



Geoffrey Farmer, 'Escaping a Method', *Beautiful world, where are you?*, Art Books, London, UK, 2018

Escaping a Method

A word in bold might be used as a door. Press lightly along its edges to see if it is hinged. In the shadow of a B or W ferns might grow. Their fronds will collect dew, and this can be used as a water source. An h or n make good seats. You can always break the / from a y to make a cup. The / can be used as a knife or a club. Never use 7, when you can use seven. The extra letters could win you an election. Don't underestimate the power of : It makes a good fence and allows air to circulate so that mould won't grow on your favourite sentences.

A Gust

Sometimes we are struck. Sometimes we split in two.

These collisions are cosmic in nature. They are what we might classify as human weather. They can be brought on by something as simple as a 'look' or something as complex as the interpretation of an event. These events access ancestral trauma and grievances we have yet to settle. They will either leave you writhing on the floor in agony or waving from the back of a train at the corpses you leave behind.

If it turns out you are a corpse:

No amount of drinking, working, or raging will significantly ease your suffering. By all means, drink, work and rage. Do these things until you collapse. Once collapsed, you might have a chance. In the collapse, collapse more, then collapse even more. You want to fold in until you are too weak to breathe. You must be too weak to be curious. When this happens, you will be very still, and then even more still and then you might begin to see that it wasn't wholly bad.

When curiosity takes its last breath, a fully formed universe will jump out.

Epilogue

Your last breath is enough. Each inhalation contains the power to pull you closer to germination.

The force that alters our orderly behaviour can free us.

Watch out and have a little courage.

Cranberry Muffin Recipe

Delight in the image of your idiotic self, unaware and closed-minded, looking stunned. A wall. Whiskey and smoking a joint lead to the feeding grounds of werewolves. Ignite the beast. When I can, I give myself verbal commands. 'Katherine Hepburn' (turn right) 'Bette Davis' (turn left). I take drugs given to me by my friends. The dirty, crunchy crystals of something speedy like the threatening lady in the basement of the Schinkel Pavilion. Wandering, carefully lost in the labyrinth, slot machine on the screen. Radar is shaping my encounters. Life is not a dream. Careful! Careful! Careful! We fall down the stairs in order to eat the moist earth.

Floating a Baby down the Nile

Question: *Porn, exile, fear and violence
Are part of us.
We eat guilt and remorse
Like bums eat their own vermin*

Answer: Asses don't eat shit.

Pelican Island (aka Alcatraz)

Even if we die, if we have to become monsters and everyone hates us, we have to read the book because it will teach us how to avoid the alligators' jaws, the wolves who wait in the forest, the huge snakes, and how to become birds.

How to become a bird

Eat in small amounts.

A Word Report

I sit quietly with my closed notebook in a room, looking at Alcatraz.

Incandescent shadows are inching up the concrete of the inner courtyard.

If you are in San Francisco, it will be necessary for you to say the word 'Mission'. When I was four, they were already trying to teach me how to be a world-class Christian. Lord of the Earth. Peace Child. Grace! Vision! Action! When I was five, I couldn't put the pieces together: God, the Father, the Holy Ghost, Jesus, Joseph, Mary and baby Jesus. It didn't make any sense. When I asked my Mom how Jesus could have died for my sins if he lived before I was born, she didn't have an answer.

The priest made no sense. Also, what had I done that was so bad?
I had gotten myself beaten up at the age of four. Was that bad?
So I stopped going to Church. I let a dog lick my private parts. I stole
a postcard. I walked naked on the beach and had sex on a log. I began
the process, a long walk, and I ended up at the doors of Grace
Cathedral smoking a joint with an ex-priest and his lover. We became
our own God Squad, hugging Universal Nature with sweaty torsos.
The Fire Friends.

A TOTAL FLAME BURNING ITSELF UP

I became two people: the child who wanted caring parents (the
cock swallower) and the human I was making whose will would be as
strong as god's, like ET, Zack Randall, Joseph Campbell and Simone
de Beauvoir.

Buried Alive

Jay Defeo's *The Rose* is buried in the wall, 1991. I meant that as a
title: *Jay Defeo's The Rose is Buried in the Wall, 1991. 2018.* The heat
from it is warming my back. I sit with my eyes open and my notebook
closed, looking out at Pelican Island. Kathy Acker is speaking to us.
We sit listening intently. Her statements lusciously exit her mouth.
'You most likely will fail in what you're trying to do, so you better figure
out what the fuck that is.' 'Create uncontrolled events in your writing.'
'Go out the window, throw yourself out with the truth.' 'Create the
truth, don't tell the truth.' 'It might take you eight years and nobody's
going to give you a trophy for it.' 'You'll never get there by using your
mind. Use your guts and use your cunt.' 'Your mind is a nightmare that
has been eating you: NOW EAT YOUR MIND.'

A Poem for Jay Defeo

To the mountains, to find your missing teeth,
this mysterious force,
the spirit of the earth.
Every step, not with an angel,
a life indoors till the day we carried it to the sun.
I shall die in the rose-tree,
those moon-frozen heads.

Cosmological-Theosophical Over Psychological-Sociological

It's rapidly turning dark. The winds are blowing. Water hits the stone
wall and leaps straight up into the air, 30, 40 feet.

I am an endless series of natural disasters, and all of these disasters have been unnaturally repressed. But as a snake throws off old skin, the psyche throws off old patterns that have become rigid. We need a new set of psychic blueprints to further extend the species into the future.

I had created a double of myself that lived in a library. She could be there peacefully reading a book while I was experiencing pain as a boy. When the other boys broke my wrist outside, in the library it was twilight, the birds were singing, and I could experience a delicious relaxation despite the pain. I stopped eating because I found the hungrier I was, the more alive she could be. In the back of the library was the entrance to a cave. In the cave, a vast network of worlds existed, and she could experience various altered states. In one area of the cave there was an ocean and a humpback whale, who could telepathically communicate images:

Piles of steaming earth, an interracial couple from the 1970s eating lunch, the inside of a well-organised woodshop, part of a lawn, a bush, a plastic garbage-can lid half in the frame, a wall with the drywall ripped off, a Persian family in black and white, a satellite image of a marsh restoration project.

The telepathically communicated images are visual essays on different subjects:

A Description of a Corpse from the Corpse's Perspective

Bigotry as an Architectural Form

My Finger Can Point to the Moon. But My Finger Is Not the Moon.

You Don't Have to Worship My Finger; You Just Have to Look Where

My Finger is Pointing.

A Coal Miner's Daughter

Where Does the Song Go When the Needle is Lifted?

Can Love Lead Youngsters to Murder?

Lastly

Does Language Correspond to Reality?

Can You Get to Reality by Using the Language in a Certain Way?

In What Way?

And After That

Black ink best wheel bale brown.