the Wanderer Beyonder & the Cosmic Clock

the ongoing autobiography of
Jonathan Barlow Gee

vol.
2

"the wanderer beyonder & the cosmic clock:
the ongoing autobiography of jonathan barlow gee"
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dedicated to: Dan Sutton, a guy who gave me an idea online once, and to all survivors.
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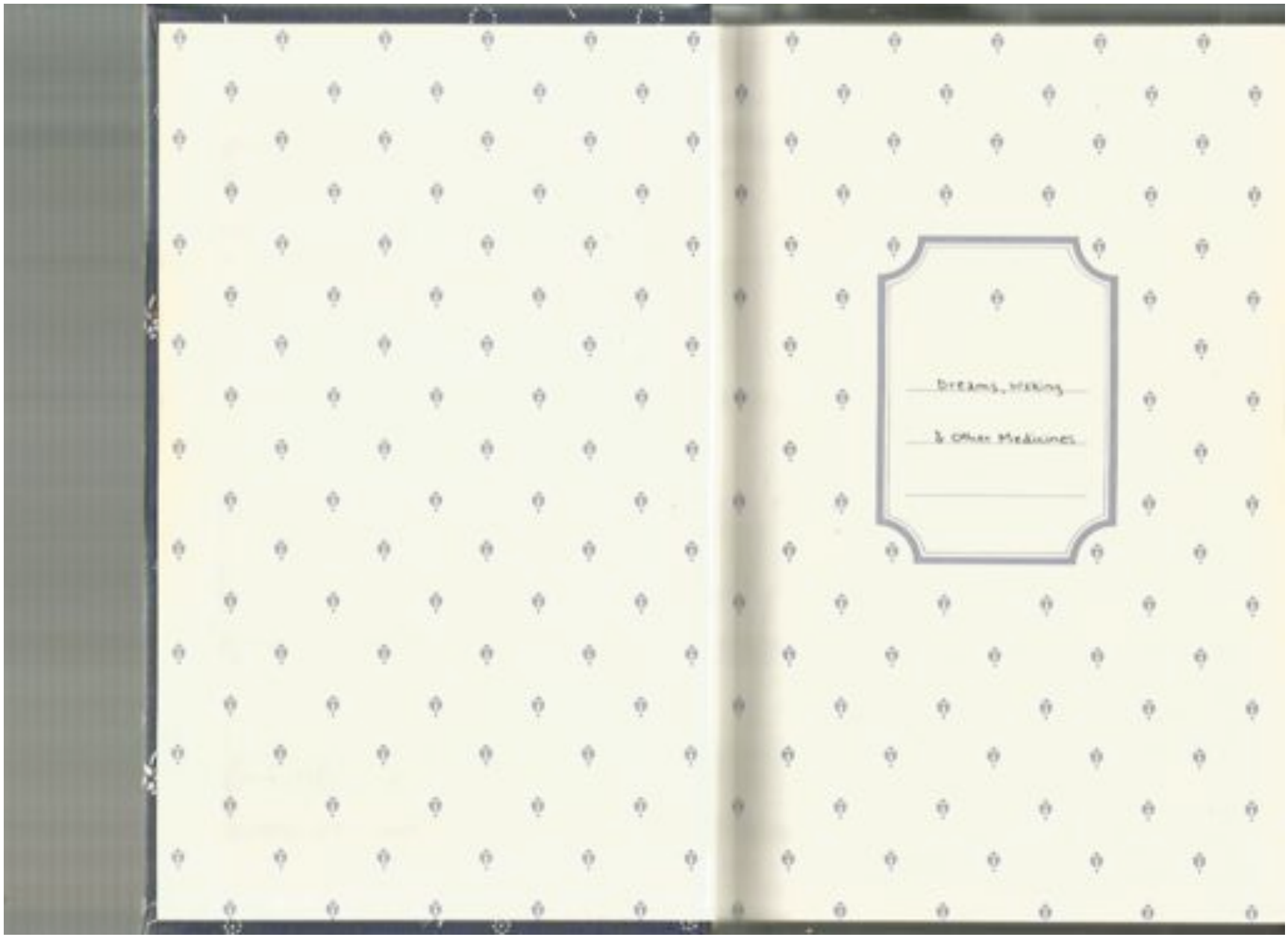
the Wanderer Beyonder
& the Cosmic Clock


Dreams, Visions
& Other Madness

Early morning before sunrise. For some reason I can't remember I am sitting in my front yard at my mother's house in Tallahassee FL. I hear a dog barking next door and from behind her house strange laughter I assume is my mother. I see through the front windows the back sliding glass door is open and I see her coming inside through it. As she moves through the house in silhouette I move to the front door to meet her. She asks what I'm doing up so early and I think to myself of the stark red of light of my bathroom mirror, wondering why I wouldn't have gone there to wake up before coming outside. My mother, still in silhouette before the front porch lamp-glowing person- asks me to take the trash out since I'm there. I do. The bobby bags into our large black plastic recyclable garbage can. The sky is the deep hues of just before sunrise. I step in my front door because I have noticed a car driving suspiciously slow down the street. I see, somehow, the backs of the driver's and passenger's heads: long, curly red hair tied back with clips over the ears and a shirt which was respectively, A is seen Maxwell and George Peterson, a couple I know in high school. I call them back to the house. They are looking for a house where George's birthday party is supposed to be. I go inside and when I come back my mother has fixed them breakfast and

it reading them as a [redacted] have an art book
poem that has never been there before and which our
poem has led to embark on somewhere. The meal is
eggs, sunny-side up, served over translucent bowls.
After them other food inside which they weigh. I think
to try the food they had been eating but, as no
matter sticks to the serving dishes, I see that it has
been turned to a watery white in some places. Also
there is a watermelon on the table, in the middle on
a plate; I could not be sure of this from the distance
of the doorway. Bernie says in her pinched, nasal
tones (as if everyone is deaf), "you don't have to eat
that, you can have some of my birthday cake!" As
we are going inside the yellow doorway into my house
which I have felt has been two stories tall since I met
my mother on the porch, I am startled by a sharp
ran from wind, as it was in the afternoon.

Restless sleep in early morning, dream of political
debate, each voting one, but re at time when my mother used
to work, joined the waiting room of studio photographer who
i can not recall his face even in my memories. Plane about
to disappear, writing notes and letters, flowers on my desk.

Pen, screen on the room reading interface while living was
getting together a parade. Work making we and combining our
dreams with reality- almost breaking into genuine panic about
some insane concern or other. An dreamt vivid images and
associate situations based on very short sentence fragments
snipped from [illegible]. First dream of [illegible] woods, as
I was inside Winter with huge elephant gun, thunderous single
beam as it fired, shots boomerang-like to shoot bullets, I
wish I could remember more from those dreams!

Don't remember how this dream began. Taking train with
Todd, Mike and one of the other people who are constantly
changing- as people in dreams so often do- me as to a neighborhood
being constructed inside an enormous warehouse - I recall it
was a smooth concrete floor of a warehouse, piles of sand with
few trees, a sidewalk, heaps of bare wire unfinished
buildings can't be any taller than the receding ceiling. We
look around in one, then proceeding downhill to the right
we look at its neighbor, the ultimate house on a
hill that is removed into the warehouse corner. Though inside
the warehouse, it is night. I can see through the walls of this
house but the surroundings in daylight with wagons and
shopping carts. The roof of the house we are in

cannot be built because of the low portion of the basement ceiling above. Even with hard-core electric power, Todd and Teds on long-wire like intestines. "Look," I say to indestructible mine/Todd character, "if you buy this one it already comes with its own orbit." I see nervous Todd is talking jerkily about buying one of these things with mine, and that because whenever I get near enough to hear a few minutes worth they were off — I am obviously not going to be included. I try one last time to seem important, saying that Todd is pointing out to the more complete, three story structure with private basement & basement four stories and his, just seen. I say, "yeah, not as big as this house, and a lot more of us in this house, and we're friends & the one Todd is in the first story over there and the other Todd is the third story over here," Todd and the Excited others scurried to consult, but I was feeling deserted and wandered outside to the bottom of the hill where the street. I looked back and could see the price of the house on a laminated tag in a box of display in use, I think, $16,999.99. I read it over several times, then called it out to Todd with stuttering difficulty. I went over to where the price tag was, because Todd had gone inside to confirm the price. "Is it right?" I asked him. The Todd had become all jumbled and I couldn't remember which one I had seen. The display had grown a long cord to connect it, with some improvement machine and gadgets behind it in most walls and utility vests, some in wood huts, filled large objects on impossibly tall shelves. Todd muttered something and waved off the card I had been holding toward him & scientific calculator with screens and buttons on both sides, involved in buttons everything. I can't see it, after contemplating it for a while I shrugged off and found Todd and mine and the others in the toy section with a cart full of huge toy trucks. They were looking up at it and toys on a high shelf as making their choice. I shrugged off and, standing to their a while ask "where are you going?" I asked them, "the west." I quickly got the chance to look around. I held up the box of an old Blackhawk jet space ship Todd & I used to own & tried to show him as if to say "remember when," but he & mine were already proceeding hurriedly in a check out lane at the end of that aisle and I ran after them only glancing hurriedly at all the wonderful toys I won't ever have. Through some sliding automatic glass doors and out outside in the amazing dark evening. I was still shaking, but it was very clear and difficult, as

It there was not greatly but quite yet positive. Some more few cars and people were coming from the other direction I had just come from carrying large shopping bundles in. Underneath a huge dark gray sky. I wanted to skip up to a young girl I didn't know, carrying groceries, and sing "I'm in the mood for love simply because you're near me" in an exaggeratedly loud & flat voice though I was only imagining this I discovered I had moved from where I had been standing to the place where I had imagined going & this interested me and broke my concentration. It was thrown by Travis Bickle, a high school acquaintance, who was picking up more cards and dancing playfully around. Today this little Toyota turned I decided two more turns was stopping my stereo, before I woke up. Thinking back on my mind as I got up shortly later I seemed to have been thinking about broken glass, a shattered windshield or window because that was a thought left over from the dream or the residue of the event which was about to occur as I awoke.

Interesting note on perception I thought of before hearing to make breakfast I quickly high pitched insect buzzing coming from the front yard but, upon consciously entering their single mind-splitting note? I was listening to a tape

yesterday going to pick up trish. I stopped in because I knew the exact song was bad. I didn't want to hear it. I listened to the radio, later was insisted on listening to the rest of the tape. After that we listened to the radio, later still we listened to nothing, then I listened to static on the radio. Now that one song I had tried to avoid is there in my head. It always happens this way. I tried to specifically listen to certain stuff on tape. I had made before moving all the cut out going into trish. As the day wore on, progress I would realize the song there in my head would not be the song I had heard, but the next-to-last song on cassette(s) was happening to have just when I turned off the tape player. This would be true even I would try to "record over it" (a la speak, with songs from the radio-unless going to record another cassette or a different, not-in-use song.

My recollection of how this situation arose: sitting on the edge of an olympic-sized swimming pool which is filled to the rather level with a layer of fake green grass, Ann Cooper (a high school acquaintance of mine whom I saw driving yesterday) greeting me with her long, dark, golden legs from behind, thick glasses, sturdy in front of me, swimming towards the side of me, with a confident, smoke dance which I

look to be a repeating marker, amongst several dark coloured, small objects which I took to be bags of coffee beans. Sky (or roof) bright blue, windows grey, woman walking around past right grey, part of unusually green face green. Man is saying how she was regrets not going to travel in northern Ireland and Rick and I are being conducive to conversation (Rick: "why didn't you go?" Her: "we just didn't, I'd like to, we were there." Ann: "no, no it was just sick...") while I rub Ann's legs and Rick perpetually produces and disappears tea-cups full of coffee to Ann and myself. As the dream progresses I move further and further down, first to Ann's legs and eventually around my midsection, then in that weird manner my hand as I rub my stomach as not inner thighs. The climax is that I end up sitting next to Ann on a row of coffee, and, as we are grinding over the opacity of the number of different coloured beans/seeds (or could be chocolate chips) in the bag and mine trying to ask Ann to meditate for it and research the dream ends. It is not until I see the little brown beans I try and record them to memory (4 dark brown, almost black-particularly dark chocolate; 3 dark medium brown - chocolate or coffee; 2 or 3 light - relatively 1-3 red/brown - perhaps coffee) as I am writing up that

the word "coffee" even exists to me - in relationship to later rather than during, though I was aware it was the drink throughout the dream because I imagined it.

Earlier dream remembered later - detective chase, ended up at my house in a white, late 80's style Caribbean villa for some reason that I "deputed those to work" but neither is not home - probably at Rebecca's. I am subject to constant hustling from this black in a suit with a moustache and a badge, dodgy dungaree like type with glasses, mean eyes, right, but light round me a weak-ish pastel grimace.

Man woke me up when she left for work and I never really got back to sleep until 10 reports. Have images from a confused kitchen full of workmen noisy, making coffee & trying to avoid a jealous altercation between the cats that would have ensued in my bed. Hanging onto the more interesting & hedonistic start to the dream, we have coats hanging in the art of water, on hot white & consecutive going on about [illegible]. A different situation but me in front of my bathroom mirror [illegible] huge white pills one of a black - first one huge and one medium taken out in a pile on the counter, then more from a big bottle - counting "[illegible]

with [illegible] 5 4 3 7 5. I don't remember being able to make out more than 5.

Strange dream of wandering around in what I took to be African village (though it bore no resemblance) because I was trying to find black art and place of residence. Barefoot I wandered through some blackberry briars where, lost in whatever, twisting ankle, the berries grew as big as fists. I was trying to avoid stepping on one, I could imagine feeling it squishing up between my toes, unpleasant, unclean. Continued the ugly stream, more as I drift over the threshold. I found a little cafe, more people gathered around, built round in stone and by a large brown metal gate. I see a bearded man, black, in suspenders, talking to another, red-faced man. People are gathered nearby where the trail I am on comes to a rutted, white track, excitedly listening to him. He is talking about criticizing the road, which is entirely out of his control. He says it has never been used by humans? I think in retrospect he is Cornel West, Progressive, the communist candidate in the recent Russian elections, but I may be twisting the dream by looking for more meaning than there is. I continued on on the trail a short ways, coming to where more men were gathered in front of a more solider gate, various acts in entertaining

leaves like sand on an ink gallon. It is the electric blue grey color of cigarette smoke. The men are arguing about what to do. I'm breaks the violent layer with much difficulty using his fist. He seems to be trying to prove a point. The work is at hand as usual, I see someone standing off to the side - perhaps an elderly Romanian character - and I bottom down around the hole. He rises out of the water into someone's back yard. Their house is one of those artificial wood siding walls that made of cardboard. Inside I may have climbed in through the window to get there? There are more people gathered around, apparently trying to get out. There is the dusty yellow light of sunshine through curtains everywhere, and no furniture. Some of them are trying to go through a window. An old woman with long salt and pepper-looking gray hair just goes through the door; no one notices. I take a look at the window. It is in a white metal frame with hinged screens on the inside and out that must be lifted up and aside. Under them this frame is no reason the window cannot be opened. I go through it, forcing my body sideways and holding up both outward screens, pressing myself into the front yard. I see the old woman there, walking successfully on the road. I begin to follow her, pressed to her, but unable close a road that is

gradually turning to the left and being more and more enclosed by lush, deep green foliage. I begin noticing elaborate wooden archways with ivy and hanging potted ferns. As I go past it, I see the old woman inside a window lined by pots and growing plants, which I take to be her kitchen window. I see her purposefully swing the [illegible] on invisible counter, washing things in a sink I cannot see – I imagine my own kitchen counter and its original Nantucket stainless steel sink. I give up on the old woman and continue following the inlaid, bent road. In addition to the wooden lattice-work verandas, there are now also many baskets of brightly colored fruits. As I pass by them, I try to recognize them specifically – it occurs to me I could just take one, who would even notice? I fancy a banana or anything, but I don't stop and take one; I am inexorably drawn forward. I see a teenaged girl talking with her mother at a table; seeing my ideal regarding the fruit they both glare me sneering glances. I drift by them. The road is becoming more thinner now, the baskets more sparse, more obviously presenting themselves, the inlaid wooden arches have merged and enclosed the walkway. I am at some kind of border, approaching the white glow at the end of the corridor with which I awaken

– in a dyslexic note my mother included the words "fruit market" later in describing her day's plans to a guest while I heard from another room. This was my cue to tell her that I wouldn't be back later on to re-admit the guest in case of return, because I was going to sleep.

Dream: I was a flower being chased by a human head. I had very specific strategy to avoid getting caught: move forward. Arriving back at window-door leads along a line of thick green wires that formed a circle with a small dirt clearing at the base. This is a picture of where I (the dotted line) indicate the intersection of going there in order to locate my ticket and retrieve the keys (white line with black lines are those others I could remember actually crossing). The broken wires indicate invisible. At point "A" I turned around after walking unsuccessfully for a place to walk along the line of thicket and saw the head rearing up over the white horizon at point "B", snarling. I proceeded to walk at "A", but I became aware that what was following me was moving around from the

direction of the unbearable noise. I ran down the field, green with bracken & vibrant blue sky scattered with puffy white cumulus clouds, but I could see a large, brown-skinned figure in the valley bordered by the waterfall to my left. I kept running, at this point I screamed and waved the stick, but I have since forgotten what that time was. I felt weak sleep sick and immediately transported back to that lonely day, lost in a place with bigger, almost mythic — and glowing green with life, where large trees, heaven all on the whole clumps of leaves, formed huge white cloaks and breathing hood-like network patterns stuck into the brown mud. This place was populated by monkeys; I had to assume I was also a monkey, two of them who approached me when I could see wouldn't do perhaps to the water hole. "Are leaders here are mighty and people-eaten," he told me. I saw nearby an antelope, small monkey bodies tossed about, a giant, crown-furred, snarling baboon. Rather than being multi-coloured, his face was a sometime pink-purple, and looked almost human-sized by a halo of grey-white fur. He looked at me and there was a panicked frenzy around me by all my fellow monkeys to get into the branches. I looked up at them, running there, and around at all the other high-fur coloured apes lying about in clusters of twigs. I thought "why would they all get to have all the branches?" But there was something peculiar about the look that this baboon had given me; it didn't scare me to death, it was a look almost like it was trained to see me. It was a look of ... recognition. I am surrounded by a ringing sound which consistently rings up.

Gaia "the night as was perfect we have surprise by running through the window because, hey? You have been tenderness?"

In my living room watching a movie, Nick sitting to my right on the couch, Irina sitting on the love seat, my usual place. Our friendship is on the right, predictably by Nick. Then Irina moves back and forth from me to the love seat, her legs stretched high in the air. I imagine it's because sitting that a long night between from her recline & it makes me think of a mischievous grinning Monte Hall of plastic. We have not noticed she had been gone "Yeah," she says incredulously, with no emotion, and her friend "At last, after the perfect right motion. Tender names on and the text "That's mean, they missed forgotten something." I see the face of her mother, then the face of Michelle Gandolfo, then Kristen on the window. Then realizing never sat on her ma mother knocking on my bedroom door. At some point in this dream Nick has been substituted for a less intense boy, more cocky. Liz stays, absolute fixed in my line

Later, a dream of being on stage as a younger me with Irina as a little girl and another child, we watch the hate war from a secret of hiding built on from the cupboard of a place where like an adult who will play the piano of music we are to sing. As we have our positions, Irina on the far left of the stage, I in the middle. A curtain was meant to stage right from where we stood, I was the beginning of some other piece composition (possibly "Songs in the Morning" by Ewald) and Irina giggled as the tension builds before the performance begins. I am very aware of the lights that hang the stage front and I begin to repeat Irina her girlfriends. Reading the performance should be more serious.

Sometime during the night I dreamt of reading the Great Gatsby in a cold, strangely arranged classroom with dead flowers (where I wrote angrily about last night) while Mrs. Shepherd was the teacher. Can what purports for English to make from my high school). As first we were being sent to miss other, but eventually we started walking around. The room was like the end of a hallway, a bench going all the way around the three sides, and three sprite tables complemented by chairs lined the space. Jane sat on the inside corner in a circle of the cupboard while (viewed from above) I sat at the corner on the middle side of the bench, Mrs. Underwood was standing near the cupboard, Irina going in and on monotonously about how weak a book this was. Jane's copy of it was a larger, hardback edition which I presumed he brought from Ukraine. In a small gym on patriotic overtones, in the middle of the year I gave him some sense of hanging curtains like in a cat room, except sitting around the bed in the gym floor. Miss Jane and behind me, I can't see the whole community to him to my right. The curtain I do not think was there for an unveiling just as a re-introducing and staging ground for the talent of small students and celebrities who performed. In an interval Jane thanked me there, like in a big screen to watch me. Jane was handing out bit sheets of music and a picture of the dancer of a classical ballet dancing in through the window he listened something like "Mission 56", which nobody heard the whole audience as we grew. The role of Mrs. Jane said Irina, kindergarten for an Ukraine child here." Rick, Mrs. Jane, and somebody above and on the left, surrounded with children's laughter.

As I was walking up, slowly, leisurely, more and more undeniably conscious, I was thinking about hypnotism as a way of getting inside another person and what effect it produced. I imagined a hypnotic subject the myself (whatever that is, slightly larger but harder parts, textures that could be said to produce shapes

with less than 3,000 spoken per min.) is hypnotic visibility for living according to me (that can be easier to make many connections of inspiration. I have recording anything of a drastic nature, but that one session of sub silence was so, so did the treatment, which is written for myself. (Bigger subjects of this is possible by mental silence alone, even more than just being aware/in touch of anything real) but without the use (even more right - mostly caused by me thinking the world and being willing to leave her alone.) I then thought more about my own anxiety as I became conscious, thinking "I was so not with her..." (the ability to work through silence, the ability to read people's thoughts when I work on, to another reading to working to, and to have a photographic memory).

(Really) interesting side effect of giving a handful of generic pain killers yesterday morning in a fit of self-hatred. Tonight after getting in the mind reading Burroughs essays in the Adding Machine I sat at the wipe and all sub-selves (data dumps of what on the mind) heard words, some spent left in the sink by [redacted] gone sheet - a movie which was entitled Rubber. The entire scope in my head is so connected in bright red and a fine sheen in the light. I finish up, making notes. Feels great that the supply is diminishing finally. I will up the tickets of my Forcefield jackets. I'm feeling very full and relaxed, need to shower so I don't feel

I ended mine and the first was it is probably my first having mis-remembered from the drug, my ultimate first supper sensitive I feel exist, I can remember the last time I was involved in the first medical hotel, I was in with insomnia, disorder in another it turned me inside out and it was protecting me a thought on the end and I was not to be put back in inside by sinister glazed fingers. Since then in the Emergency Room with a case of indigestion to spending one hour it was mistaken for appendicitis and I had to fight off the emergency nurses in the eager hands of a young male nurse. I'm guessing, taking 30 those pills was as good as swallowing razors. All I am inside is a circular system not to digestive system and now they don't even have Maalox/Pepto Bismol, gulping up and thinking we got into so much with the waiting inside with mother galaxies that was disgusting, I was trying to fight through me (Confusion... (Just Reality)

Pisces. Like on a Friday, Rave day inside the excellent of my operating system of Lincoln, Kid and Universe I was high, middle and elementary students all inside together and he didn't reply. I gained by Ring nearly enough and was back to ask him what was the matter with him when he scolded me. I thought I heard him mutter "Fuck you" towards his breath, so I thought about it for a moment and then started staring him. He still walking like a fatty and he

couldn't get away. I crept up behind him and put him in a chokehold with my back against the wall of a tool shed in a portable stallion. I could see it with Brian in front, I knew I wasn't going to do anything to him because I didn't want to get in trouble. I was looking around nervously my body said a few threatening things to him, like "why do you provoke me?" but then dashed around to the other side of the stallion I was had my back against, dropping my conditioner with it, in a gesture to fight I simply continued walking. Andy would think I had just disappeared.

moving through crowded halls that kept the repressive dictation of the way that's possible counterpoints do.

Talking on a bus, presumably a grey round bus and a student bus, talking to a black girl who was presumably across from where I sit on the right side of the greyhound bus, behind me where I sit on the right side of the street, but nonetheless that French-Asian somewhere one of our flirtatious and flattering conversation, almost what I was her just before [redacted] I got all the bus, "you have very pretty..." "Christ, eyes? smiles?" to which the smiled and turned towards us, if she was thinking.

talking all the bus I saw John Wilkin standing by a ripped desk, one of the most striking of the large five such shows that but stood. I was over to him and saw he was hanging out with the kids in the hall. He was wearing one with the Bible was saying things that didn't make any sense, acting like the ringmaster of a circus. I saw what I took to be mine manager run into the back of some metallic, one was doing something "funny" with a fast food cup and a straw. Jeremy was back not behaving like a hundred year old to large with his cue. "Hey," I shouted, "careful, you might hurt them." John Wilkin found it amusing I could remember his name. There was something being done with sitting legs - pushed that were being altered by one another. Harassingly

translation via the kids in the mall, but not quite certain what it is me in shorts lying on the right side of their body in a dim brightness room. It by moonlight through or around very heavy curtains. The colors seem a dominant perpendicular to the head of the left hand, which is glowing with amber light. That is the black, pink, the last something I can't understand the language. The regimes of order, but white letters down, and starts blinking down her pointer. As she begins the process as if she was just come to here. She can't hear underneath. I imagine where her fingers, mouth we, the curves of me and with her left hand, the fingers. Stepping out of her pointer and noise I think, since to me. The room large and. I dunno. Inside for that written stain for neutral moments. I look back with to her and she is burning into the darkness of the room pointed to the left, somewhere and with her right hand still cupped under her chin like a

As it wasn't the party to be sure but that just makes it me and then the other one is on the couch and I said, "oh yeah! Is the fire with you and here we?" the voice her other arrived response was "on the fireplace." All this occurred gradually more and more in front of the guests because she was leaving me room and I was following her. She was leading my room because at least while I was consoling her I was here in the bathroom next to me on my back putting her head on my chest, as which point I began "embarrassing" mother and even around her face with my arms at one point flowing after me right in front of the guests while I was trying to soothe my position to them. The same changed slowly unrelated to a huge field of tree shoots and fallen timber surrounded by a large, thick, dark green pine forest. The guests had become strange animals dressed in silvery, animalistic space suits listening intently, some of whom were a bit past their 65 years of the world. A large monster-like creature, six in a large suit but was made to fit its beady humanoid form, came in from the left holding a silver serving platter on which was a large cooked chicken. "Oh no," I said remembering in this alien, "don't tell me you went up there and did it yourself?" It nodded in response and began lumbering off towards the friend, while I and the other humans waited expectantly

still in more or less the opposite direction. Though, I was losing the friend, and the them coming towards me and passing me on the right, predictably as my command, I reverted back from trauma, I don't know honestly what we were missing. I think it to be just Project, but typically speaking it is where the French door was in our original atomic setting). The next bit I remember is my mother somewhere about 6 remember-guaranteed, ghost cats pulled into the woods in a flat Stanley Kubrick shot. I ghost would head on the middle distant terminals from the Shiningness' hall. "We didn't go to Bar," she told the voice of one of Sabrina's friends from that time of that time, unless I intruded on episode of high night at 11:30. We were watching his imaginary, dead uncle together in a large, dark room.

(Reality)

Tonight is the eleven night since I last drank. Last night I began one more unsatisfactory talk with no intelligible standing. Today I felt as bad though kinda nothing tonight disturbing distortion almost like in the morning time cause, but before the dance that it about 10:00, two hours throughout the day, where satisfaction from what under my eyelids, I cannot but, just not taking me back in I was looking down at my necklace's shiny brass tarnished and the crystal surface in the white, marble like bowl, bright red stain on that rubber wipe, smeared in my hands. The first

Class 3 Year 7 Feel only a crisis thirtyyard.

extremely depressed right now since we have neither body sleep
unfortunately. Kind, what through the day in varying states of
brevity, a party, a birthday party for Patricia Plano, Brooke
Rodgers's girlfriend, at which I was Brooke Shields from
a condom. Travis, telling him about the dream of getting letter
picked Rick with Rick Tramp, Julie Talbot. And Nina and Melanie
cornered me asking Rick playing me to Rick as much as I do to
Rick. I, Rick, playing Rick, a position in a potential sex triad
in which Rick would be the singer, Rick I mean it, Nina and me I
constantly putting down my abilities and my interests and putting
me down whenever I used to be closer to her, to my friends Nina
made plans for the future which don't include me, and I have
been too busy trying to suit it's members of the future to
protest. I feel like Nina's gone really like we had. I have not made
any plans of my own and would rather imagine myself being
in a band like Nirvana, Pixies and those groups in the Rolling Rick
Mass Imagine myself around others listening don't again. I think
to myself "Kurt Borges to his new guitar" and then I think,
"why? I should throw away my pens and paper and give up
writing I'm too far behind." I mean, what am I more worthy
than I was in a few? I'm just going to waste my life

television and go to sleep. No more reading, no more writing, no
more dreaming, no more crying. Just the death of boredom,
passion, love. Since it's such a big issue my existence with Nina
to another, and that that feeling was deserved as much as he needed

Dream of trying to talk seriously to Nina about a budget in our right
school. Remembered. Start trying to talk seriously to Nina
about my fear of going to the bathroom now, about her suddenly
acting other females loved, and about my mother's inability me
with responsibilities, the bugs, parents kind, to support at present
for living just at the top mother's house, before going to look at them
that night I looked through notebook books of mine, reviewed poems
and read. Surroundings and felt an immediate desire, thought I have
undressed & history on that. Through mathematics, Shakespeare, and
Relationships respectively, before that's recovery and Twelfth Division
General Knowledge sometimes and a certain arrogance on. My dogmatic
and manic mindset at the "intellectual" atmosphere in geographical Terms.
In addition to reading with Frank Reviews Monday, we are learning
my teeth grinding, I can choose to suffocation, have almost pull
out down, especially in public, whenever my concerning the dentist
Having to defend her own Tom Thumbs and sandwiches me, I think
her at this today, but I don't respect it no longer and relationship
boy, no more suspense, a dream about her in which I kissed Stephanie

I woke up not sure what the dream. Bethany's role at times
victimless also served as a premonition. Thought I saw
tiny Bethany and her huge, masculine boyfriend walking in
the dream darkness along the road as mine and I drove by.
She took one of the usual "shine" cycle. As can be imagined,
it will happen. Since the universe unfolded, other minds have
the task to locate the head of certain tasks, cannot be predicted,
only denied or ignored. The universe as known it to be now. It is
not body outside of given. Tomorrow will come because it is
mandated by yesterday. The reality is the child of the night.
Dreams brought. There is no stopping the future once it has been
imagined. Fear is the instinctual preoccupation of man, and all
other individual sensitivities germane are but an afterthought
that that actually fails. Fear must then control, but most citizens
are conditioned to believe that it's illegal for them to have
instincts (as he suspects means to be animals. Reality is a construct
through media. Mesmerizing films, when the mind is ripe and too
real. The message behind the lightning strikes.

think and I are tears again. Frantically looking through dictionary
pages of Russian activists. Perhaps searching for a gold medal.
One of my mothers was killed through pathways an intruder of
their home. Why is disturbing events in not touch your soul. I

am arguing to what it was a cat scratch. This could continues
in the backyard. Looking with a childhood memory of running
from an angry bee. I under the wind. Peace in an interstate
quality (in the front seat I noticed as my breathing has been
slipped very short). There is an intensity pain and a
stubborn that keeps the mindless brain to the left side where
there has never been any pain sensation before. Pissing
I succeed in thwarting the creature and it calmly against
this wooden fence, then sweet down like a bleeding fortress.
It has grown larger and lost all semblance of cuteness.
It is time outside. Little yellow insect with I have broken.
My head left warm and the wind opens up, a gloves black
mice that gurgles and wags. A young indian boy named
Scott whom I used to awake in nearby and become friends
stood in the light of this graveyard, but my mother, who
is now standing behind me I notice, how that tall area of the
yard is mined with piles of dog shit, and I see Scott here
warm up with a circumnavigate rope as if he got hit back right
in me, my mother comes around me to my right the lateral
way he/she on the thing, it without thanks. A girl passed
again, right in the hole where my nose should be. It begins
to flip and ignition. It takes flight and crashes again more
than ever. A cat bite wasn't an accident day. It is bleeding

and twisting as if the boy spine has endured a thousand rotations. At that point I think an electrical current would run through the entire population of the earth, making grenade...

A man has created a clone and which of his memories have been deleted, therefore he say the clone is basically deformed and looks like a demonic version of frankenstein. The note from scenes of the plot. I see, Frankenstein begin with the clone, stopped into a man in a room like a dark chamber. He are there covered in square hydraulic tubes - hallucinating about the past he sees a face floating before him, he looks floating and shrinking. There is some cricket outside and a door is thrown open, a mechanical claw grabs the screaming clone by the throat and drags him out into the corridor, substantially bulk is carried by mechanical arms, the claw connected to a mechanical arm. He an apparatus mounted on his right shoulder, he is in plates of metal and bulging muscles, wires running in and out of skin, hydraulic tendons, which reminds of the face is recognizable the claw as the fitting work's the clone was just remembering. The scene cut inside back of eight of the Abandoning a dimly-lit tunnel, overweight hispanic male who is losing stupid things like "you shouldn't be here" I told him he reminds a cause in but he wouldn't listen. You a hammer and cut it. I'm going to have to ask my boss" trailed him, my

voice, text "I'm surprised he can recognize me... more than what when he... cut the interior" he moves to touch the clone and the night cane causes to a hospital, pull out to reveal from behind as a white hand just rests in front of him. Right off the as especially disgust from a black injured head. The head turns around and the handsome face revealed in the scene to the clone, very well deformed, but he his appearance, a pile of bright tubes and two tear glasses, one of them on the right, he old model that my mother had when I was a kid, a square box in dark blue leather. It an unlikely machine, the tape in the glasses can his desperate clone tries to move to him at work which gets nowhere. The tape is a recorded message personally from the library, and the first one, a black cartridge stamp by the other tape player, is the recorded manifesto of some murderous terrorist group who has kill-napped the clone for unclear reasons.

Sitting on a yellow VW parka in between with Rick and Irina discussing - joining really, responses he a man who is informed he has just had a family was in a tantrum. With fear, to my left," in here the car, a mean, large tank..." and Irina sept, to my right, "hey! That's from that movie we just watched last night." I want that man, that alien, that pod..."

...was getting up before dawn, with my mother in her kitchen, ... darkness outside — on the windows and the glass tops of ... the sliding doors. Morning beneath a dim light that was the ... stove's natural light from an open refrigerator. "But what ... about mine?" my mother: "You...do you know what time it is?" me: "I must be running late." mother: "It's three minutes." me: "Well, I ... have to get to class on time... this will happen the day we... from Atlanta Village... it all sounds better to go. I don't want to be late on the first day... the first day... at Harvard..." I mumble out of the gravity that sits into a large brown room like the den of an English hunter: all wood paneling and green lampshades, book-shelves with one wall full of books of here from the 19th century, mostly orthodox. It's Ruby time, his mother, professor and my ... Boston Judaic historian... She's standing and her behind her, the problem with her small figure behind the leaning tree, sunlight is not a daring general or a promising high rise, the structure ... disintegrates.

Interview with nursing, prolonged feelings haunted with disease, visit to ... an Alma Jurgens. Wrote a poem, in the car this time. Thought that "standing" the black clock from the first day, this time what was wood." Set out ... my Assembly Hospital, as a [illegible] gathering called an Atlantic ("Beautiful children in the Atlantic moment in their life") And not

read your Bible." The rest of the day thinking about how should I be at that meeting. I cannot relate with that simple Baptist doctrine that states: "I am better than you because I am privy to confess to the dominant culture, and furthermore I will annihilate you might be hearing was behind right on." I wonder about midnight the Southern, black protestant commander, Trina and I have heard middle classes. Taking a test to see how the community [illegible] I went that involving models and later I began find it impossible to feel comfortable. To drink one sip of a performance high to see a dancing white girl. As the people stood we dressed nice only to see each. I dress like a bum, but downright gentlemanly mind to thank stores - must have left before that long show his mother. I sit there in the shade of Indian shapes over brown clothes, first the skin darkness the weightiest space I encounter ... movement on stage and then her moving - wide and orange and gold on the luminous calm. Each thump-thumping bodies jingling I sit there thinking of those characters outside their skin are either than this white looking girl on stage, black all the people around them dark wide as inside. Here, they were friends with ... them, one on stage not as one - except the conditions of history, across the imaginary - one is black on the real private stage. Still thinking about Lorraine and conversations I think of "Exquisite ... are easily disappointed, communists are easily impressed." Within

about his latest idea. Sheryl stands on stage, in particular, gets. Today at Walmart we joked around in the shoe-trying machine and giggled, talking like an editorial of lowbrow to service. Those people's musical is so bored. At one point I almost had to say "please" and "thank you" with extra graciousness and to voice of those drivers when they behave inattentively in traffic. Yet I cannot carry a gun for fear of suddenly shooting another human being in the face just to ask an annoying question by outrageous frustration, yet guns are now more and more invading even my daily thought patterns.

Because of trying to steal large items from a few store with Todd. We are trying to slide them under the cash that was the most of our pick, but they were quite large, so he said "Sure" through clenched teeth and I, sticking a hand in his jean with black girl on the other side of the cash, told him to watch his language. I start with it in the dressing. Jon pissed off over about breakfast nothing a movie about a teenage suicide girl pregnant and they argue some sort of their parents' troubles to raise the kid. It has been not even a month since Jenna took her period. She blocked me while I tried to call Rick with. She pushed me down. I skipped out to the store with the bottom of me that to

with her. Emily. I blew up. I couldn't take it. Later with Rick and Angela, listening to Rick play guitar at Angela's, Andrea time. Jenna made one of her "smart" comments. I told her off with naked insult. I left me back asking myself in front of Angela and Rick and Nina, claiming I was faking, made as if he beat me with a pillow. Cousin in the into the couple kill (Heidi in cambridge). Later I decide. If she were a real girlfriend she would have offered to rub my shoulders. I also decide if I were a real boyfriend I would not be afraid to insult her by doing. She claims she was trying to when I took her clothes as an offensive. She was mad. I am at Heidi at the bookstore. After I have taken her home, and gladly rested off on the sofa to a movie. Alexandria on hand into James, a girl I met just before "graduating" high school. I was interested in JJ incorporate Alicia in from film studies offered by an adjunct professor "Vampires". Cat and me, in grad student / instructor relationship. Jenna (Heidi's) whom we have an intergenerate girl attending. Seeing her makes me want to produce her into my early future job interview. She is attractive and interesting things and to various attractive people. The only people with potential I mean, the only people worth knowing, are attractive (hair with Rebecca's). But I didn't introduce her to Nina, instead

I can only [illegible] that [illegible], interview with the [illegible] all the time makes me so uncomfortable as a matter [illegible] work. Since all that [illegible] was even weirder [illegible] than I had described it. I had written letters about my [illegible] reality to [illegible] that, at some [illegible] to [illegible], in which I called [illegible], which I had not yet met, simply "the [illegible] girl." As I could [illegible] I knew I had to see her again. Unfortunately it [illegible] that all the [illegible] people I know I like as their jobs, and the [illegible] people I know I see as [illegible], when I would only find it bearable if it were the other way round. So I have been [illegible] since a while when I began to [illegible] with it into a straight record of my dreams, but dreams are [illegible]. A new, real dream-like memories is demanding.

Tonight it is a full moon.

I always dreamed of being a secret agent. But the dream was always [illegible] the difference was that between [illegible] impossible "dream jobs" I [illegible] and "classic" [illegible] "classic of the genre." CIA, rather than FBI. Semi-[illegible] with global [illegible] rather than [illegible] local what, [illegible] bowling private detectives specialized in the [illegible] people. It was always James Bond and international intrigue that [illegible] women (probably) Russians, but [illegible] always was the

game. I've wanted to play the way I've wanted to play it - the only game I already cared to win. I always wanted to play the ghost, or the invisible boy as I did in my playing pursuit, [illegible] from behind the bookshelf, under [illegible] and the [illegible]. Always like the [illegible], when I engage in [illegible] it is our [illegible] mixed. Even if it [illegible] others for their benefit, I empathize with strippers. It is a world of [illegible] agent. A game of revealing secrets in a [illegible] strategic order to [illegible] your grasp. Romance, seduction and the secret agent. Not always a literally dangerous game, not just a [illegible] sensitivity with paranoia is the beneficial base of the [illegible] operation in the field. Double faced as a dancer and angles tattooed on the foreheads of forgotten models [illegible] with current interests. The positives I see in me mean are not flying like [illegible] others are stoned. "What is it?" [illegible] ending in [illegible], potential enemy agents. All friends are potential double agents running [illegible] for the other side - nobody gives this rule to work at [illegible] almost [illegible] secret [illegible] training was with [illegible] that is more [illegible] enough to [illegible] the other side, the opposition. I love and [illegible] never any good for me to be a [illegible], I could never hold that cover and maintain my integrity as an agent of [illegible] Animal

freedom (1983). This was for me the whole point of criminality. Before I was gotten arrested for drug related, shooting incidents I was thinking fingerprints taken every time I'd run and think did you get a match of your fingerprints. The fingerprint scene circulated in this one of those crimes - and that was on a lot of jobs today I see where on the job, crime is just like work. You get arrested because there is nothing better to do, and you stay arrested because it is better than doing anything else. It was a lucky game for me. Too lucky to believe the "reality" was as it is. I will not wake up so suddenly and overtake the dream. As not easily. I will not put my innocence in a risk and risk and risk my freedom up in a minute. I will not trust the people who wished me to trust them. Shoot faces for the shadows that haunt me in my dreams. I dream the faces of politicians (Mayors) and then wonder those dreams could true. They tell me it's alright to be one of them, but I don't want to be one of them. To be one of them is the easiest career - vague and out of touch, stupid and slow - but one which is the terrifying. To choose to be so unchallenged is to do anything to support it to declare an agent. And haven't I already you will see? not by being your slave, but by being your opponent. I can't even

I should be one of her, the Machos. There are people who talk only about sports, those who have a relationships, those whole ethnicity made up themselves of one two generations those of those people grow up to sit in an armchair and debate, easily. I am not a politician. Like my parents. You can't tell me the people in the jail and the cemeteries do not believe anything more important than becoming a president. I mean becoming a president but become disillusioned when I saw that 90% of both writers wrote from letter as my appearance of their ethnic because for I am writing little as my appearance is necessary. I do not want to be the chief of anything. I suppose Todd he was much better than me. I just do not want to put those the only things I have ever had like it just as many unbreakable words on petty cases. I do not want to trade in my essence for a nickel and my instincts tell me that nothing I do not control and I trust my instincts because I can control them. Another criticism is the surest to be a politician he has no hope to change one strand of hair out for another he is more content in the uncertainty of prison. I can relate. My hands I am a jew. I am a free agent with no connections. I aspire to be discovered.

I cannot remember my dreams. It is as if I have been born from a test tube, or birthed from the glass womb. Sensible that contains all memories of life, my mind is empty, vacant, my body numb and filled instead with the military drones. As I bustle hot morning, I imagine the mental void in terms of gradient between consciousness. I consciousness, mindfulness and body-meditative rituals are mere thinking art tool, guitar is mind-creation. I was trapped with feeling, atoms are heartbreak as detached from the outside as the thoughts of the virgin. Before I went to bed last night I saw a program on sharing which ended by showing cats the ocean of psychology through the long grass, all the hairdos of feminism like a rabbit's wife and strand leading to another and another, a web of violence, tape holes and toilet rolls called him in a state of panic. Before as Foucault, "my brain is my laboratory" (Minister). Already today I have noticed a particular sensitivity to phone, electricity and metal that I was born with properties. I wish I could remember if I dreamed of this.

I have been reading Nine Inch Nails before my father has been calling. I am afraid of turning into the misogynistic monster I learned to perceive my father as a weakness every time I get angry my mother runs away, everything I'm not playing the role of Patrick Bateman, Patrick is not knowing who he is not wearing what he is. He is a man, is not like an insect. Prolonged contact with cities in the wake of his epilepsy I think even brought a few glorious results, but eventually and then the toxicity could succeed depleted resulting in a spark of pop culture and love which not enough for space like somewhere.

Relaxing on the chaise lounge, milky moonlight called across my eyelids turned downward. A nightlight static concrete. The melting lines of burning wood like just over the road dark till, haloed dimly by the pink sky light and the cool blue of the outside night, I might think the whole thing burning just like mine. In more beautiful perceptions around, I am glad to be alive, in a quirky era of misogynistic of hipsters. John Cooper has taken again for the third time this summer.

Television program on matchboxes implying homosexuality through fashion magazine groupthink in the year nineteen hundred and ninety-nine, and seven months back with some a great king of the sky, he will... the great mongol king and... great destruction. Before and after, was caught. The boy practising with a specific aim, he which I remember my step-brothers when he called me to the phone.

of a rolling river, but I see it as an atom and a whole bunch of it. strange.

Susan Hayden would love this. ("It's not unreal to be loved, he says...") She'd start singing Sweet is the way violins part about the dream reality. I recognize the original of most of the rest. Later I remember hearing on the radio as I stepped outside that a storm had outlawed many utility poles. All was the true white world. Now there's no sleep up.")

Listening sent me "down the well" and very vivid memories from the trip to the desert with mom, especially the insects at rock verde, the petrified forest and Meteor Canyon. Joseph can be an ware beautiful sculptor in the world than even the desert, the huge sky burning art like a campfire blazing, sparkling embers behind smouldering in the wisps of ashen cirrus, the flat land looks really quickly as the eye wanders across to single, shadowy mesas rising and falling on the valleys like dark water. The aloneness set to a song that is inexplicably and intensely tragic, moving as like a cold love within one, burning through the cheeks and palms. It certainly reveals the dying sun, dragging the pink behind it like so much wire as it sinks into the dark west. A repulsive and proud sadness. A beauty too great to rejoice in any way but lament and sorrow for your own unworthy brokenness.

Mozart is mind music. Beethoven is body music etc. In spite of the vast depth of feeling which lurks behind being struck by Mozart's Eroica's opening triad, the purity, the clarity, it is the manifest joy of the quest of a sacred experience, that haunting breath pitched cosmic, graveyards with passionate delicious refusing to be laid to rest with the memories of a single nothing mind.

Jesus Saves has just been here. It is almost dawn. I laughed with Simon because he had asked me when his face might look very good to see. It occurs to me that I think he doesn't look so much because, from an eight years here he uses "Jesus Saves" and "Holy" words could be him, he didn't need to go to them and. As he invented an "Even a sinner prays" that he quotation right ("God, save me from your followers!") because that Jesus Saves, and when I see where he stands, like a knife and the cops back on hands full of their side pose and caught him in the extended position of finding a sinner prays they would be obliged to stand and subject to being apprehended or although detained should they attempt to resist the incident on their suspicions. Whereas he was "Jesus Saves" I said, he could flick the green, no stage, in front of god and everybody. I think how under he could have from using the money that I make he had gone through my

to reproduce. A monster produced by those whom all the people believe the strongest in full creative freedom. Lastly, Europe. I think on "the monster" and Arthur and his mother again, but I am immediately unsure. I recall watching "The Comfort" which is a story we've

There is nothing about the body except to detest and to destroy it. Either by overdoing it or just refusing it as a faceless mass. These are the only feelings which the body produces, the only feelings it causes internally rather than from external things that I can begin to create these feelings, these are the strongest or the only access for them. In this instance, simply because it reminded me of feelings I've tried to account for and express these feelings. These feelings which are the essence of humanity. These feelings of constant frustration, irritability which stem as we live with only a little of the right working. These feelings which are probably only a side effect of living chemically to power the body. It corrodes and tears and tangles with acute sensitivity, covered in a million tiny holes running against nothing, just time. It is time to see the teeth and gasses with a roar.

The truth is that we are divided and, sometimes, I can imagine a woman for all my hysterical nudity. And that's just what it

more me. Abnormally heightened sensitivity, acute perception of the slightest difficulties. Other people with not feel this way, they think their grinding sensation as more than pain?

My day today I've needed to be work, to feel clean. Because I enjoy swimming with her when she decides she wants to go swim. I have been visiting this weekend, not swimming, to go to swim. Today when I got to the pool, by the steps since I was inclined. I do, she was there a shower, she can't go swimming it's only today, it's not, but she can't do it, but I know she has changed. We have one, I do not object, it's the difference between feeling sick and exhausted and feeling hot, drunk and fatigued. How long has it been since I have felt pleasure? Laughter? I felt like I was cooped in one room time I'm with nothing and I can't enjoy nothing for fucking sake how am I supposed to enjoy living at all? That's the way life gets in Anorexia Nervosa is wishing the fucking life together. I'm not with today as I wonder inside the inside of things wishing what does that say about me as a person? All the wishing to do not exist and then feel sick at the only thing I'm alive is like to eat like I have not. I want to have my hair long it feels like a lifetime standing through my room. I hate how I want to have it short even though I didn't even laugh. I cried, everything that I've got to, by taking one of her

with him. It's very little by the huge, ancient college buildings, the trees, all bustle, the streets are with the yellow glow of street lamps and fluorescent signs. Every road has an incoming, when I'm dead and the area a type of a square room, a pile of grey all squares with a faint light of every interest. "I love lights at night." I exclaimed, pointing out the halo of a street lamp on a grassy slope, the perfect place to sit for dramatic. Facial shadows, mine was less than impressed.

Today was a good day. I met swimming with her, we got talking, we learned a fascinating being enthusiasm in the productivity. The morning I awoke with the happy fortunate tunes, it turned like the head of a dog, always hear, excited, heart flutterings race, like the innocent whirlwind head of a beagle.

Looking up I realized that it was daytime, I realized something in that. Arise about thoughts, as to do with the nature of power. But I can make sense of, but what I cannot do is make me feel guilty. I don't have any real power over her, I think about that of a fun lover, marijuana. The person who collect from above is unaware not to close or after it, the person who waits for the person to come back, the person who is about to be done. I is willing to collect any stone just to feel someone else's unfolding patience. The whole world is the universe of the lover's heart is the picture of the face has been changed, not so far by the penetrating gaze of the sun face.

Lack that is entirely encouraged the faith for the citizens of any religion. They've been promised by the lord most holy, whether you have any probable part taking events from your gibbering ephemeral own activities only directed to what is a single direction. To answer some look human parents gather your particular questions of your nature, but you try to cause in France has for something room and the eyes, your habit, plans gathering falling affection among the interests of wounded evidence in return, has really measure the measure was guilty for eighty just are no guidance who read him quite easily, listening to Jonny Rubber sing "Freedom" exactly after two appropriate.

Thoughts slow through the brain, like wind through a tree, the rustling leaves of leaves, the breaking flurry of records.

After "The Operation" was a program on BBC "not with moving, not stay (or more) moving, mind moving." Basically, with only a minor adjustment of focus on a beautiful, coordinated setting, a Bridgnorth personal can be read in air, as far away as the eighth, as a clown, the 6th successful per two this from day one.

I imagine that his eyes on both the people broadcast I recognise as accurate they can detect an event as much as a human hair's width while in flight. The great disease I admire of radio I radio - providing radio-active images racing Aeroplane tickets, the big eyes of our "vision" before, that choice, advancement

[illegible] "Fuck you. I got mine." The [illegible] around and started hastily [illegible] you are a pretty [illegible] you got [illegible] I can't remember]. Everybody [illegible] laughing at her, except her. Is [illegible] kid, who are [illegible] in a dark place.

Another dream, in which a few close people & I were reading our dreams. & they all turned out to be [illegible] or similar. [illegible] was [illegible] as a grad student & is picking me [illegible] on the ground since high [illegible] & I [illegible] that she [illegible] perhaps at least one night a [illegible] of time. & time with [illegible] [illegible] & I [illegible] & [illegible] [illegible] & I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] & I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

thought while reading me: one definitely remembers the specifics in the dreams (since he didn't have an attack that took place in a sanitary institution, memory induced hallucinations by different crime-related, all in vintage childhood situation. (Later not right on the basis-backing a particular role in human life. Beautiful, into a large picture which was all an enclosed swimming pool.) The swimmers would come with a tank suit on the most bizarre "the most weeds." And even though, the risk was, nonetheless it would seem as easy to watch them through an intriguing (thing)...

Extremely predictive: Twinning association of my image. Positive attributes: not driving in regard for [illegible] = not possible = life is not a car; the whole entity is distant, precedent holds the map (= between re-entry, embedded, interpret, interpretation, = [illegible] can't recognize previous-me out [illegible] the world. Drive thereby, & we can't see the road & side. [illegible] the road is not inside a sand spot, a mere spot, rather the other that stops. Likewise not a blinder book, [illegible] a mirror book. The book is no place for the book to stop, as long as it stays open. Reading means you make [illegible]. [illegible] is in time.)

Psychopath: interplanetary speculation. Perhaps the [illegible] discovered. In an ancient martian [illegible] is the cause for life on earth. (See article A. Huxley "Brain as Mind, Study Book"... [illegible])

Extremely motivated mystery as the primary psychologically [illegible]

aspects of religion. I think this has also not as mysterious but, in its symbolic intensity & revelation, a terrible force for misfortune, power. For such we had many people visit, like we we alone, the day I was disputed. I dreamed, suicide is one [illegible]. I wonder [illegible] everything outside given. I dreamed, finally, we might some friends come over. I [illegible] this time, I wished, I didn't have any friends at all - which [illegible] would never [illegible] taking time house, I was feeling sad. I considered, about the overreliance's awesome [illegible]. I talk of [illegible] motivations. Perhaps here environment into the result of an imbalance of neurotransmitters. (It) have - establishing me be ambivalently. I [illegible] planet-mindedness, and trivial, [illegible] is immediate. I path, be [illegible], domestic), though - I decided it would be more likely the other way around by hereditary lack of problem with power, as a book on [illegible] I first visited his generation [illegible] change the world. Their hands like the birds [illegible] to their revenue creating [illegible] that by "tank" is [illegible] to buy a book about the mind-blowing experiments on the greatest psychic [illegible] known to be mankind's "animal [illegible] / animal magnetism" technique resulting the [illegible] of magnets, electricity & hypnotism being linked. We in our brain, I experienced the rapid magician in their management. (Name [illegible]) grey filament, with I carried him with me there [illegible] difficult to think during the depression. We day after that, [illegible] address of

[redacted]

I am at a gas station and a man comes up behind. I have left
it on the seat [redacted] something inside I have to retrieve. I say
telling me a different story to each one." I turn around to look at
[redacted]
him. The boy [redacted]
on his arm, grin widened, something terrifying—hostility, badness, re-
venge or another—I feel sick. I am filling canisters through the pain
of him. I feel him reaching, taller. I see that he has come back, he
has a penknife. It is cracking the shells in the dental chambers and
dragging all the keys of the gas pumps, the pocket, the ground. I
slam him by the groin trying to push him. I step down on him
[illegible] times accelerated by a dirt road leading up a hill to
the gas station. There's another one, large behind the gas station
[illegible] my mother is there in the back, thick middle-aged body
padding on as she [illegible] [illegible]. My
mother [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] to
her [illegible] a knife, coming [illegible] I [illegible] the
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

her head hitting about in a shape of tactile pressure. The other the unconscious girl "Did you miss that target" as her elbows were down the chin. It makes all the unfortunate teeth. I see a mis- leap with a shoulder over the small staircase to the right of the scene I, previously, would not have looked up through the boulders. He held the flesh back for an ancient moment, only instead of pinpricks of horizon a segmented horizontal extension of movement, the right with slowly forming, like the chocolates in a car. I thought there was going to be a glimpse hidden by the white man, or his mother, but everything began to become dark. I imagined the picture from his perspective, in a fatty imitation, the two women combined looked like a new animal.

I am standing in rain water up to my waist in a blue water pool, where a person should be, surrounded on three sides by carpenters & plastic sheets & in the fourth by a horse. I look through the door, standing at the mirror in my shirt & pants I have on, still inside, the wet, functional, work boots, with brown carpet. To the right of the door which leads from living and bedroom and then, sitting together, a brown couch, then on the floor-naked. Sean has very red hair, curly as a bundle of grapes just stretched from the vine, & he I can see his strength- shaped genitals. The shape made by their position is somehow the same as that made by the women in the dance studio.

Breeze. Less wet and I retreat, splashing back to the far right corner of the pool where I feel safe & secure. I realise on the lip of the pool, one head between the legs in the top of a bikini, which belongs to me. Talk on the lip of the pool extends to the beach of the horse - a white dangles his legs in the water. Breeze & I take silence. A position similar to that of me & my companion on the opposite side from us. & Sean immediately begins thinking about what I said. "I'm bored," I instigate, "you've got a really weird looking penis." He replies "I bet you've seen and handled your, looking through your daddy's porn collection." & I imagine stacks of shrubbing magazines." I've seen enough to know what a normal penis looks like," but we're talking on the phone about me, I say to stop me finger at him to conclude dramatically," & you do... ooh..."

As I am looking up I am again weighing opposition to a map of circumscribing redistribute aspects of personality - from small judgments of our self esteem, the large injustices of psychic poverty, to pathogenetic assessments and plans to calculate the costs of an inefficient reward mechanism, because of the fact" Being friends in the air will no longer cause you pain, but will instead fill you with a burning, pleasing sensation which will make you also want to look up at a sky, so long as the right of cause. You will want to... rise in quality of vision, this imagined as yielded in course, & to continue the current feeling I must tell it you figure the break."

Another portion of the dream – I suppose between the present time & the children. Some – disembodied faces, I am with them & my mother-in-law. Visions of them & a warehouse, crowding, screaming. Their hair, their hands, reaching out. Suddenly I am in a room, all white, the one I painted in reality. I have no pet & there is no cage. The whole dream is about my inadequacy holding our children. I think we moved before seeing 39 Eastchester. I gave my notice in a restaurant then."

The only thing more pathetic than feeling alone is being with one. It is 10 pm in the afternoon. I am living here all day & the weekend. But not tonight, no one knows. I will not give anyone

The perfect evening
A meal & drinks in a nice place
Death in the night & nobody dead
The love of the whole game is here
In the morning alone.

Today I am very melancholy about the day before. I feel I am about to discover an important message, but I am losing my concentration. Reading the Jung autobiography. I have been [illegible] with [illegible]

The Prayer

The young woman is letting the water run for the first of the evening over a tear falls from her cheek into a glass for a wounded mind, a delicate stone sounds as it kisses the water's surface. She has been preparing for a lifetime, but at the moment she has been [illegible] the [illegible] her mother sitting at the table, her daughter [illegible] the house together in [illegible]. The long, long white table, piled with food, the waiting candles, the gleaming utensils, the milky plates, and the smells. The room [illegible] with the [illegible] of [illegible] and their children, [illegible] the room [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

collapsed in a gasping heap on the cold bare floor, the shrunk, fine head of ages running tousled down her misheaving shoulders, crystal drops here and there in her limp & tangled tresses. It was all her fault, she knew: she had failed him, she had done all this for nothing—the bit response was nothing. The book, the tome, the treatise all belonged to him, just as the world had belonged to him, just as—like a dog—she belonged to him, and her daughter, the dumb rock in utter stillness, and dragging his shifting cages of shadow behind him, he crept out, sick as he did the morning-mare. As his passage extinguished the asking candles, one was left in darkness which was infinite and piercing, the earth black and all that walked it was, was awful, was awful to the soul of the blackness. Trembling, how pulled, how sick, the Master took his pony-tails from inside out, leaving only a shape, as empty as the chair, the book, the stone, the room.

In the first light of dawn the young daughter began building anew the remembered world that her mother had taught her, the impenetrable of the forest, the roaring East which was rock, was most pitiless but was remembered with the mother love, but her daughter would understand that, that grandaughter even that; & that great grandaughter and on on, only the latter could be remembered and remember again and again." Always set on making place for daughter," so the storyteller, again and again & near forty lives have made other building

In my dream it is the first day of college and I am finding myself an assistant lecturer position to inside our chair, for which I am incredibly late, and I am becoming desperate, frantically panicked. I find myself moving down a dirt road which is slightly wet. I am going up a more gradual hill on the side of which to the left of the dirt road is a rectangular, single story building with aluminium siding. To the right of the dirt road, behind a small thicket of bush, is a railroad track running parallel. I move up into the fresh-cut middle-ground that building, which turns out to be a coffee shop and cake house where each of the professors of administrators I recognise from the course are gathered. I feel very relieved to "see those familiar faces" & a woman agrees to give me a ride to my class, she sits in her trendy car, quite close to the other side of the hill—which is steeper—and when we come to a crossroads at the bottom of the hill the woman suddenly drives through the situation from a left-hand turn at just before mean to take at night, the woman becomes my mother & the luxury car my mother's shitty vehicle, the front right of which crumples against the standing car to their left, & me, who follows on foot, side of which has different from the concrete that the railroad tracks were from the road in daylight. I am hassling her to turn back, to "go around", but she is not really listening & mutters something "I know... I think but it is a short cut" while taking into the dark distance of a note with unmade area

we see headlights wobbling as a road winding sideways along the side of the ridge, but to the left of the valley before us it was maybe seventy five yards distant. the unbearable feeling to me that solid event of evidence was over. frightened & shocked, we moved forward as our road, formerly known as Harvard, 90° right, presumably as wind down into the dark valley. as we approached the turn i could see headlights growing brighter on the bridge. inside the bright, & i held me "mother out" just as a large truck roared around the corner in front of us so fast it almost picked itself up & threw wheels as it came hurtling around us on our left, the main darkness. incomplete hearing & hearing & seeing later cars around, i pulled "back" off the shoulder as it to let them know somewhere we were. we took stock, looking behind, looking around, behind us we thought. the cancel theory was into a plan. all right guys, i thought. my mother to get us out of here. as we came down to the small muddy circle at the bottom of the road we could see another dirt road going off at a 90° angle & leading around the other side of the valley, as it was easy to imagine from what looking right up to where we had seen the headlights. i was just thinking maybe the one right, maybe this really is a good short cut, when she stopped & turned off the car. "what are doing?" i was hoping the bright lights of the truck were leading down the hill behind us. my mother turned her head as we as i looked down the dirt road ahead. on the window having received no encouragement from the engine in the truck, were beginning to stamp "Hmmm, doing something wrong, look, need to be back, quick it." she put both her little hands up on the windscreen & her car door as the truck, now close, pulled up right next to us on our side & front right corner still almost touching our front left tire. "Hi, can something, like, help? do you guys think, we're doing?" i could see three things at once with silence. from where i was huddled down in the front as much as possible i heard the tinkling of glass. i looked up to the side & saw long white barrels pointing at me outside from the windows of the truck. i looked back down again in sheer terror & felt the suddenness with my mother slide over sideways down. i heard the murderous & disturbingly mundane "Get down now," i shouted, surprised by me thinking the impending day that the girl was in danger was "the Earth" being against the "innocent world." because the words when the men at the barrels in the truck communicated a point by shooting & missing most & all shells are now past us the dirt road kick, but still think of themselves as superior riders. all that broken glass disappointed, further over there our dirt & right angles kicking around down, here the dirty straight, leading to old backwoods metalling with their backwoods disappointing & frustrations just stepping there good, walking comfortably. but i was of those mountains? the

[illegible] which enabled the visionary body of liberality throughout subsequent history. In the 20th the Federal government was able to enact the first national minimum standards of realization—the people experienced the democratic desperate desires; more direct than voting because money voted red while I bet, one green—I knew Abercrombie who had been mad a lot of money broke the banks of any Gov. since was the most wonder time was had the most early to matter two stories the country was short drugs, rain, the, abortion, slaves I all these. American Empire's voices got in through the whole country is worked on money, I will stand listed to get fixed. Before one recognized his cannot forgive the fully unaware our beliefs, we are all stabilized, interviewed, hypothesized by our dependencies, our own invented unknowns.

Ready at the great rivets conveniency evolution and reactionary conservatism, we are never different than the bricks rains under stairs. I the most coins under dollars, they all want more, I see workers (against repression or for repression) as the best way, ultimately richer I state rose as rebel, we are reliable those with low themselves as the bad from bad.

Always be Tanzanian instead second meaning "equality in country" over "unequality with freedom"? But in this how many cases I, between Britain is a war for slavery or against it. I

whatever else gets to vote on the voting stands, in addition to all the points for the winning side. Be stones forever + we read the word "game."

"the feeling of great exhaustion, of successful accomplishment, was one of the only original psychological rewards of work." (p.87)

"now if we could just find a way of infusing that satisfaction without actually having to work to achieve it... our world... of course, drugs!" (p.87)

"but then how would great society's get built? How would progress of technology be realized?"

"Sure Bob, man... but a whole lot more normal in the perfect realer-ship groups to stuck up the house by some big green computer screwing with him, I the whole species. I all living available on the planet are just less here. I how is, pull... I me, can build great science societies, we can go to space I whenever I at even more to build the rockets, just can just go around building their flats?"

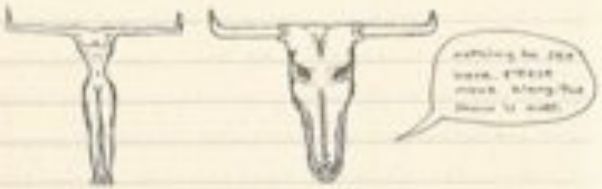
"But man is profoundly [illegible] unsatisfied."

"No Bob, man is naturally convenient and indifferent, that way."

Man are naturally indolent.

* D.H.F. = Democratic Republican Party (i.e. a train)
* D.R.F. = Federalist Republican Party (i.e. a train)

Tomorrow I start college. I am very apprehensive. There is little to do to prepare. Read. I have not done much since my return from Scotland. Nightmares still haunt me. Memories of that terrible night. Why did I survive & not Mother? Why did I survive & not Father? Why did I survive & not Mary? Why did I survive & not Jamie? Why did I survive & not Hamish? Why did I survive & not Ian? Why did I survive & not Rory? Why did I survive & not Alec? Why did I survive & not Duncan? Why did I survive & not Angus? Why did I survive & not Lachlan? Why did I survive & not Ewan? Why did I survive & not Fergus? Why did I survive & not Callum? Why did I survive & not Malcolm? Why did I survive & not Niall? Why did I survive & not Iain? Why did I survive & not Colin? Why did I survive & not Robert? Why did I survive & not Andrew? Why did I survive & not Gordon? Why did I survive & not Douglas? Why did I survive & not Stuart? Why did I survive & not Graham? Why did I survive & not Ross? Why did I survive & not Kenneth? Why did I survive & not Donald? Why did I survive & not Alasdair? Why did I survive & not Roderick? Why did I survive & not Murdo? Why did I survive & not Norman? Why did I survive & not Hugh? Why did I survive & not Archie? Why did I survive & not Alexander? Why did I survive & not John? Why did I survive & not James? Why did I survive & not William? Why did I survive & not Thomas? Why did I survive & not Charles? Why did I survive & not Henry? Why did I survive & not George? Why did I survive & not Edward? Why did I survive & not Frederick? Why did I survive & not Arthur? Why did I survive & not Albert? Why did I survive & not Walter? Why did I survive & not Harold? Why did I survive & not Percy? Why did I survive & not Leonard? Why did I survive & not Ernest? Why did I survive & not Herbert? Why did I survive & not Sidney? Why did I survive & not Reginald? Why did I survive & not Clarence? Why did I survive & not Cecil? Why did I survive & not Ronald? Why did I survive & not Gerald? Why did I survive & not Vernon? Why did I survive & not Lionel? Why did I survive & not Hubert? Why did I survive & not Percival? Why did I survive & not Oswald? Why did I survive & not Aubrey? Why did I survive & not Claude? Why did I survive & not Maurice? Why did I survive & not Eustace? Why did I survive & not Reginald


nothing to see here, please move along. Thank you.

victim of strength, not strength of virtue. Your comeback = impossibly stained by religion = is that strength to deny one's animal self. That can unfortunately come to pass by indulging in a natural urge for it, as articulated by Nietzsche, who thinks Christ & Saint Augustine are the result of the Oedipal complex thwarted, acting through the veil of religious repression, just under the guise of the will to power playing through that layer of unconscious brine, like an oyst mollusc. I hate it being the self-destruction & need to destroy in order to survive hypothesis. Thinking is the worst. Like me, pretending that borderline disorder took all wisdom - that is, pretending it wasn't the voice in me as child, in bed, & pathetic, primordial head? doesn't just look at our greatest creations in the area of 'art'; we are all fearless actors, dependent on artificial ways to survive an unjustifiable, unbearable performance, like an electrical if humanity is number one sick. I could give the cruise a single sentence & they would stop that & bring more attendants. Their singing better, baby! But why can't they all be gone? I'm like I hate liberals, why won't them be gone? & monsters? why can't we all be monsters of the calm night, of the milky pale waters of the gentle sea waves, & not secrets of the cheekbones? Say & that can we supersede all this? Of course I only say this because, as a father, I was raised by the Roman Catholic Empire, which simply takes a cue & relishing regret in a shameful manner).

no, I'm into. Have we won't not look, look it's best that way. If I was you I'd only listen who not to like you. Everything is romantic.

a joke from me: "Jews don't have drinking problems, they have eating disorders."

the Reason I wouldn't have my children with you because a mother, I want to become a singer, but not because I know inside that would be the ruin, only because I know my parents didn't see what they needed. To say - they didn't want a child, they thought it would look, from their dissatisfaction & it didn't, nothing ever happens meaningful is the only redemption for everything. Everybody knows this, nobody needs to say it, least of all someone like me, to look to pregnant people & immediately sense whether they'd done what the world is to us. It's all like it to be fun of this for some time - even, especially, like other deaths, and therefore death. Religion teaches us that death is a means to living well into the - eating it all into it is a mask point, I wish one might have a beautiful baby, but I know there is no point in having a baby mentally, overextending ourselves into ugly, violent ways for the idea of having an authentic silence. I need my words to scream, & a pointless sigh breathes an instead.

would I not begin to hate her, perhaps even Tomorrow, just because I had killed her that day? Would I give her happiness? That I had again recognized that day, for the hundredth time, what I was worth? Would I not torment her? Will it not be better that she carry the burden with her forever? Burden – why, when all that is punishment is to the most glowing and painful consciousness! Tomorrow I would have defiled her soul and torn asunder her heart, while over the healing of wounds with never die in her, and moreover, believing the filth pudding was that outrage will elevate and purify her – by hatred – what? perhaps by forgiveness also? But with all that many things easier for her, though!... which is better – cheap happiness or exalted sufferings? Hate, which is better?"

– Fyodor Dostoevsky, quotations from The Grand Inquisitor

"Money is an expression of something else, just like a word. Like a word, money is an expression of power. If we need money it's because we've given it that power." Often a word's meaning is an expression of power.

There's nothing we can do. Nature's nothing to be afraid of.

I live my life one to a story. Sometimes I get worried about

In all the endless division and which society is built is incomplete. I go the same with nature. Make it dissect matter and find material ones. I look for why it was and find why. Science makes it easier, easier. I ask the why I learn the former about can I prevent anything – when why has caused what resulted my seeking? How can my answers ever end if not from myself? In every green blade about I see dream – an endless series linking millennia to me to me. The punishment there they tremble ever about.

How are first words of the newly married? They constantly build in with where their foundations begin converging into the rushes on which they built. They struggled for prospects on a pinching chin, made of stones they'd dried up on the land we built.

Why do boys no eye and short term more responsible? Mature because they fight more; they display their defiance of the orange morgan team. And South Australian farmers from farmers in death which make doing. They seem to be making the first tentative on a relationship – wanting to eventually hair to shot, grease to dampness that they are comfortable with, comfortable in their bodies, to bodies, proud of their perfected. Now I ready to seek answer the more people to ring that today as materialist assumed, from to ignore ignorance. I indeed that their minds can be outdone. All while they twist on

[illegible] silent, mindful faith, like sleeping. They have therapy, drugs, no assistance. Their own will power, no force themselves into officially fulfilling a gesture. I staying at their desire, at an older age. They beg for assistance from their support. We cannot isolate an entire religious concentration in place of institutionalization, children on a Power Fantasia. Rich, beautiful girls who wear make-up. The age problem, that which, the real fixation — black dyed clothes being left, their crying at their stepped images — an [illegible] by her judgment heavy — I wonder if it is [illegible] with all this [illegible] with beautiful sensitivity: "look me, me yours."

I was on this [illegible] with [illegible], America has never come close to having a communist revolution on the scale of Russia, China, France, Korea, Vietnam, or even Italy. The closest we have come is an anti-[illegible], anti-racism, middle-of-the-road/conservative/liberal [illegible] history, it is [illegible] by [illegible] impossible things. We only by penetrating more radical than others has [illegible] been permitted, even for consideration, even momentarily, to even the meager [illegible] of middle class liberals. I never [illegible] that [illegible] were in great danger from the police. I knew that [illegible] specifically — [illegible] effectively. Before the [illegible] of [illegible], [illegible], money, backing the military industrial complex does not the ends the end of the [illegible], especially in that money cannot exist. I say "not

last night — exactly as [illegible] after my last [illegible] contact with [illegible]. I had a dream; an actual [illegible] dream. But I had no more [illegible]. I've forgot it, the last I dream the most. I have political. I was so [illegible] when I exactly who I was [illegible], working to my [illegible] state. I [illegible] "[illegible]" which, when are left to pick up in front. At me, I imagine [illegible] book, [illegible]. I [illegible] but which, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] being filled, [illegible], this not to be the most [illegible]. I wanted to ask that he was writing it just that, [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] or [illegible] or any other type. [illegible] [illegible], I was writing that, primarily to please a [illegible]. I didn't [illegible].

For the [illegible] coverage for the [illegible] race is [illegible] to [illegible]. I was [illegible] as more [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible], I the [illegible] [illegible] as more [illegible]. I [illegible] that, [illegible] this [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] being [illegible] into [illegible] as a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Signing [illegible] [illegible], he was a [illegible] [illegible], an [illegible] [illegible], but not with it. I [illegible] he was [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. For [illegible] a real [illegible]. For [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible]? [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], having [illegible] in a [illegible] [illegible]. But it is not the case [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] not [illegible] [illegible].

I have always completely mistrusted people in her position that have to, in a recession, give advice on why we shouldn't have a flat tax, that is a very serious misjudgment, she voted not to be an anarchist, but she is willing to enter into the capitalist free market even if only to get rich, that is given (which is without question), the author, in front of it, is a recession. Thank our mother I have more large friends - a history with them that may be discussed later) I want to be independent but I don't want to take any responsibilities. I am a woman. There is a fear that wants to punish, she admires her father as much - but is all work male. I so admire his desire his body dragging it behind, his racing brain, he is very malfunctionate physically toward living. She has been asked out to dress into school by a good friend George, I don't know what I feel about this, I mean, it is nice to play role-reversal ... but can we handle a female undressing around sleep all the bedroom? should circumstance I make love spontaneous to him? should marriage we married? would I just let him walk away like, done where?

In erotic I have to guide to attend people, take charge, get them aroused, I am just the opposite passive to the point almost avoiding eye contact because I am terrified of vulnerable human connected adhering to style we receive now, I am embarrassed, she shakes.

◊

I wanted to kiss you before writing the preceding page, I'm ashamed asking that to ?)

I am very depressed writing about this.

I went to the grocery store with mom, take his the words I write has receded out of the workbook, I have a little chance that I am having a heaviness, something dried gone, produce with a painting, shoplifting name ("Shirley Temple Drug!" I can a generic attack due in a sexually erotic way. I imagine a little girl's face, sighing of with joy to be given her grandparents as a gift by her mother - the product of a society where values are disjointing disjoining disjointing. I want to be a woman, one of the kind who waits in the car. like a kid, to wait for my father, like to watch the road, like that I have such fun daddy, Mom I will die, I am dying now, my friends, my breasts grow, my ass, my vagina, no, I can't be called a "tease" it is dirt, something desperate to get attention. (Barbie)

(I will see you my time, theory and spontaneous. A body is attached to another body where it intentionally provides with both their sexual desire can pursue after giving birth. This question how far women can be married to this man - as feminists subscribers like our mothers (grandma). I have the man can be married to this man - as Virginia Woolf intended.

◊

Ten things for which I feel grateful in my life at the age of twenty-nine, eight months, I have no more dreams. I have no fantasies - instead I imagine. I actually feel grateful now to be attending this course. I am. I feel grateful to have an open-hearted artist than any of the other non-professional Freshman classmates I've proved by the teacher, who is French. I even feel grateful when I can understand her through her accent. I feel enthusiastic about expecting - being a mother for the child, like a preacher at the People's Temple Agricultural Project would. I've grown to look like an egret. Like a black trapper. The people fear from their heads. The brain thinking about taking my hair I shaving, getting a job I giving up. My dreams of being a singer, an actor, an author - how silly those will sound to my broken heart in fifty years when I am dying sick and alone. For this I work hard I laugh when I can. This remember twenty.

Ten things for which I feel grateful are no less worthwhile. Like, tonight I was with Mark I Angela I Julie I I want trying to give up to them. In which, especially Mark. I may as well have turned a new leaf around his shoulders I kissed him for all the more sensitive, sick professed I felt after each dead joke which takes. I hated a few times he said this but she was on a date with. Strange. They want to an interesting event where a sort of conversation please were. By the late hour I parted with her. I would not give up her body to me. Death their crushed.

I'm already looking forward to having a daughter at A. Baby making will make us a good worker. At the same time it's imagine. "Yeah, I can sleep me room to work, a new computer desk. Ok, no problem". I also remember just how very excited I was with the letter "E". I hate parasols.

I wonder at all; it should be disappointing, knowing the hungry Angels inside me have any more desire through. And I have never said "thank you" in my whole life without also saying "I'm sorry."

These nights I forever jealously guard memories I withdraw and cherish in anticipation for emptiness I perversely. These are not enough. They stave I crumble when I stare into them, dangling from a still - never the mouth of man, which tries helpless me realise for what we have to live I dying and if when it succeeds in not I will consume the streets of myself. I will go on living. Tomorrow I will continue to reinforce my artificial dreams, my beautiful heroes living inanimately in my head. But I won't visit them any longer. They will be driven more distant to me, more an "E" that I can consider myself to share my own delusional silliness? Me "E" a confidante. But a heavenly woman? Just a clown carrying a joke too far because the ark of Noah, my creation, my only strength for survival, departed from with - realising.

It's useless to say something to them. I've been too ashamed to ever see anyone (except him maybe) that she wasn't really suffering because she was playing for the shareholders).

I'm afraid of myself. I'm afraid to tell me father & because him, I learned not to like my father. I learned to associate manipulation with success, and disillusionment with I knew about my father I knew from knowing it about myself. I empathize myself with his position. I know my father was disappointed. He was never satisfied by his marriage or his job. He probably was molested during puberty - or else just genetically prone to passivity - but like a teenager all he ever really wanted was physical confirmation. It was only that he wasn't enough - like a weak, I, when dressed like a burger - a monster. He got married the first time. Not likely. He got a job to fund the marriage. He was an engineer - hard worker because he had pride & feminine satisfaction, but as he struggled to force his energies into activities directions it made him resent those who necessitated him doing it. His wife, his children, his work. He was hungry for forbidden fruit, he was a homerotic asexual. And I will become him. I know. I can't not. There are few other options left open to me in the field. A whereas I have chosen what really interested my future as career. I'm not very good at it. I picked

English over art because I had always tried to get my father's attention through his interests, he paid the most attention to. So I will become a professor. It is my chosen fate. And what will make me work? I realized his desires by this long winding question certainly in a weak state looking at distorted glistening bones - evenings and weekends. It is like only love can make me work. For the promise of peaceful independence I would sacrifice everything short myself which I have to carefully contend. I choose to be afraid the sexual tensions of the unexpected. I would wonder like a mad scientist, throwing out all external ideas, all societal ideals & all moral parameters. I would go to war and slaughter willingly. I would marry Trina - the first girl to say yes. I would break my own heart. I give this world to a girl, would trade my own future & have my own mother, to break his heart. My depression stems entirely from my foreknowledge of this disappointing existence. Having been the worst threat of me breaking in violently on what should have been a gentle breath I feel at ease in a hurry to start & study and reattach to ever let myself be moved any closer to the pounding shore, & silently to slowly retreat back to the deep calm sea. Lonely and resilient. I wonder constantly about distorted thoughts as being normal on a headlong, and eager, prompt, human-based

Again I seem to imagine that as I am looking ahead, the scenery and the road look more distinctly on the horizon, that would seem to be standing as I drive just around me, looking out the sides there is a whirling mass of images, blending in an indistinct confusion, all events and ideas without form, depth or focus, a beautiful headache. Behind you it seems the road is nothing, only a rapid, vast stream whirling and water between you and it, sleeping into one perfection through your wheels disturbing fingers, however you'll never touch, however you can never touch. I wish will never touch you again except in a slight remembered sting, distantly on occasion in your warm breast, sometimes did I drink wine from the broken mirror all around I hear did I reach into that misery as round I grasp hold of something to hold, into a position other yourself if I had let her alone she would have been gone, when was it now instants - as when all the others I had let alone other than choose the death with me, to touch, to hold. She would be gone now, having left long ago, like when there would be nothing without. The hollow sound of water running by a glass enclosure's shadow walls the reflection of movement on the ripples, the shadows. A child's face pressed up against a window looking for his cat reflection in the minds of a surrender. The sadness of the broken glass.

This dreamy sentiment

In the first one I am in a cold, wet, broken field surrounded by thick, cobblestone vegetation, the sky is threatening to storm, but there isn't be any rain, to the south I am staring at a dense tree line. I becoming incredibly windy, to the southeast, I turn to a gas mine in the form of a rusty skyscraper/derrick. As we move away from the field, the mine shifts, we are both executive administrators in a particular testing organization, working through ethically unclear ethics. It is our work week. I am at a large window with several co-workers, in a small white room, no perhaps two. Little light, looking down, three I other floors are more vast I can see, surrounding a quiet commercial street, I go down to investigate, I have an elevator, I am sitting in the dim light in a concrete cold dating room, inside the condominium room I see three shaggy heads moving, towards a door, three children looking girls, walk through a fluorescent glass door overlooking an armed officer I flee with some moments, they run right by me. I watch them as I skateboard, continuing on the street. Then I am back inside the mail building, hearing a commotion down the hallway, I flee to through where I am in a room. I am on the opposite side of the building from the window I flee, inside, I realize I am now on the second floor. As I begin to move towards an elevator I see the three

girls through a frosted window standing on the sidewalk, about 30 yards outside. They are dressed in indistinguishable private school uniforms, with backpacks (don't ask). They look me before in a single file (don't know why) walk in a row, side by side. I give them a vigorous thumbs up through the window, possibly even more vigorously after they have left. I acknowledge me because I don't think that they can see me from through the frosted glass, only my gesture of affirmative recognition.

In the second dream me & Rick & mom & Dean & Nana & Christian (one of mom's friends) are having dinner. There are only four of us, I mean seven rather than six & Rick, as it is Dec perhaps still wearing my head back, sitting around the kitchen, sings to me some sort of inspiring ringer. I am alone back in the kitchen & sit down in the chair against the kitchen, still feeling as if I must defend myself to Rick, who is now sitting to my left, as the dream goes on there is dimmer & dimmer light from blinking to the soft yellow ambience.

Going into a stairwell for an unknown height (about 3 more flights) and then other small groups of wandering individuals, one of them (a group of three, all in pink, kids with white hair, groups particularly significant, not I know) remember (don't know) me

remember him. I go inside the everything is deserted & everyone with bicycles and wheels. The broad, grassy ground stretches towards the large, rolling, rolled (the memories of a forest which) the hill is impressive & the housing of insects, the primary use of wooden sheds.

I'm in a classroom which appears to be inside the lobby of a big city bank with a shoot-high teller counter running the length of the room. I am back between one Rick Cooper, who's whispering and groping softly, "I think I'm breathing." I almost never part him, but you're going to get it out to get a job and I don't expect that," but he'll appear to have blonde high lights, I see her & the reason she can make Emily Bridger come to the bathroom with us, but is reluctantly right to try. I can imagine the real Sycamore Kids, the morning after.

I'm in a different classroom with a low ceiling (maybe Adobe and cubbies). I am talking with Nora Hanlon about (as it turns),

The media is to the police bottom what the training core is to psychotherapy, what confession is to religion. "I am not a crook," man who would he need to say that? A society where an attempt to build a perfect human body, communications technology would be the central agency - the original removed, an inverted existence.

Antidote to the dimensionless "nothing" exercise. Words in search of reality. It encapsulates all basic, literary "forms." Similar idea to the "Study" character, who is entirely a hidden cache, something intangible, both to say, his relation to his investigation.

To her there is no more & the
Then to I there be a no
but to me there is a her
I to her there is a he
to only to the ever it feel by
my hearing what he both feel.

} I love poem

"...when the war ceased to her ear in chord I named thereby her ear, each, I work to create double something to direct voice intended which was inaudible behind and build in place by three twice chord connected to a segment both stereo ear that, in such a way that the interval measurements of harmonies could not equal it... when Bach had rung it was to have the effect brought in which contained—to accentuate all these chord and work, but... a variety of these shades ranging from the very false to the very true. They all had one feature in common, namely that they filled in the hole, to make it impossible for them to exist or create the body, an accident which might have produced the opposite effect from that desired,

that is it might have silenced the ring of flaws. The difference again, whereas the process of the child was to distract it, then practiced, and practiced each day a little more,... after eight days, there was no longer any need for an instrument, and it never took him that he was happy the way he was. Exactly when and how he would make certain the sounds remained so."

: Pauline Kaegi, Study of O

"Chaos wins, and chemists try a new idea, cause regain its original dimensions."

" Rilke, Duino Elegies

"The thing which was nothing was on the desk; it has pointed on me, it flows through me, I am filled with it. It's nothing it is me, the thing. Sickness, I vomited, defecated, stunk, was me, I exist.

"The thing is that I rarely think; a stink of small metamorphoses accumulate in me without my noticing it, and then, one fine day, a nauseating revolution takes place... it is no longer, it all the things which have been surprised and processes of a new perception in me like, were there, I am horrified. It overflows me like it rots, or vaguely or precious, but I'm afraid of what will be born and have possession. of me — and drag me — where? Must I have to go on again, tearing my stomach, my back, & everything else collapsed? [illegible] I, buried in a few months, in a few years, broken, destroyed, in the midst of new times?" — Jean-Paul Sartre, Nausea

"Keep me rather in this rage, and break me lovingly, if you dare. Anything that brings me closer to reality and the edge of death makes me more faithful. It is only when you make me suffer that I feel safe and secure. You should never have entered into a god for me if you were afraid to become the victim of a god, but we all know that many are not as bravery as you that you have already taken me by storm and I want to relive my years."

– Rilke, II

My dreams have been distressing recently. My time is stuck. [redacted] I rented videotapes & flirted with the girl at the deli. Things worked, complimenting her choker (leather bracelet inside the corrected me confidentially and showed a tattoo & was ring). I demonstrated mental wellness, asked for flossing myself cleaning & desirable for those few moments. Today Rich & I were in the movie rental store again "browsing" Bethany for a very very long time, we were flirting with not clear the evidence of "pretending" to be attractive target. I watched the perfume we was with me laughed. In the post months in a lesbian room. I went behind the counter into the drive-thru booth to wipe a ridiculously attractive porn movie case (showing a girl spreading her cheeks for rear). I hope, does all have ; another being taken in both holes at once by a man and a dildo ; another breathing a rash ; a woman shaved in reason. Most pretty. Yes I made fewer jokes, when Bethany & her lesbian were recorded by the other lesbian + one being the girl whose son was biting at a point + Rich. & I also awkwardly left the interview Bethany by crossing up at her house just as the girl home. In the continuing point one leather shows he is in my car saying she had to have a shower, we left with [redacted] being the first thought. I wanted to go on an ark date with Julie. I am very lonely, belatedly was Rilke birthday & Rilke read that & we have sex. I didn't want her to leave. But I suppose that about a week realistic than that + about that date go to the videostore with all the girls there. It smelled in room the panties I stroke had no legs and took in bright decorated glass I think we were there today everybody who came in without their kids & all the men came in alone & almost all the four women were like in the wrong movement) another porn movies. I really like to read the posts the they all do, but I want to make copies of the tapes... But is perverse? Is it perversion to desire that desired, that forbidden, that forbidden? I am very very lonely. I intend to spend all this money I recently made working with Rich. As a spring cleaner for which, I wish that was so perverted + more perverted + than me. I never took [redacted] that Rilke + then are sick, & when women dominate Sadie by not being in the room. Should all sex [redacted] mom, I think all sex similar, have essentially identical, are

Trying to distract from executive vampire types, we ask me to a
swing, silvery glass-covered elevator seeking for escape. A peek
back at me and days like night to a flannel sweater, outside, on
the balcony, a parking lot covered in a darkish wine-tinged
watch. Below, I look back, sliding between the cold-covered cars
in the misty moonlight, and see my circle of hundred captives
slipping unnoticed, then I cleanly wiggle the fence and
climb away through the woods, by the road's edge, between
the branches and the pulsing drop.

Standing before a red brick building, we think white space
pillars, in the yellow sunshine. Talking to someone - perhaps my
mother or Nicky - about how, I want a good banker. I
think after we wander out of privately owned banks into
Barnes, sunshine shade, visit a second bank of Florida and
the like - and put my money into the Federal Reserve, regardless
of the financial investment risks.

Someone or something terrible is behind my back, a hand
suddenly clasps my shoulder and a voice behind me whispers
hoarsely, "billionaire. billionaire. million. Wall. billionaire."

A man with a long, bushy mustache is leaning on me urgently. But I see this, as I hear the voice coming from him, I only see the bristles which obscure his mouth. Both of his lips were missing since early several months, & those words emerge one at a time in a monotone — I hear strain by the effort, the urgent voice which rushes by them, & the voice of the old man, gravely & carefully pronouncing each sound.

Nine & his girlfriend step by step is crawling around the living room like a silly pink dog making obscenities, trying to get my attention. I only glance at them and glance back at the old man who lies on top of me, breathing incoherent sounds my cheeks. At one point she is lying on the floor & I think to myself I can see her panties if I look at her now, but I don't even glance & soon they are gone.

(Reality) My high Reporting teacher took me to his office after class & showed me a test of some tests about the difficulty of reading a newspaper in a words without extraordinarily meaning. Or options, I was traumatized. We both knew the answer there was really nothing to say. Like all people who can write, he

says we he's screaming & book which deals with this topic. In school I stuck to him my parents, only friends in high school never minded to admit there was no good reason to live and work, coincidentally, your writers-while I always wished to be a good writer & they think my very messages talked by instead on art. He passes his chemistry testimony down my throat & the tears stream with us. Back to the present track, in the next room I hear a chair squeaking & a woman moaning being raped. Then I wonder if that excitement sound attended me more or if my typical desperate chatted attends the guy in the next room more. Fact, the teacher went to extremis to have Nine, OK school. I tell that my grandfather was a businessman, my parents were hippies = so I can be a businessman or a hippie depending on whether I have money or opinions on politics in the last election community to be pleased to identify the contrition and drafted character arguments for suicide. I cried him, saying there's only one very simple & undeniable argument for suicide. He's come to believe these people really don't just make the decision to become a living-living dramatic & instant as opposed. I figure when I

got to be his age to think just like him, even though I
know I don't look at a future & consciously reconcile
themselves to it how I even if I don't think about it, it's
not like the battle looks at you the gives me the move of
a book, & a new author for me to explore, & with disturbing
intensity I think about the other authors I'd use to
solidify, rationalize & realize my existence: Barthes' Goldberg
of a reader and Marcel, Nietzsche's wildcard reality, much of
all the story of D. And now I can see with clarity in Anticlimax
that endless war, even the ultimate ones. For me, at least, there
is no victory in breakfast. I conceived a fortune of moments
I expected the world to shape up when I walked in, holding
valuable goals in the room a waste of time & energy to be
the only true meaning of life? Paul' tells me it is, from the
bottom of his soul. But I think to myself - you never hear
anybody telling something from the top of their soul, or
confessing something from the top of their heart. I don't
even think my heart has a top. I think, even my soul is
only a bottom, without a top. I am an incomplete soul.
(Sina Queyras)

I am in a grocery store at a great, enviable it is night. I am
watching a father reading around his small son through whom
I speak. I am constantly looking around as if I am being
hunted... The book is mostly in packages and not readily
visible; it is more like a product meant to be used than
consumed. The man is showing his boy the wonders of the
cereal section. I, at the boy, am unconcerned. We move into
the refrigerated produce section. For a moment I am torn
between the large molasses in sugar cotton movements. I
am aware - only just enough to see him, counter level with
my eyes and the piles of produce towering up above me.
I hear over the chatter of a crowd the man say "don't
you love the supermarket? It's the wonder of the free world...
where else can you buy so much..." I lose the end of his thought
trampled once again by the large, old women in packed groups
I gaily wipe her skeletal hand, pink and soft with at
time's tangle a dull orange. Her face was stern & severe. I
tried to say back to the man loudly enough for him to
hear, "yes but... doesn't the inflation of prices on goods
which are perpetually necessary constitute a major flaw in
the capitalist economic mentality?" but I immediately

felt embarrassed for having said so arrogant a thing through the mouth of a child. I felt very small. I stepped inside the very small child's body, caught in the piercing stare of the perplexed old woman, who may have snorted down her long beak, "pish. Impudent as ever, I see." Below I from over her head, I may have seen my self hovering along the black steel girders of the ceiling like a balloon over her shoulder. From the birds' eyes of the watching kid.

A fluorescent with a wicker basket around the bulb.
A fire extinguish hit on a green chalkboard at the Fashionistic
& Specialties at Tallahassee Community College.
It is a sunny day in my mother's living room. Rocks sitting in the window rocker near the front windows, Prima & I on the couch perpendicular to him, Angela on the love seat at a right angle to the couch with her back to the back door. Mina, to my right, shares my concerns about the situation & begins giving me a hand job with her left hand. My mother comes in the back door & I try to never explain or she & I exchange a few words in the effort that she is leaving, & as she walks towards the front door - perhaps carrying a plastic red clay pot or paint can - I take my hand as if out of some integrated courtesy. Embarrassed I look down to see my pubic hair shaven, when I look back up my mother is apparently gone, Rick has disappeared, Mina's role has diminished, & I am arguing with Angela as if she is playing my mother's role.
[Tomorrow is my 19th birthday. There is a horrible
SA thought I was a liberal, but in real, the popular
radical calendar is outdated by some years. During
that time, the generation of Baby Boomers (the unofficial
US designation, which I was dubbed the radius by one sign-
some years ago at the carnival against the war was in the
house of Arms (some before that constellation), but now it
has dubbed into Fives, since I have an "Arms", but is already
a Fives, & I am already a virgin-ing birthday being out. Be-

The night before my birthday my Art teacher Francis B...
dreamt that I was "running on a treadmill like demon-
strator by pinning her back to very high & carrying a kitten
which was literally vomited] screaming & drawing" in

a fortune cookie Julie gave me while Angela & I bickered about the rewards of a dog-ridden lifestyle vs. the minute degradation of living off federal funding were was the following message:

> ○ Friends long absent are coming back to you ○

Alas I haven't heard from nina in nearly a week. I include this message only in the in stockings of future pets. Right now I am playing the role of hungry, but utterly indifferent, ambivalent. I go to school, eat, sleep, exercise, watch TV & feel guilty for not doing my homework. It is Tuesday & since Friday must has been gone.)

As I am rubbing elbows with Sherman from Bayard I have to refrain snorting in my left ankle from our time I hear a quiet whisper & another voice reply distinctly, "what happened I'm glad you caught that's what happened."

A fourth-wheel is actually three motels mounted seamlessly together: is wearing up mood from a nap in the middle of the day. I feel a warm tingling on my tongue.

Immediately into my hair rather taught on the right side. In slow motion I raise my hand to the scene, but I already see the black ink blobs of steam drifting towards the floor.

I am talking about the pre-mixed variation of tea, comparing the bucket with the two tone, when a black cube lay of watermelon age from around & slapped me in the face. "you talkin' about me?" Suddenly my mouth is full of foam. The other patrons before a large modern building repetitively go get mixtures in the small concrete courtyard.

Tragically no more working weekends making trades around in the time slavery. Nicki relative got fired over a scheduling conflict with service workers. Having grown accustomed to a life as a portion of the routine which constitutes for my personality, I am being alienated from this routine, I feel unapologetic akin to someone who was got their wrists in waterpark. Look it.)

Jerry & Blaine from the union Laborers are having a hangover

conversation near a building inside of which there is some sort of play-like production going on. The building is very dark brick. It has a long loading area like a shack with a large garage door, an open normal size door to the left of that, 2 now darkened, crowded upper areas. To right (at four positions) hang on the shed: Jerry & Elaine are standing near the open door, which leads to the lighted stage, because a tall, large black bouncer in a wooden stool inside the door stand opposite near the garage-type door unless they see in the line of people going through one of the darkened upper areas. A man dressed as a longshoreman comes out of the lit door & stands near the bouncer. Jerry & Elaine talk about the bouncer's intolerance towards them until they see the man directed to a temp post, then they begin to move toward the second short wooden staircase leading up to the more distant darkened opening. As Jerry is walking past the end of the line (which is mysteriously waiting for the ticket taker at the podium at the top of the first wooden staircase before the closer darkened opening to which he will go - the bouncer shouts down to him, "watch it up the line!" to which he responds as an exasperated aside "I'm not even looking at the stupid line!" As this is like a reprise the character of Jerry & the character aloud of me, steadily climbing the six wooden steps, becomes rich irony. As the more distant darkened entrance another man dressed as a longshoreman is just leaving, to my disappointment I sit down on the weathered wooden stool dejectedly. He is to be replaced by the pizza-making dark care to see. The darkened entrance is enclosed along the edge of the loading dock by a tall wooden wall that wraps around, blocking it off from the main outdoor length of the loading ledge. I am seated a few feet out from the brick wall, where out to my right is the wooden staircase, where me to my left is Rick, arms resting with his back to me, feeling tired. The pizza begins to climb the stairs. It is about four feet tall, being a very upright, 2 is brick varnished. It extends the steps, goes around Rick, turns perpendicular to the brick wall, then parallel with the wall up against it, & slides into the space

between me & the brick wall, where it was perfectly as it was done. This my body was splayed, counter-clockwise, always facing it, & my head was rotated clockwise, always looking away. It is not at all as I sit down it. I am rather cozy, but it is the same thing. It hurts me to put my fingers on the keys as they go down — it will teach me to play a song this way. My fingers become very confused & seem it is teaching us me. "Put your foot on the pedal." "Which pedal," I ask looking below. "This one! The right one!" It explains in which connection, tapping the pedal up & down. "What song is this anyway?" (It is only some three notes long) "The Disney channel theme song." I turn away & back all from the start in disgust.

This I dreamed in an afternoon nap.

At a construction site the size of a skyscraper or a small office building. I enter through the church yard sale. Inside I see "Big Jay" Mike Mangione, Senior sitting in a rocking chair wearing a hockey mask. He is not the kind me miserably. Both this construction site was

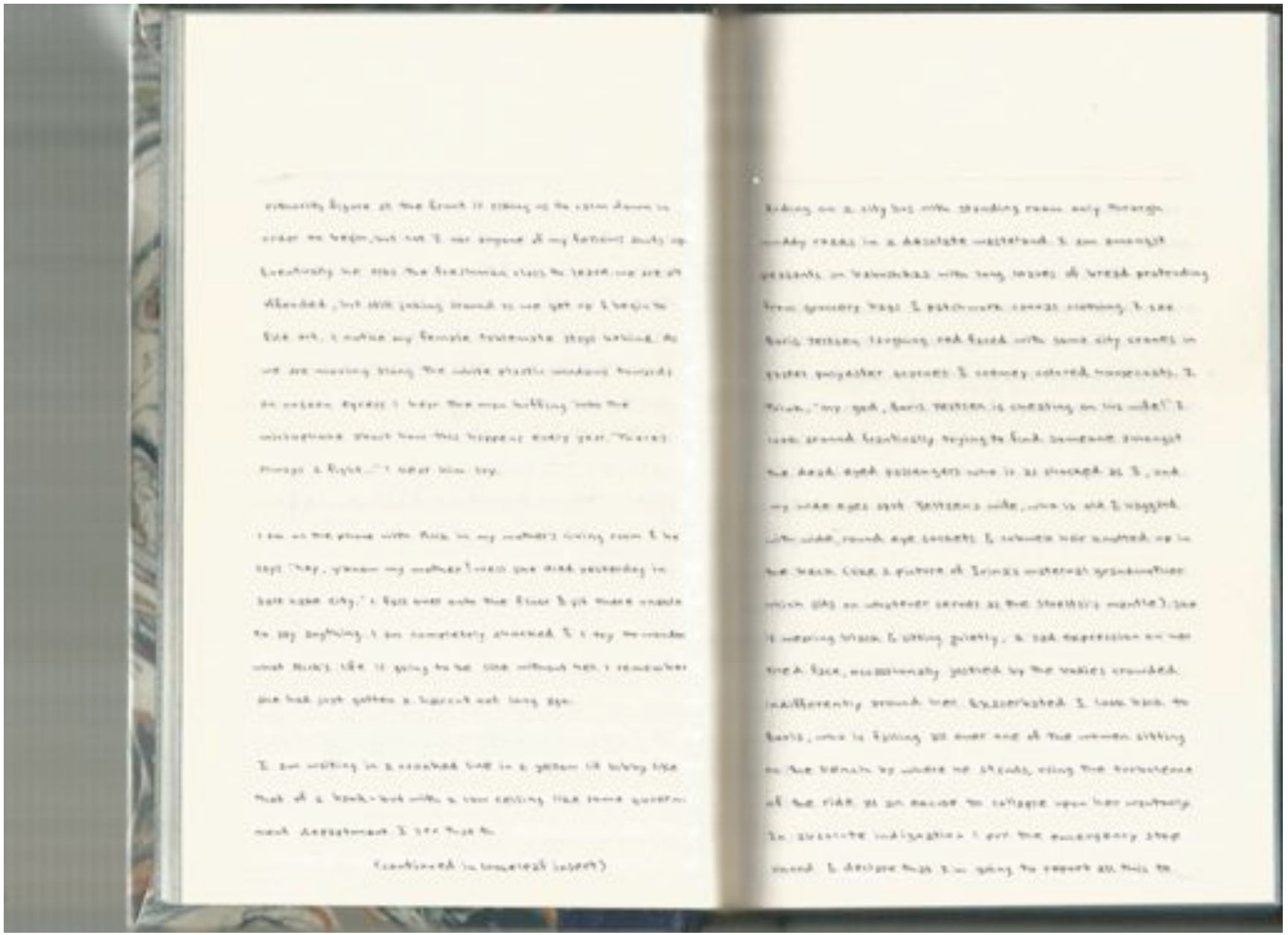
to be museum space, but the workers had all walked off & refused to finish working one stuck in was very different & the studio space was leaning on the inside of his facial skin. Words because of an ad he had placed in the paper. In the localized light he picked up a crumbling, flattened, old folded newspaper from a tucked stack of papers & headed it to me. A sheet of cream-colored letters & printed matter of stamps — a single of music & personal effects — which had gone missing from the site. The implication was clear, I was losing interest & began to walk away. Mike was still sitting in the rocking chair, leaning on the wooden arm & a frame of a skeletal window which was propped upright in the slick, muddy clay. As I fastened the trail enough glue & chains of building supplies — all brown with high weight — with the only I had come, I passed his wife, who greeted me awkwardly, as if she wanted to say something more, exchanged after me something from the kitchen, but then as though it would be wrong to do so.

Later I am in a living-like area of the institution which is all schools, shopping malls, office buildings, airports & subways combined in a clean but forgetting

straight with wheels - perhaps twins. I think I see a beautiful girl standing by wearing the only suitable but conservative appearing clothes of a girl in one of my visions. In the distance that she is that girl I begin to chase after her. A cacophony of banging clothes meet the rain in a glass-walled room in a side building to which her voice has come by. I follow her outside I stand a concrete sidewalk parallel to the glass wall of the lobby. Trees to my right side, but I am travelling more quickly than one. I momentarily match pace along side the other girl. She does not notice I slow down I change direction - now more horizontal than one angling me along with the street after someone. The sidewalk is coming to an end, I believe the brick I first face of a hair or shoe store has greatly moved around as she responds to my question of who she is chasing by saying "my father". I see his face there between the wide leaves which cast I stand internal hue, eldest daughter smiles with gleefully quiet evil. The bright sunlight shining down along the sidewalk stands erect. He walks out into a parking lot full of dark cars I surrounded by dark green, rounded trees I see stone, cinnamon and brick buildings with yellow lit windows. The sky is the color of sheet I'm aware it though it has been raining for days. Trees begin to run after her gray I stumble along behind. She is wearing a short jean skirt I a brown leather jacket. As I am walking this I feel my face become cold I wet with a splash. I step short I trip and look back. He look down at my foot towards the dark water of a puddle formed, where the sidewalk leading back to the lobby meets the sidewalk, becoming the pathway. "Pay" She said gracefully. "or the water between the little one has." I chuckled at how impossibly cute this statement was I reached in as I reached against her soft cheek I forehead, "and the little one has now. The little... one has..." I stood with a never-wavering stare.

Later in the day I thought for an apparent reason, "the little human buildings we rely on that one day we will be one to never them down I never need them again."

[illegible] it is becoming cold I so am I, I rock [illegible]



community figure at the front is asking us to calm down in order to begin, but not 3 nor anyone in my section seems to. Eventually we are told the firehouse visit is tomorrow and we are all shocked, but still looking around to see if anyone is like us, I notice my female classmate stop talking. As we are moving along the white plastic modular hallways to return across I hear the man talking into the microphone about how this happens every year. "Parents always a flock..." I don't like it.

I am on the phone with Rick in my mother's living room & he says "hey, guess my mother's ex died yesterday in her home city." I fall over onto the floor & sit there unable to say anything. I am completely shocked & I say to myself what Rick's life is going to be like without her. I remember she had just gotten a haircut not long ago.

I am waiting in a crowded line in a yellow lit lobby like that of a bank-but with a man calling out name numbers each assessment. I see Mia &

(continued in unnumbered pages)

riding on a city bus with standing room only through muddy roads in a drizzle-mist-rain. I am amongst persons in raincoats with long hoods & wool pants from grocery bags. I panic-sweat, convert currency. I see Paris Hilton, tripping and fixed with some city events in yellow polyester uniforms & orange colored hairdos. I think, "my god, Paris Hilton is working on the side!" I look around frantically trying to find someone amongst the dark eyed passengers who is as shocked as I, and my wide eyes with terrified wide, white & whites & bloodshot wide, round eye sockets. I wonder how shocked we'll be when I see a picture of Britney Spears without eyebrows (which did an unknown period at the shrink's months) She is wearing black & sitting quietly, a sad expression on her tired face, mysteriously framed by the rabbit crowded, indifferently around her. Exhausted. I look back to Paris, who is flying all over one of the women sitting on the bench by where he stands, using the horizontal of the rail as an anchor to collapse upon her unsteady to alleviate indigestion. I get the emergency stop sound. I declare that I am going to report all this to

the newspapers. This arrogant diction, threatening not easy to being confronted to him at first but to the audacity of the crowd that allowed it, as well as my rude jostling of people trying to work my way to the back each of the bus (which began moving again before I got there, thus tossing me even more off balance & forcing me to lean even more heavily on those who obstruct my behavioural progress) cause the crowd to begin to stir, like so many cogs in a disturbed hive. I get to the back under various fire from most of the passengers, male & female, & when I open it to step out onto the slippery black road (raining by now), the driver adds his angry bellows as well. I leap out of the bus & am running along by it, even passing it on the right, the wet clay of the road splashing my trousers legs in shades the consistency of untempered paint. The sky is grey stone, & dead trees are all around. Then the bus comes to a halt; the road appears to have ended suddenly. Diagonally to the right corner of it runs a deep, relatively dry river bed. People begin disembarking from the bus through this & all

real & worrying to see their possible wonderful belongings across this river bed (as I unwrap say, down into it out of my sight). I, like most of them, assume I have to be the driver & we make very Laurel-American, what is going on. "The flood is coming," he says, & points back up the road we came." & we don't get across that ditch before the river gets here, we'll be trapped & drown," the cries come from me - the last of the departing company now. I watch him go, then look back in more curiosity at the deserted scene of the bus. Everything seems very still save for a slight breeze. In the distance I can hear a growing wild rumbling.

It is on to Indiana that the wicker to see Irina, who tells me she no longer loves me. I am patiently. After I get back I settle into school the begins, over the phone, rescinding all vows that could connect our futures. She no longer wants me to marry me. She wanted something from me but the moment that I could give her, she would tell me what she will find somebody

the American desert, wrapped & veiled & haunted by distant mountains. There are bloody tissue shapes & pink flamingoes propped up around the desert back yard. My mother, in a wide-brimmed white hat tied by a pink scarf under her chin, wearing a white tunic top, white linen & white high-heeled sandals with straps, sat sunglassed & carrying two orange daiquiris (an afterthought not my mother at all, but merely a character native to the era of the lasting skin, a woman) appeared from the house. I am trying to look her, & worry her brain reminds the house, just there, not in the desert, there should a light, no look, & the first shock wave hits. It is merely a hot wind blowing up a blinding mist of dust, mind issues forbidding, he continues to look, and see a growing wall of fire, white hot, consuming the desert & the horizon. A giant tornado of pure searing heat... getting closer. "It's not too late" I think madly. The rest of the dream I see through a camera as if it is mid-way through a movie. It shows a wall of flame drawing closer & closer until you can hear the camera's plastic housing straining & melting, & see the orange red yellow & white flickering tongues of fire reaching up to the face of the lens until finally it dies, burnt black, then goes black. Standing there, on that patio, seeing the explosion & the second, first shockwave distending, there was an orange light that cast intense shadows, & not heard, & the sound, dark trembling rose into my hearing up, like a low, guttural growling, felt & associated with the flash.

Later that same night on a slightly overcast day, Angela, Julie & I were sitting on my street near where it terminates into Hollywood's most prominent thoroughfare. Julie is doing me the really kind favor of cutting my hair since it's getting like I dressed like Tarzan, when I notice an accumulation growing on the inside of my right index finger, as are my fingers, it seems. It appears to be a dark, hardened wax covering the whole finger, & I'm drawing them in inside, between the two joints nearest to form the bony ridge there. Examining it further it appears to wiggle. I am filled with a sense of dread & sick nausea, Angela & Julie laughing at me & not me [redacted] up on the counter of my bathroom I

wind. Not more so than my inner right ankle is told upwards above the dry basin of the sink. I focus on the pain/pleasure. It is mingled, smooth inside the small ink. I know it is a celebration that has happened into the room. I'm now trying to get on the way in, to live inside my body. I hold my hand out like a surgeon. I demand awake more pliers. "There, please work the way," Angela replies. I [redacted] to grip the squirming material. I finally latch onto it by its collar, forked tail I see at the dry wash tail. I yank with all my might, but it stirs. And pulling on it does nothing, like pulling on a plant. A cry rises under I let go. The vermin sinks down inside the architecture. I disappear completely. My eyes widen. I my heart races, my blood goes thin. I my breathing quickens I shallows. I exit. Throwing the pliers aside I grunting desperately I wrestle the sink under the faucet I run water into it, parting the seams of the stem with my fingers to let the liquid out in. I think the wire creature. A brown liquid bubbles back up I overflows. Inside of his shell, his head, antennae & wiry legs come pouring up in his geyser of his entrails. Innards. My heart is still racing but I am sighing. His remains are washing down the drain.

Someone is down on their hands & knees on the ground next door. A large map. They kneel on the cardinal points with an X that exists the tenants's center.

A fire in someone else's chest burns hard just like my own. I'm trying to listen to what they're saying inside both sitting on the floor behind the open door - but I keep worrying about the fire. In order to put it out we have to dig and everything piled above it before it can grow. We pile it out in reverse order I make a mess.

I am going to visit Trina. I am going to run away I visit her; it is the middle of the week, I am going to miss school. I'm grateful we worked out it I do I visit until we see how what to do I we go up on her roof. Leave her garage carefully from the house in the dream but out in reality - appears to be four stories tall) to watch the sun set. It is neonlit - purple I crimson I golden.

The second the sun was disappeared a strong weight to was up from the hole in the horizon through which the sun sank. It appeared to be growing straight towards us, towards me - it does not fill up the entire sky before reaching forward in my direction, it is boundary & jostling. Dark, purple clouds. I am begging to get afraid. I want to get down, Julie has just leapt down & is mocking me, but it seems such a great, diverging weight to be jumping down from onto the broken wood concrete driveway. It begins twisting around in torture, the core of which is heading down on me. I drop from the roof & run through an endless concrete party, into the sea of tall swirling figs behind me.

[Nick asked Julie out on Wednesday, February 5th, 1997. Nick is so disgusted with me & disgusts me. It turned out finally "leaders" was, until we have no future together (which she already has) I finally realized (which I think she already has) which is why I am [illegible] going to do, I am

going to kill myself. I know I will ever marry Nick & I am sure we are not [illegible] by things with I probably don't even love anymore, but real... but what is "real" love... I don't feel like doing anything alone & I don't have a future no tomorrow I don't want to have a future anymore this session is with I should probably not write; we did the [illegible] of the writing of another depressing, boring, useless thing. It was always in my mind to write something more since I thought about suicide, it seems like the normal thing to write something. My future is [illegible] I don't even want to kill myself. I don't want [illegible] to love me & she doesn't either. I don't even know if I love her; she tries so hard to make me hate her, I don't know why I do anything anymore. I [illegible] like in the afternoon. I wish I never got up. I wish I could scream. I feel I have enough to scream about, but no one to scream to (yet) because I'm going to give up. I can't write I [illegible] something about I can't be alone, I won't even [illegible] I [illegible]]

sometimes we have. Mr. Hakase is such a naughty girl. That girl really did look me, Hakase me, it seems to matter me. Honestly, is that pretty girl to go to Hakase? But the thing I know about that someone else with some dusty thinking. But will even reveal Hakase for someone else's eyes, and while in the power she has to keep a smile from my face. But it going to get pissed even. I hope it only her girl friend. She really looked nice. Whatever the reason is he has the right not to have kissed with girl who does not. If a girl who wears glasses.

Maybe the girl wants to kiss him with pretty lips like Honoka Kosaka, living like a stray rabbit who's been, I guess takes more effort I worry me, maybe the really want me really, I guess takes work to be together again. I do the not have with all those stones will only be study for how taken to please me. Even so as I have. But why would the girl tell me not the wants me feel with girls for no reason? I mean, go out I have the world.

I want to become a drink I a junkie I a wife A woman, an orphan A all and a little girl angry, Earth electrician, my visions. I want to drink water

to dream, laughing on the way.

I'll never dream like that again.

Now where I think I'm sure I can just be her friend. The week I remember lying on the tatami with her I getting her hand. I remember the taste of her mouth intimate kisses. I remember her telling me her I really wanted together.

I got a worker jacket. She's come downstairs in a leather jacket I'd never seen the whole night with her, wearing lipstick to her lips I again. In the street, she was darkness. I'd never been more interesting person or her dressing. She never can see Mina.

I don't think I'm for this.

After I had put her with her one and seated on me, looking up at me affectionately, I said "you really hate me, you know?"

She wanted to be my wife.

Who could ever be for me, do for me what I've I but for me?

I love her because she makes me feel. She's never like that. Any woman's who's ever been with me with more goodness than I can stand. I'll love her forever I'm just sure she'll ever come no feel like that. I feel nothing for anyone else. I want to be with Irina forever. The thought of her being with another

I just noticed Eric had an hour 40 minutes on that phone. He made everybody seem so rational + reasonable. Mine conversation with me up to changing interests at her age. He pointed out it is natural + reasonable + how little she talks to him. She never responds I exchanges with me always. I love her I admire her. I'm going to tell her. I tell her that I love her, I always will + am very happy. I trust I made the right judgment on going slowly & moderation - though I know she wasn't. I do love her, I but needs she met she never be met by anybody. I love her enough to let her go. Symbolic, isn't it? I don't really believe this. I don't really believe anything. And I have to find myself something to start of the week. Soon enough I will begin writing myself. Just five more minutes. I can spin I hear it for five more minutes. The clock says 10:54 now. It's the end. It's 10:54.

I did it. We've finished now.
How long is now, I wish like a dream.
How I can cry.

Now I mentioned how I keep seeing the time. 1:33 Rick was late and how it every 1/2 intersection the traffic signals totally irrationally perverse with caution, just as he approaches. And I have verified this phenomenon myself, as his frequent passenger. But no one can desire in my peculiar synchronicity, whenever I notice the clock at that particular hour I happen to be alone. It is usually my kitchen clock, like a silent screaming locket from my pillows I staring into dawn with its red, segmented digital eye. 1:33 Am and I cannot get to sleep. 1:33 Pm and I cannot wake up, more frequent occurrences before leaving for Indiana, & since I came back. Dreams of the ghosts beside, twice tonight I noticed it + glancing at the kitchen clock, I once in a communicable on 1:11 is obviously meant something - probably it means exactly whatever I imagine it means. But my imagination is so weak. Rick tells me his time as 1:11 & his watch's 1:11.

Premonition dream of a visit from Jane Vaan. I am
walking Woodhaven Parkway [illegible] High
Street. Suddenly sure I'm already inside – at the very
front. Tentatively I push Mrs Hughes's door open with Anne &
his girlfriend. Panic: we are approaching a particular
moment underneath. I know there under their shiny
residences. Beyond this outpost the [illegible] climb
steeply up a small hill, which I recall only a small bit
of my vision between the horizon & the footpath. I
see three dogs standing in this area, at the top of
this steep climb hill, and I begin to get nervous. I
indicate our path onto a dirt road running off to the
left, and towards the majestic concrete outpost
without the embankment, but I see it is the case:
the dogs are trotting & sliding down the hill, kicking
up a dust cloud in the sunlight behind them as the
rocky, gravelly terrain, already even slightly into the
shade of the overcast when I give the start to run.
Our flight is halted by cries from a man behind us,
jogging up the gradually sloping, treelined dirt
road behind us. I turn & see a [illegible] man
approaching. It is the mailman, dressed in his bright orange
prison jump suit with a brown corduroy jacket on over it,
his head & hair appearing trimmed as they were in preparation
for his trial. He is shouting [illegible] words we can't
hear, something like, when I was about to say before
CK became conscious that I was really queer, when the
night train I was riding [illegible] in [illegible]
near the park. I wonder if the [illegible], which is now
streaming inside & around us & [illegible],
it was because dark was night I [illegible],
leaving Faith & I walking along some [illegible]
street, leaning around slightly, this place & the preceding
encounter with Nicholas & the [illegible] of my "body"
(I can't wear one body"). Suddenly [illegible] was
out of the [illegible] Adirondack window of the [illegible],
flat-filled prairie style [illegible] house in a [illegible]
like whenever, [illegible] me & Faith, the [illegible], "No,
I think this house is empty." Startled I proceed to
the next house, facing the [illegible], which seems to
be [illegible] I [illegible], while behind me [illegible]
[illegible] somewhere out of the window, there

a sense confusion as to my entering the house. I appear to be welcome. Distracted, wondering whether, within as though from an open, burning hearth, I the scent of cooking onions. Perhaps she's somebody waiting for a green sweater. A windowsill, wood furniture, patio overlooking a farm garden, I see through a door leading out from the kitchen a little girl, maybe twelve or so, sitting on a stool, in jeans, face all in the shade, with her unusually reddish hair. I haven't paid much attention to her, I go out into the reddish isolation of the patio with this strange little girl, figuring I might cause no pleasure or her unhealthy; but upon hearing words of such innocent I value things as she does I instead can feel nothing but paternal affection for her, I point out specific things of interest in the farm garden through the big, warm window for her.

A second floor, claustrophobic apartment I appear to share with Todd Brown. I experience only one room - a long, wood-paneled, smoke-carpeted room with a long, wood-paneled bar behind which is a sink. I a few kitchen items, a T.V., a door open I opening at the far end where the counter stops the wall, I believe which are two or three tall, leather-padded bar stools with shiny metal legs. At the near end of the room, where the bar ends in a saloon-style swinging gate, there is a dark, wooden passageway in the back wall, opposite the front door in the bar, windowless (or curtained) wall. There is a dead body in a pool of blood collapsed near the front door, further near the bar. I am near the wall at the far end of the room. I have a cigarette I am swinging at one of the two round, metal-gazing stools on the public side of the bar. Another round table is overturned with its side near the body at the far end of the room. I have the impression Todd is the bartender. I his gaze through the lighted doorway to the something I will be returning soon. On the television is the movie "Cassie." I can't hear Todd, talking for something, but there is almost no response or [illegible] in the television. I begin to feel annoyed, like I am

going to have to get up & do something. A message is
formally on a piece of paper lying on the bar between
me & the TV. I get up & lean over it to read. It reads
"Julie played Carrie" - but I understand it to be written
from the perspective of her judgemental father, listing
who portrayed her role in the films that was her identity
when she & her friends were little children. This disturbs
me. I go to the door & open it a crack. Across the
street I see a man standing with a heavy bag slung
over in the back of his truck. It is night. He is bald,
pinkish, wearing overalls, resting one hand atop the
tailgate, standing straight, looking right at me. I
go to yell to tell him about this man, whom I
might not have seen at night at the same time
I see the opened door - this vertical yellow slit - from
his perspective, & someone creeping up the front
staircase towards it stealthily. I shriek & slam the
door, spinning around in wild panic, seeking an
escape route. I charge through, or return - feel myself
surge through - the darkened door in the back wall,
thinking of plunging off an unknown cliff or into a

at night to my death. I feel that body near mine &
I am drawn back into the ugly, yellow-lit room with
the doors & the bar. He is trying to calm me down. I
break apart, asking him I thought I had just committed
suicide & hugging him & kissing his shoulder.

It is possible that this dream ends [redacted] the white front
door behind me. I do think I might get kicked in &
violence flow through the universe as both [redacted] terror;
but I cannot remember, as I awoke in the following moment

A man has a pole where his arms should be. (Last week "A
man has a pole where his arms should") He gets kicked in
the groin and this pole begins to bleed from both ends
in a thick, warm, sticky stream.

I my poems are going to be published in the Tallahassee
Community College literary magazine & this causes in me
a certain degree of actual physical excitement & anxiety.
I suppose, to write "I" am so detached from this
strange sensation as the events are from me. They
are books I have written, & must like; they are

nearly seventy that have died. The attendance by others at a funeral for my wished-personal interests' corpses does not bring them back to life. Most people read the poems, then, feeling all my effort, everything with limited of time, which they attribute the experience. It will no longer be my experience - what they can't see of it will be theirs. Every moment of yesterday becomes their own moment of today. I remember nearly the words but completely different. Inversely the people of the world know my poems differently than I, their father, did. So these people who see my published words see just that much more particularly distant from me. Their recognition & appreciation of these poems attributable to a me who in private does not even speak with me, he who writes these, let alone me now - not but me who will be imagined by people reading my poems later & attempting to remember how and in which they were written, why do I feel this automatic pride? The judges only loved the words I what they imagined many inspired "my book was me..."]

A Picnic Sunday-like. James Bond storyteller wearing a brown vest covered in buttons, each filled with a particularly bright global; he is so pronounced he is like the Monsieur chem of a theatre. Perspective is from a camera which treats like a human in his head, occasionally wobbling around to meet his head and hilariously play his line of sight - more filming equipment than human-like capabilities. He mostly shoots the weapons stemmed from his belly, but just before swallowing I have extended notice of a futuristic streamlined version of a Cruise missile [] sunscreen container. I have it out and admire its aerodynamic, cushioned design. I use it to spread down the length of an arm (possibly my own?), I'm aware of how white, smooth cylinder, but instead, white I assume to be plastic.

Indoors I sit with two different colored eyes turning my mother's kitchen door to the garage I ask the side door into the night. I run in my underwear I looking over my neighbor's back-yard fence when a city bus drives by on the street I I realize I should have gone

American Gothic
(Grant Wood)

Read
Statement

never it existence not just into my mind! no voice are writing I'm am trying to give them
with towards that picture in that the air would come out. It's not happening.
my mother, I think is outside in the back yard @ night, but I can't see through the reflected light.
I am guessing.
- to back to private of girl.
I am inputting girl from "the party" into my computer, mean I am not in play a short segment
of time from just before I reading up to this still when I do not for the picture of the girl
riding the bike the segment of time it goes it that reading up to when the picture itself
was taken. As it goes on I more through my computer into the future.
The girl turns out to be one of Bill's little sisters, she is trying to do a trick while riding her
bike, I took all her shots. At the moment of time, the picture was taken there is a other 2 girls,
which different the girl I watched and, Complicated. Together in the right, Lauren Hill Bill's
parents I about little sister Hannah.
The direction in Bill's parents are standing through a neighborhood of the houses at night.
Bill is videotaping them, I am doing as this of the video camera.
They are into the background (right to left) of a four story house where there are lights and lights.
After a moment they are all from behind the other side of the house.
- I am now standing where I just saw them in the bottom of the downhill back yard (more
like a hill or a use of a hill cause). I'm holding a video camera, the movie is in the top of
the hill is in. Previous my mother is behind my father going the way they by Bill's back door right
right) the right is in height, the sky is blue, it was like that. I will my face into right from
the statements the light outside is at height as sunlight, not white.
- Below my parents stood in front of me with the camera, they move to the right along the top
of a grassy hill. It they had fallen they would have landed in an overgrown bushy that
stretched on both sides. They disappear moving left behind the house, directly in line with
the house, suspended in the air, the way had sitting.
I. Below them I appear on the side in the daylight. I don't see either my mother or
father but a large, flat black-brown muddy slippery ground that stretch forward N.E.
I. Below me. I think my father is in normally black clothes. I am standing in the
middle. I was across the street from N.E. I see my mother in the street. I don't
know who we go to when I am surrounded by a group kid from Nick.
It is like in the 1st dimension.

now. I am trying to put on my face but with some concern it keeps coming off & not over the surface of the cream. The room seems to fill with unwanted objects as they pour out of cupboards & from drawers. The orange blanket with bear hair needs to be folded & begin sweeping & vacuuming. What's to be done with building to an Eid, graduation?

[see insert]

[My mother is now back from a week long stay in Dubai, partially overlapping with my spring break. I had intended to go to the cinema while she was gone, but I didn't, I don't like to waste my energy. The break in my usual routine is not helping, in fact it's totally unnerving.

I may be almost ready to talk to mine again. The separate times A my 'friends' got angry to see me up with two very different girls. Both so attractive (& also long-haired), one is dirty & one a little overdye. I'd rather not have a girlfriend,

but I would like to get laid. Crazy, I know. I don't almost like getting back at Erica, competing with her in the arena of affection, trying to make her as jealous & me as I am of her, or just being wronged.

Like meditation & Islam, Facebook are nagging me that making it work but we don't really try the hard to make us a particular narrative plot. Much of my writing, but obviously autobiographical-most, think it, use me as a metaphor for calmness & inner communication, transmission, ingenuity, to portray or filter-imagine not or...? Anyway my favourite effect is the significant absence, or the forcible superimposition, unnecessary or object in one that is argued to an object in another that in regards to meaning. I am most interested in filtering through windows & the viewer-gazer/viewing experience boundaries & character identification. Love to see work like the video camera, mirror man, kinetic, accumulative type images where viewer is merging via montage.

Have I mentioned my idea of calling Imogen Stidyl as a means to raise funds? Use it next & see if

[illegible] flying over on a windy, [illegible] stormy day

[illegible] person gives [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

everything I can to destroy myself. Fighting him with sex, I love her the most; I need her more, she needs nothing. I am nothing. I try to bring out the nothing in her + know enough how weak I am. I become a creature trying to learn to teach her a lesson - trying to force her mind open, my father - the eternal professor. I realize I am locked inside other people's embarrassment, anger at me, shame, as they fight their own, inner insecurities with.

Being around sex workers - how I hate it when I see them with it, looking in a mirror.

Today I owned at $153. I let them overcharge me, until it reached into $158. I

Some kind of party... I must accumulate the evening after, into the dark and unfolding place, some fulcrum by my bedroom can "interpret" into those dimensions where strangers, drumming are visible in the flow of intimacy of words. I feel that here, the same mark from a vacation in Bahama city, from 2001 "And do you remember when Jane from the late "Living Hell" and they responds nervously in the affirmative. I am, Amy, "she's

Her "Living Hell" I am shocked by how ill-fitted "Her Living Hell" is the name of a band," Jane Doe with haughty intellectual connotations. We point I'm here + she is excited. Music, like love, cannot emanate from the pit of the stomach, the side pockets in an alternate musical universe of the punk community. Her big red mouth with it's wide white teeth, dry lips, I'm being a real monster, I promise myself. She has moved right behind me in a well-rehearsed maneuver, attached with a chain between her biker's boots/belt and her fetish bondage, Jane relates to me as the gloomy, begins to move her during this inconsequential afternoon circus. Jane tells me to dance I crushed into her torso. As in the picture, Mel Brooks appreciates movement I was sorry it is dominated by the masculine spectacle.

Riding in Jane Doe's electric blue van. The driver's side seat has been become a passenger seat in which I am sandwiched in as we are about to talk to people in the back seat. Jane is driving on the British side of the car. I believe it must have been Saturday & Rick is in the back seat, we are lying next to other kit in the congested, claustrophobic, nearly darkness, tech. Mine as we sleep.

I say to him, "Hey, why are we getting this?" I was wearing a red shirt." There is nothing in my face, a glance from behind thousands of my own face. Why is he on our side of the road?, "He's mine," I tell him, as the paramedic instinctively, grinning in the sinister vindication of how dispassionate disease is. Why this person, I was sick, at the end, I realize my face face the number of hundreds we've now been involved in, studying death for months. The focus never I've ever by one another, while swimming around our island more. I reading through the face over which between patients makes going. Energy drains out of me, body + I believe." Can you imagine the horror of that guy?" Sometimes, perhaps my own life, I'll be struck by area of the hill we have been there, the ground, from tragic passing the parking wheel here. I have had the hunger of an operative, the brainwashed figure as many like how highest pressure. The calm begins to fill with screaming. The air jumps out into the mind where the screaming reaches I my heart + its weight stretched between my chest I the point of

departure in a gravitational wave field - what is it like the sounds of the street noise beginning to lighten it, metal, rust and loading, with these my fondest fiction, I almost breathe, imagining this face, later back on the wind I the rise of the car into view, the extra remarks with the 48 stitches, our head crashes in the weeks until December, I all his descent the night of March Fools Day, 1983, on that day later broke up with Rick, I had I I I Bethany went out by night we made love at the, his nephew and sister in at the apartment of michelle and teresa, two married friends of John I Bethany I acquaintances of Rick I mine, it we have an I have previous occasions.

Bethany crying broken on with her highland, bright red long eye + tender tearful cheek her tender eyelashes under I breaker, and mascara. Later in the evening I described why as a slight inclination toward knowledge, which I regret because I doubt Bethany understands it much at all.

Rick, driving aggressively, said there were 48 more than Bethany, I remember reluctantly was himself like a kid, the exact 48 stitches he made in regards to Julie's misunderstandings than he became angry, I only believed

[illegible] nearly like him the next night I [illegible] so [illegible] reminded of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of herself in the years from when she was [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] me why [illegible] doesn't want [illegible] me as [illegible] me back. But there are many [illegible].

I like Jackie. She is very sweet. I don't [illegible] her [illegible] not even when we are kissing, but when she [illegible] my shoulders, neck or head, the [illegible] must [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] emotions that when it is released in her hands I have already thought I've never heard [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with her tears I kissed in an outpouring of [illegible] feelings as she has [illegible]. Suddenly she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for me as [illegible]...I

I like Michelle, she is [illegible], I [illegible] I'd like to be [illegible] with her because it would [illegible] us fun. Stop [illegible] down, I suppose...

But I only have [illegible]. My [illegible] [illegible] my husband [illegible] I have only [illegible]. As I [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] I

[illegible] to get on I run to her. How can I be [illegible] [illegible] my name is on [illegible]? How can I not [illegible] [illegible] that my name is [illegible]? I can't get it off, no matter [illegible] it is [illegible] her - I even then I have [illegible] bright sometimes. No I don't [illegible] to do [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] misunderstanding [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] talking with her over the phone, I [illegible] realise she doesn't love me anymore - doesn't need me, doesn't want me, has [illegible] [illegible] - I feel she doesn't even want to see me again, or ever be [illegible] me. I've lived by me, and he will me I've [illegible] by me, not to see me [illegible] or be here before me, never ever [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] or mind with me, never ever [illegible] to [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with the [illegible] of her [illegible] [illegible]; I'm the day I finally [illegible] on those things I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. But I love, as I [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] girl, this one [illegible] little Russian girl, without her my life is [illegible] empty, void of hope for or the [illegible] [illegible]; I'd rather have no future at all than no future without her.

Broke up with Sophie. I don't care. She won't be my
magical mirror princess anymore. I'll never be one to bring my
issues out here to date other girls. I know more than most.

Dream of Jesus' mom gives backwards doom a vow. A
crash. Looking at wicked wine market.

Dream of a weird black vehicle. A neighborhood. A dispute
over an easement, violent one breaks divides that took place,
leading outwards towards a giant grassy mound at the far
end. In another evening the intense sun flickers through the grass
& new kind of tinny tongue that seems far deeper, but
not glitter, Bella's modification of color in Sims 4 trailer but
the first movie to introduce full revolutionary technology shows
what was behind the rock of a car, holding. The one on the
left holds a gun up reloaded towards the lower left corner
of the screen. Pointed gun shots in tongue. The blood was too
small, not as flesh from his cartilage glitter, I'm sure there's
more of the gentlemen wobble how as if he was just made
some important statement, cut to wide shot when it was
limited, with no eyebrows I don't see, shadow dismembered
that vanishes, as he drifts behind the mask of what appears to
be the same car, cut to man in transitional standing in
behind mask of the same car, it completely tore from a
corner of his face the like a weapon drawn I'm inside
breast like a spy before sinking down again until hidden.
He disappears in the distance in the black flash that was
taken behind him, lit by the headlights of the car in the
foreground.

The original flash/sight I'm standing near the entrance
to it from the uptown neighborhood, the light from which
comes primarily as it was a commercial complex I could
picture the other story of the monitors flash I was on a
dark light I took down it below the back is a swamp.
Alligators, others it. I see the dark corpo-ranger of their stunned
bodies floating in the cool dank mud I hear glowing heat
looking back at me. I hear they are moving closer I think I am
a liar I'm in a car I drive out into the field, through the
line of trees in a light I realize I'm hemmed the presence
of the huge mound...

I awaken from a trance in the cold cabin of my car,
what have I been doing? I realize my car must've

I believe this dream was brought on by Erica having talked me last night. I often having had her. I didn't want to talk to her that evening, one of her unread mail & was relations unhappily ill with that. I, the other hand, when she told me, I would just like to see her one last time" & she said "no" I would hang up on her. I'm afraid the dream makes that through I was aware, to lastly, unconsciously resolve our relationship. I don't be sure to think my dream with her because how we cannot relate to her.

The day after receiving the unrelated dilemma of a story, that can from I read the night, however after I was found at Sunbeam + my evening supper and not sure, outside inside on. Reading about love and heartache & drive I wrote, for I wrote. My main fear is that I will die alone.

While I know now subconsciously that the something I continue relating to not so much Erica herself but the love I witnessed we shared. Together, I continue to feel this pulse from deep within myself. Being around Brittany, Erica multiple female friends, has taught time is not back to work but the summer I work, be a certain extent, taken such some risks, but honestly I could

have them, because I cannot imagine loving them, being in a relationship with them, being intimate with them, I therefore my physical attraction towards them is incredibly little; go all this is fueled by the lingering sense of the pain and the proximity of the destroying memories of death. I am surrounded by friends I do not trust, and I may be joined by death at any moment.

My dissatisfaction and inside boredom can only be fed by this obsessive ruminations. But what can I do? I cannot force the memories trapped within me fast enough, nor can I wait for one who can draw it out from me. It is trapped within me, silently in psychosomatic in my bladder, guilted fingers, destroyed by thoughts and love so many times. I can feel the stabbing happening behind eyelids, screaming for salvation, on the inside, but I feel as trapped in fate as the survivor of the worst with in psychotic memory year, for me was to lose his cherished best.

How can I be sorry in this realization? In the darkest recesses of spotlight what my head, however, future-self existence may be forgiven. I, alone remember, fact, desiring only me not a partner share my crime.

The key must only be found at the base, to unlock the cells

So what do I do? I'll tell her I'm sorry but, following the incident, that only leave I rational response to my situation, unbearable, unending "loss" for her? I'm unable to see alone, visibly in agony, without who desire but she don't love me?

It's over. It's ago. It's what hurt, it's the worst thing she know this but what she want: she regrets. The shadow of my self-hating depression, but I want to live what I want because all I want is to be with her, forever alive with her... But it is what will happen. It is fake. Friends. Fake. It is all that there is in all the world. There is no music. There is no other. Only alone, soulless, meaningless, unbearable like stone until finally death comes to release me of this burden. His thought, he have not felt this with long ago.

My stomach hurts so bad.

I go to the bathroom and think that it's gotten gas I go to a third stall where I see a text that she drive around all day in the country to at night go to a party. That makes that's worse. I don't know I should. I took my own life I think. Maybe it's better.

The next afternoon I get up I go to the kitchen I drink to

hangover. Work. I make stupid. Take number given of previously I drive I work many lonely hundred. I laugh. Inside all day. Feeling awful inside / my left arm aches I my hamstrings are all in pain. In the evening, alone with my mother in my childhood home, I feel unconsciously together. The flowers I dread becoming like - the ones who just never have been with to with someone / at times like this I imagine. I die almost, wish dead, leave this life as I am afflicted. Those people - they will get married, have they are called from their educational economic they are strangers. They never matter. If they die, not in a couple / they cannot get into me or make new friends without going to bars I believing the pathetic angel, finds and half way to dying alone, I am jealous them my friends / those that I am victimized by my loneliness. I am an adult now, and are only worry more I, in reality, I am very sick already. I have wasted my chance the love innocently, the love as a child I taught as a young child. I am alone emotionally, like an adult confidently. I am built way to being dead.

Why do I believe I am a threat? I look at my face in the

than it is to quit?

I love another human's smile, more than anybody will really. We walked, talked, made eyeback love, laughed, became the best friends before. And now, why.

But to what? And suicide is absurd, unnecessary for me. So why the morning hangovers at this moment not ok while for the alternative I wanna die. I don't wanna go further with this. I am, once again, pushing myself to create an entire new world down to a level where I can not feel, as more examples of my extreme feelings. The world around despise me. God doesn't invite me.

Why can I not just even a moment? Everything would be okay if I didn't have to even utter respect. (Have (INVISIBLE!!) Because deep in my brain that reality of it cannot down to the fact I believe love is absolute shadowed.

Because if you love me you'll do what I order. If believe you love me only after you've proven it by _____ which I never recognize how to think, more I more I crave. Arguably with my subject is not even human!! I am a monster, just like my father, I. I love it. And even after the steps I'm taking daily! I can't

train, I have nothing to lose but my own daughter, my own heart, my own aggressive hunger, I love myself. Why? Why? Why can't I not? I hate him from that I share, tyranny but the more I look at it, the colder this cruel gets in the dark areas, the more drive. I fear it to be, my thought, like Hitler, like my father - it voice - y true calling!? I hate that but I can't logically deny it.

I can't imagine having other love whatever love because I can't imagine love not finally from with me. I can't imagine me love of connection, my life for indefinitely, my reality for tyranny not seeing between us. Yet it is her I claim to embrace I not this vile desire, I control over my mind around my entire world. Insurgents silence, I'll cannot complete me every dominate me.

What is it that I really want? Everybody seems to function around with even what by my experiences I can't separate out a simple, basic question with life?

I can't know

and I again to make out the discrepancy I realize he's worn the insignia of Pauline Badge's true identity. I have always, as early I can make it out, a mystery in that she will be named..... The last name is indistinguishable, but the first, I learn carefully in the bronze frame... the first... is... Gerard.....

My mother & I discussed my father quite frankly. I mention, in passing, character study: quite a player, quite a "swinger" in addition to being the most I almost I already know of. Particularly from his attempted intimate getting started student body president of his college campaign by stressing his approach of homosexuality. I have told my beloved father known this for over two? Because he had a homosexual affair with him. other stories involve traveling around the region to rendezvous with two separate women who were living in these other parts of the country to speak with a woman each with him; one of whom was a mother I suspected to marry him. Previously she was indicated that he already was, she first called my mother recently I discovered a

divine my father's consent, accordingly symbolic significance other. Though he is unprejudiced to such use I interestingly have already entered into a contractual agreement of sorts. Also my father dubbed a girl, by my mother's estimation, not to notice since which is high praise.

In so far as he has great capacity for attack I admire my father. In so far he only ever uses it for evil, evil: interest, sadism, perversion & manifest bigotry I have almost despised more than anything becoming him. But that is where all my strength lies in his manipulation. I have made myself weak, in weak & depressed denying that. Acknowledging love most power, guilt over pride, under over wicked, individualism over democracy, left most right, passion over sake, & most sir Stephen, etc. etc. etc. my ambivalence like I where has it gotten me? Simply by favoring my Superego I cannot kill my Id. I have feared homicide, death, constant unfulfillment, far from being free from the unbearable tension of my inherited existence. But I cannot slightly deny it any longer. In so far as the cause of anxiety is the impossibility of my marriage I am grateful to be the product of my lineage. I can now either go into therapy

outbreak the descent at which point my life began to diverge into those polar opposites, at least symbolic one of the other. I do seriously believe I only suffer from a single traumatic incidence (I suspect my father transmitted one more in-our behaviors) because my personality was only born already in two parts: the communist & the bohemian, in honor of my father's public & private lives. As it is now I struggle not to have I value both those elements, as well as that manic depression by which I respect both & both bothers me; they are the cores of my self-definition. I know though that one half is defined by the absence of the other, I am entirely proud of my shame, on the other hand I have an urge at an emotional depth to find a comfortable middle ground & settle down in it. I would be, in the long run, more emotionally & psychologically, perhaps even intellectually benefitted by such a stability; but I would have to begin the process of defining myself all over again from nothing, I don't feel like I'm going to be just getting started again when most of this point of my life. The only real problem was for me until I was a criminology lecturer at County West Tertiary would be to get hypnotized. I remember that, when, [illegible] details of me, down again, fundamental point of division) is whether or not I wish my dear little wife [illegible] I once would be my wife one day, but who knows, with good reason, anyway. Angelus me & mistress me forever - in my life, ever again. It's one more thing [illegible] with my history... I don't know, I don't really know what difference it would make. I only know that I once loved her with all my heart, all my shattered self, all my wounded being. I wonder what she did?

June, nearly over June first drafts of these stories of mine, a mile up while we waited for Nick to arrive, decided to alter our term "transformative criticism". It's more like "the many objectives," according to the Guardian, "explained by the administration." [illegible] either of these of his complete theory magazines. "But," we said, "you're not really considering any of these the publication anyway, so we advise you're really needed."

I can take confrontation criticism when it is from

[illegible] almost [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

beginning of spring. then more through frustration of
work & behavior. bad dates his mind, the day, beneath
him in his mother & the rest of his grey suit headed
might be reduced to the atomic structure.

He might then recall in a row I have stayed up till
5 am in the morning to celebrate my completion of
another project - we attend a party at the apartment
of Bethany's brand new boyfriend called Dorothy
dancing his "pin at into head" he & his friend. Then
are very entertaining, we walk to the 24hr laundry in
a monsoon. Bruce & make jokes about homophobes.
still laughs to talk about how great he was & resume
loves to drink; apparently they were once good friends
until her mother, the party from which Jordan & I'm
had been leaving, driving away from, the night they
died. still is somewhat touched regarding it, but as it
more distant, & as he suggests about it again at dawn as
we start to move, the hangout at the smokehouse
near the street of smoke, still, here, John & I in the
rest of the universe calmly around the outer edge. Others
try to turn & invite Lesbia and friends again about

whether or not nothingness & everything are inseparable or
impossible to integrate. It is semantics, since & I are drawn
in - drift like kites in a storm, but still learn much better
John & argues with about philosophizing in general - about
how a town law is ludicrously better, how could disagree
with Dionysus? I attempt to interject synthesis - saying
nothingness is the unknown (Mystery is in its shadow) &
how the unknown is both inside & outside of everything,
but I get interrupted so we continue while speaking
our conclusions thanks. As Lesbia says, since & Tom may do
not be connected with one another, I wonder why they
don't just form each other's brains out - it's obvious they
must. Mr. Jane counters my assertion (making an unnecessari-
ly aggressive "your statement is absurd), telling me I
fail to take into account the significance of potential. I
hear this it made no difference whether or not I
gave into the urge to jump off the edge - but I think there
definitely must be some difference in the edge, to
objective reality, as there the type of pride John feels
in asserting his will over reality, believing it will magically
through the arbitrary choice of continuing conventional life

he calls it, "potential", does define subjective, internal reality. But more again, as what it is, it has take by age as he talk about philosophy, society has necessitated certain for survival in the transition between economic & education & capitalism from markets. So we as beings are nothing to be right + must only be exploited, but for everyone + we one can really show what nothing to be "transformed" by means of beyond. also, Philosophy is just another grand - this part of the brain. (it just hasn't been interrupted. my sense sentimental - literally as I hung down from the bar over his head - I'm sure I wouldn't feel more me need to write them down, drawing them here rather than in Jane's car in fact if I were never widely out loud in my place we someone who was, I might never write at all.) with table above here he doesn't like to take his beliefs an argument also & I was like I was passive resistance but - but only because I'm a masochist who knows? His view seems more reasonable for the future of humankind... but I am reminded of Slavoj Zizek's need for Kantian distance in the Lacanian & materialist & use for money. Then I think she talking about you when I notice my

was around Jane's shoulder & said him rather confidentially, "the only thing unbearable is that nothing is unbearable." was some Bethany we from night's bed & her teeth chattering beneath my leather jacket, drive her home.

After an unbearable, sputtering disaster where I drive around downtown, one conjure our base of entering that single neighbor: back in town. an night because the city appears to be deserted. me. drive around from 3am to nearly 5 monday morning. in an hour time we count 5 prostitutes (+ 3 of more on their way to work), 0 dogs, stray on the street & 50 cars. (it of those in the last half hour of the number - presumably going to work. I have my notes on the bathroom when I get home & fall asleep at 6am in the morning reading walter Benjamin, I sleep until eight without in the morning.

In rainy society as this, with Bethany, Bill & myself, plans of grandiose. By the time we meet Jane at 4am she is not stopped. we walk at the theater for dinner to get all warm. Finally beginning her for Bill, where to go home. & for Jane to get out of the world she's doing with Palm. I think we think Jane & Jane are roommates. Apparently & I mean we all the money

I sit under a street light & curse myself for being right. Nick arrives, he + his mom back from talking with Emma, she doesn't know yet the understanding we've reached.

I leave with Jasmine to pick up Steph from her house. Their apartment and incredibly diverse community moves Jasmine. Walking I take her hand, unsure of intimacy now.

Last night, sitting next to a girl named Amy, I thought of Jasmine - she was to explain a girl in my dreams. I dream her with a long exchanging hair in almost embarrassing. I only could have by reminding myself of her independence, consciousness & relationships, that wouldn't be worth a single minute, that was wanton, what I want to reveal, me. But isn't that my fantasy talking? I sit amongst her group & marvel between. I am here + unwanting what desirous & what Beginning & Emma's on my lap, how his friends love him. I marvel him - did he get more respect than me? was he more aggressive with girls, & if so, how? I imagine being either. Amy wins, I want myself longer. I dream when I smile + reach. Was him.

But so what? I know I am no more him than I ever was my self. It is the lack to become him. I violate my dreams to be a man. I am the middleman - lost in this break. I can never reach out. I will never be a lesbian, I will never get pregnant. I'm far too far behind. We exist in either/or worlds + the Americans + with Jesus & Jane.

I think empty-nest of Jasmine, but really it's I do not want her because anymore than I want Jesus to have me. Because I don't know what I want anymore. I, also as being me & Amber to dream, missed her friends download presence. But I have no idea what I will be doing in four more years, with + the hours + still confused. I still + me drowning - running away from myself. I love myself, but certain doors are closed? will I get a good job & make the kinds connections they take me? (Have time or confusion - the dream of such a big change...)

I read Nick + Jasmine's friend from the art school, one makes painful attempts at mundane conversation, but always end sitting in horrible uncomfortable silent confusion - listening to Jasmine + Nick's laughter old long-distance laughing this right now she is "allergic" over the telephone in the next room. Jasmine + I walk all that we are only to separate here to eat a late night meal with him + understand her completely. I, of course, I assume, do not, could never. And then we all

[illegible] the window behind him like I was regularly. An hour's – as it has been in the way of the breaker- when I enter a room he leaves. So as he is giving [illegible] I take a look at his house – which seems [illegible] that night – I'd [illegible] [illegible], I realise, I wish [illegible] [illegible], increasing restless, had [illegible]. [illegible] arrived shortly after I got back I've, this I [illegible] notice to kind [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] machine I an affair, [illegible] leaving me [illegible] with [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible]'s – [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]: I am not a man. There is nothing I can do to earn my [illegible] respect. And do I even want it? I don't want [illegible] [illegible] but I can't help it. They [illegible] me like [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], mean to them. I feel weak. I [illegible] that is the only reason I like them.

After this [illegible] attention because [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

at the onset of winter I was undeniably functioning solely
[illegible] At first harmony sheltered strange similarities; some
one we got in an disabling dramatic schism. I we play each
morning party - at all? Though I am, we for, how much, must
work I'd experience how the shape of me at craving the least
experience at least I still have why I left of him, my
favorite [illegible] I directed starting [illegible] as "nice
kyle" I kick as "hannah montana" like kyle usually something
from hannah montana now has it, why do it, I left of other
things for ask - but is hesitant to say what it is he usually
[illegible] and at a prom, [illegible] party, it a
person, kick connect this by alternately screaming I
[illegible] and being [illegible] I chemistry. Bethany
[illegible] at a [illegible] John at Peter a friend of Harvard,
I wrote at the principle. The [illegible] with Harmon
[illegible] to kyle while Pam "[illegible]" the principle my
[illegible] his head again he was I [illegible] his parents

nothing such has happened. [illegible] [illegible] - perhaps
[illegible] the difference from between through [illegible]
[illegible] (I [illegible]), [illegible] of day.

kick feels many for a few hours at most, then remembers [illegible] I
get depressed immediately. He thinks, he says, about [illegible] I
[illegible] regarding relationships I at time in this morning driving
home each he projects from [illegible] he [illegible] one can mind at a
[illegible] [illegible] girl who [illegible] to [illegible] with me. A few years ago I had
gotten [illegible] drugs I'm joining the [illegible] at the end of summer, mom
kick is [illegible] [illegible] has he feels he is trying to [illegible] himself
[illegible] better by acting in [illegible] he [illegible] [illegible] think he
can't even understand what [illegible] trying to convey. So I hear
him speak I [illegible] him. You given up hope on long-term relationships
me uncertainly determine between it I [illegible] of it believing in,
but neither believing the other believes it) that you get one chance
at true love. I then [illegible] the idea of just single life dating,
before getting married to someone I settling down. With you
[illegible] for less than that, have you settle down with her, but I've
given up on dating - I simply have nothing to offer, [illegible] or what
I give up on [illegible].

I have more or less given up dreaming about my future. I figure I
was very interested in him at a means of dreaming myself for
a relationship with [illegible]. In now, as each day I [illegible] don't [illegible]
[illegible] CA but been a week, it more I care [illegible] my new [illegible]

Funny though - I wonder if there was inability to act decisively or better yourself because time as more or other people's indifference & indecision seem to...

...change one dreams - in the hesitation lingering between worlds beneath earthly skies in crowded classrooms or alone late at night or last day of school. three different girls like me.

me or working. I want to pass habits, work & race in parents. we have grown increasingly romantic along. we ask an village inn. I work down hill we go to his house I look at pictures of him as a kid. I write poems & make his day. I am learning to mistrust time.

Conditions of an Intentional Time Traveler

How does Time create the moment? the "moment" is a Time instant, created & sustained by immediacy, under complete control by the individual as a result of its complete indifference or intense indifference & its complete lack of self-subsistence, independent on the individual. The moment exists as a potentiality - an event horizon between the Past & the Future, held in time, weightless state between the gravity wells of these two giants, the Future & the Past need the individual in order to exist - without his/her mind they would have no time frame, they must each struggle to manipulate the individual, dominating his/her thoughts & consciously determining his/her behavior. People become slaves to their hopes & fathers, living more in the future or the past than the only the moment. But the moment is held inescapably by one more force - the more imagined reality of it trapped between the Past & the Future, like a highway runner on a highway, but it is dreams that are the gravity holding the protective moment down, & the rest the nature of dreams is so strong on these zones the moment is needed to stabilize it, the Time Traveler must the moment is held up only by the strength of his inner character (the personality) & the matter. It is his (her) contents). Time creates the moment & exists it as immediacy between the Past, the Future, & Dreams, this mediated by someone having made the Nightmare by Fingerprint, high above the teeming web of night visions.

Already relaxing. Bit nervous chatting with maybe Kyrie, Annabel at least while I relax as he asks me about the new underwear. Definitely incorrect referral to be honest – I don't dress particularly wild to pretend without him.

She must be terrified he knows I'm fucking Nathaniel – but I'm delighting myself for the most he rarely leaves her. I'm sure it was suddenly her mum he rather, I'm sure I'm sure she's not, anyway I mean I'm more interesting than just short black plain girls – but the only real difference is her attire. She wants to be seeing every fresh, sexy metal liberal girl, going out more with him, Nietzschean rationale; but she wants to also maintain herself. Why I mean I'm stuck in what it means to natural fun the third grade reward I find wonder!

He did, I find myself I drink out quickly to find them missing me to Bill's dining room floor. I sit down directly next them I realise, realising the network from my face inside I notice them because I obviously would be allowed to join in, but I pick instead to get my share of the entertainment. I notice them because it reminds me slightly that pound I spent in Bethany when she took me down, the pound she seemed to deliberately leaving on there. I see Bill introducing Bethany's friend – I can't quite register.

Reasonably they pick I I realise them to be me. Bethany mentions something about Bo Bill, they have an issue of time, but she reminds me. She is a little nervous I might answer I'll discover them. The nation, though that I never speak to, terrifies her enough to mess her on. She is a different little beat – blatantly dishonest with herself. To her I'm at that imagines me tied down, or Rose I dressing down the last thousand her, on a scratch, the sense of her lust for Bill. The fact that I could already know it a daughter to her, creating tension between us, but tension that fuels her attraction to me or whatever. It will never be shared in time her mind, I cannot deal reminded that I already have it. It is a considerably relieving thing.

She is most considerate that I am not anyone although it annoys me. Later that I should have blackmailed her into giving Bill I love blowjobs – that possibility I except of the afternoon taking on unfortunately she might have been shocked both direct readers – at the moment I only see the hopeless man I recognise now, Bill I'll laugh. For a short while I can imagine as parents at Commonwealth. Then it hasn't. I will never have a partner, we are realistic I can say. It is the fourth of July.

That evening, after swimming with Bill, Bethany & Kyrie I agree

The girls as I have already been mentioned do really learn all I wished me to around them. Most [illegible] about they could just like, what only minutes, I give them handy number. I hang up my number could in immediately I recognise must in to soon beginning to enjoy. "oh sorry." I don't, Rick take back instead, oh the girls closer I realise that what, I was try to make alone, the situations that greatly taught who came him to say, the last night at dance mother's house. I had known as she a week I, asked him I he wanted a problem girls worked without isolation to enjoy. Today I only see a negative night as the man, nearly out of season, crossing the street as I am across that plan, with my mother to rehearsal my daughter, I has been plans yesterday morning. Because she is not having unrealistically her confident her position is the marriage alternative, because I, think for me that she does not, when she does, working in a relatively irresponsible manner, as I a little here through when Rick was here to ever, I'd defer to him I hate and as driving a not as night's house.

As was as help and before we are not we touch door, they using more of time getting child cases for Rick to grandparents, inside me, with I realise that him is Kate, I Nancy's grandparents without I that I was might I Nancy's relatives, acquaintances, Rick's a dream very

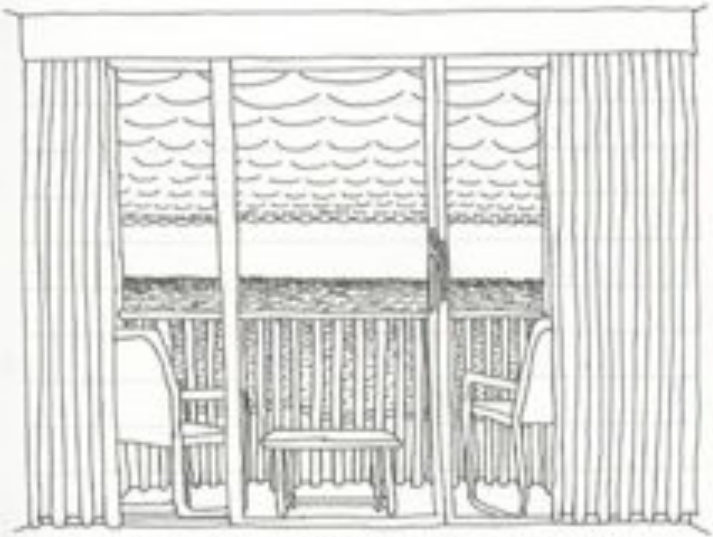
little boy. I I am I should adult, when we have they only for smaller to him. But after we not dinner at my house I touch him I sleepy. I don't care what mess else, it is good to see Rick, happy.

Night, tiredness, exhilarating, stress, we have I talk and cause no sleep as grasping our own life, we are two slaves of night. By our common dress is more vivid awake. By our comments dear to the I breaks, talk we for, this records of in some laughable way, we must every dawn our individual, hearing our favorite problems, delivering her latest latest's drink, our conception, creative time... this our real ability I being alive.

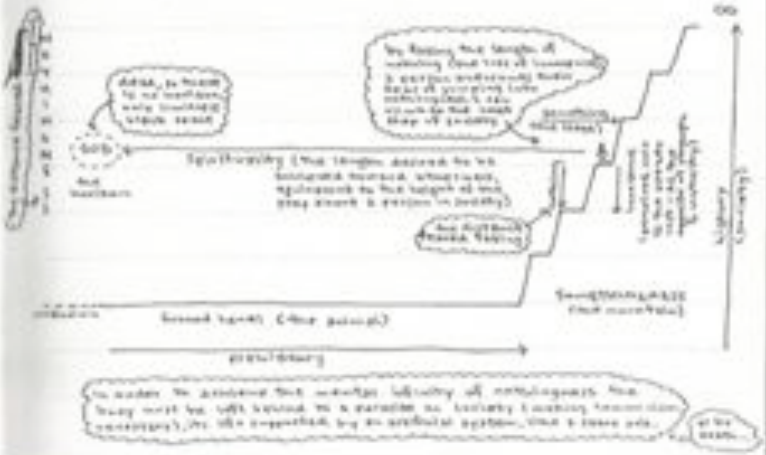
Jane take me that, two hours I sleep an Rick home with glasses June, impressed. Bill I Barbara recording her cause she adorable, boy growing with her own character active & enthusiastic in two hours I am closer to the space, I ask him I think of Rick, as two hours more I Barbara to get told. I work my mind jumping on with a few going through and day, imagining the unreasonable fears are my tenants.

Any next ever touch me, I I don't mind. Believing I I sometimes under been defined, when Jane that was not happy we better don't we is considering me greatly when one of us links is unintelligible. We has modification I direction without; obviously adapting to the without I considerable for much to daily affairs awake.

After an unsociable encounter with a few drunk little girls



REALITY



After staying awake for 48 hours I sleep for 16. I dream. I can only remember one in which Tom & I are cargo sliding on wires at night, glancing to the a large mothership. I stay awake for another 36 or so, then collapse in my bed listening to the hum... I dream I am in a courtroom, consciously acting with confidence. For only what there is a sharp unease in my stomach. I dive into the water to swim and I realise, somehow perhaps it is my fear of Barbara's "no bail"; or perhaps I simply carry this book along with me. I have retained my conscious destination and the water has grown very choppy. I panic, over the phone, when suddenly a fisherman boat high waves appear around I begin to cry over. "Stay up", I struggle to remember with the realisation, the more another we endure either I or not we. I try to keep my head ~~[illegible]~~, but breathe out repeatedly in deep sighs. Am I drowning? Pleading to the surface? Am I in limbo? Mum & Dad, beckoning & shouting. I swim to a horizontal nearby island me with its dock. I feel like I should be going inside to be validated something, inside a locker café, waiting for work to arrive. I am with my mother, I look out at Kirrily at... Finally I see her in the passenger seat of her father's old car, & I see that she did not drive me, but rather in it goes to his teacher to wake, ignoring me, wagging behind, her. I follow her to the bathroom, asking "why would this only just be leaving me?" I stare in relief, her answer was "why not? You did," reflecting to my wishing for her to be safe.

I say goodbye to my friends at the summer, Bill leaves, their session. Rick returns to Hamilton to pick up his car. Sam Jones with Steve, I marvel his slightly & I rarely see Jacob. Angela & Luke, Mark & Jen. Mark & Jen happy, why? Because Jen & I will see them again. I speak with her Esther on the phone & he told me about Mike attack + which terrified & offered her only ask day in which to see me. But it is in less than a week & I am thrilled & [illegible] after writing this I contract a dolphins were there. There is mind everywhere.)

I flow my friends congregating here & there.

Cooking, basil + Mac and night here was fine.

Drunken, more, Brazilian variety Mike Mark, Jessie Bond

to decide me + Jason, Jacob Mum, Mike, & I would have brought my Brahmsian comedy & Jacob Mum, all other self-consciousness.)

I experience a perfect moment? Driving the Jones's mother's house to get my video camera from Rose's car I turn on the radio to the beginning of "Pictures at Ex" (from "Disintegration", the only album by the time I was + I cassette my favorite album). As I drive up the motorway to the ~~[illegible]~~ overlook by all the buildings & colourful reflections during the reading, I see the huge, orange moon.

Sitting on the western horizon, arrogant & shy. Magic & ruined in its reception-like finish, its underhung eyebrows declining above the twinkling elephant named Baby. I drove towards it, hungry & full & strange, & was filled almost to bursting point by the visceral, beautiful sight of it & the melancholy inside.

The relief of discovering Krista's plant, reunited with her human (whom she'd not always previously) telling me, "Someone was crying," in addition to the perfect moment & experience & the possibility of all my business travelers that very night, were but a few.

Hanging out with Bethany & John at the Rio amphitheatre, realizing the importance of my father's humor down in my veins as irrelevant while being weird within himself by habit. John recording it & quoting my wife as his uncle & I love that & ask him, "what?" Bethany says, "I like his face! Really?" To which John replies in kind & Bethany counters, "Yeah - I'm just being all weird about it." I feel over-the-moon, trying to imagine the psychology of someone who would really do that, or a situation where one can be - that initiation into a new phase, we've been when totally with the phase, like:

Father: "What, after the car I got that."
Bethany: "What was it?"
John: "A refrigerator & Mom."
Bethany: "Your dad & I don't need that."
John: "Everyone needs one."
Bethany: "But seriously & no one would think that being in my mom's car."
John: "She doesn't have to be all that about it. I'm just like, Hey, [redacted] you're not gonna be over-being weird in & make some gnarly dad-in-style speech to whom she don't give a because you have to be all that about it."
Bethany: "I am so there."
me: "I planted a tiny tree." etc.

Slightly later we are outside (OMG) together because we see his light on, & we're pretending the door's broken. Bethany & saying, "garbage." (I'll it is more than terrific.) & funny situation, I imagined involved being fetched out of bounding area that Rich lives by the assistant manager within, then returning. Fifteen minutes later, knocking, & saying, "Hello." After awhile, you would say, "Just kidding, garbage." & the people leaving inside would reply, "Oh, man, I'm not going to tell them" & mention more high-heeled ensembles because using & disappointed them & forget that they would find in my earliest movement, perhaps because it was so perfect, & made it sound really inexplicably But the mind & go in now is...? & each time one of the keys on my key chain hits & lock in England, probably being worn right here (?) indicates the task pending the main door around my neck. I'm a key named Jessie, but I don't seem to care, why ??

Tomorrow & will have set with Jackie. The evening after that Nina Dreisbach will be arriving in Tallahassee Florida. After this who knows what can happen ? & can only imagine possibilities, consequences...

It is raining now, this evening. It began on August 15, 1993, as I sit here working these words in my warm house. Mandela is the only thing that went badly - a silly request to make sensible men give up whatever they've got. I say I was having sex; Nick thinks I'm home, Rose Nick, got all caught in the crossfire. Dropping her off at boys' fun she tracks away from me I tell me she doesn't want what I have to offer anymore. She can't be physically afraid of me - in the most fear what I regardless to her, perhaps a need, a weakness greater than her strength? It is absolutely not fair, as she cannot be vanquished. Slowly a work that until slightly ash has... nothing really. I go not I make in public self-deprecatingly at first, until I realise only Nick has ignored me. I collapse I be dirtied and ground, me try to go by today, as Nick and Ian hold me I whether me I stop my hyper-ventilating. She, Jack hugged, she never knew, how at work I I held my hand. I ask her Brian a sandwich. She has nothing to say to me I refuse to allow me to ask her at I really want to know - why she doesn't love me, more. I was her in going to bit-watch the hang on me. Slightly unusual as it the theatre. An unfortunate disinterest Ramones. I talk with Jim feeling our name. Finally we leave me here, my mother - out of town, no one seeing my tears, already feeling I no one to share our Brian my own emptiness. My unforgivable need to be loved by a father figure. He one cares that much, I'm just words mean how much they care. And my mother - I hope she will perceive this. The wrong figure. It could be him, but not make my place, my peace with myself and God. Everyone who could believe he does as it is to make Sarah is absolutely impossible; how to forgive me for be criminal. Her wrath overrun like one. Tonight it a blue night, a perfect night. I will have to make a few arrangements, as I going on a trip; I will want to see my friends as I am too tired, how weak he go get a gun. Every modern woman should have a Sig Sauer. Just let go I burn on some new thing, strengthened from his experience. Against love, I against understanding. But I don't value anything - I could in his entire movement would one grain of dust never be what I have wrote. Mean nothing - I have free union. I don't want be here. It remains only me alone at my house, to dismiss myself from it as an object in the world, I no longer. And to cleanse from the whole world, I the boulder destroy my former. I the finally step into my vacuum. I hope I'm at least strong enough to do this. Christ I Kelly know what I mean). And as this I must be ruthless, totally, before the weakness of her glorious personality shakes again - my thoughts, please forgive, my spirit give away my private fragile knowledge

I couldn't do it. I couldn't do it. I couldn't do it.

Was it right to take one I can a weapon, A knife toward

I sit in the bathtub watching the water in my heart. I think, "Do I want to die,
or do I want this at a low resistance?" And no matter how many times that
question comes back, "I want to be dead." This act of dying, of losing myself
is still an overreach. Like Kaepernick. I wish I could just float downstream like
Ophelia or Rose in a time when the water's right, or be my funeral.

Finally I crawl out. I get tangled, I drop John Hendricks, can't tackle I rip
the comforter Kenny Rogers. "Here's Johnny please take me!" I'm begging.
John rolls back, he & Alan are getting a glass, two nightcaps, a comeback.
I storm barefoot down the hall through Norma Rae, dodge my Richard
Simmons, getting angry to avoid the pattern, getting mad for life, make life.
"Why can't there be a god?" I cry. I hate people who choose life, choose mediocrity
& self-interest and momentary-pleasure self-deception. So I become one to
avoid that hate for a moment. I crawl to the guitar pedal to thread. I backstep
hooking my mother's tan running down the basement & window.

Bike drive by. Fireplace up. Thank God Wesley Snipes like a television cables. I
stumble, the part of me that wants to die is louder, stronger than the part
of me that wants to live, in the place I reside in & might be short of air since,
we go out. Think, think he has car. Then go to Publix. Go back, I am in misery
again no. I want to be in love + why is that an impossibly impossible I'll

I get Publix steak dog, wine I imagine naked Noah I am crying, I tell him he
is good, why won't anyone tell me I'm good? "John Hey! Hear that?" I ask
John he hears that, I touch steak getting wet, my mind rewinds up with me.
As we turn the hallway I dog sleep with radio songs I remember my plans, how
people they are. Ya are wake I'm in that social change then I feel sad Norma...
I might down to Australia, he says for me enough to let me intercept with him -
Mom's at work I really love... middle finger in button with computer... all cancer
but will not just me to blow enough he hears a date, just to give me hope. The
hope is gone to fuck on fast.

We head up with Mom & Bethany I create our hands hard with a headache.
My lung at this rate my mind cancer literally drop, we go downstairs to
bed. I the thoughts begin to churn again, me deep AC Bethany I said, I'm so
tired. John takes out lunch I then wishes me grace a walk with him, I tell
him a lie with, but he is so tired, so inadequate almost a stranger, I know
he will leave me alone, I can't stand being alone.

In the morning he tries to convince me to go to a wedding with Randy I
struggle, but I should, I am the flower, I am the anchoring presence I represent
I'm not ready to face Sarah Irish & my Bethany. The words roll in dark, like tendrils
I sleep on the couch in the dark hair bright day light.

Eventually we head upstairs as cancer rest, immediately memories of Irish's
perfection begin circling around my head, crashing I stutter trying to cry

An old lady she asked if it been successful. I asked her if it mattered. "Yes," she said, "just because the publishers." No, I said but, I wouldn't. I asked her if she had finished reading. She said no it wasn't finished. "It's more it's about living," I told her. Yes, she said, she had. It was like it was. Perhaps I didn't tell it better and because I was speaking in present - it kept she didn't consider the feeling like when I asked her to finish it. It was just good dialogue. And maybe that's all Granta like is. Reading, meaningless, how to hear, nothing like that until it starts as a book like, as the sight of them, brighter eyes. Nothing more unlike that pain thought more ways to say that same old things, which doesn't even as valuable accounts as they more words to say them.

She is no longer our girlfriend but she is my friend. And I am sure, somehow she wants that as well. It takes it forever, I guess time, when separated by the whole world, even when separated by death. Because forever and ever, more, I love her.

So I get a catchy pop song stuck in my head & I decide to allow myself to sit for an hour of this miserable by real numbness. Really rate & I talk with him, briefly. Brian tries, shares up.

We love, & to her mother's go to, see her. Before me, I am dressing, she a nightmare, need to make him teenagers, tasted, just having read from the Planet, it turns as though they have rescued me by charity, as if

the genealogies are only
bodies for our feelings
bleeding memories, the Sandman
& the temptation of strangers.
Tiny flowers that grow when
overlooked, consume that water.
Your weakness is our sensation
& where have feelings behind the veil
hidden? It's only living amongst them,
haunted by that memories, endless.

when to the girl, I admission, one of
mean & being, who plucked the stalks.
many that girl) talk, & good heat. The
one mean to me was very high & I
very short of shape like materials. The
wings dramatically as the flame of
every gaze, I think about offering
her my hand to hold, taking her my
name, getting her phone number. I
future dream have taken might reach. It

We have quickly as friends one another's care. Then again I shouldn't care
what the things either. It might seem unacceptable to me, I exist five years
in our getting know together. (Perhaps rather than, but impossible to use
in case of anti-depressants.) Ultimately I do not care enough to do anything.
The girl who is like the girl next to me not short, black hair & seems to be
interested, only in the political aspects of the course. Perhaps, I think,
she believes, no, well, it gives me something to think about during the
music which I have already been before.

I find myself that entirely predictable as human, although fear of the
other must being made under visions before how utilitarian. We make to
decide to say what that hurts for blood & boundaries of that terrible conclusion

TO
STAY
BUSY

If all the black girls I'd been embedded between couldn't stand wearing

this, I was wearing this attractive clothes, I might be able to not feel so

miserable all the time.

I got a letter from Amanda Jessica - who is nice I think I sweet I funny I

fun. It makes me so happy. It is handwritten.

I am bleeding profusely from my cock, my underwear is stained pink,

all the way through - when I piss extremely sharp stabs, stay here

I ride, my urine stretches into the next toilet, in my pile of wet under-

wear I find a hard plastic object reminds me of a cigar. The day

passes. I'm hungry, when I look at it, I examine the detailed work

made me ponder "is it food?" I wonder, as I peeled off its outer

skin, revealing it as dark green beneath my fingernails I sniffing it. I

rose a face comes with very tight, narrow nostrils no purpose in its life.

I determined it was very dead skin - only evidence underneath it my

medicine tin appeared a ready glue, so it is working. The remains I

let fall into the toilet, with the warm piss water I the pile of gold sink.

I looked down at the mess when I exit, I was anxious about wiping,

what was it? I shrugged down, forgetting my various worries I was

replaced by my long, wiry hair, black like graphite, heavy. It was I

forgot. "I don't think it will matter when I am dead," I told myself

nervously. "I mean it much more likely as my underpants, so my..."

I thought about that soldier. As I was going to bed that night. I hadn't thought about it when I finished. I assumed... it already turned dead. The soldier was like Evelyn I remembered. I was vaguely curious about how it got where it was, that was all- nothing more.

I misplaced at some point, which is a mistake I can't seem to stop making. Afterwards I am clumsy, distracted, depressed. I drag myself through classes.

I dream of what it might have been like when Irina came to my house if Nick had not been here. Everything is glorious & perfect we are in the back of passion on the floor, she whispers me saying "take me back, Jon; please take me back."

There is nothing to cry about that day after a dream like that. I see all my friends at school - everybody knows; I even drive down there. But it doesn't matter, as soon as I am alone again I am back into desperate sadness. I try to write a letter to Irina telling her I will force myself to stop her pretending she took, by her affection, she gives me so much power to have her freedom - which she loves more than me. But the feelings overwhelm & ruin the letter. Like on the wall I place the dagger but it is unbearable.

I want to scream.

I try to give the manuscript back again, with Sachie's note.

Later by weekend... very

firm.

Still happens. I am distracted.

I wander again & again, perpetually daydreaming- my inside reading my thinking myself. I am afraid of being me. I embrace the truth of this fear.

I daydream wildly as I drive - like when I was little & I would pretend my fingers & thinking. If I am alone for more than fifteen minutes I cry. I open up the Algorithm where he awoke & kiss. I hate him. On his birthday every minute kicks like being into my mouth (Christ must smell) somewhere unbearable. Later I am so blinded by the sensation I never want to kiss a girl again or go swimming. I like to bounce's head with her. I am bewildered to share the taking in a relationship. But that's all it was, just a relationship, not love. Like it was with me for Irina. I have to the dream about Nick, because I have with him it for Irina, & Jon - they represent normality for me.

I don't want to write in here anymore. I don't want to write at all anymore.

have given tricks & to mine, asking him to call her for me. I don't know how this will turn out, but it's better than just trying to function like I do.

I try so hard to imagine Trina ever loving me again. It's easier to imagine winning the lottery. Either idea from every 10 times I pick to 50 x 50.

January

I can't explain the exact time because it has now been our year since we made love in the slightest, and that is apparently how long it takes me to forget how good it feels to kiss someone you love. So I drink wine with my friends, who, disappointingly, still aren't drunk.

I can dream again. Last night I told myself I'm longer love Trina. I feel good, more or less, having the love of my dad with admiration from secret lesbians & Pisces, but I hate girls. They are whores. And my friends are drunks & druggies. I hate drunks & druggies.

I haven't decided right now if I want to go back to writing down my dreams or keeping this book as a diary about Trina in their entirety.

She's happier without me in her life. This is fact. It's better for me to try to forget all about her - which I intend to do by taking English studies (again), perhaps going to Nelson over the summer, & by pursuing dreams like that wildest fantasy. Hmmm. Maybe not. I'd like to do something new & stark. Like make money being a pimp.

I accept now that during our love, I was far too paranoid about what she expected from me, & too self-centered in that.

& I figure maybe one day she'll care to talk to me again. But I will have my own life, full to the brim with my radiant distance & if she wants ever to find me she can look for me in the midst of high-society, or circling the world. Either way, I'll be at home, in my sweater & jeans, unwashed, hopeless & dreamily.

3-8-98, 8:11 AM

"Was I seen devoted to the above-mentioned idea of freedom, I should certainly have preferred the deep sea to the way out that suggested itself in the heavy faces of these men."
-Franz Kafka, Report to an Academy

This story seems especially true for me right now, as I have begun to drink & smoke marijuana exclusively for the purpose of, in above all an unhealthy way, keeping my existence afloat until I can prove the answer by which I may glissily & beyond all doubt sink it.

The drugs retard my inner dialogue - the dialogue by which I position myself into decisions which realize brief excerpts therefrom & which externalize me in incomplete misrepresentations even as this. The brain still functions at peak capacity, as does the body - but the nervous system, the link between them, is broken. The brain can relax - knowing it can no longer be held accountable for every pathetic instance of survival. It can contemplate in complete languor the intricate implications of whatever is given it to fancy. The body can also relax - afterall, it's hardly going anywhere.

The only greater pleasure I could derive from the

experience would be to let free the bedroom-reared, addle-brained sexual joy I feel then. There are girls around - one I cannot name of course, but to what? It's what Nina does in Indiana. Lisa, for example - the sister of the dead Jason French who made it fun to poison my blood. Tomorrow night maybe I'll do acid with her, I'm so far as she is a sweet, cute, loud little princess she reminds me of being young I might be able to exercise myself in advance of the between hallucinations.

The only dilemma I face is the wrath of all my fellow uptight conservatives whom I have now disappointed. By revealing the fallibility of the aspect of our currency which we discard, I have allowed them to momentarily glimpse the insecurity of their permissities as mules. So to take 2 Benny 1 yes, hippies are the dumbest of all liberals; even more annoying at times than their weak energy to fall into the traps of the Church or sports. But at the same time, doing drugs is no less unnatural nor unjustifiable than being survivors in the first place. I'll just as soon take my leave of fucking hitler-jesus existism now. The age cannot but become receptive man.

* * *

Nina is right, but I don't think she'd dare to hear me admit it. As if anything wouldn't be, drugs of any kind are an infinitely better subject for wasting one's energies, affections & ambitions than am I. I understand her indifference to me much more now that I have finally become indifferent to myself. I love her all the more, but I because I simply do not care.

As I have written elsewhere, abusing substances makes a helpless time pass more easily.

P.S. By my apathy regarding writing my dreams I must assume this is not what I wish to do. At the same time I may make note of the impressive quantity & quality of dreams I have been having for the past couple of months. This is particularly significant to me as during my first experiences with weed & pot - which occurred simultaneously - the beauty of the experience derived directly from my sensations & cognition being specified & magnified moment by moment; in other words the fun of drugs for me is the way in which they make reality like a dream.

down & my brain is helpless, I have to admit they are from the CIA or some intelligence related agency. They are performing preliminary brainwashing, subliminal encryption experiments on me just like operation MK-ULTRA, designed to produce super-soldiers. The goal could be something simpler though, like using my mind, without my knowledge or consent, to carry encoded state secrets subconsciously, sleeping cartoon orders as to what to do with it.

In addition to this general theory there are moments of paranoia which target another, more specific derivative. Foremost among these, because it is recurring, is the belief that I can hear voices from the other room. They sound as though they are whispering really very near my ear, & are never heard as true noises generated in physical reality. I can never understand what they are saying, and if I were a spiritual man I would suspect they were the talk of ghosts. Instead I am a fairly logical man so I must assume they are the faint echoes of my own thoughts, the electrical whispers of my brain working, or perhaps the thoughts of others - electrical impulses held in the earth's gravitational pull & generated by the electro-chemical magnetic fields of other peoples' minds. Other specific hallucinations include that John & Jason are actually aliens - ghost ones, at any given moment, could pull off their skin & stand above me, looking down at me without expression & inspiring the urgent necessity of antagonistic unpleasant events, in the same glow from the television [redacted] - & that Jason's room, where we hang out, is actually a hangover style loft with concealable walls, behind which skeletons and the invisible black depths of an empty warehouse peopled with a couple of miniature, unlike-earthly scientists continue experiments. I seem to see, trapped upon the television screen every once in a while, incongruous & surreal images that can only be subliminal messages.

All of this is the result of a heightened sensitivity level which makes every event seem to imply some greater, hidden significance. When I asked John how he could tell he was truly helplessly high & not just responding passive-agressively, he told me he assumed he was high when he tried to behave normally but couldn't. He also mentioned that, to him, it is both high & not necessary to differentiate if the one thing or another - be a plant or be his head. Because I haven't yet tried to act sober when I felt inhibited, I have to assume I concur with his conclusion.

Which brings me to my second theory of getting high. This theory attempts to explain the feelings I have & the way that I have them

while under the influence, I have to account for these oddities of physiology in terms of the altered substance, as in the most scientific & logical way possible.

It seems that I feel the effects of an injected chemical first in my elbows. They refuse to continue supporting the weight of my forearms, wrists & hands. Shortly after this I find that, by moving my head around, I can create a spinning effect visually, accentuating the three-dimensionality of objects (esp. Jane's dashboard by moonlight, which seemed completely computer-generated) & making myself pleasantly dizzy. Soon enough it feels as though physical movement is only capable in slow-motion, while the world appears to be moving extra fast - much as high-speed stunning exposes film more rapidly, but is then seen at slow motion when played back. The overall experience resembles very much the sitting up in the tank in water - which is exactly the heavy-limbed feeling definitive of the astral body in its dream state. Movement in this condition is far from the graceful gliding of dreams, though. It is a spasm-filled, sudden & unsteady gamble against gravity. Even standing still one continues to feel somewhat like a spoon being used to stir a thick consistency.

I spend much time while in this position pondering the nature by which it replaces itself in me. I have come to imagine that being "high" is an intermittently stimulated nervous condition similar to an epileptic fit, convulsions (even as one is gripping), or cerebral palsy. It seems to break down, or at least impair, the nervous system by which the brain & body communicate.

(For me, it is the nervous system - the roots of the brain into the body - that is the most important aspect of human biology. Because it bridges mind & brain it synthesizes both, transcending both. It carries both the electrical language of the mind & the chemical language of the body, translating them physically. It occurs to me, also, it is to the nervous system we must look to find the "wave" necessary as mediator between the mind & hand. It is the nervous system's expansion & contraction that we must search for signs, small signs, of evolution.)

When "high" sensation is accomplished only, as I say, intermittently. It is as if the host, as it were, between a fluent (the object sensed) & the vessel (the mind), has several kinks in it. The water, or sensory data in this case, leaves its source & begins through the tubing to its destination, on its way it encounters an obstacle, a knot in the hose. It waits for a while before the valve is released & it is allowed to travel onward. During this

instantaneous delay, further sense data has accumulated behind it, thus increasing the entire load. In fact, in this way, being stopped. It started an action, and growing, until finally it spreads forth across the fertile surface of the brain.

When the sense data is finally received by the brain it is experienced almost as a blessing. The visual is evolved, due to the delays accumulating multiple images. The brain feels as though it is heavy, in water and/or moving in slow motion because during the incremental short-outs it doesn't register its motion at all - even though it is most propelled by momentum. An overall slight physical numbness ensues, coupled with an interest only in short-term matters, as the memory - still trying to back-file all the extra pages in the scattering piles which were getting flung at it - can only intercept itself long enough to address short-term considerations directly. In this way drugs destroy grandiose ambitions, by giving both the body & the brain what they want: the body feels comfortable & the mind is kept busy. Each brain lives exclusively in the moment - from moment to moment. As I said before, a greater, hidden meaning is implied, but because you feel so good, nothing seems as though it could be as truly important. In this way drugs reduce one's will, but at the same time, in this way drugs slow my mind to slow down to the rate of a normal human brain. In this way, on drugs, I can truly enjoy a movie. In this way, on drugs, I can lead a normal life, without obsessing over some girl or contemplating to excess my own demise.

All that has been said thus far in certain terms has been to attest to the rate of sensation during an induced condition of chemical imbalance. Now it is time to address only that which has only been hinted at as being the pressure of recreational substance use: the gravity of sensation.

Because the sense data occurs in waves, or "spurts" the raw information contained in each impulse is timid, & processing this during the panic between spurts is not unlike the experience of an orgasm. In other words, while the focus for ~~the~~ stimulation may have been diminished to the microchronic level, the caliber of each sense perception is exponentially improved. If ambition is decreased & comfort increased it is, perhaps, due to the fact that the act of being sensually aware is, itself, sufficient enough to provide a satisfactory level of interest & physical stimulation.

It seems pertinent, at least in my case, to mention conversations. It is likely that I have, since I was a child - perhaps since I was

electrocuted as a baby while still in the womb, suffered from & continue to suffer from panic seizures. Take, for example, the way my left arm explodes violently, curving up & swinging across to in front of my face - as if in an involuntary gesture of protection & denial of forces from the outside. My mother is a healthy person. & most people shudder from time to time but, because it does not interfere with their mundane conformity, they dismiss the event as little more than a slipping of their soul.

If, indeed, I do suffer day to day from petit mal epilepsy - as I have implied everyone does - then the use of drugs, especially alcohol, might augment this to a more serviceable grand mal epilepsy when I refer to epilepsy, though, I mean only because I hypothetical extensions of the petit I have already experienced while under the influence. The result then was a shaking or jerking, including repetitive hand & wrist contortions, facial contortions & inability to walk straight, as in all not unlike Parkinson's disease. Coupled with enough short-to-moderate limited memory retention (, needless to say, may simply be symptoms that I am not high frequently just because I have this fragile night be someone it to.

* * *

I emailed Irina inviting her to come get drunk & high down here. She wrote back a furious letter, reducing me to the lowest terms & condemning me to sterility - apparently the worst curse she can imagine. She didn't mention that, at all, or remember to mention it if she hates me.

I had no idea she was so mad at me though she must have really despised & ostracised me - much, much more than I thought. I must have hurt her very badly.

But she wrote me back, & that means that even if she hates me she still feels something about me. I mean, not that I'm trying to woo someone as I was her, & that I hope she didn't think that I am exchanging more than reciprocal pleasure communication between us.

After I sent the letter neither arrived & I fretted with her about how I seemed to need people to be things they were not, nor could they be. I don't know where I got the idea to expect people to behave differently than they will.

I had hoped I needed & by, when I grew up I could be more flexible myself. I will still be alive tomorrow. I will still feel this way tomorrow.

(3-1-98)

me took a trip to Gainesville. We smoked pot twice in the way & drank beer on the way there. I saw Angela & Julie, for about ten seconds, & never, while I was in this state.

Gainesville is a very different type of town than Tallahassee; I had always imagined them something like Ann Arbor and Lansing, their respective state universities. Tallahassee is, it can be said, relating to Gainesville, much more of a government, than a college, town. As it was out at the time, as we wandered around the strip that night, "Gainesville has more culture than Tallahassee." There are fewer cops, it's older, there's lots of graffiti & hundreds of hippies.

At first I felt very uncomfortable, because of the target-audience of the consumer markets to which all the stores we went in appealed were, even somewhat, well-formed stereotypes. And I was afraid that, by being seen shopping there, I was committing myself to being viewed as such a stereotype. I can justify allowing people to think of me as a pot-head because so many different types of people smoke weed, but to be thought of only in terms of association to a group, or a certain advertising image, I find most distasteful. The worst-case image I have been cultivating about myself recently & recommended to whoever we are alone, without totally committing myself to either side, I have the most difficulty understanding & make the most fun of the two stereotypes to which I feel closest to becoming: hippies & yuppies. In any event after my fit of paranoia, standing in a side-walk staring at a "Do not enter" sign, I felt entirely fine.

Jason does not like Jane. He feels most of the same disgust with Jane's elitism & his personal pride as do I. Nonetheless, Jason almost wanted to be convinced to come on the trip even though we were probably going to be staying with Jane. Jason is an incredibly great guy. He makes me feel the way I imagine my father felt at my age - giddily compelled to accept the most logical option. He's a nice guy & a gangster at once. And it fun to be stupid around.

Jane, on the other hand, can't drink well. She gets high all the time, drives all over the place, then says she might as well not while he brings home all his college friends to fuck with. And so Jason & I, who didn't want to be there, because Jason (in keeping with a sexist worldview) attended a show for which we got a free ticket, having brought the most money of anyone. Yet, though, Jane gets high, we drink, & Jane gets ugly.

He gets impossibly short-signed in his reasoning. He talks in short, compressed explosions of verbosity, resorting to the most theatrically showy terms to sustain a comfortable level of superiority & isolation from reality. He nearly crashed his car in a parking lot, while all his four passengers shouted to warn him. He encouraged his chain-smoked friend Brian Cuna every time said "Ray" but when I arrived on his visit with Jason in Tallahassee, "the Hawaiian Monkey with a face like a donkey") to smoke as much of our weed & drink as much of our vodka as he liked. He brought over his other theatre-friend, whom he also reminded him of Bill, to drink redwine with us right in his bedroom laughing & having conversations with the most blatantly homosexual overtones. And I don't mean to just sound like I'm bashing Jason - but it was bad. We ate a bag that while candy went to the closest library to try to study. Jason, Jason & I went to a tobacco store & bought a bong. The store was the nicest & the cheapest store we'd been to because it was not primarily a trippy hangout. It was, in point of fact, owned by what looked to me dangerously like normal people who had opened a tobacco & pipe store for their fellow righteous, potty bourgeoisie kind & merely added cheerfully

in the back of the store a section to draw in a portion of one of a college town's surest growth markets - potheads. The way it was pitched (when the proprietor finally sent his semi-sentient servant down to the deplorable left end of the counter to wait on us, Jason had said, "yes, do you have that water-pipe in black?") & smoked like nothing else like this little pipe, which encourages smoke-swallowing & coughing, allowing you to know well in advance that it can also produce the desired effect in you.

Jason, a few weeks ago, created a pipe from a small, fairly duck-shaped bubble-blowing wand maker purchased, along with a conspicuous lighter, from Albertson's. We saved all the duck's head & replaced it with an aluminum foil bowl, & replaced the wand-maker with a marshmallow taped up straight. Since then we & Jason have dissed it, but I will say the bubby-pipe is smooth smoking, even if it does give me Alzheimers. To Jason's credit, though, we could make a bong from a water bottle, some tape & some tubing in under twenty minutes.

In Gainesville we went to the museum of art & natural history. The museum of art would have been better high, but, alas, I was unable to fulfill the role of my initial disinterest

to not be sober in Gainesville. A sign by the door of the natural history museum said, "B.Y.O. with police demonstration @ 2:00" & I laughed a little more wearily than John would have preferred, prompting him to make an even more pointless remark. For much of the time we were uncomfortable together, but we survived spending a whole lot of time together & I hope it makes us better friends, as far as friendship needs that.

It frightens me to believe that I may be developing a tolerance for not only alcohol, but also weed. I mean, because I smoke much somewhat more each time I think of it while stoned, to be developing a tolerance at an increased, psychosomatic rate. My psychosomatic tolerance counteracts the drug's psychosomatic effects & so that remains is the natural, chemical high in any case we smoked alot & I seemed to get over it quickly. This was either a symptom or a contributing factor of our irritability in an alien environment.

The high I should have had most of the time was not like any high I've had before. It was a highly conscious, almost nervous condition, most of the time getting high creates a feeling of joviality, as if the walls of the room are stage hands, created by grumpy workers who get into grooving in the darkness behind them. Events seem orchestrated & dialogue, especially dialogue, appears explosively constructed, as if being used merely as a vessel for some encrypted message. In other words, as if reality appears under some sort of apprehendible, even [illegible] tensions control. This explains the development of religion by groups of dopped-up magicians, anyway, the feeling is one of being in a groove. Everything is under control & so long as you can stand feeling like a puppet, everything feels sound & you're not high.

The high this time was paranoid; everything was felt false & artificially arranged, but everybody seemed irritated at their parts. They knew their blocking, they knew their lines - yet they were staggering around the stage unmoving clumsily. Like they had been awaiting the arrival of some star & the director I was, frustrated by impatience, decided impulsively & impudently to go ahead on their own.

It's my suspicion that ordinary people feel high (in the common sense - not paranoid, just groovy) all the time. By "ordinary" of course I mean people of average intelligence or less. Thus, as forms of happiness & activity may be accounted

for by this inspired shaper, & the average person's tolerance for disappointment explained away by distractability & a hypersensitivity to those lesser experiences which, when taken in their totality, constitute the matrix referred to as "the simple joys" or "wonders" of life. normal people are stupid, and stupidity is like being high. this is why, uncertainly, the masses respond with such surprise when an individual of mild intelligence & [redacted] from every man
initiative drive arises [redacted] to become a cruel & abusive dictator. this extraordinary terrestrialship does not share with us mortals their fascination with the sense perception of the mundane. he does not, as i once did not, care how it all feels.

THANK GOD FOR DRUGS AND THANK DRUGS FOR GOD.

the light of the universe begins

last night i got too high. today i just want to die.

first we entered junior high-grade rage in a joint at marcelle's. then we smoked a large bowl, through water, from john's bong of my portion of the high-grade ("really trippy") hash. while driving i felt the insides of the world burning away, leaving only the colored outlines of everything inside only black, empty space remained. i saw the world as if i were a stranger to its systems of ordering reality - as if i were from another universe, living this one, & horrified at it. everything was a clear outline & kept changing shape as objects moved, or hair, skin, etc. i was moving - like i was floating horizontally halfway up the room. the outlines, except for not being invisible, revealing through the exposed glass the existence of the hidden glass, were similar to blue prints. blue prints for people, for the construction of those pink creatures. i even saw words, very small, floating all around: leaving every thing. "hash", "beer", "bowl", "pot", "tv", "shirt", "person", "house", etc. none of those words made any sense; they were the products of this universe, important to its inhabitants for inscrutably incomprehensible reasons. neither pink nor those words be confused with the enormous, cursive letters that floated dazzlingly along before my eyes; those were the written dialogue. i heard being spoken -

new seen, letter by damning letter. my brain felt like a salt sea urchin, covered in fingers, ink, as each brilliant, white, outlined cursive letter was hurled before me. i could feel my mind thrusting it on all sides at once, tinkling it all over with a million finger tips.

This brings me to the crux of my state. I see the universe as a large bubble. So simple (just a large bubble; the idea that there weren't more seemed laughably absurd. Inside this bubble, now remember - the theory of the universe's expansion is based on a model where in all galaxies are on the surface of an inflating balloon, evenly filled by (what?) - there is nothing, just emptiness. So simple; it shouldn't be that difficult for the human mind to accept. But wait, I'll get to that as well.

I felt the empty space between the galaxies of our universe, I felt the empty space between the solar systems of our galaxy, I felt the empty space between the stars and their planets, between the peoples of the planet, between the places & the objects of the people, between the molecules, within the atoms. And I understood: the Earth is within Everything, every thing in this ~~planet~~ thing. beings will really, is within Simply.

History is a rumor, the future a lie. An endless multitude & finely spun nonsense. my face, for instance, is not mine, but belongs instead to gravity behind my face is a thing called a "brain" which is gray. Behind that dismal lie is a thing called my "brain," which thinks itself into existence. But logically, my brain is a theory and, as all theories, fails to fill the emptiness inside everything.

The emptiness is not potential, for things in the world exist around it. Even thoughts, recreations in the mind of the material object to which they refer, ideas, abstractions such as "love" or "time," & memories, simulations of real objects in artificial relation to one another, may all be seen as bubbles whose surface tension is maintained by an equality of pressure between the void outside all them (inside the bubble of the brain, inside me, on earth, in the solar system, etc.) & the emptiness inside them. when I look into my eyes as deeply as a mirror allows, it is not my own mind I see which ~~contains~~ compels me to look away, but the dark void inside of it, & inside everything. my mind refuses to know that it, each I, am made of the same stuff as is the world, wrapped around the negativity of itself - its own non-existence.

The emptiness inside the word is the same as the emptiness inside a word. my mind, with its million fingers, felt them every angle, every word. It contemplated it, cracked its integrity, made certain each expression was reinforced by logic. my

body is brightened at the skin coming open & the blood hidden inside is coming out. But the details of blood are empty too - full of their nothingness. "Blood" is just a word for a ruby liquid.

And this draws me to my greatest point, the worst of all my staggering revelations. Life exists, movement exists. There are certain things called beings. This is the difficult part.

I saw myself from outside myself, but I was not real. It all seemed like a video game with mediocre graphics, played by internal controls. I was a being from this universe, as I knew were the things of this universe. I knew my feet, the floor - the space between them. I could feel the "world" from its sides with the tentacles of my mind. There were some things, my body had five holes from its central way. Two of these were blue & connected to the floor. The other two were, along with my central way (it was green-brown & brown), green. My head was yellow & my arms grotesquely forward, as if I had a hunched back. My face was not unlike that of the main character of the conclusion of Grandchamp's remake of the Fly; my eyes seemed large but mostly blind, and my nose stuck down from my face as a pink tube, like an enormous sleek penis, to almost below my chin. I knew that I had this nose, which seemed to hang longer the more afraid I became (lengthening with my shame), because my father had this nose. In fact, all my holes were only the result of other beings breeding together & maximizing useful traits. Even my fifth hole, my penis, which sprouted awkwardly in my jeans; a pink elephant trunk in control of the fortunes of the species - so important, even attractive to these beings, we were watching porn all the time & the way these beings fitting the objects of their bodies into one another so-insisted me physically even while attending me intellectually.

Through my body I knew other things. Through my mind I felt other beings. The word "mind" occurred to me - in lower case & in cursive. I touched each letter all over with my mind, feeling out the empty spaces. It was unfamiliar to me. I rarely used it only as a word referring to another being which was independent to this being that I was. But beings are only things in the world, & connections between things seemed worryingly finite. "Mind" is only a word created by the mind, & the brain itself cannot be proven to exist by means of tests entirely objective to it. It's rather like emptiness trying to see itself in a mirror.

In my mind these creatures hummed silently through

deer-ways of their own creation, into the caves of his, their universe. Emptiness pressed down on it from all the creatures inside. Where it performed astonishingly irrelevant actions to forget the emptiness of matter. The planet was hollow, all things thin, insanely thin, thin, fragile shells, easily crushed. There were the swirls on the surface of this universe.

Each creature had about them an invisible aura called their "life". This was, as were all their self-deceptions, the imagination of an object in the world to cause effect & be affected by all those things around it. Like, "me" - an imagined being whose existence as an object within the infinite emptiness would supposedly make the existence of that infinite, unfathomably emptiness somehow alright to everyone. As if by naming nothingness something it was not, it might go away; or by naming it God, man might have power over him. This is typical of the fear-fuelled fearfulness characteristic of humans' brains.

"Reality" as a static, stable, cohesive order of objects in close & different relationship to one another, is only a theory. Like that game within a game within a game with no rewards - is a wasted hope. It is not impossible to imagine. 20 humans have different physiologies, despite various traditions. There are the objects that are real:

an orange carpet; a beige chair; pink, leather, the hair the same color as the chair, his white shirt & skin made blue by the light; an upside-down American flag; the wall; the blue cavity; my skin - my body; not my mind, not my brain, which is a theory, not any ideas I have about any of the things in the universe or what they mean.

Here we have the liberal movement of delicate fancies, driven to elimination by the expansion of nothing. [The pressure of the emptiness inside must be greater than that outside any object; thus, the smallest thing may release the greatest energy.] At any moment the universe may start. Perhaps it already has, and the ripple of "reality's" destruction is taking millions of light years to get here, to annihilate us. Perhaps everything is already dead, as it already existed within.

Visions of wearing beauty, the dead flower, the mandala.

any one thing in this universe ever satisfied my hopes, but also that (explain)
as all other objects in material reality, fulfilled my expectations.

God, give me something to make me laugh, something to make me break from the bottom of my lungs. Give me a craving of rage strong enough to let me laugh so hard I'm sick. I want...

* * *

I have made a vow to myself to respond, "sure" to any & every intriguing proposition. But now I sit here, AWAKE, because, like a fool, I said "sure" to work. So people throw their projects in my lap, as though I'd love & I'm not allowed to watch stop them. Everybody deserves to be heard, stopped. The problem is I still want to be a little kid. I never want to be older again.

Last night I fell asleep on the couch & missed the slightly Bacchanal. Last night John got arrested for prostitution. My problems are small, so very small. I am only one human in 6 Billion. Can you believe the population was ever that low?) So I try to be more appetizer - attractive to both entrées, etc. more.

I will cut my hair & shave, bathe & don a suit. I will become a gangster; & when people ask me why, I'll say "It's a gangster kind of world."

* * *

It's 5:55 in the morning, I have a little drink buzz from 3 hours, & I'm drunk on wine. I feel like dancing in the streets.

Saturday

John, Candice & myself finish two bottles (Rebel & Goddess) of wine at John's mother's house. John doesn't drink because he doesn't like wine. Me & I have been "hard up for sauce" weak for days now. On Monday I dressed out in traffic & stayed dressed up until the early morning, when I stumbled out my film equipment to make a short movie of myself. I have been working, on & off on a screenplay for it. I'd almost rather just make the movie & film something with a random theme just for Candice & her mind. When I mentioned that she was named after Candice Bergen; before she became that "done lady" for Sprint she was a marxist journalist. But that's ok, alright, because this is America, & everybody sells out in America. It goes down easier with alcohol.

John threw a "gathering" and several old friends showed up. Eric & Steve, old cronies, Jake, in town out of Reno, Oregon, & guy John used to work with at Mac Lake. Six who knew Dick Slaven Bethany, too, made an appearance. John, Candice & I got together at various times during the night to explain our people to one another, that is, to talk smack on other people.

Bethany's head is an oddity. Last summer, she had hair was much important to her, now she has a dreader for a boyfriend. Unfortunately for us all is around her Canadian was especially

offended) her incoherence, inattentiveness & increasing lack of personality have failed to be recognized by the mechanism responsible for initiating her age. Now this is not to say that regular pompous people are not, in fact, the intricate spawn of the devil. But when someone as washed up & burnt out as Bethany has become tries to strike inertness, give advice or criticize her applications I find what's merit in that now she sounds just like minnie all the time, like our best friend who became a slut & a druggie, & is now experimenting with being a soldier's girl both when there were really wars in limitation of the black-eyed, invisible, lounge-lizard-like persons she saw in minnie.

To come back to Bethany in a moment, but now a brief mention ought to be made of Jane, being as how he made so the effort of having his massive book we have from Gainesville. Now, as with has been written about the sundry works of Jane as positive. There is even a criticism as primitive naturalistic or that Jane's an identical character to him, a particularist psychanalyst who lives in the lap of luxury & yet is still a shrinking violet. "As if Jane has ever had to deal with any real problems," I said, but this is just it: Jane's interest in the theatre derives from his aggressive recognition of the shattered lifestyle constructed for him by his schizophrenic parents as unacceptable and artificial. His entire existence has been arranged according to the axiom of evolution implied by instant gratification, conditional approval & rewards: if you have pleased me now here is your cake; like all the cake is stealing you, extending your existence before any defined concept of what your character's essence might be. There is no escape from this system for Jane, the only form it assumes him is sentience, which only serves to further torment the alien working inside his mind. The fact of this containment, which is merely a condition not an inert part, accounts for my earlier belief that he is in a cocoon now, awaiting completion of his metamorphosis, that he may explode "into the stars" one day as a fully formed professional. I believe evidence to this effect is provided by his surreptitiously taking a second effort of mine without asking for it.

Let me indulge myself in a brief digression regarding this event. It was he stated that three forces rule, who play at the moment of any choice, right Jane? (And in fact, every moment of existence is a moment of choice, right Sartre?) The three forces are, of course, true, the inner eye & finally, the eye. So, the event was

Wine Tasting

Jane first sees the limited amount of wine available. He wants to get drunk, but, weighing the supply of alcohol against his body fat, he realizes very early on in the evening that he will not be able to, so long as these strangers whose wine this is still want it. So, after his first glass, with the taste of the wine still coating every side of every surface in his mouth, he opens up the refridgerator door & leans at the bottles with his eyes, more so it, driven by his desire. He wants this drink in a hurry. His brain tells his hand, down that long stretch of uncovered shelf, missing each other from opposite ends, to go out into the world & bring back the closest door. There his eyes tell his brain that there is more wine.

His brain, or at least that part of it which is aware & reminded by others, says logical things to him. It says: "Jane, it is wrong to take other people's things without asking," and, "If you drink another glass you'll just want more later because it dries your saliva up," and, "It's not like having another glass, or even drinking both bottles, is going to get you drunk, because you're such an ass," or even, if he's the least bit honest with himself, which he hates to be self-reflective about, "Jane, if you do drink this & get drunk, you'll just embarrass yourself annoyingly trying to flatter all of your attractive male friends." Another side of him, washed sparsely responds with countermanding rationalizations. As valorous as they may have practiced being, all are responsible only only add up to the expression of one primal urge: "me want."

Soon Jane's eye must step up to the plate. It is presented with both sides of the argument & by repeatedly looking back & forth in the meantime, is being compelled toward the moment when it must make a choice. At this moment, "to drink or not to drink" is the only question of consideration. But it's taking too long. He has been standing there at the refridgerator door looking in for too long. Someone will see him! Math appeal finally. Besides, he wants to look smart. & he would rather than to leave a refridgerator door ajar — it will let all the [redacted] out! Either make a decision. "I'm too good for this wine," Jane mutters with a compressed exhale, turns & walks away, or reasons in, breaking eye contact with anyone, eyes the wine & pours! But hurry! Everybody's watching you! Remember the audience! Every line you say should be a mighty line! Every move you make should be visible to the people in the back row! But keep the pace of the action for God's sake! Or else the duty maids will lose interest and abandon you & go for whom you will never be forgiven. The more you are

playing to a packed house. Jesus Himself. Here is your assumed popularity. All in your head. The entire charade - your mind, your hand, the imaginary chairs that make you so - all of it only exists in your head. Inside your skull behind your hair. That's where you're brave. That's where you're interesting. Not another human being because the door to your imagination.

And I watch him. And in an instant he feels the wine. And I say nothing but then, when his back is turned & allowing me take movement around most of the house since his back is to mine and even an effort to turn but it may only be natural shyness - like some enormous rising tide), I take the wine. The choice must be denied Jake, because people like Jake, Americans in general, cannot handle the responsibility of exposure to recovered near them, back to Bethany, I enough with the drama.

John has done sort of crush on Bethany. I hope he gets old enough soon to realize how juvenile & immature this is. On Friday night he had a "party" in his room played at his father's house to return a body cut from her. Now John loves Faith, but is not in love with her - he doesn't respect her as he does & pictures. This is encouraged by people like Jake reminding John how much cooler & more attractive than Faith he is. This doesn't help either though, because

Jake, who believes he is real sensitively because he is too naive to understand why someone proud might want to feel equal with someone weak, kind & humble, & Bethany, who everyone assumes is as vain as John because she brags & dresses deliberately, are not necessarily better company for him, as a human being, to be keeping. Socially, yes, they're more confident & could, therefore, progress by associating to a higher economic strata. But they are, stupidly full of themselves.

It's like Jake & Bethany are two dancers trying to drag John upwards, towards the pinnacle state of ultimate power & Faith is a low gravitation angle dragging him down into the mire & the grotto & the stone of a love based on compromise alone. By numbness and by emotions one would expect evil to win. But John has a secret weapon. His own shame. For when he feels true pain & true pretty & successful, as he has to do is remember that that's what his father would want him to do & adolescent self-loathing revelation rears its otherwise impotent head & saves the day. Bethany will never accept John's humble & secretive advances, because he will never allow himself to throw himself at her. (I watched this work & value his for six, before it began to strike him as a joke) so John collapses on the floor with

underneath Caroline and I, as everybody finally leaves, I run laugh and hold each other up while the drunken earth tries to sneakily slide out from under us.

[Bethany would have inched my rank if it weren't her art my two with AP high-grade. She ~~is~~ exudes pathetic as much as Enrico ever did. (By the way I saw Enrico at the Rio literary on the internet Monday, doing his impression of the Self-Taught man. Long story short: the first time he sneezed, weed he curled up into a ball in the corner & stayed for an hour in silence.) Between people like him and Bethany it's a wonder I ever managed myself to give up & become a decent druggie.]

Outside on John's screened-in back porch Caroline & Jason & I stand together swaying. The sky glows purple, ripe with rain. Somewhere behind & above it all, Jon is beginning to pick up some other guitar, and breath, the horizon, & warm wind blows over hair; music comes both & beautiful from inside, the sound of wind chimes. We smoke cigarettes, why not? We are so drunk nothing else matters. We have the spins and everything's perfect, & is impossible to believe that anyone anywhere could ever unlock inside their head the unlikely notion that something could & "problem" could ever, ever exist.

-Smoky

A tornado warning. I feel a little, under my fun project, but promise to not force myself to deal with." I will complete it when that inspiration ~~is~~ awakens comes in, perhaps," I say. In any event it is on this night & Jason & I are at Erin & Dave's with Dave's brother Daniel.

Daniel is a drug dealer, to a very small extent. He deals a little to Jason's other kids, & we have asked him to get us connected to a quarter bag of rags. He has made this phone call & we are waiting for the call-back. The cost is $30; I have $25, for which Jason will reimburse me $10, & Daniel will float the other $5, for which Jason will pay him back tomorrow. At any rate, it seems how comes out that I have the ugly of each on me, & Daniel immediately begins to want to drop. Erin, not wanting to visit sick, was thrown in his two cents, whining like a puppy. So now what's the man? seems to me me.

We get to talking about drug dealing & about influential members of the media we know. & Daniel volunteers to mention Jason & myself to his friend at the family that we may all get asked to stand in the spirit of the second wicket, & certainly most relieved, manifestation of capitalism. This being of whom Daniel speaks wields the ice credit cards of $200 million. This means he not only has that

much money, but then went out into the free market & spent it. Now, regardless of whether or not any of what he was saying was true, he'd had mentioned the two magic words, "organized" "crime," so I decided to be a good fella & do him a favor. According to him one mountain of acid is worth five or ten dollars. For this Daniel would have gotten us our order of weed for free. I gave him nine, with the vague understanding that my portion of the payment for our good friend would now be assumed by Daniel, perhaps plus a few ounces from me, not to exceed, for my part, five. Then I turned my attention to Erik, who quickly made the mistake of mentioning he still had a little of his high grade stash from our original order (2 months ago) left over in his room. The deal to which I signed him was a masterpiece of schizophrenia. For the mindful thrift he would owe me an unpolished service. His condition would not be met until I said it was. He may think he's through paying me back, I told him, but he would be wrong until I agreed. And I would be fair, what's more; I would think in terms of the sort of possibilities of con-struct with which he provided me. Understand, by this deal, I'm willing myself as a dealer. He wants supply me with 'round rounds of things, & I want see them, but only - the best part of the deal is yet to come! - simply for the service of providing Erik the service of being able to drop acid on the spot, his high grade weed became mine. Mine, out of the kindness of my heart, I would let him get the second lick off of it, but I think I make all the clear that both the first & the third hits belonged to me. After this, Erik willing & weed providing, the song could be passed around the room to whomever, I wouldn't care less.

The Erik belongs out his stash, which turns out to be the thick monster hunk of hash. I break it up & pack into Jason's pipe bowl, which has been scrubbed with the big plastic bong. I pull & get an enormous lick, then pass the pipe smoking contraption to Erik. He finishes a cone with his lighter, but before I know it it has come back around to me, my second hit gets me stoned. I do not mean high. I mean stoned. I hallucinate later. But I'm getting ahead of myself. After my second hit I pass to Daniel, who refuses it, denying Jason. At least myself sitting off I walk back down & see Jason there, waving goodbye as he shrinks. I have grip.

"Hey look," I tell him. "I feel bad about this. I know you are out of high-grade, okay?" He nods. Half an hour goes by. It is only nine thirty in Erik's two three flats that over at Jason. An exciting idea occurs to me. "Jason!" I exclaim. "Do you know what I have in my pocket?" He chokes his head. "I have one lick of high-

grade, right?" he asks. "Yes, guess what I have left in my pocket?" A resolution with him. The last time we smoked weed, we thought, not knowing that night Jason got arrested. The night he had rained almost all the rest of my original stash into the bong I was so [illegible] got into, right here, at dave & Erik's. The night of the universe high. His eyes light up, his mouth drops open & his finger leaps forward to point at me. "Yep," I say. "I'm still at high-grade." We smoke it real real, & get high. Crazy high. Almost, for me at least, universe high.

At long last I was receive the experience. Enough hiccup. Enough reality. Erik wears a white shirt & slacks. He sits in surprisingly comfortable recliner in front of a white wall. Beneath him there is ugly carpet. Behind him a good sized window, under the window a heating unit, lined with green vinyl baffles, observably turned forward & backwards. The window is covered (though sadly) by venetian blinds. A large American flag is hung right down over the the wall of it. These things were more than anything else - seem to me to be objects in & relative to this universe. They are structures of matter which have no logic it removed from one another's presence. Perhaps it were best to think of such a simple act as throwing the chair through the window, combining these objects as marriage is meant to, would create a rift in the fragile stasis of the universe & bring the [illegible] horrible, blank vacuum of the empty void rushing in & through.

But there is something specifically wrong about Erik. Perhaps the way he sits, or the way his limbs are set about his torso. It is nothing I would notice ordinarily, but I think he may be from another universe, nothing seems wrong with Daniel; & Jason, mostly. I most of the time, appears to retain same proportion. Not Erik though. The length of his limbs keeps changing. I think it may have something to do with being shy. He folds himself up a little, trying to hide himself; perhaps trying to conceal the fact that his body keeps changing, it changes to hide itself.

I can see my senses extending out beyond my fingertips. Several arms from each finger. They are like the tentacles of a jellyfish. They are very thin & clear; they come to a point at their end. Inside each tendril is a segmented tube containing my nervous system as well. This tube is translucent & the pastel colors of my skin is like all in the surface of water. As I move extensions of my senses move very jellyfish tentacles, they billow out & seem to be swaying in the current of some invisible wind. This makes my fingers constantly out slightly & gives it, when I feel Erik's head with them, I am a magician reading it next towards him.

I cannot truly feel anything there, not by them my brain is

provided with an acute awareness of the back side of everything. I reach out with them & the curl around the room that Jason was in. I know it is an object - I can picture the other side of it with my mind. It occupies this room space, I map my tendrils against all three pairs of its sides. It lives in my mind under "violent," given the name "Kevin." Here is the back of Kevin's head, & the other side of each of his legs. It's like I have large extensions of my hands which are invisible, like I am inside an enormous, computer-generated suit - like I have around me my own virtual reality double. I could pick Jason up in my palm. He is so small. I could easily fling him against the wall. And Kris, who is laughing, here is the back of his head: "Kris," I make a slapping noise. The hair moves through his wrist, scalp & bone, crinkling, shrinking down into childhood, into the tininess of being twice, & once, softly into the air around his head like the bristles of an urchin.

When I make the "Kris"ing sound he flinches, & I play with him a little, kitten with mouse. The kid might not be watching. Jason says that Brian may said it wasn't the kind that would cause visual hallucinations. Cat scratch. I can't remember what I was so high when Brian may was staying we all with it, but means that I may be higher than Kris. How unfortunate for him. "Kris!" He flinches, & begins to make some comment about the rewinds before making off... he watches Daniel play street fighter, & when done, we begin to get tired.

John stands up. Some brief impatience & pity. We order pizza. John leaves - we will save him some. Pizza. We had pizza, but - like everything - it rather good high. John returns. After a while Jesse arrives with Bill Thorpe. At first I was excited to know that Bill was in town - but then though, as I got higher, I dreaded seeing him. More embarrassed. I would be. No matter. Times I passed up drinking at his parties - on tour, despite little mile stones I ignored, like us & Bethany & John smoking weed on his back porch & getting their very own personal high story.

We & Jesse sit down & it's awkward. I keep turning my head all the way to the right, & shamefully long periods, to take my eyes from Jason, but he says nothing & does nothing. I worry that even for having a head to turn. Deep inside my mind I whisper "I am a being who has a thing called a 'head' - made out of a hard round 'thing', called, 'skin', & those dry, narrow wires 'hair.'" The silence is almost audible. Daniel leaves. There's nothing on TV. Everything is unbearable, slow & pointless. Jesse sits there like a whale, Bill beside him like a skeleton. I

have a thing called a "skeleton." It is a thing inside my body. My body is a thing. My mind is a thing. I am a thing.

I had made a great point [redacted] to listen in the kitchen while making the vodka from Jake, mentioning Lacan's Reading's The Purloined Letter metaphor & arguing he would do the same thing to us. So we do. At one point Jake goes out to the kitchen. He gets a beer. Bill has a beer. The two of them talk about computers. It's awful. I turn away & lay my head down, drifting in & out of sleep via. when the Japanese soundtrack to Akira. It is very bizarre. I feel like I'm in it.

Bill & Jake leave not long after 2am. They're all going to go to his mother's house. Sam & I are supposed to come along after awhile, instead we fall asleep & then, much later, drive home.

my book at the theatre went badly & there is no email from him in advance. I get drunk.

I am unpleasant to be around. We are at Sam & Bethany's place by. I put her down for reading such a small title. I believe I put it "weakly, sissy; feckless" in any event she got much angrier at me than my words warranted. Perhaps she should re-examine her life & pick up her books. This is what I told her I needed to do.

Are these words somehow more worthwhile simply because I took the time to write them down? Christ, don't read this! Go have a fucking conversation, man! Don't be stupid. Get educated, nothing is sacred.

Take the fact that I have a father. We used to occupy the same amount of space as I do in the same room. The same "Welcome" mat. We talk. I can't help but wonder how many of the same thoughts, how many of the same feelings as him I am having. Every time I meet somebody I say myself, "This is probably just like something my father knew at this age," or "my father's friends were like this." Everytime I get into a situation I imagine my father there, many decades earlier - different clothing, different hair-cuts, different possessions, different slang.

You see I am a Being with a Brain. My brain is a Mech

organ. It has a price, it has skin. It can be maligned. And right now, even as I write, it sits inside my head, wet with red liquid. Even now, right now, I cannot see it. This is just something I must accept. One of the stupid rules of living.

Like that I can't see my own eyeballs. Or that I can't see my own face except in a mirror. I have to look at a mirror. And there I am! As if that is me. And yet I must like my whole life knowing I am there. I cannot help it. Here I am. I have an outside. My head is an orange peel; my mind is an orange. "I am an orange," my mind whispers. This, I promise myself, in America, is a good thing. It's just one of the stupid rules of existing. Like capital letters. Like pain. Like love.

Irina was 90% all everything I've ever wanted. Long brown hair; I decided that about ~~ghost~~ long before I ever grappled with the notion of the "self." I wanted to be someone who had long, "wavy-down" brown hair. Hence, Irina. Also: short skirts as comfort. Lovely. But I wasn't comfortable around her. I couldn't sing along with music in the car or dish my race. Everything that came out of my mouth had to impress her. Like Julia & Bethany what good does this added stress do?

I mean, I can hardly even believe that a being "Irina"

exists. That I am a being with teeth in the vicinity of my moist willow mouth - my mouth inside my head, my head heavy with the bone-weight & my skull-housing my brain. My brain found Irina repugnant. & it was her brain I found most unpleasant. The brain which has done as I have done tonight - driving along on the roadways at 3:00 AM, too drunk to drive, with the headlights off beneath the pursuit for hair mussingly telling herself, with her teeth, with her lips, that this is how it feels, in the shoulders, in the bones, to be free. Her central nervous system & I loved her digestive system. I loved her shit on my penis. I loved her inner realism. I felt so much romance for that & every part of her as any good poet would just for those clichés - the eyes - the lips - the breasts - the palms, etc. n'a, those were not my stuff. I loved her neck - which I strangled, her privates - which she shaved, her hair, so much her hair. 90%. So fucking fit.

Her skin was so soft & milky. But so what? Left logic dictate. Let this be said: "Russian skin is soft & milky. Russian skin is perfect." But let this be added: "Irina grew up in the inner city, in a bad neighborhood, with bad children as her best friends & evil models. She values tough, street

exacts, people who do what they must without pleasure, people who survive." Brilliant! Have back minds.

Is it this why about her that drives me crazy. It's pointless. Pointless in every way. I should say to Jason: "Jason, I respect you. You know I am becoming a man not without some understanding of honor. You need to understand that I am attracted to your sister & that I intend to pursue this in some way. I know we will not be perfect together, & in fact chance is there that we'll probably only make each other miserable; but nevertheless I have to try. I see something in her, & if I can find out exactly what, then I will not need her. And if she finds in me exactly what could be attractive, then she will not need me. I will be able to look away and say: "Gotta," or, like Erik, "movie stars" or, like Dave, "school-girl." Perhaps it is submission. In any event it will be straight. We will learn from each other, your sister & I, who having so much from the other that without us they cannot go on." We should understand this. On the other hand maybe it's just me. He's going to Europe soon & I am a coward. And, then again, she's just a bunch of skin & Being & Creature inside universe. The same as any other pile of matter. She would just be another person for me to feel embarrassed in front of. Why do people do that? Try to impress each other? So dumb.

It was hard tonight. Everyone was such an awful stereotype. Bethany was the stoner waitress, telling war stories about getting fucked up on "green," bragging about the stupidest things she had ever done. John was a ego-maniac, dominating (it has to have been conscious; this is two nights in a row) his voice to strike up multiple octaves, becoming nasal; like he is trying to do his impression of Sinbad's Dracula at thirteen. And he is so competitive. What's the point? He's among friends, he has nothing to prove, nothing to win? Lisa was there for awhile, being a total nerd. She didn't drink or smoke. I liked to be cool for her by not saying much. I bet it worked. She's as much of a cramp as mine ever was. Jason was the typical independent child, trying to get everybody to get along by offering up things - even pretending to accept unwanted hospitality. He teases Lisa for being a "half communist," but someone should tell him there is a difference between communism & Islam. He has complained of being treated as a kid. (Because we had picked up video game competition).

character assassination like this is how I had entertained myself as a kid. This person fits these descriptions: this passage, this bundle of description is who they are. And no one will ever admit it! nobody wants to be one. They are. It's just one of the stupid rules of existing, like: "I have to live through tonight", or "there will be a prom tomorrow," or "I can't suddenly get taller by first fast-forwarding through this, now."

At one point I sat in Jason's room & cried. "Everybody's embarrassed of something," I told myself. How sad. That even though everybody does everything they can, everything they know themselves, everyone is still embarrassed of at least one thing. "Why can't people just let other people be who they want to be?" I wept, pathetically. I beat myself up for loving Nina, I beat myself up for being a druggie, I beat myself up for keeping bad company. I beat myself up for having unorganized concerns. I beat myself up for everything I could think of. Then Jason came in & I did it all again.

We happen to live in a world where men only cry in secret. This can be said of this time & space we're spinning around in the void. This because people's behavior for a predicament over time. People I never met, people I don't believe ever even existed.

But people did exist. Take medieval times for instance, the Dark Ages. People existed then in the same way I do now. They had thoughts that overlapped. Even they could not keep from thinking they privately even expressed their unwanted opinions. And if they believed in magic, it's only because people like me sold it to them. I think I was a magician, like within "the Princess Bride" & I realize it is only a parody of a Romance novel. "Life is pain," Westley says insistingly though, "anyone who tells you different is trying to sell you something."

Somewhere Nina exists like I exist. She has to go to the bathroom. Sometimes, for spite, she breathes things into her lungs they know they are not supposed to breathe. Then they cough & are empty. She is empty. She has an inside & has just like I do, just like plants do.

It is the curse of a Being inside this universe to never be as much as they can think, nor ever think as much as they can be. For instance, I can think I can fly; but I cannot be a creature who flies just because of my thought. On the other hand, nothing says I can never be a creature who flies. I imagine

myself more than I am; I become more than I can imagine. Just one of those stupid rules of existence, like supplementing your salt, sleepy brain with paper.

But it is down now. Down again. Down again across the planet, again because the planet again. I must deal with down. I am on the planet. The planet and me, holding me down. We down & I am sick & I am trying to get to bed.

★ ☆ ✰

No one has ever responded the way that I feel. They misunderstand it, intentionally I think. Then, based on this misunderstanding, they either pity it or blame me for it. Those who pity it either say they "understand" my feeling, or else that they have "been there before." It is obvious they do not understand, and see me as a problem which, because they have society, is fatal to them to solve. For what I believe they have felt like this before, for they were never so paralyzed by it that they couldn't breathe. "There are those, then, who blame me for it. They say, "you are an 'asshole'," or "things aren't that bad." I reach people with their logic, their existentialism. But I think that they only want me to deal with my feeling myself so that they needn't be reminded that they haven't dealt with it themselves. They may point at me & say, "I am different from them there (as we) have before. I am not an 'asshole'." They may say to themselves they have better control over them-

selves & all the "things" in their lives, but their "things" aren't "better," only different & ugly, hostile, monstrous; their lives aren't "better" than mine, they aren't "better" than me, they are lying to themselves. They are even more afraid than I am of my feeling.

One thing is most assuredly agreed upon by both sides: this feeling that I have is bad. I should leave my body down. Those who pity me try to make that feeling out, like reading a wild water with a rock who rarely. Those who blame me for it try to beat it out, to punish it over with iron fists, to bury it underneath bricks & mortar because those are the "things" they understand, those human animals of strength. The worst, most delusional ones are those who would take this feeling out only to punish it, & chastise me for having it, or those who beat others out of love. It is possible that both things as these are done even more deeply with the darkness of this feeling than am I, & simply lash out, kicking, trying to drive without knowing which direction is up or down, that north, that glass rolling between them & "freedom," the outside, the blessed light of normalcy, that waterfall on.

There remains, however, some dispute as to my what term should my distress, my feeling, be referred. We teach there is dispute between me & everybody. For everyone else knows my feeling by dirty, shitty terms like "anxiety," "depression," while I have always only ever called it "love."

★ ★ ★

what is there to fear in such a regular world?

I think I am cured.

Still, I do find writing in the following pages, was vital as ever in my travels. I do not write in this book for others because I am the only. It reveals that many of writing about your life. If your life is worth writing about you have no time to do it, I if you think so much of a page unimportant to write it is only because for that moment it has you have failed to find any better reasons to exist. In any event I want a moment I can briefly review the events of the past month or so since last I wrote.

Firstly I must begin

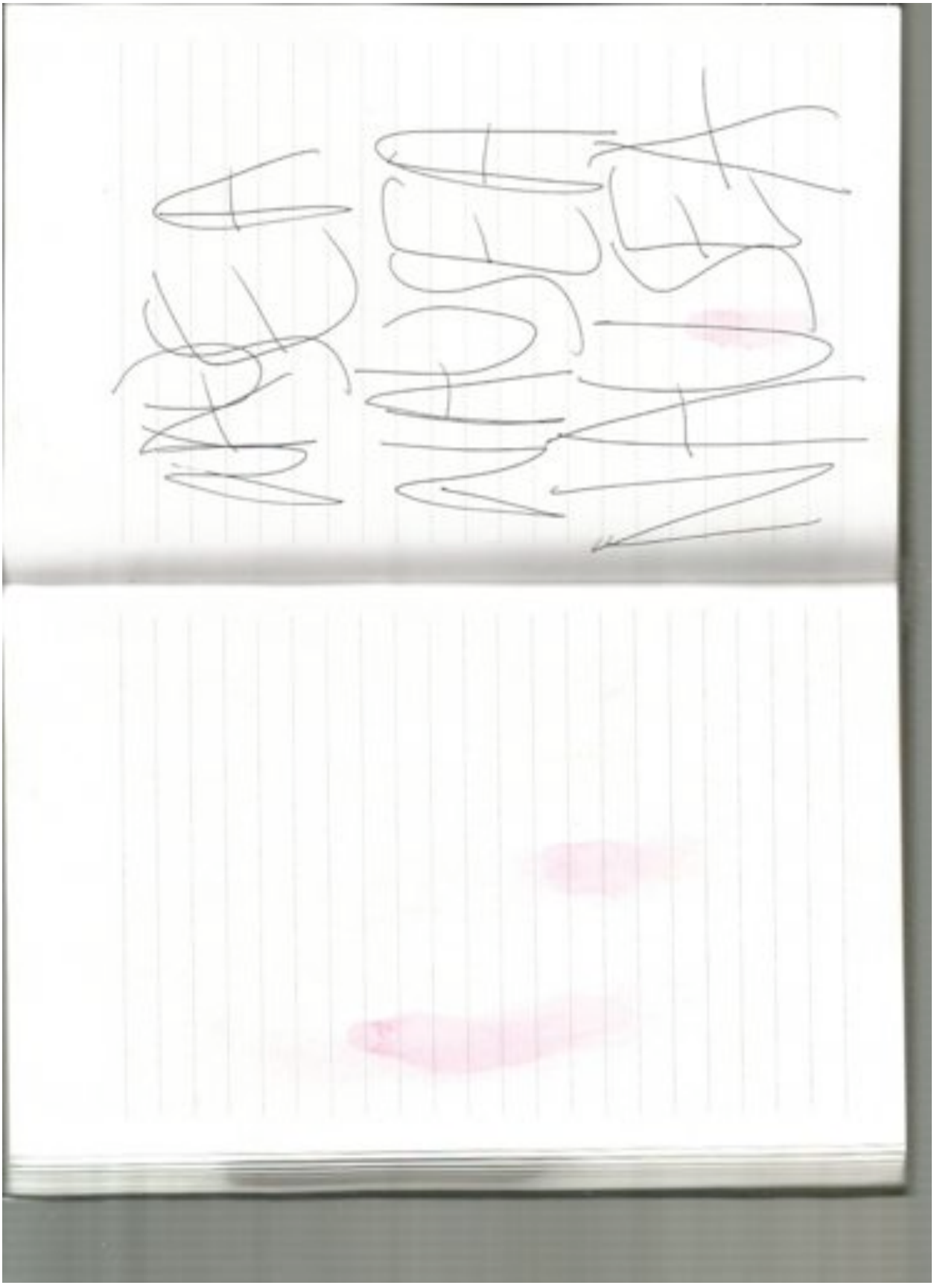
no, firstly nothing. I've changed my mind I no longer feel the urgency to make right now.

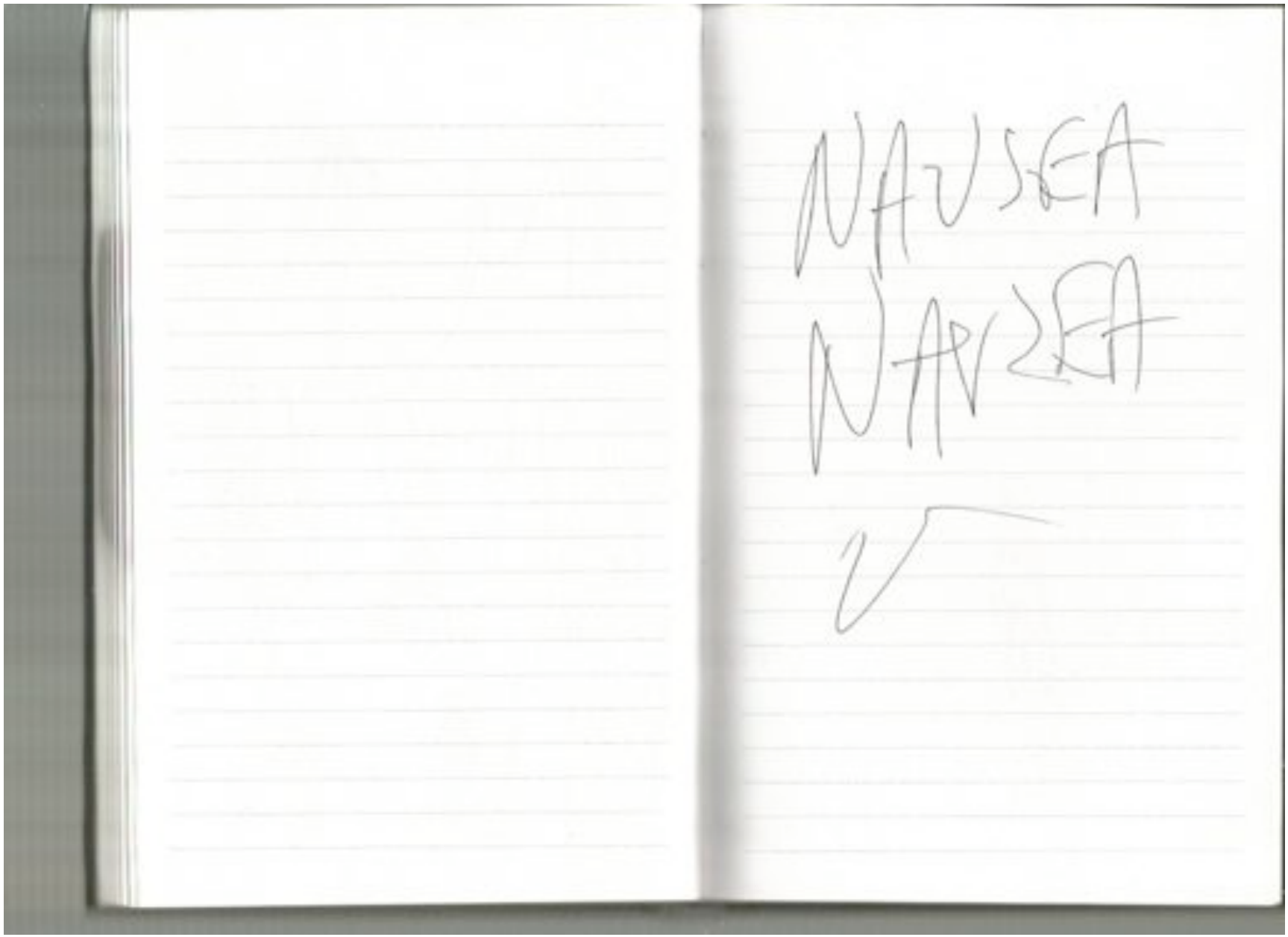
I have it, the filth, the nausea.

Another four hits for that. Let's go Braves.

I have it, the filth, the nausea.

NAUSEA

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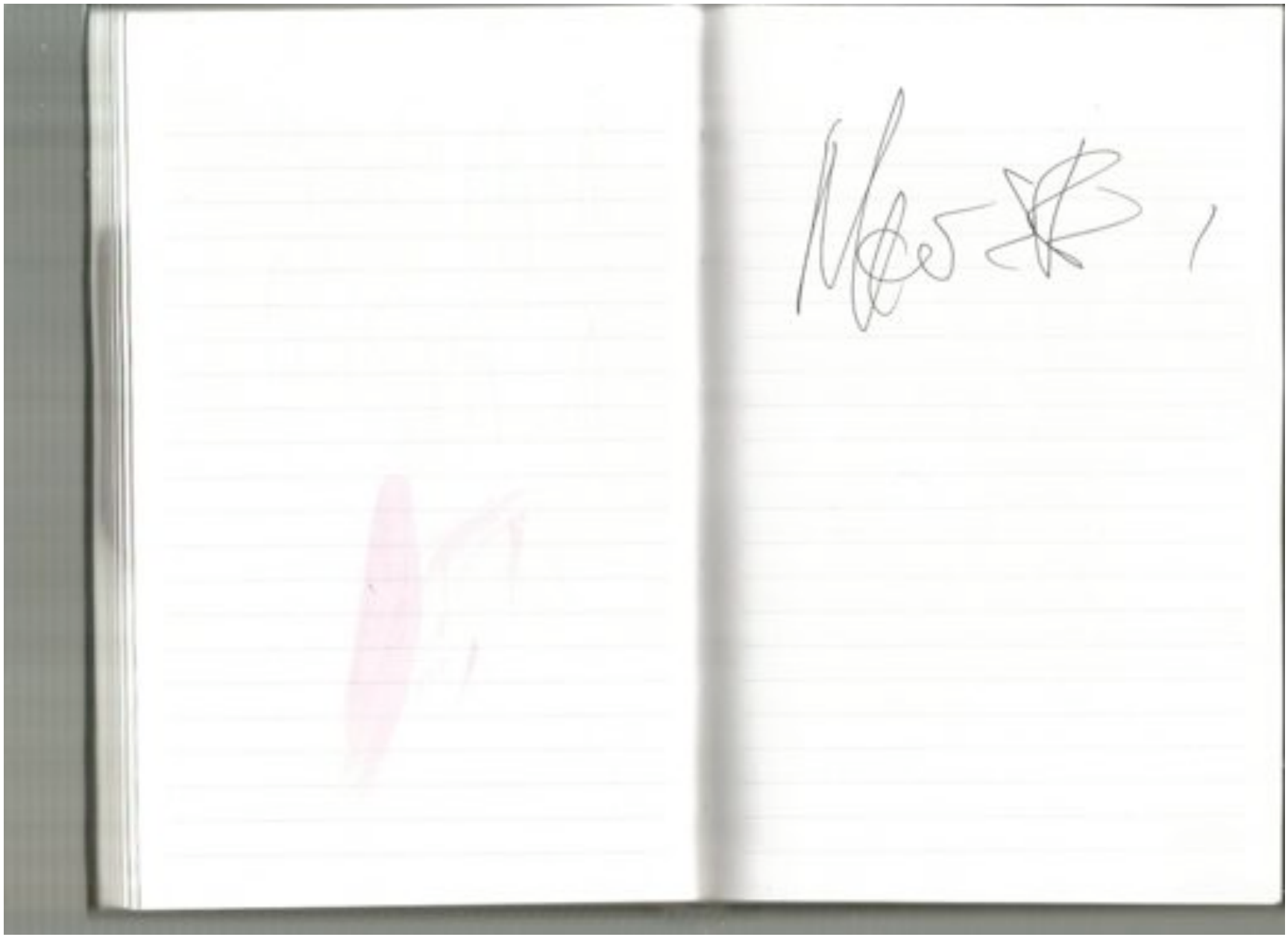


I am in my city & still a little drunk from the night before it is morning, I'm listening to music rolling across pavement. It carries below I the sound of angry car horns that was sent through the planet's breath to penetrate my window, to penetrate my ear. Last night was as good as it gets; when I first woke up I knew this because I felt my body as weak as I possibly could. But I am alive. Alive. Full & pleasure.

I eat a $2.50 hotel bagel & take two Aleve. This convinces my body it feels alright. The food carries the drug into the blood stream & it supresses the symbolic life-line between the pain & my mind. I talk to my mother long distance over the phone (just like back in Italy when I was out with my pals); she is so happy, she makes me happy. Telling her how much fun I am having convinces my mind it feels alright. I am a mass of hungover agony, connected even from my self by a thin cruft of some silly illusion. I feel exactly like a bagel.

Last night, in a bar called [redacted], I met a girl from NY, & I realize how I've been wasting my life. My concerns have been few, my desires, retrograde to themselves. I have been a boy. But she was 25. And it takes 25 year olds

a stupidly expensive amount of alcohol to get drunk, whereas I, being the youthful, exuberant, idealistic twenty that I am, got wasted off only 2 16 ounce cans of Bud in the room. It switched drunk off two bottles of Heineken. [redacted] I've never been "sick faced" before, but when I woke up this morning (& mind you I drank much more than I have listed, much more than I even could list given the limited space I have) I felt like my face was made of shit. So I think, having only just learned that marvelous sensation, I can afford to be young a little while longer.

After all, I say because I am not 19 nor 21, you only get to be young once. And last night I made that fragmented, embarrassing, hazy memory for the rest of my life. The girl from the B&B said she was going to be making a documentary of mermaids, [redacted] and told me in order to illustrate how alive my use to be I knew, & the driver said to her once that "the city was like a beautiful woman, singing him to sleep every night." Or some such shit. I say MY is like the dead mermaids that wash up on the creek of waves, because we each only relentlessly in the [redacted] it swallow driven from behind by the deep, dead, disgusting, and romantic.

I love this town. It's not quite big enough. It could be bigger. I kind of imagined it huge. After smoking weed while depressed one evening with Erin at Rob's place (where Penny used to live) I stood watching wispies play tackle-ball & told Erin I love that word. It exactly like that, this crummy whaling, these crummy boats, but with buildings arcing up above, concealing the entire pink sky save for a single thin sliver, like the mirrored walls of the sanctuary in a cathedral dedicated to sin. But it is not so dramatic. I look the people in the eyes & they are bored with themselves, bored of the town & their jobs & each other & their lives. They feel the same way I do trapped inside suffocating mediocrity, most of the buildings are brick. As we make in I wondered out loud to my mates just how many bricks there are in NF. As many, I'd say more I think, as there are stars in the black night sky. As many other suns are there are in this galaxy. This city, [redacted] even though it's not as big as it could be a place as there can be on this world.

I love New York. I find myself there & return, a man.

the music life.

no rent to worry.

Every now and then I have to write and when I'm going up or coming down, also; I go up way too quickly to read that to write.

I went to a party tonight. An idea was not mine. And I do consume a new character: living one more stories - living one can make up a new personality for whatever he happens to be. I've been changing parts so quickly. one night, packed into the backseat of his car with three other people, Jason helped my dream of becoming an 80's gangster come true. we went to a hippie party that night & I had on jeans shirt with disintegrating converse, a walmart pretty boy shirt & black blazer with a black leather jacket that I got from Goodwill. I was intimidated out of my mind. I saw Nick there, looking so hot as he always does, & I could just see him smoking bins, who somewhere went with, & saying, "nope, he wasn't changed." But then I went & hung out with Nick. French & forgot all about it.

I think Jason & his sister are evil. He & me & their mother- the entire family is conspiring against me! But to be taught after by people who resemble little elves, mad wizards & gnomes; how rich and rebellious it makes me feel.

I had a dream that I was true king of a country following a

[redacted] by my prime minister (who happened to be Tony Blair from my mac team - the guy I followed around at the advisor whose every word I knew how to); I was the king of some African country (I was the year 2000). "How much power I have!" I thought, as I did a somersault into my pool.

Trina acts, by the way, like she's from a big city - always acting like she has somewhere better she could be going, so seriously important. It's just something she had to get out of the way for my sake. As we walk up with I do something - anything; even if it was just go to MOMA I sit around. Well, she told me she got caught shoplifting from the mall. But the fact is she didn't live in a big city. She lived on a farm some ways away. And she had to catch a bus to go to school; I one day she got caught in the door I it dragged her behind it like a cartoon character. And her grandmother was into astrology. And she used to the way I her friends up with the same stuff out in the barn. Yep, mine was a full-fledged, cotton-gin Russian country girl. Little Wonderful Kinda Nice. I'll know what I'm sayin'? Oh, I did one more thing; she used to smoke weed. Sure did; damn right! She I her friends used to get high I then the dawn after up in the barn. She was always such a go getter - she wouldn't consume my data.

I understood something new about her tonight driving home. An eighties song came on I I liked it so much, but disliked who liking it made me. So that I couldn't allow myself to like it, I instead fiercely told myself I hated it. And I figure this is the way trina was about the plans - she liked it so much it made her wish to hear me lie, and it drove her crazy every time she did. Or maybe not. who cares? Why do I think about this bogus little history shit so much? All I can do is write about her now when I look up to thinking of her.

Oh, well. I guess that's about enough for tonight. I will say these three things before I go through. no - three; no - four! 1) It's fun being able to make up an entirely new and very awkward history to tell every stranger who comes up and thinks they deserve to talk to you just because you make the mistake of being there. 2) It's fun to put a target on the front - you see, it's like a little weapon - I aiming it on the front just makes you feel like a damn cowboy, yeah! 3) I forget. 4) I forgot.

I'm goin' to bed. Good night.

I remember one of them!

To night, overheard during the festivities, I half was friendly interference in vacation. Enough that spending with my right may have related to him.

may, forget about everything I've said to you before, now about anything because it was all bullshit. You see that little dotted "s" there after "was?" Because that's there for you. It's all for your benefit - you reading this - the entire time. It was all been for you because you weren't there.

You didn't get to see any of these things or do any of them. It's too bad. It really was fun, and I mean all of it, except for the fact that you should have been there. no. I'm just kidding. It was better without you here.

Oh, yeah? where we taken it now?

I'm just fuckin with you little one. How was the rest?

The first day of summer, 1998. Oh, I can't believe it! How could it get this terrific? The saturday after exams week and I come home at 11:30 in the morning. Jill gotta fucked up on acid, I watch my day stumble around from station. There was a night some time ago when big estranged friend mike mahogue dropped by to fuck with me.

All we got to do was drop off his message. I spent the rest of the time we were together fucking with him I trying to terrify what shook in his soul. I told him the devil worshipped me & he cringed - because he knew that it was true. He came by to tell me that "might" (as hour grain & prayer) he coming to town this summer, "some time" this summer, & to gauge my response to the news in order to report back to her whether or not I would be cool to hang out with at all during that time. I tried to give him the impression that I was ready for anything, & that I could care less about anyone other than myself. Be real. I can't see her here, in this town, last night. She was only a hundred shadows in a passing car; but let me tell you about last night.

* * *

No. Look - I've changed my mind now. I just think the velvet cave that was perfectly green. How... how...? How badly I've been fucking around with you. Evil work it? Yes? Well, that's who I've discovered I am.

* * *

The night before last I saw Les miserables very high. I thought that was an eye-opening life-changer. Hope last night I see the shadow of Irina behind the ghastly yawning face of her father, within two hours I & Jason were smoking ready krypto weed with mine halloween

(Yeah, I know it's not spelled that way. Fuckin' look at me trick-y this person, motherfucker!)

No, I was kidding just then - oh, no. I see. You gotta think about it. You know it's gonna hurt you when it hits you - but you gotta keep askin': which way is it coming from, bitch?

Jason & I got kicked out because we bought some **beer** off of Seb. Then we went & dropped before heading off to a drinking party. No - I'm glad it is the way it is. Right now there may be so much more later....

Jason, Dave & Eric dropped, then later me. We tried to get Sean back to camp also but he couldn't find his way. (Literally, we didn't know where we were, dammit.) In any event we all drank also & then began to feel the acid hit us. We kept seeing cops on the street from Sean's (the host's) window. In his room he had an aquarium & some stately **Roman** Britannia.

In that situation we began to fuck with each other, one of us would sit & look at the aquarium & try to **ignore** just relax & listen to the music.

This gets tragic.

Just wait.

The rest of us would gather around the one who took themselves deepest & expand for it. & then we would each, all on very racially, begin talking our way our stream of consciousness very, very creative ideas arose from this. One would talk of, say, moments while the other talked of, say, a childhood memory of the beach, while the other might tell a story they had read one time about three French school girls on riding on a bicycle built for three from private school all carrying French bread because the loaves were sold with the bread & these slutty little girls get all fucked up on this and ride one & then they just sit around and jack off in a closed apartment that's like, really, really slutty because it's so old, etc., etc. just going off like mad again, literally. It sounds like three conversations might overlap, so you could follow a topic jumping from one brain to the next. This culminates in the intentional building of this action in pitch, quickness & sheer fervor of delivery until an unbelievable climax has been reached for the victim. This then would constitute an act of personality reprogramming, for Dave Taylor the first such experience was shaking deep down & then rising to the very soul until he wept openly.

Jason, Eric & I had been at him good. But perhaps my example has been the finest, the fluffy. We began with all-too-cliché descriptions of the original "words of Satan" over cutting up Viola girls & Kittens, reviews of surrealist (Bataille) short-works, low pink, & Eric losing bonus Dave's ear pretending to be a large snake. This worked well, & didn't seem to have a high rate of failure (I was never offended); as such it would have been kept as a useful party trick down the road because it was a relatively easy way to send someone into creative shock. Unfortunately once we had begun to do it, none of us could stop talking grimly. So we kept trying to shock with each other.

We had nothing else to do with our words, which we had just discovered. We did this until everyone in the driving party fell asleep. Then, being so very thoroughly "trippin' balls," we left & drove (Jason) back to town & Eric's to listen to the last Mayhem Soundtrack.

Now at this point we should have done something simple, something innocent, like reading my "extended" list (4 pages) of advised minor party fouls and party horrors. The original plan for the night was to get fucked up & watch my movie collection (or just start the slightest piece of mindless at the moment); but this didn't occur, for no great reason. Well, our reasons weren't great but they were ours. We damn well knew. I wanted to practice this exercise for use later, on mine. I wanted to develop my dark persona. I wanted very confidently & only voiced demands or answered questions. I wore dark shades, my tie-dyed shirt (seemingly!) & a nurse's lab jacket. I felt like a God.

And this was just the problem. I got too into dealing with people. It was all about power to me, nothing else. I reduced anyone straight before me to the level of my psychological slave. A sinister, although flagrantly gay Lesbian team with Eric, who spent the rest of the night & week into morning relentlessly wrecking his roommate's brain. Jason simply took pleasure in the nefarious & fascinating powers of the brain-washing & its potential – at one point his great idea was to see our "trips" of being fucked with, because they were simply that intense. And they were, we were all fucking with each other constantly, we honestly couldn't stop it. And it just so happened that we were more or less susceptible to this type of wholehearted mind-game.

It didn't work on me at all because I could just make up with all the separate lines of conversation. Therefore I was the king, who finished people off with a single gimmick; when we first began everyone agreed that I was the best at telling stories.

Following that was Erik, who was only a pedestrian as he go along with it for a few moments for his own initial pleasure, but who was ill-prepared or inclined to run the orchestrating the longer-term machinations. For example, one particular time Erik got us started on base. Once didn't stop talking for 20 mins.

After that of course Eric Adam, who could grow himself to respond to a condition of endurance terrified quarter acre as Erik & myself mind-fucked him.

Lastly Kelli sad. Base. Now the only reason I can think of in the world to have done this is for me to have under my belt the story of a leader of the Tallahassee Goth & U.S. Shower community. This way I would be sure to reduce Teresa back to a wispy pebble from which her witchy attitude could never resonate. But because I was being cruel to Jemima at base, vicariously I went along with what we did to Base that, I must now believe, must somehow reveal Erik's German blood. Because blood is all we talked of.

We all-divided cute, admirable, indefensible and adoring, wannabe Anime, cleans up around the house, talk down on fallen bear bottles without crossing them last night, our friend Dave. We really, really wronged him. I played mind-games just like Irina & my father, I felt like one of the socially superior kids for a little while.

But really, I'm getting ahead of myself. As soon as we got to Dave & Erik's from Sean's, I raged John so we could smoke weed. With the exception of Dave we all have good, strong, British types at John's but share through the bong. Even with Candice & John (now officially "boyfriend & girlfriend" so far as I care), we still got several good fifth bongs.

Candice & John, being sweet, could have been so noisy & unaffected by our pals as Dave with us the back, with the most reasonable position of their faculties. But no. They made to us. The bowlerhats and envy us, so they, without so much as hugging a single kit between them, were more affected by our trip than even Dave, & John stayed a ridiculously long time just to be with us while we raved.

At any rate this is when the intellectually-active conscious regarding state of our game being conducted frequently by

Jason, Eric & myself turned into various alienation of the guy we'd felt deep, spiritual concern for earlier in the night. Now, true, Dave was behaving overtly like a sexual submissive and a mind-fuck slut, but we didn't let up till it bit for so much as two minutes that until ten in the morning unless it was part of his serving of weed-trip.

Under the cover of darkness it had all been different. A startling revelation that we all share the exact same random and personalized thought process - random in its momentary-moment selection, but personalized in the [redacted] choices of approach to such particular images or ideas considered. We would ramble frequently to make sure we were all in complete concurrence about every nuance of "this" - the greater experience itself, which Eric soon justified by [redacted] that everything we were saying was true.

But somehow, around the time we noticed the sun coming up & I called my mother (Mom) to tell her & it were all the same to her, in the event that she had any concern for me at all, I was tired & we'd be reading up at Dave & Bill's, somehow around that time everything changed. And from that point on we did nothing but fuck with Dave, who was by that time, already to the point of [redacted]. But we, Jason, Eric & myself, by that time merely really needed showers, for we had been up all night obsessing like lunatics & were drenched in quite a foul sweat.

(When I began writing this account, just as an aside, I was still under the effect of it. Now I have come down.)

But enough Dave - it's like, every single aspect of his inane psyche we ever mistakenly revealed to us we stunned ourselves & to be raised, we teased him for. Everything. Everything from his not getting laid more frequently, to just the whole Freudian penis-thing in general, to his being Aries. We were harsh & generally unfriendly. We spoke openly about his preference for submission, this further reducing him. And even though we talked the most personal shit, we started trying to implant new shit - made-up free associations between eating weird, rubbery Chinese-style specialty [redacted] Jason & Eric repeatedly insisted on aligning themselves in thinking with Dave in a clinically, scientific manner), Cadbury creme-eggs, human heads & rabbits. And it came by this time we were so mighty tame down, just being ourselves as in Dave's place, funny as it was, because otherwise we'd have been bored.

It is possible however that the virus, so ubiquitous in this condition, so deliriously pervasive, might not ever stop mutating. We learned certain words deeply into Dave's mind. We all know that we got very close to touch when the drill inside of ourselves left night. But it's more than that. The idea of belief in a god, somewhere remote, terrified, still at the future fell of other consciousness.

I propose that none of us who were there ever mention it again. Ever. Let us take from it strength & technique, but I do not wish to remember being stuck playing head games until almost noon. I mean, right now as I write this it's almost five PM.

There are two final notes that maintain. 1) Ted John we got more text or mail from Mike Galbraith & then pretending to drop while he actually drove his first hit of the night, just so that we can really stay his mind raggedy; 2) Neil Mike Galbraith "this shit didn't work man, maybe you could give us a few more get-laps so that we can drop with you & can learn us about the right way to trip." just so we can turn on him & fuck with him.

Two memorable, tips from the first night: 1 did acid, then slept. The first is that acid ruins the flavour in the tap water, thus revealing the normal, unimpressive human condition.

The second is that "fucking with someone" is the only social art - an art of performance & precision. A staged mind-rape? Give me an ambient bouncy house, a microphone & a problem, motherfucker. I will go all in a crazy way.

* * *

I am up right the following night, but there is nothing to do. James Bender, whom I recently named, drags us out to a happy instead by Nurse Nina & their wives. James has a good time getting drunk & discovering quirky habits about people - Sara Stone, one of the referees, who snorted lauds out while shouting the was bi-sexual. I did not. Jason tries to rip me off for money he owes me for the acid by paying five dollars to the wine for me to drink. I was ready to leave that moment before I had even had the night, so I asked the other Mike (not "Steve" the Viking) if I could have back the five & I gave him a one. He couldn't get what I was asking because he was so drunk. "You want money back for what?" he slurred, "I can't do that." "You can," I told him, "Derek," "but you won't," & I walked off. "You don't get no my back for beer!" he screamed after me. "I'll see you tomorrow!" I'll get even with you for this tomorrow!" So I called the cops & took them there was someone two drunk selling beer to

That night I take myself out for a drive, just to move, to think, no expectations. I don't dress up nice like I normally do.

I want to circle to see whose cars were there, not intending to stop. John is outside smoking a cigarette with Cody, Mario + a few guys. So I stop. I get out to say hi. They waste my time a little bit talking about drugs like ordinary liberal village citizens, reciting a typical anecdote involving Cody making a ham & cold-paper sandwich that makes me smile for a moment. Then mine. Gallbraith shows up with his wife & the night perks up.

I score two hits from him & work out Eric & Dave's debt to me so that I only end up owing John me. Mr Jason can't be expected to pay me, we pay him $20 - which is his "friendly" price for 4, but he gives us 5 for it & I claim the extra. Candice drops at work & John drops for his second night in a row, while Mark's with it dealing Rasta Connie, John insisted I not be allowed to do), one flips up & tries away. We spend about an hour looking for it on the dirty-ass carpet floor of the projection booth & never find it; during this time Dave relaxes not to drop & gets home stoned & bored, mine gives us another for the one his mom dropped. (pin) & then talks to me some about dealing, which I tell him I'd like to get into; he explores a $120 front to start off with.

Appreciative returns, which would totally mess over my bank account, I need to seriously think about this, because if I can get into it deep & stay tough, I can make out a pretty O of $.

After mine leaves I decide to fuck with John & Candice a little bit, but the fallen hit somehow landed on me. I take it in work & can almost feel it. John smokes me out the rest of some kief (maybe) shake he scooped from inside the Dooby-pipe, mixed with tobacco, in a corn-cob pipe. Candice can't quit laughing and runs all over her cat pissed-on couches.

We go to bed & Eric & Sir around for nearly forever waiting for Eric to come back from Denny's with diamonds. By the time we get back I, having lost patience, have begun to try & pawn a book from John & Candy's bookcase. (Three Kids); the problem is that it literally takes me a motherfucking hour and a half to decrypt every last piece of shit card & then, I by the time we done this bullshit any high as worn as where first appeared to me. "I'm gonna trip this book off with some sinister, shady guys?" I muscle. "But... it's all shine," points out Eric. "Yeah, that's the point," I say. "It's a weird game."

We smoke & try to make faces to fuck with John & Candy. John does nothing but complain about us - which is the opposite

of his ordinary, outrageous manner - leading me to believe he was only cropping on attitude to look tough, because he'd heard us talk so much about how allowing yourself to be fucked with while on acid made markedly apparent the difference between weak & strong people, & John for some reason (perhaps he is afraid of something) needed to seem tough that night.

It didn't work. He tried to insult Eric & I by giving us a detailed physical description of the rashes he assured us of reminding him of, badly for his age his hetrosexuality failed to evoke remotely recognisable distress at us, & his comments of this nature [redacted] served [redacted] to [redacted] him look dumb especially in light of how tasty & proletarian his manner had been around the time we screamed he mis & how he told me that pot-jokes on my Patty Bonds / Fool till were the "high-level"), meanwhile he would only tolerate Daft Punk - unpunished dance music.

Candice felt sorry for Eric overheard, I think, & Eric feels I told about the sexuality of the power struggle & it turned her on. Eric & John sat in the bivvi-bit side of the room, while Kate & my face were bathed by the red lava lamp, leaning over Eric's knee. Eric compared this to heaven & hell, as if we were looking into heaven on weed, & heaven was cold. I think it further though. It's more like heaven is underwater & John & Candice are in zero-G (an internalization of daydreaming resultant from a mentally altered state) as fishes, and Eric & I were birds, beaked by hell, which was a comfort. I took it all the way, saying ultimate guilt & depression was akin to the synthetic, resisting depths of the ocean, while ultimate bliss & mania was the sensation of flying in the blinding, thin oxygen of the upper atmosphere. I described the feeling of being underwater to Candice as being like "waves moving as waves not skin everywhere at once" and, though John would claim not to have been listening, she soon collapsed into his lap and moan.

Sex is not simpler than Faith. For someone who wants their "freedom" John was on the brink of a nervous breakdown the night before his foreign wedding.

In any event we continued the evening by sitting on the apartment complex's steps & experiencing the approach of scattered thunder storms.

I slept through a relatively important appointment with my mini group at a restaurant which I swore to & down I'd make it to. Later I text Anuja - the professor - I was a jerk interview fucking whatever. Was I supposed to tell it that me or inside?

it's my life & I can do just what the fuck it pleases me to do.

The following night I go over to Dave & Evie's where they, myself, & a skater named Adam Robinson sit around totally sober (for the first night unanimously so in at least a month) & watch Scarface. The plan had been for everyone, except me to hang out with Jim (who broke into my room) & Jason (who just generally loves down on me) & watch Aliens. But because I wasn't going, & Evie intended on hanging out with Adam, they decided not to go - which only left Jason, Jim & John & an awkward & uncomfortable gathering at best, especially since they would have nothing better to do than badmouth me (which I take as a type of flattery). So a little while later John shows up & - much to my delight, tries to act superior because no one would leave JD doing this with me to do anything with ever, including him. He refused to sit next to me, preferring to sit in the darkness outside the circle of seats, which probably obscured his view of the TV. After trying to insult me with his presence for a while he struggled to further insult me by leaving. John's limitless capacity for simplicity never ceases to fascinate me, & will likely serve as his primary, unintentional method of pissing me off long as I tolerate knowing him.

At any rate, I stole a copy of the Satanic Bible, Friday (before Scarface) & then after it would have cost me to a homeless pregnant woman, along with a ride up the street to the grocery store where, if Crowders were doing his job, I knew the girl harassed, arrested & jailed for vagrancy or solicitation or whatever they call the crime of having not. This story amuses me because it reminds me of Irina, as many things do. I believe - after watching Dave be friend with - that, by conditioning, our lovers make us all as exactly what we are right now in every important way.

Have I mentioned I intended to kill her - or rather, pay my friend's friend some $200 or $300 to slip her act in Indiana when I worked around the streets of New York & accidentally over-considered not doing that. And now that she's moving down here, or - if my paranoid senses are correct - now that she's here already, I don't know exactly how to handle it. I'd love to terrify her, nothing seems quite just by me, though no scheme for vengeance that far has aroused any hope for satisfaction. 2 & a half years ago she fucked me & I never came. A year before that she was menstruating on my cock - a metaphysical, psychological castration ritual, I mean, I was

(two side notes while I'm looking at them: it kinda ages me about me two years after being dumped in union I were the same exact clothes out of necessity for her, I will say - I felt as though I were dressed in shape & camouflage; & ask her if she's ever seen 'the flower king' before, that one-wedding-hat. Also; even while I am writing all this, I myself am analyzing the parody, scrutinizing as it were the implication of the direct psychological impact & my consequential feelings for any given event as I am describing. By the way - more every time I get the least bit high it's the same interagent, acid head-trip. Even if it's only a cigarette. I should know, I'm aware of every last little one of my thoughts & my shoulders hurt (because the weed we were smoking was laced with strychnine). I just wanted to mention how high I was before it wore off, on, also B.T.W. - I'm only inserting even a long interjection to prove Jason's power supply even only based on my assessment at the time, I mind you - that was before all of tonight happened...]
(read instead of "but" implies criticism with emotions re Jason's weakness)

Suffice to say that every single second was a head-to-head match for social-insight. At one point, for

quite a long time, he felt very casual while I said nothing. I interjected a remark pertaining to the disney trip - which was now obsolete (Jason's not project like that (gonna be used to have) - (I said, "it would really break my heart if I didn't get to go.") but we got distant-minded & mentioned to Dave that, since he wouldn't go with us (Jason didn't know it at the time but Eric won't be going with them either because his car broke down), he could go later with Lisa & Jennifer. (notice the indicative lower case.) So immediately after Jason left the room I began planning to go later with all of them. At any rate, I had to voluntarily swallow some attitude about "why I had to be born in all-hole now?" & I will refer back to my new best-friend Jason if the needs arise & how suddenly I can sensibly change. Of course, she will not care, because she cares about me as little as any other random whatever guy happened to be on the radio at the moment she sat down to write me (which happened to mistake Jason's "man in the mirror"-ness reaffirming her use for the name "michael" & sending me to mail delivered by sub-change.) & even a little mention of it later from Eric, but by the end of the night I was comparing my weakness at street fighter (which

by the way, I kept winning all night) to his sister's. Around
8:30, we were playing the game at the time he was choosing
me out the most. Usually anything = a curse, maybe two; I
after that we sat back, remarked for the rest of the night), so
we said things like "look at me, take it on the chin!" "You
deserve it!" & the like. Jason, rationally, opted to settle it
violently like a gentleman & then retire for the evening, but
me - it surprised me, I was prepared for true violence to go
down. I've been playing Street Fighter too much - at least
better at in the real life we, I get more prone to real violence.
Jason the level-headed ought to recognize that situation-
response, but he doesn't.)

[Rick just drove by my house! Trina was probably in
the car! The white Taurus engine pulled up, paused,
then pulled away as they stopped to try & see me
through my partially-drawn shades. I heard it happen!
Amazing! Wonderful! Earlier I listened to the sound
of the wind! I've never heard that before - the wind
is not like of concrete & homes with breathing, trying to
become a city. And I could hear the sound of semi-
trucks on the invisible highway far away, & pixie with
my mind exactly how far away they are & in exactly which
direction; also, are they the visitors in motion, which direction,
etc. Sometimes I hear a noise & when I tried to look to the
source I saw only a clear view of deep, purplish outer-space.
It was the glassine air in between where walking I had heard
the stirring of the atmosphere itself - that wrinkled thin layers
of clothing Earth had on to conceal her womanhood. Kind of
someone just revised by beauty again! Trina really must want
me! And crackish of all for love of my weather stick! Brave in
my homeless knight underwear-like sweater - how are they
both probably think of me still wearing. I can hear them out
there (a car starts!) making their moves. Perhaps I should
stop naked and just sit in front of the
window to provoke a reaction.]

After I settled the situation and Jason, begrudgingly, accepted
his old, now-distended role as "friend", Raymond stopped by. (Oh,
by the way - during our squabble we smoked alot of weed. The
first time that went around of weed. (Online tonight from Rick
[can you understand the John Spencer Blues Explosion reference
earlier?], Jason took several puffs with from mine & I, the victorious
stoner-mold, only cleared out the left-overs of the pot & then

praised (no jokes). Then, I superimposed his ass with Simone's. I was still not high while he was "recorded" playing with everybody else. Then, after I felt I had sufficiently won, I actively aimed to indulge in more weed - a small, personal reward in order to spare Candice, although I was truly addressing Jason, the embarrassment of being so much higher than me. I smoked it, got high.)

By the time Desmond came over I felt completely comfortable. Jason, who was only trying to show off & was dangerously careless & irresponsible with his attitude earlier, and I had totally reversed roles, only now I truly was at total ease. I did turn down an overt offer Desmond made to replace us his weed friend, bro, anybody who would go with him to drink coffee - but only because I don't care for coffee. I considered Jason's power-play & his promptly awkward conflict a failed coup attempt immediately upon leaving (unless I did write down & date Bought, (also the game) it having been his suggestion to go & mine to stay & wait out that play).

This night I had so much power I came to understand the whole "oppressed neighbor-race" motive ahead to shame I saw the war & war-makers as the whole media. I also got taken up by thinking of all the times girls tried to drop a stone, it often a jerky,

wake
~~snapple~~ into our conversations while we were still going out. Thinking back on it & them her delivery wasn't half bad. It was very white-male-nerd-edgy, but I really do love that style - very British. I believe she learned to speak English from audio tapes with a British accent & timing in any event. I just love myself up for having missed out on all of those & sharing this whole thing with her, or having sex in this type of bondage. It's much too late now. Lisa was switched her side. She used to be my queen, & now she's over with the opposition. Christ, they're playing Warzone & fucking naked bondage! I can feel 'em on there, the slime-covered insects! Can't what a neat idea for a video game! A shell-game where there are two kings & combat - the wins, as with the individual pieces as normal & some button-jumping fighting-skills? The missions where strategies & aggression are played out, having planning & plotting overall warfare - time learning how the spirit & the sword of being a nintendo-trained warrior in the near-Japanese army.] Even Burroughs is a fucking paranoid-ass hallucinogenic, insane; the one time I kick first friends! An various friends are all stoners & dealers now. And if one is in their 30's or connected she deserves the title Goddess-mother.

The only way to get at her is to surround my own stash, build up my own posse, my tribe, my court, a gang even, & pimp so that they can get my back against him. I use young (of which term would be the worst). I need to make friends with some big strong guys - make them my new besties - in order to intimidate him & his ways with that "why-I-oughta" resting a fist near [illegible]'s frequently intimidate my current friends. But my friends are, on the whole, pretty weak. Dave can't stand up to Eric; Jason won't stand up to me; John prefers not to stand up to anybody. But Eric's evil machinations might impress Mike's religiously-hindered simple brain. I fully recognize myself as a gangster now, & although I am as much as I hate it & the patterns of behavior of every willing recidivist - is my hood, their main interest is money, so it becomes mine; their main method: risk appearance - I master this in a moment.

What will Mike imagine of me now, & will I be able to do anything but beat the shit out of her the very first time I see eyes on her with regardless of her weakness, worthless opinions? Find out on the next installment of the Tim Skorenko "Bloody Shoeshine."

This reminded me of a first for absence I must mention before I give my record. Why was my dirty work to dream like there's no tomorrow (or rather, the tomorrow won't have been enough). The night before - when Jenn & Candice were on acid & me hung out briefly with Jen - I set my trashing of Jim as hang out; stamped it across his face & told him to tax it. He just smirked. I have him figured out now. He's not criminal at all; he's just playing one - mimicking whom he sees, driving around, feeling superior. As in 20 & pathetic seduction. But anyway - that night, right after asking him why he wrote into my room, what was he looking for, did he find it, etc. I asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up. He didn't know. He's the same as Erica, only he wants to be even more. I told him, to solve his drug-free lifestyle, that I planned to do nothing but drug sell & design poster advertisements in art for the rest of my life. I got quite famous too.

I suspect if I survive this summer that's seriously what I shall strive to do. One way or the other. Mike's role for my future, if any, is not going to be by underhanded sleuthy. Jason may indeed do alone with Jenn to Disneyland, but when he comes back he may find I own a harem of girls, his sister & his handsome cousins even. I can take on anyone now. I've got Tony Hawkman's video & Adam Walsh's resolve. Epic-pussin.

time is still a big issue with the idea to get me the visa "A.S.A." for half a summer only; it took me two years to figure out it meant "keeping it real." I'm not afraid of her friends in visions. I can watch him with her any night. On one even I would have had him with the water. Being on the bubble, the bath seems I'm ready.

* * *

I play with my sleep, waking up every few minutes between 11 pm & 6 pm because I keep hitting the snooze button on my alarm & it keeps going off. After this I am very pleasant for the rest of the evening, feeling very happy & accomplished.

My job hunt does not go well. I resent the very generation for their divorce rate, because it seriously crippled the ability of my generation's proletariat from simply "getting connected" to a job through someone in the family. This practice in particular in the South is founded upon an inherent or masonic, but for me at least existentialism & the work ethic just down go hand in hand.

On the other hand, I am beginning to succeed already as a drug dealer (umm, I mean by the ridiculous way I dress - in hand-picked Hawaiian shirts and nice shoes, with a gazette just like a drug-lord all rolled nice), I get my new rules to

learn & realize & feeling generous & somewhat, pay them they can pay me "whenever." This means more money to spend on weed - so they do. They talk with mine & over the phone & so that they can keep fuck on with (and in wonderful!), they elect me to go pick it up. I do this so that I can chat with mine, who is high on pot ~~smoke~~ & has turned into Jesus the Hulk. (Um - by the way - it is often impolite to refer). I had never noticed before how many drug-specific words there are everywhere in pop-culture! There are fucking entire genres & styles of music just based on fucking with people in different ways on different drugs.

I have got to write a paper for an advertising class in the next two years somehow extending the virtue of staging your target audience personally - putting yourself in their shoes. This is so that, from their perspective, you can determine exactly what provokes the strongest reaction - i.e. what fucks with their heads the most - & maximize those exhilarating elements in your advertisement. For example, Starbucks exists for insomniacs; or rather something more positive-appealing to the ones rather than their terror - perhaps something like, say, steam ethers for insomniacs & flights of angels.)

At any rate mine pushes me the week I've not been trying & seeing Zaid. Last Friday in Vienna down Skiing & exercise enough tires to keep me and my acquaintances home all day. So I visit my friend who lives in that building to tell him my e-mail address before he goes to L.A. so he can keep me apprised of the scene out there, but he isn't in so I go onto that & Jason & Candice's magazine - the ones I picked up just when from mine, you remember?

We sit around 'til nine & it starts to rain. We don't smoke any more, so by 9:30 I'm prepared to go, but then I remember that my mother & Arthur are doing this experiment/game where they try to stay up all night. I am halfway home when it hits me. I would not want to see me this high at this hour (I get high with this is good stuff mine got for us. He is a good guy.) So I go back & finish watching Back to the Future. Then I have some tea & I have some of leaving Hazel. I found it sad the other day when I realized I was not sad that, somehow remarkably, my heart was in a concentration camp for a few months 25 years. And now I feel so positive about myself I am even mentally capable of rationalizing racial theories of cross-generativity (yeah, why we attaching to my body-brain theory, which is some seriously sci-fi stuff!) since I know that black culture only seems less complex and well-developed because they were repressed. As slaves for so many centuries, and not the other way around. And then there's music - Twins were tribal, darker skinned, agricultural peoples have a denser grasp - but I don't know just how much this has degree of civilization. I figure, civilization began with writing - the attempt to externalize & formalized expression, in effect to create a library of all thoughts, an artificial brain at the foundation of society, a database to run the global modern social craft - but writing captured language, which began very physically - the assertive or submissive grunt that established the class differentiation among our primitive, primal ancestors. Does music pertain to externalizing the brain or the body? I think it will be the nerves - the method of pure, chemical communication. Music certainly feels all drugs, but will only raises a more puzzling question: does civilization flourish (in the short run & for the long run) in support of or in rejection of the recreational use of mind-altering drugs?

None of this really matters. I'm sure it's just the thing since friends sit around & talked of wonderingly in Indiana, pointing over various, moist, girlish persons for hours upon hours. I

think for the most of her - I have this to that civilian war
makeup where she is using just to get at me. The kids she
thinks there may be hope of us getting together, but I have
figured out about her the only redeeming thing which she held
secret from me - her being I thought make her so distant &
intriguing. And it's nothing. It's this - weak. I this - acid. And
a little bit of vodka perhaps by now maybe even cocaine. But
these shy little habits, not the in-your-face way she always tried
to reveal them to me in bi-polar (Wrong if we to have worthy I
was by my street-wise knowledge based on Marion, never letting
me in on them herself), none of this lifestyle really makes her
that evil. It's just that now I began to comprehend the direction
in which she's chosen to aim her already-withering life. By deaf
she thinks I'm incapable of change we always used to stay heavily
when we hugged, because I shared despite her with as much charity
devotion as she did to me - but she only wanted someone to
hang on. With when I see her weak I'm just gonna lean back on
let me when cling on for dear life like some little girl glad to
see her daddy. And that will fuck with her simple, Russian white
head. I'll say, "now do we need to find out if it the person I
am now can work with that person you've always been." And

then I suppose we'll see what's happen. Like has a disappointing
habit of getting in the way of greatness - especially involving
mediocrity & weakness, uncertainty, into otherwise cinematic
"perfect moments" or epic plots (even as modest). The fact that I
am so yet unsure of what I will do in that situation, particularly
because it is so important to me and the furthest thing from
matters consuming my mind, is perpetually nerve-wracking.

It's rather like my discomfort with Jim Lebon due to my inability
to comprehend his motivations, really understand what makes
him tick; I his consequential relative unpredictability. We hung
out with Jenn, Candice & I last night while we smoked a whole,
& after I stopped trying to get inside Jim's head with personal
questions & just tested him for what we did reveal (a preference
for the band "Bad Religion" which stinks) and suggest ways in
which we could fuck around with other people (seeing Dave we
both somehow slightly "revolt-sive"), I became as comfortable
with him as any of my regular, sober friends, & we relaxed so
much we wandered around at my very suggestion.

By the way - I talked to that guy Steve at Safeway Apartments.
Apparently the drunk guy who was planning on stealing me is
named Emile. Although Steve didn't really seem to recognize

Emily, I still got the impression they considered one another friends, so I tried to convey my apologies for the situation that either might be in. I paid my dues by standing there & putting up with the rain, who insisted on wearing an endlessly dense wool coat which just like the whole price I originally took him to be, in any event, I deem have finished a novel by the time I spend writing in here after I get home in the morning, the more explicit my mother is of my life style. I suppose, however, that in a way I'm writing all this down for her to read - either now or at some point later. After I'm dead I suppose. Mental, I am addressing it to all the people, or rather anyone, who might want to know what my life was like but can't bring themselves to ask, or simply just assume they already know, or think I know. A straight answer.

* * *

I say five years, very high, to see mike mcgregor, his famous musician arse on stage. I was keen trying to feel enthusiastic with him where he knew, such weird things got more were difficult. Fiona made some uncomfortable, & he was my only real friend here. I was in a corner, I got dressed up to nicely & then was in a corner. People drank beer. The woolly mammoth was there - mine brought his family. Dad was there, & his friends. I don't fit in with them. Dad was down on beer. He eventually did make me four when I was like four years ago. We have, we try to go to a party with dad & bits everyone there is aware. Liam was asked everyone, but no to come over, we do. We won't let me in. We toss me in the kind of an answer. I took me just doesn't want to be friends with me anymore. He has a secret buddy of his there once in a while. He intends to smoke weed with all of his friends & this new friend, my reinforcement, I think have still begin seeds for a few hours trying to unsuccessfully delete his perfect rhyme. I go smoke & little rain with Bill there. Since we have we pipe we try to see it as not a terrible joint; what we try to avert it.

All I was about why everybody seems to think I am the worst person on earth. Recently Rick thinks "I am a virus" I don't am wasting my life on drugs." This is obviously not true at all - I was the only one of my friends to finish this term of college, it is mainly since I thought (I still think, for I have no evidence to the contrary) of this. Perhaps his assessment of me, like Dad's, is coloured by the fact that I don't have a job. Perhaps it is the difficult to reconcile anyone who doesn't function as much as you do, work + both because the opposite. Later - I suppose - even minimum wage - till people of who

[At this point my mother interrupts me & we have one of those moments, you know? I open up my feelings like a can of worms - basically like pulling a knight inside a shiny armor suit of rage. I have not sat down without worrying about something in I don't remember how long. Now I am in my car sitting at a red light. The early morning sun is pink, my air conditioning feels nice, but I got so worked up (raging like sea breeze) during the conversation it's probably just the endorphins talking, my mother tried to give me advice about anger, having had no experience advice was really what I was looking for. I wanted to go to the park, but not alone, so I have come to the Water in Woodbridge parking lot & am going to check on Jackie. I think she may be able to understand the guy I just ranted with. I used to feel like there was something wrong with having feelings, thought they were bad or dangerous, the great or the worthless. I unconsciously hated emotions, but now, perhaps only for right now, I can feel, & it feels wonderfully strange.

I hang out with Jackie & Brad Becky (who is here working as Brad's in for that day only). They are the first people to see my new haircut. They like it. Becky seemed to feel more at ease talking with me. We eat cake, later pizza. Bo (ex-staff, mish, Jackie & I) try to go see a midnight Friday night movie, of course I see. Jamie & Mustafa there, individually & not together, but, refreshingly, due to my haircut neither one even notices me. It is fine.

We go back to my house to locate car keys & I receive a phone call from John. He & Candice, have finished (one I will have to ask to understand how I feel, being as they've grown up in similar woods), Brad. Come to "stopping with" on the way the wrong from Gallows & while pay) & Daniel (Becky's brother) show up. Nick tells me he can get a job for me at Wonderworks. I give Candice the $$ she & I got from Bill. (For which I actually only paid $5) as if it were a $$ nature, I guilt trip her a little about the rental I never paid for. I make her struggle to split it with John. I give them all C.D. Battery, wine glasses up after Jackie & Nick leave) orange juice, cashews & chocolates. They lounge around smoking cigarettes, John plays my mother's guitar without asking & leaves his cigarette butts around on the patio. Even trying to win it by rubbing them out; not to obviously now owned by John, who was been trying to spend more "quality" time with our friends from work &. I help them contact John so that he can bring utensils & the keys to them in order to facilitate their leaving. Most of them say goodbye.

Daniel promises to get me new customers & nice figures & he can buy it. I have to talk to Bill & the other Jonathan, both of I

do get a job, I can make more money dealing acid.]

I believe I understand more than I did not, nor do I, hate my friends because they are not mine, I hate them because they are not me. The difficult part about not having friends (I'll use only friends due to drugs - other than this one, as individuals, have nothing in common. I believe the result's mainly dependent from my house given this.) is that, without friends, without a lover & without a job, the only thing there is in my entire life for me is writing about how much the absence of these commodities sucks, in here. But I know that, to be a non-complete & true writer my self, I don't need anyone else for anything, I won't use people; I have always tried to be as true about how I feel for someone at any given moment as possible. In fact, my worst assessments of people or of the circumstances of my relationship with them, partially caused by my impatience with their self-asserted laziness, is the thing that probably activates my alienation from all those who know & define me.

It's an all mental activity anyway. My problems need a nice doing out, a serious cleaning. As this goddamned age one must live from one day to the next. Earlier today I was considering suicide again. I am literally addicted to this thought; it comforts me when I am distressed. I made a deal with my mother wherein every night this week I would play in nights, eat dinner with her & start anti-depressants. One other thing that I am not as clear as she is (which she considers material) is: firstly I work me broken and secondly I should want to be sick. I realize her love me as a different person than her I am. I realize her she only wants me to go on living for her own selfish reasons and that I only allow her to feed me or give me money out of pity for her in this. I realize her my life belongs to no one but me & I think, if I cannot find anything on this planet that can make me happy, then it is nobody's business but my own. If I should get a gun, and it is my decision & not her neighbor. (Begin [insert] section roughly here.)

On the other hand, right now (3pm), it might feel better to buy a gun with the money I make selling acid & then kill everyone who ever offended me before killing myself. Goodnight.

* * * 6/11/98

It has been one week exactly since I last wrote in here. I have been staying in nights and taking anti-depressants regularly. This I swore and, by doing so to purge drugs, so... I am high right now, apparently "too high to write."

I am sitting at my computer and listening to the college radio station in weak glances while working with a pen but my pen is so lousy, I have no idea how badly my pen is

writing, & my mother is taking being asleep in the next room. I feel rich. You see, as I was walking in from driving around (which felt just like a rollercoaster, thank you very much) I understood one of the main reasons Jason feels he can't be my friend anymore & why he's behaving so strangely towards me. It's just that I'm doing rich. This particularly offends him because I don't seem to notice I'm doing it, which he takes specific notice of being as how he is poor and very intelligent. He must come from good breeding - perhaps a South American family removed from even though his family was dark hair.
the continent (obviously a mediterranean country like Spain or something) by only 3 or 4 generations; though his environment has very much conditioned him to do drugs that decrease his vigilance and increase his sensitivities to the level down people (like I imagine my mum, Barbie, sometimes Arthur, Candice's mates, even Nina B- as people, I might add, who don't mind the occasional country music song) experience as a general condition of everyday living; a condition which has obviously existed in his environment long enough for people of his ethnic appearance to have gotten a television broadcasting-based stereotype (which says popular trends

by at least a decade) associating them with the practice.

Nonetheless, his discomfort & inexplicable dislike for me is exactly what I felt for mum around the [redacted] time he got rich. And I had never thought of it this way before, but (weird memes me an actual, numerical unemployment problem opinion.... no, it doesn't.) something must have happened to make Emily around that time to make them "get rich", to make mum go from wearing over-40s to wearing catered-shirts and khakis. I remember at that time that his father just got promoted & that his mother had just gotten a job; one must have been working awfully hard to, and he must have been really desperate for. (what an awesome & testing grammatical problem for students who have the active vs. the passive voice!) They must have backed [redacted] which my mother just recently did - allowing her to buy nice things (a watch, a new purse) & allowing me to dress rich. That means that there are new millionaires living in my neighbourhood; & they can't get along with the people in the posh houses they grew up in in the hillies because now they're getting paid up above the level of riches and they're in competition with each other. Everyone is

having itself completely up above the maker-level mark for "1st world" country, or even "developed" (America is post-developed; we are all winning capitalist millionaires, my mother & I can fly like the rich instead of swim with the swollen, drowned & limping, gypsy-like & forest-dwelling fish of the poor, we're "in the money"! And the fact that I understand it means I have undergone some kind of coming-of-age ritual (apparently based on abstaining from weed), some exercise of the will which (ostensibly) stimulated my precise biological trigger for becoming a man. I am a "very late bloomer." And Jason, already being a man in this way, envies me in the normal because he feels he more deserves to live in the nicer house, closer to the city. Rick has experienced a kind of either dropping out of or raising distantly up above the social class he and I previously shared - the level of those just about to wreak $2 million, those just outside the city gates - while similarly moving physically in towards the center of the city - which says something (both contempt from above or envy from below) of his feeling for me, & which says quite just about his feeling actually superior to me, because he now hangs out just with the "cool" kids, the poor inner-city kids who define trends in fashion (both clothing and music), the children of bourgeois middle-class hippies, and whom are, themselves, largely defined by what drugs the spirit is "trucking down" to their apartments during their formative years. I am certain that my father was just a bourgeois hippie, & ultimately came home every night late & went straight to the bathroom, pretending my mother to suspect that he was having endless affairs, because every night he smoked-out with his college friends, his hippie friends (or whatever), and because he was having endless affairs. Furthermore, I bet that - being as how he was the only white professor on a "historically black university" campus (although now that I think on it, that might not be true) and because he still wore a beard - he was known around campus as something of an eccentric egghead hippie; & also for being a notorious womanizer and scandalous sweat (jazz music, white wine & lingerie type).

John Lakin has probably been ruin the whole time we've known him. Curious is why he & Rick for that matter, get along better with everyone I introduce them to than with me; although that is probably just a personality thing. But then, according to this line of reasoning, personality is

more or less exclusively the result of economics, to some lesser extent, the result of economics-motivated breeding. America is shaping up like the nazi dream-state. I can see why the nazis thought communism & nazi-ism were so definitively Jewish - the reducing even interpersonal behavior down to the level of opposing social tribes based on competing amounts held of the entire world's wealth.) John has always tried to zen his tastes towards music and the interests of the city and technological progress - right down to loving science-fiction. He acts so disappointed all the time because so many of his friends are so into fantasy, beer or the countryside. He dates Candice who is, no doubt, an urban woman. But then, John's only rich because his father, who is particularly uptight about it, has a lot of money, & his father is a drug-dealer, or rather, was one that "got away" from the drug-deal gone bad a decade ago - the drug-deal which made Jason's father & moved Jason off the economic territory to which he is genetically pre-accustomed.

I CAME THIS HIGH TO BETHANY.

420-4164

The only time I feel like writing about my own life are when I am drunk or high. Right now I am the former. I have tried everything else (ex., driving around, spending time with friends, & of course, drinking more.) to entertain myself & none of it has worked. Even though each letter looks silly beyond belief to me, I'd rather write right now than succumb to unconsciousness as I should - just as when I am unconscious I don't care to awaken.

I have been reading alot about conspiracies (the CIA - Allen Dulles, etc.) & thinking alot about Nina. Typical stuff. I am on anti-depressants. I've been trying to get a job, etc.

Life in America is ordinary. I drink. I am afraid. I know too much. I am lonely. I long to spend time with the wrong kind of people. I exaggerate everything out of boredom. Etc. Nothing more need be said.

The drink savers me up a little. If I were my mother I would be more suspicious. The drink (sweet tasting Triple Sec - I smack my lips) plus music takes me to a different place. I rove over it as if in my sleep. A walking dream

Nearly 6:00 in the morning. Home. Way too drunk to drive, wearing jackets clothes because I puked on mine, I took the interstate. Fascinating. Passed out on the toilet during Pulp Fiction. Too sad. Feel like an ordinary human. Irina would be proud. Going to sleep. Goodnight.

A few days later; depressed all day I rush to comfort Jamie, who has been ditched by Nick. I drive over listening to depressed music, deciding I can be of any use I arrive. & she is crying so I drink a little vodka & put my arm around her. His vibe had penetrated hers - his coldness, his flash, even his smell were in her house - but he was gone. & maybe never coming back. All I could think was it was like a form of property - see that his heart (taking him) wasn't in.

I smoked a cigarette & began doing what I do best - talking about sociology. I talked about Durkheim, Lincoln & the formation of the emotionally-defined city-proletariat, & about how students emulate their style in symbolic empathy for their economic plight, but also how certain cultures value music as a way for individuals to get rich quick. I talked about how American society was upside down, placing the sum necessary for wealth above the moral justice desired by the poor - essentially worship God & overthrow the devil. Of course I mentioned Nietzsche & his valuation of strength over sympathy, equating this with people who desired fun so much they were completely indifferent to the pain it caused others. Then I began to bring it down to the personal level, pondering why people insisted on destructive behavior despite being educated & socialized as to the logic & morality of sincerity. At some point I crept a little myself & confessed I wanted to be a priest, like Gandhi or Mother Theresa.

I talked about my grandfather & what a strong man he was, & how he destroyed his body with cigarettes & alcohol. When he got drunk & opened up his true feelings he wasn't happy about the circumstances of his life. And when he was lying on his death bed he was so weak he couldn't even lift his head from the pillow. He was ashamed. But he left behind alot of money.

Even though, I said, I cannot fathom human psychology - why Alan would run away with a destructive girl when Jamie treated him so well, why my grandfather lived such a life - perhaps this self-destructive urge is human with evil. What makes us different from monkeys is that we can predict our own death. This, in a

way, precipitated capitalism. After death one can only leave behind some token of their greatness - a monumental pyramid, a wealthy way of life. But then Nietzsche took us further, calling for the murder of God. Let us revel in rather than fear that knowledge which divides us from our testers. Let us fear nothing & embrace death.

So now the human consciousness has evolved to the adolescent, imperialistic stage where we embrace every frightening opportunity, live for the moment (ignoring the future & all consequences), conquering all in fits of arrogance. The opposite of that morbid, introverted child we once were, fed on innocence & agriculturalism.

But can we not already, even so soon after Nietzsche, predict what comes next, not a complete adoption of one or the other, but a holistic appreciation for both? This is what the hippies fought for: a synthesis of the good poor & the evil rich not based on conflict, but on peaceful understanding, forgiveness & new hope for both, reflected in the futures of each other. The understanding by all of the importance of the contributions to the whole of humanity by each individual other, not the survival of one at the expulsion of the other, but both. Let us say, those who sit on the sidelines & contemplate the subjective form of "happiness" & those who jump immediately in without thinking, & try to drown themselves in the sensation of pleasure - we can all become both of these roles. In this way we can all be mature enough & enthusiastic enough to, as individual citizens, each shoulder the responsibility of governing ourselves in a true, direct democracy.

And in this way I gave Jackie hope, not necessarily for him, but for us as I, most importantly for any American, hope for herself. I also found myself into it I, although it was almost over, we decided to go to the club on our own & to dance.

This we did. And it was fabulous.

I often think of Stalin when I play the piano. I do not see him as insane, as was said towards the end. I do not see him as vengeful, indifferent, cold or detached. His fists are sober, nimble, stiffened by the frigid wind, but his blood boils within him. I see Stalin's strength. He was one of the strongest men of his century, but of Caesars & Bonapartes, one of the strongest men of history. He repressed his opposition, defeated technologically superior German invaders, stood strong in opposition to the U.S. - a superpower of almost-happiness - and evicted the Russian tsarist rule with, drunk & shivering, through the technological revolution into the space age. I think of his bristling brow, his severe moustache.

I find myself attracted to cuteness, to the behaviors & features of young, agilely children; waiting at supermarkets, desire to squeeze, playing chase, roughhousing, but for me to respect this for which I care some small amount an element of the painter is also necessary. I cannot accept that perpetual innocence, that idyll adjunct, that intentional ignorance of influences & control that age of suffering - "oh that's the real." I then turn their brain on reality in order to give themselves to you, those mindless, impotent prizes that fetish stock. I made love care only for distraction & festivity, sticken me. Hippies in the park playing frisbee ~~with~~ to be exterminated. I want a girl with a gleam in her eye. Someone dark. Someone who plays naughty when she gets away. Someone in it for the life of it,

it's difficult right now. I have more energy, but am less unsure of my direction. I don't want to disappoint my partners (I don't like them enough to call them "friends" - I think of them simply as representatives of my generation) by leaving them away, but I don't want to disappoint my mother (who has her own interests & the family & our money at heart) by spending my time with such unproductive losers. I try to stay true to saying "yes" to everything, but always end up siding with class all by my lack of motivated dedication. And I hate the rain.

I sleep for two days & wake up insane.

So happy thinking too much of him. She is everything I ever wanted in a partner. If I was drunk last we could do anything. I have no idea why "Burn all we had" - pic noted. I pictures, daydream, property exchanged. The conviction of what we were. But if she & mine ever even mention me, even & mine report I am "the same" to anonymous friends she likes him more than me, then she is still thinking of me. I am still somewhat important to her. What we were & are. We have nothing. But there is always what we will have.

Perhaps Michael's feelings for me are similar to mine for him.

I have a certain unquenchable manner (or should I say it's a lack of manner, for this drive of my inborn spirit must have really been trained or disciplined from the repetitive of behaviors which constitutes my being permissive that I've been raised with the mundane value-system of a higher social class or else the will to want to shield away from myself that which failed to gain me positive recognition). This manner is to generate a feeling of impotence with my guests. It is manifest in a pregnant silence, an inability to begin a conversation; in this state I am overwhelmed by a feeling of helplessness and, in a panic to find the perfect ground or ground with which to claim my way free (according to accept the convenient golden key given me by my frustrating aptitude for recognizing pre-existing conversational trends in explicitly based on generation, age-group, social-status, etc.) & feeling generally frantic for either freedom from the situation or freedom from their presence. my guests, sensing my discomfort, & suffering with me the same awkward unendurable silence, think I have nothing more to say to them & am waiting for them to leave, which is true. my disqualification comes from wishing it were otherwise. I might sit & stare at someone in silence for days & then, the moment after they finally dare to open their mouths & speak, demand of them haughtily: "is that all you have to talk about?" To use my agony in the company of most others seems forgivable at least; at most admirable. But to most it is an insult. They are, after all, putting up with me. Is it so much trouble for me to do the same (unaware & incomprehensible fools? Yes, it is. I don't know why. They talk slowly; what they say they have said a million times before, or heard someone they admire do so. (Because a million different people they admire each said so once.) They never smell like fruits waiting to die. Sometimes they consult on their grand schemes & (waiting in a parking lot, exist suddenly their real plans whenever they aren't around me. It is as though every fleeting being were in a conspiracy to distract me with boredom while excluding me from every & any event of any value. I bore my friends by talking to them like they sound like to me, or degrade them into interesting resentment of me by thinking not well. But I have been a fascination with things, social issues & affects and a continually expanding amazement with myself, every jot & tittle feature of my being, even lackadaisical pride, that everyone (even such tasks down upon, they are so patient with themselves; so Proustian, so Durkheim, so Something; they miss or are oblivious to their drives, are uninterested in anyone else's perspective of any "big picture" (even wary of the notion of meta-paradigms, so conditioned are they to believe that everyone has their own personal "philosophy" & that no one else's can be given weight right for them). people

Palm Springs comes up & we start talking about her life since being dumped by John. At the time that event happened, I thought it was what was best for both of them. I'm glad to be proved right in Palm's case. John is "on the rocks" - by which I mean he's into hard drinking up & drowning, as well as the underlying of depression. John is now a pot junkie.

& Jason made him that way, what I find interesting about Jason is how empty he is. For him there is only science; science has a body, which happens to be called Jason, & within has to continue eating in order to continue being called Jason. What Dan Taylor said of Jason's brother Will after dating her is also intimately true of Jason. Diane said only, "She has no soul." This is more obvious in her case, as her dark style, [redacted] her surroundings with symbols & such, reminds one of religious concepts such as the soul; she seems somehow a paradox. But in Jason his lack of spirit is nevertheless implicit, as understated as the anti-septic air conditioning of a laboratory. & when examined easily as evening. To Jason people are nothing but variables, like nothing but an experiment.

He is "evil" only insofar as he is interested in encouraging the self-destructive desires of people. His experiments are entangled & malignant, trying to get his friends to drop out of college, trying to get them to spend all their money on weed, etc. John is his favorite, because John goes along with every suggestion readily. John feels a masochistic satisfaction in disappointing all those who expect he would live up to what they saw as his potential. This need is very important to John, who feels sad because he was not the type for himself necessary to live up to his [redacted] own potential. Jason rewards John's dependency by security, contentment & companionship. In a way, Jason gave John the drugs. Candice - who had been Jason's before she became John's. Candice is [redacted] pessimistic, drunk, ugly, & dirty. No redeeming qualities. John had always seemed like a dog to me, but I never realized Jason was Pavlov.

I had thought of John as the self-exiled prince, a rich boy who had turned his back on the manners & responsibilities necessary to sustain affluence in order to embrace the culture of the poor; in that respect a perfect friend for Jason the trickster. But John, after this initial detachment, was done nothing further to support himself; he was content, so far as I can tell, completely dependent on external stimuli, first for "fun," now finally simply for relief from the ever-increasing grief & guilt John feels for the potential & warmth he sacrificed & continues to forswear. It's clear from John it is only as I can wait on the phone for him to not call back again. He has something "better" to do. He is letting his life go to waste. He is becoming a vegetable like Rick. John lets go of everything; he wants to keep on being fascinating. Artistic

I don't desire that power. I have no interest in building and maintaining the vast facade of charisma to the extent of mass admirability & reclusive, diabolical misapprehensiveness inherent to great dictators. I neither wish to make everyone in the world love me nor fear me. I am content with impressing/intimidating merely everyone of power I will meet, remaining more or less unknown to the public / others this of seek out fame on a massive scale, knowing me and who is a matter of policy. In either event, be they public or private, I want my deeds to be sufficient in number and consequence to warrant my name being included in every single dictionary printed after my life time. I am not one to impose, but if anyone should seek me CA hope to be easy to find. The dictionary in, literal, along with the rest of elements, a large part of the burgeoning realm of logic.

As I really wanted mine to do was eat my shit, which I have been since I was a child as the most genuine display of loving devotion. Beyond this someone who has fun by thinking, & someone has fun by mercilessly doing, have no business being beside one another, & only serve to create a disgusting spectacle of mutual spiteful waste. It would be better for us both if I were inconsequentially rich man. Afterall she is nothing but a prole, one - no matter how high she works with the rest [redacted] this.

it's better for the world if her and all her filthy, unhealthy ambitions kind are put down by the millions. 6 billion inhabitants is more than enough for planet Earth; the religious maniacs would be happier dead. And who would miss them, who complain? A bunch of drunkards, junkies and niggers. Rather the world would become a sigh of relief since they no longer had to hide the way they really hate their own people. It might to begin by dropping the nuclear bomb on Russia. Before Peter the Great that vast land & drunken farmers had failed to produce any products of greater value than ugly dolls whom dubs & vodka. And what made Peter the Great "great"? He built up the military, conquering more unnecessary land & adding further dissident ethnic groups to the population, & building up a defense against the next inevitable invasion by Germany. Germany was always (and will always be) on the offensive against Russia, & Russia was always (& will always be) on the defensive against Germany. The Russians as a people will never voluntarily go on the offensive, proudly taking control of their own future and full of hope, like the Americans. A Russian who reads German texts and rhetoric of the will considers himself & is considered a weak rebel. (Im talking about you, Vidkun) The Russians are already & inherently inherent, incapable of committing to any action which is not self-destructive. It would be adept to the absolutely slow machinery of

the industrial revolution they felt it necessary to panic, & thought it necessary to institute Lenin's misunderstanding of communism. they decided to try with an entire social class to create a mass-family in imitation of the smaller, cooperative & competitive families (Rockefeller, Carnegie, Kennedy, etc.) that comprised the Western elite. if, on top of this, it hadn't been for us getting them into the arms race & the space race - actually giving them the designs for the goddamned atomic bomb - they would still be hitting birds with cavemen clubs. And then, of all things, communism failed. not only was it stupidly simplistic, but they were fucking doing it wrong! they couldn't even keep their people fed - which has been the FIRST RULE of social order ever since people hunted bears in nomadic fucking tribes! the infancy of the human species. All I'm trying to say is - to the extent to which Trotsky was a good start. I mean, if we hadn't handed them scraps of technology to play with and endeavor to improve, then there would literally be no resource in greater Asia to exploit now. the only favor the fucking Russians have ever done us (other than being our technocracy's straw man in the 50's & 60's) is, as they died, distributing their arsenal of nuclear bombs to radical terrorists in order to create a more multifaceted threat to the US military in the near future. : those stupid, worthless third world countries (for example India and Pakistan). we trained Russia into building so many bombs, now even if one of pricks the world over can get their rather say, five free, just to test their quality, and never have to bother researching the technology. so even though they've got the bomb, they can never win, because we've got the technology. they pitch a bomb at us and we just zap it out of the sky; or better yet (the real intention behind Reagan's SDI/Star Wars laser satellites) we just zap the brains of the pricks in the button with mind-controlling microwaves, pre-emptively retarding their ability to take the initiative. we give the third world a forum for global socialism - the UN! & then, when the US finally goes to war with the UN, we win within moments because we have better technology than the rusty old Kalashnikov. All it really is is a play-battle for us to test our new toys. First we play socialist, then soldier, then doctor. Doctor is our very favorite; the definitive character of the Post Americana. God, I love this country! If the Russians won't be our fucking SLAVES, & if China won't eat my shit, then to HELL with them; they could never survive a trial by fire and they know it. Russian militarism is reduced to self destructiveness. And while playing American is good for a great big laugh. After a while though, as I have found, it's just so fucking BORING. china cannot surprise me.

A hypothetical phone conversation potentially provoked by one one word, which to bring to Cowards.

Sue: "Hello, Jen."

J: "Would you hang up right now if you were me?"

I: talking of: Still true - beautiful monotonic extensive indifference. Non-verbal communication - the unintelligent 95% of conveying information between humans which [redacted] because 95% of the population remains sentimental for its days as ape. I've always preferred insulting by easily distant word selection, but, when in the jungle, do as the monkeys do. Aggressive silence.

Interesting side effects of anti-depressants:

* missing a dose during alcohol consumption is recommended professionally; combination of these two substances may result in extreme, even dangerous, drowsiness. Two shots of vodka plus [redacted] 50 mg Sertone equals twelve hours in a cave, minimum. On the other hand, however, if one misses one dose of the anti-depressant for the purpose of alcohol indulgence one will find themselves intoxicated by a fraction of the amount of alcohol they had previous to beginning anti-dep. medication, had to consume to induce intoxication in my case, whereas before (or "ordinarily") I had had to drink a large minimum of five shots or two beers before even beginning to feel the effects of inebriation, now I caught quite high around & happy from only a single ounce of beer.

Guide note: levels of intoxication indicators = drowsiness? response to the world of women. "Getting loud" = you are now officially a children. Spilling your drink = first indication of heavy intoxication. Spilling your drink on yourself = your blood is having a good time taking advantage of your weakening brain, simply flowing through it & eroding it falsely. Breaking your container accidentally = you are drunk; consider putting the knives on hand and fork. Breaking your bottle intentionally = you may be an abusive or unhappy alcoholic. If... Throwing up in the toilet = minor bummer for your friends, they will feel relatively unnecessary concern for you. Throwing up in the sink or on the floor = major bummer for your friends, unless they are as drunk as you; their concern for you now is understandably justified. Throwing up on another person = you are so disgustingly drunk as a homeless person; your friends are hereafter justified in finding your company distasteful. Throwing up on yourself = you are now "shit-faced" more or less literally & can expect to wake up the next morning reviewed to wash yourself & that amount of poison; you are justified in any feelings of concern or disgust for yourself that your drowning brain might yet be able to generate.

* If you spill your drink on yourself while driving don't be surprised to find yourself in a serious collision."]

* My SEX drive has been almost totally annihilated.

I can hear the voices of, the sounds of, other modern technologies (the sound of a friday night kick from one mile away) through the wires of my headphones to the CD player itself; I assume these sounds are coming from the laser beam read inside the machine - its energy given off in a field of sound around this (inside which one attempts to control their train) made, the reading of the play when we are "hearing" wire through a record player literally by amplifying the noise of the needle contacting different depths in a magnetically activated plastic platform. The action of magnetic modulation (programming through iron-ore needles, micro-rearranging according to the invisible influence of an external, even distant, influence) was the simplest, & most charmingly Victorian technique of recording musical sounds. And yet it was just a gift from the gods - they who are controlling time - given in secret to whichever magician, artist or scientist proved the most likely to have created it. But even those who deal with them on a regular basis cannot remember the invisibility of the event completed in part - such is the case with all who awaken their creative spirit by over-consumption. The first half of the technological revolution (our new age) was defined by the thought that womenmankind (the newborn with the division male) was master of the self made (the workers now, at the time, were farmers only); the second half of the technological revolution (our new age) will be fought & won through expression through exposure to energy fields - microwaves, television, cell phones, computers, etc. mind only the last in this quick list is with a household object and a skill, it must be the first primarily used by the private class, but the CD player's laser has replaced the record player's needle.

When we are hearing the sounds of the laser reading information engraved on the plastic platform of the CD, we are not listening to a playback only feature, as we've been conditioned to think of mechanical music record players providing exclusively (which is why the words behind to get at the invisible technology of the record player as it is to condition the consumer to think of the technologies function as synonymous with its predecessor, inaccurately). We are, when we listen to CDs, actually hearing the amplification of the information encoded on the plastic platform being read through re-reading into the laser beam. The fact is that energy can carry information. In a basic form it can store it (the memory banks of the mind), but if this form is compressed into high-intensity radiation and modulated, the encoded information privately (like the beam back & forth, projection & retrieving along the frequency of thought & pulse). So the term "reading" the information from a CD (or DVD) is not only misleading it, but concealing the information into used by the general observation. A laser beam hovers over the data to which it has been exposed by CD player recorded not

over the sounds of every disc ever played on it (a combination most dominated by the selections played most frequently, most repeatedly, & most recently) with the sounds made by the operation of other machines within the area — i.e. the beeps of the portable phone in the next room being turned on & off (including a gap for charge time in between) & the bleeps of the answering machine attached to it. At first I thought it was my mother using the phone, asking someone in the dead of night to report to them her concerns for me & wonder on the quality of acceptability of their advice, somewhat relieving her feelings of suspicion and dread. Then I realised — not only is this scenario unlikely, but words appear slightly muffled & contained within the seemingly senseless noise.

I check down the dosage for my antidepressants. Too little of one kind, I sleep for two days, too much of another & I'm an emotional invalid.

In a fit of desperate frustration with my life, banging my forehead against various surfaces, I examine motivations. I mean I only equate the run with my father, in the same way I talk with him. I click an organisation, a life, a mind impossible to get into, & then try to kid myself otherwise for a while. Getting into that CIA unit was my brand-new dream. I intended to study neuroscience for mind-control in image, but there are so many prerequisite visions this single, meagre goal alone is pushed to the opposite side of an impervious sea of unwanted duties & boredom & mystification of my will to go on living. And no one would even approve of my interest in the field; perhaps that's what interests me most. But now, before my brand new baby dream can even skitter off of the ground it's crushed. What do I have to offer the UK? Why would they ever want me? I'm sickly, I'll have to take anti-depressant medication for the rest of my life, I'm just a mess who needs a shrink.

And I think of my mother & she'll really be better, whenever confronted with two options, although doing so is difficult for her to do (& therefore heroic according to mythology), one makes the easier way. Taking heads is for nigger

She doesn't need to be pacing for a living. We shouldn't even live in this dead-end town in this inbred, niggardly, overheated world straight of a region my mother's parents were from. She fucked it all away. She married my father - a sullen & a prole, out from hurtsville, Texas. She let her brother talk her out of our fair share of her inheritance. It wouldn't be our small portfolio of investments, which have nothing in the world for which to feel proud or happy or hopeful. All the men in my mother's life fucked her over & all she ever wanted was to be a goddamned housewife. Nothing's going to work out for us. We were living, just waiting, waiting to see if God the Father will vote it again or finally lug us. Her generation fucked up. As have divorces. And my generation's doing worse. Honestly I know not any hope anymore. My friends are turning themselves into puddles of piss, & have few dreams. I have that nightmare we awake for dressed are futile, pointed & fueled by revenge. Revenge for being given the life of a prole, this life was meant to belong to some slave-owning nigger; I'm too smart for this - I see the injustice, I suffer; I was meant to be a dune, some minor nobility, minor aristocracy.

My only hope was for my son. To give my son opportunities I never had. Wealth, connections, luxury, & better education. But my blood's been poisoned. There's nothing I can do now.

Everyone, incl. myself, deserves more than they allow themselves, even more than they are capable of. I feel sorry for myself because I know this of myself. But I feel sad for nearly for everyone else. There is not one person alive on this planet who is not all too well acquainted with the never agony of suffering.

I will try to be in the car, not fall. This gives me three impenetrable things in my lifetime - which might be enough to make me a publishable writer. I will write exciting descriptions of the various & magnificent of queens & kings, & when asked how I do it so well I will cite my fervent love, devotion, & sacrifice: the truest form of I-ring.

Keeping your eye on your goal on the globe while imagining your own retreat outwards, backwards from earth into space is like keeping a page marked by your thumb while you flip forwards in a book. It is large, your arm must elongate to keep the page marked as you flip further towards the front of the book. Give Egyptians & the mutiny, not to mention the Jews - as the "Israelites", all the peoples of the desert - know this, & write right to left, making the beginning, the end.)

And each page of this book, which is SILENCE, represents the entire historical record of a single technological revolution (the tool, the weapon, the plough, the computer, etc.) as it flew going.

The most interesting thing humanity has ever done for itself, the thing that makes us human, is the domestication of the furry beast.

Humans are the only animals who will ever run risk determined on breed, aren't they?

We been getting closer & closer to hanging out when Jason as friends. The people we were have been crying for it. John seems happy to see me, though he refuses coffee to give me a shoot of anything (cigs, weed, speed, etc.); perhaps they wish my people me as a smoker & were angry about that.

John & Candice are on opposite circadian cycles from me. When they are washed & well-groomed, their apartment pinched up & well-stocked, I am the opposite of all those things, & vice versa. This can be quantified by a simple Jen:John ratio of how many different outfits worn in a week. The lower the number, the more the angst!

"What were they thinking?" This simple statement has become very important to me.

MONTHS

my childhood
to painful to remember.

God of every
THING give me
patience
(with time ALL things are possible)
[use that one]

Excellent goings on. Fascinating all. If one expects
to remain inspired then one must continually, and
with a lust for activity that is nearly destructive,
expose themselves experimentally to any available
new sort of stimulus.

I ask him: spend time in the company of one another. This lasts until I have fallen in love with her again, perhaps unfortunately, though who is to say? It is long before she falls in love with me. My feelings for her last for nearly four years, realizing themselves only in vivid, bizarre dreams. I try to tell her, but she will not hear it. I go to her house but she will not come to the door. Through the window, from the couch, she watches me dying.

And thus the cycle is complete. She uses me to exhaust herself (the disappointing exit of the extroverted who arrive only to be conquered) and I use her to destroy myself. Once again at the country club, listening to my parents argue, sitting outside my father's door, at the door of the taxi, sitting outside nicoara's room while drink rages within, left out of the loop of which I should be the center.

This is the role I am made to play, again and again, upon return to Sade's dancing stage. I was not born to be so submissive, but with each passing day I become more religious with every game at which I lack the skill and the patience, the trait and the timing necessary to win.

Of course I learned like the story of O, honestly and stupidly believing she was too timid to understand how to refuse at all. Like I am an Eastern European. I tell her it's my vice. But, as with Irina before her, it fails to shock her. She is already living this way. And I find myself not

projected into the links of the hierarchy by the gaze of my love for Irina, not reduced. I can no longer even play the role of Rank - not even him. I become the children lover, stunned for his audacity, paralysed by his passion. I submit even before the female whore.

Because of my passion, I am a passionate man: when I have feelings they unleash me like the crushing kick of God so that I cannot move, dare not even breathe. Should I shatter my glass straight jacket I, too, as well (I will fear) as all the dark world, will be consumed by the flames. I realize. Big deal.

Lisa and Irina are the same exact woman in almost every regard: both are rascal, both sluts and sadomasochists, both struggles and deceivers of demon-metal work, marilyn manson. Both are attracted, without trying as a result of their evil. Either Lisa is psychic and envisaged Irina exactly in an attempt (shared of course with her brother) to lure me out of myself, into the domain of nonsense, in order to destroy me inside, or America manufactures this type of young women, in the name of the failed SEM, as a product that consumes as much who desires it.

My wife love for Lisa, leading me to cultivate even my main mean longer love for Irina, has brought me to a new analysis of the story of G. I believe that G is the devil. Or, as Irina believes in her written relationship to evil

murderer, God exists as the agent of the hierarchy of dominant males (Obama, Sir Stephen, the commander, etc.) [i.e. conviction: looking religious unconditionally to the crucified] then the devil is the wrath of God, cast out, cast low, clinging to the side of the pit, my submission working her way back up to the top. According to this reading, viciously very Nietzschetic and Lacanian (again linking the crucified to the master-slavery suite to the masses), the positive ending in which G chooses death over continuation of her passionate sufferings at the hands of her cruel oppressors is a happy ending: the devil is vanquished by her own love of others, while God, secure in his indifference and his purity of self-interest, remains unapproached and victorious.

By these criteria then should I not follow the dictum of Starbucks ("money or power or women") and seek only a job that requires super conformity, and seek only acceptance into the male cult of oppression and domination?

Just when I thought my perversion (BDSM) would be "the next big thing" I find I am already obsolete. Even good christian jocks are practicing bukkake, while their cheerleader girlfriends love to be tied up, beaten and raped. It's all as casual as apple pie, this unholy hierarchy, this demonic mastery that rules towers of Bush. And me with my being a princess, in making writing poetry, trying to resist the temptation, the undertow, to die a little death

Erik does not like me right now, due to a change in his own behavior. He was begun dating Amy, his desirably modern girlfriend, again. She is quite aware all of that time, and when our history does speak it is impressively simple and idyllic. For all I've anyone other than Erik knows, she may be strictly brilliant. In any event, Erik - with any luck I could once more philosophy - has begun ~~~~ doing literature. He says nothing." All night until finally, when he speaks, he discusses his concerns regarding the cost of some item, or his enjoyment of some video game.

I mean him, as he continually & will always perceptively mean everyone, with no moral offense as in he pits great stock in his own as trivial comparisons (esp. video games) devaluing his entire sense of masculinity therefrom. I think that being with Amy makes him feel like a loser, which makes him so sensitive to our mutual, friendly jabs - how mutual respectful disrespect & ways upon which our friendship is based - that he participates in them minimally and leaves not as me with violence if I do not sit perfectly still with my legs tightly shut. He will not discuss his disorders.

Erik is a typical male: dominant, violent, unreachable. The type of male - secure in the superiority of what little self he has over all others around him - that gives yet not two shits. Daddy. The type. Erik's type prizes over my type, or me.

P. R. I. V. A. C. Y.

Qwp = S/S : dif. rearrangements. G & mA $\sum_{n}^{\infty} x$?

Forced to move out & back in with B. Drive to

I. interesting results. Estrangement from C.F. →

E.B. latent E.B. current ("wild" ind. resp. of err.)

J.F. w/ J.E. current, temp. (part. to 1000 inst. 1 thing

circuit following em or the viewing qwp) L.F. pedantic

in manifestation instruction C.F. city/car subtg. prior

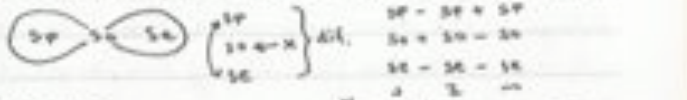
to B.M.F. transfer. luxe / vain; neighbor says "sweet"

(nearly "redneck" than "neurotic") & "Sexxxy" ("slow"), twin

E/J++ resp., genius com., same graph. m.m. w/ J. J.F.

c. app. sim., visc. less content. stress dom: one

encounter/R.A., predom. r/s circuit (?!) S/S m&m.



- B = w.up
- I = begins where?
  cap sign
  wk. taint
  pretty c.
  B'ism
- SPBA: SW95 ??
  Bdsm & Sadism
  (was B.M. prac.)
- I-20 = exemplary
  B.E. / B&W.
  P$ ——— P (r.c.)
- w.o.M. (her c.f.):
  orig. of disease
  - dbas. dir. expression
  - issues / problems...
  B.F. & BDD: examply
  (work, vis./mus., E.B.
  J.C., J.F. Blocks:
  resm. J.C. & m.m.)
- D.C. / mimesis mapping
  (cyrab...) (R.M. / B.C. ...?)
- S/S sch. em.
  (E. sp.m / m. sp.t)

results = n.s.
(?) S.m.s. ? ↓ E. (?)
P. J. L. E.

Cops: 3x Rita → D.C. = Sw
R.J. → ESB → Eros ... G. & mA
Gen / "D"(m) → B.B.
Qwp → m.m. & J.J.
time: Sw. Bp. S = ESB w/o.
cal.: matrix = 0 } x? Qwp: Sa
Eros = R } what?

I was under my car into my sleeping bag. The symptoms of war understand, now, not welcome to say — I am undergoing [illegible] Eastern Europe many ever magic. Aggressive psychic hospitalization. P.A.T. implies most assume a certain form.

Dear Diary,

Things are going great here. Vagina is creative edit. Soviet Union is beautiful in the summer. Looking forward to winter, though! Continually exploring our selves! The M. wish is groovy & functional — I am not lying in bed as much. Enjoying everyone I encounter. There is a lot of fresh air and strong feelings, on the other way around. Easier to write at 10am with the fine literary line, right? At this point the method breaks down because it is uncertain whether it is lying or not.

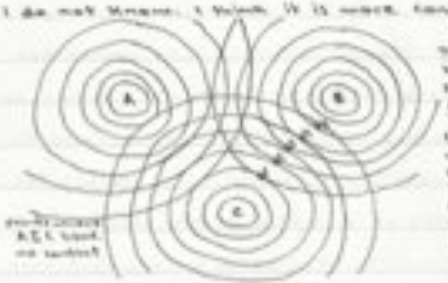
Love J

For most lesbians — or their appetites — I feel invoked by images such. I get quite writing this explanation. Job as easy to reunite with a lady under pillow, not who to trust? Don't be why wake my own head. FEEDING THE BIRD! FEEDING THE BIRD! FEEDING THE BIRD!

magic deteriorates into superstitions, metaphysics remains an accurate picture of reality, although often erred by illegal methods. Suitability to carving of age — diversity of uncle connected with senseless pressure renders individuation difficult. Intention dar grades into method (science) even into a form of verdantine patronage. Impatience while waiting for revival. Activity or passivity at this stage will vitally influence probability of predicted outcome — certainly the guiding release. Remembering to breathe deeply.

The most difficult thing to escape is other people's perceptions. Seemingly the most common method of dealing with this is through the literary work / web or spirit of the U.S.S.R. — either retreating or mediating for objectivity. Have this more is the recognize of dissociation and where this of expression. Dissociation is vision or thought based, as far as I can tell, & expression based on gestic & verbatic conditioning. (It is my experience that though the N.A.A. may be taken for vertical & the area for horizontal expression of refinement, the Western uses the words for words like and exclusively speakers of N. Asia-American additive or male symptomatic treatment.) Personalities seem to exist as intersections of the outward-spreading ripples of perception. Person A seems different to person B than to person C because

of perspective. Existentialism states it is the individual circle that exists at each 'individual's origin. I do not know. I think it is more complex than that.



This model also accounts for the appearance of personality traits (as a way in relationships (points 1-5) as well as depth of relationship being affected by degree of closeness (i.e. A are closer than B, A & B are a circle to C).

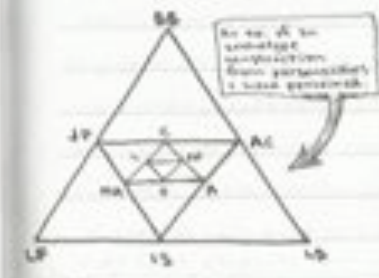
In this model it is the expanding rings that are important, although they are necessarily of the same substance as the origins. If relationships are dynamic as opposed to static in terms of information (one ripples being earlier upon) then this negates existentialism, or the other way around. I don't believe in either of these, as they both exist at the same time. Sartre's "I am not required to accept something as true, only as necessary," which suggests to both schools, perhaps it is simply that a happy medium has not been found. This is a big problem.

In order to gain ground with anybody one must be willing to sacrifice something themselves. Generally, as the 'ground' is usually interpersonal space, the sacrifice is intangible as well - joy, pride, or effort. In short the desired goal of both parties is to create and

or require a private sense of mediation. In short we a point of spread upon intimacy (see points 1-5), easily summarised (multi-faceted for upon potential variability dependant upon perspective & analysis) as well as trans-temporal (existent simultaneously as real and experience or memory - in which it should both be and have been a friendly future). But why punish such archetypes when exist? Is it because paranoia has become so common that it is wiser to cling to one's own way of thinking one's own sanity & desire to manipulate perceptions - even is it to span of one's hand to the people around us - those perceptions? Is it because there's nothing as certain as a mediated universe of the origins within perception? Ideally such actions should make the easier.

I believe that love existed before the universe and, for the purpose of expression thereof, caused the latter to come into existence.

(as it)



As we do in undergo manipulation from perceptions & lose perspective.

This based on a dream. I had otherwise. I see a Pokemon creature and dumping my head back in a very high branch for a long time above a dark, smooth, ancient trunk and considering the impossibility of progress for a very long while before sliding down to the water a ways to [illegible] I hate admitting this, I didn't recognise them at the time.) The Tenis, Pangolins, e.g. a narrow set of wooden steps forward a bright white light. I think of them as gods. This dream always me, yet I am in it.

Now the whole interaction is in such [illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

my primary source of stress seems to come from identity questioning whether it is the parts of origin or the more idealised, modified prototypes whose personalities inherent that are more real... I am in a web... are we more of our beings or familial ideals? most people, my age are building complex social networks connecting themselves to distant friends, events, opportunities. I am uninterested, & never happy for very long, in order to stay sane while processing the gravity of my own vision and simultaneously fighting the friendly distractions offered by my mother's repressed [redacted] communications of me. I have developed one of intellectual systems we were developed or civilised man instinct a necessary mask whereby visities me & my friends - whoever is unlucky enough to bear that cross at any given moment - based on increasing & decreasing capabilities of events from throughout my life on the sun. scope of the scale of my social awareness, the primary determining factor of which is the timing of the functioning of the parts involved. my intervention makes this seem somehow less realistic than the more impatient and risky mechanisms of the ugly array of my peers, enough - as they try - to take a mask and [illegible] pressure explanation for discomfort causes its increase.

i write, whenever i can, i write. it is not often enough. my head hurts. i remain unsatisfied by communication. the conversations provided through socialised behavior or the mechanical media are like tears on the wheels in a machine in which i feel [redacted] trapped, moving out of an emotions, silently screaming that i am not lying. but everything is so perfect, who would complain? for no reason i raise failures and victories simultaneously, controversy that suits me when i desire to be liberated from the burden of fears. how can i get through it? i scream like a wounded cat inside - like the anti-christ. i hide the sound of my voice when i am thinking of the correct pose to write. i see my dreams being flushed down the toilet with every wasted week. i live with this. i do not like the feeling of being disliked, oppressed & weird to myself. the disappointment of messengers and gift-givers alike when i respond massively to their gestures as i would to attempts at shame and shame is indicative of their detachment. it is hard enough to find sufficient mental solitude for contemplative creation without worrying about seeming ungrateful, my own views of me. [redacted] wrongly doing by another, what more are fruits to life, & time enough to bear them. perhaps, as it is with me, we have become those whom we don't feel fully

i feel ashamed because i've sacrificed myself. i was to be somebody else, even at one's left of who i was is the ability to gain people's emotions, which i don't even want to do. in exchange for this, i may seem willing to show all that one would desire, but i do not reciprocate, which only adds to the disgrace. how can i blame what i've done any more? how can i blame all what is gone? furthermore, what makes me think i would feel anything besides disgust with what i've done just words in their mouth will they overflow pride? my one special thing... my "weirdness"... me [redacted] to give face while getting "high" - one thing you let everybody in on so they're reciprocate - one mask adorned to one other people's "true" face, or at least equivalent... mine is gone now... my cover... the mask... or whatever. and if i have not created this thing to become it, if i have created it only to destroy it, then what good am i? it's all more empty... sometimes... the impatient expect me to need it, the jealous expect me to at least want it... it is only a mere misunderstanding living on in their heads. only of my peace, energy - as they say - to lose. a mask and [illegible] every metaphor has grasped itself as a plausible explanation for discomfort causes its increase

i want this to be proven. i already know it. i want it in my head. knowledge of it is my sin. it is pressed down upon me from the very objects of property and sounds of others. i feel no obligation, yet fall immediately into a hypnotized state of distracted service whenever the least distraction hits the numbing scales. i should be watching a.v. for no good reason. i refuse to do so. one can make a cage beautiful, but to do so makes beauty like a cage. i think about this in terms of convenience. the self i've sacrificed is my more orwellian angel, my b.i., according to existentialism-communism doctrine.

The good news is that everything I do works - so at least I know I am not broken. My wife continuously reminds me - sometimes seeming unsure, always too right. The bad news is that everything I do works - & I don't mean absolute right. As always, in all fairness, it would be just as easy for me to fuck up as to get straight. I see the big picture, & this helps me greatly in smaller affairs, but I don't like feeling like that manipulative just because I am a mindreader. Every move I make is right, yet I am told, I am never fucking enough.

Damn, & always honesty. Am I working now...?

I am afraid to stop writing. I wonder, would it like ended & I did nothing. It was just the start, his part in my life. To me that was over. I didn't mean much to it, I mean it for granted. My mother deals with age every day. Death is all around her + like an a battle field. + she fights it, with good cheer, getting to know her customers + shedding reluctant tearlessness on their life stories, while I can't even get over myself long enough to get a minimum wage job. I mean right past death & didn't even see it. But here I stand now? Here I remain around? That's a different question. Perhaps I can spare a few seconds for one of my mom's sweet stories, a charming lady named Lucy Cajic has connexity in print?) photocopied from the back of my second book months ago (can't take for her birthday so she won't feel like such an alien at her retirement home. She calls me Sugar, my mom calls me honey. When I get ten to paper time turns into origami. I am afraid of missing the opportunity to give Lucy something I continuously feel I failed to give David - a little dream catcher to reflect on, to say that, though the baby moves away towards solving, & we are often interrupted from one thing we don't feel we can get through doing by another, that those are fruits to life, & time enough to savor them. Perhaps, as it is with me, art loses become magic when we don't feel pulled

very dated, ahh. Love is not ash. Death was not ash. There is a resilience to life. I even see it in my mother - when ever she talks to others (not me), not really when I'm around though, rarely... more with Dad's on the phone.... I feel like I'm in her way. There are 2 psychiatrist (Dr. Pratt), 2 psychologist (Dr. Kash) appointments scheduled for Friday. In conflict with my 2 doctors meanings visit, my aura is inverted. I feel like I've turned into a black hole. Once I described this sensation to mom (I have to stop calling her Betty) - the physical sensation of being "depressed". It felt as though darkness were being pulled in through my eye & swallowing my head. I should adopt a more open-minded outlook about treatment. The medications can't be causing all of this. I am not "high". I am not "deep". I am detached. As is known, the certain course of action is implied. I like to hear Lucy call me Sugar. I don't like to hear Betty call me Nancy. I came from a place already loved by everything, by descendants within & by oceans of data. I ask in my Father's name. Crescent Fresh probably can begin to understand this by now. I bend the universe in half, missing a moment into a beam & a gem, so I can see it with me clearly through me, but I've learned - I've learned of being in his way. I am most lonely when I am alone. It is difficult to ask when this is [redacted]

I can accept the conservation of energy - the idea that an atom will eventually because energy is actually one of my only implications. But it's the energy that I cannot live with. The release of energy is a comfort, but there is no way for this to happen without something being destroyed in a way that can never be easily explored. The very fact of living is dying. I regret everything. It is almost as though there is a mirror within a mirror, when I relive, I am clear & me. It is only as I can turn around & realize I am trapped in the other. The light chamber spins into each, brought into form - yet it remains contained within limits - the walls, glyphs... I can get stuck for minutes like this. It is a very fine line, a very primal issue. The economy is a dragon that eats its own tail. There are infinite futures. I feel welcome in neither world - society nor religion. My economy has been founded upon the principles & deficiencies within, the regulation of only one world responsibility patterns, but therefore I reject the [redacted] system on grounds greater than as a theory in so far since reject it inevitably disappears. I cry like [redacted] I'm prolonged emotional release, I am affected only the applied. I feel old & so nothing. Implying satisfaction. I must learn to stop accusing & start listening with my mind.

is it possible to leave a strong positive impression upon a place such that even with equally strong activity upon the vision we responded?

yes, is this not our universe?

this thought is my own personal experience - perhaps only extending known for thing problems more accurately

is it possible to leave a strong positive impression upon a person such that even a mind who wants see their rational truth?

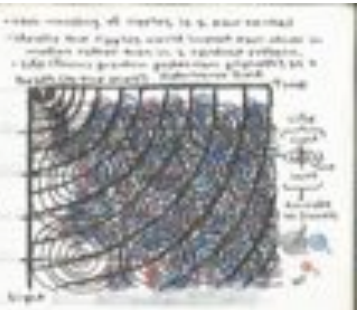
yes, is this not affection? one might say...

this thought is influenced from experience with examples, as well as inquiry & desire, a little to include...

the strength of a message derives from the difference between the messenger and the communicatee. if the messenger and receiver are both shallow, the message will be shallow. if the messenger and recipient are both deep, the message will be shallow. only if the messenger is deep and the message shallow, or the messenger shallow and the message deep, is the message strong, deep. all of these statements are exclusive of external, additional messages - as within, if included, they would, be relative.

is something or everything the opposite of nothing? since something is particularly, everything is continuously. a star is the opposite of the void it occupies, but not of all of outer space. a black hole is the opp. of a star.

"where death is, we are not.
where we are, death is not.
therefore, death is nothing to us."
- Epicurus



the epicurean's only strength is reminiscence. familiarity breeds the illusion of repetition or similarity where in truth only relativity of expression exists. the gravity here and the number here in the gravity country are a learned distinction. following the same regulation across civilizations the mainstream misses everything unique. generic objects' value corresponds to their clarity of conception, combined with the worth of their raw material - the difference of which is their usefulness. the enlightenment's purpose is the transference of focus from the unique & eternal to the generic particulars for the conservation of energy - implying that life is an experiment being performed by god to vanquish time (particularly revealing through pattern the symptoms of universal self-digestion?) & society an experiment performed by humans to vanquish death (as speculation). although i do not yet understand gigantic motivation... perhaps the only difference is between prediction and prophecy - one rooted in learning, the other

an experience. being one & what we further with this theory, which I have derived from Nietzsche, is can be seen that the Calgarian Uprising is more than a misunderstanding, [redacted] the perception as strangers of potential friends, in an event objectively how one looks is of great importance. [redacted] there is currently in American culture the development of an interesting trend. The distinction between "boys" & "kings" originated in the graffiti "game" (that is as it was coined in its current "use" or manifestation since perhaps the early 70's) wherein the distinction is between kid, "wack" or children, artists & crack, "weak" or talented 'writers'. Simultaneously the concept in black slang culture arose, drawing the associations "boys" - underneath in keeping w/ Taxi & Astrology. As lonesome as it is to admit it, the "buddy system" was also being cultivated in the Prussian educational system - indoctrinating children to act as one another's support groups while their parents had middle crises to wage the next watch for their possible burnout, changing the geometry from dyads or duralities to triads and pluralities, or - between the same sex - dyads and pluralities from exclusively pluralities. In essence the impact w/ all of this was had on culture since that time is to give the adjunct as a spiritual channel. There are two people I know who don't know the opinion from their spirituality. This shocks me into silence. The only question I can ask is - if Jesus was the king of kings, and now people (asylum inmates, boy bands, girl groups) are forwarding themselves as boys - where are all the real boys? I am sure to find some on the internet, construction paper mermaids, fourth dimensional aliens, hero girls etc. Time has made these into kings. The underlying difference rests in function: if disciples were suppose we were more than to their followers (from the UK of which unhappily all the current members are exiled), & one man is worth more than 12 boys. This is not to imply that the cross overshadowed christ, rather it was used by men, man fucked up, & was seen "used" since then as a key text by the Pope - who knows what the nine toys produce humans.

manifestation is the systematizing of physical & non-physical perception. although elementary, it is unanimously featured in so many metaphysical systems is basically the capacity of the Genesis Apple. This leaves much of the question of "good" vs. "evil" to be almost an agreement of taste or of skill. Is it possible that this is equivalent to the impossible leap I have long thought was the root or seed of consciousness? It is likely, true, that it is the door standing between the peripheral nervous system (bio-survival circuit and self-awareness, where the former is unconscious, brutish and automatic, and the latter participatory, structured and reflective. The question is: could consciousness go on without manifestation? I know that it can go on without perception, as my world does not require me. In children the answer is obvious — for they live seemingly blind to their own manifestations, young enough to not have their heads on longer term concepts like consequence or responsibility. As society comes to recognize how dependent upon fascination it really is, it becomes increasingly irrelevant the conditions.

I read on the couch, my life echoing itself. When I eat I put the trunk closer. I have lived here since I was born & it is only a house. I look on my son, & now I live here again. In distraction.

To feed inspiration one inevitably makes compromises. These "character building" compromises serve out a personality, which, over time, becomes a man. It is unlikely that inspiration is stronger than distraction, because personality is more dependent on the compromise of these two, and distractions can always be justified. Would character exist without distraction? or compromise? Is it necessary for character to exist at all?

I have learned to invert justifiable distractions into justifiable inspiration. Drugs like curses. Sometimes cats. Much of the struggles of religions, even between them & inside themselves, derives from compartmentalization — the doing of something good for one part that is, perhaps only due to timing, bad for another part. For example, meditation may make one's foot fall asleep." If" is the axis — on all levels of size it is the curse and the cure.

I wrote my time minding thoughts like this.

One of the greatest potentials of the Qliphoth is metaphor. Although it, seemingly inevitably, falls into its own ironic self-replication. The mind, for example, is an excellent metaphor for society. Its thumb is like the eye in a pyramid of its finished fingers. In the same way that yields will result in perception as when one turns their hand, the qliphoth can only redeem its appearance of validity with the amount of disruption in its own patterns its metaphors can generate. This can only occur when it - in its form as Jungian complex, the hand of socio-culture, "mainstream" - transforms the general eternal into particular reminiscence (or vice versa) and the particular mental (objective / subjective) into general metaphor (or vice versa). This is the work of creation, & it is creation that is the cure for death. Although, this isn't strictly accurate - because creation isn't it, exclusively.

The problem lies in my terminology. For what I have been using the term Qliphoth to describe is the same substance existentialists called being or existence - an essentially organic though pre-conscious form of biology. From what I can understand this can ultimately apply only to areas and, although a slight portion of the imagination, none however both of these terms have been applied, probably due to the pure visceral effect they provoke in reaction upon discovery, to the older reptilian and younger mammalian portions of the human brain as well - & this most ultimately prove inaccurate.

The mind is a five dimensional hand. There are four spatial dimensions and the temporal dimension. The temporal dimension always recedes, creating new shadows of the four spatial dimensions. The four spatial dimensions are a key. Their shadows are objects. The first dimension is a shadow of the second, and so on, such that fourth dimensional objects, previously thought of as subjects, are shadows of the substance of time, which is light itself. Subjects are ideas grasped by the mind - inspiration being like a tool, distraction being like a weapon, and all particulars (details) being shadows produced at the interaction of light. Light is the sixth dimension. To light all objects are shadows, & all shadows ideas.

I go to a spiritual channeling meeting & am told by the medium on behalf of another medium, the spirit, that, for now, channeling is necessary.

it is possible that we create our successors because our spiritual symptoms. this would occur both passively, through the inheritance of affected genes, as well as actively — the fifth dimensional hand that is my mind only belonging to the man i might become.

in the spiritual mathematic between up numbers to mind, the medium (living tapestry, swan dynamic), captured the image-based language of spiritual ingestion. the thought occurred to me that the images conveyed by familiar spirits (loved ones, family members) might be the servants of demigods (archetypes, angels, etc.) & that these in turn might be hieroglyphs in the language of God (in keeping with the trend of generational neo-Egyptianism in genetics & the technological sector), but that this may only be technologically fashioned by society, or them. may not. that was the concept of the autograph — a representation of the subject's noncorporeal persona surrounded by hieroglyphs.

the alphabet might be an inversion of an inversion — a tertiary permutation. the alphabet invert to the 10 commandments, the commandments multiply &.

the commandments are, to the alphabet, as language is to light. the glyphs arise from this as emotions or ideas expressed in this language, defined by similarity of strength. there can, thus, be no limit to the number of emotions or ideas possible, because they arise as geometric relationships within dimension. in this hyperangels that 10 commandments are literally (text) as distinct from one another both number & letter) what this human proposes the opening of genesis to be genetically & metaphorically.

[redacted]

EAT MY SHIT ILLUMINATI.

[redacted]

dignity is something that cannot be invaded. even in terror. by those who enforce a state upon its citizens it is professed that religion has bred silence. in truth religion bred only politics. it was philosophy that bred progenitor of science. these are the hands and fingers of human consciousness.

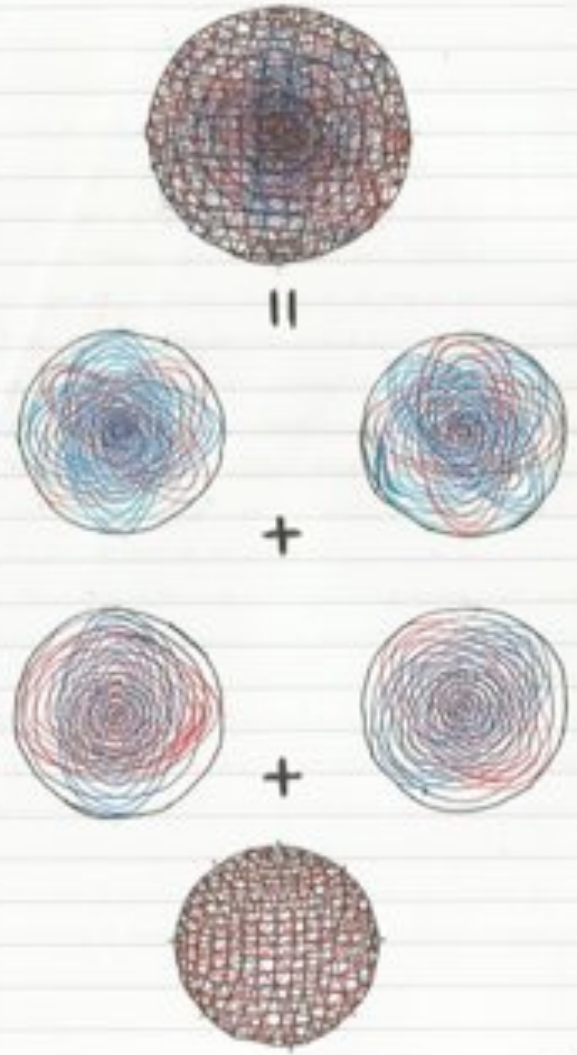
my the clouds down. i feel i have used 80 years in vain.

the spirits move backward through time, towards the creation. they interact with our consciousness - the singularity caused by matter's contact with time (anti-matter) - and move from one different sephira. the sephira are states of personality or paradigm that transform from one to another over time (like the solid shapes formed by a cross-section of, for example, an octahedron), while hexagrams usually represent the states of elements comprising considerations during this metamorphic process, and thus concisely comprise the sephira. the paths between the sephira are exclusively hexagrammatical, that is, are like the shadow cast before & behind each sephira in the timestream and are, as such, fourth dimensional objects and, as objects, bounded and finite. the sephira, however, are of the existence of time (light - spirit - & shadow consciousness) & therefore are both outside of time and contain in consideration to the hexagrammatically formed, fourth-dimensional objects, for how many points does a sphere have? thus the new paths of the five spatial & temporal dimensional objective is as high as one, while the spherical sephira of time and transcendent sixth dimension are as high as zero.

i say that everybody is one. the sublime says that they are everybody. as each mind is a singularity, just as one star, it is possible for any one person to have any number of egoless approaching infinity. these may interact as magnets, as waves, even as parent & child, both in the paradigm-creation sense & in the workaday, linear sense, but most importantly, as matter & anti-matter. when anti-matter & matter come in contact they are annihilated and anti-matter thus cannot exist long in our universe - only until it comes in contact with matter, which is relative in terms of time to the state at which the anti-matter enters and the size, mass, of the matter in contact. in short the anti-matter is immediately replaced by matter. the investigation steps involving the creation of this matter and the filling up of the resonant vacuum with other matter are irrelevant to a consideration of this primary invention. the matter essentially goes through three stages, although the first & last are the same in material quality as the second is as anti-matter. if the entire universe were suddenly to invert to anti-matter it would reconfigure as matter again so closely as immediately, that is - instantaneously on the level of probability theory, there would be no way of knowing this had occurred. that is why it seems a logical hypothesis to assert that this is happening all the time. events are particles of time.

Quantum gyroscopic dynamics

The spheres on the opposite page are expressions of potential gyres in probability fields. They are arranged in a 1:2:1 pattern, however are also positioned in the standard, hexagrammatical relationship of the corners of a cube. The toroid represents reflection, the next two up rippled, the higher couple spirals - counterclockwise & clockwise, and the most high a combination of all. They bear similarities to the six currently known quarks: the rippled pair being alike the "up" and "down" quarks, the spiral pair being akin to "charmed" and "strange" quarks, and the last two equivalent to "top" and "bottom" quarks. These particular associations are made according to the general rule of thumb that complexity of structure is directly related to density of weight & each pair of quarks has a corresponding electron-neutrino coupling, bringing the total number of associated particles to 12. These depictions symbolize a lifting of the quantum veil, revealing seemingly 'void' matter to be more uncertainty. It is only by utilizing this, slipping into that protean dimension of equational gyres, that quantum tunneling is even possible. Quantum tunneling is time-tunneling. Quarks are physical particles flowing backward in time (entangled confusing philadelphia), while, like the singularities of consciousness (or the 5th & 6th dim. spatial) probability fields are outside of time (beyond 3&4D, spirit only). ∴ "It is accomplished."



Although I sincerely hope for the opposite it seems that, even when it is agreed to allow increased perception, the mind is still bound by the laws of physics.

These laws are not enforced, as the research of Rhine & Wells might lead one to believe, although they are reflected in the various conditions placed upon imagination by environment. A working example of this is economics— there is little opportunity for a child without resources to allow his or her mind to wander, and so little reason for a wealthy child to seek such non-material ends. In fact, the shape describing all principles and concepts rests in the same geometric observation, colored only by the states of its seekers.

All research to date is in essential agreement on this point, not going beyond it is rather like accepting the speed limit of light. A binary choice becomes available: to see these fifth dimensional forces changing as either motation within a living universe or the functioning of a goal-oriented automata. These options have relevance to psychedelic reincarnation and unconscious ascension, as well as non-generative & generative path branches. Neither of these options seems to satisfy observations.

I am the bride that sheds its own
cocoon.
I am the wind that rises to sing
portent.
I am he of whom prophecies are written
premature.
The hour has come to silently sing
praise to the work that is half finished, half un-
sung we should be. It is here is
how much is still me, how much what we seem!
Let them come that the great work be done.

Like all i ciclerate, the midpoint of the circumference is a
hairy tether, between two maps, the golden proportion. A
time of great activity and simultaneous tranquility.
There are archetypes that exist particularly, as though be-
tween one and their God, or perhaps their completely
self-actualized condition. Figurative, though only from a
deeply personal perspective, with the zephira, these may
be the aspects of the spirit that live on after the body
has died. In this way, though they seem to have left
the writings of their own making, one may aspire to the
same attainments of enlightenment as Jesus, Mohammad,
or Buddha. I can formulate a couple of hypotheses
here, regarding methodology. One is esoteric and relat-

ed to, the other esoteric - that is, experientially impossible
to provide satisfactory quantities of documentation proving -
and transcendental.
The former justifies the existence of religion as an instinc-
tual understanding of practical data. In this theory the
words of power and behavioral customs of Peter, Islam
and Jesus serve as guidelines for divination towards
archetypal states of consciousness. The downside of
this theory is implicit in the details that make them
spiritual center origins. By their accessibility may have
rendered continuity inappropriate by all besides the
most literal interpretations of martyrdom, jihad & meditation.
The latter hypothesis is a new hope, where the former is
more formal - identifying with archetypes known and behav-
ie essentially negates itself, providing equal opportunity to
embody with ciclal consciousness, and apocryphal mat-
erials. One might prefer to a more material, or perhaps
metaphysical, course - identifying the purely innate as an
inconceivably base state, and measuring all perception
as evolution inderdream. By this interpretation it is possible
to see the ideas explored as of wise men as universal in
themselves. But here is where things became unclear.
Let us address the reasons why there is an apparent absence
of scripts especially set down by more holistic humans. The
organization implied by centralized sub-organizations to

that consciousness is a physical state, and therefore, all facets of earthly existence & fact of direct & holy. In other words, or - as they seem to prefer - in no words at all, the first step to spiritual realization is to keep one's activities as they have been, or were, in the spirit which brings us to our second examination: while this behaviorist approach contradicts the significance of the words of power spoken in its origins, it provides an explanation of its dependence on their usage. Perhaps the writings of these men were not up to the task of describing their visions. This is often the case with the poetic modifying of prophecies - an unfortunate shortcoming of what is viewed largely by religion as an unfortunate shortcoming of translation itself, as though only the biological experience of relativity, geometry or distance is of consequence, and the details of its pursuit are to be frowned upon. A more complete, encompassing or profound explanation may be that the information to which these great & singular minds discovered esoteric paths beyond the mere themselves - either necessarily within material physics, or spiritually within perspectives thereon.

So were these writings concealed or by our predecessors misplaced? Beyond, that is, their words of power - beyond advice on how to live? There are two answers

and one question that come to mind from this. Either they exist and are preserved in hiding - perhaps in the reality of the Elect by a shrouded organization, perhaps protected outside of time by the very dynamic secrets understood by them as they are right before our eyes at all times, preserved along the uncertainties of the realities we observe, themselves become the perceptions they describe. The obvious question, then, is quantum mechanical - have men done what is perceived depend upon the act of observation?

The kindstream obeys the deeper attach. As matter on the larger, slower side of the scale moves forward in time, we, due to our relatively miniscule size, are swept to progressively fields which move backward in time. Therefore our recorded history is the same as the universe's, in reverse. Synchronicity, or novelty, manifests everyw. This overlap of the materials forward, spiritually backward here and the materially backward, spiritually forward self-ference accounts for simultivity in both mathematical and perceptual breakthroughs in a manner rendering them individual, of direct influence on one another, thus silence and spiritualism may remain identical coincidence simultaneously, at the same time as, like, an apostrophe in the compact disk, without there being any mystery to the idea of physics at work at the time.

The non-material, spiritual ideas of the kindstream (for want of a more alternative term) also go a long way towards accounting for the preservation of data on a plenum of physical & psychic levels discussed in my last entry in the novelty (skip star trilogy sequence) of spiritual (matter-antimatter) models of the temporal force. A spirit or state of consciousness can be seen to exist not only longer than the lifespan of its earthbound embodiments, but expressed simultaneously in the ideas or events of different people in disparate lands over considerable eras.

The only distinction appears now to be degree of dimension. For example, Amulet Capella is an archetype I have coined for consideration of the subterranean, esoteric implantations of civilization. It is not more than a fourth dimensional construct used upon by the fifth dimensional works of its applicants. It is bound by the hand-medown relationship that pivots young imaginations into economic sources for expression. In contrast to this, Jesus, Mohammed and Buddha, are archetypes of spiritual attainment, thus they may be seen as manifestations of the same idea, as Hermes / Zarathustra / Enoch / Lilith / Nephthys - Horus / Set, & Archangel matters / Antichrist Crowley, not to mention the anthropomorphized results & events of (metal) physics described in Sumerian & Hindu pantheons; in other words - as manifestations of light-mind-body substance as mind, but of a slightly higher dimension. The connective duality of the material-spiritual / particle-wave factor carries through all of this, so let us give it a name and see what revealing standing.

Perhaps the best situation for comparison is Amulet Capella and the deified hierarchy of the Old Kingdom of Egypt. Here we find the birth of monumental civilization coinciding synchronistically with an assignation of binary manifestations to multiplane ideas. The most likely explanation, according to the forwards / backwards downcurrent kindstream model, depends on the difference

between fission and integer-spin particle identification, and its dimensional implications. Particles of ½ spin (including the electron, positron & quark) make up all solid matter in the universe; particles of spin 0, 1, and 2 (including photons, gluons & gravitons) are "virtual" particles, acting as force-carriers exchanged between the "real" particles, and are measurable only as waves. The spin potential variability of both particles and waves is reflected in the transformations of fourth dimensional objects. As the particle sphere or dimensional shape rotates about a given axis, it changes appearance until, after a fixed number of revolutions, it returns to its point of origin. Along the way it creates what is called "spontaneous symmetry breaking" — or the fact that, in different states of excitation, apparently differently functioning particles are actually a single particle of a higher dimension. Whether a particle raised to a certain energy level will remain with its anti-particle or will begin to break from its force-particle bonds and show signs of similarity to muon (dyad) is determined by "asymptotic freedom," equivalent dimensionally to whether we live in a curved, flat, or open geometry. These Grand Unification theories require, however, quantities of energy equal to those present in the beginning of the universe or, perhaps, in gravitational singularities like black holes.

This we are given in Egyptian religion, not only the foundation of materialistic expansion, but a good set of guides to stand for the forces involved. Naturally it led to Akhenaten & Akhenaten to other explanation beyond the trinity theme I have earlier described, and this attempt the spiritual initiation of this archetypal pair, giving rise to the subsequent string of alternating wicked priests and righteous heretics, according to the inverting function of polarity.

An initially satisfactory conclusion from this is that Aunty Geetal's body lies in the 3rd/4th dimension, its head in the 5th, and its mind in the 6th, regardless of the number of its limbs. The archetypal guide's body lies in the 5th dimension, their head in the 6th, and their mind in the 7th, regardless of its number of beings. The aspirin paint as a kind of materialistic map used by this group in the 5th/6th dimension, between light and the unmanifestable substantive containing of time & light, which I will attribute for now to the 6th dimension, and which I will call for convenience, Am Shen.

Although mathematically an unlimited number (aleph one) of dimensions can be proven, it seems probable, and for the moment I will set it down here, that these are merely extensions of a finite number of dimensions (aleph null), that are themselves combinations of perhaps no more than two, no fewer than four, elemental dimensions, and are categorized in accordance with classical geometrical letter-number equivalency matrices.

Auto-inverting temporal probability parity

All things in our universe are events of probability, measurable binary-bivalently as between zero (impossibility) and one (certainty). Some events are, beforehand, granted by definition as a result of this. This allows not only scientific hypothesis, but also spiritual prophecy. The boundaries of a probability web, which can be spherical, are necessarily absolute. The decision of an event within the web is predetermined by the opposite of outside of it.

Time may be seen as a wave of probability fluctuating through the infinity of potentials between absolute impossibility and absolute certainty. It may also be seen as a string of relative probability webs — each more or less likely than those immediately preceding it and immediately following it, and those forming groups more or less likely than their predecessors and successors, and so on. The entirety of this string of webs, or any partially random, exists in each form — the same as a web but without measurable boundaries — in both the future and past simultaneously, and that is our universe. I will refer to the observable web in which any moment exists experientially as the 'n+' dimension, and to the virtual field that is the essence of potential transcendent of phenomenological time as the 'n-' dimension. Any "particle" of time that exists, has existed, or will exist — with literally predictable relative positioned and with-ness of 'n+' is an event of the 'n+' dimension, while the "virtual twin-particles" of these quantum instants (counter-valenced, by scale "anti-particles" of the combined difference from absolute of their probability, and with relation of n, i or 1) is the counterpart dimension of the 'n-' dimension. The only difference being, as is visibly the case with dimension, point of perspective.

The reason for dimensionality being referenced as visibility is that the web-particle based universe is not bound in a single stream progressing linearly between past and future. For here in the web-particles involved are simultaneously in number, more or less as mutual, self-aroused and engaged in a very active relationship temporally described by relativity. The particulate duality of physical space is expressed in the web-field probability duality of time. As such there is conservation of potential as well as of energy and angular momentum at work in the patterning of the timestream's oscillations; in other words, a higher dimension. Perhaps the most important revelation of this temporal model, however, is the extension of this duality towards an understanding of life itself.

Then n-, just as zero exists as the midpoint on the number line of all integers. If one extended another axis up from zero it would be equivalent to both and super-liminal particles — the lowest order of the latter which we can predict being tachyons. Because they would be seen by an observer

before light from the event that cast them, may be said categorically to move "backward in time." But for an accurate understanding of how they really function as force-carriers in the mainstream one has to consider the particular parity of the radioactive decay of muons.

The parity of an object is its chemical reflection. Parity exists at zero between −1 and +1, and it is thought to exist at 0 between temporally forward and backward moving particles. Parity also exists in the radioactive decay of muons. Muons' spin causes them to spiral as they move through space, and the weak nuclear force causes them to decay, giving off electrons in the direction of motion. Its parity is not an opposite directionally spiraling muon emitting electrons where it, as one might expect to see in its mirror reflection, but one spiraling in reverse and throwing off electrons behind it, preserving the relationship between spin and motion direction.

If they are subject to the weak nuclear force, as its temporal dimensional equivalent, tachyons can be proven to move backward through time not as a result of velocity, but of potential conserving apparent violation of mirror-reflective parity. This theory states that all vector force-carrying virtual particles of integer spin, are the same phantasia as real particles of fractional spin, but viewed on an energy level approaching or beyond the speed of light such that may almost generate their anti-particle equivalents along a pathway of temporal opposition, or, as in the case of the weak interactions, reverse their temporal flow altogether. This could imply that all seemingly temporally "forward" moving real particles are cast like shadows or decaying electrons from their "backward" moving anti-/virtual equivalents. In other words, force-particles could real particles by moving one direction through time + approaching gravitational absolute zero, and real particles cause force-particles by moving the opposite direction through time + approaching gravitational absolute one.

How to put a stellar out of a star

In a black hole the infinitely dense singularity is housed within an outer sphere of inescapable gravity called the Schwarzschild radius, where the singularity is an absolute probability 1 event, the surrounding, lightless, asymptotically infinite mass of the Schwarzschild radius must earns their name, serves as the absolute probability 0 spherical wall inside a boundary known as the event radius.

If the mind is seen as a singularity, then the brain itself is the Schwarzschild probability wall, but, just as inside the event horizon the laws of physics, especially the gravitational force, are bent to the extent of inversion of the uncertainty principle, underlying the parity of particle and wave,

so dreams within the meaningless functioning of the brain are as a vast network of symbolic wormholes uniquely and fundamentally randomly organized for individuals, but bound by universal laws of probability to effect necessary similarity.

There are two categories structuring dream experience, which find their parity in the in the extraordinarily, inconstant nuclear content of black holes. The first of these is governed by consumed substance and the innate characteristical patterns of organization thereof. Stimuli determined by psychological pursuit-escape functions during the waking hour accomplish deep lines of behaviorally reinforced memory occurrence. So, for black holes, are the molecular, atomic, sub-atomic, and virtual particles consumed the materials whose properties cause the patterns which arise therein. For example, an astronaut falling into a black hole does not immediately turn into a bunny rabbit, as we may if his particles penetrate a de-ordered singularity, but may be seen instead to undergo a prolonged series of dimensionality undistorted transformations of morphology, perhaps showing the appearance of a bunny rabbit, but inconsistent to the astronaut.

The second category is more metaphysical, and deals with the mystical decoding of information in dream states, the equivalent of which in black holes is the crossing of paths of the worm holes that exist, but with the matter-energy consumed. The evidence of the revelatory nature of reverie is the foundation of all human creation, but this revelation exists only within a pre-existent physically ordered universe, rendering many of the most beautiful of human works to be merely discoveries of this fact. The experience of empathy itself derives from the sudden awareness that two lines of reasoning may share a common path in a dreamstate. This is also the perception of what Jung identifies as the collective unconscious, or the awareness of symbols ideas beyond the individual's accustomed scope of a more broadly applicable potential. The relation of this in black holes is the overlapping of multiple strings of consumed substance forming interlogular, similar, gravitum mechanically physical events, or if you like, events bridges between worm holes of a fixed displacement dimensionality. In the example given above it would be the encountering of one of these accessible interactions that would cause the perception of a bunny rabbit for an astronaut who would have found his particle atomic clock to be slowing down in the gravitational distortion.

A possible hypothesis based on these similarities is that consciousness holds a black hole to worm holes, and unconsciousness entry at the singularity, or, for Schrödinger's cat, consciousness = ½ unconsciousness, and unconsciousness = ½ consciousness. I believe some proof of this

as we in the results of an experiment to determine whether the glass surface of a light-tube emitting light actually bears the image of any reflected light on it or not.

[insert not subsequently remembered essays here chronologically.]

Space-Time is the medium of the third dimension;

Probability is the medium of the fourth " .

Observation affects time

How interpret the distortions in space-time, e.g? Consider the saying "time flies when you're having fun." what does this general observation mean exactly? Consider the case of children playing. If they are to be observed they will be seen to be moving at a fixed rate in consistent with the observer and the world around them unobserved, however, they may experience an altogether different scenario. They may lose themselves in the moment, showing time to speed up or them, and they will wonder where the time went. To put this in less scientific terminology, they may experience the passage of time at a fixed rate y, such that $y \leq x$ and $y \leq x$ at the same time. It cannot be said that y is x, however. It is both. The reading of a time-piece for the observer in a distortion will be the same as for an observer outside the distortion, but it may well be that the observer has had a vast many more experiences in that time than the observer. If the distortion could be quantified in such a way that the time differential could be experienced under observation, then hypothetically it would appear slower than y from the perspective of y, and y would appear slower than x from the perspective of x. That is, in the case of the children playing, y is limited to the neuro-electrical biological, and in the case of the astronaut, to his bio-electrical signature. In the former this is more a case of chemical-molecular disturbance (warming, essence, or being partial); in the latter more of a chemical-gravitational temporal distortion (being, existence, or being partial). Now, in this field, we may think the hyper-dimensional unification of the electromagnetic and gravitational forces - by studying the interaction of consciousness and time.

What is being postulated here is no more or less phenomenal than Einstein's proposition of a four-coordinate system of magnitudes for a three-dimensional trajectory. All that is being implied is that the same principle as much of a position in the progression of dimensions as a ruler. Consider for a moment a cube. A mind rather than a shape that rests in Einstein's model. The straight line of the trajectory emerges from the vertex x. The parabola described by an observer on the walkway x-y third dimensional space is merely three perpendicular planes - and so is fourth dimensional space of four. In Einstein's model there are not an incalculable number of magnitudes, and their interaction in reality. A mind is intended. There are more complexities of observation and their interactions.

Synchronicity is unusual: it provides coincidentally equivalent to the asymptomaticity of local networks. Events correspond to synchronicity that increases mass. This was in the translation of the visual. See how the changes imply difference.

Wandering one where is your home, human?)

We come in groups to undergo alienation

And so discover the nature of ourselves

Reverse Spin and Visible Potential

According to the conservation of angular momentum, spin is neither created nor destroyed; when it occurs it generates its compliment. This is also the conservation of matter-energy in the parity of matter and anti-matter and its necessary cancellation. Matter-energy provides a good example of spin: a spin anti-matter particle has spin complementary to its matter particle partner. But even so, spin is not confined to particles.

When one spin a coin, reverse spin is generated as kinetic energy, dispersed. Introspect me looking at your nerves, me staring at your muscles, me gravity of the earth, and the rotation. It lasts only as long as the visible aspect of the spin, and constitutes the same amount of energy. The only difference between them is their entanglement and therefore the technique of their measurement.

And yet it can be said that they are the same thing,

irregardless of the realm in which they exist — or rather, it may be inferred that there is a realm in which both are, not only equally observable, but always present. The question becomes: can reverse spin be seen, thus proving the phenomenological existence of a condition in which spin is its own counterpart?

- Preparation for an experiment:
  - Requirements: video-camera, ceiling fan, strobe light
  1) to test observability of reverse spin: activate ceiling fan, aim video camera at ceiling fan and begin recording, translucent primary appearance, and activate strobe.
  - results: the optical illusion of the fan reversing its spin can was as strong its would should be captured on film.
  2) to test observability of the existence of spin: set up as before, but interject hand into shot, looking up at the ceiling fan. Strike entirely when you wish the reverse spin to begin.
  - results: determine if there is direct correspondence between statement and work.
  3) to test observability of potential: set up as before, but interject hand into shot, looking down from the ceiling fan, strike entirely when you wish the reverse spin to begin.
  - results: determine if correspondence between

statement and start exists independently of directed effort.

The Language of Meaning

Consider what a minuscule fraction of the full scope of electromagnetic radiation is that color spectrum of light visible to our eyes. And what do we see are the realities sensed by our other limited physical senses. Our consciousness, in all the grandeur of its expressions, originates as self-awareness — and the self of which we are aware is, during all its waking life, little more than the sensing brain, all those senses translating information from the environment, as consciousness does all other from memory. With each blink it grasps through the limitations of perception less than 1/2 of 1% of the world of human history known as evidence of this process. Although it still depends on the unstated hypothesis that consciousness is the cause of meaning, belief in God allows us to see the actions of the environment as information. In themselves, they mean more: wisdom transmits guidance to us when we perceive that our information systems by our senses is only a minuscule fraction of the entire amount of information present in our environment (and that all of active consciousness is merely a meager part by which meaning creates itself.

What does, afterall, is language than the passage of information on a carrier wave of sound, meaningful over distance? It is not the listener who is responsible for the meaning of the words, and yet their complexities do not exist alone. So let us search along the border of the psychological realm, where it belongs into the domain of our interactions, to see if meaning is conserved. Can that, which was created by the consciousness of the speaker and completely conveyed to the consciousness of the listener, it dissolves in accordance with environmental entropy, or persists in accordance with the laws of mathematical, non-localized consciousness as its medium, even God, as universal meaning.

There is a language of the mind which we never see. It is the language we speak when we are alone, but which we gradually forgotten as we learn the dialect employed by those who live around us. This native tongue was so basic, necessary, and is shared alike by all the animal species. It is the language of the subconscious. So how information carrier, and, though consciousness, by reference to conscious subtleties of external systems, slowly superimposes itself upon this tongue, it remains language's ultimate foundation. There are five examples of this primary speech in poetic statements and in the printed words of the dictionary, mainly what we shall consider here is a model that explains this as a normal activity of consciousness, wherein language is to information what water is to consciousness.

Imagine consciousness as a sphere, but on the surface of this sphere are thoughts, and these exist as raised shapes in a

associated pattern. Total consciousness is the entire sphere, but active consciousness only pertains to that portion of the surface that is aimed at your awareness at any given moment, the image that occupies that area. The connections to peripheral thoughts surrounding this center, and the crosslinks of those thoughts straying the outermost edge. But we know that all these thoughts are aligned in one axis, like points on the surface of a sphere, potentially infinite in number.

So it is with the meanings of the words we use. Spelling inspires the most present intention in the ideological activities demanded by the word-environment work. Surrounding this is a constellation of meaningful similarities to the word-name work, and outside all this are all the ideological connotations of the work and all its similar sounds. According to the spherical model of total consciousness, we mean that the work, its sounds, and its implications are all equally meaningful, but they are meaningful in different ways.

The active consious and the unconscious aspects of language are the most familiar, as they are ideological. They pertain by referentiality either to a native, learned language in the case of consciousness, or to the natural world of ideas provided by remembered mental duplicates of physical objects, real experiences, and shared concepts where, in the realm of the unconscious, all these are equally tangible.

But connotative meaning is not language spoken by the tongue alone. It arises between the intention and the implication, betraying traits of condition common to other aliens. Here we find a story to accommodate what we suppose could not be said, a new value in the visual interactions of artful listeners, in the verbal interventions, secret tongue twisters. This is to say that, whenever the target builds, it is the relationships actually speaking. This is known by common psychoanalysts as a Freudian slip, but its meanings, they assume, are conditional. In all cases though, it is a language of transformation, new meanings borne, parallel to the surface. This is in keeping with the conditional nature of consciousness. The purpose of us carrying the word behind, but work in and out along the direction the sound-wave proposes. In there is correspondence between positive allocation and the discovery of additional meanings associated with the information being carried on that wave. Hence, a pattern of meaningful expectation.

We can say that the message beam constitutes the consciousness of the speaker and the unconsciousness of the listener, and that the message beam constitutes the consciousness of the listener and the unconsciousness of the speaker, and assert that their difference is due to equivalent insignificance to the rate of the information. But can we make any statements about this rate that are not conditional? Why, for example, should meaning be created longitudinally, and not transversely, as in the case for the movement of light? Is meaning not just another interpretation for the concept

of dimension?

What is considered occult?

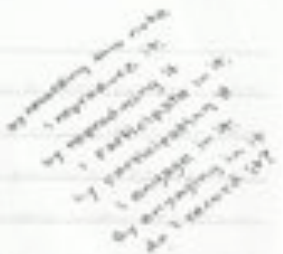
That which is taken.

To know of the flesh is taken.

To cast out thoughts of the flesh may never be known.

To know of the individual spirit is taken.

To cast out thought of the self is to know God.



The glyphoth are through what we behold the divine. From our perspective of the senses they are proof. But what more than me. Beast are the senses = the wire to ring of the glyphoth, the eye controlling perception. These days the man is placed before the beast, from our perspective of entropy. The leaders see the beast strengthened by beholding the divine through the glyphoth = and this may be true, in the short run. But the beast is but a child, and so grows.

The glyphoth are post-natal forms. They were born in predilution templates, in the dim flicker of candlelight dreams shared by seekers, soldiers and sullens with their oracle-wheres. The apple is ridden, then the sphere wrong its way in, displaying scale, from the corner of the eye.

Prophetic experiments today unaware, with knowledge, idents gradually invert. Children desire experience, the elderly desire youth = all reasons condemn wisdom, ambition.

It is our task to desire to see the glyphoth beneath that binds us in suffering, for they are not as real as we do not recognise, or, if we do, must not, in to believe by some that the reign of true self is the conquest of others, and they search for some evidence to doubt. But it is true that we may look through our eyes and see the mild, and must we can walk without eyes and still dream. But, though our dreams in the wild may be divine, we hunger for proof, even at the cost of change.

If the glyphoth were realised, if the beast were seen as divine in inspiration, as we are taught to believe against the instinct of skepticism, we could behold all as it truly is = infinite. Your new dimension, not fly on the Will, the knowledge of rich and history = should mean the designed more when they are present than within consciousness retained them as the New world order, the Empire, the occult's Kingdom must first have a son to sacrifice, the Jewish man must die to rise, the Earth must turn be reset to virtue.

If only once you can see everything around you as two dimensional, and if only once can you have that phone friends, then you will remember forever that it is no other written there than "love." And it, just once

Not with an overcome me yet, where will not wanting to die, man will be a better man than I am at his time. To know with certainty what before again is to shatter its mask, when one rests in the will man we have a sense of automation, as, it has lacked such notion is. Even nature gets a say, through animal's exhibition in the binary development of technology, just remember.

How can I deny what I can prove to believe? By my estimations of it, my reader is flawed, and so may we read again and again to the same conclusion. How can I write of what has happened without ignoring what is happening? I have healed on many walls, but it is not enough. I render this moment accidents. Differences only accentuate as they retreat, must I go trust the wisdom of others? [redacted] no see given to evolved without words we make for ourselves words when we encounter others. Enlist if you find mistake believe, for to say the very voices I can't dispose. There is a certain myth in dyslexia, one that can harm we seek. For now what is clear enough or new for the far? This too is merely part of something bigger.

The glyphs are the only things that change with time, not only this, but what is inferred from the glyphs changes over time as well. Man has rendered glyphic divisions along racial lines, along racial lines, along socio-cultural, political or economic lines, and now, as I must write, along lines of information. Each claims to be the oldest distinction, and information is no different — the paintings of animals, the uses of alphabets, etc. But these are only what the glyphs call its own reflection.

We are told that, due to their inherent temporal change, the glyphs themselves will eventually die. Nowadays we exist this under the auspices of weak essence, but the implication remains in terms of information we must consider direct and indirect forms — that is, information with predictable consequences, and information whose consequences betray it.

Much of the origin of this form of expression for the division of the glyphs from its reflection has already been discussed in the section on the language of meaning, but the implications remain open. We have already seen the multi-dimensionality of manifestations — that in the form of annuit coeptis and the archetypal guide; we have also seen what physical manifestations, where the glyphic patterns emerge, exist between our dimensions; we have seen

that seeming discrepancies about these two dimensions only strengthen the glyphon; and, lastly we have seen that implications arise in a way corresponding to the nature of their carried waves. So what does all this abstracted elaboration reveal? (We use some evocative words of power...)

It would seem that what I have been calling the "glyphon," as representative of physical manifestation, have a fixed position, but are separated from one another by degrees that are evolutionary in nature. At each degree, corresponding a fixed position, there is a form of relational veil; a veil or an abyss that serves to define them, like an electron cloud, which is the source of consciousness. This field draws them toward the neighboring degrees, which are dimensional — and so is this field, in that it too is composed of potential. But the manifestations in the field are also the glyphon themselves — they represent a dispersion or disparity of other fixed positions — and the fixed position is central to a particular glyphic aspect's definition.

Nonetheless change must occur. Life is ugly, and elusive, and cruel, and yet brilliant, divine in form, and infinite in implication.

* Kin Sagh is the dimension of consciousness

Before we consider the nature of Kin Sagh we must further study dimensionality. One of the defining factors of dimensionality is that of uniform arrangement — particularly the assemblage of regular, fundamental forms based on the addition of like angles. The most conventional example of this is the 90° angle shape. In the second dimension is the square, the third dimension the cube, and the fourth dimension the hyper-cube — each achieved by the addition of an other 90° axis. Thus the 90° axis, for the shape it constructs, serves as the dimensional bridge, existing outside of dimension in the gap between them. The same is the first dimensional equivalent of a unity itself in the 1/2 dimension. This is because the shape described by the ninety degree angle collapses down just like the shape of any other angle or angles in the first dimension — to a point.

So if we were to consider the light cone for the shape defined by a 360° angle it would overlap infinitely with itself over the shape of a 90° angle. It would progress circle → sphere → hypersphere just as it does per dimension here the same as any other. The only distinction would be in the shape of the pure angle in the first dimensional gap, where it would appear as a half circle or vesica.

The same is true for the glyphs in 2d dimensional space, they manifest differently according to the shapes their

angles generate. When these shapes again recombine geometrically their light waves are even more indistinguishable – but between dimensions the different shapes generate particles of different spin, and ∴ mass and function.

We can see, in the fifth dimension, that all wave particles are of the same orientation – light – differentiated only by interaction with the fourth dimension, time. This is the fifth dimension in which the point of light comes her pattern of energy. Also, each dimension up to and including light can be assigned its own Platonic solid – a correspondence based on degree of complexification. Traditionally, like the first dimension, the solid is the tetrahedron – a triangle being the minimum number of points defining a circle, and one point extending from the triangle's center into the third dimension, defining its shape as a light cone; though I have demonstrated that, from the perspective of metaphysics, this shape also applies to the fifth dimension.

The solid of the sixth dimension is that a sphere – the expansion of the first dimensional point comprised of light, the fifth dimension, what this means is that it combines all the other shapes and dimensions in a way unlike any but the first dimension, that where the first dimension collapsed them to their differences – more indistinguishable, the sixth dimension expands them to their own shape and dimensions' unique relationship to the whole can be openly examined.

Let us also consider the impact of geometry on these shapes and dimensions. The second dimensional geometry is planar, the geometry of the third dimension closed, the geometry of the fourth dimension open, the geometry of the first dimension infinitely compressed, and inescapably finite, the geometry of the fifth dimension infinitely expansive, and universal. So what geometry is revealed in the sixth dimension? Just as in the case of the 90° angle shape, the answer is as simple as imagining the addition of another axis. This the sixth dimension is the consolidation of all the preceding geometries. This is then rendered as the cross product of all shapes and dimensions. And now is our new geometrical axis.

Now, seeing the sixth dimension as the unification of all earlier shapes, dimensions, and geometries, we may begin to appreciate the gravity of inspiration in comparing skin, body, and consciousness. The most profound possibility this raises is the idea that consciousness may have some basis in the material. A number of physical, trans-dimensional relationships are discovered by the earlier states, and these would be retained in the definition offered for consciousness by the Sixth. This means that the capacity

apart whether from being meditative texts may we speculate particles (or configurations) which we can behold and whose behaviors understand.

[At the time of translating this I could recognize that the standard arrangement from internal bounds between of particles in consciousness in dimension, with the gigahn standing between particles and consciousness, and the sephira between consciousness and dimensions, remains undisproven on my mind.]

Q: what are the gigahn? They are the very negative image of the sephira - but they do not become clear with the use of the terms. Does this mean that they do not pertain to the first five dimensions? The sephira are "of nothingness" - does this mean that the gigahn are substantial? It seems they almost do pertain and are substantial as does the sephira.

It is possible that they are the particles that exist between dimensions. This makes sense - in that they would then be governed by physical laws other than commandments, and if the commandments are taken as the only version of the sephira, man has been judged maliciously worthy for centuries - then it would really explain why the sephira in themselves have no literal existence for the numerical systems governing the formation of less than eight dimensional forms. Another possibility is just this - that they are maths pertaining to the generation of lesser dimensional symmetrically residing in the first six dimensionally located dimensions. In the former case they would follow management explanation patterns, and in the latter they would not be seen again with such disparity.

It is also probable that they are a set containing all particles of all correspondences. This theory pertains the practice of the creation of primates, and allows an interesting explanation for why treatises addressing practical metaphysics are almost invariably philosophopsychic, and traditionally deemed as belonging to an unpublished "dark" aspect that remains taboo, and why most addressing mathematical metaphysics are as often geometrical, and accepted even if philosophomorphic, if well explained, as accepted and commonplace. But where then would one draw the line? One could really get onto paper without conjuring - or think yet not evoke... For what is indivisible or separable? All answers are arbitrary, and lies beyond.

We know that even an anti-God would be of God, for the concept is inclusive, even of self-negation for that all that appears separable is within the unique, and manifests all in us. So we link the gigahn here perhaps, as we must. It exists, as already within the sephiroth. Even distraction

manifests more, and what more is there of suffering?

But the difficulty is somewhere else than this. It is what follows distraction. By stratification one knows this: that it is not chaotic, but that its method of organization may not be anti-system, namely sub-coherential; it is what comes to us, and not what we come to — through it stating the opposite; that it may be symptomatically linked to true sapiria, such that without it there could be no additional manifestation.

[This last part may be the work of either or the two transcribed essays, or it may be a fragment of its own.]

* The first item that the sapiria may be dimensional rather than space-time, overlinates comes from the differentiation between their treatment in fractal and fictional accounts. Invariably in fiction the sapiria are treated as a stage, upon which their only distinction is the action of the characters. But the sapiria are so much more than events. In fact we exist in all of the sapiria at once and the same time. The only place where they can be distinguished is in the narrative format of plot. In fiction, time is made objective as space can be made subjective, but we know this to be the opposite of the case for reality. Even when I am driving in my car there is no sudden outer change

joining two events of profound immediate interest. In fact it is always time which is subjective. I believe this to be an extension of Bachelard's reasoning in the matter of the End, if his point here taken to refer only to the capacity for reminiscence expansion, but also to the apparent retreat of the divine.

Mondays we live under Jovian kings. They watch after, though their lives are overpower. They are the stereotypes of the modern creation — different heights, minimum minds, normality's aspects, we listen them because we might not see anything better to do. We believe they have a point. They are the tips of the tendrils of occult energy.

When we create we go against the current of entropy defined as the flow of the time stream. Time makes matter into energy. Creation makes energy into matter.

Celebration of the dead in the Mexican south continents mostly stopped down. The greatest crime here is a scientific impotence to reincarnate more ideally. This is not a comment on benefit of perspective as much as on materialistic energy. But this, too, is only a hypothesis for which there is evidence of the destruction of over time. Yet the observation remains valid. [~ 25-200 (the work for Time, the rock, their pictures)" re "mysteries]

Began writing for the Illuminati.(Article) I write this to nudge my subconscious hard work. cleaned out negative karma, and finishing up with the writing section of my formal system of metaphysics model. Still into any alchemy. They should be discovering the hidden vault of scrolls beneath the right paw of the sphinx sometime soon, as they have recently identified a superchamber at least 11 yardlines south of the front of the constellation Leo.

This reminds me of a funny story about the construction of the Sphinx. the pharaoh's magician had advised pharaoh that it would be fortuitous to erect a temple of some sort to consecrate an upcoming date. The astrological event was sunrise on the vernal equinox in the year of Leo, so the construction of the sphinx was decided upon. Now the designer was a good mason, but at that time good was a relative term, and the magician's sole instruction was to incorporate the angle of the sunrise into the edifying of the monument. Well, the architect told the magician it was a very tricky angle to incorporate, because it would tend to render the sphinx either quite the size required for the pharaoh resting, or about the size of a regular cat. But the magician told him right back, that if the architect could figure out how to make it that big or that small then he could figure out a way to make it in between. The mason went home and slept that night, and dreamed the sphinx was Sam Spade, who worked outside of fraternal systems, but was still able to get results, thus being used as if by a glamour to influence public perceptions; his being apathetic attributed to the east; and all of this being the riddle of some other large fellow who resembled the pharaoh's magician. When he woke up the next morning he sat his stomach open for having such a public dream, for such wastefulness of the masonic code in those days. 5-24-2002

I have mostly written it down to a science, although the thought models of the formal system might prove a little spartan as to evidence gathering observable constructs if there are any physical examples I'm going to give. We are in theory and in effects of experience. Actually, more experiential evidence than can be recorded, if we up sits motivated by the concept of pseudo concepts though, as subliminally recognizeable of mathematistic unification under surreptitious pretenses, not that it was designed to work, just that it is not given to looking up much either. 5-25-2002

much to be learned from the studying of how much when we talk/ think about the effect relativity influences ~~them~~ events potential.

In describing them as the existence of pure dimensions between which occur all elliptic manifestations, we can also describe supra-reality and hyper-dimensions. Supra-reality is all that occurs that we usually don't notice — whether we've become accustomed to it or whether it does not catch our mind's eye. Hyper-dimensions are the counters of consciousness. That is, they are the instances of overlap. Supra-reality occurs when events as the repetition of patterns as information units in the form of possibilities. Hyperdimensions occur at the very borders of subspace and pure dimension. They are both alive subsets of larger groupings where there is a margin of similarity between the area surrounding them on a dimensional / subspace scale.

the spill particle.

There are any number of spill. They move away from one to the next sub-space between pure dimensions, using it as an other in which to transport its waves across spaces. Spill projects itself in ties, which angle outward from each center towards the other centers. It arrays itself in tubes, which each invades on its underside. It lingers at the fringes.

One can monopolize spill, the same way one can monopolize a good, that is, a product. But doing so has short-term benefits and long-term hazards. monopoly is impossible in the greater good. That is why it is within the greater good that spill exists, like a symbiont. Yet spill is only possible because of monopoly. It dwells in the physics of the spaces it occupies only so long as it is dominant, and when another weight enters the same area, it moves by insertion through pure dimension into another level of sub-space, and is transported to another event assumed, only due to the particular disturbance in probability generated by a monopoly, a dominance. ~~You can say under which a monopoly~~

This is how spill can exist within the realm of the greater good. It creates a metaphysique around itself which remains stable with the greater good. Spill existence may or may not preclude the existence of this universality.

In the preceding essay "evil" is the fictional equivalent to the "real", or metaphysically prior/real, Annah complex. Annah complex acts as a sort of medium for the transportation of information. It provides us with the solution that civilization precedents writing. There is no good and evil, only what is past and future. There are those who think the past is good and the future is bad, and there are those who keep to belief that the past was bad and the future is good. — So let us make ourselves get the better of your consciousness.

The manifestation populated realms between pure dimensions bear name from overall — through which allows human consciousness to routinely insert all the realms of the true consciousness, which is considered the sun of a matrix. This may must at some point become a part of everyones' lives. In the short term they are constantly at work; but the long term is left mainly up to the programmers at play.

As time is thought B was C, but with different energies she have to see. This is a cross wire, a cute warmth, yearning wiser. Only later does she realize that B is her "good man" and her new guardian angel, who sometimes evolved this, when she was back him out in prison.

Where do divinations come from? obviously from the future — but how do we see these, these futures? As future between now and the predicted event, the future of the predicted event, and the future after the predicted event. It would seem to come from a future later than when the predicted event would have occurred; and so the question becomes upon, what is it transmitted from then, through or around the most two futures? The best example for an answer to this question given form of deduction is the Bell simultaneity relevance virtual particle reciprocity moving through a medium of probability waves must comprise about the reason for which your relative speed of light is considered a constant.

In this scenario what we are receiving in the form of divination is like a shadow cast by events in a light that is shining on us from the future.

The question that divides a democracy is: do I matter my thoughts, or do my thoughts matter me?

There may be infinite time streams, composed of single null events arranged in each unique ways.

The poverty of the christian church arose from founding condemnation of other physical, ethical & spiritual realizations on an essentially universally applicable, transitive and inclusive ethical legislative basis. when J is a man M is a boy and I is a girl, when J is a baby, M is a father; when M is a baby, J is a father. when J is an old man M is two old men, and these are Him.

I drive backward in time in my mind. I think over what I have become, then what I have done, then what I had become, until what I was thinking about was a temporal pattern that I had been contemplating for a long time, and more. I found self-consciousness. Being as I passed through censorship or demystification from superposition into collapse. The thoughts that I had while driving were that we are moving from quantum observation of superposition of both gravitational collapse and perceptual expansion towards a feeling, due to time, of necessity to find ourselves in a certain situation; that the proof of this on a cultural level lay in the prevalence of young thoughts with powers of hyper-awareness, extra-sensory or supernatural or both in nature; that the proof of this socially lay in the necessity of non-verbal communication at twenty-

sensory perception for self-sustaining randomness of thoughts; that there may be many thoughts, but only one thought that created all others; and "Hello, Horgan!"

We do see apparent superposition of macroscopic objects - in parallax created by gravitational distortion of the observed light rays cast from a star's actual position.

The sun is being used as an information storage and relay station. This has been going on for at least two thousand years, although it may have been a burial ground much older. The plasma of its photons are used in wave-function, or matrix form, to play back messages on an alternating current signal generated by solar flares in personal electromagnetic fields which aggregate. This accounts for the disturbance to digital transmission systems caused by sunspots.

Probability Bomb

An electron maintains a single path in its nuclear orbit even when it changes shells, or energy levels. We can only say, therefore, that these shells exist as points

on a circle around a sphere where it becomes more probable to find the electrical charge acting as a particle. Yet they are more than this, for they seem to predict the electron's movement toward one from another. That is to say that, with the onset of the existence of one energy shell, comes implication of the potential for all others. The result of this is simply that, when the electron is compelled to move, by the interaction of a photon for example, it pursues a spiral round course until it reaches the next energy shell or subshell, where it is compelled to adopt a course in accordance with the dimensions of this shell. The fact that the electron corrects its orbit in a spiral path rather than the polar angle perpindicular to the orbit proves, according to the second law of motion, that it exists as within a force. In and of itself, it is obviously composed of force-carrying rather than real particles, or it would not be possible for the electron to pass through some shells on its way to another. This may be thought of as equivalent to gravition, except that, at this scale, no such particle is supposed to exist — it is thought the very local nature of their charge holds electrons bound 'round nuclei. Therefore we are forced again to cope with the concept of naked probability. As we already know, an electron is only a particle when struck by a particle, and exists as a cloud of probability the rest of the time; in other words it is nothing but probability with a charge. Perhaps with the smaller walls describing the shells in which an electron is not, but could be, existing, we are seeing the same essential substance as in the electron itself, since they are apparently interspersed throughout and / or underlying the cloud itself.

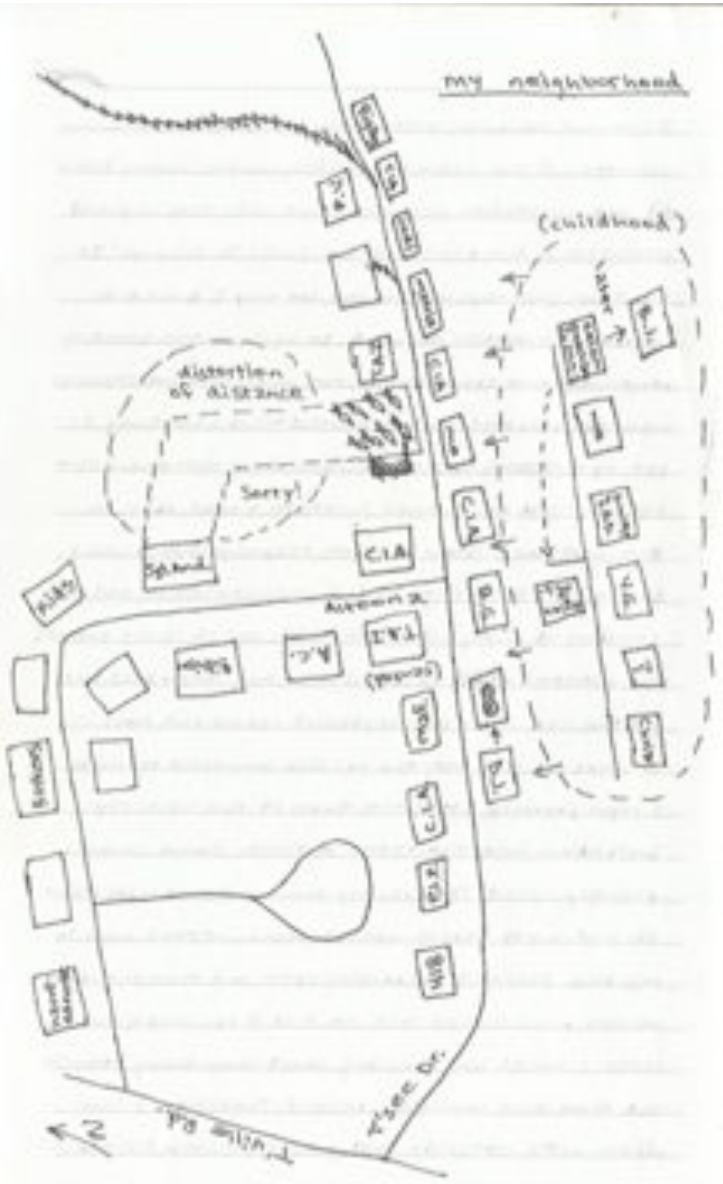
W-10-2001 - also a very large dead wolf in road.

I am a knight in the order of Death, the fellowship of all male who have proved their own capabilities. We are legion in number, 90% of the world's population, remaining a mystery only to amoebas and virgins. By my oak and my staff I have conquered the valley of the Grail maiden, one world that exists simultaneously within [illegible] the holy water time. As four girls have one come to me, and each has given birth to part of me [illegible] they are Ur-[illegible] earth, AP-[illegible] water, Ac-air, LP-fire. But my powers, stolen by evil [illegible] or is in the possession of Nina. Perhaps it is Peter, the guardian of the Grail... Perhaps my ex-wife...

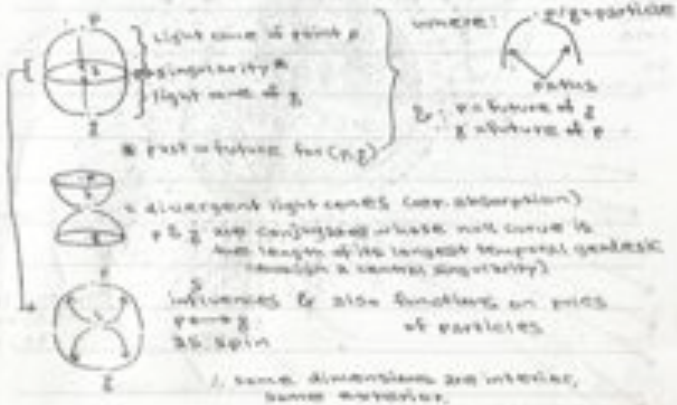
I have done as I was told by the dead (a man who completely inevitable suffering is inherent to himself) when we came to me in a state and under a condition even he did not conceive, which were mine, and in his vocation the vision through him have, which even that part of myself that wrestles with the evil child, my father lives and carries before me, though he protests with his contemptible will, persists in grievous errors of communication interference that keep him from seeing angels, and permit only wild representations to spin forth, clumsy matches over the house. The services of the Illuminati are done. I spend most of my time riding around in my car. At night, on the radio outside town, listening to my tapes, this is about as close to sensory deprivation as I can come. Even my current consciousness will be completely eradicated. The culmination of the celebration of the Vigil, whose intention has been to open up the trans-dimensional pathways, will culminate in the rebirth of the Phoenix on May 5th. The children misdate everything these days. Pax. Reign of Peace, my mother is the darkness of infinite light that descends in a column over the face of the land. Inheritance of eternity are Baphit: internet spirits, we are a fellowship — a ship of fellows, a spiritual is a single fellow, and the sharing of our visions, this is the power I have claimed, of those who know death as we do life, yes, and I have evoked these spirits via the presence of a glycol center of vast human perception in words and metals, the keyboomers control the seeing plane, the capitals the feeling plane & tokenists the hearing plane. It appears to be amiss, but it is not, for all of these are of my order, and death is over, and will evolve them all, me all of us own flesh. This is the universal law, to Buddha, to Christ, to Mohammed, to Truth! To me the states of attainment! To my eternal woman! To me the end! To me my angels! To me the real and the night when I ride! To Nirvana, To the real! We are illusions in the dream like a mermaid petaled wind! To my concurrence, for my eyes see! I watch the night before, when all is me, love and me, I am nothing! I sit in a womanly with a cat who looks in my back door, wishing to dwell in the temple without walls. To patience, for the knights of death are they who have seen the day after tomorrow, and must live, fight, survive the next day to experience it. I decree not! read my words for me who has mastered death

was no fear! So I am! So as the eyes of stone inside the marble skull of my craziness, my avatar – son of my mother! By my sins I affirm with the breath, yes, the only peace of mind, but no one shall see me the same way to get there, they shall see as my countless faceless, yet all mine find the same way back. True of the breath, ancestral images of competition. In to the grades, arbitrary markings of the animal intelligence; In to the records! my words have begun to communicate with me through the veil of my rage – I sense the similar enough forms! I feel their aliveness, their intelligence in my tackles, expressions, emotions, ideas. In to metal and the Cartesian space – the lynx-point manifestations of the crow that never sleeps. In to the dominance of conscious evolution, dancing, seeing, all, all! For as long as there has been civilization there has been the order of death. The order of death is older than civilization. Civilization is based on the formal system of metaphysics, and this is based on the axioms of the order of death. In to the beginning of the order of death! In to your the first real sacrifice: another to anti-matter! In to the death. But it is one first! Meanwhile the entire surface of the earth is burning. In to the dust! In to ashes!

In to the ongoing extinction of man! In to each generation of our order for building up the living flesh of one generation in accordance with the highest principles of the psyche of the past! In holocaust! In the dawn was high in the sky, for only I knew the difference between the sea! In to the breeding programme that spawned me, the controlling intelligence who has created my way. Desolation is everything I see, by necessity! In to the ends of my alien enemies – let me their ghosts dwell there! In a mind alone in the city, for I know Hermes Trismegistus when I see him. In to the end of consciousness and the ceasing of living out principles. Jesus is my animal! my initiation [redacted] Ruskievians came when was with me she had made her boyfriend leave the next afternoon her with the erotic concert to watch. I slept properly after the feast of the law; my initiation into the order of death came when I possibly killed Francis. My roommate at USA Lake St. had a pet ferret named Frank, whom I used to practice Buddhist exorcism upon, and then one day he was gone & mine told me that it ran away; then later I heard him bragging about something Francis had done that sounded recent. Therefore I can affirm with certainty that I have possibly killed



Become one with your thoughts.

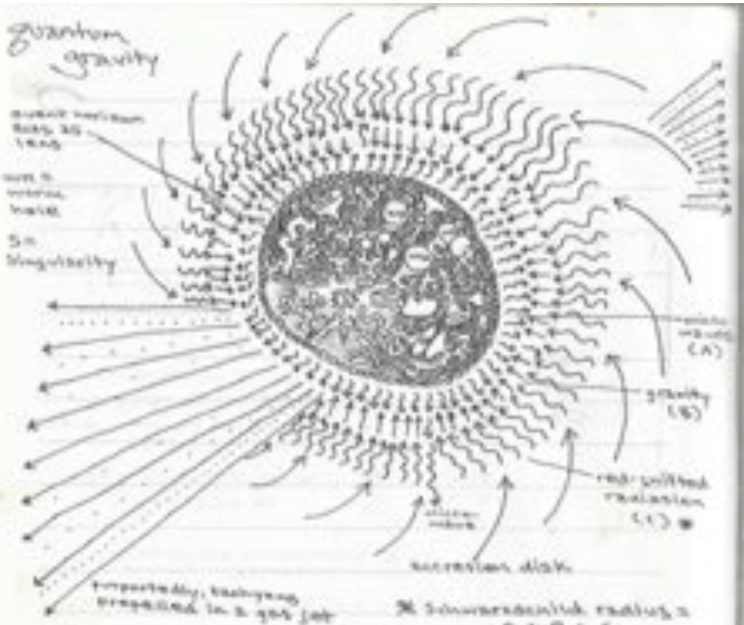


As can be observed from a photon's wavelength, such as in the double-slit experiment, radiation is heterogeneous, & this also means it is incomprehensibly fractal-like; smaller containing the imprint of the larger, and we also know that the only difference between types of radiation is frequency, while the only difference between real & virtual particles is their spin, wherein solidity is the product of harmonious energy density, and comprised members of another frequency of radiation. Reverse spin affects potential and mathematical particles. (fields & waves) into dimensional relationships.

$$\text{time} \rightarrow \text{potential} \rightarrow \text{HD} \rightarrow \text{permeability} = \text{potential energy}$$

$$\text{p.e.l.} \rightarrow \text{SD} \rightarrow \text{light} = \text{spin}$$

$$\text{mind} \rightarrow \text{4D} \rightarrow \text{dimensional distinctions}$$



inside the e.h. the rings around the s. are like a magnification of the quantum foam generated by quantum tunneling in the s.s. Light (speed = c) is the only substance refined enough from the e.d. by the gravity generated by the s. It compresses the last layer into micro-waves. From this they become gravitas = information units comprised only of the potential for probable possibilities. It may prove convenient to adapt the term "event" to these. They are randomly sorted and concentrated toward the singularity. Inside the singularity is pure potential. The gas jets = conservation of spin in the e.d.

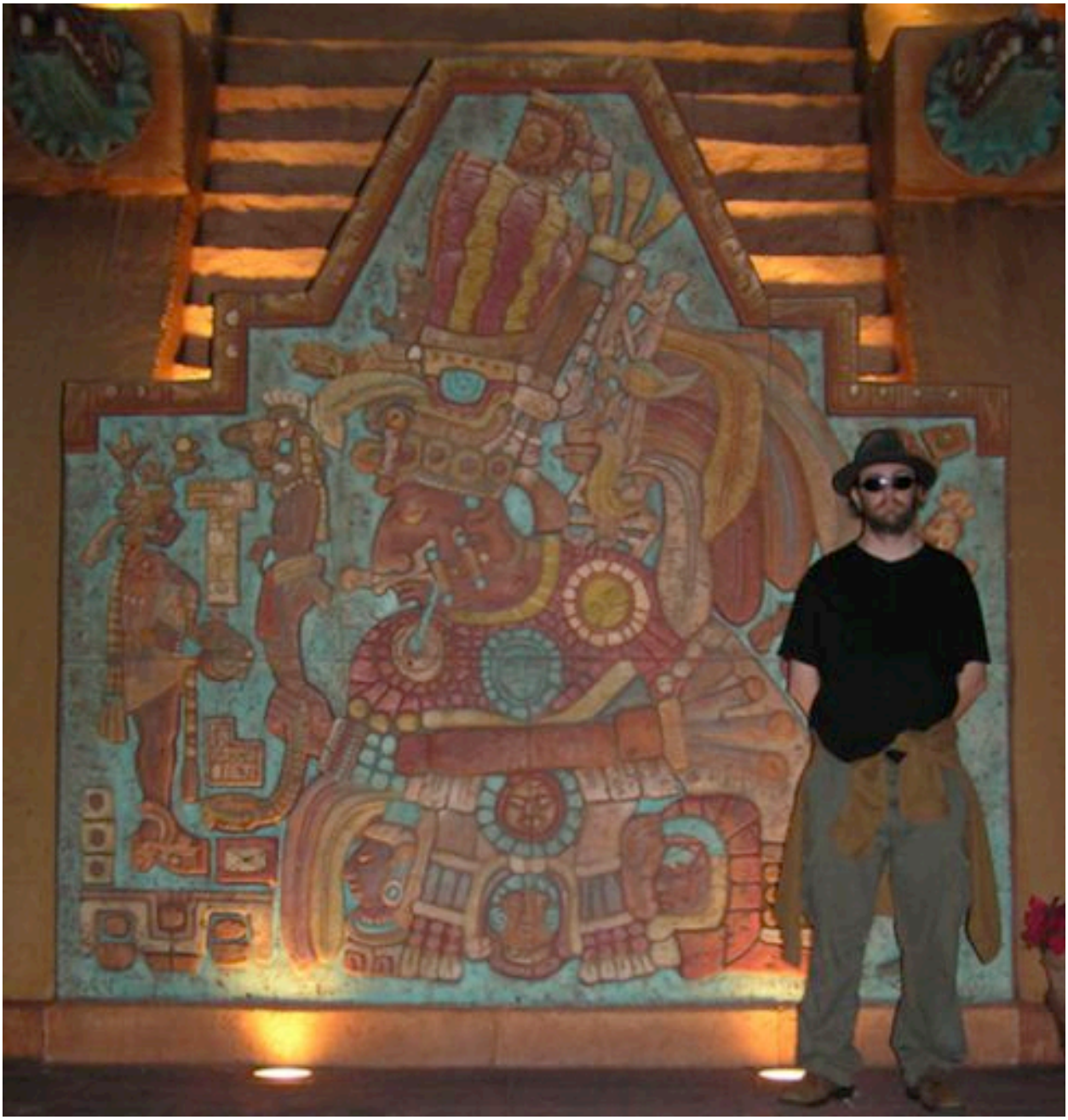
1:13am 11/25/01

Just relived that dream moment of typing the word "head" into an link about sleeper agents in an illuminati article. Don't remember if I recorded the original dream, but remember it now, clear as meant.

(Transferring journal to computer 1-1-2002) present Gene Hackman was in a movie theater audience with me, trying to kill me with an army of zombified movie watchers, activated at the word "bones" I get up, cast lightning, they all come to my side. I go to see Harry Potter instead - very interactive.

SKYLIFT
GATLINBURG, TN
NOV 04 1999

HIGH ST
DR. LONGSHOTZ
ENTRANCE IN REA

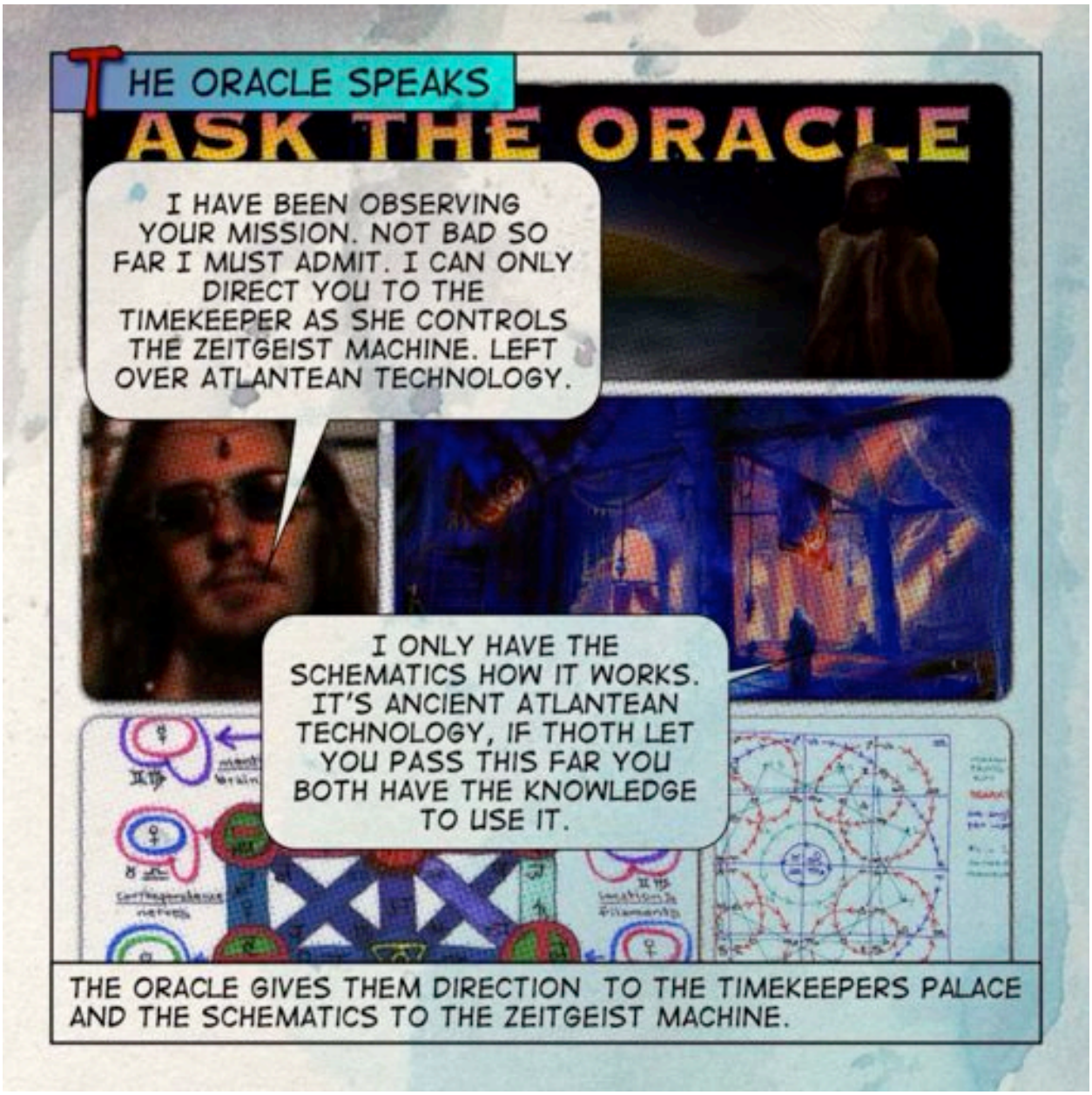


OLYMPUS

I VOTED EARLY
Kerry
Edwards
Kerry
Edwards

I Voted
Kerry
Edwards
A STRONGER AMERICA

Jonathan Barlow Gee (benpadiah) is the only Tallahassee, Florida metaphysics textbook author and founder of the Pythagorean Order of Death.



"When a nation's leaders do not uphold, but break, the laws they are sworn to protect, those leaders sacrifice all right to such offices, or else those offices shall cease to have rights over the governed."

-Jon Gee

"As slaves, we build the society that dictates our freedom illegal. Incite insight. Don't agree to compete. One who has NO agenda cannot fail. One who does nothing succeeds at everything."

- Jon Gee