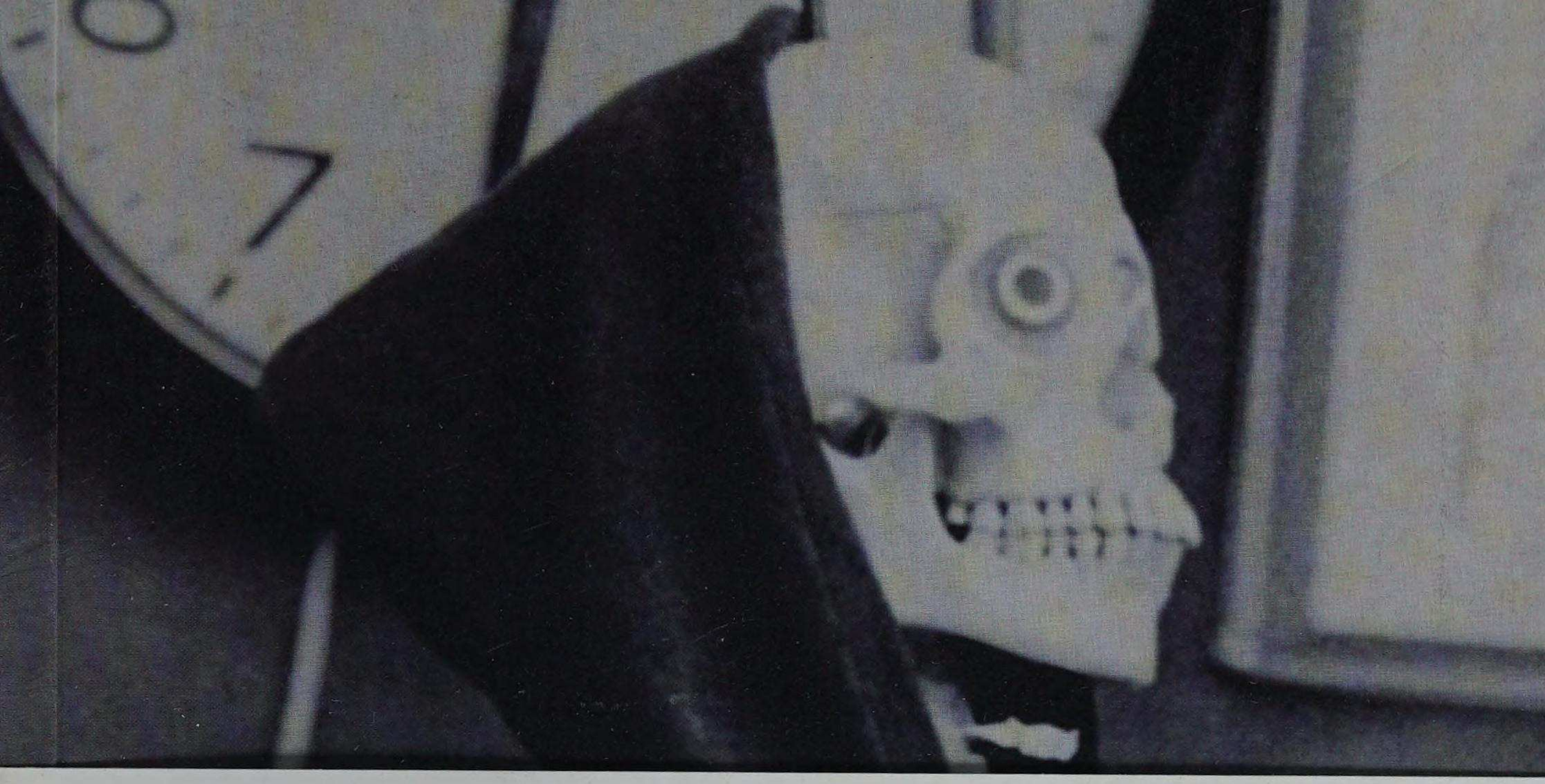
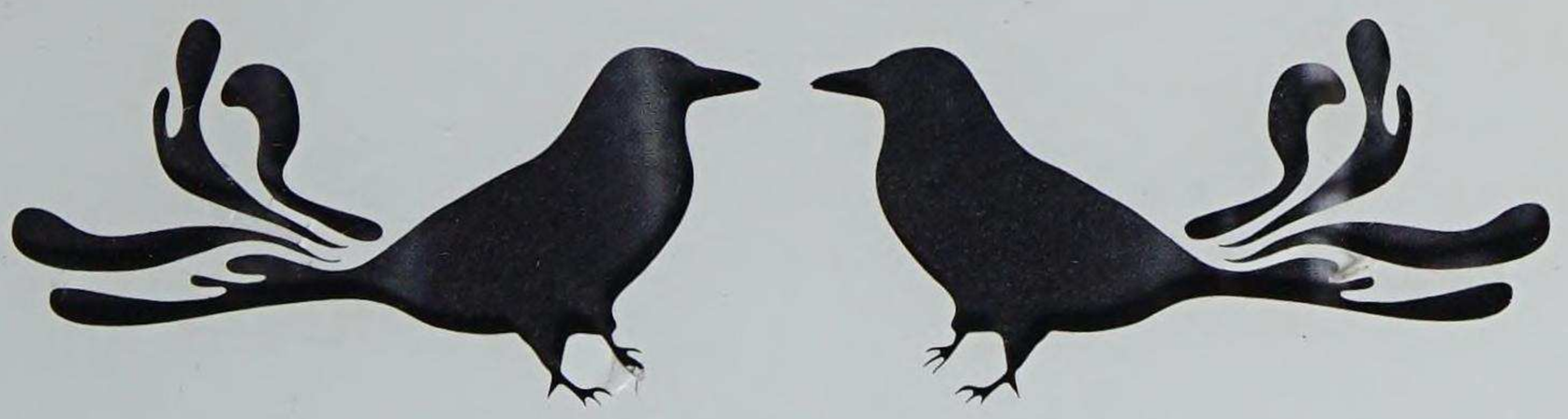


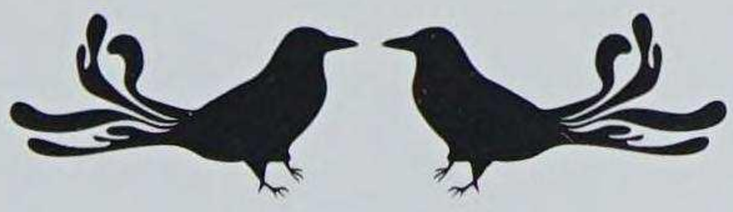
# SCHOOL SPIRIT - PIERRE HUYGHE & DOUGLAS COUPLAND



ENCOUNTERS

# SCHOOL SPIRIT

PIERRE HUYGHE  DOUGLAS COUPLAND



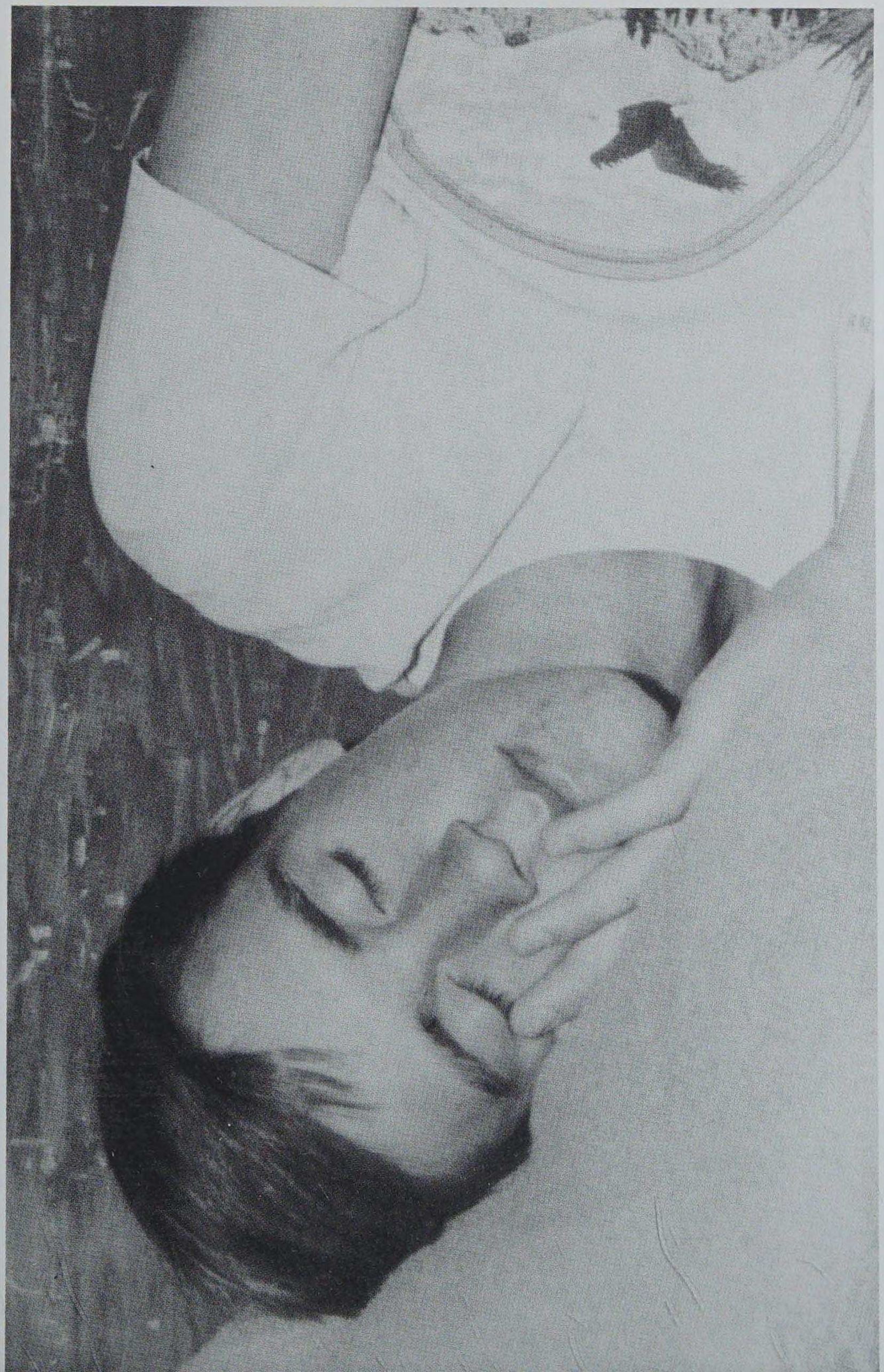
ENCOUNTERS



My name is Kelly Harding.
I was a junior at John Glenn Secondary, Rancho Las Palmas, California.
I died on my birthday, April 14, 1984, the day I turned sixteen. That day the weather was overcast with clouds the colour of ashes. At 2:36 PM Pacific Daylight Time the last thing I saw was that sky, drifting south from Los Angeles, polluted with unleaded exhaust fumes, radio waves and dead dreams.

***





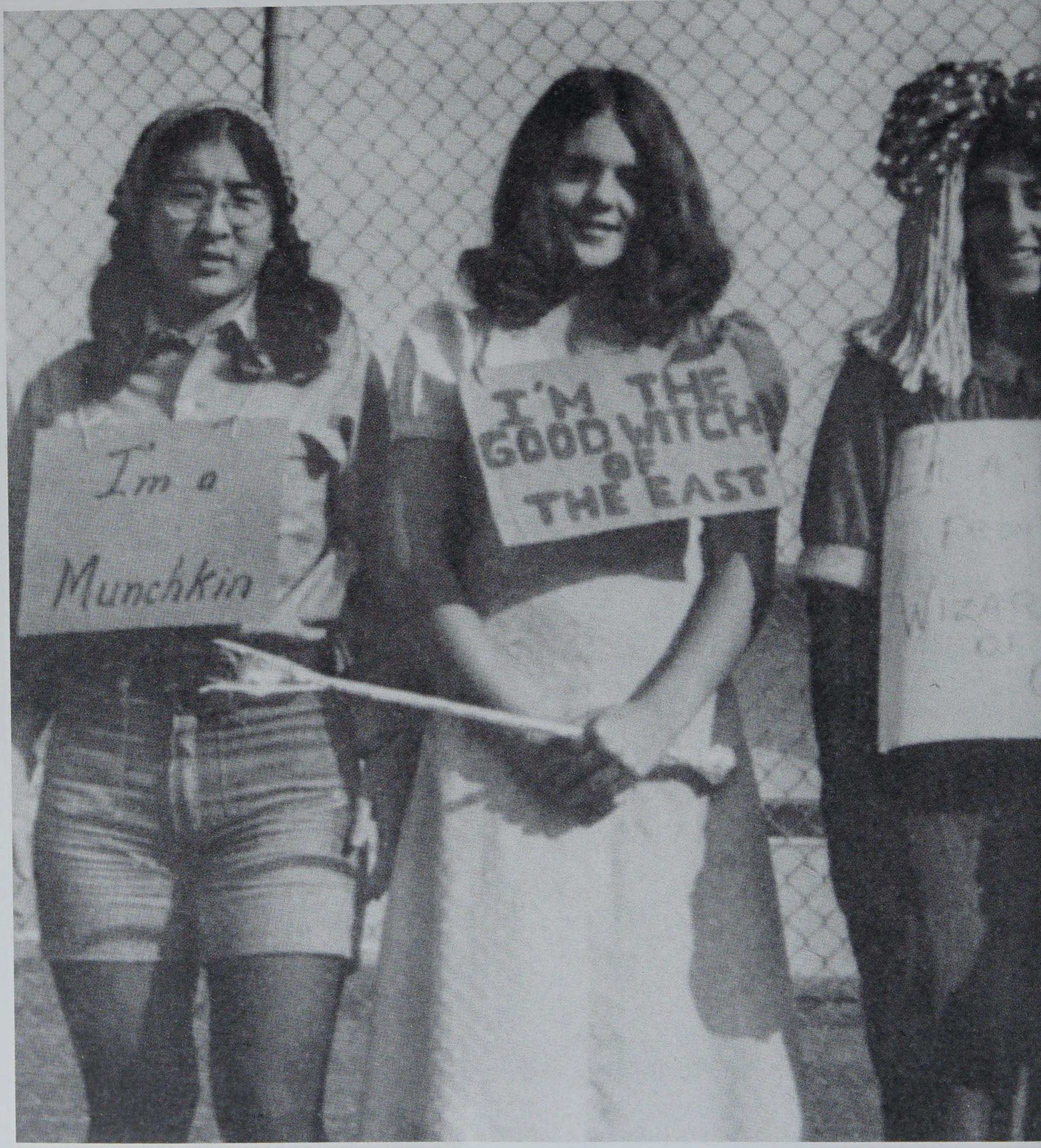
I Wont

grow up








I'm a
Munchkin
I'M THE
GOOD WITCH
OF
THE EAST

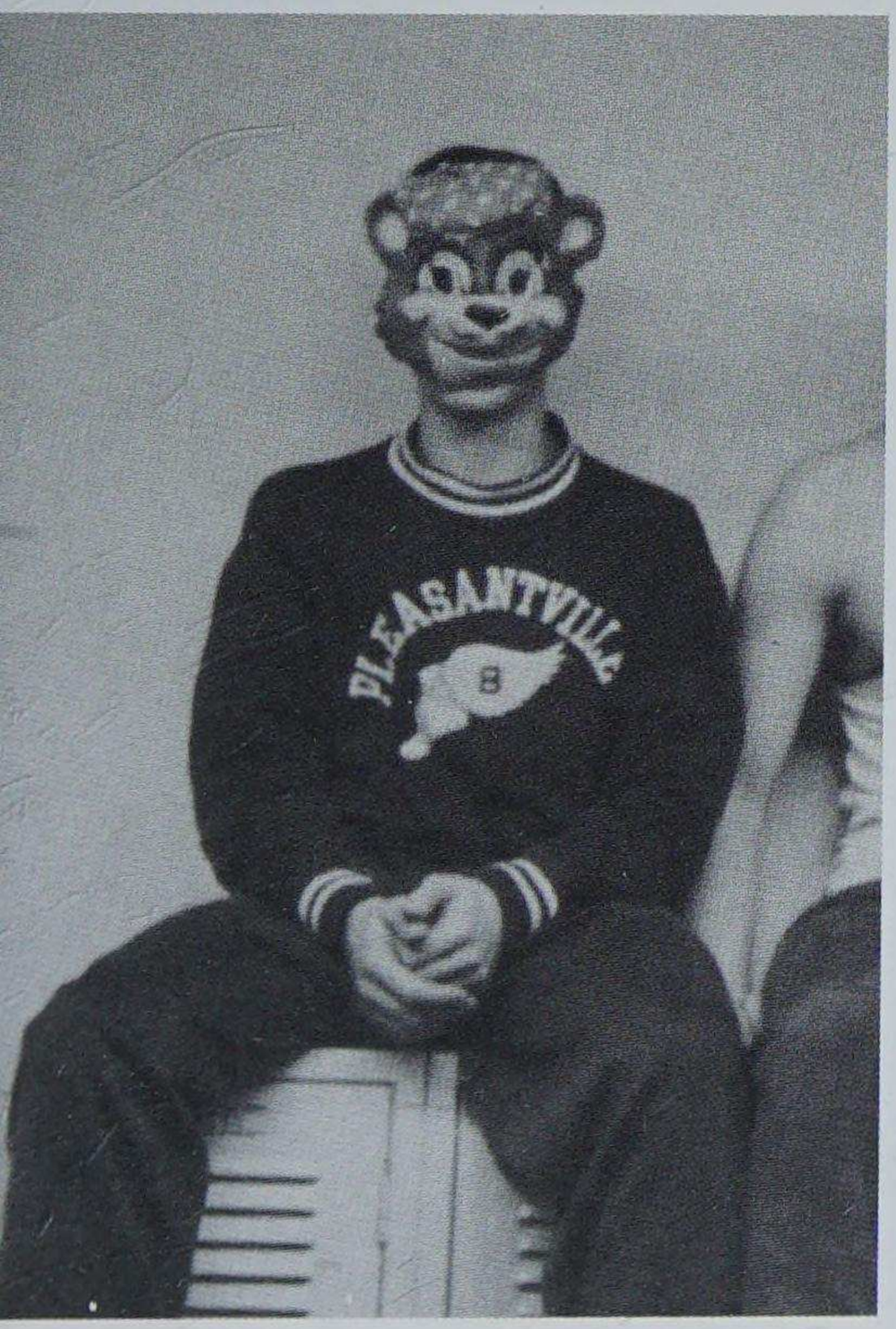
# UNIMAGINATION





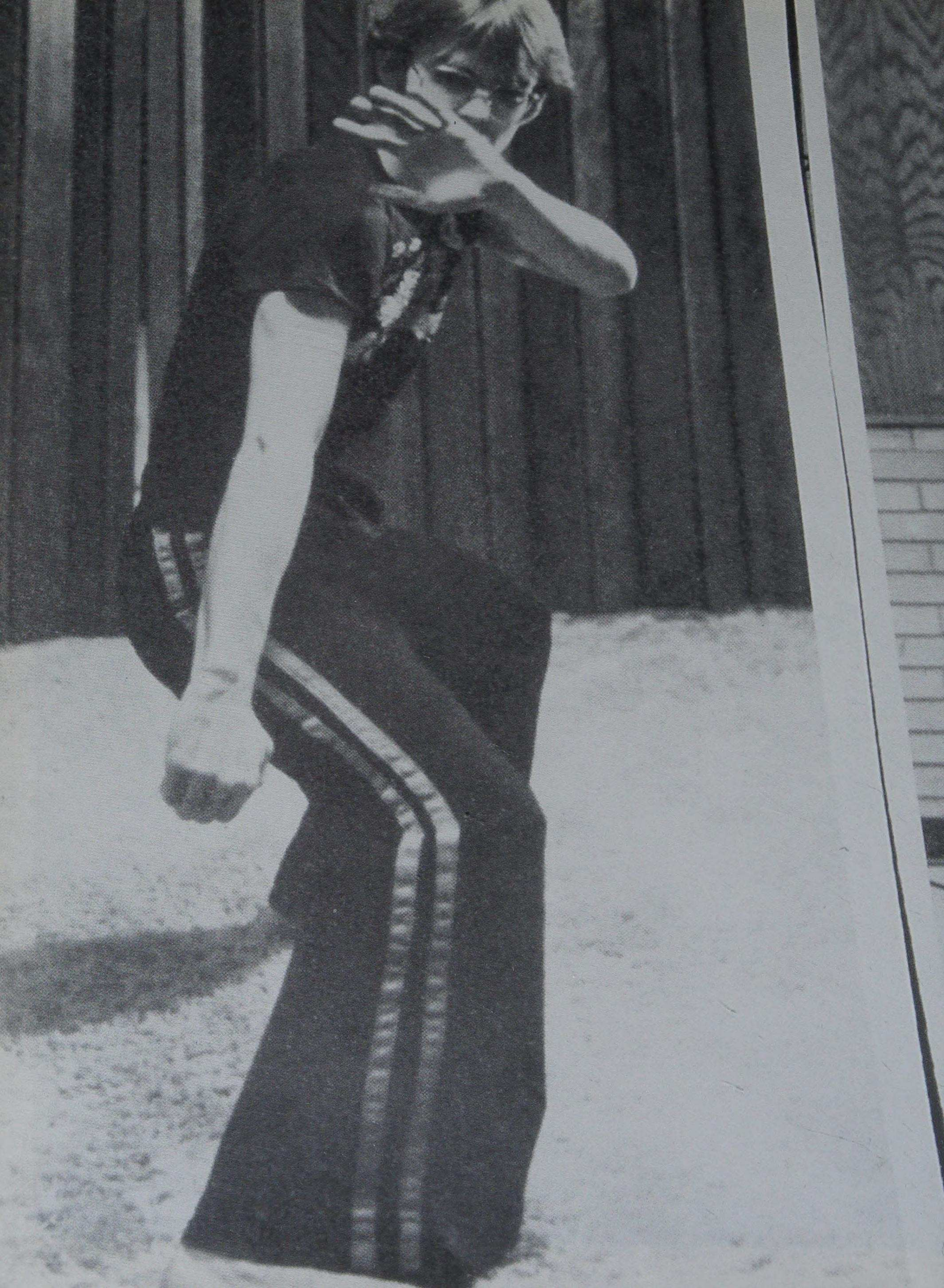
# HILLARY...

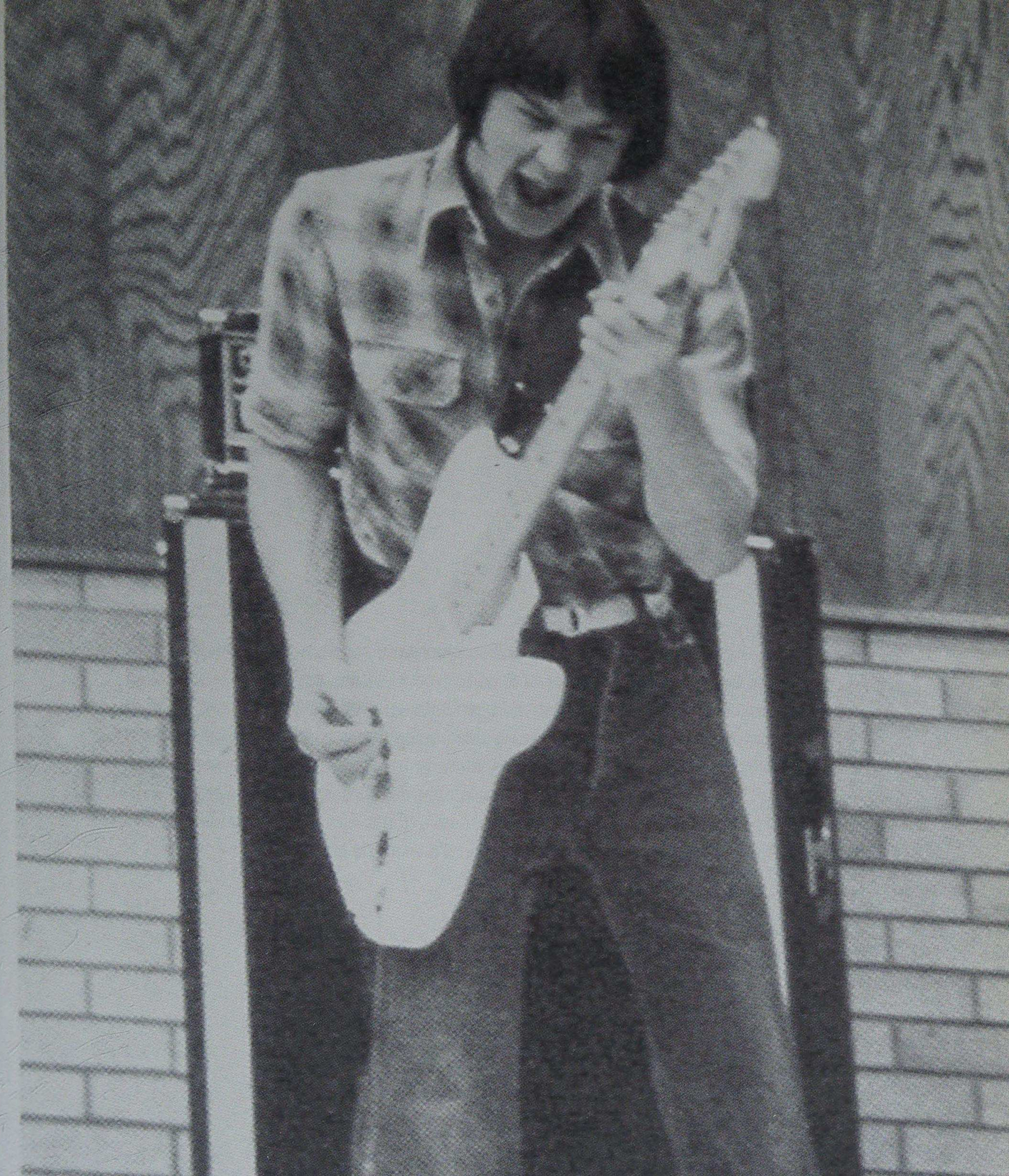
WHERE DO I BEGIN?
BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLES
HIGHWAY CLOVERLEAFS
THE COOKIE MONSTER.
THANKS FOR OUR DEEP
SPIRITUAL TALKS.






BLACK
FRIDAY
13th
LUNCH AND





I died during the afternoon gym class. We were playing soccer, and after kicking the ball to my friend Tracy, I slipped and fell on the muddy grass, and the fall triggered an aneurysm: a small clot of blood that had been lurking in my brain waiting for me to do something like slip and fall. I was already dead before I was carried back into the school's front hallway, where they placed my body beneath a mural of several helmeted bears crushing other small animals – the school's team was called the Bears. The light on my face came from the team's trophy case, fluorescent and yellow, but as I said, by that point I was already died. I'd seen the clouds.

***

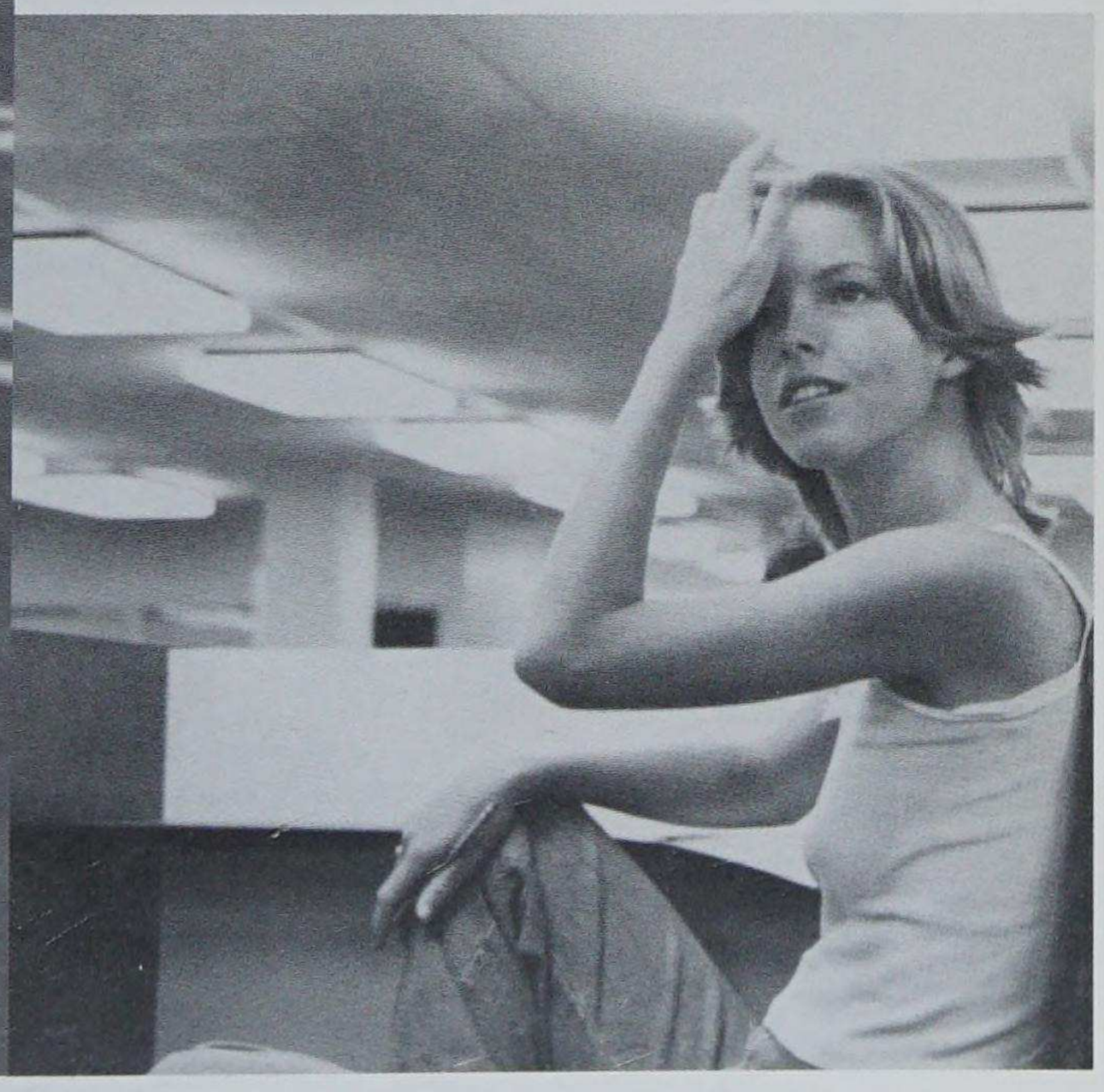


As my body was carted away from the building on a gurney, somehow I —or my spirit or whatever it is I am—was consigned to remain here in the high school, and I didn't at first know why. But the situation didn't frighten me. I just knew that I wasn't trapped in the school forever—or for eternity—or whatever word you use once you no longer use the word, 'future.' I was trapped in the school until I learned things I might have learned differently had I lived longer.

* * *

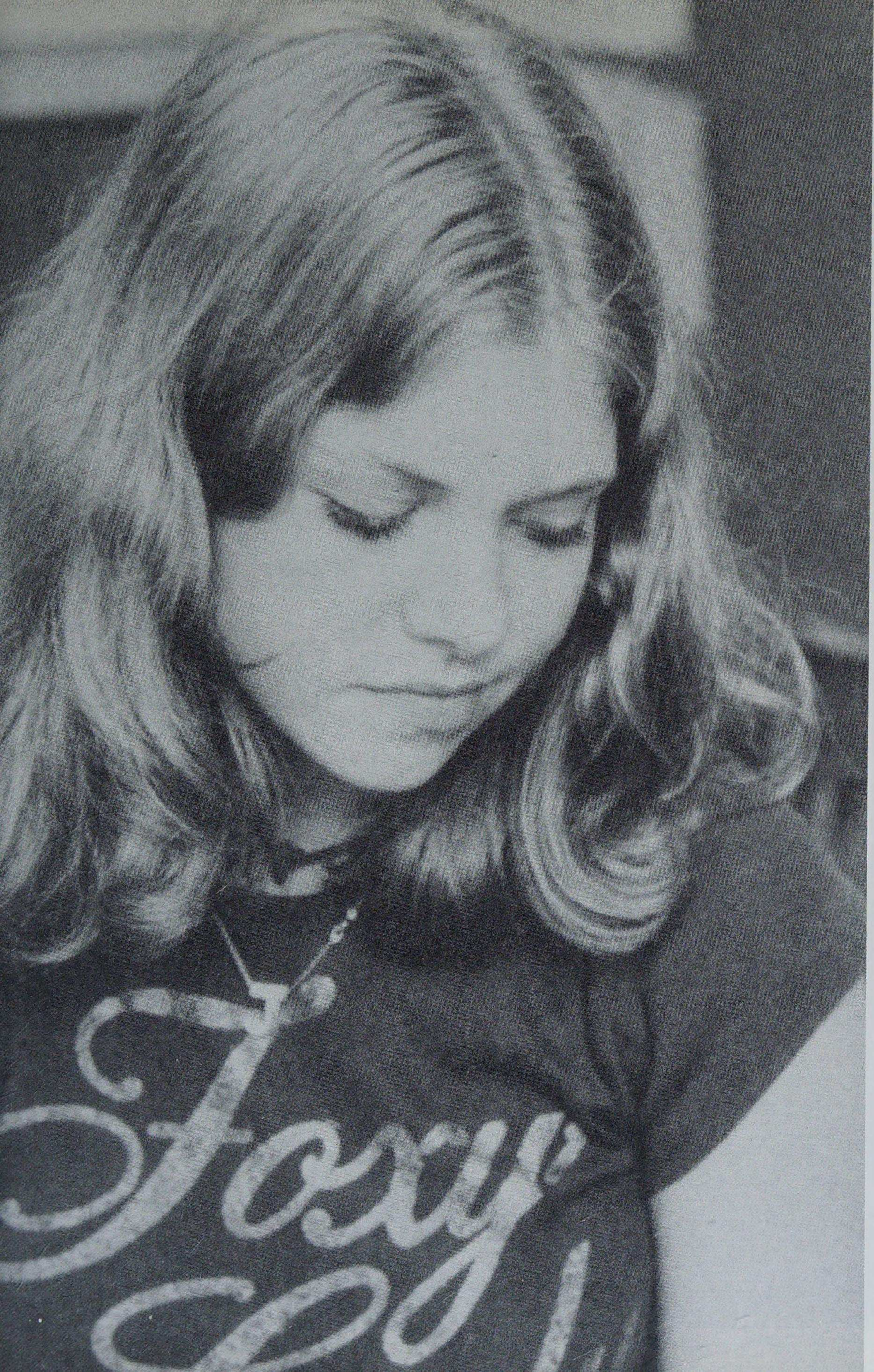








# WHEN THE FLOWER DIES, SO DOES LOVE.

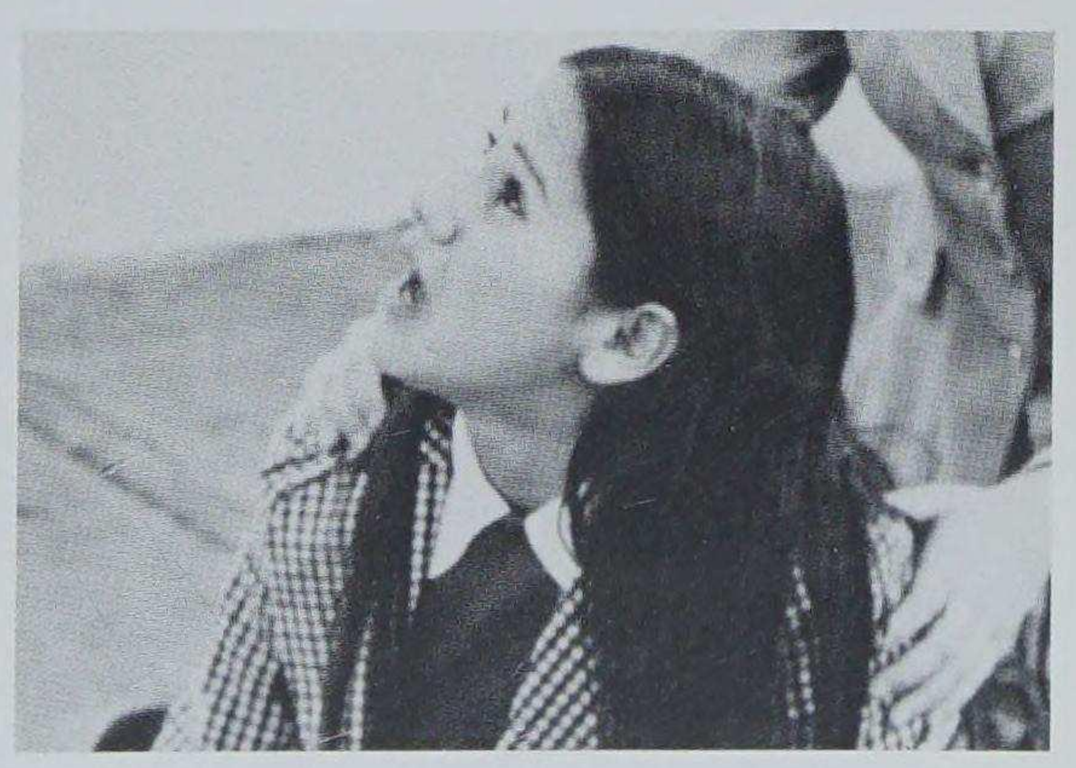


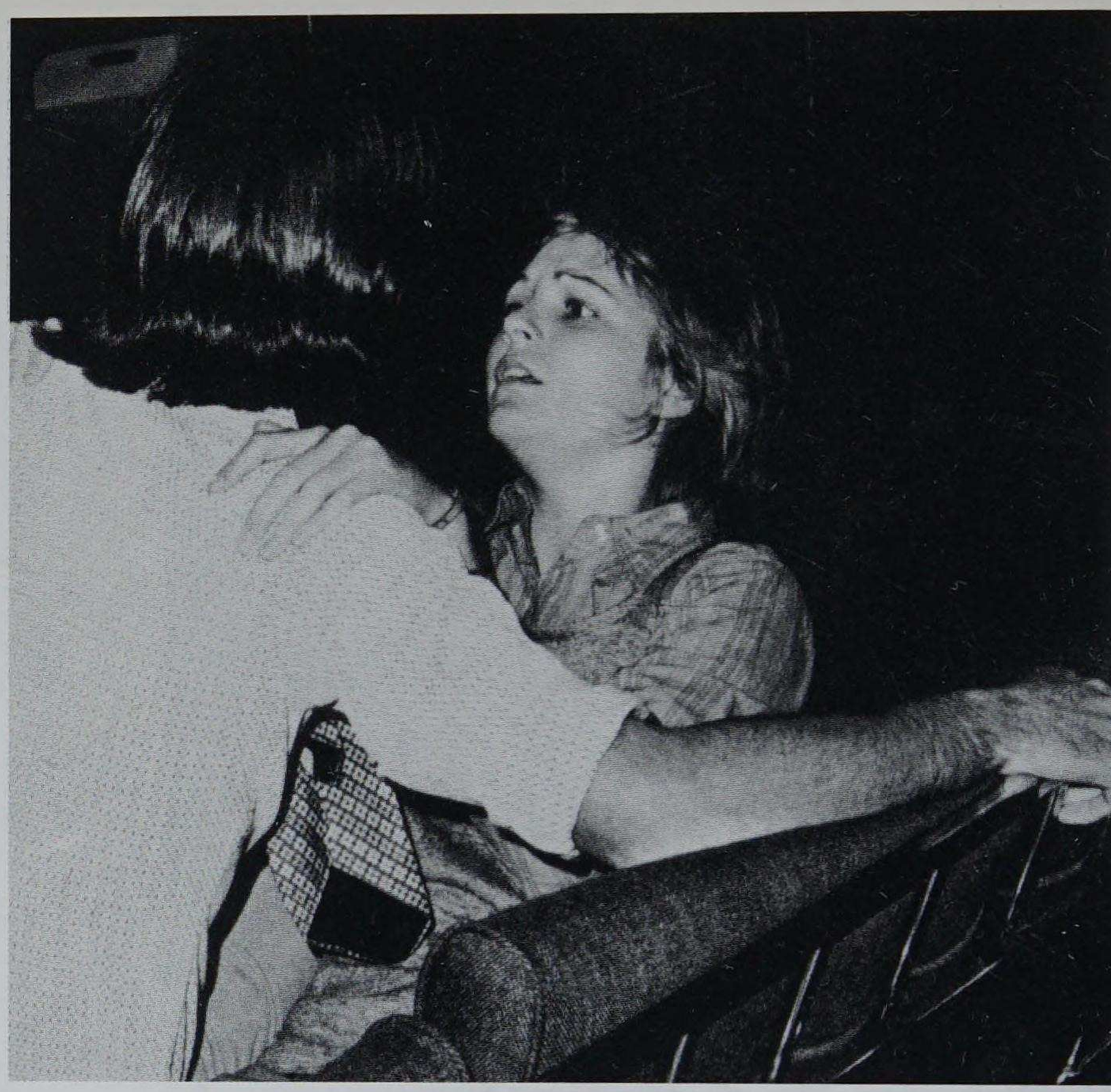






# STACY,
# REMEMBER GRANT,
# REMEMBER HIS LIES.
# REMEMBER ME.
# DANNY

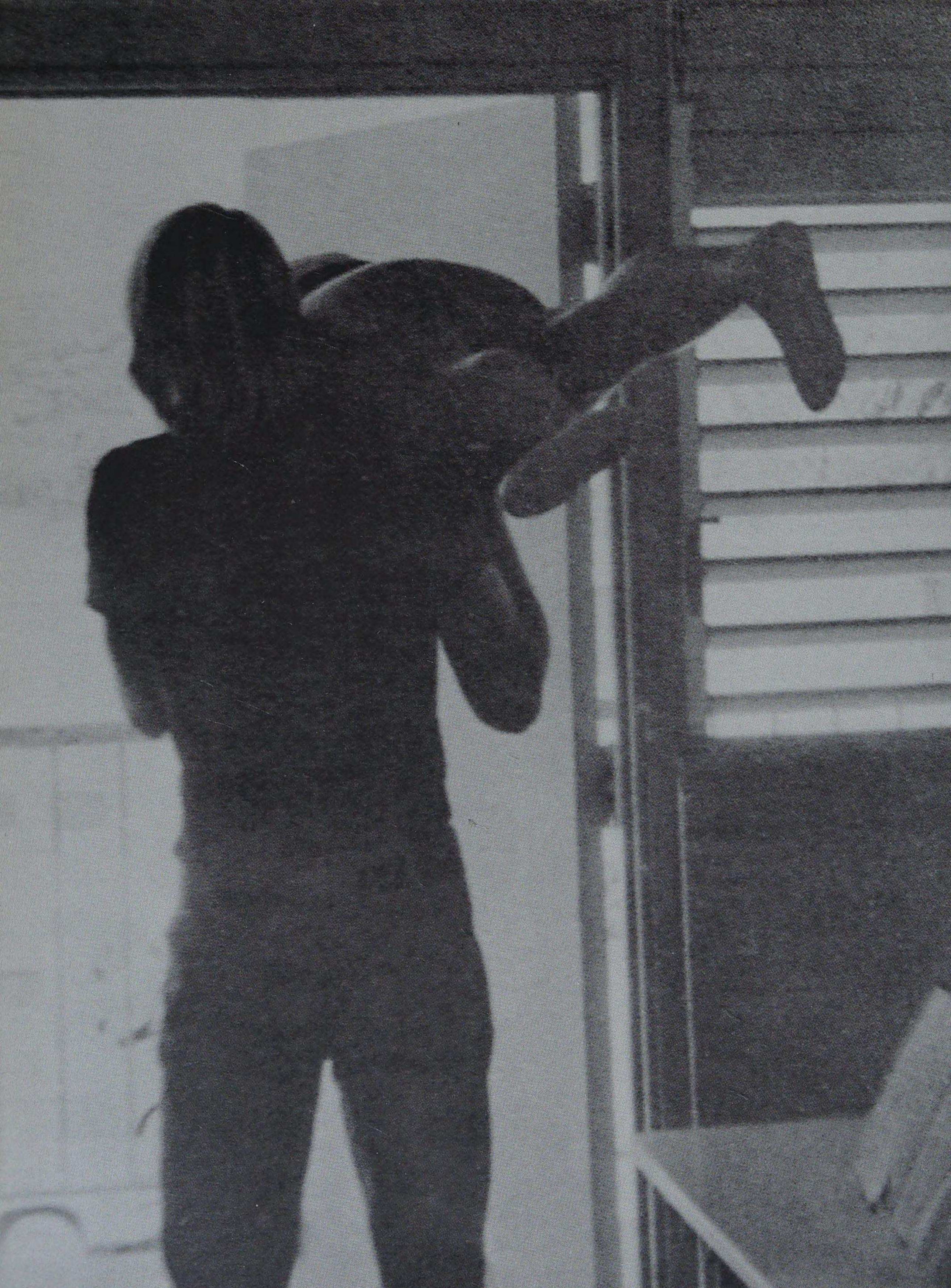




HEY ALLISON,

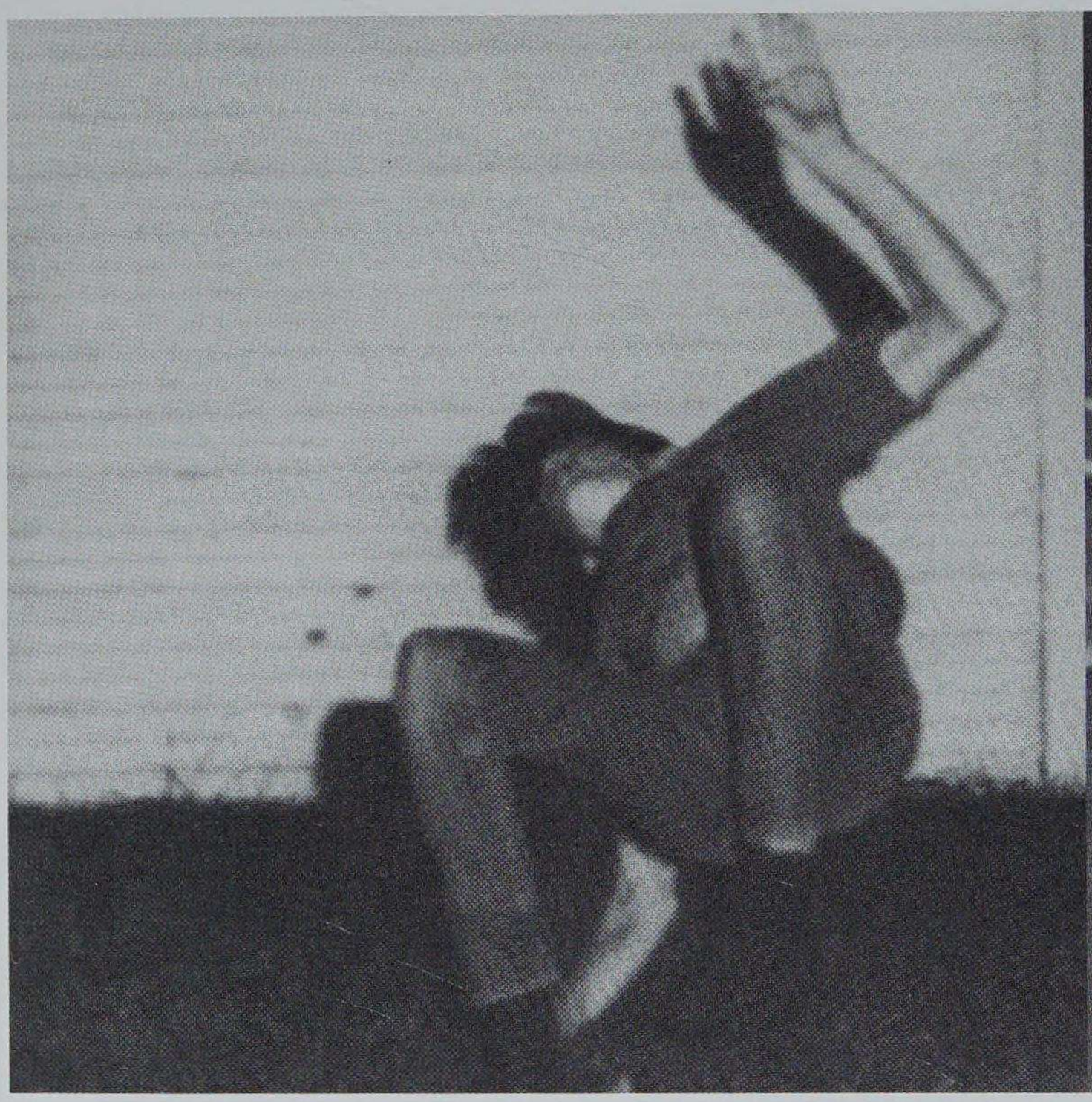
SORRY ABOUT THAT MOMENT OF MENTAL COLLAPSE
WHEW! THIS YEAR HAS BEEN GRAND, ESPECIALLY WHATEVER!!
ASK NORMAN IF HE REMEMBERS HIS FIRST KISS

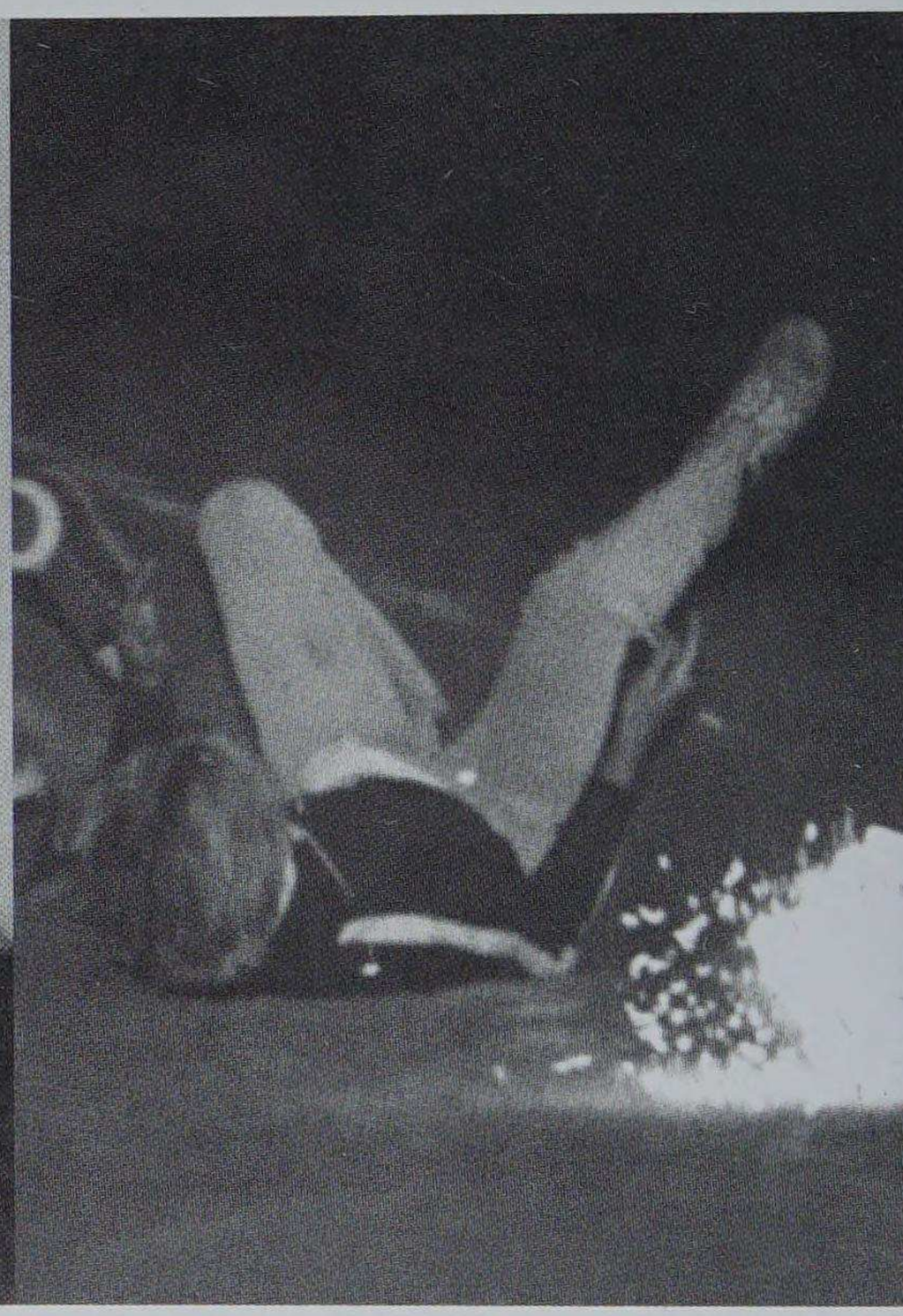
PS: YOU ARE GONNA HAVE A GREAT CAREER AND BE VERY RICH
STAY COOL AND SWEET
I LOVE YA HONEY
TARA

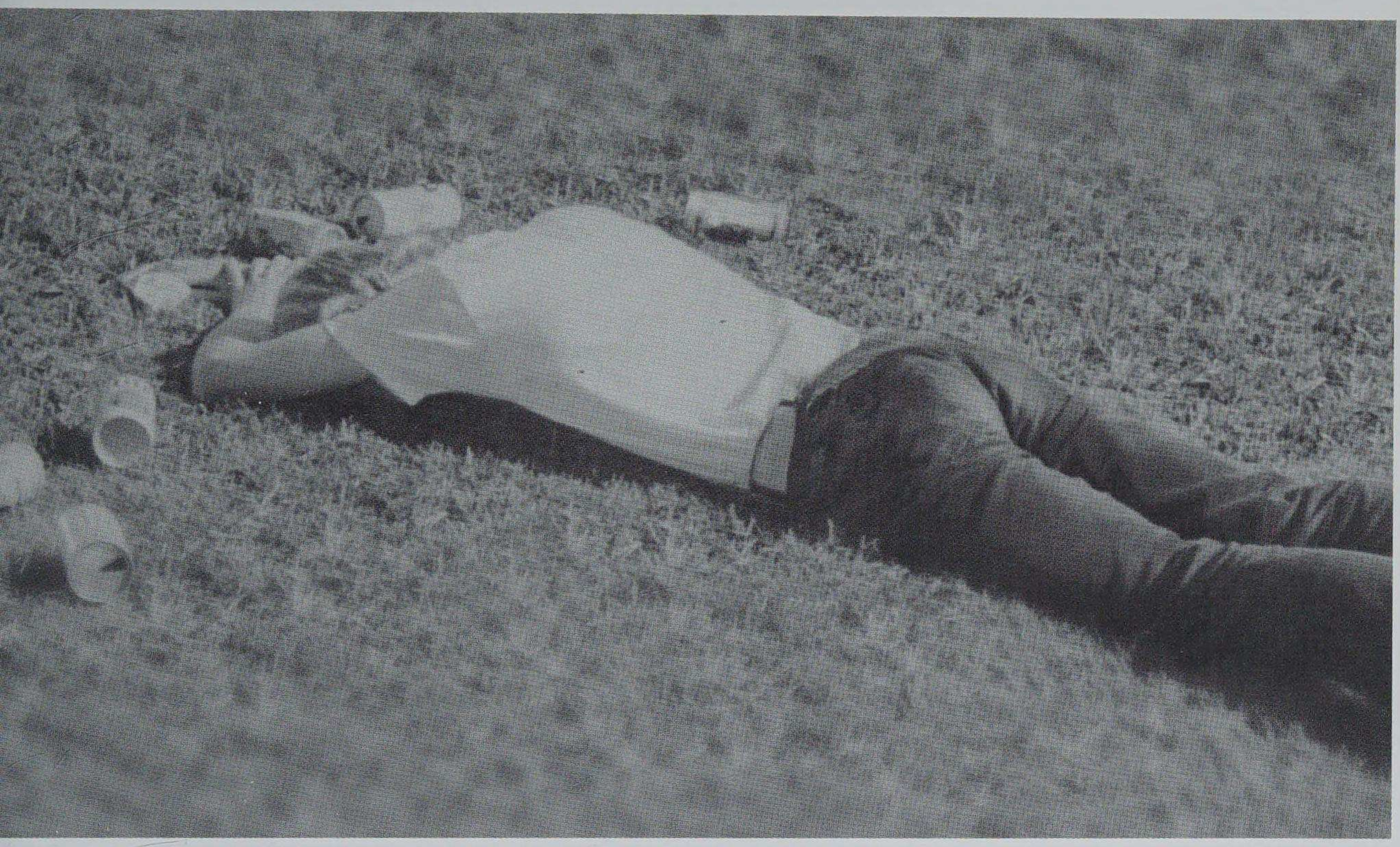












TO LISA
A GOOD FRIEND, THROUGH GOOD TIMES
AND THE BAD, AND I'M SO SORRY
FOR THE BAD TIMES.
Y.F.A.
SUZI

I've been dead going on two decades now, and I think my time is soon up. And I'm not the only dead person in the school, either. There are other undeads like myself roaming the hallways, but I'm unable to communicate with them, but we're all aware of each other. We are, however, allowed to visit each other's schools.

* * *

High schools, I have learned, are like people – the things that make them different are trivial compared what they have in common. They're like Chinese food. Or pizza.

* * *





DAVE,

# YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I AM BUT I ALWAYS KNEW WHO YOU WERE

DEE.



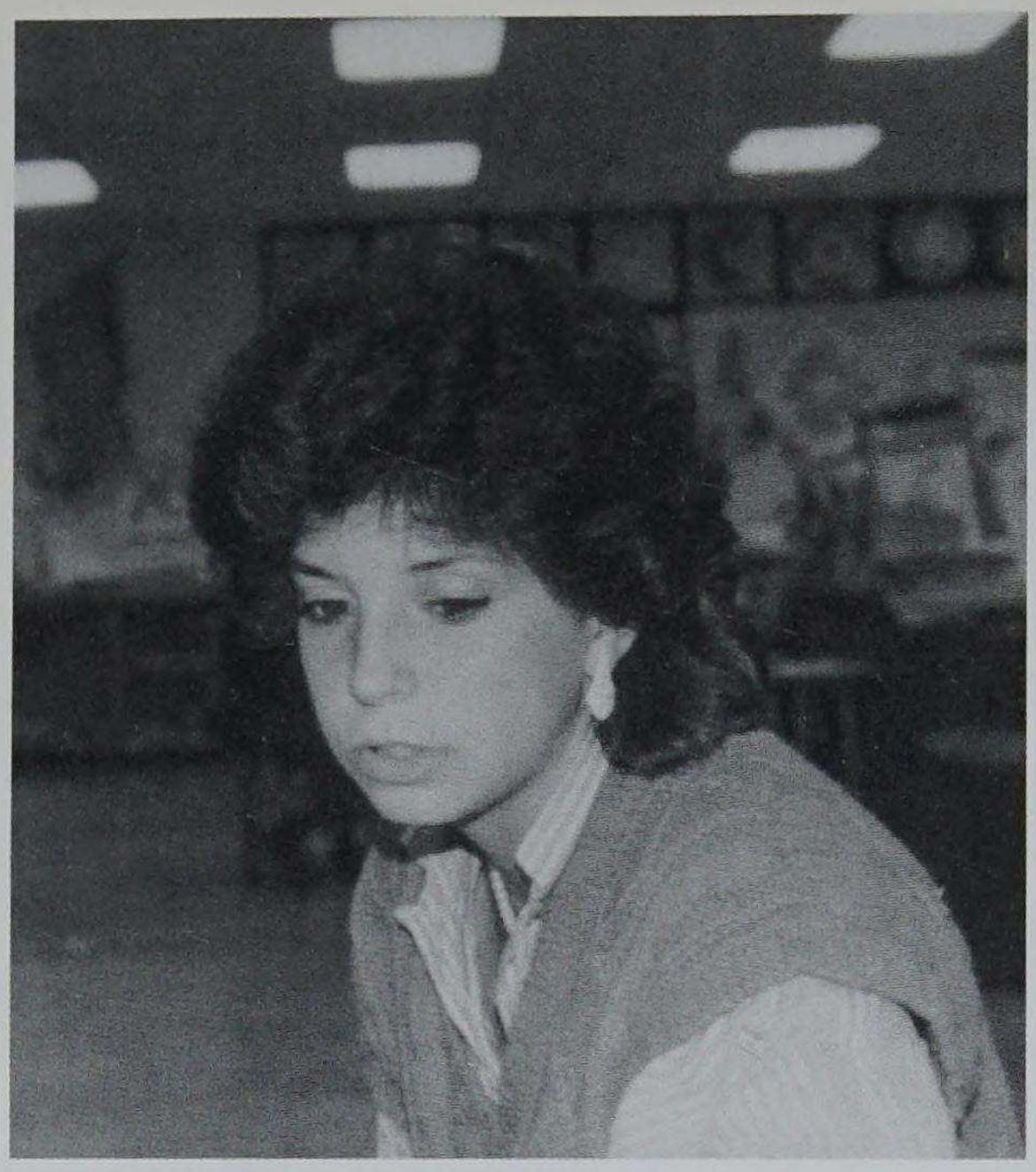




MOM & DAD,
YOU GUYS ARE THE WORLD TO ME AND I LOVE YOU BOTH SO MUCH. THANKS FOR ALL THE SACRIFICES YOU MADE FOR ME AND I'M SORRY I DIDN'T LIVE UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS. I'LL TRY HARDER IN THE FUTURE, AND THAT'S A PROMISE.



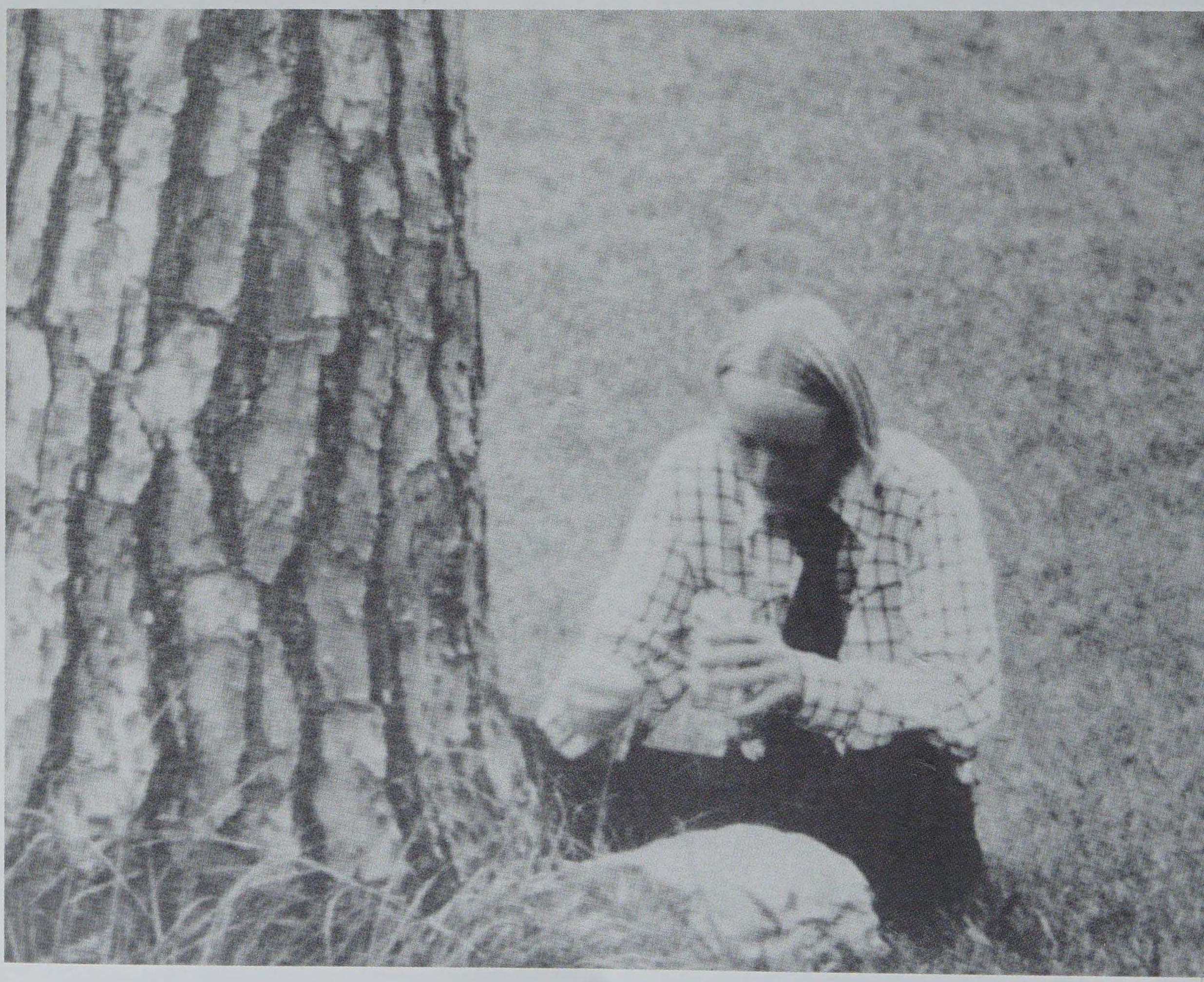




# BITTER!
# BITTER!
# BITTER!

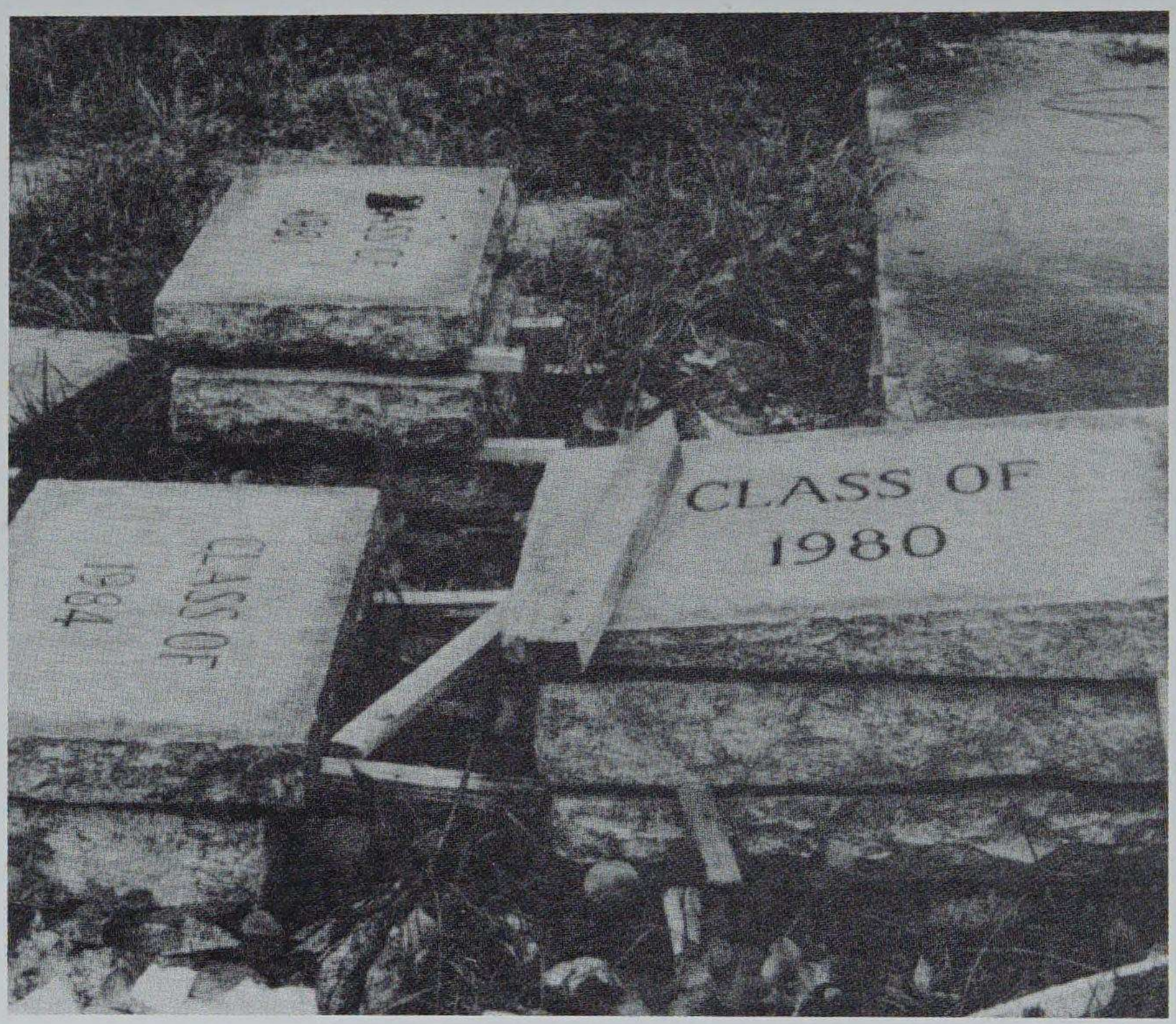
# LAURIE,

## I'M SORRY FOR THE THINGS I'VE DONE IN THE PAST THAT HURT YOU I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU STUCK BY ME.










# SUSAN,
# FRIENDS FOREVER
# FRIENDS 4EVER
# SANDY



You'd think I'd be lonely here, but no – boredom is something you get when you live in linear time. Eternity isn't linear, so therefore there's no boredom.

* * *

One good thing about my current state is that when I visit other schools, I'm able to pass my body through books and through certain kinds of documents. In doing so, absorb their words and pictures. Unfortunately, I can't read books in the libraries – they're off limits -- so there's no fiction or science for me. But I am able to rifle through whatever's in the administration area – boring educational documents mostly, as well as newspapers. If I want to, I can be very up to date on current events, but why bother? Current events – what a funny expression. Eternity is free of news because there's no timeline. It's everything and nothing. Calendars don't exist inside eternity.

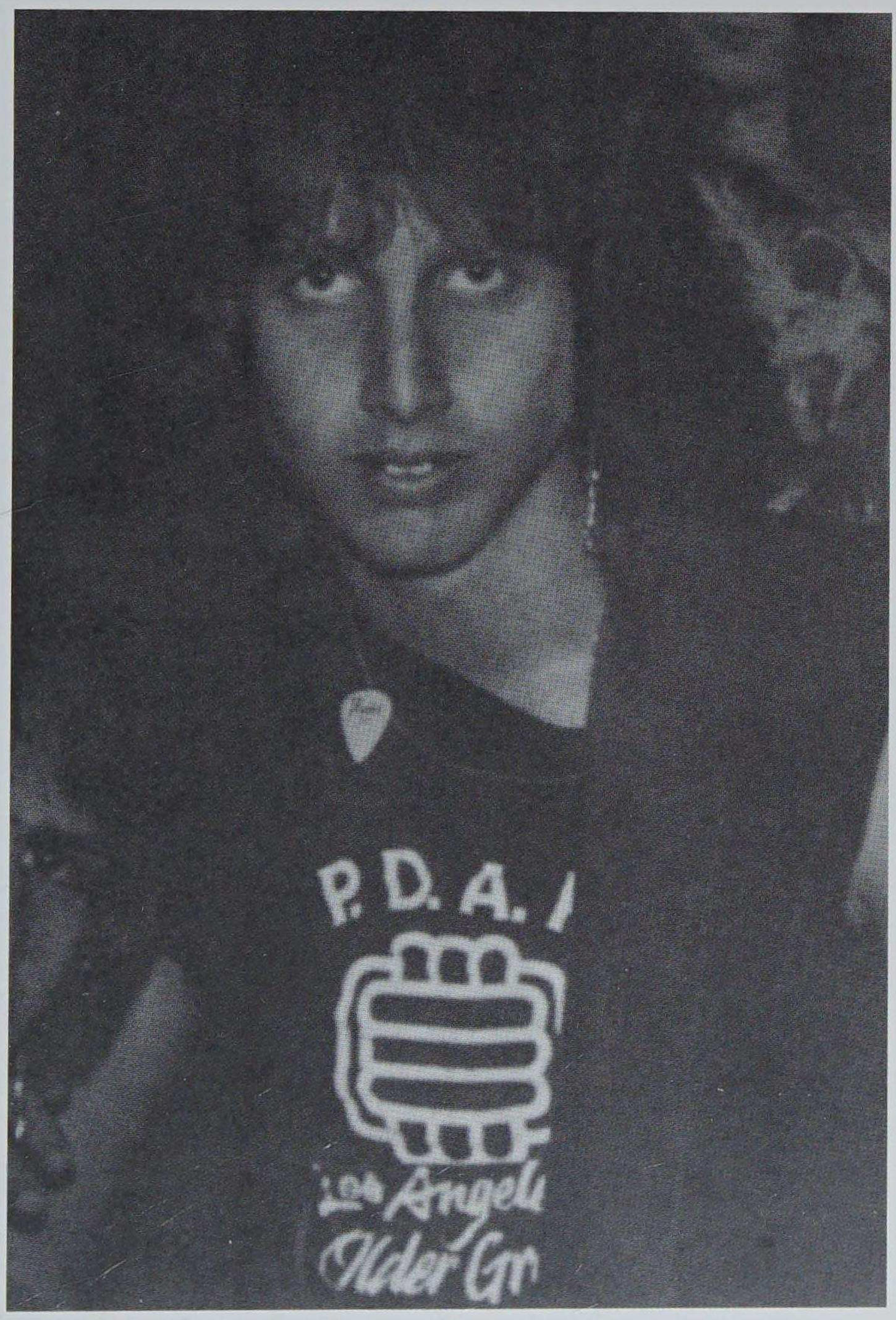
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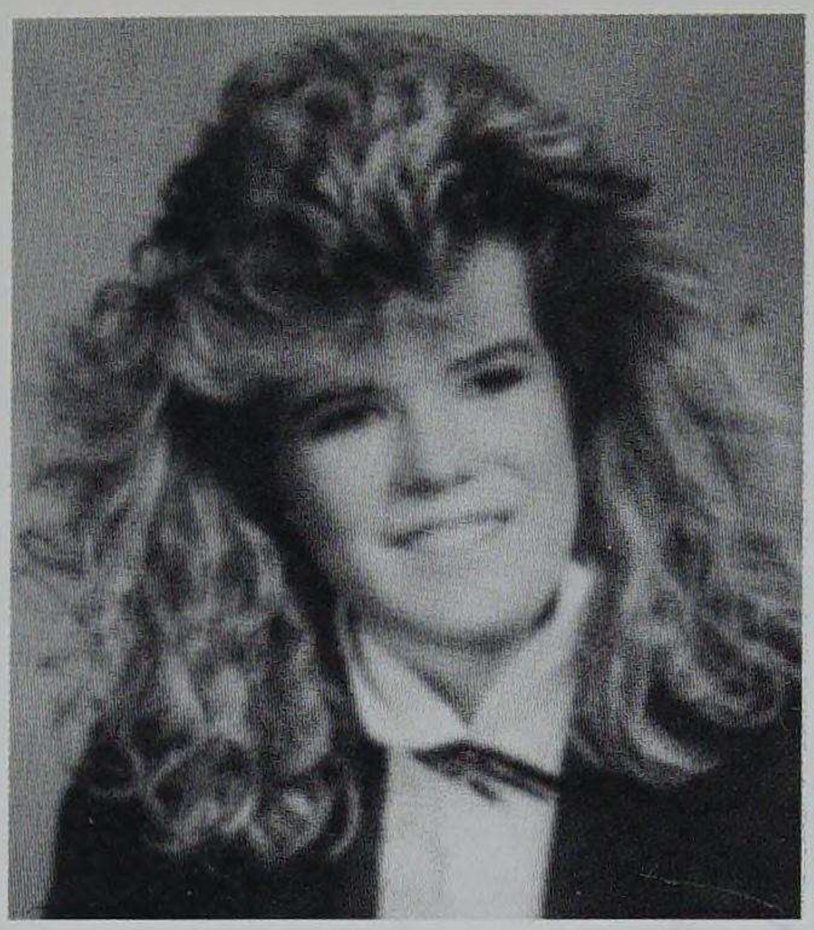
# WORKS

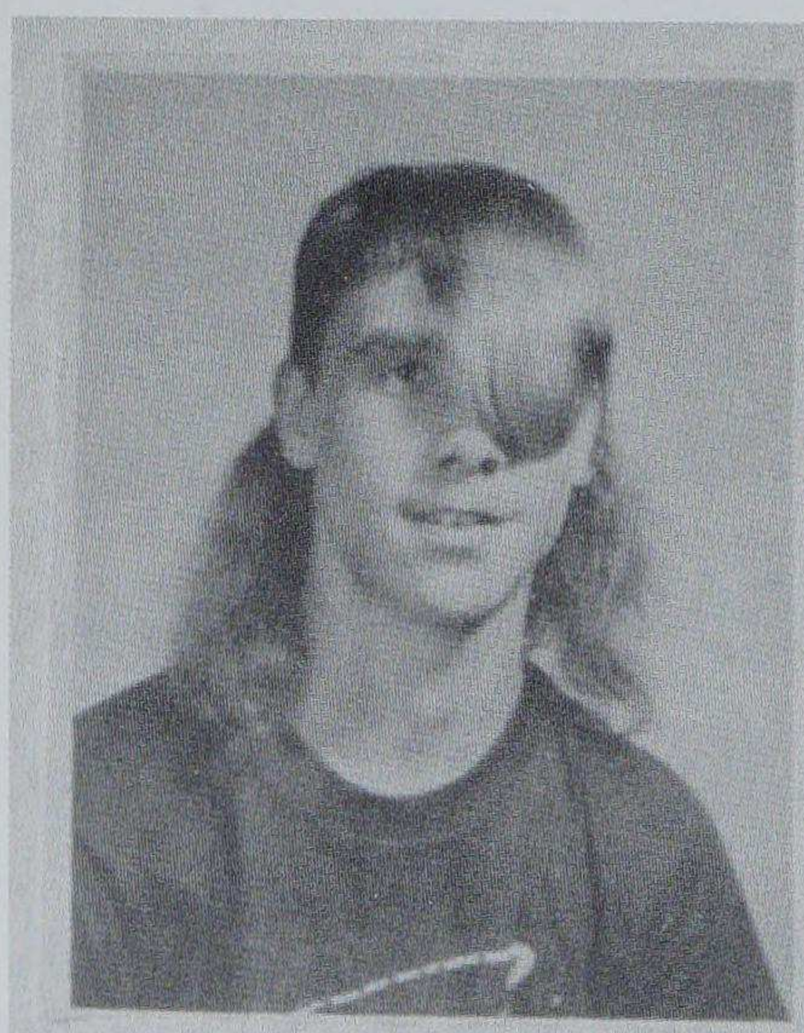
I USED TO BE LOST IN THE SHUFFLE.
NOW I SHUFFLE ALONG WITH THE LOST.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
MOST AMBITIOUS
BEST ALL AROUND
MOST CHEERFUL
MOST THOUGHTFUL
BIGGEST PARTIER
NICEST EYES
MOST MUSICAL
CLASS CLOWN
BIGGEST FLIRT
CRAZIEST
MOST TALKATIVE
BEST DRESSED
SHYEST
MICEST LEGS
MOST ARTISTIC
CLASS COUPLE
CUTEST
SKI BUMS
SHORTEST
TALLEST
NICEST SMILES
MOST MISUNDERSTOOD
MOST DOWN TO EARTH

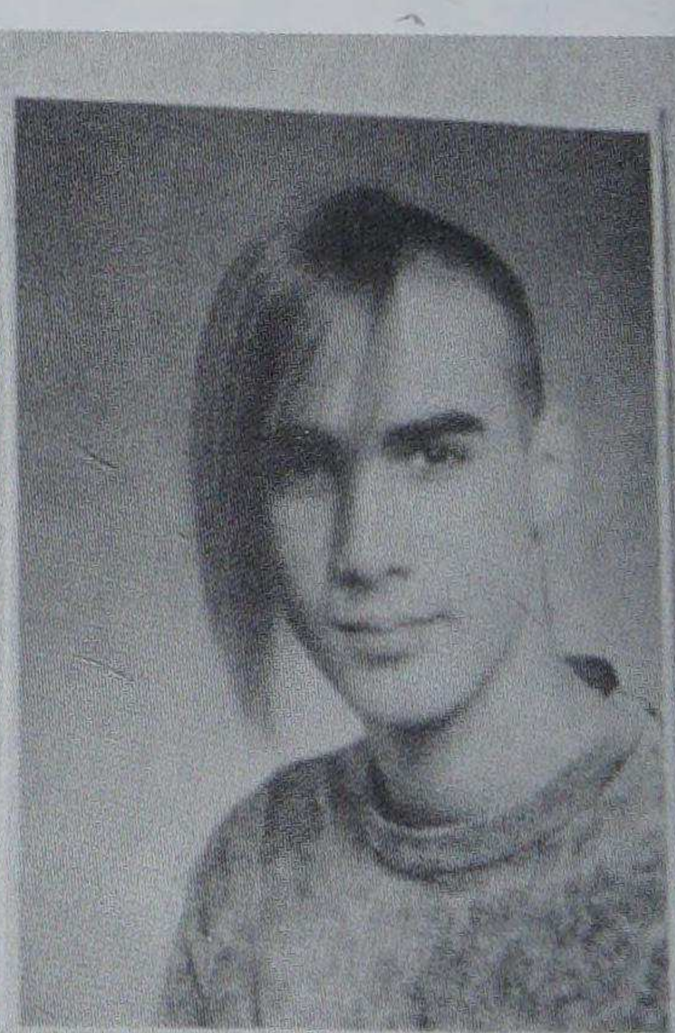
# BEING NICE IS STUPID FUN IS FOR IDIOTS AND BABIES


P.D.A.I
Los Angeles
Older Gr

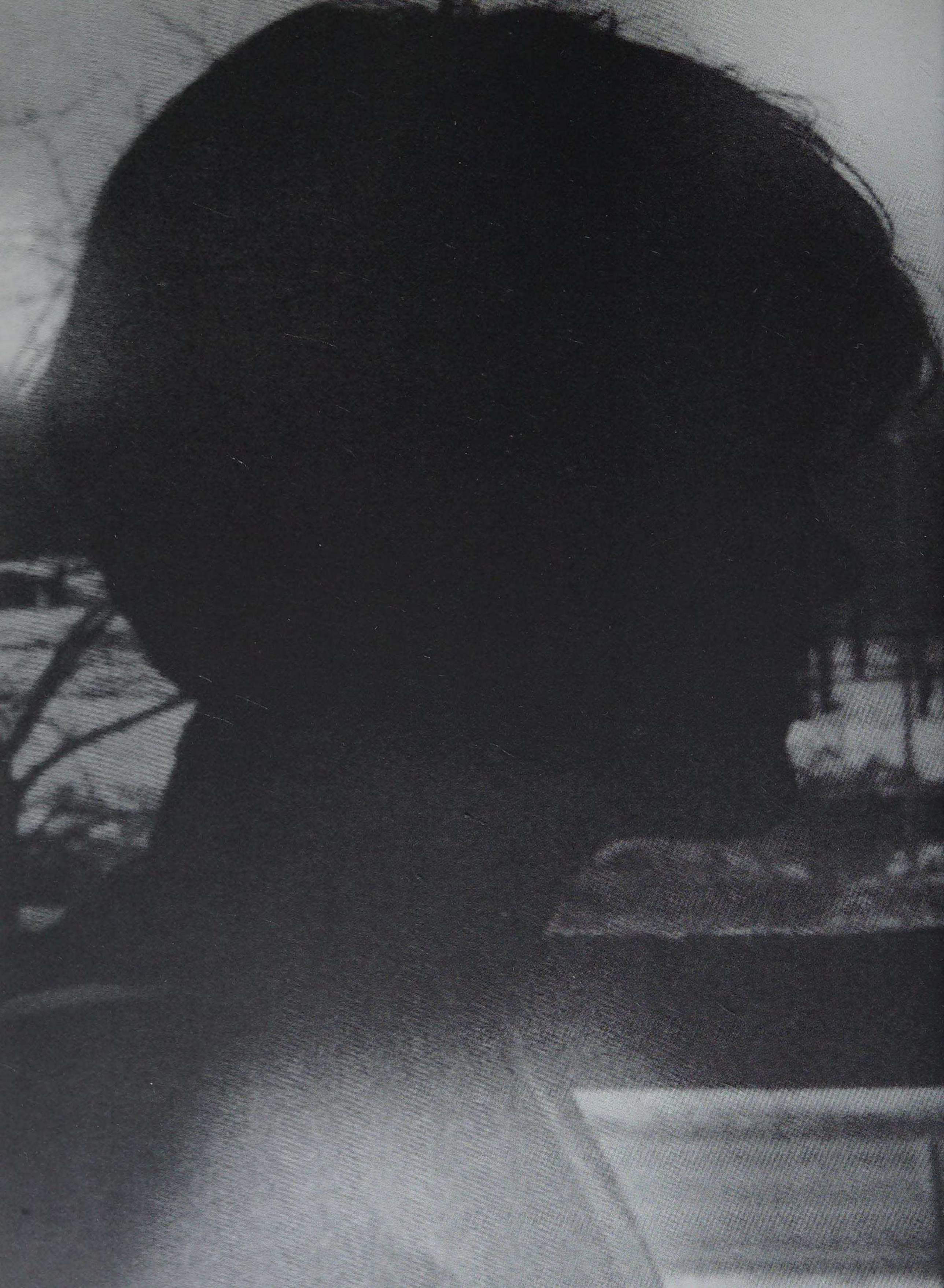
















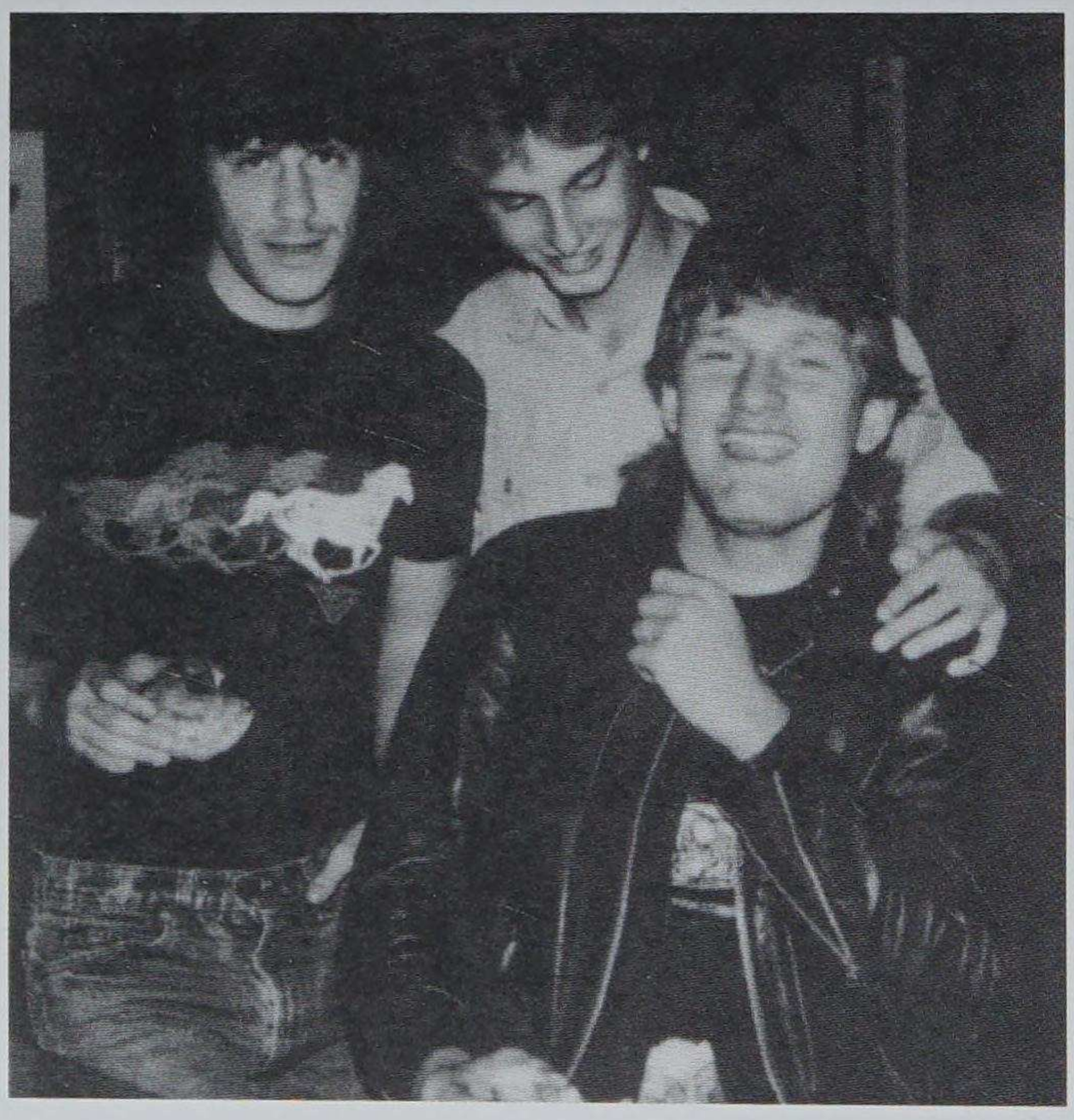


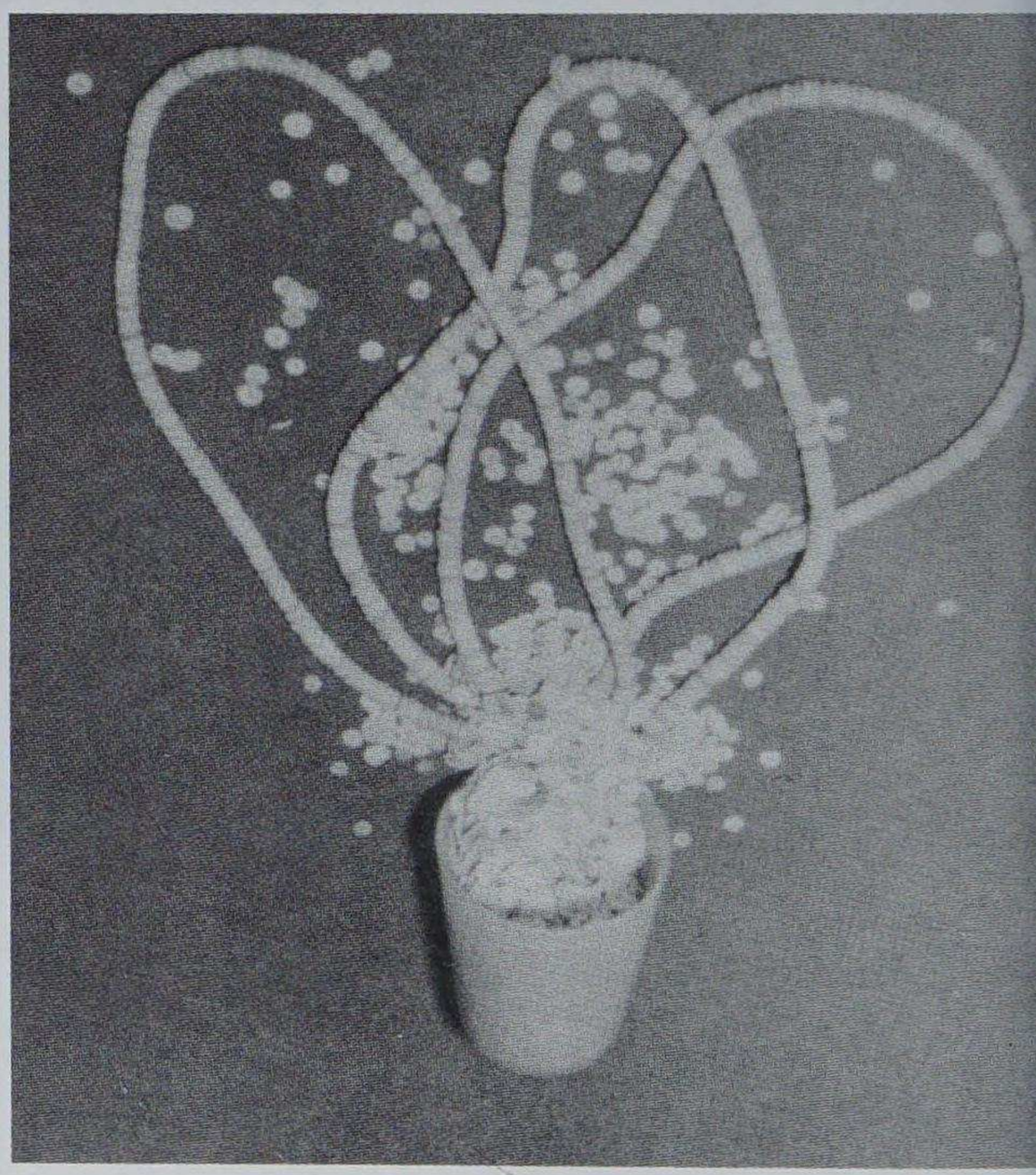
IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING, SET IT FREE.
IF IT DOESN'T, HAVE IT HUNTED DOWN AND SHOT.



IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING, SET IT FREE.
IF IT COMES BACK TO YOU, IT IS YOURS.
IF IT DOESN'T, THEN IT NEVER WAS.

# SENIORS

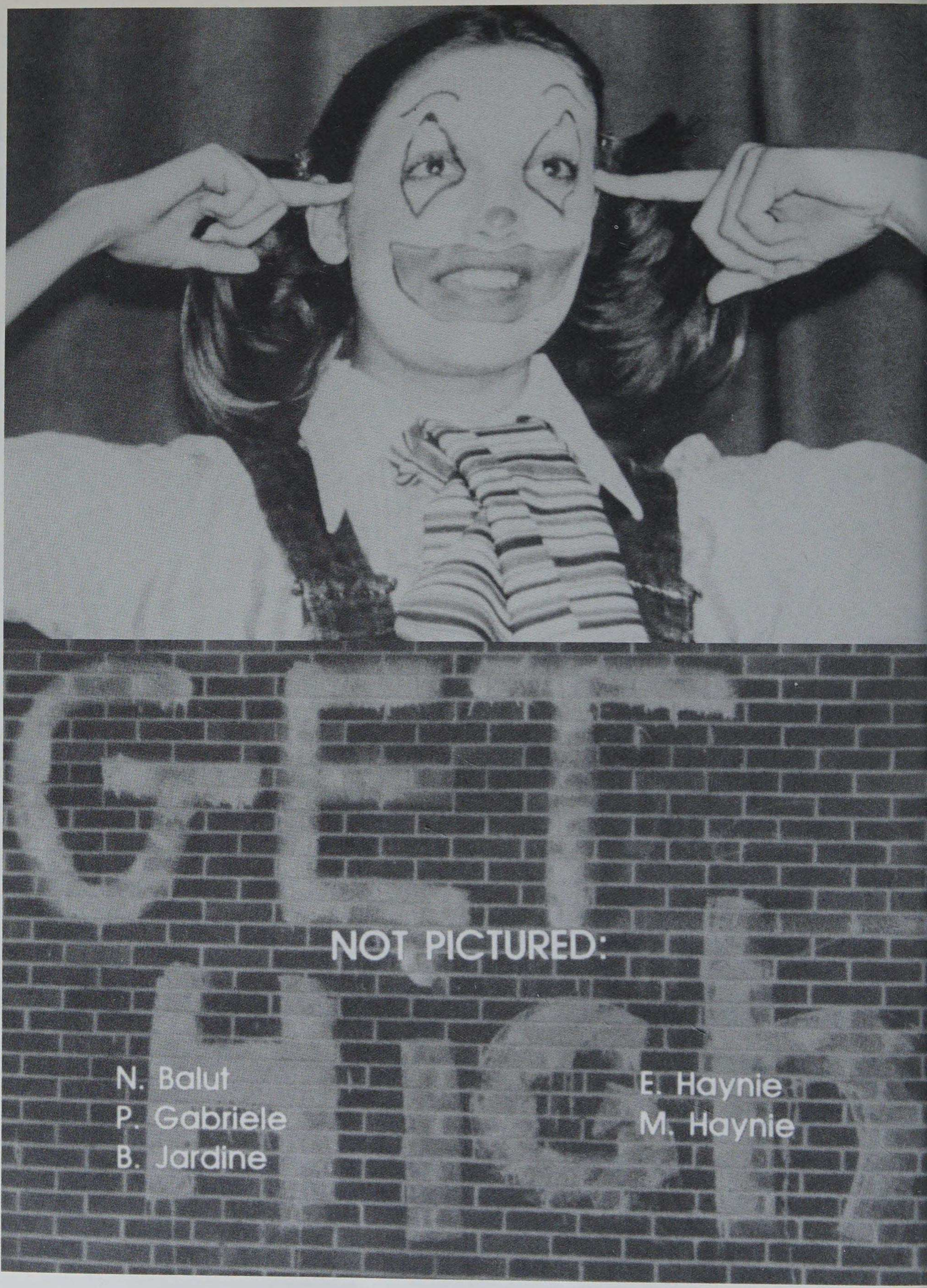






# CAROL...

YOU BORN AGAIN QUEEN. AFTER ALL OF THOSE
MIND/BODY CONFLICTS I'M SURPRISED WE'RE BOTH
STILL EVEN SLIGHTLY SANE.


NOT PICTURED:
N. Balut
P. Gabriele
B. Jardine
E. Haynie
M. Haynie



When I visit another high school, I always read the yearbooks stored in the administrative areas there. These yearbooks give me consolation and help me learn about the world I left behind. Yearbooks are actually the key to everything I'm supposed to be learning. Yearbooks offer clues, but never answers. They show the butterfly as a cocoon, but never the actual butterfly. High school students aren't real people. Not yet.

* * *

It must sound strange to hear that high school students aren't real people, but I mean it in the sense that when a person is young, you never see the finished person, only the work in progress. In high school you get to see what people yearn for, but you have to read the yearning between the lines. People in high school don't know who they are, let alone know what they want to be. They're larvae.

* * *

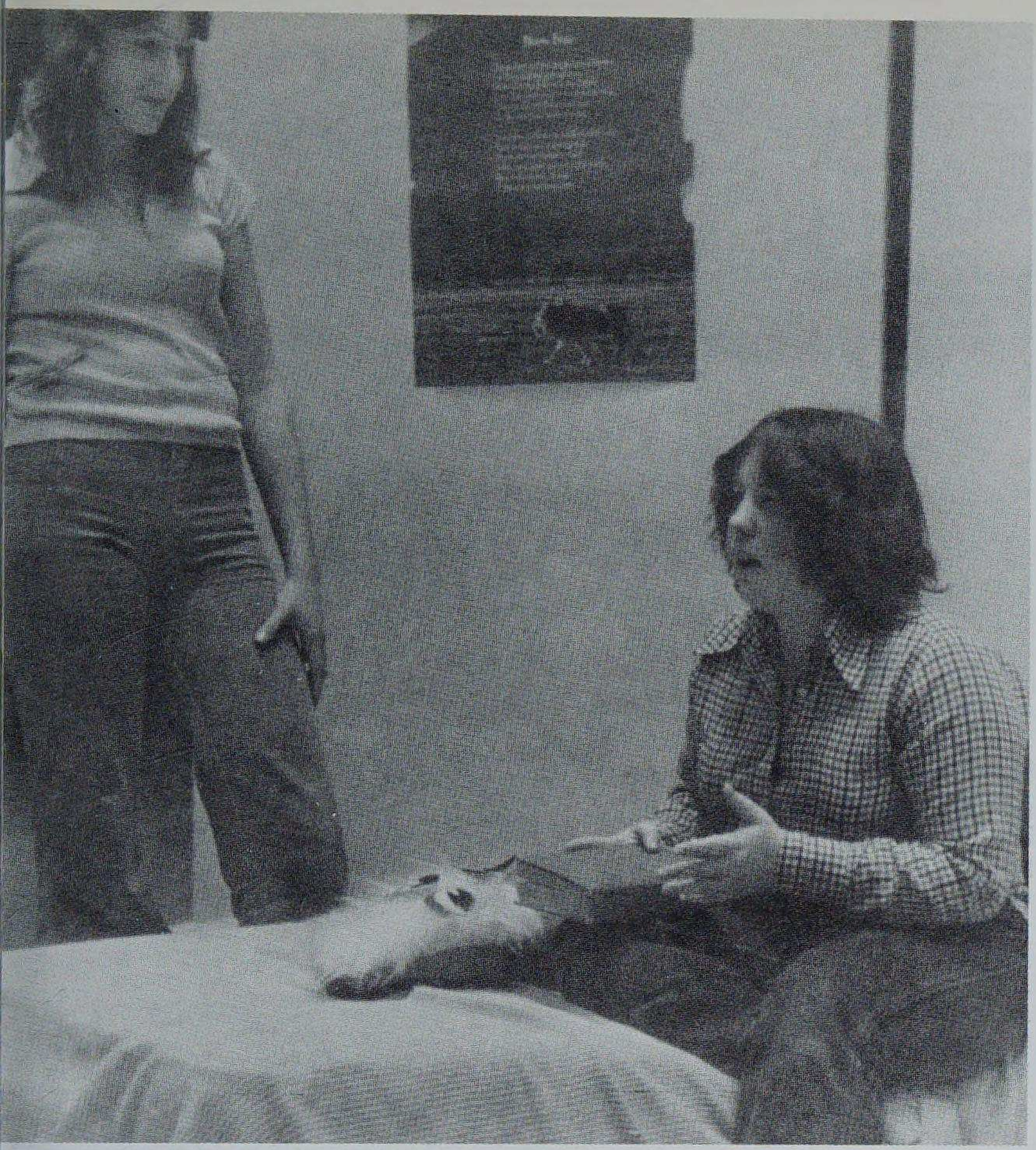


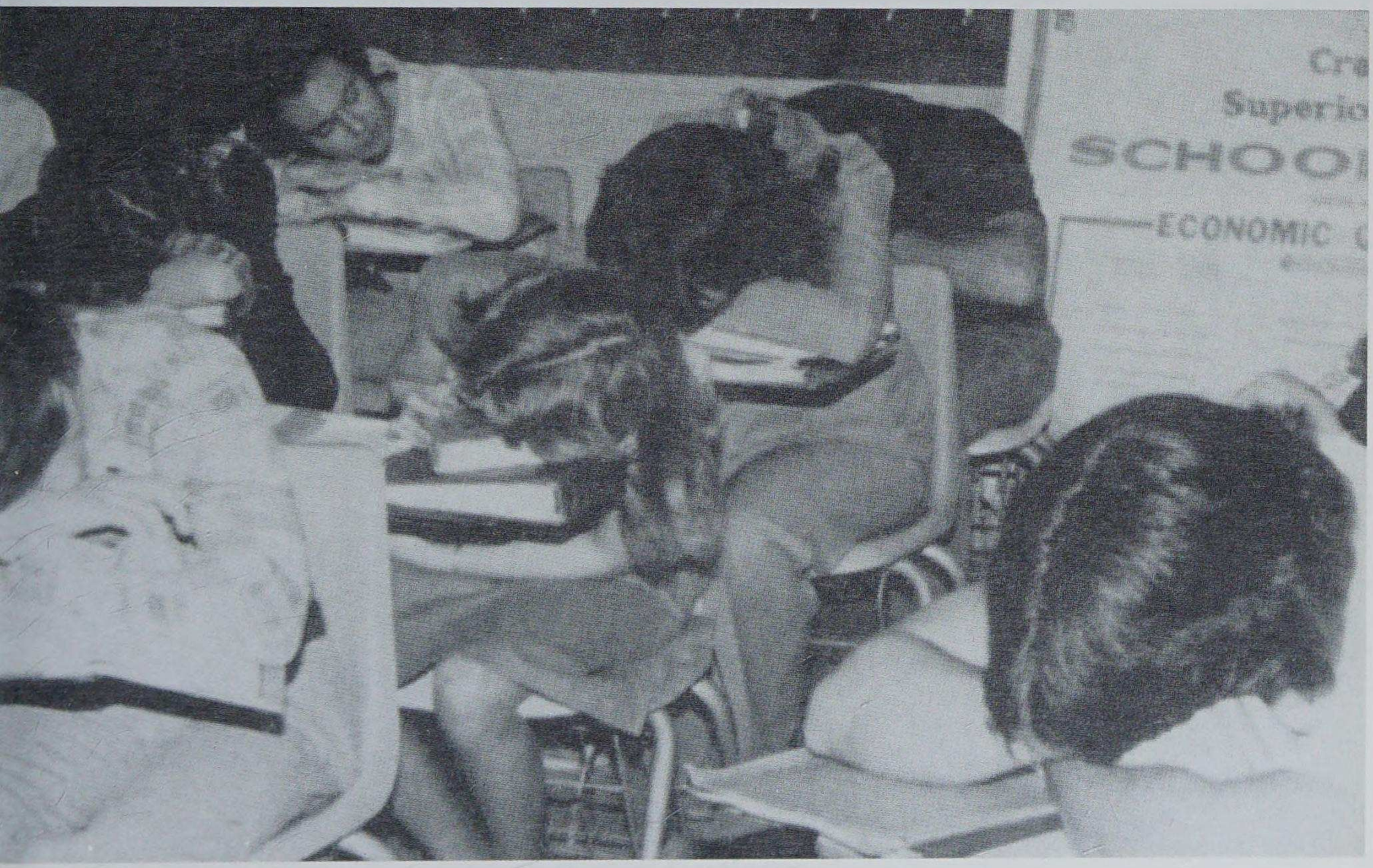


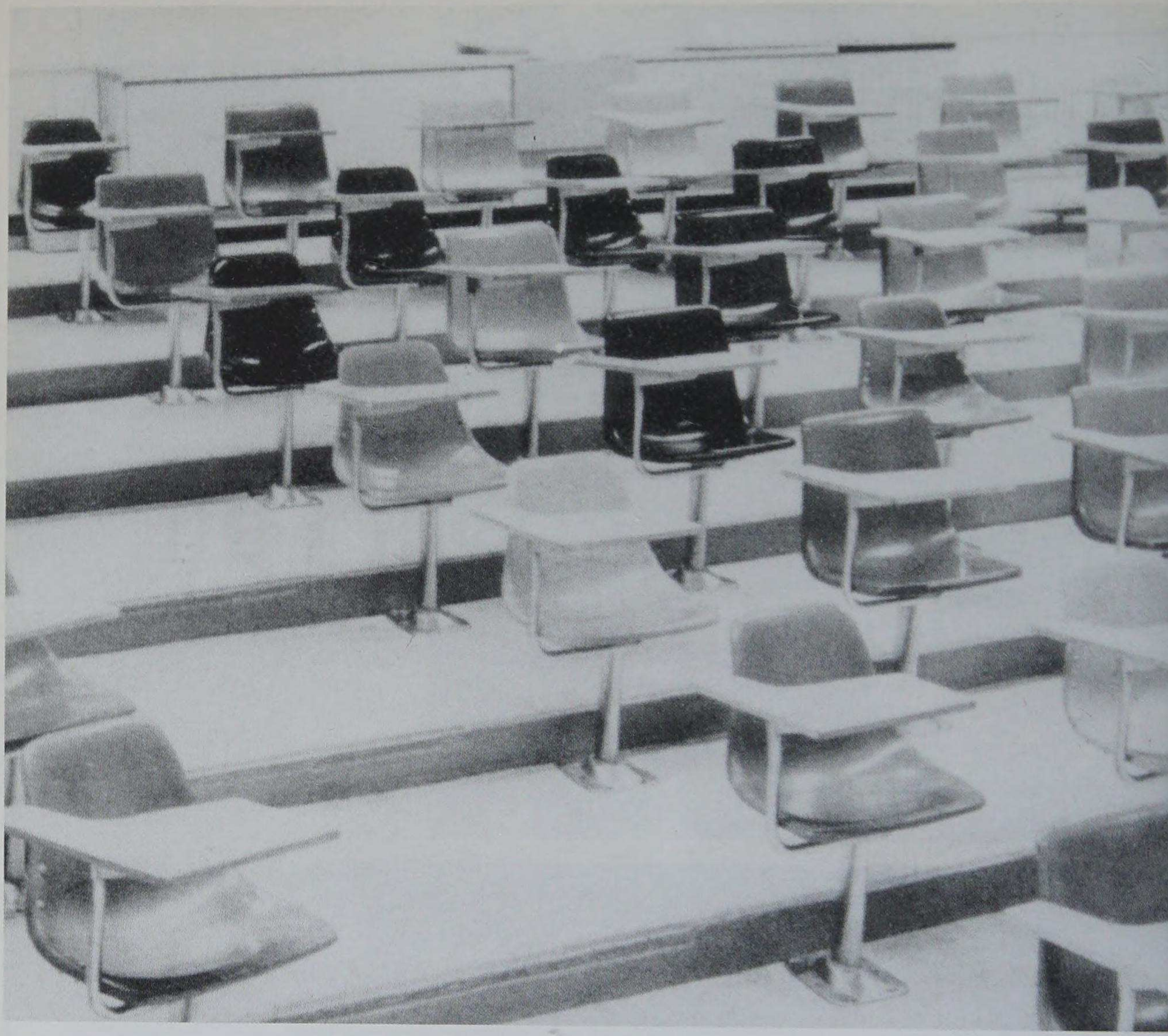


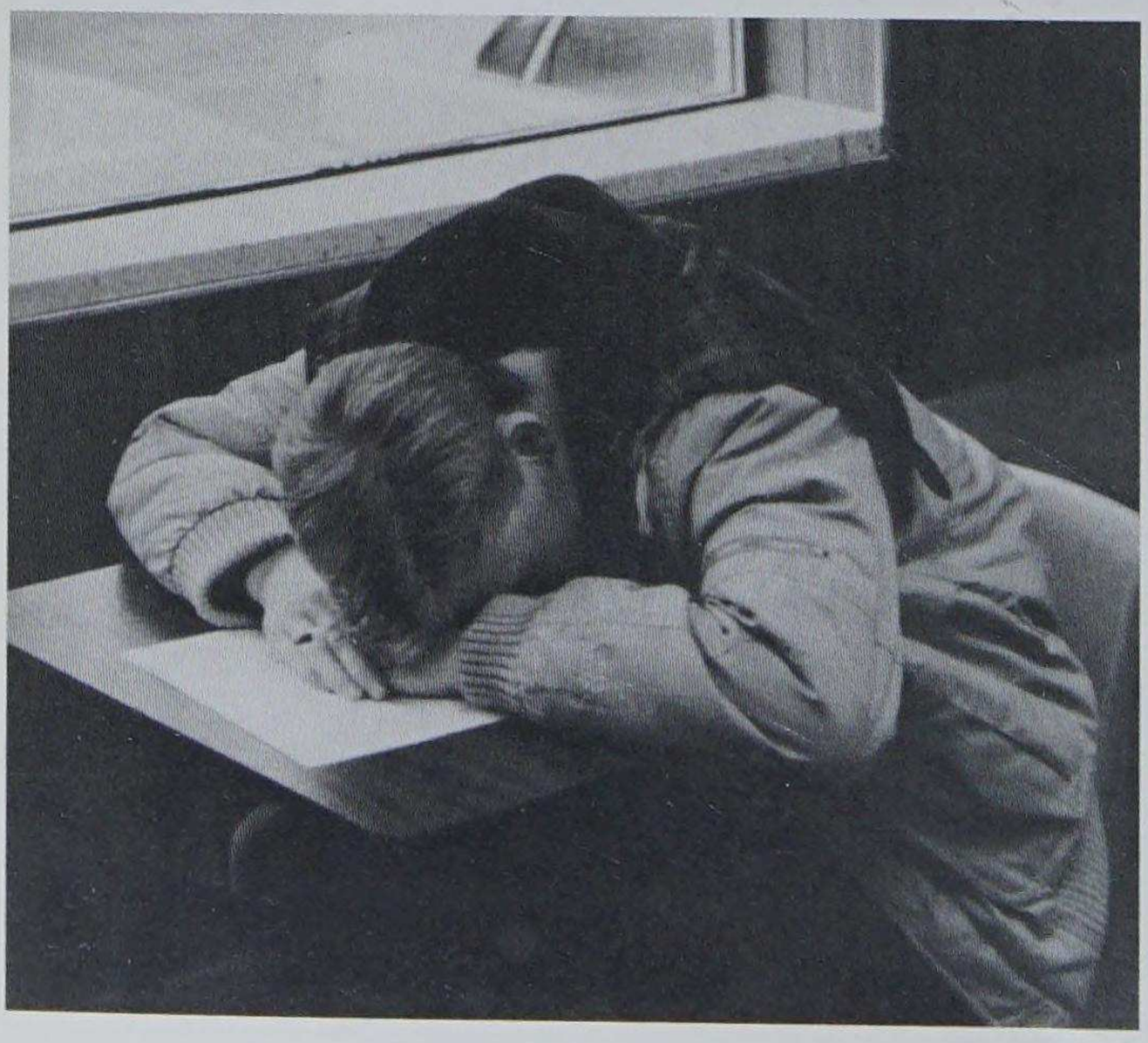
# I, MICHAEL DAVIS, BEQUEATH NOTHING TO ANYBODY BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO DIE.

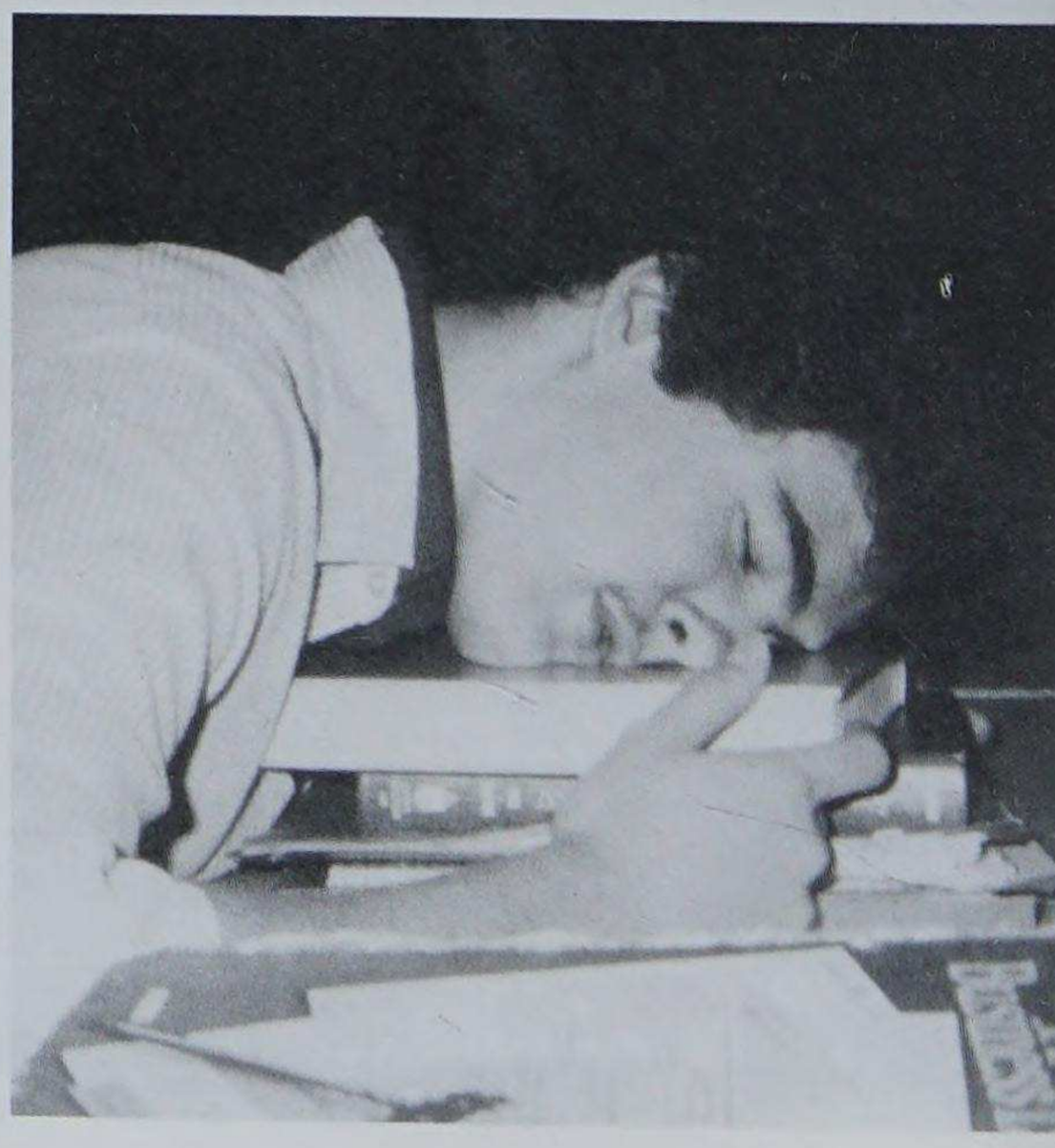
# MOON BEAM RAYS MAGNETISM DO I HAVE ANY MARKS ON MY FACE?

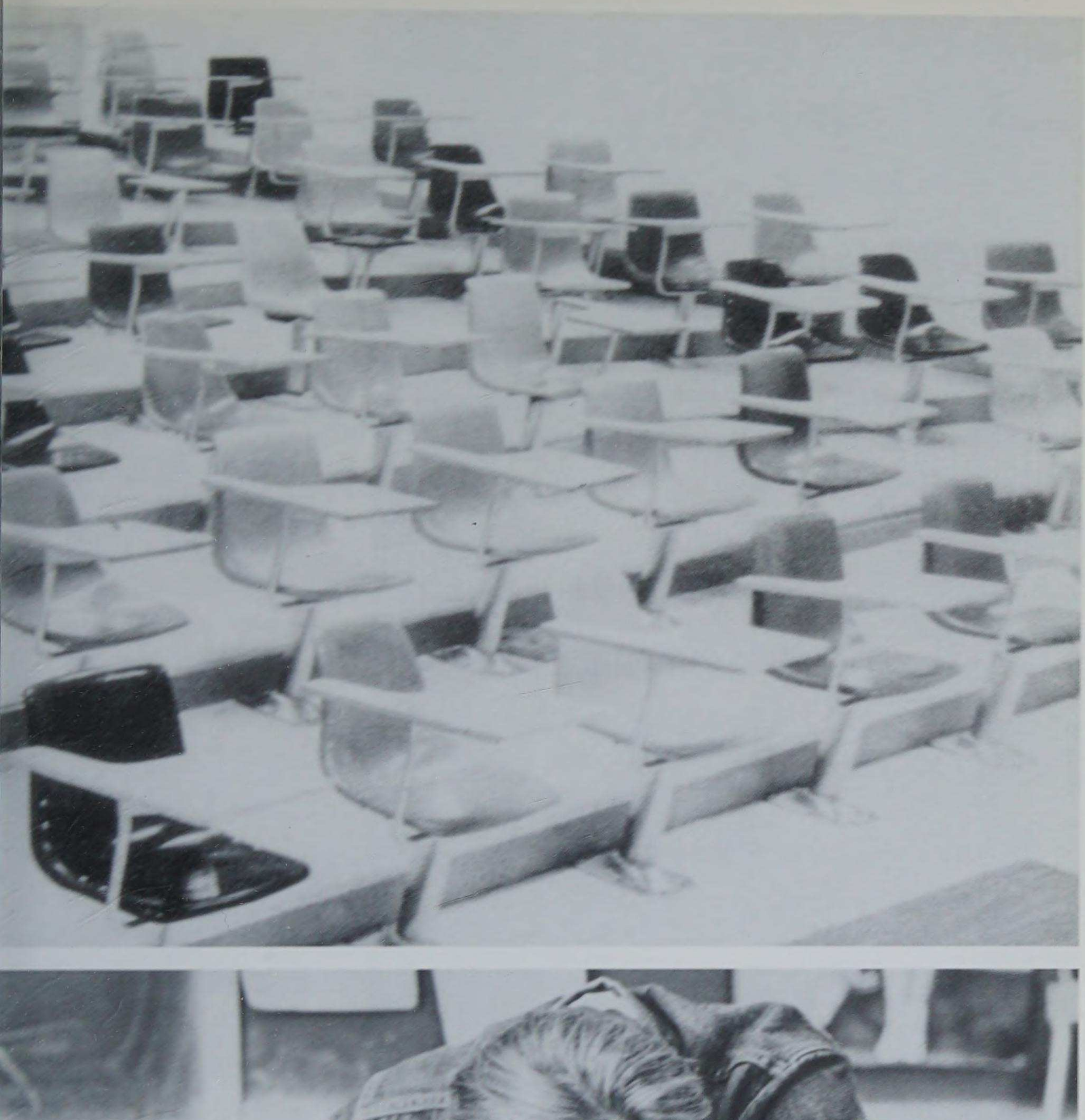

















# BEN...

# WE WILL GO SUPERNOVA.

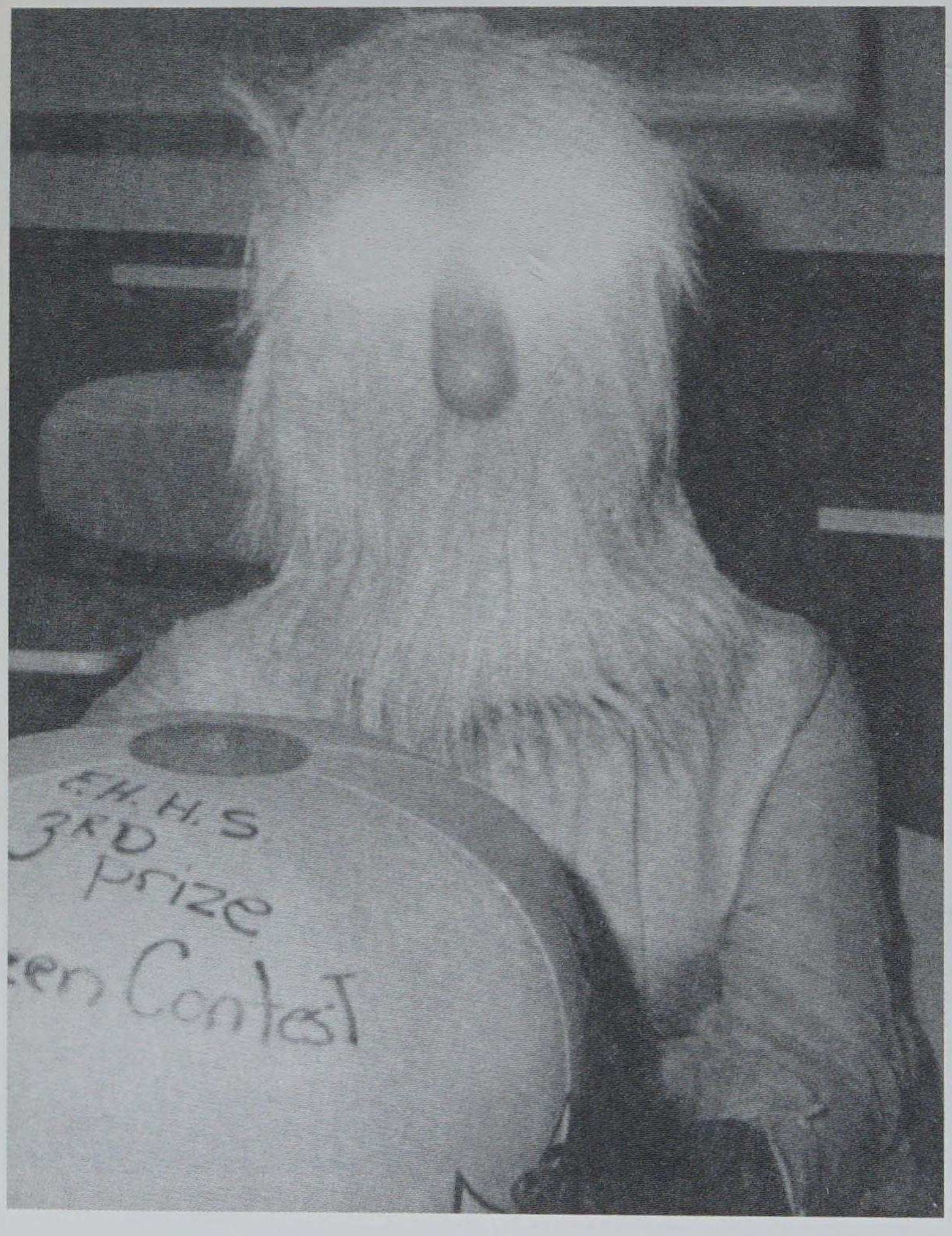
# WHAT DO YOU REALLY WANT TO DO IN LIFE?

**HOW DO YOU THINK A FRIEND OR TEACHER WHO KNOWS YOU WELL MIGHT DESCRIBE YOU?**

# HOW DO YOU WORK UNDER PRESSURE?

**WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED FROM YOUR MISTAKES?**




G.W.H.S.
3RD
Prize
Contest



# WHAT WILL I REMEMBER ABOUT YOU IN TWO WEEKS?

DO YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND/BOYFRIEND? IS IT SERIOUS?

# WHAT KIND OF BOSS DO YOU PREFER?

# DO YOU LIKE ROUTINE WORK?

DO YOU LIKE REGULAR HOURS?
WHAT IS YOUR MAJOR WEAKNESS?
CAN YOU TAKE INTSTRUCTIONS WITHOUT FEELING UPSET?
CAN YOU TAKE CRITICISM WITHOUT FEELING UPSET?



Donnie T. did it, not me!



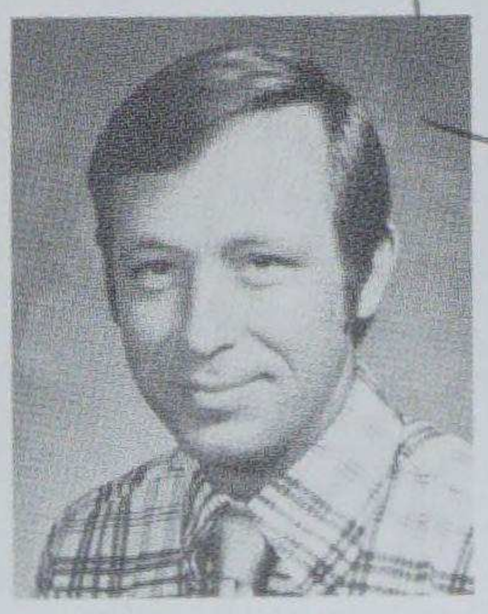
Jean Gehry



Richard Chocktaw



Carol Hunt



Harold Weiss

# THOU SHALT BE INITIATED

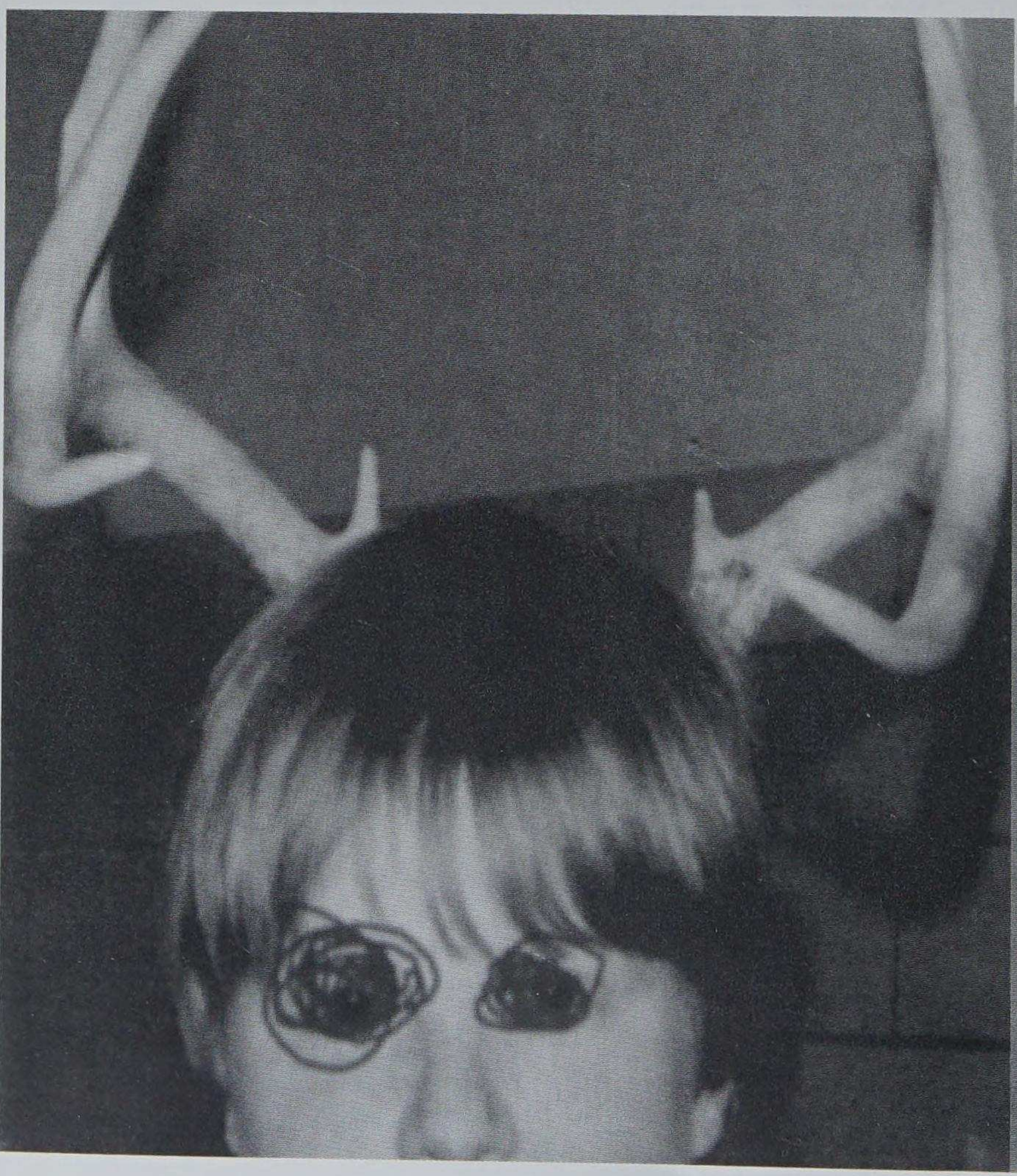


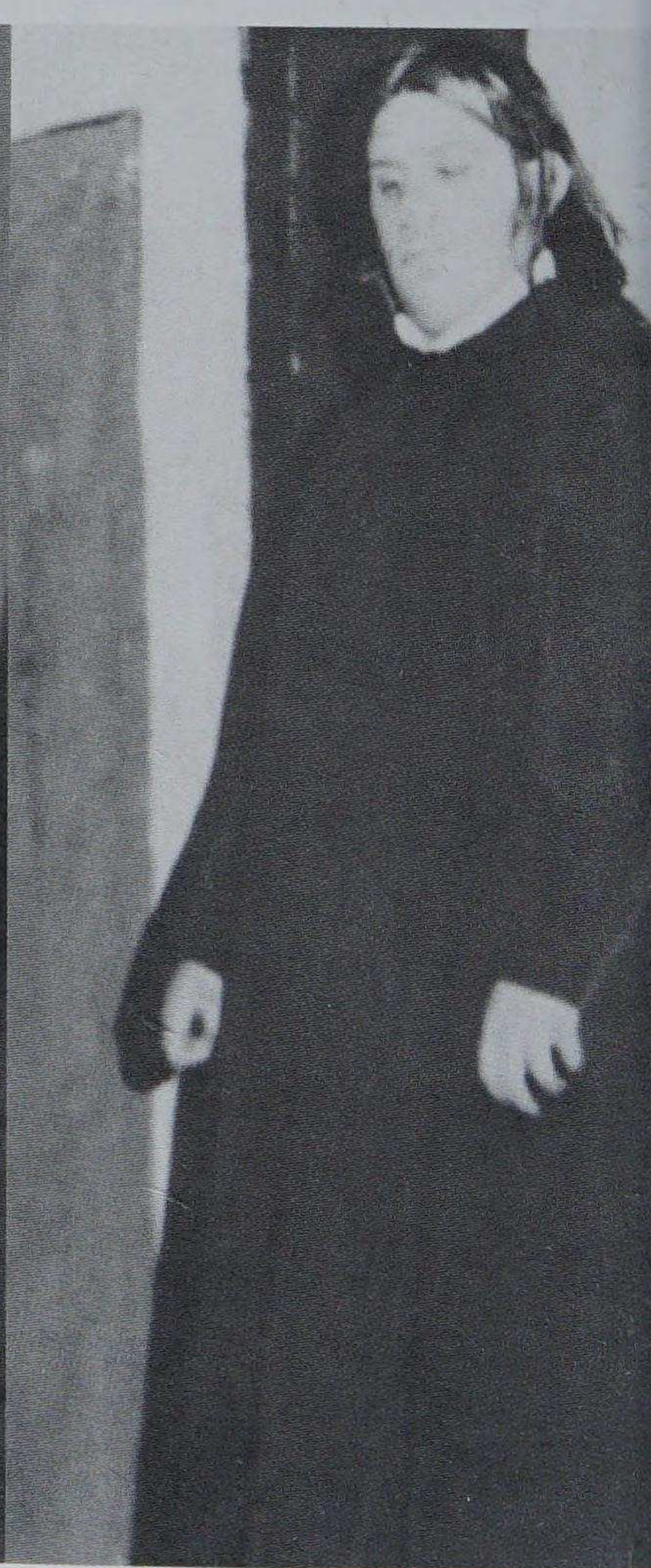
TAMMI

WITHOUT U, THIS PAST YEAR WOULD HAVE BURNT ME TO A CRISP

# I KNOW

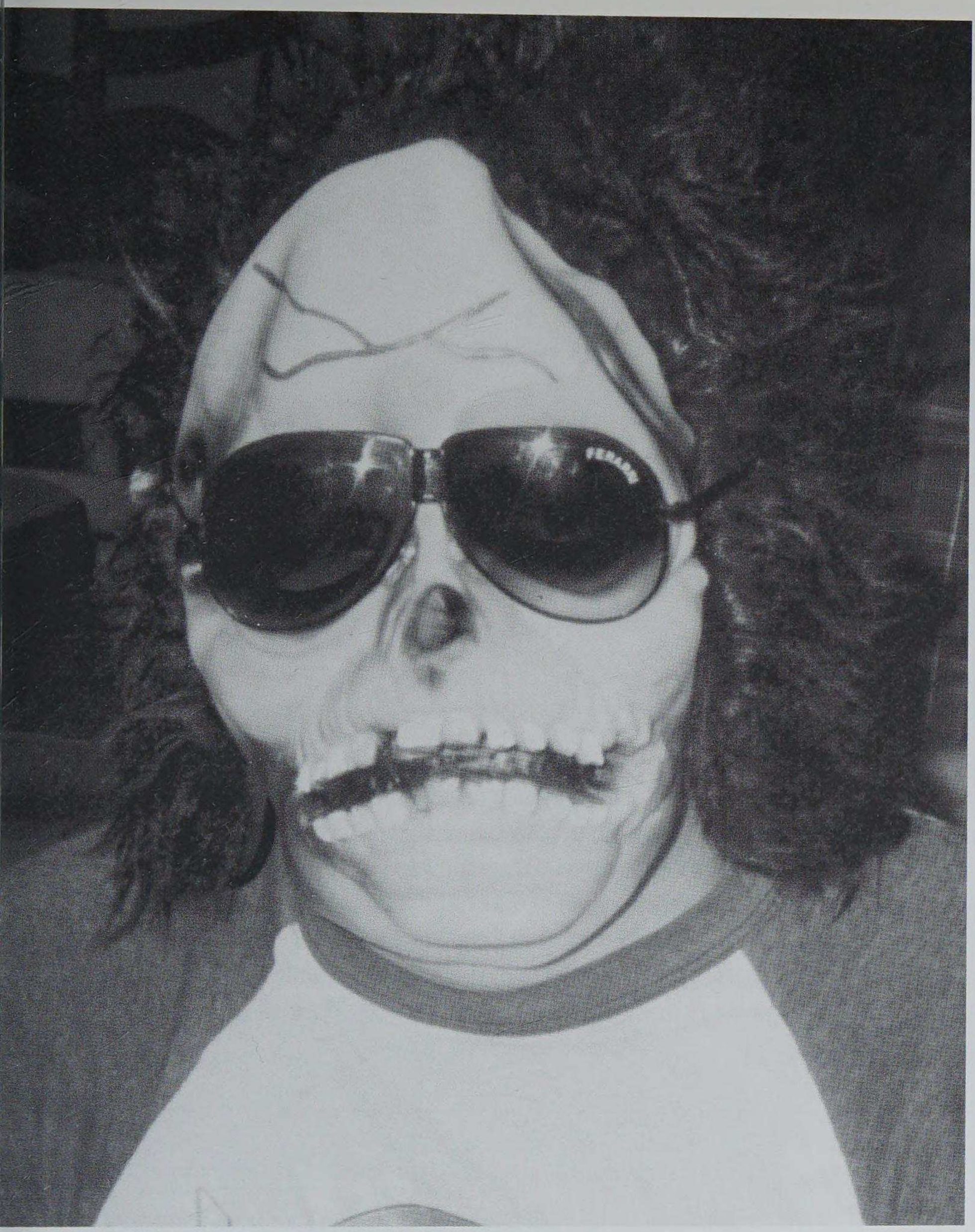
# THIS ISN'T THE END











One of the biggest surprises to me in the past years has been the amount of sexual energy that fills high schools. I just realized recently that just about everyone my age was fucking like wild horses almost every week. How did I miss the signs? All of those clean faces and cereal box smiles, yet nearly all of them drenched in the scent of each other's insides and outsides – lunch hours and Friday nights and all of those car rides with no real destination. All of those bits of bodies growing and shrinking and struggling, expanding outward—in many cases not even being particular as to where they wanted to go.

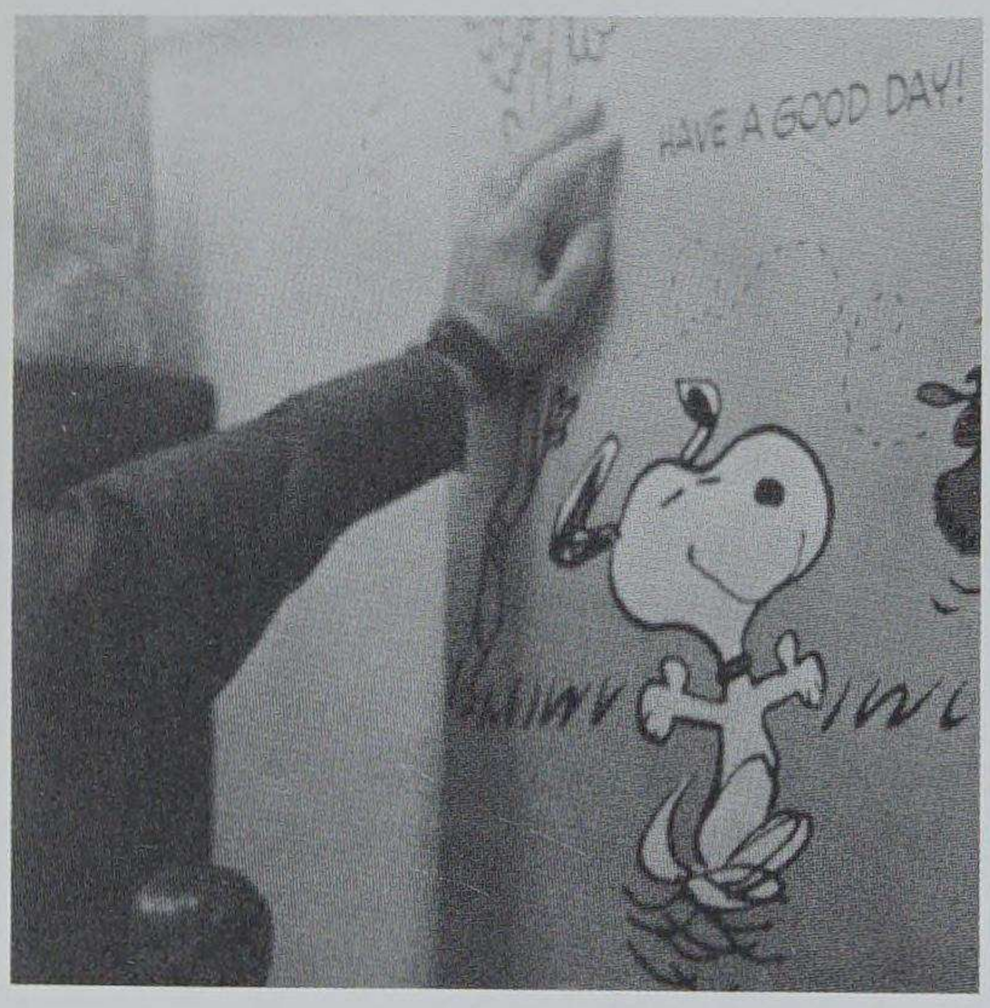
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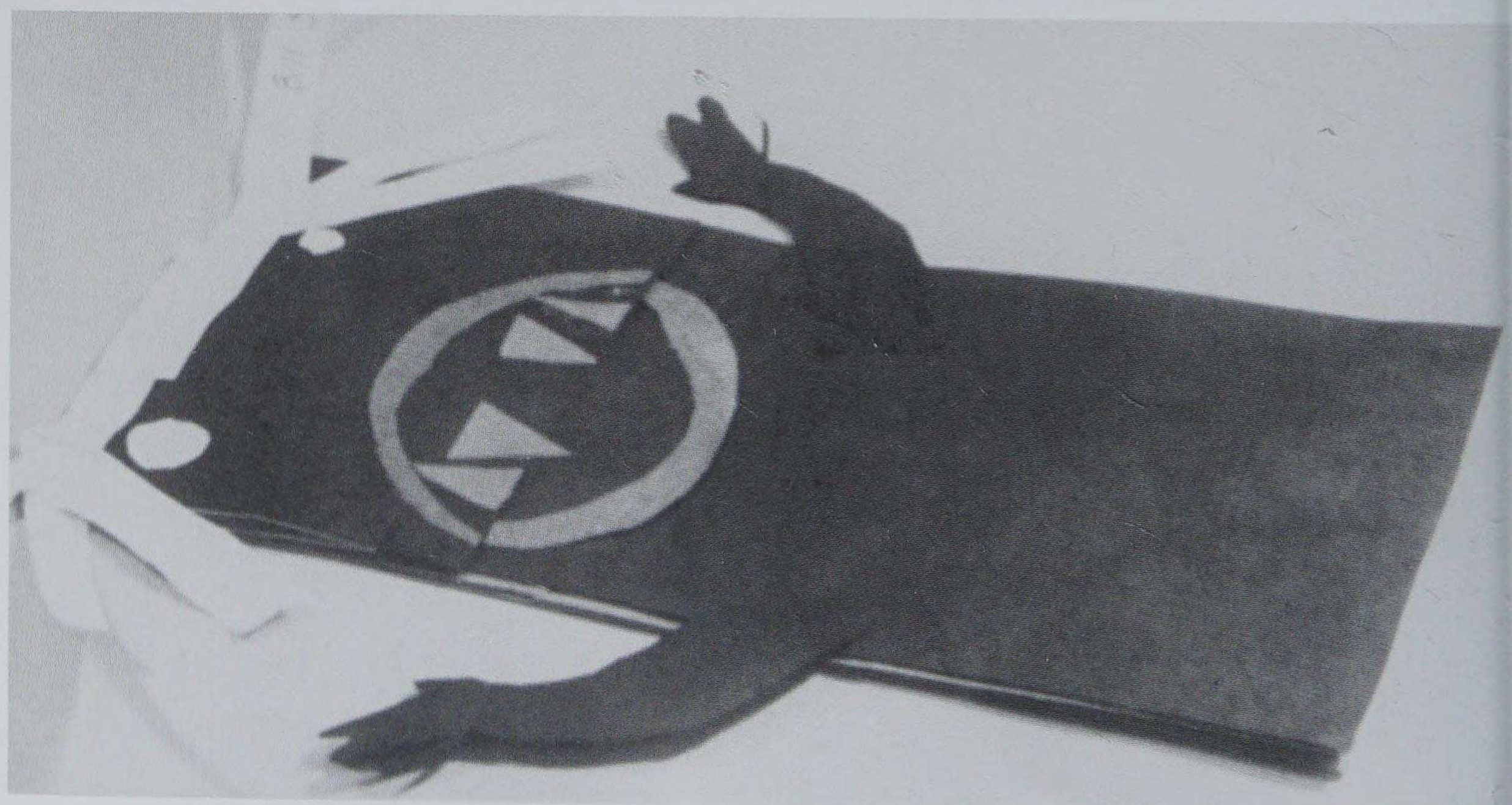


I always make a point of looking at art work in the schools I visit, both in the rooms and in the yearbooks, bad work, badly photographed in yearbooks, and also badly printed – a set of factors which actually loan the work honesty: murky souls generating murky images. Who am I? Why am I feeling these things that have no words or even images?

* * *




HAVE A GOOD DAY!



HEY MAN,
WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU ALL YEAR?
WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DOING THINGS.
HAVE A GOOD SUMMER.
SCOTT



Tom

Have a good summer
Don't party to much
obey your friend
Chad
Brewer



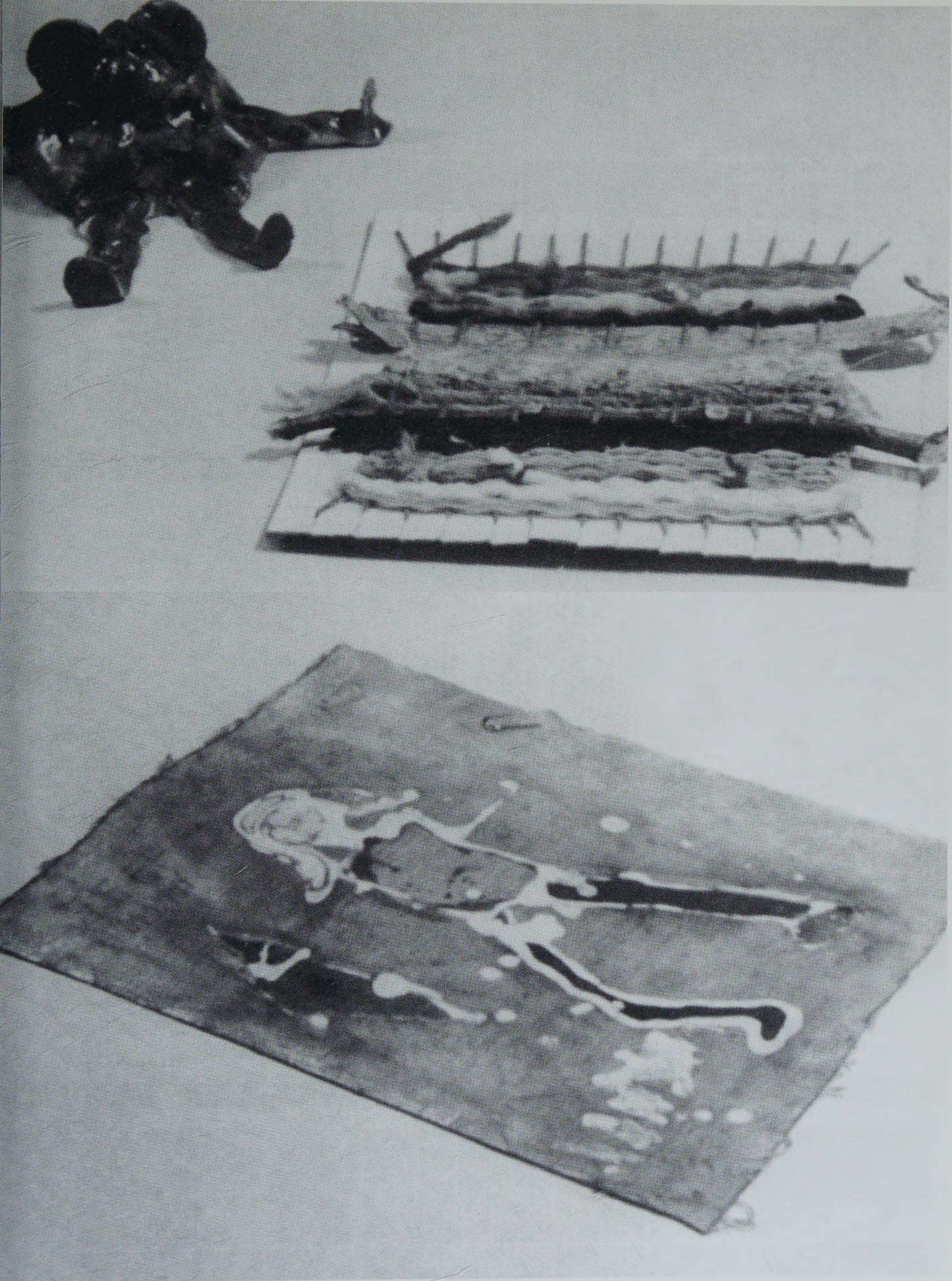





TIFFANY,

# I MISS NOT BEING YOUR PAL THE WAY IT USED TO BE. I ALWAYS LOOK UP AT THE STARS AND REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS.

STEVEN,
I'M NOT REAL SURE WHAT TO SAY HERE.
IT'S HARD TO PINPOINT MY FEELINGS
OR WORDS TO EXPRESS THEM.
ARLYNN









I think the saddest artworks are the collages where people simply create a catalogue of the products the either have or yearn to have. A red Camaro or sunglasses or… really useless crap, but it's almost poignant for me now to imagine that you can define yourself by your possessions.

* * *

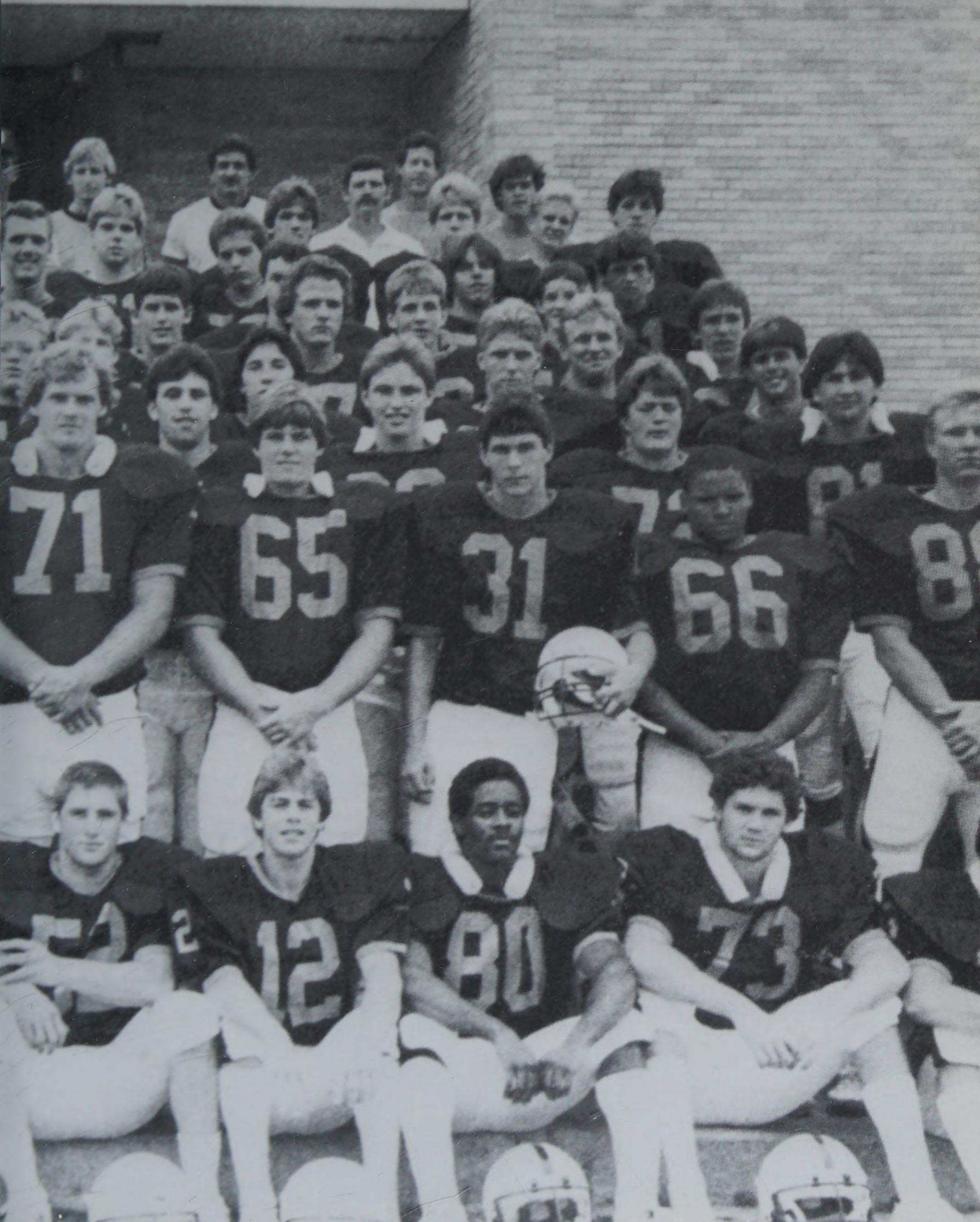
I've noticed that schools have become more violent since my death. In 1984 I don't think a massacre would have been possible, but then who am I to say? Maybe dozens of massacres were almost about to happen but they got squelched before they occurred—somebody chickened out, or some parents found bullets and maps of the hallways in their kid's down jacket pockets, and called the cops.

* * *

# FALC



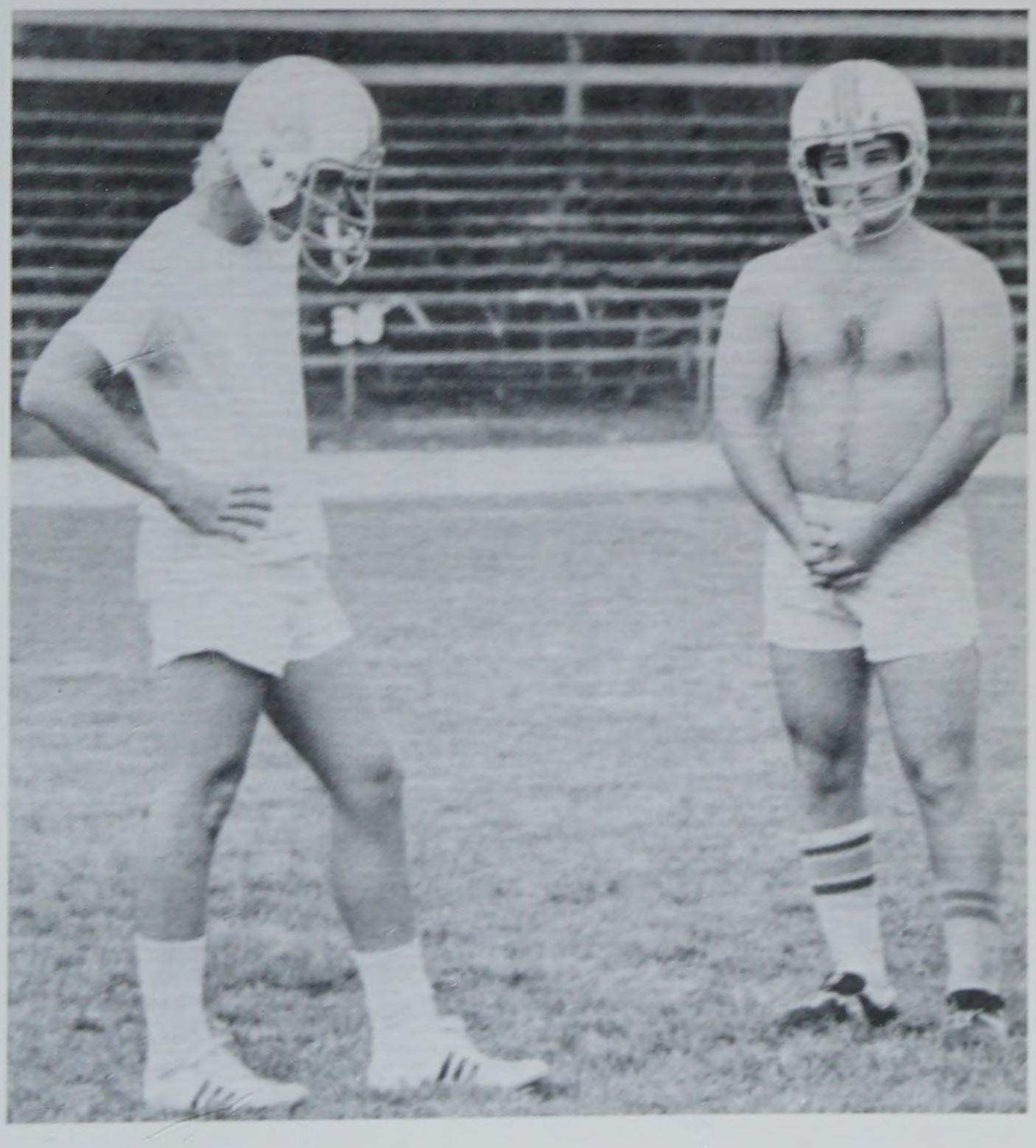
D N S



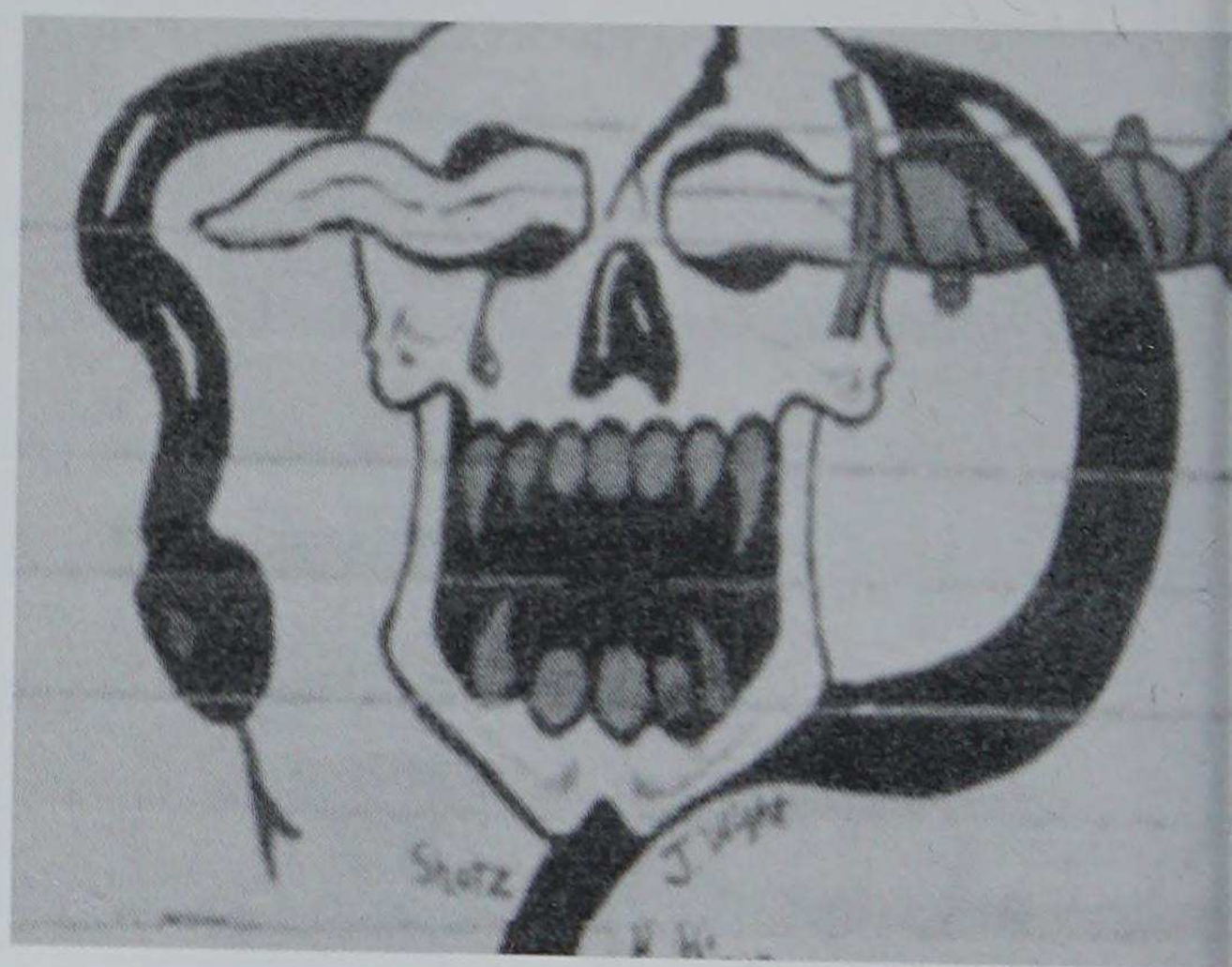



MIKE,
YOU'RE WELCOME FOR USING MY HOT TUB,
MY HOUSE, MY BEDROOM AND MY SKIM BOARD.
GOOFBALL.
DEVLIN.



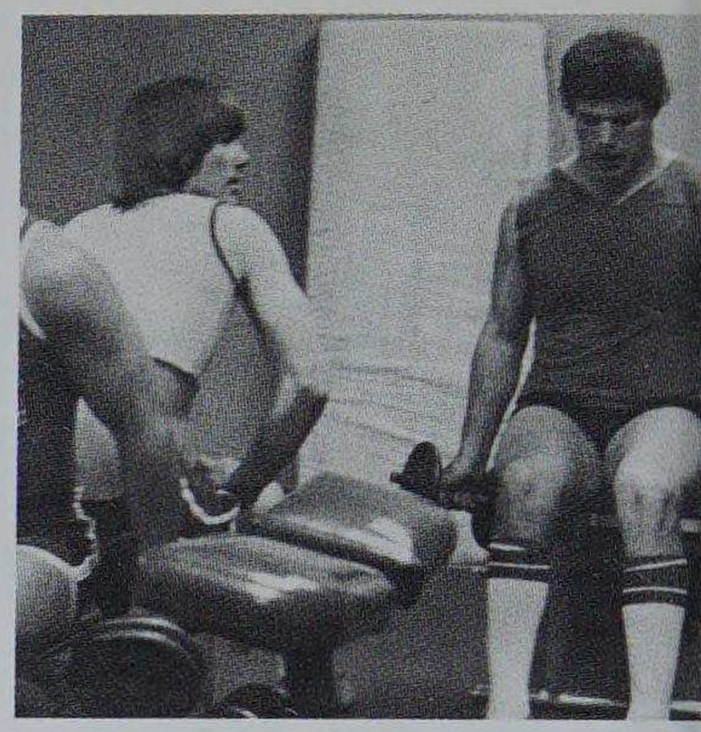







SHEP:
TO AN INCREDIBLY VACANT BODY OF LOW-COST PARTS,
I WISH I WAS HERE JUST ONE MORE YEAR,
AND I WISH I COULD GO THRU TRACK AGAIN.
I'M GOING TO MISS WRESTLING AND POLE VAULTING.
I WISH I COULD BEAT YOU UP AND POKE YOU
IN THE EYES WITH A SHARPENED STICK.
GOOD LUCK, AND I HOPE YOU MEET A VIRGIN WHO RAPES YOU.
RAMON

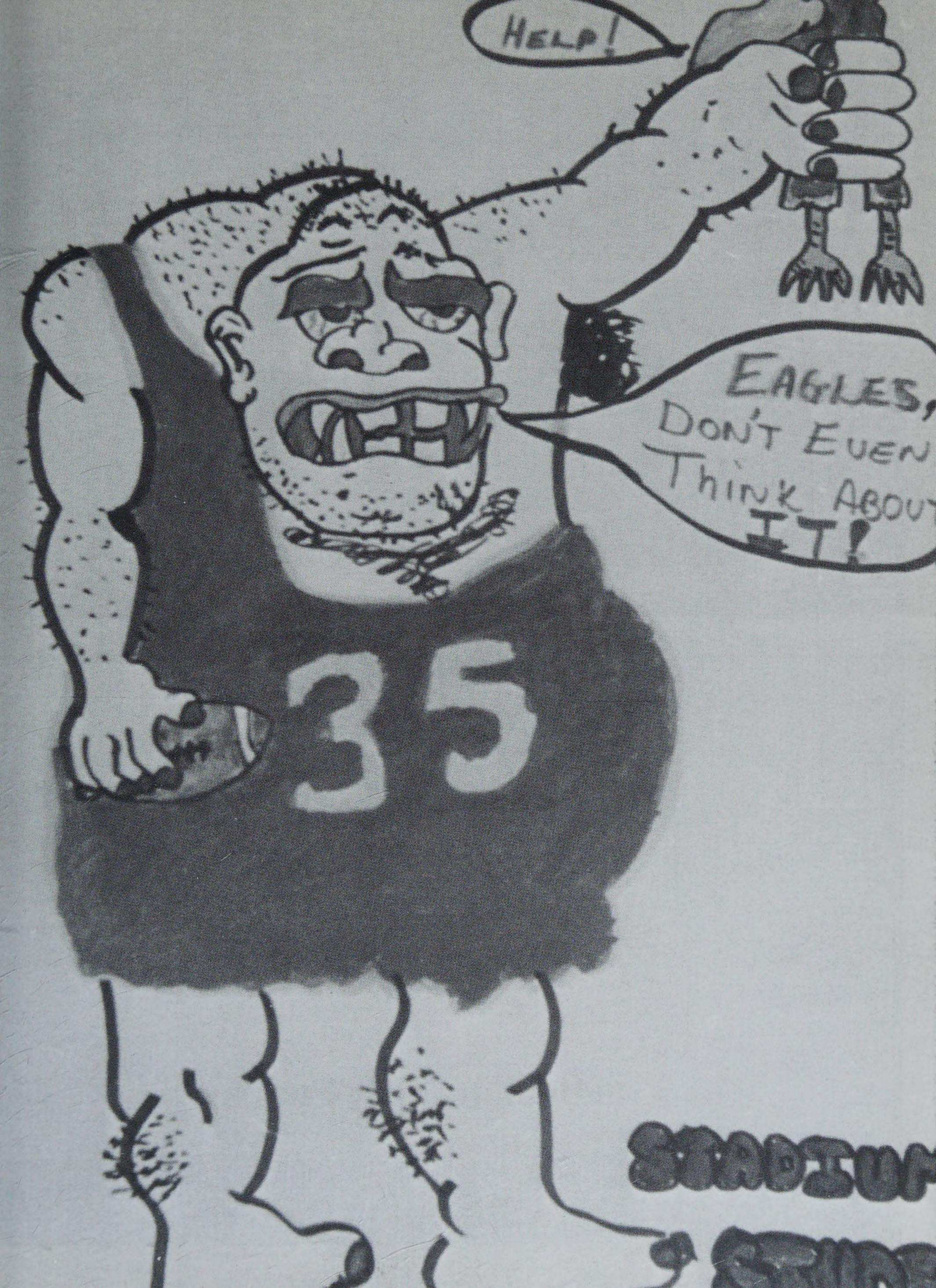




# MIKE,

**WE BOTH SCREWED EACH OTHER OVER PRETTY BAD,
BUT WE KEPT A GREAT FRIENDSHIP DURING THE WORST OF TIMES.**



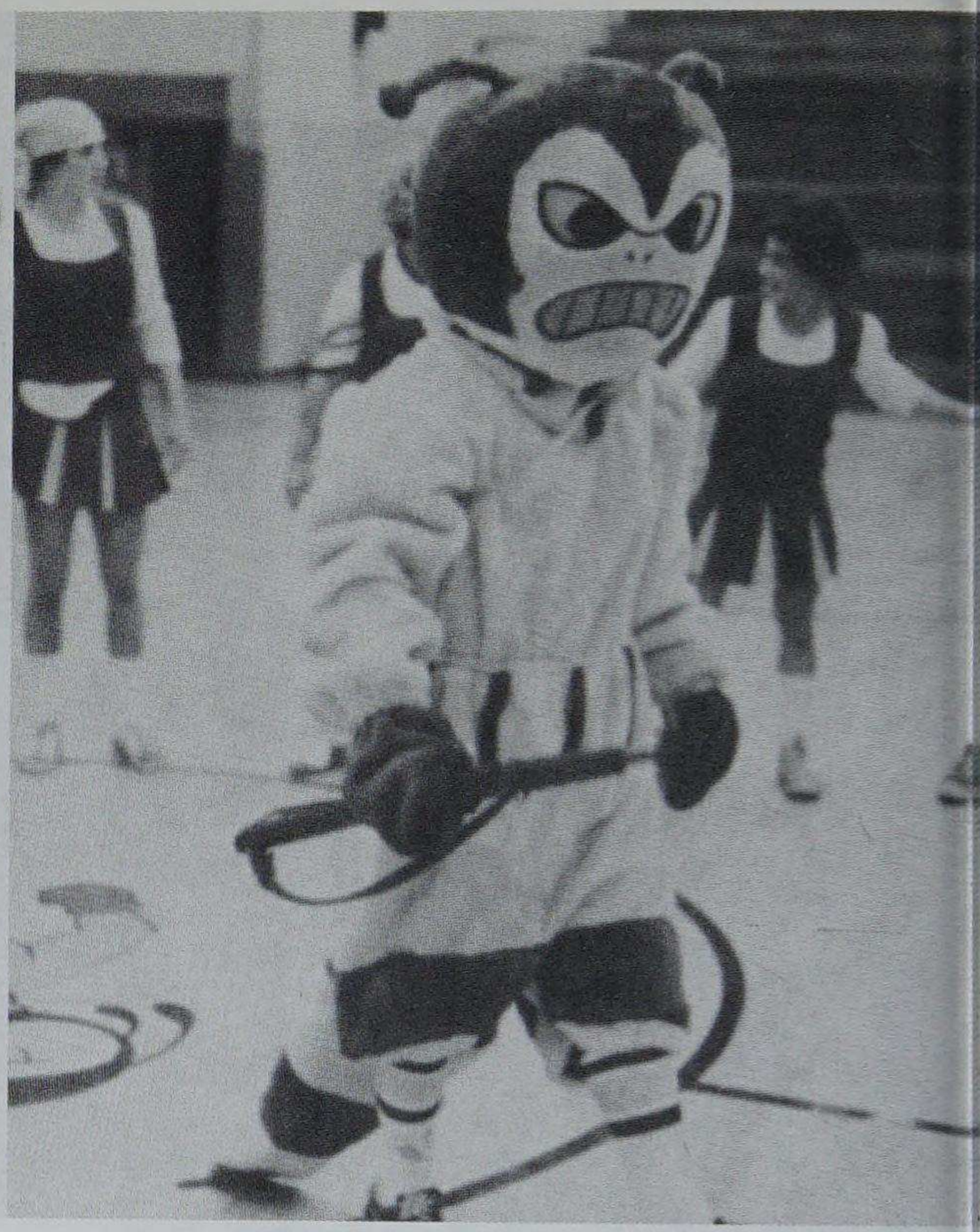

HELP!
EAGLES, DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!
35



# HEY GOOD LOOKIN!
# IT WAS COOL 2 KNOW U.
# CALL ME SOMETIME.
# 563-3668
# MELANIE

ERICA,
THANKS FOR MAKING PROM NIGHT EVEN MORE MEMORABLE (EVEN IF WE WERE A COUPLE OF CHICKENS.) I WISH YA LUCK IN YOUR MARRIAGE. KEEP SMILING.
YOUR FIREND,
KORRINA.





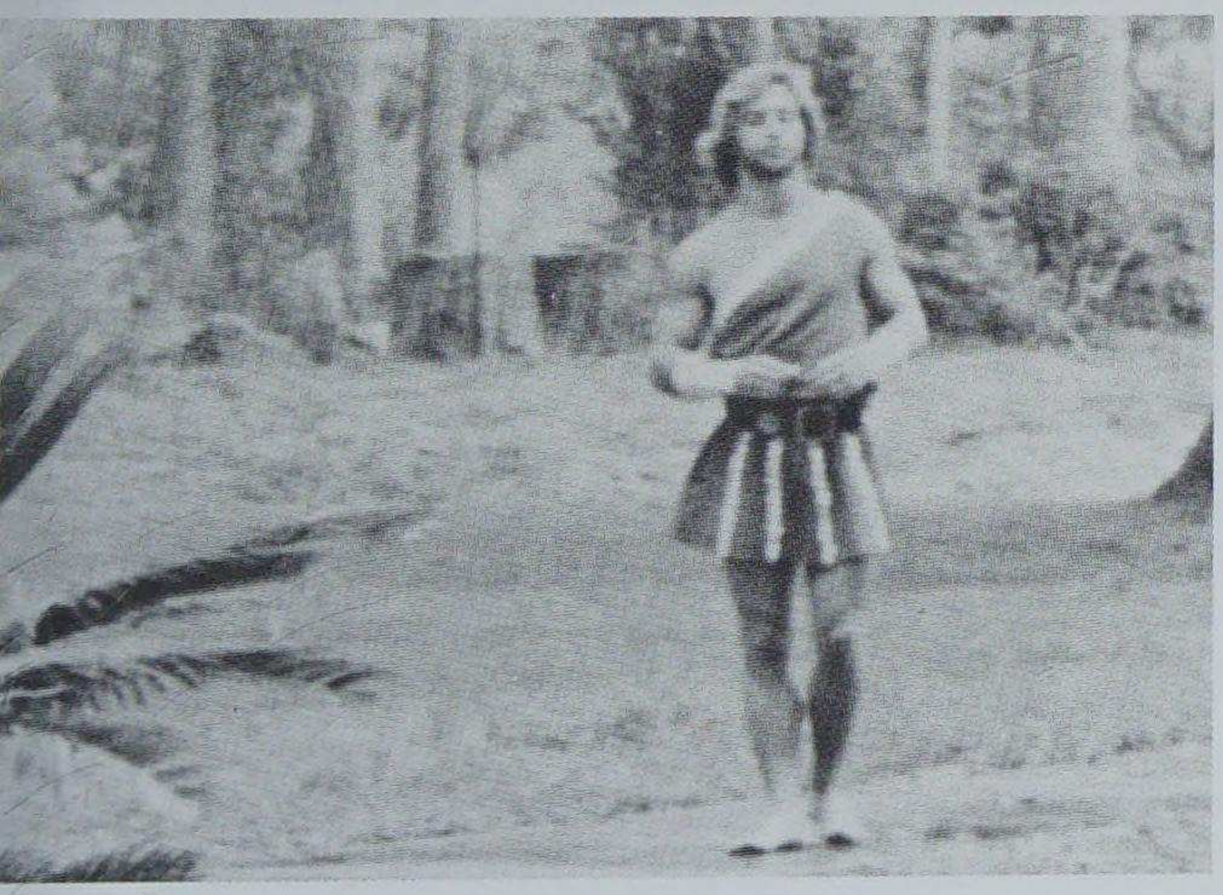
# I AM THE LAST OF THE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS

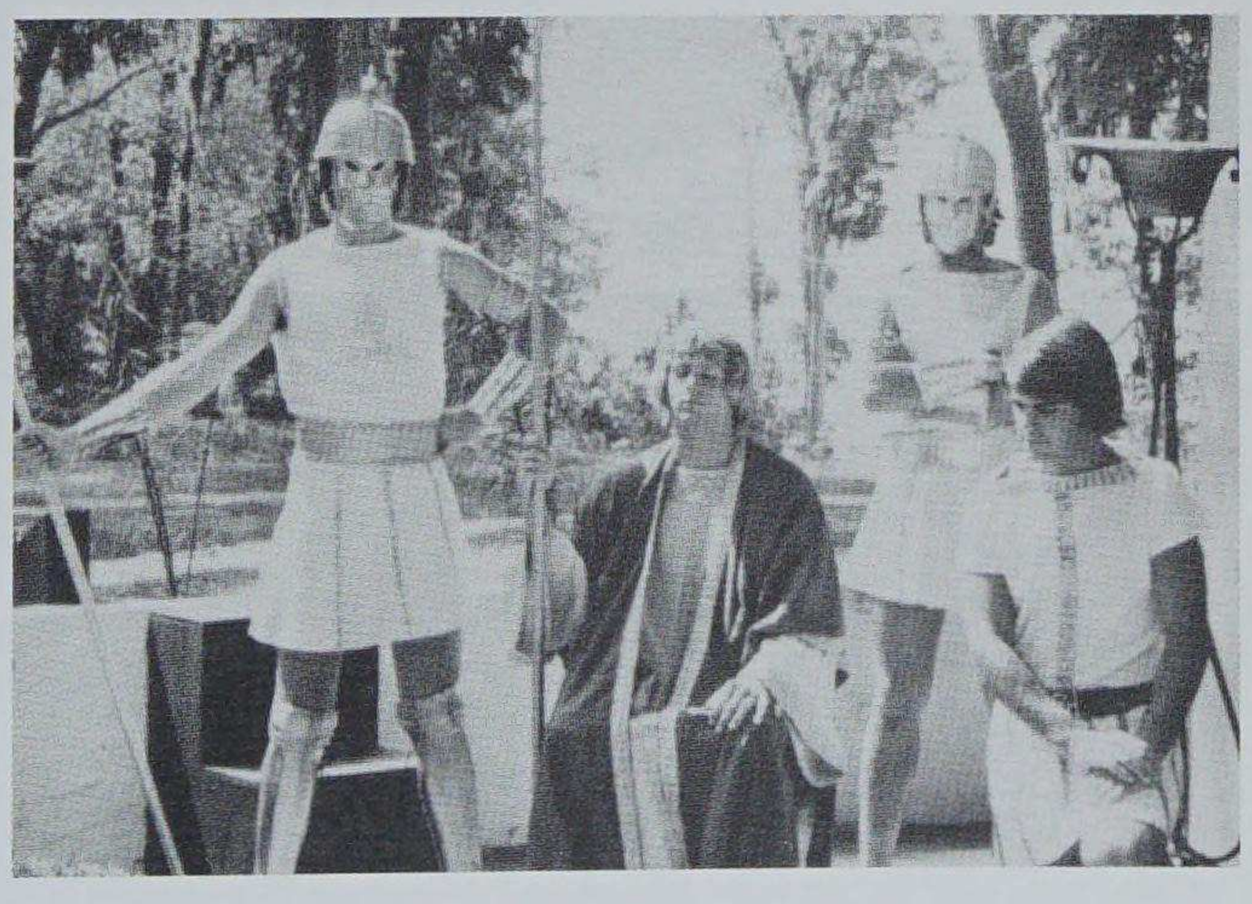




# DAVE, YOU BIG STUD.

I HOPE YOU STILL LOVE YOUR CAR.
NEVER LOSE BABES.
WARREN.







DAVE YOU STUDMUFFIN.
LET'S GO TO THE PRINCE CONCERT
THIS SUMMER.
E.







The only really interesting people at school are the losers and misfits, because once you leave school, everyone's a loser, so at least they're better prepared. That sounds callous. But even when you're thirty, you still end up eating lunch by yourself, and the phone still doesn't ring on Saturday night. Life is a lonely proposition. Even death is less lonely than life.

* * *

I think that young people are basically overwhelmed by everything that's inside them. They're frightened by whatever this alien being that's trying to explode from their insides. So they drink and do drugs and try and drop off the planet, simulating death.

* * *






JEFF,
YOU DEAD BLIND GIMP,
I LOVE YOU.
EAT LOTS OF DONUTS AND
NEVER DRIVE OVER 72 MPH.


McDonald's
K mart







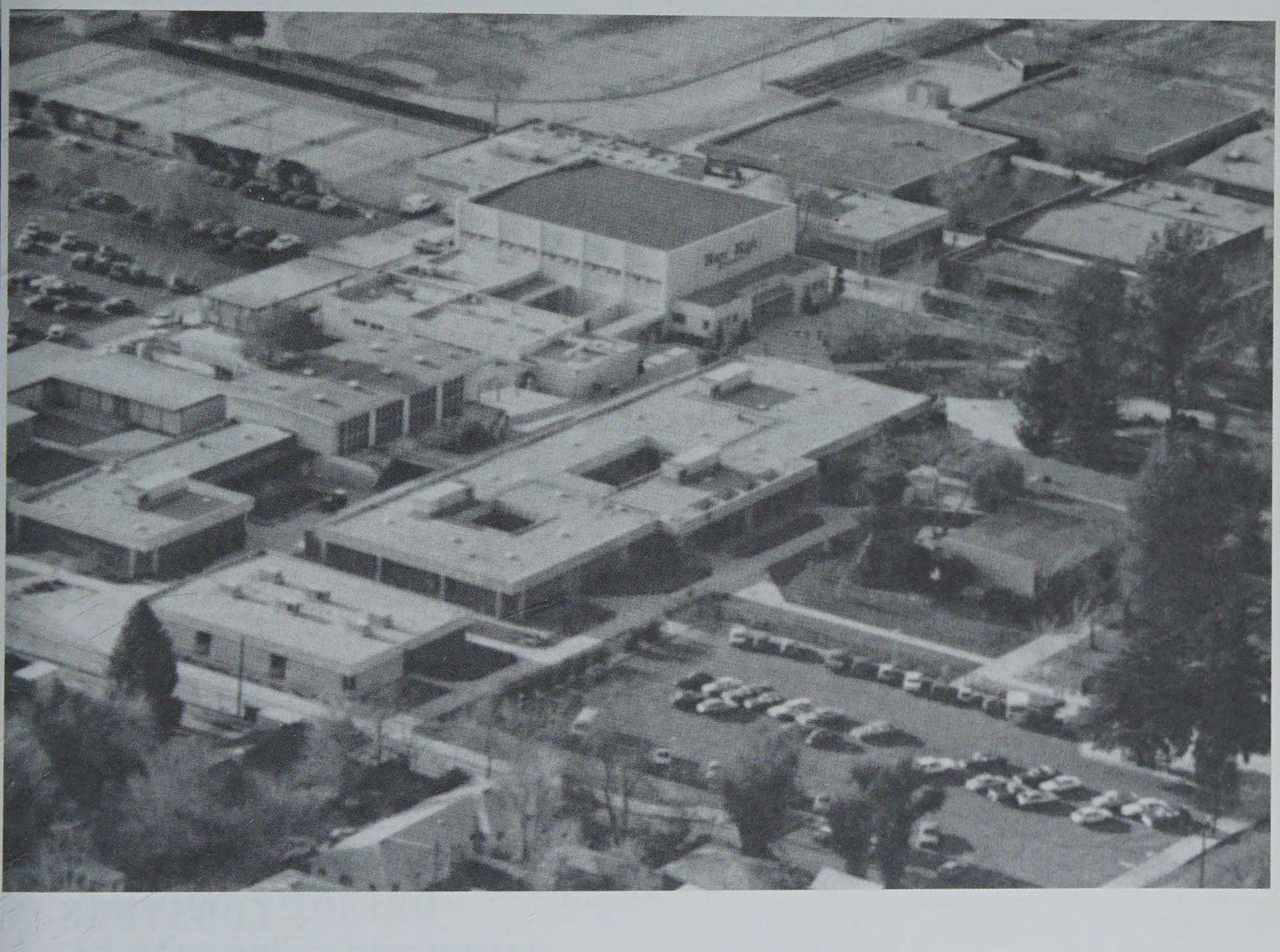

# WHIPPED CREAM
# BIG BEAR
# OVERDUE VIDEOS
# FOUR-COLOR PENS



DALE,
HAVE A NICE SUMMER AND
DON'T GET TOO STUCK UP.
SEE YOU IN 20 YEARS,
LAURA


HAMBURGER
CHEESEBURGER
HAMBURGER
CHEESEBURGER
McDonald's
810 North Main


LAY'S
ONE POTATO CHIP
RIPPLE
FLAVORED
POTATO CHIPS
LAY'S
PRETZELS



I, DEBBIE WATT GIVE AND BEQUEATH
TO MY LITTLE SISTER MY KILLER PARKING SPOT
NEAR THE SOUTH EXIT.




AEROSMITH
GUNS 'N' ROSES
THE LASER SHOW
LOBSTERS
WEEKEND IN PHOENIX...




...RIDING SHOTGUN
THE DENT IN
THE MUSTANG'S FENDER
CAUGHT SMOKING
SUPER FLY

It's funny the way good looks are handed out more or less in the same percentages regardless of what city or state you're in. It's always five percent of the class who can stop traffic, followed by the next ten percent who'll always look good naked—and then there's everybody else.

* * *

With sex it's funny—young people pretty often don't know who they love yet, or why they love them. They only know that there's this water out there with a shark's fin swimming around in it, but even still, they enter the water.

* * *




# RAMEN NOODLES
# KEVIN'S CABIN
# THE OLD MAIDS CLUB
# PURPLE ANYTHING.




# POP TARTS
# PEP ASSEMBLY
# ORANGE FLOATS
# THE MISSING KEY
# E.A.D.G.B.E.
# Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge



TO ROBIN,
A GIRL I THINK I USED TO KNOW,
BUT I JUST DON'T KNOW ANY MORE.
I HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR NEW SCHOOL
IN MARYLAND.
ANGIE

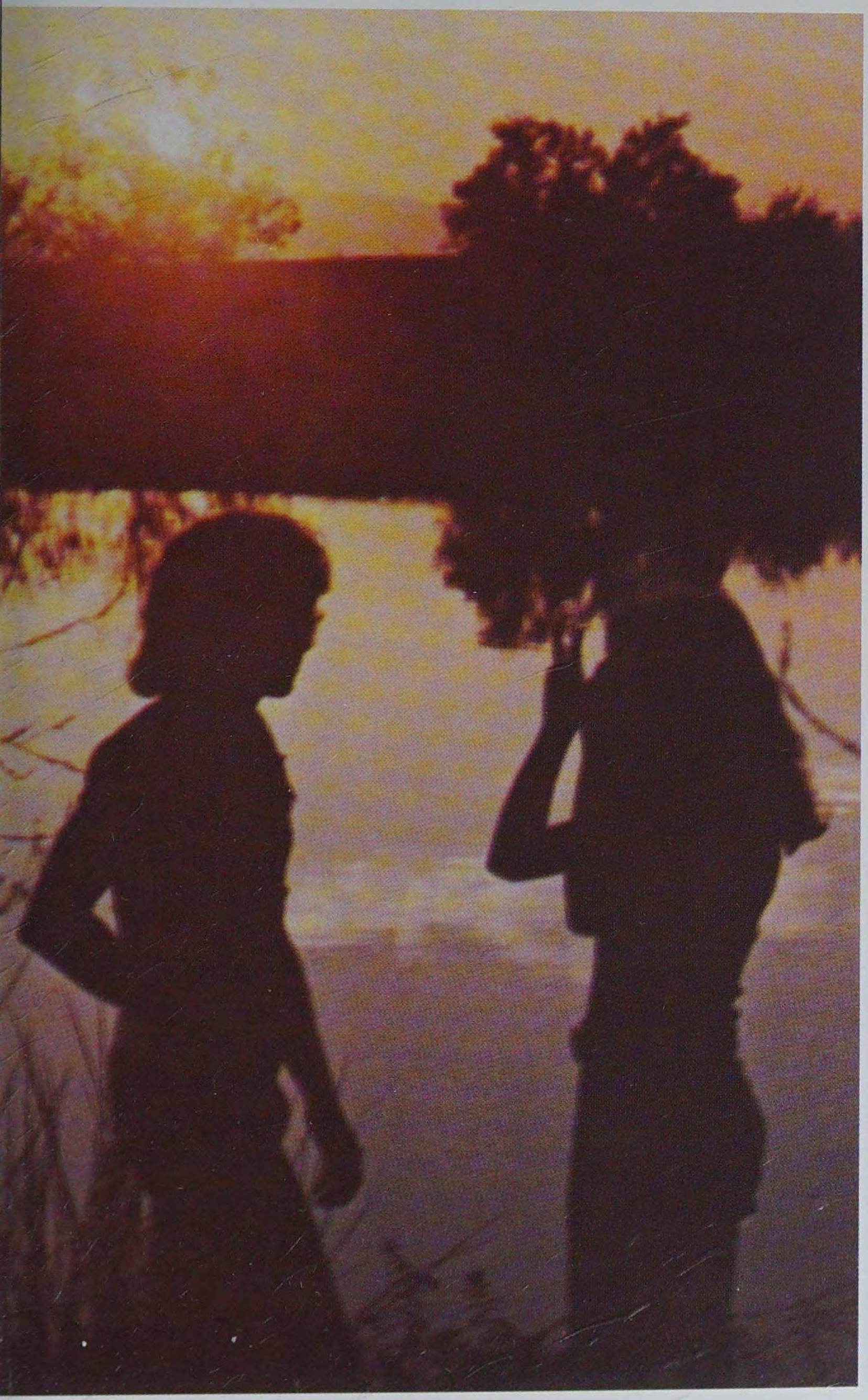

MIGHTY
BULLDOG
STRIKE



WELL BOB, WE FINALLY MADE IT.

# HAVE AN AMAZING REST OF YOUR LIFE.

DARRIN.













In many senses schools are just exercises in crowd control. All schools do is keep you off the streets until you're eighteen, and by the time you've graduated, you've spent your entire life in a nine-to-five shift—so that you're fully prepared for a lifetime of unnatural, meaningless and boring work. It's babysitting.

* * *

What else? I believe there will always be a weak person killed, in the end, by a mob.

* * *

And what else after that?

* * *

Oh God.

Listen to me.

I am going to scream. I can't do this nice girl crap any more.

* * *

I'm insane. I am. What sort of creature do you honestly think I could be—trapped forever in these glorified prisons?

* * *

Are you stupid? Do you think I'm stupid?

* * *

Are you as fucked up and crazy as you think I am?

I'm insane.

* * *

What else would you expect?

* * *

I am trapped in this netherworld forever maybe. I lied. Forever is not the same as the future. Forever is infinity.

* * *

And the truth is that there are monsters in this world.

* * *

We hide just behind you when you look in the mirror. We move when you move.

* * *

We're watching you.

* * *

We guide you when you're blind.

* * *

We love you when you feel dead.

* * *

When you drown we tease you with the hope of air.

* * *

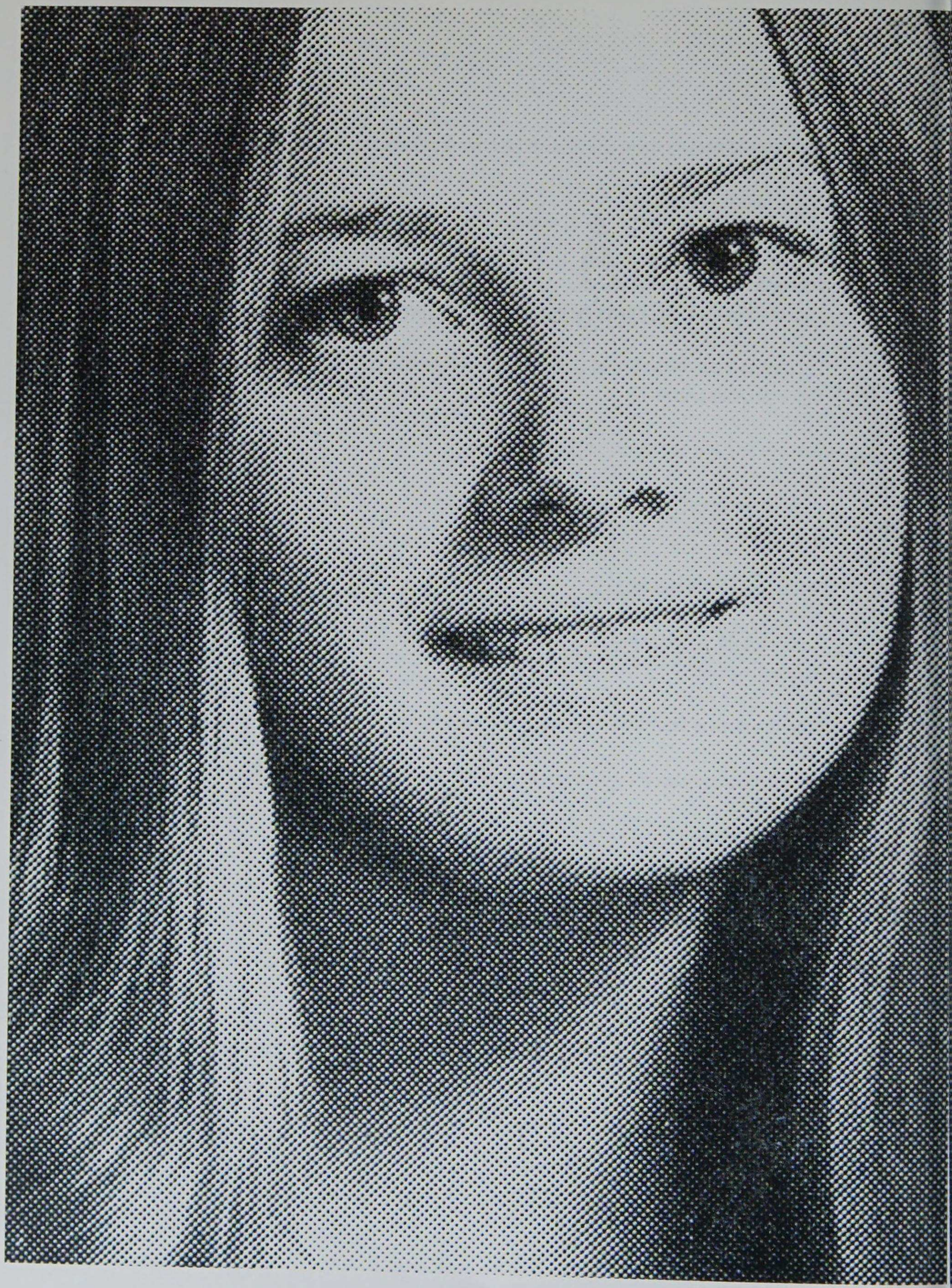
We inhabit the border between a palm tree's shade and the sunlight on the sidewalk.

* * *

The only time you see us for real is when you start to die.

* * *

And after that you become one of us.



# SHARLYN...

## CAN I BORROW YOUR SWEATER FOREVER?

I, LAWRENCE ANTHONY GIRELLI LEAVE
TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER MY AWESOME ABILITY
TO PICK UP WOMEN AT ANY GIVEN TIME AND PLACE.

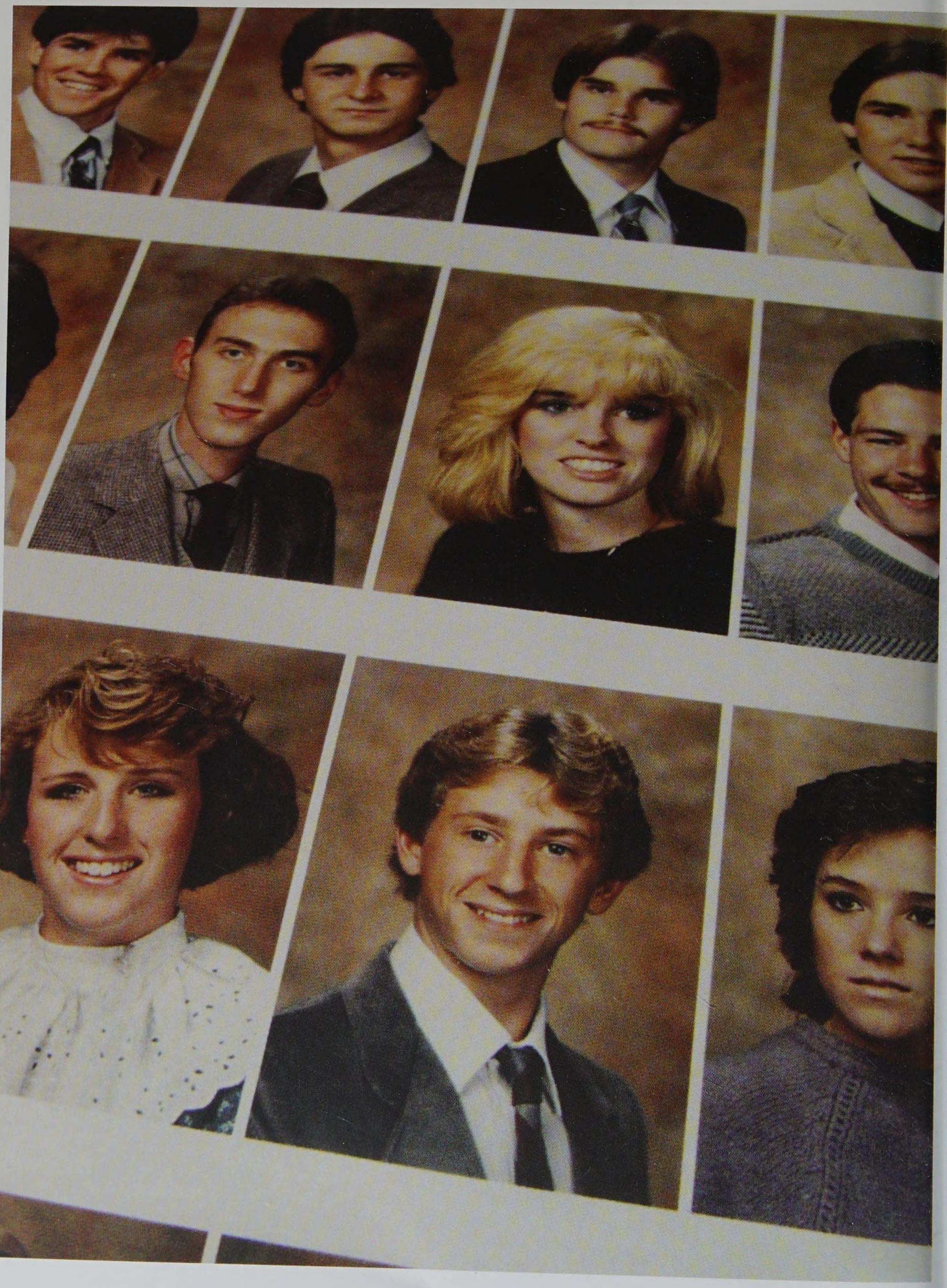
I, KEVIN HEARNE, GIVE AND BEQUEATH
MY "ICEMAN" ABILITIES TO ANYONE WHO CAN LIVE UP TO THE NAME

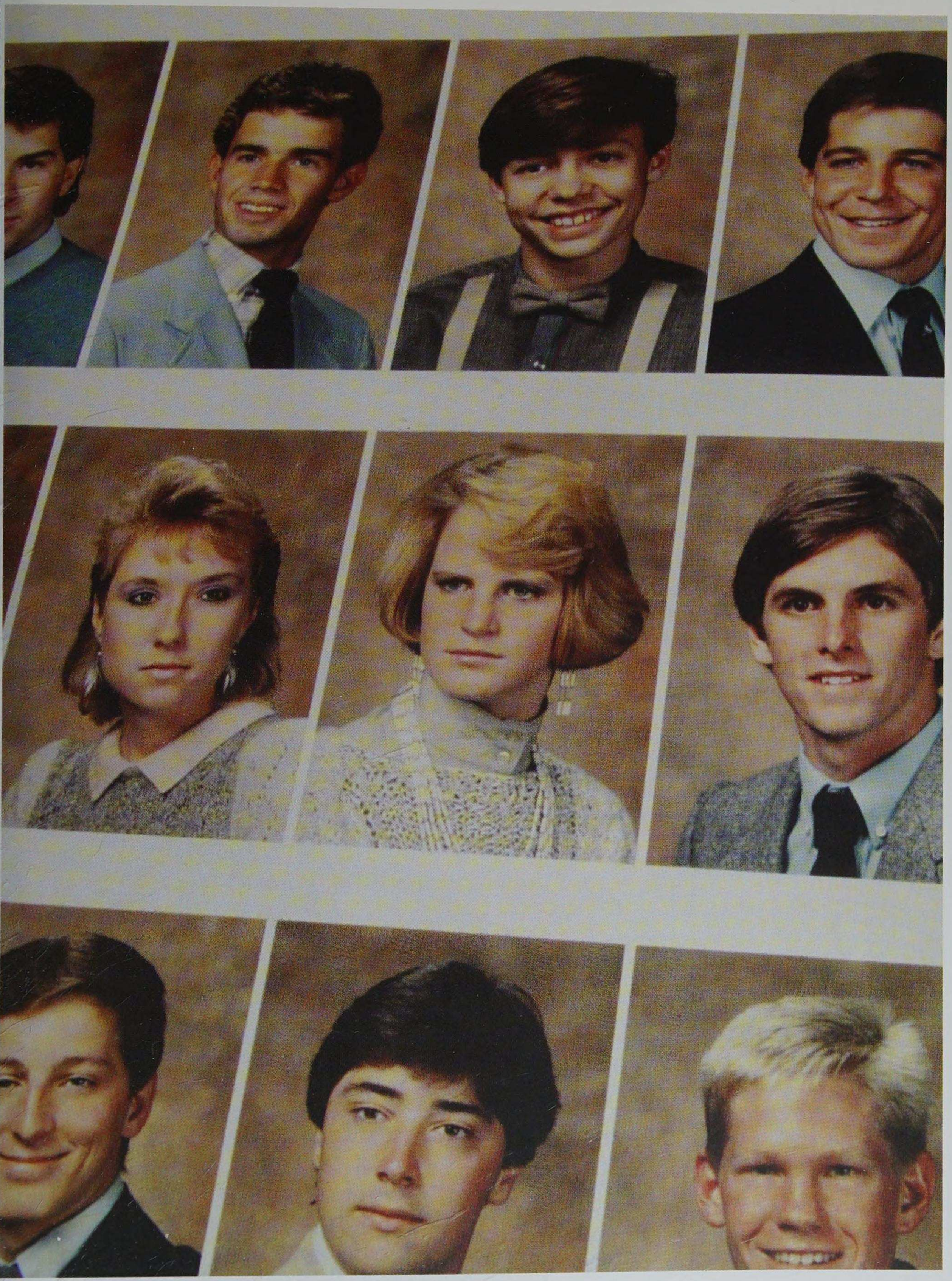
I, SANDRA REED GIVE AND BEQUEATH
TO THE WORLD MY ABILITY TO WORSHIP PHILLIP HUNT FROM AFAR

I, ROB STRATTON GIVE AND BEQUEATH
TO ANY STUDENT WHO FOLLOWS ME,
THE ONE SINGLE 'A' I EVER GOT IN ALL MY SCHOOL YEARS.

I JODI GIVE AND BEQUEATH
POSTERITY MY LEGACY OF CLEAVAGE
AND NOTEPADS FULL OF NOTHING BUT DOODLES.












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