

# How to Make a Mazemap (Notes for an Impossible Poem)

*The poem is the maze, the mapper, and the map—in motherwords, it is perpetual amazement.*

## I. (Trans)Forming

### A. Mazes

+ one is born into a maze + dying is the only way out said the spider + in between + life winds and unwinds its winding paths + the maze is within + in the convolutions and revolutions of the mind + in the impressions and expressions of the body + the maze is without + in the sinuosities of space + in the tortuousities of time + connecting the maze within to the maze without + the tangled maze of sense and sensation + some say the inner and outer maze are one + the only way to map the maze is to lose one's way in it + the secret of the labyrinth + the maze is a circle + there is nothing more labyrinthine than a circle + it always returns you to the same place + *now-here* + one cannot get lost nowhere + the labyrinth is not a place + it is an adventure + a perpetual arrival + a perpetual departure + what is life but a vertiginous succession of labyrinths + the labyrinth of each (sur)passing moment losing itself in the next one + the lost mapmaker goes in circles + ever returning to the never-the-same + since the path is a circle + one cannot say he is lost + but since the circle always returns elsewhere + one cannot say he is not lost + both here and there + and neither here nor there + where is the mapmaker +

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## B. Circles

the event is a circle ever turning to its unselfing

The event has no identity—as soon as it comes to be, it's already becoming something else.

Beginningless, endless, a circulation of circles, reality is a revolution of events.

In the circle of wisdom necessity becomes freedom and freedom becomes necessity because there is no longer necessity, no longer freedom—there is only circulation.

It has become impossible to write books that begin and end. Now one can only write beginningless endless books that revolve around the beginningless endless moment, where the punctum of the infinitesimal and the revolution of the infinite converge.

Everything returns to the unbeginning.

As the unwritten turns to writing, writing returns to the unwritable.

Because knowing circles ignorance, and ignorance knowing, to write is to circle between knowing and not-knowing.

In time, the circle and the line are one.

Humans—*homo memorialis*—are the only animals that must cannibalize themselves to survive—we feed on our memories to sustain our self-recognition: *I'm still myself, aren't I?*

What will become of me, if you become someone else?

The world is constantly reminding us that we don't know, the body that we don't need to know. Contradicting the world and the body, the mind suffers agonies.

To act is to forget oneself.

The human propensity to confuse the memorable with the true.

Is the one who remembers while I sleep the same as the one who forgets when I'm awake? In the tangle of memories and forgettings I seek myself, and I find something—though there's no one there.

the world circles the book because the world  
vanishes the author circles the world

itself the world creates itself the book  
creates itself the world

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## C. Folds

I pick up a fragment. I pick up another fragment. This is called art.

destroyed or created  
ever is  
nothing  
physics in  
as art in

A man of many folds.

?other the mysteries  
of heap that and  
self my mysteries of heap  
this call I do  
why

History in a bombshell—Everyone making his own little pile and guarding it jealously from everybody else.

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## II. (De)Compositions

### A. Re-memberings

<p>I have too many mothers to be one self. If I kissed every mother good night, I would never get to bed.</p>	<p>There are so many strangers in me whom I've never even met. Writing is my way of introducing them to each other.</p>	<p>You are what you remember; in other words, you are what you forget.</p>	<p>I write to misremember myself.</p>	<p>Blow winds blow— shake the leaves off memory's trees. (Mindblown memories— drifting clouds crossing an un-remembering unforgetting sky.)</p>	<p>Memory both the armor and the sword of the self. And if I relax my defenses? Lay my weapons down?</p>
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<p>Does the self feed on memories or memories on the self? Identity as self-cannibalism.</p>	<p>If you seek me in my memories, you will not find me. Nor will you find me in my forgettings. Since I am a dissemination, how can you find me in recollection?</p>	<p><i>Autobio</i> a contradiction No living thing lives in itself.</p>	<p>To remember is to change what one remembers. Far from reconstructing the self, the memoir constructs selves that have never existed before.</p>		<p>All memory an amalgam of past and future, retrospection and prospection, remembering and imagining  and probably  more imagining than remembering.</p>
<p>The memoir of everything I can't remember</p>	<p>The memoir of everything I don't want to remember</p>	<p>The memoir of what only others remember</p>	<p>The memoir of events that have marked my body, escaped my mind</p>	<p>The memoir of events that have been marked by my body</p>	<p>The memoir of everything that can't be said</p>

The memoir of forgotten avatars and incarnations	The memoir of lost time	The memoir of lost places	The memoir of sleep, of dreams, of dreamless nights	The memoir of stories I have heard	The memoir of the invisible
The memoir of everything I do not own	The memoir of red	The memoir of traveled and untraveled odysseys to real and imaginary Ithacas	The memoir of wounds	The memoir of all the others	The memoir of true and false unbeliefs

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## B. Sequences and Series (Series and Ensorcellments)

. The event ripens in the space between.

. Whereas the story seals and conceals the gaps, the series reveals and multiplies the openings between events. These gaps are the greatest gifts I have been given; now I pass them on to you.

. Between this thought and the next conception, between this feeling and the following quickening, between this act and the next contraction, between thinking and feeling, between feeling and acting—an opening always presents itself. The anxious mind is, however, always trying to close these gaps, lest they widen into solitude's terrific unknowing.

. . After the ending, before the beginning, something else is possible.

. . Constrained by time and language to commence and to conclude, the series nonetheless gestures ceaselessly to the illimitable real, the actual series with its beginning and end being just the visible tip of reality's endless beginningless virtuality.

. . . Let us not confuse the one-after-the-other order of language with the all-at-once order of reality. (To the one-after-the-other mind, the order of the all-at-once world looks awfully like chaos.)

. . . . The world without sense is not a senseless world.

. . . . There is the active consciousness that busily makes sense, and the receptive consciousness that gracefully accepts the world's unaccountable gifts. Of the two, it is the embracing consciousness that is both more sensitive and more sensible.

. . . . . Sometimes the only reasonable thing to do is to let reason go.

. . . . . Reason and rationality diverge more often than we think. In their divergence, the series unfolds.

. . . . . While rationality insists on making sense, reason respects its limits, letting reality—intractably manifold—overflow it.

. . . . . Whereas rationality drains the event of its very eventfulness, reason tries not to block any of the event's exits.

. . . . . Reason the pacific mind's answer to  
disgruntled rationality's aggression.

. . . . . Only reason can protect us from rationality's  
excesses.

. . . . The *because* of the mind rarely coincides with the *because* of  
reality.

. . . . Though the mind cannot think the immense sense beyond its  
sense, sometimes it can feel it. (Bliss.)

. . . The paradoxical aim of the series—to present the impossible image of  
the event's all-at-once in language's one-after-the-other.

. . . . Poets have always known—the series is the form  
corresponding to the affect of surprise.

. . . . Only outside story can what comes next come truly as a  
surprise.

. . . . What is discontinuity but reality's spontaneity?

. . Just as the finitude of the body gestures to the infinity of the cosmos, the  
finitude of the series evokes the vastness of consciousness—and of the infinite  
unconsciousness in which it turns.

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## C. Dialogues with the Dead

Just as some live more than others, some die more than others.

—Arthur Rimbaud

The dead leave many things. Every generation must decide—which remnants shall we pick up?

—Claude Lévi-Strauss

I love eavesdropping on the conversations of the dead.

—William Butler Yeats

The hemlock didn't stop Socrates from galliyapping on.

—Diogenes

The dead too have their odysseys.

—Padmasambhava

Some only find their voices after death.

—Kathleen Ferrier

Repetition never dies. (The dead repeat themselves in us.)

—Pythagoras

Some prefer to speak with the dead, others with the unborn.

—Marcel Proust

The dead decide many things for the living, just as the living decide many things for the dead.

—Eric Hobsbawm

In the dead's great clamor, sometimes a voice rises above the rest.

—Arvo Pärt

Of what the dead keep silent I am most induced to speak. (It is the silences I hear loudest.)

—Paul Celan

I only write unfinished sentences. (What excites me most are the poems I never begin.)

—Friedrich Hölderlin

Like intimate lovers, the living and the dead finish each other's sentences.

—Anne Carson

Those who speak for no one speak to me most. Perhaps this is why I am entranced by the discourses of the dead.

—W.G. Sebald

In death, as in life, some voices travel farther than others.  
—Thomas Browne

The dead do not choose what they say, any more than the living do.  
—Baruch Spinoza

The karma of language.  
—James Joyce

The living and the dead are constantly crossing the boundary between them. (Like most boundaries, this one is imaginary.)  
—Jacques Derrida

The dead never mean what they say. But neither do the living.  
—Lewis Carroll

Whatever you say may be your last words. (Everything you say *is* your last words.)  
—David Hume

What the dead say depend on who's listening.  
—Friedrich Nietzsche

How many tongueless dead riding on my voice?  
—Helen Keller

Again and again I die to language, finding myself with nothing left to say.  
—Ludwig Wittgenstein

Why do the living always force the dead to speak? Perhaps they'd prefer to rest in silence.  
—Sigmund Freud

The living have always needed the dead more than the dead need the living.  
—Novalis

No awkward silences in conversations with the dead.  
—Heinrich Schliemann

Death turns all answers into questions.  
—William James

Death is the mother of writing.  
—Jean-François Champollion

I do not care to finish the dead's unfinished business.  
—Marquis de Sade

We are the dead's unfinished business.  
—William Faulkner

The dead don't speak, unless they're spoken to.  
—Gilles Deleuze

Some conversations only become possible after all the interlocutors are dead.  
—Tom Stoppard

The living own their discourse even less than the dead.  
—Roland Barthes

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### III. Dreaming of NowHere *or* Row, Row, Row Your Boat

#### A. Avidya

Perhaps my history of ignorance says more about me than my history of understanding. The former, after all, has many volumes, while the latter is a vanishing pamphlet.

Happiness depends less on what one knows than on *how* one doesn't know.

Everything I know I have come to know accidentally. (My ignorance too has been as unintended as my understanding.)

I have seen no evidence that understanding grows as one grows older.

Only the ignorant are proud of what they know.

Understanding comes sporadically. There are long stretches of ignorance.

Tell me your desire, and I will tell you your delusion.

Just because I know something now is no guarantee I'll know it later.

The alchemy of understanding—it makes the old new.

In school one imbibes as much ignorance as knowledge, usually confounded with each other. Even now I'm still unlearning what I've learned there. (May all my students forgive me.)

Many desire a teacher more than understanding.

The fantastic discrepancy between what one knows and what one thinks one knows.

#### Filmography

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[Amenabar, Alejandro. \*Open Your Eyes\*.](#)

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## B. Samskara

When I don't know what I want, it's easy to want what I don't know.

Wanting to be, I become.

Some are ruled by what they want, others by what they don't want. Most are torn apart by two masters.

Dialogue between two desires:

: How can I want something I don't know?

: How can I want something I know?

Desire's greatest desires: to desire and to not desire.

Everchanging, desire desires what never changes.

For those who dream without knowing that they dream, the death of desire is the birth of desire.  
(We are all dreamers.)

If I want, it's because I don't know.

Desire's advantage—understanding needs desire, but desire doesn't need understanding.

Once desire was strange to me; now it is becoming strange again.

Where does your desire end and mine begin?

What is desire a mirror of?

## Discography

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Stravinsky, Igor. *Agon*.

Tippett, Michael. *King Priam*.

[Varèse, Edgard. \*Poème électronique\*.](#)

## C. Vijñana

The mind's seismic geology—the buckling strata of what I've wanted, what I want, what I am going to want.

Past and future nothing but figments of desire.

The mind an anti-Theseus willfully losing itself in the labyrinth of desire, honey-tongued Minotaur.

. . . I want therefore I think . . . I think therefore I want . . .

Before I even know what I want, I already know I want more of it.

In the splitting of the mind and the body, the big winner is desire.

The past's abandoned cities littered with the ruins of desire.

Skirting both ignorance and knowledge winds the tortuous path of desire.

Consciousness' predicament—it lives in the body without feeling at home in it.

Passing through the mind, time defies physics, becomes reversible.

If the past and the future were not present in the present, time would stand still. (Is the past the future's mother or its child?)

If the body knows more than the mind, it's because it doesn't think.

## Pictography

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Rothko, Mark. No. 61 (Rust and Blue).

Velázquez, Diego . Las Meninas.

## D. Nama Rupa

Ever folding together, past and future touch—the unfolding present, time’s mobile crease.

Unlike time, life goes forward *and* backward—usually at the same time.

Because the mind turns, it returns.

All thinking is devious—there are no straight paths in the mind.

The mind an orphan with 10,000 mothers. (Tell me about your mothers . . .)

The mind has always resented the body for coming first.

Because the body is the mother of the mind, the mind tries to be the father of the body. (The mind’s greatest wish—to be its own mother.)

In the marriage of mind and body, the mind is always suing for divorce.

The body wisely excretes what it doesn’t need.

Before my mother’s body gave birth to my body, her mind had already given birth to my mind. (Thirty-eight years ago, I gave birth to my mother . . .)

Why is the mind so proud of itself when it is nothing but a leak in the body?

In the body’s immemorial odyssey, the mind is just an accident. We do not know yet if it is a happy or an unhappy one.

## Hagiography

Anonymous. Patron Saint of Possessionless Egolessness.

Artaud, Antonin. Patron Saint of Schizoid Heroes.

Basilides. Patron Saint of Heresy.

Bausch, Pina. Patron Saint of Dancing to Catastrophes.

Beckett, Samuel. Patron Saint of the Unnamable.

Bergson, Henri. Patron Saint of Forgetting.

Borges, Jorge Luis. Patron Saint of Mazes.

Carson, Anne. Patron Saint of Wandering Fragments.

Da Vinci, Leonardo. Patron Saint of Sweet Asymmetries.

Dali, Salvador. Patron Saint of Swallowtail Singularities.

Darwin, Charles. Patron Saint of Random Mutations.

De Cepeda y Ahumada, Teresa. Patron Saint of Inscrutable Ecstasies.

Deleuze, Gilles. Patron Saint of Rhizomes.

Di Bernardone, Francesco. Patron Saint of Delirium.

Dōgen, Eihei. Patron Saint of Tactile Paradoxes.  
Dürer, Albrecht. Patron Saint of Green.  
Faulkner, William. Patron Saint of Turning Points.  
Freud, Sigmund. Patron Saint of Perverts.  
Gautama, Siddhartha. Patron Saint of Just-Breathing.  
Heraclitus. Patron Saint of Creative Flux.  
Hitchcock, Alfred. Patron Saint of Thrillseekers.  
Homer. Patron Saint of Aimlessness.  
Joyce, James. Patron Saint of Punsters.  
Kazantzakis, Nikos. Patron Saint of Bon Vivants.  
Lobachevsky, Nikolai. Patron Saint of Hyperbole.  
Messiaen, Olivier. Patron Saint of Twittering Machines.  
Michaux, Henri. Patron Saint of Hallucinations.  
Mitchell, David. Patron Saint of Russian Dolls.  
Moore, Alan. Patron Saint of Shifters.  
Nāgārjuna. Patron Saint of Vanishing.  
Pessoa, Fernando. Patron Saint of Multiplying Personalities.  
Plato. Patron Saint of Confabulation.  
Preljocaj, Angelin. Patron Saint of Dancing Fools.  
Proust, Marcel. Patron Saint of Fugitives.  
Rabelais, Francois. Patron Saint of Ass-Wiping.  
Riemann, Bernhard. Patron Saint of the Infinitesimal.  
Schreber, Daniel Paul. Patron Saint of Becoming-Other.  
Shakespeare, William. Patron Saint of Playing.  
Sherman, Cindy. Patron Saint of Masquerades.  
Sogyal Rinpoche. Patron Saint of Transitions.  
Spinoza, Baruch. Patron Saint of Crossings.  
Stein, Gertrude. Patron Saint of Furry Buttons.  
Sterne, Laurence. Patron Saint of Before-the-Beginning.  
Stockhausen, Karlheinz. Patron Saint of Chaos-and-Control.  
Śūnyatā. Patron Saint of Zeroing.  
Von Bingen, Hildegard. Patron Saint of Conlangers.  
Whistler, James McNeill. Patron Saint of the Clear-Obscure.  
Woolf, Virginia. Patron Saint of the In-Between.  
Zoroaster. Patron Saint of YinYang.

## E. Ayatanas

You are what you sense. (You sense what you are.)

To see, to hear, to feel is to become.

The sense of self the blind spot of every sense.

The eye does not remember or imagine; the ear does not hope or fear; time has no meaning for the nose—this is the freedom of the senses. The grasping mind, on the other hand, cannot think without remembering and imagining, hoping and fearing; for the mind, nothing has meaning without time—this is the bondage of the mind.

The eye sees *this here*, the ears hear *this here*, the body feels *this here*; the mind, however, thinks *that there*.

Unlike the mind, the senses seek nothing. This is their freedom—they do not pick and choose.

Why is so much of the mind's anxious labor directed at falsifying the evidence of the senses?

Bare sensation being too raw for the mind, it has to cook it first.

Always scheming, the avid mind gets embroiled in its own plots.

The wisdom of the senses—they do not—they cannot—grasp sensation.

The bondage of the mind—it chains itself to residues.

The eye sees, the ear hears, the mind repeats. (The mind, a simulacrum, sees again, hears again. This is called thinking.) The eye never sees the same thing twice. For the mind, however, a thought is not real until it has been repeated.

## Iconography

The allegory of the cave.

The artful dodger.

Camera obscura.

Chain reaction.

A child could do that.

*Cogito ergo.*

Disneyland.

The inverted double.

Enlightenment under a tree.

Escher's stairs.

The eternal return.

*Le Faux Miroir.*  
Foucault's pendulum.  
Ghost in the machine.  
GIGO.  
Great chain of being.  
Harmony of the spheres.  
The hunger artist.  
The invisible hand.  
Kant's walks.  
*Karma Chameleon.*  
*Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds.*  
Madeleine dipped in tisane.  
Master and servant.  
Maxwell's demon and Schrödinger's cat.  
Mise-en-abîme.  
Möbius strip.  
Mugen puchipuchi.  
Necker cube.  
*The Odyssey.*  
Ouroboros.  
Parallel universes.  
Perfect symmetry.  
Persistence of vision.  
The prisoner's dilemma.  
Prometheus bound.  
*The Raw and the Cooked.*  
Rorschach blots.  
*Sub specie aeternitatis.*  
There is no there there.  
The third eye.  
*Through the Looking Glass.*  
Time's arrow.  
Vesuvius and Pompeii.  
You are what you eat.  
Zeno's paradoxes.



## F. Sparsha

Words are the eyes of the mind. Also the feet.

How far is the other? Are words bridges or barricades?

The hunger for words. The hunger of words. (The writer lives in the belly of the word.) Eating and speaking—twin compulsions. The less I speak, the less I eat; the greedier I am, the more garrulous.

Faster than the speed of words.

Words have become our second skin—like skin, they function as an organ of sensation, as a defensive armor, and often both at once.

Language a blessing or a burse?

Words are only as credible as thoughts. (Is there anything more incredible than thinking?)

Words as transport. (*Vehicle, rapture, exile,...*)

The primordial disjunction of knowing and saying.

*“Let’s play master and servant.”* The hidden—or not-so-hidden—teleology of words.

Before words, there were no fictions. (Fictions—the mind’s favorite food.)

Which came first—the mind or the word?

## Verbography

Be.

Know.

Do.

Become.

Can.

Desire.

Sense.

Write.

Want.

Have.

Love.

Live.

Will.

Feel.

Think.  
Say.  
Circle.  
Come.  
Remember.  
Return.  
Die.

## G. Vedana

Where there is life, there is rhythm. (What is rhythm but the feeling of living?)

Between one wave of feeling and another—an oceanic pause.

Fascinating rhythms: Because every feeling has a characteristic vibration, every moment—a wave of feelings—has its characteristic rhythm—the rise and fall of feelings composing the music of the body in time.

All music returns to the silence that made it possible.

Before there was meaning, there was rhythm. After the disappearance of meaning, the persistence of rhythm. (Older and newer than the meaning of words vibrates an ineffable rhythm.)

To write is to risk everything for feeling.

What interests me in words is not their meaning but their vibration. (Writing a machine for creating sympathetic vibrations.)

There is no such thing as sadness or happiness, only sadnesses and happinesses—each one distinct from the others.

Surmounting the dichotomy of consonance and dissonance—the embrace of resonance.

The mind struggles to fathom the identity of one and many, a paradox feeling embraces effortlessly.

No I, no you—just waves of feeling traversing an ocean of events.

For every nameable vibration of the body, ten thousand unnameable vibrations—the subtle overtones and undertones of feeling.

## Zoography

Blue whales.

[Bulgarian voices.](#)

[Bird-voiced tree frogs.](#)

Concave-eared torrent frogs.

Crickets.

[Dwarf Minke Whales.](#)

Grasshoppers.

Humpback whales.

Indris.

Jussi Björling.

Linnets.

[Loons.](#)

Mice.

Mockingbirds.

Plain-tailed wrens.

Sac-winged bats.

Sirens.

[Starlings.](#)

Tarsiers.

Titis.

[White-handed gibbons.](#)

[Zebra finches.](#)

## H. Trishna

Love's paradox: The more intense the love, the more superfluous the beloved.

Love is, perhaps, the greatest work of art humanity has created.

For the unrequited lover, the greatest disappointment (fr. *déception*) is to be requited.

Instead of saying "I love you," the lover should say, "My hypothalamus fell in love with your thyroid." (Without this hand, this tongue, this spleen, this love would not be this love.)

In love, the nose is more trustworthy than the eyes, and the gut more trustworthy than either.

There can be no love where there is nothing left to the imagination.

Like all cravings of the mind, love can only be satisfied by things of the mind. Question is, is there any real satisfaction in things of the mind?

Love must have been invented by a sado-masochist.

Love's perversity—its satisfaction is its extinction.

The beloved vanishes whenever the mind blinks. (Unlike the mind, the body knows better than to fall in love.)

From the mindfoam rose Aphrodite.

Though the beloved cannot give us what he doesn't have, this is the only thing we want from him.

## Mythography

Apollo and Cassandra.

Arthur and Morgana.

*Being and Time*.

Chang and Eng.

Cleopatra and the asp.

David and Jonathan.

The Ego and the Id.

Ernie and Bert.

Flies and shit.

Frida and Diego.

Gaia and Uranus.

Hades and Persephone.

Helen and Troy.

Isis and Osiris.  
Jesus and John.  
Jirka and Karel Bartók.  
Leda and the swan.  
Lot and his daughters.  
Luke and Leia.  
Midas and gold.  
Nietzsche and Salomé and John the Baptist.  
Orpheus and Eurydice.  
Pasiphaë and the white bull.  
Petrarch and Laura and Hugues de Sade.  
The Romans and the Sabines.  
Scheherazade and Shahryar.  
*Seven Wives for Seven Brothers.*  
Shiva and Parvati.  
Siegmund and Sieglinde.  
Socrates and Alcibiades.  
Sodom and Gomorrah.  
Swann and Odette.  
The and a.  
Tristan and Isolde.  
Venus and Mars.  
Vishnu and the cowgirls.  
Xochiquetzal and Tlaloc and Tezcatlipoca and Centeotl and Mixcoatl.

## I. Upadana

Inconstancy desire's only constancy. (Sooner or later, haiku will be written.)

*Just this once* is the lie desire is always telling itself.

Who knows desire more—the one who surrenders or the one who renounces?

Ultimately, desire desires itself—and therefore nothing.

In the gap between knowing and ignorance—in the credulous crapulous imagination—desire is born.

When humanity was born, it was language that both blessed and cursed it with desire.

What I cannot imagine, I cannot fear or hope for. (Another name for the fearless is the hopeless or “the ones who have seen through the ruses of hope.”)

The spacious clarity of expectationlessness.

And the gods chained humans to them with hope.

Not just to tolerate reality, but to revel in it.

Of all falling bodies, humans are the only ones that fall for hope.

Desire's primordial passion—to grasp the ungraspable.

## Phantasmatography

Abracadabra! Open Sesame! Presto!

*All you need is love.*

Desiring-machines.

The dream-king.

The family romance. (*You are not my father!*)

The genius—misunderstood, mad, posthumously celebrated.

Ghosts.

God.

Hell.

Hold infinity in the palm of your hand.

The libertine sage, the saintly libertine.

Meaning and time.

Movie star, rock star, porn star.

L'objet *a*, that obscure object of desire, the exterminating angel.

Older is truer. Newer is cooler.

Secret identities.

Unforgettable.

Why I am so wise.

Your name here.

Zen is more beautiful than you.



J. Bhava

The thirst for stories rooted in the hunger for becoming.

The unutterable freedom of having no stories left to tell.

The meaning of time is desire.

If I tell unstories it's in order to unbecome myself.

*Homo histor*: The ones who, with their incessant storytelling, compel themselves to become.

Our stories, our selves.

In the gaps between our imagined selves—a counterstory. (*What is this terror? what is this ecstasy?*)

Aimless, plotless, endless . . .

What is the self but an explanation? What the Buddha realized is, no explanation is necessary.

The history of the self nothing but a history of ideas.

Outside the becoming of story there are other becomings, ones that escape the mind's small explanations.

Autonomography: At first I couldn't choose my joys or my sufferings. Then I learned I could choose my joys. It wasn't till much later that I discovered I could choose my sufferings as well.

### **Storiography** (Homage to Propp)

Someone leaves home.  
Thou shalt not.  
And evil.  
In search of.  
Something is discovered.  
A trick!  
Who is my enemy?  
Wounded.  
The voice of pain.  
Counterattack.  
Again a departure.  
A trial.  
There will be a friend.  
A talisman inspires confidence.

This is the place.  
Agon...ekstasis...  
The mark of X.  
Somebody wins, somebody loses.  
Back to the beginning.  
Nostalgia is my home.  
The fugitive also desires his pursuer.  
Escaped!  
Everyone having become someone else, no-one recognizes anybody.  
If you are me, who am I?  
Another and another make three.  
Resolving, dissolving.  
It's you!  
There's always an underneath.  
Metamorphosis variations, transformation fantasia.  
Debt=Guilt. Someone must be punished.  
Who needs a hero?

K. Jati

Every story is searching for *The End*.

Every memory is composed of many forgettings, every forgetting composed of many (dis)memberings.

I know I cannot begin to write until I'm free enough to give up writing.

Every time I pick up a pencil, I pick up the search for lost time. Will I stop writing when I've stopped searching?

The first word I wrote was a miracle, a disaster—and so was every word I've written since.

Like other fateful disasters that have befallen me, writing is a catastrophe I can no longer live without.

Ever since I learned to write, I've been trying to unlearn myself.

Words have helped me see, I know. But I also know many things can only be seen without words. This may be the most valuable thing I've learned from writing.

When there's nothing left to say, things will speak for themselves again. (Do you remember the grammar of silence, our mother tongue?)

We are all travelers on the way to \_\_\_\_\_.

Perhaps one day, time will become innocent again. (When the time comes, will I be writing or not?)

I do not know yet if writing can take me to silence.

## **Catalography**

[Catalography.](#)

[Discography.](#)

[Erotemography.](#)

[Filmography.](#)

[Hagiography.](#)

[Iconography.](#)

[Mythography.](#)

[Phantasmatography.](#)

[Pictography.](#)

[Storiography.](#)

[Thanatography.](#)

[Verbography.](#)

[Zoography.](#)

L. Jaramarana

If you want to choose how you'll die, choose how you breathe.

Most prefer to die without knowing death.

Slow learner:

Though I've died ten thousand times, I still don't know how to die.

Writing to be forgotten by.

Death's singularity: Every death is unique, yet bears all deaths within it.

The metamorphic optics of death—Everything is transfigured.

Our imaginary selves get in the way of death as much as they get in the way of life.

If there were no death, would there be time? If there were no time, would there be writing?

How many deaths in every beginning? How many beginnings in every death? (Is there any beginning that does not begin with death?)

Writing an exorcism of death or a conjuration?

Will I die with a pencil in my hand, or will I be brave enough to go open-handed?

Is there anything vainer than writing's attempt to repeat the unrepeatable?

What strange flowers will grow in my death's exotic soil?

### **Thanatography**

Artaud, Antonin. March 4, 1948. Intestinal cancer, chloral overdose.

Borges, Jorge Luis. June 14, 1986. Liver cancer.

Cage, John. August 12, 1992. Stroke.

Darwin, Charles. April 19, 1882. Heart failure, panic disorder, Chagas disease.

Eisenstein, Sergei. February 11, 1948. Heart failure.

Freud, Sigmund. September 23, 1939. Throat cancer, assisted suicide (morphine overdose).

Gauguin, Paul. May 8, 1903. Stroke.

Hitchcock, Alfred. April 29, 1980. Renal failure.

Imamura, Shōhei. May 30, 2006. Liver cancer.

Joyce, James. January 13, 1941. Perforated ulcer (syphilis?).

Kieslowski, Krzysztof. March 13, 1996. Heart failure.

Lobachevsky, Nikolai. February 24, 1856. Arteriosclerosis, blindness.

Magritte, René. August 15, 1967. Pancreatic cancer.

Nietzsche, Friedrich. August 25, 1900. Pneumonia, stroke (syphilis?).  
Ozu, Yasujirō. December 12, 1960. Throat cancer.  
Pessoa, Fernando. November 30, 1935. Cirrhosis.  
Quảng Đức, Thích. June 11, 1963. Self-immolation.  
Rothko, Mark. February 25, 1970. Aneurysm, suicide by bleeding and drug overdose.  
Spinoza, Baruch. February 21, 1667. Tuberculosis or silicosis.  
Tesla, Nikola. January 7, 1943. Heart failure.  
Utamaro, Kitagawa. October 31, 1806. Sadness.  
Varèse, Edgard. November 6, 1965. Intestinal surgery.  
Woolf, Virginia. March 28, 1941. Suicide by drowning.  
Xenakis, Iannis. February 4, 2001. Unspecified.  
Yeats, William Butler. January 28, 1939. Heart failure.  
Zeno. 425 B.C.E. Torture.