

**Report: 'Genius 'round the world stands hand-in-hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle 'round''**

ART IS LONG, LIFE IS SHORT -Joseph Conrad.

'Mistah Kurtz -he Dead'

-Foreword to The Hollow Men 1925 TS Eliot [taken from The Heart of Darkness]

**Sine Metu** - *Family Motto of Jamesons Irish Whisky*

***succumbing to the manifest dangers of lengthy and numerous quotes...***

Very strange I feel like I might as well be sat here carving the words for my own tombstone.

The truth about the world, he said, is that anything is possible. Had you not seen it all from birth and thereby bled it of its strangeness it would appear to you for what it is, a hat trick in a medicine show, a fevered dream, a trance bepopulate with chimeras having neither analogue nor precedent, an itinerant carnival, a migratory tentshow whose ultimate destination after many a pitch in many a mudded field is unspeakable and calamitous beyond reckoning.

The universe is no narrow thing and the order within it is not constrained by any latitude in its conception to repeat what exists in one part in any other part. Even in this world more things exist without our knowledge than with it and the order in creation which you see is that which you have put there, like a string in a maze, so that you shall not lose your way. For existence has its own order and that no man's mind can compass, that mind itself being but a fact among others.

*How to best deal with this eerie situation///  
Dogs cannot piss on moving cars. As far as I know.*

## Manifesto:

2. To affect, or bring to a certain state, by subjecting to, or treating with, a flux. "Fluxed into another world." *South.*
3. *Med.* To cause a discharge from, as in purging.

**flux** (flŭks), *n.* [OF., fr. L. *fluxus*, fr. *fluere*, *fluxum*, to flow. See FLUENT; cf. FLUSH, *n.* (of cards).] 1. *Med.* a A flowing or fluid discharge from the bowels or other part; esp., an excessive and morbid discharge; as, the bloody flux, or dysentery. b The matter thus discharged.

Purge the world of bourgeois sickness, "intellectual", professional & commercialized culture, PURGE the world of dead art, imitation, artificial art, abstract art, illusionistic art, mathematical art, —  
PURGE THE WORLD OF "EUROPANISM" !

2. Act of flowing: a continuous moving on or passing by, as of a flowing stream; a continuing succession of changes.
3. A stream; copious flow; flood; outflow.
4. The setting in of the tide toward the shore. Cf. REFLUX.
5. State of being liquid through heat; fusion. *Rare.*

PROMOTE A REVOLUTIONARY FLOOD AND TIDE IN ART,  
Promote living art, anti-art, promote NON ART REALITY to be fully grasped by all peoples, not only critics, dilettantes and professionals.

7. *Chem & Metal.* a Any substance or mixture used to promote fusion, esp. the fusion of metals or minerals. Common metallurgical fluxes are silica and silicates (acidic), lime and lime-tone (basic), and fluorite (neutral). b Any substance applied to surfaces to be joined by soldering or welding, just prior to or during the operation, to clean and free them from oxide, thus promoting their union, as to iron.

FUSE the cadres of cultural, social & political revolutionaries into united front & action.

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That was one of the very few serious mistakes of my FIRST LIFE that is now ending. I probably will do it for all the wrong reasons again and then have to go on living for another 100 years with all this bleeding gibberish I'm lashing together.

>>>>KL the first RIP 1/1/2016



'Say' he said 'You look like you might be in the horse business.'  
'I did some photography for Playboy.'  
'What are you going to do, take pictures of naked horses?'



I LOVE TO THINK OF THE RED PURPLE ROSE  
IN THE DARKNESS COOLED BY THE NIGHT  
We are served by machines making satins  
of sounds  
Each blot of sound is a bud or a stahr.  
Body eats bouquets of the ear's vista.  
Gahhhrrr boody eers noze eyes deem thou.  
NOH. NAH-OHH  
hrooor. VOOOR-NAH-GAHROOOOO ME.  
Nah drooooooh seerch. NAH THEE!  
The machines are too dull when we  
are lion-poems that move & breathe.  
WHAN WE GROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOR  
hann dree myketoth sharoo sree thah noh deeeeeeemed ez.  
Whan eeethooze hroh. 42

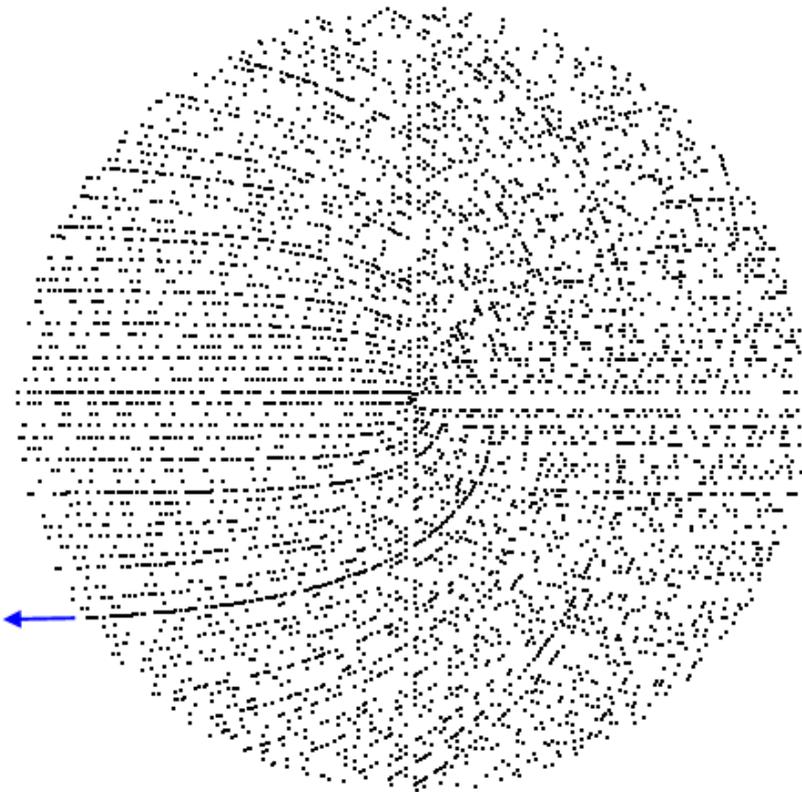
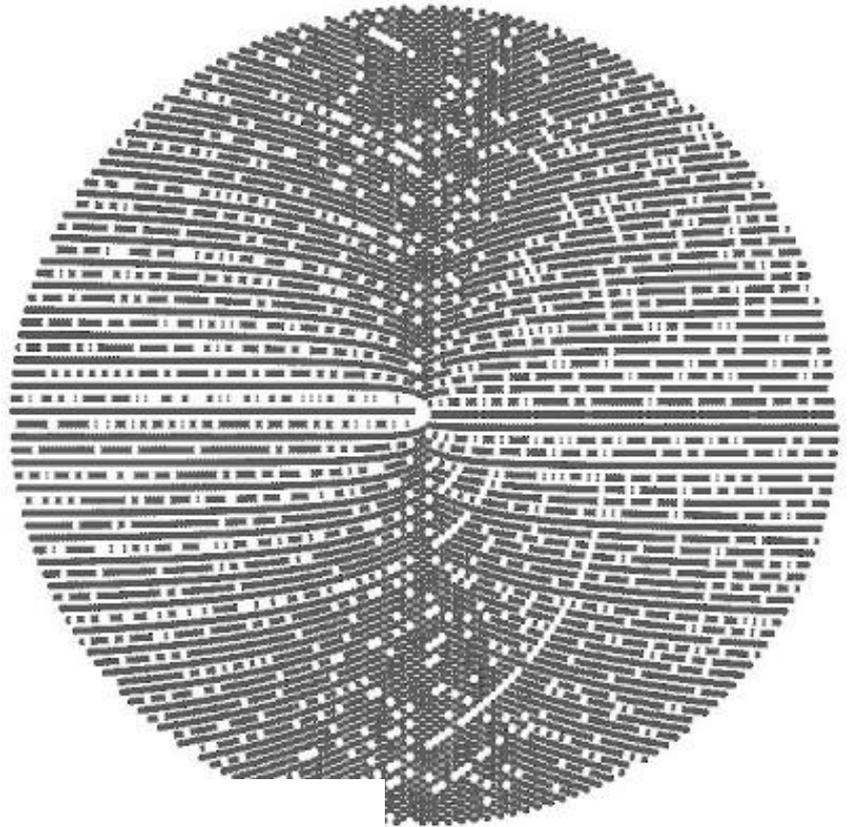
*Their good swords rust  
and their steeds are dust  
but their souls are with  
the saints we trust.*



12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
♁	♁	♁	♁	K	♁	♁	♁	W	X	h	♁	♁
♁	W	K	K	♁ <small>basic ball purity</small>	♁	♁	♁	♁	h <small>guard</small>	♀	♁	♀
♁	K	♁	X	♁	♁	W	♁	♁	♁	♁	♁	♁
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♁	♀	h	♀	♁	♁	♁						
♀	♁	♁	♁	♁	X	X						
K	X	♀	♁	♀								
♁	♁	♁	♁									
X			♁									
♁			♁									







**FOUND EXCERPT OF SAINT LEONARD, IN THE DESERT. SAFARI**

**INN HOTEL. NEAR OR OUTSIDE PALM SPRINGS. 2016. WORDS by  
RAOUL T.W DUKE. IMAGES by UNKNOWN>**

The jangling of the telephone caused me to interrupt my work. I jerked it off the hook, saying nothing to whoever was on the other end, and began flashing the hotel operator. When she finally cut in I spoke very calmly. "Look," I said. "I'm a very friendly person and a minister of the gospel, --but I thought I left instructions down there to put no calls -- NO CALLS, -- Through to this room, and especially not *now*, in the middle of this orgy... I've been here eight days and nobody's called me yet. Why in the hell start now?..."

What? Well, I simply can't accept that kind of flimsy reasoning, operator. Do you believe in *Hell*? Are you ready to speak with *Saint*.. Saint... Wait a minute now, calm down... I want to be sure you understand *one thing* before I get back to my business; I have some people here who *need help*... But I want you to know that God is Holy! He will *not allow* sin in his presence! The Bible says: 'There is none righteous. *No, not one*... For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God' That's from the book of Romans, young lady..."

The silence at the other end of the line was beginning to make me feel nervous. But I could feel the sap rising, So I decided to continue my sermon from the balcony... and I suddenly realised that somebody was beating at my door. Jesus god, I thought, it's the hotel manager, they've come for me at last. But it was in fact a music journalist, raving drunk and demanding to take a shower. I jerked him into the room.

"Nevermind the fucking shower" I said "Do you realise what I have on my spine?" He stared at me, unable to speak. "A giant leech," I said. "It's been there for eight days, getting fatter and fatter with blood." He nodded slowly as I led him over to the phone. "I hate leeches" he muttered. "That's the least of our problems," I said

"Room service won't send any wine up until noon, and all the bars are closed... I have this Jamesons 14 year Old, but I think it's too heavy for the situation we're in" "You're right," he said. "I got work to do. We have to commence the interview. I need a shower"

"Me too" I said. "but I have some work to do first, so you'll have to make the call." "Call?" He slumped into a chair in front of the window, staring at the thick grey mist that had hung on the town for eight days -- except now, as Sunday dawned, it was thicker and wetter than ever. I gave him the phone: "Call the manager," I said. "Tell him you're an heir of the Disney dynasty and you're visiting here with a minister, we're having a private prayer breakfast and we need two whole bottles of his best red wine, with a selection box of dark chocolates" he nodded unhappily. "I came here for a shower, and to interview you, why do I need to be haranguing the manager for wine?" "It's important" I said. "You make

the call while I go outside and get started" He shrugged and dialed "o" while I hurried out to the balcony, clearing my throat for an opening run at James 2.19: "Beware!" I shouted, "for the Devils also believe, and tremble!" I waited for a moment, but there was no reply from the lobby, 20 floors down -- so I tried Ephesians 6.12, which seemed more appropriate: "For we wrestle not" I screamed, "Against flesh and blood -- but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, -- and, yes-- against the spiritual wickedness in high places!" Still there was no response except the booming echoes of my own voice... but the thing on my spine was moving with new vigour now, and I sensed there was not much time. All movement in the lobby has ceased. They were all standing still down there -- maybe 20 or 30 people,.. but were they *listening*? Could they *hear*?

I couldn't be sure. The acoustics of these massive lobbies are not predictable. I knew, for instance, that a person sitting in a room on the 11th floor, with the door open, could hear -- with unnerving clarity -- the sound of a cocktail glass shattering on the floor of the lobby. It was also true that almost every word of Barry Manilow's 'Copocabana' played at top volume on a dual speaker Sony TC-126 in an open-door room on the 20<sup>th</sup> floor could be heard in lounge of the hotel Mezzanine bar... but it was very hard to be sure of the timbre and carrying-power of my own voice in this horrid cavern; it sounded, to me, like the deep screaming of a bull elk deep in a fucking... but there was no way to know, for sure, if I was really getting through. "Discipline!" I bellowed "Remember Caravaggio! I paused to let that one sink in -- waiting for applause but none came "Remember Vonnegut!" I shouted "He had discipline!" Nobody down in the lobby seemed to catch that one, although I sensed the first stirrings of action on the balconies just below me. It was time for the Free Breakfast in the Imperial Ballroom downstairs, and some the early-rising patrons seemed to be up and about. Somewhere behind me a phone was ringing but I paid no attention. It was time, I felt, to bring all together... my voice was giving out, but despite the occasional dead spots and bursts of high-pitched wavering, I grasped the railing of the balcony for some flat-out raving: "Revelations, twenty-fifteen!" I screamed. "Say Hallelujah! Yes! say Hallelujah!" People were definitely responding now, I could hear their voices, full of excitement -- but the acoustics of the place made it impossible to get a good fix on the cries that were bounding back and forth across the lobby.

Were they saying "Hallelujah"? "Four more Years!" I shouted. "My friend the *General* has told us the Forces of Darkness are now in control of the nation -- and they will rule for four more years!"

I paused to sip my drink, then I hit it again: 'And Dr Leadbelly has told us that whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire!' I reached around behind me with my free hand, slapping at a spot between my shoulder blades to slow the thing down. "How many of you will be cast into the lake of fire in the next four

years?" *How many will survive?* I have spoken with the General and --" at this point I was seized by both arms and jerked backwards, spilling my drink and interrupting the climax of my sermon. "You crazy bastard" a voice screamed. "Look what you've done! The manager just called. Get back in the room and lock the fucking door! He's going to bust us!" It was the music journalist, trying to drag me back from my pulpit. I slipped out of his grasp and returned to the balcony. "This is SUNDAY!" I screamed. "I want every one of you worthless bastards down in the lobby in ten minutes so we can praise God and sing the National Anthem!" At this point I noticed the music writer sprinting down the hall towards the elevators, and the sight of him running caused something to snap in my brain. "There he goes!" I shouted "He's headed for the lobby! Watch out! He has a knife!" I could see people moving on all the balconies now, and also down in the lobby. Then, just before I ducked back in my room, I saw one of the glass-walled elevators starting down, with a single figure inside it... he was the most visible man in the building; a trapped and crazy animal descending slowly -- in full view of everybody from the busboys in the ground-floor coffee shop to Jimmy the Greek on the balcony above me -- to certain captivity by that ugly crowd at the bottom. I watched for a moment, then hung the DO NOT DISTURB sign on my doorknob and double locked the door. That elevator would be empty when it got to the lobby. There were at least five floors, on the way down, where he could jump out and bang on a friendly door for safe refuge... and the crowd in the lobby had not seen him clearly enough, through the tinted glass of the elevator, to recognise him later on. And there was not much time for vengeance, anyway, on the odd chance that anyone cared.

The first bus that led back to Joshua Tree allowing me to connect with my ride back to the city was not until 10.30am, -four hours. I figured that gave me some time to relax and act human.

I filled the bathtub with hot water, plugged the tape recorder with both speakers into a socket right next to the bath tub, and spent the next two hours in a steam-stupor, listening to Miley Cyrus and Taylor Swift, chewing idly on a small slice of Mr Natural, and reading the *Cocaine Papers* of Sigmund Freud. Around noon I went downstairs to the Imperial Ballroom to read the morning papers over the limp dregs of the Free Breakfast, then I stopped at the Free Bar for a few blood mary's before wandering outside to catch the first bus into town. I seemed to have everything under control.

Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better.

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We are all born mad. Some remain so.

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You're on earth. There's no cure for that.

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Every word is like an unnecessary stain on silence and nothingness.

Nothing is funnier than unhappiness, I grant you that. Yes, yes, it's the most comical thing in the world.

There's man all over for you, blaming on his boots the fault of his feet.

The tears of the world are a constant quality. For each one who begins to weep, somewhere else another stops. The same is true of the laugh.

Where I am, I don't know, I'll never know, in the silence you don't know, you must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on.

No, I regret nothing, all I regret is having been born, dying is such a long tiresome business I always found.

What do I know of man's destiny? I could tell you more about radishes.