

some mountains and a load of kif and the blind weight of the colonial drift

Mar 16, 2024, 10:12 PM

You sent

If I fire away, you're one tough cookie with a long history

Dave

bite me in the olden days

You sent

drink a long shot from a small brown bottle

Dave

I love "prison biscuits" Nice, Marie, Malt o Milks, the only brown bottles I touch contain ginger beer. I drink gingerly. In my youth I was a champion boozier but so was the whole country. Nice is pronounced as in Neece.

You sent

Nice. Wrapped in plastic. I loved Arrowroots and Gingernuts but dreamed of Monte Carlo. Tang was for rich people and Streets Viennetta was out of this world.

Dave

Though I was raised in South Australia, on Yo Yos, West End, Southwark and Fritz.

You sent

Bung Fritz? I hear it's still all good meat.

Dave

In Victoria they call it Devon. A pirates' cove, South Australia had neither convicts nor gold. It was set out on a grid designed by Colonel Light, agreed upon by decent chaps and the many city squares were built on Fritz. Though the Lutherans may have had some sway.

You sent

Then Fritz is the gold. Colonel Light reminds me of Agnes Martin.

Dave

Mary Martin ran the South Australian bookshops helpfully named after her. She provided a safe haven for Max Harris to burrow in and talk from within after he was burned by McCauley and Stewart over Ern Malley. Don Dunstan fired off the dream city of Monarto. The empty space he cleared is still there.

Mar 17, 2024, 12:03 PM

You sent

Is it true that Max, as a child, read the books in the Mount Gambier library from A-Z? On Ern Malley, I think of two things. One, that I never expect to be published either, and two, the film *American Fiction*. On Dunstan's Monarto, yet again another case of 'establish' masking 'displace'.

Dave

There was a real estate scare to get people to sell their old beachfront houses. January 19th 1976 was the date for the earthquake and tsunami. Don went down to the beach with a bottle of champagne to greet the wave. Monarto was to be a satellite city but it never took off. Another rumour of a person, Melbourne's Peter Lillie, wrote an epic poem on Monarto and also *The Darkening Elliptic* on Ern Malley. A person should write one on Peter, to close the circle, or to extend the line out further or in further. Either way, the story needs a phantom to ghost it.

Mar 18, 2024, 3:04 PM

You sent

Out further, further in. Joyelle McSweeney wrote "Everything is laced together / & nothing drains away". Still, Camus wrote that nothing means anything. Anything is possible... a toast to the sea!

Mar 27, 2024, 11:14 AM

Dave

Thank something anything for the stoic shore and cliffs that contain that relentless fluid overspill. If only for our eyes to be presented with heroic frames to help us jump into an understanding. To kid ourselves above our weight.

Mar 30, 2024, 2:12 PM

You sent

To kid ourselves that we are more than water in our frames – does that mean what I am trying to make it mean?

Mar 31, 2024, 1:25 PM

Dave

The meaning is us, the arcing and the diving. To bring Winwood in on vocals and keys. *Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory!* *The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys!* Gifted to Capaldi by the ever-impish Michael J Pollard. Inscribed in his notebook in Morocco. A desert plain where a drifting young man can get to his fantasizin' clean. Also bring in some mountains and a load of kif and the blind weight of the colonial drift. It all adds up toke by toke. Brian Jones and Nick Drake following in the wake of Bowles and Alfred Bester. White moneyed names tracing patterns in the sand. Straight off the boat and train with twenty suitcases following. Somehow inner, inert, inertially I was confused. Unsure, I

proceeded, with unction, I stepped out deep in myself,
instep with my thoughts, out stepped a devil.

Apr 1, 2024, 12:31 PM

You sent

We give in to the low spark of inertia, the wild sounds from past dimensions, the gifted lyrics from everywhere. I once rode a bus into the Sahara Desert. Not twenty suitcases following but you get the colonial drift. Some pattern traced and sent home on a postcard. Another time, when the drink had already been drunk, the bus braked hard and I flew right down the aisle. People said it was the most graceful thing they'd ever seen. All I remember is stars and what it meant to let go.

Dave

Paul Bowles. Composer and author. Never seen smiling, though the photographer always lies. An early expatter. Rich enough to say no. He and his pal, Copeland. *Fanfare for The Common Man*. North Africa was on its knees, Fellaheen. Twenty pieces of bespoke luggage and someone to pay pack and follow. Always someone poor enough to pay, pack and follow. Jane holding on to a broken glass and the ashtray too far away. Jane played like Zelda, mute and brittle in the midday sun. Left out. *The Spider's House*, *The Delicate Prey*, *The Sheltering Sky*, *Pages From Cold Point*. Wishes for horror. They could afford it. Give it to me! Stoned like a regular but the dollar was supreme. Supreme commander. Monty's promise. Eisenhower took that, thanks. The dollar had super powers. It bought decades worth of sweet tea, houseboys and a handcarved Sebsi full of kif. We ain't in Queens no more. Then the Beats beat a trail to his door and he had to live down to a legend. The dollar was correcting. Jane was somewhere back there. The horror was threatening to walk on two feet. But those beguiling Yankee notes. Like *A Night In Tunisia* and *Caravan*. The melodies can lie too. Sorry! All I got is mythological junk and lore! I am just another street person, a longtime listener but first-time caller – paying, packing and following!

You sent

Paul Bowles. A man of quiet ties who worked out that everything is autobiographical, just poetically so. Kept the metronome and medicine within reach. Mohamed Choukri described him as a nihilist. Death always on the way, walking on two feet. We often miss the women. They're as elusive in pictures as a Bowles grin. Even then, they'll only get a mention if their work was enough to be plagiarised by men or if Burroughs shot them.

Dave

But we hear the tales of how the men were haunted. By the shadows of the women they shaded. And yes, shot. Men just couldn't see them. Or hear them. Or see their way to listen to them or to credit them. There was a seat for them in the audience. In the wings at best. While the men flew. The first audience. "Why doncha clap hands and squeal like yer s'posed ta! That'll stir them up! For me!" Paul Bowles Quiet Ties? A great name for a band. I wonder did he Windsor? Or Half that? Or did he Atlantic? Yes, I reckon so. That or the Balthus. Whichever way. He had a suitcase of the things. Slivery, silken things. Horrible to see in a bunch. Packed carefully in rolls, weighted down with a tie hanger. Ready to be necked. ❤️

Apr 4, 2024, 8:46 AM

You sent

- Dave, do you think we might be approaching having enough material or should we keep going? Happy to follow your instincts x-

Dave

O Pascalle! I wish this torrent of words to never end! I will speak to you only in the voice of a poet here for as long as my keyboard allows. Emboldened by a stray idea and encouraged by sturdy friendship and respect, we have set keel to breakers and forth upon the ungodly sea. Contained only within the margins of an application designed by rich yankee frat boys to judge women they could only gaze at from a distance and sort into available fantasies within their fetid digital locker room "banter". As if they ever locker roomed or bantered or went outside or engaged in racy conversation with smarter, fitter girls. And the world turned for them and they jostled for position at the head of the table. So here we sit on the margins of the Cloudalist World. Digital pigeons, digital crumbs, with helpless ideas above our beaked profiles. Keep the dough rolling from the machine and cut a nice tart, pastry, bun, charlotte, slice, roll or loaf wherever you see fit!

You sent

Oh, yes, we write on! I admit to a recurring image of the ties, sometimes crumpled, sometimes rolled together, always neutral in tone but a slippery bunch. Just like the rich yankee frat boys and the haunted men.

Apr 5, 2024, 8:44 PM

Dave

I speak to a recurring image too! Each time I shave I see the same shifty character. What does he say? "Still in here, pal! Still in here!" We speak lowly of each other and leave the room if ever we espy us.

Apr 6, 2024, 8:51 AM

Dave

I feel I can speak to this. This. this. It is no thing. Ain't no thing. The thing is! The thing is. If I drop on "e" it's this laptop. It has no "e". Th quotation marks and the drop give that "e" an edge. Suggesting another capitalized E. I have never capitalized that "e". Never considered an E. I digress. Because I can. On This thing. That's a good title. ON THIS THING! And it is not a typo. I didn't write "ONE THIS THING!" and drop an E. And you know me. I explained earlier. About the "e". I don't drop the "e". And certainly not an E. It's th keyboard that works against me. I am writing, literally. But you can't tell what people will read.

You sent

And the "e" is saying, "Still in here, pal! Still in here!" I get it now, speaking lowly is small caps talk. EON. ON. ONE. NO. NEO. ENO.

Dave

ah! That's better, I sit my fingers on a trustier steed. Better to type ON THIS THING here on the margins of the cloudalist scrawl. (a glimpse behind the scenes at the pulleys and roped workings of the playhouse) A brief respite from the foul waste that people throw from their windows here into the public square. Have they no thoughts of stoic restraint? No wait and see? No second thoughts? Birthday wishes to long dead artists. Same to parents and decayed pop idols. Where is the dignity? Is this just a catwalk of shame? Ah but here, buried in the margins, the footnotes of the social whirl, we spill text in hopes of arcane, threaded intent and hinted occult knowledge recklessly. Knowing it does not have to either end or go anywhere. Why go anywhere? As Brion Gysin said, "we're here to go" but those were simpler times. So much better to stay and hover, never to set foot. Ever.

Once, when a wire haired teen, in Mount Gambier, a town on the margins of South Australia, which is mainly below but includes the centre of the island continent – as depicted on a map drawn by colonial powers and their newly woke native born white citizens – myself and pals drove in circles in an old car

– still on the road due to loose state laws as to vehicular fitness to drive – buzzing and tanging on wild weed, desolate weather and strong beer with nowhere to go when someone said – as we drove out past the timber mill where we all worked and into the pine forest which ringed the town – “let’s just keep going”. How we laughed for a few minutes as I gunned the old beast. The bench seat sagging so much that I had to hang onto the wheel to sit straight. 740ml bottle of Carlton between my legs. We laughed and then again and then a bit weaker. Then turned around and went home. A grey Saturday. We had been so motivated for a moment. To gun it and leave in a cloud of smoke. But yeah, we were still in there.

Apr 7, 2024, 10:37 AM

You sent

The Feed is the trough where we vigorously insert our snouts. I wonder what Brion would have posted if he’d had a page. Would he post cryptic emotional bait, or scroll to find posts he disagreed with? His attention was held when people were in a trance, so he might have loved it. He changed his name from Brian to Brion. When I was fifteen, I wanted to change my name to Brian. I can still see how it would have fit but mostly it was to test a ground with a name that’s not hard to pronounce. Keep on driving! The great turning point. The vision of a new future. Wild abandon, open road, rumbling engine and some wedge of the brain more scared than it’s ever been.

Dave

What did Brion make of *The Life Of Brian*? The Beat Generation left the front door open and took to the open road. Well, Casady did. He was already a made guy. Jack wrote up Neal’s life. We all need an avatar. They went onwards, forwards, no reflection. Well the boys did. The girls’ voices took a while. They had to pay, pack and follow but eventually the weather turned in their direction. We are hearing their voices now. Lucia Berlin, Mountain Girl has her story written and the galleys set. Ready to drop on the boys’ party. The fun police! Did you ever notice how in all those Yankee dream children’s shows and sitcoms that the mother was always dead? If she was there in *Flipper* or *Gentle Ben* or *Skippy* or *Lassie* or *My Three Sons* well things would have gotten done and there would have been no faffing about after the dog across moonlit paddocks to rescue an old tramp. Etc. But yes, in their dotage, in their chairs, in their nursing homes they would have a chance to catch a breath and polish their legends in the feed. Many a score to settle. Many a right to wrong. Etc.

Apr 9, 2024, 10:08 PM

Dave

You did, did you? He couldn't, couldn't he? I do, don't I?
I can't can I? You won't will ya? Just champing at the bit.
Kickin in my stall. Today. Of all days. I saw a picture of
Hywell Bennett. The text said "Percy AND Shelley". I
knew all the charges laid there. I joined all the dots.
Wow, some arcane sideshow stats there.

You sent

You've lapped me again! Now, Hywel, THAT'S a name! I
would make that my middle name. But also: Bysshe!
You've introduced me to Lucia and I'm intrigued... with
phrases like her writing "reinforces her genius"... what
does that really mean, I wonder? She moved a lot, like I
did. I recently watched an interview with Claire Denis
who said "I don't want to feel like a tourist". Same. I read
that when Walt Disney bought his mother a new house,
she died of carbon monoxide poisoning a week later, and
that's why there's so many dead/absent parent tropes in
Disney films.

Apr 10, 2024, 10:30 AM

Dave

That Walt Disney! Murdered his ma! With a toxic
house! (wasn't Napoleon poisoned by his wallpaper?)
What else isn't he telling us? Tomorrowland,
Adventureland, Fantasyland, Frontierland.....
MURDERLAND! As to lapping you. I cannot take that as
a comment. In here, it's all poesie. No thing gets by
without us reading a long tail into it. We want it to fly.
The goalposts can be seen light years in the future.
They've already existed. We see their image as they
blasted off useless infinite measures of time ago. The
tense changes there. Light, curve in time and space.
Leaning on time and falling into space. Illuminating by
accident. And we are the unreliable narrators? Give me
a break! Thank you for Claire Denis. You just brought
her to my attention/orbit. You brought her
illumination near. I want more light. Just crackers I
know. Cracker night on the beach, until we take our
leave.

Apr 14, 2024, 7:06 PM

You sent

Accidental illumination. The glasses are off. Looking into
the sun and feeling the burn. We felt the burn. We will feel
the burn. We see saw will see. Also, Claires are great,
you'll agree, but the best ones have no 'eye'. Wink wink.

Apr 15, 2024, 11:18 PM

Dave

Claire Denis, we watched *High Life*. It was quite down I thought but yes they did take a cab into the fire at the end. The fire around a black hole. But our suspension of belief in regards to space craft had been severely nobbled by breakfast with old friends who told us many a winding story about Man ever actually landing on the moon, winding roads which led to a big NO! Oh yes Clare, we must declare Clare, my half, sometimes Clazz Clazzmo, her other half. When Clazzmo is in the house the arithmetic goes out the window. With everything else.

Apr 18, 2024, 8:14 AM

You sent

That is a film scene in itself: over breakfast, the old friends announce a sure and earnest assertion of something gasp-worthy. The micro-expressions between you and Clare, the intake of air as you rifle through a handful of possible responses! What did you say to them?

Dave

We enjoy freakiness and weirdness among friends especially. It's a challenge sometimes to shake hands and drink cordial with mates who display and enjoy political postures and attitudes that are at a distance beyond the pale. Up close, at the coal face, you have to stand soft and not mention the war. To a point. Some who insist on conflict and mean grappling soon find themselves elsewhere. Well, maybe they don't. It mightn't matter who they care to annoy and yell at. As long as it's somebody. But I don't have to stand in the spot for them, they can take it outside, if you please.

Apr 22, 2024, 8:57 PM

You sent

Art is full of people standing close to the edge. I love it when a film celebrates the deep wrinkles, the coal face, the eye-widening line. Sometimes, when I'm on the bus and get to watch the world like it's a singular film, I just know that some characters outside the window – and sometimes inside – would never be allowed in a film. Just too real.

Apr 24, 2024, 10:24 AM

Dave

"Hi Baby, you couldn't be in movies, sorry! You're too much! You'd black it out. Scorch the film stock. Ruin it for everybody!" Captain Beefheart had a song *You're too much for my mirror*. The world of music always

turns up somebody who got somewhere first. But nobody heard – or everybody forgot – so why not pick it up and chuck it again? My throw might get lucky. The stick/baton might catch on. Though it soon becomes apparent that the people who did or said or sang or moved in a certain way first were always black. If you are paying attention, you can't help but see the pattern of prior ownership and occupation. Respect.

Apr 29, 2024, 11:19 AM

You sent

That pattern is EVERYWHERE! Saturates seeing eyes yet scorches the retinas too invested in possession to see. Elvis, inspired by Little Richard, who was inspired by Esquerita. What a cat, though! Little Richard changed the course of music, performance and fashion. And he was also sometimes too much for his mirror.

May 1, 2024, 9:56 AM

Dave

Pink Monkey Bird Ron told me of the grandparents of a friend who'd been in a band in Georgia in their teens. A high point of their lives to this day was opening for Little Richard – a man so spellbindingly scary to normal violent Georgian whites who beat up any black man wandering abroad at night – and being invited by Richard's valet to meet the Man after a show, entered a hotel room where Little R lay naked, surrounded by rose petals. He smiled as they gazed in awe at this mad beauty (beauty that they just now recognised) and he said something like "that's right! Take it all in! I am real!" Then he paused for a beat and waved an eyelash and said "you can go now...." And they went but can still summon that moment in their minds' eye and speak to his truth that sunny night in Georgia so many other moments ago.

May 5, 2024, 7:07 PM

You sent

Naked, surrounded by rose petals. Now that's real American Beauty! I love that the tale reached us all the way out here (time plus space plus coincidence). Speaking of prior ownerships and occupation, I just discovered that Georgia's official state flower is the Cherokee Rose.

May 6, 2024, 12:04 AM

Dave

Did Steely Dan ever think long enough on Georgia to write it into a song? They called Alabama The Crimson

Tide. They asked to be called Deacon Blue. Those southern US states seem to be so gently violent sentimental. I saw some students from Ole Miss yelling at a person of colour on the magic box today. Could have been 1963. Ole Miss. Did they miss the enlightenment too?

May 8, 2024, 1:45 PM

You sent

Yes, the times seem so elastic today. I just watched this great clip of Ruth Brown singing *If I Can't Sell It, I'll Keep Sittin' On It*. She was bigger than Coca Cola in the South. A champion of musicians' rights. Little Richard wanted to be her. John Waters put her in his movie. My favourite comment under the video is "This is a great song about a chair".

Dave

Somehow a Chairsexual found that clip, their song and their queen! Life is wonderful. Wynonie Harris was a great R&B contemporary of hers. Too good and too handsome to cross over into rock music. Though people had hits with his songs like *Good Rockin' Tonight*. He also had one called *She's Always Sittin' On It!* Also *Bloodshot Eyes*. Black music from America in the 40s and 50s dealt with real adult themes. No memes! Just Themes! Wynonie died young from ferocious living. He took himself out of the hospital ward and threw a party for a weekend.

May 12, 2024, 8:09 PM

You sent

There needs to be a compilation called "Musical chairs" for that unique audience. Also "No Memes! Just Themes!" That's the party playlist right there. A going away party to end them all. Wynonie was also known for saying, "What kind of party is this and everybody's got their clothes on?"

May 13, 2024, 11:51 AM

Dave

Team Eames! Themes to beam, no memes! Please wear your creams and drape it all over the Ox Blood leather loungeries. Party on in Luxor style, totalled, drifting through the hanging plastic fernery of Themes.

May 19, 2024, 9:08 PM

You sent

Dean Stockwell lip synching to Orbison's *In Dreams*.

May 20, 2024, 2:05 PM

Dave

Dean Stockwell in *The Boy With Green Hair*.

Dave

I matched and raised your Dean. Matching Deans. Impossible Deans. Deans to remember. No Deanos. Just distant, self-contained Deans. Kerouac had his Dean. Moriarty. The clue in the name to his arch rival and double. Sherlock Kerouac. The Shadow knows! What eeeeeviiiiil lies in the heart of men! The Shadow knows! Radio signal already gone by the time the prose was printed. Still out there, drifting. Like a total Dean.

You sent

I was going to go on the road with Neal Cassady's Dean but thought better of that avenue. I see you and raise you a Harry Dean Stanton. Total Dean. When they say "put your weight into it", Harry says, "No. Let the clothes do the talking". A lifelong loner. Settled down with himself. A daredevil in human suffering, staring into the void. Immaculate timing, even when it feels he's coming in early. When he says something – even when he doesn't – it really means something.

Dave

Harry Dean. Timeless. Before and after ROCK. Rootless but earthy. Then there's Dean Ween, stage brother of Gene. Not The Dancing Machine of *Gong Show* infamy. Gene Ween. But the greatest Dean, surely, is/was Dean Martin. The man all the men of his time wanted to be. Both Elvis and Frank Sinatra wanted his woozy cool. Dino. *Living High In The Dirty Business Of Dreams*, as told by Nick Tosches. I think we have walked down a street of Deans.

May 24, 2024, 10:47 AM

You sent

All Deaned up and nowhere to go. There's something in it. Either they are all in us or we are all out there together.

May 25, 2024, 11:05 AM

Dave

Cowboys. Archetypal outsiders. The image of the loner so beautifully played by Gary Cooper and Tom Mix. But Wyatt Earp actually went to Hollywood to correct their pictures and they threw him out. Also beautifully played by Pee Wee Herman. "He's a rebel, Dottie!" Who knows where the original model is buried? Certainly more black, certainly more Latino, certainly very

young. Ed Dorn wrote *Gunslinger*, the greatest Western ballad ever committed to page. "The curtain might rise anywhere on a single speaker/ I met in Mesilla/ The Cautious Gunslinger/ of impeccable personal smoothness/ and slender leather encased hands/ folded casually/ to make his knock./ He would show you his map." Otherwise this rebellious cypher comes into my life occasionally via "what cowboy's been in here then?"

To be continued...