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Any Time, Any Place

Jamie Townsend

Abstract

"Any Time, Any Place" is an attempted translation of the ineluctable. A lyric streetlevel engagement that draws resonance from wage labor melancholy, daydream, song, sickness and flanueristic desire.



ANY TIME, ANY PLACE

people walking by are watching us...

A mild winter's thin meniscus of weather arcs over the northeast corner of Allen & Delancey streets where someone's pasted up this redux of Janet's iconic 1993 Rolling Stone cover. For weeks it remains pristine, a backlit window within the matte black post-no-bills barrier behind the Starbucks. Walking past everyday on my way to a job where I slip into a chemical stupor for hours at a time, only emerging to check my phone while pissing in the locked staff bathroom, I'm continually transfixed. The hands of Janet's ex, René Elizondo, Jr., replaced by a transient alien, waylaid in the LES, posing as some busted sphinx's riddle against the far more direct figuration of bodies on the glossy Sephora ads loosely arraying it.

As the holiday season wore on, the print's constant, obscured proximity to my workstation loomed far beyond any physical origin point in my mind, transgressing further and further the edges of its rough, small-scale reproduction. In this insistent vision I wondered what was implicated, and writing around it accumulated in layers only further increasing in opacity. Obsessive sculptures of a mountainous plateau piled up to the point where sacrifice was no longer just a decrease in luxury; the exhaustion of thought, endless spectral half-lives pulling me back into the initial discomfort that prompted its slow take over. It was as if my attention had suddenly passed through a rift where each point of reference is slowly processed then merged into a vivid secretion. That moment of witness each day became a small point of vertigo which grew inside my seemingly solid procedure of being within the city; a part of it filtering the blood, registering and reassigning waste its respective designations. That occurrence, cutting into the depressive seamlessness of routine, the fluid transition from commute to work; one moment of hesitation in the midst of a million or more, all at once. Throughout periodic fits of grey rain, oblique shapes appeared, glitching at the forefront of my hypnosis with the slight inflection of an inexplicable 'fuck you'. Perhaps the remainder of something long since forgotten, some dim glimmer cast from deep within a newly excavated access tunnel beneath the island. In the darkness, bioluminescence liquor flows from the jagged mouth of a disused water pipe, the insistence of whose void only previously served to further discourage the

thought that anything could issue from it. Swag of generous flesh? The ubiquity of a slender, faceless avatar? On my break, I went back and reread her interview *The Joy of Sex* online; I questioned my own sincerity, the things I thought I recognized

what does a real picture of our relations look like?

cum in community of thought?

our impulse's détourné?

how might we follow its contours more fluidly?

find recoil a medium for experience?

When imagination's flight reaches the very limits of nausea's disequilibrium, what comes next? I began making a list of brief chimera to eject the core of my vague understanding. Crafting a crude satellite of cathetic ecstasy, something waiting to be drawn in by a more complex body, one with an unforeseen well of gravity that might provide a richer atmosphere for these impressions to filter through. A pliant machine, designed with a single purpose in mind; to travel outwards, as far out as possible, & report back its momentary findings. *To be a minor star on the avenue*

not touched then or been more so what could I understand

of having these curves outside dreams

of feeling them bend and release momentarily held in my mind, near drownings

in the inexact sensation of being

so completely immersed film's

surface flowing at my wrist's

suspension

*so different than the airless shaft where each loved one's passed beyond far
before their time was what we thought common as*

[our wage labor

mass hysteria...]

*if there were a truer understanding of continuity - to allow some natural
correspondence with time or to leave salvation*

behind having projected myself upon the world

to locate its rhythm as a solid object made within the body to turn upon

*even now the closest feeling alien, crudely rendered - something formed in the
mind of*

someone else

borrowed from a stray magazine title

on the train

'the lure of shadow

banking' extends

into a complete body of work reduced by association or a body

being transposed pink slick of thought frozen

& propped up against a wall

to be the absolute naked fragrance

of wanting a life

scattered

shredded as eggshell

feathers from a pillowcase across the beds, post luxurious

mess, its bliss

as a way to talk about discipline perhaps

or touch the hands that made these shapes seem full

degraded, to imagine that

refrain, it's all for you

Over time it seemed almost comforting, the thought of invisible Martians at the controls, appearing sporadically to assume some key position within these reproduced images, their oblique bodies sprouting overnight among the taglines, a presence providing some outer sense of continuity, coordinates for sensual encounters merging into a flight plan, little points of focus in the umbra, where each small grain of discomfort grows luster, something foreign or a small part of the self dislodged, sealed off, then transformed, layer by layer, into a smooth opalescence, polished by its own effort, this strange combination of excrescence and grit assigned such inflated value, sought after for its surface pleasure, a whole history erased by this single moment ready to be added to the string, guiding us through the dark

I found a way outside myself, to make my spirit climb...

In 1969 Judee chased the swiftly receding light as she wrote her perfect inversion of I'M WAITING FOR THE MAN, still echoing years later in her North Hollywood apartment, the day after Thanksgiving when they found her, in vespers, thoughts' lacquer of repetition a horizon for the distant stream to rebound against, its shifting curves

Not having risked my flesh as Ama for centuries, not knowing the limits of forms so common in daily perception that even the most sober of these furtive glances join the gloss

black wetsuits replace the white cotton robes

rare abalone

once teeming, the daughters receded from the waves

I was looking all around, when I felt it there inside me...

Maybe this is all to say nothing, to let my limbs scale and settle, to try and sleep.

* * *

& wake to find myself dazed, emerging from a hazy moonlit abduction, its emulsion left behind reconstituted over and over, first seemingly solid, then shifting in turn, vivid images emerging only to recede into pure texture like the after-effect of lyric drip painting, a late scene from *Pink Narcissus* foregrounds the focus, the heart-shaped head of a giant cock fills the screen with streaming bubbles of mercury, the young hustler, swallowed by the trees in the wild midnight storm, marbled insouciance unfolding on rapid time lapse, her voice riding atop a polyamorous surface, slippage the mediator of other elisions, *but my rope was made of wind*, petty theft, confetti, summer snow, nacre, the regime of trying to remember.

In the fall of the year the article is published I wake from the dream where Judee lightly presses her fingers to my lips then pushes me into the shallow end. Standing waist deep in the strange half-fluorescence of a school gym after hours, I remember wanting to be held completely beneath the water or instead ascend to follow this dispersion, the sense it left in me, a strange temporal knot glossed over and over as the days went by.

Before I left New York I traded the remnants of my cd collection for an oversize cream colored t-shirt w/ original artwork by Jess Rotter. The scene on its front recreated the cover of the Big Star documentary "Nothing Can Hurt Me" in psychedelic portraiture, its title hand-drawn in pale yellow and gold bubble letters. The morning after I wore it for the first time I noticed a series of pinprick marks arranged in a tight grouping on my lower stomach. Over the next week they blossomed into overlapping pink sores, ripened with some unknown chemical payload that slowly leaked into my bloodstream, lodging in the muscles around my left hip and right elbow; intense periodic sensations of liquid

fire and ice periodically flaring up and subsiding, tapping an irregular morse that seemed just beyond comprehension

& waking again to a wet forehead; translucent drainage from a pore above my pineal gland, the gauzy topography of shed skin against the pillowcase, soft threat in miasmic declension. I pull a card for the future and study the drawings on it. The bisected white tower. Blue crustaceous life rising from the mud into milky light. A range of dirty snow in the rain. These oblique blending of enchantments. The invisible hands between the hands. Mouths behind the mouth. Cool thoughtless audience in the halo. Beneath denim, the beach. The ease. The trouble. A tide of red algae sweeps in across the nadir. A low, steady breath whispering 'fuck you'. It recedes and repeats in endless, subtle variation (*fuck you, jamie...Fuck. You.*)

About the author

Jamie Townsend is a conspiracy theorist at [Elderly](#), a hub of ebullience and disgust. He is author of several chapbooks, most recently [Propositions](#) (Mondo Bummer, 2014), as well as the recently released full-length SHADE ([Elis Press](#), 2015).