

USSA 2012: Wellness Center

Notes on Neuroscience, A Poetics of Collective Consciousness

Tuesday
4pm lecture
9th floor

There is nothing sexy about our brains ⇒

We can't see it (them) ⇒

We don't want to see it ⇒

It ⇒

The dank labyrinth where our souls hide from us ⇒

But if our soul hides from us there or, here in our brains, where is this us? ⇒

What is this us? ⇒

This us on the outside of our brain cleaved from our soul? ⇒

Wandering Lear-like on the other side of our moated castle ⇒

Storm tossed and betrayed ⇒

Back in the mind of Lear we trace our steps ⇒

But why start with sex? ⇒

Or sexy? ⇒

Why not? ⇒

The brain and it's attractiveness? ⇒

No one ever falls for someone's brain, do they? ⇒

One only falls for that which is outside the castle ⇒

That which is neither brain nor bedraggled soul ⇒

What then is this us that wanders beyond the soul's castle: the brain ⇒

What is the us that ties us to us ⇒

This us that calls us to wander in another's soul ⇒

How do we refuse the call to, as Robert Frost put it, "Come In" ⇒

With his rough-hewn country wisdom Frost instructs us to stay "out for stars" ⇒

So is the notion of an incandescent and ponderable soul just a more homey, comfy sofa on which to recline? ⇒

Are we more contented to wander down the carpeted forking path of the psyche in the brain's hiding places than to tarry in the cold star-light? ⇒

Is psychology, with its dimly lit linoleum and fearsome passageways, more agreeable to us than the raw fortune-telling sky? ⇒

Even with psychoanalysis's voracious minotaur at our heels? ⇒

But remember ⇒

We built this fortress ⇒

Stone by stone ⇒

year in and year out ⇒

Or did we? ⇒

Who built our brains, if not us? ⇒

Our hapless Elsinore ⇒

Not the bard beyond reproach ⇒

But love? ⇒

Was it love that built the moated brain? ⇒

The castle without a gate ⇒

With no exit or entrance ⇒

Only continual wandering with no outside or in ⇒

A door knob that can't be grasped ⇒

but whose hands-hold-tremble ⇒

Love locks us out of our own brains ⇒

Love is us ⇒

This us and that us ⇒

Love without soul, or recourse to any souls ⇒

That is us ⇒

That is the us that is us and the us that is ⇒