

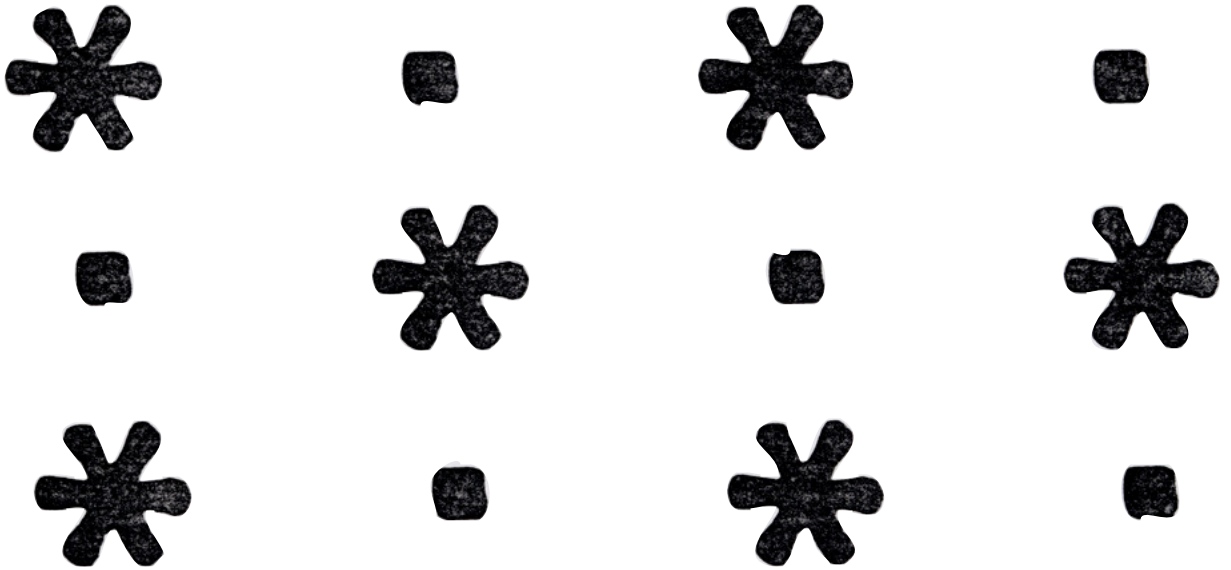
01

LONG TIME LISTENER, FIRST TIME CALLER

No fortune
February 1st, 2024

I order pork lo mein and plan on using the words inside the included fortune cookie as a point of departure for this issue, but the cookie held no fortune...





[This is a lecture on the history of skywriting. Mine, I am the sky and here follows a brief history of my life as a writer.]

Preface

At first, I wrote only for myself, nothing else existed. In the uncounted millennia before the big bang when I was a riot of atmospheres and inexplicable non-gravitational intensities. Before the creation of galaxies or cherry trees or rational thought, before the creation of creation, I kept a few notes.

I can't call it a diary because "day," as such, did not yet exist, but it had the same solipsistic purpose.. To prevent the moments of my own life from being allowed to waste away like a tap left running, as Virginia Woolf put it on page 239 of volume of her somewhat later contribution to the same genre. Of course, "taps," as such, did not yet exist either, but I'm trying to give an impression of a tendency to self-reproach that I shared with Mrs. Woolf from the beginning. We writers feel the burden of being a subject in process no matter who we are.

Footnote 1

Linear time, a human and mortal invention, makes no sense to me. It goes without saying, in so far as I have always existed and probably will. But i recognize that humans, you, find a temporal framework helpful in grasping larger ideas so let's pretend that the eras of my development as a writer succeeded one another as days of the week, on a sort of biblical model, with the modification that on the seventh day, rather than resting, I came here.

Monday

On Monday I had innumerable girlfriends and a few boyfriends and wrote up lists of these with capsule biographies and ratings of a scale of one to ten.. also a fair number of sonnets. The universe was expanding, redshift by redshift. Most of my paramours were chunks of frozen rock, miniature suns, minor moons, dwarf planets. I struggled with a few passionate asteroids but in general avoided asteroids as being too small to get a hold of. I was a super hot, super dense, young sky, and I liked a good bit of rebound, especially against the cosmic microwave background of that first day of my so to speak autobiographical week. It was a rubbery time, nothing nailed down, emotions oscillating like crazy. Every desire broke me open in a dawn of Teófilo pink, yet I have to say, I was never more physically fit. Due to the level of G-force pressure experienced during cosmogonic workouts, I could chart hourly improvement in bone density, lymphatic drainage, and overall mood. Sex was my angel of reality on Monday, better than bowling, or daily aspirin. I did not worry about being exhausted by Tuesday, but then, late Monday night, a certain Alcmene broke my heart and I had to pause.

Alcmene was a nymph of Argos with light brown hair, she was unusually tall. I'm speaking metaphorically, there were no nymphs or light brown hair or tall or short at the time, there was hydrogen, there was helium, there were nuclei interreacting in an atmosphere persistent radio noise at

a temperature slightly above absolute zero. But a nymph makes a good story and given the pace of activity on Monday, I had to fall back on narrative cliché. So, during that era of my unbridled panspermia and serial fireball fusions, I was coupling with nymphs and engendering heavy elements all over the universe. I kept a list as I said, and Alcmena was number 1,408. I saw no reason why my 1,408th nuclear interreaction should be any different than the previous 1,407. But there you go, the heart has its reason, which reason knoweth not, as someone once said.. it was Pascal.

I liked Alcmena much too much, she liked me not at all. Technically she was already married, had stopped expanding her galaxies, but I was undaunted. She told me she found me an inelegant solution to a non-essential problem, and in fact the night I had my way with her, she went immediately down the hall and had sex with her husband. The result of this three angled sex act was Heracles, a creature in whom matter, decoupled from light. Born with a two-fold nature, half mortal, half immortal; not a single incandescent clarity existing everywhere at once, like me. Heracles was a thing of ordinary substance. A thing with specific life and limits in space and time. In other words, he had to die.

Christopher Hitchens once said to me that having a child is like your own heart walking around in another body. So there went my own heart walking towards its own death. Every millennium, every hour, closer. I could not bear this. I decided to make a deal with the laws of physics, or maybe it was the law of metaphysics, I get them confused. Anyway, we all agreed that if Heracles were to set himself on fire and burn to death, his finite human nature could be purged away in the flames, and leave the infinite part, the part like me, there.

I thought this a clever solution, unfortunately, I overlooked the essence of death as an event. It happens in time. For a mortal creature death is instantaneous, you are alive on minute, you are dead the next. But for a creature who exists like myself, outside time, death has no instant. I have no instant. I am at all times. I have to watch my most beloved child burn to death at all times and I always will. Monday is the day I learned not to make deals with the man.

Tuesday

Tuesday I became clouds....

Invite for Juliana's Birthday Party, designed with Elise Limon, May 2022





[I am sitting at my desk with Lonnie Holley, a musician who has “devoted his life to the practice of improvisational creativity”. He starts our conversation by telling me to start my voice recorder and open my notebook to a blank page. After a brief discussion of the cup of water on my desk, he hands me a small black notebook]

Hold this in your hand... you got it? You got it? Yeah.

Okay, look at that first, look at that..

Okay.... now; in the process of looking and studying, sometime it's better to just put your thumb right

down, right down the pages, right. Put it on the pages..

Now open up to that first page open it, just open it up

Ahhhhh... you get nothing. Write down:

“I can open up to the first page and get nothing”

“I can open up to the first page and get nothing”

but if I try and try again

now, here.... now look at the side of the book and let your... let your thumb come down to where the page you think you want it to be.

Okay, now, open up from there... let's see what you get.

You get something but it's not understanding... it's not it's

it's... it's a bunch of stuff that you don't quite understand. That can be graphics, right? Yeah, yeah

'Cause when you put something down, you may not quite

understand it... Right now you move this piece of paper move the top one... mmmm hmmm

Boston

Mm hmmm, this is when I was in Boston. Now move turn that over.

That's from your record

From my record.

But that was the first one that was sold of mine in Boston. By me! That was from my merch table. I told the person "No, don't throw that away. Give it to me. I want to keep it." Okay, now, move to the next... go ahead. Let it flip, let it flip, let it flip, *like that... that's right..* Grab it with your thumb. *There you go. There you go.*

It's funny, because this is the one I was going for. But then I accidentally got this one.

No, you didn't accidentally do anything. Right.

We don't accidentally do anything. It happened.

It happened.

So by it happening, I still had to figure out what happened... Right. and then move from what happened to what I want to happen. Hmm

This is what you wanted to happen. Right.

But... that a few minutes ago is what happened... but did you not learn something from what happened? I did

You learned that there is an album out... of Lonnie Holley? Right.

Right. And he had been to Boston...Right. Right. Right, and he writ on a piece on the back of that... thing. But it was just a clear piece of plastic. Right. With that other thing taped on it... is so much that we could have learned from... and also it's a piece of paper on there... construction paper to draw on.

So what was between the pages? Yeah We started out with nothing.

Right. Then we found something Right. then we went on to something else that was more interesting to the eye... and for you to define it... to make it matter....

Do... she have more going on in her brain than her? Look at her...

she got all of this going on in her brain. Look at her! She's still upside down but it's still her... got all this going on in her brain. Look at her! Even though she's beautiful, she blue eyed, that blue eyed woman, she got blue eyebrows, she got blue hair. She got all of this here going on. She's looking different than... the Simpsons you know what I'm sayin' Yeah Yeah the hair-do like that Barts Simpson, you know what i'm saying? Yeah and then look at her... without doubt she's just a beautiful brown skinned woman... but den, her child is in within... sharing the eye. So that's the one you chose. So take a photo of it! Take a picture of it...





Page 2: Paper fold website, Page 3: Fall 2021, Week 1, Brief for Prelim Core: Document your journey to school in three different ways. Top: Every in and out breath from 367 Elm (home) to 1156 Chapel (studio) Bottom: Eating a Nectarine on a walk from 367 Elm (home) to 1156 Chapel (studio). Page 7: Drawing of Julio holding Lonnie Holley's notebook. Page 11: Photo of Lonnie Holley's notebook