by my mother. I am writing. As writing, I repeat without knowing. I am only the word spoken by my mother, when, at the end, she could not speak.

(Repeat without knowing.)

...[T]he figure of Thoth is opposed to its other (father, sun, life, speech, origin or orient, etc.), but as that which at once supplements and supplants it.<sup>6</sup>

The writer Plato.

A thick and heavy book, 1,743 pages all told<sup>7</sup>. Nine inches tall, seven inches wide, two and a half inches thick. It smells fresh, like cool air, like the

5 Jr., Steven May. "Caregiving in the Us 2020. A Focused Look at Family Caregivers of Adults Age 50+" The National Alliance for Caregiving, May 11, 2020. <https://www.caregiving.org/caregiving-in-the-us-2020/>. Washington, DC.

6 Derrida, Jacques. "Plato's Pharmacy Part I." Essay. In *Dissemination*, translated by Barbara Johnson, 92. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981.

7 Hamilton, Edith, and Huntington Cairns. *Plato: the Collected Dialogues*. Princeton University Press, 1989.

When rosy blooms in the shit  
Show pink in the filth

But who *would* have given way, been invaded? Who *would* be blistered in introductions of compromise?

her mother. Her mother who answers. Her mother who speaks for her and answers for her. Without her mother, she would be nothing but, in fact, writing.

.... The specificity of writing would first be intimately bound to the absence of the mother. Such an absence can of course exist along very diverse modalities, distinctly or confusedly, successively or simultaneously: to have lost one's mother, through natural or violent death, random violence or matricide; and to solicit the aid and attendance, possible or impossible, of maternal presence, to solicit it directly or to claim to be getting along without it, etc. The reader will have noted Socrates's insistence on the misery, whether pitiful or arrogant, of the logos committed to

inside of a very clean room; utterly lacking the warm, dusty smell of library. 1,743 translucent leaves of Bible-page fineness, each leaf covered on both sides with writing. Inside here, the writer Plato inserts into the mouth of Socrates his deprecation of the writer's promiscuous endeavor and its helpless, witless offspring.

Plato ventriloquizes his mentor's pronouncement that writing (and reading) is a pastime preferable to a drinking party, but not to be taken as the serious pursuit of serious-minded men. [276 d]

Like a child, writing has no sense of when to hold itself aloof, but "drifts all over the place, getting into the hands not only of those who understand it, but equally of those who have no business with it; it doesn't know how to address the right people, and not address the wrong. And when it is ill-treated and unfairly abused it always needs its parent to come to its help, being unable to defend or help itself." [275 e]

A disappointing child, as Plato (in the mouth of Phaedrus, written as speech to Socrates) a few lines later will distinguish living speech from writing, the "dead discourse" bearing only the image of its originator. Living words, "...founded on knowledge, words which can defend both themselves and him who planted them," and "contain a seed whence new words grow up into new characters, whereby the seed is vouchsafed immortality," in contrast to which writing, "remaining barren" produces neither fruit nor offspring. [277]

What do you want to happen to ~~the~~ reader ~~the~~ listener you?

A taste like Samuel Beckett, the Beckett who bathes us in the ripened dust of age and frailty

lie 2 (lɪ) n.1. A false statement deliberately presented as being true; a falsehood.  
2. Something meant to deceive or accepted as true.

v. lied, ly-ing (lɪ'ɪŋ), lies  
v.intr. 1. To present false information with the intention of deceiving.  
2. To convey a false

image or impression  
v.tr. To say or write as a lie.  
[Middle English, from Old English lyge; see leugh- in Indo-European roots.]

Blisters that aren't to be counted. Blisters that don't count. Blisters that can't count. Uncounted. Unaccountable

have mercy on us,  
forgive us our sins,  
Lord have mercy.  
Christ have mercy.  
Lord have mercy.

Lamb of God,  
you take away the  
sins of the world,  
have mercy on us;  
you take away the

sins of the world,  
receive our prayer;  
you are seated at the right  
hand of the Father,  
have mercy on us.

writing: “it always needs its mother to attend to it, being quite unable to defend itself or to attend to its own needs”.

This misery is ambiguous: it is the distress of the orphan, of course, who needs not only an attending presence but also a presence that will attend to its needs; but impeding the orphan, what also makes an accusation against her, along with writing, for claiming to do away with the mother, for achieving emancipation with complacent self-sufficiency. From the position of the holder of the scepter, the desire

the way Kafka does in bureaucracy; the Beckett of Molloy or of Krapp’s Last Tape. Not the specifics — the feelings and moments of the speaking character — but the opacity of the narrative, the sensation of distance between the narrator-actor and the movement of his story that neither invites nor occludes the reader’s insertion of herself into the text.

Everyone knows that wedge in the space between past and memory. The space between any past moment and the act of constructing its recollection.

Point out the signifiers in the work.

The sounds are pleasant to hear. The sounds are built for pleasure. Pleasant may signify “nice”, “safe”, “hospitable”.

There are “cool” sounds, sounds that suggest ambient music, or ambient crossed with rock. A texture that imagines it’s been ripped-off from Robert Fripp.

A voice is singing.

The singing voice is a female voice most of the time. (See “pleasant”. See “hospitable”.)

The singing female voice is wrapping around itself, entwined with itself. *Folded back in* replies to itself.

The layering of voices suggests a choir. Choir suggests church, Christianity. Suggests a musical tradition that is safe, known, respectable. Benign.

The words are about incontinence neglect.

The sounds are designed to be pleasurable. The voices fold back upon themselves, supplementing

## Salt fills my mouth

of writing is indicated, designated, and denounced as a desire for orphanhood and a matricidal subversion.

The status of this orphan, whose welfare cannot be assured by any attendance or assistance, coincides with that of a graphein which, being nobody’s daughter at the instant it reaches inscription, scarcely remains a daughter at all and no longer recognizes its origins, whether legally or morally. In contrast to writing, living logos is alive and that it has a living mother (whereas the orphan is already half dead), of mother that is present, standing near it, behind it, within it, sustaining it with her rectitude, attending it in person in her own name. Living logos, for its part, recognizes its debt, lives off that recognition, and forbids

and activating their repetitions with more repetitions. Sonic onanism.

The voice is singing words. The voice is repeating the same words over and over. Folding back.

The piece is music.

Title signifier 'be beautiful'. This piece calls itself beautiful, not so much inviting pleasure as announcing that it frames itself as such. It requests the listener to choose whether to do the same.

Title signifiers 'incontinence' and 'neglect'. The listener may not be sure what exactly this means. 'Neglect' is clear enough, 'neglect' is a bad thing. 'Incontinence,' some listeners will know that 'incontinence' most often refers to a body not in control of its own peeing and shitting. For the rest, meaning may reveal itself in listening to the piece as it is being sung. So nestled into this signifier is the willingness to remain obscure. Or an unwillingness to expend words in explanation.

The piece wants to be liked. It also wants to cause discomfort. The layers of voice make pleasing, pretty sounds. Sometimes they warp and heave as if seasick.

The instrumental parts, carrying the burden<sup>8</sup> of abrasion and punctuation as counter-texture to the voice, borrow or imitate sound signifiers associated with rock music. Overdrive feedback, compression, reverberation, distortion.

The final recording is no longer an improvisation. Every second of the piece is processed, edited, and manipulated, if only after the fact. The recorded improvisation is allowed to remain, still

<sup>8</sup> Burden, n. Old English byrden strong feminine = Old Saxon burthin-nia 10. The refrain or chorus of a song; a set of words recurring at the end of each verse. 11. figurative. The chief theme; leading idea; prevailing sentiment. "burden | burthen, n.". OED Online. June 2021. Oxford University Press. (Accessed August 05, 2021).

|                             |                           |                                  |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------------|
| lie vb, lies, lying or lied | false impression or       | used to mislead                  |
| 1. (intr) to speak          | practise deception.       | 4. something that is             |
| untruthfully with intent    | n                         | deliberately intended to deceive |
| to mislead or deceive       | 3. an untrue or deceptive | [Old English lyge (n), leogan    |
| 2. (intr) to convey a       | statement deliberately    | (vb); related to Old High        |

in·fec·tion (in-fĕk'shən)

n. 1. The invasion of bodily tissue by pathogenic microorganisms that proliferate, resulting in tissue injury that can progress to disease.

The entry or placement, as by injection, of a microorganism or infectious agent into a cell or tissue.

An agent or a contaminated substance responsible for one's becoming infected.

The pathological state resulting from having been infected.

4. The communication of a usually undesirable idea, emotion, or attitude by contact with other people or by example.

American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Fifth Edition. S.v. "Infection." Retrieved April 21 2021 from <https://www.thefreedictionary.com/infection>

|                             |                           |                          |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Wash me, O Lord,            | The word of the Lord.     | Gospel worthily and well |
| from my iniquity            | Thanks be to God.         | With humble spirit       |
| and cleanse me from my sin. | May the Lord be in your   | and contrite heart       |
| The word of the Lord.       | heart and on your lips,   | may we be accepted       |
| Thanks be to God.           | that you may proclaim his | by you, O Lord,          |

itself, thinks it can forbid itself matricide. But prohibition and matricide, like the relations between speech and writing, are structures surprising enough to require us later on to articulate Plato's text between a matricide prohibited and the matricide proclaimed. The deferred murder of the mother and rector.

...

For only the "living" discourse, only a spoken word (and not a speech's theme, object, or subject) can have a mother; and, according to a necessity that will not cease to become

imperfect, but altered.

What is the triangle of my polemic?

Sounds, voices, melodies, words, repetitions: that's the piece, the instrument of my discourse.

The subject, not the discourse: the neglect and subsequent colonization and decay of the disabled elderly body.

The listener. Who is the listener? Perhaps a citizen who doesn't know the hidden world of everyday caregiving, a citizen who has never been exposed to the specific, intimate, tedious difficulty of keeping a person clean who could not navigate a bathroom even if you could carry them there.

Keeping clean a person who can't rise from their bed. A person who cannot move some or all of their own limbs. A person for whom such dis-ability is compounded by the accidents (accident, as distinct from inherent) of age, by the loss of speech, or the loss of reason. The loss of personhood attendant upon either. The loss of literal, physical integrity: in moth-eaten bones, in the last protector of the body inviolate, individual — a thin, a brittle, a fragile skin.

But in my imagination, I hold a collective imaginary interlocutor. The imaginary entities to whom I address my complaint include the practical and policy-level medical professionals who express with all sincerity their approval of our system, in which each person is free to choose their own healthcare and enjoy the results thereof. More of these entities (they must be humans but how to imagine them as such?) ascend in layers of power, faceless, ill-defined, unaccountable; I can give no account of them, but I am imagining them all

## Life under the skin Blooms away

clearer to us from now on, the logoi are the children. Alive enough to protest on occasion and to let themselves be questioned; capable, too, in contrast to written things, of responding when their mother is there. They are their mother's responsible presence.<sup>†</sup>

<sup>†</sup> JD. "Plato's Pharmacy Part I."

the time — the owner of a nursing facility, or an investigative administrator from the Centers for Medicaid Services (for whom explicit photos of raw, red skin smeared with feces beside a lake of urine, or thick frosting of feces squeezed out from waist to leg, from back to front, of unchanged diapers, will prompt a ‘secret’ visit but are sufficient to stimulate neither speech nor writing with reference to the aforementioned owner).

(This is not apparent in the work. This is [these are] my private interlocutor[s].)

### “The Tenor” as Writing.

My impotence I can neither write nor speak. The voice of the tenor hides me. The tenor is my escape: from gender into freedom, into the mechanical voice, the technology, the techne. The vibration is different, the voice is richer — it sounds<sup>9</sup> better.

Who is the tenor? My voice, (re-)moved. My self-made supplement. My replacement. Offload, marker, surrogate. Prosthetic substitute, slight-of-hand, switch, re-member. Surrogate: sub- (below, under) + rogare (to ask). I hide under the tenor; I ask the tenor to speak the writing for me. The tenor is my writing and my speech.

German liogan, Gothic liugan]  
de-cep-tion (dī-sēp'shən)  
n. 1. The use of deceit.  
2. The fact or state of  
being deceived.

3. A ruse; a trick.  
[Middle English decepcioun,  
from Old French deception,  
from Late Latin *dēceptiō*,  
*dēceptiōn-*, from Latin  
*dēceptus*, past participle  
of *dēcipere*, to deceive;  
see deceive.] prevarication,  
falsity, mendacity,  
falsehood, deceit, misrepresent,

### New life, alive That burns

<sup>9</sup> sound n. A. The sensation produced in the organs of hearing when the surrounding air is set in vibration in such a way as to affect these; v. **1.** *intransitive*. To sink in, penetrate, pierce. *Obsolete* **b.** *figurative*. To make inquiry or investigation. **a.** *transitive*. To investigate (water, etc.) by the use of the line and lead or other means, in order to ascertain the depth or the quality of the bottom; to measure or examine in some way resembling this. **a.** To examine or question in an indirect manner. esp. by cautious or indirect questioning; **8.** To examine by means of a sound, to probe. “sound”. OED Online. March 2021. Oxford University Press. <https://oed.com/view/Entry/185124?rskey=hPqYam&result=3&isAdvanced=false> (accessed May 16, 2021).

and may our sacrifice in  
your sight this day  
be pleasing to you, Lord God.  
Wash me, O Lord,  
from my iniquity

and cleanse me from my sin.  
Glory to you, O Lord.  
The Gospel of the Lord.  
The word of the Lord.  
Thanks be to God.

The word of the Lord.  
Thanks be to God.  
Through the words  
of the Gospel  
may our sins

In distinguishing herself from her opposite, Thoth also imitates it, becomes its sign and representative, obeys it and conforms to it, replaces it, by violence if need be. She is thus the mother's other, the mother, and the subversive movement of replacement. Thoth repeats everything in the addition of the supplement: in adding to and doubling as the sun, she is other than the sun and the same as it; other than the good and the same, etc. Always taking a place not her own, a place one could call that of the dead or the dummy, she has neither a proper place nor proper

Offer to the cleanliness proper to your proper person, to your integument, unguent.

name. Her propriety or property is impropriety or inappropriateness, .... Thoth is never present. Nowhere does she appear in person. No being-there can properly be her own. ‡

Writing and forgetting, writing and non-knowledge.

Mother-of-pearl is formed by mollusks as a protection from an organic irritant or parasite. The irritant is encased and neutralized by layers of nacre. It is the animal's response to the invading irritant, the impulse to protect itself from the damaging processes of the invader to its body.

... [I]t is this life of the memory that the *pharmakon* of writing would come to hypnotize: fascinating it, taking it out of itself by putting it to sleep in a monument. Confident of the permanence and independence of its types (tupoi), memory will fall asleep, will not keep itself up, will no longer keep to keeping itself alert, present, as close as possible to the truth of what is. Letting itself get stoned [*médusée*] by its own signs, its own guardians, by the types committed to the keeping and surveillance of knowledge, it will sink down into *lēthē*, overcome by non-knowledge and forgetfulness.<sup>10</sup>

If men learn this, it will implant forgetfulness in their souls; they will cease to exercise memory because they rely on that which is written, calling things to remembrance no longer from within themselves, but by means of external marks.<sup>11</sup>

Hypnos is the god of sleep. *Lēthē* names a body of water, one of the rivers of Hades. The newly dead drink from it to be granted forgetfulness of their living lives.

I commit my memory into writing — and my excess, into folding back. Depositing my excess here. Folding back writing into speech and speech again into writing, a record recording my reply.

<sup>10</sup> JD, Plato's Pharmacy Part I

<sup>11</sup> Plato: Collected Dialogues, *Phaedrus*

‡ JD. "Plato's Pharmacy Part I."

fabrication, fiction, invention,      dissimulate, tell untruths, not  
deception, untruth, white lie,      speak the truth, say something  
falsification, fib, invent, falsify,      untrue, forswear yourself  
tell a lie, prevaricate, perjure,  
not tell the truth, equivocate,

Water flows  
Not water  
Yellow like grass  
That burns

The plumbing is out, the towels are  
rationed. The hands are rationed.

*Clostridioides difficile, Escherichia coli,*  
*Pseudomonas aeruginosa, Klebsiella*  
*pneumonia* take the the field for free.

be wiped away.                      from my iniquity                      to judge the living  
Let us give thanks to                  and cleanse me from my sin.                  and the dead.  
the Lord our God.                      descended into hell;                      Through the words  
It is right and just.                      ascended into heaven,                      of the Gospel  
Wash me, O Lord,                      and seated at the right hand                  may our sins be wiped away.



All is correct. All is rational.

A smell that fills the mouth like ocean water

|   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| Wash me, O Lord,<br>from my iniquity<br>and cleanse me from my sin. | who have gone before us<br>with the sign of faith<br>and rest in the sleep of peace. |   |
| Remember also, Lord,<br>your servants                               | Grant them, O Lord, we pray,<br>and all who sleep                                    | a place of refreshment,<br>light and peace. |

Salt fills my mouth.

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