

UNCOMMON PLACES

A NEW *LITTÉRATURE INCOGNITA*

FRAGMENTS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE



Literrature incognita

what is a book that is not a story nor the representation of a story nor the analysis or impression of it nor whatever else a book has ever been this book is the writer itself changed into a ghost inhabiting the *word* the *art-world* the *arrow of time* hanging in the mind like an image made of smoke—



A sudden PFF of parchments pigments and ink as we open the pages of a forgotten story, unsure whether its a troubled night of dreams or another ride into the incognito...



As when the artist hits the studio, gets the knock at the door and in sail ferries from some future where history's hardknocks hang around the tree of survival like ornaments: bobble-heads, nesting dolls— as in shelves'n'shells of themselves with diarrhea of the mouths



And there's a page near the center of every book where the words
begin to weigh heavier on the left and if the gravity is just right the whole
thing will burst from cover to cover like an accordion crooning to a
flower blooming and amid all the flutters, caressing every petal a story
patiently—



Yet here you are, undeniably, waiting on a story to come and open as
a flower that life kept—



here we are again, ears huddled at the foot of a locked door listening to
another fire-lit dialogue between Kafka and Heraclitus, no we'r not
alone in this textual agora nor do we eavesdrop on timeless wisdoms—
we steal them! an aphorism a week— hush now Franz speaks

K From a certain point on there's no more turning back

H *Quiet as it's kept—* We must reach.

K And when we find that Archimedean point

we'll use it against ourselves—

(time passes)

H ...And there is a harmony in the turning back,

like that of the bow and lyre ...

(more)

So much time we climb down from the tree and both fall asleep and wake
to Kafka pressing his presocratic partner in crime... *All flows yet your
river relies on a fixed point to reveal its change. You may be Heraclitus,
but the thinker asks: where does it flow?*

At that Heraclitus sets down the lyre, draws an arrow on his bow and
let's go a coup de grace on Franz —



A flurry of dissolving arrows constellate the muck above.



Meanwhile

Let's go below sea level; in comes our chariot to incognito on the ripples
of Kafka's laughter, waters muting the gondolier murmuring 'They'll keep
going, going as that river keeps flowing, oh'ing.'

*At this his oar cleaves a hole in which we're swallow'd whole and
delivered to otherlands where thought is not bound by flesh and time is*

but a lyre.



One more time Kafka cries from the other side...

Have I already lived and my existence is just the echo?



*Now look forwards backwardsly, reading headless horseback'ng into the
incognito with a vial of van Gogh's blood around your kneck-*



Time circles around.

Climbing, minute hands we are—

Seen a thing or two.



**All along the firmament Clocks twiddle their thumbs, playing
watchtower 'n' wondering whether Times lost its way again...**



Time

a unique word in which we are all united... conditioned,

collected —(*certain?*)

Time in the shape of a double helix: one ribbon past, the other
future and all the little building blocks in between be
present...



and time again

I am

Ego: drowning in this sea of pseudos trying to look like
the money they don't have...



Have you heard?

the average sleeper swallows fifteen genuine genius ideas per year...



So tonight my heart swings

The pendulum in favor not of Reason but Faith—

Faith in the realm of fascination ...

O, o, o! Whatever they find in Shakespeare's pipe they found in miinee...



A goldmine in a minefield

Ten thousand leagues undshore



Sure, sure... **You** and your quantum roulette with spooky action at a
distance, thinking both alberts would agree— Let's go head prove it shall
we? you and your mysterious symmetries
you
suck the life out of words and your words:
empty floating signifiers

■ ■ ■

— *quit playing the cage in search of a bird*

■ ■ ■

Pull yourself together or you'll never grow the balls to manipulate
the master narrative... the gall to see it all in it all. Sitting there dreaming
of a window without ever peeking the whole of it thru this keyhole
here...

■ ■ ■

Listen, You're all *probe* and *provoke* the something that is human
inside the self
and I'm only briefly alive against this backdrop of nothingness— a
nothing tree blooming in the backyard of some infinity. What's hidden is
of no interest, you see, *you say* at least we can both delight in
contradiction... Singit with me *Hey!*—

Contra-dict-ery:

as in civil war where

whichever side wins history will always

*see a ***** victory...*



O' so what about the curls of truth concealed in myth?

— From the high tower of thought we look out at the world and define
VIRTUEs and TRUTHs but language is all mysterious symmetries, why
don't we suck the life out of words, cantchoo see? they're empty as
floating signifiers could be



See if we jump from the tower with waxy wings;

flying incognito on the arrow of time— always feels your first time...



Empty floating signifiers vault nimbly, deep in the psyche. Not
Freud's *unconscious*, not Jung's *collective*— no ... no no no *Think of it*
as our universe's **conscious**: stealing into our psyche on quarks and
electrons.

You ever consider the fabric of the universe? *The quantum field* ... it
ripples

& these ripples are *exotic, energetic interactions* at the core of our
universe. I'm not saying there's a connection but you've ever felt
something was off?— (or *on*)...

A little like a ripple

rocking you from afar, *spooky action at a distance*

— and when that faraway place isn't in SPACE but **TIME**

we know the past lives in our bones... but the future?

Deep, deep in our psyche

Lo! There goes future fiddling with faith in the realm of fascination,
poking holes in that room of the infinite possibilities ousted—

O, these forces... just next door you'll find *where art finds and arranges*
its resources ...



& I'm told you tell the future.

I can't tell the future, but you tell me the future can tell you.



Listen—

INTUITION means our future selves pulling at us, a guide

—to each our way of saying the universe ripples with communications
that exist outside the arrow of time— in the depths... some backstage
artiste, casting shadows in the psyche like a puppet master



O psyche, what is your substance?

Whereof are you made,

That millions of strange shadows on you tend?



“NOW”

Is that our hubris, being *alive* on the arrow of time?

—suspended harmonies—

it is not the infinite that is frightening and inconceivable but existence...

— our ticket along the arrow of time..

Or is *art* the only material way of zig-zagging off the arrow of time; a

Guarantee, a backdoor into the

—Future minds be felt, *future minds be guides*—

alive on the *arrow of time* feeling the futures in us. A reminder we ar

Time-Beings here for the Time Being

—*this is the meaning of FLOW: deep future, ebbing past*—



“And there is no satisfaction in telling a story as it actually happened ...”



whattaboutpicture?—A picture tells a thousands things about the two
characters yet we do not know them...

Still characters in Dante or Shakespeare

who come to us

— who live and die—

in a few sentences...



sprachgitter?—

The book a prison;

each story a prism; words living out sentences.



... some say ideas live in the eyes of the reader — between the lines a
mine

The minds of future float in flux

The Eternal **NOW**

((Eternal Time-Being))



Metamorphosis is this

Past and future endlessly grafting onto the here-and-now...

somewhere along the way hydrogen became sentient, now all this, us,
orchestrating atoms, quarks and electors—now fermions and bosons—
no less than the structure of symphonies—we are skin bound atoms our
psychelectrons like little soundwaves trapped in flutes s ...



Here my bones knew—

My bones know that someday they'll float in the cosmos again, opening
as a flower that life kept closed like a bud—



Spell it out

how mysteriously hand-cuffed to history we are among inter-webs that
won't allow the past to bury its dead... that's what *you* said—
simultaneity reigns supreme, in multidimensionality we must— to put it
another way: do we make the world or does it make-&-unmake us?
Either way the responsibility for it is yours, *ours*—
if its not ours, then whose is it? There's nobody else, its just us here.



Though I never thought of how buds can be grafted until you plucked
your flower from my marrows and disappeared —

Quiet as the night

Embalmed. Time is an abyss

Tip-toeing away.

[illegible]

(INTERMISSION: Interlude)

“Meet Me in the Bathroom”

Welcome to Hollywood

The Hell-theist spot in the West!

Please Do Not

Shoot The Pianist Baby

its a mood piece

He's Doing His Best ...

twenty-somethings take the street screaming

The White Picket Fence Is Dead!

swapping skull-sized kingdoms in the head ...

If The Sex Is Just Like The Movies

Keep Having it.



summer'ing with the idle rich, soaking in a semi-illicit love affair; When Success finally caught up to me she said, you think you're lucky? I said genius too. Listen: Sharing a muse for a mother with Hemingway has left me a real son of a bitch. But I enjoy that They believe I'm a bad-boy — believe *me*: I stay seated at supper to the right of the *zeit*christ; an American *I'm proouud to be ...*



... starring in my own little silver screen'd dream; something about *LA* — every industry praying on me for the next big remark well mark my words: for now they're all under the influence and wading in the break of a Malibu sunset, is this a collection yet? I'm worried about a theme: hows David Hasslehoff on Tom's cruise ordering a Virgin Bloody Mary? For Heaven's sake: I'll stick to my gin-n-chronic— *if you got sum ...*



something about America ...history's abyss—

something about them sixties: picture me and Dali sharing tomato soup with Bacon... last nite, sniffing around the big app I found Warhol rotting away with the ghost of Hemingway— I'd tell you where to look but it'd kill you to ketchum... anyway, they say don't trust the artist— or worse,

the art itself! we laugh and all laugh and laugh until pigments amount to
no time no character no space: only the lacerating expression— the
unendurable roar of a cry reduced to its wild force...



Miyamoto: Ultimate focus over sixty duels— Undeclared.

Like Musashi, I aim for enlightenment by the way of the sword: this pen.



(double-edged sword

double-edged word)



Back to 500 ***: we sat with our backs to the bodhi tree and ‘Sashi told
me

Crimson leaves strike—

Blow like a spark from a stone

Strike of non-thought

Chance opening blow

Body of lacquer and paste

Autumn monkeys body—

The book of the void, glow.

Emptiness. Ether. Face before

Before I had a face...

■ ■ ■

Spend all your time thinking of who you ought to become and you will
never meet yourself— searching for wisdom forgetting wisdoms a habit:
that sisyphian stone

O spry arms of the wind, if I could only crawl between

■ ■ ■

—you galaxy of signifiers; *somewhere along the way hydrogen became
sentient...* and now all this, *you*—

■ ■ ■

There's only one god with a job and that's Death: whipping open the
trenchcoat to reveal it all ...

■ ■ ■

when she finally caught up to me Death said *not so fast Mr Artist — drop
the bad boy act*; listen, there's a fine line between genius and humankind
making a spectacle of its own demise— as if the stars all watch from the
rafters above— all those years... in jealous secrecy: I commune avec the
cosmos— thinking perhaps Death won't find me at all... though when
she finally caught on to me Death said SILENCE— *there's no dream
clearer than me*; listen, there's language breathing somewhere in this

moonlit lacuna, yes— well, leave it to Death to wake you up— with a bucket of cold water screaming do you wanna be a handbook or a poem?

A handbook or a poem?



In a cafe last summer in Barcelona— in secret.

you have a large windmill atop your head and it whistles the mediterranean breeze, circling round and round, turning your face white and white and whiter and reflective and *porcelain* and those eyes disappear into their whites so your face may take the shape of a plate and shatter! astounding: a million little pieces floating away like poems in the wind, little lifelines, little stories, only moments before they were brows and freckles and lips and so many more of these things that gave form to you: *fragments*, now rising on the foamless tides of our skies, spreading out in the places of clouds, titans, thundering above, our last and only stepping stones in hopes of reaching any heaven: you —



I spent my last week crawling and stalking through the art-world dressed like a dealer, a junkie, a delivery boy, a bust. I saw Bacon gamble on a masterpiece only to shove it in the oven— I erased a Rauschenberg just to get even... I discovered, stole and sold Banksy's identity back to 'm on the darkweb; all for a vial of Van Gogh's blood. Or was it all in vain:

ego? Last nite, sniffing around the big app I found Warhol rotting away with the ghost of Hemingway — I'd tell you where to look but it'd kill you to ketchum... You see while you were busy jet-setting, I was laying low— visiting Picasso in the studio. He said through all the champagne bottles a philosopher is speaking: Listen, Hemingway *needed his BULL RING*. Picasso needed his balls drained. What's your excuse?



Truth: different versions of the book abound, and it is told and retold and repackaged in our cultural imagination throughout centuries in novels and song and in theatre and— perhaps



... it belongs to a language no one speaks the language that is not addressed to anyone that has no center that reveals nothing: the echo of what cannot stop talking: the giant murmur in which language by rooting and begging to flower becomes image becomes imaginary an eloquent depth an indistinct fullness that is empty—



Still, the book is temporary— it only involves marks as sparks— Truth emerges within an idea when it clarifies an experience— a ticking-time-bomb-magnet between something fleeting and something timeless— quantum duality— call it Art, poetry, clarity, wisdom, *beauty* —



But whatever it is, *it is true intermittently*— only when that quantum beauty strikes— then it goes back to being words on a page—



A book cannot be read, it can only be reread. The life cannot be lived o-



And we are but skin about a wind, *she says*, with muscles clenched against mortality...

Whispering, *Time*: permission to know death.



Time: that is to say... as I am inking this page I am here in this time— there must be time in me? And you actually exist now, too... If time does not have the form of leaving and coming, the time of now we share is existence-time— dareisay we etern- in time through eyes fixed on this page thats why they say a good story takes no time at all it takes us forward: away from it all: forward beyond ourselves to where the infinity of the sky is present in each star and where the infinity of stars does not hinder but rather makes perceptible the freedom of the infinitely empty expanse...



L.I.S.T.E.N : S.I.L.L.E.N.T

Silent: *divinely designed mind*: Listen

ineluctableinexplicableexperiencecalledexistence

(TIME)



The slow disappearance of the author: a pit in its fruit

joyful, wild dance with the tomb—

invisible partner in a separate space

hanging cloudbridge, spry arm of the wind

it is time they knew

it is time the story made an effort to flower—

time unrest had a beating heart it is time it were time it is time-

traveller: a nothing we were, are, ever shall remain,

flowering

the nothing- , the no one's rose

this ineluctable existence: inexorable soul

it is time, of course it is time they knew —

so why have I been writing unimportant poems on flowers? O,

why have I spent these so'important hours

penning poems on thesesuch mortalflowers