

Where is the spot to be rocked? I just think that I don't know. I think that we are in the spot to be rocked, and I am gonna rawk it, mothafucka...

So how does this feeling of independence translate to daily life. I will just have to see about that then.

I feel very open, very much alive, very available to whatever comes my way. I am not sure what is up as far as a lot of things go, but regarding all the more important (universally) stuff, I am damn-connected.
2 days out of Seattle – what a fucking blessing that is to me right now.

So is it Art or Intellect for now. I think that is the transition that I have been moving towards for a while now, and it is definitely satisfying to know what I have been stressing about for the last 1yr+some months now, but now that I know (and knowing IS half the battle) what do I do about it? Clearly the answer is to make some FUCKIN DECISIONS and then ACT ON THEM and not Back Down.

OK, so what are the questions then?

- a) how am I going to make money that will
 - a. not kill me intellectually
 - b. not kill me artistically
 - c. not kill me spiritually
 - d. let me make at least 1400\$ a month?
- b) Do I focus on the art that I am getting done, even at its dependence on things that are not healthy for me (i.e. smoking, drinking, pot etc.)?
- c) Where do I stand regarding myself? I need to do a mental-inventory regarding beliefs, timelines, habits, etc.
- d) If I am being "held down" as opposed to holding myself down, or if (god-forbid) I am actually actualizing my potential, what are the things or people that are holding me down? Do I win in the cost/benefit analysis of that relationship?
- e) Why am I reluctant to leave my comfort zone?

The space needle's such a nice guy.

It's so easy babay – it's so beautiful I am actually fucking pained. \

No really.

]

No really.

Oh M Y y Y OH B B B o y y Wowie Zowie teenage America....How did we get HERe? How ave we not sooner? I guess that I don't that I don't that I don't KNOWWWWWWWWWWWW

How much to do home much are doing how much to do? Combien C"a? Hypodermic scares and the weird volunteers...The know-mans are fleeing because they know, man...

Who IS A FUCKIN ROCK STAR????

Those Indians wank on his bones...do you think he cared? Or the Indians knew? Or anyone but Peter Murphy cared?

Spud n Murphy, pud murphreeee/////

She's in parties,,,,,Special effects to make it seem like she is anyways.... It's in the can, it's a wrap, it's a burrito...

STIGMATAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Do we intentionally cut ourselves in stigmata patterns? Because we know it's meaningful? Could it be really revolution time?? Oh I hope so. Fervently. THEN THERE WAS U then there was you then there was you there was sticks in the beats there were I burn by books burn my toes burn my uncle then there was you then there was you.. burn my fingers burn my toes burn my uncle burn his books burn his sticks burn his shoes burn burn my love burn my legs just to keep me from you... then there was you...

This is the start of something starry and weird and the summer feeling is all about the times that we are doing the dinghy-ding din.g...

I just feel very specifically alive and with it and totally here now, and it is a weird feeling, I guess because it is something for which I have been striving and aspiring towards,,,,,,'

AND I feel like every moment is a moment in which I should be DOING SOMETHING – no rest for the righteous & whatnot...

Being into a boy is weird. I am trying not to change too much, but it's hard, because I am slipping into boy/girl patterns. I don't intend to but it happens anyways.

There are right now Japanese People. Super.

I am not one of them, tho....

It is all suki yaki action, baby.

Extra Fried.

So fo da real. Ya fa reak! Fo Real.

Forever is today. Forever is enlarging... I don't know what is currently entailing. I don't know what is currently NOW/

I am lost as an island. I am lost without an island. I am lost without a lot of navigational equipment.

So I don't know how I got to NOW. I am clueless as to my history. Really. No really. I don't know what I'm doing here. No really. I don't know.

The apocalypse must be coming...I am BOWLING fer chrissakes...

I think that for the last few years, I was trying to represent the hallucinogenic SHAPES, now I am attempting to represent the COLORS and the FEELINGS

It's 3:33 in the morning on the best day of your life so far. It's the best day of your life only because it is the most recent... each new day is the best ever; because you are always getting better at being you. It is ok that this doesn't make sense. That's why it's art.....if it's okay with you, can I stop now? Can I be stupid now? I am sick of being smart. I am tired of always knowing the answer. I am sick of being good at things. I am sick of being good looking. I wish that some of these things were not true, because because because. I do not hate it. I rather like it all, I rather think that it is all super scumdidiliumptious.... But the fact remains that I would like to have on off switches...

I am drinking I am smoking but I am writing, and that is what writers do...

Fuck it. How the fuck did I get here again? Howcome "ART" is what I type when I don't know what to say? How did it get to be that I can type as fast as I can think, if I don't think about it? If I think about it I am fucked. And sometimes., I say

what I mean better than if I knew what I was doing. Like now. I am just kind of automatic typing. Automatic with a little help from the reason also and ... who know what that is? Me maybe...but I don't tell If I do... promise. To do more, do more do more do more art. Art. Art. Art. Now. Now. Now. Now. Now. Now. Now.....

Fuck me then. Or not. I will respect you more if you don't; I will respect me more if I don't if we don't I will respect us more. I promise I'll still respect you in the morning though. Regardless of past or future actions.

I promise that I will do more. I promise that I'll do better. I promise I promise I do do do do do do.. for shure.

I will be true. I will never work with any of my time against my ideals again. I will never be the Man again. I promise. I do.

I will never be my dad. I will never be my mom. There are good and bad things about those statements.

It's about time. Really. I swear./ How much did I want you no I swear you no really you?"?? answer :: so much so much it fucking HURT it HURT no it HURT no really I swear no really. No I swear... ; ; ; So I think a little bit too much and I dream a little bit too much and I compute little bit too much and I edit a little bit too much and whatever. So many beautiful people. So many and so many and so many beautiful people/ really

Lorna, Derek, richarddd.....

It is all about the shout outs...

I am a rock and roll band. All by my lonesome self.
All by my lonesome dove self.. so if I don't type well that is your fucking problem ok?///

Don't ask, don't tell, tell my eat me to to to do it, I swear would be the best...

Can you please eat my head? My crazy prebirth I really want someone to somehow know anything something something TRUE of me, not a really a game, but an actual a chunk of me..

Lorna, Derek Richard????/??

The reason that I don't make more music is that I can't stand the silence while you're about to play music, like if I'm fucking waiting to play something, or about to make sounds, and I don't ever know what I'm doing, etc....these bits.....

Do you remember ? it was 1969 the observatory. Or 1999, the observatory, whatever, it was observed. N30, 1999-etcetera, I was there, I was freaking, et cetera... that's now, it's all now, I know it all, it's really really really now.....do you remember the tear gas and the boots? Do you remember the storm troopers?

At some point, I think all women must ask themselves if they are whores. Am I a whore? I guess I trade sex for things but that is how I relate on a lot of levels...

So tonight I got to see a man pretending to be a kitten and also a Japanese girl, and also a great and astounding video game and a couple pretending to be a band, and also a man singing a love song to John Ashcroft.....and not the asshole surfers... gosh, that's weird that that could be the case, and if it were and then what would I do, and it were and what do I do

..... and supposedly to me I quit smoking, and it kinda seems like I have and it's now weird that I have a cigarette in my mouth...that WOULD BE MY PIE HOLE... any thing could not be better than this... I swear to you. I swear to you. I wear you. I were you...

For you to be here I could not appreciate you truly....thank you for disappearing well.... O how I love you

And I cannot not not not not tell you that I really don't have a clue about what it all means exactly.... And how weird it all is not really for real is it? I don't know and I know ah that I don't know and I know that I don't know what it not no no no no what it all means truly.

One paragraph, one son...one paragraph, one song. One child? What? I really really don't know no n o no no no no know.... Now... now... now...now...now...now...now...now...what really makes you so sure, sire? It is all whack And all wacky. Why whey way da bomb..... you're kinda far fetched, if at all.

How many people can I be in lOve with at a time? Let's count... .about 40 so far. I mean love, not just an attraction. Really love. For real. 4shure....

I am in painful love with 4 people right now.. 2 even worse than worse... I know all about anything at all,,,,,,

And I still feel freakish for my genius.....

it matters sometimes more than others. I swear really

the erotic city..

There is a buried language. It has something to do with ululations and keyboards. Really I know.

So who knew? The question used to be "who knows? Who'll tell?" but now it has past tensed.

Something of the present time/modality shift has happened through the newly interchangeable part-of-speeching that we are all doing.... Or at least those of us who are interesting.

Weird the traditions we keep...Weird the consequential stories we tell. Consequential a co-sequence-word...

I think it's time or past time for change...

I LOVE SO MUCH ! ! ! ! ! ! ! Sometimes it's hard////

But then the cynicism sets in.

This is the start of something starry and weird and the summer feeling is all about the times that we are doing the dinghy-ding din.g...

I just feel very specifically alive and with it and totally here now, and it is a weird feeling, I guess because it is something for which I have been striving and aspiring towards,,,,,,
AND I feel like every moment is a moment in which I should be DOING SOMETHING – no rest for the righteous & whatnot...

Whosoever is the lucky one (person?) to touch the absolute blackness at the edge of the OK – they are the gifted and the talented and the one to watch –

And my eyes are so tired – I cant believe that this is 23 years of seeing and there are so many more left – I guess it is just that I don't get replacements somewhere down the line – I think I need new eyes – these have just seen too damn much – or else I need to really close them for SO SO LonG – an unimaginable amount of time – an unimaginable amount of silence....

This is to express confusion and ambivalence....How can I start? The 18 voice mails? The worrying 12hrs.? the next 24?

Who knows. Who knew. W h h h a a a a a a

t//////////??/

A real and painful lesson in how much aims and ends are different....i agree with the evaluation of the situation (*w/r/t destruction of capitalist economies, shut down the USA etc.) but HOW THE FUCK can you justify those means?

Richard is dick extended

When do you quit? When are you qualified to answer that question? How are / do you become qualified for that one?

Not being able to digitally touch people (is that repetitive? Unnecessary? How would you touch without digits?) via email and not being able to answer my fact-based questions digitally and instantly has really made me appreciate the current privileges, blah blah blah....

But Everything is like tenderized lately....lacey....fucking nutty coincidences lately l=l=l=l=l=l=l=l=l=l

And doubt. And sadness an weirdies all round.....

And a really weird incapacity....

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Today Is very satisfactory - - - - -

This week has been very satisfactory, but today had very low stress.... And that is always a positive.... Today had high Drama, but it was not mine..... and also good.... Likewise, drama is always good when it is not mine.... Trying to think of all the ways in which my life is currently and concurrently deconstructionist --- who knew the deconstruction would go so far as for that to be a word in the Microsoft dictionary?/?// but the deconstruction Is rampant.....true in deed I and I

.....

But for now the emotional ties just stay severed away when we fuck we'll hear beats////////like I need more to do... .. well anyway.....

We live in the most eminently expressive of times – I can create music and art and talk to my friends and do stupid shit and Write and paint my nails and lift weights with really no special effort on my part – how odd – and at the same time be self-expressing in fashion and in dying my hair and blah lah lah lah lah.....

It seems like the whole future of self-expression and of communication on a very BASIC BASIC level is changing – the conceptual Meme of Multitasking – and our brains and our computers and our friendships deepening and working SO MuCh BetTEr – it makes me So Very Excited.....

Who knew what was going to happen based on Y2K et C....the legacy of post modernism requires that we always be more than one anything – everything we do has to not only Be, but Be A Reaction To – I think that has weird implications for the multi-level nature of all action, and all Conscious Action Undertaken...

I guess the thing was I am SO Glad that this year is going to be as good as it will, because this past year has not been quite what I thought it might, but this past new years was just as disappointing as the hype would have made it out to be.//.....

Rediscovery of weird facets and all these forgotten things – having had a personality long enough to squirrel little things about it off to the side and forget about them – I guess it's just a particular observation about getting older – but I don't really feel like I am getting older, I feel like I am getting better at doing shit.... Way more so than “older” – shit just keeps

on getting cooler and nicer and just straight up Better than it used to be – both because I am as a person improving and because the world and the way in which I interact with it is improving.

Just that things are speeding and speedier and speediest and fucking RAPID and all and the multitasking and the weirdness and the HyperLove that is felt by and large by that nebulous and unnamed community and all – if a community could never define itself, could it thus never be co-opted?* things to think about....just if you could never somehow sloganize a movement, then it could remain moving and not get marketed.....gee.

How would I (or anyone) create a movement If the movement's one goal was not to solidify . codify or reify? The movement would have to create a new form of group identity – mebbe that is the role of the digital media? Keep it all liquid and streaming...

What do I want to do? there is nothing there are no boys there are no girls, there is nothing there is nothing there is only this weird feeling of desperation and misery and impotence and immediacy....]

What to do?

Who know who's know who know who nows?

What?

How?

Who?

When I feel like shot you know I feel like shit I feel like shit, I'm, sorry to say feel like shit, what can I do, you thing I like feeling this way, you think I feel like this on purpose ??? I feel like shit, déjà vu?

The weird power from finally being able to open a beer with a lighter by myself...

Sound system going to bring me back up...my abilities...my inspiration my whatever is it is it....sound system one thing that I can depend on one thing static pulse bringing nothing in its way the answer's everything what it is what it is to be free one thing that I can depend on...sound system sound system sound system sound system...let me be your beast of burden let me be your beast of burden I'll never be your beast of burden... what/ could it be any weirder > no, am I hard enough am I tough enough am I rich enough am I just too blind to see? Sweet love to me, and am I rough enough, am I rich enough, am I hard enough, I'm not too blind to see....you pretty pretty pretty girl lolll

You sweet love to me, you and me you are me me you and those shoes on my feet...no more migraine world. I could not foresee this thing happening to you my life with you before the morning comes, no colors any more, and this all turns black

What can I say I am not real you and I are not real, you are not real, it is all an illusion, what are you talking about what is this this is not real, this is just an illusion, a weird game a weird fame that we made up, a weird infamy a weird truth, we have learned from this. Girls versus boys the psycho future the psycho future is here. It is all now it IS the [psycho] future. It is all okay, I swear to you. It iissssss. Truly OKAYYYYYYYYYY and weird. It's entertainment, really. And everything I do and everything I try, you just need top talk about it, you know, I'll be here, it'll be better if you talk about it I'll be here, and I'll be myself. I' just experiencing things. She starts screaming, you're on drugs, I'm just thinking, you're on drugs, it's okay, all I wanted was a pepsi, just one pepsi, it's okay, I'm not crazy, institutionalized, I'm not crazy, institutionalized....we need to talk to you. You've been having a lot of problems. It would be in your best interests. The change has come she's under my thumb.... Where on earth is Kevin shields is a game like where's Waldo, but funner, cause it's more personal...where on earth is Kevin shields?

You are – another planet you are – another mart of me – you are me and I AM and that is all I can ever ask you to be – YOU Stare – you say that you are mine – don't you try - - 0- you are that part of me who never says no, the friends are lining queuing, etc... . they are all sleeping.... We are all architects////////////////////////////////////

We are all waiting for what will be and yet living fully till it sis..... you know, whatever - - -
I get reminded of hi-school because of the way this song is all about crashed expectations – that people really were going to be cooler, that I would be excepted, (accepted) blah blah - all those things I a(and I think everyone) wished and hoped and dreamed for in adolescence. And what a really post modern concept adolescence itself is – it prepares you for the years of angst ridden ironic spectatorship that always follow, the bit when you are too cool to do any real soul-searching, because souls are too new-age or new school or whatever and those fake waterfall-buying, chakra-having fools in the birkenstocks.....just the urgency of the beat and the way it is always slowing down when you least want it too –when it should speed up and get louder, then it ends.....

This Is A Piece Of My Head.

circular , aha, it happens upon me when it comes.
But, then again, I've said some of the things in here already. Hmm, yea. I'm not compulsive, it's just like yea, well I am compulsive. It's just that sometimes my friends say things that compulsively need to be written down. But I know who said it

all originally, and since I was the one writing down what they said I know what they said. You have no idea who wrote it. Blue is the kinda name that would be in a Dr. Seuss book. Here is where it starts and then it goes on for pages.
(intro id statement)

are we beta-testing?
One . . . two . . . three . . .

It is really visual, it's like spinning tops but really long skinny ones. They're really pointy, but you can't really notice the point, and I had to train myself to remember what I had to say. Maybe my brain is so empty right now. That's what everybody's all about. I'm not anxious. But Jo-hosh, put your car in my trunk. So then what? Well, i am not the one to be asking that of such a wide-bodied gel-ly fish. If the fish asked me though, would i feel less out of place? I would tell him that I was probably going to go see what was up down at the foot shack, then hop on over to the chicken coop, maybe to McDonald's at some point to get my piece of national crack. It's all so terribly regulated now.

She sits beside me, maybe wondering what i am thinking. I would wish I were sitting beside her now if I weren't. Part of me would ask the same of her, but i don't. it seems repetitious after a while. Always What'sUp? always Nothing. i light another cigarette, at this point, still feeling rebellious because of it. Smoking was the first step in my rebellion against common sense. Fuck, we all know better, so do it because you DO know better, and it's fun to break your own rules. It's more meaningful that way -- no one can meaningfully break rules that don't come from within, if (have I written this before) the rules are handed down from above, it's merely disrespect not to obey them. If you break your own rules, then you start the internal rebellion which is the only way to (eventually) be free of external law. (at this point, i've already read too much and seen too much, and all i can answer in response to the media saturation is EXTERMINATE ALL RATIONAL THOUGHT, itself even a slogan.) Finally, she says to me Let's go to the store. I need to get cigarettes.

We leave.

And smoking those gaspers is a fuckin DUMB-ASS thing to do, even though it makes you look "cool" and i started to look cool and i do it because it looks cool, despite laws which forbade and do currently forbid, and c. there is a cryogenics bank on the street corner. Prostitutes hawk their wares "you never seen anyone do what i can do, uh-huh baby" to middle aged sea-cucumber men. on this block, there are 2 liquor stores, 5 drive-through suicide shacks, and a church- denomination: scientologist.

The slithering mall is only open from 17 until 8. The stores that they have there don't sell anything that fits anyone. She worked there once for a few brief hours, selling burnt orange / lime green kaftans for children in a department store which had it ALL wrong. The styles...oh, the styles. Designer sycophants pandering to the mothers of the under-cultured subcultures. And even worse is that now that the people can afford the styles, the styles are shit. Which comes first? Televisually pablumized society. Homogenized hip from last year. (*see : urban outfitters) Always, you have to be NICE to them. It's against the rules to tell someone they look bad, or No, I really don't think that fuschia is the right color for your lids, it makes them look even puffier than they are, have you been crying, or you would really look much mucho better in clothes that fit don'tcha think? No, you have to defer, serve, smile, thank you. Make them come back, so you can kiss their asses again. Just once, i'd like you to say, No, we don't carry Michael Bolton. Please try another store. We only sell Music at this location. Kenny G? In the dairy isle, past the contraception and power tools.

We smoke/ We leave.

Bear sTorK orchestra plays the fanfare, the CHARMING curtains fall oh so delicately (a veil) and The SHOW is starting in the night sky, through a deep and pungent industrial haze, creaming a backdrop onto which the gallery shall be projected. It is all works of the Symbolist/Post Modernist period this evening, and many of our favorites are being shown. Amazing that they are being presented in a tableaux above my parents' backyard. quite possible oh yes quite possible. (don't forget, everything is possible)

"Oh, and then sometimes I can't feel the stairs"

I am suddennly back, beck, back, with the rea-li-ty, figuring out what i might know, what my hunches are, what things are as iffy as a glance at a club. "Stairs are utterly irrelevant. You know, sometimes I forget about more basic things, like my nerve endings, and what color my eyes are [brown, deep black-brown, not at all like shit], and do I really have sensations, or has a lack of external sensation just compelled me to believe my own fabrications? is this all my elaborate ruse to keep from atrophy? When I finally remember, I have little molecule seizures all over my body. Electricity being cut on shaking shaking circuitry. There are points of lights, covering me in a vacuum. I am on television, and i really am black and white. I am watering a fish bowl, and the fish is sucking on a hairdryer, eating the voltage it is feeding him. The water evaporates quickly, so it needs to be refilled often, and the world outside the television is not black and white, I can see the red at the middle, then green then blue like on a Zenith TV-but now I get it--the colors are in charge of it all. Green runs over into red runs over into blue, and matter is formed."

"oh.

"i have to go to the bathroom now."

separation. then confusion. microcosmic realities drug induced.

i check on what is happening in the y-chromosome consortium and see that the scene resembles my interpretation of early burroughs.. Passed Out Cold listening to Jacked Up Wired babble blah babble blah..well, you know it's just the noise of your face sliding off. That disturbing slosh drool bloody menstrual masculing sound of flesh and fluids. Of course, the mortal had to beat the shit out of that cat. You know, the cat?"

"uhhnhh.." { you never know, you might find it here, on black country rock!}

Yeah, the cat.. the cat.. what to make of the cat?

"Yeah, so he beat the shit out of him. Whatever. I'll make you all fall down. I got da skillz. What happened to those telecast Hispanic machete fights? You know, those weird sick rich bastards in Thailand. support the arts. The martial arts...we all. we all. we all should have been dying to see it. Major Pay-PerView event. I would have gotten it but {some say the view is crazy, but you may adopt another point of view, so if it's much too hazy, you may leave my friend and me with fond adieu. that just depends on your point of view. London bye ta-ta, london bye ta-ta}

"Okay, i'm back now."

Thank goodness. a diversion.

You know, the gallery seems to have gone away. i've been concentrating on the mundanities of amphetamine influenced speech for long enough to have forgotten my own post-post-modern art hallucinations, realizing how many questions go unanswered every day, not only by those choosing to refrain from responding, but also by those who are incapable of getting a word in between the impassioned small talk.

"What were you doing three years yesterday?"

"Well, i was in a school choir, laughing about a joke that someone had made that my best friend was a dyke. Of course they didn't believe it, but you know, they were right."

"Oh really?"

"yeah, i was fucking her. first sex i ever had."

"Was it good?" I realize how much difference a few years can make.

"Don't know. i have nothing to compare it too."

still babbling on the deck. incomprehensible shit about der Weinerschnitzel and der McFrankenfurter. who cares. The music has stopped. we jointly (even he who was so indifferent previously) adjourn to my 'STUDY' as i am supposedly a student, study-ing.

We choose wholly (from current standards) inappropriate music, and have a brief discussion on the ramifications of what one's favorite flavor and hue of Jell-O indicates about one's personality.

Conversation is moot as it is being conducted by three pseudo-hardcore animal rights advocates who wouldn't dream of eating something with horse hooves in it.

Conversation dies.

Let's all become drunckcken beat ports now. Yes – beat ports. Things which transport the beat from the stereo sound to the intuition spirit world – things through which the beats flow.

i lie down with a rock over my third eye chakra. For some reason this seems profound.

I think of abortion for some reason. Unconnected (at this point) <this is foreshadowing> to my daily life, it seems like a pressing social issue. Maybe, one day...I think of the grotesqueness of having a person-to-be GROWING, actually being created from scratch inside your innards (sic?). This thought is the beginning of my revulsion at the thought of motherhood. I think of a reality in which after an abortion, the chunks of bloody, slimy flesh are fed to you in a village wide ritual, the elders and statesmen celebrating because there is one less mouth to worry about feeding, one less male (?) to usurp their powers in the future. Even reading this i am sickened. (and sickened, again...) Mouth slipping to the side, turned up in that innard-grimace. The not-yet-going-to-be mother slightly nauseated, yet relieved that she has no child to raise, no college to fund. Thinking that the uterine flesh has a taste similar to those chicken liver hors d'oeuvres they serve at nearly high class white trash receptions.. what are they called again? realizing that she has just eaten what could have been her child, thinking that maybe it's better to be straightforward about it instead of letting it live his? her? life with her [the momma's] desires and fantasies hanging over its head, just waiting to consume it as soon as it thought it was safe and away from mommy.

It's the anxieties and fears that really creep in.

Beat port....beat pot beat p.pport.

I notice that i am the only one with any semblance of consciousness, and offer to get water for every one. The suggestion sends Clarinet off to the facilities, and i am left alone with the boys.

The solitude of thought has sobered me up, but not to the point where i don't think it will have done the same for them.

"So how are you feeling Wil? Josh?"

grunts, generally seeming happy and noncommittally stoned.

"Enjoy your trip?"

"I'm not afraid to say I'm scared...I trust the speed I love the fear"

more grunts. sound almost like uh-huh's if you think about it for a while.

get water. realize that i live in someone else's version of the universe, and it's not up to me right now. it's a picture of myself from about 8 months ago on my parents' refrigerator that triggers that. And my mother's gynecologist appointment reminder. The croaker doctor.

Later, the boys leave, and we are talking about them. I think they're slimy, yet criminally endearing. She thinks they're slimy, and grimy, and their only redemption is that they have the right intentions. I think that is their downfall, and should be more pure, less well-mannered. somehow trashier, as their internal leaks seem to be.

I've always been more attracted to criminals than "nice guys." I remember the first time i saw Bonnie & Clyde. I masturbated over the aesthetics of tommy guns, rolls royces and the sexiness of Gangsters. Excess is beauty if it is Excess of Style, narcissism and ego and mischeviousness nicely wrapped with accessories, fashion and attitude, plus my desire to live without regards to consequence personified in criminal acts. Complete lust.

And non-action. and nordic-ness mess hesse yourturn now.

SO THEN WHAT????!!?

What are they thinking? Weird looks at/towards me, bad voices, closet hallucinations in every hand gesture and all rebellious without style haircuts, clothes full of innuendos.

And all of we are sitting, talking about random shot bull shit, and...

FUCKYOU MAN I DONT WANT TO BE YOUR BITCH

I DONT WANT TO EAT YOUR SHIT

classy, very elegant, i try to interject ((don't you know that everyone you're speaking to is on fire>>) I guess i may be the only one seeing this, they're actually on fire, raging, and i do not mean this in a metaphysical way. several of them sizzle,

contorting hopelessly on my parents' lawn. It cracks me up. Noone watching everyone burning. I am the only one, and i find it fucking hilarious. But that frightens me now, as i watch you put that noose around your neck. It is far too small, as you were not meant to hang in a lawnfull of apparently imperceptible burning bodies.)

Political statements, or not, you can take em or leave em. They were never intended to be worn around the neck. They and their counterparts, coconuts. (Or is it coca nuts? or cocoa nuts? nucking futz?) But really, little bugs suck. I am painfully aware of this as i am bitten and sucked upon by seemingly thousands of them. i would think that they would be drawn to the flames of the burning youth, but i rationalize their attraction to me by thinking that somehow my ultra-cultivee palour is more appealing, somehow whiter than the light. This cheers me up somewhat, but not to the point that i am over the bugs. They have become more of a nuisance than the screaming on the lawn in front of me.

Perhaps it is because the fight is only invading my aural input. i can look away, ignore, etc. and they aren't touching me. My personal space remains intact. Unlike the bugs, they have not committed the Ultimate in violations of the EmmaOeYe code of ethics: Thou shalt not violate personal space. (and i mean Physical Space, not the aura, or something like that. My concept of personal space is easy: if i can ignore it, it's okay.)

i am pissed at the bugs.

The couple goes away. (dont forget they are on fire)

I go away from the bugs.

Although the waves in the grass in front of you may be real, the boy cavorting on top of and between them is a vivid hallucination, is he a wolf?is he a boy?is he real? personally, i think he is as real as it gets; too much himself to be anyone else's invention. But, as always, he is only a projection, just being shown like any other movie.

i write, thinking i am being profoud:as from the belly of the fish we get our meals, from the belly is our only glass. I fry in the dark. The seasons? No, the ennui <as i learned(rhymes with 'can we')> is too fierce this time of year. The southern heat has profound effects on the people who choose to put up with it. The air is heavy, and no one can ever quite get dry. Lassitude and apathy condense in the sweat. Or maybe it's astrological. mercury retrograde means a breakdown in communication and interpersonal skills. Better luck after he'd been committed.

i go to see him in the poor house, though. It's been all but turned into a wax museum and very solitary. The leprechaun (or is it a wild boar) functions as the ballet creature, or the nurse. There is no interaction. The dog causes him to erupt into the small rolling wolf and flurry together at the post office, where they must activate.

Secret A-agent ma-han, secret A-agent ma-han, the only two lines i Know run through my head's radio station at high volume, stuck in the groove as the dj goes to the bathroom. Come back dj. Even though the music that he's constantly playing, it says

I want to make a Ddeath Rray for the steve-virus. Lifelong goal – now I have isolated the symptom, now I must find the cause. Money with nothing to spend it on is one cause. Why steves flourish in bull-ish economy. Steves flourish in times that encourage phrasages like these.

The fragments of others' conversations slip into my mind, frequencies overlapping, a dial set continuously on scan. Snippets turning into a song in themselves. Found sound. Found Sound. Hijacked pieces of your life cut up and reprocessed, digitally remastered with never before heard tracks, regurgitated for your consumption and listening pleasure. Found Sounds.

some more..

(Greece)Grease monkeys and the like, German gremlins, the winged voices heard in the night, creationism revised, warped, cajoled into being the lover from Xamlia19 in the Gamma Quadrant. Never never tell, never tell. Who's to tell?

And remember yr high-schooling.

All this tangental math shit. You're fucking frazzling us. That guy Josh is a bi-polar media creation. a complete inhuman. inosan, imhotep. Beavis and Butt-head or something. Sitting there laughing at all his own stupid jokes, making fun of himself simultaneously. drooling naivete all over himself. he was far too cool to notice, and because of this he became a sad commentary on the State of the Union's address (23 elm, if you must [musk] know).

I've been buried too, you know. The food was nothing to speak of, goodness knows the caffeine's gone straight to your head!

Now, the Wolf-Boy, he's a different story. He's what would happen if you had 300 cups of coffee and a mountain climber's physique at your disposal. "Oh no the scary trucks are after me again the sand worms and their digestive tracts thump thump thump thump thump thump tummy damn esoterics on their fuckin timeshare brain"

Yo, it's half past a hallucination. I'd better get my life together.

And the problem w/that is that who know which order the puzzle is to be put together? Right? Like which is the key??? Help me lfn' you can...

There is a Pegasus (i.e. winged horse) He has just turned two Flailing wings, just about to learn a lost art about to be rediscovered, I imagine that's the same feeling that an eager young boy gets on uncovering his first idea of conspiracy, walking into the kabbalistic trap, hermetic secrets etc. But unlike the boy, the Pegasus is quite beautiful, and his is an art which hasn't been "uncovered" many times a week by many others like himself. He is unique, strong, but still flailing around gasping for his essence.

I am walking from building to building between classes, not noticing the genteel southern i think the humidity has gotten me and all that - melting faces dripping places and the trees fucking in my head (no, FUCKING – little tree lovers and little tree-penetration, tree after-sex cigarettes and I meant to call you's and morning after pills) and the buildings have this totally optimistic 1950s the future will be a wonderful place with space pill-food and chore-doing-robot feel to them, but the chrome has faded and the once-perky yellow looks like a dog pissed in some gray snow. They are trying to sap the future out of all who pass within their hallowed halls...

Do you need some pipe plugs? The waitress at burger king with the exploding polyps asks such innocent dragons.

I didn't even know who the hell it was, only Dannydates thist a needed the bees I was paying for shit, don't he know I was paying for shit? I said leave, what're you doing? Sitting .here,

there are so many ways to get around that these days. what ever, and i keep thinking of different cars that i want, the debate over horsepower versus intimidation. The 97 Legends are winning in the former category (in my price range) while the Infiniti sport-utility (can't remember the number XJ900 or something) is winning in the latter. Fuck the bank. prohibition of credit. or it would be the 98 Jaguar XJ2, vs. the Plymouth Prowler.-----

← that dates this. Now it is a diff'rent century.

Speaking of guinea pigs, -Only in this apartment could that actually be a sequitur. Sequitarial, secretarial, sectarian, septuagenarian. How is it that all of the "extreme" writers are the ones what get to live forever? I've been there, I've done that, but come on- Bukowski was sponsored by jack daniels, maker of fine tennessee whiskey, under a joint agreement with Marlboro. sponsorship then entails life after death?

No, sponsorship only ensures that there will be some memory: your face and product will continue to be used to sell the commodity, everyone will associate your legacy with a brand name. you will become a character deliniator in your brand-identification. it's your destiny.

My subconscious is pretentious. Twist that knife. Spouting this poetic crap about business...And they always say alternately one of two things...An ounce of fuckin material! I was like "What the fuck is this?" I was like there was grass growing out of the middle of the aisle ... This church from 10BC...Puke orange interior and this crazy flaming orange outside."

The crash was fantastic. I learned a lot and that's the truth. A COMPLETELY unreal trip. Took/takes me somewhere else. Sociocosmolgy is the math of personality.

The most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Do you remember anything about Alex? hey I'm a bitch. Damn, though, he's never lied to me before. I like drool over anything he says to me anyway. He's just crazy. I'm so pathetic, Oh god, what kind of spastic bullshit am I saying tonight? I'm such a bullshitter and I won't remember.

"I was engaged. And the guy died. And I assumed that I would just die. And I just put it in there; he just gets real anal about stuff like that. It's not like i'm gonna sue him or anything like that. Let's just kinda talk about another subject now..."

"there's more nothing than stuff" "no, there is only one nothing, and many many stuffs. Hence, there's more stuff thannothing." "but nothing is pervasive. there is an element of nothing in all stuff, plus the one big nothingness that is even in all the physics equations- dark matter- it sounds so ominous doesn't it? all the horror villains' unifying field theory, freddie kruger, michael meyer, jason, and the evil dead all got together and fought it out. nothing and nobody won. but inflation went through the roof- prices changed from 5 & a quarter to 99 godzillion blob-knobuluons". they're made of 3 hyper-gluons to 1 peck of textured, nutty soy protein.

i just snorted an ounce of prevention. a pound of snot came gushing forth from my left nostril, the one with the ring in it. it's a doorbell ring, the same fifth that you use to tune a guitar traditionally, like the "here - comes" in here comes the bride all dressed in white.. or hallucinogenic trippy silk with the square holograms on it. "as opposed to what?" he quipped. i chipped. the birds chirped. the frogs keroppied (TM). stands for "turner-made." C is for cookie.

who's body? i can rock a party like nobody. especially if said party is on a boat at the time. you weigh less now that we're 30,000 ft. above the earth's surface (30,000/3.36 m) inch worms are rarely actually an inch. they take a mile. she talks a mile-a-minute, everyone from new-new-new york does. Let me lock myself in a closet, the biggest, Imelda-Marcos-sized walk-in imaginable, and i'll see you in four years. I'll wear a pair of shoes from the Metropolitan Museum of Art's (and yes'm, they really do have one) collection every day, with Dr. Scholl's original air-cushioned inserts to keep me from getting blisters. Fucking 95 dollars for an air-cushioned clear plastic bubble-couch. Fucking ridiculous.

I really have no problem with the crystal, it's just, remember when we were chasing down Duran Duran? It was THAT girl- who later turned out to be a lesbian, but that's a different story -anyway, she kept feeding me drinks, and all i had to do was turn on or off this spotlight on a live open heart surgery show in this club, right? so i was stumbling, disoriented, and this girl keeps reassuring me that i'm not an alcoholic, and giving me jello shooters, incanting the mantra `there's always roooooom

for jeelllll-oooooo.....there's always roooooom for jeelllll-oooooo' crouching like a nature show shaman, complaining with her movements as in interpretive dance.

After the herbal tea, there is a round of captivating blackberry flatulence, then moving on to the subltler aroma of the belches. truly a fine contender in this gastrointestinal festival.

let's move on, shall we?

there's a point in the evening when i feel "marsha brady." the stripes on my arm tell me who i am. i feel an uncontrollable urge to share my problems with a counselor. i feel part of an Asteroids atari [teenage riot] tournament. it's time to grow larger alice it's time to shrink alice who are you talking to alice there's no-one there just the slight reflection in the book depository window. and over on that grassy knoll.

we communicate through touch. all the pillows on the floor, unbelievably (um, squishy sushi is the only word that comes to mind), bodies everywhere, somehow all manage to keep a mug of hot tea through the sensation-orgy in the cushions. really, we should have been dying to see it. the loss of sensation caused by experiencing childhood through the reagan years, devoid of the genuine, trying to transcend the limitations of our supposed culture, writhing groping slithering rolling diving down into the somehow utterly goopy blackness of the universal placenta only to discover that this was all a work of fiction. any resemblance of characters herein to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. we have become the movie. we in the movie are way too cool to wonder who's watching, it would be inappropriate to acknowledge the viewer in such a way as to give away our suspended belief stati as performers. we cannot have a reaction, we cannot know much of anything, being sub- and super-real projections, with the x- y- and z- axes perfectly aligned so there's no distortion in the transferred material.

It's that grid l n the projectors.

how utterly cacophonous the constant pervasive piping of "pleasant" sounds over the muzak systems of the world. my next-to-last roommate quit his job, causing him to have to move out, (who am I kidding, it was me.) after a bitter, melrose place- esque fight, all over the installation of muzak at his place of employ. a noble cause, eradication of all internally unacceptable sound. a doctor's note, saying you would experience spontaneous pancreital ruptures whenever you encountered soprano saxophone or certain keyboard modes, or any LITE radio station. a medic-id bracelet with aural allergies on it, with antidotal remedy..

(especially any track off of Chuck Mangione's greatest hits)

so i'm here, now, as ALWAYS fucking with everything that's going well in my life by equating it with that which is not. wannabe your lovah bay-bay i don't wanna be your friend. yeah whatever. that's not the point at ALL -- i wanna be your lovah and your friend. are the two mutually exclusive? i don't think so. so yeah, like I wuz sayin, EXTERMINATE ALL RATIONAL THOUGHT. i feel better with tobacco behind me ears.

"I was driving the tug with two carts behind and he was like `man, you're all okay, man, you're all okay' and the tugs wuz fuckin me over because Fuck, i din't wanna deal with that shit, ya know?" well, maybe. don't you wish there was a transitive verb of "maybe?" it would be the verb to end all verbs w/r/t fin-de-siecle, fin-de-MILLENAIRE, [i maybe you] or whatever the time called NOW is. It's the fuckin feeling of music in your gut the music that makes you want to come, makes you want to be so crazed you get committed, so happy you want, no, you ACTUALLY wish you had, 99 red balloons, bite your lower lip and say yeah that's it, that's the fuckin pimp that I want to be playin on, yeah that's the shit that i wish i had done first yeah that's tha ticket and c.

all my CD's skip as a result of tooo many people to count knocking them off of the bookshelf that they so trepidatiously rested upon, myself having built said bookshelf, my own carpentry skills being somewhat sub-par. sub-pa. Thank god it got fix-eed.

i'm super-pa, i've been able to beat him at every compet(comPEPt)itive activity that i can recall, from the first time we played fuhrer-daughter soft ball (balkans) to the last thyme he tried (albeit quite unsuccessfully) to debug the computer (post-e-mail-virus) which required substantial alteration of the e-mail-altered *.ini files and the autoexec.bat files as well. he knows shit about that or super mario for that matter. he would go on and on and on about how the first time that he beat his father was like this adult-hood-rush of competitiveness that he like somehow KNEW was going to come when, and only after the moment in which, he had BEAT HIS FATHER. he felt somewhat let down or inadequate i suppose that this moment came for me when i was round-about five, the first time i competitively matched my own personal pops in something that wasn't height-dependent.

i like music with distorted samples of laughing on it. though at times the deranged giggling can get to me. Like the time with the arabic ambient laughing playing in the background, carving a bowl from a red delicious that was quite mealy, chasing the young'un with the knives. all the while knowing that we could do it. all the while knowing that we wouldn't not because of ethics, you see, but because it would be the wrong headline reference in our fifteen minutes. But normally the worst that happens is i get sketched and smoke, or at least crave a cigarette, because everyone's quitting, everyone's growing up, becoming responsible adults, and realizing that we should have been socialized enough by this point to only crave certain drugs, never ever others, and realizing that we've been socialized backwards, in a lot of cases.

SO THEN WHAT????

come on, do tha dew. no, really, have a mountain dew, it'll change your life. it'll letcha be god for five minutes, i swear. no, really. Or no, () try cocoa butter, it'll change yer life. the feeling of actually being, actually experiencing- that which all of your efforts and affronts strive toward. The feeling of being a bad-ass. the feeling of being super-fly. me i'm supa fly, supa dupa fly...

imagine if you were truly a pimpstress. all the time truly dealing with the whys and wherefores of pimpstressness- what would your excuses be then? what would be your plot line? Your RE:... line? your tag? My tag has always been fligirl- because I want to be a pimpstress? I dunno. May be I do, tl usually just write fuck'd up shit in the text. God dammit, all I did was make a simple god damn mother fuckin' statement. have some deep-rooted drives. Naw, gnaw, gnaw, I want to be a diva. Plain ~n~ simple. perhaps a queen-y diva. Diva. with a capital D. Get your Vitamin D get your Vitamin D get your Vitamin D get your Vit-a-minnnnn Deeeeee ge-e-e-ett youuuur Viiiitt-a-a-a-a-a-a-mi-i-i-in D-d-d-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e..... lloser on the cruise control Baby's in reno with the Vitamin D get your Vitamin D-----We all know beatles songs. We all can sing along if we so choose. parking mayhem, repeatedly. breaking rules. an obsessive topic this evening, understandable given the situation. I guess it's just all fucked up. just one big fucked up mess.

Can you spill laughter? is it a spillalbe-commodity? is it a sippable commodity? "Laughter" doesn't look right spelled, nor spilled.

Imagine if I no ME were a pimpstress. if I were the one-and-only pimpstress. shit would be "hella" different then. sleepy-time.

i want every one to read this as drunk as i've written it.

I'm sorry..

Sing -ha ,me to sleep.

{now ziggy played guitar..screwed down hair-do...}

so then what..

whateva.

wendell, naked & painted with firecrackers coming out of his ears and flowers growing in his toe cheese. --Mechanics modules- the strange weirdness coming out of my ears, it's all very modular and molecular. Also like volvos. Odd how people become their e-mail addresses. I think of so many people in terms of their handles. duh dun dih. I think actually i am the pimpstress. Everyone tells me that, and all reality is socially constructed. it's all whateva. Reality is a crazy-ass rubber chicken, bending and stretching all in the wrong directions, right?

“Like My Grandma overdosing on heroin”

<- how unlikely something is. I can't remember what that something was, tho.

Therapy. Massive therapy. It's the only way.

Amazing people, wonderful parties and my mom, way the best. Even tho I come off as incredibly vain, the root of the sentiment is totally pure (not puree) – I realize how much fun I have and how much fun my friends aND THE SHIT I LIKE AND THE SHIT I DO ARE ALL EXACTLY THE BEST STUFF OUT THER AND THE MOST SUPER FUN

I am both thankful and surprised by all of that.

When this city loses its massive people watching appeal, I will leave, but not till then.
(it's a butt town)

life is a big project partially about calming down. And that's why no more psychedelics for me. they used to make me calmer (sort of) and now they make me weird because I am so much calmer than I used to be.

They don't have breast implants in japan.

Data stream is a watery, fiery mutant.

Concepts:

produce, don't consume.

Aim high with social engineering.

Meaning is made through interactions, so why be bored? Create

positive interactions.

Innocence and naivete are not bad things.

Intent:

create more beauty than you destroy

surround yourself with people who improve you.

inspire action rather than complacency
aesthetics can be bubblegum and good without being cheezy or new agey.

Real and sur-real interactions, not sub-real and stupid interactions.

Surrender your will to your coincidence control engineer. (brought to you by your friends at TM™

people are dumb. (As of today) the movement and sociocosmology are both about aspiring to greater things and surrounding yourself with people who increase you. the reverse peter principle – the yockey principle. (rise to the level of your competence >completence<) Strive for the better. TM™_go_higher_faster.

Sociocosmology is about organization and confederacies and TASTE and self-worth and class and garlic: beauty and surroundings and creativity and poetry and moving being acting looking (not like but DO) who you ARE. AND yes it may be elitist and all that shit but it will not lead to segregation along class/race/lines. Only Honesty, about who you are and who you aspire to be. And about your reality-creation and archetypal situations.

Not >>EGO<< x-cept in the Latin sense (I am)

tho I don't advocate rampant destruction it seems that in many cases it would be easier and safer than undertaking correction – Like, for example, L A. rip it down and start over.

SOCIO/: human interaction

COSMOLOGY/: while keeping in mind your place in the human universe

I make a point of HUMAN. We humanoids are so anthropocentric as a species. Partially because we have not yet figured out how to interact with other species, either on this rock or on some other.

other people want kids, I want a movement.

And my eyes are so tired – I cant believe that this is 23 years of seeing and there are so many more left – I guess it is just that I don't get replacements somewhere down the line – I think I need new eyes – these have just seen too damn much – or else I need to really close them for SO SO LonG – an unimaginable amount of time – an unimaginable amount of silence....

STONER BOYS VS. ALIEN GIRRRRLZ 2K