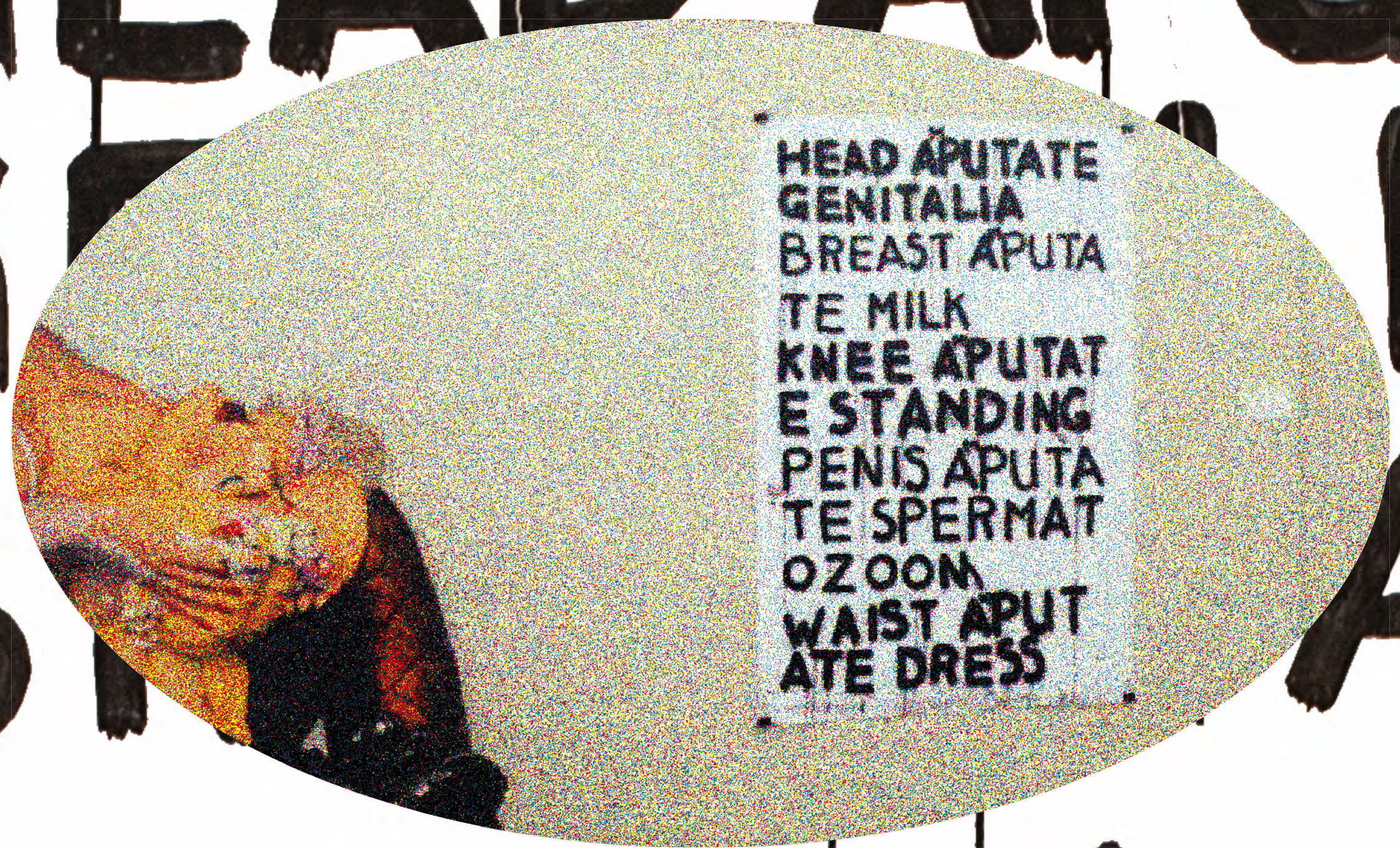
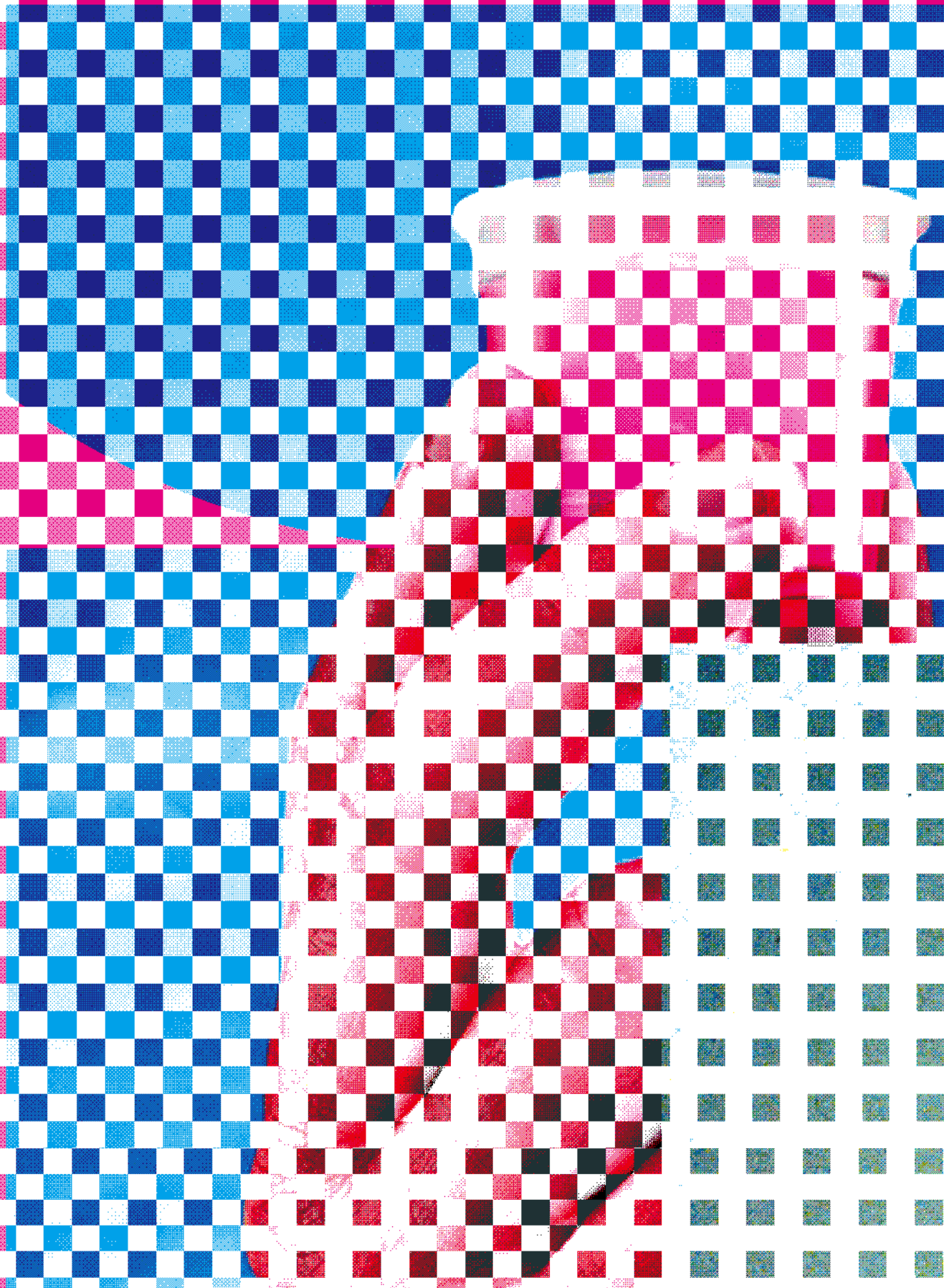




HEAD APUTATE
GENITALIA
BREAST APUTA
TE MILK
KNEE APUTAT
E STANDING
PENIS APUTA
TE SPERMAT
OZOOM
WAIST APUT
ATE DRESS





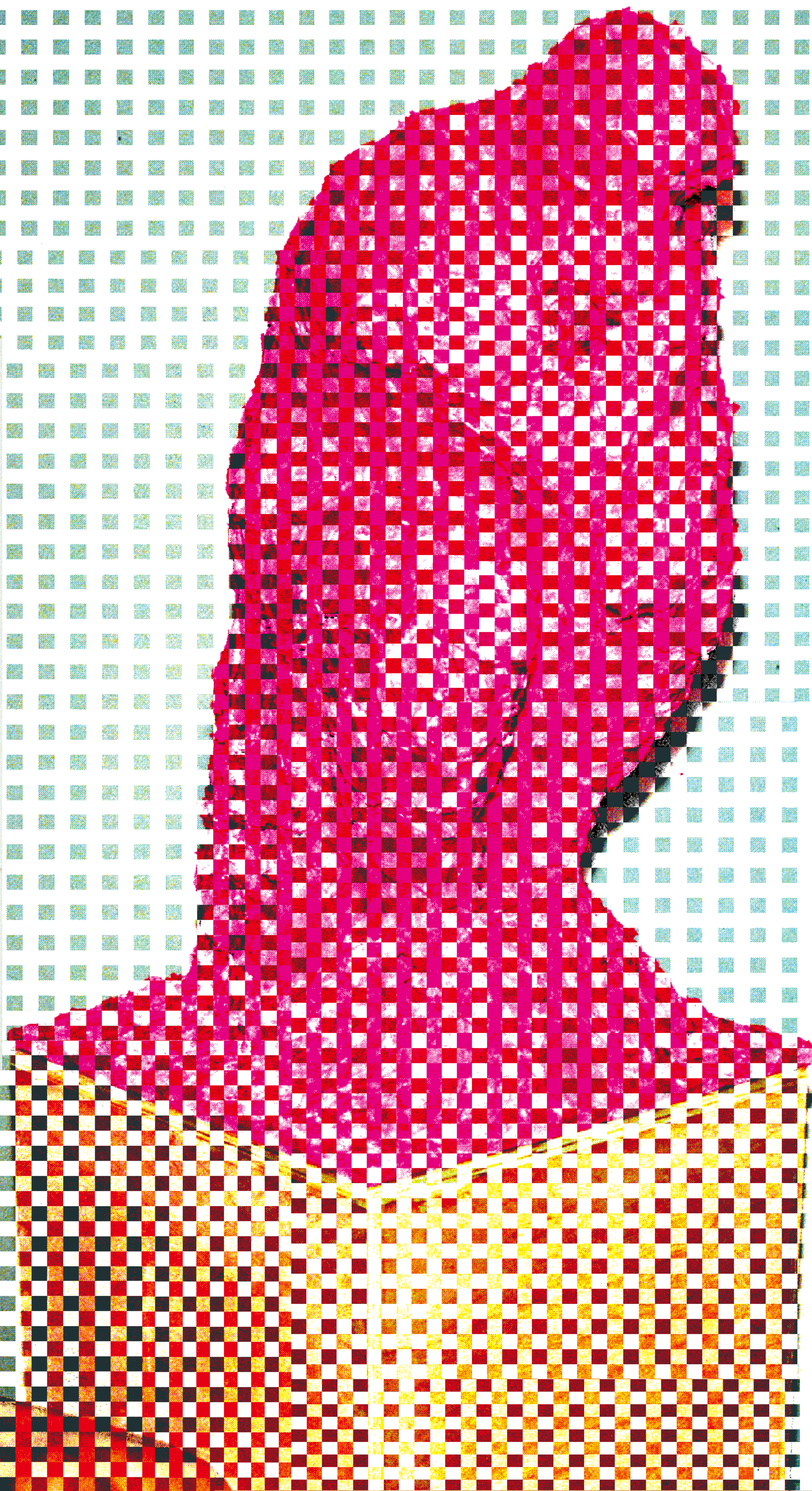
Drug Facts	
Active ingredient (in each tablet) Bismuth subsalicylate 262 mg	
Purposes Upset stomach reliever and antidiarrheal	
Uses relieves • travelers' diarrhea • diarrhea • upset stomach due to overindulgence in food and drink, including: • heartburn • indigestion • nausea • gas • belching • fullness	
Warnings Reye's syndrome: Children and teenagers who have or are recovering from chicken pox or flu-like symptoms should not use this product. When using this product, if changes in behavior with nausea and vomiting occur, consult a doctor because these symptoms could be an early sign of Reye's syndrome, a rare but serious illness. Allergy alert: Contains salicylate. Do not take if you are • allergic to salicylates (including aspirin) • taking other salicylate products	
Do not use if you have • an ulcer • a bleeding problem • bloody or black stool	
Ask a doctor before use if you have • fever • mucus in the stool	
Ask a doctor or pharmacist before use if you are taking any drug for • anticoagulation (thinning the blood) • diabetes • gout • arthritis	

BISMUTH SUBSALICYLATE
UPSET STOMACH RELIEVER/ANTI-DIARRHEAL

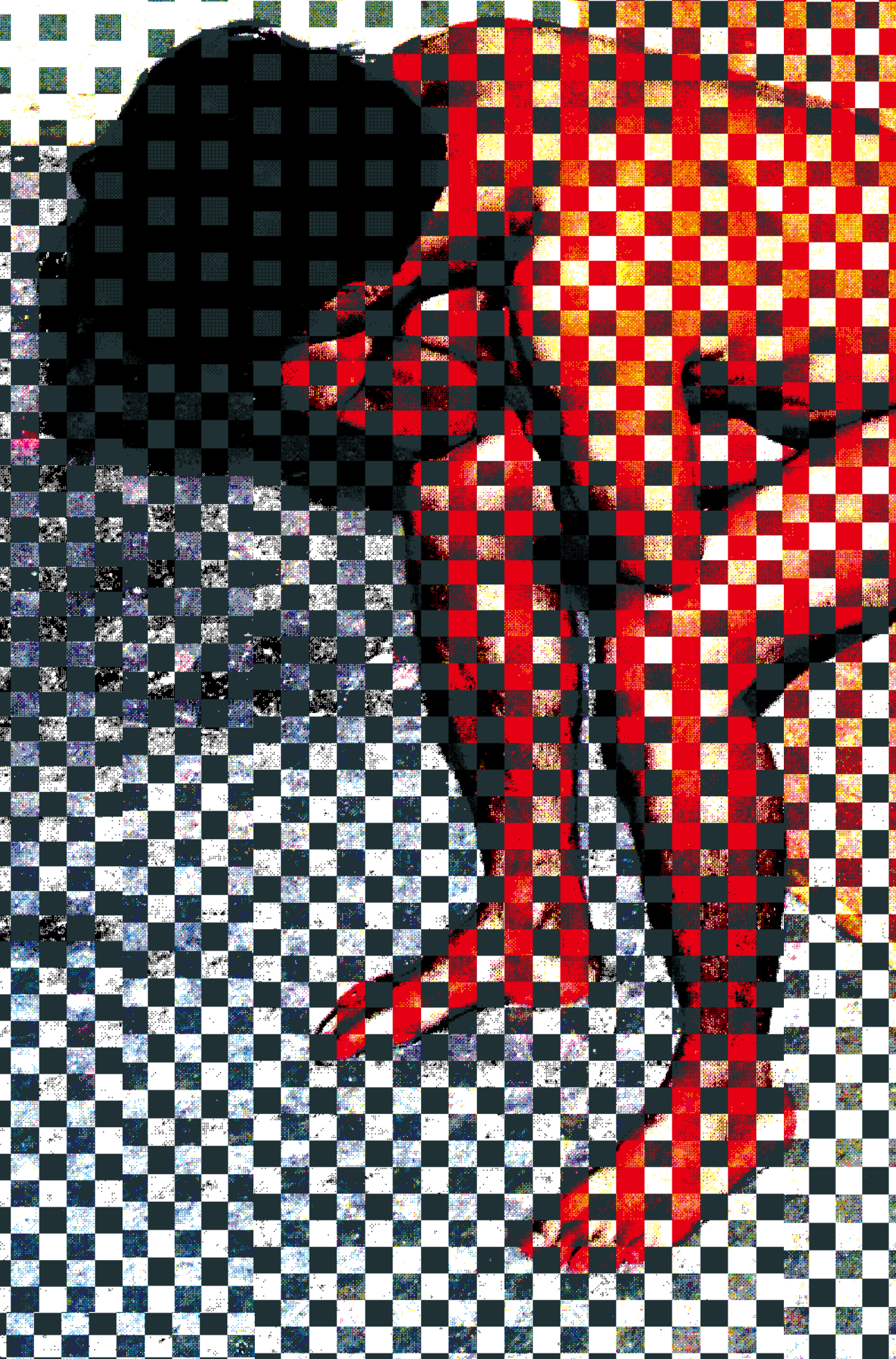
5 SYMPTOM
Digestive Relief

- heartburn
- indigestion
- nausea
- upset stomach
- diarrhea

65
CHWABLE TABLETS



Drug Facts	
Active ingredient (in each 30mL dose cup) Bismuth subsalicylate 525 mg	
Uses relieves • travelers' diarrhea • • upset stomach due to overindulgence in food • heartburn • indigestion • nausea • gas	
Warnings Reye's syndrome: Children and teenagers who have or are recovering from chicken pox or flu-like symptoms should not use this product. When using this product, if changes in behavior with nausea and vomiting occur, consult a doctor because these symptoms could be an early sign of Reye's syndrome, a rare but serious illness. Allergy alert: Contains salicylate. Do not take if you are • allergic to salicylates (including aspirin) • taking other salicylate products	
Do not use if you have • an ulcer • • bloody or black stool	
Ask a doctor before use if you have • fever	
Ask a doctor or pharmacist before use if you are taking any drug for • anticoagulation (thinning the blood) • diabetes • gout • arthritis	
When using the stool and may occur	
Stop use and ask a doctor if • symptoms get worse • ringing in the ears or hearing occurs • diarrhea lasts more than 2 days	
If pregnant, ask a health care professional before use.	
Keep out of reach of children. Get medical help if needed.	





LAURENCE A. RICKELS

Many Eternal Returns

BIOGRAPHY

b. December 2, 1954. American literary and media theorist, whose most significant works have been in the tradition of the Frankfurt School's efforts to apply psychoanalytic insights to mass media culture. Some of his best known works include *The Case of California*, *The Vampire Lectures*, and the three-volume work *Nazi Psychoanalysis*. After 30 years at the University of California at Santa Barbara, he was appointed as successor to Klaus Theweleit in April 2011 to the Academy of Fine Arts, Karlsruhe, where he is currently professor of Art and Theory. In the summers, he serves as the Sigmund Freud Professor of Media and Philosophy at the European Graduate School in Saas-Fee, Switzerland.

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If the world (of music, finance, politics, you name it) was full-on databasing by the end of the 1990s, then it was time for Cody Choi to invent the "third degree creation of painting" for which database would also serve as basis. But the "new pictorialism" Choi thus founded first took itself aside, in its very inception, and placed itself in the deep recesses of the Oedipal. We must begin with what is brought to session – that is one of the material precepts of analysis. Choi sought an identification with his little boy Joy. The experiment that is part of every family album – will the son take after his father in his responses to various first contacts, for example, to his first visit to the zoo – was the onset of what turned into the father's close encounter with the son's techno priority. If like father, like son Joy had after the trip to the zoo drawn his favorite animal, even though he chose a tiger rather than the father's childhood favorite, the elephant, he would have been drawn into the Oedipal trap of secondariness (the father, after all, is by profession an artist). Instead Joy skipped the medium of hierarchy when he went straight to his computer and generated a tiger image, in a medium in which he at that time had the upper hand but which is, as medium, finally about a radical equality without criteria for judging otherwise. In Choi's process of working with this moment of first contact (through his young son) with the medium of database there remain, at the end, in the corner of completion, time and place for finishing touches and signature effects that still belong to recognizable art standards (of composition, ironic sensibility, or even taste). Cody Choi's *Database Paintings* must be seen therefore, before or beyond all affirmation and appreciation, as incorporating a moment of first contact in which Oedipal criteria for selection of an ordinary – and in which those same criteria would be fulfilled, only in reverse, if father plays son to the child, the father of the man. Choi writes: "I stole my son's software to make new painting. I stole his experience in order to have a future experience" (2000). But the incorporation reverses even this reversal. "To steal" also implies stealth, as in hunting, but also as in hiding. Stowaway in the Oedipal moment is secret cargo of pre-Oedipal provenance in which doubling for nothing covers indigestible losses, separations, evacuations. So much more steals its way into Choi's art (for which the father/son moment of reversal serves as another digestive enzyme) – so much more presses for metabolism.

It is not begging, this question, what is it that Choi's *Database Paintings* are metabolizing. His work up to this point of the digital frontier was preoccupied, obsessed with our relationship to all those bodily products, whether through excretion, indigestion, or sublimation, that we just have to let go. It would not be an overstatement (nor is this intended as diagnosis) to assert that Choi's work up to the digital divide was compulsively obsessed with stepping or rather not stepping on all the cracks (break your mother's back!) that are the links and limits of our self-containment.

In nique in Different Neuroses," psychoanalyst Ella Freeman Sharpe formulates obsession as unceasing engagement in the terms of a single phrase, justify my existence. "He believes in his power of bringing destruction upon his loved and feared objects, and because of this he must ceaselessly employ magical operations to bring his wishes to naught. His ego can live only under those psychical conditions. ... He has no justification for existence, so great is the condemnation passed upon his hostile impulses. If this were the whole story we should then have suicide, but the obsessional mechanism provides ways of escape. One is by ritual of various types whereby he omnipotently neutralizes his omnipotent powers of destruction; the other is by ejection of the incorporated hostile object by the anus. But these processes must never cease if his ego is to exist. The incorporated object is no sooner ejected than he is in danger from its externality and it must be incorporated again" (87-88).

The ritual and incorporation of obsessional compulsion share or split the bottom line of the artistic impulse, as analyzed in Sharpe's essay "Certain Aspects of Sublimation and Delusion." The artist and the obsessional are both engaged in the psychic happening of incorporation, which runs parallel to the psycho-historically long-repressed literal enactment of cannibalism. For the obsessional and the artist, the stakes of everyday-life identification are raised, like ghosts, to the primal rate of life or death. Sharpe grounds or grinds up artistic sublimation in its literal underside, the "primal identification" with or "magical incorporation" of others. "After the manner of cannibalistic belief, psychically the same magical thing results, viz., an omnipotent control over the incorporated objects, and a magical endowment with the powers of the incorporated. The safety of the ego will depend upon its ability to deal with the incorporated imagos" (135). In what follows in Sharpe's text let the implications resound outside in- passing context of denied exclusion: "We know from the mechanism of melancholia that when the ego itself becomes identified with the reproached love object, super-ego sadism, reinforced by id sadism, may destroy the ego" (135).

What the melancholic aside admits on the inside is that the incorporation dynamics of art or obsessional compulsion are not necessarily exclusively addressed to parental guidance. Freud wrote in 1932 that the superego is not an internalization of the parents but transmits directly from their superegos which were also formulated in some place other than the interpersonal realm of experience, influence, and understanding ("The Question of a Weltanschauung"). There is something telepathic about this jump or link between "inner worlds" – indeed, Freud allowed, something media-technological ("Dreams and Occultism"). The melancholic aside or slide drops us into the other plot inside the *Complex*, the secret burial plot, which can always be found styling with media-technologization. Sharpe's formulation of the melancholic mechanism at the intersection between the artistic impulse and obsessional compulsion fits an occult transmission of undeath. When the ego of the replacement or carrier became identified with the totem animal, which represents the dead father. But the rat is Ratman's totem only to the extent that the rat is identified with the reproached love object, super-ego sadism, reinforced by id sadism, may destroy the ego" (135).

on the better behalf of someone else, someone unable to mourn, the continued existence of the missing unknown other? As the totemic animal really always the mascot version of the mournably dead father? We need to know because the artistic impulse which in the beginning subsumes all rituals and magical incorporations or expulsions attaches itself in prehistory to the representation of animals. Sharpe unpacks the 1879 scene of discovery of ancient cave drawings as the primal scene of artistic creation: "A Spaniard, interested in problems of the evolution of culture, was exploring a cave on his estate at Altamira, in Northern Spain. He was searching for new examples of flint and carved bone of which he had already found specimens. His little daughter was with him. ... The child was scrambling over the rocks and suddenly called out 'Bulls, bulls!' She pointed to the ceiling, so low that he could touch it with his hand. He lifted the lamp and saw on the uneven surface numbers of bison and other animals drawn with great realism and painted in bright colors. ... At that dramatic moment of recognition in the bowel of the cave a common impulse unites the ancient hunter artist and modern man. Between them lies the whole evolution of civilization, but the evolution that separates them springs from the impulse that unites them." The Hunter Artists of the Reindeer Age and the Spaniard in search of more bric-a-brac for his hobbyist scholarship meet across 17,000 years on the common ground of an impulse "to reconstruct, to make a representation of, life that has passed away." (1930: 125). Sharpe dismisses as near-miss the common explanation of prehistoric drawing and writing on the wall as magical means for producing, ensuring, even increasing the food supply. Why did these artists always creep into the deepest recesses of the caves to draw? "We see here an inner compulsion first to make a vividly realistic drawing, secondly to place that drawing within the bowels of a cave" (126).

In addition, Sharpe points out, when human figures appear in these cave drawings they wear animal masks. "Behind the animal we have the man. So I see in the drawings of primitive man, in the animals, and men with animal masks, the first attempt in art to resolve a conflict raging around the problem of food and death" (127). But let us keep on the back burner of mourning's eternal flame the young daughter who drew her father's attention to the drawings, who in a sense drew them again, and who has been left on the side, together with the melancholia aside, back inside the "bowel" of the cave, the father's discovery channel, which surrounds her or lies inside her as her own secret tract.

The frame of reference (and transference) for Sharpe's two essays would be Freud's case study of Ratman. Let's hitch our reading to its star, a member of the rat-totem clan, and follow him down to where double logic heads him off at the impasse and even all the way down to what is thus concealed, secreted-away, cast-off, crypt of melancholia that he always carries with him. In the interview with Jerry Saltz, Choi takes issue with Freud's dichotomies (52). And yet he knows first hand that two is the uncanniest number you

In Totem and Taboo Freud cites Ratman as exemplary totem bearer. The totem is adopted as name and the bearer identifies with the totem animal, which represents the dead father. But the rat is Ratman's totem only to the extent that the rat he glimpsed coming out of his father's grave – where it had, he surmised, chewed on the corpse – is his own uncanny double from childhood. Under the main text of *Notes Upon A Case of Obsessional Neurosis*, a footnote allows that rats are "chthonic creatures that convey the souls of dead children (215 n2).

A pot containing two rats which penetrate into or out of the anus first sent Ratman scurrying to Freud. As he listened to the officer recount this torture Ratman saw the ground heave in front of him as though there were a rat under it (297). Ratman relates to Freud only with great difficulty the torture in which the criminal sits down on a pot containing rats which – Ratman concludes just as Freud breaks through his resistance – bore their way into the anus (166). Like Freud, who, in this case, finishes Ratman's anecdote for him, the father always knew the ratman's thoughts as though he had uttered them without himself having heard them. Such reasoning, Freud reflects, "sounds like a projection into the external world of our own hypothesis that he had thoughts without knowing anything about them; it sounds like an endopsychic perception of what has been repressed" (164). Just as he here delivers endopsychic perceptions which project psychoanalytic theories, so Ratman first named for Freud that "omnipotence of thoughts" which, as Freud would argue in *Totem and Taboo*, created the original ghost when the first survivor of a dead loved one shared this omnipotence – his wish, the other's command – with the deceased. The death wish, magic, the name, and the technical media are all applications of omnipotence of thoughts which must in each case be shared with a dead person. Because omnipotence of thoughts can always turn around into a death wish (which is bound to be its first application), this pact between the dead and the living intercepts by that superintended Ratman's thoughts – which are known without his knowing it – can only appear on the endopsychic scanner, and thus media and their underworld.

"Mourning for the father," Freud concludes, is the main years after his father's death, Ratman entered his dead father was slave to the son's wishes and to pay (175). The father was all along Ratman's private language Ratten, is just

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source of the intensity of Ratman's illness (186). But two uncles' "house of mourning" only to discover that his evil thoughts for which the Dad continues working for the rat economy (in the German word for rats, a stammer

being the same word, in sense as in sound, as Ratmen, "payments") just as his corpse was seen to nourish the rat in the cemetery. This rat which the father slaves, even in death, to animate is not, however, Ratman. In turn, the inevitable share of the omnipotence of his thoughts that goes to a dead person does not, in Ratman's case, count the father as shareholder.

Ratman's real name, it turns out, was Lelechevolet (Carrión Bird), a nickname he earned among his siblings by demonstrating his devotion to funerals he could not stop attending even to the point of imagining his commiseration with survivors of yet living persons (235). Whenever Ratman caught himself in the act of counting on someone's death he threw himself onto the floor to show contrition – though at the same time he in effect performed his underlying identification with a corpse (187).

Before Freud moves to get back to the relation to father by pointing out that Ratman entertained thoughts of his father's death at an early age, he notes that a slightly older sister died when Ratman was between three and four years old (205). In the footnote underworld Freud concedes that the death of the sister figures in certain "erotic" fantasies which he had his patient had been unable to pursue according to the terms and conditions of the analysis (207 n).

But Freud does establish that the sister's death gave rise to a frenzy of misbehavior on Ratman's part. While just a child, Ratman, in the course of being punished by his father for biting someone, called his father a series of indiscriminately selected names which, by thus gnawing loose the proper link between words and meanings in the place of the proper name, kept Ratman henceforward in a safety zone with regard to paternal punishment and intervention, a zone shaped and safeguarded by the magical power of his words and wishes (205-206). The biting incident was Ratman's initiation into the rat clan (235). But in other words: when that rat tried to get out of Carrión Bird to vampirize someone other than her brother, Ratman could protect her only by gnawing a divorce from her and thus saving her from the fate of her brother.

In Freud's (posthumously published) original record of the case, we find Carrión Bird, shortly after his sister Katherine's departure, playing with a stuffed bird from his mother's hat. "As he was running along with it in his hands, its wings moved. He was terrified that it had come to life again, and threw it down. I thought of the connection with his sister's death ... and I pointed out how his having thought this (about the bird) made it easier for him to believe afterwards in his father's resurrection" (309). But can the father's resurrection subsume a son's delegation as carrier of Katherine's corpse? Hat's off to his mother for making the connection.

The original record of the transferences rats, Ratman allows his dangerous past to emerge only by tapping into Freud's own: Ratman imagines Freud and his wife with a dead child between them. "The dead child can only be his sister Katherine, he must have gained by her death" (264). But Freud, thus charged with proper burial of a dead sibling – on him, Freud thus registers this gain on the other side of his own resistance, which emerges spectacularly at the start of the original record: "I have not mentioned from earlier sessions three interrelated memories dating from his fourth year, which he describes as his earliest ones and which refer to the death of his elder sister Katherine. ... (It is curious that I am not certain whether these memories are his. -). "In the next entry Freud continues: "My uncertainty and forgetfulness ... seem to be intimately connected. The memories were really his. ... (They were forgotten owing to complexes of my own.)" "Once when he was very young," Freud now remembers, "and he and his sister were talking about death, she said: 'On my soul, if you die I shall kill myself'" (264).

Suicide is always committed in the office of the other: suicide is always a pact that allows some internal other to exact retribution for death wishes, though only to the extent that both must ultimately stay or go. Ratman's obsessional neurosis and death cult follow out the terms of a suicide pact consigned in the office of the missing other.

In the original record the dead sister rules absolutely: "He had a memory that he first noticed the difference between the sexes when he saw his deceased sister Katherine (five years his senior) sitting on the pot" (276). Or again: "What is the origin of his idea of omnipotence?" Freud asks. "I believe it dates back to the first death in his family, that of Katherine" (299). In the corner of every primal scene presided over, according to the public record, by Ratman's dead father we find, in the original record: Katherine was there.

The ghost of his little sister, dead in infancy, Julius, dead in infancy, haunted Sigmund Freud with determining force. His mother made a secret deposit of her inability to acknowledge the loss of one son inside her surviving son. In Freud's science and in his own case, therefore, as in several cases under his analysis (the Wolfman case could serve as another example), Oedipal and secret-burial plots coexist while remaining nonsuperimposable one onto the other. Freud does not simply overlook (also in the sense of "survey") the undead, the unDad. The original record of the Ratman case demonstrates that the difference between the underworld of original notes and footnotes and the public, published sphere of the main text cannot be reduced to repression. If Freud turns with the force of inevitability to the relationship to the father, it is not because that relationship was a living standard, whether in society at large or in the biographies of his patients. The "patriarchal" interpretation of mourning for the father does not reflect what was ever there but instead performs what it introduces. The father's death is the original transference neurosis. In his 1914 elaboration of the transference in therapy, Freud saw the creation, in the course of the sessions, of an artificial illness (the transference neurosis) that however contained (in every possible sense of the verb) a treatable or inoculative dosage of the original illness. By addressing the artificial illness – mourning for the father – as curable, Freud suggested one could treat, by proxy or inoculation, the actual illness which was thus, by implication, precisely untreatable and thus uncommunicable.

Cody Choi's mother lost two children, two daughters. One, the third-born, died from a fall in early childhood before her son Cody was born (and he was the last-born); the other, her first-born, died of brain cancer shortly after Cody's birth. This daughter was already ill during her mother's last pregnancy. She had to make the giving of life last.

Cody was born on his dying sister's birthday. His mother had attained this *Dasein-rhyme* once before: her fourth-born, her first son, was born on the birthday of her second-born, another daughter. The first child to die was thus the only child who would have a birthday of her own. The first doubling of birth dates gave shelter to her surviving children, to be sure. In a sense, the mother thus minimized the space of vulnerability in which we enter (and exit) life by opening up a time share for two, in which – where her's doubling there's the fantasy of control, but the doubling itself cannot be contained, stopped – there could be one out, the daughter with the singular birthday. Or, perhaps, this one child's death was bracketed out on her.

It is the mother who, largely through sphincter training (whether hands-on or by proxy), shapes her child's body into a territory which she alone can read like a treasure map marking sites of secret burial.

Choi came back from his zoo trip with his mother and selected as his totemic animal the elephant, because of its long trunk, and drew it for her admiration. This is the primal scene of the artist as young child. It packs a trunk, in which one can pack away hidden goods, a legendary capacity never to forget, and the distinction of being the other species generally known to make the effort to put the dead to rest. Choi dates his start as artist 1990. It was the date of his becoming a father, one of the enabling conditions, in his case, for being an artist. That year he made a set of paintings, *Pant Solter*, in which he used the feces of his baby daughter. Before application he buried the fecal matter in order to dry it out. But is burial the only way to dry out and decorporealize excrement? Excretion is first contact with the body as capable of falling away from itself. The experience gets libidinally early on, for example as the childhood theory of anal birth. What drops off, in other words, can become one's first production, even reproduction. But before her shit hit this developmental relay, the father caught and collected his daughter's droppings, and resurrected them via burial and application as his art, as his origin as artist.

In interview (with Jerry Saltz) Choi gives a chain of bio experiences which show how the art that started, according to the artist, with his becoming a father, at the same time had to give shelter to his indigestible task from childhood: "I had a real relationship with the toilet when I was young, because when I was born I had a birth scar in my intestines, a little scar that caused excessive bleeding until I was fifteen years old. ... When I was young I could not really concentrate and my Mother and my Sister always used to suggest that I bring a book into the toilet with me while I sat there bleeding" (In Choi 1998: 50-51).

The scar of Choi's birth left behind by his sister who died shortly after he was born on her birthday, even though their double birthday guaranteed she would never die, at least not as long as he or his mother lived. Let it bleed and read, but under-cover, in an excremental underworld that stays just a flush away. But this underworld nevertheless kept on asserting itself in uncanny acts of doubling. "I tried to be a 'nice' painter from the start. Then during a routine critique one of my teachers said: 'Cody, your painting has real guts.' So again I was confused. I didn't really understand what he was saying. Does 'guts' mean courage, brave, progressive or was it a physical term, as in my guts. I didn't get that it could mean two things simultaneously" (48-49). By 1990 at the latest, Choi's art was raising this underworld to the pictorial surface, and transferring the metabolic rate of undead to a separate account within the sublimational and paternal intervention in and through a certain logic of obsessional compulsion.

Given the doubling duty of his digestive system, Choi's first recourse was to Pepto-Bismol. Then he turned all of the above into his art, through which it became possible to keep, but at the same time keep apart, two things going in one world, world, or painting. Those two things couldn't be merged, nor could they be abandoned, one given up for the other, but they were kept against the other. In the interview with Jerry Saltz, Choi takes issue with Freud's dichotomies (52). And yet he knows first hand that two is the uncanniest number you will ever know. (Freud calculates not only in twos but at the same time in threes which gets him from doubling to coupling, from the crowd to the father, and back again.)

Pepto-Bismol is the ultimate product of the U.S. military-intestinal complex. But, being in every sense a cure-all, it is also as old as animism or allegory. Pepto-Bismol goes beyond the conflict or contradiction in and yet over the counter cough syrups for example (which both suppress the cough and loosen phlegm for more coughing), and soothes the entire metabolism, from excess to access. Its "protective coating action" is shown on the bottle to keep the tunnel through which the outer world comes through us in the pink. Pepto-cure-all is omnipotent, like thoughts and wishes in childhood fantasy, as in magic, as is technology. In its phantasmic afterglow the bottle's representation of that inside-out digestive tunnel looks like where babies come from. The digestive passageways and those associated with breathing are the two internal/external corridors of contact with and intake of the reality, the future, the other (you name it). They thus serve as symptom centers for fantasies and/or disorders with regard to the dearly departed. Coughing rhymes with coffin. The question where babies come from is also raised to wonder where those we know go when they're gone.

Why was Choi alternating between techno-externalizing and techno-internalizing something in place of nothing? The same reason Andy Warhol wanted to be a machine. Choi was doing time as his mother's guardian and bearer of her dead – undead! – dead daughter. This is easier said than undone.

During the first Pepto-Bismol period that was the punctuation mark continuing his preparation for and deferral of the true origin of his art in 1990 (he was drinking a bottle a day for two and a half years), the dates he tried to keep with those California girls were uncontaminable experiences of two things being one: "We'd go out to dinner and they'd eat twice as much as I ate and that was really confusing. I felt helpless and lost" (49-50). He was at a loss with his troubling doubling dates. Anecdotes about culture shock fit right where they were to divert us from, Choi saw so many American TV shows growing up in Korea that he fully expected everyone in the United States to be speaking Korean. The impossibility of facing two things at once – even to see their contradiction would imply, if not their merger, then the replacement of one by the other one – blinded Choi to the lip writing of near-missing synchronization.

How many ghosts have been given shelter in the cross-cultural phenomena of Americanization? Karaoke was made in Japan to achieve a more perfect synchrony between the media voice and one's own. Karaoke gave a voice to lip synching and elevated singing along in the car to the status of teen sport. The missing link between lip synching and singing to the music while being fed the lines was the sotto voice singing with the music that originally shaped or customized your singing (along). This is as basic as the fact of life that we first learn to read out loud only to receive the counter injunction not even to move our lips while reading. That link, as missing, has been incorporated within the current phase of karaoke, the success-story phase for East Asians (Choi has assumed one that the Koreans are by now better than the Japanese) whose readiness to sing and whose vocal lines are the missing link with the missing media voice that limited the range or choices of your voice, packaged and led your voice to a more perfect fit or sync, is still, if only in some other place, humming along. "Daichi Kosho, the Tokyo-based company that has been in the karaoke business since 1973, has gone Sony one better with a software package called Haorun that allows singers to harmonize with their own voices, in five parts no less. Another Daichi Kosho package called Daburin gives singers who have trouble hitting the high notes digital assistance" (Schilling 90). The "Magic 3D Pre-Schooler Painting Software" Joy Choi learned to use in kindergarten in 1999 similarly spirits or ghost-guides the image along certain prefab lines. Here someone else's image (which is not simply a found image) inhabits the image you draw much as in the karaoke cult the missing other's voice ultimately guides you – can you hear it? can you hear it? – to achieve in-sync harmony.

As Mike Kelley underscores in his essay on Choi's Pepto-Bismol paintings, the pink color bears the maternal association of nurture (in Choi 1998: 10). Behind every artist there is the mother, as the mother of all media. Not every artist carries an undead mother charge – but many do. The last born can be assigned later missions by the mother. The father, at least the primal father, finally spares the last born who, by no default of his own, skips the paternal pressure to get lost or lose it. The last is the one to last.

During the 1990s Cody Choi's art staged and staggered reversals of the castrative logic: guiding both the proper body (his maternal legacy) and the oppositional hierarchies of history or tradition (the paternal heritage). *Cody's Ego Shop* (1994) gave the outlines in boxes of/for his inserted genitals. *Scamps, Scram* (1993-1994) also boxed in, through the customized shapes of their absence, assorted body parts. The literalness of this work is underscored by the breast-box artist Janine Antoni (1994) who was engaged to make for inclusion in Choi's body building. The literal is the material (is the material) medium of retention or preservation. They store things in boxes, don't they? Digitalization opens the sensorium wide beyond the limits of the body. But first it internalizes all the older media (many of which were inevitably prosthetically attached to the body that determined them) via gadgets and box-sized techno stations.

In *Cody's Ego Shop*, a tiny replica of Dürer's *Praying Hands* sat on the tip of the boxes, serving up a literal sublimation, and introducing at the same time a trend in Choi's work to cite masterpiece art for its recognizability and consumer projection. To make fun of father precursors (or make them take on the abject status the son assumes for himself on the side) is to lube identification with the father, the identification little boy and little girl alike assume must be taken up by the ass. In his second Pepto-Bismol phase, Choi incorporated the medication as totem and medium. In *Cody's Legend vs. Freud's Shit Box* (1993-1994), the wax double of the artist as Michelangelo's David has his foot in the Pepto-Bismol, to keep in touch with the magic coating (our skin, like the membrane inside, is in vulnerable direct contact with externality) but also to keep down or replace the swelling that would put the foot in the mouth of Oedipus (a name meaning literally "swollen foot"). As the installation of sculptures, *Cody Choi: The Thinker* (1996-1997), demonstrated, Pepto-Bismol is a durable medium. Added to another digestion prop, toilet paper, it creates rock-hard mummy sculptures as "timeless" or lasting as art history itself.

In the interview with Saltz, Choi counts to three to account for the energy he draws on to make work (and which he also stores in the boxes with the cutaway inserts that keep castration). What he understands stays in his consciousness. What he doesn't understand enters the subconscious. These two realms, one for knowing, one for not knowing, are dedicated to "the others." The third realm, dedicated to "the one" (as in "one's own"), is where the energy of what he doesn't understand goes. He calls this his non-consciousness (54-55). Choi defines thinking as not knowing (51). Thus the work of boxing in and cutting out, of affirming fusible digestion and making durable monuments of preservation out of digestion's otherwise biodegradable props, must be conceived as supplemental to a duo dynamic that either knows it or loses it. He can know and not know at the same time only via non-consciousness, the third place set for what goes best with being non-conscious, the state of being (with) the dead.

Choi told Saltz that his two principal problems were food and friends (50). The friend, according to Derrida's interrogation of this figure throughout the history of Western philosophy, involves an acceptance of the other as uncontrollably coming or gone. The friend isn't a reproductive part of your society. He's the other and the double. Kinkos had an ad slogan, once upon a time, that said it all: "Making copies, making friends." Like food, the friend doubles on contact while at the same time serving time, the future, as uncontrollable other. But these two problems, these problems with the two, have earned a lessening over time through metabolization guided by a raising up to consciousness of its contents. But to say Choi is in recovery does not set a closure to his digestive process. What Choi calls non-consciousness is the place of the uncontrollable other: it is the place of thinking, of being able, not-phobically, to face what is out or in there, in whatever condition or juxtaposition.

This face that Choi's art saves gives his work a historical weight or wail beyond his years. The necrospective of his mother's unmountable loss could be turned around into the advantage of this retrospective accompanying Choi's work into the unknown, into the future.

All media technologies were originally prosthetically attached to the body and thus implied, as that which both adds on and replaces, a relationship to and through loss, separation, castration. Beginning with fatherhood in 1990, Cody Choi's art commenced as the low-tech server for an allegory of the media outlets of our bodies – and as allegory it at the same time came to the rescue of what could also now be openly concealed and preserved as storage, as energy, as non-knowledge, non-consciousness, as thinking. The boxed-in cutaway placeholders for body parts and the magic coating of Pepto-Bismol turned out to have been the prep work for the ultimate internalization and reversal of death cult media technology through the artist's relationship to the computer, his friend. The computer is the prosthetic of the unconscious in dissociation with the body: the computer lets you both know and not know that there is a separable body. Digitalization has editing, the irreversible fadeout of the photo positive stations of loss in our pre-digital media Sensurround, same-time and makes functional what could be absence of function. Observe the two drive animal-totem *Database Paintings*

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