

On Don Quixote

His name is the Knight of the Sorrowful Face,
and he rides Rocinante
in search of adventure

He winds along the Spanish landscape
with his horse and squire and donkey.
Winds himself within tales of Knights errant,
saving maidens and liberating the oppressed

He professes his love to the fairest woman in the land.

While he rides, a story is written in his wake
of each trial and tribulation

THEN

THE AUTHOR ENTERS THE TEXT

AND THE PROTAGONIST LEARNS OF HIS NATURE

AS CHARACTER

AND

this creates no crisis for our Knight
(whats to say for the author)

But how?
How can he keep riding?
Professing?
Adventuring?

Whose in charge of the story I so admire?

I nearly bump into a woman of my similar height
and build
and quickly excuse myself, looking down,
and realize
I'm apologizing to my reflection
as I pass a mirror

My own self is in front of me, watching me.
BUMPING INTO ME

Is this what it is like to be Don Quixote?
Running, lance in hand,
full speed ahead
into the brilliant and vast
glass in front of him?

Or is that Cervantes on the
other side of that glass
pulling the curtain from the stage
and asking us not to see giants in the windmills

Rather to come off our horse
who by now, is so sadly beaten
by our naïve folly

Will they fight?

Who will land flat with a clunk?

My knight,
barreling towards the edge of story
and life,
slips seamlessly through
to another dimension

Important Doublings

The idea: Something's missing

Groucho Marx walking through the mirror, becoming his mirror self in
Duck Soup

My twin brother, as my double (of sorts), Jacob Caplan Levine

Mimicry

Shadow

The Incan Cross

Prisms/kaleidoscope

A magic wand is a stick

Translation: sound dubbing, one language interpreted through another,
stenography, the sign-translator

Sound to form

Migration, pattern, path, leader and follower, wake

Worker ants

Cell Division

Cloning

Dostoyevsky, Double

“‘Only in it, is art’s mimetic character preserved, and its truth is
the critique that, by its sheer existence, it levels at a rationality
that has become absolute.’...Art’s truth depends on the tricks by which
it raises dead enchantments. These tricks are open secrets which allow
us to recognize the nullity of modern culture, and to come to terms
with the fact that our artistic literary heritage, for all its power
permits the exposure for those other, newer magics of an economically

divided society.”

Rachel Whiteread

Prostheses

Miscomprehensions: grey today --> great day

The therapist repeating back to you what you’ve just said

Chirality: “The term chiral in general is used to describe an object that is not superposable on its mirror image.”

Listening to one’s voice over again

Art

The seven basic plots

History repeating

A drum beat

Rorschach