

notes from the cappuccino lounge 1-15

ghost writer: a person whose job it is to write material for someone else who is the named author

1.setting: plants in windows
medium sized coffee shop semi filled
laptops
daylight
guru's jazzmatazz is playing

the cappuccino blocked the view of the street. it was a sea of skimmed milk and then sky.
weather today: partly cloudy

to get in and out of the coffee shop, exit through the back or through the basement. or go for a swim

2.someone unnamed sits by one of the tables

table is acacia, worn and a bit sticky
laptop where he writes, chord about to break, should buy new computer with tax return money.
chose the table in the corner hopefully the owner wont come by to chat

subterranean walk paths reminds him of Paris. this is how we walk the streets now he thought, or swim

unnamed goes for an underground walk, bad radio reception
tries to figure out the direction of the text. editor says, you're trying too hard. it's only reviews, write the review. if I had my own platform it wouldn't be this way.

unnamed has a list of names, a thousand names, he's about to step into to get away from his editor.

3.for example unnamed in the coffee shop is big ghost in the cappuccino lounge. I'll use this hologram; pretend the streetlights and recycling work.

unnamed: an expanded self

a multiple self, a polyphonic self in which the text, composed of a patchwork of voices becomes something to live in and something to mirror a patchwork of partial selves that one might become.

this is the method.

ghostwriting: to write a book or article, etc. for another person, so that that person can pretend it is his or her own or use it himself or herself

4. phenomenological view of the present.

the text is stuck here, in between Husserl's view on the perception of the present and Derrida's critique of it. makes it easier if you're removed from the present. unnamed as big ghost is removing parts of himself for each day of the week. jokes drop to the floor, it has to be this way though.

thrown into a time and culture not of his choosing, big ghost always already exists in the world. suffers some limitations from which he nevertheless can wiggle free thanks to his concerns about the world and his existence in it. sitting in the lounge turning towards the text away from the editor:

to ghost someone: don't reply to calls or texts until they realize you're out of the picture.

accidental overlapping of words.

also, what about the voice. and the reading out loud. will perhaps go through the list of names and see if there is someone to read to

5. the cappuccino lounge allows for the present to be displaced.

I will write from this place. I will go through the list of names. I ghosted the editor a week ago.

this is the platform, with this view.

unnamed has invisible edges now. the edge being skin

makes it easier to absorb the names. inner or outer dialogue doesn't matter at this point.

image is: smoothen edges
edges blurred, subtleties obscured

6.

cappuccino lounge: a story that starts from nothing,
present: has something of a void at it's center,
unnamed: a character who keeps merging with events.

a narrator who inhabits the void herself.

7. submitting what you've created when no one is a recipient. when you're big ghost in the cappuccino lounge this is secondary. says this out loud because softened edges makes for confusing resonance. one or two people turn towards you but will soon forget.

coffee is cold. weather today, rain

8. big ghost is neither fully determined nor unhibitedly free.

big ghost, a portal.

he exists in the mode of his possibilities and his possibilities are motivated by environmental influences, his skills, interests etc. edges dissolving. he reckons with the world on a tacit level

ghost: any faint shadowy semblance; an unsubstantial image; a phantom; a glimmering.

tacit level makes for substitute edges of ones own. big ghost projects himself in the world, through the unnamed. next week will try out different name

we need another figure, a thousand names of something else

9. next week

names, not faces, not morphs of the same, something else, a thousand something else. will write from this place.

this week I go for Mnemosyne. what will she tell. she is as full of endings as of beginnings, which is a good start.

10. Mnemosyne knows about remembering, she invented it, how words travel in time through sentences. lines that we trace backwards and forward. without remembrance, we can't learn how to live with ghosts, she thinks. without the ghosts we can't think, we have to keep dragging them along. grieving and remembering. I invented the setting. Mnemosyne as a name, one of the thousands. standing out if we would allow for a hierarchy in the list. the list consists of lines with names on them, but everything is intertwined here, tacit level.

Mnemosyne dreams: a thousand cups of cappuccino fills up a room. a vast regimen of plump white cups

Mnemosyne as a storyteller, captivating and distracting. magnetic personalities shape events, we're reminded, but also tilt our reading of history.

Mnemosyne: wanting to be human too, I sought out for evidence that I was. Mnemosyne translates for us, not to make clear, but to double reality. leads us forward through the margins and gutters of the day. she translates difference, edges, versions. we think, how do people carry so much difference in them? well, they do. Mnemosyne translates on the brink to create a layering of time. after all, she is the inventor. with her words, it's not easy, but they propel forward. writing in the role of a visitor, she thinks, visiting is never easy.

another dream: a wormhole

11. real g of editing, goddess of time.

if there were linearity in the lounge, Mnemosyne would have had to come before big ghost, before the unnamed

12. in the cappuccino lounge. womb of things to be and tomb of things that were.

Mnemosyne the mother

the lounge being the recipient and the container. would go for scribbles on the wall if not for eyebrows. people keep coming in, it's a web here, people come here to get entangled. Mnemosyne works on an autofictive piece about linear time, it's a review still. about life lived along lines, a wealth of lines. not at points, not in spheres.

setting: entangled web

Mnemosyne: I do this in order to draw lines of definition around. I do remember myself. what if I could replace words with other things? things that come unhitched in time and then come together when we look at what we can't see, what we do see is the stuff inside our heads, womb and tomb

13. smell of toast and a fresh brew. no deadline but in order to be replaced something must give, a text.

exit the cappuccino lounge as a wormhole, through coffee shop, sub terrain, swim

wormhole: non-trivial structure linking separate points in space-time, much like a tunnel with two ends, each at separate points in space-time. may connect extremely long distances such as a billion light years or more; short distances such as a few meters; different universes; and/or different points in time

14.realisation that the platform is in the wormhole

will write from this place, thinks unnamed. I will call it the cappuccino lounge.
decades tangle and blur here

15.unnamed feels a rush of blood to his head