



This, from doubting t.o.m. (the old man):  
*How to dress up a rotting corpse.*  
(notes from 2001)

1.  
She is strategizing in the relationship war room, the general  
pacing in her tent.  
Hmm, how to cause the maximal amount of damage?  
arms crossed, chin in hand.  
She is somewhere between thirty-five and fifty-five  
(not an age just alive).  
If we hold each other long enough we graft together like trees,  
being split then becomes very dangerous,  
like an atom bomb.

The organism is sluggish.  
The organism urges forward, even at rest.  
The organism urges despite itself,  
a priori desire.

How did this marble, this petrified log, this stalagmite  
get into bed this morning?  
(Sexually, I'm more symphonic than rhythmic),  
the morning missile.

2.  
Don't express opinions as facts,  
do not prove, persuade.  
The art of seduction.  
St. Augustine's temperament wins versus St. Thomas Aquinas' logic.  
(You try spending all day with you and see if you stay sane.)  
Duchamp's doubt never extended to his thoroughly confident art.  
Duchamp painted doubt with a thoroughly confident hand.  
Doubt on a metaphysical level creates confidence on a personal level,  
doubt on a personal level creates a pedant.  
(It's a good idea to keep your opinions to yourself  
until they become, at least, ideas.)

3.  
I didn't look for power, money or success;  
I look for aesthetic balance.  
Don't sell, offer your talents.  
Don't develop a style but a scope.  
Rich in spirit, poor but proud.  
Genius is generous.  
There is nothing worse than a shrewd artist.

I am nature:

The general assumption is if one becomes like nature (natural)  
one will be a pleasant person, not a destructive tornado  
like Jackson Pollock was. The issue with artists is usually:  
How do we justify loving the work when he was such a jerk?  
As an artist, reverse this paradigm by being such a lovely person  
that the artwork produced,  
thus partially responsible for the person,  
cannot be denied.

In old age, after the mind goes, you're left with nothing  
but your temperament.  
Art should be like writing love letters to the world,  
each word carefully chosen.

4.

Dirty modernism, cracked Mondrian  
(or Villa Savoye as a horse stable).  
Bodies with a history.  
How to dress up a rotting corpse?  
embody it.

I love how a subject can exist fully formed,  
complete and totally unknown to me.  
Then, all of a sudden, the time is right  
and I am introduced to it  
and it is all there, always been there (for centuries even)  
and now all I must do is dive in and eat  
(consume and learn).

I'd never lost anything I wanted to keep,  
that I felt was irreplaceable.  
A mother is like the sun and the moon,  
there's only one.  
When she went out

5.

The opposite of action is non-action.  
The opposite of moderation is moderation,  
and moderation is not equal to mediocrity.  
No dramatic moment.  
No apotheosis,  
or every moment an apotheosis thus no more dramatic moment is  
possible.  
Everybody wants to do something superlative.  
Distracted by dazzling drama.

Active versus contemplative.  
Telescope versus satellite.  
Linear versus circular.

6.

Birth is a metaphor for birth.  
Sex is a metaphor for sex,  
even death is a metaphor for death.  
(Platonic ideals are not physics but psychology.)

If you edit out all the sounds emitting from earth except crying  
you will hear one constant cry.  
Edit out all the sounds but laughter you will hear  
constant laughter.  
From this distance all is curious,  
nothing disrupts.  
From this distance we are one organism covering the earth's surface,  
migratory and parasitical.  
(Happiness is more than having a good time.)

When two years old, one year is half your life.  
When 99 years old, one year is a small percentage.  
The year measured by the calendar is the same length  
but the ratio to your total time lived is dramatically different.  
One year experienced by a two year old is longer than a year  
experienced by a ninety-nine-year-old.

Young people!  
Find the old man within.  
We're all made into fiction after death.  
Death is just an idea; none of us knows what it's like.  
OK then: Death is like being born in reverse.  
Stupid.

7.

An island above the clouds.

An island above the water.

How deep an understanding of a thing must one have  
before knowing one knows it?

Landscape is ground zero,  
where you are at.

Halfway in between up and down.  
(snowflake pagoda, bonsai waterfall)

We know that we don't know and in that is knowing.

No one has a larger claim on living and knowing than another:

We're all "Men of God".

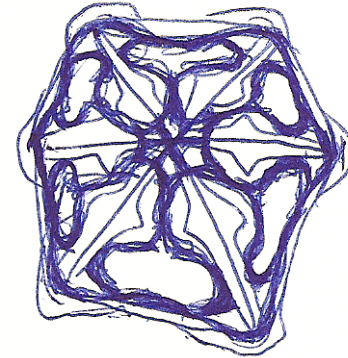
Let others be their own center.

Ambivalence does not play well in war.

This is a Spielberg film not Tarkovsky.

Thinking relieves primal fears.

America is entering middle age.



8.

A tree has no longing, no desire.  
It does not measure or want.  
A tree is an object that is what it is,  
no more no less.  
A tree does not try.  
A tree would never aspire.

I am what I am,  
but I move and remember,  
so "I am" changes.  
"I am" is "I was",  
but certainly I am "I am", now.  
"I am" is always slipping into "I was" before I know what "I am" is.  
A tree never considers such things,  
nor does the universe.  
Art is ours.

Time sticks in our minds.  
Time does not stick to a tree.  
A tree is now, then it is now.  
A tree is always itself,  
perhaps now a bit taller  
but taller than what?  
It doesn't remember itself shorter.

—

A tree longs,  
it desires, it measures and wants.  
A tree is not an object that is what it is no more no less.  
A tree tries.  
A tree aspires.

I am not what I am.  
I forget and do not move.  
"I am" never changes.  
A tree thinks like this,  
so does the universe.  
Art is not ours.

Time does not stick in our minds,  
as it doesn't to a tree.  
A tree is now, then it is now.  
A tree is always itself,  
perhaps now a bit taller  
but taller than what?  
It doesn't remember itself shorter.