



I'm not robot



[Continue](#)

A field guide to getting lost pdf

In this investigation of loss, loss and loss, Rebecca Solnit explores the challenges of life in uncertainty. A Field Guide to Getting Lost covers topics as eclectic as memory and cartography, Hitchcockian films and Renaissance painting. Beautifully written, this book combines memory, history and philosophy, casting a twinkling light on how we live now. Wonderfulthe TimesSee more commentsBrilliant ... Come on. Start walking. Get lost. Who knows what you'll find guardianRebecca Solnit is without a doubt one of the best non-fiction writers of his generation. Possessed with eloquence and scholarship to the same extent, his books have a wonderful ability to lead the reader on unexpected and intriguing journeys... As with Solnit's previous books, there is an emotional, even polemical, dimension to these ideas. He is a rare writer who can write with so much heart and headscotsmanBas simon Schama, Solnit is a cultural historian in the desert-mystical fashion, lagging out of ideas like swarms of butterflies harper's MagazineFascinant, inspiring and beautifully writtenGeorge Monbiot Rebecca Solnit 2005 A Field Guide Getting Lost is a celebration of many that is deigned and feared by the american society : The Unknown Loss Getting Lost Being Lost Hell Solitude Tragedy Melancholy Emptiness Ruins Death Sadness Wanting Captivity The Wild Heartbreak The Void Mortality Disappearance Darkness Does this list give you nightmares? Next, A Field Guide to Getting Lost is not for you. Three Solnit Recognitions examines in depth how various peoples and peoples have dealt with all these seemingly negative aspects of existence and how she has faced them in her own history. And she finds the deepest life there. The deepest place where life is the richest, the most complete. It has to do with a recognition that, first of all, none of them is preventable, and that, secondly, each is the yin to a yang of a seemingly positive aspect of human existence. For example, you cannot grieve without having had love. You're dying because you're alive. Darkness is part of the texture of light. His third recognition is that these are not negative at all. The turtle man towards the very end of his book, Solnit tells the story of having a dream one night of carrying a turtle that leaks around his childhood room. Four months later, she went to the San Francisco Zen Center near her white cage of an apartment for regular Sunday morning conversation. A gaunt monk in dark robes sat cross-legged in front of the audience and began to tell the story of the tortoise man, a blind man who in the centre to sell boxes of chocolate-covered caramel turtles. The monks loved them and, although they wanted only one box, bought two because, well, the man was blind. Once the sale is made, the turtle man would use his cane to hit his way down the street around the corner and stand there shouting that he needed help. He couldn't cross the street without someone to see for him. Eventually, someone would help him. And he was moving to the next corner where he was calling for help until someone helped him. And the monk said to the audience, So I thought, isn't that really amazing? What an incredible life. You walk along and you reach a barrier and you stop and you just call for help. You do not know who you are talking to, you do not know who is there if someone, and you wait, and then someone shows up and they help you cross that barrier, and then you walk knowing that very soon you will meet another barrier and you are going to have to stop again and scream for help, help, help, not knowing if someone is there, not knowing who it will be that will show up to help you cross the next barrier. Life has a mysterious quality The monk spoke of how the tortoise man defied gravity, he defied common sense, he defied conventionality, and yet was not his life much like everyone else? Who among us knows what will happen next in life? And how will he be confronted? He spoke of the practice of consciousness and the need to go below the reasonableness of one's life from one moment to the next. And on the need to avoid being too complacent or too fearful. And he said: It's normal to become like the turtle man, it's normal sometimes the experience of not knowing what to do next, of being in a barrier. It is normal to realize that life has a mysterious quality of its own, it has an element of uncertainty, it is normal to realize that we need help, that the call for help is a very generous act because it allows others to help us and it allows us to be helped. Sometimes we call for help. Sometimes we offer help, and then this hostile world becomes a very different place. To reshape yourself into a hero Rebecca Solnit A Field Guide to Getting Lost has nine chapters, four of which are titled The Blue of Distance, a reference to that blue you see looking through a long expanse at the end of the earth and sky, as well as the blue you see in many paintings to indicate that far, a fusion of all colors. For Solnit, it seems, all blue contains in itself this feeling of distance and melancholy. In one of the Blue chapters, she spends a lot of time looking at the life and work of the artist Yves Klein, who became particularly famous for a 1960 photograph that seems to show him jumping from a second-floor ledge - jumping, really leaping, arms outstretched - nothing but the hard sidewalk below. It was a fake. And it wasn't. Solnit begins this essay this way: When I think of the artist Yves Klein, I think of those absolutists who preceded him by a generation or two, those who have disappeared, think of the and the Dadaist poet Arthur Cravan, who in 1918 was to leave Mexico to meet his new wife in Argentina but was never seen again; d'Everett Ruess, the bohemian who could have become an artist or writer if he had not disappeared into the canyons of Utah at the age of twenty in 1934, leaving behind a final signature engraved in the rock: Nemo or person; of the aviator Amelia Earhart, who disappeared over the Pacific in 1937; of the pilot Antoine de Saint Exupery who left behind several lapidary books before his plane also disappeared, in 1944, in the Mediterranean. They were all struggling with the desire to appear in the world and the desire to go as far as possible was a desire to disappear from it. In ambition was a desire to do on the world as it should; but in the disappearance was the desire to live as if it had been done more, to reshape himself into a hero who disappeared not only in the sky, the sea, the desert, but in a conception of oneself, in legend, in the heights of possibility. The leap into the void In terms of reasonableness, it seems reckless, self-destructive, the waste of a life. It seems a denial of reality. Which, I think, is Solnit's point. But in a good way. These disappeared people pushed so hard to the limits of reality that they transcended it in a certain way. Certainly, decades after their death, their stories are still told, as Solnit does here. Of course, it is quite easy to pretend that they have not transcended reality. They just lost their lives. They jumped into the unknown — until they died. Klein's famous photo, titled The Jump in the Void, was a montage, as Solnit explains: Klein the judo-master actually jumped, but there was a tarpaulin held by ten judo practitioners below, so that the photograph peered together Klein above and the street below without the tarp and colleagues. Aha, cunning! Yet several months earlier, Klein had made this leap - no judo friends holding a tarpaulin to catch him. Solnit quotes the woman Klein was living with at the time: For a judoka who knew how to fall, it wasn't extraordinary... You would expect someone at their level of training to know how to recover and fall. He did it as a challenge or an act of defiance, to prove that he was capable of jumping into the void — it's not jumping out the window, but jumping skyward... He had nothing below him, but the sidewalk - nothing! Solnit notes that the street below the jump was the Street of the Assumption, named after the body hypothesis of the Virgin Mary in the sky. There are jumps in space, and jumps in space. We Fly At the end of this text, Note that, for a runner, each step is a jump. So that for a while he or she is completely out of the ground. For these brief moments, the shadows no longer pour out their like leaks, but hover below them like doubles, as they do with birds, whose shadows crawl below them, caressing the earth's surface, growing and shrinking as their manufacturers move closer or further from that surface. For my long-distance friends, these tiny fragments of levitation add to something considerable: by their own power, they hover over the earth for many minutes, perhaps an important part of an hour or perhaps much more for hundred-mile races. We fly; we dream in darkness; we devour the sky in bites too small to be measured. Where you will come from and where you will go Solnit begins her book with a story of a Passover in her house when she was about eight years old and she drank the wine set up for Elijah. She notes that she is not sure that another part of the Passover tradition was followed that day — leaving a door open at home for Elijah to enter if he passed by. She sought this from a meditation on a question that the pre-Socratic philosopher Meno asked which is essentially this: How can I find something if I don't know it exists? It's not about losing and finding, it's about transformation. Life can't stay the same. We are still in the midst of transition and transformation. How do I know how to best transform myself since everything that will transform me is something that is not part of me now? How can I look for it? As Solnit discusses in the essay, there are ways to look for it, in the sense of active research. But, in the small transition moment of Elijah's story to Meno's question, she provides a better strategy, and it's the strategy that sums up A Field Guide for Getting Lost: Leave the door open to the unknown, the door in the dark. That's where the most important things come from, where you come from yourself, and where you'll go. Patrick T. Reardon 12.11.17 12.11.17