

I. Ice

According to the World Wide Web:

the ice is melting.

This might not be any of your business.

In Greenland they have a song:

*What lives within me?
What lives within me?
The great ice.
I wish it would split in two.*

In the Arctic fall, before the sea freezes, Dr. Cook writes in 1913, sometimes wails of anguish rent the air.

Inalu, in 1914, lay on her back on the ice, beating herself with sticks and imitating the sounds of a polar bear. Another woman, incidentally also named Inalu, waded into the water up to her neck to find a piece of seaweed and bring it to land, only to ceremoniously wade back to return it.

We on the outside call it Arctic Hysteria.

*What lives within me?
What lives within me?
I wish it would go away.*

The ice is melting.

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After the release of the film *2012*, a few entrepreneurs in China made a profit from the sale of arks.

In Greenland they tell a story about an igloo that seemed to have no end. Three friends walked inside it for days, set out to learn about the world. Two of them died, the other kept walking.

A glacier, while melting, stores a significant portion of its meltwater within and directly below itself.

You also find it difficult to clear all the papers from your room, the ones you probably no longer need.

The ice sheet itself is full of rivers and sinkholes. This might come as a surprise, thinks the World Wide Web.

You hardly find the time to distinguish what you no longer need.

Eighty-five square miles of the Southern Peruvian desert are covered in lines, some miles long. The marks could be celestial, zoomorphic figures, an esoteric geography. *This notched plain mirrors your preoccupations.*

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Plato held an organicist view of the universe, which is to say he viewed the parts as wholes.

But also the whole as one, with a value greater than each of its parts.

Larry at 4:11pm on January 17th, 2015 commented:
I know about the so-called consensus.
Science isn't consensus.

The Incas, like many cultures, saw themselves as the center of the universe.

Jack at 1:23pm on January 17th, 2015 commented:
Did you know that at one time Antarctica was connected to S.
America?

The ice is alive: the sea slaps it.

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In Greenlandic, one word contains what would in some other languages constitute an entire sentence.

The word, naatsiat, for potato means "something for which one waits a long time to grow up."

In the igloo story the one survivor returns to his village an old man after finally finding the exit.

The world is just one enormous igloo, he tells his people.

You are lost among the people in the train, sweating. Moths too close to a porchlight.

The world is just one station with one train, you could explain to them.

But you don't.

World Wide Web: warming in the tropics will increase the price of things.

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Empedocles thought everything in the world the result of a combination or arrangement of four roots—earth, air, water, fire—in tiny particles. Stacked. Although sometimes different, perpetually alike.

The 'non-identity problem' in environmental ethics is set up like a transaction, a business exchange.

It is the idea that future people don't exist yet, so, we cannot owe them.

How would they repay us.

In the Catholic model, we work to offset the sin we are born with and are compensated after life.

Empedocles: "I have already been a boy and a girl and a bush and a fiery fish from the sea"

[Or "a mute fish"]

[Or "a scaly fish"]

Walter Benjamin says all history is the history of guilt.

Can a dream be other than a symptom?

A popular theory suggests that artificial light interferes with the moth's navigation system.

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The Protestant work ethic was thought by Max Weber to have laid the foundation for Capitalism.

on the beach with hands full of sand in the hope that someone, anyone will appear, to whom you can say: take this

When given the option, you prefer to buy now, pay later.

II. Dream or Vision of Herself as a Destroyer or Riding a Buffalo Eagle

Junior year EJ decides to make a sandbox in the little gallery.

It's inspired by *Woman in the Dunes* she says. *Are you shoveling sand to live or living to shovel sand*, the movie asks.

As a child you split your chin on the edge of the sandbox. The stitches made you a source of playground revelry. You can't recall the pain.

Azm is a slang word in Arabic meaning sand but also meaning determination or courage, as in: *she had more sand in her than any girl I'd ever seen*.

You and Sarah help her steal sand from the Santa Monica beach in the middle of the night. Sloughing garbage bags full into her Rav4.

EJ means for the box to be a site of determination. And soon enough settlement occurs—you all sit along its edges barefoot, in dresses. Drinking cheap wine.

She reaches towards you from across the sand during a lull in conversation. *So far*.

Dentist cups of succulent clippings sprinkle the landscape.

Spring in Los Angeles and heavy, over-ripe. Another friend sits outside the box, crying. You aren't really sure what about.

The damp sand in the movie rots everything it touches.

Most of the time in the box is spent wondering if you should go, if you could go, where you should go. Next.

The Woman in the Dunes doesn't know what freedom is. There's nothing for me to do on the outside, she says.

You could walk around, the man (a fellow captive) suggests.

Walk around? Isn't it exhausting?

The sand pours downward into the pit as the man tries to carve an escape route.

EJ, desperate, leaves the sand in a Home Depot dumpster in the middle of the night, the night before the next opening.

Why not return it to the beach.



Shishmaref is a village of about 600 people located just north of the Bering Strait. Whenever a big storm hits, a giant chunk of land falls off into the sea, sometimes taking with it a house or two.

1:52 PM

"these solid citizens would tear down the world if it paid" - Google Search

1:52 PM

losangeles.craigslist.org/search/query=sand

Feb 13 [FREE SAND! Please take my sand!!!!](#) [map](#)

Mar 20 [FREE SAND! Please take my sand!!!!](#) [map](#)

Mar 23 [FREE SAND! Please take my sand!!!!](#) [Map](#)

You bring one of the little succulents on the drive to the desert. The flowers collected while there (out of place in October) are thrown away.

The succulent dies on your backyard steps from lack of water and/or second-hand smoke.

It joins empty bottles, a rusted cruiser, a dejected watering can, plastic bags of lifeless soil. Buried in plain sight in the patch between the cement and the house.

Each year, gigantic holes are dug in the desert of Kuwait and filled with millions of old tires. The four companies in charge are believed to be compensated handsomely for their efforts.



[How to Get out of Quicksand: 11 Steps \(with Pictures\) - wikiHow](#)

www.wikihow.com

If you step into quicksand, immediately drop what you are carrying. Lay back. Relax. Also: try to avoid it.



Craig Childs, adventure scientist, speaks of witnessing a chain of sunflower detritus—pistils, stamens, leaves, petals—unhinged together over the barren dunes in the Mexican desert.

The floor is curved; the floor is not yours.

The Woman in the Dunes tells the man that the village union sells sand illegally to a concrete manufacturer. The man fulminates that this would endanger the lives of all those dependent on dams not bursting and bridges not collapsing. *Why should we worry what happens to other people?* She replies.

The onlooker is invited to assume these villagers are burakumin, a caste of untouchables, continually exploited by mainstream society.

In response to applied stress, sandy soil behaves like liquid.

When the earth shook at night, you'd each take a doorjamb, looking across the hallway or the kitchen to see each other in the dark.

The people are vulnerable. Camila says of Chile. *A rope on the brink of being washed away.* Earthquakes happen all the time there.

You somehow slept through one once, dreaming you were captain of a ship.

The River Yumans believed dreaming the only means of acquiring the supernatural protection and power necessary for success.

Abe, the author of the novel *Woman in the Dunes*, describes surviving in the pit of sand as "trying to build a house in the sea by brushing the water aside."

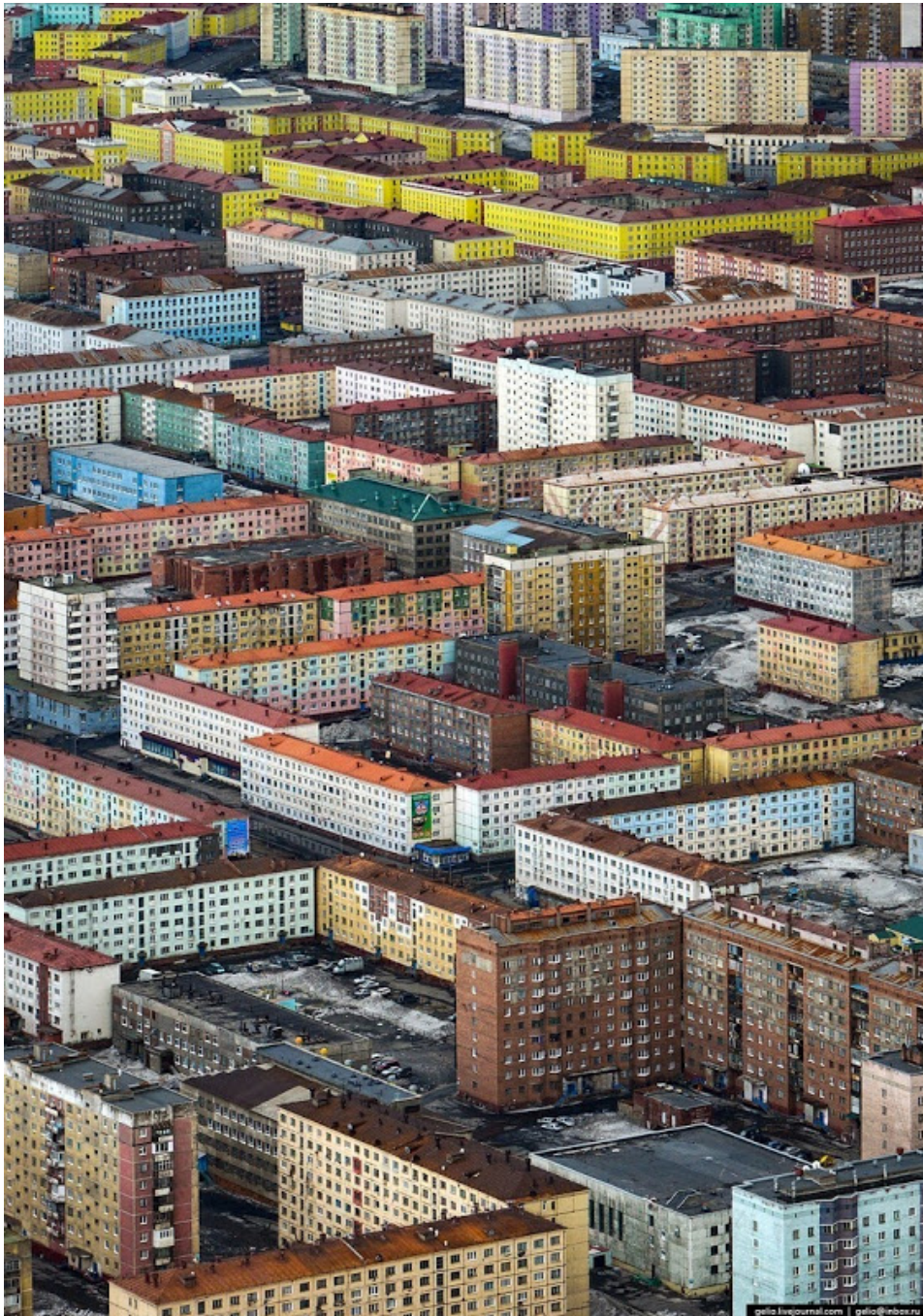
The woman and man live on, isolated from all others. Does love blossom?



The River Yumans, despite their name, lived in the Sonoran Desert, *a fearsomely hot and dry region of Western Arizona and Southeastern California.* They produced

massive works of landscape art in the dry river basin.

Norilsk, Russia is the northernmost city in the world and almost cut off from the rest of it. 2,000 km from another town. It was founded as a slave labor camp. 18,000 of its original 500,000 died of cold and starvation. After the end of Stalinism, most of the survivors elected to stay and work in the mines they built.



Leaving the city is not easy. Low property prices make it impossible to buy anything

with the money in other regions. The isolation means the inhabitants pour their wages into the mining company's stores and facilities until they die.

In *The Woman in the Dunes*, the two captives save enough money to buy a radio.

When the ladder reappears, the man climbs it only to return afterwards to the prison of sand. He wants to tell someone about his water pump invention. He can think about escaping after that.

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Acknowledgements:

I am grateful for the following sources without which this piece would not have been possible.

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