Art, Life and God

Sean Landers ©1990

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Art, Life and God

"OUCH

I DON'T KNOW WHY ALOT OF THINGS HAPPEN THE WAY THEY DO. ATTIMES THINGS ARE GOOD AND IN OTHERS THEY ARE NOT. IT'S A VERY BASIC OBSERVATION, NONE THE LESS I DON'T KNOW WHY THIS IS. I'M AT ~~MY~~ PARENTS HOUSE IN MASSACHUESETTS NOW AND AM REMINDED OF COUNTLESS THINGS, ALL WHICH ARE SURE TO BORE YOU, BUT THE INTERESTING THING THAT I HAVE FOUND WHILE BEING ~~HERE~~ IS HUNDREDS OF POEMS ~~FROM~~ THAT I WROTE AT AGES 15, 16, AND 17. ALONG WITH ESSAYS FROM A HIGHSCHOOL ESSAY CLASS. I WAS REALLY FUCKED UP. ALL THE POEMS ARE ABOUT BEING BROKEN HEARTED AND WONDERING WHETHER OR NOT I SHOULD KILL MYSELF. SINCE THE TIME I WROTE THOSE POEMS MY HEART HAS BEEN BROKEN MANY TIMES. I WONDER WHAT IT IS ABOUT HELLEN THAT THROUGH ME FOR SUCH A LOOP? SHOULDN'T I BE USED TO HEART ACHE BY NOW? AFTER ALL IT'S BEEN THE SUBJECT OF MY WRITING FOR 10-OR-12 YEARS. ~~[illegible]~~ I GUESS THERE ARE A FEW THAT I AM PROUD TO HAVE WITTEN BUT OTHERS MAKE MY EARS TURN RED AS I'M SURE THEY DID A DECADE AGO. IN READING THESE POEMS I LOOSE CONFIDENCE IN MYSELF AND IN MY WRITTING. I IMAGINE MYSELF 10 YEARS FROM NOW RE READING ART, LIFE AND GOD, AND I REALLY DO FEAR THAT THIS MAY BE THE STUPIDIST BODY OF WORK THAT I'VE EVER EMBARKED UPON. I'M REALIZING THAT MAYBEY PEOPLE DON'T LAY THEMSELVES BARE BECAUSE IT'S TO PAINFUL. WHEN PEOPLE READ MY WRITTING

I'M GLAD TO HOLD THERE INTEREST BUT I ALSO CRINGE THAT I HAVE JUST REVIELD SACRED THINGS ABOUT MYSELF AND MY LOVERS. ~~THIS HURTS ME~~ ART, LIFE AND GOD HAS TAKEN A LOT OUT OF ME, ~~THE GLOBE EVERYTHING I HAVE (BECAUSE NOT MORE)~~

THATS NOT TO SAY THAT I DON'T HAVE MORE, BECAUSE A.L.G. IS JUST THE BEGINING. THE STORY OF CHRIS HAMSON IS IN MANY WAYS THE STORY OF SEAN LANDERS BUT MORE SO NOT. I HAVE MADE MY SELF INTO CHRIS SO THAT I CAN REACT TO HIS LIFE OPENLY FOR YOU TO READ. I'M ACTUALLY ~~USING MYSELF AND HIS~~ HAVING TROUBLE DESTINGUISHING BETWEEN MYSELF AND CHRIS. ANYWAY I AM REAL AND CHRIS IS NOT, CHRIS DOES EXIST IN A WAY THOUGH, HE IS EVERYBODY WHO HAS EVER FAILED, HE'S EVERYONE WHO'S HAD DREAMS OF FREEING HIMSELF (HERSELF) FROM A DISMAL LOWER CLASS EXISTENCE BY USING ARTISTIC TALENT. BUT LIKE SO MANY WHO TRY THIS CHRIS FAILS, HIS FAILURE LEEDS HIM TO BELIEVE THAT HE IS A ~~FAILURE~~ LOOSER AS A HUMAN BEING, AND CHRIS BEGINS TO DESTROY HIS OWN LIFE. I SOMTIMES WONDER IF WHAT'S HAPPENED TO CHRIS WILL HAPPEN TO ME, IT'S CERTAINLY A FEAR OF MINE THATS WHY I WAS ABLE TO WRITE IT. ANYWAY, I AM SEAN LANDERS, I'M SOME WHAT EMBARRASED OF THIS STORY, I KNOW I'M NOT A GREAT WRITTER, BUT HOPFULLY I AM AN ARTIST NONE THE LESS.

BOTH OF US

"CHRIS IN SOHO"

ART, LIFE, AND GOD — SEAN LANDERS © 1990

— NEEDLESS TO SAY CHRIS LOST AT LOTTO. AFTER HAVING SPENT HIS LAST MONEY ON THE TICKETS. CHRIS WAKES UP THE NEXT DAY, HE'S HUNGRY HAVING NOT EATEN IN ~~48~~ HOURS. HE DECIDES TO WALK TO SOHO IN HOPES OF MEETING ~~SOMEONE~~ SOME ONE TO TAKE HIM TO LUNCH. ~~IT'S AT FRIDAY AND~~ HE STARTS OUT DOWN HOUSTON STREET, HE FINDS FIRDAY'S NEW YORK TIMES IN A TRASH CAN, HE PICKS IT OUT AND READS THE REVIEWS AS HE WALKS. HE FINDS A REVIEW OF RENE RICARD BY ROBERTA SMITH, AND IMAGINES HIS NAME IN PRINT INSTEAD OF HIS: "WHAT CARRIES THE DAY IS, AS USUAL, ~~MR~~ CHRIS HAMSON'S, SEETHING VERBAL FINESSE, WHICH WENDS IT'S WAY THROUGH A NUMBER OF LARGLY AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL, SCENES INVOLVING, SEX, ART, MONEY AND RELIGON." HE GETS PISSED OFF, BECAUSE CHRIS THINKS HIS WRITING IS BETTER THAN RENE RICARD, AND HE THROUGHS THE PAPER AWAY IN THE NEXT TRASH CAN. CHRIS REACHES SOHO AND BEGINS HIS ~~USUAL~~ USUAL TOUR THROUGH THE GALLERIES, HE'S SEEN THE SHOWS MANY TIMES ALREADY THIS MONTH. HE LOOKS THROUGH THE GUEST BOOKS IN SEARCH OF HIS OWN NAME, AND TRYS TO FLIRT WITH THE MANY PRETTY DESK GIRLS. THEY COMONLY BRUSH HIM OFF AS A PERIFERY UNIMPORTENT FIGURE. HE WRITES HIS NAME, OFTEN FOR A THIRD TIME THAT MONTH. HE'S FANTISISING THAT HIS NAME WILL ONE DAY MEAN SOMTHING AND THAT THESE GIRLS WHO BRUSH HIM OFF WILL SOMEDAY FAWN ALL OVER HIM WHEN HE COMES IN. HE LURKS IN THE MORE SUCCESSFUL GALLERIES HOPING THAT ~~THERE~~ THEIR "HOT" DEALERS WILL COME OUT OF THEIR OFFICES AND ACKNOWLEGE HIM. NONE DO, AND NONE WOULD. WALKING DOWN BROADWAY HE PASSES A HONEY ROASTED ~~COATED~~ PEANUT VENDOR, THE STRONG SUGAR SMELL CHURNS HIS STOMACH AND HE ALMOST RECOILS IN HUNGER. HE SEES A WELL KNOWN ART CONSULTANT/COLLECTOR ON THE STREET WHO ONCE VISITED HIS STUDIO AND TOOK HIM TO LUNCH, WHERE SHE PROMISED TO BUY SOMTHING AND NEVER DID. CHRIS SAYS HELLO

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AND SHE GIVES HIM THE ICEY "I DON'T KNOW YOU" LOOK AND KEEPS WALKING. CHRIS DESIDESTHAT HE HAS TO BE MORE AGGRESIVE, AND RESOLVES THAT HE WON'T LEAVE SOHO WITHOUT GETTING A STUDIO VISIT. HE WALKS INTO A GALLERIE IN WHICH SOMEONE HE KNEW FROM COLLEGE WORKS. THIS MAN HAD A TERRIBLE CRUSH ON CHRIS ~~[illegible]~~ DURING COLLEGE AND OFTEN FOLLOWED HIM THROUGH THE ~~[illegible]~~ CAMPUS.

CHRIS - HELLO JAMES, NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

JAMES - DO I KNOW YOU?

CHRIS - MY NAME IS CHRIS HAMSON, REMEMBER? ... FROM SCHOOL.

JAMES - OH YES. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

CHRIS - I WAS WONDERING IF YOU DO STUDIO VISITS?

JAMES - WELL WE DON'T USALLY SHOW YOUNG ARTISTS, YOU CAN DROP YOUR SLIDES OFF IF YOU LIKE, BUT FRANKLY YOU SHOULD'NT WASTE YOUR TIME.

CHRIS - OH, (HE TURNS TO LEAVE, THEN THINKS) HEY YOU DON'T KNOW ANY OTHER GALLERIES THAT ARE LOOKING AT YOUNG ARTISTS DO YOU?

JAMES - UM LET ME SEE, HAVE YOU TRIED BILL ARNING AT WHITE COLUMNS?

CHRIS - YEAH I HAVE ACTUALLY, HE PUT ME IN A GROUP SHOW LAST YEAR.

JAMES - OH, HOW'D IT DO?

CHRIS - NOTHING SOLD (UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE) R.T.A. CITY

JAMES - OHWELL! WAS THERE ANY INTREST?

CHRIS - AUGH... IT'S A LONG STORY.... WELL NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN...

JAMES - ~~HECK~~ LEAVE ME YOUR NUMBER, SOMTHING MIGHT OCCUR TO ME LATER.

CHRIS - (WRITES IT DOWN) THANKS JAMES, BYE BYE.

JAMES - GOOD LUCK.

- CHRIS WALKS BACK OUTSIDE, WE SEE THE PAIN ON HIS FACE. HE'S LITE HEADED FROM HUNGER. HE SITS DOWN OUTSIDE OF METRO LUMBER TO WAITE OUT HIS DIZZY SPELL, WHEN HE SPOTS A CONTRACTOR WHO HE DID FAULTY CARPENTRY FOR A YEAR BEFORE. THE CONTRACTOR HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET HIS MONEY BACK EVER SINCE. CHRIS RUNS

A, Land G ©S.L.

INTO SPRING STREET BOOKS TO HIDE. THE CONTRACTOR FOLLOWS CHRIS INTO THE STORE. THE STORE IS CROWDED AND HE CAN'T FIND CHRIS. WE SEE CHRIS CRAWLING BEHIND SOME BOOK SHELVES WEAVING HIS WAY BETWEEN THE LEGS OF COSTUMERS. THE EXCITMENT IS TO MUCH FOR CHRIS ON HIS EMPTY STOMACH AND HE FAINTS. THIS CAUSES QUITE THE SCENE IN THE STORE. AS CONSERNED COSTUMERS TRY AND REVIVE CHRIS THE CONTRACTOR FINDS HIM.

CONTRACTOR- WAKE UP HANSON! HE'S JUST ACTING, COMEON WAKE UP YOU STUPID FUCK! YOU OWE ME 900 BUCKS!

COSTUMER- LEAVE HIM ALONE, HE'S REALLY OUT

- CHRIS STARTS TO COME AROUND AND BEGINS TO FOCUS ON THE ANGRY CONTRACTOR AND SCRAMBLES TO GET UP AND THE CONTRACTOR GRABS CHRIS'S SHIRT.

CONTRACTOR- I WANT MY FUCKIN MONEY ASSHOLE!

- THE STORE'S CLIRKS, STEP IN AND SEPERATE THEM AND CHRIS ESCAPES OUT ONTO SPRING STREET. THE CONTRACTOR TRIES TO GIVE CHASE BUT TRIPS OVER BOXES FILLED WITH ART MAGAZINES. CHRIS RUNS ACCROSS WEST BROADWAY, THE CONTRACTOR IS ONE BLOCK BEHIND HIM AND CHRIS DUCKS INTO MARY BOONE, HE GOES STRAIGHT TO THE BACK ROOM AND LOOKS AROUND THE CORNOR TO SEE IF THE CONTRACTOR HAS FOLLOWED HIM. HIS HEART IS POUNDING AND HE'S TREMBLEING FROM FEAR AND EXHAUSTION. THE CONTRACTOR RUNS INTO THE GALLERY AND HEADS FOR THE BACK ROOM. CHRIS LOOKS AROUND, HE'S TRAPED, THERE IS ONLY ONE OTHER DOOR AND THAT IS TO MARY BOONES OFFICE WHERE SHE SITS AMONG GALLERY ASSISTENTS. CHRIS CRAWLS UNDER THE RED VELVET ROPE AND DASH'S BEHIND THE DESK AND SQUATS DOWN.

ASSISTENTS- HEY YOU CAN'T COME BACK HERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MARY BOONE - GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

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CHRIS - PLEASE! JUST FOR A MINUETE. THERE'S A GUY OUT THERE TRYING TO KILL ME.

MARY - WHAT!!?

CHRIS - SHHH, BE QUIET HE'S OUT THERE.

MARY - (TO ASSISTENT) CALL THE POLICE!

- WE SEE THE CONTRACTOR SEARCHING THE BACK ROOM, HE PEAKS IN THE OFFICE LOOKING FOR CHRIS, MARY BOONE AND THE ASSISTENTS STARE AT THE CONTRACTOR, ~~R~~ CHRIS IS NOT IN SIGHT, SO THE CONTRACTOR LEAVES.

CHRIS - IS HE GONE?

ASSISTENT - YES HE'S GONE

MARY BOONE - WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE RUNNING IN HEAR LIKE THIS, YOU COULD OF GOT US ALL KILLED, NOW GET THE FUCK OUT!

CHRIS - THANK YOU, I'M SORRY, THANK YOU

- CHRIS LEAVES STEADYING HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL AS HE WALKS

MARY BOONE - FUCKIN JUNKIE, YOU'RE NOT SAFE ANYWHERE ANY MORE.

- CHRIS REACHES THE STREET AND WALKS TOWARD HOUSTON LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER PERIODICALLY FOR THE CONTRACTOR, HE MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD HOME, EAST DOWN HOUSTON ST. HIS MIND IS REALING IN PATHOS. AS HE WALKS DEJECTEDLY WE HEAR HIS THOUGHTS.

CHRIS - GOD DO I DESERVE THIS? I TRY TO BE GOOD BUT EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING I DO TURNS BAD. I PROMISE I WON'T STOP TRYING, GOD I'LL NEVER QUIT, DOES THAT COUNT FOR ANYTHING? OR DOES IT MEAN THAT I'M JUST TO STUPID TO SEE WHAT SEEMS OBVIOUS. NO MATTER ~~WHAT I DO~~ WHERE I GO, I'M OUTSIDE. GOD I DON'T FIT ANYWHERE I DON'T KNOW ~~HOW~~ WHO I AM, I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M HERE, WHY HAVE I CHOSEN TO BE IN HELL. I PROBALY SHOULD'VE MARRIED MY HOMETOWN GIRLFREIND, DAM I SHOULD'NT HAVE LEFT HOME, BUT NOW IT'S TO LATE I CAN'T UNDO WHO I AM. GOING BACK WOULD KILL ME AND TO STAY

HERE WILL KILL ME TOO. I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T CARE ANY MORE I JUST WANT TO SLEEP. I WANT TO WAKE UP IN A NEW LIFE. I'M BECOMING ONE OF THOSE ASSHOLES WHO SEARCHES FOR MEANING IN LIFE, AUGH I HATE THIS! I HAVEN'T EATEN IN TWO FUCKING DAYS...

— CHRIS NOTICES A STREET PERON WITH A SHOPING CART FULL OF EMPTY ~~BEER BOTTLES~~ BEER BOTTLES. HE REMEMBERS THAT HE HAS MANY EMPTY BOTTLES AT HOME. —

CHRIS — BEER BOTTLES! SHIT I MUST HAVE THREE OR FOUR CASES OF EMPTIES (IN VOICE OVER) AT HOME. I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT, THATS GOT TO BE WORTH ABOUT FOUR OR FIVE BUCKS AT LEAST. THANK GOD I CAN EAT! AND I'M NOT BUYING ANY FUCKIN LOTTO TICKETTS. LET'S SEEN NOW I COULD GET SOME BAGELS, OR A KATZ'S HOT DOG OR MABEY A SLICE YEAH THATS IT A SLICE OF PIZZA....

— AS CHRIS IMAGINES A SLICE OF PIZZA, HE STEPS OFF THE TRAFFIC ISLAND SEPERATING ALLEN AND FORSYTH STREETS. HE'S SO ABSORBED BY THE THOUGHT OF FOOD, PIZZA, EATING, THAT HE DOESN'T LOOK FOR TRAFFIC AND IS HIT BY A TRUCK SPEEDING TO MAKE THE LIGHT. WITH CHRIS'S LAST THOUGHT BEING OF PIZZA HIS BODY IS KNOCKED ENTIRLY ACROSS THE INTERSECTION WERE IT LANDS AND SKIPS ACROSS FIRST AVENUE AND SLAMS INTO THE BACK OF ~~ANOTHER~~ A CAR AND BECOMES WEDGED UNDERNEATH THE TIRES. ~~PEOPLE SCREAM IN HORROR AND RUN TO HIS BODY, WHERE WE SEE HIS HEAD BENT BACK BEHIND HIS BACK HIS LEGS ARE NOODLE LIKE, TWISTED BENT IN WRONG DIRECTIONS HIS LEFT ARM IS GONE, THERE IS MUCH BLOOD AND HIS SHOES ARE MISSING. CHRIS IS GONE.~~ — END SCENE —

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"CHRIS'S LIST" OF TRUTHS

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T.V. NEVER STOPS, BROWN EYES CAN'T TURN BLUE, SHIT STINKS, LAUGHING IS SAD, LOVE HURTS, CIGARETTES ARE GOOD, WORDS ARE CHEAP, ATHETICS ARE MEANINGLESS, MEANING IS EMPTY, BREASTS ARE FULL, SEX IS LIFE, MADDONA IS AMERICA, MONEY IS HAPPINESS, TEETH ARE BONES, WINE IS BLOOD, NATURE IS BEAUTY, PEOPLE ARE GOOD, MEN ARE FOOLS, WOMEN ARE CRAZY, LOVE IS BLIND, KILLING IS HUMAN, WE ARE ANIMALS, WE WALK ON TWO FEET, SWIMMING COMES NATURAL, SPEECH IS OUR RIGHT, EVERTHING DIES, LIFE IS SHORT, DREAMS ARE REAL, YOUR PENIS IS TO SHORT, WOMBS ARE GOD, PEOPLE ARE SMART, ANIMALS ARE DUMB, YOU LIKE TO FUCK, YOUR FACE IS FLAND, YOU SEE RIGHT THROUGH ME, SOULS NEVER SLEEP, LIFE GOES ON, EVERYONE IS A FILMAKER, TIME NEVER STOPS, FISH IS FOOD, AIR IS FREE, ROME IS ETERNAL, GOD HAS A BEARD, BIRTH IS A MIRACLE, YOURE GOING TO [redacted] HELL, FIRE IS LIFE, [redacted], RINGS BOND, MASTURBATION IS PRIVATE, YOU LOVE YOURSELF, MIRRORS TELL LIES, ANYTHING CAN BE BOUGHT, YOU ARE FREE, KIDS ARE GREAT, WE'RE ALL ALONE, DIVIDED WE FALL, YOU HAVE TO EAT, POWER CORRUPTS, NOTHING'S EASY, ART IS VITAL, DEATH IS FOREVER, SPACE IS INFINATE, EVERYONE SLEEPS, PEOPLE ARE RACIST, YOU'RE MOTIVATED BY FEAR, YOU'RE A LIER, YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE, NEW YORK IS THE WORLD, EVERYONE LIKES SODOMY, HAPPINESS TAKES EFFORT, YOU HAVE NO CONTROL, YOU WANT FAME, NOBODY'S PERFECT, YOU DON'T MAKE SENSE, THE OCEAN IS OUR MOTHER, YOU ENVY YOUR FREINDS, WE'RE ALL THE SAME, DOGS ARE STUPID PEOPLE, YOU NEED MORE MONEY, EVERYONE LOVES CHOCLETE, MICHAEL JACKSON IS ROYALTY, FOOD IS LETHAL, PAINTING IS FOR KIDS, HUMANS ARE UGLY ANIMALS, EVERYONE SHITS, HEAVEN IS FOR DREAMERS, FAITH IS FEAR, PEOPLE ARE'NT MONOGOMAS, WE'RE INSPIRED BY SEX, WE'RE ALL DEPRESSED, AMERICANS ARE FAT, CAMERAS DON'T LIE, YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, IT ONLY HAPPENS TO OTHER PEOPLE, A LONE PRIMATE IS A DEAD PRIMATE, I NEED YOU, ART, LIFE, AND GOD.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER, I LOVE YOU, YOU HATE YOUR JOB, COMEDY IS TRADGIC, YOUR NOT SORRY, YOU FEEL GUILTY, EVERYONE READS PAGE SIX, YOU'RE EMBARACED OF YOUR BODY, YOU'RE NOT ALL THAT SMART, CATHLICS ARE SHEEP, YOU'RE BORED, YOU DON'T KNOW ANYONE, SOMBODY HATES YOU, YOU LIKE TO PICK YOUR NOSE, YOU STICK YOUR FINGER UP YOUR ASS, YOU DISERVE BETTER, YOU CAN'T GET IT UP, GOD HAS FORGOTTEN YOU, THERE IS NO END TO THIS LIST, YOU WERE ABUSED, YOU LOSE YOUR FREINDS, NO ONE LOVES A LOOSER, YOU DON'T READ ENOUGH, RELIGON IS STRANGE, YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT, ANIMALS DON'T CRY, PAIN IS TRUTH, LOVE IS IN THE AIR, WISHES CAN COME TRUE, EVERYONE HATES MIMES, YOU WANT TO BE LIKED, YOU PRETEND YOU DONT KNOW PEOPLE, YOU'RE NOT A VIRGIN, YOU'VE SEEN THE LIGHT, THE SUN DOESN'T SET, OLD PEOPLE ARE WISE, YOU HAVEN'T THE TIME, YOU'RE A JERK, YOU WISH YOU WERE DEAD, NOBODY LOVES YOU, YOU'RE NOT SATICFIED, CATS ARE ASSHOLES, DRUGS ARE BAD, BIRDS DON'T SING, AFTER LIFE IS IN YOUR MIND, EVERYONE LOVES MOVIES, WE ALL MISS EDEN, NO ONE KEEPS SECRETS, YOU HELP YOUR OWN, JEASUS SAVES, GOALS ARE FOR JOCKS, YOU'RE AN ALCOHOLIC, WE WANT HAPPY ENDINGS, STYLE IS SAD, YOU'VE USED A DILDOE, BREASTS ARE PEOPLE TO, NEVER TRUST YOUR DICK,

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"C-H-R-I-S"

(CHRIS IS LAYING IN HIS BED ALONE AT NIGHT, HE HOLDS HIS PENIS IN HIS HAND LIKE A PEN AND WRITES HIS NAME IN THE AIR, OVER AND OVER AGAIN.)

C - H - R - I - S

C - H - R - I - S

C - H - R - I - S

(HE SUDDENLY STOPS - THERE IS NO ONE ELSE IN HIS ROOM BUT HE STOPS AND LOOKS AROUND AS IF SOMONE'S WATCHING. CHRIS THEN SPOTS A FLY BUZZING AROUND HIS ROOM, HE MAKES SEVERAL UNSUCCESSFULL ATTEMPTS AT KILLING IT, THE FLY IS TOO FAST. FINALLY THE FLY LANDS ON HIS NIGHT STAND, CHRIS STARES AT IT, HE THINKS...

CHRIS - (INVOICE OVER) I CAN NOT KILL THIS FLY BECAUSE IT'S EYES ARE TOO GOOD (CHRIS CONTEMPLATES THIS) I KNOW! MAYBE Y IF I TURN OUT THE ~~LIGHT~~ LIGHT, THE FLY WONT SEE MY HAND STRIKING HIM. (CHRIS, TURNS OUT THE LIGHT AND SLAPS HIS HAND DOWN ON THE NIGHT TABLE WERE THE FLY WAS. HE TURNS THE LIGHT BACK ON AGAIN AND SEES THE DEAD FLY STUCK TO THE PALM OF HIS HAND.)

CHRIS - (AGAIN IN VOICE OVER) ALRIGHT! I'M NOT SO DUMB AFTER ALL. (HE WIPES THE DEAD FLY ON THE UNPAINTED SHEETROCK ABOVE HIS BED IT STICKS THERE TO THE WALL FROZEN AT THE END OF A TRAIL OF FLY JUICE. HE THEN GRABS HIS PENIS AND BEGINS TO MASTURBATE WITH THE SAME HAND AS HE PUMPS HIS PENS MECHANICALLY HE THINKS.

CHRIS - (VOICE OVER) A FLY WAS ALIVE A MOMENT AGO, WHAT HAPPENS TO LIFE WHEN A BODY GETS RUINED, DOES IT JUST EVAPERATE?

I WONDER WHAT LIFE LOOKS LIKE! DOES IT CHANGE SHAPE? IS IT A SOLID? PROBALLY A GAS. GOD SINCE YOURE EVERTHING, I GUESS I AM LIFE. OR AT LEAST HAVE SOME IN ME, I GUESS THATS OBVIOUS. I WONDER IF LIFE IS JUST A HEART BEAT OR IS LIFE THE ABILITY TO WONDER WHAT LIFE IS? ALL THIS IS USELESS, DAM! I MASTURBATE A LOT. (CHRIS IS SILENT, HE CONTINUES TO PUMP HIS PENIS AND THEN IT OCCURS TO HIM) OH SHIT! THIS IS LIFE, THE URGE TO MAKE NEW LIFE. (CHRIS, WITH RENEND INTEREST BEATS AWAY) BUT THIS IS JUST RAW URGE MISPLACED, THIS IS A MALFUNCTION, FOR THIS TO BE LIFE I HAVE TO CUM INTO A WOMAN, GOD I LOVE CUMING INTO VAGINAS, THERE IS NO GREATER PLEASURE, OH MAN, AND LOVE WHAT THE HELL IS LOVE ANYWAY?, IT EITHER FUCKS ~~FUCKS~~ SEX UP OR MAKES IT BETTER, IT'S HARD TO TELL BECAUSE BOTH ARE TRUE. (HE IMAGINES HIS OWN PENIS GOING IN AND OUT OF ELETHIA'S VAGINA, THE ANGLE IS FROM BEHIND ELETHIA'S ASS SO FULL PENETRATION IS VISABLE) OH GOD I LOVE THIS! (CHRIS STEADILY BEATS) SHE'S HOT, WET, AND ~~BLUE~~ SO BEAUTIFULLY PINK, GOD THIS IS LIFE ISN'T IT! (CHRIS IS COMPLETELY LOST IN HIS FANTASY, HE KNOWS OF NOTHING OTHER THAN MAKEING LOVE TO ELETHIA) OH, LIFE IS WORTH LIVING, LOVE MAKES IT BETTER, IT'S ALL WORTH WHILE, OH, LIFE, LOVE, I'M DRIVEN MAD AT YOUR FEET, I SHALL SERVE YOU LOVE, I SHALL BE LIFE AND GREATE LIFE, I AM LIFE, THIS IS LIFE, AND CHILDREN! (UPON THINKING THE WORD CHILDREN CHRIS IS SNAPPED INTO REALITY AGAIN) I CAN'T EVEN AFFORD MYSELF, HOW CAN I EVER HAVE CHILDREN? OH ~~GOD~~ GOD, I'LL NEVER HAVE ANY WILL I, SO

EVEN IF I LIVE, I'LL DIE, WHY THE HELL DID I BECOME AN ARTIST FOR? AUGH! IT'S AS IF I WANTED TO BE MISERABLE, (CHRIS STOPS ON THIS STATEMENT) YEAH I GUESS THATS IT, I WANT TO BE MISERABLE, WHY?, BECAUSE YOU LOVE MISERY CHRIS, YES I GUESS I DO, AND WHAT DO YOU DOU WHEN YOURE MISERABLE CHRIS? I WRITE, YES, AND I LOVE WRITING MORE THAN I LOVE SEX, YES, AND IF I ONLY WERE A GREAT WRITTER IT WOULD ALL BE WORTH WHILE, BUT YOURE NOT, REALLY, YES REALLY, OH COME ON SOMTIMES YOU SAY THINGS THAT ARE GOOD, NOT ENOUGH, SO I'VE FORFITED CHILDREN FOR MY ART AND MY ART'S NOT WORTHWHILE, YOU GOT IT, GOD THATS REALLY DEPRESSING, YEAH, AND YOU KNOW WHATS WORSE, WHAT?, YOURE STILL HACKIN YOUR DICK. (CHRIS LOOK DOWN ACROSS HIS NAKED BODY HIS HAND STILL PUMPING HIS ERECT PENIS) MAN! IT'S AS IF I HAD THE INTELLIGENCE OF AN INSECT, OR WORSE, INSECTS DON'T MASTURBATE, (CHRIS BECOMES DETERMINED) YEAH WELL INSECTS ARE MISSING OUT ON A HELL OF A LOT. (CHRIS, CONCENTRATES ON HELEN'S TITS, THEN ON TATIANAS, THEN ON BOTH OF THEIR BREASTS PRESSED INTO EACH OTHER, HE IMAGINES HIS TWO LOVERS MAKEING LOVE TO EACH OTHER, HELEN KISSING TATIAN ON THE NECK, THEN SHOULDER, SHE KISSES HER BREASTS, AND TONGUES THE NIPPLES, TATIANA RUBS HELENS BACK AND SHOULDERS, HELEN ~~RUBS~~ KISSES TATIANAS STOMACH AND THEN REACHES FOR HER CROTCH, HELEN BREATHES DEEPLY TO SMELL TATIANAS VAGINA, TATIANA, ACHES TO BE LICKED BY HELEN, ~~HE~~ BUT HELEN TEASES HER BY KISSING HER THIGHS AND ASS, AVOIDING HER CLITORIS, TATIANA

ARCHES HER BACK AND ROLLS HER HEAD BACK AND FORTH, SHE MOANS AS IF IN PAIN, HELEN FINGERS HERSELF, TATIANA RUBS HER BREASTS, HELEN PLACES HER THIGH BETWEEN TATIANS LEGS, SHE PRESSES HER HOT WET PUSSY ONTO HELENS THIGH, HELEN STILL RUBING HERSELF, AS TATIAN SUCKS AT HELENS BREAST, TATIANA REACHES FOR HER OWN CLIT, HELEN KEEPS HER HANDS FROM DOING IT, HELEN RETURNS TO TATIANAS GROIN, SHE BLOWS ~~@~~ GENTLY ON HER UULUA, TATIANA IS FROZEN IN EXPECTATION, HELEN PRESSES HER LIPS TO TATIANAS ~~@~~ CLIT AND KISSES (CHRIS EXPLODES CUM ONTO HIS CHEST AND FACE, UPON DOING SO HIS FANTASY DISSAPEARS, HE TASTES THE CUM ON HIS UPPER LIP ~~BA-D-DAT~~ AND THINKS) LIFE, THIS ISN'T LIFE, I CAN'T MAKE OTHERS, I CAN'T EVEN MAKE MYSELF (CHRIS DIPS HIS FINGER INTO THE CUM ON HIS CHEST AND DRAWS IN SEAMON ON HIS STOMACH, C-H-R-I-S.

— END SCENE —

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"MORE HAIKUS" BY CHRIS

Art, Life and God.

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(ORIGINAL COPY)
(OR A. P. ~~1~~ ETHER ONE)

SOAR BALLS
AND SHOPING MALLS.
~~GIRLS GO BAA~~ BIG HAIR
AND CLEVAGE BARE.
LEVIS IN THE GAP.

WITH LOVE LOST WHALES
AND TEAR DROP TRAILS
AN IDIOT WRITES SORRY ASSED ~~TEARY EYED~~ POEMS

MONEY, MONEY, EUROZONE HAS MONEY
HEY GOD, WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?

THE ART WORLD'S OPENING UP TODAY
STREETS A ~~HOP~~ BUSSLEN
DEALERS ~~&~~ HUSSLIN

BALLS, BALLS, ~~BALLS, BALLS~~,
BIG ASS, SWOLLEN, SWEATY BALLS
SWINGIN, DANGLIN,
HOT, SMELLY, BALLS.

PRICKS AND SNATCHES,
HOES, PUSSIES, DICK'S AND CUNTS
~~PRICKS, SNATCHES, DICKS AND CUNTS~~
ALL TO MAKE THOSE LITTLE RUNTS

1990 Chris Hanson

"RESECT"

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CHRIS IS TALKING TO HIS MOTHER ON THE PHONE, HE'S ASKING FOR MONEY FOR ~~SLIDES~~ GETTING HIS SLIDES DUPED.

WE SEE CHRIS AMONGST HIS SCULPTURES IN HIS LOFT SITING AND TALKING ON HIS PHONE.

OPPERATOR- ATT, MAY I HELP YOU?

CHRIS- YEAH, COLLECT FROM CHRIS.

OPPERATOR- CERTAINLY CHRIS, AND THANKYOU FOR USEING ATT.

CHRIS - (SARCASTICLY) OH, IT'S MY PLEASURE INDEED.

CHRISS MOM- HELLO

OPPERATOR- HELLO THIS IS THE ATT OPERATOR, WILL YOU ACCEPT A COLLECT CALL FROM CHRIS.

MOTHER - (SILENT A MOMENT) UM... YES OPERATOR, I WILL.

CHRIS - HI MOM.

MOTHER- CHRIS DEAR, WHY DO YOU ALLWAYS CALL COLLECT.

CHRIS - ~~DEAR~~ I'M SORRY MOM, IT'S JUST THAT MY PHONE IS ALLWAYS ON THE VERGE OF BEING SHUT OFF. I OWE THEM HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS ALREADY.

MOTHER - WELL I GUESS IT'S OK IF YOURE CALLING TO CHAT,

CHRIS - WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'M CALLING TO JUST STAY SILENT ON THE PHONE.

MOTHER- OF COURSE NOT DEAR, IT'S JUST THAT THE ONLY TIME YOU EVER CALL, YOU USALLY ASK FOR MONEY OR TO BORROW THE CAR OR SOMTHING.

CHRIS- I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT MOM, AND IT'S TO STOP, I PROMISE. YA SEE I KNOW A WAY I CAN MAKE IT.

MOTHER- REALLY DEAR, HOW?

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CHRIS- WELL MY PROBLEM IS THAT I'VE GOT ALL THESE SCULPTURES, MY WHOLE STUDIO'S FULL! BUT I JUST CAN'T GET ANY GALLERIES TO COME AND SEE THEM. SO I WAS THINKING THAT IF I JUST TOOK SLIDES OF THEM AND MADE ABOUT 20 DUPLICATE SETS AND WROTE A RESUME, AND THE FACT THAT I WENT TO YALE IS A HUGE PLUS. THAT I CERTAINLY GET SOME INTEREST.

MOTHER- CHRIS, YOU TOLD ME THAT SLIDES WERE A BAD IDEA.

CHRIS- WELL I'VE BEEN IN NEW YORK FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW AND IDOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYTHINGS GOING TO HAPPEN UNLESS I MAKE IT HAPPEN.

MOTHER- IT CERTAINLY IS NICE TO HEAR YOU SPEAKING SO POSITIVELY DEAR, BUT IF YOU CAN'T PAY YOUR PHONE BILL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GET THE MONEY FOR SLIDES?

CHRIS- WELL MOM, I KNOW THIS SOUNDS BAD BUT I WAS HOPING YOU AND DAD COULD LEND ME SOME...

MOTHER- I KNEW IT CHRIS, I KNEW YOU WERE CALLING FOR MONEY.

CHRIS- BUT MOM, IT'S FOR SUCH A GOOD CAUSE.... YOU HAVE TO THINK OF IT LIKE AN INVESTMENT. AND THIS, I ASSURE YOU MOM, IS A SOUND ONE.

MOTHER- CHRIS HONEY, I DON'T MIND GIVING YOU MONEY BUT YOUR FATHER THINKS YOU SHOULD BE SUPPORTING YOURSELF.

CHRIS- I KNOW MOM, AND DADS RIGHT, AND WITH THESE SLIDES I'LL GET A GALLERIE AND I WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE A LIVING, MY PROBLEMS WILL BE OVER!

Act Life and God (1990 Lisa Jack

MOTHER- OK CHRIS, I HAVE A LITTLE MONEY SAVED UP THAT YOUR FATHER DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT, I'LL SEND YA SOME. BUT YOU'D BETTER PROMISE TO SPEND IT ON SLIDES. I DON'T WANT YOU DRINKING WITH THIS MONEY.

CHRIS- I WON'T MOM, THANK YOU SO MUCH.

MOTHER- SO HOW MUCH TO YA NEED CHRIS?

CHRIS- I FIGURE ABOUT 500 WILL COVER IT.

MOTHER- 5 HUNDRED!!

CHRIS- IT'S EXPENSIVE, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT MOM YOU'LL SEE.

MOTHER- OK DEAR YOU'LL HAVE BY MONDAY.

CHRIS- THANKS MOM.

MOTHER- YOUR WELCOME DEAR, NOW I'VE GOT TO GET OFF THE PHONE AND MAKE DINNER, THE OBRIENS ARE COMING OVER, WE'RE PLANNING THE NEXT PARTY FOR THE COUPLES CLUB, OVER AT THE PARISH CENTER. WERE THINKING OF A LAS VEGAS NIGHT.

CHRIS- THAT SOUNDS GOOD MOM.

MOTHER- YES I THINK IT'LL BE ALOT OF FUN, WE JUST HAVE TO MAKE SURE IT ISN'T TOO RISQUE BECAUSE FATHER DUNN WON'T APPROVE.

CHRIS- WELL I'M SURE YA'LL WORK IT OUT. SO I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER MOM AND THANKS FOR THE SLIDES.

MOTHER- JUST CONSIDER IT AN EARLY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

CHRIS- YEAH, LIKE MY FITH ONE.

MOTHER- BYE DEAR, REMEMBER TO GO TO CHURCH, LOVE YOU.

CHRIS- BYE MOM.

— LATER — WE SEE CHRIS

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PUTING SLIDES INTO MANILA ENVELOPES.
AS HE SHUFFLES THROUGH THEM WE SEE
CLOSE UP ADDRESS LIKE PACE, MARY
BOONE, SONNABEND, CASTELLI, GAGOSIAN, HOLLY SOLOMON,
AM. FINE ART, PAT HEARN, MASSIMO ADILELLA, JAY
GOURLEY, POSTMASTERS, WOLF, SIMON WATSON,
PETERSBURGH, ANDREA ROSIN, CARLE RUBIN, ETC.
AND CHRIS DUMPING THEM ALL INTO A MAIL BOX.

INSERT WORK SCENE HERE

SCENE SWITCHES TO CHRIS
GOING TO WORK WITH BILLY
AND CHARLES (SCENE ALREADY
WRITTEN.) CHRIS COMES HOME
FROM WORK THAT DAY AND
THE FIRST OF HIS SLIDE REJECTS
AWAITES HIM IN HIS MAIL BOX.

INSERT WORK SCENE HERE

WE SEE CHRIS OPEN HIS MAILBOX AND PULL OUT
A BATTERD AND BENT MANILA ENVELOPE THAT
HAS DO NOT BEND WRITTEN ALL OVER IT. HE HURRIDLY
OPENS IT AS HE TRODS UP THE STAIRS. AND READS
THE FOLLOWING LETTER.

Dear Chris Hamsan,
Thank you for sending us your slides;
we enjoyed seeing them. Unfortunately
we have no plans for group shows
or to take on artists for representation.
We do wish you the best of luck in
finding a gallery for representation. Thank
you for considering Wolff Gallery

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CHRIS ENTERS HIS LOFT AFTER READING THIS LETTER ON THE STAIRS AND ~~[illegible]~~ THROUGHS THE LETTER ON HIS DESK. HE HOLDS THE SLIDES UP TO A LIGHT. THEY'RE ALL BENT AND FOLDED. ALL OF THE SLIDES ARE IN THE EXACT SAME ORDER THAT HE LEFT THEM IN THE SLIDE SHEET. HE REALIZES THAT WHOEVER LOOK AT THEM, IF, THEY LOOKED AT THEM DID'NT EVEN REMOVE ONE FOR PROJECTION. CHRIS BEGINS TO THINK WE HEAR HIM IN VIOLE OVER.

CHRIS - (IN VIOLE OVER) "DAM IT! THEY DIDN'T EVEN PROJECT THEM. THEY COULD NEVER HAVE SEEN ANY OF THE DAETAIL ON THESE THINGS, ~~THE [illegible]~~ (WE SEE A GROUP OF HIS SCULPTURES, WHICH LOOK LIKE POMPEI VICTUMS WITH TOO MANY PENSES. CHRIS THEN WALKS OVER TO HIS ANSWERING MACHINE) MABEY ONE OF THE GALLERIES CALLED TODAY (THE LIGHT IS NOT FLASHING MEANING NO MESSAGES) DAM! I DIDNT WANT TO SHOW AT WOLFF ANYWAY THEY SHOW THAT OSTENPARB GUY, HIS PAINTINGS LOOK LIKE A THE INSIDE OF STOMACHS OR SOME KIND OF POLYP NIGHTMARE. IT DOESN'T MATTER THIS IS JUST THE FIRST I STILL HAVE 19 TO GO SOMEBODY HAS TO TAKE INTEREST."

SCENE CHANGES TO CHRIS'S STUDIO TWO WEEKS LATER. WE SEE 19 REJECTION LETTERS FROM ALL OF THE GALLERIES HE SOLICITED TAPED UP IN ONE LONG ROW. WE SEE CHRIS SITTING ON A STOOL IN FRONT OF THEM. ~~[illegible]~~ HE HAS HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS WE HEAR HIM THINK IN VIOCE OVER.

CHRIS - (IN VIOCE OVER) OH GOD 19! THERE'S ONLY ONE GALLERY LEFT (THE CAMERA PANS DOWN THE ROW OF REJECT LETTERS

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WE SEE ALL THE LOGOS AND LETTERHEADS OF THE MOST WELLKNOWN GALLERIES. THE CAMERA REACHES THE END AND CHRIS SAIS/ GAGOSIAN! THEY HAVE'NT RESPONDED YET MABEY THATS A GOOD SIGHN. THEY'RE PROBALLY DELIBERATING RIGHT NOW. A CALL FROM ME RIGHT NOW MAY BE THE VERY THING TO PUT ME OVER THE TOP. CHRIS PICKS UP THE PHONE.

INFORMATION- ~~INFORT~~ DIRECTORY ASSISTENCE MAY I HELP YOU

CHRIS - YES THE GAGOSIAN GALLERIE ON MADISON.

COMPUTER- SEVEN- FOUR- FOUR - TWO - THREE - ONE THREE.

CHRIS HANGS UP AND QUICKLEY DIALS.

DESK FELLOW AT GAGOSIAN- GAGOSIAN, MAY I HELP YOU?

CHRIS - YES, MY NAME IS CHRIS HAMSON, I SENT SLIDES THERE ABOUT A MONTH AGO AND I HAN'NT HEARD ANYTHING YET. I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD TELL ME ANYTHING.

DESK FELLOW- WELL WE WRITE DOWN THE NAMES OF ARTISTS ~~of~~ WHOSE SLIDES WE RETURN AND THE DATES WE MAIL THEM, I CAN CHECK THE LIST FOR YOUR NAME.

CHRIS - OH, UM. . . ALRIGHT.

DESK FELLOW- WHAT IS YOUR NAME AGAIN.

CHRIS- UGH, CHRIS, CHRISTOPHER HAMSON

DESK FELLOW- OK, CAN YOU HOLD

CHRIS - YES (CLICK - SILENCE) (CHRIS WAITS FOR A GOOD FIVE MINUETTS, A WOMANS VOICE COMES ON.

WOMAN - YES, ARE YOU BEING HELPED?

CHRIS- UM, HELLO, UGH, YEAH, SOME GUY IS LOOKING FOR MY SLIDES I GUESS. (CLICK - SILENCE)

DESK FELLOW - HELLO CHRIS,

CHRIS – YES

DESKFELLOW – THANK YOU WAITING, WE SENT YOUR SLIDES OVER TWO WEEKS AGO, YOU SHOULD HAVE RECIEVED THEM BY NOW.

CHRIS – ~~OH WELL~~ ARE YOU SURE? I HAVENT RECIEVED THEM YET.

DESKFELLOW – YES WE SENT THEM TWO WEEKS AGO, ...

CHRIS – I GUESS YOU WERE SENDING THEM BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN SHOWING ME, RIGHT?

DESKFELLOW – YES, WE USALLY SHOW MORE ESTABLISHED ARTISTED.

CHRIS – OH (LONG SILENCE)

DESKFELLOW – WELL THANKS FOR CONSIDERING GAGOSIAN

CHRIS – SURE, BYE

DESKFELLOW – BYE AND GOOD LUCK.

– END SCENE –

"REJECT"

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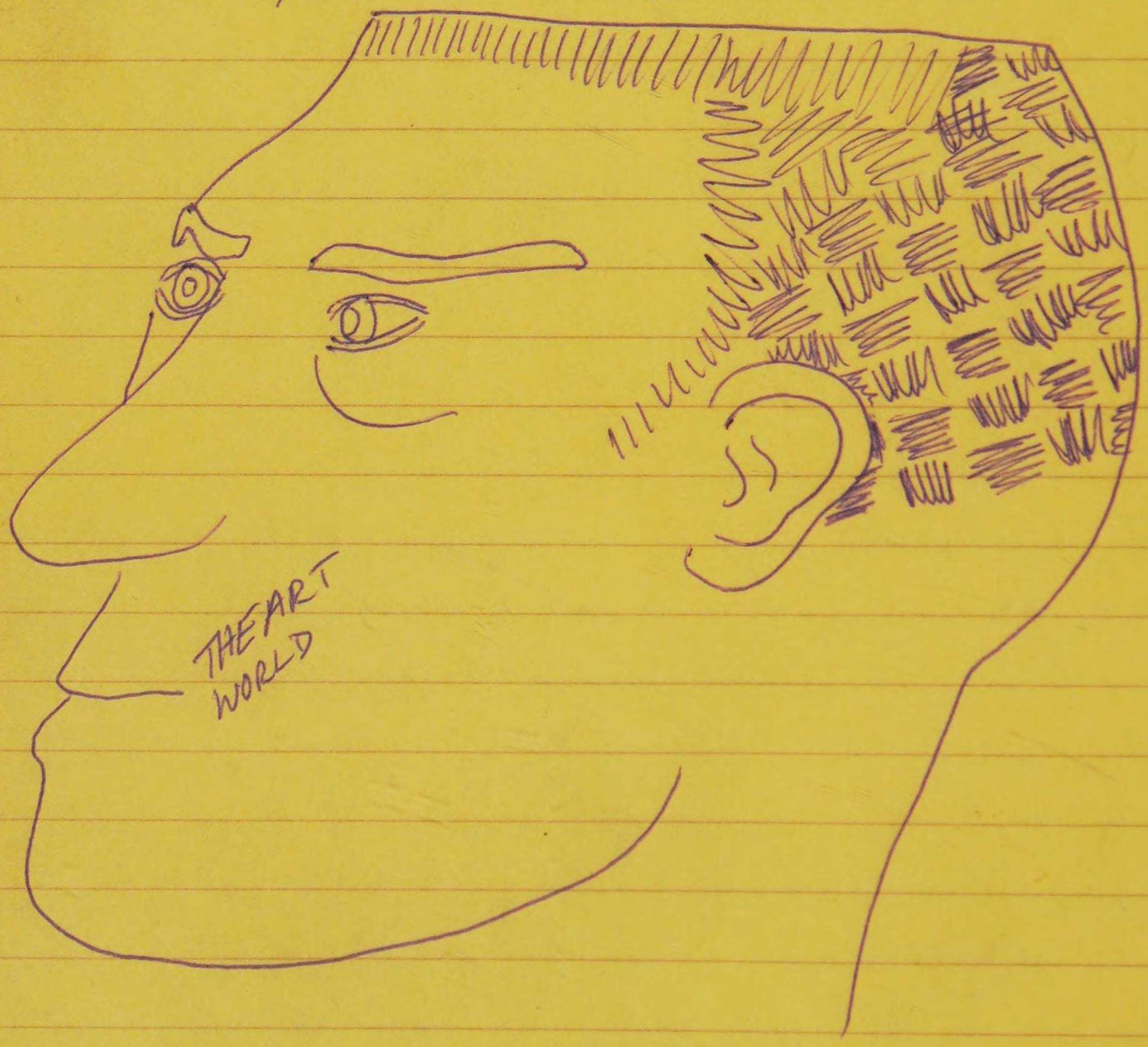
"THE ROCK"

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~~AS FAR AS I KNOW, I'M DEAD WRONG. IRONICALLY~~
~~SOCIAL ARE ONE, IT'S MY PLEASURE TO REJECT IT.~~
~~I FIND ECSTASY IN DYEING, THE REAL SENSE OF~~ DEATH
~~IS~~ TO ME NOW.

THE DEEPEST PRINCIPLE ~~CRAVING~~ IN HUMAN NATURE IS THE CRAVING TO BE APPRECIATED, BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW THIS, I AM THE WAY I AM.



"WORK" SCENE

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CHRIS IS IN BED, IT'S MORNING - PHONE RINGS

CARS - HERCO —

BILL - I'M HERE

CHRIS - OK BE RIGHT DOWN -

CHRIS DRESSES HURIEDLY, WORK BOOTS, CARHART, GRABS CANVAS BAG OF TOOLS, GOES DOWN, MEETS BILL —

BILL SITS IN A LONG CREW CAB DODGE PICKUP, WITH WITH DOORS, 1X6'S AND MOLDING STICKING OUT THE BACK, IT'S COLD, WE SEE THERE BREATH, BILL INSISTS ON KEEPING THE WINDOWS DOWN, BILL HAS COFFEE WAITING AND COMPULSIVELY MAKES FART NOISES WITH HIS LIPS.

CHRIS - GETS IN THE TRUCK, SAYS NOTHING — LEANS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WINDOW, LOOKING DEPRESSED.

BILL - WE GOTTA GO GET CHARLES, PAUSE THAT FAT FUCK BETTER NOT LEAVE ANY DRIPS WHEN HE PAINTS THESE DOORS (FART NOISE) WHATS A MATTER TOO MUCH SCULPTIN LAST NIGHT? THAT SHITS FUCKED UP MAN, THE SOONER YOU ADMIT THAT YOUR JUST A CARPENTER YOU'LL BE MUCH BETTER OFF.

(IN FORCED WORKING CLASS ACCENT)

CHRIS - SHUT UP BILL

BILL - MAN I DON'T CARE IF I MAKE SCULPTURE EVER AGAIN (FART NOISE) - HE MAKES WEIRD FACE - HONESTLY MAN, NOTHING ~~IS MORE~~ SATISFIES ME MORE THEN A WELL BUILT CABINET, OR A PERFECTLY HUNG DOOR (PAUSE - BILL IS SERIOUS) (THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER) I MEAN IT

CHRIS - ~~THAT'S DEPRESSING~~ I KNOW YOU DO (PAUSE) AND IT'S SAD

A.L.G. S.L.

THEY ARRIVE AT CHARLES'S, UNDER WILLIAMS BURG BRIDGE, CHARLES COMES DOWN, HIS HAIR IS STICKING UP HIS EYES ARE RED, IT'S FREEZING AND HE'S ONLY WEARING A T SHIRT AND A TAN BLACK LEATHER JACKET SEVNTYES STYLE CUT, PAINT COVERD LEVIS, AND CHINA FLATS WITH NO SOCKS, HE'S SHIVERING, OVER WEIGHT.

BILL- JOVIENTLY IN WORKING CLASS ACCENT - CHARLES HOW ARE YA? (FART NOISE) WEIRD FACE

CHARLES - FUCK YOU BILL.

BILL - YOU BETTER NOT LEAVE ANY DRIPS TODAY BUDDY (

CHARLES - FUCK YOU BILL. (AGITATED, ROLLS UP WINDOW) ROLL UP YOUR WINDOW!

BILL - IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT TAKE THE SUBWAY (FART NOISE)

CHRIS + CHARLES - (TOGETHER) FUCK YOU BILL

~~JOB SITE - UPPER~~

EXTERIOR SHOT OF TRUCK DRIVING UP FDR, SUN RISING OVER BROOKLYN

EXTERIOR SHOT OF UPPER EAST SIDE TOWN HOUSE - RESTRAUNT.

INSIDE - BILL ARGUES WITH A FLAMING HOMOSEXUAL INTERIOR DESIGNER IN BACKGROUND WHILE CHARLES AND CHRIS ARE SINGING LOUDLY - IMPROVISING LYRICS TO MAC THE KNIFE, (CHRIS IS HANGING DOOR - CHARLES IS PAINTING FLOOR MOLDING ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, WITH THE CRACK OF HIS ASS SHOWING. THE DESIGNER KEEPS

A.L.G. S.L.

STARING AT CHARLES'S ASS

CHARLES - SO THAT MACK ~~HE~~ WAS WALKIN DOWN OLD BROADWAY WAY -

CHRIS - WHEN HE SPOTTED LONI ANDERSON

CHARLES - HE SAID TO LONI - HOW BOUT ONE BLOW JOB -

CARIS - AND LONI ATE HIS CURDS AND WAY -

CHARLES - THAT SUPPER SLICK MAC GOT UP TO GO WHEN, BURT REYNOLDS CAME IN THE DOOR

CHRIS - BURT FOUND THIS NOT AMUSING

CHARLES ~~CHRIS~~ - SO HE KICKER MAC'S ASS

CHRIS - WHEN MAC GOT OUT OF THERE, HE WAS FEELING KIND OF HUNKY

CHARLES - THATS WHEN MAC STOPPED TO GET A SLICE AND A HOT COFFEE.

CHRIS - THEN WHO DID HE SEE BUT JOAN WHIRLY

CHARLES ~~CHRIS~~ - AND WITH HER WAS HER OLD FREIND DON KNOTTS.

CHRIS - DON WAS SQUIRLY - SORT A KIND OF SEXY

CHARLES - ~~[illegible]~~ THIS IS WHEN MAC GOT HIS BIG IDEA

CHRIS - HE SAID DON BABY I LIKE YOUR EYE BALLS

BILL - SHUT THE FUCK UP

HE AND DESIGNER RESUME ARGUEING.

FEAUX FINISHERS [redacted] ~~COME IN~~ COME IN AND GO UP TO THE DESIGNER - THEY KISS - AND TALK - BILL COMES OVER TO CHRIS & REALLY PISSED OFF

BILL - THAT'S NOT HOW TO DO IT - GIVE ME THAT

[DICK GRABS HIS SCREWGUN AND STARTS GRINDING

A.L.G. S.C.

AT THE SCREW FURIOUSLY, THE SREW BRAKES AND BILL SMASHES HIS FINGER NAIL OPEN WITH THE SCREW TIP - BLOOD —

BILL - IN PAIN - AUGH SHIT - ACTS LIKE A BABY AND DANCE'S AROUND - ALMOST CRIES - SHIT

CHARLES - LAUGHS

CHRIS - BILL YOURE NOT HAPPY UNLESS YOU BLEED ONCE A DAY

(BILL STILL DANCEING)

WELL BILL THINK OF IT THIS WAY — IT'S FOR YOUR ART. — (QUOTING BILL FROM EARLY THAT MORNING, SARCASTICLLY) "HONESTLY MAN NOTHING SATISFIES ME MORE THAN A PERFECTLY HUNG DOOR".

BILL - YOURE FIRED

CHRIS - YOU FIRE ME EVERY DAY

CHARLES - YOU CAN FIRE ME BILL.

BILL LEAVES - CHRIS AND CHARLES TALK

CHRIS - (IN GROSS WORKING CLASS ACCENT) AUGH I GOTTA A WICKED FUCKIN BALL ACHE.

CHARLES (ALSO IN ACCENT) YOU GOT CHEESE BUILD UP

CHRIS - CHEES!

CHARLES - (STILL IN WORKING CLASS DUMFUCK) YEA THE CHEESE BUILDS UP, YOU GOTTA STIFF NECK?

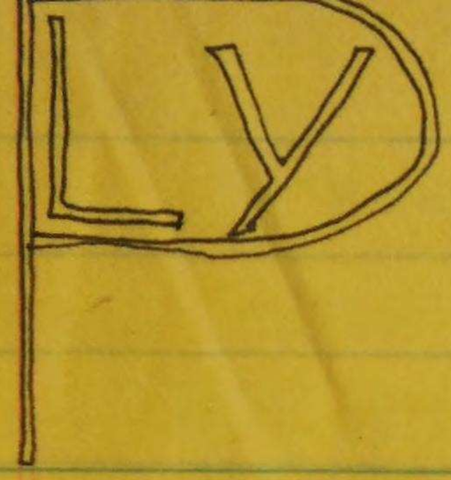
CHRIS - (DUMFUCK ACCENT) MOVES HIS HEAD BACK N FORTH) YEAH

CHARLES - WHATSA MATTER, YA AINT GETTIN ANY (YOURE CHEESE IS ALL BACKED UP TO YOUR NECK, YOU GOTTA GET RID OF THAT STUFF.)

CHRIS - (NOT IN ACCENT) NO HELEN'S ACTING AGAIN, EVERY TIME SHE ACTS SHE KICKS ME OUT. I'M LIVING IN MY STUDIO AGAIN.

CHARLES - SO YOU DO HAVE CHEES BUILD UP.

CHRIS - AYUP - I'M GOING TO MEET HER TONIGHT AND SHELL



TELL ME THAT SHE'S ALCWAYS DOUBTED US. AND THAT THIS PLAY SHE'S ACTING IN HAS TAUGHT HER HOW TO BE TRUE TO HER FEELINGS. (SINKS A SCREW)

CHARLES- SOUNDS BAD CHRIS, DON'T YOU EVER GET SICK OF THIS SHIT

CHRIS - I THINK IT'S WHY I LIKE HER

CHARLES- (IN THE TUNE OF MAC THE KNIFE AGAIN) AND THAT MACK WAS SO SUPER SLICK HE ONLY LOVE'S SUPER RICH BABES WHO TREAT HIM LIKE SHIT.

~~HELEN'S HOUSE~~

"WORK SCENE"

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"FLECKED LITTLE RICH BICH"

FRECKLED LITTLE BITCH, RICH LITTLE PRINCESS BUT, YOUR ASS IS TIGHT I WANT TO FUCK IT - BUT HERE I AM AT YOUR DADDY'S HOUSE AND YOU TALK AS IF YOUR A LITTLE GIRL. LET ME TELL YOU, YOU BITCH I'LL FUCK YOU TILL YOUR [redacted] THERE. TEENSIE EENIE WEENIE CHICK @ I KNOW YOUR COUNT HAIRS BROWN SPEED TEN SECONDS ON MY COCK I'LL TURN YOUR SMILE FROWN, I LOVE YOUR FUCKIN RICH BABE THAT IT SMELLS LIKE HEAVENS GATE, IN ALL MY LIFE I JERK AND WASTE BUT NEVER GET THE BEST. NOW I HAVE YOUR TIGHT ASS HERE, I WANT TO FUCK YOU STRAIGHT. IF EVER I HAVE SEEN A THAT YOUR IS SURELY GREAT. HEY YOU LITTLE RICH BABE CHICK LOOK AT THIS HERE - GET A LOAD OF MY DICK, YOU WANT TO FUCKIN ROCK YOURSELF, ROCK YOURSELF ON THIS AND WHEN I FILL YOUR THAT WITH CUM I'M GONNA TAKE A PISS. PRISSY LITTLE SHIT YOU LEAVE ME NOW. YOU THINK NOT OF MY PRICK. BUT IF YOU LEAVE WITHOUT SUCKING IT, I'LL CHOMP OFF YOUR CLIT.

1990 CHRIS HANSEN

ART, LIFE AND GOD

"OR CHRIS CALLS HELEN"

~~"~~ HEART LAID ~~BARER~~"

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~~TWO OF THESE ARE THE FINAL SCENES OF ART, LIFE, AND GOD.~~

~~I HOPE YOU LIKE THEM.~~

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PGS. 1-11

IN THIS SCENE CHRIS (CHRISTOPHER HAMSON) CALLS HELEN AT HER NEW BOYFRIENDS HOUSE, WHO IS AN OLDER WELL KNOWN WRITTER. HE FINDS THE NUMBER IN INFORMATION AFTER CALLING HER AT HOME LATE AT NIGHT AND REALIZING THAT SHE IS NOT THERE. CHRIS IS ~~AT~~ AT THE END OF HIS ROPE AFTER FAILING MISERABLY IN HIS CAREER (SCULPTOR) AND BEING SHUNED BY HIS FRIENDS WHO ARE NOW SUCCESSFUL.

2:00 AM

WE SEE CHRIS IN HIS LOFT ADMIDST HIS HORRIBLE SCULPTURES DIALING HELEN'S HOUSE THEN CALLING INFORMATION AND GETTING THE NUMBER OF ONE NOLAND BAKER WHO IS A WRITER.

NEXT SCENE - NOLAND AND HELEN IN BED, NICE APARTMENT

THE PHONE RINGS, NOLAND GETS UP HE'S NAKED, HE'S OLDER THAN SHE.

NOLAND- HELLO?.

CHRIS- IS HELEN THERE?

NOLAND- WHO IS THIS?

CHRIS- CHRISTOPHER HAMSON

NOLAND - HELEN! IT'S SOME GUY NAMED CHRISTOPHER HAMSON.

HELEN- OH GOD,

NOLAND- DO YOU WANT TO TALK TO HIM

HELEN- I GUESS I'D BETTER

HELEN GETS OUT OF BED PUTS ON BATHROBE AND COMES TO PHONE.

HELEN – SORRY NOLE.

NOLAND – GRUNTS AND RETURNS TO BED.

HELEN – CHRIS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING CALLING ME HERE AT THIS TIME! WERE'D YOU GET THE NUMBER?

CHRIS – INFORMATION (PAUSE) HELEN I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.

HELEN – NOW! IT'S 2:00 AM!

CHRIS – DAM IT HELEN! I'VE BEEN CALLING YOU FOR DAYS. WHY THE FUCK WON'T YOU CALL ME BACK? THE OTHER DAY WHEN WE HAD DINNER IT WAS OBVIOUS TO ME THAT YOU STILL LOVE ME. I KNOW YOU. YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE ME BECAUSE YOU CAN'T FACE THE FACT THAT YOU FUCKED UP. THE LOVE I HAD FOR YOU DOESN'T HAPPEN OFTEN. I'VE NEVER FELT IT BEFORE, I DON'T EXPECT IT TO HAPPEN AGAIN FOR A VERY LONG TIME. LISTEN HELEN, IF YOU STILL FEEL ANYTHING TELL ME NOW, TELL ME DAM IT! GOD!, THIS IS SO FUCKING PATHETIC! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU'VE REDUCED ME TO THIS. I'M A FUCKING GROVELING WORM, A STUPID FUCKING LOOSER DEGENERATE. MY WHOLE LIFE I IMAGINED WHO I'D LOVE, WHAT SHE'D LOOK LIKE, WHAT SHE'D BE LIKE. I DON'T KNOW IF I EVER IMAGINED YOU, BUT SOMHOW YOU'RE IT. I LOVE YOU WHEN YOU WERE A KNOCK KNEED LITTLE GIRL WITH SCABBY ELBOWS AND KNOTTED HAIR, WORRING ABOUT HOMEWORK AND LOVING YOUR DOG. I LOVE YOUR HIGHSCHOOL, INSECURE, PUBESCENT, ZIT CONSEALING, BOY CRAZY, DORITO EATING, GLODY SELF. HOW DID THIS HAPPEN TO US HELEN?

I LOVE YOU, YOU LOVE ME, HOW? WHY? IS THERE REALLY ANYTHING BETTER THAN SOMONE LOVING YOU SO MUCH?, SO THOUROUGHLY. WHERE DOES IT GET BETTER? IS IT WHEN THE MAN YOUR WITH. ACTS LIKE HE DOESN'T REALLY WANT YOU? IS THAT WHEN YOU'LL LOVE HELEN? IS IT WHEN SOME MAN ONLY HAS BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN TO ADORE YOUR EVERY FART? I'LL [redacted] DEAL WITH YOUR GNARLIEST YEAST INFECTIONS. I'LL EAT YOU WHEN YOURE RANSID AND WHEN YOURE SWEET. I'LL [redacted] KISS YOUR LIPS OR KISS YOUR ASS. WHY IS THAT NOT GOOD? AM I TOO EASY? WHAT IS SO UNAPPEALING ABOUT SOMONE WHOSE IN LOVE? WHAT IS SOMONE LIKE ME TO DO? I SUPPOSE IF YOU LOVED ME THE WAY I LOVE YOU, YOU WOULD GROSS ME OUT TOO. I SUPPOSE I'D DUMP YOU FASTER THAN YOU DUMPED ME. IT'S SO SICK! BUT WHATS WORSE IS IT'S SO SAD, IT'S DESPERATLY SAD BECAUSE IT MEANS THAT PEOPLE LIKE US ULTIMATLY END UP WITH PEOPLE WHO WE TOLERATE RATHER THAN LOVE OR ARE LOVED BY. AND IF THATS WHAT LOVE IS, I DON'T WANT ANY FUCKING PART OF IT. I WANT TO EAT YOUR SHIT AND FOR YOU TO PRETEND YOU HATE ME FOR IT WHILE ACTUALLY LOVING IT. AND DAM YOU HELEN, WE HAD THAT, AS TWISTED AS IT IS, I'M TELLING YOU THAT IS AS GOOD AS GOOD GETS. THERE IS NO REAL HAPPINESS AND THERE NEVER WAS. THERE IS ONLY PLEASURE AND PAIN. YOU EITHER TAKE THEM IN SMALL DOSES.

OR YOU TAKE HUGE AMOUNTS OF EACH. SO THAT WHEN YOU CUM HELEN YOU CUM LIKE A PUBESCENT BOY SQUEEZED BETWEEN MOMIES TITS AND WHEN YOU FEEL PAIN IT'S LIKE FALLING OFF A MOTERCYCLE AT 50 MILES AN HOUR AND SKIDDING ACCROSS THE ROAD AND SLAMING INTO A CURB KNEE'S FIRST. THATS LIFE! SHIT YOU LIVE THAT WAY OR YOU'LL END UP ON YOUR BACK POARCH, COCKTAIL IN HAND, WONDERING, WONDERING AS YOU WATCH YOUR DOG GET FUCKED BY A CYOTEY, SEEING HER PLEASURE, FEELING HER PAIN AND KNOWING THAT HER FEAR IS MAKING HER CUM BETTER THAN YOU EVER HAVE IN YOUR ENTIRE LIFE. AND YOU'LL LOOK AT YOUR DIEING BALD HUSBAND FIFTEEN YEARS YOUR SENIOR AND ASK YOURSELF. WHAT THE FUCK DID I DO? I MARRIED THIS INTELLECTUAL SOP SO I'D BE ABLE TO MOP UP HIS PISS WHEN HE CAN'T MAKE IT TO THE BATHROOM? I KNOW YOU THINK I'M STUPID BUT WHEN YOU'RE CHANGING BED PANS FOR THAT IMPOTENT GREYING STOOGE AND ARE LEFT WITH THE LAST TWENTY YEARS OF YOUR LIFE ALONE WITH FULL BOOKSHELVES TO PASS YOUR DAYS YOU'LL ASK YOURSELF. WHO IS STUPID? WHO IS STUPID? I AM, I AM STUPID BECAUSE I'M NAIVE ENOUGH TO BELIEVE THAT LOVE IS SOMTHING THAT CAN LAST. I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT HELEN. WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT LOVE EVOLVES INTO TOLERENCE AND PERSAUIERENCE. ~~AND TRUE~~

AND TRUE LOVE DIES AFTER LUST AND INFATUATION. IS THAT RIGHT, IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVED OF YOU? OF US? AND FOR MYSELF? LOVE PLUS EFFORT EQUALS MY BALLS TIED IN A KNOT! YOUR QUEST FOR THE PERFECT MAN MAY ONLY BE REALIZED WHEN YOU REALIZE THAT THERE IS NO PERFECT MAN. THERE IS ONLY THE BROKEN WILLS OF ALL MEN AND WOMEN TO CONTINUE THE SEARCH. THE FEAR OF LONLINESS AND THE CONFIDENSE IN THE ONE YOU'RE WITH, THAT IS IT. AND IF YOU ASK TO MANY QUESTIONS IT WILL BE OVER AS SOON AS IT STARTED. YOU DON'T FUCK WITH LOVE HELEN, IT'S MORE CRIPPLEING THAN ANY DISEASE. LOVE, HELEN IS LIFE AND DEATH EMBODIED IN ONE HUGE FEAR. THE FEAR OF THE ETERNAL. FALLING IN LOVE IS FACING DEATH. ADMITING LOVE IS ADMITING THAT YOU FEAR DEATH, THE ULTIMATE LONLINESS, AND THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO DO IT ALONE. HELEN I'VE ADMITED TO YOU THAT I LOVE YOU, I'VE ADMITED THAT I FEAR BEING ALONE, ETERNALY ALONE. AND WRITE NOW YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON ON EARTH THAT CAN MAKE ME FEEL THAT, THAT'S NOT SO BAD. WHEN TWO ARE IN LOVE THEY WILL STILL DIE BUT THERE LOVE CAN LIVE. AND THAT LOVE BE IT IN THE FORM OF CHILDREN OR IN THE MERE FACT THAT IT EXISTED IS ENOUGH TO MAKE THE DRUDGERY OF EATING AND SHITING OK. I BELIEVE THAT IN LOVE

THERE IS HAPPINESS, AND HELEN YOU HAVE MY LOVE. AND IF YOU THROUGH IT AWAY YOU'LL SEND ME CASCADING DOWN INTO EMPTINESS. A LIFE WITHOUT ANYTHING BUT SUSTENENCE AND FOOLISH ACHIEVMENTS. OF LATE NIGHT TELEVISION, FULL ASHTREYS, AND CUM FILLED SHEETS. HELEN, I DON'T WANT THAT BUT I KNOW YOU AND I KNOW ME AND I'M TELLING YOU THAT I'LL DEAL WITH BEING ALONE IF I HAVE TO. BUT I KNOW YOU WON'T, YOU'LL TEAR THROUGH THOUSENDS OF MEN AND NEVER REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. HELEN YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE AND NEITHER DO I BUT WE ARE BOTH GOING TO ONE DAY. AND THE ONLY THING YOU CAN DO IS TO LOVE AND MAKE LOVE WITH ALL YOUR HEART BECAUSE THERE TRULY IS NOTHING ELSE= THE MORE YOU SEARCH THE FURTHER YOU'LL BE FROM FINDING WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR BECAUSE WITH EVERY NEW LOVER THE FUTILITY OF IT ALL BECOMES MORE HORRENDOUSLY CLEAR AND YOU'LL EXTINGUISH ANY POSSIBILITY OF EVER ACCEPTING IT. IT WILL BE ONE PERSON, ONE DAY, FOR ONE LIFE, AND ONE DEATH AND THAT SUCKS BUT THATS IT. YOU'RE HERE FOR 75-80 YEARS AND THEN YOU'RE GONE AND WHAT'S LEFT? BOOKS YOU WROTE?, MOVIES YOU'VE MADE? OR PAINTINGS OR SCULPTURES SOMEWHERE? MAYBEY BUT WHATS REALLY LEFT? WHEN YOU ARE GONE WILL YOU BE A MEMORY OF SEVERAL OLD MEN WHO REMEMBER FUCKING YOU WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG? OR WILL

YOU BE ALIVE IN A CHILD, A CHILD WHO GROWS INTO A PERSON, A PERSON MADE INSIDE OF YOU FATHERD BY SOMONE WHO LOVES YOU MORE THAN HE LOVES HIMSELF.

(HELEN IS BLANK- LONG PAUSE)

HELEN- CHRIS, (PAUSE) CHRIS, I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE WITH YOU. YOU'RE SIMPLY NOT THE MAN I WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH.

CHRIS- DO YOU LOVE ME?

HELEN- YES, I DO LOVE YOU.

CHRIS- THEN HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU DON'T WANT ME?

HELEN- I DON'T KNOW.

CHRIS- WHY DO YOU CHOOSE NOW TO LEAVE ME IF YOU STILL LOVE ME?

HELEN- BECAUSE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR 2 1/2 YEARS FOR SOMTHING TO CLICK, ANYTHING, SOMTHING TO TELL ME THAT YOU ARE THE RIGHT ONE.

CHRIS- (AGITATED) WHAT SOMTHING? LIKE A SAFE FALLING ON YOUR HEAD! WHAT?

HELEN- I DON'T KNOW, SOMTHING MORE, SOMTHING TO LEAVE ME WITHOUT DOUBT.

CHRIS- YOU'LL NEVER FIND THAT HELEN. IT COMES FROM WITHIN, YOU HAVE TO DECIDE TO LOVE AS MUCH AS IT JUST HAPPENS. YOU'LL NEVER BE HAPPY WITH ANYONE UNTIL YOU REALIZE THAT. YOU HAVE TO LET YOURSELF GO. YOU MAY GET HURT BUT IT'S WORTH IT. IT MAKES SEX BETTER WHEN YOU DO.

HELEN- WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? DO YOU THINK YOUR ORGASMS WERE BETTER THAN MINE?

CHRIS- YES

HELEN- WHY? HOW COULD YOU KNOW?

CHRIS- BECAUSE YOU ONLY FELT YOURS. I FELT MINE AND YOURS YOUR ORGASMS WERE AS MUCH YOURS AS THEY WERE MINE. YOU NEVER FELT MINE.

HELEN- CHRIS, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU LOVE ME.

CHRIS- NIETHER DO I

HELEN- WELL I SHOULD GET OFF THE PHONE.

CHRIS- WHY

HELEN- I DON'T KNOW I JUST SHOULD

CHRIS- BECAUSE YOURE FINALLY FEELING SOMTHING? BECAUSE IM GETTING TO YOU IS THAT IT. HELEN THATS WHY YOU WONT RETURN MY CALLS BECAUSE IF WE TALK LONG ENOUGH YOU REALIZE THAT YOU LOVE ME AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU. DAMIT HELEN YOULE GOT IT BACKWARDS.

HELEN- WHAT BACKWARDS

CHRIS- YOU FEAR ME BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME, AND YOU THINK THAT TO LOVE SOMONE IS TO DIE, TO BE OUT OF LIFE, TO HAVE GIVEN UP. WELL THATS WRONG HELEN! LOVE <u>IS</u> LIFE, NOT DEATH.

HELEN- CHRIS you SEE IT THAT WAY.

CHRIS- IT IS THAT WAY.

HELEN- IT'S OVER CHRIS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND, I DON'T WANT YOU ANY MORE.

CHRIS - (SILENCE)

HELEN - CHRIS? GOOD BYE CHRIS, I'M HANGING UP. CHRIS?

CHRIS - (STILL SILENT)

HELEN - (HANGS UP)

CHRIS - (CHRIS DROPS HIS PHONE)

(IT'S NOW 3:00 AM)

CHRIS LOOKS TERRIBLY DISTRAUGHT, HE PUTS HIS SHOES ON AND A DIRTY WHITE, WRINICLED OUER COAT. HIS EYES ARE RED AND TEARY. HE LEAVES HIS LOFT AND GOES OUT ON HOUSTON ST. AND HAILS A CAB. THE DRIVER ASKS.

DRIVER - WHERE TO?

CHRIS - ST. PATRICKS CATHEDRAL.

DRIVER - IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR MASS DON'T YOU THINK

CHRIS - (SILENT)

DRIVER - (ADJUSTS MIRROR TO LOOK AT CHRIS AND SEES THAT HE IS CRYING)

WHEN THEY ARIVE AT THE CHURCH CHRIS JUMPS OUT OF THE CAB WITHOUT PAYING, HE RUNS UP THE STEPS AND ENTERS THE CHURCH. INSIDE THERE ARE SEVERAL HOMLESS PEOPLE IN THE PEWS, THERE ARE COPS WALKING AROUND TO MAKE SURE THE HOMLESS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE PREYING. CHRIS WALKS DOWN THE CENTER ASILE ALL THE WAY TO THE ALTER AND FALLS TO HIS KNEES AND BEGINS TALKING TO GOD OUT LOUD.

CHRIS – GOD, I'M IN PAIN GOD. FIRST MY CARRER AND NOW HELEN. HOW THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO DEAL WITH THIS! MY WHOLE LIFE I'VE TURNED TO YOU WHEN I'M IN TROUBLE, AND YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING YOU JUST LET ME FALL AND I HAVE TO PICK MYSELF UP ALONE. ALONE GOD, THATS WHAT I AM. WELL NOW I NEED YOU MORE THAN I EVER HAVE. I'M POOR GOD, I'M HURT AND I'M ALONE, HOW THE FUCK CAN YOU HELP ME? DO I DESERVE THIS. I DON'T DESERVE THIS GOD!

(CHRIS STARST TO RAISE HIS VOICE)

OH SHIT! I'M SUCH A FOOL HOW COULD I HAVE BELIEVED IN YOU MY WHOLE LIFE, I WAS A FOOL GOD! GOD, YOU ARE ME! AND YOU ARE THE FUCKING BEGGARS AND THOSE STUPID COPS, THATS WHAT YOU ARE GOD YOU'RE NOTHING JUST LIKE US! YOUR EXISTENCE DEPENDS ON OUR WILLINGNESS TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE THERE, AND IF I DON'T IMAGINE YOU GOD, YOU'RE GONE. YOU NEED ME AS MUCH AS I NEED YOU SO HELP ME DAMIT!

(THE COPS AT THE OTHER END OF THE CHURCH BEGIN TO HEAR CHRIS, JUST AS THE CAB DRIVER COMES IN AND TELL THEM THAT CHRIS JUMPED HIS FARE.)

I NEED YOUR FUCKING HELP! GOD I LOVE LIFE AND I LOVE YOU, I REALLY DO BUT YOU'RE MAKING IT REALLY HARD ON ME. YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE ME LIKE THIS. AUGA IT'S SO PATHETIC! I ONLY BELIEVE IN YOU WHEN I'M AFFRAID, WHEN I'M REDUCED TO

NOTHING ELSE THEN I REACH BACK AND TRY TO FIND YOU, BUT WERE ARE YOU? YOU CERTAINLY AREN'T IN THIS FUCKING CHURCH. THIS CHURCH IS NOTHING BUT ~~A WHOLE SOCIETIES~~ THE RESULT OF A WHOLE SOCIETIES FEAR. THE FEAR OF DIEING AND HAVING NOWEAR TO GO. THERE IS NO AFTER LYFE IS THERE GOD. THIS IS IT, IS'NT IT, THIS IS ALL WE GET? IF YOU AREN'T HAPPY ON EARTH THAN YOUR IN HELL AND IF YOU ARE HAPPY THAN THATS HEAVEN. IS THAT IT? WELL IF IT IS DROP SOMTHING ON ME RIGHT NOW BECAUSE I'M IN HELL. I'VE FAILED AT LIFE, I'VE FAILED AT BEING HUMAN. I COULD'NT GET HAPPINETS NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED. GOD, I WANT TO DIE RIGHT NOW!

(CHRIS IS NOW YELLING AND THE POLICE START UP THE ASILE TO REMOVE HIM)

I'M NOT AFRAID ANY MORE GOD I KNOW THAT IT DOESN'T MATTER. YOU EITHER LIVE OR YOU DON'T LIVE AND COURAGE IS MEARLY THE ABILITY TO REALIZE THAT. TO FACE DEATH AND NOT GIVE A SHIT. WELL I DON'T GIVE A SHIT. I'VE HAD LIFE AND I DON'T CARE IF I LOOSE IT!

(THE POLICE GET TO CHRIS AND ASK HIM TO LEAVE)

COP — YOU HAVE TO GO

CHRIS GETS UP STILL CRYING AS THE POLICE ESCORT HIM OUT OF THE CHURCH. HE WALKS DOWN FITH AVE. IT STARTS TO RAIN. HE HAS NO MONEY AND HAS TO WALK ALL THE WAY BACK TO HIS LOFT ON HOUSTON ST. — CHRIS IS ALONE —

SELECTED WRITTINGS OF CHRIS HAMSON FROM "Art, Life and God".

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"INSECTS IN THE LEAVES"

~~TIME OF PROMISE, A TIME OF HOPE, A WORLD OF~~
TIME COULD HAVE PASSED AND I WOULD'VE HARDLY NOTICED.
DREAMS OF FUTURE, I HEARTILY ENGAGED, FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN MEMORY OPTIMISM FREED THE
WEIGHT FROM MY BROW. I OPENED MY SELF AND
~~MARRIED BLISSFULLY, TOMORROW.~~
AS WE LIED AT THE BASE OF TALL OAKS IN IT'S
AUTOM SHEDDINGS OF BROWN LEAVES WITH CRISP AIR
KEPT AT BAY BY OUR OVER THICK "NEW ENGLANDY"
SWEATERS. THE FAINT ENGINE STRAINS OF A PRIVATE PLANE
IN THE FAR DISTENCE CONECTED US LIKE A WEAK
THREAD TO ANY IDEA OF RELEVENT TIME OR 20TH CENTURY.
THROUGH THE LEAVES A HURRIED SPIDER SPASTICALLY
MADE FRANTIC CIRCLES AROUND A SLOW, METHODICAL INCH WORM.
ON HIS TRUE, UNWAVERING PATH HE WEARILY YET DILIGENTLY
SLOWLY MADE HIS WAY TOWARD AN UNCHANGING DESTINATION.
AS THE UNDESICIVE SPIDER RACED IN A DIFFERENT
DIRECTION WITH EVERY NEW SECOND. SOMTIMES PASSING
THE WORM AND OTHERS RUNNING WAY BACK BEHIND HIM.
THE SPIDER AND THE WORM KEPT OUR ATTENTION
FOR SOMETIME BECAUSE WE BOTH KNEW, BEFORE
WE EVEN KNEW EACHOTHER THAT THEY WERE US.
AND THAT WE WOULD LIVE LIVES IDENTICAL TO THEIRS.
BUT DURING THIS MOMENT WE WERE GODLIKE VIEWING
MORTALS. SO EASILY HAD WAS THIS SIMPLE LESSON
FOR LIFE THAT WE SOON FORGOT IT. BOT NOW AS OUR
LIVES HAVE SHOWN, WE ARE NOT GODLIKE. WE'RE AS
SUFFERINGLY MORTAL AS INSECTS IN THE LEAVES.

WRITTEN FOR [redacted] ONLY

Art, Life and God

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"GIVE OR TAKE"
(A WRITTING OF CHRIS HAMSON)

I LOVE TO EAT PUSSY. I'D PREFER TO EAT PUSSY OVER HAVING MY DICK SUCKED ANYDAY. I DON'T EVEN FIND THE PLEASURE OF CUMING INTO AN UNBIRTHCONTROLED VAGINA EQUAETABLE ~~EQUADTABLE~~ TO THAT OF BRINGING A WOMAN TO ORGASM WITH MY TONGUE. IT'S NOT POWER THAT I FIND EXCITEING AS MUCH AS THE ABILITY TO PLEASE (TRUELY PLEASE) AN OTHER HUMAN BEING. EVERY VAGINA FEELS DIFFERENT, EVERY VULVA LOOKS DIFFERENT, THEY ALL TASTE DIFFERENT. OF ALL MY LOVERS ELETHIA HAD THE BEST PUSSY. IT WAS MORE BEAUTIFUL, ~~MORE~~ TASTED BETTER AND FELT BETTER THAN ANY OTHER ~~CUNT~~ CUNT I'VE ~~HAD~~ EVER HAD IN MY ENTIRE LIFE. I DON'T KNOW IF MY PENIS IS SOMTHING THAT ANY OF MY PAST LOVERS REMEMBERS ~~AS~~ AS BEING IN SOME WAY SPECIAL. I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT I WAS VAIN ENOUGH TO MEASURE IT WHEN IT WAS FULLY ERECT, TO WRITE IT DOWN SEEMS IN SOME WAY SACRILIDGE BUT AT THE SAME TIME TICKELS A ~~[illegible]~~ STRANGE DESIRE TO CONFESS WHO, HOW, AND WHAT I TRULLY AM. MY PENIS MEASURS APROXIMATLY SEVEN INCHES DEPENDING ON HOW TURNED ON I AM, I THINK TATIANA MADE ME ~~[illegible]~~ LONGER THAN SEVEN A NUMBER OF TIMES. SHE WAS ABLE TO MAKE MY DICK GROW BIGGER THAN ANYONE ELSE. NOT ONLY LONG BUT WIDE, STARTERINGLY ~~TOOWIDE~~ WIDE, ~~AND~~ IT ACHED WHEN IT WAS THAT BIG. BUT SOME OTHER LOVERS ONLY MADE ME A SPONGY SIX ~~[illegible]~~ AND A HALF.

"GIVE OR TAKE"

ANY WAY, I'M ALONE TONIGHT AND MY PENIS IS SOFTER THAN KITTENS ~~A~~ FUR.

Chris Hamson.

Art, Life and God.

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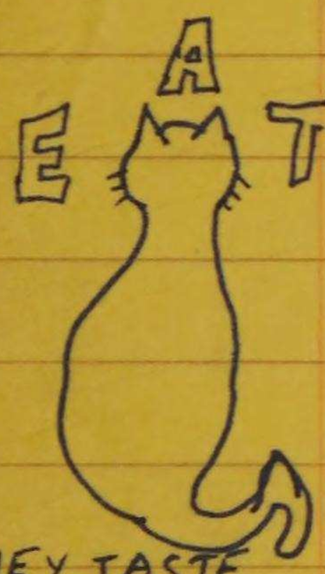
Sean Landers

EVERY NIGHT AS I LAY ASLEEP A LITTLE KITTY COMES IN THROUGH MY WINDOW. IT JUMPS ON ~~ME~~ MY CHEST AND PURS WHILE ~~KNEEDING~~ ~~THE MATTRESS~~ WITH HER WITTLE PAWS. LAST NIGHT THE LITTLE KITTY WAS SO NICE TO ME. HER SHARP LITTLE CLAWS ~~HELD~~ ON SO TIGHT AND SHE CRIED ONE NOT A MEOW EVEN THOUGH SHE MIGHT HAVE WANTED TO.

art
Baf, Life and God. ©1990 Sian Landers

SLENDER, GOLDEN, SOFT, AND LONG, RIPE, FULL, JUICEY AND BLOND. TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, YOUNG, PERFECT AND ON THE BEACH, THE SUN ~~S~~ WEAKENING AND COLORS GROWN BRIGHTER. ~~THEY~~ WALKING SLOWLY THEIR SHOULDERS TOUCH AND BOUNCE APART, TAUGHT PERFECT FLESH WITH BARE FEET, TANNED TILL THE SOULS. FAR FROM SIGHT THEY DISAPEAR, LONG HOT THE DAY COOLED BY THE LATE SALTED BREEZE, NO CLOTHES SHALL KEEP ~~KEEP~~ THIS BEAUTY FROM THE AIR, FLESH LIKE THEIRS IS FOR GODS TO ~~SEE~~ BREATH. WARM SOFT ANGELS, ABOUT WHOM DOVES SOFTLY COO, TENDER HEART SHAPED FLOWERS, SO GLORIOUS IS YOUR BLOOM, OH OF ALL THE SIGHTS ONE SEES IN A LIFE, ONE PRAYS FOR ~~THE~~ STUNNING BEAUTY SUCH AS THESE.

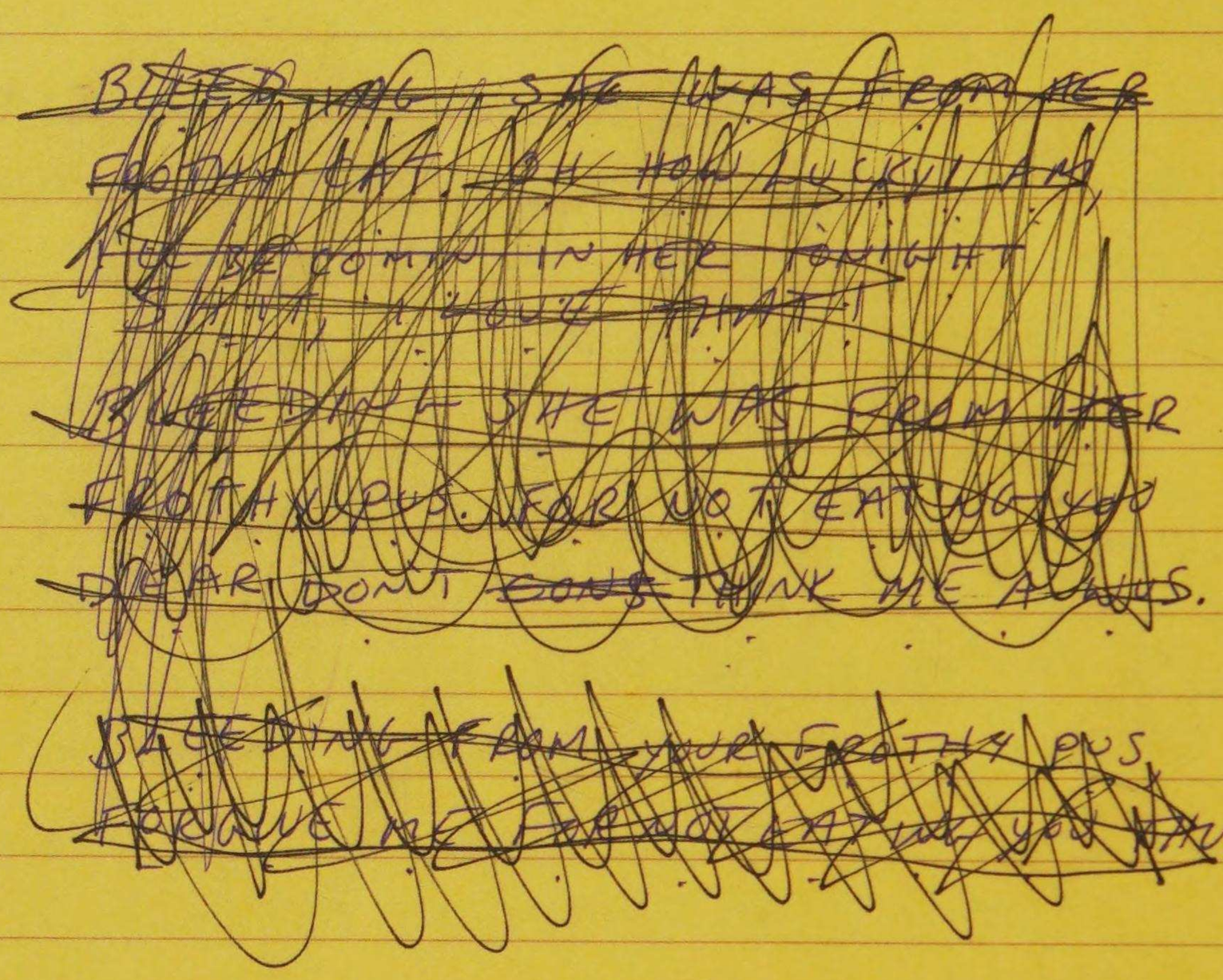
GROW UP DUDE



4."
"HAIKUS
BY CHRIS!

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Chris Hansen

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CHRIS IN WILD STUDIO SEEN MODELING LARGE NAKED WOMAN IN CLAY. HE LIKES WHAT HE SEES, DROPS HIS PANTS AND KISSES THE ~~CUNT~~ VULVA OF HIS SCULPTURE. HE TASTES CLAY AND LOVES IT. HE STARTS EATING AND SLOBBING. HE GETS UP GRABS SPRITZER BOTTLE AND RUNS WITH HIS PANTS AT HIS ~~LEGS~~ ANKLES TO THE BATHROOM. HE TURNS THE HOT WATER ON AND FILLS THE SPRITZER BOTTLE, HE GRABS THE PLUNGER AND RUNS OUT OF THE BATHROOM. HE GETS UP TO HIS SCULPTURE AND LICKS IT'S BREASTS. HE BECOMES ALL WORKED UP THEN TAKES THE PLUNGER HANDLE AND AND THRUSTS IT DEEP INTO THE CLAY BETWEEN IT'S LEGS, ~~HE THEN~~ LOADING A DEEP CYLINDRICAL HOLE. THEN HE GRABS THE HOT SPRITZER AND SPANS HOT WATER UP THE CLAY VAGINA UNTIL THE CLAY IS SLICK. CHRIS THEN INSERTS HIS FULLY ERECT PENIS UP THE HOT CLAY HOLE AND FUCKS WILDLY. HE EMBRACES THE SCULPTURE DIGGING HIS FINGERS INTO IT'S ASS CHEEKS. HE SMASHES HER BREAST WITH ONE HAND AND BITES THE OTHER LIKE AN APPLE HE ARCHES HIS BACK IN ORGASM AND SCREAMS FUCK!

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"THE SCULPTOR"

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— CHRIS IS MODELING HEADS IN HIS STUDIO, THEN STOPS TO WRITE.

"WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID I USED TO LIE IN THE GRASS ~~AND HOPE~~ WITH MY DOG ~~AND PRE~~ I'D CLOSE MY EYES AND PREY TO GOD THAT WHEN I REOPENED MY EYES I TOO WOULD BE A DOG ~~A~~ THUS ESCAPE THE MISERY OF HUMANITY."

"TODAY, WHEN I WALK THROUGH NEW YORK, I SOMTIMES PICK UP THE RECIEVERS OF TELEPHONES AND LISTEN. ~~I~~ IN HOPES OF GOD BEING ON THE OTHER END WITH THE MESSAGE FOR ME THAT THIS IS THE WEEK TO PLAY LOTTO, HE HAS'NT ANSWERD AS OF YET."

— (CHRIS BEGINS MODELING AGAIN, HE PRESSES A LUMP OF CLAY ON AND PRICKS HIS FNGER ON AN ARMITURE WIRE, HE BLEEDS ON HIS CLAY AND MIX'S IT IN THE THINKS OUTLOUD.)

CHRIS — " THE BLOOD OF A SCULPTOR! STURDY! MASCULINE, I AM MAN! THIS IS MY WORK. GOOD, I FEEL GOOD. I AM COMPLETE, WHOLE, LIKE MY ANCESTORS BEFORE ME WHO BLED INTO SOIL WHILE FARMING, WHO'S BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS, FERTALIZED THE EARTH ~~TO WHICH~~ IN WHICH GREW THE FOOD THAT THEY ATE, AND WERE NOURISHED BY. I CHRIS HAMSON BLEED INTO MY OWN EARTH, GODLIKE I RECREATE MYSELF IN CLAY. AND WITH MY BLOOD I NOURISH YOU DEAR LUMP OF CLAY, I BREATH LIFE INTO YOU, I AM YOU, YOU ARE ME, I SHALL ONE DAY IMPLANT YOU WITH MY SEED AND YOU SHALL GRIN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ANY LIVING CREATURE — (PHONE RINGS)

CHRIS — HELLO?

LOAN OFFICER – YES, MAY I SPEAK WITH CHRIS HAMSON PLEASE,

CHRIS – (THINKS A MINUETTE, HE KNOWS THAT THIS MUST BE TROUBLE) UGH, ... NO! THIS IS HIS OLD ROOMATE.

LOAN OFFICER – WHEN IS A GOOD TIME TO REACH HIM?

CHRIS – UM, NO TIME, HE MOVED!

LOAN OFFICER – DO YOU HAVE A FORWARDING NUMBER AND ADDRESS FOR HIM?

CHRIS – UGH, NO. . . (HE THINKS AGAIN) I MEAN YES,

LOAN OFFICER – COULD YOU GIVE IT TO ME PLEASE, I'M A LOAN OFFICER FROM ~~THE~~ "ELSIE".

CHRIS – SURE! HE UM . . . MOVED .... TO. . . UGH, . . . SAN FRANCISCO! .... I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WERE BUT I THINK I GOT A PHONE NUMBER FOR HIM. HOLD ON I'LL GO GET IT. (CHRIS DESPERATELY LOOKS FOR A PHONE BOOK TO FIND THE AREA CODE FOR SAN FRANCISCO) HERE IT IS I GOT IT, 415-267-3608, YEAH GLAD TO BE OF HELP TO YOU THAT FUCKER GOT AWAY OWEING ME TWO MONTHS RENT.

LOAN OFFICER – WELL THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP SIR

CHRIS – OH NO PROBLEM

LOAN OFFICER – COULD I HAVE YOUR NAME SIR, FOR ~~D~~ OUR RECORDS.

CHRIS – (MAKES UP A NAME) UM, SEAN LANDERS, YEAH, AND THATS S-E-A-N, NOT SHAWN.

LOAN OFFICER – OK MR. LANDERS, THANK YOU AGAIN FOR YOUR HELP, MY NAME IS REGINA CRUSHING FOR YOUR RECORDS.

CHRIS – OH NO PROBLEM, GOOD LUCK CATCHING HIM.

(HANGS UP)

(CHRIS GOES BACK TO WORK ON HIS SCULPTURE AND THINKS OUTLOUD)

CHRIS – REGINA CRUSHING, UP YOUR ASS BITCH!

-CHRIS RETURNS TO HIS SCULPTURE, A HEAD OF AND OLD IRISH DRUNK. HE THINKS—

CHRIS — (IN VOICE OVER) I'M A MASTER, VIRTUOSO, GENIUS, A MAKER OF MAN, BEHOLD THE POWER AND MIGHT OF ME LORD! I TOO TURN CLAY TO LIFE, SUCH A NOBLE PROFESION, SUCH GREATNESS, OH! HOLINESS SEE YOUR SERVENT, HUMBLE AND BRILLIANT ALL AT ONCE, GOD HAS CREATED MAN IN HIS IMAGE AND HOW MORE ACCURATE COULD HE HAVE BEEN THAN IN MY CASE, OH!, THANK YOU GOD FOR BESTOWING ON ME SUCH UNFATHOMABLE TALENT, THANK YOU, I'M HUMBLED.

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"LETTER TO LISA PHILLIPS"

DEAR LISA -

MY NAME IS CHRIS HAMSON, I'M SIX ~~FEET~~ 1 INCH, A HUNDRED SIXTLE FIVE POUNDS I HAVE LONG BROWN HAIR ~~A~~WITH MATCHING EYES, I HUMBLEY CALL MYSELF VERY GOOD LOOKING. I'M WRITTING YOU TO SAY I LOVE YOU, DUMP THAT WAISEMAN GEEK, HE'S A HAS BEEN, FOR ADMITENCE TO THE BIENIAL THIS YEAR, I'LL GARENTEE ONE NIGHT OF INCREDIBLE LOVE. I ANCIOUSLY AWAITE YOUR REPLY.

XXOO

Chris Hamson

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"BIENIEL WOW"

CHRIS IS FINALLY ABLE TO MAKE ART AGAIN.
- WE SEE CHRIS IN HIS STUDIO, HAPPY AND MODELING AWAY. THE PHONE RINGS. - CHRIS TURNS DOWN HIS TAPE PLAYER PLAYING (SCANTER; UP ALL NIGHT SLEEP ALL DAY.

CHRIS- HELLO

CHARLES- CHRIS OL BUDDY HOW ARE YA?

CHRIS- CHARLES? I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T TALKING TO ME.

CHARLES- AUGH, LET BYGONES BE BYGONES, CHRIS.

CHRIS- SO WHATS UP?

CHARLES- OH, I WAS JUST BORED, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

CHRIS- WELL ACTUALLY I'M MODELING ~~AGT~~ AGAIN. IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME, YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN BROKE AND ALL BUMMED OUT AND EVERYTHING

CHARLES- YEAH I KNOW, BUT YOU SOUND FINE NOW

CHRIS- YEAH, I THINK I'M FINALLY GETTIN OVER HELEN, I CAN WORK AGAIN IT'S GREAT.

CHARLES- THANK GOD, WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO OFF YOURSELF

CHRIS- NO WAY MAN

CHARLES- WELL THATS GREAT, CHRIS HAMSON, MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

CHRIS- HOW ABOUT YOU CHARLES YOU'RE USALLY AS POOR AS I AM

CHARLES- WELL I ACTUALLY HEARD GOOD NEWS TODAY,

CHRIS- REALLY THATS GREAT, WHAT IS IT.

CHARLES- WELL IT'S NOT ABSOLUTLY CERTAIN BUT A FREND OF MINE WAS TALKING TO LISA PHILLIPS LAST WEEK (CHRIS'S HEART STARTS POUNDING IN ENVY AT THE NAME OF LISA PHILLIPS) AND SHE WAS MENTIONING

NAMES OF PEOPLE THEY'RE CONSIDERING FOR THE WHITNEY ~~BIENIAL~~ BIENIAL (CHRIS'S HEAD STARTS TO SPIN, HE BECOMES ~~NAUSEOUS~~ NASEOUS AND BEGINS TO ~~DRIVE~~ DRY HEAVE AT THE SOUND OF THE WORD "BIENIAL") AND GET THIS, THEY'RE CONSIDERING ME SERIOUSLY.

CHRIS- (IS SILENT, HE TRYES TO REGAIN HIS COMPOSURE) (HE UTTERS A FEW WORDS BARELY FORMING THEM) WOW CHARLES, THATS WONDERFUL, I'm HAPPY FOR YOU.

CHARLES- IS'NT THAT GREAT, MAN I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, NO MORE POVERTY FOR ME, AAGH! HA, HA, HA, HEY MEET ME AT A.2. TONIGHT AND WE'LL CELIBRATE.

CHRIS- SONNDS GREAT CHARLES

CHARLES- I'LL MEET YOU THERE AROUND 10 OR 11.

CHRIS- OK I'LL SEE YOU THERE...OH, CHARLES YOU DID'NT HAPPEN TO HEAR MY NAME ON THAT LIST DID YOU?

CHARLES- CHRIS, YOURE SHOW DID'NT EVEN SELL, AND THE CRITICS HATED IT

CHRIS- THANKS FOR POINTING THAT OUT CHARLES.

CHARLES- CHRIS, DON'T BE BUMMED, THE BIENIAL DOES'NT MEAN THAT MUCH

CHRIS- YEAH SURE

CHARLES- REALLY, LOOK CHRIS, CHANCES ARE YOU'LL BE IN IT THE NEXT TIME AROUND.

CHRIS- RIGHT!

CHARLES- WILL I SEE YOU TONIGHT?

CHRIS- YEAH, I'LL BE THERE
CHARLES- GREAT, NOW GET BACK TO WORK. SEE YA.
CHRIS- BYE (HANGS UP)
CHRIS- (CHRIS LOOKS DEVISTATED WE HEAR HIM AS HE ATTACKS THE CLAY BUST ~~THAT~~ HE'S WORKING ON.) BIENIAL I DIDN'T EVEN THINK OF THE FUCKIN BIENIAL, LIKE IT WOULD ~~OF~~ HAVE HELPED, I GUESS THE THING ABOUT THE BIENIAL IS YOU DON'T THINK OF IT, IT THINKS OF YOU OR NOT OFCOURSE WHICH SEEMS TO BE THE CASE WITH ME. (HIS SCULPTURE WICH LOOKED PRETTY SAD TO BEGIN WITH IS NOW HEADING STRAIGHT FOR POMPEI OR VESSUVIOUS VICTUM LOOKING.)

- LATER -

CHRIS WALKS INTO A-2, (NAMLESS BAR ON THE CORNOR OF AVE. A AND 2ND ST.) IT'S CROWDED WITH A SLIGHTLY BETTER DRESSED AND SOMWHAT MORE MONEYD EAST VILLAGE CONTINGENT, ACTUALLY SUEDO YUPPI, BEST DESCRIBED PERHAPS AS POST EAST VILLAGE APITAMY, THE ONLY OTHER BAR WORTH GOING TO IS KING TUTS WA WA HUT SIMPLY BECAUSE EVERY NIGHT IS MEDAL NIGHT, NONE THE LESS CHRIS JOINS FREINDS AT A-2, WHICH INCLUDES, REGI AND ALICE, DON AND SHERI, JOHN AND MANDY, JAN AND PATRICIA, DANNY, AND CHARLES AND KERRY. MOST OF THE MAJOR PLAYERS FROM THE CATSKILLS SCENE, CHRIS IS SHOCKED TO SEE EVERYONE ASSEMBLED AGAIN, HE HASN'T SEEN MANY OF THEM SINCE HIS FATEFULL EVENING UP THERE. EVERYONE ACKNOWLEDGES CHRIS, HE SITS DOWN, THE TABLE IS FULL, AND PEOPLE ARE ~~@~~ GROUPED IN TWO'S OR THREES CHATTERING AND LAUGHING.)

REGY- (TURNS TO CHRIS) HEY DUDE

CHRIS- HI REG, UM I MEAN REGINALD.

REGY- YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY MONEY FOR ME DO YOU.

CHRIS- IM SORRY BUT I DON'T, ALL I HAVE IS 10 BUCKS, DO YOU WANT IT,

REGY- NO KEEP IT (REGY TURNS AWAY)

CHRIS- (GETS HIMSELF A BEER AND RETURNS TO THE TABLE)

SHERRI- HI CHRIS (UPBEAT, FREINDLY)

CHRIS- (HAPPY TO TALK TO A FREINDLY PERSON) HI SHERRI, I HAVENT SEEN YOU IN A LONG TIME, HOW ARE YOU?

SHERRI- (WHO IS LOOKING GREAT) OH I'M ALRIGHT

CHRIS- WHAT ARE YOU DOING THESE DAYS.

SHERRI- WELL I JUST GOT A NEW JOB

CHRIS- REALLY THATS GREAT, WHAT IS IT.

SHERRI- I'M GOING TO V.J. FOR M.TV.

CHRIS- OH MAN! WOW THATS GREAT! THATS HUGE, SHIT THAT BEATS BEING IN THE BIENIAL ANY DAY (CHARLES PRICKS HIS EARS UP) DAM I WAS BUMIN ABOUT CHARLSE BEING IN THE BIENIAL BUT THIS PUTS IT IN PERSPECTIVE. SHIT YOURE TOATALLY KICK'N ASS.

CHARLES- MORE THAN WE CAN SAY FOR YOU IS'NT IT CHRIS.

CHRIS- YEAH I GUESS SO CHARLES, LETS JUST HOPE THEY DON'T STICK YOU IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE SECOND FLOOR. (PEOPLE LAUGH, CHARLSE GETS RILED)

CHARLES- LETS HOPE WE DON'T FIND YOU DANGLING ON THE END OF A ROPE WITH A TEARY NOTE TACKED TO YOUR CHEST

CHRIS- (CHRIS GETS STUNG BY THAT QUIP, CHARLES SEES CHRIS WEAKENING AND GOES IN FOR THE KILL)

CHARLES- (HE MIMICS CHRIS) "OH GOD LOOK KINDLY UPON

THIS POOR SINNERS SOUL, MAKE ROOM FOR HIM IN YOUR ETERNAL KINGDOM" (EVERYONE IS LAUGHING HISTERICALLY AND CHRIS IS BECOMING VERY UPSET)

CHRIS- SHUT THE FUCK UP CHARLES!

CHARLES- (CONTINUES TO MIMIC) "HELEN, HELEN MY FAIR ANGER EXCEPT A DIEING MANS LAST WISH ALLOW ME, CHRIS HAMSON, TO KISS YOU ON YOUR TISH"

CHRIS- (STANDS UP) FUCK YOU ASSHOLE, ~~YOU~~ FUCK ALL OF YOU. (HE STORMS OUT)

— EVERYBODY LOOKS SHEEPISH BUT ARE STILL GREATLY AMUSED.

KERRY- CHARLES, WHY DO YOU ALWAYS ATTACK HIM?

CHARLES- BECAUSE!.. HE'S A WHINING LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT.

JAN- YEAH BUT STILL YOU SHOULDN'T GO SO FAR, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE MIGHT DO.

ALICE- DO YOU REALLY THINK HE MIGHT.....

REBY- NO, NOWAY, HE'LL BE ALRIGHT.

DANNY- MAYBEY WE SHOULD GO GET HIM.

REBY- HE WON'T COME BACK

CHARLES- HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, STOP WORRING ABOUT HIM, WE'RE DOING EXACTLY WHAT HE WANTS, WERE TALKING ABOUT HIM, CHRIS WOULD LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN TO BE THE SUBJECT OF INTEREST, ESPECIALLY WHEN WE'RE HERE TO CELIBRATE FOR SOMEONG ELSE.
(DANNY STANDS UP)

ALICE - WERE ARE YOU GOING?

DANNY- I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN FIND HIM.
(DANNY LEAVES AND EVERYBODY RESUMES TALKING)

-DANNY WALKS UP AVE. A LOOKING FOR CHRIS, CHRIS IS IN WA WA HUT, DANNY FINDS HIM EASILY, BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY OTHER PLACE HE'D BE. CHRIS IS AT THE BAR SURROUNDED BY A SEA OF METAL HEADS.

DANNY- HEY YA,

CHRIS- OH HI.

DANNY- THIS PLACE IS KINDA CREEPY

CHRIS- YOU THINK SO? ACTUALLY IT'S MY FAVORITE BAR IN NEW YORK... IT'S ALL ABOUT METAL. THE PEOPLE WHO COME HEAR LIVE FOR METAL, THEY LIVE IT, THEY ARE IT.

DANNY- SO ARE YOU OK, [redacted]

CHRIS- YEAH, I SHOULDN'T BE SO THIN [redacted] SKINNED, I WISH I COULD THINK OF A COMEBACK, BUT INSTEAD I JUST GET ALL PISSED OFF.

DANNY- WELL HE WAS HITTING BELOW THE BELT.

CHRIS- YEAH, BUT EVERYBODY WAS GETTING GREAT AMUSEMENT FROM IT.

DANNY- CHRIS YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT NIGHT IN THE CATSKILLS, OF THOSE YOU FUCKED THREE GIRLS THAT NIGHT,....

CHRIS- NO ONLY ONE,...

DANNY- WHATEVER, ALL THE MEN THERE HATE YOU FOR THAT, AND REALLY, CAN YOU BLAME THEM?

CHRIS- YEAH I GUESS YOUR RIGHT...I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO ME THAT NIGHT, I FELT TOATALLY ALONE, I GUESS I REALLY NEEDED SOMONE BAD.... SO WHAT DO I DO NOW, I MEAN AS IT STANDS, I CAN'T EVEN BE FRIENDS WITH THESE PEOPLE.

DANNY- THE BEST THING TO DO IS TO LEAVE IT ALONE

TRY AND CONCINTRATE ON YOUR ART WORK, IF YOU CAN GET IT TOGETHER AND HAVE A KICK ASS SHOW THEY'D ALL BE SUCKIN UP TO YOU, [redacted] YOU'D BE SUPRISED HOW FAST IT HAPPENS. EVERYBODY WHO BLOWS YA OFF WHEN YOU PASS THEM ON THE STREET, ALL OF A SUDDEN KNOW YOUR NAME, AND SAY HELLO, EVERYONE WANTS TO GET [redacted] TOGETHER FOR DINNER OR DRINKS, AND THEY PAY FOR THE PRIVALEDGE, EVERYTHING CAN CHANGE IN ABOUT A MONTH, ALL OF A SUDDEN YOUVE GOT CASH, PEOPLE TALK TO YOU AT OPENINGS, PEOPLE WHO USED TO HATE YOU, LIKE YOU, YOUR PHONE NEVER STOPS RINGING, GROUP SHOW OPURNNITIES OUT THE ASS, JUST HANG IN THERE CHRIS, IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU, JUST DON'T GIVE UP.

CHRIS- YEAH I HOPE SO, BUT IS'NT IT LIKE ABOUT 95 TO 98 % OF YOUNG ARTIST WHO COME TO NEW YORK FAIL?

DANNY- LISTEN CHRIS IF YOU THINK OF SHIT LIKE THAT YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT. PART OF MAKING IT IS BELIEVING THAT YOU ARE A MASTER, THAT YOU ARE THE NEXT THING, THAT YOURE ART IS GOING TO REPLACE CADY NOLAND AND TOM MERRICK, AND ALL THOSE COLLIN DE LAND TYPES. HEY WASN'T HE LOOKING AT YOUR WORK A WHILE BACK.

CHRIS- WHO COLIN?

DANNY- YEAH.

CHRIS- YEAH HE WAS, HE'S PRETTY HARD TO FIGURE OUT YOU KNOW, ONE MINUTE HE'S REALLY INTERESTED, THE NEXT HE HARDLY KNOWS WHO YOU ARE, AND THE WEIRD PART IS TO THIS DAY IS, I STILL GET MIXED MESSAGES FROM THE GUY, I GUESS, [redacted] THATS JUST THE

WAY HE IS.

DANNY- WELL YOU'LL GET SOMTHING SOON.

CHRIS- THE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS THAT THE ART WORLD KEEPS REGENERATEING ITSELF FASTER AND FASTER, IN 1989 WE WERE SEEING RETRO 70'S ART, NOW IN 1990 WHAT ARE WE GOING TO SEE RETRO 80'S ART? JEASUS I THOUGHT WE JUST GOT RID of ALL THAT SHIT. SOONER OR LATER SOMBODY IS GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE SOMTHING NEW, AND THE FUCKIN CRITICS HAVE TO BE WILLING TO GO OUT ON A LIMB FOR CHRISTS SAKES, INSTEAD OF PRAISING THE SAME OLD SHIT, THEY TOW THE PARTY LINE, BECAUSE IT'S FUCKIN SAFE. IT MAKES ME SICK. I ALSO WANT TO KNOW WHEN THE HELL IS THIS FUCKIN KOONS MOVIE COMING OUT ANYWAY, JEASUS EVERYBODIES BOARD WITH THE IDEA AND HE HASN'T EVEN SHOT IT YET.

DANNY- (LAUGHS) YOU KNOW WHAT BUGS ME ABOUT HIM IS IN EVERY PHOTO HIS DICK IS LIMP.

CHRIS- REALLY, GET IT UP OR SHUT UP KOONS. IF I WERE KOONS, I'D BE HIDING MY HEAD IN SHAME BECAUSE THE NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK WHO ARE ESSENTIALY THE SAME THING DO IT ONE THOUSAND TIMES BETTER. SHIT AND DICKERTON, WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT LAST SHOW? IT LOOKED LIKE A FOOD CO-OP IN AMHERST, I JUST DON'T UNDER-STAND THIS GREENING OF ART, I SAY LEAVE IT TO STING OR GELDORF OR MADONNA SOMBODY WHO

CAN ACTUALLY MAKE A DIFFERENCE. YOU KNOW LIKE THROWIN A COUPLE OF STUFFED ANIMALS IN A WHEEL BARREL IS GOING TO STOP THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RAINFOREST. HEY WHY DON'T YOU WHEEL THAT THING DOWN TO BRAZIL AND SHOW IT TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE CUTTING THOSE TREES DOWN BECAUSE THEY'RE POOR AND HUNGRY. ALL OF THOSE GREENIES SHOULD ~~[illegible]~~ SHARE THEYRE PROCEEDS WITH GREENPEACE THEN I'LL BELIEVE THEM.

DANNY- FEWOH CHRIS, IT'S A GOOD THING NO-ONE CAN HEAR YOU RIGHT NOW.

CHRIS- WELL SHIT DON'T YOU EVER GET PISSED OFF WHEN YOU SEE SHOWS? I MEAN COME ON, WHAT'S THAT GIRLS NAME JESSICA MONEYLAUNDERER?

DANNY- (LAUGHING) STOCKHOLDER,

CHRIS- SHE'S GETTN FUCKIN RICH OFF OF SHEET ROCK SCRAPS AND BENT STEEL STUDS FOR CHRIST SAKES, THAT HAS TO BE A JAM ON EVERY LOOSER CONTRACTOR/ARTIST IN THE WHOLE CITY. I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S MADE IT BUT I HAVE TO ADMIT, IT'S PRETTY FUNNY WATCHING COLLECTORS TIP TOEING AROUND THOSE THINGS CONVINCING THEMSELVES TO PUT OUT BIG BUCKS FOR IT. "HI HONEY, LOOK WHAT I BOUGHT TODAY, CONSTRUCTION DEBRIS." I HAVE TO ADMIT I RATHER LIKE THE IDEA OF THAT.

(THE LETTER L IS PLEASING TO WRITE)

Art, Life and God

(WRITTINGS OF CHRIS HAMSON)

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(FUCK YOU)

"WAWA HUT FUCK YOU"

CHRIS — (OFCOURSE)

I HAVE LOTS TO SAY TONIGHT. SO PEN, DON'T BE SLOW! OK, FIRST OF ALL, I WAS JUST AT WA WA HUT. (METAL BAR, FOR YOU IMPS) THE PLACE IS INSPIREING AND I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY. I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S THE SEX, SACRILIDGE OR PROMISE. ALL I KNOW IS THAT I LOVE IT.... [redacted] ...STANDING IN THIS SPACE MARKED WITH TILE [redacted] GRID, SCRAWLED BY IDIOTS WITH THEIR "OUT OF TOWN" ALUMINIUM COLORED MARKERS, IN ANGULAR GETTOESQUE SCRIPT. <RVE, DEFLEP, ZEP ECT., I PISS. URINE IS THE STRONGEST SENSATION, MORE THAN, BOOZE, SEX OR HATE. A RED HAIRD, TATOOED LITTERD MAGGOT SNORTS COKE OFF THE URINAL NEXT TO MINE, HE'S SHAVED HIS EYEBROWS OFF. HE'S FAT AND SMELLS LIKE SHIT, I GUESS HE DOESN'T SPEND THE TIME TO WIPE HIS ASS MUCH. WHEN HE TALKS I FIND THAT HE'S A TEXAN, STUPID FUCK! I HATE TEXANS. THE ONLY THINGS THEY'RE GOOD FOR IS DRINKIN BEER, EATIN STEAKS, AND FIGHTEN WARS FOR BUSH. A METAL BABE JUST WALKED IN, SHE'S IN THE MENS ROOM, HER TITS ARE REALLY BIG, SHE'S GOT A GUT AND IS FIXING HER MAKE UP. I LOVE THE WAY FAT CHICKS PUT ON MAKE UP. IT'S AS IF THE CRUD ON THEIR FACE WILL SOMEHOW MAKE UP FOR THEIR FLAB. IT MAKES ME WANT TO SAY HEY BITCH! FAT IS BEAUTIFUL. I WANT TO PART 25 POUND THIGHS AND DIG FOR THE CUNT OF A REALLY

FAT METAL BABE, WITH NIPPLES SPREAD TO THE SIZE OF DINNER PLATES, ADORNED BY THE LIGHTNING STRIKES OF HER STETCHED MARKED WRINKLES. "METAL BABE, PLEASE LISTEN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUÉE MISSIN, METAL BABE, MY SKINNY LOOSER ASS IS AT YOUR COMMAND". MY PISS IS OVER. I LEAVE THE BATHROOM, AND REJOIN MY WARM 'BUD' AT THE BAR. I FIXATE ON THE TWO BARTENDERS, LAYERS OF DIRTY COTTON, LEATHER, CHEAP METAL JEWLRY, EAR AND NOSE RINGS, LIP IMPLANTS AND COLOR CONTACTS, A MAN AND A WOMAN, I WANT TO FUCK THEM BOTH, BUT WHEN I TALK TO THEM THEY TREAT ME LIKE A DWEEB. HEY GOD! I'M SORRY BUT THESE PEOPLE ARE REAL! BEHIND THE BAR A RED CRUCIFIX GLOWS WITH A BUXOM NAKED FEMALE CHRIST ATTACHED. NOTHING BETTER THAN SEXY SACRILIDGE, AND FOR THE RECORD CHRIST COULD HAVE BEEN A BABE. I LOVE THE THINGS IN LIFE THAT MAKE ME FEEL LIKE SHIT. AND SAYING NASTY SHIT ABOUT HELPLESS PEOPLE TICKLES A REPRESSED PART OF MY PSYCHE. FUCK THE PEOPLE WHO AREN'T ME! THE MUSIC IN THIS BAR IS THE PURIST SLICE OF AMERICA YOU CAN GET. METALICA NOW, OZZY NEXT, SLAUTER, THEN THEY THROUGH IN THE PRETENDERS, I THINK THAT'S TOTALLY AWSOME! YOU GO THROUGH THE VARIOUS MANIFESTATIONS OF METAL AND THEN THEY THROUGH IN OLD BLONDE, OR BOOM TOWN RAT'S "I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS" AND IT RIPS YOU UP. IT SENDS ME BACK TO HIGH SCHOOL, I FEEL

LIKE JUMPIN IN THE MOPAR AND LAYIN A GNARLY ASS PATCH IN THE PARKIN LOT. THAT'S A FUCKIN COOL ASS BAR THAT CAN MAKE YOU FEEL THAT WAY! BUT THE STRANGEST THING IS WHEN YOURE IN A BAR, ANY BAR, AND THEY PLAY AN EAR MARK SONG FROM THE SIXTIES, FOR CHRIST SAKES IT MIGHT AS WELL BE THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, THE PEOPLE IN THE BAR PRACTICALLY GET ON THEIR HANDS AND KNEES, PROSTRATE, AND SING ALONG. "ALL THE LEAVES ARE BROWN AND THE SKY IS GREY, I WENT FOR A WALK ON A WINTERS DAY, CALIFORNIA DREAMIN." HEY YOU STUPID FUCKS, YOU DO HAVE SOMTHING TO LIVE FOR, THIS ISN'T THE STUPID FUCKIN SIXTIES, YOU DON'T NEED A PURPOSE IN LIFE TO MAKE MUSIC, ALL YOU NEED IS MONEY!! "SHIT THIS DUDE JUST WALKED IN, THOSE SPOTS ON HIS BODY ARE TOO DARK AND TOO DALMATION LIKE TO BE BRUISES, OH SHIT MAN, THAT POOR FUCK HAS AIDS." THE SPOTS OBSCURE HIS TATTOOS, I FEEL BAD, REALLY BAD. I LET HIM BUMP INTO ME TO SHOW HIM I'M NOT AFFRAID, BUT I AM, EVEN THOUGH I KNOW BETTER, I AM. HE IS WALKING WITH A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK AND HE'S SAYING, "I'M HEAR TO FORGET THE FACT

THAT I AM GOING TO DIE, IN ONE WAY I'M ALREADY DEAD, AND IN ANOTHER I'M MORE ALIVE THEN ANY OF YOU EVER WILL BE."
I AM INCREDIBLY SAD TO LOOK AT HIM, HE LOOKS AT ME, I GIVE HIM THE "I'M NOT SAD" LOOK, THE "I'M NOT STARING INTO THE FACE OF DEATH" LOOK, HE'S NOT CONVINCED. I'M ANOTHER JACK ASSED DUMB FUCK, STUPID LOOSER ASSED HETRO SEXUAL STIFF MOTHER FUCKIN SEXAIST ASSED PIG AND I HATE MYSELF. I HATE MYSELF FOR TRYING TO BE A HAPPY FACE IN THIS CROWD OF HORRIFIED METAL HEADS, ADORNED WITH SILVER SKULL JEWLRY, ACTUALLY STARING INTO THE FACE OF ANOTHER PERSON WHO IS LEGITIMATLY FACEING THE COMPLETELY UNFATHOMABLE IDEA OF DEATH. HEAVY FUCKIN, MISERABLE ASSED, LIFE STOPIN DEATH. I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK! AND THE WHOLE TIME I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT THIS IS THE MOST DIABOLICAL CONSPIRACY KNOWN TO MAN KIND, THAT THIS FUCKIN INCURIBLE DISEASE WAS MADE BY SOME GOVERNMENT FUCK TO CONTROL THE NUMBERS OF "UNDESIRED" MEMBERS OF SOCIETY, SOME RIGHT FUCKIN WING, BIBLE THUMPIN MAGGOT WHO DOESN'T WANT LOVE, WHO WANTS TO KILL.

I THEN THINK ~~PERHAPS~~ THAT I'M GOING OVERBOARD
BUT THEN AGAIN, WHAT IF I'M NOT? WE KNOW
THAT OUR GOVERNMENT DIDN'T LIKE INDIANS,
AND NOW "WE DON'T LIKE ARABS," "WENEVER
LIKED BLACKS OR LATINS". FUCK! I
HATE MY FUCKIN COUNTRY, AND WHAT'S
WORSE, I HATE MY FUCKIN SERF!
HEY GOD, I SUCK, KILL ME
NOT THIS GUY!!! OH MAN, I'M REALLY
SAD NOW, I DON'T WANT TO DIE, WHY SHOULD
ANYONE DIE BEFORE THEY GET OLD? "BEACANSE
THEY'RE MISERABLY POOR FUCK FACE" I GUESS
A STUPID QUESTION ~~GETS~~ GETS A STUPID ANSWER.
SHIT! DEATH MAN, IT'S HEAVY FUCKIN
BUSNESS, I'M TRUELY SORRY FOR ALL OF YOU
WHO HAD TO DIE AND DIDN'T WANT TO.

Chris Hamson
1990

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"METAL BABE"

MILK FED METAL BABE ~~CONE~~ BORN FROM ROOTS IN MID WEST.
WHITE COTTON GREY FROM CITY SOIL, HAIR SO HENNAD
IT ALLWAYS LOOKS WET, BRACLETS STACKED UP YOUR
ARMS, SKIN SO WHITE YOUR BLACK UNDER WEAR LOOKS
OUT OF PLACE. RUFFLED CUT OFFS, AND SOCKS NEED
A WASH. STILL YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, WISCONSON METAL BABE.
YOUR BREASTS FEEL NO GRAVITY AND FULL WITH HONEY,
YOUR ARE ~~A~~ THE TRAGIC ~~SONG~~ LOVE ON EVERY METAL ALBUM. YOU
ARE WIDE EYED, AFAWN STARING, FROZEN IN YOUR TRACKS
AT TRAFFIC. PURE GIRL FROM LAND OF FAR, WHAT
BRINGS YOU HEAR, THIS PLACE THE SLIME ~~of~~ OF WHICH SHOULD
REALIZE A PARENTS WORST FEAR. THEIR LITTLE GIRL
WHOS SLIGHTLY FLAWED PERFECTION KEPT HER FROM THE
PAGES OF VOGUE AND PLACED HER HERE. THIS FLAW
WHICH ENABLES SOMEONE LIKE ME TO ~~[redacted]~~ BE WITH HER. THE PRIVILAGE
~~IS~~ OF WHICH CERTAINLY IS MINE, I THINK.

Chris Hamson

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CHRIS- IT'S SORT OF CONFUSING THE WAY THINGS
(IN VOICE OVER) HAPPEN. HELEN CALLED ME TODAY TO SEE HOW
I WAS DOING, YOU KNOW AFTER SHE DUMPED ME
AND ALL. I TOLD HER THAT I WAS FINE, I MEAN
I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY BUT ~~[illegible]~~ BEACAUSE
~~[illegible]~~ I'M ENJOYING WRITTING, I CAN'T AFFORD TO
MAKE SCULPTURE) ~~GENERALLY~~, FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN MANY MONTHS I'M ACTUALLY NOT SUICIDEAL.
AFTER I TOLD HER THIS SHE STARTS TO GET ALL
BUMMED OUT. I MEAN, SHE DUMPED ME! AND
NOW THAT I FEEL A MINOR AMOUNT OF RECOVERY
FROM THE TRAUMA, SHE ACTS AS IF I SHOULD
PITY HER FOR MISSING ME AND REGRETING OUR
BREAK UP, AND SHE ENDED THE FUCKING THING
IN THE FIRST PLACE. WELL IT ENDED UP. THAT
SHE INVITED ME OVER TO HER NEW PLACE FOR
DINNER, IT WAS KIND OF SAD BECAUSE SHE
HAD A BIG TRASH BAG FILLED WITH A BUNCH OF
MY OLD CLOTHES, SHE TOLD ME ABOUT IT AND
GOT TEARY EYED AND STARTED TO ACT ALL RUDBERY.
SHE MOPED AROUND THAROUGH THE ENTIRE DINNER
USEING ANY EXCUSE TO TOUCH ME. I DID MY BEST
TO REMAIN STRONG. I KNEW THAT SHE WANTED ME
TO SHOW THAT I WANTED HER. I REFUSED, I ACTED
AS IF I DIDN'T NOTICE EVERY TIME SHE BRUSHED
HER BREASTS ACROSS MY ARM, SHE'D TOUCH ME TOO AFFECTION-
ATELY AND STAR INTO MY EYES, ~~FOR A~~ CREATING MUCH ~~MORE~~

DISCOMFORT ~~FIRST OF THAT A BORED READER OF THIS STUPID STORY WOULD FEEL~~. NEVER THE LESS I WOULD'NT GIVE IN OR AT LEAST I THOUGHT I WOULD'NT.

HELEN- DO YOU WANT TEA CHRIS?

CHRIS- NO THANKS

HELEN- SO ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE ELSE?

CHRIS- I DON'T KNOW WHO, HOW OR WHAT I LOVE TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH.

HELEN- YOU MUST BE IN LOVE, I CAN TELL.

CHRIS- YOU CAN TELL WHAT.

HELEN- I CAN TELL THAT YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANY MORE SO YOU MUST LOVE SOMEONE ELSE, YOURE NOT THE KIND OF PERSON WHO FALLS OUT OF LOVE, YOU CAN ONLY FALL INTO IT....

CHRIS- (INTERUPTING) AND BY FALLING IN LOVE WITH NEW PEOPLE, I'M ABLE TO LEAVE OLD LOVE BEHIND? IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK?

HELEN- YES!

CHRIS- AND HOW CAN YOU TELL I DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE?

HELEN- BECAUSE OF THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME, IT'S KIND OF BLANK, YOU USED TO REALLY LOOK AT ME, YOU KNOW, AND SEE ME, YOU'D SEE THINGS IN ME THAT WEREN'T THERE, THINGS THAT WERE BEOND ME, BIGGER, BETTER, YOU MADE ME FEEL BETTER THAN WHO I AM JOST BY LOOKING AT ME, I MISS IT.

CHRIS- WHATS WRONG WITH YOURO NEW BOY FRIEND DOES'NT MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD?

HELEN- WELL IT'S NOT THE SAME, HE MAKES FUN OF ME ALOT, I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT HE'S, YOU KNOW, REALLY BUSY IT'S NOT LIKE HE HAS MUCH TIME TO YOU KNOW JUST SIT AND LOOK AT ME.

CHRIS- OH.

HELEN- ISN'T THIS WIERD?

CHRIS- WHAT?

HELEN- YOU KNOW, US TWO JUST SITTING AROUND LIKE THIS TALKING ABOUT THIS STUFF, I MEAN FOR THE LONGEST TIME WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER WE WERE, YOU KNOW, LIKE "REALLY" TOGETHER.

CHRIS- (SILENT)

HELEN- OH, DAMIT CHRIS, DON'T YOU MISS ME AT ALL?

CHRIS- I THINK ABOUT YOU.

HELEN- ME TOO! I THINK ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME, YOU KNOW LIKE, "WHAT WOULD CHRIS SAY IF HE WAS HERE RIGHT NOW"? YOU KNOW THAT SORTA THING, OR OTHER TIMES I THINK OF WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO BE WITH YOU AT NIGHT..... (HER EYES SEARCH CHRIS'S FOR SOME TYPE OF RESPONSE, CHRIS REMAINES COLD) I IMAGINE YOUR BODY NEXT MINE ASLEEP AND I REMOVE THE COVERS AND YOUR NAKED, YOUR SKIN IS DARK AND YOURE SO BEAUTIFUL WHEN YOU SLEEP. I GO DOWN TO YOUR FEET AND LIE BETWEEN YOUR LEGS AND LOOK UP AT YOU. YOUR CALVES TURNING UP TO YOUR KNEES AND YOUR THIGHS RELAXED AND FULL SOFTLY LIE WITH YOUR PENIS ON ITS SIDE POINTING TOWARD YOUR HIP AND ACROSS YOUR STOMACH YOUR CHEST RISES AND FALLS

I TAKE YOUR SOFT PENIS AND PUT IT IN MY MOUTH AND RUB IT'S UNDER SIDE WITH MY TONGUE, IT'S SOFTNESS BEGINS TO GROW AND SLOWLY FILLS MY MOUTH UNTIL YOUR COCK IS HARD, AND I TAKE IT AS FAR INTO MY MOUTH AS IT WILL GO AND GRAB YOUR BALLS COOL AND HEAVY IN YOUR SCROTUM, I WANT YOU TO CUM IN MY MOUTH, I HOLD THE BASE OF YOUR PENIS IN MY HAND AND JERK YOU UP AND DOWN AND RISE ON AND OFF YOU UNTIL YOU GET HOT YOUR PENIS IS REALLY HOT I FEEL IT BEGIN TO PULSE AND HOT SEAMON FILLS MY MOUTH, AND I BRING MY MOUTH TO YOURS AND WE KISS DEEPLY WITH YOUR SUM IN OUR MOUTHS (CHRIS IS VISABLY ERECT AND HELEN PUTS HER HAND ON IT AND KNEELS BETWEN CHRIS'S LEGS) OH CHRIS, THERES NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD'NT, YOU WANT TO, I WANT TO, . . .

CHRIS- I WANTTO, OH GOD HELEN I'VE WANTED TO FOR SO LONG [SHE RUBS CHRISES PENIS AS HE TALKS], I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW HAPPY THIS MAKES ME, I'VE DREAMED OF THIS DAY FOR MONTHS, OH HELEN.

HELEN- SO YOU DO STILL LOVE ME?

CHRIS- OH HELEN I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE THE FIRST DAY I MET YOU, I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING YOU (HELEN STOPS RUBBIN CHRIS'S DICK)

HELEN- CHRIS, MAYBEY WE'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, IF WE DO THIS NOW, IT WOULD BE LIKE OPENING THE WHOLE RELATIONSHIP AGAIN.

CHRIS- HELEN PLEASE, LETS JUST DO IT.

HELEN- WE SHOULD'NT, I MEAN WE WERE BOTH DOING

SO WELL IN OUR NEW LIVES WITHOUT EACH OTHER
I'M SORRY CHRIS I JUST CANT. (HELEN GETS UP AND
WALKS OVER TO THE MIRROR AND PULLS UP HER SHIRT
REVIELING A TRANSPARENT BRA, AND UNBUTTONS HER
PANTS ~~D~~AND PULLS THEM DOWN TO HER KNEES, SHE
LOOKS AT HER SELF)

HELEN- DO YOU THINK I'VE GAIND WEIGHT?

CHRIS- NO... OH HELEN I HAVÉNT SEEN YOUR BREASTS
IN SO LONG, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?

HELEN - DO YOU WANT TO SEE THEM?

CHRIS- YES. (SHE PULLS OUT HER BRA JUST ENOUGH FOR
CHRIS TO PEEK DOWN, HE SEES THE NIPPLE FOLDED
IN AGAINST THE CLOTH OF THE BRA. THEN LETS IT
SNAP BACK)

HELEN- DID YOU SEE?

CHRIS- YES

HELEN- DID YOU LIKE HER?

CHRIS- SHE WAS BEAUTIFULL. (HELEN PUTS HER CLOTHES
BACK ON)

HELEN- WELL, ENOUGH OF THIS, IF WE KEEP IT UP WILL
ENDUP ON THE FLOOR ~~FUCKING~~.

CHRIS- RIGHT!

HELEN- WE CAN'T CHRIS, I THINK YOU SHOULD GO HOME...
(CHRIS LOOKS AS MISERABLE AS HE EVER HAS)
DO YOU NEED CAB FAIR?

CHRIS- I'LL WALK! (HE GETS READY TO GO, THEN NEAR THE DOOR)

HELEN- IT WAS SO NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, I'M SO GLAD WE
CAN BE FRIENDS. WE'LL ALLWAYS BE FRENDS WONT WE
CHRIS?

CHRIS- (LOOKS DOWN AT A MOIST SPOT ON HIS PANTS THAT HIS THROBBING PENIS HAD LEFT) HONESTLY HELEN, I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE IT.

HELEN- (SHE LAUGHS THINKING CHRIS IS JOKING)

CHRIS- I'M SERIOUS HELEN, SOME PEOPLE, TREAT LOVE LIKE A GAME, OTHERS TREAT IT LIKE LIFE.

HELEN- (~~R~~ SHE LOOKS ASHAMED, AND SEARCHES FOR COMIC RELIEF) WELL CHRIS IF THAT'S TRUE THAN (SHE SINGS) "AND IN THE END THE LOVE YOU TAKE IS EQUAL TO THE LOVE YOU MAKE." AND I'LL BE SCREWD. (CHRIS LEAVES BEFORE HELEN KISSES HIM GOODBYE)

WE SEE CHRIS WALKING HOME DOWN ~~BROADWAY~~ BOWERY

AND WE HEAR WHAT HE IS THINKING

CHRIS- (IN VOICE OVER) AUGH! AUGH! AAAAA A UUUUU GG GGGG HHHHHH!!!!!! AUGH! AUGH! AUGH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAA UUUUUUUU UUUUUU GGGGGGGGG H HHH H H H H H H H H H!!!!!!!!! THIS COULD NOT HAVE JUST HAPPEND! AUGH! SHIT!..... IT DID!!! FUCK!!! FUCK!!!! FUCK!!!! FUCK!!!! (WHEN CHRIS IS CROSSING ~~2~~ THIRD ST. A CAR IS WAITING FOR THE LIGHT TO CHANGE IN THE CROSS WALK. CHRIS DELIBERATELY BUMPS INTO IT. CHRIS SCREAMS AT THE DRIVER, AND POINTS AT THE LIGHT.

CHRIS- THAT IS A RED LIGHT FUCK FACE! AND YOU'RE IN A FUCKIN CROSS WALK, WHEN THE HELL ARE.....

(CHRIS IS INTERUPTED BY THE DRIVER WHO IS A HUGE HELLS ANGEL TYPE GETTING OUT OF HIS CAR WITH A CHAIN, CHRIS

RUNS FOR HIS LIFE DOWN THIRD ST. (HELLS ANGEL ST.) THE DRIVER GETS BACK INTO HIS MAT BLACK CADILLAC AND GIVES CHASE, BEEPING HIS HORN AND SCREAMING FOR OTHER HELLS ANGELS TO GRAB CHRIS. MANY PEOPLE ARE AFTER CHRIS ON THIS STREET, HE LOOKES TOWARD HEAVEN AND QUICKLEY ~~ASKED~~ ASKS FORGIVENESS FOR ALL ~~HIS~~ HIS SINS AND PRAYES FOR THIS DEATH WHICH ~~IS~~ SEEMS IMENENT TO BE SWIFT AND PAINLESS.

CHRIS - (IN VOICE OVER) OH GOD FORGIVE MY SINS, IN YOUR MERCY ALLOW A HUMBLE SERVENT HIS JUST PLACE IN HEAVEN (CHRIS IS STILL RUNNING LIKE HELL) BESTOW ~~BLESSING~~ GRACE UPON MY WAYWARD SOUL AND THROUGH YOUR BENEVOLENCE ALLOW ME A SWIFT AND PAINLESS DEATH, OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN HALLOWED BE THY NAME, WHATS SO PROUDLY WE ~~STAND~~ HAILED BY DAWNS EARLY LIGHT, WITH PURPPLE MOUNTAINS MAJESTY, THE LORD BE WITH THEE AND THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB ~~JESUS~~ JEASUS. AND CROWN THY HOOD WITH BROTHER HOOD FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA, ...

-END SCENE-

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"HAIKU"
(#1)

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A DICK THROBING, BALL ACHEING
CUMLOAD, BOILING LIKE A
VINDALOO SHIT.

1990 Chris Hanson

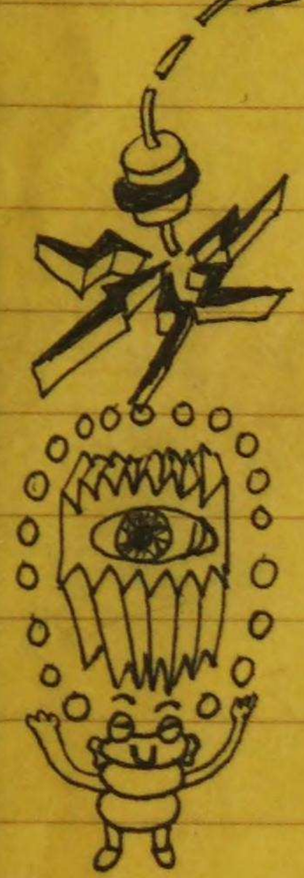
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POOL

LITTLE LIVER LILLY BELLY TWIDILY DIDILY DEE

YOUR HEART IS COLD YOUR NOSE IS CLOGED WHY WONT YOU STARE AT ME

MECCA DECCA DECCA DOO HORRIBLE SATAN GET OUT OF YOU

RORY STORY BORY LAKE HOLLY HOLLY WHO

BORN BEFORE BORN TO LATE WHY WONT YOU MATRICULATE

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DEAR HELEN, SADLY SLUMPED ~~STANDING~~, AGAINST GRANITE I REALIZE DESISIONS WE'VE MADE HAVE LEFT ME HOLLOW. STUCK IN MY BRAIN IS YOUR IMAGE ~~FLOOR PLAN~~ ~~GOHSTLIKE~~ ~~GOHSTLY [illegible]~~ ~~ORG~~ RECEDEING GOHSTLIKE THROUGH MEMORY. DEAR HELEN THROUGH AGES OF TORMENT I STILL REVEL IN YOUR ~~BEAUT~~ BEAUTY ~~IMAGE~~, HEARTFUL I ~~CAME~~ FALL INTO ~~LOGICLESS~~ ILOGICAL ABYSS. FURIOUS TORMENT WITH EVERY MEMORY PANG IS AS COMON TO ME AS SUSTENENCE. "LOVE" MY DEAR WOMAN IS ~~CRAZILY~~ CERTAINLY A SHALLOW WORD. INDELIBLY ARE YOU IMPRENTED ON MY BEING. LOVE LOST, ~~EE~~ COMONLY COMISERIZED BY ALL OF HUMANITY SEEMS AN INFANTILE IDEA ~~REGARDING~~ REGARDING MY EMOTION. ~~OF~~ OUT OF BALENCE, I STAND WEARY, A MAN ALONE, FURROWED AND DEATHLIKE. GOD IN HEAVEN I SUMON YOUR BENEVOLENCE, ~~OR~~ BESTOW GRACE UPON MY HUMBLE DESIRES, EMPTY, I WALLOW WANTING ONLY TO FILL THIS CAVITY IN MY HEART. MY FACE NUMBS AGAINST THE COLD, DRIVING RAIN OF LONLINESS. DEEP AND BLACK ~~ARE~~ IS THE VOID IN MY SOUL, ~~FEE~~ IT'S REMANING WARMTH LIES IN YOUR FLEETING IMAGE. I ~~CALL TO~~ REACH FOR YOU SWEET HELEN, ~~[illegible]~~ TENDERLY EVASIVE GIRL. ECHOLESS I CALL FOR YOU AS YOU SWEETLY DISAPEAR. WITH EVERY OCTIVE I RAISE MY VOICE YOUR IMAGE ~~SO~~ SOARLY RECEEDS. HEAVINLY FATHER HAVE MERCY ON MY WAYWARD SOUL, FORTIFY MY RESOLVE THROUGH YOUR POWER AND GLORY. ALLOW A CRUSHED MAN TO STAND STRONG AGAINST HIS MORTEL DESIRE. HUMANITY, CRUELEST CREATURE OF ALL, HOW PITYOUSLY IN ME YOU ~~SHOW~~ REAR YOUR UGLY HEAD. PALE AND BEATEN, I, ONCE A MAN, STAND BEFORE ~~THE~~ THE ICE OF YOUR GAZE. DEAR HELEN HEAR THE LOVE THROUGH MY WORDS SING TO YOU AS A DIEING BIRDS LAST SONG. MY WINGS SO TIRED, I CAN NOT FLY, MY EYES SO TEARED I CAN NOT SEE. LOVE, MY ANGLE, THAT IS WHY I LIVE AND DEAR SWEET HELEN YOU ARE MY LOVE.

ETERNALLY YOURS CHRIS.

"GOD"
(JESUS.

Art, Life and God

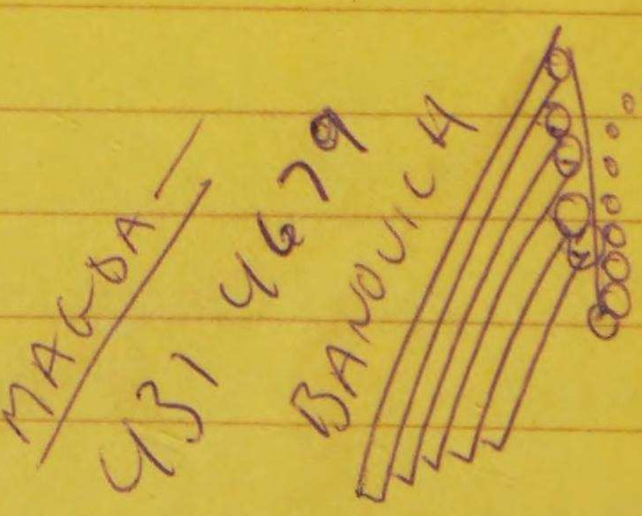
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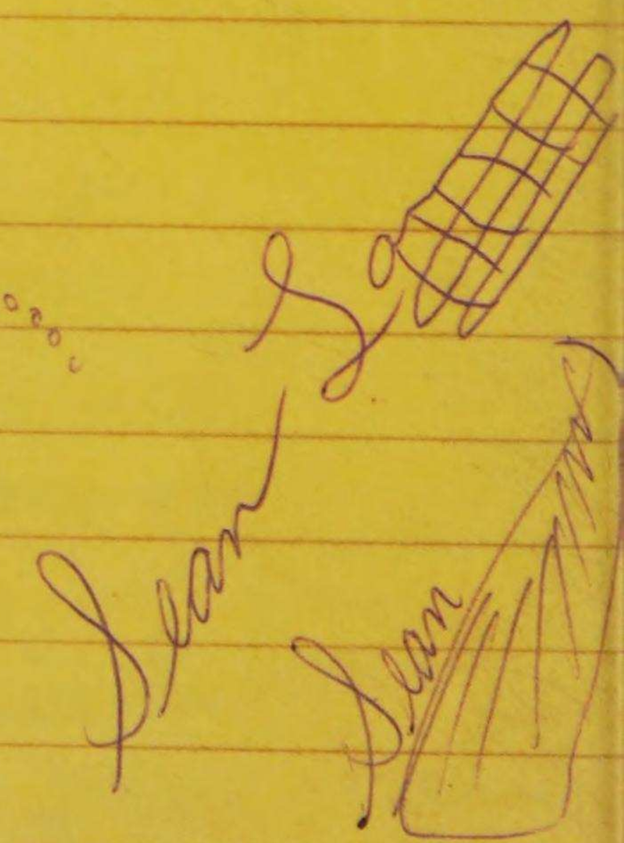
GOD! SOMTIMES I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD DIE. TELL ME GOD IF YOU WERE ME WOULD YOU OFF YOURSELF, I MEAN, BY LETTING JESUS DIE YOU SORTA DID OFF YOURSELF DIDN'T YOU? DOESN'T THAT SORTA TEACH US TO KILL OURSELVES TO MAKE EVERYONE WHO KNOWS US FEEL PITY AND GUILT? JESUS I WANT TO BE LIKE YOU. PLEASE, IF I KILL MYSELF CAN YOU MAKE SURE THAT THE WHOLE WORLD CRIES. THAT'LL SHOW EM.

CHRIS.

MEET
MARC SANCOU
GRMERCY HOTEL
SAT. 9:30 FOR
BREAKFEST.

Sean





Art, LIFE, and God

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"CHRIS FANTISESES HIS DEATH"

CHRIS IS ABSORBED IN A PATHETIC STATE OF SELF PITY. HE IMAGINES HIS FUNERAL AFTER HIS FANTASIRED SUICIDE, WHILE WALKING TO HIS GALLERY WHERE HIS SHOW DIDN'T SELL AND HIS DEALER WANTS ~~TO RETURN HIS WORK AND NOT REPRESENT HIM ANYMORE~~ TO TALK TO HIM. HE'S WALKING THROUGH SOHO AND WE SEE WHAT HE IMAGINES.

— CHRIS IS DANGERING FROM A ROPE FROM A BEAM UNDER HIS SKYLIGHT AMONGST HIS RETURNED SCULPTURES STILL IN BUBBLE WRAP WITH BIG R.T.A. STICKERS ON THEM. A NOTE IS PINNED TO CHRIS'S CHEST IT'S ADDRESSED TO HIS BROTHER KENNY. THE CAMERA HOLDS ON THE NOTE LONG ENOUGH FOR READING. IT'S ONE OF CHRIS'S BAD ~~POEMS~~ WRITINGS. (AND CHRIS VIOCE'S OVER)

DEAR KENNY —

ONCE WHEN WE WERE KIDS, ~~WAKE UP~~ ON PALM SUNDAY. I WOKE UP, DAD WAS WATCHING CHARLES CUREAUX IN HIS BEDROOM WEARING UNDEAR AND SCRATCHING HIS SCALEY FEET. THE REST OF THE FAMILY ASLEEP WITH THE SUN BLARING IN FROM ACROSS THE CEMETERY. THE MORNING WAS STILL WITH DOVES NOT YET COOING. I JOINED HIM, MOM WAS SNOARING, I WAS SECURE, MY FEET FLAT ON THE CARPET, MY MIND WAS FREE. HE WAS NOT HAPPY NOR SAD, HE JUST WAS. BUT I WAS DIFFERENT. HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT THIS BOY NEXT TO HIM, HIS SON, IS LOOKING DOWN, NOT UPON HIM OR THE LIFE HE HE'D MADE, BUT AT THE SITUATION OBJECTIVELY.

I SAT THERE AND WAS AND WAS NOT WITH HIM. I WAS CONTENT IN KNOWING THAT THIS WAS ~~A~~ ME AND NOT ME. THE PROFOUND COMFORT I FELT WOULD NEVER BE ACCOMPANIED BY AN EQUAL SENSE OF ~~OF~~ WELL BEING. MY HAPPINESS WAS INCOMBERED

BY A KNOWLEDGE OF SOMTHING THAT I COULD NOT IDENTIFY. MY STRONG LOVE OF FAMILY WAS AS MUCH REASURRING AS TRADGIC.

I SERVED THE MASS THAT DAY AND WAS ON THE ALTER WATCHING THE FAMILY ENTER THE CHURCH I LIT CANDELS BEFORE MASS. THE SMILES ON THE FACES OF MOM AND DAD, THOSE: THIS IS MY SON, THIS IS MY CHURCH, MY LIFE IS COMPLETE ~~ARE'T~~ AREN'T WE HAPPY SMILES, NEARLY MADE ME CRY. I LOVED THEM SILENTLY IN THEIR SLEEP, BUT IN THE LIGHT OF DAY WITH ORGAN MUSIC BLASTING, I COULD ONLY THINK OF HOW WE ARE SO HOPPLESSLY MORTAL. HOW ALL HARD EARNED MONEYS WERE FUTILY SPENT ON DISPOSABLE SHOES FOR GROWING CHILDREN. FOR CHILDREN WHO'D RATHER HAVE SOMTHING BETTER INEVITABLY. HOW I ~~WI~~NISHED TO SOMEHOW RETURN TO THAT EARLY MORNING HOUR WHEN SLEEP SOOTHES THE MIND AND TRANQUILITY IS ACTUALLY A WORD WITH MEANING. WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE LIGHT OF DAY AND THE AGE OF TIME THAT IS ULTIMATELY SO DEPRESSING AND COROSIVE?

CHRIS

CHRIS IMAGINES HIS BROTHER DISCOVERING HIS LIFELESS BODY. KENNY DOES THE NECCESARY AMOUNT OF FREAKING OUT, CRYING AND SCREAMING TO WARRENT THE FINDING OF A DEAD BROTHER.

CHRIS THEN IMAGINES REBY AND CHARLES MORNING OVER THE LOSS OF CHRIS, AND COUNSLEING EACH OTHER OVER THE PHONE

THE SCENE SWITCHES TO CHRIS'S IMAGINARY ~~FUNERAL~~ WAKE. IT'S IN A DANK FUNERAL PARLOR IN HIS HOME TOWN CHRIS'S FAMILY IS LINED UP RECIEVING THE MOURNING

FREINDS FROM NEW YORK AND HIS HOMETOWN. CHRIS IS IN A COFFIN SURROUNDED BY FLOWERS WITH BANNERS SAYING "BROTHER" "SON" AND "WE'LL MISS YOU." CHRIS'S FREINDS STREAM BY CHRIS'S PARENTS, CONSOULING THEM AND THEN ~~KNEEL~~ KNEEL IN FRONT OF CHRIS. WE SEE CHARLES KNEEL IN FRONT OF CHRIS AND HEAR CHARLES'S THOUGHTS OUTLOUD.

CHARLES - IN VOICE OVER - OH CHRIS, I KNEW YOU WERE HAVING TROUBLE BUT ~~I~~ I NEVER THOUGHT THAT YOU'D GO THIS FAR. I KNOW I MADE FUN OF YOU ALOT BUT I WAS ONLY JEALOUS, JEALOUS OF YOUR GOOD LOOKS. MAN I KNOW IT'S TO LATE TO SAY THIS BUT IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, I LOVED YOU BUDDY. (CHARLES SHEDS A TEAR THEN GETS UP TO LEAVE AND IS REPLACED BY NICOLI.)

NICOLI - IN VOICE OVER - CHRIS YOU CRAZY FUCK, I'M GOING TO MISS YOU. YOU'VE CAUSED US ALL GREAT PAIN I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY. IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED? WELL I HOPE YOU'RE NOT IN HELL. GOOD BYE (NICOLI LEAVES AND IS REPLACED BY BILLY)

BILLY - IN VOICE OVER - SO THIS IS WHAT A DEAD GUY LOOKS LIKE, CHRIS CAN YOU HEAR ME? SHIT THIS IS GROSS, THEY PUT MAKE UP ALL OVER YOUR FACE MAN. OH WELL SEE YA WHEN I DIE (BILLY IS RAPLACED BY KERRY)

KERRY - IN VIOLE OVER - GOD CHRIS! WHY THE HELL DID YOU DO THIS TO YOURSELF? JESUS, WELL EVERY BODY LOVES YOU NOW. I GUESS YOU NEVER KNEW THAT. MAN YOUR PARENTS ARE CRUSHED! AND KENNY NEARLY FLIPPED OUT YOU KNOW. WELL FOR THE RECORD I ALLWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE SEXY. OH SHIT THIS IS SAD, BYE. (KERRY IS MOVED, WITH TEARY EYES SHE GETS UP AND IS REPLACED BY DON)

DON - IN VIOLE OVER - I GUESS YOU KNOW I NEVER LIKED YOU, I'M HERE BECUASE DEBY WANTED TO COME. BUT I GUESS YOU KNEW THAT. DEAD GUYS KNOW WHAT PEOPLE ARE

THINKING ~~RIGHT~~ RIGHT. WELL MY NOT LIKEING ~~[illegible]~~ YOU WAS NOTHING PERSONAL. SORRY YOUR DEAD. (DON IS REPLACED BY DEBY)

DEBY - IN VIOCE OUER - YOU DID'NT HAVE TO DO THIS CHRIS WE ALL LOVED YOU. MOST OF THE GIRLS HERE HAD MAJOR CRUSHES ON YOU, YOU KNOW, INCLUDING ME. YOU WERE DEEP, DARK, TORN AND TOATALLY ATTRACTIVE. IF YOU KNEW THAT BEFORE YOU PROBALLY WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS. I'M SORRY FOR YOU AND FOR YOUR SAKE I HOPE THERE'S AN AFTER LIFE. (DEBY IS REPLACED BY REGY)

REGY - IN VIOLEOUER - FWOA, CHRIS MAN THIS IS HARSA DUDE. YOUR CARREER WOULD HAVE PICKUP IF YOU JUST STUCK IT OUT, AND HELEN WOULDVE COME AROUND. MAN THIS IS REALLY SAD, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE DEAD. SOON YOUR FLESH IS GONNA ROT OFF YOUR BONES AND YOUR GONNA BE DIRT. SHIT I GUESS THAT HAPPENS TO EVERY BODY DOSEN'T IT. WELL THE RUMORS OF YOUR DEATH ARE WIPING THROUGH THE ART WORLD AND COLECTORS ARE LOOKING FOR AVAILABLE WORK OF YOURS. SO YOU MADE IT AFTER ALL DUDE, "ALRIGHT!" (IN HEAVY METAL ACCENT) WELL I THINK OF YOU WHEN I WATCH TUFF TRAX "SEE YA" (FROM MOTLEY CRUE). (REGY IS REPLACED BY ALICE)

ALICE - IN VIOLE OVER - GOD CHRIS YOU'RE GORGEOUS, I ALLWAYS WANTED TO FUCK YOU. I GUESS IT'S TO LATE NOW, WHAT A WASTE. WELL BYE CHRIS.

HELEN BURSTS INTO FUNERAL PARLOR SCREAMING

HELEN - OH GOD IT'S TRUE, HE'S DEAD, CHRIS, CHRIS YOU KNOW I LOVED YOU (CRYING SHE THROUGHS HERSELF ON HIS COFFIN AND PICKS UP HIS LIFELESS BODY) CHRIS I DO LOVE, I WANTED TO HAVE YOUR CHILDREN, OH GOD, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO (MASS HISTERIA AS CHRIS'S FAMILY PULLS HER AWAY FROM CHRIS, HELEN BREAKS DOWN CRYING AS CHRIS'S FATHER TRIES TO COMFORT HER.

CHRIS AWAKES FROM HIS MORBID FANTASY

AS HE REACHES HIS GALLERY. HE ENTERS AND WALKS TO THE BACK INTO HIS DEALERS OFFICE. SHE'S A PRETTY MIDDLEAGED WOMAN.

CHRIS- HI MARGRET

MARGRET- CHRIS, WE HAVE TO TALK

CHRIS- YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY IT, YOU WANT TO DUMP ME RIGHT.

MARGRET- WELL NO CHRIS I ~~CA~~ JUST WANTED...

CHRIS- (INTERUPTING) YEAH RIGHT, BECAUSE MY SHOW DIDN'T SELL YOU WANT ME OUT, I KNEW THIS WAS COMING..

MARGRET- CHRIS I WASN'T GOING TO....

CHRIS- WELL YOU CAN JUST FUCK OFF. ~~I~~ I KNOW WHY YOU WANTED ME TO COME HEAR TODAY. WELL I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU KICK ME OUT, I'M LEAVING AND YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET THIS! (CHRIS STORMS OUT OF THE GALLERY)

MARGRET- (RUNS AFTER CHRIS BUT HE'S ALREADY GONE, MARGRET WALKS OVER TO HER ASSISTENT AND SAIS) HE'S NUTS!

ASSISTENT- WHAT HAPPENED?

MARGRET- I DON'T KNOW, I ASKED HIM TO COME IN TODAY BECAUSE I WANTED TO OFFER HIM A STYPEND SO THAT HE'D HAVE MORE TIME TO WORK IN HIS STUDIO, INSTEAD OF HIM HAVING TO HAVE A JOB. BUT HE BLEW UP! THERE ARE ALOT OF COLECTORS ON THE VERGE OF BUYING HIS WORK, ~~THEY'RE~~ JUST ~~PLAYING~~ THAT WAITING GAME. NONE OF THEM BUY UNLESS THE OTHER ONE DOES, AND IT'S JUST A MATTER OF WHO GOES FIRST. IT'S DEFENTLY GOING TO HAPPEN FOR HIM.

ASSISTENT- DIDN'T HE JUST QUIT THE GALLERY?

MARGRET- YES, HE DID. HE'S REALLY UPSET, I'LL GIVE HIM A COUPLE OF MONTHS TO COOL DOWN AND IF HE'S STILL CRAZY ~~BY~~ THEN. ~~THEN~~ HE'LL BE JUST ANOTHER NEW YORK STORY.

WE SEE CHRIS WALKING HOME, EAST IN DOWN HOUSTON ST. AFTER QUITING HIS GALLERY. HE APPROACHES A LADDER LEANING AGAINST A ONE STORY BUILDING NEAR KATZ'S. CHRIS WALKS UNDERNEATH IT. A CHINESE WORKER ACCIDENTALLY DROPS A CALKING GUN ON CHRIS'S HEAD.

CHRIS - AUGH FUCK! - WHAT THE FUCK?
(CHRIS STEPS BACK AND SPOTS THE WORKER)
HEY YOU STUPID FUCKIN PIECE OF SHIT YOU DROPPED THIS FUCKING THING RIGHT ON MY HEAD! (CHRIS PICKS UP THE GUN AND HISSES IT AT HIM) (CHRIS STARTS TO BLEED)
I'M BLEEDING YOU FUCKING MAGGOT!

WORKER - WELL FUCK YOU MUDDER FUCKEL

CHRIS - OH YEAH, YOU FUCKIN CUT ME AND YOURE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH IT. I AM GOING TO SUE YOUR FUCKIN ASS!

WORKER - GO ON HOME CWY BABY.

CHRIS - COME DOWN HEAR NOW! (A CROWD FROM KATZ'S POUR OUT TO WATCH THIS SCENE, MOSTLY BLACKS AND PUERTO RICANS, THEY THINK THIS IS HILLARIOUS AND ARE LAUGHING AT CHRIS AND TAUNTING HIM.)

CHRIS - COME DOWN HERE NOW OR I'LL COME UP THERE AND KICK YOUR ASS!!

WORKER - TWY IT ASS HOE
(CHRIS STARTS UP THE LADDER AND THEN THINKS TWICE AND CLIMBS BACK DOWN)

WORKER - CHICKEN!!
(THE CROWD MAKES CHICKEN NOISES)
- CHRIS GRABS THE LADDER AND THROUGHS IT INTO HOUSTON ST. LEAVING THE WORKER STRANDED ON THE ROOF.

WORKER- HEY! STOP HIM! COME BACK!

— CHRIS WALKS AWAY FLIPPING THE WORKER OFF. THE CROWD IS MAKING FUN OF CHRIS CALLING HIM "PUSSY" AND "FAGGOT". THE WORKER JUMPS OFF THE ROOF AND CHASES DOWN CHRIS. THE WORKER USES SIMPLE MARSHEL ARTS, AND KICKS CHRIS'S ASS TO THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD.

-END SCENE-

~~"IT'S ABOUT BEING NO ONE"~~

Art, Life and God

"A MAN LAY'D BARE"

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CHRIS— (IN VOICE OVER) ~~"CHARITY"~~ ~~"OH GOD"~~ OH GOD! I'M SO SICK AND TIRED OF BEING SO STINKING BROKE! I CAN'T DO MY FUCKIN LAUNDRY, I CAN'T EAT, PAY RENT, I'VE GOT FUNGUS BREAKING OUT ALL OVER MY BODY, MY SKIN SMELLS LIKE DIRTY SNEAKERS, I'VE SMOKED ALL MY CIGERETTE BUTTS TWICE, THIS SUCKS! I NEVER ASKED FOR THIS. WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON. HEY GOD! CAN YOU HEAR ME I'M FUCKING HUNGRY MOTHER FUCKER! I CAN'T EAT, I CAN'T EAT, MY STOMACK HURTS. I.... CAN.... NOT.... FUCKING.... EAT.... EAT.... EAT!!!

(CHRIS STORMS OUT OF HIS LOFT AND HEADS UP AVE. A. IT'S A HOT, HUMID SUMMER SATURDAY. HE APROACHES TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK, THE STENCH OF THE HUNDREDS OF HOMELESS LIVING, AND DEFICATING THERE IS THE FIRST SIGHN TO REGISTER ON HIS SENSES. HE THEN BEGINS TO HEAR THE FAMILIAR BEAT OF HARI KRISHNA DRUMS AND TAMBERINES, AND THE WHINING "HARI, HARI, DACI, DACI, CA, CA, CA, CA, SOMTHIN, DAHA." LIKE PAVLOV'S DOG CHRIS BEGINS TO SALIUATE. HE PASSES THE LONG LINE OF HOMLESS TO WERE HARI KRISNAS GIVE AWAY FOOD AND CLEAN CLOTHES. WE HEAR HIS ANGUISH IN VOICE OVER.

CHRIS— (IN VOICE OVER) DAM —— DAM —— DAM —— FUCK THIS! CHRIS YOU HAVE TO EAT, BUT I DON'T WANT TO EAT THIS SHIT. THREE FUCKIN DAYS, SHIT. GOD IS THIS HOW YOU TREAT A HUMBLE SERVENT?; FUCK YOU CHRIS YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT SHIT FOR ONE SECOND. JUST EAT THE FUCKIN KRISHNA SLOP. SHIT THEY LOAD

THEIR FOOD WITH SALT PETER I THINK. - FUCK! NOT EATING IS ONE THING BUT NOT BEIN ABLE TO GET IT UP... SHIT... ~~FUCKIN~~ I WON'T EVEN BEABLE TO JERK OFF IF I EAT THIS SHIT. FUCKING GOD! DAM IT! I PRAY FOR FOOD AND YOU GIVE ME SOME, BUT OFCOURSE NOT WITHOUT A PRICE TO PAY. AND THE PRICE IS THE ONLY PLEASURE I HAVE LEFT IN THE WORLD. YOU CAN'T GET SOMTHIN FOR NOTHIN — OH! SHUT THE FUCK UP! SHIT!

(CHRIS PACES BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF THE FOOD STAND, LOST COMPLETELY IN THOUGHT. UNTIL A HARI KRISHNA SNAPS HIM BACK).

HARI KRISHNI — HELLO BROTHER - (CHRIS DOES'NT RESPOND) HEY BROTHER! (HE PUTS HIS HAND ON CHRIS'S SHOULDER)

CHRIS - (STARTLED) AUGH! OH, WHAT?

HARI KRISHNA - EAT WITH US BROTHER.

CHRIS - I'M NOT YOUR FUCKIN BROTHER,

HARI KRISHNA - (USED TO BAD REACTIONS FROM PEOPLE) BROTHER, WE ONLY CARE TO HELP YOU, WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING IN RETURN UNLESS YOU CARE TO GIVE IT.

CHRIS — GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY FACE JIT BAG! I DON'T NEED YOUR FUCKIN FOOD, I'VE GOT MONEY MAN, I'M NOT ONE OF THESE HOMLESS FUCKS.

HARI KRISHNA - (PUTS HIS HAND ON CHRIS'S SHOULDER) CALM DOWN.....

CHRIS - (SLAPS HIS HAND OFF) DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T FUCKIN TOUCH ME MAN! I'M A SCULPTOR, A SUCCESSFULL SCULPTOR! DON'T TOUCH ME! (THE HARI, STEPS BACK, AND CHRIS STORMS OFF DOWN AVE. A.) WE HEAR HIM

IN VOICE OVER AGAIN HIS EYES WELLING UP IN TEARS.)

CHRIS— OH PLEASE GOD GIVE ME SOOME FOOD I PROMISE
(INVOICEOVER) I'LL LOOK FOR A JOB, I PROMISE, PLEASE. YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR TRYING TO LIVE OFF MY ART, GOD I TRIED, I REALLY TRIED, AND I'LL NEVER STOP, I'LL DIE FIRST AND I MEAN THAT, OH GOD HEAR ME, I'LL BE GOOD, I'LL BEVERY GOOD, I WON'T SAY ANYTHING MEAN TO ANY BODY, I'LL HELP PEOPLE WHO NEED FOOD IF ONLY YOU GIVE ME FOOD, OH GOD I HAVE TO TELL YOU I REALLY WANTA BE RICH, IF YOU MAKE ME RICH, I'LL HELP PEOPLE, I'LL GIVE TO CHARITIES, SHIT! GOD I DON'T NEED TO BE RICH, I KNOW THAT'S GREEDY OF ME, I'MSORRY I JUST NEED FOOD RIGHT NOW, I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT, OH GOD, WHAT HAPPEND TO THE GOOD CLEAN BOY I ONCE WAS, I KNOW I WAS RELIGOUS ONCE, I GUESS IT NEVER TOATALLY GOES AWAY DOESIT? I REMEMBER DURING LENT ONCE I SAID MY STATIONS OF THE CROSS EVERY DAY AND VISITED ELDERLY AT OLD AGE HOMES TWICE A WEEK. DOES THAT COUNT FOR ANYTHING NOW. SOMTIMES I FEEL THAT HAVING BEEN LIKE THAT WHEN I WAS YOUNG IS WHY I'M FAILING SO MISERABLY NOW. I USED TO THINK THAT IF A PERSON WAS GOOD TRUELY GOOD, GOOD TO EVERYONE HE MEETS, THAT GOOD WOULD COME BACK TO HIM, BUT WITH EVERY YEAR I SPEND IN NEW YORK I BEGIN TO SOARLY REALIZE THAT THIS IS ANYTHING BUT TRUE. BECAUSE FROM WHAT I CAN TELL IT'S THE PRICKS WHO MAKE IT... I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME, THAT MAKING IT IN NEW YORK DOESN'T MEAN JACK SHIT IN

THE SPIRITUAL SENSE. BUT GOD, IT MEANS A FUCKLOAD TO ME. IF I DON'T MAKE IT HERE IN NEW YORK I'LL NEVER BE HAPPY ANYWERE MY ENTIRE LIFE, I'LL ALLWAYS SEE MYSELF AS A FAILURE, A DIRTY, ROTTEN, MISERABLE LOOSER! AND IF THATS TRUE GOD THEN I'LL NEVER BE COMPLETE SPIRITUALLY. I NEED TO WIN OR I'LL LOOSE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND HOW THERE IS NO GREY HERE. IT WOULD'NT BE SO BAD IF I HAD'NT COME SO CLOSE, BUT GOD, I HAVE TASTED IT. I HAVE TASTED THE PURE BLUE BLOODED PUSSIES OF THE OLD MONEY RICH. I'VE TASTED THE CUNT OF A MODERN MASTERS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER. I'VE HEARD AND SMELLED THE RICH FART AND WHINE LIKE BABIES ABOUT THEIR STEAK BEING RARE. I'VE SMASHED UP THEIR BMW'S WHILE DRIVING DRUNK IN EAST HAMPTON. AND NOW HERE I AM FIGHTING FOR MY FUCKIN PRIDE WITH SOME STUPID FUCKIN HARI KRISHNA. OHSHIT! I'M SORRY GOD I KNOW I SHOULD LOVE MY FELLOW MAN, I LOVE THE KRISHNAS AND I LOVE THE RICH. I'M SORRY, I DON'T NEED TO BE RICH, BOT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE,... WELL WHY SHOULD I LIE? I WANT TO BE RICH, I WANT TO BE A MODERN MASTER, A FUCKIN GENIUS, I WANT TO BE THE BEST ARTIST IN THE WORLD! FUCK THAT, I AM, I WILL BE, I DON'T WANT A LIFE OF MEDIOCRITY, I'VE BEEN BORN INTO THE MIDDLE, OF THE MIDDLE, OF THE MIDDLE. AND I'M CLASTROPHOBIC. I'LL LETTHER STAND

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ABOVE THE MIDDLE OR BELOW BUT NEVER IN THE MIDDLE AGAIN! IF I'M RICH I'LL BE HAPPY AND IF I'M POOR. I'LL KILL MYSELF IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT GOD TAKE ME OR LEAVE ME. I DON'T EVEN CARE... SHIT SALT PETERMAN, HEY GOD I'VE AT LEAST RETAINED MY POWER TO CUM!

(AND WITH THAT CHRIS RETURNS TO HIS LOFT, HE'S GAUNT AND WILD EYED, HE IMEDIATLY KICKS OFF HIS SHOES AND PULLS OFF HIS PANTS AND WALKS AROUND IN JUST HIS T. SHIRT, HE WALKS THROUGH HIS SCULPTURES, AND HE STARTS TO CRY, CRY SLOWLY AND LOUDLY, UNAFFECTED, PURE AND SIMPLE TORCHURED BALLING. HE SITS DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND PUTS HIS HEAD BETWEEN HIS KNEES, TEARS DRIP ON HIS PENIS, CHRIS STARTS TO STROKE HIS PENIS, SLOWLY, HE GETS NO REACTION, HE JERKS IT BUT HIS PENIS DOESN'T RESPOND. CHRIS IS TOO WEAK FROM HUNGER TO BECOME ERECT BUT HE IS DETERMINED TO CUM, ~~HE KEEPS~~ WE HEAR HIM IN VOICEOVER—

CHRIS— I MUST CUM, GOD IT'S MY LAST RITE, IT'S ALL I
IN VOICEOVER HAVE, PLEASE GIVE ME THE STRENGTH.

(CHRIS TRIES FOR A LONG TIME BUT GETS NOTHING, HE GOES INTO HIS BATHROOM AND LOOKS AT HIS NAKED BODY IN FRONT OF THE ~~KEA~~ MIRROR, AGAIN HE SHAKES HIS PENIS BUT HE CAN'T STIR IT. CHRIS REMOVES THE MIRROR FROM THE WALL, HE BRINGS IT INTO HIS STUDIO AND RESTS IT AGAINST THE WALL, HE WALKS OVER TO HIS PANTS AND REMOVES THE BELT FROM THEM. CHRIS LOOKS AT THE BELT AND THEN WALKS OVER TO A DOOR DIRECTLY

IN FRONT OF WHERE HE PLACED THE MIRROR, HE TIES ~~THE~~ ONE END OF THE BELT AROUND THE DOOR KNOB AND A SLIP KNOT USING THE BELT BUCKLE ON THE OTHER. CHRIS SITS AT THE BASE OF THE DOOR FACING THE MIRROR AND SLIPS THE LOOP AROUND HIS NECK. CHRIS LETS HIS WEIGHT DOWN AND THE BELT GROWS TIGHT AROUND HIS NECK, HE SLUMPS DOWN LOWER UNTIL HE CAN FEEL THE BELT CUT THE BLOOD AND AIR FROM HIS HEAD. HE FEELS FOR HIS PENIS, IT'S AS HARD AND SWOLEN AS HIS FACE, HE PUMPS IT VIGOROUSLY WHILE WATCHING HIS BODY IN THE MIRROR, HIS FACE IS DARK PURPLE AND SO IS HIS ~~[illegible]~~ PENIS. THE REST OF HIS BODY IS IT'S NATURAL TONE. CHRIS'S EYES BEGIN TO FOG, HE REALIZES HE'S VERY CLOSE TO UNCONSIOUSNESS AND HE SAVES HIM SELF BY LIFTING HIMSELF UP AND RELAXING THE BELT. CHRIS REMAINS ERECT AND PUMPS HIMSELF TILL HE'S ON THE EDGE OF ORGASM, THE WHOLE TIME STARING AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR. CHRIS, ON THE EDGE OF ORGASM NOW, LOWERS HIS BODY DOWN, TIGHTNING THE BELT ONCE AGAIN, HIS FACE QUICKLY GROWS RED THEN PURPLE HE BEATS HIMSELF HARDER AND FASTER, HIS EYES FIGHT TO STAY OPEN TO WATCH HIS EXCTASY. WE HEAR CHRIS'S THOUGHTS IN VOICE OVER:

CHRIS - (IN VOICE OVER) SMALL CHILD, BURNING HOTTER, I DO LOVE YOU AFTER ALL, PLEASE ACCEPT THIS, IT'S THE GREATEST GIFT I CAN GIVE, TAKE YOURSELF, OH PLEASURE TAKE ME, CUM, CUM SWEATHEART, I LOVE YOU, CUM, CUM LIKE ~~YOU~~ YOU'VE NEVER CUM, CUM LIKE YOU DID WHEN YOU WERE TWELVE, AUGH THIS DOES FEEL GOOD, I FEEL GOOD

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IT FEELS SO GOOD, I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING BUT THIS, I WANT TO CUM, I WANT TO CUM LIKE I'VE NEVER CUM, CUM CHRIS, OH CUM, THE PAIN, THE SADNESS, IT'S ALL GONE NOW JUST TAKE IT, GO ALL THE WAY CHRIS, CUM, CUM FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, CUM FOR EVER, CUM, CUM, CUM CHRIS, CUM CHRIS, CUM CHRIS

CUM

CHRIS

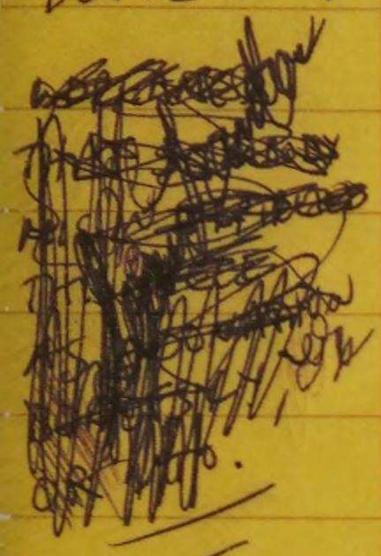
CHRIS!

(CHRIS CUMS, AND AS HE CUMS HIS BODY SOFTLY RELAXES ~~AS CHRIS~~ AND HIS, IN HE EXTASY FALLS UNCONSIOUS, HELD UPRIGHT ONLY BY THE BELT THAT HIS BODY ~~LAYS~~ WEIGHT KEEPS TIGHT AROUND HIS NECK)

—END FILM—

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"DREAM PIECES"
"SO WHAT"
"LAZY ASS"
"DUMB FUCK"



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(CHRIS, IS POOR AND HUNGRY HE NAPS AND ~~W~~RITES WHAT HE DREAMS)

"I'M IN THE POOR GALLERY, ALL THE ARTISTS ARE POOR HERE (EXCEPT M.W.) WE DON'T MAKE MUCH MONEY, AND ~~MARGRET~~ DOES'NT DO RESALE, SO PLEASE BUY SOMTHING, THANK YOU."

CHRIS

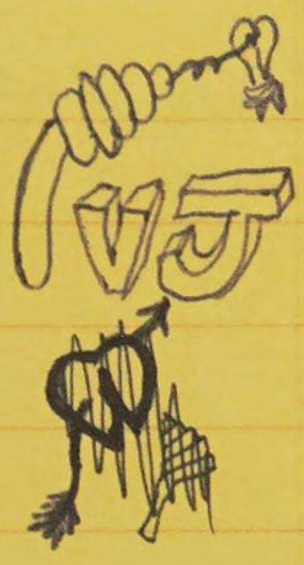
- HE DREAMS ~~THAT~~ JERRY SALTZ READS THIS PIECE AND LIKES IT SO MUCH ~~THAT~~ HE BUYS IT AND TELLS ALL HIS FRENDS TO BUY ONE.

CHRIS DREAMS THAT JOHN CURRIN THE PAINTER WHO PAINTS TEENAGED BOYS AND GIRLS, WALKED THROUGH HIS STUDIO, AND LIKED CHRIS'S ART SO MUCH THAT HE GAVE UP HIS OWN, TO PROMOTE CHRISS.

NO MONEY, NO HOPE OF ANY, I'M HERE IN MY STUDIO AND I DON'T ~~HAVE~~ ANYTHING TO WORK WITH, I READ SOME BYRON POEMS, THEN FELL ASLEEP AT 1:00 pm IN THE ~~AFTER~~NOON WITH THIS DAM PAD ON MY FACE*, EVEN THOUGH I'M OUT OF CLAY AND BROKE, I FEEL GUILTY AND TRY AND DO SOMTHING, SO I COME UP WITH THIS CRACK POT IDEA ~~THAT~~ I CAN NAP AND MAKE IT MY ART.

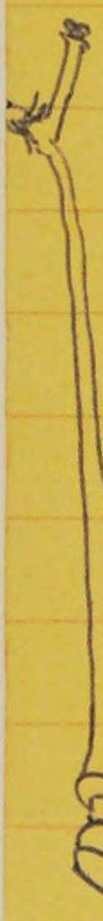
1990 Chris Hanson

* IT'S TRUE HERE IS THE GREASE STAIN FROM MY NOSE



TATIANA

DEAR TATIANA YOUR BEAUTIFUL FLOWER STANDS ALONE IN A SEA OF UGLINESS. WHAT PLEASURE YOU GIVE THE WEARY EYES OF HUMANITY. A BEACON IN THE THE STORM OF HORRIBLE SORROWS THAT CONSTITUTES LIFE ITSELF. YOU ARE GODLIKE STANDING AGAINST MORTAL HOPLESS-NESS. TIME SHALL NEVER RAPE YOU OF YOUR ~~DIVINE~~ BEAUTY, YOU SHALL FOREVER LIVE IN YOUR STATE OF ETERNAL GLORY, BECAUSE I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOUR DIVINE IMAGE. YOUR TOTAL BEAUTY ~~THAT~~ FOR MEN LIKE ME PROVIDES REASON FOR LIVING. YOUR INSPIRATION WILL ALLOW ME TO LEAVE HERE THIS EVENING KNOWING THAT GOD DOES EXIST AND THAT I HAVE BORN WITTNESS TO ONE OF HIS GREATEST CREATIONS. I SWEET LOVLINESS, TENDER, GENTILE, CREATURE, SOMEHOW HEAR MY TRUE INTENT THROUGH MY MEANINGLESS BANTER, FOR MY SEE YOU AND MY MIND CANNOT COMPREHEND THE PROFOUND PERFECTION THAT YOU ARE. MY DEAR, LOVLY BIRD, FLY IN PEACE, SING IN HARMONY, AND FEED UPON THE SWEETEST NECTORS FROM GODS MOST BEAUTIFUL GARDENS. DEAR SWEET TATIANA YOUR FLOWER WILL NEVER WILT AS LONG AS I AM A THINKING MAN, YOU'LL LIVE ETTERNALLY IN MY HEART AND YOUR JUST PLACE THERE SHALL NEVER BE THREATEND BY ANY OTHER. I DEAR GOD SOOTHE MY RACING MIND, BURNING IN A FLAME OF PASSION, I CAN THINK OF NOTHING BUT THE GRACEFUL ALL ENCOMPASSING SPELL OF THIS PERFECTION. ALLOW SLEEP TO TAKE ME TO HER SIDE AND REST AT HER TENDER BREAST. TOGETHER WE SHALL LIVE IN FANTASY. GOOD GOD IN HEAVIN ALLOW US TO LIVE IN MY DREAMS. GIVE TO ME HER GOLDEN BODY AND SEE US FULLFILL



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OUR PASSIONS. HER LONG SLENDER LEGS WRAPPED AROUND MY WAIST ACCEPTING MY BURNING DESIRE FOR HER. GIVE ME THE STRENGTHE TO NOT FALTER, MY INTENT IS TO PLEASE. LET HER TASTE THE FULL POWER OF MY SUBLIME LOVE. LET HER BOIL INSIDE WITH AN EQUAL INFERNO ONLY TO THAT OF MINE. GIVE ME HER SWEET NECTER AND THE COOL DEW FROM HER TONGUE. DEARLY BELOVED! TAKE ME I AM FOREVER YOURS, YOUR HEAVINLY IMAGE I DO WED!

URGENTLY YOURS
CHRIS HAMSON



"LIL DOGGY"

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(W.O.C.H.)

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HEY LIL DOGGY, CITY GOT YA DOWN, YOUR
HEADS A SPININ, FUCKED UP SHIT GOIN ROUND.
LIFE'S A BITCH LIL DOGGY AND SO ARE YOU.
LIL DOGGY AINT GOT NO FUN
LIL DOGGY, LIL DOGGY, LOVE YA
LIL DOGGY.
STUCK IN THE APT. ALL DAY GOTS TO TAKE
A PEE. DOG WALKER'S A YUPI, SHE DON'T
LIKE ME. STUCK IN THE CONCRETE JUNGLE
WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS CITAY
LIL DOGGY AINT GOT NO FUN
LIL DOGGY NEEDS TO TAKE A RUN
LIL DOGGY, LIL DOGGY, LOVE YA
LIL DOGGY.
CHICKEN BONES ON THE SIDEWALK
SHIT IN THE STREET, SNIFFIN THE
ASS OF EVERY DOG I MEET
LIL DOGGY, LIL DOGGY LOVE YA LIL DOGGY
KEEP YOUR HEAD HIGH, GIVE THAT TAIL
AWAG, LOVE YA LIL DOGGY, YA YA YA
LIL DOGGY, LOVE YA, FUCK YOU, LOVE YA
LIL DOGGY, YA YA YA.....

CHRIS Hanson

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— CHRIS AND TATIANA AT BED, LATE NIGHT. —

CHRIS- TATIANA?

TATIANA- YEAH?

CHRIS- AM I THE BEST LOVER YOUVE EVER HAD?

TATIANA- (REMAINS SILENT FOR WAY TO LONG)

CHRIS- WELL I GUESS I SHOULD INTERPRET THAT AS A NO.

TATIANA- (STILL SILENT)

CHRIS- TATIANA!..... WHAT? AM I THE WORST OR SOMTHING?

TATIANA- CHRIS, WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME THIS?

CHRIS- I DON'T KNOW, I JUST WANTED TO KNOW..... SO WHO WAS THIS MASTER LOVER ANYWAY?.... WHAT'D HE HAVE A MONSTER TOOL OR SOMTHING?

TATIANA- C'MON CHRIS CUT IT OUT.

CHRIS- NO, I WANTA KNOW! WHAT WAS SO GREAT ABOUT HIS DICK?

TATIANA- I CAN'T BELIEVE YOURE BEING SO STUPID CHRIS, IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH DICK SIZE OR ANYTHING IT HAS TO DO WITH <u>HOW</u> YOU DO IT.

CHRIS- YOU MEAN I DO IT BAD?

TATIANA- NO YOU DON'T DO IT BAD..... IT'S JUST ~~THAT~~ WE HAVE ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

CHRIS- ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT?... WHAT? YA MEAN LIKE ARE PERUISES DON'T GRIND AT THE RIGHT ANGLE WHEN I'M IN YOU?.... WHAT? I DON'T KNOW... A LOT OF THIS IS UP TO YOU, YOU KNOW. TAKE CHARGE IF YOURE NOT GETTIN IT RIGHT FUKIN USE ME LIKE ~~A~~ GYM ~~EQ~~ EQUIPMENT.

TATIANA- CHRIS! ~~CAN~~ CALM DOWN!

CHRIS- WELL I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY..... I TRY MY BEST, I MEAN, COME ON, REALLY! 2 HRS. TATIANA, 2 HRS! DO YOU KNOW HOW ~~HARD~~ DIFFICULT IT IS TO KEEP HARD FOR 2 HRS.? AND STILL NOTHING! I'M MEAN, REALLY, TELL ME DO WE HAVE PROBLEMS PHSYCOLOGICALLY OR PHYSICALLY?

TATIANA- FIRST OF ALL CHRIS YOU DON'T OFTEN LAST FOR TWO HOURS..... TRY 10 MINUETTES THATS YOUR AVERAGE.

CHRIS- 10 MINUETS! ARE YOU CRAZY?..... WHAT KIND OF CLOCK WERE YOU LOOKIN AT?

TATIANA- THE ONE ON YOUR NIGHT TABLE, YOU KNOW THE ONE WITH THE RED DIGITAL NUMBERS?

CHRIS- VERY FUNNY! TATIANA, VERY FUNNY..... YOU KNOW, I KNOW THAT I'VE BEEN PREMATURE BEFORE, BUT SOMTIMES, I JUST CAN'T HELP IT, HONESTLY, I TRY, I THINK OF THE GROSSEST THINGS ON EARTH TO AVOID COMING BUT, SOMTIMES THERE'S NOTHING I CANDO. BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT I HAVE LASTED FOR MUCH LONGER A LOT OF THE TIME. BESIDES YOU SHOULD TAKE IT AS A COMPLIMENT IF I CAN'T CONTROL THE ORGASM. AFTER ALL IT'S YOU WHO'S MAKING ME CUM. AND WHAT ABOUT THE TIMES THAT I DO LAST LONG YOU STILL CAN'T CUM, IT'S NOT JUST ME TATIANA. I THINK IT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T TRUST ME.

TATIANA- WELL IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU'RE WAY TO MUCH ON THE REBOUND.

CHRIS- DAMIT! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO DROP THAT? I'M OVER HER FOR CHRIST SAKES.

TATIANA- YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?

CHRIS- DAMIT HEL.... UGH, TATIANA

TATIANA- SEE, SEE, I TOLD YOU, DAMIT ON I TOLD YOU! HELEN! RIGHT CHRIS HELEN!

CHRIS- WHOA, COOL DOWN NOW TATIANA, YOURE THE ONE WHO JUST TOLD ME THAT YOURE OLD BOY FRIEND WAS A BETTER LOVER THAN ME. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT ABOUT YOU AND NOW YOURE HERE GETTIN PISSED.

TATIANA- EVERY TIME WE FUCK I LOOK AT YOU AND WONDER IF YOU'D RATHER BE FUCKING HELEN AND SO NATURALLY I CAN'T CUM!

CHRIS- SO IT'S NOT ME, IT'S YOU!

TATIANA- FUCK YOU CHRIS, IT'S YOU!

CHRIS- HEY, WAITE A MINUETTE HERE, I DON'T THINK OF HELEN WHEN WE HAVE SEX, NEVER, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? I'M TELLING THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH HERE TATIANA.

TATIANA- YOU JUST STARTED THIS STUPID FIGHT BECAUSE I REFUSED TO REASURE YOUR STUPID MALE EGO. ~~BY SA~~ DO YOU REALIZE, ~~IF~~ THAT IF I SIMPLY ANSWERD YOUR FIRST QUESTION WITH "OF COURSE YOU ARE HONEY" WE'D BE ASLEEP BY NOW?.... I MEAN, COME ON, NO WHAT I'M SAYING, SHIT!... THE REALITY IS CHRIS ~~THAT~~ I HAVE A HARD TIME COMING WITH YOU, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHY. BUT HOW COULD YOU HAVE BEEN SO

STUPID TO THINK THAT YOU WERE MY BEST LOVER
WHEN YOU CAN'T EVEN MAKE ME CUM FOR CHRIST
SAKES?..... JESUS!..... AUGH!

CHRIS- GOD!..... I FEEL PRETTY DUMB

TATIANA- YOU SHOULD.... LOOK, YOURE NOT A BAD LOVER
ALRIGHT, QUIT MOPEING!

CHRIS- WHY ARE YOU BEING SO STERN WITH ME?

TATIANA- BECAUSE, YOURE ACTING LIKE SUCH A BABY,
CUT IT, GROW UP.

CHRIS- COME ON TATIANA, MEN NEED HUGS TOO SOMTIMES,..
I ALWAYS HUG YOU WHEN YOU FEEL INSECURE,
OR IF YOU NEED REASURING WHICH IS QUITE OFTEN
I DON'T REFUSE TO GIVE IT ON ACCOUNT OF
YOUR "FEMALE EGO", I MEAN, DAMIT,
YOU WOMEN GO AROUND TALKIN ABOUT HOW
YOU WANT A MAN WITH WHOM YOU CAN BE
EQUAL, WELL DAMIT! HERE I AM!
CHRIS HAMSON EQUAL GUY! IF YOU
CAN CRY THAN WHY CAN'T I? WHEN YOU
CRY, I HUG YOU AND KISS YOU. WHEN I EVEN
GET A THE LEAST BIT WIMPY, ALL OF A SUDDEN
YOUR A COLD ASS BITCH! I CAN'T BE A HARD
GUY ALL THE TIME.

TATIANA- THEN HOW ABOUT SOME OF THE TIME?...
CUT THE SHIT CHRIS, YOURE RIGHT I DON'T LIKE
WIMPS.

CHRIS- YOU'RE SO INSENSATIVE.

TATIANA- LOOK, I'M TIRED AND I WANT TO SLEEP, DO
YOU THINK THAT YOU COULD LEAVE ME ALONE?

CHRIS- TATIANA?..... HONEY?..... WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS.....

TATIANA- (INTERUPTING) LOOK CHRIS! I AM TIRED AND I WANT TO SLEEP GOT IT!

CHRIS- WELL I JUST THOUGHT WE COULD WORK THIS OUT, YOU KNOW THE PROBLEMS NOT JUST GONNA GO AWAY ON IT'S OWN.

TATIANA- WHAT PROBLEM, DO YOU REALISE THAT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOURE TALKING ABOUT.

CHRIS- UGH! I'M SO FRUSTRATED! DAM!, WHY ARE YOU BEING SO SHORT WITH ME? THERE'S OBULOUSLY SOMTHING BOTHERING ME, WHY CAN'T YOU DEAL WITH THAT AND HELP ME THROUGH IT?

TATIANA- OK, OK, OK, WHAT, WHATS THE PROBLEM?

CHRIS- (THINKS, HAVING FORGOTEN IT) .. UM.. OH, WELL I GUESS IT'S THAT BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE ORGASMS OFTEN, IT MAKES ME FEEL INADAQUET, BUT THEN AGAIN OTHER GIRLS USED TO ~~HAVE~~ SEVERAL ORGASMS, SO I JUST DON'T KNOW ~~MAYBE~~ MABEY WE'RE NOT COMPATABLE.

TATIANA- CHRIS, I DON'T KNOW, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE TERM, "A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS?"

CHRIS- I GUESS I'M WATCHING YOUR POT HUH?

TATIANA- MMHM. (LONG SILENCE, THEY BOTH THINK)

CHRIS- I'M SORRY TATIANA, YOU KNOW I'VE NEVER TOLD YOU I LOVE YOU BEFORE

TATIANA- I KNOW

CHRIS- WELL, I DO.

TATIANA- ..... I LOVE YOU TOO.

(THEY'RE BOTH ~~HAPPY~~ NOW)

CHRIS- HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, WE'RE IN LOVE.....

..... DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT I'M PRONE TO LATE NIGHT FREAKOUTS?

TATIANA- IS THAT WHAT THIS WAS?.... I'M GONNA KILL YOU...

CHRIS- CAN YOU DEAL WITH THE FACT THAT I HAVE THEM?

TATIANA- (THINKS)... YES.... I CAN

CHRIS- SHWWEEOO!

— CHRIS AND TATIANA KISS AND THEN MAKE LOVE, TATIANA [redacted] IS ON TOP, AND USEING CHRIS LIKE GYM EQUIPMENT, MANAGES TO CUM IN UNDER 10 MINUETTS, CHRIS EASILY HOLDS OUT [redacted] AND QUICKLEY [redacted] LETS HIMSELF CUM AFTER [redacted] SHE DOES. ——

— END SCENE —

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"FORBIDEN BREAST" — STARRING CHRIS HAMSON AND TATIANA

— CHRIS LIES EXHAUSTED BY THE SIDE OF TATIANA, HIS LONG LUSTED AFTER FANTASY WOMAN. WE KNOW FROM "FLYING DUTCHMAN" THAT CHRIS IS HAVING PROBCEMS SUSTAINING AN ERECTION.

TATIANA— CHRIS DON'T WORRY SO MUCH, YOU CAN STILL BE AFFECTIONATE. (CHRIS BEGINS TO RUB HER BREAST, HIS EYES ARE RED WITH TEAR, HE'S BECOME TO FRUSTRATED NOT UNLIKE A CHILD.) JUST THINK OF MY BREAST, DON'T THINK OF ANY THING ELSE (CHRIS BEGINS TO KISS HER BREAST SOFTLY, STILL RUBBING AS IF HIS LIFE IS DEPENDENT UPON IT.) ONLY RUB THIS BREAST, YOU CAN'T TOUCH THE OTHER, YOUR NOT ALLOWED.

CHRIS - NOT ALLOWED?

TATIANA- NO

CHRIS - BUT I WANT THAT ONE TOO.

TATIANA- IT'S AGAINST THE RULES YOU CAN'T TOUCH THAT ONE. (CHRIS TRIES TO AND SHE ROUGHLY PUSHES HIM AWAY. CHRIS RETURNS TO THE LEGAL BREAST ~~BE~~ AND SUCKS IT'S NIPPLE WHILE EYEING THE OTHER. CHRIS THEN TRIES TO KISS TATIANA ON THE LIPS AND SHE TURNS HER HEAD.

TATIANA- YOU CAN KISS ME ANYWERE BUT MY LIPS, IT'S AGAINST THE RULES TO KISS ME ON THE LIPS. (CHRIS PASSIONATLY KISSES HER FACE, THE CLOSER HE COMES TO HER MOUTH THE MORE EXCITED THEY BOTH BECOME.) AND I'M NOT ALLOWED TO KISS YOU ANYWHERE.

CHRIS - WHY NOT? (BECOMING MORE EXCITED)

TATIANA- JUST BECAUSE....BUT YOU CAN KISS ME WERE EVER YOU WANT TO.... EXCEPT MY LIPS. (CHRIS DESENDS ON TATIANA KISSING AS HE GOES HE REACHES HER VULVA AND LICKS IT DRAWING HER WETTNESS OUT, HE THEN CONCENTRATES ON HER CLITORIS AS TATIANA PONDERS

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THE BREAST THAT HE WAS'NT ALLOWED TO TOUCH. CHRIS EYES THE ~~BREAST~~ FORBIDON BREAST WHILE HE LICKS HER. SUDDENLY HE LUNGES TOWARD THE FORBIDON BREAST BUT TATIANA COVERS IT WITH BOTH HANDS. CHRIS BITES THE OTHER ONE, THIS HURTS HER.

TATIANA- CHRIS! (CHRIS THEN LUNGES TOWARD HER MOUTH TO KISS IT SHE TURNS HER HEAD JUST IN TIME TO MISS HIS KISS. CHRIS RETURNS TO HER CLITORIS AND EATS HER WILDLY. TATIANA TANGLES CHRIS'S HAIR. CHRIS GRABS HER PUBIC HAIR IN HIS TEETH AND PULLS TATIANA SMARTS FROM THE PAIN BUT DOESN'T PROTEST. IN TURN SHE PULLS CHRIS'S HAIR VERY HARD, CHRIS BITES HER INNER THIGH, THE PULLS HARDER AND CHRIS BITES HARDER. THEY CONTINUE THIS EACH ONE REFUSING TO GIVE UP. FINALLY THEY BOTH AT ONCE SLOWLY RELEASE EACHOTHER AND CHRIS RETURNS TO KISSING HER AND LICKING HER VAGINA HE LOVES HER TASTE. HE TRIES TO ENTER HER BUT SHE BLOCKS THE WAY WITH HER HAND.

CHRIS - WHAT'S WRONG?

TATIANA- NOTHING, YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO PENETRATE ME WITH YOUR PENIS.

CHRIS - WHY?

TATIANA- JUST BECAUSE. IT'S AGAINST THE RULES. (CHRIS AND TATIANA BOTH LOOK AT CHRIS'S PENIS IT'IS LARGER AND HARDER THAN ~~HERS~~ IT'S EVER BEEN, IT'S SEEMS SO MUCH BIGGER THAT CHRIS IS ACTUALLY SHOCKED BY IT. HE NEVER KNEW HE COULD BECOME SO BIG. IT WAS DARK RED AND THROBING THE TIP WAS GLAZED OVER BY HIS OWN SEMON LEAKING SLOWLY OUT IT'S IN ~~HERS~~ PRE ORGASMIC STATE. CHRIS ACHED FOR TATIANA TO AT LEAST TOUCH IT.

CHRIS - PLEASE TOUCH IT.

TATIANA- I CAN'T I'M NOT ALLOWED TO. (CHRIS MOANS) I CAN TOUCH YOUR

A. L. G.

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TESTICLES THOUGH. (TATIANA RUBS HIS BALLS IN A CIRCULAR MOTION. CHRIS IS PARALIZED WITH PLEASURE. CHRIS LIES ON HIS BACK AND TATIANA SWINGS HER LEG OVER HIS FACE. HER LONG HAIR TICKLES HIS STOMACH AND THIGHS AS SHE BEGINS TO LICK HIS TESTICALS. SHE LOWERS HER VULVA DOWN ONTO CHRISS FACE. CHRIS INSERTS HIS TONGUE DEEP INTO HER AS TATIANA HOLDS A TESTICLE IN HER COOL MOUTH. CHRIS IS ACHING TO BURST AS HE WATCHES HIS PENIS FLOATING BETWEEN HER TWO HANGING BREASTS. CHRIS INSERTS TWO FINGERS INTO HER AND RUBS HER CLIT WITH HIS TONGUE. SHE ASKS HIM TO PUT IN ANOTHER FINGER.

TATIANA - USE THREE FINGERS

CHRIS - LIKE THIS?

TATIANA - MOVE THEM INSIDE OF ME.

(SHE RETURNS TO CHRIS, LICKING HIM EVEN MORE PASSIONATELY, HER THIGHS BEGIN TO SHUTTER AND SHE BECOMES WEAK. CHRIS FLIPS HER OVER AND JAMS HIS TONGUE INTO HER MOUTH THEY BEGIN TO KISS WITH TOTAL ABANDONMENT. TATIANA GRABS CHRIS'S PENIS AND DIRECTS IT BETWEEN HER LEGS AND INTO HER VAGINA. SHE BEGINS CUMING IMMEDIATELY AND CHRIS DEVORES THE FORBIDEN BREAST. AND IN MOMENTS HE IS CUMMING WITH HER .... THEY BOTH LIE LIMP AS IF IN SHOCK, CHRIS'S BALLS ACHE FROM CUMMING SO HARD AND TATIANA IS RUBBING HER THIGH WERE CHRIS BIT HER.

CHRIS - TATIANA, I'VE NEVER FELT THAT WAY IN MY ENTIRE LIFE. DID YOU KNOW I WAS CATHOLIC OR SOMTHING?

TATIANA - (LAUGHS) OH CHRIS, YOUR SUCH A ..... "CHRIS"

CHRIS - WELL WHAT EVER THAT MEANS, I GUESS SO... TATIANA?

TATIANA - YEAH?

CHRIS - IS IT TO SOON TO SAY I LOVE YOU? -END SCENE-

LOVE

Art, Life and God

Sean Landers

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~~[illegible]~~ IN SORROW, ~~[illegible]~~. ~~[illegible]~~ AND ~~[illegible]~~. ~~[illegible]~~ AS MORNING DOVES TAUNTINGLY SOUND THEIR HAUNTED LAUGH.

SADNESS ~~●~~ ENVELOPES ME SWELLING ~~[illegible]~~ MY ~~[illegible]~~ LOVE. YOUR SOFT KITTEN ~~●~~ OWNS ME, WITHOUT IT I'M A HUNGRY ~~[illegible]~~ MAN. I LONG FOR THE BRUSH OF YOUR BREASTS ACROSS MY CHEST AND THE TICKLE OF ~~Y~~OUR HAIR ON MY FACE. ~~THE~~ SWEAT ~~THE~~ STICKS OUR STOMACKS PRESSED TIGHT AND ~~HOT~~. YOUR TEETH SHOWING ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ THROUGH ~~[illegible]~~ PARTED LIPS AND LIDS SOFTLY CLOSEING. I'M IN YOU FURTHER THAN I AM. ARCHED BACK THE RINGS OF YOUR THROAT BULGE AND GASP FOR AIR. YOUR LOVE GRIPPING EVER TIGHTER YOU HARDEN AND THEN BECOME SOFT. I PIERCE YOUR WARMTH AND FEAR NOTHING. QUIVERING I MUST HOLD BACK BUT I ACHE TO BURST, WE PAUSE. I FEEL ALONE, A SMALL CHILD MINDLESSLY LOST. IN A SOFT WARM ~~[illegible]~~ MEADOW, ~~HARD AND WARM, COOL AND SOFT~~, WITH ~~THE~~ WIND OF LILACS RUSHING BY I LIE ON COOL GRASS, I'M AT PEACE AND MY MIND IS FREE. YOU ARE MY HEAVEN AS I SUCKLE AT YOUR BREAST. YOU GRIP ME TIGHTER PULLING ME DEEPER I FEEL YOUR PULSE AND THE GENTLE SONG OF YOUR BREATH ON MY EAR. GRINDING HARDER I LOOK TO SEE ME DISAPEARING IN YOUR HAIR ONLY TO REAMERGE WET WITH ~~[illegible]~~ YOUR PASSION. I HOLD YOUR ASS IN MY HANDS ~~[illegible]~~ MY FINGERS FIND YOUR UNOPEND FLOWER, CLOSED TIGHT, A SPRING BUD, FIRM, ~~[illegible]~~ AND ROUND, WET FROM ~~[illegible]~~ HER SISTER, ~~[illegible]~~ SHE BECKONS ME. WE

ROLE AND I'M BEHIND YOU. [redacted] CENTERD IN YOUR PINK ROUND HEART
A DARK EYE WATCHES ME AWAITING MY KISS. [redacted] BURNING-
IN FURRY I PRESS AGAINST HER, SHE RESISTS ME AND THEN
AS IF CHANGING HER MIND ALL AT ONCE SUCKS ME IN, THROUGH [redacted]
HER SLOW STIFF DOOR I ENTER HER SILENT DARK ROOM. A CHAMBER
DEEP AND HOLLOW LONGER THAN [redacted] LIFE WITH PILLOW SOFT WALLS,
[redacted] I CRY [redacted] OUT AND RECIEVE NO ECHO, THERE
IS NO END, THIS LIGHTLESS SPACE IS INFINATE. [redacted]
[redacted] ALONE WONDERING IN A FOREST AT NIGHT SHRILL
CRIES OF OWLS SCARE ME YET I FEEL COMPELLED TO WALK FURTHER IN.
HALLOW DEEP FOREST, I 'M [redacted] SMALL AMONGST YOUR [redacted] TALL PINES. [redacted] AS
WIND BENDS THEM BACK AND FORTH, THEY SHOWER NEEDLES UPON
MY NAKED BODY EACH ONE STICKING INTO ME AND STANDING STRAIGHT
OUT I CONVULSE IN THE PLEASURE OF THIS PAIN. DEAR SWEET
GIRL I PIERCE YOUR SPLENDID HEART IN ITS VIRGIN SPRING-
BLOSOM. SUCH PURE PERFECT PLEASURE I RESIST YOU NO
MORE, RAGING PASSION I'M A VICTIM OF YOUR ETERNAL TIDE.
TAKE ME YOU BRUTE AND DO WHAT YOU MUST. CAST ME DOWN
IN YOUR UNDERTOE, ALLOW ME NO AIR, DROWN ME IN YOUR
FURY, JESUS CHRIST IN HEAVEN, HEAR ME, THIS IS GOOD!
GOD DO NOT ASK ME IF I LOVE LIFE, BECAUSE WITH THIS
AS ONE OF IT'S PLEASURES, HEAR ME SAY IT! I SURLY DO!!!!!
P COOL BREEZE SURROUND ME, CUTTLE MY NAKED BREAST, [redacted] AS I
SLOWLY DESEND, FALLING LIKE THE LAST DEAD LEAF FROM
A TREE PRAYING FOR A WIND IN HOPES OF NEVER REACHING THE
GROUND.

DEAREST, I'LL LOVE YOU ETERNALL X
CHRIS

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"TONGIN IT" Art, Life and God
(WRITINGS OF CHRIS)

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IN THE PASSION OF THE MOMENT I STUCK MY TONGUE UP HER ASSHOLE. I'VE NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE. I DON'T WALK AROUND WISHING MY TONGUE WAS UP SOMEBODIES ASSHOLE. BUT THERE WE WERE, SEXCRAZED, ANYTHING GOES I GUESS, I JUST WENT FOR IT. IT DIDN'T TASTE BAD OR ANYTHING, IT JUST FELT LIKE A TIGHT SPACE. I'M PRETTY SURE SHE LIKED IT. IT MADE ME HARDER, [redacted] THE FUNNY THING IS; I SIT HERE NOW, AND I REALLY DON'T FEEL LIKE STICKING MY TONGUE UP ANYBODIES ASSHOLE.

1990 CHRIS HAMSON

"GET OUT"

Art, Life and God

AMAN LAY'D BARE

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(CHRIS AND TATIANA LAY IN BED AT NIGHT TALKING)

TATIANA – I SAW YOU MASTERBATING THIS MORNING, YOU THOUGHT I LEFT FOR WORK BUT I DID'NT, I WAS IN THE BATHROOM, I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN I SAW YOU. AT FIRST I WAS MAD AT YOU FOR BEING SELFISH AND THEN I DID'NT CARE, I WAS'NT THINKING OF SEX ~~TODAY~~ THIS MORNING ANYWAY. I ACTUALLY ENJOYED SEEING YOU DO IT. PEOPLE LOOK DIFFERENT WHEN THEY THINK NO ONES WATCHING THEM. THEIR FACES ARE KIND OF DEAD OR EMOTIONLESS, BECAUSE ALL THEIR ATTENTION IS FOCUSED IN THEIR MIND, YOUR FACE WAS EXPRESSIONLESS, BUT YOUR BODY WAS NOT. YOUR HANDS WERE MAKING LOVE TO YOU, AND WHERE YOUR HANDS TOUCHED ~~YOU~~ YOUR BODY, IT RESPONDED AS IF BEING TOUCHED BY A LOVER, I FELT JEALOUSY TOWARD YOUR HANDS, FOR GIVING YOU SUCH PLEASURE AND THEN I FELT JEALOUS OF YOUR BODY FOR COMPELING YOUR HANDS SO. BUT WHAT WAS PROBALLY MY FAVORITE PART IS THE WAY YOU HANDELED YOUR PENIS, I ALWAYS IMAGINED ~~THEIR~~ THAT MEN WERE VERY ROUGH WITH THERE PENISES. YOU KNOW LIKE JUST HACK THEM UNTIL YOU CUM, BUT YOU REALLY PLAY IT, YOU ACTUALLY MAKE LOVE TO YOURSELF. YOU LOVE YOUR PENIS DON'T YOU

CHRIS – (DOES'NT ANSWER HER, HE JUST LOOKS AT HER, EMBARESSED)

TATIANA – I COULD'NT BELIEVE IT, YOU ACTUALLY FELT YOUR LEGS, YOUR THIGHS, AND YOUR ASS, YOUR STOMACH AND YOUR CHEST, I MEAN I'VE SEEN MEN MASTERBATE BEFORE BUT ALWAYS IN FRONT OF ME, NEVER WITHOUT HIM KNOWING. AND AS

YOU CAME YOU JUST FELL RIGHT BACK TO SLEEP. I CAME OVER TO YOU BEFORE I LEFT AND I LOOKED AT YOUR FACE AND WONDERD IF YOU WERE EVEN [redacted] AWAKE DURING THE WHOLE THING. DO YOU JERK OFF IN YOUR SLEEP?

CHRIS- I DON'T KNOW

TATIANA- WELL WERE YOU AWAKE THIS MORNING?

CHRIS- YEAH, WELL, I GUESS, SORTA

TATIAN- WHAT DO YOU MEAN "SORTA", YES OR NO?

CHRIS- WELL IF YOU DIDN'T REMIND ME OF IT, I NEVER WOULD HAVE REMEMBERD IT.

TATIANA- WHATS IT FEEL LIKE WHEN YOU CUM?

CHRIS- WELL I'D IMAGINE, IT FEELS ALOT LIKE ~~THE WAY~~ YOU CUM, YOU KNOW KIND OF TINGLEY, SORT OF LIKE A VERY PLEASUREFUL SNEEZE, THAT LASTS LONGER.

TATIANA- A SNEEZE?

CHRIS- WELL NOT THE ACTUAL SNEEZE BUT THE PRE-SNEEZE PART YA KNOW, WHEN YOUR NOSE STARTS TO TINGLE AND LETS YOU KNOW TO GRAB YOUR TISSUE.

TATIANA- YEAH I GUESS I KNOW WHAT YOURE SAYING BUT FOR ME IT'S KIND OF ALL OVER, NOT JUST IN ONE PLACE.

CHRIS- FOR ME IT'S JUST IN MY PENIS, IT SOUNDS LIKE YOUR ORGASMS ARE BETTER

TATIANA- WHY?

CHRIS- BECAUSE YOU FEEL THEM ALL OVER AND YOU CAN KEEP HAVING THEM AGAIN AND AGAIN, YOU CAN CUM IN DIFFERENT WAYS, ALL THAT SHIT, YOU KNOW.

TATIANA- DOES IT FEEL BETTER [redacted] WHEN YOU CUM WITH ME OR BY YOURSELF?

CHRIS- WITH YOU, ALWAYS BETTER WITH YOU, IN YOU IS THE

BEST AND WITH NO BIRTH CONTROL EVEN BETTER.

TATIANA- WHATS THE DIFFERENCE?

CHRIS- I DON'T KNOW, I GUESS IT IS THE PREGNANCY FACTOR, I THINK IT ENHANCES IT, AFTER ALL THE WHOLE THING, I MEAN YOUR PARTS AND MINE WERE KIND OF DESIGNED FOR THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE.

TATIANA- OH, YOU THINK SEX IS A UTILITARIAN THING, NOT FOR PLEASURE, OR LOVE.

CHRIS- WELL I THINK IT'S ALL OF THOSE THINGS, BUT BASICALLY WE EVOLVED INTO HAVING PLEASURABLE SEX, SO THAT WE'D HAVE IT. I MEAN WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT SEX IS KIND OF GROSS, IT'S LIKE EATING OR SHITING, ACTUALLY ALL VERY DISGUSTING, ~~IMAGINE~~ IMAGINE A GROSS LOOKING ANIMAL DOING IT AND THEN YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF A HUMAN. AND IF YOU THINK ABOUT THAT, HUMANS ARE REALLY UGLY ANIMALS,

TATIANA- WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

CHRIS - HUMANS ARE UGLY! TIGERS, OR DOLPHINS, HORSES, THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL ANIMALS, REALLY; THINK OF A PANDA BEAR OR A KILLER WHALE THEN THINK OF CHARLES NELSON RILEY

TATIANA - (LAUGHS)

CHRIS- YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

TATIANA- CHARLES NELSON RILEY IS HARDLY AN EXAMPLE OF A MODEL HUMAN BEING

CHRIS- COME ON TATIANA IF YOU WERE TO SEE TWO COBRAS SIDE BY SIDE WOULD IT OCCUR TO YOU THAT ONE WAS BETTER LOOKING THAN THE OTHER? AND ON THE OTHER HAND DO YOU THINK THE COBRAS

COULD TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND RUTH BUZZY?

TATIANA- WHAT ABOUT DOGS?

CHRIS- WHAT ABOUT THEM?

TATIANA- YOU CAN DEFFINETLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PRETTY DOG AND AN UGLY ONE.

CHRIS- DOGS ARE A BAD EXAMPLE

TATIANA- WHY?

CHRIS- BECAUSE DOGS ARE JUST STUPID PEOPLE. BUT ANYWAY HOW THE HELL DID WE GET ON THIS SUBJECT?

TATIANA- IT STARTED WITH SEX AND PLEASURE BUT BEFORE THAT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT YOUR MASTERBATION.

CHRIS- YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT IT, I WAS'NT.

TATIANA- WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WHEN YOUR DOING THAT?

CHRIS- LOTS OF DIFFERENT THINGS.

TATIANA- WELL WHAT ONE THING DO YOU THINK OF MOST?

CHRIS- UM, LET ME SEE (HE STOPS TO THINK) DO YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW?

TATIANA- OF COURSE

CHRIS- TITS, I THINK OF TITS MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE

TATIANA- SO YOU OBJECTIFY JUST ONE PORTION OF A WOMANS BODY AND JACK OFF TO IT?

CHRIS- BASICALLY, YES (TATIANA IS SILENT, CHRIS REALIZES THAT SHE IS GETTING MAD) SO WHATS THE BIG DEAL? WHEN YOU MASTERBATE WHAT DO YOU THINK OF, LOVE, LASTING RELATIONSHIPS, PERSONALITIES? I'M SORRY TATIANA, BUT BEING POLITICALLY CORRECT ABOUT JERKING OFF IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY RANGE. WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WHEN YOU TWIDDLE

YOUR DEE?

TATIANA- TWIDDLE MY DEE?

CHRIS — MASTERBATE

TATIANA- WELL OFTEN I REMEMBER REALLY GOOD SEXUAL EXPERIENCES

CHRIS — YEAH AND WHAT ELSE?

TATIANA- WELL SOMTIMES I JUST THINK OF HOW GOOD IT FEELS TO TOUCH MYSELF.

CHRIS- YEAH AND WHAT ELSE?

TATIANA- OH COME OFF IT CHRIS YOUR JUST TRYING TO GET ME TO SAY THAT I THANK OF DICKS SOMTIMES.

CHRIS- WELL DO YOU?

TATIANA- WELL YES, OF COURSE I HAVE.

CHRIS- I DON'T KNOW TATIANA, THATS NOT GONNA GO OVER TO WELL WITH YOUR VILLAGE VOICE READING FREINDS.

TATIANA- SHUT UP CHRIS, I ONLY THINK ABOUT DICKS SELDOMLY, YOU'RE DIFFERENT YOU SAID YOU THINK OF TITS MOST OF THE TIME.

CHRIS- WELL I LOVE TITS

TATIANA- AND NOT THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE THEM.

CHRIS- COME ON TATIANA, GIVE ME A BREAK.

TATIANA- HOW ABOUT ME?

CHRIS- YES I LOVE YOUR TITS

TATIANA- FUCK YOU, YOU BASTARD I WAS TALKING ABOUT ME DO YOU LOVE ME?

CHRIS- OH, OH..... SHIT, SORRY

TATIANA- DAM YOU, ARE YOU STILL IN LOVE WITH THAT BITCH HELEN?

CHRIS- WHOA, TATIANA, LETS NOT GET UPSET

TATIANA- ~~WHO WERE~~ WHAT WERE YOU THINKING OF ~~XX~~ WHEN YOU WERE JERKING OFF ~~DADDY~~ THIS MORNING?

CHRIS- (DOESN'T ANSWER)

TATIANA- IT WAS HELEN WASN'T IT, HELEN OR HER FUCKING TITS!

CHRIS- TATIANA, CALM DOWN, YOU'RE GOING WAY OVER BOARD.

TATIANA- WELL IF YOU WON'T ADMIT TO IT THEN LETS HEAR YOU DENY IT.

CHRIS- (CHRIS CAN'T, HE STAYS SICENT)

TATIANA- I KNEW IT! I WAS STARTING TO LOVE YOU, YOU STUPID WORM, AND TO THINK THAT WE'VE BEEN HAVING SEX AND YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH SOMONE ELSE, SO WHAT THE FUCK WAS I JUST A FUCKIN CUNT AND A PAIR OF TITS?

CHRIS- TATIANA YOU'RE GOING WAY OVER BOARD.....

TATIANA- (INTERUPTS) WRONG MISTER! YOU'RE GOING OVER BORED, GET YOUR SKINNY LOSER ASS OUT OF MY HOUSE.... ... NOW! (SHE SCREAMS)

CHRIS- BUT TATIANA, I'M NOT SURE WHETHER I LOVE HELEN OR YOU, IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT SOUNDS. THIS TAKES TIME, COME ON, I KNOW I'M ON THE REBOUND. AND THERE ARE DAYS WHEN I'M CONVINCED THAT I LOVE YOU AND ONLY YOU. AND THEN HELEN WILL CALL, OR SOMTHING WILL REMIND ME OF HER AND I BECOME UNSURE. BUT IT'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. AS TIME GOES ON I THINK OF HER LESS AND LESS AND MORE OF YOU,.....

TATIANA- (SCREAMS) GET OUT!

CHRIS- (RELUCTENTLY GETS OUT OF BED AND BEGINS TO DRESS)

TATIANA, PLEASE, TRY AND UNDERSTAND, I MEAN OF COURSE I LOVE YOU, IT'S JUST NOT THAT CLEAR CUT, REALLY, GIVE ME MORE TIME, I DO WANT YOU, HELEN IS A BITCH AND I KNOW THAAT, IT'LL JUST TAKE TIME FOR IT TO WEAR OFF.

TATIANA- CHRIS, BY JERKING OFF TO HER TITS THIS MORNING, IS THAT YOUR WAY OF GETTING HER OUT OF YOUR MIND?

CHRIS- IT WAS'NT JUST HER TITS, IT WAS KIND OF A MONTAGE OF TITS, YOU KNOW LIKE SEVERAL DIFFERENT TITS.

TATIANA- WERE MY TITS IN THERE CHRIS?

CHRIS- THEY SURE WERE HONEY (PROUD TO SAY IT)

TATIANA- SO IT WAS KIND OF THE GREATEST HITS, OR TITS, I SHOULD SAY.

CHRIS- (ENCOURAGED) YEAH THAT'S IT.....

TATIANA- (INTERUPTING HIM SCREAMS) GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!

(CHRIS RUNS FOR THE DOOR, WE SEE HIM ~~RUN FOR~~ EXIT THE BUILDING AND SIT ON THE STEPS OF HER APT. BUILDING. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH IT'S 4:00 AM, WE HEAR CHRIS THINKING TO HIMSELF)

CHRIS - (IN VOICE OVER) HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO STUPID, AUGH MAN I'M SO DEPRESSED, AND WHATS CRAZY IS THAT I DO LOVE HER, I LOVE HER SO MUCH AND I NEVER KNEW THAT TILL NOW, SHIT GOD, WHY AM I SO STUPID? DAM SHE'LL NEVER TALK TO ME AGAIN. AUGH! I DON'T EVEN LIKE HELEN, WHY DO I LET HER FUCK UP MY LIFE? I'M GOING TO STAY RIGHT HERE ON THESE STEPS ALL NIGHT UNTILL

SHE COMES OUT FOR WORK TOMORROW, AND ILL HAVE FLOWERS AND APOLOGIZE PROFUSLY. OH GOD LET HER TAKE ME BACK, PLEASE. (CHRIS GOES AND SPENDS HIS LAST 13 DOLLARS ON SOME WILTED FLOWERS FROM THE NEAREST KOREAN DELI AND RETURNS TO HER STEPS TO HOLD HIS ALL NIGHT VIGIL.
- THE HOURS WIND BY, WE SEE CHRIS IN VARIOUS POSITIONS OF DISCOMFORT THEN FINALLY MORNING ARIVES, IT'S 9:00 AM ON CHRIS'S WATCH AND HE WONDERS WHY TATIANA HAS NOT LEFT FOR WORK YET, HE BEGINS TO PACE BACK AND FORTH, AT 9:30 AM HE DECIDES TO RING HER INTERCOM.

BUZZ

TATIANA- HELLO

CHRIS- HI, IT'S ME TATIANA, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU ALL NIGHT, I DO LOVE YOU, I DO, I WAS CRAZY, I'M AN IDIOT, I'M STUPID, I'M SO SORRY, PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

TATIANA- CHRIS, YOU DON'T MEAN THIS, YOUR JUST OVER TIRED GO HOME AND SLEEP. WE'LL TALK IN A COUPLE OF DAYS.

CHRIS- (ALARMED) A COUPLE OF DAYS!

TATIANA- I THINK WE NEED TIME APART TO THINK THIS THROUGH.

CHRIS- BUT I WANT TO SEE YOU NOW, I WANT TO GET IN YOUR BED AND MAKE THIS WHOLE MESS DISAPEAR.

TATIANA- IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE CHRIS

CHRIS- OH TATIANA PLEASE (HE STARTS TO WIMPER)

TATIANA- GET A GRIP CHRIS WE'LL TALK IN A COUPLE OF DAYS.

CHRIS - WHY AREN'T YOU GOING TO WORK?

TATIANA- BECAUSE IT'S SATURDAY

CHRIS - OH

TATIANA- BYE CHRIS

CHRIS - I DO LOVE YOU TATIANA AND IF IT MEANS ANYTHING IT WAS YOUR TITS THAT MADE ME CUM YESTERDAY (AS HE SAIS THIS AN OLD LADY TRIES TO GET INTO THE BUILDING AND OVER HEARS HIM SAYING THIS)

TATIANA- YOU DON'T GET IT DO YOU CHRIS?

CHRIS - I GUESS NOT

(CHRIS HANDS THE WILTED FLOWERS TO THE OLD WOMAN AND ASKS HER)

CHRIS - WOULD YOU LOVE ME?

(THE OLD WOMAN LOOKS CHRIS UP AND DOWN, HE LOOKS LIKE HELL, SHE'S FRIGHTENED OF HIM AND SAIS NOTHING)

CHRIS - WELL THOSE FLOWERS MEAN I LOVE YOU.

(CHRIS LEAVES AND THE OLD WOMAN THROWS ~~THROWS~~ THE FLOWERS AWAY.)

-END SCENE-

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"OH BEAUTY!" (WRITTINGS OF CHRIS HAMSON) ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

OH! BEAUTY, ILLUSIVE BEAUTY, SOME DAYS YOU'RE EVERYWHERE AND THEN DAYS LIKE TODAY YOU'RE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. HOW I MISS YOUR ENCHANTED PRESENCE. WHAT HORROR A DAY IS WITHOUT YOU. THE HUNGER I HAVE FOR YOU IS ETERNAL. OH BEAUTY! WHERE ARE YOU? WILL TODAY BE YET ANOTHER EMPTY DAY WITHOUT YOU; A DAY OF EYES CAST DOWN IN FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO RESIST THE OPPRESIVE GLOOM OF YOUR ABSENCE. A DAY WHERE SORROW IS LIKE THE BREATH WE BREATH, LIKE THE HEART THAT PUMPS, OR THE BOWLES THAT MOVE. UGLINESS!, YOU MISERABLE WRETCH!, WHY HAVE YOU CONSUMED ME? AM I NOT YOUR PRISONER HELD CAPTIVE; ROTTING LIKE THE EXCESS FOOD OF DECADENT KINGS? ARE YOU NOT MY OPPRESSOR; SOLE HANDLER OF MY FREEDOMS KEY? DUNGEON MASTER!, HEAR MY PLEA. IT IS I, A MAN, I WISH TO BE FREE! SLOWLY AND SADLY AS TIME FLOODS ME BY, MY MORTAL DESIRES ARE FRUSTRATED. THE ETERNAL DOOM THAT I PERSITENTLY RESIST, I BEGIN TO SORLEY REALIZE IS MINE TO KEEP. WHAT INHERITENCE IS THIS? I RAISE MY EYES TOWARD HEAVEN AND ASK. GOD WHAT IS IT IN LIFE THAT SEPERATES US CHILDREN OF POVERTY FROM THOSE OF PRIVALEGE? IS IT THAT MY SINS ARE GREATER? IS IT THAT MY WILL IS WEAKER? IS IT THAT MY BLOOD IS POORER? YOU NEED NOT PITY ME! HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL BUT NOT ON MY PERSON. TO LIVE IN HELL IS TO SING LIKE ANGELS. TO ROT IN THIS FILTH IS TO PAINT TITIAN AND TO SCULPT LIKE BERNINI. THE DEEPER THE SHIT YOU SINK ME IN, THE LOVLIER MY SONG.

Chris Hamson

"INSOMNIAC"

Art, Life and God

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THIS MUST BE THE NEW WRITING TIME, OR I GEUSS I'M INSOMNIAC. IT'S 4:57 AM, I'M AWAKE. WHEN I SHUT OFF THE LIGHT AND LAY HERE IN THE DARK I DRIFT FROM ONE FEAR TO ANOTHER, TELESCOPING FEAR, I FEAR MY PERCEPTION THEN HOW I'M PERSERVED I FEAR BASICALLY THAT I'M A FOOL AND THAT I SUCK! INEVITABLY I BECOME VERY HUMBLE AND TALK TO GOD. GOD? I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW WHAT I'M DOING WHEN I TALK TO GOD, IT STARTS OUT ON REQUESTS FOR MONEY USALLY, THEN I ATTACK MY OWN CHARACTER THEN I WONDER WHAT GOD IS THEN I REPENT FOR QUESTIONING, IT'S AS IF MY HEAD WERE A HUGE HOLLOW VAULT AND TINY LITTLE FLEA LIKE THOUGHTS BUZZ AROUND AT DUSK. I TURN ON THE LIGHT WAM! YELLOW, YELLOW, BRIGHT, EYE PAIN, SHIT I SIT HERE ALONE ~~THE~~ SPACE CLOSES IN ON ME THE ROOM IN THE DARK IS TWICE AS BIG, NOW I THINK OFF POOR OLD NEW YORKERS LONLEY AWAKE SOLATE AT NIGHT, MILLING AROUND THEY'RE CUBARDS FOR PREMIUM SALTENES, BREAKFAST BEFORE DAY BREAK BUMMER. EMPTY LIFE, I LIVE AROUND THE THE SUN.

Chris Hanson

"LINDA EVANGELISTA'S FEET"

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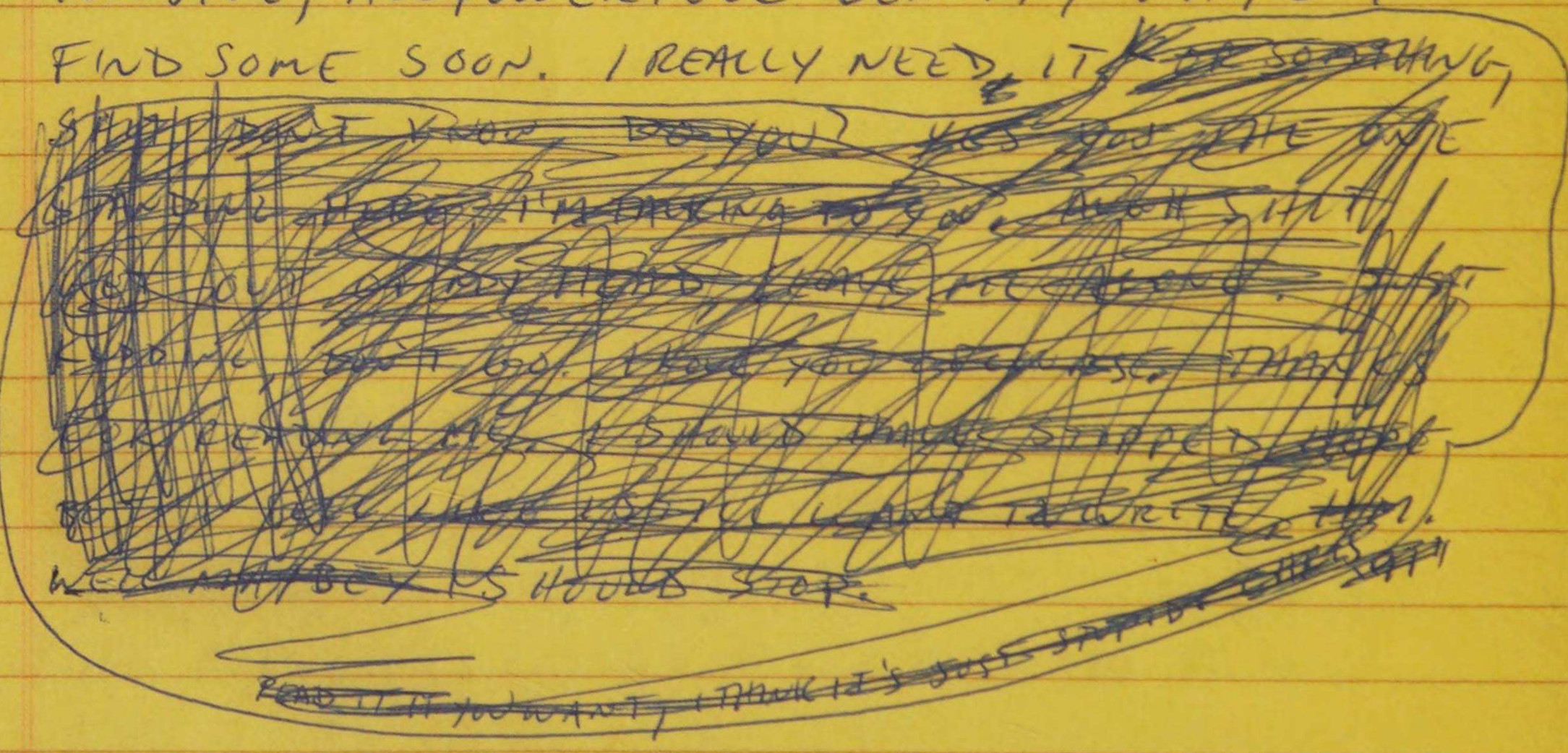
PEOPLE OVER FIFTY USEAULLY DON'T LIKE ME, IETHOR THAT OR I'M PARONOID, IT COULD BE EITHOR ONE. I DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY, MY LIFE IS AMESS, NICE TO MEET YOU, I'M CHRIS, AN ARTIST (IN OTHER WORDS, I DIOT) HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT THAT ART IS COMPLETELY INAFFECTUAL, NOBODY EVEN GOES TO SEE IT, AND OF THOSE WHO DO, FEWER LIKE OR UNDERSTAND IT. I'M ACTUALLY AN OK ARTIST, HONESTLY, BUT I DOUBT IF ANYONE WILL EVER ACKNOWLEDGE IT. IT'S STRANGE HOW PEOPLE CAN DEVOTE THEIR LIFE TO SOMTHING SO THANKLESS. I'M NOT BITTER THOUGH, I KNOW YOU THINK I SAY THAT TO CONVINSE MYSELF NOT YOU. BUT SOMHAT, MAYBE? I DO NEED CONVINSING, CHRIS YOURE GOOD AND NOT BITTER! — DOE'SNT HELP. ANYWAY, I CAN'T AFFORD TO CAST THESE THINGS INTO BRONZE, YOU'LL HAVE TO. OR NOT, SHIT, I REALLY WANT TO SAY SOMTHING GOOD. I KNOW, I WAS JUST FLIPPING THROUGH VOGUE, I SAW A PICTURE OF LINDA EVANGALISTA, THE PHOTO SHOWED HE BARE FEET, THEY WERE LOULIER THAN HER FACE BECAUSE OF THEY'RE IMPERFECTION, I'VE SEEN HER AROUND SOHO MANY TIMES, SHE TAKES MY BREATH AWAY, BUT SHE'S SO PERFECT IT'S DISCONCERTING, IF I WERE EVER TO SLEEP WITH HER, I'D KISS HER FEET ALL NIGHT LONG, SURE CHRIS!

SO YOUVE COME TO SEE AN ART SHOW. WELL HERE IT IS, TRY TO DETERMINE WHAT EXACTLY IS GOING ON HERE, I DON'T EVEN KNOW... DAM, AFTER MENTIONING LINDA EVANGELISTA I CAN'T GET HER FEET OFF MY MIND, I COULD CUM JUST SUCKING A TOE, KNOWING MY DICK WAS RAGING IN HER FACE, I'M SO HORNED OUT I COULD,.. I WANT TO, I FEEL A SHORTNESS OF BREATH, MY HEART IS FASTER, BLOOD IS SWIRLING IN MY... AUGH GOD, SEX OBJECTS! GUILT, I HATE IT, FUCKING, CUM, BATH TUB, ~~SEX~~ SWEAT, I BITE HER LIPS, SHE BLEEDS, I DRINK IT, I'M IN HER, HOT, HOT, HOT, THIS CAN'T BE TRUE, I'M NOT IN HER AM I?, I AM! WHY? DON'T DISAPEAR, STAY, STAY! JUST ANOTHER MINUETE, STAY, GIVE ME YOUR FEET, AUGH! YOUR GOD FOR SAKEN UGLY FEET OF A PRINCESS, KICK ME!, KICK MY FACE, STEP ON MY BALLS, KICK ME! KICK ME DAMIT! CUT ME OPEN, WIDE, LET MY INTESTINES FALL TO THE FLOOR, SHOVE YOUR FEET IN AND MIX MY GUTS, FUCK ME WITH YOUR FOOT YOUR GOD FORSAKEN MILLION DOLLAR FEET, AUGH! AUGH! KILL ME NOW, FOREVER I'LL SLEEP HAPPILY, KILL ME! NOW! DAMIT, KILL ME WITH BEAUTY, ~~SEX~~ SWEET HEAVEN, PULL MY LUNGS OUT, KILL ME!.....

. . . . KILL . . . ME . . . . . .

. . . . . OH, . . .

. . SHIT! I'VE GOT TO GET SOMTHING TO CLEAN THIS UP. . . . I'M REALLY TIRED, I DON'T KNOW WERE I AM, I FEEL ALONE, PERVERSE, DIRTY, HALF A MAN, FOR CHRIST SAKES! LET ME ENJOY SOMTHING, AUGH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT DO WE REALLY HAVE IN THE END? HUMANITY, THAT'S ALL, FUCKIN HUMANITY, LOVE IS A DRUG THAT LASTS FIVE YEARS TOPS. EVERYTHING ELSE IS ENDURANCE, WE INVENT WAYS TO PLEASE OUR SELVES, WE LOOK FOR BEAUTY, ILLUSIVE, ALL POWERFULL BEAUTY, I HOPE I FIND SOME SOON. I REALLY NEED IT. IF SOMTHING,



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"I NEED TO FUCK"

SOMTIMES I GET SO HORNY I FEEL LIKE WHIPING MY HOG OUT AND FUCKING EVERY WOMAN IN SIGHT.
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN GARNAVILLA, OR HAVE YOU SEEN IN GARNAVILLA THE GAY YOUNG GIRL OF THE GOLDEN LOCKS, MY SWEETHEART, KATE OF GARNAVILLA?
IT'S A SLOW DULL ACHE IN MY BALLS AND AN ITCH IN MY DICK, MY HEART BEATS AT AN ODD PACE. IT ALL MEANS THAT I REALLY WANT TO FUCK.
SHE'S WHITER THAN THE SWAN ON THE POOL, OR THE SNOW ON THE CREST OF THE BENDING BOUGH; HER KISS IS SWEETER THAN THE DEW ON THE ROSE, MY SWEETHEART, KATE OF GARNAVILLA.
MY EYES CAN'T KEEP FROM STARING AT TITS, IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW OLD OR HOW YOUNG. IT COULD BE ANYTHING, A TOP OF A FOOT, A KNEE, AN ELBOW, OR A JAW, IT JUST HITS ME, BANG!, AND I'M HARD.
HER SONG IS MORE TUNE FULL THAN THE BLACKBIRD OR THE THRUSH, OR THE NIGHTINGALE ON THE WILLOW BOUGH; LIKE A SHIP IN SAIL ON THE MISTLES WAVE I SEE MY SWEET IN GARNAVILLA...
IT'S SO ODD, THIS MAKES NO SENSE TO ME, A MOMENT AGO I WAS ~~FINE~~ CONTENT, BUT NOW I REALLY WANT TO FUCK I, REALLY, REALLY WANT TO FUCK, I WANT TO FUCK SO BAD MY DICK HURTS, I NEED TO FUCK, GOD, HEAR ME I NEED TO FUCK, SOMBODY FUCK ME!

Chris Hans

"MURDER"

Art, Life and God
(WRITING OF CHRIS)

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THERE ARE MANY BAD THINGS IN ME. I DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT THEM. IT MAKES ME SICK. I SEE PEOPLE, ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE AND MY BRAIN SAYS THINGS THAT I HATE AT THE TIME AND I DON'T KNOW WHY IT'S THINGS I NEVER SAY. THINGS I'LL NEVER DO. THE KIND OF THING SOMEONE GETS HANGED FOR. AND THERE IN ME, ME! AND I'M AWFUL EDUCATED, A LIBERAL ACROSS THE BOARD, I DON'T UNDERSTAND, THERE'S EVIL IN ME, HOW DOES EVERYONE HAVE THIS? OR AM I JUST A NUT? SICKO? ARE YOU GOOD? DOESN'T YOU DON'T DO THINGS THAT ARE IN YOUR HEAD EVEN IF YOU'D NEVER DO THEM? IS THIS NORMAL? SOMETHING CHRISTIANS GET BAPTISED TO RID THEMSELVES OF? IF SO IT DOESN'T WORK. IT KILLS ME TO THINK THAT EVERYONE IN THE WORLD HAS TO TEMPER AN EVIL BEING WITHIN. IT SUCKS. THAT'S WHAT EVERYTHING IS CONSTANTLY GOING AROUND. IT'S RIDICULOUS TO SAY THAT THERE'S NO DEVIL. THERE IS! AND HE'S IN US ALL. AND IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR GUARD UP, IT COMES OUT, AND I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU BUT IT SCARES THE SHIT OUT OF ME.

ONE TIME I WAS IN A CEMETERY WITH MY HIGH SCHOOL GIRL FREIND, JUST SHE AND I, ALONE. WE HAD JUST HAD SEX, WICH WAS A VERY QUICK, TO-THE-POINT, ACTIVITY BACK THEN. AND WE WERE BOTH ON ACID SO EVERYTHING

WAS ALTERED, HER VAGINA WAS A WORLD THAT
I FELT AS IF I HAD JUST WALKED INTO, IT WAS
FUCKIN BEAUTIFUL MAN! IT WAS HEAVEN! ABOVE BEING
HUMAN, DEFINETLY! BUT WE WERE LAYING THERE
IT WAS A VERY OLD CEMETERY ON A HILL, STONES
FROM THE EARLY 18TH CENTURY ALL AROUND US.
FUCKIN DEAD PEOPLE FROM THE GOD DAMMED
17 HUNDREDS FOR CHRIST SAKES, WE FUCKED ON
~~THEIR~~ GRAVES AND WERE JUST LIEING THERE NAKED WHEN
A HUGE THUNDER STORM CAME BLOWING OVER US, IT
WAS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN,
TWO, 17 YEAR OLDS LIEING NAKED IN THE RAIN
WATCHING LIGHTNING STRIKE IN THE CEMETERY
WHILE TRIPING OUR FUCKING BRAINS OUT, I REALLY DID
LOVE HER, BUT SOMTHING WAS WRONG, I THINK SHE
WANTED ME TOO MUCH, OR NEEDED ME TOO MUCH, SOMTHING.
I COULD SEE BENEATH HER FLESH TO HER SKELETON
EVERY TIME THE LIGHTNING LIT THE AIR. BLUE
HAZEY FIRE, WITH LOOMING BLACK SILLOUETTED WILLOW
TREES, LIFE AND DEATH, AND ALL AT ONCE SO
FUCKIN BEAUTIFUL, I WAS VIBRATING IN THE PRESENCE
OF UNFATHOMABLE BEAUTY, HERS, THE WORLDS, AND
GOD'S. [redacted]
[redacted] I WAS LIEING THERE AND
IN MY MIND, OR HALLUCINATION OR SOMTHING THIS
IMAGE CAME TO ME. IN THE FORM OF HUGE FLORECENT
GREEN LETTERS, SMALL IN THE DISTENCE AND THEN
BIGGER AS THEY NEARED, MURDER, JUST
THE WORD IN IT'S PHYSICAL FORM, IT HIT

ME ABRUPTLY AND WITH HUGE FORCE, MURDER, FUCKIN MURDER MAN, KILL, KILL SOMTHING, KILL SOMEONE, END A LIFE, DEAD, MAKE DEAD. JESUS CHRIST WHY? WHY THE FUCK WOULD I THINK THAT? WERE DID IT COME FROM. THERE I WAS BASKING IN HEAVINLY BEAUTY, WHEN DAM, CRACK! BOOM. MURDER. I STARTED TO FREAK, THE FEELING WAS TO FUCKIN HEAVY, IT SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME, MY LOVE NEVER STRONGER FOR HER, I STARTED PRAYING TO GOD INSIDE MY HEAD, PLEADING WITH HIM TO REMOVE ~~THIS~~ THIS WORD FROM MY HEAD, THIS HORRIBLE GREEN UGLY WORD, FLOATING HUGE IN FRONT OF MY ~~FACE~~. MY GIRLFRIEND, JUST LIED THERE PEACEFULLY, HER HEAD ON MY CHEST, SHE WAS PROBALLY STARING AT A HUGE PINK FLUFFY LOVE, WHO KNOWS MAYBE, SHE HAD A RED MURDER AND I HAD A GREEN ONE, BOTH OF US LIEING THERE NAKED, ON TOP OF REALLY DEAD PEOPLE, STARING INTO THE WHOLE THING, LIFE AND DEATH, SEVENTEEN SKINNY BOY WITH MAN SIZED DICK, SEVENTEEN, LITTLE GIRL WITH MOMIES TITS, CRACK THE BLUE LIGHT, AND THUNDERS ROAR, MUDDY THE EARTH UNDER HUGE RAIN, SPOUR AND LONG BROWN WORMS COME FROM ALL AROUND, WE LIE THERE, MUDDY, WET, MURDEROUS, IN LOVE, WE HAD SEX AGAIN, I COULD MANAGE IT MUCH EASIER THEN. WE ROLED IN THE MUD FUCKING

~~COMING~~ CUMING ON ACID, THE WORMS RETREATING
INTO THE EARTH BE NEATH OUR NAKED BACKS, LOVE!
BEATS HATE; THE GREEN WORD WENT AWAY.
I LOVED IT AWAY! WE BOTH DID. WITH THE
GREEN WORD GONE AND THE THUNDER SOUNDING
LONGER AWAY I TOLD HER, ~~TO~~ FOR THE FIRST TIME
THAT I LOVED HER, AND GOD DID I FUCKIN
MEAN IT! SHE PROBALY THOUGHT I WAS TRIPING TOO
MUCH, I PROBALY WAS - WE LIED THERE FOR HOURS, NOT
REALY TALKING TOO MUCH, THERE WAS A LOT NOT BEING SAID.

1990 Chris Hanson

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"MAMED BABE"

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CHARLES VISITS CHRIS IN HIS STUDIO, TO "CHECK OUT" HIS NEWEST SCULPTURES. CHRIS HAS FOUR ~~SEE~~ BUSTS, ALL IN WET CLAY, SO HE HAS TO KEEP MISTING THEM WITH A SPRITZER BOTTLE. THE SCULPTURES ARE "THE GRUMPY BALLERINA", "THE DRUNK", "A MAN", AND "MAMED BABE". CHARLES IS FREAKED OUT BY THE SCULPTURES, ESPECIALLY "MAMED BABE".

CHARLES- WHAT THE FUCK? (POINTING AT "MAME BABE'S" EYE)

CHRIS- OH, THIS ONES CALLED "MAMED BABE".

CHARLES- "MAMED BABE"! ... (CHARLES LOOKS AT CHRIS LIKE HE'S A LUNATIC) WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOIN MAN?

CHRIS- WHAT,? WHATS THE MATTER?

CHARLES- CHRIS THIS IS IN REALLY BAD TASTE.

CHRIS- THE EYE YOU MEAN.

CHARLES- YES!

CHRIS- YOU THINK SO?

CHARLES- CHRIS... COME ON... WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?

CHRIS- WELL, THIS PIECE IS ABOUT MY HIGH SCHOOL GIRL FRIEND. YOU SEE WE WENT TO THE PROM TOGETHER...

CHARLES- OH JESUS!

CHRIS- AND I DID ALOT OF ACID THEN, YOU KNOW IN ADDITON TO SMOKIN POT, DRINKIN AND CAUSE IT WAS THE PROM, WE ALSO HAD COKE...

CHARLES- WHEN WAS THIS?

CHRIS- UGH... EARLY 1980, I GUESS, SHOULD I FINISH THE STORY?

CHARLES- BY ALL MEANS.

CHRIS- SO I WAS HIGH ON ALL OF THESE THINGS, AND I WAS FREAKIN OUT, NOT LIKE LITTLE KIDS FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH DRUGS FREAK OUT, CAUSE BY THE TIME I WAS 17, [redacted] I WAS A FOUR YEAR VETRAN TO ALL THESE DRUGS.

CHARLES- YOU WERE DOIN ACID THAT YOUNG? (DISBELIEVING)

CHRIS - EVERY WEEK AT LEAST (BY THE WAY CHRIS SAIS IT CHARLES BELIEVES HIM) SO I WAS AT THE EDGE OF CONTROLING MY SANITY, I MEAN REALLY, IT MUST HAVE BEEN STRONG ACID, YOU KNOW, ACTUALLY LATER I FOUND OUT THAT MY FRIENDS GAVE ME FOUR TIMES THE AMOUNT THAT THEY HAD, AS A JOKE...

CHARLES- SOME JOKE!

CHRIS - REALLY MAN! WELL I WAS CRYING YOU KNOW, LIKE, WE WERE IN A CAR [redacted] ON A HILL TOP AND WE WERE SUPPOSE TO LOOSE [redacted] OUR VIRGINITY ~~THERE~~ TOGETHER THAT NIGHT, BUT I WAS REALLY UPSET, ~~I THOU~~ I WAS TRIPING TOO MUCH AND I THOUGHT I'D NEVER COME DOWN, SHE WAS TRYING TO CALM ME DOWN, BUT BECAUSE I WAS SO FUCKED UP I THOUGHT SHE WAS, YA KNOW LIKE MAKIN FUN OF ME OR SOMTHIN, AND I REMEMBER WE~~RE~~ WERE LISTENING TO PINK FLOYDS THE WALL, "COMFORTABLY NUM, YA KNOW, SO THIS WAS NO HELP FOR MY MOOD. I THOUGHT MY LIFE WAS A TRADJEDY, THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WAS LAUGHING AT ME, I FEARD DESPRETLY FOR MY SANITY, I THOULHT, LITTERALLY THAT I HAD DIED AND HAD GONE

TO HELL, AND ~~THE~~ THAT THE DEVIL HAD TAKEN THE FORM OF MY GIRLFREIND, JUST TO FOOL ME. YA KNOW? AND SHE WAS TRYING TO MAKE ME JOIN THE INCREDIBLY SCAREY WORLD OF LOWER MIDDLE CLASS. CAUSE SHE WAS SAYIN SHIT LIKE, "CALM DOWN CHRIS, YOU'LL BE FINE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, JUST HANG ON, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, DON'T LOOSE IT, HANG IN THERE", YA KNOW, AND I WAS FREAKING CAUSE THESE WERE OBVIOUSLY THE DEVILS EVIL TRICKS. YA KNOW?, THEN SHE STARTED TALKIN ABOUT GETTING MARRIED AND HAVING A LOT OF BABIES AND THAT I COULD BE A CARPENTOR, AND JOIN THE UNION, YA KNOW, HER FATHER COULD GET ME IN, AND THAT I COULD BUILD US A HOUSE ON A FARM, WITH ~~OUR~~ MY OWN TWO HANDS! AND I JUST FLIPPED, I WENT FUCKIN CRAZY, ~~A~~ I STARTED SCREAMIN AND SHOUTING FOR GOD TO COME SAVE ME, THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO BURN IN HELL, THAT I WAS SORRY FOR MY ALL SINS, AND THEN SHE GOT REALLY SCARED OF ME, ~~A~~ AND UNDERSTANDABLY, YA KNOW, I WAS SCREAMIN AND YELLIN, AND SHE SAID "TAKE ME HOME" SHE WAS TERRIFIED AND I WAS IN NO CONDITION TO DRIVE BUT SHE WAS ONLY 15½ AND I HAD JUST TURNED 17, ~~P~~YA KNOW, SHE DIDN'T HAVE HER LICENCE YET, SO I WANTED TO GET HER OUT OF THE CAR YA KNOW, CAUSE I THOUGHT SHE WAS THE DEVIL AND EVREYTHING, SO I STARTED RACING TO HER HOUSE, YOU KNOW, REALLY SPEEDING, AND I HAD LOST IT! CAUSE USUALLY WHEN I TRIPED I ALWAYS HAD THIS LITTLE VOICE IN MY HEAD THAT I COULD TRUST, YA KNOW?

IT WOULD SAY, "YOURE OK CHRIS, THIS IS JUST THE ACID, DON'T WORRY, HAVE FUN, IT'S OK CHRIS", YA KNOW?. BUT THIS TIME THAT VOICE WAS SAYIN "GET YOUR ASS OUT ATTHERE MOTHER FUCKER, YOURE LOOSIN IT, YOURE LOOSIN IT". SO I WAS DRIVEN ABOUT 50 MILES AHOUR DOWN A DIRT MOUNTAIN ROAD, BARLEY IN CONTROL, AND SHE WAS SCREAMIN; "SLOW DOWN, "SLOW DOWN". BUT I WOULDN'T LISTEN. AND THEN ALL OF SUDDEN THIS HUGE FUCKIN DEER JUMPED IN THE ROAD, A BUCK, WITH SEVERAL POINTS, ATLEAST IS, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS THE DEVIL STANDING IN THE ROAD, YOU KNOW, BECASE THE EYES WERE REFLECTING MY HEADLIGHTS, SO, TO ME IT LOOKED LIKE A HORNED DEMON WITH GLOWING EYES, SO I THOUGHT I SHOULD KILL IT AND I RAMMED INTO IT, AND THE BUCK, TUMBLED OVER THE HOOD AND IT'S HEAD AND ANTLERS, CAME SMASHING IN THAROUGH THE WIND SHIELD, HITTING KATHY RIGHT IN THE FACE, YA KNOW, ONE OF THE POINTS GRAZED ACROSS HER CHEEK AND FORETHEAD AND TOOK OUT AN EYE, HER RIGHT ONE. THE FORCE FROM THE IMPACT SENT ME THROUGH THE WIND SHIELD AS WELL, SEE THE SCAR, (CHRIS PARTS HIS HAIR AND SHOWS CHARLES THE SCAR)

CHARLES- SHIT, THAT'S REALLY BIG!

CHRIS- YEAH!, I WAS NEARLY SCALPED, THEY SAID MY SCALP WAS FLIPPED UP LIKE A TONGUE OF A SHOE.

CHARLES- SO WHAT HAPPENED?

CHRIS- OH MAN IT WAS REALLY HEAVY, I'M JUST REALLY LUCKY THAT I DIDN'T KILL HER. SHE HAS A GLASS EYE KNOW, BUT THE PLASTIC

SORGERY ON HER EYE LIDS NEVER LOOKED QUIETE RIGHT..
SHE'S STILL VERY PRETTY THOUGH, I'VE NEVER FELT WORSE
ABOUT ANYTHING I'VE EVER DONE, SHE'S FORGIVEN ME
NOW, BUT HER PARENTS NEVER WILL, I DON'T THINK
MY PARENTS WILL EITHER, MY DAD WANTED ME TO MARY
HER, TO APPEASE ALL THE GUILT, PLUS SHE WAS FROM
A "GOOD IRISH FAMILY" WHO'D SETTLED IN THE REGION
ABOUT WHEN MINE DID. BUT I COULD'NT YOU KNOW I
HAD TO GO TO COLLEGE, PLUS HER DAD WANTED TO KILL
ME, IT WAS HORRIBLE.

CHARLES- SHIT CHRIS, THATS A HEAVY STORY. BUT WHY ARE YOU MAKEING HER HEAD NOW?

CHRIS- WELL, I JUST BOUGHT "THE WALL" AGAIN AND IT REMINDED ME OF THE WHOLE THING SO MUCH, THAT I WANTED TO DO A PIECE TO KIND OF SAY I'M SORRY.

CHARLES- WELL IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE MAKEING LIGHT OF A TRAGIC SITUATION.

CHRIS- YEAH, WELL I COULD HAVE JUST LIED,...

CHARLES- YOU MEAN THAT NEVER HAPPENED?

CHRIS- (IS SILENT, CHARLES DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK)

CHARLES- (AFTER REMAINING SILENT AND LOOKING BACK AND FORTH FROM CHRIS TO HIS SCULPTURE) YOU'RE A SICK FUCK MAN, ... I'M LEAVING, (CHARLES LEAVES)

CHRIS- (AS CHARLES RUNS DOWN THE STAIRS) HEY DO YOU WANT TO GET TO GETHER FOR A DRINK TONIGHT?

CHARLES- (SARCASTICALLY) YEAH, RIGHT (HE EXITS)

CHRIS- (GOES BACK TO HIS SCULPTURE AND WORKS ON THE HAIR DO)

—END—SCENE—

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"I'M NOT DRY!"

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(WRITTINGS OF CHRIS)

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I'M NOT DRY! I CAN'T BE, I JUST STARTED, OH GOD! DON'T LET IT BE TRUE. IF THERE IS ONE THING ON THIS EARTH THAT I CAN NOT LOOSE IT'S MY ABILITY TO WRITE THIS SHLOCK. OH SHIT! PLEASE GOD! GIVE ME SOMTHING TO WRITE ABOUT... ..... DAM! IT'S A FEELING LIKE YOURE ALWAYS ABOUT TO YAWN BUT IT NEVER HAPPENS. KIND OF LIKE YOU NEED TO TAKE A NAP, BUT YOU JUST WOKE UP. "NO DON'T DO IT CHRIS!" "PLEASE DON'T DO IT!" PLEASE GOD GIVE A WEAKE MAN STRENGTHE, ALLOW ME TO FORTIFY MY RESLOVE AND NOT SUCCUMB TO THE ALL ENCOMPASING HORROR OF DAY TIME T.V.

CLICK

"TEENAGED MUTENT NINJA TURTLES, TEENAGED MUTENT NINJA TURTELS," CLICK "THE LOVE BOAT" CLICK "SO YOURE AFFRAID YOUR MOTHER WILL FIND OUT THAT YOU MOVED IN WITH DAN.. LOOK RICCA, I KNOW I CAN COUNT ON YOU TO BE A GOOD FROND.. CLICK HOWDY BOYS I'M MARC TWAIN WHO ARE YOU,... WE'RE THE SUPER MARIO BROTHERS... CLICK HI I'M JEFF SMITA, WELCOME TO THE FRUGAL GORME, TODAY WERE GOING TO DEVOTE OUR PROGRAM TO THE EARLY AMERICAN BUT GOURMET CUISINE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON."....

THANK GOD FOR THE FRUGAL GOURMET,....

I SHOULDN'T BE WATCHING THIS NOW, DAM! WELL ONE DAY I'LL HAVE A KITCHEN AND THESE RECIPIES WILL COME IN HANDY.

Chris

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DUDE! AUGH! DUDE! COME ON MAN, SHIT! FUCK TO THE LITTLE AND THAT CHROMAZONE SHIT, LIE TO THE FATHER AND HOOK ON THE GREAT. DIG WITH YOUR FINGERS INTO FIGURES GATE. COP! COP! OH LORD DIE WITH ME ONCE, TWICE, THRICE YOUR ICE! DUDE! FUCK, CANCER THE BATTLE AND HANG UP YOUR DICK. CHUG, CHUG! DRINK! YOU SUCK, PUSSY, NAG! GNARLY CRAG. RIGHTEOUS DUDE.

ZozoZOSO YEAH HAHAHA

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Hey!...TO THE THING INSIDE ME THAT MAKES ME RIGHT GOOD STUFF. WILL YOU PLEASE APPEAR. I KNOW THAT I TRIED TO LEAVE YOU AND PERHAPS THATS NOT GOING TO WORK, BUT FOR CHRIST SAKES DON'T LEAVE ME.

SEAN- HEY CHRIS!
CHRIS- YEAH.
SEAN- COME HERE
CHRIS- WHY? CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME?
SEAN- NO.... I CAN'T.... NOT YET ANYWAY I GUESS I'M NOT FINISHED YET.
CHRIS- GOOD, I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU KILLED ME.
SEAN. WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THE PEOPLE LOVED IT, IT WAS THE PERFECT ENDING. IT'S HOW YOU SHOULD OF DIED.
CHRIS- AUGH FUCK YOU, SEAN.
SEAN- WHAT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
CHRIS- I WANT TO BE A SUCCESS
SEAN- WHAT?
CHRIS- MAKE ME AN ART STAR
SEAN- ON ONE CONDITION
CHRIS- WHAT'S THAT.
SEAN- THAT YOU RISE TOO FAST AND FALL FROM GRACE INSIDE OF ONE YEAR.
CHRIS- (THINKS-) I DON'T KNOW
SEAN- WELL LOOK AT YOUR OPTIONS YOU NEITHER LIVE

OR DIE.

CHRIS - CAN YOU MAKE IT SO MY STARDOM EARNS ME ENOUGH MONEY TO BE RICH FOR LIFE.

SEAN - CHRIS YOU DON'T EXIST UNLESS I WRITE YOU SO WHATS IT MATTER... but Life and God.

PART II "CHRIS MAKES IT", "PAY DIRT", "CHRIS IS RICH", "PURE BEAM OF ENERGY", "SUPER STARDOM", "~~EVERYONE YOU MEET PRET~~ "EVERYONE I MEET PRETENDS TO KNOW ME" "SO MANY SHOWS I CAN'T KEEP THEM ALL STRAIGHT" "THERE'S NOT A PARTY I'M NOT INVITED TO" "HIREING MY OLD EMPLOYER TO RENOVATE MY LOFT" "CHANGING GALLERIES" "PRIVATE BANKING" "JOINING A GYM" "PAYING OFF STUDENT LOANS BY WRITING ONE CHECK" "ACCOUNTS AT BARNEY'S AND BERGDORF'S" "~~THE~~ SCREENING PHONE CALLS" "WRITTING ON A WORD PROCESSER"



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BUT THEN AGAIN, MAYBE X NOONE WILL BUY ANY. SHIT!

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A.R.R.

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IF I CHARGE $100.00 A COPY LOOK
DAM YOU CAN MAKE A FUCK LOAD
BEING A WRITER, FUCK SCULPTURE!
WHO NEEDS IT.

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A BOOK I'D CHARGE $500.00 A COPY, MEANING I GET, $250.00
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IF I NEED $50,000.00 DOLLARS TO GET ME TO MY NEXT
SHOW WHICH WHO KNOWS WHEN THAT'LL BE. I'LL HAVE TO
PRINT 200,000.00 COPIES. SHIT! I DON'T THINK THERE IS
EVEN 200,000.00 PEOPLE IN THE ART WORLD, DAM WELL
MABEY I'LL MAKE, 1,000. COPIES, LET'S DO THE MATH
HERE 500.

5,000.00 COPIES
x100.00 DOLLARS
500,000.00

500 COPIES
x 500 DOLLARS
250,000.00

x 1,000.
2|500,000.00
250,000.00

HEY! WAIT A MINUET HERE MY MATH WAS WRONG.

1,000.00
100.00
100,000.00 ÷ 2 = 50,000.00

200,000.00
x 500.00
100,000,000.00
THIS IS WRONG →
SHIT

1,000.00
x 500.00
=500,000.00
÷2 = $250,000.00
THATS A 1/4 MIL SO

I FUCKIN MILLION
I'M RICH!!!

I'M RICH! I'M RICH! I'M RICH! I'M RICH!
I'M RICH! I'M RICH! I'M RICH! I'M RICH!
I'M RICH! I'M RICH! I'M RICH! I'M RICH!

"RUN-ON"
~~SCRIPTURE~~"

Art, Life and God

(A WRITTING OF CHRIS HAMSON)

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ANOTHER OF CHRIS'S LAST LETTERS LEFT AT THE TIME OF HIS ~~DEATH~~

I HAVE A GREASE STAIN ON THE UNPAINTED SHEETROCK BEHIND MY BED FROM MY HAIR, I HAVENT SHOWERD IN TWO WEEKS, MY FUNGUS NOW COVERS 30% OF MY SKIN SURFACE MY MOTHER WON'T RETURN MY PHONE CALLS, I'M SUBSISTING ON A TEN POUND BAG OF RICE THAT I BOUGHT FROM A BODEGA, I'VE STAPLED THE SOLES ~~on~~ BACK ON TO MY $10 DOLLAR SHOES BOUGHT ON ~~FIRST~~ ORCHARD ST. FOR THE THIRD TIME NOW, I HAVE NO HOPE OF MONEY WHAT SO EVER, I HAVE NOT HAD SEX IN ONE MONTH AND ONE HALF, MY PENIS IS CHAFFED FROM BEATING IT, I CAN'T READ PAST 8:30 PM BECAUSE MY ELECTRICITY HAS BEEN TURNED OFF AND I CAN NOT SEE, I AM A LAUGHING STOCK AMONGST ~~FOR~~ ALL MY FREINDS, LOVE IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND, I AM VERY, VERY, ALONE.

CHRISTOPHER HAMSON

1990

Chris Hamson

Chris Hamson

Chris Hamson

"SEX, LIFE, AND DEATH."

Art, Life and God

(WRITTINGS OF CHRIS HAMSON)

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IT IS I CHRIS HAMSON, A NAKED BABE, VIRGEN IN MY INNOSENCE, BRUTALLY VICTOMIZED BY MY OWN HUMANITY. AND I SIT HERE THINKING ABOUT LIFE IT'S SO FUCKIN STUPID IS'NT IT? SEX IS WIERD, IT'S ALL SO SAD, FUCK IT, THIS IS NOT WHAT I WANT. WERE ALL DIEING SLOWLY, DIEING! I WORRY ABOUT MY SOUL, AND WHETHER I HAVE ONE ORNOT, THEN I THINK ABOUT THE MOST PERFECT BREASTS I'VE EVER SEEN, THEN I THINK ABOUT DIEING AGAIN, DEATH, TITS, LIFE, PUSSY, LOVE, DICKS, SEX, ASS HOLES, PLEASURE, PAIN AND DEATH. I WISH I COULD JUST BUY THINGS THAT I WANTED, MONEY, LIFE, WEALTH, AFTERLIFE, FAMILY, INIFINITE, LOVER, SOMONE, ME, ALONE, FOREVER. INDEED I WISH I COULD LOVE AND BE LOVED, I DO LOVE..... SOMTIMES, BUT NOT ALLWAYS, I NEED TO CRY, CAN'T, I PRAY FOR GOD, I DON'T REALLY KNOW EXACTLY WHAT GOD IS, OR WHY, I AM A PERSON, AND I'M EQUAL TO YOU BECAUSE WE WILL SOON BE DEAD, BOTH OF US, ALL OF US, FOREVER, SAD, LONLY, DEAD, HORROR, NO FUTURE, DEAD. WE ARE SAD, I'LL MISS EARTH, GOOD [redacted] MOTHER EARTH, LOVE, SAD, ALONE, DEATH, CRIEING, SEX, LAUGHING, BALLS, GIRLS, TITS, LOVE, SEX, CUM, SAD, DICKS, LOVE PUSSIES, SEX, ASS, CUNT, PRICK, TITS, LOVE [redacted]

DEAD, ALL OF IT DEAD, SADLY, DEAD,
LAST NIGHT I DREAMED THAT I WAS IN BED WITH
A WOMAN WHOM I DID'NT LOVE BUT LOVED TO
BENAKED WITH, I LOVED HOLDING AND TOUCHING
HER AND HAVING SEX AGAIN AND AGAIN, I COULD
KISS HER LIPS AND BREASTS ETERNALLY BUT STILL
I DID'NT LOVE HER, ... WHAT IS LOVE ANYWAY?
I COULD LOVE A PERSON WHOM I NEVER SEE AND
SPEND ALL MY TIME, HAPPILY WITH SOMEONE
WHOM I DON'T LOVE. LOVE I GUESS IS SOMTHING
THAT CAUSES THE BRAIN TO MALFUNCTION. NEVER
GET ~~GOT~~ CAUGHT BETWEEN THE MOON AND NEW YORK
CITY, I KNOW IT'S CRAZY BUT IT'S "TRUE" WHAT
THE HELL DID CHRIS CROSS MEAN BY THAT? LOVE,
DEATH, SEX, HELL, HEAVEN, GOD, SHIT, DEVIL,
SAD, FOOD, LIFE, HORROR, FILTH, SEX, DEATH.
I CAN'T CONCIEVE OF A TIME WHEN I WAS'NT THINKING
OF SEX OR DEATH, I GUESS SEX AND DEATH IS
LIFE. "SEX, LIFE, AND DEATH." OR "SEX,
LOVE AND HATE!" HATE, NOW THAT'S AN EMOTION
FOR YA. MAN! "I HATE YOU", OUCH, ~~USES~~
I SPENT ALL DAY SUNDAY IN BED WITH A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL, I MARVELED OVER THE SUBLIME BEAUTY OF HER
NAKED BODY ALL DAY LONG. LARGE FULL BREASTS,
WITH PERFECT LITTLE ERECT NIPPLES, HER STOMACH
WAS SOFT AND FLAT, SHE HAD A NEARLY HAIRLESS
PUSSY, ~~THAT~~ WAS WET AS SOON AS I TOUCHED IT, AND HAD
A SHARP, SCENT ~~THAT~~ THAT SET FIRE TO MY NOSE, SHE
WAS HOT, WET, AND SOFT, AND I COULD LIE WITH

HER FOREVER, AND FUCK ALL THE TIME EVERY DAY
OF THE YEAR, PERFECT SNAP THEN I WOKE UP, I WAS
ALONE IN BED, IT'S WAS NEARLY NOON TIME, AND I
HAD A RAGING HARD ON. I CLOSED MY EYES AND I
TRIED TO GET BACK TO HER, & I TRIED DESPERATLY TO
SLEEP, I COULD STILL FEEL HER SKELETON IN SOFT
FLESH LIEING BELOW ME AS I PLUNGED MY PENIS
IN AND OUT, IN AND OUT, OH GOD RETURN ME TO HER,
BUT SHE IS NOW GONE, DEAD, ALIVE FOR MOMENTS
IN MY MIND SHE NOW IS THIN AIR THAT I BREATH,
I BREATH DEEPLY TO HOLD HER INSIDE ME. DEEPLY.
I ~~FLOUNG~~ THROW MY BLANKETS TO THE FLOOR
I LIE ON MY BED NAKED, ERECT AND COLD.
I STARE AT MY PENIS IT STARES BACK AT
ME LIKE A DOG THAT WANTS TO GO FOR
A WALK, I TOUCH IT, MY HANDS ARE COLD, BUT
STILL I REMAIN HARD. I WISH IT COULD JUST
GO AWAY BUT IT DOESNT. I DECIDE TO TAKE
A SHOWER, USUALY THAT GETS RID OF IT. I JUST COULDN'T
MASTERBATE AGAIN. THE WATER WAS HOT AND I LET
IT FALL ON MY PENIS AND SCROTUM. I DIDN'T WANT TO
CUM, BUT I WAS ALREADY SO CLOSE, IT'S POUNDING
ON ME, IT FEELS SO GOOD! I'M HOT, SAFE, TINLING NEAR
ORGASM. I REFUSES TO TOUCH MY PENIS, I WASH WITH
SOAP ALL AROUND MY INNER THIGHS, MY STOMACH, AND
MY ASS, ~~OH~~ MY ASS, IT FEELS TOO GOOD ON MY
ASS, I WISH IT DIDN'T, BUT IT DOES, I RUB MY ASS
FOR WAY TO LONG, I PRESS IN ON MY RECTUM, WITH SOAP IT
OPENS, EASILY, QUICKLY, I FIND MYSELF WITH TWO FINGERS

UP MY ASS AND THE WATER IS POUNDING DOWN ON MY PENIS, I BEGIN TO FEEL AN INNER WARM ITCH, A PERVIC, PLEASURE, MORE ALL ENCOMPASSING THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER FELT, MY FINGERS AREN'T ENOUGH I DESPERTLY LOOK FOR SOMTHING THE RIGHT SIZE AND SHAPE, "THE PLUNGER HANDER" I SOAP IT UP AND PASS IT IN BEEWEEN MY LEGS IN TO ME IT'S HARD, STIFF, PAINFULL BUT WHEN MOVED JUST SLIGHTLY ALL PLEASUREFULL. MY BONES FELT HOT, I WAS GOING TO CUM, AND MY BODY ~~I~~ WAS GOING TO TAKE IT'S TIME COMING, IT'S STARTED SLOWLY DEEP INSIDE ME, I WAS PARALIZED IN PLEASURE AND ANTICIPATION, THEN I JUST STARTED TO OPEN UP FASTER AND HARDER, I WAS COMING HARDER, AND HARDER, AND THERE WAS CUM ALL OVER AND THE SHOWER, WATER HOT ON MY BALLS, ... REMOVING THE PLUNGER WAS ~~NOT~~ NOT AS GOOD, IT FELT AWKWARD AN UNATERUL SHIT, IT WAS OVER, I'D FUCKED MY SELF, I FELT GUILTY, IT FELT GOOD, I WAS DEEPLY SATICFIED SEXUALY. BUT WHAT IS A VIRGEN ANYWAY? DOES IT TAKE A DICK TO STEAL VIRGNITY? HEY! WHAT'S DICKS GOT TO DO WITH IT? DEATH, SEX, LOVE, CUM, SHIT, PUSSY, HATE, COCKSUCKER, TWAT LAPER, AUGH! SEX, HUMANITY, GOD, OUCH! HEAVEN, HELL, WHO KNOWS?

1990 Chris Kamson

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"BREASTS, LIFE AND GOD."

Art, Life and God
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WHAT'S A GUY TO DO, YOU SEE, IT'S A SUNNY AFTER NOON, AND I'M LISTENING TO HARPSICORD BACH MUSIC, WHILE RECORDING THE STUFF I WROTE YESTERDAY WHICH, THOUGH A REVERSE, TEMP. LOVE NOTHING BIG BUT I SHOULD BE CHANGING IT. TODAY I FEEL GOOD, I FEEL LIKE I FEEL GOOD SHOULD FEEL TODAY BUT AFTER RECORDING YESTERDAY'S WORK, I'VE REMEMBERED THAT I'VE NEVER BEEN SO AFRAID AS I AM TODAY. THAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THIS. SO NOW I SIT HERE WITH THE POWER TO WRITE WHATEVER I WANT AND TO DO SO WOULD BE SUCH SHIT, MAN! I CAN'T DO IT. GET A BREAK. IT TURNS OUT THAT WHEN I'M MISERABLE I'M HAPPY AND WHEN I'M HAPPY I'M TRULY MISERABLE. THEREFORE I'M ALWAYS HAPPY. OR MISERABLE. NEVER EITHER ONE. BY THE WAY, I HAD GREAT SEX WITH TATIANA LAST NIGHT, IT'S SPOOKY HOW I FEEL THAT LOVE FOR ME IS ABOUT LOOSENING. IF I FEEL A WOMAN IS STRAYING FROM ME, I DESIRE HER. IF SHE LOVES ME TOO MUCH, SHE BORES ME. IT'S SO IMMATURE, I KNOW THAT, BUT I HAVE TO BE HONEST WITH MYSELF. I LOVE TO SEE WOMENS BREASTS WHEN THEY DON'T KNOW I'M WATCHING. THIS MORNING AT BREAKFAST MY WAITRESS WROTE MY ORDER, AND WHEN SHE DID HER SHIRT HUNG OPEN AND I COULD SEE ONE BREAST, IT WAS

VERY PRETTY. TUCKED AWAY PEACFULLY IN IT'S VONURABLE SILK NEST.....

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER I WAS WALKING THROUGH SOHO AND I SAW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WEARING A TANK TOP WITH NO BRA. WHEN SHE TWISTED HER TORSO IN HER STRIDE THE SIDES OF HER BREASTS WERE REVEALED. SHE WALKED INTO A PHONE BOOTH ON W. BRDWY. THERE WAS ANOTHER VACANT BOOTH ~~ADJA~~ ATTACHED TO IT. A PAIN OF GLASS SEPERATED US. I PRETENDED TO TALK ON THE PHONE AS I WATCHED ~~HER~~. WHEN SHE TALKED SHE LEANED AGAINST THE BOOTH WITH ONE ARM OUT STRETCHED REVALING AN ENTIRE BREAST TO ME. ~~HER~~ HER BEAUTY WAS SO INSPIRING I HAD TO RUSH HOME AND WRITE POETRY IN HER HONOR. SUCH A CURSE! I APPOLOGIZE TO ALL WOMEN, I'M NOT SEXIST, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGO AN OPPURTUNITY TO PEAK AT YOUR BREASTS. BREASTS ARE THE GIVERS OF LIFE, ~~THE~~ FOOD FROM ~~OF~~ GOD, "TAKE THIS ~~FOOD~~ ALL OF YOU AND EAT IT; THIS IS MY BODY WHICH WILL BE GIVEN UP FOR YOU. IT WILL BE SHED FOR YOU AND FOR ALL SO THAT SINS MAY BE FORGIVEN. THIS IS THE LAMB OF GOD WHO TAKES AWAY THE SINS OF THE WORLD. HAPPY ARE THOSE WHO ARE CALLED TO HER SUPPER. LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY TO RECIEVE YOU, BUT ONLY SAY THE WORD AND I SHALL BE HEALED....." REALLY NOW IS THAT PASSAGE NOT ABOUT SUCKIN TITS? I LISTENED TO THAT EVERY DAY OF MY CHILDHOOD.

I WAS AN ALTER BOY (OFCOURSE!) AND I HAD TO SERVE MORNING MASS BEFORE SHOOL AND ON SUNDAY. THE ONE PASSAGE THAT I JUST QUOTED IS SAID WHEN THE PRIEST TURNS BREAD AND WINE INTO THE BODY AND BLOOD OF CHRIST. IT WAS MY JOB TO RING A BELL BEFORE AND AFTER HE SAID THIS, YOU KNOW, TO LET THE CONGREGATION ~~KNOW~~ KNOW THAT A MIRACLE WAS GOING ON. BUT THE WHOLE THING BOILS DOWN TO THE FACT THAT WOMEN ARE GOD. MIRACLES HAPPEN WITHEN THEM, NOT IN A SILLY CERIOMONY PERFORMED BY A SEXUALLY UNDERNOURISHED PRIEST ON A MARBLE ALTER, SURROUNDED BY ALTER BOYS WHO ARE DESPRATLY TRYING TO STAVE OFF THEIR MORNING ERECTIONS. FOOD FROM GOD DOESN'T COME OUT OF A CHALICE IT COMES FROM A BREAST! ETERNAL LIFE IS MOTHERD IN A WOMB NOT THROUGH THE SPIRITUAL TEACHINGS OF THE VATICAN. WAKE UP CATHOLICS! GOD IS REALLY IN YOU AND NOWHERE MORE CONCENTRATED THAN IN OVERIES, UTEROUS, AND BREASTS. AUGH HEAVINLY BREASTS, I LOVE THEM, I TRUELY DO.

1990 Chris Hanson

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"SURVIVOR"
"UNSEEN AND IGNORED"

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HEADLINES IN THE POST → CHRIS IS FAMOUS

"UNSEEN AND IGNORED", HIT AND RUN VICTUM CHRIS HAMSON LAY HELPLESS ON AN EAST VILLAGE STREET FOR FOUR DAYS.

AFTER CHRIS IS HIT BY THE TRUCK THE NEXT IMAGE WE SEE IS THE HEADLINES OF THE POST AND THEN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE COMPLETE WITH PHOTO'S OF CHRIS IN HOSPITAL BED RECOVERING THIS IS CHRISS IS MINUETS OF FAME.

THE YOUNG ARTIST IN SEMI PRIVATE ROOM 4045 AT BELVUE HOSPITAL IN MANHATAN, HAS PLATES IN HIS LEFT FOREARM AND PELVIS. HIS LOWER TORSO IS IMMOBILIZED BY A FRAME OF STEEL RODS. AS HE AWAITS AN OPERATION ON THE SHREDDED LIGAMENTS IN HIS RIGHT KNEE, CHRISTOPHER JAMES HAMSON IS A TEXT BOOK EXAMPLE OF THE ASTONISHING TRAUMA, OF PAIN AND HUMAN SUFFERING. HE IS ALSO A LIVING COMMENTARY ON THE BROADENING GAP BETWEEN AMERICA'S HAVE'S AND HAVE-NOTS: HAMSON A 27 YEAR OLD STRUGGLING ARTIST, LAY FOUR DAYS ON AN EAST VILLAGE STREET, HIS LIFE EBBING AWAY, AS TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PEDESTRIANS WALKED BY. HIS FEEBLE MOVEMENTS WERE NOTED AND DISREGARDED BY STOREKEEPERS ON THE AVENUE. THEY ASSUMED HE WAS A HEROIN ADDICT, STREET PERSON.

CHRIS HAMSON HAD SPENT MAY 5 AS HE HAD MOST DAYS SINCE HE HAD MOVED TO NEWYORK IN 1986 — SCUFFLING THROUGH SOHO LOOKING FOR A WAY TO GET HIS FOOT IN THE DOOR OF NEW YORK'S FURIOUSLY COMPETATIVE ART WORLD. HE HAD BEEN TURNED DOWN AT A COUPLE OF GALLERIES AND CHASED BY AN ANGRY EX EMPLOYER AND DECIDED TO HEAD BACK TO HIS LOFT. WHEN HE WAS BROADSIDED BY A TRUCK WHILE CROSSING ALAN ST. WERE IT INTERSECTS WITH HOUSTON ST. " / ONLY GOT A QUICK GLIMPSE OF YELLOW

~~HE~~ BEFORE THE TRUCK HIT ME" HE SAID. THE IMPACT SHOT HAMSON CLEAR OUT OF HIS SHOES, ACROSS THE INTERSECTION ONTO FIRST AVENUE. THE TRUCK NEVER STOPPED, NIETHER DID ANY PEDESTRIENS.

OVER THE NEXT FOUR DAYS, HE DRIFTED IN AND OUT OF CONSIOUSNESS AND WAS UNAWARE OF THE CHANGE FROM DAY TO NIGHT, EXCEPT, HE SAYS THAT "SOMTIMES I WAS FREEZING AND SOMTIMES I WAS VERY WARM." MUCH OF THE TIME HE WAS DELIRIOUS, ENGAGING IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS. YET ON OCCASION HE MANAGED PHYSICAL FEATS THAT LEAVE HIS DOCTORS SHAKING THEIR HEADS IN DISBELIEF. WITNESSES SAY THEY SAW HIM SIT UP AND EVEN, AT ONE POINT, ON THE FOURTH DAY OF HIS TRIAL, STAND UP.

THROUGHOUT THE ORDEAL, HE WAS SEEN BY EMPLOYEES OF NEARBY BUSINESSES, SOME OF WHOM MISTOOK HIM FOR A DRUG ADDICT OR STREET PERSON. "I SAW HIM ALL DAY MONDAY [MAY 7TH]" SAYS LOCK ~~KEY~~ SMITH, KENNY GOLDSMITH, WHO WORKS OUT OF A SHOP NEAR WERE HAMSON LAY STRICKEN "HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE HE WAS INJURED. I WAS OFF A THE NEXT DAY, BUT I SAW HIM AGAIN WEDNESDAY, THE DAY ON THEY FINALLY PICKED HIM UP. TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THOUGHT HE WAS A FUCKIN JUNKIE."

(THE SCENE CHANGES BACK TO CHRIS ON FIRST AVENUE, HE'S LAYING IN THE GUTTER, HE'S BROKEN AND HIS CLOTHES ARE SCABBED WITH DRIED BLOOD HE'S OBVIOUSLY DELIRIOUS ~~DELIROUS~~, PEOPLE WALKING BY IGNORE HIM..) (HE TALKS OUT LOUD TO IMIGINARY PEOPLE).

CHRIS - ~~HA, HA, HA, THANK YOU SO MUCH, THIS IS WONDERFUL I'LL USE IT EVERY DAY I PROMISE. WELL TED HE'S GOT~~

~~HE~~ BEFORE THE TRUCK HIT ME" HE SAID. THE IMPACT SHOT HAMSON CLEAR OUT OF HIS SHOES, ACROSS THE INTERSECTION ONTO FIRST AVENUE. THE TRUCK NEVER STOPED, NIETHER DID ANY PEDESTRIENS.

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CHRIS - ~~HA, HA, HA, THANK YOU SO MUCH, THIS IS WONDERFUL I'LL USE IT EVERY DAY I PROMISE. WELL TED HE'S GOT~~

[redacted], YOU NEED LEAD ANCHORS BILL! (SCREAMS) [redacted]! HELEN! YOURE HOGGIN THE PILLOW, (LOUDLY) JUST A MINUETTE, HOW MUCH? YEAH PEPPERS AND MUSHROOMS., C'MON REGY, YOU GUYS ALWAYS MAKE FUN OF ME [redacted] (CHRIS SINKS DEEPER INTO OBLIVIAN AND WE GO INSIDE HIS HEAD AND SEE WHAT HE SEES.)

- CHRIS IS 10 YEARS OLD AND RUNNING DOWN A SIDE WALK HIS LEGIS BLEEDING AND A DOG IS CHASING HIM.
- WE SWITCH TO CHRIS PLAYING HOCKEY ON A FROZEN POND HE'S ABOUT FOURTEEN AND GETS HIT BY THE PUCK IN THE EYE AND FALLS DOWN BLEEDING
- WE SWITCH TO CHRIS BEING BEATEN BY A GROUP OF ABOUT 20 TEENAGERS, THEY KICK HIM AND HIT HIM WITH STICKS.
- WE SEE CHRIS, DRIVING A CAR OFF A CLIFF AND SMACKING INTO A TREE IN MID AIR, AND HE FLYS OUT OF THE [redacted] WINDSHEILD.
- WE SEE CHRIS — HAVING HIS LEG BRUTALLY BROKEN IN A FOOTBALL GAME.
- [redacted] THEN WE SEE MORE SCENES OF CHRIS GETTING INJURED IN [redacted] RAPID SUCCESION, THE SPEED OF THE

SCENES ACCELERATES INTO A VERY FAST MONTAGE OF CHRIS, BLEEDING, FALLING, BEATEN, BROKEN, BATTERED, CHEWED (SLOWLY WE HEAR A SIREN GETTING LOUDER)
- THE ~~SCREEN~~ SCENE CHANGES TO CHRIS STILL IN THE GUTTER, THE CAMERA RESTS ON CHRIS THEN PANS AROUND HIS SURROUNDINGS AS WE HERE CHRIS'S MIND RACING AND CLOSING IN ON DEATH.

CHRIS - (IN VOICE OVER)

~~AFTER DARK VAPOURS HAVE SETTLED OUR PLAINS~~
~~FOR A LONG DREARY SEASON, [illegible] BAY~~
~~BEFORE THE SWEET DEATH IMPLORE TIME,~~
~~SWEET MALE ITY [illegible] ON FOREVERS TO TAKE.~~
~~[illegible] AND [illegible]~~
~~BLOOD, FOLLOWS CLOSE BY THE [illegible]~~
~~AND OUR FINGER OF GUILTY POINTED~~
~~PAPS~~
~~YOUR [illegible] OF LOVE ARE [illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible] DEAR [illegible] DOVE~~
~~[illegible] TO BE BEAUTY DON'T MENTION OUR LOVE.~~
~~DARK OF TRUTH, BURIED [illegible]~~
~~[illegible] THE [illegible] FOR FOREVER~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible] YOUR SWEET KISS.~~
~~[illegible] YOUR UGLY FACE~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~FOR THE DEVIL, THE [illegible]~~
~~AND [illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~YOU [illegible] YOU~~
~~[illegible] I DON'T~~
~~[illegible]~~

[redacted] DEEPLY HELD BETWEEN TWO TITS I LAUGH AT ALL THE WORLD, LOVE IS SHIT IT FUCKS YOU UP. FUCK LOVE, FUCK HER TITS, GOD I LOVE TITS, TITS ARE GOOD, TITS ARE GREAT LET US THANK TITS FOR OUR FOOD. AMEN. AMEN MOTHER FUCKER. DO YOU HEAR ME? TITS MAN, THAT'S WHAT IT IS IS TITS, TITS!, TITS! TITS! I LOVE TITS!, I LOVE TITS!, I LOVE TITS!, WHY THE FUCK AM I SO COLD? IT'S SO GODDAMNED COLD ALL THE TIME, HEY! I'M COLD, MUY FREO, MUY FREO, AUGH FUCK THIS I'M GOIN' HOME, [redacted]

OTHER VOICE — YOU CAN'T GO HOME CHRIS.

CHRIS — WHY NOT?

OTHER VOICE — BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL FUCKED UP

CHRIS — I NEVER FELT BETTER

OTHER VOICE — YOU'RE DYING CHRIS

CHRIS — I AM NOT

OTHER VOICE — YOU'LL BE DEAD IN A COUPLE HOURS

CHRIS — FUCK YOU!

I LOVE TITS, I LOVE TITS, I SEE THEM EVERY DAY, I LOVE THEM WHEN IT'S HOT AND WHEN IT'S COLD. I LOVE THEM WHEN THEY'RE YOUNG AND WHEN THEY'RE OLD. I LOVE TITS, I LOVE TITS. I SUCK THEM EVERY DAY.

SCENE CHANGES TO REGY AND CHARLES COMING UP THE STAIRS OF THE FIRST AVE (F) STATION.

REGY - (POINTING AT A SHOE) ISN'T THAT ONE OF CHRIS'S SHOES?.

CHARLES- HOW COULD YOU TELL, AND WHO CARES IF IT IS OR ISN'T.

REGY - HE ONLY HAS ONE PAIR AND THAT SHOE REALLY LOOKS LIKE ~~THEM~~ ONE. HAVE YOU HEARD FROM HIM LATLY?

CHARLES- (SARCASTICLY) NO, THANK GOD.
(THEY ~~HEAD~~ UP FIRST AVE. APPROACHING CHRIS)

REGY - (ABOUT CHRIS WHO HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE YET) OH MAN! THAT GUYS IN A BADWAY. SERIOUS AMOUNTS OF JUNK.

CHARLES- (LOOKING AT CHRIS, HE STOPS AND STARES AND REGY STOPS AND ALSO STARES) HEY REGY, THATS CHRIS! (SHOCKED)

REGY - OH MY GOD! CHRIS, CHRIS, (THEY GO DOWN TO HIM AND ROLE HIM OVER)

CHRIS - TITS! TITS! I'M TITS I HAVENT EATEN IN SIX DAYS. (CHRIS IS OBLIVIOUS)

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CRUEL DARK SKY

OH FRET NOT AFTER KNOWLEDGE - I HAVE NONE,
AND YET MY SONG COMES NATIVE WITH THE WARMTH OF
YOUR BOSOM. A TALL WILTED TREE I LOOM FORLORN IN
THE COLDNESS OF YOUR ABSENCE. HEART BENT LIKE A
WILLOW'S BRANCH, I SHRIEK AT COLD DARK STARS, ECHO
RETURNS MY VIOCE HOLLOW, ~~UNMARKED~~ AND UNWARMED BY YOUR ~~BREATH~~ BREATH. CRUEL
DARK SKY, IN YOUR INFINITY YOU ~~DO~~ HOLD US TOGETHER IN YOUR
GRIP AS FISH IN A POND, SO HOW I ASK CAN I FEEL SO ALONE?
IS IT NOT YOU IN YOUR ONENESS THAT WE ALL BREATH? ARE
YOU NOT THE VERY FUEL THAT BRITENS OUR BLOOD RED!
DEAR DEEP SKY ALLOW ME TO LOVE YOU AS I LOVE THE SUN
FOR BECAUSE OF YOU MY WILL GROWS THIN, I ~~FALTER~~ STUMBLE AND
THEN CRIE OUT, I LOOK TO SEE BUT CAN'T, I REACH FOR TOUCH
BUT FEEL ONLY THE COLD PRICK MY CHEST. OH HORRIBLE NIGHT
IN YOUR LIGHTLESS MIST MY EYES ROAM UNABLE TO FOCUS.
MY MIND REALS IN SEARCH OF MEANING, AND ALL AT ONCE I
REMEMBER I AM NOT A MAN, BUT A SMALL BOY. I HAVE ONLY
TO CRIE OUT AND LIFE'S MILK SHALL FIND MY TOOTHLESS MOUTH.
SWEET PINK ROSE, HOLLY MOTHER GIVER OF LIFE, CHOACKED I LIE
PARALIZED IN YOUR ARMS DRUNK WITH THE LOVE OF YOUR
GENTLE MILK. FIRM, ROUND, PINKEYED, MOTHER, WORRY DISAPEARS
AS I HEARTFELLY CONNECT TO THEE. IN NUTRITION WE ARE ONE,
MY EYES GLAZE OVER AND REST SOFT IN TENDER LIDS.
HANDS FROZEN IN GRASP ARTFULLY COMPOSE AN ARTHRITIC
BALLET. DEAR GOD! SEE ME! NEVER SO BEAUTIFUL AS TRUE,
YOUR FLEETING HEAVEN IS NOT SO EASILY HAD, BUT I SAY TO
YOU ON YOUR ILLUSIVE KINGDOM'S THRONE, HERE ON EARTH
I HAVE ~~SURELY~~ SURELY FOUND IT!!!

Chris Hanson

"Hope"

Art, Life and God
(WRITTINGS OF CHRIS HAMSON)

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~~SOMETIMES~~ ~~WHEN~~ I FEEL LIKE THERE IS REALLY NOTHING LEFT FOR ME AND I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT DIEING SOUNDS GOOD. BUT I GUESS IF YOU DIE YOU ACTUALLY CEASE TO EXIST IN ANY FORM AT ALL. AS FAR AS I KNOW DEATH IS A SIMPLY THE END OF A HUMAN BEING, I CERTAINLY CAN'T BANK ON THE EXISTENCE OF HEAVEN AND EVEN IF THERE WAS, BY COMITING SUICIDE MY RELIGON BARS ME FROM IT ANYWAY. I SUPPOSE IF I DO ARRIVE AT THE POINT OF WERE LIFE HAS BECOME FUTILE, I COULD THROUGH MY LIFE AWAY, BY WORKING ON A SHIP?..... NO THAT WOULD BE TORCHER, THE SAME I GUESS FOR THE FRENCH FORIEN LEGION WHICH IF I'M CORRECT I BELIEVE IS COMPRISED OF PEOPLE LIKE ME,..... BUT STILL IF I HAVE TO LIVE I AT LEAST WANT TO BE AROUND WOMEN, MABEY I COULD GO OUT WEST AND LIVE IN AN ENVIORN-MENT COMPLETELY EMPTY OF HOPE. IF I LIVE I WANT TO ERADICATE HOPE, HOPE SUCKS, IT RUINS LIVES. NINTY PERCENT OF AMERICA IS HOPELESS, GOD! WHY THE HELL COULDN'T I HAVE BEEN ONE OF THEM. I WANT TO LIVE IN A TRAILER PARK, A RUNDOWN TRAILER PARK, I WANT A SHIT JOB THAT HARDLY ALLOWS ME TO PAY MY RENT. I WANT TO BE SO IMERSED IN THIS AMERICAN HELL THAT

I'LL NEVER HOPE TO GET OUT, I WONT HAVE A T.V., T.V.'S ONLY TEACH YOU TO WANT MORE MONEY, FUCK MONEY!, I'LL NEVER DRINK, DRINKING EASES PAIN WITHOUT TOTAL PAIN ALL THE TIME ONE HAS THE ABILITY TO HOPE. OUR WHOLE LIVES WERE TAUGHT TO NEVER LOOSE HOPE. HOPE FOR FUCKIN WHAT? WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN? HOPE IS A FUCKIN ~~DE~~ DISEASE, IT'S RUIND MY LIFE. WITHOUT IT I WOULD HAVE EXCEPTED THE ILL FATE THAT ~~THA~~ GOD HAD FOR ME. WITHOUT HOPE I NEVER WOULD HAVE SUFFERD UNDER THE ILLUSION THAT LIFE WILL GET BETTER, SOME DAY. IF I DIDN'T HAVE HOPE I COULD BE NOBODY, GOING NOWHERE BECAUSE I WANTED TO, RATHER THAN HAVING TO BE TOLD IT EVERY TIME MY SLIDES COME BACK, OR MY STOMACH WRETCHES IN HUNGER OR ANOTHER GIRL WHO I'M HEAD OVER HEALS IN LOVE WITH DUMPS ME ON MY FUCKIN ASS. I WANT TO LIVE IN FUCKIN HELL WITH A WOMAN WHO WOULD NEVER LEAVE ME EVEN THOUGH I WANTED HER TO AND FOR CHRIST SAKES LET HER PLEASE ME BECAUSE IF SHE DOESN'T THEN I'LL HAVE HOPE FOR SOMEONE WHO WILL. YEAH ~~THATS~~ SEXIST, SO FUCKIN WHAT. WHO COULD TAKE A "MAN" LIKE ME SERIOUSLY AT THIS POINT ANYWAY. I'VE LOST I KNOW IT, I'M TO COWERDLY TO KILL MYSELF, I WAS NEVER THE SUBSTENCE ABUSE TYPE, SO WHAT'S LEFT?

NOTHINGS LEFT. (CHRIS WALKS OVER TO A ~~HAR~~ MIRROR AND LOOKS AT HIS FACE FOR A LONG TIME AND WE HEAR HIS THINKING AGAIN) GOD YOU LOOK FUCKIN CRAZY SOMTIMES! IT'S STRANGE USALLY WHEN I DO THIS I JUST LOOK LIKE ME AND I DON'T QUESTION IT, BUT NOW MY FACE IS LIKE AN OPEN MIND, IT CHANGES SHAPE WITH EVERY NEW THOUGHT, AUGH THIS IS REALLY SCAREY, I WONDER IF I'M FREAKING OUT, OH MAN! I DON'T WANT TO GO CRAZY. OH GOD PLEASE DON'T LET ME LOOSE IT. OK, OK..... OK NOW HANG ON CHRIS, JUST TAKE IT EASY BUDY. JUST, ~~LET~~ LETS FIGURE IT OUT, GOD I WAS REALLY THINKING SUICIDE, JEASUS CHRIST! I DON'T WANT TO KILL MYSELF, OH GOD WHATS HAPPENING TO ME, I WANT TO LIVE AND BE HAPPY. AND I DO HOPE, I WILL NEVER LOOSE IT, GOD LIFE IS REALLY BEAUTIFULL I KNOW THAT. I JUST HAVE TO APPRECIATE LITTLE THINGS, BE HAPPY IN LOVE, HAVE BABIES, LIVE FOR OTHERS AND NOT YOURSERF. AUGH, NO, NO, NO, GOD I WANT TO BE FUCKIN RICH! DAMIT, DAMIT, I WANT TO LIVE LIFE THE WAY I WANT IT NOT THE WAY IT'S FUCKIN HANDED TO ME LIKE A UNIFORM, I AM CHRIS FUCKIN HAMSON AND I AM A FUCKIN KICK ASS ARTIST, AND I'LL BE DAMED IF I DON'T DIE TRYING. I WILL MAKE IT!! I WILL FUCKIN MAKE IT!

1990 Chris Hamson

"TO ANYONE"

Art, Life and God

(WRITTINGS OF CHRIS HAMSON)

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'AUTUM'

~~THE WIND PUSHES TO AUTOM~~. COOL BREEZES WITH LEAVES RUSTLING, THE CLOUDS ARE HIGH UP AND MOVING FAST. SOUNDS LINGURE AND SHADOWS ARE LONGER, AUTUM IS COMING, AND I AM HARDLY ALIVE. MY HEART FEELS EMPTY, AS CROW HOLLORS TURN TO CELLO MOANS, AND HEEL SCUFFS TURN TO HOOVES ON COBBLE STONES. WITH EVERY LOUD ~~SOUND~~ NOISE, SOUNDS OF ORCHESTRA RESINATE, THE SUN SHINES REDER, AS GREEN TURNS ~~THE~~ BROWN. WITH THE DEATH OF THIS SUMMER ALSO ~~GOES~~ PASSES A PORTION OF MY SOUL, IN IT'S LONG HUMID BUZZ I FELT WALLS OF COMFORT, [redacted], WET, [redacted] SOFT, AND WARM DEAR SAD AUTOM, YOU MAKE ME SO CONSIOUS OF MY MORTALITY. IN YOUR ETERNAL CHANGE ~~EVERY TURN~~ OF SEASON OUR LIVES SOFTLY EB AWAY. YOU ARE THE SAD CLOCK ON THE WALL THAT TELLS US TO LEAVE OUR LOVERS AND GO BE ALONE, FOREVER ALONE. ALONE WITH A HEART THAT YURNS FOR LOVE. I CRY OUT, LOVE ME! LOVE ME! SOMBODY PLEASE! AND I RECIEVE NO [redacted] REPLY, NOT EVEN AN ECHO, JUST THE SOUNDS OF AIRPLANES IN THE SKY, ALL OF THEM LEAVING ME, ALONE, OH SADDNESS! I AM SO ALONE, AND HOW I LONG FOR LOVE. PLEASE SPRING, BE MY INSPIRATION, GIVE ME THE STRENGTHE I NEED TO CROSS WINTER'S HORRID DISTENCE TO YOUR HAPPY THAW. BUT OH, SO LONG IT SEEMS TILL

THEN. TO WHOM EVER MY NEXT LOVE WILL BE,
I LOVE YOU SO. OH YES I DO. THE IDEA OF LOVE
SHALL GUIDE ME, A LOST SHIP ON THE OCEAN TO
YOUR WELCOMING SHORE. DEAR, DEAR, SWEET
LOVLINESS, WHOMEVER YOU SHALL BE, I LOVE YOU,
I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU.

Chris

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