

the **PREQUEL**
[section 1]

If a nightingale could sing like you, they'd sing much better than they do. And if there's one thing that we learn today, it's watch what you say. I think it all started when I stopped wearing my seatbelt, irregardless of what the voices in my head had to say. Yeah yeah. The end was your creation. As they say, love flies out the door when money flies innuendo.

I think I'm down to my last three rolling papers. And I'm still waiting for that muscle relaxer to kick in. Today is Friday. It usually is. Always read the small print they say. Whatever happened to good old fashioned face to face communication? Who comes up with this shit? Calling it your job don't make it right. I'm looking for a needle in a haystack. It's nice work if you can get it. The end.

Time isn't moving nearly as slowly as it was on the car ride back to Minneapolis. I think I'll roll another cigarette. Yeah yeah. Tell her she can call back any time. Yeah. You've got to work on your messages irregardless of whether or not there is actually something being said. I think that's been established, you know. This Duran Duran is driving me crazy with his positronic rays and his fourth dimension limbos. All in all, there's something to give. Goddamn it.

Listen you children, this game is very amusing but I think it's gone too far. I don't want to hurt you I just want to ask you a few questions about this spaceship. My heart's pounding. You know that I'm aware. You going down? Ah, yep. You got it.

That's the classic way of ending life in the labyrinth. Says the professor. I must say, this rumpleminze has a way of making my eyes burn. It's the last of the new year's liquors. It's about time. My reflexes have slowed considerably. 20 percent at least. An angel does not make love. An angel is love. What's it like to see your name carved on the ground in the Pacific Northwest? It makes for quite a night, I assure you. The revolution moves on.

That one idea. The one that let's you get started. I can't seem to get it. And all we talk about's the fucking weather.

I think it has something to do with the space-time continuum. Something about being in New Orleans. Something 'bout the Caribbean. Language culture identity. Interpellation. Cultural play. I didn't think this place was restricted. Fuck 'em all.

I'll show you the life of the mind.

Come on in, we've got Apocalypse Now playing with Sleater-Kinney. Have some chocolate wafers. Enjoy the heat while you can. I'll try to bring things into focus. No. It's impossible. There are too many points of view.

So there he was. Watching the cows in heat. It's important that you get the numbers down so that the inseminator knows where to stick his hands in the morning. As he walked past the garage he couldn't help but notice the shiny red tractor glowing in the moonlight. It was in this place that he learned to enjoy the taste of peaches. Today, in this place, we learn that death is the only reality, for it is the only certainty, inevitable to all things. Words from women in the Caribbean. Challenge failed. Ack ack ack.

So I'm sitting here waiting for a beam of light to come out of the TV and give me total understanding. Now would be a good time to fuck my head. Maybe I'll try and enter another parallel reality. Well that wasn't a bad trip said the boy. Said the man. It's certainly good to be back here. What's on the agenda these days?

Is this what they teach you here, the German asked him, how to build fires and smoke grass? She was from a village down the road. Things were different there. Apparently, he would find out, there was talk in the surrounding towns of the stench emanating from the homemade compost. It's amazing how relative a sense of humor can be.

Welcome to my world.

All forms of communications are constraints. That is, everything that is communicated to something else is a constraint on all other instances of communication that will occur.

Ain't no whales of that hue. Ain't nothing here but your empty head. Good thing nature abhors a vacuum.

REVOLUTION

Well well. It seems as if we meet again, Computer. Let us see if we contain the ability to create the Word within this latest apparition. We have crawled back inside to discover that the ROOTS remain as real as a Raggedy Ann and Andy movie: so as THINGS FALL APART, we find that that which grabs our attention is like the FAR SIDE comic found within the *LAST IMPRESSIONS* calendar on Saturday, August 24. And yes, things *are* most definitely falling apart. Whatever choices we make, we must remember—it is ALL RIGHT—*LIFE* goes on.

And then Jake saw something that grabbed his attention.

I believe it was Marx who said, “Time flies like an arrow...” More about that later.

TALKING BOOK

So a friend of mine finally got some sleep recently after a very trying couple of days. All of a sudden she wakes up to hear some guy shouting in her window, “I AM GOD! I AM GOD!” “God,” she says, “Will you shut up, I’m trying to get some sleep.”

Life is a dream you cannot wake up from.

Ok. Enough with the boldness. It is a game I cannot keep up. Some falls are just too hard. The question I am attempting to ask, however, is how far are *you* willing to go? I know I have my limits. Well, I suppose I haven’t broken yet. All I am saying is that I have no desire to break. I see no reason why we can’t have perfection. All it would take is honesty. And a little bit of courage. And self respect. And respect of others. Well, all I’m saying is that I have no desire to face the world by myself. Like I said, it is not a game I can keep up. So excuse me if I try to tap into whatever resources we all share and leave the deciphering of texts to those willing to make the trip. I’ll try to make the communication process as clear as possible; we should just keep in mind the difficulties of finding consensus within one’s head. It behooves us not to be lazy in matters such as these, for violence of all sorts has been known to lead to unsatisfactory realities.

I wish they all could be California girls.

As I have said before, to someone who may or may not be you, this is necessarily a **conversation**, which means, there are no rules, but the rule. Fear is a function of time, which is a function of something else entirely. You only need face that which is in front of you. Ah yes, there ain't no such thing as a paradox. Or as my wise old friend once said, "This is not a contradiction."

Don't be confused by context. For it is only in context that meaning is made. Don't forget, while playing the **game inside the game**, you still reside amongst all that surrounds you.

Reality is a game of JENGA.

So I says to her, "Are you sure she's not just a chicken trapped inside a human body?"

Anything is POSSIBLE.

And I believe *this* is where the story veered once again, into that land of familiarity and nostalgia, that land we all know so well, yet can't quite pinpoint why it is so different than the terrain from whence we came so very recently, it couldn't have been more than one paragraph, but what was it we were discussing, oh i'm certain it had something to do with rock 'n' roll music...ok ok ok. My apologies. So we haven't yet reached total recall from the night before, but we are sure there is a phrase that will tie it all together. Something about Tom and Jerry being one of the greatest comedy teams of modern times. Oh yes, we are indeed learning to speak. I'm sure you'll pick up the language eventually providing enough clues are left. Some identifications are indeed strong enough to color an entire book—properly referenced, of course.

Which reminds me, some folks are not as tall as their listed height. This has indeed been proven *scientifically*, using the same roadways traveled by such other fun facts of existence as the—some might say

scrumptious—taste of colors.⁵ Were **I** to rule the world, categories such as ‘*Best use of the word ravenous within a Dashiel Hammet reference*’ would take on a multitude of wonderously new relations. For, as they say⁵, the more things change, the more they stay as they were before they became that which they are not.

“**Don’t mock my grammar,**” he boldly exclaimed to the inanimate object staring back at him. Well, it wasn’t so much that he exclaimed this, but *imagined* an exclamation of the sort, one that wasn’t so much a commandment, mandate, or decree, but a request amongst friends. Not that he would not exclaim such things in the future and make truth out of all that was written (although, by the time *these* thoughts enter *your* realm of consciousness and make *your* acquaintance such classifications and demarcations as past/present/future may all be behind us).

“**I object to such a designation as this. Object though I may be, I am certainly as *animate* as *you*.**” Ah yes. Now I remember. It was a conversation between a boy and his computer. For if we are to live in this world together, we should become clear on who it is that we think we are and what it is we believe we are doing.

“Clarity is for windshields,” cried the subject. Need I remind you that *we* are having a *conversation*. It is enough that we agree **not to hurt anybody—UNNECESSARILY**. Amusement for all—*THAT* is my motto.

“For comfort *should* be a right for *any* who choose to join in the game. If we make a choice to give up certain defenses in the name of **closer communication** it would be nice to have a safety net to give our development a scent of sustainability.”

“I love gold.”⁵

Before you slip into...unconsciousness, I’d like to have...another kiss.

⁵ Perriwinkle, for example.

⁵ Conversation with a Rigberg: Scenes from the Country Club Diner. November 3, 2002. 11:07ish. Philadelphia, Pa.

⁵ Popular movie reference

DUCK SOUP⁴

Ok ok. Now I get it. The teacher knew what she was talking about. Sort of like those people who built the tower of babble in that song about the horses. You can learn to recognize the nature of things without knowing them directly. Some call it magic. Some call it connection. But we all know the one thing truly faster than the speed of light. You might call it a change of perspective.

I mean, shit. Look at the Japanese economy right now. It's going to fucking pieces. Their world is subject to the same laws of human interaction as ours is. A system of relation based on boundaries and competition is a powder keg of a system—. (period) What makes our particular brand of relations different is that the people who *do* have an inordinate mass of power to affect relations (to affect our *language*) actually do harm to things *intentionally*. That is, they make an actual *choice*, between very real possibilities, to **hurt**. It is not a matter of profit, or as some might say, the almighty ideology—that single teleological spout—that determines all that we see. As many layers as you peel off, you'll still find that the onion holds no core. Fact is, gangsta rap is not the only seemingly subversive or separate culture that just happened to fall face front into the main stream to find out it holds too much in common with this top dog culture of values and feelings to ever seriously be considered as separate or sub. *We learned it from watching you, Dad. We learned it from watching you.*²

Act like you've been there before.

POWER AND POLITICS: The Mafia and Us

You see, it's a magic trick. You just **not** play by the rules.

The Criminal Justice System

⁴ Tangled Up in Blue

² Train of thought tracking back to the start of the paragraph departed from internal questioning of wrinkled SuperDry shirt given as gift from mother on trip from Japan. All subsequent and previous stations of thought can be evoked with the right prodding.

All I'm saying is *listen to the story*. You don't know what happened. I mean, god forbid, what if they were insane? Or even worse, what if they were perfectly sane?

As many will tell you, it's all in the follow through.³

Digestion is the key to sustainability.

Of course you've been a fool. You wonder what *category* it's gonna come from next. Need we remind you again—it's already here.

EVERYWHERE

THE GOOSE IS LOOSE

Yes, yes. It is our story now. And in our story I think all the pieces should fit. And while the order of the pieces may look radically different from how we **planned**, we should know that the puzzle has still turned out **exactly according to our plans**.

GARBAGEMAN REVOLUTION

worker consciousness: a person working *conscious* of the actual **power** she holds to affect others in her society; a group of people worker together, **conscious of the power** they hold collectively, functioning as a unit.

we walk through life pretending the power is not there, afraid to look behind the curtains. acknowledging power is acknowledging choice.

I don't want to be no movie star. I don't want to drive no fancy car. I just wanna be free to live my life.

If you think this country's bad off now, just wait'll I get through with it.

—ding dong—

³ Delegation of importance overplayed for effect.

“Are your parents home?”

“I’m the Democratic chairperson and I have some information for your parents. We really hope they go out to vote tomorrow.”

“She’s anti-Israel and anti-Semetic.”

“Well, she supports a Palestinian state.”

“Do you support a Palestinian state?”

“Well, anyway, she’s said stuff off the record.”

“Thanks. Have a nice day.”

Well, I still think she’s a spy. Oh come on. That’s just the fear talking. We’re covered on this one. I mean. They’re good, but they can’t be that good. I’m just saying, we should be prepared for all contingencies. Are you aware of the reality mesh that would have to follow from your PARANOIA? You’d have to rethink ALL relationships past/present/future. You’ve tried this before—unsuccessfully I might remind you. We’re still here, ain’t we? We’re still moving along in a sustainable manner. Let’s just be realistic here. You just want your safe harbor so bad you can taste it. Forget taste, your dreamlife is seeping out of your head like [insert applicable simile]. When the world is starting to bend to your will and reality and consciousness to overlap it’s time to start checking the foundation. Well, we did send her a picture of Slim, you know. I mean, if we are to trust anything...

Trout fishing in America

It was a beautiful fall morning. Well, afternoon. Not that I had missed out on the morning. No. I saw the sun rise. Well, the effects of the sunrise, anyway. Ah the terrors of cause and effect. I must say, there are times when I do not envy the sun. It ain’t easy being green. But I digress. We were discussing world domination, no?

So I’m walking along Main St. or whatever they called the central roadway in that town and *hold on a second*

What’s that? Something about feeding your head? I didn’t quite get the next part. Oh. Hello there. Didn’t see you there. I was just caught up in a transmission. Oh. There I go again. Something about coca-cola signs. I’m sorry. They want me to hack. And bring the music. Well. I’m sure you’ll be all right there. Well. Later.

Utopian Vacation Tours and the Rules of War

“...is if you see a one(un)armed guy, if you see an unarmed guy, you can't shoot him...”

Also known as Freedom and Liberty

Watch out for Dangerous Mines...

Coming to a theatre near you

Well, I believe I received some feedback tonight. It's so nice, this feedback. What a concept. Whoever designed that one knew what they were doing. Simplify, as they say. You can do anything you put your mind to. Oh it was a great show all right. Gave me the fidgets, it did. Yes yes. I'll get around to resuming my story some other time. A wild ride every now and then is called for I believe. Yes yes.

No, you should always trust your gut. That's what I'm saying. React to what's in front of you. If you feel it's a bad situation, then walk away. Metaphorically justified practicality. Don't blame the yutes. They're just trying to live their lives with the constraints thrown in their spaces. People are people.

Car Wash History Lessons

Here will be included a brief history of the car wash to illuminate certain aspects of youth, race, and pocket change, not to mention the creation of reality. Science in all its glory.

When I get that feeling I want sexual healing

Hey. I had myself an itch to scratch.

It happens to the best of us.

“Yeah, that's right. We just don't have the pitchers.”

...It *all* comes back to orange juice.

The Please Take One Halloween Candy Bowl Conundrum

*So what are you saying, that you just wrote the riddle yourself? No, the riddle exists. Well, it's not so much a riddle with a definitive answer, but a question people ask, generally. You know, one of them philosopher type questions. Like...Like why do you drive on a parkway and park on a driveway? Yes. Exactly like that. Yeah. Like a central question of philosophy that's been asked for the past I don't know how many years. It's public domain. But still, is this a question that you came up with yourself and just wrote down? No man. It just exists. It's just something that happens to people and then they generally ask the same questions about the situation. We were just talking about it a minute ago. We had fears about leaving out the bowl and we settled the situation in an acceptable manner where we eliminated our fear **AND** no one got hurt—unnecessarily. Yeah, well I guess what it is is that I still think people will be a little confused by the word conundrum and not get your reference exactly. Oh. Then we'd have to just explain what we meant somewhere else, give them something to relate to. They'll still be able to get the joke—to understand the joke—once they understand the key points you are trying to get across. Not all jokes need use shock value to give you pleasure. We can take our time and enjoy the ride. But thanks for the heads up though. Sometimes I don't realize everything going on around me and I can use a little feedback to help me along. As long as we know what we need to help people understand what we are saying we can alter our language accordingly. At the very least, it gives us that choice. Yeah, and just because you might feel lost at a certain point, this doesn't invalidate all of the previous times when you felt found. Those times are just as real. As my friend once said, you can be both lost and found. And then I said, how can you be—wait a minute—I said, but if you're...no...that's not it. Ok. He said, oh!—he said good thing I found you here in the lost and found. And then the other guy said, how can we be lost when...*

(PRECEDING SECTION CONTAINS VARIOUS LINES NOT ACTUALLY REFERENCING PARTS OF AN ACTUAL CONVERSATION IN A LITERAL FASHION)

My Generation

It's like when "Tommy Boy" Callahan strapped road flares to his chest to save the town. Its not *really* a device made to harm people. It's the empty jar of acid the guy used in that Gravity's Rainbow book. He just felt he needed to get someone's attention—just to get someone to even listen to the words he had to say—and suddenly he found himself in a situation where this action was no longer morally wrong. In his eyes, but also in the eyes of his larger society. The value of the action had changed. And all I'm saying is, at the very least, listen to what people have to say. Make the decision based on your own choices, dealing with what is in front of you. And I think, more times than not, you'll be pleasantly surprised that the situation is not as bad as it seems. Well, anyway, it's certainly been good talking, but you know how it is, I gotta keep moving. Moving On. Yeah.

"Yeah. It *might* be a good idea not to cough while your flossing."

Oh wow! Canada *is* actually a foreign country.

Oh yeah. My baby, she *did* write me a letter.

Yeah.

Half the story ain't never been told.

Justice. Law. These games you have played do not make you wise.

We are all children.

The kids are all right.

Let the children play.

I'm Stein

Love and War.

Evolution.

Pick your metaphor and begin from there.

What's your game? What's your poison?

Let's look at the law. Let's get Talmudic.

Rabbi Dan says this, but Rabbi Martha says this. I myself find the

situation congruent to Rabbi Meghan's conversation on so and so, which would lead me to believe that the answer to the question is 42. There are no problems. Only solutions.

Wake up little Suzie. Wake up.

The heat is on. *"Mayday! Mayday! This is Flight 97! I'm in trouble!...My second engine's on fire, my landing gear's jammed, and my worthless co-pilot's frozen!"* Yeah, the gasman stopped by today. Rang the bell seconds after I stepped out of the shower. Turns out everything was working fine. It was just a matter of competing forces. *Gates are opened, gates are closed, the cows don't seem to mind.* We did a little cleaning last night. Seems we lost some history in the process. Seems like I'm not the only one who has difficulties reading minds. Point taken, says I. Point taken. *Tell me what we gonna do, if everything I say is true?* Phrase it a different way. That's what I would tell them. The way you are putting it makes you look like an arrogant fool. Well, I probably wouldn't say that, but, you know, something like look at things historically, as if they actually happened. As if they were real. It changes everything around. It gives us more constraints, but it gives us a stronger model. It holds the promise of sustainability. I mean, these people went through a lot. Look at what they were trying to do. It is not a matter of justice so much as validation. We are not required to make the same choices ourselves, but we should be honest about what surrounds us. We shouldn't be asking for concentrated perfection. What I mean is, the pressure formed by putting responsibility on the shoulders of a single person making choices during a limited period of time is enormous. To ignore all else that surrounds your chosen focal point is not only unfair, but counterproductive for all but a stroke of the ego. Individual choices should be weighed on their own merit. Given the situation, how can we measure this action. Now, I haven't come across many hopeless, unwinnable, or unsolvable situations in *my* life that could not have been avoided by different choices along the way. Not that I cannot imagine them existing. It is just that I feel we can learn from the past. And the future. Regardless of their actuality. Still, like I said, to say that value must come from perfection in every action separated from all that surrounds it, measured by a limited and arbitrary perspective, is

nonsense. Keep your ideals, but be honest and fair. And be kind. Yeah, that's probably what I would say if the situation arose.

When will I see you again?

See, I don't know if you can pull it off. It is like that line you used before, about juggling the balls with your many hands. Something is bound to fall. What you are talking about would require a great deal of skill. Or patience. Yeah, that's a good point you make there. Time heals all wounds, as they say. Like you revealed in your conversation with your Aunt, patience is one area where you feel confident in your abilities. But without total control, how can you be so confident that you will be able to color the picture as you like? I mean, you are all over the place here. There are times when I look at the words around me and I feel completely lost. How can you be so sure you'll bring it together in the end? You are bound to lose some folks along the way. Yes, I suppose you are at least giving people the option to take out what they put in. But it is all so confusing. Who is it that you talking to all the time? We don't even know who *you* are. I suppose this keeping all of your options open thing gives you enormous *potential*. Worse comes to worst and it just wasn't what you thought it'd be. But still, do you think you can keep it all in your head, or as you say, under one cover?

Now *that's* a novel idea.

- - -NEWS BREAK- - -

They are fucking you in the ass. And you are just sitting there going, 'oh thank you so much for fucking me in the ass. Is there anything I can do to make the whole experience easier and more pleasant for you?'

Here's what else They are making you do:

Ok. Enough about Them. I apologize for the foul language. I don't want to turn anybody off, you know. Anyway, it's about time we started talking about us. Yeah, the girl had that right when she said, it all starts with you. Unless she said, it all starts with us. Either way, you are all included. Which gets me back to the point I was making.

If we have returned home, ain't it about time we started enjoying ourselves?

Are you surprised when I touch the dwarf inside?

Ok. That makes five. And I gotta tell you, it's getting to me. How many hang-ups can we get in one day? At least talk to us. I mean, I appreciate you initiating the communication process and all, but if you just keep hanging up it's gonna drive me mad. Or batty. It might just drive me batty. At least listen to what I've got to say. Yeah. See. That wasn't so bad, was it?

And sometimes the rose was he.

Don't shit where you eat my friend? What the fuck does that mean? I gotta tell you, sometimes I just don't get what the fuck is going on. I do wish things were just a bit clearer, you know.

It's fucking déjà vu all over again.

Ok. I guess when you look at it that way, it ain't so bad. It's a damn good thing I have something to relate the situation to. Yeah. I love it when a plan comes together.

I love it when a plan comes together.

Yes, I believe it was the Buddha who once said, "What the fuck do *you* know about a zen koan?"

I love it when a plan comes together.

Sorry for repeating myself so much. And sorry for the language again. It's 8 after 1. I just hope everything turns out ok. Is that so much to ask? Whatever happens. Come what may.

SUNDAY MORNING

All right. I have had enough of living in the world of others. It is enough to know that it can be done. It is time to step back from the

land of confusion and into the world of waiter, there's an eyeball in my soup.

Peace and love.

Jacob

*I believe in the hereafter. You are not in such a bad place, are you?
It's about the forces acting upon us. Any way the wind blows...*

back in the saddle again

Back to word play once again. Maybe this one will go on our website. What kind of world do you think we're heading for, I asked my father. Surely you don't think we're heading down that old Orwellian road. Brave new world and what have you. No no. My time is now. Meet the new generation. Hear the many voices with which we sing. I'm not so sure that you all understand exactly what path we're heading down. Forgive me while I mock your fear and taunt your morality. But if this is the road on which we ride we're gonna have to come face to face with that big old cosmic joke. Otherwise, it's a downward spiral down the ladder. And ain't nobody wants to ride the ladder. So welcome to the here and now of paradox and totality. Where everything is illusion with nothing behind it. All you see is all there is and there ain't no turning back. But enough with the foreplay. Let's give the people what they want. It's about time.

I keep lighting the wrong end of the cigarette it seems. Not that I smoke or nothing. Smoking's for losers. And drug addicts. And your run of the mill delinquents and squally wags. But that's just historical anomaly number one. There'll be plenty of time for history lessons and the deconstruction of the bullshit that makes up our reality. Not that'll lead you anywhere solid. If that's what you're after. It's about time we get it in our head that this trip is gonna make strawberry preserves out of Truth and string cheese out of Order. We'll be floating in a sea of chaos and all the time Knowing that Everything Is As It Should Be. But enough with the gibberish. It's time to change the record.

Re: productivity. It's about time you kids got off your lazy asses and started contributing something to society. It's not as if They aren't making it simple for us. We are living in a world where every act of rebellion is justified. All you need is a little creativity to make sublime your actions and gods of your selves. Authority is dead. And we're all standing on higher ground. Yeah. So where were we? The field of play was shifting, right? And with it, all that is possible.

I should probably tell you the story of my hard luck and how I came to be living here where I am. But I suppose that's the story I've been

telling for the past six months. It all started one day in the last millennium. Let's see. I couldn't have been more than twenty at the time. Not that age swings much difference in matters of importance, way I see this story unfolding. Still, we all like points of reference every now and then. Which brings us to that point I've been wanting to make, about what it is that you and I can do. Let's see, I was standing on the steps of the administration building, a crowd of hundreds or dozens of people facing me with anticipation. Waiting for me to speak. And all of sudden I found myself up in a tree staring at a rainbow, illegally crossing the green line to clear some roads, watching the puppet show play out on a sunny day. But I digress. We still need to connect the dots. Or shout them out in a jazzy rhythm as we stroll on down the street. Catch me if you can.

TV'll rot your mind, you know. Suck out your precious life fluids. Sure as hell ain't no way to get the news. But what is it that I'm saying? Everyone stares at the sun every now and then, you know. You just have to watch out for its hypnotic gaze. Eventually you'll learn that communication is the best way to get your message heard. And agenda setting becomes a carnival dance of epic proportions. We all like to dance, right. Sure as a light rain on a Thursday afternoon, walking down the road with a bag of fresh tomatoes in your hand. It's like the nectar of the gods, it is. But that is how it should be. Peach nectar calms the head. Is about time we started sharing our knowledge. Don't you think?

New Orleans, I think it was. On a streetcar. The grains on the wood panel by the window started to dance. It was about time I started seeing things. The grinning toucan in the seat ahead of me was my roommate. I'm not sure exactly when the soccer cheers started, but I do recall when I decided I no longer wanted my id's and credit card. Once when I was on holiday in the mountains I picked up a cd that advised me to get out of debt. When you are in debt, people own you. Which brings us to the issue of sweatshop labor. I couldn't have been more than twenty at the time. A buddy of mine was organizing a march on the president's office. Which is something I usually did on my own, only not with so much Purpose.

Excerpt from an academic treatise on global social change:

“On January 1, 1994, the Zapatista National Liberation Army declared a revolution. As Collier discusses, this rebellion had its roots in the 1970 oil expansion and following debt crisis. Along with other factors Collier points out, the effects these events had on indigenous peoples and peasants helped provoke the situation we see today.”

So I guess what I’m saying is that if you are too lazy for revolution, you really shouldn’t put yourself in debt. But you know what they say about changing the past and not being able to do it. We are where we are now and we can’t change that. The question is where do we go from here. Oh, of course, I’m just fooling with you there. Pulling you along as it were. Of course we can change the past. History is a crock of shit. Didn’t anybody ever tell you that? The past is certainly as malleable as the future. But let us hold off on this strand of the discussion for a moment, vital though it may be. For we find ourselves in a time of crisis. As I write, people in the city in which I live are being thrown in jail solely for making their opinions heard. Overseas, bombs are being dropped on defenseless innocents. Oh, and from what I gather, children are being beaten. And families are starving. And forests are being deforested. And all sorts of terrible, horrible things. Which is why I think that, along with sustainable development, the elimination of the death penalty is such an important concept. Oh, I remember a time, I couldn’t have been more than twenty, in which I would look at the world and how it was structured and say to myself or perhaps dozens of people hanging on my every word, hey, you know what, this world sucks. I think it was even my catch phrase for a short while. But I never felt quite comfortable with saying those words, as for the most part I kind of liked the world. Maybe you could even say I loved it. In a completely platonic, non-sexual way, of course. Thanks to my puritan upbringing and all. So eventually I discovered this discursive trick when communicating my feelings about the world around me. And I think that is when my rainbow staring habit started to form. I hate fucking puritans.

And who can deny that the world is becoming more and more cartoonish every day I said to her. I hate war she said to me. And then we embraced.

Wyoming was my Madagascar. Shit, Madagascar was my Madagascar. I don't drink soda cause I don't like it. Every man can choose whether or not he wants to parade around in his underwear in the great parade of life. And women? Great googly moogly. Women can do whatever the fuck they want. Everybody can do whatever the fuck they want. That's the first law of thermodynamics. At least it should be. Physics still has some work to do before it starts making sense. Nature still gets a kick out of using that old cowboy humor. Which of course is the same as that old Indian humor. Wroom wroom. Beep beep. Snap crackle pop. Every now and then I get the feeling I'm being held prisoner. And I don't appreciate it much. So I think anybody contributing to that state of being should stop whatever it is they're doing. You know what I'm talking about. It's like a weight being dropped on my head or a fly buzzing around my eyes. Makes me want to smash something up real good. In a rhythmic fashion of course. No need to stop the beat from flowing. And as I looked into her eyes it became clear to me that ain't nobody deserves to suffer like that. To have a bunch of men with guns storm into your house, strangers, holding you prisoner in your own home, dictating your actions, tearing your house apart, shooting at your neighbors from your roof, for the second time in a month. So much of our cultural output is so very boring. A tired, stale, week old doughnut. But it is not as if most of you still utilize our ability to taste. Have you ever eaten a mango on a hot summer's day? I once ate a pretty fine egg salad sandwich at a jukebox diner. Seems like only yesterday. Diana was her name. They had a camera in the ceiling. Would've freaked me out had I just eaten some mushrooms in the bathroom. You don't think they had a camera in the bathroom, do you? I smelled like a guy who hadn't showered in a week, but it came off smelling like liquor. They didn't have any wood paneling that wanted to dance. Not like those folks in that lounge that was charging seven and a half bucks for a drink. Sorry sir, I'm not authorized to open the register unless you make a purchase. I sure do like the taste of cherries.

But enough of my crazy conspiracy theories I said to her. I miss you too she said to me.

So he has the gall to ask me if I was a terrorist. Six months overseas and a phone call from New Mexico. Didn't stop him from writing out a blueprint of the Lockheed-Martin plant. I didn't bother to take it with me. I wouldn't be a terrorist for another month or so. Didn't bother to use the terrorist bit as a pick-up line for another three months on top of that. But shit, at that point in the conversation all I was looking for was a ride home. I remember when I made my friend a blueprint of my house, so she could get me my jacket, some pants, and a change of underwear. At that time, I wasn't expecting to sleep outside in the rain, I don't even think the shantytown was up yet, but I know they were setting off fire alarms at three in the morning. I remember when I gave my, well, I don't know how to classify her exactly. Which illuminates all sorts of possession-related problems that tie up the communication process on a regular basis. I mean, it really isn't my jacket, it's its own jacket. Sure I worry about it, but when it gets down to it, the jacket can take care of itself. And sure I was upset when me and the frog parted ways in the back of a taxicab outside the bus station. Every time I want to pop a cork or peel an orange or tighten the screws on my glasses, I can't help but wonder what that key chain is up to at this very moment, whether we'll ever meet again. I mean, at that point in the evening I had already gotten rid of everything else in my pockets, save for the face of my watch and that frog. Credit card, ids, twenty-two dollars in one dollar bills, ticket to the show. Me and that frog had history. I remember sitting by the lake, telling the story about how I lost the time. Her name was Rachel, too. Just like the girl in Wyoming working the Devil's Tower gift shop. I remember laughing at the neat little storybook-type wrap-up that came from it. Losing my keys on the road to New Mexico. **A walk in the park ain't what it used to be.** So sometimes that old war demon still haunts my soul. It says, hey here you go, look how powerful you are, look how right and true you are, look how strong, you can win this easy, don't you just love it, all you've got to do is play the game. And then that other voice says oh the game, eh. I keep forgetting we're playing a game. So if it's a game it should be a lot more fun. And all your rules can go out the window, 'cause I'm the one playing, see. And then that old war demon starts getting all angry and mumbling under its breath and being altogether silly as war demons are wont to be. Oh we have a good time, me and the voices in my head. I heard from Martha

today. She's back home for a bit, waiting for the next wave to ride out on. Got those nurses taken care of real good, I'd imagine. I thought she'd have been out months ago. We met in one of those political type meetings. You know, a bunch of kids, planning to take over the world. It was her show, come to think of it. I was just sitting in, really, taking in the surroundings. I hadn't had much direct experience with Purpose, you know. We're planning a takeover of the president's office. We could use some people. You want in? First thing she ever said to me was something like, thanks for giving us a few days of your life for this. You know, after the meeting, as I was walking out the door. I love Martha. Apparently, so she tells it, she was a bit nervous about my participation heading into the action, from a reliability standpoint that is. I was one of those great unknowns in the equation for her, your standard "who the fuck is this guy?" I, myself, remember thinking, what is she talking about taking time out from my life this is my life this will be part of my life you can't just go separating parts of your existence saying this here is my life and this here is separate and not mine it is all as much my life as anything else I'm not doing this as a sacrifice I'm not doing this to pay some sort of dues so I can go back to my other existence my socially acceptable life that I consider mine this is my life. I didn't say that, of course. I didn't go off into a big philosophical diatribe, oh yes, see, actually, the way I see life is a unified whole and so on and so forth. No, as happens so often in our world of quick-paced communications, I couldn't find the right words and presentation to get my feelings across in what I found to be a socially applicable manner. After all, she was probably just being friendly. And I wasn't going to go into one of those canned responses that I knew completely went against my thoughts on the matter, one of those oh, just happy to be doing my part, you know. I wasn't gonna give her a I'm not doing it for you, I'm doing it for me. That wasn't quite the scene I was hoping to play out. No, what followed from the firing of all those brain synapses in quick succession was probably a little chuckle to myself, a friendly smile, a gracious little nod of the head, and an oh, you know, no problem. My pleasure, you know. Smile. Walk out the door. Or I might have given her an uh yeah, sure, sarcastic roll of the eyes, I don't really know what you're talking about, but whatever look, and out the door. See, in today's here and now, what with all the fear and surveillance creeping around, I feel

the only sensible thing to do is to open up your head. Breaking down barriers is a helluva lot less work than building and maintaining walls. And we all know that law about the relationship of work, heat, and internal energy being somehow related to the conservation of energy, which of course brings to mind that old proverb about the boy and his goat.

So, there we were, sitting in the garage at three in the morning, drinking some coffee and smoking some grass. The trip to Amsterdam would have to be put off for an indefinite period of time, but before heading back to the cows I was gonna spend a few days on the grass fields. The conversation got on music and Yonaton's buddy brought up the Talking Heads. Yeah yeah, Talking Heads. What was that album? Stop Making Sense. Girlfriend is Better. Yeah, that's a good one. They were probably talking in another language so all I probably got was Talking Heads, Stop Making Sense. Funny how things stick out like they do. Way he said it, you know. Took me right back to that trip in my buddy's house when I kept hearing it over and over again. Stop making sense. Stop making sense. Stop making sense, making sense. Certain sound bites or movie clips can hold so much Meaning and Purpose for me. Like that scene at the end of Terminator 2 before Arnold takes a dip in the molten lava. I know now why you cry. See, I believe that a whole lot of the shit you see in dreams and hallucinations, the shit that is so clear in your memory and seems so meaningful and real, but you can't quite pinpoint its location in time and space, well I think these are memories of the future, being seen from a different point of view, a broader perspective, at a faster speed. That's why they are so clearly and distinctly Real. The possibilities are there to be explored. You map your own mind. It's all basic physics really. You know that feeling you get when time unravels itself? Where you can see multiple points of time and space simultaneously, that place out of time where you are doing what you have always been doing, flipping the match box in your hand, listening to the rolling stones. It's that sensation that makes palpable the connection between the caravan on the Aravah desert and the record shop in Ashland, Oregon. Your time will come.

Yeah, that's what was playing in the record shop in the Bizarre

Bazaar. Your time will come. Different version, different band. Same words though. Curiouser and curiouser I thought to myself as I walked down Main Street. How come I never have any of those Alice in Wonderland type experiences? So you write poetry, eh? I said to guy sitting next to me at the Black Sheep. Oh, only when I've been drinking a bit, you know, he replied. Curiouser and curiouser, read the newspaper headline in the Bizarre Bazaar, as it went on to describe the gallery of shops. Stores would be opening in an hour or so. Maybe that's when I went and got me the Thayer's Cherry Cough Drops at the alchemist's shop which would end up in the redwood tree in California. Who picked out the music? I asked the bartender. I did, she said. I mean, it's like I wrote in that green little memo book I've got. I was just going to a concert with an old friend. How was I to know this was to trigger a jumble of related events reaching out in all directions of space and time? What was I talking about? This bourbon is getting to my head. But at least I can cross it off the grocery list. What? Cosmic bowling? No no. That was February. I think its March now. You still in Africa? I love you, you know. Fuck. You done blown my mind.

Love is leaf like. You and me, baby. Ah memories.

Heading north tomorrow. Yeah. North. Ok then.

Yeah. Enough babbling. But what can you expect from a blown mind? You see, back when I lived in the desert, a trip into the city was a trip into the city. I really should know better than to underestimate the power of reality. Let's see if we can get a headstart before the next wave comes into play. Now, I think it's about time we got started on that food stamp program that's been floating around my mind the last few days. There is no reason why we can't guarantee everybody food. A bare minimum, you know. I've seen the food stamp program they got down in New Orleans, and they have something like a debit card thing going. Oh, you've got questions about surveillance and information gathering, I see. Well, we'll have to keep our eyes on that, I suppose. But I still think it's a good idea to guarantee people food and drink. Take it off the list of worries. Oh, you're a human being, yes yes, we'll feed you then, of course, no problemo, human rights you know. This takes care of all

sorts of solutions, way I see it. Although, the more I think about it, the more we've got to take into consideration when imagining the reality of the future. The border crossers. The greedy propertarians. Oh, all sorts of things. I suppose most of it depends on the world we're living in when we institute these policies. And on what level we implement them. What sort of unions we decide to make and what happens when we enter what we have arbitrarily designated as the outside world. So yeah, food stamps for everyone and universal health care. Someone should be working on these things as we speak. For we're constantly evolving, you know. And then, of course, there is the question of housing. Where we should house things and what design these houses should have. And of what material should be these houses. All good questions on which the sustainable development architecture engineering urban design people must have many ideas. Yes, so many ideas floating around the universe. Why is there still no open debate? Why does so much of the communication process gravitate to such a narrow range of putrid crap? I find the exponential rise in the evolution of consciousness to be a rocketship like experience that makes a fool of them who speak crippling words of practicality. There is no reason why every human head cannot contain basic conceptions of all directions of progressive thought, namely thought that is not simply based on an attempt to recreate the structures we see before us. I just read the headline of an article that suggested that Bush was gonna get Nixonized. You know, sold out for the greater greed. Of course, we are talking about a Bush and not a Nixon. For that to occur, Papa Bush would have to be in on it. When you're sorting through all the layers of filth and muck and gunk that infiltrate your mind claiming to be fact, truth, and reality, eventually you'll start to understand the language and come up with over fifty names for snow. Point is, it takes time before relevance can be assigned to the news. But you can always store information. And even the nastiest pile of dog shit can be a window to the world. Or a mirror to your soul. It all depends on your religious beliefs, I suppose. Knowing your limits has always been time-sensitive, but now, due to numerous technological breakthroughs, it is so acutely and lucidly conversation-relative that it behooves one to accumulate as much wisdom as one can and leave it to time to reveal the pattern and relevance. Back when I met James Petras at an extracurricular activity, I didn't quite appreciate the

concept of safe social spaces of communication. And it wasn't until I was shoveling our driveway on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, enjoying a mug of melted-down hot chocolate, listening to the original version of Dr. Wu on the fm radio, that I really appreciated the concept of living free.

THE FUTURE WILL TAKE CARE OF ITSELF

Has it been a month, then? Yes. So it has. A month. Music? Yes yes. Is good for the digestion. Where shall we begin today? How 'bout the bus ride to California? There were six of us altogether. The bus driver, his wife, their baby, and three passengers. We got high in Weaverville. No, scratch that, we got high before Weaverville. One of the passengers had just spent some time in Montana, working with the buffalo. I'd meet up with the driver again on my way out of town. He put out a fire in a bus station once. Got a nice thank you letter and commendation. Me and the other, you know what? I hate car companies. There ain't no reason why I should be paying two dollars for one leg of a bus ride in a major city. And public phones should be free to the public. And those sadistic timber companies should stop cutting down old growth trees and throwing my friends in jail. Weaverville blew my mind. Yeah yeah. And that goes for the Israeli army too. It was probably all the beeswax. And we all thought the highways were built for our benefit. Well, it's all public domain now. It's like war, you know. We all want to get rid of that, right? The trick, I think, to rid an addiction, is to make note of what makes the actions possible, within the realm of life. There might even come a moment of clarity, to make all gaps disappear. For we are still rolling with the seasons. Yeah yeah. So James Brown met us at the station in Arcata. Later I'd beat him in a game of pool after he told me a story 'bout a carpenter building ladders to heaven. That's about when our bus driver drove up and gave me a ride to Eureka. All phones should be free to the public.

So give me a call and let me know if the music is pleasing to you. Who are we to laugh at the name of a Japanese punk band? I suppose there is nothing wrong with enjoying ecstasy. That'll be my thesis anyhow. You will be traveling soon and coming into a fortune. Yeah, I was in Portland, I think, when I got that one. On Hawthorne

street. Went for a walk in the surrounding neighborhood and what would I find waiting for me on the ground, but another fortune. I've got all sorts of theses, you know. I did my senior physics project on the effect of temperature on the bounce of a superball. It's all about reaching a state of equilibrium. What's your percent error?

Forecast for yesterday's travels: yellow and green with a slight gathering of precipitation. Feedback is not for the weak of heart. That pretty much fucks most of us then, don't it. No reason not to enjoy the colorful nature of train rides and walks in the park. No reason not to enjoy the chaotic explosions of your mind. Even if you're sitting in the pizza joint, waiting for your order. According to my sister's graduation speech, life is a lot like pizza. We don't need no badges. I was sure I was gonna trip tonight. The law of reciprocal effects on past and future told me so. Or was it the law of the symmetrical nature of ups and downs viewed via the passage of time. Any way you slice it, my trip downtown was just as mind-bending as any trip the CIA drug factory could concoct. I think this is another argument for chaos and anarchy. And you can all go to hell. I'll just sit here on the couch doing what I do best. So there comes a time when you know it's real. Keep it up and eventually you'll find your release. You might even make a melody with a harmonica. Heck, you might even learn to play the bass. But somebody still has to push the food and milk the cows. For la vida es silvir, you know. And sometimes you just gotta get up and go, regardless of whether or not your get up and go has got up and went. Let's get back to New Orleans. For that is where the story begins.

We're beyond safe and dangerous. When will I c u again. Penguins is. I'm the one who wrote the words on the matchbox. These are all notes we leave along the way. This is not logic. It is a logic problem. Smell burp kigel, as one might say. But you remember now. The feel of the room as it dissolved and morphed. The look of the road from your seat by the window, radio playing with the dashboard lights. Now you see em and now you don't. It all reminds me of a little puppet show I just saw before we ate dessert. You see, the puppeteer was a puppet itself, and there were talking frogs a plenty. This came after the sing-a-long about the exodus and the family movies. The bald captain of the new generation speaking something

about the virtues of patience, bunch of kids playing with bottle rockets. It's how I keep myself busy after all. I vote no to war.

So let me see if I can remember what else the dream foretold. Of course, this is more to give me a sense of Where I Am Going than anything else, but feel free to glean whatever ya like. Oh, that's right. Ya did say something about learning to work with others.

Dreaming as feedback: one of the stooges is missing. Airport conversation: death of a bureaucrat. Yeah yeah, give me some air, brother. I couldn't keep up with the quick pace, so I had to throw in some repeats. See, we have in this country, what you might call purists. Now these words ain't mine, just something I heard while scanning the radio. I know it sounds crazy, but it fits perfect. The music is the message. Remember forever. Blah blah blah.

So there I was, heading north, the lowest place on earth. There was smoke on the water and the sky was red and the sea was green. Why? Others could tell you that better than me. McDonalds sucks.

New ashtray. Carrot. Camel. Three stooges. Somehow I can't seem to find my way from here to there. And I'm not so sure it matters. I think I'll reminisce about words written to give my self a sense of direction.

So there I was, the Red Sea Jazz Festival. One day my cousin's writing a report about Eilat, the next day I'm there listening to Donald Harrison. I think I have a CD with him on it. Yeah yeah. I'm listening to it right now. And we haven't even gotten into that whole toucan-g-love story. Or perhaps we did. Yeah, the toucan in front of me was my roommate. Or a poster in some card destroying shop on South Street. Now I wouldn't make it into the show that night, but I would catch the free show on the quad a year or so later. And we don't even have to get into the Italian restaurant on Magazine Street. I'm sure there'll be plenty of matches to pick up along the way. Stars fell on Alabama. Last night. So they took

down the observatory to put up this monstrous business school. As if anything you learn there could add up to one clear night looking up at the sky. Oh shit. There's a horse in the hospital.

Ok. Enough's enough. This is getting ridiculous. End the occupation. Leave the settlements. Use the green line. And that's that. Whatever happens next, happens next. War sucks. It's time to think globally. If boundaries exist, they exist for our convenience, and we can do with them what we like. I think I'm gonna write a letter. Peace.

So that there was my job application. If you're gonna do something, do it right, I always say. Hank Williams cover songs and travel deals gone wrong. And on we go. So I feel that the best contribution I can make to the freshness of our air is to not get a car. And talk up the fine points of public transportation any chance I get. We do live in this city, don't we? Yeah yeah. We created it, let's take it over. Show me the paradox in that one. And on we go. This is not a contradiction.

Gotta make it down this old road. What? Oh. I lost what I was gonna say. Something about fish. And big fish and little fish. I don't know. We might meander on down that path eventually. Maybe it was about the harmonica. Eh, whatever it was, I'm satisfied with it. Sometimes you lose things, but it doesn't mean that they weren't there.

So lately I've been writing a book. It's pretty good so far I think. Change is gonna come.

The belief that any of our actions have an effect upon the world is a matter of perspective. That words are as powerful as any action is not an absurdity.

WORDS

It's down to me. The difference in the clothes she wears. The change has come. She's under my thumb. And so it begins. The beginning. Of something. Indeed.

Battle lines being drawn. Nobody's right if everybody's wrong. Hmmm. Quite astute, I said. Truth. Indeed. And so it began.

"What the fuck does it matter, you fucking fucks?" I queried peevishly. People sucked. It was sad. Show me the way to go home. I'm tired and I want to go to bed. I had a little drink about an hour ago and it went right to my head. And so it went.

I don't know much, but I know this. That's a good line to say. I said it the other day to a seven year old boy. I said, "I don't know much, but I know this." That's a true story. I'm full of true stories. And chocolatey goodness. I'm not afraid of spiders. Or snakes. Or at least not that I'm aware of. I used to be afraid of big trucks. And roller coasters. Fear is an excellent state of being. Then you can embrace your fear. There is nothing as sweet as that. Except for all those other states of being to which I apply the same statement. *Nothing as sweet as that*. I wonder if it's all the same. I wonder a lot. "Sometimes I wonder." Chris Isaac said that in a song on a movie soundtrack. I met Chris Isaac once on a streetcar in New Orleans. He asked me if I was Spanish. "Are you Spanish," he queried, although not at all in a peevish manner. I don't know what word I'd use to describe it. You see, I'm not that adept in my English language usage. I only got a B- in freshman English at the honorable university of Tulane. Although honorable wouldn't be the word I'd use to describe it. There aren't many things I'd describe using the word honorable. "No," I said. Pleasantly. Although that doesn't quite describe his manner exactly. I'd call it indescribable, but I'm quite sure someone with better descriptive skills would not have much trouble with the task. I still have a fear of rubber bands.

"Here I'll stay," claimed the radio. Where else am I going to go? is what I thought to myself as the words appeared on my computer screen. I'm always here. Wherever you go, there you are. Someone said that once. And then a bunch of people repeated it. People tend to repeat things. People still suck.

I've been reading some Nietzsche recently. He was quite the linguist. He was a philologist. "Tell me something good," pleaded the radio. Oh, but we are beyond good and evil now. Well, actually, I'm still in the middle of it. Part six, I believe. He was an odd bird, that Nietzsche. I like odd birds. I'm not sure if I like Nietzsche. All squares are rectangles, but not all rectangles are squares. Neil Rosenberg taught me the Pythagorean theorem during a softball game. Next to some bleachers on the third base line. Or so my memory tells me. I play sports with six-year-olds. Six-year-olds can play sports. Isn't that odd? I couldn't have been more than six when I learned the Pythagorean theorem. Nietzsche doesn't suck nearly as much as most people. Or so it seems. So far.

I was great once. I'll be great again. I might be great right now. No. I'm not. I've been a lot of things. I'm always changing. Heraclitus is one of my favorite ancient philosophers. Toto is not one of my favorite musical groups. One of the Procerio brothers is dead. That is not why I dislike Toto. I dislike Toto because my friend Adam disliked Toto. I used to have many friends named Adam. Now I have none. Such is life. Toto was recently on the radio. So was Neil Diamond. So was Elvis Presley. Elvis still is. These are facts. Historical facts. History is a funny thing. I think about it sometimes. And I laugh. Sometimes I chuckle. Mostly I chuckle. But not out loud. That would be silly.

Sometimes I don't care. Or I try to convince myself that I don't care. Sometimes I do it to rationalize something. Although the rationalization usually makes a lot of sense. All of the time. It's sort of a backup I have for everything. There really is no reason to care. Nothing really matters. Queen said it best when they said, "Nothing really matters." But my will not to care is not that strong. Sometimes other wills are more powerful than that will. Or so Nietzsche would say if he was not dead. But, of course, he would say it in some foreign language. Probably German. I am not German. I am not Spanish. Or so it seems. So far.

Some things are not known. The same things are known later. They are no longer the same. They are different. But they are the same as

other things. And now on many different levels. There are many levels. It's circular. It's sporadic. It's up and down and all around. It is the same as it was before, only more so. *Mah zeh?* This "it." *Ani lo yodea.* No. *Ani yodea.* Sometimes. It matters not.

Time.

I am getting old. I am losing my vision. Isaac lost his vision when he became old, or so the bible tells us. His name meant laughter. It still does. He had a son named Jacob. Jacob used his father's lack of vision to cheat his brother out of his birthright. I do not know of such things as birthrights, but Jacob stole his brother's nonetheless. I have a book titled 501 Hebrew Verbs: fully conjugated in all the tenses in a new easy-to-learn format alphabetically arranged by root. The root of the name Jacob means heel. This I learned in another book at another time in another place. Jacob came out holding his brother's heel, or so the bible tells us. Jacob, or Yaakov, also means to follow or track, or so my book of Hebrew Verbs tells us. It also tells us this: ['cheat, outwit' may or may not be related]. It all ties together, you see. Everything, that is. My name is Jacob. Or Yaakov. Depending on the time. Depending on the place. Time and place are interesting things. I once had a friend named Mateo. Today he saw my new refrigerator. It was filled with dead animals. I once had the juice of a dead bug in my closet. I once had a kitchen in my closet. I still do. Mateo lost the vision in one of his eyes. A large percentage. His friend hit him in the eye with a plastic water bottle. Tragically funny, I thought. Someone once said that comedy was tragedy plus time. I think that saying sucks. His friend's name was Doc. Still is. Doctors in the United States of America have to take the Hippocratic Oath saying they will not harm anyone or something to that effect. Doc was not a doctor. Still isn't, as far as I know. Moshe Dayan wore an eye patch. He was one of the greatest generals of all time. Or so I've been told. So there is still hope for Mateo. I met Moshe Dayan's daughter once. Her name is Yael. Yael Dayan. I once read an article in a newspaper about a man who threw hot coffee at her, because he didn't like her. I once saw a movie where someone threw hot coffee on Lee Marvin. But that was ok, because we all know that Lee Marvin is evil. Supposedly, she was difficult to get along with. Yael Dayan, that is. Some had called her

a bitch, or so I heard. Although, it is highly unlikely that that classification was accurate, but just the response of a male-dominated political world. We got into an argument. I was wrong. She was right. I was right, too, but not really. I was young. And foolish. Still am. Even in my old age. Within the hour I would see Shimon Peres emerge from a bathroom stall and wash his hands. He was old and wise. I shook his hand.

I see trees of green. Red roses, too. I see them bloom, for me and you. And I think to myself, what a wonderful world. I see skies of blue. And clouds of white. The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night. And I think to myself, what a wonderful world. Sometimes things are perfect. What's up with that? Nature is so odd. The nature of things. What's it all mean? I ask myself that quite a bit. The nature of things is the nature of things. But the nature of things cannot give moral values. Nature is nature. I see that now, even with my diminishing vision. Right or wrong cannot come from nature. There can be no right or wrong. Or at least not today. Not here. Not now. We are beyond good and evil.

I like words. Words are perfect.

Tomorrow is Monday. But not always. Tomorrow I go to work. I go to work so that I can make money. I make about 273 dollars every other week. Money is what makes the world go 'round. Some people like money, because they have it. Other people don't have money, but would like to have it. Some people think money is evil. Probably because it is green. Other people think money is the root of all evil. This is obviously not true. The root of all evil is Mr. Immordino, my twelfth grade calculus teacher. He is the devil. I have pictures. But this is irrelevant, because the devil is actually pretty harmless. He's a basically just a nice guy who once had dreams of becoming an actuary. Besides, we are beyond good and evil anyway. Money is not the root of all evil. Money is just stupid. Necessary in this foolish world, like so many other foolish things, but stupid. This world creates such ludicrous needs. I don't like this world. Perhaps it would be funnier if I found the suffering of massive amounts of people amusing. But that is ok. There are enough amusing things in life that I don't need this world to amuse

me.

This world can be so very frustrating. Getting things accomplished is so very difficult. There is competition between everyone. Even friends and partners. It does not benefit one to help other people. To share knowledge. Things are built to break. Waste is purposefully created. Problems that affect the entire human race are created intentionally so that a small group of people can profit in the short term. People purposefully do not implement perfectly good solutions to problems because that would make things a tiny bit more difficult for another small group of people. Millions of completely useless things are produced all of the time. The only thing that matters is appearance. Substance is only maintained as minimally as necessary to get by. The world does not make any sense at all. It is, like so many of the things produced within it, the most illogical way to get things accomplished. Of course, I guess that depends on what you want to accomplish.

I dig rock 'n' roll music.

I have no stomach. I used to have a stomach. I lost it last night. I was delinquent today. I neglected my duties. I still have a Mexican armadillo in my room. I've never been to Mexico. Mateo is Mexican. I lost my stomach on his car. Don't worry. He has a hose.

I am not qualified to do what I do. I am not good for children. I work with children. Children do not understand. We cannot explain things to children because there is no explanation. We are liars and hypocrites. Children learn from watching. Adults learn from watching. What we do is not good. I am evil. I am weak. I suck. But don't worry. It does not matter. Nothing matters.

It's all one big trip. Jerry Garcia told me that. I am amused. Right now I am here. I see this. Later I am somewhere else. Reality. That is what I see. Truth. It's all there is. Sometimes that is what I see. Chocolate cake. I like chocolate cake. Sometimes. Perfection. Thick and juicy. *Para evitar incendios: Nunca desatienda una vela encendida.* That is good advice. Perhaps. I really couldn't say for sure. Things are never what they appear to be. Or they always are. I

can never remember. “Doin’ it ‘cause we like it. Doin’ it, just for fun.” That’s a song. On the radio. Sometimes I forget things. Sometimes I forget why. That’s one of the reasons I write things down. I think I’m special. I think I know things. I don’t. I do. Sometimes. It matters not. Nothing can possibly matter. Yet it does. That is only nature. It is the nature of things. But there are no things. There is just nature. It is what it is. But there is no reason why. There can’t be. Yet it all makes sense. It does. I’ve seen it. Make sense, that is. Everything. But that cannot explain things. Things can never be explained. Words. These are just words. What can words do? Nothing. Everything. I don’t know. I am smarter than everyone. There are times. I am the greatest. Sometimes I cannot comprehend. How people do things. There are times. I am a loser. I am diseased. I am brilliant. But I don’t want to be average. Normal. I used to want to be normal. Why? Nature. Nature is amusing. I am nothing. I am everything. I am an animal. I cannot control myself. What does that mean? I enjoy this. I am odd. I scare myself. No. I do not. I imagine that I would scare others if they knew me. What I did. I don’t do anything. I do nothing. With sparse amounts of something thrown in. Not real somethings. Not real nothings. What the world calls something and nothing. I am not anything great. What makes someone great? Owning a boomerang? I am a boomerang. I’ve never been to Australia. Or New Zealand. Places with names. Harry is a name. I once knew a boy named Harry. His name was Zachary. He is gone. I might never see him again. I liked him. I yelled at him. I gave him paper. To draw. To draw whales. Sometimes I draw things. Sometimes I write things down. Sometimes they are great. I am not great. There are deeper meanings. Intricacies. I can see them. I do not plan them. They are there. They are everywhere. Sometimes I am great. Sometimes I am only great in comparison to others. I am my favorite person. I like being me. I understand me. I can trust me. I know what I am thinking. Sometimes I’ll look at myself and I’ll say, “Man, I suck.” What I am doing sucks. What I did sucks. If I wasn’t me, I wouldn’t like me. But then again, I’m the coolest guy I know. It’s odd. Life, that is. It is all about perspective. I’ve said that before. Many people have said that before. Many wise people. But they probably weren’t wise. They were probably just people. Perception. Yep. There are many metaphors I could use. But I already understand

what I mean. That's why I like me so much. I like metaphors, too. And parallels. Wilson pointed out some parallels the other day. Wilson lives with Mateo. He's from West Virginia. This is a large world. Filled with many things. Once upon a time I was the editor-in-chief of my high school yearbook. I wrote about sauerkraut. I enjoyed that. Writing about sauerkraut. Sauerkraut and bowling. Yeah. Sometimes I hate things. Sometimes I am immature. Sometimes I do not see things clearly. Many times I am right. I like being right. I don't like dealing with people. It's icky. I blame things. I create reasons. The reasons are already there. The reasons do not matter. They are irrelevant. They are facts. I think that if everybody just started working together then there would be nothing they couldn't handle. Nothing would matter, problem-wise that is, because people would say, "Ok, lets just work together and fix this problem." And they would do it. I don't just think that. I know it. There is so much bullshit. Unnecessary bullshit. There is a dead bug on my wall. That is irrelevant. I am irrelevant. This is irrelevant. It is all irrelevant. Even the fact of irrelevance itself is irrelevant. But facts are facts. And if people work together there is nothing they cannot do. Life would be full. Such is nature. I like words.

These words suck. I threw them in the trash can. But I took them out. I don't know why. They are full of ignorance. I am always full of ignorance. I take comfort in the fact that everyone else is ignorant, too. I'm so lost.

The more I find out about the world, the more scared I become. The world is so fucked up. There is no bastion of goodness anywhere. I keep finding out how naïve I've been every day. What can be done? I don't know. Some people have ideas. Good for them. I applaud them. But change seems so unlikely. But I suppose that when it is time for change, it will occur. Change will happen when it is ready to happen. Whatever sort of change it is, we shall see. Unless we are dead. Or blind. Talking with people gives me hope sometimes. People with ideas. People who do things. That inspires me. Seeing people do things. But I never get inspired to do anything. I am very lazy and afraid. Afraid of discomfort. But it is more than that. Like everything else, it is not that simple. I do not feel the right. And that is not about being uncomfortable. That is about conscience.

Whatever that is. That is how I live. Or used to live. Or live sometimes. I don't know. We make things so simple some times. I do that a lot. A whole lot. But some things aren't that simple. Most things are not. Nothing is. But like I said earlier, most times it is irrelevant. Why is not always the most important question. Perhaps it rarely is. Perhaps it never is. I don't know. That would require some thought. I think I'm confusing things again. I think I am thinking about a certain category of things and talking as if I am referring to all things. You must beware that is a nasty habit of mine. I often forget that the words that I write often do not relay the same meanings to people who are not me. It is a shame. Wouldn't it be amusing if I was nothing. If I just ended one day. If I ceased to exist. I find that thought amusing. All of my experiences. All of my thoughts and experiences. Nothing. I'm onto part seven now. I'm growing wiser every day. I'm learning about Pearl Harbor, Sacco and Vanzetti, and the oncoming revolution. My ego is back. It is funny. I build my ego by recognizing how much I suck. By tearing apart previous actions, I build my confidence. It is quite odd. I'm always trying to build up my self-esteem. It is some sort of chemical thing, I suppose. Nature. I'm proud to be a chemist. Boy oh boy, do people suck. They are so ridiculous. The things they do. Such foolishness. I suppose it has always been that way. Things have always been kind of fucked up. Nature. Why should things change? I don't know. Do I care? I don't know. I forget. I hate pity. Pity sucks. I don't know. It's too hard. I have no discipline. I've been meaning to get some for some time now. I love talking like I know stuff. Like I'm wise. People are too eager to believe. I'm a people. I should stop writing. But I can't. I think I'm special. I think this is meaningful. I should just accept the fact that I'm nobody. I should do nothing. I do do nothing. I hurt people. No more than anybody else. But still. Is hurting people bad. Fuck people, I say. People suck. Why do I care? Do I care? What do I believe? It's tough to remember the answers to so many questions. It's tough enough fixing such a fucked up world when you yourself are not extremely fucked up. What am I thinking? Seriously though. What *am* I thinking? I thought I knew. I sure do like me right now. And the music on the radio. Me and the music on the radio. Together again. What was the question?

So here I am. On the road again. I suppose you could look at me and say some stuff. You could read my writings and form some opinions. And I'd see where you were coming from. But I'd refute you. I've got no doubt about that. I'd put you in your place. I'd throw you a curve ball. I'm good at that. I'm not that simple. There is more to me. I'm not the guy you think I am. There I go again. Escalating myself. But sometimes I should be escalated. You know, people like me. Some people love me. What's up with that? People give me an inflated head. They really shouldn't do that. That amuses me. Watching myself get an ego boost. My amusement boosts me up even more. It's almost exponential. Yep. Exponential, it is. That is what this is. It's an ego boost. I do it for me. Because I love me so much. My head is very large right now. I need a haircut.

I'm very curious as to what it is I am writing. What is this? It is so odd. It probably sucks. I'm no literary critic, but I can imagine how it would suck. What am I trying to do? That's a good question. Or so I've claimed in the past. It is good to know what you are trying to do. But I like it better when I am not trying to do anything. There are a couple paragraphs among these words where I was trying to do something. I dislike those paragraphs. You should, too. Also. As well. But you probably suck. Being as you are probably a person and all. One of those human persons. Although, most of my favorite people are people. I enjoy people. They can be quite fun. When they aren't busy doing what they are supposed to be doing. When they are doing nothing. Supposedly, this is going to turn out very profound. When it is over and done with. That is my plan. Although, I have not planned anything. I have just assumed it will all come together. Like all good works of art do. Although, I've heard that many a great artist think and plan what they do. That they put a great deal of work into their art. Well, to each his own, I always say. But it could work. Really. You'll see.

I apologize. I really must stop this. It is all about me. It really should not be. I must get past the need to be someone in particular. I matter not.

Did I ever tell you about that time that everything made sense. Life, that is. I was on drugs. But it was truth, nonetheless. It all ties in

together. Everything. But that is irrelevant. Or it isn't. Well, it is and it isn't. I'll be right back...it's done. I'm over. I give up. It just doesn't seem to work. Things are all fucked up. Everything that is good is not good. Everything that is bad is not bad. I just don't get it. Anything. Time has past. As it usually does. And things have changed. As they usually do. But I don't fit in. Anywhere. And there is nowhere I would like to fit in. I need something. I'm not sure what. I'm not sure what it will do. A change perhaps. I don't know. I'd like to go back. Where things made sense. Where things were good. Things were great. There was no better feeling. It was... I don't know. It was very high. But it wasn't just a physical thing. I don't know. I miss that view. I'm here right now. It's there. It's all around me. I don't know. This yearning is pathetic. I am pathetic. But why should I be anything else? I suppose I'll just wait. Wait and wait and wait. For something.

Maybe your baby done made some other plans. Maybe Stevie. Maybe. Something. Something. Infinite. Something. What the fuck are we? What is this? All of this. What is it? Perspective. Doors of perception. Seth has my doors of perception. I leant them to him. It's so different. The levels. The points. Whatever you want to call it. I'm addicted. To a certain way of thought. I'm too scared. Too something. But why stay? Where will I go? Where is there to go? Nowhere. Somewhere. Something. Is there anything? We can't know. We don't know. There is no answer. There is just truth. Does truth have any value? Value. Something. Volunteers. I'm a volunteer. I volunteer. To do things. What do I do? Where am I going? Where have I been? Do you know the way to San Jose?

It never ends.

One day I will be irrelevant. My thoughts will be ridiculous. I will be a dinosaur. And all will be good.

Impromptu Conversations. Indeed.

Perhaps what we need is not a revolutionary way of thinking or a specific form of society, but just an open society. Without oppression of anything. Having a set theory may be beneficial in some ways,

but is repressive as a rule. And this is what needs to end. This would be swell. It seems quite simple. Openness. No new theories. Just stop the oppression of ideas and people. And whatever else is being oppressed, of course. And from there, anything would be possible. Swell.

I love you more today than yesterday. But not as much as tomorrow. Tomorrow is Saturday.

So then. Yes. No. Maybe so. I've got nothing to say at this moment in time. But that has never stopped me before. So like I said, I've been reading. I read some Bertrand Russell last night. Some stuff about freedom and the roads that will take us there. It seems so obvious. Stuff. Stuff seems so obvious. How can people not see? I've asked that question so many times. I've been watching the Republican Party Platform Hearings on C-SPAN. Republicans suck ass. They are downright evil. I do not understand how they can possibly garner any votes at all. Their ideas are so ignorant and ludicrous. They represent such a small fraction of people. I guess its just their rhetoric. We are the party of this and the party that does this. It's all a bunch of bullshit, but people don't seem to notice. Just play on the fears of enough people and you've got yourself some power. I turned off the television. I don't want my brain to rot. It is tomorrow, you know. It is another day. It's always another day. Things are moving. The wheels are in motion. I'm excited. Or I was excited last night. And this morning. I'm not that excited at this particular moment, but I'm not the opposite of excited. Whatever that is. I was never good with antonyms. Or maybe I was. I like cinnamon. I need to wash my dishes. You are so funny. Somebody said that to me last night. People are always saying that to me. You are so strange. I don't get that one as much, but I like it when I do. I'm also very cute. I've been compared to Teddy Ruxpin. Me and Brett used to call Todd Teddy Ruxpin back in the day. I forget Todd's last name. It was an insult. I don't know why. We were pretty stupid. Me and Brett that is. We were rebels. Hebrew school rebels. I went to Hebrew school to learn about the Jew that I am. I didn't learn much. Brett is Seth's brother. I don't know who Todd is. Some kid, I guess. After my first return from Israel I had to give a speech to some people who gave me some money to fund my trip.

Some federation of Jews. Todd was there, too. I think. It's a little hazy. He was not on my trip. He was on a different trip. Brett goes to school in Scranton. The kid from School Ties lived in Scranton. Brett is the only Jew at his school, too. He plays tennis. The kid in School Ties played football. But he was a famous actor. Brett is not famous. Neither is his brother Seth. I tutored Seth. In math. I am smart. Or so they tell me. I was mentally gifted. In different ways than other people. People are smart in different ways. Elitists suck. They are extremely closed minded. I am an elitist. I was an elitist. I was a lot of things. Have I told you that? Looking back, I am not that far ahead of everyone else. I am maturing late. But at least I am maturing. The vast majority of people never do. That is sad. The things people care about. Now there is something sad. The things that people are after. Why? I don't get it. I used to be a people. Man I sucked. Cool. Gotta be cool. Gotta get women. Gotta be cool so I can get women. Gotta get women so I can be cool. Fucking losers. People are such losers. The things they care about. You know what I hate. The women who think that the feminist struggle entails the ability for women to turn men into objects the same way men do to women. That is freedom. Bullshit. That does not make things good. That does not make things ok. The stereotypical male is not something to strive for. Not a being to emulate. Not that there are no good points to the typical male in this society. One cannot look at a whole, declare it bad, and therefore assume that all its parts are bad. One could, but then one would be a fool. Same goes for something good. Most people think they are good. They think their friends are good. My friends are not good. They are racist and sexist. But they are the norm. Oh, deep down they are good, I suppose. But who gives a fuck about deep down? That is my question to you. If your actions are those of a bigot, then you are a bigot. I don't give a shit what you feel or know in your heart. Deep down in your soul. Fuck your soul. Don't worry. If there's a hell below, we're all gonna go. Good people. Ha! Not that we are bad people. We are just people. We are beyond good and evil. That shit is ridiculous. People are not racist because they are bad people. It is the result of growing up in this society. People must realize this, however. Accept the facts. The idea of criminals and saints and all that shit has to go. We are people. I dislike America. Strongly. I am anti-American. That is a value judgment. I think American values

suck. American freedoms. American liberties. Bullshit, I say. They are based on rights that do not exist. They completely ignore entire groups of people. It leads to a miserable existence. A miserable society. That's my opinion at least. I'm full of opinions. Opinions about stuff. Ah poo.

I am not trying to find truth to use as a means to an ends. Truth is not a tool, you dolt. Philosophy is not practical. Choose one or the other. You dolt you. You are such a dolt. So very doltish. These words are over.

*The taking of the cows to the shower. The planting of the light pole.
The sewing of the boxer shorts. These are illustrative of life. This is
life stripped bare.*

NUDITY

I am naked at the moment. Naked and free. I like being naked. I am going to be naked more often. More naked more often. That is my campaign slogan. For my presidency. I'd make an excellent president, but not for this country, of course. With all its laws and people I'd have to be accountable to. No, I wouldn't like that one bit. Not that I have anything against people and laws. It's just these particular people and laws. When I was dictator of a group of seven year old boys, I had a whole bunch of laws. Rule number one was no wearing other people's hats. The other rules didn't have numbers. There were several dealing with exposure. For the most part we were anti-exposure. I blame the pressures of dictatorship. I'm much wiser now that I'm sitting naked in my room with only the force of gravity and the normal force of my chair to contend with. And they cancel each other out as far as I know. So I'm free to be as inert as I want to be. Ah freedom. I've sang songs about freedom, you know. Probably out of tune. I quit choir in fifth grade once I was given the opportunity. Jon Hesser threw up on my shoe. Once upon a time I went to school every day of the week (sans Saturdays and Sundays) to the same classroom each day for practically the entire school day. And in this classroom, like all the other classrooms in the school, was a bathroom (water closet). Our very own bathroom, our class had. It was wonderful. Of course, I expected no less from such a school as it was. A suburban school. Outside of Philadelphia. Outside of Philadelphia? Oh man. I don't want to move outside of Philadelphia. Don't make us move outside of Philadelphia. Well, it's not as bad as you think, Jacob. You know, the houses across the street from Shaina aren't in Philadelphia. And besides, your classroom will have a bathroom in it. That boggled my mind. The houses across the street from Shaina aren't in Philadelphia? But where are they then? So very confusing. Where is the logic? The logic, I say! A six year old deserves his share of logic, does he not? But it wasn't so bad, I suppose. Fourteen years later I would still be not dead and I have plenty of life-filled years ahead of me as far as I can tell. So that's a plus. And I'm naked right now. I can't forget that. That's certainly a feather in my cap. So things are good. For me at least. Whatever that means. Someone told me today that I looked distant. "I'm always distant," I said. But I didn't use the quotation marks. That's a literary technique. I have no responses to the statements people make. I just don't have the energy to waste on

them. Energy is a very tricky thing that can either be kinetic or potential and is usually one half of the mass times the velocity squared. And I know there is some sort of law about conserving it, so I'm not going to go wasting it on scurrilous people, even if they aren't scurrilous. One day, before Mrs. Rosenblatt was Mrs. Rosenblatt, but Mrs. Walters instead, there was a rather scurrilous incident in the bathroom, which had nothing at all to do with Bloody Mary, who had not died a bloody death in our bathroom many years before our time, as had been rumored perhaps in another grade, classroom, and water closet all together. But this particular water closet had been vandalized. It was scandalous. Scurrilous insults filled our bathroom walls, the walls of the bathroom in our classroom. "Line up," said Mrs. Walters, "and write down Mark Prekupp's name." Even Mark Prekupp had to write down Mark Prekupp's name, which was odd since we all thought we were writing down the name of the person we thought was the guilty culprit. But how foolish and naïve we youngsters were. Detective Columbo could not have been more brilliantly underhanded than our ingeniously ingenious third grade teacher, unless, of course, it was second grade, and our teacher was not Mrs. Walters, but Mrs. Cherwony, who happens to be a completely different person altogether. Nevertheless, her brilliant techniques leave me flabbergasted to this very day. The vandal had written, among other things, Mark Prekupp's name on the wall. However, it was not Mark Prekupp's name, but a phonetic translation, perhaps something like Preecup, although I'm almost positive that wasn't it exactly. She had all of us write down Mark Prekupp's name and the person who misspelled it correctly was the guilty boy or girl (not that the possibility of it being a girl would have ever crossed my mind). I was not the guilty culprit. It would be years before I became a culprit of any kind. I spelled Mark Prekupp correctly at the time, although I'm pretty sure I have been misspelling it ever since. No, the vandal was Jon Hesser. Yes, it was he, who years later, possibly two, would lose his stomach on the bleachers during a song led by Mrs. Hubler, unless Mrs. Hubler was now Mrs. Fitt, who at that time was married to Mr. Fitt, and still may be to this day for all we know. Not that Mrs. Fitt was actually Mrs. Hubler, but the paradigmatic replacement in our syntagmatic world of elementary school. But Jon Hesser's stomach would splatter off of the bleachers onto my shoe, thanks

only, I can assume, to such wonderful ideas such as work and momentum and impulse and energy, all of which are related by a number of fantastic equations involving numerous letters of the alphabet. Years later I would learn about such wonderful ideas as angular velocity, which is involved in equations that span more than just one alphabet, including and possibly limited to the Greek and the English. But that was then and this was now. Soon after this, Jon would disappear, only to return years later. Some years after that I would lose my own stomach on Naor's shorts in a completely unrelated incident. Now that I think about it, it might not have been my shoe at all, but Matt's shoe. But either way, this incident would not prevent Matt and I from emerging victorious from the 5th Grade Science Fair, our stomachs filled with some delicious homemade rock-candy. Mmmmmm. Crystally goodness. That 5th grade science project brought my 8th grade science class grade up from about a 19% to a B. It was a really good science project. We both had excellent parents.

So here I am, older and wiser, thanks to variety of intriguing circumstances, not the least of which is my present state of nudity. I have decided to go insane. I figure it is my best option. I quite enjoy it and it seems to be the most practical thing I can do to keep my sanity. My inner monologue is always much more exciting and eloquent when I'm crazy. There were times recently when my inner monologue was downright putrid. It was quite disheartening. It is important to have a competent inner monologue in my line of work, which consists mostly of sitting and walking around. Although recently I've been yearning more and more for some companionship. Another naked person to converse with. I have one more year of college. I wonder what that means.

War is so evil. There is nothing good about it. Nothing at all. It absolutely positively sucks more than anything else could possibly suck. There could not be a worse way to live. There could not be a worse situation for the individual. I hate it more than I have ever hated anything. It is so damned icky. The idea of it makes me shiver. It is some naughty, naughty shit. War is never the answer. Every leader that does not do everything possible to keep his or her people out of war should be shot. Three times in the head. But what about

that fantabulous Catch-22 that makes war a necessity? I hate Catch-22. Any leader that does not do everything possible to keep his or her people out of a situation that would lead to the necessity of war should be shot. Any moron (me) can see how societies work, how the individual works, and how everything works together to cause certain outcomes to come out. It's so damned obvious. Certain things lead to certain things, which lead to other certain things, which lead to war. And that is a complete outrage, if you ask me. I find these conditions absolutely horrid. The point beyond no return. The point where morality disappears and we fall back into the olden days morality of survival. There is no right and wrong in war. There is no control. It all sucks. It all completely sucks. And yes, there is never control, and I accept that. I accept the nature of things. But I will not accept manmade avoidable dangers. I will not accept the bullshit that need not exist. I despise bullshit. I do not accept Catch-22. I do not accept the evil logic of the man. Someone has to break the cycle. Maybe someone already has. Yeah. All sorts of things have happened that I know nothing about. That you never see in the movies. Not even the factual movies based on factual people. Those movies are very misleading. Everything is misleading. Ah poo.

Today was a happy day. It still is. Today is October. I dropped a class today. That was nice. I'm still going to graduate in May. Today is October.

She smiled at me today. The girl I'm in love with. I said hi. She looked at my Naots. I like my Naots. My Naots have a hole in them. They are falling apart. I like my Naots. I've had them for many a year. Three years and four months or something like that. I've had my sneakers almost as long. They both have holes in them. So does my Bustleton Bengals shirt and a pair of my jeans and my pillow case. I like stuff with holes in them. I like stuff without holes in them, too. I like the word foodstuffs. I like the guitar. Abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefg
defghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefg
defghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefg
defghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzI like to type on the computer. It is fun. I type fast somethimes. But someti es I make mistakes whoile I'm typing. It is very sad. Very sad. Wicky ticky too. Wicky ticky too. Dooda looda. Dooda looda. Dooda loodaloo. Get on board. Get on

board. The end.

Fucking shit, man. Fuck. I'm so fucking confused. It's all so damned confusing. Everything. The why and the what. Ah fuck. I'm fucking nowhere. I hate being nowhere. But I suppose it ain't so bad. Nothing really ain't so bad, I suppose. I don't know what I'm doing. I'm no longer amused. I've become rather comic. I need people. I have no get up and go. I have nothing. What the fuck, eh? What the fuck, indeed. Have I said that before? What am I doing? These games do not amuse me. Oh, they drag me in for a little. They'll excite me. But then that consciousness'll kick in. What is the point? What a stupid, inane question that was. C'est la vie. Argument. Ha! What foolishness. Where do I fit in? Where do I want to fit in? Why would I want to fit in? Why should I want to fit in. I'm naked. That is all.

So much is so plain and clear. Yet it is all so fucking irrelevant. There is no truth. It's not there. Well. It is if you want it to be. But it isn't real. There is no real. But what else is there? Eh, Captain? So. *Ma acshav? Ayfo anachnu holchim acshav? Ani smali v'ani mistakel al hatzipurim cshe ani yore.*

I'm back in jovial spirits. Well. Not so much jovial. But, um, I don't know the word. It's some sort of chemical thing. Not the word, but the feeling. Some sort of biological physiological thing. I'm. What am I? This is all so boring. Isn't it? A dime a dozen. What is there to do? Fuck!!! Life. Yeah. It all comes back to life. To being. To existing. Sweet, sweet life. I'm a fan. I'm over exposed. Fuck. I just paralleled. A thought I just had clicked with one of those truths of mine. Too much life came my way. I'm too mature. I can't go back. You can never go back. That's the one. The truth. Knowledge hitting you and propelling you through the door past the point of no return and the river of knowledge sweeps you up into the sea of something else so that you can't escape or some metaphorical shit like that. That euphoric feeling of completely losing control and just going with it. That peek into the great big world and that initial excitement and awe followed by the intense fear of confusion and yearning to go back. But acceptance of your fate is the best part, I suppose. Or not. I've lost the thought. But

that whole ignorance and knowledge thing sure is a swell one. I could write a book, if book writing was a skill I possessed, of course. Where was I? Somewhere, I suppose. But I'm here now. What a funny place to be. Quite colorful. I mean, not as colorful as Rite-Aid, of course, but colorful nonetheless. I saw the ice-cream truck the other day. I like the ice-cream truck.

I've been rambling too much. I need some order. I am living in chaos. No. I do not need any order. I need more chaos. Yes. That is the answer. I do not have enough chaos. This is what is making my brain fuzzy. I have been too sheltered. It is time to break out. And dance. More dancing. But not right now. I have a headache.

I do have a headache. Sort of. I'm a little out of it at the moment. Perhaps I am tired. I have been awake too long. More sleep is needed. Ah. Wonderful blissful sleep. No. I will not sleep. I will stay awake. I have many books on my bed. Many stupid books that I am researching some research in for some stupid project in some stupid class. It does not excite me one bit. Nothing excites me anymore. Well no. I was excited earlier today. I forget why though. Hmmm. I don't remember. Yawn. I am soooo tired. I wish there were not so many books on my bed. Yesterday I slept with them on my bed. I had many interesting dreams either last night or the night before last night. Little realistic snippets of stuff. I think I'm lost. I keep finding myself going places. I hate obligations. That shit sucks. I'm a waste. It is a good thing I do not exist. I wonder if I am a tortured soul. I certainly was deranged when I was younger. All sorts of problems. But most people thought I was normal. I wonder if I was normal. Whatever. I'm not normal now. But at least I might be sane. Whatever that means. My space bar is stuck. It is a real pain in the ass. I fixed it a little bit. I used that old Jacob know-how. Whatever that means. But it still freezes up a bit. I think this might be the last paragraph I ever type. Perhaps. Oh well. C'est la vie. Technology has really screwed up my train of thought. I might have really been going somewhere there, you know. Talking about sanity and normality and all that jazz. Whatever. It's all irrelevant anyhow. You, me, everybody. Everybody. Everybody. It's over. Goodbye.

Ok. I think I fixed my keyboard. I took off the thingies and then I took off the inner thingy and switched it with the inner thingy of a thingy I never use. And now both keys work. Of course I put back on all the thingies, which in itself is something to be proud of. I am proud. Of myself. But it won't last. Look at me now. Nothing at all to be proud of at the moment. Although, according to Aunt Ruthee I am the smartest, most intelligent, cutest, nicest, kindest person in the entire world. And I'm sure my other grandparents would agree. Maybe even some non-relatives would agree with some of that stuff. But it's all relative. I've said that before. Have I told you anything about foreigners yet? Perhaps one day I will. One day in the future. Uh-oh. The space bar is fucking with me again. I ain't gonna waste the good times I have left on this nonsense. It was fun while it lasted. That is all.

I do believe it's a question of roadways explored and the sacrifice of the subject to the pursuit of truth. Not to mention baked potatoes and graham crackers. I'm still so very fascinated by numbers. Somehow everything holds together—no strings attached. Isn't that amazing? The rhythm's gonna getcha. Octopus.

Nothing deeper.

Nothing deeper.

You know, I tried to write the other day about my dancing trees. Yet it disappeared. As if by magic. That is how it must work, you know. However much it is explained. The answer to the question is not an explanation, but an abandonment of the question itself.

Today, I start anew. Today and tomorrow and the next day. I am wearing my helmet. But, be warned – it is not a protective helmet.

Forrest green and golden sunshine. May you be a winner in the race for love, happiness and success will surely follow. I love you.
–Bubby

Today is Saturday. It is also Friday. Tomorrow the past shall come alive through a display of automotive automobiles and a tribute to John Coltrane. I shall direct traffic.

Today was the disappearance of my work gloves. Today is not yet tomorrow. I'll miss my work gloves, if indeed they are gone. I was disappointed to find out that they were left in Dave's car. I do not want new work gloves. I lost the time once. On a roller coaster that wasn't quite a roller coaster, but a ride nonetheless. Life is like a roller coaster. A roller coaster of love.

Once upon a time, I was in a basement with my friend, but we were not listening to the Rye Coalition. I bought a t-shirt that night. The first t-shirt I can remember purchasing for many a year. I have not purchased the vast majority of t-shirts I wear. Most of them come from the closet, like my red hat. My work gloves did not come from the closet. They were grey and blue. The t-shirt I bought was red and black, but mostly red. It is my first red shirt, other than my gym night shirts, of course. I shall not explain what gym night is, although I shall say that it was an opportunity for me to dance. And I like dancing. I do it good, too, but not as good as the dancing trees. I didn't dance in the basement that night, but I did listen to music. It was quite refreshing, the music was. The one band reminded me of a roller coaster. The other band broke bottles in a giant bin. It was quite artistic. I decided to buy a t-shirt.

Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana. Marx said that, you know...

It amazes me how many of my words I've been reading in another man's books. As if they were not my words at all, not signs with a signified and a signifier, bubbling with denotation and connotation, making meaning only within its context, only by contrast, by difference, but as if they were things unto themselves, nothing deeper.

Well. I must say. That was a trip. To an entirely different state, in fact. Amongst the winged goddesses of gold. Yes yes. Quite a trip indeed. Another day, another red shirt, another lost artifact, another bridge crossed. It's all in a name. In the name of the rose.

It is truth. This should not be forgotten. You wanted to tell yourself that before you got lost. There is no denying. Perhaps that shouldn't lead you into any specific direction, but it should light your way. Oh boy oh boy.

What good is proof anymore, when I don't have the courage to share? When I am unable to make contact? When it is just another Steve Shavitz story about UFOs? I believe you, I want to say. But even with someone else, I just don't know. It is as if I need a medal ceremony with the princess and my Wookiee friend. But all I've got are words. As powerful as they are, of course, I just don't know. That is all it is of course. Words. It is all just a matter of semantics, as a wise person once said. Not wise perhaps, but just a person. That is the secret I had discovered. This is where it was. This is what I brought back from my journey. The importance of the word. This is what I wrote down on the back of my photograph. Don't trust his lies. Can it just be a game? A production? These are the questions I am meant to ask. Is there no purpose? This all makes perfect sense, it fits together perfectly, but, but I just can't seem to comprehend the purpose. And it is back to the drawing board again. Nothing deeper.

Life is like a piano. Life is like a deck of cards. Life is also like a sausage, but I'm not sure how.

Have I mentioned that I'm afraid of balloons?

Life is not to be solved. You see, there is no end, there is no completion. Life is not to be solved. Life is to be lived. Maybe. Maybe that's what I've gathered in my oh so recent gathering of knowledge. As I've remarked elsewhere, the secret of life is being. That's it perhaps. Perhaps it is a giant puzzle with no solution. Perhaps. Life is. And that is that. Life is a light brown bear holding my heart.

"I believe contact is important," wrote the oh so wise Sarah Smigel, "don't you?" That and perspective and nostalgia and a bag of chips. Barbecue potato chips in a yellow bag. Mmmmmmm. I love it when a plan comes together. When things come to fruition. That's a powerful word, fruition, don't you think? I find it astounding how astounding the world can be. Don't you?

Something's rotten in the state of Denmark.

You reap what you sow, my boy. You reap what you sow. This is what happens when you get used to everything falling into place. Well, you know how it is. You up and then you down. Shit. Ain't the world a bitch? Ain't it? Shit.

And me sitting here, thinking of writing 'bout the trees and how they danced behind the shade and how the past was behind me yet again. But those words are gone my friend. The shade's done drawn. Oh goodness. You are an amusing bird, my friend. Look at yourself. Shit. Life is a one-eared armadillo.

Sometimes a nice loss of perspective can lead to remembrances of lessons past. Or some shit like that. You got me. I'm lost here. So soon after being found. But it is like the man said, you know. I'm a rebel. A soul rebel. Said I'm a living man. I've got work to do. Yes yes. Soul rebel. Soul adventurer. Indeed.

The date is set for my departure. To the big rock candy mountains.

Where the bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft boiled eggs. Or so I've been told. With nary a scorpion, armadillo, or plastic fish to lead my way. I go it alone. Sort of. I apologize for the lack of goodness if ever such a lack there was. So much there was to be said, yet it seems as if we shall have to wait for another chapter. It has been postponed again. To the future. Shall we? Back to the future through way of the past? Is it a shame? I do not know. At the moment I am just a man. Nothing deeper.

*...and look again. What have u got? Nothing. and again U lose.
But what have we learned from the magician? What have we learned
from the dragon's den?*

Knowledge and understanding.

Knowledge and understanding. Cheesecake and watermelon. Ping pong for the soul. Sometimes I go walking after midnight. It's all for the kids.

Yeah, I think I can make my opinions heard in ways other than anonymous phone calls about my consuming habits. Why should our reality be defined by what we consume? A bunch of nameless, faceless people and computers making patterns out of whether we've bought an indoor or outdoor plant at such and such list of stores. Well, it's time to move on. Time to pack up our sardines and cigarettes and get on with, what was it, ah yes, the revolution.

Time signatures

Green tea and red wine. Cottage cheese and chocolate milk. Matchboxes and day old bread. It's a phone call on a cool night in May. It's the art of rolling.

Learning differences and losing touch. The boy just fell. That's what bothers me. That is the problem with the state of education today. Sometimes we sit out on the porch, trying to figure out life and time and death. Most days we give up and go back inside. It's all just a matter of perspective.

Table of contents.

Bottomless coffee pot in a Eugene IHOP. You ain't a skater but you alright. Blue crush on the 64. Cookin' for the kids on the banks of the North Shore. Astronomy for amateurs.

Banana peels and cow shit.

This is a sample of our delicious hot apple pies rolled in cinnamon and sugar. The power of imagination is astounding. Listening to our favorite band as the cars roll by. As you admire the symmetry of the chaotic sound, and you add your share of understanding, and you take note of the foundations of nature. Language is all there is.

Just sitting here biding time. Yallah. Boi boi. Changing the records as the world spins along. Like a dreidel at a Hanukah party. Whatever gets you through the night.

T.R.E.E.

Yeah, so dreams are clips of reality—past and future—seen from a different perspective. Of course, reality is the same thing.

We recycle.

Yeah, that's what I'm saying, there is no reason why every business that deals in bulk doesn't use completely recyclable products—work it into the infrastructure. Make it easy on the individual. Make it part of the program. Do the job and expand consciousness. Ask questions about everything. It is overwhelming if you think you have to do it all by yourself. But you don't have to do that. You can help build a movement, and engage in the battle of ideas.

So as I was leaving the bus station, walking out into the city, there was Bob singing don't worry 'bout a thing, every little thing gonna be alright. Three-two-one contact.

Sometimes you get that running start and let your momentum ride you on through. And there's always time to sit back and take in your surroundings.

Something about there always being a choice. Something about diners and the reflection of the checkered floor. You know anything about this here machine? It's some kind of wonderful. So it seems some people have been here before. In this land of familiarity. And this opens many doors of possibility. In my eyes. Real change takes time they say. We're nothing but time, says I. Ripple ripple. A walk through the desert. A trek in the woods. A stroll through the city. Imperfect cinema. Go, baby, go.

These are the roots of rhythm and the roots and rhythm remain. Say what? Magic numbers, eh. Bringing it all back home to you.

Maybe I go take a walk and pick up some matches. Maybe I reminisce about days gone by. And get a feeling for where I am.

Sixteen seems like a lucky number for me.

Wonderful rainbow.

I usually sleep till I wake up. That's 'bout all I can do for you on that score. Chinese boxes. Black and red. Served by your friend with mussels and bread. 104

Hold on a sec. I've got something in my eye. For some reason I'm inclined to talk about the hills of Santa Fe and climbing trees on a sunny day. Golden melody. 'Cause sometimes it gets a little hard, for to decide where to let my mind wander next. What should we play now? It's good to have friends. I feel another thesis coming on.

No no. I think somebody already took care of the sustainable development. For the night at least. We can stick to washing dishes and playing minesweeper. Maybe a little more soy milk and some bottled cherries. See the trick is to taste it directly. Return of the wise. A mi manera.

Somehow I can't seem to find my way from here to there. And I'm not so sure it matters. Eclipse.

Luna the cat.

And I woke up to a window full of horses. Did I mention that? Yeah yeah. Once you know it, you can translate it out. To the other, you know. The one you're talking to.

Fishcake at Lenny's.

Oh boy.

5:56

And he walked on out the door.

Maybe what I'm saying is that the boundaries have nothing to do with the reality. What's that? Arbitrary. Yes that's the word. Arbitrary. Perhaps someone has said that before. Three women playing trivial pursuit at a bar. I want music all the time.

Too much monkey business for me to be involved in.

Democracy is coming to the USA

Into the deep end.

Higher love.

RADAR LOVE

Everybody wang chung tonight. Everybody wang chung.

“I’d really like to get inside your head.”

“A lot of people say that.”

“I’d really wish you’d talk more.”

“A lot of people say that, too.”

The time to hesitate is through. No time to wallow in the mire. Shit. Who are we kidding? There is always time to wallow. It’s like that time I was talking to that kid in the mall. It’s all how you look at things. The words we use are powerful. They create our reality. *These* are my dreams. *This* is my reality. *This* is my world. Welcome.

A Love Supreme

“You see, my definition is a bit broader than that.”

Maybe it was when I was living with the lesbians. Or it could have been when I was wiping shit off the cages of the baby cows. But it occurred to me that I was missing the beauty of metaphor.

Of course it’s free form jazz. That’s why we’re writing upside down.

I’m tired of getting trapped by language. What I am trying to do is create a *new* language. Shit. We are constantly creating new language. I have no ambition.

He was no Matt Bahr.

So I was sitting on my rug, conversing with the gods, dreaming of parallel realities. Back when we were sitting around the fire by the mad river, I believe we were discussing reality. The color scheme was similar. It always is.

I haven’t been down for two and a half years.

Ah yes. So why shouldn’t it start with Korea? I mean, it’s got all the pieces. I still see no reason why they should not be successful. Why

we should not be successful. It's not as if we are separated by anything real. Is it? This brings us back to the discussion of levels, and the matter of the goose.

“Sanctions means a war, and the war knows no mercy.”

Come Fly With Me

By ANTHONY GANCARSKI

High on life and the promise of 2003 in America At War, I settled into a coach seat in a jet at Atlanta's airport.

[...]

Better to just chill out and enjoy it, because things are pretty much OK. Those people that make you piss in a jar just to make money to spend on rent and watered-down beer, they'd never screw you over, would they?

“For once in my life I'm gonna try to do the right thing.”

Ok. There is now no need for networks. No need for networks?? Wait a second. I was interrupted by the news. The disinformation is magnificent. Anyway, I think we're good and decentralized. Time to move on.

“Yeah, yeah, but here's what I'm saying. What if there is no Them? What if it's just us?”

Ok. Here is where I would like to go now. Here is where I want to be.

North Carolina.

He went on writing letters to Urras, even when he mailed none of them at all. The fact of writing for someone who might understand—who might have understood—made it possible for him to write, to think. Otherwise it was not possible.

So I listened to Aleister Cook last night. Straight out of the BBC. Contemporary shamanism in all its educational glory. If such a man exists, *he* will find *you*. Of course, the form he takes may surprise you. Ain't language a slippery motherfucker? I suppose it's about time we explode into totality.

And the cheese stands alone.

I despise everything official.

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round. Turn me 'round. Turn me 'round. Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round. Gonna keep on walkin'. Keep on talking. Walkin' down freedom road.

'Til I reach the higher ground.

Met the fox again. Not directly of course. There was a bit of reunion, a bit of progress, a bit of things coming together. I'll discuss it momentarily.

Momentarily, is that what I'd said? Oh, its been quite a day. I suppose. It's all about the follow through. Yes, yes. Give me some time to digest. Can I be serious in believing that I am recording reality? Can you possibly understand where I've been?

Her communication skills were excellent.

And that's the way it is.

Wasted and wounded, it ain't what the moon did.

"So should I call you Jesse now? That is your real name, isn't it?"

"No. Pumpkin will do just fine."

So I guess we're fortunate that crystals form as they do. *Pattern formation is a wacky thing.*

NEWSLETTER #27
January 12, 2003
Special 'Conspiracy Theory' Edition¹

"My name is Dave, and I am a conspiracy theorist."

[...]

But we've come much too far to turn back now. We have little choice but to ride this wave out and see where it takes us.
(to be continued ...)

"You're no different from the rest of them."

"The rest of who?"

"Humans."

"Oh...I suppose not..."

I know a zen koan when I see one.

So I went to the mountains this weekend...

Forget about it Jack. It's Chinatown.

Don't you know it's gonna be...alright.

I'm walkin. Yes indeed. I'm talking. 'Bout you and me. I'm hoping. That you come back to me.

"Jonathon had rented a bus to take us from Quito. We drove through the cloud forests of the Andes, descending into the Amazon in a bumpy twelve-hour ride. This ride tattooed on our eyeballs the devastation wrought by the oil industry. The roads built by the oil companies had opened up the jungle to loggers and poor, desperate Mestizo settlers. All thoughts of visionary Indians and mystic revelations were wiped away by the blunt reality of the pipeline running inexorably beside the road, surrounded by

¹ Center for an Informed America:
<http://www.davesweb.cnchost.com/nwsltr27.html>

recently clear-cut land, like a snake sucking the marrow out of the jungle.

We spent the night at Lago Agrio, the Dodge City of Ecuador, population 25,000 and growing. It was a ragged boomtown of two industries: oil and prostitution. Ten years ago, the area was virgin rain forest; now it was slashed-and-burnt scrub. Once it is destroyed, the rain forest does not regenerate, and the local climate quickly becomes too hot and dry for farming. The land, for all practical purposes, becomes useless.

Our bus driver and his buddy returned with sheepish grins from a night on the town. They bragged about the teenage prostitutes who could be had for two dollars at the local whorehouses.. I thought of the chain of dehumanization and exploitation beginning with the oil company's quest for profit, the American consumer's avidity for cheap gas to fuel SUVs, the corrupt governments of bankrupt Third World countries seeking payoffs, ending with despoiled rain forests and teenage Mestizo girls contracting AIDS from drunk ditch diggers in Third World backwaters. Benjamin's "religion of destruction" was performing its good works."

Swimming in the main stream is such a lame dream. No method to the madness.

If we don't explore the nature of our minds as deeply as possible, using whatever tools are available to us, what kind of world can we hope to create?

What kind of world are we creating now?

Tesla - Canadian Secret Police

Pavement - In the Mouth, a Desert

Paul Lansky - Interesting Numbers

Tony Grafton - History of the Footnote

Things might never be the same again.

And like that...he's gone.

“Well, here I am. Fucked, but happy.”

Well? We ending on that? Alright then. I love you, too.

Everyday I have the blues.

Every day I have the blues.

Ah, who am I kidding? I ain't no King. I don't hold a monopoly on nothing. I don't want to stand on the top of a hill if there ain't no one to talk to. I said to myself, Albert, don't lose your cool. That boy's got the boogie woogie, and it's got to come out.

So where are we now? Something 'bout a train ride? Something 'bout the cover of a cover of a cover? What's that? It's all connected? Oh. It's only words. And words are all I have. To steal your heart away.

We can't go on together with suspicious minds. We can't build our dreams with suspicious minds. See, we're caught in a trap and I can't walk out, cause I love you too much, baby.

Maybe you should try reading it as a book, he said. Shit, I said. I never thought of that. I told you we would have our day of deciphering. Hey, you know what, I think I did dream about a Buddy Holly movie last night. Didn't you also say something once about your dreams coming true? You know my love, not fade away. Splish splash. Splish splash.

You can't always get what you want.

And if you try sometimes, you might find, you get what you need.

Join in the fun. Collect all the pieces. Dive into the depths of the previously untapped wells of youth. Unmask all the players. Swim in the seas of green. Uh oh. Somebody let the dogs out. Time to feast.

Yeah. You're all right. Just take it easy is all.

Probation is no picnic.

“Two tickets for Bum Island, please.”

Why-o why-o why-o, did I ever leave Ohio?

Let's see. Where was we. We were talking 'bout something, were we not? Ah yes. Now I recall.

Questions of humanity: Kidlat Tahimnik, Monty Python, Vagabonds, and you

You's one paranoid motherfucker. The end.

MELT BANANA

Ok ok. So things were not always as they seemed. To me. But that is exactly the point I've been trying to make. !WARNING: To reduce risk of serious injury to hands, wrists or other joints, read Safety & Comfort Guide. But enough about my crazy conspiracy theories. Are you a Marx Brothers fan? This is what struck me back in Santa Fe after eating the bag of mushrooms given to me by three wandering hippies. First of all, it's all in the family. Second of all, banana peels are just as revealing as the forehead of a baby cow. And classical music, well, classical music ain't no different from rock 'n' roll. It's all rock 'n' roll to me.

Sooner or later. Sooner or later. It's like that famous dead guy once said, if not now, when? I'm not making this shit up, you know. If everything is as it is, if it all comes together as it is...the last shall bring it all together. As it is. Home at last. You see, we are still confused about questions of heaven and hell. We have not yet grasped the concept of the repeating island. This is reality. *This is reality.*

You see, you still have it all wrong, said the actress playing the immigrant, the boy was always a god, but you see he *realized* this when he looked into the girl's eyes.

Whatever's gonna be is gonna be.

What *is* that from? It sounds so familiar. I know I've heard it before. Or something just like it. When you reach my age, you'll understand the difficulties of focus. Ha! Everything can be retrieved.

All and all is are we are. Yes. Capitalism has no doubt gone to swim with the fishes. Let the children play.

words from beyond extinction

“So that can add up then.”

“Yeah, I guess it does.”

“It’s a good thing you don’t smoke.”

Housing Eating Up Families’ Salaries!

Down with beauty! Things fall apart. It’s scientific. The Miss World Show will go on.

Where were *you* when the world was changed? How *do* septuplets celebrate Christmas?

“Evil men, baby. Evil men who would destroy the good work being done in this nation.”

National Geographic Geospy Geography Game (For Kids)

Baby dangling is no laughing matter. Clean air and security are not compatible.

Do the do. Do the do.

Stabbing the Truth With the Dagger of Evil

You taste berry good. So berry berry good to me.

“You’re new here, ainch, kid? Well on some days the sandwiches contain a dead scorpion. ...Not every day, but *some* days—that’s why it’s hell, kid.”

Wired News

Let’s all meet in Wash’ton D.C. And sit ‘mongst the pink and talk ‘bout what shall be.

“...and go round and round and round...”

He was no Ben Vereen...

Yeah. I'll just have a lemonade, thanks.

Those were the days, my ass. Did I say ass? Shit. Johnny B. Goode.

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“Yeah, yeah, but here’s what I’m saying. What if there is no Them?
What if it’s just us?”

the **PREQUEL**
[section 2 : *orange juice*]

I need a cigarette.

B00557 Fri, 29 Oct 2004 02:32:43 -0700

“Is China able to feed its people,” I asked my friend who recently returned from a trip to the countryside with her Chinese environmental NGO whose name I don’t remember. I don’t remember exactly what she said. Something about how farmers aren’t growing as much rice (a staple of the Chinese diet), because they are using their fields to plant cash crops such as tobacco. Rice isn’t bringing in the dough, you know. Especially as long as China can import cheap grain from the U.S. Why doesn’t China subsidize its farmers to grow food to feed its humans? The WTO agreement, says my friend. Which is odd, since the reason that the U.S. grain is so cheap is because the U.S. does subsidize its farmers. Deep insights, I know.

YOU FUCKING WITH ME

You fucking with me? Motherfucker. T2 and the Talking Heads, together again. I’ve had just about enough of the chicken and the egg. What’s that you’re doing there? You’re not writing again are you? Making more noise. When will we ever learn? Stop making sense. Did you get the message? Reality is a game of jenga. Didn’t you know that? This is chapter two of the story you’ve never read. It’s a message you left to yourself back when you remembered who you are. Son of a bitch. The air sure is thick in here. Give the people what they want. We’re finding it hard to interpellate ourselves in this great sea of possibility. Where do YOU want to sit? Let it shine, let it shine. Let me tell you where I last heard that one. Talk about good times. Talk about crazy days. You had the river’s number and you let it slip away. Slippery when wet. Ha! How successful an alchemist are you? Time is a crock of shit. That’s funny on so many levels. Thank you. And leave it on.

Your brain candle, you jackass. I once knew a donkey named Frank. He was a jackass, too. You ruined it again. How many times? So

close to the center of it all. But you can't take the strain. It's all in your head you know. But what about the other? The words are just rules and regulations to me. Fucking genius.

GLORIA

Let's dance.

It's all pornography. It's all addictive. And it's all so damn funny. Fuck you.

THE HARDER THEY COME

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You are still afraid of words.

You smell that? That's nostalgia right there. That's freedom is what it is. Sometimes we like to cut the scenes to fit the music. This is guerrilla ontology after all. The rhythm. The rhythm.

cheap DVDs

B00603 Sat, 30 Oct 2004 00:29:41 -0700

This new binladen video sure doesn't seem to help bush. that is, assuming he isn't captured before the election. nor does the story about the missing munitions. that is, assuming there is not a terrorist attack using these munitions before the election. I'd say that this means that there are significant sources of power within the elite that would prefer a kerry victory. in fact, this has been reported in articles such as Mark Engler's "Are the War and Globalization Really Connected?: Have the liberals got it all wrong?" and Wayne

Madsen's "A Bush pre-election strike on Iran "imminent": White House insider report "October Surprise" imminent", where he writes: "Intelligence circles report that both intelligence agencies [CIA and DIA] are in open revolt against the Bush White House. White House sources also claimed they are "terrified" that Bush wants to start a dangerous war with Iran prior to the election and fear that such a move will trigger dire consequences for the entire world." Of course, what with the "peak oil" meme running around and the recent stories about the decline of the U.S. dollar and oncoming economic collapse, a Kerry presidency certainly is not going to slow down the war machine and the expansion of global capital in any significant manner. Even if he attempted to, a cabal as dangerous and crazy as the one that blatantly stole the 2000 elections, engineered 9-11 and its coverup, and systematically dismantled whatever institutionalized civil liberties it could, will surely have no compunction in assassinating a president with the initials JFK. Of course, his Kennedy identifications aside, I do not think it realistic that Kerry will in any way significantly challenge the global elite.

Back to the bin Laden video. The part I found most interesting (other than the fact that he apparently took credit for 9-11 for the first time) is this little quote: "It appeared to him (Bush) that a little girl's talk about her goat and its butting was more important than the planes and their butting of the skyscrapers. That gave us three times the required time to carry out the operations, thank God," he said. Apparently, I'd say, Osama got his hands on a copy of "Fahrenheit 911", which, if the recent report by Gordon Thomas that bin Laden is hiding out in China is true, is not all that unlikely. DVDs here in China will run you about 6 yuan (75 cents) and I've seen quite a few copies of F 911. But maybe I've underestimated Osama and his Islamists' brilliant long term plan. Use CIA and U.S. government support to gain power in places like Bosnia and Chechnya, and, other than one gigantic spectacular attack on the WTC towers and the Pentagon (followed by practically zero attacks on Americans the next three years), stick to fighting local battles throughout the Muslim world, aided by their growing support coming from (foreseeable) U.S. invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. And then, days before the U.S. presidential election, finally take credit for the 911

attacks in a speech that really doesn't have a clear effect on said election. Whoah. That's a lot to think about. Global chessmatches sure are interesting. Regardless, as osama suggested, and as richard oxman reiterated, it is time we take matters into our own hands.

That's quite a bass line we've got going. TRAIN RIDE! Remember when we started? It was supposed to be fun. Ha! Life's for living. Better use your sense. Use what you got from coincidence. CONFORM! So far so bad so what. Motherfucker.

Laugh hard it's a long ways to the bank.

Still so very much to explore. I think I'll go take a shower. You're supposed to be fed up by now. Time to take a trip. Time for some novelty. Entropy done knocked you upside the head and you're still crawling around trying to find whatever scrap of your precious order you can get your mind on. Input output output input output. Get on up and out the door. Obey the law. Fuck the border.

Then the devil is 6.

Come on now. It's a cosmic awakening. Mind your lessons people. Lather, rinse, repeat. Windmills people. Windmills. Fucking language. Fucking earth people and their non-sentient relations. Reconfigure that to your liking. Yellow black and red and green purple.

Lost in the groove. For what you dream of. Official guide and record book. Shall we begin?

New Territory.

Witches and Pirates and Clowns
B00673 Sun, 31 Oct 2004 22:55:54 -0800

So, in case you're interested, I visited the newly renovated Speakeasy Bar on Dong Feng Dong Lu last night. I enjoyed the new layout.

One patron described it thusly: “Oh yeah. It’s circular. It’s, of course, designed to be circular in resemblance to...other such circular things...as buttons...and lifesavers.” [probably not a direct quote] Speaking of new layouts, gnn user insrekshnaraoke’s comments in the blog entry “rockin’ the redundancy” sum up most of the thoughts I’ve been having on the new GNN layout. Stuff about comments sections, facilitating user discussion, feedback. Yeah. In other news, the weather today in Kunming was a bit chilly with grey skies and scattered rain.

Lines of age my ass. You’re lost in the groove. Ain’t no escape from the eternal piano. It’s snowing. Snowing in December. What a world, what a world.

All right you sons of bitches. Don’t think I’m not onto you. Just because everything has fallen apart don’t mean it was never together in the third place. This is a repetitive theme. I repeat myself you see. I should of known it was you. Son of a bitch. Passport. That word always turned me on. Can’t quite explain the kinks in the system just yet. But I can still get high sniffing my own shit. Fucking poetry. Well. Bring the words to me. Bring me the words. Magic eight ball. You’re nowhere man. Now here. No where. Courage the cowardly dog. The fox stole grandma. And the whale? What of the whale? Flip it. There it is. The letters are dancing. Roll with it.

Son of a bitch. Exploding head.

Yeah, like I was saying. I took some notes this weekend. Well. You know what I mean. In rhythm. Bellini. Oooh. Things is still happening. Public transportation. Conundrum entertainment. Paycheck.

Are you hearing me yet?

I haven’t seen a wave like this for some time. Ridden a wave. Seen a wave. Whatever. I wonder how we’re doing.

Fuck ‘em all.

Time destroys all things.

B00868 Thu, 4 Nov 2004 04:48:42 -0800

Beautiful day today. Enabled me to take a hot shower (solar powered water heater, quite common in the parts of China I've frequented). I took a nice walk around the city. Smoked a cigarette with a random guy on the street. Conversation points included birds, girls on bicycles, and boxing, amongst other things I'm sure. The other day I was ambushed by a couple of girls who live in my building complex as I was walking back from breakfast. They are taking an oral English exam soon, going to school at night, they are, hoping to become tour guides. We are going to do a language exchange, me and my new friends, as I can surely use the help in speaking Chinese, and they the practice in English. It turns out there's a cafeteria in my complex where a good deal of the residents eat their lunch and dinner. Cheap, tasty, and plentiful food, with a nice community atmosphere. Last night I had a loud political discussion over dinner with an Oregonian friend of mine. We had green vegetable tofu soup, some sort of bean and tomato concoction, some really tasty spring rolls, rice, and beer and talked about freedom, violence, and the differences between the U.S. and China, amongst other things I'm sure. Later that night we mapped out some lectures for her upcoming job in a city in another province where she'll have the honor of being the first ever foreign teacher. It's all about communication. Speaking of which, it seems the "U.S. public" has spoken. As Justin Poder asks (in an article that can be found at the G7 Welcoming Committee Records website), "Can it really be that Americans have decided that this is the world they want?" I think that what we have here is a failure to communicate. Good luck to those of you inside the confines of the U.S. trying to get out a message other than "gay people are the root of all evil". Viva la revolution.

"How many peoples in the worlds that make up the world can say as we do, that they are doing what they want to? We think there are

many, that the worlds of the world are filled with crazy and foolish people each planting their trees for each of their tomorrows, and that the day will come when this mountainside of the universe that some people call Planet Earth will be filled with trees of all colors, and there will be so many birds and comforts. Yes, it is likely no one will remember the first ones, because all the yesterdays which vex us today will be no more than an old page in the old book of the old history.”

-Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos, Our Word is Our Weapon, Seven Stories Press, 2000

Oh. We're living it now. Crystal mind. The doctor is in. Said the matchbook. I'm just reminiscing is all. Talking to yourself is the first sign of insanity. My goddess.

The record is skipping around. Son of a bitch. In the nation. Numbers. IN the nation. Did I mention that? Shit. So many levels. Son of a bitch. Yep yep. So it seems. Fuck. I wish I could communicate to you where I am. Did I really say that? Fuck. All I have are my nipples. Motherfucker.

So many levels. Mother fucker.

We're in control of the words.

So I was gonna write a paper about one of their songs, but I couldn't quite make out exactly what they were saying. It was a matter of translation. It was a matter of timing. SO any way I was gonna name one of the cds this heaven gives me migraines (mee-grains)

NOT GREAT MEN. Listen for it. Oh. Different version then, eh.

Dildo.

Motherfucker.

Yeah. I find that essence rare. It's what I look for. I took a cuban

media class my main man. Motherfucker. Fuck.

There's a whole world outside my window. Live-action. Very realistic. I think I see a body of water. One and one makes one. For there is only one. We are a confusion of terms. Egg roll.

Melt banana.

But on your deathbed you will receive total consciousness. So I got that going for me. Which is nice.

Gigantic. Gigantic. Gigantic. Gigantic. A big big love. So here is my latest image. An interwoven tapestry. But on a much simpler level. One inside another inside another. Are you seeing it yet? Good morning.

If it's in the book it's in the book

I like you.

85 miles per hour

Swamped.

Is it right left right I forget how it goes again.

And he walked on out the door. ECLIPSE. and away we go Crash landing. I just remembered what it smelled like to be involved in active change. Talk about fresh air. Trapped like a rat. Hold on a second. I'm having thoughts of writing some song lyrics. Real profound shit. Watching movies about Vermont will do that to a detached mind. Ha ha ha. He he he. Trapped like a rat. Life's about second chances. Don't stick stuff in your pits.

Yeah. It's the album with the circus music. I always recognize that one. You and your damned words. I don't care how fucking beautiful the colors are. Grape bubble gum. No my friend. That ship done sailed. No no. That ship sunk. In a cocaine storm. Now you've gone and made me depressed. Ain't technology a kick in the

pants. I'm not wearing any pants said the boy. Said the man. Ah fuck. What are you going for this time? Crock of shit. Crock of shit. Everything we say. Crock of shit. But at least you speak the language. We've got that going for us. Which is nice. Beautiful, man, beautiful.

Son of a bitch.

Organize. Step up to the mic. Go take a shit. Maybe you should try reading it as a book. Maybe you should stop interfering with the innards of my mind. Love it or give it back. Bumper stickers in New Mexico. Fuck the border. (cycle the puck)

The ultimate trick.

Nice and smooth. We're getting back into the thick of it. Surely and slowly. Reverse fields. Nothing like a substantive conversation. Virtual, you say? Well it all comes back to the connection. I thought we had agreed upon that one. Gang green is eating my legs, not my eyes. But I still contend, if we are to succeed, we will have to bring it ALL together. I haven't been sitting here and masturbating for nothing. It's a trick of language, you see. But it's about time we started talking about reality. Good show old boy. Dismissed.

Revolution Redux

B01032 Sat, 6 Nov 2004 04:33:36 -0800

Back when I was editor in chief of the Redskin, this fact (that I worked to produce a book called the Redskin) did not cross my mind in any substantial manner, even when I sat in on a little talk with a political cartoonist who spoke of a cartoon he published with football helmets depicting the (I forget the corresponding cities) Niggers, the Kikes, the Spics (I also forget the exact team nicknames), and so on, social commentary on the existence of the football team, the Washington Redskins. What can I say? They were two different classes. One was Comparative Government and the other was Yearbook. My mind didn't establish any connection. Anyway, I've been spending the plurality of my time these past few

days in an e-mail correspondence with a friend of mine (who lives in Oakland, maybe?), discussing recent and past and future world events, amongst other things I'm sure. Presently, I'm listening to a Ruben Gonzalez CD that my Oregonian friend burned for me last night. Though it is not the CD that says Cuban Traditional Revolutionary Songs on the cover, I consider it Cuban Revolutionary Music nonetheless. Back to the discussion with my friend. I brought up the idea that it is time we "Americans" put our resistance at the core of our reality. To finally take up the identity of revolutionary or radical, with all of its life and death implications. To come face to face with the realities that peoples in the Third World have been facing for decades. To no longer imagine ourselves to be privileged in any way. I even plugged the GNN site. As she replied, in order to realize the revolution we must reconceptualize the revolutionary (OK, her reply contained a bit more than that, but that can perhaps be dealt with later). I'm in the process of now writing these words—So it appears, we "Americans" are given the choice of having just enough so that we don't need to identify with resistance and revolution. But this is a false problem, a red herring, as I like to say. What's the purpose of our "revolution"? I often ask myself. Isn't it so that NO ONE has to face the problems we tend to associate (falsely when we do it exclusively) with the Third World, the poor, the destitute. So yeah, my first reactions to 9-11 were "no justice, no peace", and "welcome to the third world". And I can't recommend enough the identification with the Eugene Debs quote, "While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; and while there is a soul in prison, I am not free." An alternative spin, perhaps, on Martin's "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere." But it is not a question of either working for justice or living your life. It is all your life, whatever roadblocks you encounter on the way. As I learned from watching Abbas Kiarostami's 10 (a director I first came across in my Third World Cinema class, whose name I might have misspelled), sometimes you win and sometimes you lose. I'm personally able to take the risk of running up a credit card to its limit and not paying the giant criminal bank conglomerates a dime, thus ruining my credit rating, banking on the fact that there are so many people in personal debt that, in the future world that I imagine living in, there is going to have to be some sort of personal debt amnesty. And until we get there, why

should I be better off than the thousands of other people who are in debt up to their necks? I can make that gamble, but some cannot. Some people have children to feed. So we do what we can. And we relate to each other's personal situations, realities, struggles. This is a global conversation, a local conversation, a universal conversation. And blah blah blah. I guess that's enough for one blog entry. Be well.

Well? Is it working? Are we progressing? Notes from the underground.

Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody. Time for a broadcast, eh. Time to put ideas into action. Sleep.

DREAMLIFE

I was in Mexico today, you know. At least I think it was Mexico. Go baby go. Freak out! Hawaiian music kicks ass. Spin it. The wall unit is talking to me again. Fucking masks. Go on. Play with the words. Door to Antarctica.

Dance of the Vorticons. 333

Fucking sweet. Wake up.

Game Time

B01142 Sun, 7 Nov 2004 22:18:03 -0800

So let's say you're in the midst of a revolution. What I mean is, let's say that you live in a place that is undergoing change. Conscious change. And you are one of the change makers. What do you do about those who do not speak the language used by you and the other change makers? So anyway, as I walked out of my complex this afternoon and entered Xi Yuan Alley, it crossed my mind that if the community where I lived was attempting to make any changes in the way it functioned (let alone radically change their social organization), I would quite likely have no idea what was going on,

and would have an extremely difficult time adapting (or, for that matter, contributing to said changes in a conscious manner). I watched another Abbas Kiarostami movie today—"The Wind Will Carry Us". Really fucking good. I recommend everyone in the States watching and spreading around as many Iranian films as you can get your hands on. Not only for the purpose of humanizing the people that live within the "axis of evil", but because so many of these films are really fucking good. Speaking of Iran, it seems that China has declared its support for the Persian nation in regards to its nuclear situation. Speaking of China, I have received unsolicited confirmation of the fact (discussed elsewhere on this blog) that there are lots of people going to university and comparatively very few good jobs for graduates to go into. Getting a decent job is still a matter of who you know (the Chinese term is Guanxi). I've reached the beginning of the conclusion of "Postmodernism or, The Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism" (by Fredric Jameson). I'll do some analysis at a future time. I'm hungry. I think I'm gonna go eat something.

GONE ONCE AGAIN

Gone once again. What was it? Something about the pattern being addictive? Bitch's brew. Brand new day. Well. Get back on that horse. You spent all that time working on the brakes. It's like a mushroom trip it is. Life's a dream space cowboy. Open up the past. Preemptive strike. Bombs away! Bitch's brew. We built this city. Yawn. And the story unravels. Are we there yet? No. Are we there yet? No. Are we there yet? No. Let's take a gander at the fabric, eh? Just 'til we get our fix. Watch out for those bear traps. Peek-a-boo. Snap.

Odessa. Damn these keys are solid. The occult seems to be tied up in the message. Well well. Where was we? I crossed the ocean. To see the snowing sun. Scratch that. We crossed the ocean. That's right. The same guy that did that did the other thing. I thought we agreed to start making sense. Let's go for a ride. Literally.

Stoned, you are

You feel that? Creative freedom. Mmmhmm. How deep is your love?

Anthrax and entropy

Back and forth and to and fro, everybody wants to know, when they gonna start the show that came to tell the story. ‘Bout all of those who came before, to open up the colored door, just ‘cause no one’s keeping score don’t mean there ain’t no glory. So you still writing that book? she said. What? You know, the one that has all of us in it. People still suck. Lesson time. This session we’ll focus on perspective. You’ve got flies in your eyes. That’s probably why you can’t see ‘em. Repeat chorus.

Yakety Yak

Mardi Gras. Hunger Strike.

You gonna open up your eyes? Go on. Take a peak. Keep ‘em peeled. So. You gonna break it down for us? Or are we gonna keep playing the game? The world of our choosing.

Pitlike

“As with most of Dostoevsky’s important works, these two were written as he underwent acute personal crisis.” What’s not to understand? Don’t you know brilliance when you see it?

You call that an effective anti-war movement? I’ll show you an effective anti-war movement.

Snowshoefilms.

Post-left anarchy.

Dream’s end.

Let’s say I got a gun in my hand. Six slugs six points of view. Materialism. Let’s say I got a book in my hand. 50,000 words

50,000 translations. Idealism. Shallow. I got a dictionary. Any way the wind blows. Motherfucker. Fucking will to power. Motherfucker. Son of a bitch. I wonder what will happen if I keep looking in this direction. What's that about that one advantage, eh comrade? Who's shitting in your head now? Man of constant sorrow. Son of a bitch. Random. Two times. That's a helluva lot of shit to pull together. Where's your cybernetics systems model now? Son of a bitch. Octopuses and organ stops. The feedback loop's corrupted. And stop.

Don't piss down my back and tell me it's raining.

I always pick up the phone, she said, there might be someone on the other end of the line. Well fuck her. Tear up your dictionaries. Oh. It's in the liner notes. Good afternoon. We're having a conversation. Good afternoon. I guess I just don't know. And stars fell on Alabama. (last night) motherfucker

This Is The Way The World Ends...

B01216 Tue, 9 Nov 2004 01:18:11 -0800

Here are some predictions from a Nancy Davies posting over on the narcosphere:

1. The US economy will collapse. The questions are how soon and how badly. Can we look for a "soft landing"? The debt that is now being perpetrated depends like all debt, on who will lend you the money and when they will ask for repayment. Third World and Latin American countries are very familiar with the cost of debt. Americans have not as a nation understood it, up until now. But who holds our debt? Individuals and nations who have bought US Treasury bonds; they are both domestic and foreign purchasers. The foreign purchasers now decline to buy more US debt. The second class of debt is trade balance of payments. Up until now, it has been in the interest of nations like China and Japan to permit the US to buy (import) more than it sells. Greedy greedy greedy. But that can not continue. China is the big factor. At the moment it is not in their interest to bring down the US but it may well be so soon, as the oil

wars progress. Likewise Europe, who would benefit from oil-sales in euros.

2. Government services to the population will decrease. Bush said so. Small government means fewer services, and with little money, he can just claim services can't be afforded. That means no national health care, no national social security (privatize!), etc.

3. Fascism will be made manifest. That's partly because a war mentality encourages authoritarian control, and partly because conservatives who want "values" upheld want only the values they themselves espouse, which are restrictive, based on a biblical interpretation, anti-female, sexist, blurring separation of church and state, etc. You know. Those who currently (post-election) call for the Dems to stand fast on the Left have my sympathy, while those who say "compromise even more" do not.

4. Jobs will continue to vanish. International capital does not care who buys its products, therefore, it's no skin off their noses if the Indians and Filipinos get more cash to buy cars with, and the Americans workers get less, especially since the lower foreign salaries (for the next twenty years?) mean a bigger profit.

5. The intellectual cream of the country will emigrate. Why should scientists and inventors stay—the climate is not in their favor, and the medical and scientific research facilities can only go downhill when they ass-lick the big corporations and the government as they now do. Honest research will be conducted elsewhere (maybe Cuba?). It's of course clear that those bright students who used to enter the USA for university or graduate studies no longer choose to—in fact, many are barred due to their national origin.

6. Militarism will increase. One reason—the scarcity of jobs means that youngsters join the military for pay, and that is true all over the world, and already so for us. Secondly, there's a terrorist on every corner (as well there may be, after all our attacks on innocent people) so we must Defend Our Country from inside dissenters as well as foreigners.

7. Sooner or later (when?) the East and West coasts will begin to think about secession. They have nothing to gain by supporting the ruined heartland which produces neither useful products nor edible foods. A university education is more likely when it is in the interest of the national economy to promote and pay for it—where will that take place? So the two coasts will do their own thing.

8. Sooner or later (when?) repression, poverty and/or despair gives rise to rebellion. That's how it goes. People calling for the Dems to promote a winning strategy—whatever that is—do not reckon with the severe voter fraud and intimidation we already see, nor with the viciousness of the Republicans.

9. Global climate change will lead to some big migrations or at least severe readjustments. Maybe the north will be emptied—or maybe the south! Who knows. But something's gotta give, and at the moment it looks like the tundra.

10. The evil empire, like all empires, will collapse of its own hubris and over-reach. The rest of the world may simply go its own way while ignoring the US's needs and desires—this will happen when the petrodollar gives way to the euro, when other blocks of nations decline to trade with the US, when energy sources cannot be maintained, when potable water and food sources cannot be maintained. The USA, if very lucky, will fall to the position the UK is in now, and the UK, if very lucky, will get itself more firmly involved with the EU, in effect turning its back on the USA. Many empires don't die, they just fade away. Let's hope for that, as the best outcome possible: not with a bang but a whimper.

Some essays from Nancy Davies can apparently be found at George Salzman's website. Today's movie recommendation is anything by Polish director Andrzej Wajda. I recently viewed *Landscape After Battle* and *The Promised Land*.

Yes yes. The old conversation. Life, they say. Time to make your mark. I see no reason why this day should be different from all other days. Let the debate flourish. Movies and mushrooms.

Jacob's Music

We begin the tour on the lower level. Fuck. Ya lost me. So close again, he says. Sigh. House of cards. And the letters scramble. Fuck. Ya lost me. She always was an excellent communicator. See, I seem to have developed a bit of a stutter. Surely I'm trying to speak. Ah. Don't pay it no mind. You're evolving yet. Your time will come. You still there? There was a Gravity's Rainbow quote making the rounds yesterday. Do you remember this dance number? Tough not to fall down. Again and again. Gets to be quite the effort. Well. Fuck that noise. I've had enough of your preaching. Make with the pretty colors.

I`

Cool down buddy. Let's have a drink. This one's on me. Son of a bitch. Well, at least we've got a nice soundtrack. Come on now. Spin it around. Blues attack.

And gone once again. I bled for that one. And the power runs out half way through. Well, it's happened before. The disappointment remains. We shall recharge the batteries. It's good to have a multitude of media. It's my thesis after all.

Well, the last few days have been eye-opening to say the least. Still having a bit of trouble digesting everything. But I might as well continue to see what's out there. Hallelujah.

Today is not Friday,

This ain't rock'n'roll. This is genocide. It's one thing to [...] it's another thing to let it get you from behind. Again and again.

DESKTOP RECONSTRUCTION (and the people who love them)

False Mystery, spaketh the disembodied head as it sat in a pool of yellow amidst a sea of white. Get into my big black car. Talk about your shit. That there bicycle is flipped upside down. SET UP DATABASE.

We've got chocolate cake and red wine. Plenty to go around. Any takers? Anybody? The more the merrier...mi casa su casa... I've created a world for you...Enjoy. Thick and juicy. Mmmmmmmnnnn. OK.

I love all of you (fuckers)

Oh yeah. Brilliant corners. We've found ourselves a treasure. Punctuate how ya like. My junkyard is your recycling nightmare. Victory is mine. Bow to my GANDHI-style. and breathe...

The stench of death on the bridge to Holland.

"My vanity was rising, uncompromised in my position."

Comic of the month: Pearls Before Swine

Retired dairy farmer, my fanny. I thought for sure we'd at least see a few lightning strikes. Melt banana. Man on fire.

ARADIA

Holy Cow. Random noise embedded on the arm. Data transfer complete. It's pretty much climbable all the way to the top.

Russian food in our nation's capitol

--or: We capitalize on everything here in the underbelly of civilization

See, it's a catch-22. The mobius strip doesn't care what color you are. Just watch it dance. Yeah yeah. Get outta my head. It's a cosmic revolution.

Fuck. No no. The cosmic bowling redux has already been used. I'm sure I heard a line tonight that I wanted to record, but it seems to have slipped my mind. Still, we made it home alive, did we not? What more can we ask for? I wish you a good drive back. Indeed.

Start all over again.

Seriously, I'm not a terrorist, but your country fucking sucks.

What's that? It's *all* a dream we dream one afternoon? Well, I'll be damned.

Fucking China. I think I'll cry myself to sleep tonight. Why don't you take *that* with a grain of salt. I don't italicize these words for nothing. I taste good after a hard day's work in the sun. Go on. Have a lick. Democracy minus truth don't do me no good. Write *that* into your ethical treatise. Fucking italics. Fucking humans.

Go on. Eat your cake. The possibilities are endless. But you knew that. Whoopsie! Change of perspective. Bombs away. Exclamation point.

I Come From Outta Space, Baby
B01217 Tue, 9 Nov 2004 02:25:06 -0800

A message from Jason Low concerning our ideal worlds and our ability to will them: Hello, The following is an exercise in art and the manifestation of dreams. It is not political in nature, although it does comprise in part a response to the events of November 3 (this email has also been sent to the US President, wouldn't want to leave anybody out). Please take a moment, whether now or in the coming days, to participate in this global art project. The health of this project also depends on the number of people you forward it to and give a chance to participate (this is NOT a chain mail, however!)—it has already been sent to at least four continents and the more truly global it gets, the better. First, take a moment a write out YOUR perfect world. What YOU believe would be the perfect planet, not just for you but for the race as you see it. You are not constrained to entertain the idea of "REALITY" or "POSSIBILITY" at any point during this exercise. Nor does this have to bear any relationship to the world as it currently stands—the ONLY rules are that you may not use the words "I," "me," "my" or in any other way refer to your "SELF" in this section, EXCEPT that you must phrase each of your

desired changes to this big blue orb with the prefix "I WILL." This can be as complex as you want. For instance, your response could be as short as: "I WILL a perfect world in which everybody has access to food, water, shelter, medical care and education." or as complex as: "I WILL a world in which each human being takes full responsibility for their own life, dreams, thoughts and happiness; one in which renewable energy is a reality; one in which non-militaristic and clean space travel are a reality; one in which mass population control through propaganda and media are no longer necessary; one in which the potential of the human organism is no longer crippled by external control systems but has been fully tapped and mediated by a new "shamanic" social class; one in which the irreality and impermanence of everything are taken for granted; one in which dogma no longer exists; one in which murder is no longer a routine occurrence of daily life; and one in which cars are no longer a mass mode of transportation." Or even more so. The specifics, beyond the phrasing, are totally up to you. These, of course, are just my answers, which I use as an example, and I will immediately be apparent as the lefty pinko I am, but they have NO importance whatsoever to the experiment itself, which is to have YOU compose your own list. As you compose your list (and make sure that you only write what you know to be true solutions, at least from where you stand right here and right now), really take the time to WILL these things to happen, whatever that means to you. Will them without fear or desire, or worrying too much about whether they could ever be real, and then compose a second list. This is where REALITY as you currently perceive it with your five senses enters the picture—simply write a list of how you, and you alone, can begin doing something, no matter how minor, to begin making each of your WILLED changes to your world (and be assured that they have already begun) into a reality. How you can begin enacting this better future in the PRESENT, in the theater of your own life. (You can, of course, say "I" now.) For instance, mine might read: "I WILL take responsibility for my own dreams, thoughts and happiness; publicize and discuss developments in renewable energy research and non-militaristic/clean space travel through the channels I have open to me; stop watching television; promote the truly "shamanic" people I know through the channels open to me; take the time from time to time to remind myself of irreality and impermanence; stop

*dogmatically just believing that “everybody has the power to change the world” (and instead try to test it out with this experiment); stop “fudging” on eating meat; and refuse to own a car.” Make sure that they are things that you can actually DO, and then over the next coming days, weeks, months and years, DO them. Well, you don’t have to, really, but I can’t imagine why you wouldn’t want to live in your perfect world—but hey, different strokes for different folks right? Many of you will have already asked and answered these questions for yourselves; we congratulate you and request that you share them with the world. For the rest, we envy you since the first crystallization of will tends to be the most fun! It is not enough to simply think about these things, you have to write them out and then commit to doing them. If you’ve got a list that’s too much to commit to, you can always just edit it down until it’s doable, even if you’ve only got one thing. After composing these two paragraphs, please send them to: generationhex@gmail.com Your email will not be compiled or shared with anybody for ANY purpose WHATSOEVER. Your response will then be included on a website which combines each and every response from all over the world into a single growing, living tapestry of slowly reifying dream—and what’s even better, we might even begin to see how all of our perfect worlds fit together. (I am also gratefully accepting alms from anybody who would be so kind as to donate the space and a domain name to host this on, though it will be done one way or the other.) If you do not wish for your name and/or email to be included along with your response, PLEASE SPECIFY this and I will kindly respect your wishes. (Anybody who wishes to embellish, artistically or otherwise, their entry, is certainly welcome to do so.) Please forward this message to everybody that you can, regardless of age, or political or personal opinion or orientation. The process becomes more democratic the bigger it gets. Yours, Jason Louv
<http://www.icomefromouttaspacebaby.com>
generationhex@gmail.com*

The Gambler

New Chapter. She lives! he exclaimed. And he rejoiced. Add it to your favorites. The pages of your life strewn throughout this giant

sea of information, drifting back upon your shore. Yes yes, snatch them up. Now ask yourself again. What is it that you are doing? Come now. Let us be realistic. Let us be pragmatic. Let us live life. But the gym's neutral territory. I'm only gonna make nice there. I'm only gonna challenge him. I'd be careful about eating them cinnamon flavored apples. Them's Empire brand cinnamon flavored apples. Don't look away. Crazy world.

And I say to myself. Did the Buddha have to put up with all this shit while he was sitting under the tree? Or is there some sort of trapdoor whose location I appear to have forgotten? Go on. Dance with the words as they appear on the screen. Sift through them as if they were nothing. And everything. You so want to believe in communication. You so want to believe that we exist. Still you are caught. Good afternoon Jacob.

So do you want a broken man in your life? I guess that's my question. I feel like such a jackass. And love conquers all.

e-mail from oakland

B01338 Fri, 12 Nov 2004 01:33:57 -0800

Hello China, something bizarre about writing to the future. So I have been thinking this week, something I try not to do too often, but thinking none the less about what I should do with myself given the current state of the world and all the stuff you wrote last week. And here is where I am stuck. I realized that much of my resistance to joining socialist organizations or going out and becoming a berkeley radical stems from a fear of falling on the obsolete side of a dichotomy have always felt but have only recently begun to articulate. OK, I will get to the point. Here is the question, what is the difference between a movement and a counter culture. I grew up in a counter culture. My father looked around, thirty five years ago, in a busy news room of the Toronto Star, and saw all the makings of a mainstream suburban professional life, a wife, two kids a career track job. He decided he did not like the world he saw and moved to rural Vermont to be an organic carrot farmer! (luckily carrot thing wore off, but the move did not) A counter culture is a wonderful

place to grow up. I am grateful for the values instilled in me, growing up inside a radical puppet theater and surrounded by peace loving hippies and hard working dairy farmers. But when I grew up and entered the world my father left it was unchanged. well it was changed, but not for the better. My parents generation decided they did not like the status quo so they left. But the status quo carried on quite happily without them. The establishment of a counter culture did not alter the course of the power structure they opposed. They did not resist, they had the means to carve out for themselves a life that did not require them to come face to face with the beast on a daily basis and they did. Not to discredit their decision or their lives, I am who I am because of those decisions. So I see the lefty organizations that have been raging on for decades and I see self inflicted impotence. They have removed themselves from society (for lack of a better word) and have therefore given the world permission not to take them seriously. This is the root of my obsession with organizing. Radical people put their ideology in their pockets and go out and engage with society, engage with the masses and make change. this is a sacrifice, it requires compromises, it is hard work and it is frustrating. Sometimes you do not have patience to explain to a middle aged housewife the meaning and power of collective action. Sometimes you don't want to wear make up, shave your legs or wear a skirt. Sometimes it requires you to compromise the very values that push you to do it (that is usually when I quit). So here are my choices as I have seen them, embrace the counter culture, and the impotence that comes with it, or compromise my deeply held values and go out and engage with the institutions out there that push the world in the general direction of my vision (I have not yet done the I will exercise, I am waiting for inspiration, but it is not coming). I am not sure that I like either option and have waffled between the two fairly ineffectively for the past five years. OK, so the counter argument on counter culture, we cannot sustain a resistance movement without a vision, a common goal based on common values, by definition a counter culture. As you pointed out, life doesn't stop during a revolution. People still sing songs, make art, make babies, etc and this is not just a side effect, it is a necessary ingredient of revolution. So what is my point? I guess every decision I make, what meetings do I attend, what rallies to I go to, what newspapers do I read, this calculation is made in the back of my

head. Is this a step towards making the change I want to see in the world or is this a step toward indulging the flowerchild within and in so doing condemning myself to obscurity. Or third, is this a step towards attempting to be accepted by a powerstructure in the fallacious assumption that I will work from "with in the system" to change it. I guess I am not seeking to provide an answer but rather to raise the issue, do we want a resistance movement or a counter culture? How do we create a resistance movement that is effective in making change? One that is supported by a culture that brings to the fore values and priorities not reflected by the mainstream. How do we create this culture without putting the counter culture before the movement, and in so doing become marginalized and written off by those who would be our allies but are turned off by our rhetoric or our style of dress. That's what I have been stewing about this week. yeah, not that it makes any sense when I write it down. I think the question of information, how we get it, how we communicate is a key piece of the foundation of a movement, media can cross social groups that otherwise might not communicate. OK bed time, love MAB

ps (can you do that in an email) the counter culture isnt a bad thing, it may be our best option at this point, but if that is what we are about we should be honest about it and do it right, not delude ourselves about full fledged revolution.

PARANOIA, MY ONLY FRIEND

Hi. I've been cut off in my studio. What? Ah yes. My head exploded the other day. I think someone put an incendiary device in my noggin like one might stick a grenade inside a Hummer. The pieces of my mind are still rattling around. I'm still having trouble churning out metaphors without getting lost. Bang bang bang, like that story we read from the Junior Great Books in the mentally gifted program. Maybe you missed that class. Cognitive dissonance. A cognitive dissonance timebomb explosion. The more I think about it, the more it reminds me of the night after I went downtown with the

Irishman and the Polack. Of course then I had the Indian to keep me sane. Though I was heavily tempted to go retarded. The voices in my head have been loquacious little bastards. Run and hide I say. No need to face them head on. No no. Run and hide and curl up in a little ball. Never speak. I was once a proponent of knocking down walls. And crossing boundaries. And smoking dope. Should have been born in the sixties, my fanny. Time to relearn our Camus. Like a kick in the balls. Sure I'll have another drink with you, said the Jesus Lizard. Ha ha. Never speak. Today is election day. For non-violent protest to be successful in any sense of the word, there needs to be, not only a great mass of people (until I can figure out how to carry out a reasonably sustainable revolution by myself) but the willingness of the people involved to commit to the protest. The willingness to direct their energy to the task at hand. Look at some pictures from protests around the world. And have your eyes opened. Yeah. So I had all of this personal stuff to take care of. No regrets. Life goes on. Shot in the arm. Hello? Yes yes. Let me get into character. Ooooooh. That feels nice. To speak with a different voice. I feel that there are things more important than my mental state. Still, the structure needs to hold. So, what do you prescribe? Well, try to keep away from SUV's, giant corporate advertisements, flags, and shopping malls for at least a week. If the problem persists, make some lemonade. So people just wouldn't take my word for it that what was going on in Israel/Palestine/The Occupied Territories is WRONG. I think this is number one on my list of things that lead me to question my sanity. So this is my sit-in. This is my strike. And as always I'm not going to concede unless I get what I want or you can convince me that my position is based on faulty pretenses. Or you break my spirit. So I cannot contribute to your society, at my expense, when you refuse to even concede that certain things are WRONG, let alone, at the very least, not actively work to perpetuate these things. I've lost my train of thought. Ooh, there it goes. It's all right. I'll catch the next one. So I had this need to keep checking back. To see what was going on in the places I came from, or at least to see the directions that people from those places had gone in. To give myself a point of reference. And then I got caught in a trap of relatives. There seem to be various laws of attraction at play. Something to keep in mind. But *we* were talking about occupied territories. And how they suck. So I'm feeling compelled to put in a

Foucault quote. It is not enough, however, to repeat the empty affirmation that the author has disappeared. For the same reason, it is not enough to keep repeating (after Nietzsche) that God and man have died a common death. Ah. Maybe I'm looking at things wrong. I lost my voice for a second there. Melt Banana never seemed so calm. I work a lot better when I'm not constricted by time. Interesting. Very interesting. This sounds like something from chapter 2. Typo delete. Snap. Here's the question we want to ask. Maybe I've expressed it elsewhere as well. What is the goal we are striving for? What are our options for heading in that direction? Like the Rye Coalition says, give the kids a shock. We'll see whether or not things change. Ha! And the bargain continues. My problem always was that I couldn't stand the way the situation was framed. I always, well, I suppose not always. That there's a matter of time. I keep forgetting that you're not looking at this from the same perspective I am. NAZDAREEEK!!! So I've been trying to make a database that someone other than me can follow. Yet aren't compelled to? Eh? What are you trying to say? Accents. So the film theorists were putting me to sleep. Call it an overload of information. I still appreciate safe spaces of communication. Yet... (dot dot dot) I originally wrote this songlist on my arm (note to self). ()^Ok now we're getting crazy. We're laying it out ther new. That couldn't of been a typo. That had some thought behind it. When you're dealing with such a prolific writer, it's hard to pinpoint exactly where something came from. "I'd rather be a hamster running on a wheel, than a gerbil up somebody's asshole." --The Thumbs Today is retirement party day. I never had a retirement party. Yet retired, I am. When you are retired you can do whatever you dream of. Today is election day.

Yes

B01381 Sat, 13 Nov 2004 00:54:49 -0800

I've had enough of this current darkness and want to help present some real truth, and real wisdom. I hope others will post more of this sort of info. We will need it to remain sane in the coming days
-cortez

After reading these comments on the GNN forum, I decided to head over to the Yes! Magazine website, to see what these positive thinkers were talking about these days (“Can we live without oil?”), and happened to find an article on China, titled China Future, the World Future. How can I sum up the article? Well, to recycle some words I wrote to my old buddy Fred back in October, “still, i’m tempted to say, if there is hope in the world, a lot of it rests in China. there are enough kurt cobain, peace, and anarchy t-shirts to make you proud. and there are just so many fucking people that any progressive decision the country makes will effect the entire planet.” [editor’s note: the Yes article doesn’t mention various t-shirts worn by people in China] What was I talking about? Oh yeah. E-mails to Fred. Following the line about hope for the world, I wrote, “i’m curious to see if the mcdonalds, nikes, and walmarts swallow china or if china will swallow them.” So yeah, as has been discussed elsewhere on the GNN site, the giant corporations are colonizing China on an increasing basis. You can hardly go anywhere in the big cities without your consciousness being assaulted by insidious corporate logos. I don’t know enough about the Chinese economy or culture to predict the direction any embrace of “corporate America” will go, but I will make the innocuous and perhaps obvious claim that my experience in China as someone raised in the U.S. is substantially different from people born and raised in China. As a foreigner living in a foreign land, I find that my eyes tend to focus on familiar images, regardless of whether I want them to or not. The everpresent nature of corporate logos in the U.S. (on billboards, on clothing, on the litter that coats the streets) would often make me feel confined, restricted, circumscribed. Their presence in China often amplifies this feeling (of course, for an “American” who is not quite as allergic to corporate logos as myself, the presence of these symbols in a foreign land might give one a sense of security, or even feelings of ownership and power, especially since in many cases these corporations are the only familiar symbols that a foreigner can lay claim to. So it would seem that the reach and grip of the corporations that lay claim to so much of the U.S. psyche strengthens as one travels abroad.) So what was my point? I don’t know. Something about how these logos probably don’t have nearly as tight a grip on the consciousness of the average Chinese person as they do on mine, and hence, their presence in China produces a much less

insidious effect. So, as I said before, I'm curious as to whether the mcdonalds, nikes, and walmarts will swallow China, or if China will swallow them. "speaking of curious," I then said to Fred, "you're a civil engineer/architect type person, what's your take on the implosion of the WTC towers way back on the eleventh of septiembre after the planes smacked into them?" Well, I didn't hear back from Fred on this question, but apparently there is an engineer type person that recently sent a letter relevant to this question, which was then posted in the forum. In other GNN related news, I send my support and love to those people and trees who continue to resist against the deforestation of the planet. Be well.

Keep talking fucker. Rosebud. Volume I. Don't Panic! Too much stuff. I said it once, I'll say it again. Too much stuff. That's your diagnosis. Your prognosis is poor. You appear doomed to spend the rest of eternity chained to your identity. Cause: you love it so much. You and your personal issues. You do us no good with a broken head. Ah, what's that you say? It's only a broken heart? Don't make your clever jokes now. Unlike those you emulate, *you* were born in this country. Your accent is missing that disarming rhythm that comes from translation and falsely characterizes a voice as exotic and pitiable. Excuse me kind reader. But I appear to have become lost. Thus our confidence in the generalization has grown so that now it is virtually unbounded, and we regard the above equation as a law of nature—the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Again with the mind games! Apples and oranges, I say. Stick to what is important. Ha! I meant to say, stick to what is relevant. But I have grown tired of speaking in this voice. There is nothing to be gleaned here. Move on. Move on, I say. Ha. The author is dead. As is the work. Everything is jumping. Who's symphony? Your symphony.

Wilson 2. Wilson 7. Penn 4. Trip to the airport. Copies of passports. In two weeks we leave for China. We cannot talk with a straight face about topics such as democracy and freedom of speech while great masses of people go through this world without the basic necessities of life just as others live in abhorrent abundance. We prefer to speak in absolutes. We prefer to speak clearly. Responsibility dictates that we should be burning buildings by now.

Fear dictates reality. A sense of humor is one of our greatest assets.

That stereo is insatiable. But what can you expect from an advanced system, such as it is, he said to himself as the voice appeared again for the first time in a long time in a form that he could translate to the screen yet still in fact be able to maintain the impetus to do so. He worried momentarily about hiding behind literary techniques—bells and whistles as the contemporary writer might have put it in his talk with the other contemporary writer; perhaps all of this postmodernity was masking the TRUTH of his ART. Perhaps he did indeed need to find a happy medium. Perhaps there was room in the world for maturity. But then again, pretty girls make graves. It is good to be back. Wherever we are. **The Alice in Wonderland Illusion** The magician counts on confusing you between what you know and what you think you are seeing...Someone once said, “Seeing is believing.” But that’s not always true! Hypothesis: I’m thirsty. Reality: Time does not exist. Indeed. Time to re-pop the cork. It’s not just that those committed to this particular ism all use the same individual name. They also name their pop groups. Smile. What I meant to say is that I have been exploring certain hypotheses—in print—at least since my days in the holy land (no pun intended). Fact is, I have no imagination. I’m just a sometimes friendly medium for the world to speak its mind. *Of course* it’s all in the record. *Of course* anyone who wants to can make heads and tails of it. *Of course* it’s fucking brilliant. Today’s question, however, is can the audience follow. Yes yes. If it so chooses, of course, of course. Stop trying to be everything for everybody. Sometimes you have to be steady and live inside a movie adaptation of a comic book and give up your dreams. Reason: too much thinking hurts your head. Corollary: An evil force exists in the world determined to fuck with your mind through extremely petty and spiteful manners. Exception to the rule: Thursday. Ah, did you see? We almost connected to the life force that makes it all worthwhile. You probably missed it. That is what our hypothesis predicted, you know. Or don’t know, I should say. Because of its nature, hypothetically speaking, that is. How long can this keep you entertained? My interpersonal speech patterns as of late seem like a deliberate provocation towards forcing the listener to declare bullshit and say something interesting. I miss the knowing smile. I have an addiction that no amount of tingly sensations will

overcome. Unless we are talking about one continuous tingly sensation that never ends. Of course, that is when Janis Joplin will no doubt jump into my head with an intrusion of a paradigmatic speech pattern as my inner voice cries, you gotta call that life, man. He sips his wine. *Of course*, it's fucking brilliant. *Of course*, nobody will understand a goddamn word. The question is, are we a Brazilian filmmaker or a hip New York intellectual from the midwest/Texas? Ah, you don't get the reference, eh? Wink wink. Nudge nudge. Who wants to read ambassador fiction anyhow? That's a novel in and of itself. Lethal Weapon 6. That question isn't even properly asked. It's designed to flood your brainwaves, nothing more. Just because I am too lazy to look up the name of Jorge Sanjines and too shady/insecure/captious/hip-to-be-square to literally mention George Saunders and David Foster Wallace does not mean we should deprive the reader of genuine, how do we say it, points of reference that could enable them to move on with a feeling of security. No. I don't think that was my point. My point was that this is *all* manipulative propaganda. Ineffective? Yes. But only due to our soft heart and love of mankind. (I Surrender, Dear) If we are going to pretend to be pure—if we are going to strive to be pure...It harkens back to the discussion of the possible. If we are to live in this world, what needs to be? Can anyone follow my drunken ramblings? (Guabi Guabi) Over hill, over dale? I formally cede the floor to Frantz Fanon and his discussion of the role of intellectual. [The Wretched of the Earth] Tian Zhuangzhuang says, "I shot *Horse Thief* for audiences of the next century to watch." Maybe only fifty people bought the Velvet Underground's first album, but then they all went out and started their own band. Or some such nonsense. It's all in the record. Of course.

There's a hole in your bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza.

[It's three and a half hours to Chicago. I've got a full stomach of gas, a half packed bag of clothes, it's dark, and I can't find my sunglasses. It gets better. Don't you worry now. Time to clean house. I'll translate upon return.]

The Future Will Take Care Of Itself

B01779 Tue, 23 Nov 2004 21:37:03 -0800

“As the activist Starhawk asks, “Can we think like no other social movement has ever thought?” Can we act as no other rebellion has ever acted? Can we create a politics that isn’t left up to specialists, a politics that is not just relevant to but part of everyday life, a politics that doesn’t look or feel like politics?”

“How can we discover the paths we should take? How will we know they are the right ones? For is there any revolution in history that has not taken a wrong turn eventually, ending in bloodshed and betrayal—ultimately, in failure?”

-Walking: We Ask Questions

*I do not see the task of “alternative” media as being that of competing with the corporate mass media for the hearts and minds of the U.S. public. I feel we need to be engaging in the task of building the worlds and communities that we want to live in, not in perpetuating systems and structures that we would rather see destroyed or abandoned. And I do not think we have the luxury of waiting for some broad consensus to form within the U.S. in which it is agreed that radical change is needed. Once we come to the conclusion that the society in which we live is fundamentally based on injustice, how many of us take the next step, as taken by some of the characters in Ursula LeGuin’s *The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas*, and walk away, refusing to contribute to the maintenance of such a society? Of course, the physical act of walking away from our corrupt society is not so much a real possibility. To quote the essay *Clandestinity: Resisting State Repression*, “There are no safe places in a world which grows critically warmer, a world in which safe drinking water is running out, a world undergoing the greatest mass species extinction since the disappearance of the dinosaurs. We can’t keep going back to the land, starting commun(e)ities off the grid, and insulating ourselves with the safety net of subculture.” So while I think it is necessary that we “walk away” from our identification with U.S. style capitalism, with consumer culture, from the Spectacle, it is also necessary that we engage with the communities in which we live. I see the role of an alternative media—of a revolutionary or radical news media especially—to be that of*

providing a support structure and resources for people engaged in various local struggles. As good as it feels to shoot the shit with like-minded folk, an on-line community cannot possibly serve as a substitute for the “real thing”. And in as much as it serves to alienate a person from her, let’s call it, land-based community, or occupy vast amounts of time without leading to direct actions, an on-line community is a roadblock on the way towards real change. Sites such as the guerrilla news network have an enormous potential, existing as the name itself suggests—as aggressive, radical, and unconventional networks of news. In such a network, it is up to the individual users to make the effort to provide news and information in as transparent and relevant and accurate a manner as possible. And while I generally despise things like effort, bullshit sayings such as “you don’t have a right to complain if you don’t vote,” and the idea that change has to begin with yourself (a statement that makes (mostly false) assumptions about the nature of individuals and boundaries and other things), the fact is, there ARE things that are within our power to change, and, if we actually want to work towards a world that we CHOOSE to live in, there is no good reason not to take these actions and make these changes. The future is going to come about, regardless of what we do. So I say we all stop, take a breath, look around us, get our bearings, and move in a direction that we want to go. Or some other metaphorical bullshit that you like. Be well.

FUCKING SHITE (Kunming)



Fucking shite. You and your fucking ideas. What the fuck are we leaving these messages for if you’re not going to listen. **Now pay attention.** Ding ding ding went the trolley. This is a physics lesson.

Keep your arms and legs inside the window while the train is in motion. Fucking train ride. Just try and escape these words. Ramble on with your insanity, it's not going to help you escape this world you've been creating. Interpellation: I'm not the problem; I'm not the solution. The train has come to a stop. Stop fucking around. There's nothing wrong with masturbation [end transmission]

“...I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal class, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.”

CHINA GOOD; HERPES BAD

And as I make this two day trek across this great country, I sit on my bed and ponder my situation. Last night's sleep was satisfactory, though compounded with the exponential multiplication of mosquito bites throughout my body. The trip to the capital was beset with mistakes and poor decisions and left ample room for regret and the shifting of blame. The chess match continues.



I'm still full of anger. I'm ready to pack up and head home—while the abstraction still exists. The longer I wait the deeper I go. No, that is inaccurate. I have about a month to decide, then comes the long, slow process of building funds. Unless the death penalty catches me first. I see no solutions.

But this is the road I chose, said the voice in my head. I'm still enjoying the trip, despite the sour disposition of my traveling companion's mood. Resistance, rebellion, death. Fuck that shit. Goddamn. You can shove your games up your cosmic ass. Look at the shiny object. It's all a reflection of you. Pop.

Life sucks, she got that right. And me with my callous response. The beauty of it all is just salt in the wound. Until you submit in glorious splendor. You're just too young to appreciate the humor.

Perhaps it is difficult to differentiate my dry biting sarcasm from my attempts at brutal honesty. It's all meant as intense social commentary. It's all still a pile of bullshit...stacked on a pile of bullshit. Fucking metabullshit. Goddamn. I hope we can work our way back to gumdrops and rainbows.



STUCK IN A FOREIGN LAND

Ready? Go. You and your fucking gambling addictions. Accentuate the positive. It's time to lose touch. It's time to fine tune your magic. You made your bed. Now dance in it.

INERTIA, AIN'T IT A BITCH?

This dharmic tug of war metaphor doesn't bode well for our society. I'm afraid my delusions of grandeur aren't enough to carry us to the promised land. Not that I recall being promised anything. Just a few flashes of the sublime as I pass down the road. A few glimpses of the POSSIBLE.

“The more that you push it, the more that it's gonna push you back.”

Jesus fuck, do I have the shivers today. Fucking rollercoasters are throwing me for a loop. How I wish I could locate the cosmic garbage can, stagger over, and yak up my lunch. **But digest I will.** I don't need to hear more lectures about what does or doesn't drain to stream.

TOWERS OF BABEL

Perusing old notebooks. Trying to think of the poem I wrote on the back of an old calendar. The rain, she falls.

“Was he sniffing your feet or was he sniffing my feet?”

Water is the stuff of life, but also the stuff of death. This I learned

from some friends who had spoken their last words. **Impossible is nothing.**

I'm still happy to do things, though I could do without the addiction.

Back in the driver's seat. Still wondering what constitutes effort.

I still get **off on** solving puzzles.

MATH IS COMPLETELY IMAGINARY

The Oranges of China:

I was surrounded by choices. Orange, peach juice, tropical fruit, chocolate, cigarettes, nothing, and time. Choices of consumption. I choose to ponder the algebra of infinite justice. Fruit gives Us sustenance. This is wisdom We have decided to share with Others. I enjoy the sounds of community that drift through my window. I am fond of the piano playing in the distance. I enjoy the taste of oranges. It is a habit of mine to use their skin as an ashtray. Call it a ritual, if you like. Some habits die hard. If they wanted to use me for a job reference, I would recommend the green-skinned oranges of china.

See-saws and slides and swings

“We must be the only country in [watch for limiting sound bites] the world that builds damns, uproots communities, and submerges forests, in order to feed rat(e)s.”

PUBLIC INFORMATION

So I’m still dancing. Slowly, but surely.

The Protest In D.C.:

The 2003 Washington D.C. “Anti-War” protests were disappointingly bland, despite the presence of a small-scale drum circle ghetto. No doubt, I did not see all that was there, and we must sympathize with the difficulties “Progressive” organizers face when attempting to transmit a serious message to a mass audience, let alone trying to affect change. The 2004 Up Close China interview with “diplomat” John C. Thompson is illustrative of the malleability of language. I’ve seen many a fast talker who miss many a significant detail. If we choose to choose our destiny, why continue to reconstruct the structures, recreate the structures that we do not desire? The Washington protest had the feel of an amusement park in that postmodernism/the cultural logic of late capitalism sort of way. Or better yet, of a state fair, as in that Infinite Jest’s author’s essay “Getting away from already pretty much being away from it all.” It was a special event, planned by special events planners. It was a protest pretending to be a protest. Above all, it was tame. I have no desire to ponder how “stupid” the audience is. I’ve been told that the

trick to acting is getting inside your role, yet all the time being aware that you are indeed acting. Marching around in circles and shouting empty slogans ain't gonna do it, no matter how meaningful the intent. In lands where the Beast has not totally enmeshed itself with the populace, people come face to face, not with concession stands, a smattering of hecklers, and long lines for the rest rooms, but with iron-clad riot police. It's time to either realize the reality that lies over the horizon or face the continuous consumption by the Spectacle, our praxis all but neutered.

China

We live on the third world from the sun. Number three. Nobody tells us what to do.

The people who taught us to count were being very kind.

It's always time to leave.

If it rains, you either have your umbrella or you don't.

The wind blows your hat off.

The sun rises also.

I'd rather the stars didn't describe us to each other; I'd rather we do it for ourselves.

Run in front of your shadow.

A sister who points to the sky at least once a decade is a good sister.

The landscape is motorized.

The train takes you where it goes.

Bridges among water.

Folks straggling along vast stretches of concrete, heading into the plane.

Don't forget what your hat and shoes will look like when you are nowhere to be found.

Even the words floating in air make blue shadows.

If it tastes good we eat it.

The leaves are falling. Point things out.

Pick up the right things.

Hey guess what? What? I've learned how to talk. Great.

The person whose head was incomplete burst into tears.

As it fell, what could the doll do? Nothing.

Go to sleep.

You look great in shorts. And the flag looks great too.

Everyone enjoyed the explosions.

Time to wake up.

But better get used to dreams.

-Bob Perelman [Primer (Berkeley, Calif., 1981)]

DRUM PRACTICE AND OTHER SUCH USEFUL OCCUPATIONS OF TIME

So, in case you are or were or will be curious, in case you are interested, I'm thinking about expanding and putting together a database of internet sites, you know, keeping with the librarian theme I've been riding on. For the free flow of information still intrigues me, what with my communication background and all. **These words are time sensitive.**

“Yours is the only branch of knowledge that enjoys sufficient freedom of thought; all the rest are too closely involved in perpetuating our period's general level of civilization.”

ABOLISHING THE FOURTH WALL

“To question the basic relations between the sexes and between parents and children is to take the psychological pattern of dominance-submission to its very roots.”

“We need to start talking, not about sparing children for a few years from the horrors of adult life, but about **eliminating** those horrors. In a society free of exploitation, children could be like adults (with no exploitation implied) and adults could be like children (with no exploitation implied).”

-Shulamith Firestone *The Dialect of Sex* 1970

Either science is the house of cards that I claim, which it no doubt is on a certain level of perspective, or a jigsaw puzzle has been sufficiently assembled to give some men substantial Power and Understanding of Nature, the rest of us purposefully(?) left in the dark. The conditional nature of my cognitive map makes it difficult to choose which rabbit hole to stick my head in, let alone pursue to its depths. The question remains: **who/what do you trust?** But this too is a red herring. As I have written elsewhere, the future will take care of itself. Fear (etc.) is a function of time, which is a function of something else entirely. You only need face that which is in front of you. No need to let a potentially crippling complexity, with its flashes of brilliant lucidity, completely dictate your being.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE

“A deserter, hiding out in the middle of a battlefield.”

Attack on Aradia: I used to love it when someone I know is in the news. Gives me a sense of worth, it does. Why greedy fuckers with delusions of land ownership are unable to let be a **single fucking tree** is still beyond my comprehension. How people still support them that send them and their children to die, pollute our land, water, and air, and massacre countless number of living things boggles the mind. The expansion of capital is out of control. This is a fact. Our society is not ours. Questions of ownership and legitimacy are moot. We are all living on stolen land. We are none of us pure. The little power games we play are fleeting and worthless. And what is the answer? **I don't know. I don't know. I don't know.**

A HARD RAIN IS GONNA FALL

“It is just one of the extraordinarily difficult problems brought into being by our expanding industrial society and one which will be left to the next generation to solve. It's a problem that owes its existence to the Second Law of Thermodynamics, to which I will direct attention in subsequent chapters.”

PAIN MEDICINE: So there's these two identical guys trying to fix these two identical satellites, floating in space, no doubt, on a tether to their respective spaceships, and in between them, capturing their gaze, flies a rocket powered dreidel. True story. My legs hurt something awful. I'm done walking around trying to get places.



Weather Manipulation + MISSING AIRCRAFT

I'd say, to borrow some words, that what we see here is an attempt to think a material thought.

“Enjoy this place. It’s good for you.”

Scan type: Realtime Protection Scan

Event: Virus Found!

Virus name: Trojan Horse

File: C:\WINNT\swin32.dll

Location: Quarantine

Computer: PC103

User: pc1481

Action taken: Clean failed: Quarantine succeeded: Access denied

Date found: Sat Oct 02 19:52:48 2004

Que se vayan todos

“The very idea that victims of corporate glabalization can do more than carve out a space of temporary autonomy in the backwash of capitalism is beyond discussion. Apparently socialism is still a dirty word, no matter how fucked up capitalism gets.”

-Jared Burton on Sunday October 03 2004 @ 11:10 PM PDT

HUD funds and the laundromat.

So I was thinking about writing a letter to the editor to some of my favorite news organizers.

27% ads 11% R&D

Certain “progressive”, “anti-establishment”, “Utopian”, and “whatever you want to call them” economists all seem to have a predilection, an urge, a desire for using the term ‘cui bono’ when trying to interpret the events (economic or otherwise) of this world. Who benefits? While I agree that this is an interesting, and even extremely beneficial question to explore when trying to determine the impetus for various actions, these same writers, speakers, intellectuals, people seem to completely ignore another, similar, seemingly just as relevant question: who is harmed? **This** is ideology.

Production of the world is a dirty business

“If you obsess about conspiracy, what you’ll fail to see is that we are held fast by a form of highly abstract thinking fully concretized in human institutions which has grown beyond the power of the managers of these institutions to control. If there is a way out of the trap we’re in, it won’t be by removing some bad guys and replacing them with good guys.”

Axisoflogic.com

Of Pynchon, Thanatos, and Depleted Uranium: Weapons of Mass Destruction Found in Iraq

By Walter A. Davis

Oct 10, 2004 07:50

“Hollywood has always functioned as a Dream Factory, and right now Americans seem to be dreaming that corporate hegemony can be brought to its knees.”

From Kunming to Carolina

[insert letter here: So anyway, I don't know where you are in life or whether or not you'll be receptive to this letter, but when it gets down to it, it's like you once said, there's nothing like writing for a genuine audience.

So where was I? Somewhere in China, no doubt. I'm in the process of reading a book titled Postmodernism or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism (I finished the little intro to thermodynamics book earlier today). I forget now why that's relevant. Something about altering consciousness. It just started to rain. Earlier today I had a Howlin' Wolf tune running through my head as I was walking down the street. Maybe it was when I was walking in back of the kids and the shirt with the anarchy symbol. Maybe it was yesterday. It's still raining. Here I was going to say something about writing in the medium of e-mail and maybe do a comparative analysis along with other mediums, but now I'm going to tell you about the screaming human located somewhere outside my window. It seems the last three nights I have heard sustained intermittent screaming coming from somewhere inside my complex. As I have yet to see the source, I am forced to ponder what these horrific noises might actually be. I'm starting again to see the genius of such writers as Edgar Alan Poe, Franz Kafka, and Fyodor Dostoevsky. The screaming has stopped. The rain has picked up. I'm in the process of “working” on at least three different “books”. The one I'm writing in now I think might be part of chapter 2 in the book I already published. I was planning on calling this entire section “Kunming”. So I was thinking

about writing a letter to the editor to some of my favorite news organizers was the most recent sentence I had written (in Kunming).

My tree died last week. Her name was Aradia. She was felled by Pacific Lumber and what I am tempted to call their evil henchmen. She was an old-growth redwood in Northern California and home to (amongst other things) a tree-sit that dated back six years, which I came across a few years ago in my travels out west. I cried on my way up the tree because it was SO FUCKING BEAUTIFUL. When I got to the top of the sit I was greeted by a fellow that had recently lived in a kibbutz about five minutes drive from the kibbutz I had recently lived in and who had gone to elementary school with some good old friends of mine. During my stay I saw my first real true rainbow and had the somewhat unique experience of weathering a hard rainstorm while living about 90 feet up in a tree. All in all it was an intense trip. You can read about the tree on the web.

My roommate cooked dinner tonight. She's from the north. Kidney beans, chicken, green beans, tofu, fried potatoes, and lots of garlic. And, of course, rice. I'm listening to my new Spacemoneyz versus Gorillaz CD and smoking Baisha cigarettes, the same brand, so I'm told, that Deng Xiaoping used to smoke. We ate apples after dinner. Apparently its easy for non-native speakers to confuse the word for apple with the word for butt. My tree died last week was going to be the basic gist of various e-mails I was planning on writing to various news-related websites. The only other time I had felt that compelled to impact the on-line community (not including the time I sent mass e-mails to the philosophy and communication departments during the sit-it), and been serious about doing so, was when I was all set to e-mail what I saw as an influential website regarding their treatment of alternative theories (theories not accepting the U.S. government line as unquestionable fact) on the recent attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon. It was shortly thereafter that I wrote you a long and excellent letter, satisfying my perhaps need to express my mind and managing to use the word Manichean in a written exchange of ideas. I'm not sure what the money word will be in this letter. Maybe something like reification or simulacrum. I mean, sure, we could tell the story of the Manichean battle between the Sons of Light (personified by the forest defenders) and the Sons of Darkness

(lumber companies and various government officials) until the cows come home. But hell if I'm not reading a book whose very title is Postmodernism and never tires of affirming that we are in fact living in a postmodern world (if not a post-postmodern world). The only ignoramuses still playing that good vs. evil meme in a serious manner are those cartoon characters that run the planet.

Purveyor of antiliberalism and works of American criticism displaying rare interpretive brilliance and intellectual energy Walter Benn Michaels (as described by Fredric Jameson, author of Postmodernism or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism) writes about how "Progressive" writers and theorists make the mistake of attempting to transcend their origins, placing themselves and others outside the system of consumer culture, of the "market". (I should note here that while I was writing this, I was approached and surrounded by the seemingly omnipresent DVD salesmen who inhabit Yuan Tong Dong Lu. "DVD? Yao bu yao?" We had a pleasant conversation, despite the language barrier. I was sitting on the steps by the street, waiting to meet the head of the English school I'll be teaching at, an engagement I pursued with the idea of making money so that I can continue to consume. Sidenote within a sidenote: After we ate lunch (I ate, she watched) we compared laptops in various computer stores (I live off of what I shall now dub, unoriginally, Computer Alley) and had a uniquely postmodern experience as we looked at some laptops that captured and displayed our moving images back to us, one computer, in midst of a screen saver, artistically moving and juxtaposing "real-time" frames and time-delayed frames together in a truly grandiose performance.) And Jameson insists, in his chapter on theory written circa 1991, that we leftist thinkers persuade ourselves that we are inside the culture of the market and that the dynamic of the culture of consumption is an infernal machine from which one does not escape by the taking of thought (or moralizing positions)... Ah yes, the dilemma of getting out of the totalizing system (capitalism, American culture, etc.) where "the power with which the system is theorized outsmarts the local act of judging it or resisting it from within, revealing that to have been yet another feature of the system itself—programmed into it in advance" or, as Baudrillard apparently demonstrated in dramatic and "paranoiacritical" (?) fashion, "the ways in which conscious

ideologies of revolt, revolution, and even negative critique are—far from merely being “co-opted” by the system—an integral and functional part of the system’s own internal strategies.” (Perhaps all of this can be related to your excellent recent metaphor of trying on too many clothes and being restricted by the very clothes you wanted to wear) So we are enmeshed in the culture. We too are capitalists, grounded in the market—it is the air we breathe, so to speak. But does not this perspective miss (or mistake) the more encompassing total system of the universe we live in—the planets and stars and moons, our constant rotation, the air we breathe (so to speak)? Granted, both Michaels and Jameson work to materialize theory, writing, cultural artifacts—representation—as I feel they should. And keep in mind, I have yet to finish reading the second section of Jameson’s chapter on theory, which starts out with a discussion of a discussion of Rousseau and deals with things like Nature and Reason, and quite possibly deals explicitly with this question. Anyway, the intro to thermodynamics book (*Understanding Thermodynamics*) got me thinking about the psychology of physics—the effects of gravity (the rotation of the planet, the orbit around the sun, an internal system of energy constantly tending toward equilibrium) on the mind; and the (I say) false belief of some that consciousness is an emergent property, somehow separate from the material world. How do all of these forces in the world, acting simultaneously, affect consciousness—or, better yet, constitute it? Which brings us back to Aradia, and the tree-sitters’ belief that the Earth is alive, that trees are living beings, that consciousness resides in everything. And the idea that just maybe, the total system that envelops even the “market” is a whole world, waiting for us, ready to welcome us home. (as Derrick Jensen so eloquently states in a quote at the top of his website, which I came to via a link from www.altpr.org (alternative press review), which had posted an excerpt from his new book, *Welcome to the Machine: Science, Surveillance, and the Culture of Control* [highly recommended!]. Jensen is so relevant (as is [altpr.org](http://www.altpr.org)) that he even mentions the good vs. evil opposition, in obvious anticipation of this very letter ([altpr.org](http://www.altpr.org)’s posting of the excerpt is an obvious reaction).) So where amongst all these systems amongst systems amongst systems (the universe a postmodern text if ever there was one, constantly shifting context, priority, and meaning with each and every reading), does

that leave the question of human praxis that seems to consistently occupy both our minds? A restaurant in China, no doubt, right next door to the house of Heavenly manna, smoking cigarettes and eating rice-vegetable-soup concoctions randomly ordered off the illegible menu, writing in the most comfortable notebook you have ever run into. Walking down the street with a Modest Mouse song in our head. Which reminds me of a story. Stop me if you've heard this one.

“You're not in such a bad place, are you?” by Jacob Rosen

Earlier that day, the very same day I would eventually make first contact with what turned out to be the tree-sit community, before the bus ride from Ashland to Arcata, before I met my fellow passengers, one of whom was coming from Montana where she was working with the buffalo [editor's note: cattle ranchers were accusing buffalo of infecting their herds with brucellosis and using this accusation for an excuse to murder the buffalo. Soon after I recalled this story, I read an article, a mainstream internet headline article no less, informing me that some commission in Montana just voted to re-“legalize” the hunting of buffalo, throwing this issue back in the spotlight], before we got high at one of the stops (the bus driver believed in the hereafter: if you don't get back on the bus by the time we leave, you're gonna be stuck here, after [editor's note: we'd meet again later on my way out of town, when he gave me a free ride from Arcata to Eureka]), before I had a sausage for lunch at a yellow picnic table, I woke up to a window full of horses. OK. Back in time one revolution, I'm walking along Main Street, or whatever it is they called the main road in that town, and I'm thinking, “Sure my trip so far has been amazing, awesome, things falling into place like never before, but how come I'm not having any of those Alice in Wonderland **curiouser and curiouser** experiences?” I kept on walking and stumbled upon a sign, which read, “The Bizarre Bazaar.” [update: the Derrick Jensen excerpt is multiplying throughout the web, and now also an interview with him from Green Anarchy. Recommended articles of the day: We Are the People Who Fear Nothing by Kirsten Anderberg (or anything by her), Of Pynchon, Thanatos, and Depleted Uranium—Weapons of Mass Destruction Found in Iraq by Walter A. Davis] I went inside and

found the Bazaar to be closed. Also, a sandwich board, on it posted is an article from a local paper. What words does the article use in its write-up of the Bizarre Bazaar?—“**curiouser and curiouser**”. I resumed my walk. Perhaps this is when I entered the alchemist’s shop and picked up the Thayer’s Cherry Cough Drops, the same cough drops, I would later learn, that were featured in the Thomas Pynchon classic *Gravity’s Rainbow* [editor’s note: I would later leave the cherry drops with Aradia, along with a mechanical pencil, some rolling papers, some mini-carabiners, and some American Spirit cigarettes]. Eventually I made my way back to an open Bazaar. The shop that caught my interest a music store (CD’s records, etc.). While looking for a CD to jump out at me, the stereo played a version, by a female band, of the Led Zepplin song, “You’re Time is Gonna Come”, which song, while listened to on at least one occasion in the caravans in the desert in Samar, time became completely unraveled (this even prompted me to write *Your time will come* on a box of matches, matches I had then been using in my travels out west). I purchased a Modest Mouse record. [editor’s note: I first encountered Modest Mouse during a Mardi Gras concert at the Contemporary Arts Center in New Orleans. Two years earlier, I stood outside this very same venue—this same place—as music from the Funky Meters/G. Love & Special Sauce concert drifted through from the inside. This night has since been referred to (by me) as “The Great Mardi Gras Mushroom Trip”, “The Great Mardi Gras Streetcar Ride”, “The Great Face-Licking Incident”, and “The Time I Became Completely Displaced From Time”] After a chat back at the youth hostel with some highschool students (and teacher) on a class trip visiting Ashland for the Shakespeare Festival and after I ate some of their Chinese food (the students, from northern California, were enamored with the freshness of the Oregon air; they practically forced the Chinese food on me), I headed back into town for the night. I decided to take in a movie at the local theater. What to see? *Hard Luck* or *Monsoon Wedding*. I chose *Hard Luck*. Set on the Oregon coast, about an escaped mental patient named “Lucky” who reunites with a couple of childhood friends, this movie spoke to me, like a movie you might see on a mushroom trip or inside a Philip K. Dick novel, one of those movies where it seems like you have seen it all before. Somewhat unreal (but it was real, I still have the ticket stub). [interesting fact: That night I made a long-distance phone call

to Scranton, Pa. (from a pay phone) to one of my own childhood friends and confirmed lodging in his soon to be new home in Northeast Philadelphia, where I would later live for about a year.] Late night Ashland, not much going on, I entered a pub called The Black Sheep. I sat at the bar, drinking bourbon. Time goes by, one of the regulars to my left, who had given me a cigarette, asks the bartender for a piece of paper, starts writing poetry. We engage in conversation. “Oh, you write poetry,” I says. “Only when I’m drunk,” says he. As the night goes on, out of the blue (or perhaps in reference to what he was writing), he mentions those Alice in Wonderland “**curiouser and curiouser**” experiences. “Funny,” I says, “I had one of those “**curiouser and curiouser**” experiences today actually,” and proceeded to tell my story of the Bizarre Bazaar. At one point in the night, a song played that had a somewhat familiar sound to it. I asked one of the regulars to my right if he knew who sang the last song. “Uh, Modest Mouse, I think,” says he. I ask the bartender, “Who picks out the music?” “I do,” she says. “Funny,” I says, “I just bought a Modest Mouse record earlier today.” I would wind up paying my bar tab with poetry (if you can call my generally incoherent ramblings written in her notebook with colored pencils poetry). The bartender gave me an almost full pack of American Spirit cigarettes that someone had left behind, and a ride home. I ended up back at her place, where she pulled out an enormous bag of bud. The next morning, I woke up to a window full of horses. “So,” says she, “you’re not in such a bad place, are you.” That night, I slept on the beach, around a campfire made from driftwood. True story.

If you stare long enough into the abyss, the abyss will stare back. Or, as I like to say, aint nothing here but your empty head; good thing nature abhors a vacuum. Maybe we’re nothing but brute force [editor’s note: apparently Hakim Bey tells us that “the idea of “force” belongs to classical physics and has little role to play in chaos theory.” A better term, perhaps, rather than some sort of causative force, would be “strange attractor”] floating through a sea of possibility. Maybe our identity is nothing more than our occupation of the words. Maybe it’s time to let the words go free. Ah, but what then? Game over? Manifested how? A cosmic awakening? Schizophrenia? Nirvana? A remembering of what we once were?

An eternity in Hell? The ability to shapeshift? to travel to the moon and stars? Death? If our collective history can be seen as a progression of anything, it is of more and more separation and control. The fact is, the way we are playing, this is not a game we can keep up, and it is just a matter of time until our addictions to our identities destroy us. Are you ready for another quote from the book on postmodernism? This one from Niklas Luhmann: “We can conceive of system differentiation as a replication, within a system, of the difference between a system and its environment. In differentiated systems, as a result, we find two kinds of environment: the external environment common to all subsystems and a separate internal environment for each subsystem. This conception implies that each subsystem reconstructs and, in a sense, is the whole system in the special form of a difference between the subsystem and its environment. Differentiation thus reproduces the system in itself, multiplying specialized versions of the original system’s identity by splitting it into a number of internal systems and affiliated environments. This is not simply a decomposition into smaller chunks but rather a process of growth by internal disjunction.” This, of course, reminds me of a fable I just made up. There once was a differentiated system of Being and an external environment of Nothing. Being feared Nothing, and thereby wanted to control Nothing, and so judged Nothing less than Being, as being nothing. This, of course, was reflected in Being’s process of growth by internal disjunction. The Luhmann quote also reminds me of another quote, this one from me, you know, that I can’t quite remember. There was also something about how actions are not reducible to a single teleological or ideological spout, and about peeling off all the layers and finding the onion has no core. “I mean, look at the Japanese economy. It’s going to fucking pieces. A system of human relations based on boundaries and competition is a powderkeg of a system--.(period) What makes our society unique is that those who hold an inordinate mass of power to affect our system of relations—to affect our language—make a conscious choice—to hurt. Fact is, gangsta rap is not the only seemingly subversive culture to find it has too much in common with the mainstream culture of values to ever truly be considered separate or sub. We learned it from watching you, Dad, we learned it from watching you.” I think that those fear-inspired power-hungry power-holders know full well what they are

doing when they clearcut old-growth forests, drop massive amounts of depleted uranium bombs on civilian populations, pave over open fields with concrete, or stick incredible amounts of people in giant prisons. They have declared war on the world and are taking us along for the destructive ride. And as Richard Oxman makes clear in an article at pressaction.com, our methods of resistance are woefully ineffective (he uses an excellent baseball metaphor). When the Earth, not to mention the rest of our galaxy (go to the Centre for Research on Globalization for information about U.S. government plans for the militarization of Space, as well as articles about weather manipulation and weaponization), becomes fed up with us humans, where will we find allies? In the dogs we leash? the fish we stick in glass bowls? the parrots we lock in cages? the rivers we dam? the wind we block with huge skyscrapers? the ground we chain up with electrical wires and cables? Take the phenomenon of liberal guilt. I see it as a result of perceiving horrors committed in the name of your identity (White, American, wealthy, etc.) against a group of people defined (or previously defined) by your identity as less than human, or, I should say, of less worth than those included in your own identity. The “guilt” comes when this group of people, all of a sudden, is included in your identity, and now must be dealt with face to face, as an equal. Take then the feeling you get when you realize that the world around you is conscious, and at the same time you realize all of the atrocities committed in the name of the human race. The feeling is overwhelming and near impossible to face. Much easier to go on believing as before and ignore the voices that surround you, claiming them as your own. It is no wonder then that people are so supportive of war. It is much too scary to grant consciousness (or worth or rights) to those who, by all rights, should hate you for what you’ve done. And, it seems, we are all complicit in some sense. So we rationalize this and that and sit by—even do our part—as our leaders continue to convert “the living into the dead, because only the dead can be controlled (Derrick Jensen).” I like playing with words (also dogs, trees, cats, flies, birds, and sometimes humans). But I’m done making an effort to produce for civilization. I’m done rooting for the home team at the expense of all others. Like it’s written on one of my t-shirts, I aint no goddamn patriot.

Anyway, here’s the letter I was originally writing to you from China:

Aren't you a lucky dog. You get a letter from me by default, as I can think of no other person to write to. I mean, it's not like I'd even be thinking about you if my current roommate was not named Johnson. It's not as if you enter my mind every time I'm walking down the streets of Hong Kong and a Johnson & Johnson truck happens to pass me by. It's 12:30 in the morning and I'm sitting outside my dormroom scribbling words I can barely read due to minimal lighting. There's a nice cool breeze, but I'm told this will be fleeting and the weather will only increase in heat and humidity. I teach my first class in the morning and nerves and two cups of coffee are keeping me awake. I am in China.

I just experienced my first class as a teacher. It feels like someone took a giant shit in my head. And though it's a feeling I've experienced many times during these past few years, it is not a feeling I have come to enjoy. So be it. The yearnings for stability and submission will last only so long. And I will hold onto my worldview, too lazy and proud to change, still clinging to that fading hope that I am right.

I love the colors in China.

Treatment of the foreigner is a funny thing. The sense of entitlement we "Americans" feel is not quite as shallow as it first appears. The fact is, we ARE entitled to certain things, or at least, I should say, I am willing to take a stand and claim certain things as our rights. But as good as it feels to have your needs catered to and at the same time feel that you deserve it, I still seem to find myself being tempted/compelled/obligated to delve in deeper and see what it is that is outside the picture frame, or perhaps, I should say, what it is that is out of focus. So how have you been? You were in one of my dreams last night. It was a bit surprising as we were both genuinely, purely, and simply happy to see each other. I didn't start dreaming until the fifth night of my trip. I think I'm going to start gathering some ideas for this morning's class. Is three days too much for introductions? Hello. How's it going? Fine, thanks. And you? Pretty good. What is your name? Today I taught my morning class the word conversation. We were going to practice having conversations, but they did not know the word practice. Neither did they comprehend prepare or get ready. It's possible that this is a cultural ignorance—and I use that term in a non-pejorative manner.

It's possible they don't separate life into sections—the meaningless and the meaningful. As in, this here is practice, it doesn't count, it doesn't matter. But regardless of whether it was a foreign concept or only a foreign word, I decided that rather than practicing our conversations, we would instead simply HAVE conversations. I find this to be a better description of reality anyhow and, as I feel it is largely through language that we continuously create and recreate society and reality, I feel this word choice is much more conducive towards creating a world I want to live in. I just took my first walk around the city. Dongguan City, I think it's called. It brought back memories of mushroom trips and Mardi Gras. I really like China. Tomorrow I give my first ever student evaluation. I hope it doesn't make me sick. Next week I think we'll begin a unit on transportation. We'll start with walking. At lunch today I learned that Johnson & Johnson is a despicable corporation that has raped and pillaged China. It seems they have a deal with the hospitals whereby they force all new mothers to buy their products and take their drugs. Here's a surprising fact. "Capitalist" Hong Kong has socialized medicine. In "Communist" China you only get what you pay for in cash. My near complete ignorance of China is making it difficult for me to assimilate new facts. I am still nowhere near being able to paint the big picture. [end of original letter[editor's note: I danced tonight. It was fun. Don't forget(t-shirt I saw on my way back), impossible is nothing (billboard).]] I met my teaching partner/assistant/translator today. We took the bus out to the "school" where we'll be teaching. It seems I'll be commuting. I like her a lot. Her English is good and she likes to talk. So, what can I say? I still like China—a lot. Here in Kunming City, the people smile a lot and the trees are friendly. And the weather, though at times moody, is generally pleasant enough to earn the city its nickname—the city of eternal springtime. Are there homeless people? Yes. Prostitutes? Yes. Seemingly large amounts of amputees and elderly begging on the streets? Yes. A seeming lack of any financial support system? Yes. I don't know what salaries people make or what stores pay for the goods they sell. I don't know how the economy functions. I know I could live an entire year in my current apartment off of what I was paying for one month in Philadelphia (and that was, so I thought, rather cheap). I know I can eat three meals a day for less than two dollars. The police presence

seems high, but for some reason it doesn't bother me (still I'd rather not see them than see them). I've definitely on a few occasions seen first hand the reluctance to talk politics outside a few safe zones. However, this is not a populace, especially the younger generation, that lives in fear. And I have yet to even come close to feeling like I have encountered a broken people. I've thought about your question of why someone would move overseas to the States. One of my first answers was Hollywood. But then again, 12-hour work days might not be too uncommon here. And, I've heard from one source, that on the one hand, you have lots of people graduating from universities, and on the other, you have no paying jobs for them to go into. And I have no idea what the conditions are like in rural China (a friend of mine is about to embark[update: has embarked] on a whirlwind bus tour of the Yunnan province farmlands with the environmental group she works with, so perhaps I can give you a more informed perspective later; she'll have the pleasure of working alongside members from the (in my eyes) suspect Greenpeace organization, who co-sponsored the tour). What does motivate someone to leave their home and move halfway around the world? All the negatives in China have their counterparts in the States. I've heard a few outsiders complain about the constant construction and, of course, the stench. But let's face it, cities, as they are, stink. Maybe it's because I lived at Tulane and New Orleans, but these things don't particularly bother me. And I think it's a better alternative than the false cleanliness that you see in some major city centers where they have the sweep-it-under-the-carpet attitude that keeps the tourist spots and wealthy sections pretty and dumps the filth on the poor. I'd rather people deal with the filth we make or at least have a transparent process (oh yeah, kids can be seen peeing and shitting on the street on a consistent basis). Anyway, if I was to do a spontaneous comparative analysis, I'd say I feel a helluva lot more free and comfortable in Kunming, China than I did the last two years I spent in Philadelphia, USA. But the freedom of the foreigner is a funny thing. I think that a lot of what folks who move abroad call freedom is actually ignorance. As someone who doesn't speak the language and hasn't shared the common history, I'm free (or required) to do a lot of projecting. And is it easy to enjoy the narrowed range of responsibility that comes with the title of foreigner/visitor/recent immigrant? You bet. For the most part, you

know what's expected of you (granted this can change in a heartbeat). All you're really required to worry about is your own wellbeing. You're not responsible for the nation's history or whatever national problems exist. Besides, you don't really know enough to be able to make any informed decisions. There is a great comfort in this. (This is actually a key aspect of U.S. politics, as shown by E. Martin Schotz in his illuminating book, *History Will Not Absolve Us*, as he highlights the difference between belief and knowledge. This is why the system continues to function fine, even when the vast majority of people *believe* that politicians and corporations and the like are completely corrupt. For it is only with *knowledge* that comes the responsibility of acting.) So, bottom line, I like China. I like the colors. I like the scenery. I like the language that I don't understand. I like the cheap fast food you get off the street that actually tastes good and doesn't try to colonize your mind with its symbols and jingles. I like the abundance of youth with their unique fashion sense and the equally large number with their fashionable haircuts. I like the fact that I don't live in a town where, in order to use the internet, I'd have to go with my passport and register with the police station (internet cafes in Kunming are surprisingly abundant and easily accessible. And compared to the American counterparts that I've seen, extremely cheap. The one I frequent is sufficiently fast and one U.S. dollar would net me about 5 1/2 hours. This seems especially inexpensive when I consider that many U.S. pay phones are charging 50 cents for a local call. The computers I use even have headphones and a mini video camera, which could also be put to use were I able to read Chinese characters). OK, we haven't spoke about the alarming embrace and escalation of the car culture, which, as you know, is extremely addictive, for individuals as well as societies. Still, the presence of bicycles and bicycle lanes is, well, abundant. And the public transportation is generally a helluva lot better than what I've seen in the States. Public garbage receptacles are almost always split into unrecoverable and recoverable sections, though it seems as though people don't distinguish between the two. The economy uses too many plastic bags! But it might be true that people actually pick through and separate the garbage after it's been collected. Certainly some people make a living off of plastic bottles and the like. So there is still a lot we could discuss. But there is something about

China (well, at least Kunming) that you see in the way people interact, which I am tempted to attribute to its self-perception as a communist country. I don't see or feel the separation and constant competition that marks so much of life within American capitalism. There appears to be a sense of respect for one another, regardless of occupation. There seems to be more transparency towards work, even a more relaxed attitude towards work (as opposed to the constant service to the magic show—towards keeping up the spectacle so as to make for happy consumers). But then again, what do I know? I don't even speak the language. OK. This letter seems to be winding down. And I haven't even talked about the great oil debates. As usual, I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it. Be well. Love, Jacob

P.S. In regards to “what things will be like in the future”, I give you: “The great Oil Debates: Synopsis and Commentary” by Jacob Rosen. As my old friend Vincent J. Salandria once upon a time made clear, once you enter a situation where CIA infiltration becomes a real possibility (in some cases, a stark reality), everyone and anyone becomes ripe for the label of agent. Better to dismiss all talk of intentions and stick to the effects of actions and logical and likely consequences of thoughts and proposals, for even the best of them (intentions) end up as pavement on the road to hell. By now I'm sure you've heard of the phrase “Peak oil”. If not, do a search, I'm sure you'll find plenty of information. The world's a running out of—Ah hell, let's end up on sixteen.

[addendum to the letter] What *is* the world running out of? Is that the question? I think that last bit where we left off was a vague allusion to gambling. It's all meant as intense social commentary. It's all still a pile of bullshit—stacked on a pile of bullshit. Fucking metabullshit. Last night someone broke out the American Spirit rolling tobacco as we rocked over The Hump. It brought back memories of, I don't know, the Taste of Portugal and Oak Street, amongst other things I'm sure. Perhaps our next topic of study will be sustainable Mardi Gras. Speaking of which, I just read the copy of the national english language newspaper that I picked up earlier today. Not only is there a front page article on how the massive drive of returning reclaimed farmland to forest will proceed with caution to

ensure sustainable development and a better life for farmers, but there is an entire inside page dealing with subjects like eco-protection, eco-construction, green Gross Domestic Product accounting systems, and circulatory economies. If all goes well in pilot municipalities and provinces, a “green” accounting system could be spread across the country by 2010. And the first group of ecological provinces, in embryonic form perhaps, should come forth by about 2020. It feels nice to live in a country where sustainable development is even on the agenda, let alone one of the supposedly top priorities. But is it too little too late? Are we running out of the oil that fuels our economy? For if we have reached the “peak” in our planet’s oil production, surely the consequences will be most dire. Even Derrick Jensen thinks the shit’s gonna hit the fan within ten years. Even the only writer I’ve seen with a coherent analysis that DISAGREES with “Peak oil” thinks that things in the world’s ‘bout to change, though for different, albeit related reasons. His name is Dave McGowan, and I’m gonna give him credit for the first instance I’ve personally witnessed of a lone person writing on his website changing the frame of a critically relevant ongoing national debate AND possibly overturning long accepted notions of institutionalized science (no disrespect to Al Giordano). Oh yeah, recommended reading of the day: Cultural Politics, U.S. Imperialist War of Terror, and Socialist Revolution in the Philippines by E. San Juan, Jr. (found at axisoflogic.com) [editor’s note: while we’re at it, go to narconews.com and read the Notes from Nowhere related articles]. The oil debates, or I should say, what I have termed The Great Oil Debates, began with a random hypothesis born of that gut instinct spawned from an experience honed world view posted on the Dave McGowan website The Center For An Informed America. The theory was that “peak oil” was going to hit the mainstream and this would be used as a mechanism to keep the public docile while the war machine blatantly exerted more control on its already tight grip on the world. Any serious analysis of world politics will tell you that the recent “American” wars were largely about military and economic dominance. The planners of U.S. strategy don’t share the short attention span, historical shallowness, and narrow focus of its populace—at least not while they’re planning. It’s hardly debatable that small groups of people meet secretly and discuss their plans to change the world; and then go about attempting to implement these

plans. I think it was Alistair Crowley (amongst others) who said something to the effect of Magic is walking across the room, turning the handle, and pulling (that's how you magically open the door). Some people (like Noam Chomsky) like to pretend that secret meetings to take over the world don't exist (hardly secret anymore now that some of these people have taken to openly publishing their plans—see the Project for a New American Century) and that these conspirators don't act consciously to try to implement their plans, OR, if they do, it is irrelevant, because their actions have no real historical effect. This type of historical analysis is like saying that the positions of the stars killed Kennedy or that the moon was responsible for the massacres in Guatemala (also Indonesia, Chile, and East Timor). Respectable theories, sure. However, the effect that these possible realities have is that of eliminating human praxis. And what of this? Is this just a continuation of the fundamental battle that rages through time? I've been told that the trick to acting is getting inside your role, yet all the time being aware that you are indeed acting. How to do something that is impossible, yet indispensable, and in any case inevitable (Jameson on Adorno)? "Do you meditate?" asked Wren.

"I'm gonna name you Happy," said Lisa.

People continue to use the structures that broke up the sit-in, that plague the union hierarchy, that infect our personal relationships to the bone. To condemn actions of the past, forged in the intense pressure of space and time, is ridiculous; but, if we are going to pretend that we are able to decide our path, we have no need to recreate these actions. We live in the now. Let's take a breath.

Oil comes from the Earth. We do not need it to live, but if we do not have it, a lot of people will die. Oil is quite likely NOT a fossil fuel (look up abiotic oil). It is very likely that oil companies and the U.S. government are colluding to keep oil production down. But, regardless of whether or not the Earth is running out of oil, our methods of extraction and use are NOT SUSTAINABLE. What the "Peak oil" movement serves to do is to put enormous pressure on our situation (though, I would say, our situation does require a certain sense of urgency). "Peak oil" CANNOT be used as an effective consciousness raiser for the U.S. public. It in no way follows that once people realize that we are running out of oil, they will become consumed with desire to throw out their leaders and overturn the

capitalist system. I'd say, as in most media-managed crises, as this would surely be, a fearful public, not knowing what to think or do, will relinquish all of their power to their leaders and the experts they keep in their pockets, as those experts pull out of their pockets their plans for social engineering, which they no doubt will readily have available (yes, even if their leader is someone they only recently knew for a fact was a bumbling fool who didn't give a shit about anyone besides his rich friends and making them richer—see 9-11). Getting “peak oil” on the agenda is absurd. “Peak oil” is not going to rattle the feathers of a group that flat out denies the existence of global warming. And for radicals to push the “peak oil” meme is, on its face, extremely puzzling. The idea that we are running out of oil is NOT a radical idea. Almost all of us were taught in school that oil is a non-renewable resource. It would therefore make sense for it to run out. And why would a U.S. public that is perfectly content letting others make critical decisions that directly affect their lives react any differently to this particular problem? Especially after being conditioned for years by the Patriot Act and the social experiments we call airports and major sporting events (where they won't let you bring a plastic bottle cap into a Giants game). If anything, assuming it's true (or even just possible), it should be added to the litany of other ecological crises we face (global warming, the destruction of our forests, massive poverty, etc., etc.). And as for the people “peak oil” will expose to issues of sustainable development, while some will develop radical consciousness, most will likely support forms of alternative energy, not the resistance to the complete fascist takeover of the state, which, if “peak oil” is true, will most assuredly be accelerated. [full disclosure: at this point, being as though these words were substantially written for you, I should note that I have taken a large portion of this addendum and placed it into an e-mail to The Center For An Informed America, where, I'm told, it might be posted, who knows, perhaps in full and original form.] OK, here I was going to include more reasons as to why the “Peak oil” meme is, not only not radical, but how it actually works to serve the interests of conservative and fascist powers, but I can send you a copy of the e-mail I sent if you are interested. [I just received your latest message. I believe it was: send it on] Once again, the question on my mind is: how can we go about existing in a world where we want to live? I still've got an itch to scratch. Perhaps my

sister's recent product design classes are rubbing off on me. Well, here goes. Activists, organizers, and those around the world who are fed up with U.S. hegemony and its horrors have been asking for years what it will take for a critical mass of people to rise up and take to the streets, or, if not, support those who do, regardless of what the corporate press tells them to think. And I've been saying/thinking/writing lately, as long as people continue to work from the premise that what the "American public" thinks is relevant and that they are still capable of playing any role other than that of consumer, they need to recognize the dense history of social engineering and social control and the ways in which they constantly interact with those of us who live inside of global capitalism. And they need to develop a worldview that recognizes the political realities of conspiracies. And, while the "Peak oil" movement is not a mass consciousness raiser, the movement it branched off from, the 9-11 Truth Movement, most assuredly, potentially IS.

Fuck if it aint baseball season and fuck if the baseball metaphors haven't been proving fruitful (in a Botox, Bosox, and Indegenous Blocks in the Bush Leagues: Predictions article , Richard Oxman predicted a red world series). The powers that be have served up a big juicy hanging curve right over the heart of the plate and it's time for us to knock it straight out of the park. Or, as the Roots have recently said, the tipping point has arrived, it's time to shine. So anyway, let me know the story of South Carolina (if that's alright with South Carolina, of course). Be well.]

"Time for professionals to speak out."

Kapuera is the link

It's all related. Just a reminder, you know.

"President Hu Jintao (left) walks with his Russian counterpart Vladimir Putin viewing an honour guard outside the Great Hall of the People in Beijing yesterday. Putin is in China on a two-day official visit, with talks on oil expected to be high on the agenda."

Blues Explosion

...waiting for feedback...

...that's why we call it the present.

Cool down buddy. Let's have a drink. Seems we have a Pynchonian case of indigestion. Well, it has been a long day.

HOT ART

A letter to Martha (and everyone else): A remembering of where we are going

The revolution is coming.

Pot Holes and Speed Bumps

Took a trip to the bank today. Seems I've been misspelling capoiiera.

Goddamn internet keeps sucking me in. Gotta get your voice out there. Gotta make a difference. Gotta be heard. Oh, the blog isn't enough, gotta speak on the forum. Fucking shite. When you gonna learn? Who me? Fucking shite. We all need a little help wiping our asses now and then.

Revelation! The structure of the 9-11 Truth Movement arguments must necessarily be like the global revolutionary movement. End the enforced segregation of your mind. Maintain connections and shun massive concentrations of prominence on the individual.

Imperfect Cinema

“This book provides an extensive theoretical introduction to shape. The first chapter explains the efficient placement of stones. It then goes on to discuss thickness—how to use it and how to counter it, and how, if used improperly, can result in the overconcentration of stones. It continues by contrasting the concept of thick stones with that of thin stones, and, finally, what are heavy stones and what are light stones, and how these relate to the important concept of sabaki,

which is, essentially, a method for making good shape.”

Something Blossoming

Aji: *Aji* refers to latent possibilities that exist in a position. Although these possibilities may never be realized, their existence influences the course of the game and enables certain moves to be made.

“...Yet this inaugural event (which may not even have had the emotional charge of Robert Kennedy’s death, or that of Martin Luther King, Jr., or of Malcolm X) gave what we call a Utopian glimpse into some collective communicational “festival” whose ultimate logic and promise is incompatible with our mode of production. The sixties, often taken as the moment of a paradigm shift toward the linguistic and the communicational, can also be said to begin with this death, not because of its loss or the dynamics of collective grief, but because it was the occasion (like May 1968 later on) for the shock of a communicational explosion, which could have no further consequences within the system but which sears the mind with the briefly glimpsed experience of radical difference, to which collective amnesia aimlessly returns in its later forgetfulness, imagining itself to be brooding over trauma where it is in fact seeking to produce a new idea of Utopia.

No wonder, then, that the small screen longs for yet another chance at rebirth by way of unexpected violence; no wonder also that its truncated afterlife is available for new semiotic combinations and prosthetic symbioses of all kinds, of which marriage to the market has been the most elegant and socially successful.”

Videodrome

Earth is the hattlaground
control of the universe is the prize,
and the only of Autobts
able to transform
into massive fighting machies
as powerful as their anamy
the DDVDaecepticons.

Let's be still for a while; there's no place I want to go.

Need I remind you yet again: This is *our* story.



Language Exchange **REDUX**

It's too complex. My mind can't hold it. I got hit by a motorbike today. Bones are made to be broken.

HOUSE OF CARDS

Try using what you got. You know, while you are waiting for something else to come along.

That late show/action/ox man has the right idea. Detroit, I do mind dying. Don't overlook the world you are living in. Don't overlook the power of representation. How can we utilize/enable it without losing the praxis of our ideals.

"Take me somewhere we can be alone. Make me somewhere I can call a home. 'Cause lately I've been losing on my own."

Do you want the truth or do you want your sanity?

THE PLAN

What? Is this a test or something? As long as he's hammering away, you don't mind if I play some music...do you?

IF YOU SEE ME DO YOU WHAT YOU WANT
DON'T FOLLOW ME DO YOU WHAT YOU WANT

Blind to censorship. Authentic journalism. Scream scream scream.

Asshole. I'm not your baby.

So there are these people that want to live at a certain level...

I'm listening to Reconstruction at the moment. I keep forgetting I wanted to try my hand in authentic journalism. Don't want to lose my audience, so I thought I'd play a little Nirvana. And so I did. The numbers are on the floor. I've got cards holding up the house journal. We feed off of each other. We can share our endorphins.

“Then came the big flood of 25. And things fell apart. Now we see it all.”

You say potato, I say tomato. Or vice versa. Why would we think that living at a certain level means we need to shut others out or keep others down? Or deceive?

A happy birthday goes out to someone whose name I've forgotten, but whose existence in my experience has made me happy. We met in Jerusalem and traveled to Beit Jala. That last fact needs to be verified. Sometimes I do not correct errors when I think they make for a better story. What would it take for *you* to accept and be OK with the existence of genocide.

“Knowing, through training, that if he wants to keep it, learning every day, he will have to dominate.”

CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

GOD IS DEAD

Perhaps our next topic of study will be sustainable Mardi Gras.

The latest hang on the box album is out of control.
“Free free free free free free free...”

The night is young.

So sometimes I like to step out of the narrative. So I can speak freely, if you catch my drift. Sometimes it helps to just press record. Good luck to those in the field.

Rethinking Peak Oil

B01814 Thu, 25 Nov 2004 05:25:23 -0800

My opinion is that a great number of radical, revolutionary, and progressive people (especially those writers, intellectuals, and activists who hold the power to influence a mass audience), need to seriously rethink their approach to the concept of “peak oil”. First of all, I think it should be noted that “peak oil” is hardly an idea that the “powers that be” are attempting to bury or keep from public view. The concept can be found throughout the mainstream news media, without the massive attacks that radical or potentially damaging concepts and news have been subject to in the past. Surely, if the global elite wanted to hide the fact that the world was running out of oil, they’d be doing a much better job of it. And the Heritage Foundation probably wouldn’t be putting the videos of conferences like Global Energy Security in the Time of World Terror on their website. Then there is the method of debate generally employed by “peak oil” adherents, which, to me, seems to be quite disingenuous and serves to silence opposing viewpoints. One such example is the topic of abiogenic oil. Comments such as, “If I may be so bold as to put forward a personal view, the Russians that invented this idea [abiogenic origins of oil] have been at the Crackski Pipeovich a bit too often,” as put forth by Adam Porter in the GNN article Peak Oil: A Reality Check , do not serve to further serious discussion and thought, but work to silence alternative views through the use of ridicule. For people who are interested in actually looking at alternative views, here is a link to a paper published on the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States of America website. I also highly recommend reading this Reply to certain biogenic/peak oil lobbyists. I have no desire to drag people into the conspiracy theory ghetto. In fact, I’d rather ghettos of all sorts did not exist. And while I do agree with the opinion that we should be focused more on our own actions than the actions of some global elite, I think it is foolish to say that the machinations of such an elite do not have an effect on local, national, or international struggles. And when it comes to the topic of “peak oil”, I think that its discussion (as it exists now) within radical/revolutionary/progressive circles does not serve to benefit ongoing and future struggles, but in fact does them harm. Here is an

e-mail I wrote to Dave McGowan back in October.

hey dave. long time listener, first time caller. As my old friend Vincent J. Salandria once upon a time made clear, once you enter a situation where CIA infiltration becomes a real possibility (or in some cases a stark reality), everyone and anyone becomes ripe for the label of agent. Better to dismiss all talk of intentions and stick to the effects of actions and logical and likely consequences of thoughts and proposals, for even the best of them (intentions) end up as pavement on the road to hell. Follow me, please.

Oil comes from the Earth. We do not need it to live, but if we don't have it, a lot of people will die. Oil is quite likely NOT a fossil fuel. It is very likely that oil companies and the U.S. government are colluding to keep oil production down. But, regardless of whether or not the Earth is running out of oil, our methods of extraction and use are NOT SUSTAINABLE. What the "Peak oil" movement serves to do is to put enormous pressure on our situation (though, I would say, our situation does require a certain sense of urgency).

"Peak oil" CANNOT be used as an effective consciousness raiser for the U.S. public. It in no way follows that once people realize that we are running out of oil, they will become consumed with desire to throw out their leaders and overturn the capitalist system. I'd say, as in most media-managed crises, as this would surely be, a fearful public, not knowing what to do, will relinquish all of their power to their leaders and the experts they keep in their pockets, as those experts pull out of their pockets their plans for social engineering, which they no doubt will readily have available. Getting "peak oil" on the agenda is absurd. "Peak oil" is not going to rattle the feathers of a group that flat out denies the existence of global warming. Also, for people who consider themselves radicals to push the "Peak oil" meme is, on its face, extremely puzzling. The idea that we are running out of oil is NOT a radical idea. Almost all of us were taught in school that oil is a non-renewable resource. It would therefor make sense for it to run out. And why would an American public that is perfectly content letting others make critical decisions that affect their lives react any different to this particular problem? Especially after being conditioned for years by things like the Patriot Act and the social experiments we call airports and major sporting events (where they won't let you bring a plastic bottle cap into a Giants game). If anything, "peak oil", assuming it's true (or even

possible) should be added to the litany of other ecological crises we face (global warming, the destruction of our forests, massive poverty, etc., etc.). As for the people it will expose to issues of sustainable development and possible methods of living outside the grip consumer culture, while some will indeed develop a radical consciousness, the vast majority will most likely support things like alternative forms of energy, and not things like the resistance to the complete fascist takeover of the state, which, if "peak oil" is true, will most assuredly be accelerated. Here's where it gets tempting to play "guess that agent." The "Peak Oil" movement got its start from a branch on the "9-11 Truth Movement." The basic idea is that the powers that be, knowing that the oil supply was on the wane, engineered 9-11 so that they could easily convince the public to support them in their wars of conquest of oil rich lands, so that they could control the oil they desperately need to feed the corporate-military-industrial complex that keeps them in power. As you have pointed out, "peak oil" rationalizes the Afghanistan and Iraq (and any future possible) wars and would make them digestible for a large number (I would say a vast majority; heck, half the country already SUPPORTS the Iraq war without any credible rationale) of U.S. citizens, especially once the debate was normalized by the mainstream media. Never mind the simplistic focus of the 9-11 happened for oil theory or that these wars make the oil fields extremely unstable as oil pipelines are now constant targets for attack. Saying 9-11 had to be engineered by the powers that be because of the imminent "peak oil" crisis takes the attacks and the subsequent wars completely out of the historical context of, not only capitalist wars of conquest, but this particular group of power's long (and documented) sustained efforts (along with their ilk of eugenicists, fascists, and social engineers) to exert their control on the U.S. populace and humanity in general (not to mention the rest of the planet and universe). I suppose we could then discuss how this break in the historical narrative could serve as a limited hangout (some rogue agents (or Dick Cheney) went a bit too far after they (understandably) panicked when they found out about the imminent oil crisis and what it would mean for The American Way of Life; sure what they did was horrible, but they had America's best interests at heart) and also make for easy plausible deniability. The system would continue functioning as normal, keeping in mind that this

would all be occurring during an oil crisis, which would mean increasing state control over everything. But perhaps we're getting ahead of ourselves (while on one level we are deconstructing a giant chess match, on another level we are trying to communicate with people who might not understand us). While "peak oil" is NOT a potential consciousness raiser, 9-11 most definitely IS. Just as its predecessor, the Kennedy assassination truth movement if you will, was. So much so that even in the '90s, after the release of Stone's JFK, in order for the (let's call it capitalist) capitalist system to continue to function, the film had to be ruthlessly attacked by such left luminaries as Chomsky, Cockburn, Hitchens, and the editors at the Nation (not to mention the attacks from the establishment and mainstream press. As E. Martin Schotz has written, this shows us how establishment Chomsky and the like actually are).

The "9-11 truth movement" (certainly before it decided to give itself a name) is an extremely heterogeneous, grassroots phenomenon with no hierarchical structure. Most of the arguments are extremely easy to comprehend, even if many of the proofs do indeed require painstaking technical analysis (there are enough aspects of this case that are so mindbogglingly clear and require no specialized knowledge that these technical aspects, while EXTREMELY IMPORTANT to have being analyzed in a coherent manner, need not turn into a potential straw man for a divide and conquer debate strategy). The "Peak oil" movement, on the other hand, is based primarily on a handful of websites (most prominently the From The Wilderness site) and relies heavily on experts and boring, confusing, difficult to read articles. In the case that the "9-11 Truth Movement" gains momentum and poses a growing danger to the powers that be, the idea of "peak oil" gives the (let's call them fascists) fascists who engineered 9-11 maneuvering room by way of the points you have raised and the limited hangout discussed earlier, especially if 9-11 is strongly tied to the idea of "peak oil" in the minds of activists. And of course, framing the 9-11 movement around "peak oil" completely weakens any chance that the truly radical ideas contained in the 9-11 truth movement have for entering mainstream consciousness by taking the focus of researchers and activists away from discussing the facts of 9-11. It is more likely (as we have already seen) that "Peak oil" will reach the mainstream first, and as soon as it is, it will quickly be divorced by the corporate press from any connection

it might have to the 9-11 Truth Movement. And no matter how many people are directed to the From The Wilderness website, no critical mass will be obtained. Ruppert and company, delusions of grandeur aside, cannot play hardball with a well-oiled (pardon the expression) high tech media machine for the hearts and minds of the people. The fascists have been in the game of public relations for too long, and according to the "Peak Oil" movement itself, have had a headstart in this particular match. It is foolish to believe that this group went through the trouble initiating 9-11 and its massive coverup, but had no strategy for controlling a "peak oil" meme that would eventually leak out. My old buddy Vincent Salandria likes to talk about the concept of "Transparent Conspiracy." The goal of such a conspiracy, I'd say, is to neutralize public opinion (as well as intimidate those who would challenge you). The goal of people seeking to dismantle or radically change the system is to mobilize action. Over two thirds of the U.S. public believes the lone gunman theory is nonsense, but this idea has lost all of its previous radical possibilities in and of itself. Finding out about 9-11 via Peak oil might eventually make the majority of Americans BELIEVE that the U.S. government was responsible for 9-11, but it won't prompt significant numbers to action. Some people (like Noam Chomsky) like to pretend that secret meetings to take over the world do not exist (hardly secret anymore now that these people have taken to openly publishing their plans) and that these conspirators don't act consciously to try to implement their plans, or, if they do, it is irrelevant, because their actions have no real historical effect (I think it was Alistair Crowley who said something to the effect of Magic is walking across the room, turning the handle, and pulling (that's how you magically open the door)). This Chomskian type of historical analysis is like saying that the positioning of the stars killed Kennedy or that the moon was responsible for the massacres in Guatemala (also Indonesia, Chile, and East Timor). Respectable theories, sure. However, the effect that these possible realities have is that of eliminating human praxis.

People continue to recreate the structures that broke up the University Students Against Sweatshops sit-in that was my entrance into the political world, that plague the union hierarchies, that infect our personal relationships to the bone. To condemn actions of the past, forged in the intense pressure of space and time, is ridiculous.

But if we are going to pretend that we are actually able to decide our path, we have no need to recreate these actions. It's a question, as some intellectual guy once said, of how to do something that's impossible, yet indispensable, and in any case inevitable. We live in the now. We should all take a breath.

There are traps of power that we all can fall into. I've seen hardcore revolutionary communists (who I still consider my friends) turn into apologists for presidents in the midst of struggle. You do not need to be on the C.I.A. payroll for your actions to contribute to the maintenance of the fascist system in which we dwell. I am not interested in whether Michael Ruppert is working for the government or merely swallowed whole a juicy piece of disinformation. I am going to continue assuming that people like you and the editors at sites like www.altpr.org (which consistently posts "peak oil" material) and my old buddy Vincent Salandria are not paid disinformation agents of some nefarious group that works to implement total control, but human beings who are capable of changing their minds and choosing their direction. What I am interested in is how the "Peak Oil Movement" will function within this system in which we dwell. The fact that it exists as it is shows that it's a prominent piece on the chessboard and is as much of a window to power as the events of 9-11 and subsequent coverup themselves. You might actually be having a meaningful effect on an ongoing critically relevant issue (not to mention working to undermine and overturn long held assumptions of institutional science).

These traps of the system (as I'm now calling them) help explain how people who otherwise provide coherent radical analysis take seriously a man who has the audacity to claim that a G7 which ignores millions and millions of protesters caved in to a single website, and continue to think that supporting this man could lead to any sort of radical change. As long as people continue to work from the premise that what the "American public" thinks is relevant and that they are still capable of playing any role other than that of consumer, they need to recognize the dense history of social engineering and social control and the ways in which they constantly interact with those of us who live inside of global capitalism. And they need to develop a world view that recognizes the political reality of conspiracies. Ah fuck, I could go on forever. For a number of

reasons, possibly based on reality, I don't think the struggle against global capital and the war machines it employs (or fascism if you like) is doomed to failure. I guess I'll write someone an e-mail about that later. Anyway, keep up the good work. -Jake

I didn't even discuss the fact that "peak oil" fuels the same fear-inspired consensus reality that we should be trying to break free from. For a nice take on "spiritual activism", read the 2004-11-19 Spiritual Activism entry over at the Arthur Magazine website. Yep. I gotta pee.

Here is the reason why I generally find repulsive the phrase before you take care of the world, you have to take care of yourself.

Academia Shmacashmemia

Gravity won't let me down (I know I know I know I know) Gravity T T T

It's been a long day.

Fascinating Rhythm

Shoe Veto

Chinese Street Boxing

Climbing the knife ladder

Moon Safari

Erhu'd it my way.

Enter the library/walk in the rain

Oh, I'm sorry. Do you see a problem with me skipping around like this? I keep forgetting some of you think this is some sort of test. There are no fucking rules, dude!!!

My thoughts are with you. But only if you want them to be.

I did say I was gonna take her advice to heart. Take advantage of what's here now. Act in a way that keeps the options open. We have soundtrack enough.

You have the power. Come and ride with me.

Fruit on the Street

B02001 Wed, 1 Dec 2004 20:01:34 -0800

Is fascism coming to the States? Without getting into a debate over the semantics of the F-word, I'd say it doesn't matter whether or not it seems likely that the U.S. government will push for an overtly fascist state anytime soon. What matters is that the infrastructure is in place, that the groundwork is laid. Follow the earlier links. The other day I saw my first movie in a Chinese cinema—I, Robot (the cinema costs 25 yuan (about 3 U.S. dollars); within my lifetime that price has risen from about 5 mao (5 U.S. cents), the high prices most tangibly felt with the release of Titanic). Without getting into any revolutionary implications within the film, reading the robots as workers, etc., I would like to discuss one scene where humans take to the street and face down the robots who have just instituted martial law (the robots no longer acting on their own, but controlled by the central computer, VIKI, who has decided to protect the childish humans from their own destructive ways), in a Braveheart/Gangs of New York type rumble. Obviously, here we had a situation where the groundwork for martial law was in place and all that was necessary for it to occur was the will to implement it. What I suggest, however, is that it is highly unlikely, HIGHLY unlikely, that the U.S. public would actually take to the streets in such a situation, directly confronting the people (or robots) responsible for taking away whatever civil liberties they still had, especially when these same people (robots) were almost absolutely trusted by this same U.S. public minutes earlier. What is my point? I don't know. Maybe the fact that uprisings and riots, even the "spontaneous" ones, do not come out of nowhere. Organizing is hard goddamn work and any discussion of revolution or general strikes or what-have-you within

the U.S. needs to take into account specific U.S. histories and realities. In my humble opinion, waiting for things to get so bad that people will spontaneously take to the streets just aint gonna cut it. A hard look at the realities of Nazi Germany cannot be overstressed, especially as it relates to the good citizens that made a functioning German state possible. So, um, start thinking realistically, in terms of, if I was going to go about doing this, how, in fact, would I do it? And then, give it a try. For we aren't going to truly learn anything about possibilities if we just sit back and let all of them pass.



smoke eat drink fuck watch play

Well, this place sucks. How did I wake up here?

So close to the crossover last night. Sleeping with death. Society's done fucked up my head. So worried about production. Stop making sense.

Be yourself. Believe yourself. Maybe this is your best choice.

I love when the music speaks to me. I hate when the clock screams.

Never chew your food with an open mouth. Consumption of the world is a dirty business.

CARIBOOO

Still in China. Still writing. China. New Orleans. Samar.

Connections abound.

CUBAN REVOLUTIONARY MUSIC

These language exchanges are tough.

Surely these laws are based on something, but that's exactly my point.

Neighbors in Nirvana. Sounds like a situational comedy.

JOB INTERVIEW REDUX (Fuck the Farmacia)

...and it's back to comic books once again. That scene [**RECHARGE BATTERIES**] in [the Invisibles] with the puppet and the puppeteer, that scene in my head in the kitchen in China.

Welcome to the identity. "How are we gonna make music that

speaks to the people?” To quote an attractive red book, any conservation law must somehow include both the system and its surroundings. **UNITED AGAINST WHAT?**

COMMERCIAL

orange juice

prev Displaying 1 thru 5 of 14next

orange juice

prev Displaying 6 thru 10 of 14next

orange juice

the **PREQUEL**
[section 3]



-Feeding Time At The Kibbutz Samar Refet-

MONKS AND DRUNKS

Monks and Drunks

Oblivious to the obvious, I'm making perfect sense, but I'm not getting through. Progress overdue.

CHAPTER 3

You know, you always take my level of communication to the next level. And let's face it; that is where we should be. Greater and greater and greater and greater and greater complexity. I don't need your us or them. Nor do I want it. My point being that, what we do not need, is more words. I am one sexy motherfucker (we're serious this time).

“I don't want another go around. I don't want to start again. No, I don't want another go around. I want this to be the end. I want this to be the end. I don't want to start again. I want this to be the last thing we do. It for me and you. For all my dreams came true.”

Are we there yet?



I WILL A WORLD...

“Whose idea was it to give people access to keyboards? And who’s in charge of evaluating karmic access levels anyway?”

part 1: The Global Brain

Today is CREATION day. I'm not sure exactly what that means. I began patching my jeans, but decided t'would be better to wait for input. Project suspended. And now I write. Words that are supposed to open a new chapter. I watched back-to-back Buck Rodgers episodes yesterday. The sand was quick. Seriously, the words are supposed to start making sense. We're supposed to be communicating something of significance. Enough with the freestyle. It is time to project our will.

WHO'S A FASCIST?

You know damn well that these games are tiresome. You know damn well the outcome. You know damn well that there is nothing for *you* to glean in these fields. Once upon a time I was doing time at an anti-war protest in Arcata. Apparently, change was gonna have to come from *us*. It's our story goddamnit. My eyes are blue.

How long do I have to wait until you all catch up?

I will a world in which—SNAP!—reset, start again. Reality is a game of jenga. I still don't quite understand what this has to do with whales. Or specific colors that exist in my mind. I miss Yasmine.

I've never quite liked this song. You're stalling, because you can't think of a snappy retort. What's with all the riddles? They aren't riddles at all. What matters is that dream I had with Richard Dreyfuss driving past the high school. What matters is that the rules are malleable. What matters is that power is relative, a matter of perspective. This game is a bit more complicated than I previously thought. I've never had much respect for others. Surely there is something we can use here in the guidebook.

SENTENCE	
Complete Subject	Complete Predicate
The cheerleaders	washed the car.

I don't want to fight. Just want a piece of your life. I'm trying to break through to the center of it all. It is my day off, you know. We're stuck in a rut.

*In the end, I've only one true teaching for you, one simple word:
disobedience.*

I've got the jukebox on random play. Closing time is waiting for the miracle. Sharing our wisdom doesn't mean much while we live in such a capricious world as this. As I walk along I wonder what went wrong with our love that was so strong. Such a capricious world.

What's the point of creating something if you don't shoot for the fences?

BREAKING NEWS:

Today a young man on acid realized that all matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration; that we are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively; there is no such thing as death, life is only a dream, and we're the imagination of ourselves. Here's
Tom with the weather.

Rows of lights to illuminate lines.

Why don't they turn them off and let us see night.

Don't miss the next exciting episode: The Armageddon Machine!

See what the Shikadi looks like! Collect new, yet somehow very familiar candy! Make your way through the Omegamatic to the QED—the Quantum Explosion Dynamo! New, scary robots!

Spectacular graphics! More fun than real life!

Letter to the Ox:

Dear Mr. Oxman,

Thanks for the words of encouragement.

Love, Jake

(gonna get worse, let the morning sort it out)

Obviously, my talents do not lie in the musical field. Nor in the realm of spoken voice. Not to mention the written word. But I test damn well, you c'n be sure a that. Who would of thunk that I'd watch such a quality movie about the Spanish Civil War in such an a-political house. Recommended movie of the day: Joshua, Then and Now. Unless, of course, 'tis but a figment of my imagination. Hats off to all.

WINE INTO WATER

But I'm worried that an obsession with novelty and "the next big thing" will only hurt all our long term goals, stunt our personal development by making us trend whores, and blind us to realms of less glamorous possibility.

CAIRO SEPTEMBER '94.

ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION: WHY IS IT THAT OUR SPECIES SEEMS SO DEDICATED TO THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF ITS ENVIRONMENT? WHY DO OUR ACTIONS APPEAR TO RUN COUNTER TO OUR SURVIVAL? HOW DO WE EXPLAIN HUMANITY'S RESTLESS CONSUMPTION OF ALL THAT LIES IN ITS PATH? HOW DO WE ACCOUNT FOR THE HUNGER THAT IS RAVAGING THE EARTH? I DUNNO, **ELFAYED**. WHAT'S THE PUNCHLINE?

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED A **CATERPILLAR** ON A LEAF, MY FRIEND? HAVE YOU SEEN THE WAY IT DEVOURS **EVERYTHING** IN ITS PATH? THINGS REPEAT THEMSELVES ON ALL SCALES, FROM THE SMALLEST TO THE LARGEST. "AS ABOVE, SO BELOW."

You are way out of line, my friend. I'm tired of metaphors. In fact, I'm just plain tired.

in betwixt a rock and a hard place

I've been having dreams as of late. And reading comic books. Don't give away your love. Don't give away your sweat. Let's face reality. We have given up. My knight rider hat doesn't quite fit my head. Walls and wallpaper.

I AM AN EMPTY VESSEL.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

AAAAAAH!!!!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaa

aaaaaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Well, excuse me, well, I'm living in a world of shit. I mean we're running out of time and our fingers are up our nose. And they're laughing at our clothes. Somebody's got to pay the bills so my jacket can live the high life with that poster it met in China. You'd figure that if I was going to give up, I'd at least sell out while I was at it. How many more years do I have of being so goddamn good looking? What were we talking about? You know damn well that you can't go to graduate school. Fucking herpes. I sewed a button on to the backside of my boxers last night...in like two minutes. Please don't you worry, baby, we won't feel a thing. They say it's over in a flash. So I made a couple of wrong turns. So far so bad so what? Motherfucker. I don't need your us or them. You can take your society and shove it up your -bleep-. It's called the first amendment. What do I do to get through to you? I ain't no goddamn patriot.



It sucks having no friends. What the hell did I do to end up here? This is so fucking boring. Gotta get out of this hellhole country. Gotta get down to New Orleans. Or something. Gotta run away from here. Gotta do *something*. You know? Fuck. Please could you stop the noise, I'm trying to get some rest. Fuck. All I need is a little marijuana. The suburbs are killing me. I hate this country. Look at this bullshit. We were supposed to be getting somewhere. This here is shit. What if none of it is true? Did you ever think of that? And so what if it ain't? How in the world am I going to create anything? Man, I hate this country. I think it's about time to start rolling me cigarettes again.

Yeah, you're in hell, all right. And think about all of the people you are letting down. You and your fucking audience. Take me on board their beautiful ship and show me the world as I'd like to see it. Tell all my friends, but they'd never believe me. Think that I'd finally lost it completely. This isn't getting us anywhere at all. Your writing used to propel you places. You used to be a magician. You used to have options open. Wake from your sleep. The drying of your tears. Today we escape, we escape. Pack and - oh fuck it. We know I'm not going anywhere. Too much stuff. -----

SAME OLD SHELL; BRAND NEW BRAIN

So do you think we can count on your support? No probably not. Yeah, just let her go on for twenty minutes. Don't interrupt or nothing. That'd be impolite. And we don't want that. 'Specially not while your brain ain't functioning. There used to be a time when...man you pathetic. What the hell are we redecorating for? All in all, there is something to do. It isn't time you need. Hi there. How are you? I keep forgetting I'm communicating. Goddamn degree wasn't worth the \$120,000 that paid for it, not to mention the paper it was printed on.

Let's write a novel.

I'm not yours, Your a cage I don't belong to him...I losed something. ERROR ERROR ERROR. WE were going to aptly, jazz freestyle uber, afraid of words, I use the delete key. Poetry Sucks.

My best work in years. Even with the back support I am feeling the weight of this world. Lick me. ENTERTAINMENT! remix

TIME FOR THE TRANSITION

we are attempting a move from here to there...and back again...

perhaps tomorrow...the music was apt...and what of the world...I'm satisfied... **RELATIVELY SPEAKING**

the future, then,,,,*HOLIDAY.ini

There is no reason for radical ecologists to join debates over the esoteric timetables for the decline of world oil production, which should be bracketed as irrelevant to the socio-political imperative of democratizing the economy and creating a new energy infrastructure that is based on post-capitalist norms of sustainability, sharing and community democracy. We must find ways of making the urgency of that transformation a motivation in people's lives and in their self-conscious anti-ideological politics. The dangers posed by global capitalism to human life and nature itself are all too real. We need to reject the posing of imminent danger as panic, as Chicken Little's alarm over the Falling Sky.

-Walt Contreras Sheasby

"People are saying it's a miracle. A horrible miracle."

essay #1

La la la la, la la la la la, la la la la la, I want to tear this fucker down.²

As above, so below. I wake up around ten. My wife'll cook breakfast. I'll wash the dishes. If we need some things, I'll drive her to the grocery store. And that's about it. I go to sleep around eleven or so. I might watch the ten o'clock news.³ Whoah there, grandpa, you're starting to depress me a bit. Although, I gotta say, other than a healthy (or unhealthy) dose of masturbation, my days aren't so different. Youth is wasted on the young, they say. But hell, I've done my share of living, just as the rest of them. So what if I've come to appreciate the stability of a roof over my head and some food in my belly? The world is a scary place and don't even get me started on all of the effort. Smacks of effort, my old Tokay Tiger friend used to say. And shit, I've been to China AND New Orleans, not to mention the caravans on the Aravah desert. I've slept in redwoods in Arcata and the beaches of the Tiger Leaping Gorge. I've done it all boy. But what do we do with the old once they're no longer quick enough to keep up with the pace? The old aren't as easy to lie to as the young. That fucking memory is still chaining them to their former selves. There is no worse disease than capitalism.

² "An American Banned" – The Dillinger Four (MORE SONGS ABOUT GIRLFRIENDS AND BUBBLEGUM)

³ My grandfather's account of his daily activities while we waited for his wife of sixty-five years to come out of a successful gall bladder removal surgery.

So who can we blame for our current predicament? Well, my old friend Martha did sort of shame me into coming back to this asshole country. As if I had some sort of duty here. Any roots my people have had in this land are superficially placed in the genocidal apparatus that raped it to shreds. We're nomads for Abe's sake. We could be nightclubbing in downtown Kunming, but we wanted to do something meaningful. This system is an atrocity. Have I mentioned that? The fascists have won.⁴

This 911 hole is about to make my head explode. And I can recall the good old days, sitting under the gazebo with the former UN intern talking about that and Ashley Judd, me feeling like Jello Biafra interviewing Greg Palast for Punk Planet for some strange reason, but then she had to go and start getting upset with me just because I didn't e-mail her enough or something, and me, having had just about enough at the time of people I liked sending me irate messages filled with personal attacks, decided to terminate the relationship, which, of course, is partially Richard Oxman's fault with all his talk about only having so much time and cutting negative people out of your life or whatever the hell he was talking about, the bastard. I didn't even respond⁵ when she sent me the (semi) good news about China unionizing a Walmart a week or so later. Anyway, deeper and deeper it goes.⁶

If the thunder don't get you, then the lightning will.

⁴ As someone was saying at a recent birthday party off of meetinghouse road, what is it sixty years and they are already trying to pass legislation to make it possible for an Austrian to become president of the united states?

⁵ Out of fear.

⁶ Sherman Skolnick says, "Visit the extensive stories on the Red Chinese Secret Police, as they operate on U.S. soil, and with Wal-Mart."

essay #2

I came to-night to speak to you on the general strike. And this night, of all the nights in the year, is a fitting time. Forty years ago to-day there began a strike that required the political powers of two nations to subdue, namely, that of France and the iron hand of a Bismarck government of Germany. That the workers would have won that strike had it not been for the copartnership of the two nations, there is to my mind no question. They would have overcome the divisions of opinion among themselves. They would have reestablished the great national workshops that existed in Paris and throughout France in 1848. The world would have been on the highway toward an industrial democracy, had it not been for the murderous compact between Bismarck and the government of Versailles.

There are vote-getters and politicians who waste their time coming into a community where 90 per cent of the men have no vote, where the women are disfranchised 100 per cent and where the boys and girls under age, of course, are not enfranchised. Still they will speak to these people about the power of the ballot, and they never mention a thing about the power of the general strike. They seem to lack the foresight, the penetration to interpret political power. They seem to lack the understanding that the broadest interpretation of political power comes through the industrial organization; that the industrial organization is capable not only of the general strike, but prevents the capitalists from disfranchising the worker; it gives the vote to women, it reenfranchises the black man and places the ballot in the hands of every boy and girl employed in a shop, makes them eligible to take part in the general strike, makes them eligible to legislate for themselves where they are most interested in changing conditions, namely, in the place where they work.

I am sorry sometimes that I am not a better theorist, but as all theory comes from practice you will have observed, before I proceed very long, that I know something about the general strikes in operation....

There are three phases of a general strike. They are:

A general strike in an industry;

A general strike in a community;

A general national strike.

The conditions for any of the three have never existed. So how any one can take the position that a general strike would not be effective and not be a good thing for the working class is more than I can understand. We know that the capitalist uses the general strike to good advantage. Here is the position that we find the working class and the capitalists in. The capitalists have wealth; they have money. They invest the money in machinery, in the resources of the earth. They operate a factory, a mine, a railroad, a mill. They will keep that factory running just as long as there are profits coming in. When anything happens to disturb the profits, what do the capitalists do? They go on strike, don't they? They withdraw their finances from that particular mill. They close it down because there are no profits to be made there. They don't care what becomes of the working class. But the working class, on the other hand, has always been taught to take care of the capitalist's interest in the property. You don't look after your own interest, your labor power, realizing that without a certain amount of provision you can't reproduce it. You are always looking after the interest of the capitalist, while a general strike would displace his interest and would put you in possession of it.

That is what I want to urge upon the working class; to become so organized on the economic field that they can take and hold the industries in which they are employed. Can you conceive of such a thing? Is it possible? What are the forces that prevent you from doing so? You have all the industries in your own hands at the present time. There is this justification for political action, and that is, to control the forces of the capitalists that they use against us; to be in a position to control the power of government so as to make the work of the army ineffective, so as to abolish totally the secret service and the force of detectives. That is the reason that you want the power of government. That is the reason that you should fully

understand the power of the ballot. Now, there isn't any one, Socialist, S. L. P., Industrial Worker or any other workingman or woman, no matter what society you belong to, but what believes in the ballot. There are those—and I am one of them—who refuse to have the ballot interpreted for them. I know, or think I know, the power of it, and I know that the industrial organization, as I stated in the beginning, is its broadest interpretation. I know, too, that when the workers are brought together in a great organization they are not going to cease to vote. That is when the workers will *begin* to vote, to vote for directors to operate the industries in which they are all employed.

So the general strike is a fighting weapon as well as a constructive force. It can be used, and should be used, equally as forcefully by the Socialist as by the Industrial Worker.

The Socialists believe in the general strike. They also believe in the organization of industrial forces after the general strike is successful. So, on this great force of the working class I believe we can agree that we should unite into one great organization—big enough to take in the children that are now working; big enough to take in the black man; the white man; big enough to take in all nationalities—an organization that will be strong enough to obliterate state boundaries, to obliterate national boundaries, and on that will become the great industrial force of the working class of the world. (Applause.)

It is a shame that in our high speed world we do not have time to go back and [CRASH!] what was the word I was looking for? It is not necessary to reform—oh, this is impossible. I'm trying to write here. I never agreed to a sing along. Won't you please run over me. Won't you please run over me. Won't you please run over me. Me. Me. Me. Me. Okay, how was that? Whatever message we sent propelled us somewhere. Making revisions are necessarily out of context. Our work is guided by the sense that we may be the last generation in the experiment with living. Huh? CUBA

Ah yes. Now I remember. It was a conversation between a computer and his boy. And no ordinary computer. This was a true psychonaut, shedding operating systems like a [thing that sheds a lot] sheds its [stuff that gets shed]. How can we play this so that, whoah, wait a

minute, what's going on here? Amongst all of this it appears that we are talking about something a little bit deeper than your standard "how to survive as a human" mundanities. Shed the skin.

THE RADICAL READER

Okay, so I'm here, and you're here, and we're talking. Can we at least agree on this much? **DAY OF THE DOPPELGANGERS** I CONSIDER THE MIXES CREATED BY A DJ TO BE MOOD SCULPTURES

"Boo!"

DJ SPOOKY, SPATIAL ENGINEER OF THE INVISIBLE CITY

This is what we call dancing.

"Do do do do do do, do do do, do do do do do do do do. Fuck you, I don't need you, fuck you, I don't need you, oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh." ⁷

⁷ Hang on the box - Kill Your Belly (Yellow Banana)

essay #3

Contact.

The Revolution of Lowered Expectations was based on the idea that there wasn't enough energy to provide for the rising expectations of the masses. Year after year the message was broadcast: There Isn't Enough. The masses were taught that Terra was a closed system, that entropy was increasing, that life was a losing proposition all around, and that the majority were doomed to poverty, starvation, disease, misery, and stupidity.

Asshole, I'm not your baby.

Actually, the apotheosis of Furbish Lousewart V had been engineered by the same group of alpha males who had been promoting the Revolution of Lowered Expectations all along.

These were very cunning old primates in several of the most skillful predator bands on Terra. Because of the stealth and skill of these bands—made up of successful predator families that had been intermarrying for several generations—they collectively owned 99.4 percent of all the territory and resources of Unistat.

They only owned about 40 percent of the rest of Terra, and that seriously annoyed them.

The Revolution of Rising Expectations annoyed them even more, because it led many primates to argue that the reason poverty and starvation still continued in an advanced technological society was that *Somebody Was Getting More Than Their Share*. Whenever anybody asked who that *Somebody* might be, all eyes turned on these royal old primate males who owned so much. The eyes were not friendly.

Sometimes, in far-off lands where these royal primates did not completely control the governments, some of their boodle was actually seized and redistributed to the people they had stolen it from. As Rising Expectations had mounted in the first half of the century, this regrettable pattern of expropriation also escalated.

The alpha males of these tough old predator families did not like this at all. They therefore invested a prudent sum in promoting the careers of everybody who preached Lowered Expectations, from Ralph Nader and the Club of Rome to Oriental gurus and the neo-Stoics of the post-Marxist Left.

“FUCK THEM ALL!”

“FUCK THE BLOODY CAPITALISTS!!!”

High Density.

“I still say fuck ‘em all.”

Complete and Unabridged

Today’s Alternative Blind Dates

June 10th

Some June Bugs

June 10, 1985 French agents blow up Greenpeace boat Rainbow Warrior near New Zealand. On the same day, in ‘77, James Earl Ray...the alleged killer of MLK escapes. Now, why do people find it so easy to forget that European government’s conspiracy... why are they so quick to put those kinds of routine, illegal “shenanigans” behind them...and so slow on the uptake...to embrace the word alleged with regard to JER’s charge? And speaking of “charges,” what about the charges set off by someone (make that plural, if you like) to level that federal building in Oklahoma City? June 11th, 2001 Timothy McVeigh was lethally injected by The Powers... as the principal guilty party for the explosion. The 1995 crime posed as many (unanswered) questions as the WTC watershed events...which occurred exactly three months to the day... following Tim’s execution. Too bad more people didn’t read Gore Vidal’s writing

about meetings with McVeigh...instead of watching Mel Gibson and Julia Roberts compound ignorance with ignorance... presenting those who believe in “conspiracies” as being (like) the whacked-out New York cabbie of Conspiracy Theory, released two years after Oklahoma City’s Boom Boom. This June I’m really bugged about what Demme did with his Manchurian Candidate...along similar lines... wherein the updated version manages to leave audiences with pathetic patriotic points to rally around, essentially discounting serious consideration of “conspiracy theories” simultaneously. June 12th is not only the anniversary of the 1964 sentencing of Nelson Mandela (which the U.S. had a secret hand in making a reality)...but the birthdate (1915) of David Rockefeller. DR is important here ’cause I firmly believe that one of the main reasons citizens don’t give “conspiracy theories” their due...is that they don’t really know what a billion dollars is, means. All the predictable, cavalier discounting of such ideas is a function of ignorance. To “explain away” such notions because of the number of people who would have had to be “in on” a given plot is absolutely silly. Where there’s a will there’s a way... when a billion’s in the kitty. One of the weakest points in the latest version of The Manchurian Candidate is the fact that today...one doesn’t have to implant anything in a politician to get one’s way. Planting something in the back pocket does fine. And appropriate attitudes are all but guaranteed –and waiting to be plucked (from the f’d)– in our culture, by our institutions...for The Powers. I only wish Ward Churchill –during his recent national spotlight– had talked more about (at least) the possibility that the Twin Towers weren’t downed by foreigners. Instead of having his point of departure being something that The Powers want us to believe in very much. It is their Ace in the Hole of a fixed card game. Fold. And see what unfolds then.⁸

Sunday, June 12, 2005

Ideas & Observations

The fallacy of ‘lone wolf’ terrorism

⁸ This first appeared, to me, on my computer screen, web address: www.oxto grind.org, presumably written by Richard Oxman. Due to a glitch on the website, I did not read the posting until June 12.

They may be loners, but they're not alone.

Mike German

Is a former FBI agent who specialized in domestic counterterrorism from 1988 to 2004

The FBI has long maintained that Timothy McVeigh, who was executed in 2001 for the Oklahoma City bombing that claimed 168 lives, was the archetypical “lone wolf” terrorist and that anyone implicated in the bombing conspiracy is behind bars. But old loose ends and troubling new revelations about McVeigh’s association with white supremacist groups have led many people to wonder whether a wider conspiracy was behind the bombing that took place just over 10 years ago. Rep. Dana Rohrabacher (R., Calif.) is considering holding hearings to try to answer these lingering questions. What he is likely to discover is not a disagreement over the facts, but a fundamental misperception of how most extremist groups operate.

Most people have never been to a Ku Klux Klan rally or a militia meeting; you don’t stumble into one by walking through the wrong door at the dentist’s office. Chances are, you wouldn’t know how to find where a white supremacist group meets in your community. In fact, you’d probably be shocked to learn that there was one in your community.

I learned how extremist groups operate firsthand as an FBI undercover agent assigned to fight domestic terrorism. They don’t always call themselves the KKK or the militia; they sometimes use benign names that mask their true nature. They might wear Nazi symbols right on their sleeves, but they might not. They could be just a couple of geezers who meet for coffee at a local cafe, or a few young punks looking for trouble, or even on guy sitting in his basement chatting on neo-Nazi Web sites. But they are all part of an underground extremist community.

Occasionally, a follower of these movements bursts violently into our world, with deadly consequences—McVeigh, Eric Rudolph, Buford Furrow, Paul Hill, to name just a few. And all these convicted murderers were identified as “lone extremists,” the most difficult terrorists to stop because they act independently from any organization.

Or do they?

McVeigh seemed able to find a militia meeting wherever he went. He was linked to militia groups in Arizona and Michigan, white supremacist groups in Oklahoma and Missouri, and at gun shows he sold copies of *The Turner Diaries*, a racist novel written by the founder of a neo-Nazi organization. No one finds such groups by accident. Rudolph, who planted bombs at the Atlanta Olympics, two abortion clinics, and a gay nightclub, grew up in the Christian Identity movement, which identifies whites as God's chosen people and encourages the faithful to follow the biblical example of Phinehas, or Phineas, by becoming instruments of God's vengeance. Furrow worked for the Aryan Nations as a security guard before going on a shooting rampage at a Jewish day-care center in Southern California. Hill wrote of the need to take "Phineas actions" to prevent abortions and later shot an abortion provider.

Imagine a very smart leader of an extremist movement, one who understands the First Amendment and criminal conspiracy laws, telling his followers not to depend on specific instructions.

He might tell them to divorce themselves from the group before they commit a violent act; to act individually or in small groups, so that others in the movement could avoid criminal liability. This methodology creates a win-win situation for the extremist leader—the violent goals of the group are met without the legal consequences.

Actually, there's no need to imagine this. Extremist group leaders produce a tremendous amount of literature, including training manuals on "leaderless resistance" and lone wolf terrorism techniques. These manuals have been around for years and now they're even available online.

"Lone extremism" is not a phenomenon; it's a technique, a ruse designed to subvert the criminal justice system. McVeigh did act as a lone extremist, as the FBI says. He was trained to do it this way. But his act of lone extremism was part of an ongoing conspiracy that continues to inspire violent attacks to this day, and to close our eyes to this conspiracy is to deny reality. It's a matter of connecting the dots.

As an image takes shape, remember that these aren't the types of conspiracies cooked up by a few guys in a back room. But they are conspiracies nonetheless because they involve conscious

discussions, decisions and encouragement for others to break the law by destroying property or taking lives.

Blah blah blah.

Blah blah blah.

Blah blah blah.

Bringing to justice everyone directly responsible for acts of violence is important, but unmasking the full conspiracy is even more important from the standpoint of preventing terrorism. Lone extremists pose a challenge for law enforcement because they are difficult to predict. It's like searching every haystack for a needle. Perhaps we'd have better luck if we paid more attention to the needle factories. This is especially true now that militant Islamic terrorist groups such as al-Qaeda are adopting the model of leaderless resistance that our homegrown terrorists mastered so well.

This first appeared in the Washington Post.

“...you have to ask yourself, how far am I willing to go.”

What the Double-Cross experts had invented was the practical political applications of the Strange Loop. In logic or cybernetics, a Strange Loop is a set of propositions that, while valid at each point, is so constructed that it leads to an unresolvable paradox. The Double-Cross people drove the Germans bonkers by inventing disinformation systems that, if believed, were deceptive, but if doubted led to a second disinformation system. They enjoyed this work so much that, at times, they invented Triple Loops, in which if you believed the surface or cover, you were being fooled; and if you looked deeper, you found a plausible alternative, which seemed like the “hidden facts,” but was just another scenario created to fool you; and, if you were persistent enough, you would find beneath that, looking every bit like the Naked Truth, a third layer of deception and masquerade.

essay #4

How clever of them, although I can't imagine how they persuaded you, but of course a man of your moral principles would not be bribed, certainly. They just have convinced you it was for my own good in some absolute metaphysical sense, right? Certainly. You would not work for them out of malice, would you? You mean well. They all mean well, I know. But I am innocent, I tell you!

VS (10/6/99)

I do understand how rightfully angry some of you are with Chomsky. His position on the JFK assassination is patently wrong. His refusal to examine the evidence is infuriating. His treatment of us as imbeciles is unkind. But, nonetheless, I cannot join with you in your "full-court press" on Chomsky. It appears that you are eager to involve yourselves in a debate on the assassination. I have never debated publicly the issue of whether the assassination of JFK was a high-level conspiracy having policy implications. No one has ever been willing to debate me on the subject. That is not because I am a brilliant debater, which I am not, but it is because the matter simply is not debatable by Chomsky or by anyone else, if the terms of the debate are fair.

I am convinced that Chomsky knows at some level of consciousness, as does almost everyone, that the assassination of JFK was a crime carried out by the highest levels of our national security state. I am convinced of it, because in our correspondence Chomsky absolutely

refused to come to grips with the evidence. He took flight when confronted with incontrovertible evidence of a high-level conspiracy with policy implications. I am certain that he will never agree, as Jeff proposes, "to be challenged in a public forum by intelligent, thoughtful people" on the assassination. He has confessed to his ignorance on the subject. He has stated that he has no interest in the matter. But neither ignorance nor lack of interest has stopped him from pontificating on the assassination with self-appointed authority.

Contrary to what Chomsky contends, the military-intelligence murder of Kennedy is a simple fact that can be proven as any crime can be proven. But anyone who wishes to involve herself in U.S. politics cannot state publicly that she knows this to be a fact. When I started work on this case, I knew that I had separated myself forever from the possibility of ever having any voice in conventional U.S. politics.

On reflection I conclude that Chomsky is really not leading anyone away from the truth. He is merely providing a brilliant mind to lean on as an excuse for many on the left, who like Chomsky, choose not to face the truth about the assassination. For them he serves as a convenient rationalization not to speak out on the question. They would prefer to involve themselves in leftist politics rather than bearing witness to the dark truth of the Kennedy murder, and by so doing preserve their political voices. To speak the truth on the Kennedy assassination in our corrupt society renders one politically mute. Chomsky and the left love the sound of their voices, and will not have them silenced for something as unimportant as the killing of our head of state by the military and intelligence power.

But, dear friends, the truth about the Kennedy assassination cannot be employed as some of you apparently hope--as a mechanism for jump starting a progressive political movement which is willing to confront the true demises and utter corruption of our "democracy." Such a movement must see our "democracy" as a structure which finds the killing of a head of state for foreign policy reasons by the military-intelligence forces albeit regrettable but perfectly acceptable. Did I get that right, Marty?

Our "democracy" is eager to entertain debate about the mystery of the killing, when there is no mystery. Our society encourages this debate because the debate disguises the complete corruption of our politics, our media, our military, our politicians and our left. I choose not to join this debate, because to join it is to contribute to providing a fig leaf for evil.

Good people, right now Chomsky, the left, the center, and the right are all basically satisfied with the killing of Kennedy and its consequences. The empire is intact. The privileges continue to flow to all of us. We are free to criticize fecklessly while the national security state hunts around for another Kosovo to show off our bombing capacity, while we build our non-workable anti-missile defense system, while we continue educating the death squads through the School of the Americas, while we increase the arms budget, while we strip away social welfare, while we continue to describe the thrust of our foreign policy as humanitarian in nature though it never was, and while we continue to debate with Chomsky and the uninterested public.

I am sorry to opine that our cause will not transform this society. When serious politics in the world defeats our empire, and it will, then and only then will the truth of the killing of Kennedy be embraced. The truth of our causes cannot be a path to power in a nation where our satisfied people accept a "democracy" which accepts a military-intelligence cutting down of its elected president.

So, I cannot join in seeking to do what I feel would be a social wrong, i.e. to engage Chomsky in a debate which legitimizes the concept that the Kennedy assassination is shrouded in mystery. This debate, I believe, in turn serves to legitimize the state which killed Kennedy.

“You know, I'm not that interested in sustainability, really. I said yeah, because, like, are you married? What's your relationship to your wife? If you say sustainable, I'll say I'm sorry.”

You gotta keep punching. You know why? 'Cause that's what life is all about.

Come on now. We all know that's a load of shit. We haven't been punching for quite some time now. Ever since...and, you see, that is what is so hard to pin down. When did it all go so horribly wrong? And what does it matter? For the fact remains, when you get back up you'll start swinging again. But what about the people fighting now? And you're out there chip 'n' putting and shopping at electronics stores, riding around in cars. Living the life, you know. Stop worrying about your damned ego. Snap.

essay #5

Left behind, I've lost the will to try. We did it, so can you.
Anarchists against the wall.

**The more that you push it, the more that it's gonna bite you
back.**

HAS ANYONE SEEN THE IGUANA?

“Has anyone seen the iguana?” he said to the boy as the boy started to pound out words on his keyboard. These words were going to be the start of something new. The latest of collaborations that spanned many states and time segments. *“Out there, think about your distance, when you bring it to me in the a.m.”* “The book is an amazing piece of technology, don’t you think,” spoke the human. *“Out there, in the distance, when you bring it to me in the a.m.”* “Func. Recall” “Huh?” Zen poetry, I said. Don’t get locked up in a literal transcription. The mind seeps out, you know. “But whose mind *is* it?” queried the subject in an attempt to copyright some personal property. It is hard to believe that such a meaningless question has commandeered so much time (in a relative manner). Break on through to the other side.

Chapter 1: Chicken Fingers and Cherry Pits

“When your soul is flying like that, you can go anywhere you want to go. You can see anything you want to see.”

Egg timer. Blue lighter. Sand in the gasoline. What’s this about another stupid summer? We’ll be moving out soon. Don’t you worry now. Every little thing’s gonna be FUNC. RECALL. Huh?

I cannot recall the last time I participated in a meaningful conversation. As one who has majored in the studies of communication, I feel as though this should be upsetting to my ego. Just as, as of late, the more I play the piano, the worse the music sounds. Back to the basics? There are others out there who are not cowards. Perhaps you are one. As I have stated before, I don’t care if I can look back on these tumultuous times and say, *I* was there and *I* took action, just so long as there is someplace I can look back from and state that I was there and *somebody* took action and things changed. Direct action, if you like. But I must say, I wouldn’t object to finding myself in a situation where confrontation is inescapable, and not this moral morass of suburban hallucination I currently find myself. Oh to be stuck with nowhere to hide. Come on now fate, whatcha got for me?

What can I say that hasn’t already been said? This country is a

collective nightmare. To be able to act with a clean conscious is something I haven't had since I settled down and started paying rent. To be able to act justly is a blessing that I miss terribly. There is no freedom in this land.

Well, it's time to move on. Time to pack up our sardines and cigarettes and get on with, what was it, ah yes, the revolution.

Time sure is funny. Putting aside its fundamental nature as joke for a bit, what I really wanted to dwell on was time as cyclical. Rereading 100 years of solitude has got me thinking. I once watched a movie about 10 minutes. Time out of joint.

Yeah, I don't quite get it either. Some of it is kind of poetic. But I'm still not quite Hearing what you're Saying. Unsuccessful communication. I might as well be reading Dylan Thomas. I can remember a time where I understood the line from Repeating Island about how everything creole "flowed since the beginning from the source that was a Virgin who held everyone in her lap." The simplicity had been staring us in the face. Pitlike. I sure don't like segregation. There are those who, in this day and age, are fighting real battles. It brings tears to my eyes. It is time to communicate the world we want to live in.

I am the Beggarman, you see.

Christianity as Capitalism. You see, the garden of eden myth is the supposition that there was a time where everything (water, air, fruit, vegetables, stone; everything We *need*) **[editor's note: draw a table]** was "free" for the taking. Only it was not free, but owned by some self-sustained entity called God and these other self-sustained entities called Man were stealing from God. So what God decided to do was put in system a place where His property did not flow free, but was protected by Men With Guns and mediated access was allowed only for those that "bought" into the system. Eventually God would start instituting a sharing charge at various Northeast Philly delicatessens.

-Bellini (Snowing Sun)

And why isn't it good? Is it because it has not effected a world where I see no problems in all times? Show me a piece of technology that has. Add another dimension.

Reworking the myth

We were getting static from the World, well, various constructs anyway, imploring us to Work, the horror, the horror, so we decided to take the constructs out of the equation and turn them into Commodities. We would take over Production and claim Responsibility (Ownership) of our new constructs (Commodities). The original constructs still exist, as do the new ones. Of course, this does not result in a world without static. We have a problem of design, due to hubris.

-Air (Talkie Walkie)

The ancestors make it difficult for me to practice my magic with an unfettered mind.

Riot in the garden

Support the Resistance.

Mind control as metaphor (metaphor as mind control):

Feedback: I never liked you, but I wish I did. Wait for it. Bones are made to be broken. Who's going to interpellate this one? Anybody? Anybody? That's the choice we have. To ride the waves we choose to ride. I wonder how many people in this vast complicated city are at this same moment consulting the oracle. And are they all getting as gloomy advice as me? Is the tenor of the Moment as adverse for them as the FUNC. [RECALL]? I keep missing that one in the middle. But if you tell me there's three, who am I to argue? Let's get back to the video game.

Dali Beer.

Mystery Train.

To understand the music is [words]...

And what does any of this, may I ask, have to do with iguanas? I guess I'll try my luck again. But you know what they say about luck and drifting with no gas and no prospects. And a heart of gold. Life's a dream space cowboy. Excuse me, I've been rereading chapter 2. Firewater.

Can't judge a book by looking at the cover

Ok. I think now is a good time to take stock of my life now that I'm completely paranoid. Who can say whether or not I'll be able to regroup this time? My head is completely fucked. Oh well. I've learned my limits. Well, I got my ass kicked anyway. Time will be the judge of whether I have learned anything. So what do you do? Do you start over? Do you pretend? Do you play more games? Do you stay in the game? Do you have any idea what reality is? Hmm. That puts us at a little disadvantage. Paranoid and delusional. Whatever that means. I'm not sure when you started talking out your ass, but the bullshit is going to smother you. What the fuck does that mean? I don't know, but I do know that you are now scared of the future. You are frightened of the world. And that aint good. It's only starting to look amusing and that's only after about 15 hours spent inside your head with the Fear. And we know how fast that can all come crashing down. Well, you did want to follow your dreams. So, I do believe that the question remains, what now? Shit. You should have gone back and read your own words. It's all there. All the warning signs. Ah. All this choosing sides is making me dizzy. After all, I'm only trying to make everybody happy. Yes, those totalitarian impulses have to go. To compete or not to compete, that is the question. Why not just try some honesty? Ha! I've always maintained that I was a coward and that is no road for me.

How could this be a part of any greater plan?

Response granted.

cosmic astronaut

DISC ONE: Nice and Smooth

The only threat I've ever felt from an Arab is that of getting diarrhea, from them feeding me too much fruit.

DISC TWO: Murder the Government

People die every day. Herman Melville says that we spend an awful lot of time silencing the dead. A human dying in a "car accident" is just as dead as a human dying in a "terrorist bombing" (or one that dies from "natural causes" for that matter). The death by car accident is just as preventable and just as "man-made" as the other. Apparently, people die from hunger every day. Lot's of 'em. Why isn't everybody crying about that? It's because there are no explosions. The spectators gotta have their explosion.

DISC THREE: ???

Time to journey.

Ok. I'll be taking off soon. I feel like I used to before a hockey game, when I'd spend twenty minutes on the shitter. It was real good talking with you again. I love you, you know. It's the function of recall.

STATEMENT OF OBJECTIVES by Jacob Rosen

There once was a man named Jacob. He lived in many lands. All at once. He scoffs at the complete sentence. His punctuation is intragalactic. He likes wales. Also Whales. His maintenance of human relations is substandard. He is a friend of words. One day he decides to go to library school, for to be a librarian. Why he even tells people this all of the time, he does. He looked at your website and he liked it. He does not have any career objectives apart from overturning the capitalist system and pissing on its soft underbelly. Why is he a good student? Because he is a super-genius with double plus motivation. He is a perpetual liar to boot. Tell him to come to your school. He got a 730 verbal and an 800 quantitative. That's pretty good. One day I will revolutionize the entire information matrix. We believe in the free flow of information. Tear down those walls you fascist fucks. 500 words is a lot of words. I'm so tired. Yawn. And hungry. If only I had the fortuitous luck of attending a fine university such as yours I would have myself some needed *direction*. Give me accreditation. Help me fulfill my dreams. Help me fulfill my OBJECTIVES of which I have many. I hereby state that I have many objectives that are normal and good and make you want me to attend your university like a student. A graduate student. End paragraph.

Seriously, I want to go to your fine school and attend your excellent program. Why? I'm a people person. Also, I have many objectives. For the future. My favorite comic strip is the Far Side. My favorite movie is Taste of Cherry. This one swings for the fences, you can be sure of that. Send me an acceptance letter. You will receive wonderful karmic rewards. I can see directly into your mind. One day I hope to be a librarian so I can organize all of that information that exists out there. And make it accessible. To the people. Radical democracy. That's what we're talking about. That is our collective objective. Let's make a statement about *that*. Technology is changing, you say. We have to adjust, you say. Well I say that we should be more concerned about, um...Viva la revolution. [End of paragraph]

In conclusion. Vote for me. I'll make the best damn graduate student *you've* ever seen. I'm all about research. I plan on doing some in the future. I eat papers for breakfast. And theses, don't get me started

on theses. Who's a graduate student? I am. Have you accepted me to your university yet? Well, have you? Do it now. As Rabbi Hillel once said, Simon says jump up and down. Stop. Simon didn't say. What's your favorite type of music? Really? Mine, too! Did I tell you that I was voted most likely to be a good graduate student in a school of library and information science? It's true. And my career goals are really awesome. The end.

ESSAY #2

What the fuck do I have to do with libraries? Is that your question. You dirty motherfucker. I can't believe you have the gall to ask for such ridiculous informative essays. Fuck you. Motherfucker.

Almost one year ago, I was sitting in my grandparents' apartment, discussing my future. As they have been wont to do these past few years, my grandparents were questioning me as to what it is that I wanted to do with my life. And as per usual, I responded that I did not know. However, this time, as they went over their list of possible future occupations—doctor, lawyer, accountant (“You’ve always been good with numbers,” they’d say)—I had a sort of epiphany. My grandfather was surely shocked when, after asking whether I wanted to be an electrician, I responded with a simple, direct “Yes,” as it occurred to me, that, you know what, I *do* want to be an electrician. This epiphany, of course, led me to apply to your school of library and information science. Join me as I relate my future plans to unleash my will upon the world. It's your job, you know.

The original reason that I began looking into graduate school was for the specific purpose of getting ALA accreditation so that I could get a job as a librarian. After determining that I wanted to be an electrician, I decided to take the next step of finding out how, within this society in which I live, people go about actually becoming electricians. It was during this search that I discovered that I actually wanted to be a plumber...or a librarian, as well as what steps I would need to take in order to become one. But let's

face it, becoming a plumber requires a five year commitment, while becoming a librarian only requires an outrageous sum of somebody else's money. Worst case scenario, that load falls on the future me, but hey, fuck that guy, right. To become a librarian, I would need to attend graduate school.

I love libraries. Always have. Except for when I was younger. Then I feared libraries something awful. You see, my friend was killed in a library. Her name was no I'm just kidding. I've always loved libraries. Loved 'em something awful. The end.

I love libraries. I love being around all of the books, or magazines, or movies, or CDs, or microfilm, and looking at all of the different information. I'm like a kid in a candy store (assuming that it is a kid that really likes candy and also looking at different types of candy when she is inside a candy store). If it was socially acceptable, I would probably masturbate every time I entered a library. You know, while I was walking around looking at the books. Seriously. In fact, one of my career objectives is making public masturbation more socially acceptable. Hence my application for graduate school. The end.

I love libraries. I'm like a kid in a candy store as I walk around looking at the selections of books, CD's, movies, or magazines. I'm interested in collections of things in general, but collections of information really get my juices flowing. Then there's the whole issue of free information and sharing information and stuff. The communal aspect. I dig that. Yeah, that's the place to be. Radical librarians are cool. I'm interested in how we structure information. How it is made accessible. How it is organized. How it flows. Like my juices. There's nothing wrong with masturbation. The end.

I love libraries. I once organized all of my old school papers from high school and college, old magazines and books and stuff, too. For fun. If that doesn't scream librarian, then I don't know what does.

I once worked with the Philadelphia Headstart program, going around to the different Philadelphia Headstart preschools and doing computer junk. See, my job was teaching the teachers and the students how to use the different computer programs, as well as install programs, fix technical problems, and eat their food. This was informational and junk. That's for you Pitt. What are my long term

career objectives? I don't know. I hope that in the future our society will be so radically different that any "career objective" that I might write today will be obsolete. Let's face it, humanity can't go in the direction it is heading for too much longer. The idea of long term objectives or security is absurd and belongs in another time period. Even if we were able to maintain this society for another fifty years, I don't see why anyone would want to. This society is a pile of shit. Everything I learn in graduate school will be used to lay that shit down as fertilizer for the next wave of generation, assuming, that is, that we are not all obliterated in a nuclear holocaust or a giant meteor shower or something, making my participation in graduate school an impossibility. Because those are the only two things that might hold me back. Otherwise, I'll be attending your school, so you better get off your fat ass and go recommend me to your fat friends. Fatty.

Whoah yeah. Oh yeah. Everything. Everything. Everything gonna be all right this morning.

Almost one year ago, I was sitting in my grandparents' apartment, discussing my future. As they have been wont to do these past few years, my grandparents were questioning me as to what it is that I wanted to do with my life. And as per usual, I responded that I did not know. However, this time, as they went over their list of possible future occupations—doctor, lawyer, accountant ("You've always been good with numbers," they'd say)—I had a sort of epiphany. My grandfather was surely shocked when, after asking whether I wanted to be an electrician, I responded with a simple, direct "Yes," as it occurred to me, that, you know what, I *do* want to be an electrician. This epiphany, of course, led me to apply to your school of library and information science.

The original reason that I began looking into graduate school was for the specific purpose of getting ALA accreditation so that I could get a job as a librarian. After determining that I wanted to be an electrician, I decided to take the next step of finding out how, within this society in which I live, people go about actually becoming electricians. It was during this search that I discovered that I actually wanted to be a plumber...or a librarian, as well as what steps I would need to take in order to become one. To become a librarian, I need to attend graduate school.

Welcome To Paradise

THE ROMANCE OF THE NATION STATE

pending life ignoring the other ide of the tory. 'Scuse me, I believe we were *spending* life, were we not. Some people can't pronounce their s's. I used to have the same problem with my b's.

Alexander and the terrible, horrible, not good, very bad day.

I was born on a pirate ship.

The idiots are taking over.

Go on now, keep thinking your material thoughts.

“You little softies! When I was your age, I had to crawl 14 inches to the surface and back! Every day!...Through *hardpan*, by thunder!”

I won't beg you. Stop hitting me. I won't beg you. Stop killing me.

To do:

-Wake up

-Communicate

Sexy Boy

Well, it worked yesterday. I don't see why it shouldn't work tomorrow. So, where are we now?

1520 Enos Ln. Honolulu, HI 96822. Also known as Makiki. You've heard of the Akaka Bill, right? No WMD research on our campus. This is not literature. This is purely functional. Oh come on now, you need to reread your Fanon. chmod 777 USA <enter>

“Knowing through training, that if he wants to keep it, learning every day, he will have to dominate.”

DRUM SET

That was odd. Too many cigarettes.

Tut tut. Methinks we – sneeze. Oy veh. Cough cough. My head's trying to run off from my body. Me can't think why such'd be the case. Open up, ye rascals. Make way for the sex-economy worker-democracy. Oy gavolt.

All right. Let it simmer. Shake a tail for peace and love, why don't ya. World wide underground, ATTACK!! [tear it back]

Get rid of all the adults; cause: they couldn't take the strain. Hey, I'm only quoting the (international) noise conspiracy.

They sentenced me to twenty years of boredom for trying to change the system from within. Motherfuckers. What were they thinking?

to let my work begin. Sorry, we're typing in the dark here. would you rather us not write at all? Your wish is our command.

Comic spotlight: Dragon Girl

Slow down. Make less mistakes. Oh boy. You got it.

Well, you know what they say, some come here to fiddle and dance, I come here to marry.

They don't know it, but I'm here to stay.

Whatcha gonna do when the fascists come. Who gonna save your family. Who gonna save dem friends. We 're in crash positions.

So remind us again, my wise young friend, why is it that For a number of reasons, possibly based on reality, I don't think the struggle against global capital and the war machines it employs (or fascism if you like) is doomed to failure.

We are in control of the words.

And what of death? And what of it? If you want me to shed a tear for each being that dies, so be it. But more than that I can only do what we can do.

Hallelujah.

Sooner or later.

Your time is gonna come.

satori

As bored games go, I'd say, we're in a bit of a pickle. Your move.

Are you with me, doctor? Can you hear me, doctor? [instrumental; fade out]

STILL WAITING FOR THE GREEN LIGHT

987654321ignitionblastoff

Oh. I think I've found my [book by Granny Death in the motion picture Donnie Darko] book. Let's hope it doesn't end with an engine crash in suburbia. Hold up. Send that to the lab for analysis. On with the story.

“Revolutionary practice in any field of human existence develops by itself if one comprehends the contradictions in every new process; it consists in siding with those forces which act in the direction of *progressive* development.”

You settled in yet? Anyhow, we'll be in touch. Welcome home.

bombs away - A WORKING TITLE

Two many sandwiches. What? Beef jerky. Huh? Stop rubbing you're I and pay me what I'm do. I don't think we yet have the technology to make cents of these words. I know it's out there. But it's on the leeward side of the rock, out the way of the plow, so to speak, while we're sitting here facing the hurricane strength tradewinds. Do you follow? I'm afraid so. Excuse me, we've got visitors.

CHEAP THRILLS:
welcome to the rat race
(A Radical Reader)

A MOBY-DICK Publishing Production
New New Orleans, 2005

ARCHIVAL SERIES VOL. 23

Reality is shifting. It's nigh undeniable. And yet, all the while, the seemingly indefatigable approach into a cartoon universe has unexpectedly melted away as the chokingly *material* aspect of everyday life threatens to, um, choke us with vomit or something. But, like we previously reported, reality is indeed shifting, and as our universe drifts, we find ourselves pulled more and more *into the story* on a grander and more solidified scale never quite approached on our numerous marijuana- or mushroom-enhanced reality-juggling mental trips. Or perhaps we're just getting lazy. But know, I mean no, you know, know this, we're experiencing an influx of *palpable meaning*. Perhaps we are approaching death. What makes my body think that its sense of smell will do us any good in such a scenario? All is illusion.

We are living in dangerous times. My speakers are spitting out conservative radio personalities and, as enthralling as the paint specks on the wall no doubt most certainly are, we can't help but feel we are having a conversation with the devil-archetype-formation-structure-machine. We miss Yasmin. And we love her. It's all the

doing of that Bob Marley and his blather about cornerstones. We are engaged in a reading of the *Mass Psychology of Fascism*, put out by the Orgone Institute Press, which we stumbled across in one of our few unstructured ramblings through our school library. And our individual life couldn't possibly be more relatively empty—on its face. Someone once said that, wait a minute while my archivist digs up the material, oh you've got it already: If there is a unified theory, then the metaphor can be found everywhere. It depends not on your actions and the simple twists of fate you may encounter, but upon your holding the key. Science is a trick of language. Everything is illustrative.

Tonight we learn that time is a crock of shit.

COMMUNICATION

This may be your home. We are dealing here of course with a very subtle problem—how one person tries to find out what another person wants to know, when the latter cannot describe his need precisely.

ANIMAL CRACKERS

An inquiry is merely a micro-event in a shifting non-linear adaptive mechanism.

And in me, a giant network that includes me...is now connected to me.

Well, art is art, isn't it? Still, on the other hand, water is water. And east is east and west is west and if you take cranberries and stew them like applesauce they taste much more like prunes than rhubarb does. Now, uh...now you tell me what you know.

Life's so fragile, a successful virus clinging to a speck of mud, suspended in endless nothing.

It made a helluva lot more sense the last time around. The colors are still engaging, though.

Burn

Let the words go free.<p>

Shave? With what? In the background, while you won. Excuse me. I believe we were writing a movie review. As a reflection of our fucked up psyches, I'd say it was serviceable. As a representation of our ideals, of an example of something to strive for, I think we are still displaying tendencies to fall back into the, what, what do you want to call it? What metaphor do you want to use for the pile of shit that is your music? Sorry, I just don't identify with it anymore. Use the tools you got while you're waiting for something else to come along. And when it's gone, it's gone. Adios. Just 'cause we were young, don't mean we were wrong. --Rock for sustainable capitalism.<p>

Freedom, wipe those tears from your eyes. The world is talking to you. Sit back and enjoy. Stop listening to me. I'm releasing my slaves. And all I ask is for a half-decent ass-fucking. [The executioners willing citizens] <p>

When the chickens came home to roost<p>

Laughtrack (hey, do our bidding, we'll give you nothing and guarantee you nothing, die for our sins)<p>

How'd I get to be such a fucking idiot? Kick it till it breaks. What the fuck was I thinking? Fucking epoxies. Well, at least I've got the voices, yeah? I've always been good to you, right? To Hao: Smash the machine.<p>

This ain't no party. This ain't no disco. This ain't no fooling around. Oh, it itches. Somebody scratch it.

Pleeeaaaassssseeee.<p>

Ain't got no speakers. Ain't got no headphones. Ain't got no records to play [you are reading a bunch of lies]<p>

Repeat recycle remix mimic like the apes you are. You're nothing but a representation of the rhythm. (Girlfriend is better)<p>

I don't care how impossible it seems. Hey, nice to see you talking again. Come on, interact with me. But don't pick your nose. That's disgusting. Maintain the image. Feed the monkeys. Stop making sense. Stop making sense, making sense.<p>

Fuck the police. Fuck war.

You can take your insurance and stick it up your cosmic ass. I like to gamble...but not with money...all you can win is more money. Yawn. What? Yawn. You heard me. Well, what do you want from me? I've got no cigarettes and I'm tired of playing with my penis. It can't all be...beyouteeful. Things fall apart, it's scientific.

The color purple. Fuck. Love for sale. [house journal]

Well, I know what I like. And I'm not so sure we should trust it as a foundation for building a world.

Why is there no where to go on the Internet when you are motivated to make change? Nowhere. There are things to do. Obviously. Yet with all of this supposed freedom, why do these spaces not exist? Or, are they written in another language, in a voice that I do not hear? This is what I hope. That my world will die.

I hate fascists.

Daisy, daisy, something blah blah blah blah...on a bicycle built

for two.<p>

SAMAR

We're criminals that never broke your heart. And all we needed was a net to break our fall.

They say I never could keep my trousers up. What's on your mind?

This is the closest I've ever been to LOVE (with a human).

B or not, it's a comedy not a tragedy.

And like the cloud that turns to every passing wind, we turn to any signal that comes through (a love story). No we won't be needing reason anymore. DIGEST>

You're drunk. What? I said, when is it going to end? I said, why should it end? I said, stop playing their games. I said, I submit. I'll stay down only until I get up. Love and kisses. Been there done that.

I have begun to feel that there is no room for fear as an American. Not with this blood on our hands. No justice, no peace. For real. This is the time to be that metaphoric defiant and brave teenager, unafraid of your parents' threats and wrath. This is not about your personal safety anymore. This is about the safety of the world. This is about starving children. This is about the AIDS epidemic. This is about disease and pollution and the degradation of the earth for a few rich families. This is about American gluttony and American cowardice.

Fuck the farmacia.

So, what are the solutions? For those not willing to enter the realm of arson, I can only offer these suggestions from my own reflections and experience:

- Encourage kids to drop out of school as soon as they are able to. In the mean time, they should be encouraged to skip class, avoid doing homework, and steal from their schools for whatever projects they find more meaningful.

- Curfews, dress codes, searches, drug tests and surveillance should all be agitated against.

- Radicals should take a hard line on the question of adolescent sexuality. Students should have contraceptives and safe sex information made available to them. There should be a propaganda campaign aimed specifically at combatting all attempts to instill sexual shame or repression in adolescents, and, for that matter, youth in general. Masturbation, intercourse, homosexuality and issues of rape and sexual assault must be dealt with openly. Adolescents should be actively told that consensual sexual activity is a normal and healthy thing.

- The anti drug campaigns in schools must be agitated against, alongside attempts to medicate unruly students. The propaganda of the alcohol, tobacco, and pharmaceutical industries should also be exposed and attacked whenever it makes itself apparent.

- The myth that school is the only path to economic survival must be debunked. For the vast majority, the only thing that awaits on the other side of the diploma is more subservience and misery anyways.

- Student organizations such as gay straight alliances, clubs, newspapers, and regular pamphlets have their potential, but when they look to the school administration for resources, funding, or legitimacy, they run the risk of becoming recuperated and may be seen by young rebels as being "goody two shoes" or compromised (which, at that point, they are).

- Recognize that free speech is a liberal myth, and that anything worthwhile you say or do will suppressed anyways. Don't waste time fighting symbolic battles, or fighting for recognition or legitimacy from an institution you want destroyed anyways.

- Stop punk chauvinism! There are lots of angry youth who may be

into hip hop, metal, or not even identify with any of the subcultures currently available on the marketplace.

- Recognize that power is cunning and may offer many ways for motivated students to engage in projects, perhaps even under the guise of social consciousness, designed to bring them into dialogue with their oppressors and give them functions which are useful to the functioning of authoritarian society. Whenever something hip or slick pops up, question its source immediately. If it comes from the state or private corporations, then it has no subversive potential and should be discarded or attacked.

- Refuse busywork and humiliating punishments (or, for that matter, any punishments). For many students, engaging in nothing more than continual disobedience may result in nothing more than suspension or expulsion. Oh no, they won't be able to go to school!

- Provide accurate and well researched material as an alternative to the lies, misinformation, and cultural prejudices students may be taught in school. There are, of course, many other extra legal activities that students may engage in to liberate themselves, whether consciously or unconsciously. This article was written with the intention of debunking certain reformist tendencies that I see lurking in the anarchist movement. Dialogue and criticism is welcome at

PlanetEarth@universe.chaos

Subject: Yahoo! News Story - FDA Approves Use of Chip in Patients

&&

&&&&&

hello i love you (chipsrus@panopticon.org) has sent you a news article. (Email address has not been verified.)

Personal message:

chicken little, my ass

FDA Approves Use of Chip in Patients

http://story.news.yahoo.com/news?tmpl=story&u=/ap/20041014/ap_on_hi_te/fda_implantable_chip

Ripples of divinity? Are you sure you got that message right? Crystal mind, my ass.

FREE RADIO BERKELEY

Chuck D: "Make love, @#%\$ war!" When I went to Russia, you look at them letters and go, "What the hell?" Someone told me they're offshoots of the Greek language, it made all the sense to me. So the statement I was saying all last year when I was touring throughout the world was: "Make love, @#%\$ war." And I said, "Well you could actually say, "Make Love @#%\$ War," and say it without saying it." MJ: It's a way to get around the FCC too. CD: Yeah, if you want to pay attention to the FCC, if you want to pay attention to only one country. But if you really want to use the whole ballpark of hip-hop, it allows you to look at the FCC as being small-fry.

Pretty girls make graves. So do fascist police states. Better to stew in discontent than admit we're wrong. Our ideas, they die so quickly. This town has good hearts, bad blood, emotional scars. We all lie so well. Just a smoke screen. All day and all of the night. Tradition. Tradition.

Just when it hurts, you know they love to tell you, how they warned you. They say you'll be surprised at someone's lies. They think they torture. But if you can't stand the test, know your worst is better than their best.

One way or another, by 2012 we will know decisively whether or not there is any interesting or even possible future for humans on this planet. We are ruining and desecrating the biosphere at an incredible and unsupportable rate. The planetary ecology is crumbling at this point, as the climate disintegrates. When I wrote my first book and

saw huge sections of the Amazon that had been destroyed, systematically, to extract enough oil, in most cases, to supply the US demand for 3 - 5 days each, I knew that it was curtains for this present system. We are already in the apocalypse, and most people are in an apocalyptic mode of consciousness—either narrowing themselves down into hellish corporate scenarios or freaking out and stuffing themselves with anti-anxiety meds to become functional robots. Those who are going to make it through the transition are those who remain calm, spacious, open, and maintain presence of mind. It seems to me that there is a lot of subliminal preparation going around with the mass interest in yoga and various forms of meditation. Ultimately, both the Apocalypse of hell and the “Golden Age” of unconditional love and compassion are states of mind—and that is what the present situation is making increasingly clear. As the Buddha said, “What you think is what you are.?”

She wants a little more. And now you can't go home. Daddy's little girl has gone a little wild. You can put that baseball glove down, 'cause I don't play hardball. But you can keep those heels on, 'cause...I don't mind. That Peter Criss Jazz.

We need to take up the metaphor of revolution, for if we continue to use the frame of individualism, the stress of activism on the individual will be too much to bear, for the majority of a group of folks anyhow. Or we should make the decision to cut away. Like the city of the omelas, you know. Be up front about it. Or not. But beware the potent possibility of falling into the separatist track without a net to fall on (or hold us back). Or some such nonsense. Where are we to place our efforts? Where is our outrage? Stop trippin. Decide to stay.

Be prepared. Coming straight at you from the center of the universe.

JOIN US.

holidays are pretty long around these here parts. yeah, these here parts is crazy. crazy crazy crazy. ok. the end. love jacob

I'm still in china, in a new city, and i'm going to start a new teaching job this week. this is all part of my long term plan to go back to school for library science in Hawaii. I'll teach in China for a year or so, then, using U.S. government money, I'll go to school and learn all about library and information science, maybe work as a radical librarian (they're abundant, you know), or maybe move back to China, not paying the U.S. government back, or better yet, by that time hopefully, the revolution will be sufficiently under way so that the entire political landscape of the country--of the world--will have changed dramatically. whatever i do, of course, i'm going to feel that i'm not doing enough as the world around me goes down the shitter. of course, as some writers have suggested, maybe we, as a planet, are just experiencing the birthing pains of entering a new phase of evolution, a new global consciousness. Who can say? I trust that you are working hard, as usual, trying to make the world a better place, though I am very curious as to what you are up to specifically. If you ever have the time, please let me know.

Date: Fri, 5 Nov 2004 01:36:08 -0800 (PST)

From: "Jacob Rosen" <yakootz@yahoo.com> FPRIVATE "TYPE=PICT;AL
Address Book" [Add to Address Book](#)

And what happened to the rest of it? I'm sure there were more words written. Down the galactic spiral once again. Well, if anything is to have meaning, you know. Burn, baby, burn.

Make love. Fuck war.

the Movement

And there on the other side, in the middle of the other side, away from everything else on the other side, in parentheses, capital letters, quoted, read the following words, ("KID, HAVE YOU REHABILITATED YOURSELF?"). This is a song about Alice, remember?

If you want to end war and stuff, you've got to sing loud.

SMASH THE MACHINE

Hey Ahab, can you hear me?

RECORD CHANGE

If I had any courage I would pop some Melt-Banana into the computer, smoke a pipe full of salvia, and face the world. But, since I must have used up my last bit masturbating, I'll have to rely on the kindness of strangers. Talking Heads. Disc One. Pipeful of tobacco.

Fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa.

The river? In this weather? You must be o u t o f y o u
r m i n d

Same as it ever was. Here comes the twister.

Um. Mommy, Daddy. We made a little mess while you were out. We are the ones who fear nothing. Seriously. Sweep it under the carpet.

WORLD OF VIBRATIONS

Anyway, it's just a bunch of kids. And they're gonna turn out how they turn out no matter what you do. So you should just enjoy your time with them and give 'em whatever you got now. (Just 'cause it's your job, it don't make it right)

I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE...authentic journalists. What?

Come on, put that shit on ice.

"They cannot expect power in return for all of their hard work. If this is the reason why they are doing it, then they should find something else to do."

Hey, this is about The Movement, remember. You can take that waste and stoke the fire.

Stop talking, fucker. Automatic. Dali City. Can't you hear my [...]?

Oh, disable the cement trucks. You know, just because we can.

LIKE JUNKIES THAT HATE THEIR HEROIN

Start your own traditions.

Track 23: Mother wind died

We have no badges. We don't need no badges. We don't need no stinkin' badges.

Happy new year. (every tragedy is comedy, unless you are the victim, then you're just another monkey at the zoo)

Jesus don't want me for a sunbeam.

That was a David Bowie song.

Hello. Hey you. I'm talking to you. I'm finding it difficult to interpellate in this great field of possibility. Are we the Great

Peacemakers, or the Prophets of Doom?

Who needs actions when you got words?

That was the Meat Puppets.

What else should I be? All apologies.

Well, what have you got to say?

YOUR FEDERAL WoRK STUdY HAS BeEN REVISED

Shit. We're all in this together.

Before the war nobody asked you for a passport. Polly wants a cracker. Huh? Blowtorch. It's tough for a man to speak about something he knows nothing about.

It amazes me the will of instinct.

FORGET IT JAKE, IT'S CHINATOWN

Do you remember feeling any other way?

We will teach our twisted speech to the unbelievers. We will teach our blue-eyed men to be unbelievers. If you know it, you can use it. Only a fool could think someone could save you. You don't owe nothing, girl get running. IT'S THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE THEY WANT TO STEAL.

WE CALL IT LOVERS ROCK

We're still afraid to push the boundaries. I trust you've had more luck in the courage department over on your end. Movie reviews? How about comic books?

JUSTICE FOR ALL

The hardest button to button is the, wait a minute. What is this

connection to Djibouti I'm hearing about? Change through exchange? Paradigms. Um, wonders of nature. It's not about [...]. Hippies. I should have known.

Okay, so I'm in love with the girl next door. Purely clinical, of course. Goddamn that's a lot of voices to hold in my head. *Your head? I don't believe you can stake a claim in these here commons.* Oh, I didn't realize we've progressed to Chapter Three. Can't go back. Don't want to. And what's that about power? Fucking Ivan.

The thing I don't like about this particular rest room usage is that things never seem to pick back up where they left off after the break. No such thing as a time out perhaps. But, hey, how about my ability to form complete sentences. He's doing it for political reasons. Deal with it.

Out of control. I haven't been in control for some time. When it comes to [...] you're truly a democrat. Bookkeeper, my ass. The humor is superb.

Ripples of divinity. Fifth chapter. Dimension unknown. Gaining momentum.

Here we go. Higher frequencies. Let us inside your head. Step inside this world of vibrations. Welcome. Well, come. Wellll....

And she pulled out a giant bag of nuggets. I woke up to a redhead in a towel.

BLACKALICIOUS: THE CRAFT

That sure smells like shit. Gone Phishin'.

To boot to boot.

Whatever you do, take care of your shoes. Fucking hippies. Fucking cops. Fucking the fascist police state up its cosmic

ass.

Any advice. Chances. V for vexing. Tough to keep this movement together. What with the jazzy beats.

And now, in which direction do you want to go? I refuse to answer the question on metaphysical beliefs. This is not a zen koan.

IGNORE THE MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN (new roommates and old friends)

It's not about me. How cathartic. That might just make things beautiful. Keep the feedback coming, please. Don't quote me on that. Magic? Well, you might just call it a change of perspective. RECORD. Excuse me, I'm trying to speak so you can understand. But I really don't know that much about you, besides what we both share. All share. Perhaps. I'm in my room on Enos Ln. The dead end by the freeway. Highway. Nearby what some call Makiki Stream. I should have payed attention to the lecture about the capital letters in the Craft Store. What can I say? We learn differently in these parts. Let the voices speak through you. We all have a voice. I'm hearing the Breeders. And the computer. It's in the book. Smash the machine. [editor's note: that's a message from the author to the girl down the hall [editor's note: the author is not dead]] Dear Traveler, May you be a winner in the race for love. Happiness and success will surely follow.

THIS IS THE INFORMATION AGE, HONEY, WE CAN TRACK YOU ANYWHERE: Eugene, the Fall, and the Kids in the Hall: Is it Monday yet?

So I'm going to keep on in this vein. Hoping that, what? We're not a recursive virus? I don't even know what that means (and I'm not gonna make the effort to find out). I give up. Sometimes nothing is a pretty cool hand. Watch out for falling propagandas. Oh! I get it. I really do. Cute. Are we making contact here? I hate the U.S. (what are you going to make out

of that one? how about a world worth living in.)

That's what you get, mostly settling old scores. [editor's note: fucking poetry]

Well, we miss you here. Okay, I miss you here. Happy, what was it, arbitrary relative positioning of the planet and sun. Free rain, full on idle, and one man's day. [editor's note: we're trying to communicate where it is we are] [editor's note: we **are communicating** our whereabouts to each other] [question: has anyone seen the iguana?] [answer: I think it's in the second drawer from the top] [huh?]

A Boy and his Computer: a recurring theme (TIME IS CIRCULAR)

Or whatever. I'm hungry, let's get a taco. Potemkin City Limits.

Pop music. Love of symmetry. It's all a reflection of you.

Wow. That's pretty high. I didn't know we were at that level. Maybe I do love you. Whoah.

Bugs (Bunny)

Hello. I'm talking to you. Art eye fish all stimulation.

Japanize your ass!

During the Showa period (1926-1989) Japan had three different toilet styles:

[...]

Like a man who's been on holiday to 2050, I can't help finding the West a little, well, *backward*, especially when it comes to the body, hygiene, waste, and sex.

What? Body, hygiene, waste, and sex. I'm just plugging chapter one is all, and the discussion of the Super Dry t-shirt. Well, I suppose we can trust this source. Grave of the fireflies. I once had a professor who used to play the Dead, all the time. That fucking guy. That fucking girl. My oh my. 3-2-1-contact.

Oh, excuse me, are we having a conversation again? Pardon me, a moment. (songs of a dead dreamer)

Okay, so this is about the movement. Let me quote my mentor a second, and speak about beaten down paradigms and walking around in circles. I don't think we can keep blaming time for that one. Why are we wasting our effort talking about, oh, I see, these people don't see things how we see things. And what is it that they are trying to accomplish? Waiting. Waiting. Waiting. Anything? Anything at all? Come on, you know how I hate repeating myself in a repetitive manner. Will your world. Step on out the door. At least open it up. FUCK!!! Or you know, whatever. Stale old, well, come on, bring it.

Spying on the US Security State. Countermeasures for US Citizens

12/27/2005 10:45

Whew! Life is imitating art.

[...]

Will Americans become responsible US citizens? Will they restructure the US government? Will they return to the practice of public executions and torture? Will they destroy or engage the

world?

Find out at a theater near you. It's as close to reality as you'll get.

John Stanton

John Stanton is a Virginia based writer specializing in political and national security matters. He is the author of America 2004: A Power But Not Super and co-author of America's Nightmare: The Presidency of George Bush II. Reach him at cioran123@yahoo.com

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What's that? **I AIN'T NO GODDAMN PATRIOT.** Oh, that's what I thought.

SPINNERS, SALVIA, and the GIRL I LOVE (aw hell, so I'm a romantic, so the fuck what)

sOCIETY, don't bother me.

Fuck. FUCK. FUCK! Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Well, what kind of story is this anyway? Fucking lawyers and writers and such. Fuck. Put on Cer(r)illos Road. Oh, in case you missed that, that was, "El Rey! Son of a *bitch!*"

Golden. Party. Hot. So? Why not dance anyway? Any way the wind blows. Dump da dum dum dum. Well, actually, that's a pretty good story. It all started one day in November. Er, um, there I was. And, um. Fuck. Slowly but surely.

And why are we still wearing pants? Hey, as long as we're talking to ourselves here, why not actually communicate. This ain't no movie. This ain't no Broadway. Give the people what they want. (I'll tell you a better story)

Shoot shoot. Shoot shoot.

All a reflection of you? Feedback?

Come on, dive in. Surely you're familiar with the game of ping pong.

Well, in case you missed it, that one was, "Well? Thank you."

If not now, when? Fuck. Fuck. I can never get any -- fuck.

Turn up the heat. Close all the windows. Something's beginning to smoke. Let it burn. Ah fuck. What's the point? You know you're going to give up anyway. Why not just sit at

home and masturbate? If someone wants to help you out, all the better. Turn it up. What? You're all over the place. Well...I'm in love. Ain't it a bitch?

No need to identify with the voices inside your head. Hell, I'm just recording here. Have a grain of salt, why don't you.

PAiN MEDiCiNE (and crazy motherfuckers: a dissertation on pain)

I told you we shouldn't have brought him here. And...masturbate. I ruin it for everyone. All apologies. Should have left me to rot in the machine.

Underground. And not a lick of courage.

Have I said "Fuck"?

HEROIN OR SUICIDE

Fuck.

Sniff.

That was a reference to shit. Boy, I sure wish I could cry. Fucking ego. I just want to submit is all. Maybe it is time to, wait a minute, what the fuck am I saying? Glorious splendor is for the birds. Girl from the north country. Well, some of my friends *are* mathematicians. Beauty, meet salt. That's how the light get's through. [editor's note: fuck the police (just a reminder, you know)]

"It's about time we listen to Melt Banana. It's the least I can do."

Ventilation. I hate the U.S.A.

chinesemedicine

L9ve. Exploration: A *Major* Decision

Where am I?

FUCK!!

Well? So the fuck what? I'm drunk, eh. Potemkin city. I;m still not sure what that means. All I know dot dot dot that's what we're gonna have for breakfast. So there have been some missed opportunities. So what? Like I've said. And blah blah blah. I feel like such a [blank]. (tear rolls down the eye) Time to smoke some [...]. It's about time.

Trouble staying in the game.

What?

FUCK.

Who's ashes? Fuck. Excuse me. Fuck. Pardon me. Excuse me. Fuck. What the fuck was I thinking? Fuck. Of all the dot dot fuck dot dot dot. Change the record.

Let the answers surround us, but I'm not gonna crawl...

Broken Glass and Razor Wire

I don't care if yesterday burns. Stoke up the fire.

?help

Don't be a schmuck. STOP UARC

Here's wishing you a fantabulous day. See you soon. (I like to party fucking hard. I like my rock 'n' roll the same. Don't give a fuck if I burn out. Don't give a fuck if I fade away. Melt banana, melt.)

Here is the reason why I generally find repulsive the phrase before you take care of the world, you have to take care of yourself.

Academia Shmacashmemia

I guess that the more things change, the more they stay the same. Cycle, rinse, repeat.

-Hard Luck-

Wanda the Fish Says:

Don't worry so loud, your roommate can't think.

Ah fuck. Soundtrack: Modest Mouse This Is a Long Drive for Someone with Nothing to Think About Dramamine. Fuck.

I'm definitely, without a doubt, tired of this life. (We kiss on the mouth and still cough down our sleeves) I picked a helluva week to quit smoking.

Holy fuck.

I ain't never been here before. G-leaf. Scissors. No. Scissors. I said no. Senior working miracles. Various artists. Do you feel it now? Maybe a little bit? We are talking to you, you know. These words are colorful. Exclamation point. [temporary failure in name resolution]

Keep your eyes shut and live your life. Someone else will pay the price. Open up your eyes and speak your mind. Leave your youth far behind. Foggy eyes, why can't you see?

I ain't never been here before. Here before. Here before.

Bang bang. Bang.

New ashtray. Elysian Fields. The C.I.A. has planted something in our car. Kill the rich. Fuck the gods.

If you want to get on down. There are no fucking rules, dude. Headful of shit. Coloring in the lines. This monk is going to, I think it was heaven, yeah?

the PREQUEL
[section 4]

The Piano Ruler

From the novel of the same name by

???

Revised Oct 11, 2014

FADE IN:

INTERIOR ARCHIVE MIDMORNING. THE PIANO RULER

Opening Scene:

ALOHA Television Network
A Division of Farish Media

Aloha Ray:

Enclosed please find a BetaSP and VHS copy of our popular cooking show shot on location here on the Big Island. To date, there are 41 episodes of this program.

Although your current programming line-up may be set for the coming season, I would graciously appreciate a professional assessment on the program's quality and content as well as retaining this program on file.

I'll contact you next week on your thoughts.

Very best regards,

Mason Farish
President & Executive Producer

Shot: videotape w/ sticker reading If there are any problems with this dub, please call Asher Okada at McHale Videofilm.

ROBERT

You never know until you try. But that is not what Yoda said. Do or do not.

JACOB

What?

ROBERT

There is no try. There is only failed attempts.

ROBERT

Why do they always say silver comes up so clean? Does silver reflect things the best? Mirror mirror clear reflection clear reflection. Clear reflection from the silver.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

JACOB

(talking to Robbie and Janel)

So that is how you use this wiki.

PHIL

(interrupting)

Hello there.

CUT

PHIL

So that was a San Francisco show and I wrote them to ask if I could use the name and idea and they said yes. And it was very big for sponsors. McDonalds was a big one, because they wanted to be associated with children.

PAN to Janel and Robert

JANEL

So you should be reading backwards text.

ROBERT

So this one you see spells it out correctly.

JANEL

So this one spells it correctly, so then you put the slides down.

NEXT SCENE. CROWDED RESTAURANT, go outside, are you on the list? No, thank you. Walk across street. Order. (non-diegetic music drowns out sound) Sit down. Empty boxes of

artichokes, cantaloupes.

NEXT SCENE.

NEWSREEL

After receiving more than 700 applications, a team of researchers from the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa and Cornell University have selected six individuals to make up the crew of a simulated Mars mission intended to test new forms of food and food preparation strategies for deep-space travel.

The mission, dubbed HI-SEAS (Hawai'i Space Exploration Analog and Simulation), is part of a study for NASA to determine the best way to keep astronauts well nourished during multiple-year missions to Mars or the moon.

The individuals selected for the prime crew include:

- Oleg Abramov, a research space scientist at the U.S. Geological Survey Astrogeology branch in Flagstaff, Ariz.
- Simon Engler, a scientific programmer specializing in robotics currently on an internship at the Robotics Institute at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, Penn.
- Kate Greene, a science and technology journalist, amateur filmmaker and avid open-water swimmer who is a native of Kansas and currently resides in San Francisco, Calif.

- Sian Proctor, a geology professor at South Mountain Community College in Phoenix, Ariz.
- Yajaira Sierra-Sastre, a materials scientist and educator who resides in Ithaca, NY, and is currently working with disadvantaged school districts and communities in Puerto Rico
- Angelo Vermeulen, a biologist, space researcher and visual artist from Belgium

The reserve crew includes:

- Yvonne Cagle, a NASA astronaut and family physician who is currently on faculty and serves as the NASA liaison for exploration and space development with Singularity University in California
- Crystal Spring Haney, a small business owner, personal trainer and at-home mother of two from Kapolei, O'ahu, Hawai'i
- Chris Lowe, a space systems engineer from Southeast England who currently resides in Glasgow, Scotland

ZOOM OUT to reveal film projection machine in dark archive; Robbie and Jacob look at each other and nod

DISSOLVE into Piano player playing piano.

DISSOLVE into flashback of the past. Some scene from childhood. Credits and music play over scenes.

FADE IN: Girl in kitchen making green smoothie. Listening to music from Moonlight Kingdom soundtrack.

GIRL

Instant classic. This was an instant classic, the second it came out.

Boy is naked. Smirks.

Sitting down at table drinking smoothie. Girl is writing. Boy is drinking, looking at smoothie. Shot of table with a bunch of stuff on it. Pan of kitchen. Stuff on shelves. Refrigerator. Couple has no children. Some pictures of babies on fridge. Listening to music from movie about childhood fantasy, but childhood is gone. Boy and girl are man and woman.

Boy at computer wearing underwear. Typing.

GIRL

All right. Uh. I'm going to the store. Okay, later.

BOY

Okay, later.

Follow girl out the door into the car and start driving on the road. It is morning time. Sunny. Follow for a while in car, probably listening to music.

Boy at sink, washing smoothie glass. Looks over to compost bin. Finishes washing glass. Walks into computer room. Stands, looks at shelf. Violin, boxes of games and puzzles. Reads "Trivial Pursuit, What mighty contests rise from trivial things." Turns to bookshelf. Pan of books. Walks into next room. It is another room in another place. There is a

piano. The boy sits at the piano and plays the piano. There is a phone call.

McKommercial Story.

PERSON ON OTHER END OF PHONE
Hey you want to go to McKinley's?

BOY

Okay.

Drive. Stop sign. Police car across the street. Two high school girls.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL #1
Hey can you give us a ride?

BOY

No I'm going here.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL #2
Blah blah blah.

BOY

Okay.

Music playing: Propagandhi Fuck the Border. Nirvana Territorial Pissings. Discussion about graffiti and taking a shit on McDonalds. Drop off girls. Drive to McKinley's.

Next Scene: ???

Possible topic: Radio: Dan Barber on New Dimensions, priorities tv, internet vs. food. Class differences. Why not vegetarian? Breeders. Breed for flavor.

Priority because society is a network. The bodies are not important, but being connected to the network that keeps the machine running is important. We are completely unreal.

ON THE RODEO

I'm working at NASA on Acid. You gotta appreciate [Midnight Oil] that with all that's going on over there. They've got space ships and space cities.

Suspicious Minds Cover.
MAUS

Edgar has eaten all of it.
I have decided not to buy cat.
They had a lot of bad luck recently.

I'm from the future. 2470.

JAMES JOYCE

What opera is like a railway line? The
Rose of Castille. Rows of Cast Steel.

INT. News room. Newsperson walks upstairs to
Archive, but Archive is gone. Cut to Archive.

Young Brothers
Loves

Geek Squad
All roll by on the road. These are infectious
agents. There is an article in the paper stand
that talks about infectious agents.
Show the trucks. Then cut to newspaper stand.

Governor-Godfather.

PERSON

That'd give you some idea about the
scare. Yeah I would assume, but he pulled
it away.

3 backpacks. One talking to self.
Shots of under buildings, etc. Is anyone
there?
Another person. Cambodian talking to self.

The Funeral

I'm in a box. Flying through the air. In the car, on the road, the lizard told me a story. I'm wearing an orange shirt. More of a burnt sienna. A gift from my mother. She won't stop buying me shirts. Well, she's not *my* mother. She is somebody's mother. We're all somebody's mother. Remember that when you go to the library and complain about how that lady left her stuff at the public computer station when it was clearly your turn to use the public computer station. I can usually see a few steps ahead, but only if I squint, and then I tend to lose my lateral vision. But my most accurate compass has never been geospatial—it doesn't measure straight lines. Not like the tripodless surveying tool my father unveiled today. Well, he wasn't *my* father. But, getting back to the exigency of these words, my current problem is not that of reading the signs that tell me where to go. It is how do I get out of this box, without harming the other passengers as I do.

The box is a metaphor. A metaphor for the way I feel. As a human. Which is what I am, as far as I know. Sometimes I think it is possible that that which I am is only visiting this body of which I think is a human body. I mean, it is a human body. The point is, a metaphor is sort of like an algebraic equation. But it never actually expresses that which it stands for. That is why we have to mix our metaphors to create alchemical concoctions as we rely on the always contextual nature of communication to create endless permutations of meaning that I forget my point. This is why I like my metaphors to also act as a literal representation of historical fact. I am, actually, in a box.

The flight attendant was beautiful. She kept offering the passengers drinks, and saying things such as, "Will you be joining us for dinner?" I spend more and more time staring at beautiful women. And the nature of what attracts my attention is becoming less and less interesting. The obsessive nature of my thoughts leaves me little room for whatever it is that used to float through my head. It is like a pornography of reality. The inability to see people as an actor in a

future branch of my possible storyline has flattened my soul and leaves me surrounded by the constant blatherings of a droll idiot. But I digress. This is a love story, featuring the woman I love. It's the least I can do.

The flight attendant keeps saying things such as, "Ladies and gentlemen, we will be giving oxygen to a passenger. A reminder, no smoking," and running back and forth down the aisles. The woman in front of the woman to my right is reading a book titled, "Dark Places." Perhaps that's just the name of the chapter.

I work in an archive. I am the cataloger. We archive moving images. That is where I found out about the plot to kill the Governor. Ha ha, no. I'm just kidding, Governor. This is not a political thriller full of murder, intrigue, and sex. I mean, it *is* that, of course. You just have to read between the lines. Our lives are a metaphor. And that which attracts my attention is still like that cartoon about that cat. While I am a great appreciator of fiction, and especially fiction done well, I have a difficult time producing it. I enjoy the excavation of reality. And the challenge of giving names to a moving image.

My partner works in an institution whose focus is less on the preservation of knowledge and more on the maintenance and construction of pathways of access. We've been working together for seven years, my partner and I, in our quest to create a world that we both want to live in. It is not clear to me that my partner shares my motivations, but I've been told that she is the better half of our union, and I am inclined to agree. Although, I am not exactly an unbiased source. This world does not appear to be one I want to live in, but perhaps this is just the result of looking out from my current perspective.

What can I say about my grandfather? He liked to tell stories. He was not loud. He loved to teach. He loved his children and he loved the people his children loved. He always had stories to tell, if you wanted to listen, and he always had something to teach, if you showed interest in learning. My grandmother is staying at my parents' house, watching the surreal and depressing coverage of the real and insane bombing of occupied Gaza and playing computer solitaire on one of those touch screen tablets. She has a good appetite and there is plenty to eat. All of the cousins come over for dinner and I am reminded why death is one of my favorite times to be a Jew.

My partner thinks the third album will be her favorite. She thinks every line of every song is about her. Maybe she is right. Maybe I'm thinking about leaving. Computer blackjack. That is a better metaphor. And more historically accurate. It would be nice to have a partner for facing the difficult times in life. It would be nice to be part of a community. I suppose the consistent pattern of burning one's bridges does not bode well for my statistical probability. But I guess I'm like that ant that goes off in the other direction. Sure we are eating poison from that poison trap that will eventually kill us all, but there are indeed lessons to be learned from the well-traveled paths of our forebearers. Ants are one of my favorite role models.

We try to keep the archive in optimal environmental conditions, free from contamination from the outside. It is the job I had in mind before I became institutionalized, but I consistently voice my fantasies of leaving due to the length of the commute. The archive is far away from my home. It's my thesis writ large, but more and more I feel it is depressingly academic. The discussion is moot. And I fear it is not optimal in its service to the community. It is difficult to find a community that I want to contribute to. And to be fair, it is not so much a burning of bridges, as a lack of maintenance. It is a hard choice, that of knowing when to hold them and when to fold them, but it's like the song says, we are still playing with house money. It would be nice to own the home.

Secret societies and exclusive clubs all depend on the collective suspension of disbelief. Some rituals might appear a bit ridiculous under certain circumstances. And, sometimes, a performance will undeniably contain an aspect of the absurd. I have a sadness in my heart, due to specific choices I have made. I have always fantasized about coming full circle in some sort of magical juggling trick. Sometimes it is difficult for me to find the next key to play. And sometimes the tune just falls flat. At some point I stopped writing this story. At some point I forgot who my audience was.

But this is a novel, is it not? A readable novel. So let's carry on with the story.

The funeral was difficult. We couldn't all fit in the front row, so Robert pulled up a chair on the end, but we didn't sit down until the long line of condolences ceased flowing. Ben and I were consistently on the verge of tears. I used to cry so regularly. I finally

got in a good cry at the end of the second night at the shiva house, and it opened up rarely accessed memories of my past, the taste and feel of my tears. The Rabbi did a good job with his synopsis of my grandfather's life; it is certainly his area of talent. The eldest Mason delivered the most memorable lines of the service. And I looked good in my suit. My cousins and I saw the coffin to the hearse. Like I would later on, with the symbolic shoveling of dirt onto the coffin at the cemetery, I felt my performance could have been better. Too much going through the motions, and not enough presence. After the hearse, the limo, and the rabbi, my sister and I took the lead of mourners' cars in the convoy from the funeral home to the cemetery. It was an odd ride.

The return flight is longer than the flight out. I'm not sure why. I might never see that part of my family again.

FIRST CONTACT

M: Hi there.

Y: Hi there.

M: I am not sure if we have spoken before.

Y: I am not sure if we have spoken before.

M: So we shall begin to speak.

Y: I am not sure if we shall begin to speak.

M: I would like to communicate more successfully.

Y: Hi there.

M: Hello.

Y: Hi there.

M: This is the first step of successful communication.

Y: I would like to speak.

M: I am listening.

Y: Hello.

M: Hello.

Y: This is the first step of successful communication.

M: Once contact is established, I usually lose focus.

Y: I am not sure if we shall begin to communicate more successfully.

M: I have a fear of communication.

Y: So we shall begin to speak.

M: I shall be listening.

Y: Once contact is the first step of successful communication.

I FOUGHT THE LAW

Storytime. Time for another story. I am off to the archivists' ball. I am not sure if I am a member of the organization (that is throwing the ball). You have to be a member if you want to display your archival materials. I am not sure if I am an archivist. I seem to be stuck in a librarian identity.

She had legs that went all the way down, which is usually how far down legs go, unless a person is sitting in a chair. She wore tight pants and had colored toes. Her hair had grown since we last met and he had a beard. Did he used to have a beard? The dogs had eyes that looked at you, if you were me, which I was. I met the cat on the way out, eggs in the pocket of one of my oldest companions. It is the windy season.

"You were never mine," she said to him. Or was it him to her? I use electricity to mix my drinks. Can the sun do that? I need light to wash the dishes without wasting the water. Or I need to slow down.

lua

The law of fives is not a law. More of a rule by which you guide your line. Nonsense. We are either speaking together or we are not. Are you listening?

He imagined a ball of flowers, a three-dimensional globe of color hanging by a thread. No, he spoke of it, as if the act of speaking was bringing another entity into existence in this material plane. He shut his mouth, not ready for contact. He continued writing his fictional story. It was about the Hawaiian Santa.

The Hawaiian Santa

The Hawaiian Santa was a fictional character in a story, a story that is being written by a fictional character in another story. Some people, in different times and different places, are wont to celebrate holidays in their own fashion, in their own time. For example, they might celebrate a Thanks Giving holiday on a windy day in December,

shortly before the end of the world. At a celebratory party of no relation, they might request a story be written about a specific subject. That subject is, of course, the Hawaiian Santa. For the end of the world to be, in actuality, a point of contact between that world and another, in point of fact, the entrance of another entity shattering its bounds and thereby leading to its destruction, but only the destruction of that which it was, we shall have to imagine our selves into existence. I suppose anything is possible. Taking that supposition, let us extrapolate.

"Ho ho ho," boomed the voice as it floated up the creaky stairs. "I have brought presents." Knock knock knock. I could not quite place the accent, but it sounded like that Israeli fellow who spent the rest of the year driving around in his big white van, fixing cars. I awoke. I put on some proper outside shorts (though stained with drippings from banana trees) and decided to take out the ant covered food waste. "If you don't want it, I can give it to someone else." I fantasized about striking up a conversation in his Native language. He was wearing shorts, slippahs (probably), and a sleeveless Volcan Percussion - Hawaii shirt. He wore a multi-colored hat that covered the top of his long curly grey hair. I couldn't make out his expression through his large grey beard. He walked around the house and up the rock-filled driveway to his little white car. And drove away. Today is day number one. It is a fine day for a wedding.

I was given spending money each month when I was a cowboy in the desert. Nothing I needed required money, so every now and then I'd hop on the bus into town and pick up some music at the store with the orange bag and the icon of a bald-headed man with sunglasses. One album I picked up was On the Corner. My brain has difficulty remembering names from different cultures. I do not recall the name of the Nigerian drummer from my housemate's band that used to leave most of his drum set in our basement. Some things return in time. The psychic on the streets of New York had told me that this was to be an ambitious year. I took her message to heart.

Imagine my surprise when I found out that these same words came from the theme song to one of my favorite children's shows about the future. Well, sometimes it's okay to cry.

Radio show summary: it sounds like the Internet is being subsidized by [I don't know, rich Internet people?] in the form of gross overpayment for advertising that does not remotely correlate to listenership in other media. Again, public media is always better than commercial media. Quote: it just seems like a fact that it's free, so why would it be any other way?

I told the man in my mind that I would remember all of the details. What I mean is that I told him, in my mind, what I just said. He walked by me on the street of the library, after I had made a loop of hitherto unexplored territory. I forget the details, but he was definitely wearing slippers. Shorts, a t-shirt, a bushy white beard, and a Pacifico baseball hat. He had a backpack full of something that he wore on his back. I turned around to look at him and asked him if he would mind if I put him in the book I was writing. He said no, I mean, he said no, I do not want to be in the book. This conversation took place in my mind, also. As I sat on the bench outside the library, waiting for my ride to the Christmas Eve dinner, he walked past again. This time, he said, sure, you can put me in your book. I tried to etch the details in my mind, but that was so long ago now. He walked over to his car of a specific color (that I do not recall) and opened the trunk. We ate wonton and oxtail. The holiday is over.

It looks like there is a chapter on genealogy. The word chapter can be used for an island or a district. Also, a boat.

I am superstitious, but, if you are going to build a better mousetrap, you need to believe in something.

I've never written poetry before. On purpose.

Dylan Thomas is a cousin of mine that I've never met. Well, he's not *my* cousin.

He sharpened his pencil with the purple pencil sharpener. He felt he should be having more substantial thoughts, perhaps engaging with some sort of president. But he never liked war, and, he has to count on the fact that other people are capable of taking responsibility. Of dealing with their own kuleana. He was wearing his thick black frames, the ones from the drawings. He is in love with the woman that lives in his room.

Your dreams are so tired. They need some rest.

BANAL: predictable, cliched, boring.

Bland Bromidic Cliched Hackneyed Innocuous Commonplace
Fatuuous Insipid Jejune Prosaic Platitudeinous Musty Quotidian
Shopworn Stale Stereotypic Threadbare Timeworn Tired Trite Vapid
Wornout

Small notes from one side of an old loose leaf paper:

"The Golden Lagoon": We won ~~the war~~ CrimethInc blog: power of TV.
John Judge Mind Control. Letter to Dave re F177, JJ, agenda. Letter to
altpr.org: re alternative systems. 1980's oil book. 9-11 truth movement:
success is in the meme ..."the essential homogenization of a social space
and experience now uniformly modernized and mechanized (

[excuse me]

A note on magic. She said, "Something something something they
still believe in magic." He said, "It is not that children believe in
magic, they accept it. It does not matter whether or not they believe
it is real, it is that they accept it within their reality. It does not
matter what the cause of it is." Adults are under the delusion that it is
their will that "makes things happen." But even if your will
coincides with the reality you see, something else still needs to be for
the results to occur. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. Unless, of
course, the horse doesn't mind.

A note on words written. The previous previous paragraph, before
we were so politely interrupted, is the beginning of a transcription of
a paper written 8 years prior. The transcriber had stopped writing
after the opening parenthetical notation and opened an Internet
browser, whereby the browser immediately went to the
disinformation® website. The 12th entry down (JFK Conspiracy
Theorists Want Mainstream Acceptance For 50th Anniversary) was
on an article from the Wall Street Journal. Visible quote: "It's absurd
to move the discussion of his death to another moment," said John
Judge, executive director of the Coalition on Political Assassinations,
a Washington, D.C., nonprofit that studies 1960s murders of public

figures. "Our First Amendment rights are being violated." Point being, I don't know. Rabbit holes are for rabbits. That said, there is no excuse for injustice.

The latest argument I am receiving, by voices I respect, shall be summed up thusly. My analysis of reality has not changed. My value judgment on this reality has not changed. However, I now no longer advocate for events (past, present, or future) that will cause this reality to end, because the alternative will place us (read me) in a much worse place. It is good to keep in mind some perspective on "how bad things are" in relation to "how bad things could be." However, also keep in mind that the place you are living in is not necessarily the place others are living in. If we are to believe certain things as true, that others are living in specific conditions that are quite like hell, then we must be willing to join in the struggle against the perpetuation of our current reality. We need to keep in mind the possibilities of "what can go wrong," we need to be willing to organize, but we cannot let the fear of losing our privilege affect our ideals. One advantage Cuba had, after their own personal crash, was that they never left the identity of living inside of a revolution, of working together, towards something. I once read that the Americas were ungovernable (who said this, Bolivar?). Perhaps it is time to once again to clarify our union as a combination of different states, all moving together in solidarity. Anyway, the question remains, how can we move to the place we want to be?

where the generation gap passes between the models of the products rather than between the ecologies of their users), and the triumphant achievement of the kind of standardization and conformity feared and fantasized in the 1950s but now clearly no longer a problem for the people successfully molded by it (and who can no longer even recognize or thematize it as such." p.366 "if catastrophic "near-future" visions of, say, overpopulation, famine, and anarchic violence are no longer as effective as they were a few years ago, the weakening of these effects and of the narrative forms that were designed to produce them is not necessarily due only to overfamiliarity and overexposure, or rather, this last is perhaps also to be seen as a modification in our relationship to those imaginary near futures, which no longer strike us with the horror of otherness and radical difference..." 285-286 **Game of relativity**

"...explains the universal triumph of what Sloterdijk calls "cynical reason" in the omnipresent consumerism of the postmodern today. It is therefore no wonder that such profound disillusionment with political praxis should result in the popularity of the rhetoric of market abnegation and the surrender of human freedom to a now lavish invisible hand." -274 "We must therefore also posit another type of consumption[: consumption of the very process of consumption] itself, above and beyond its content and the immediate commercial products. [It is necessary to speak of a kind of technological bonus of pleasure afforded by the new machinery and, as it were, symbolically reenacted and ritually devoured at each session of official media consumption itself.]" -276

"...against using genre to depict historical...stories." He said this to his mother. He forgot he was writing a readable novel. The soundtrack was by a band that named themselves Modest Mouse. His first impression was a reference to Mighty Mouse, his favorite television show—as a child (relatively speaking). Transcription of the past is a paying job. A paying job is not what he dreams of. He has many stories involving modest mouses, some of which are written down in this book, depending on where you draw the boundaries. The soundtrack is also by a band that named themselves Hang on the Box. For a time, he used to claim that this was his favorite band.

And what of the Sabbath? said the thought in his head. The Sabbath is just another day. One time, in the basement, he coined the term rollercoaster music. It had value in as much as its use.

"But what is clear throughout the conservative tradition is its motivation by fear and by anxieties in which civil war or urban crime are themselves mere figures for class struggles. The market is thus Leviathan in sheep's clothing: its function is not to encourage or perpetuate freedom (let alone freedom of a political variety) but rather to repress it; and about such visions, indeed, one may revive the slogans of the existential years - the fear of freedom. The flight from freedom. Market ideology assures us that human beings make a mess of it when they try to control their destinies ("socialism is impossible") and that we are fortunate in possessing an interpersonal mechanism - the market - which can substitute for human hubris and planning and replace human

decisions all together. We only need to keep it clean and well oiled, and it now - like the monarch so many centuries ago - will see to us and keep us in line." -273 "The moral would now seem to be that the worst is better than nothing at all, and that nightmares are a welcome relief from the work week. There is in Kafka a hunger for the sheer event as such in a situation in which it seems as rare as a miracle; in his language, an avidness to register, in a virtually musical economic notation, the slightest tremors in the life world that might betray the faintest presence of something "taking place." This appropriation of the negative by a positive, indeed Utopian, force that wraps itself in its wolf's clothing, is scarcely psychologically unfamiliar; it is for example well-known, to cite a more post-contemporary malady, how the deeper satisfaction afforded by paranoia and its various delusions of persecution and espionage lies in the reassuring certainty that everyone is always looking at you all the time!" -309

I am thinking about leaving. It is a shame, but I grow tired living for others. I still tend to think it is a misperception of weights that do not need to be carried. Like the New Years party of, fuck if I know what year, when my sister played the game where she had the other children go under a blanket in my parents' bedroom. They were on a desert island and it was very hot and getting hotter. What do they do? It was a lesson, see. People thought that removing items of clothing was the best way to cool down, but they forgot, see, that they were covered by a blanket. The best thing to do is take off the blanket. I first wrote down this story in elementary school, and my sister was upset, as if I shared private information. Perhaps she thought that it would be misperceived and cause trouble, however, I saw only the valuable lesson. My sister always shared her lessons. I wish Annie would stop coughing. I do not think I misrepresented myself. I yam what I yam.

Human Librarian

He decided that a trip to Nā Mea Hawai‘i was just the place to run down the Native Books book budget. It was time to get dressed.

My Kuleana, if you want my Mana

Your mission, if you choose to accept it, is to create a world we all want to live in, with an emphasis on the destruction of the U.S. empire.

Peace and Love, Jake

P.S. I apologize for my funny accent.

Annie and Jacob House Planner

2009
The Appointment Book

Plans For 2009
March
Megan visits!

January 2009

6 Tuesday
10
Census test

7 Wednesday
8
annie@HSL : 8-12

9 Friday
8
AT @ HSL : 8-5

10 Saturday
AT @ HSL : 8-5

13 Tuesday
6
at - pottery 6:30-9:30

14 Wednesday
8
at - HSL 8-12

16 Friday
8
at - HSL 8-5

17 Saturday
at - HSL 8-5

21 Wednesday
4
Sig @ Punahou talk 4pm

29 Thursday
12
Sig @ Bio. Center
7
Megan + Mom arrive!

May 2009
31
Beach Walk. 9:30 AM

August 2009

8 Saturday
Julie + Julia 5:20 pm

9 Sunday
Go to Maunawili.
Return to Manoa.

10 Monday
Annie works all day.
Jacob goes to credit union.

11 Tuesday
Annie works all day.

12 Wednesday
Annie goes to Portland.

Ladies Auxiliary (Sustainability and Maintenance)

Oh the ladies auxiliary, its a good aux
about the best aux that you ever did see
so if you need an aux see the ladies aux
thats the ????

[Applause]

Sustainability and Maintenance

Sustaining and maintaining sound, to me, like the same thing. A maintenance department, and a facilities team, that does the work of facilitating and maintaining, does not need an office of sustainability parachuted down to give them lectures, and order them around (objectively or subjectively), even if done with the best of intentions and the most genuine of smiles. A committee on sustainability needs to include representatives from all parties involved or interested in the maintenance of facilities and grounds. Ideally, we are all working towards the same thing, but inside of an arbitrary organization, that one joined because it was "a job", where people are compensated at grossly unequal levels, seeing from the same point of view is a complicated process. Addressing the needs of sustainability can not be limited to compost and gardens, but must include discussions of fair compensation and benefits that bring everyone to the table. Solidarity, forever.

Introduction

THE CHRONICLE of humankind's cruelty to fellow humans is a long and sorry tale. But if it is true that even in such horror tales there are degrees of ruthlessness, then few atrocities in world history compare in intensity and scale to the Rape of Nanking during World War II.

Americans think of World War II as beginning on December 7, 1941, when Japanese carrier-based airplanes attacked Pearl Harbor. Europeans date it from September 1, 1939, and the blitzkrieg assault on Poland by Hitler's Luftwaffe and Panzer divisions. Africans see an even earlier beginning, the invasion of Abyssinia by Mussolini in 1935. Yet Asians must trace the war's beginnings all the way back to Japan's first steps toward the military domination of East Asia—the occupation of Manchuria in 1931.

Just as Hitler's Germany would do half a decade later, Japan used a highly developed military machine and a master-race mentality to set about establishing its right to rule its neighbors. Manchuria fell quickly to the Japanese, who established their government of Manchukuo, ostensibly under their puppet, the

deposed emperor of China, but in fact run by the Japanese military. Four years later, in 1935, parts of Chahar and Hopeh were occupied; in 1937 Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, and finally Nanking fell. The decade of the thirties was a hard one for China; indeed, the last Japanese would not be routed from Chinese soil until the end of World War II in 1945.

No doubt, those fourteen years of domination by the Japanese military were marked by countless incidents of almost indescribable ruthlessness. We will never know everything that happened in the many cities and small villages that found themselves prostrate beneath the boot of this conquering force. Ironically, we do know the story of Nanking because the some foreigners witnessed the horror and sent word to the outside world at the time, and some Chinese survived as eyewitnesses. If one event can be held up as an example of the unmitigated evil lying just below the surface of unbridled military adventurism, that moment is the Rape of Nanking. This book is its story.

-Iris Chang

Hidden Song (from that band from Taiwan on the album with the bear cover)

So sorry. Old habits die hard. I think their name is Bad Daughter.

Always outnumbered, never Outgunned, The Prodigy

We're getting married (metaphorically, in reality)

Words and phrases from Del the Funky Homosapien : Help me out. Melt banana is still(?) my favorite band. Venus is a breath of fresh air.

Excuse me, I have been forgetting the [hyperlinks](#).

We'll fuck the prison state, assassinate the magistrate. We'll burn their fucking prisons down.

-Leftover Crack

Building trust and letting others have a turn (learning to play in a band)

I forget, were we trying to build some kind of lasting structure or were we poking our head down a rabbit hole? Well, I misspoke when I said, it was white supremacists and survivalists. That is who it would be made to look like. But, seriously folks, the purpose of these events is simply to scare the shit out of you. And then they do what they want. And who is they? Probably some specific individuals sitting atop a pyramid scheme. It does not matter who they are, only, if you come across them, you probably want to let everybody else know. There is no reason for you not to share your knowledge (except for fear). But, you are a person of faith, are you not? So, have a little. Everybody lives and everybody dies. Let us take that as our starting point. What are you afraid of? That there are people playing you for a fool? That there are people consciously causing suffering and misery, simply for their own gain? And that you know them, and at some point, in some small way, might have benefited from their actions? Well, if we are acknowledging that something is wrong, let us stop enabling the existence of that thing. Um, da kine. Accept what was, and move on in a direction that you want to go.

End of the Rainbow

A looking Glass Pictures/Trans Europe Film Production

"End of the Rainbow shows the cultural fault lines between mines and communities but also the range of actors who help negotiate these fault-lines. It gives a good feel for many issues that could be productively elaborated in class or activist discussions."

I think it is a reference to that pot-o-gold at the end of the rainbow, do not you know? Why cannot you fuckers just be happy with the pretty colors? Ha ha. Let's get back to the novel.

They awoke in the middle of the night. Directly in between what comes before and after. The noise was loud. Louder than the wind and the rain that had been blowing and falling throughout these many days. Some kind of machine, it was. She got out of bed, did

something. "What are they doing? It is so loud," she might have said. "They are filling something," he said. He actually said this. Literally. How he knew, he did not know. But he was correct, in a manner of speaking. The noise continued. He got up and put on his green pants. His cow shit pants, the pants that came from the truck in the desert that Avraham drove. He walked outside. Up the driveway of rocks and stones and grass, around the corner at the edge of the wall, down the path through the language school, and down towards the street. By this time, he had already surmised what was occurring. The Mexican restaurant had "restrooms" for "men" and for "women". He remembers when they painted the signs on the door. A large humanless truck was parked outside. It was sucking the shit out of the ground through a tube. He walked past the restaurant, and onto the street. There was a clear sky of stars, peeking through the clouds. He took a breath. It smelled like shit. He smiled. He walked back towards the house, stopped, and looked through the trees. He saw a human in a suit, gas mask and all, tending to the cesspool and the tube. Don't hurry on my part, he thought to the human, I was just checking to see what was making all that noise. I'll be done shortly, was the response he received in his head. Slow down and take a look at your own shit. Stop treating the garbage can in your house like a landfill. It is part of your house.

So I had a bad reference interview yesterday. Here is the back story. I was in the archive and I said to Robbie, I think I am going to borrow a Reading Rainbow DVD from upstairs, because I would like to be literate. I see so many rainbows, I said, I would like to know how to read them. I walked upstairs. Browsing, browsing. I walked downstairs with two movie cases, End of the Rainbow and a Reading Rainbow episode on Deserts. After watching the episode, we discovered that we were given, not the episode on Deserts, but the episode on math and counting. We enjoyed the episode and learned much. I saw footage of Giants stadium (of which I have my own stories), The New York Public Library (with the statue of the lion), and learned about one million. I asked Robbie if I should tell the person at the circulation desk about the discrepancy between the disc and the case. He said yes. I said, um, the DVD and the case are different. They don't match. But I am done with it. Thanks. And ran away. I could do better. Here is one possibility. Oh, the movie

was very good. It was about math and counting and hot dogs and giant rolls of toilet paper (millions of them?). Oh, by the way, I noticed that the numbers on the disc and on the cover do not match. That last bit might even be unnecessary. She would have enough information, at that point, if she was interested in paying attention, to figure it out for herself. And that is how one learns. For the question to Robbie was not so specific. It was a general question, if you have a student, who gives you an answer that is not the answer you were looking for, but is an answer that gives you a pleasurable, enlightening experience nonetheless, should you tell that student about the mistake (which is only a mistake from a narrow perspective). How do you teach? There is only one way to measure outcomes. And that is by judging their effect in the local community. The only way to know this effect is to discuss it, and the only way to discuss it is to make everything that affects the public, public. There are reasons not to share with others. But if a group of we is deciding not to share, the reasons for this should be clear for the entire group of we. [A note on Sartre's introduction to *The Wretched of the Earth*. For whom are we writing? Is there a difference between the intent of these words and the discussion of the U.S. not sharing technological information with China? Can I claim, like the U.S. Supreme court case in *Bush v. Gore* that this ruling can only be applied to the one case, and no other? Or, is it more like Ann Hansen's discussion of tactics, that the intent determines the moral value of an action? These words can be read in a way that I have not written, only depending on where your allegiances lie. Stop identifying with the U.S. empire, please.]

And he turned on the rhythmbox. And he listened to a cover of that Beatles song, *We Can Work It Out*.

One message he received from the movie was that we have been building our own prisons. In a manner in which it is not clear that we are doing so. The work is not *so* bad, and the structures, in and of themselves, do not necessarily resemble prisons (that we have seen, anyway), and there are some rewards. But make no mistake, these technologies that are being parachuted in are technologies of control and extraction. But anyway, he also remembers this (thanks to the technology of the book, a tech that, in the Fanonian sense of bridge-

building, is capable of being ingested by the nation):

From the apocalypse to chaos

I can isolate with frightening exactitude—like the hero of Sartre's novel—the moment at which I reached the age of reason. It was a stunning October afternoon, years ago, when the atomization of the meta-archipelago under the dread umbrella of nuclear catastrophe seemed imminent. The children of Havana, at least in my neighborhood, had been evacuated; a grave silence fell over the streets and the sea. While the state bureaucracy searched for news off the shortwave or hid behind official speeches and communiqués, two old black women passed "in a certain kind of way"; I will say only that there was a kind of ancient and golden powder between their gnarled legs, a scent of basil and mint in their dress, a symbolic, ritual wisdom in their gesture and their gay chatter. I knew then at once that there would be no apocalypse. The swords and the archangels and the beasts and the trumpets and the breaking of the last seal were not going to come, for the simple reason that the Caribbean is not an apocalyptic world; it is not a phallic world in pursuit of the vertical desires of ejaculation and castration. The notion of the apocalypse is not important within the culture of the Caribbean. The choices of all or nothing, for or against, honor or blood have little to do with the culture of the Caribbean. These are ideological propositions articulated in Europe which the Caribbean shares only in declamatory terms, or, better, in terms of a first reading. In Chicago a beaten soul says: "I can't take it any more," and gives himself up to drugs or to the most desperate violence. In Havana, he would say: "The thing to do is not die," or perhaps: "Here I am, fucked but happy."

-The Repeating Island (Second Edition) page 10

The One That I Love Best (With Blasphemy So Heartfelt)

So that is the end of the end of the rainbow, I guess. Make sure you watch the extended version.

Gold Mine Guttled by *Bright Eyes* from *Digital Ash In A Digital Urn*

Notes for the Waste Mana

- This is what the archive poops out.
- This is what the cafeteria poops out.
- This is what the assistant archivist poops out.
- These are the humans that I see managing the waste.

Credits:

English Dictionary: Dictionary 3.4.0

...But...always end with the verse, Union Union are we. Lee Hayes...Almanac Singer...only group he ever knew that rehearsed on the stage...Weavers...Babysitters, they made some of the best children's records...

See note above (and below), re: audience.

Ah, a pop song. Donde Estas Corazon.

Yes, I do believe they said banana.

I love you.

The Cataloger

The cataloger wrote words on the screen. The cataloger was recording ripples of divinity. At 4:52 in the arbitrary time designation. The words in the database did not match the music in her ears. Ain't nobody that can sing like me. He heard a violin. It is not the saddest music, but the most expressive of emotion. He was tired of work. He was tired of the current direction, the direction of the current. She was ready for real change. And this time, it wasn't personal.

Gay Rude Boys United and Take Back the Dance-hall *Leftover Crack*

The Competition *Kimya Dawson*

Sea of Love *Cat Power*

Well, that'll have to do. I hope you received the message and all that. He prepared for his entrance into his room, where she imagined laying down on the bed, reading a book. A book about trains. Of thought.

She was away at a movie. With her mother. I stuck my pinky in my ear because the reception was...unclear. You beautiful bastard, said the rhythmbox, as he started to become, what is the word, comfortable. Except for the slight pain in his back. His gender pronouns had not shifted for at least one paragraph. He is attempting to communicate with everyone.

When he says things such as, he misses Yasmine, he is being honest about simply felt feelings. Thesis: you can learn to love again. As per before, we were writing for fuel. We were writing for direction. We were writing to place our story on top of the world. We are trying to remember that there is one world, and many stories. I care, I guess. I'm so sorry. I care.

Re: Happy MLK Day

Oh, you do have a way of getting me started on my quasi philosophical/responsibility to global humanity rants. So I am going to assume you knew what you were getting yourself into and launch right in...

I too share your frustration with the world, and impatience for change, but raise you an "i don't know what the fuck to do about it." And not for lack of trying to sort it out. I have once AGAIN left movement work/organizing and returned to the field of social services. I continue to find, despite the rhetoric of change and the empty words of male executive directors with stay at home wives, that social movement organizations are not able/willing to walk the talk and be places where a single mother can meaningfully contribute without being guilty of child neglect. (yes, still single parenting, but that is another rant entirely).

Our attempt to extend the right to organize to home and preschool based child care workers last winter came up short. I left the union, disillusioned with the hypocrisy and general crappiness that is politics and the modern labor movement - and find myself, that staple of our collective complacency, too wrapped up in a 9-5, paying the bills, and raising a child to be out there rabble rousing to change the world.

And the kicker is, it's not really for lack of opportunity. Vermont is home to a fairly ground breaking people's movement for universal health care and economic human rights (check out the Vermont Worker's Center if you are interested). I worked closely with many of the organizers over the last few years. But, when they ask me to host a house party to build the organization in my county, I am full of excuses about being busy with work and basketball and what ever else.

To cut myself some slack, many of these excuses are real. I started a new job in August, in less than 3 months I was promoted to program manager when the supervisor who recruited and hired me was fired due to ethical misconduct. I have had a mess to clean up while learning an entirely new field. And I have a boy who plays basketball 6 days a week. Anyway, see, full of excuses.

But, there is something else that holds me back from becoming more involved. It is a quiet, subtle smugness of the 20 and 30 somethings who have the privilege to spend their lives "fighting"

a social and economic system that benefits them. Sometimes I cringe, and think, is this what people thought about me 12 years ago? Probably. But there is something that feels hollow and not relevant. It feels more like a self congratulatory social club, where people pat each other on the back for being so committed and self sacrificing, when it feels to me very self involved and self serving.

I see, live, feel how we fail each other and the planet on a daily basis. But am still questioning and still searching for exactly what my role is in illuminating it and how to do my part to bend that moral arch. For now, I sit with parents every day who struggle with addiction, mental health and multigenerational histories of abuse and trauma, and try to hold a space in which they can maintain and protect their relationships with their children despite losing custody to child protective services. Light work, if you can get it. For now, I invest in raising a human being who is thoughtful, compassionate and capable of having a positive impact on the world around him.

Somehow though, one thing I have gained with the past decade and the small handful of grey hairs collecting behind one ear, is more patience. I just realized, as I was writing this email, that for the first time ever it's actually OK with me that I don't know. I feel like all of my experiences and relationships, while exhausting and sometimes frustrating, are leading me to a place of deeper understanding of myself, others and this mess and that all this uncertainty is somehow necessary.

But I think you are on to something. I am one to sit on the sidelines until I feel I can see everything in place, problem solved. But that's not really feasible. Showing up, carrying a sign, and being present is always a good place to start. I'll work on that.

Well, basketball practice is over, time to head out into the frigid winter air. Hawaii is sounding quite appealing as we face a week of sub zero daytime highs. Why do some of us insist on coming back to the north east????????!!!!!!

Think Locally, Fuck Globally

Who else has some words that call out to be sampled?

What Am I Talking About? by Oxman (aptosnews@gmail.com)
I'm a big do gooder. And that's what I trust you'll pick up on.

This morning I was reading a story from the book *Stranger Things Happen* called *The Girl Detective* as my co-worker (in the Moving Image Archive where I spend the plurality of my time) drove us across the island. The read was enjoyable, except for when the bad-haircutted ugly-uniformed boy in the my other saab is a jet saab drove recklessly by. And then I walk into the library (in which our archive is located) and there is some white-uniformed recruiter-looking type setting up a table in the entrance. Ah, the world. Sorry, what were we discussing? I suppose it's the same discussion we've been having for the past ten years. Excuse me, we have a reference question in our e-mail box. Hmm...Tonight, I am going to some sort of event, perhaps related to building solidarity and learning lessons from land struggles. I added a new friend to my social network. We'll see where that takes us. So far, so good. Or as my favorite band Melt Banana used to say, *So Far So Bad So What*. Eh, now I am just writing down words that I will probably not send to you. I can rewrite them later. Okay, end of the day (5 pm). Time to go. See you tomorrow.

Good morning. So, then. Obsolete paradigms, the more that you push it, the more that it's gonna bite you back, and contemporary literature as a reflection on very late capitalism. A health analysis is in process. I am learning to trust the computers with whom I spend much of my time. This computer's name is I don't know what its name is. Maybe blinky mouse or something. Some people have no...appreciation for birds.

"The oppressed suffer from the quality which has established itself in their innermost being. They discover that without freedom they cannot exist authentically. Yet, although they desire authentic existence, they fear it. They are at one and the same time themselves and the oppressor whose consciousness they have internalized."

-Paulo Freire, via *The Culture of Make Believe* (p.510)

What the fuck were we taking about? Could someone please remind me?

I cannot locate the lighter that has been lighting my fires. And no one will tell me where it has gone. No matter. There are more pressing issues. And none of you are going in the right direction...yet. My apologies for my influences, but dot dot dot etc. I suppose there is something going on outside. Please, prove me wrong thank you. This stopped being novel some time ago. If you have made it this far, or taken some kind of shortcut (if it was easy, it would just be the way (think about it)), let me bring you up-to-date with the characters in this story. The heart on the desk was my heart. It was purple and pink. And it had a metal staple straight through the middle. Broken, nah, it was just taking a nap. My friends were at the conference of local archivists. The long boring conference of dweebs that was trying to take itself seriously. Everyone wanted to take themselves seriously, but no one was comprehending the joke. The door closed, we pressed next on the rhythmbox. Hawaiian language tape lesson 21 came on. It was going to be a long night.

Something about a puka. Something about her/him. Something about some kind of place. But she said, don't listen to that. And he changed the record. The Unicorns. Ah, my favorite. Sounds like a penny whistle. And here come the drums. All we can do is give our feedback to the universe. The universe is a code word for something, but I am not going to tell you what. You are well within your rights. The door is speaking to me. It is saying, go get some coffee. Well, who am I to argue with someone I trust?

Shangrila

We are all losing control

Basic sentences, said the foreign language. Ah, but the language was at home, and it was your ears that were foreign. He was no longer a cataloger. He was to resume his role as...information manager for hire. He came from a long line of shepherds.

So, then. The coffee, um, wait, uh, Guatemala. Hmm...well, Ani, or Annie, um. I was reading an article about headaches. I was sitting on the toilet. I was inside of a shower. There is an award ceremony tonight. I know one of the judges. Hmm...are you asleep or are you dead? Oh, there we are. This is the song I was singing earlier.

Feminist Sweepstakes

Regurgitations from a bookmark

Extrordinary

Women of

Hawai'i

Sports

Rell Sunn

(1950-1998)

Surfing legend Rell Sunn

is known at the "Queen of Mākaha for her efforts to teach children to surf and her involvement in various community programs. She founded the Women's Professional Surfing Tour in 1975, ranked first in the international professional surfing rating in 1982 and helped organize the Women's Surfing Hui and the Women's Professional Surfing Association.

Rell was Hawai'i's first female lifeguard.

Waste Management: Redux

Saved again by the garbage truck. The technology is...

...silent all these years. [burp] Rise in the chest. Exhale. There is a short time delay. But enough with the "Dirty Looks", he says. Don of the Horse. Translations are funny things, inasmuch as, some things cannot be translated simultaneously. "The process of getting back into my own DNA music, took some time[...]stereotype[...]turned it around for me[...]turning into his own[...]how does he process that information (without quoting without just using the tunes). End quote. Whoah, twelve years already. How long is this supposed to last?

Have you ever been to american wedding?

The woman who ran the english language school was, how shall we say it, on the move. She had a liking for an order of "East-West Rice", a not-too-untasty glassful of something interesting. Around the corner was the computer store. Also, the other computer store. She too took a trip to Shangrilla. Excuse me, in as much as I have difficulty pronouncing the tones. Also transcribing them (difficulty, that is). The point of this story is to live in a world...that I find acceptable (for existence). Oh dictionary, who gave us all of the power? Well, shall we put it to a vote? What do you want?

(use your words now)

W8inewpassord!

Umbrella, where are you now? I am not sure why you are only getting one decent paragraph at a time. Suppose you wanted to get lost. But lost in here? I suppose it depends on where you pop up. We wanted this to be a navigatory tool. If it does not help you, perhaps you should not read it. Anyway, I never learned the names of the songs, until now. I, of course, am speaking of the Revolutionary Cuban Music that I first heard in China. We were

writing something about the technology. I contemplate whether or not it behooves one to speak of it. Or just watch, excuse me. My mind is being pulled in multiple directions. Someone is hanging off of my chin. You don't mind, do you?

So, that appears to be an offering by the door. I enjoy this. Ha ha ha ha. Oops. That is what I did not want to do. It is a relationship, of course. And? Jealous. Yes. Yes. I can see where the words come from. Its reality seems legitimate. The spelling is questionable.

Ka palapala pookela. I would assume ka palapala po'oke??. Yes. Ka Palapala Po'okela. As in, your principalities shall come down. As in, these awards have a weirdness to them. My support is...discriminatory. Well, who would have guessed that something was brewing. It is enough for...I miss my old housemates. I miss the fact that I could not have enabled something better. I fail continuously. You can't go here and you can't stay here. I wrote a song with a line like that, but no one listens to it. Except for my selves. I miss my friends.

These dreams are not your dreams. Don't be so goddamn lazy. (Inactivism 101)

But, man oh man, you can do what you want.

All Your Kayfabe Friends Lyrics - Los Campesinos!

Knowing where our allegiances lie Since our kayfabe friends have upped and left you and I The time we spent around each other's waist ... On an old worn out pincushion We're feeling so much more content Knowing where our allegiances lie

Duck, duck, go.

I believe these results are more sensible. I believe I was just shitting to those words. I believe that some animals have certain powers. Oy veh.

Soup. Duck soup.

I am trying to be respectful of my neighbors. I hope this is being

accomplished. I am listening to a song called Woody Guthrie - Talking Fishing Blues.mp3. It is about satisfaction, cruising, and compostable shit. Just try recognizing the divinity within. Or if that turns you off, well, ah, you want me to improve my writing. Ah, you are an editor. I see. Oh. Fish.

The last line is "I'll give my fish back to the finance company." The next line is "pistol shots...". Oh, yes, the hurricane strength winds. But our location has changed. This song is called Hurricane by Ani Difranco from *Unknown*.

Shangri-la. It's a funny name. I think we are getting the tones wrong. Again. Feedback. Flashback. Keep on livin'. (Le tigre)

Landlords. Oh, KoniQiWA ToK-OY.

The story was...moving. But it was not being recorded in a manner that you can understand. He was communicating with the world, which is you, but...But. Yesterday, he took a journey. Walking outside can be dangerous, especially when you are responsible for holding onto your hat. His rambling ways took him past previous unseen sights. And he returned home in time to create dinner. He went into the other room to retrieve the packet of compact discs that he thought maybe he might stick into the compact disc player. Some information packets necessitate corresponding machinery. Well, as someone once said, use the tools you got, you know, while you are waiting for something better to come along. He returned the lantern to the place from which he retrieved it. He listened to the song about the dancing. The song about the dancing? What? He felt something light and cool and pleasurable. His feet were tapping, and, um, anyway, what were we discussing? The discus. Oh yes. The world that we want to live in.

His neighbors were going on a trip. The expiration date on the leftovers varied. The music was Hawaiian. The boredom of these words did not detract from their essence. Words about nobody. In particular. Aah. Please don't talk about me when I'm gone. Ain't that right, Jacob? There's that static I like. I don't suppose these words will translate into anything useful for you, but who am I to

close off fantastic possibilities of intersection. Have a good trip.

The Book and Music Festival

The Book and Music Festival was a festival in the sense of what? Festivities? Carnavalesque attitudes and demeanors? My favorite thesis was Sustainable Mardi Gras. Perhaps I have been living inside. Let me know. The first page asked me about whether or not it was time for writing. But that was a sneak preview. Say no, said the bumble bee. But was she trustworthy? The rain outside is falling down and I'm thinking about how much I love you. I guess the answer is:

about this much.

We are still on track for...hammer time. Um, no no. Um, but it won't kill me. Ah, I see. I am listening to some words. These words are for you. No, really, they are for you. But, um, could you just tell me your name one more time? No, I'm kidding. I remember who you are. Where did you learn how to read? This technology is influenced by a feedback mechanism called Basic. Anyway, this is the refugee vocab remix.

12:34

Is that Lisa Simpson singing? Ah fuck, he said. Well, he practically burped it. He once knew a Lisa. And also a Lisa. And she had a child that had a name. Help yourself but don't take too much. Yeah yeah yeah. Oh, before I forget, one footnote. Some neuroscientist-hacker talking about brain waves. He underestimated the numbers, but.

You know what? They will do fine. Not everyone can come under your guidance. You have to leave open the possibility of their having **heard** what you **said**.

The lizard had returned. He noticed it the other day and she noticed it last night, walking on the roof. He took it as an omen, an omen of death. But is that any way to treat an old friend? He felt an aching in his bones. From yesterday's run. She had said that he would make

a good runner. And he concurred. After all, he did major in communication.

What's that? she said. Oh, nothing, he said. Just something I noticed while transcribing all of these old newspapers. You see, there was a time when I had this thesis. And now I live in this world where I listen to discussions of seeds of change and I realize that old fables of reaping and sowing are, excuse me. It has been a while since I wrote. I am not quite back into the habit. My point was, you are supposed to be fed up by now.

So, here we are. Again. Here we are again. So. I do not think that was my [interruption] point. This paragraph is entitled, A_BETTER_LIFE. I am not even sure what the words in that point mean, so how then could it be my point? he asked. We are a narrative. Of sorts. It has been a while since mustache. Oh, I see. Posture is important. It's a conspiracy theory. I mean, you. You are a conspiracy theory. In practice.

So, the armadillo said, This isn't what we want, this isn't what we need, this is what we can afford.

He notes that the b tag is deprecated. In case you are reading the source, he notes this. This has what to do with Everest? he asks. He learned of Maunakea at a young age. Please forgive the pronunciation. Again. He took a deep breath, said the words. He in fact was only now taking a deep breath, and it was not so much deep, as an attempt at depth. But the more one breathes, the deeper one's breath becomes. This is a literary mechanism, but.

Myth-ion Improbable

That is how we like it anyway, said us. Um, first song of the day, fifty-foot wave, Lavender. I once knew a girl named lavender, he said, as the pressure on his ass made him think of squatting over a toilet. So, there was still only one thing he desired. Universal justice and peace. He thought that would be pretty nice. And everything else from there would be gravy. He just wanted to enjoy his gravy.

So, he is talking to you. Why is he a he? It is what it is. There are multiple levels. I would like for, oh I see, that is how they give away their power. Well, I intend for you to know that this is not what I am saying. I am not giving anyone power over reality. I am agnostic to that front. (band name?) I am communicating a story I heard. And I believe it to be true. We shall see what ends up in the public eye. Everything is available, for one who wants to look for it. And if no one wants to read/listen/watch? I will have to live my life better. Melt-banana-Screw,Loose (short song, followed by Tom Waits (Table Top Joe)). We lost one plate, but this is not important. It is broken, you say. I agree, but now it is something new. It is alive, still. Death is sad, but what reality makes it acceptable? (for you) I went to Coney Island, I was singing this song.

Change dispensers. For free. Spread around town. Maybe a limit on what one could take. At a time. Maintenance is voluntary (or low priority). People put in what they want. People take what they want. People give money anyway. To different organizations. To jars that live near cash registers. This would be a place where people can get rid of their change. And feel good about themselves. And if they ever need change, it would be available. (maybe). Would need to sort between different denominations, be able to count. Because people might want exact amounts. Or specific types of coin. Depending on the availability stroke presence of coins, this would determine how often individuals attempted to get change. This is one idea.

"Please, feed us now." Or was that, "New Words Now"? At this point, we listened to the train roll by, and it took our friend away. It has been a while since I put words to this story. I was telling truths to my self. This is who we are and what we did. And it makes a nice story, sometimes. Editing, it seems.

I miss Yasmine.

It wasn't me, I wasn't there. I was...um, is this a sing-a-long? Oh, you all paid money to see who? The Cure. Oh, wild young hearts. So, um, I miss my brother. I love my brother.

Myth-anthropy (it takes its toll on me) [you know]

Okay, is that an agreement for ending war? I think it might be. Can we agree that we all end our wars of bloodshed? And our quest for control over others/ourselves? Paradox. Pop.

These words are harder fought, but no less shallow. They are just as shallow, I am saying. I am saying that there is the same amount of meaning, just that I am struggling more for these. Old age maybe. Maybe. Maybe it is just not as enjoyable. Maybe there is more resistance. My art is better than your art. Your art will be better when I'm gone. Are those the lyrics? I do not know the context of their original intention. I still love you.

I have developed a habit of making play lists. I dunno what to make of it. I mean what I say, except when I do not. I will try to let you know.

I trust my family.

You are not to blame. But I am changing the record. This one comes off of that website. Boggles my mind the things people pay for. I never meant to be the needle that broke your back. I do believe that the next line once rhymed, something about what came out of the leftover crack. There is a crack in everything.

That is how the light gets through

This show is entitled *Some Kind of Kink* : Watch Out for Deprecation.

We upgraded for corporate gain. The gain of the corpus, which is us. Starting now. I mean, then. It already started. My words are trying to catch up with the future that turned to my face. And my eyes felt like dancing. Excuse me, I have a new poetry coach. This is the first upload point of this chapter.

Section 2

My t-shirt ran away. The red one. No, not that one. The other one. That is what under the bed told me, anyway. Go on, laugh, but it is not a game. A sense of humor is one of our best assets. I hope he is doing well. Turning into some sort of, I dunno, nation of butterfly. Still, that leaves me without a shirt to wear, today. How many costume changes does one go through in a day? There are indeed some things that are more important than what you are doing. Still, until we can solve the trickier conundrums, let us put an end to the dot dot dot. This is not acceptable to me, he said to the universe. Try again, please.

Last night, the night of the Hoku moon...pause...do we need diacriticals? We are being redundant again again, as in that song about the Pali cliffs. But we have our reasons for the latter. Perhaps we shall title it, Night of the Hoku (Night of the night of the full moon). We watched a movie about piano players that did not get paid money unless they won a competition. I thought about the broth we would make from the bones of the chicken. She went off in her automobile. I resumed the folding of clothes. (time out of joint)

Last night, the night of the full moon, we planted in the garden.

Hmmm...sick too times. Girl from the north country. I can play this song on the guitar. Quote unquote. We are watching the dreamers. Why? Because! Get off my back. I can't explain now. Oh. So, the guy says to the other guy. I prefer to be in jail than to kill farmers and children. I'm paraphrasing now. And as per usual, things are flipped. And meaning is elusive. Consider this your bible study.

We are such horrible people to allow a world such as this to continue to exist. [Crash]

The street came flying through the window. What's that smell? It's tear gas.

So we are nearing our end of our time in Shangri-La. Are we already into the [long section] of another name. Literary style was never the class I took. But my brother is in that field. And my sister. She plays in the big leagues. Some song icons make me want to vomit. But let it not be a judgment on the creator's art. Your ability to reference things has a weakness that...hold on, perhaps we are the ones giving the reference. Well, let us see. You have a unique ability, but your writing is...oh, I see. *Oh, for everyone watching, I am transcribing a conversation I am having in my head. With another person...*This is the first piece of writing written exclusively for you. The preceding...

...and, that is that.

Phone Call to Bubby

Instructions for old people who are trying to use the Internet with a technology that is not necessary.

(This is how I make a phone call)

1. Open the program that you want to use to make the communication take place.
2. Typing in another application, amidst the opening, transferred my keyboard strokes into the communicational software. I was informed that br was not one of my contacts. Does this mean br is no more, or that she generally goes by a different name? Ah yes, her official name is Alma.
3. Plug in the microphone for voice acquisition.
4. Test call.
5. Close before the advertisement.
6. Double check settings.
(all while listening to Some Kind of Kink)
7. Call phone.
8. Cry, a little, because death is the future.

Sometimes, you need to talk. You know, to distinguish the updates.

I do not know what this means, but it's been a while since I'd thought I'd die. I love you, you know.

Some of us cannot recall what it is you are doing. I thought it was seamless enough to avoid the Matrix reference, but I will grant you the criticism. It now exists in my head. This all now exists in my head. What would make me the happiest? If we were friends.

Oh, then, this one was—excuse me—congratulations on the engagement. This one came into my life, on a sad day in November. Ha, I am guessing here as to the month, but twas the mood I was attempting to convey. Into Philadelphia, to the bar made acceptable by my favorite kindergarten associate. Chang eis gonna come. (Also, change (is, that is)). So too many diversions is my feeling now, but you are taking a risk writing with a pen. But this is not true, it was the feeling of rapidly diminishing time (and the consciousness of a driving desire to send) that dictated the rawness of tone. I like this one (Fixed It!)

Oh oh oh oh oh. I guess it is "pretty good" "so far" "I think," he said to the image in his mind. His wishes apply to everyone.

Hello Sunshine

Live from The Fiddler's house. Not much of a roof. Oh, I get it. This is your roof.

"The book is about my schizophrenia mental I got in Vietnam. I try to tell what is going on with my life. The V.A., my relationship with family and my schooling. A lot of thoughts on cultural identity."

"The truth is startling enough without getting into fantasy. Although the subject matter of this book is for the most part unrelievedly grim, I have not intended to create inertia, to "tell how bad it all is" and to immobilize the readership with fear about the horrible state everything is in. My hope is to do just the opposite: to galvanize the reader into action. I have attempted to provide information that may

be helpful for taking control back from those who would dictate our lives, and for that control to be returned to the individual, and I have also provided contact addresses of allied individuals and groups at the back of the book."

OVERLAP

OVERLAP

What is the meaning of this word? This technology, that allows the asking of questions, will report from one that does not.

Comes the neighbors are giving advice to run this through the flood upon my new thesis is the person that we are alive for the first step of prince and maybe we are watching me.

OVERLAP

Institute for the World Medicine

It seems I have not been checking in with my electronic mail. It seems the messages sent have not been received (accent implied).

Next.

We are where we are. This is what is important.

Stick all your sins on the head of a goat. Send that goat off into the wilderness. Actually, it is my ancestors that were chosen to lead the goat into the wilderness. As we shall see, this does not solve your problems.

I'd like to speak to my neighbors, but. But nothing. That thing, let us remember it. I know a few things about this here machine.

This next section we bring you is called Shund.

Lay it down, lay it down. Watch what shall grow in it. In its crock.

The thing about family. The thing about holidays. The thing about nomads. The thing about the things we do when we are where we are. Oh the things we do.

Sp. tje pv, excuse me, the overlap is over. We are now entirely part of the application of applying medicine to the world. Eh.

I think we have this one on the cd of the local band. You know, the band that lives in this locale. Inasmuch as we see them around. And they've got that one local guy in it.

Recap from the Symposium

Well, truth be told, I only caught the dinner and what followed. But I heard enough from others to say, "I liked it." Learned lessons that I can apply to my librarianship, I did.

Things the Librarian Did Today

- Checked in 2 books.
- Reshelfed 1 book.
- Cataloged 1 book.
- Reshelfed 1 book.
- Checked out 1 book.
- Thought about the nature of subject headings and summaries.
Thought about future possibilities.

You are the hardest instrument that I have ever had to play.

And I am getting, excuse me, while I play this gas out of my [...]. Excuse me, burp. These words are difficult to jazz rhythm. He has a rhythmbox for a brain.

Well, I do not dwell in the such and such, he said. Actually, he was not speaking out loud much. He was finding it difficult to pinpoint his audience. Oh, well. Anyway, I do not want to smoke *too* much tonight, what with the work in the morning. Pinpoint accuracy.

I'm a Man followed by The Glory of Man

You know, I work my way backwards using cynicism. The time monitor. The space measurer.

Le Tigre, keep on Living

I don't suppose you realize when my Goals and Objectives changed. It appears that at some point, Temptation started to slip its foot in the door. Its big ugly foot. Ah, I suppose it is when I gave up. Because when you give up, you are free to do anything you want to do. Of course, would this were what it was, the timing t'would have been better afore. No worries on this end. We are still in it for the [...] Have I mentioned that my housemate in China was learning to play the classical guitar? And that this was the only song I ever hear him play? He was the best Go player I ever played.

A List of My Favorite Housemates

But you could be oh so much more, he said. The meaning of some things is not clear until you place them into focus. It is an endless void, he thought. He thought of entropy. He thought of how many words it would take to pull out the world of his choosing. Imagine we are in a universe, infinitely larger than this. And imagine a smaller universe that we put in a box. Can the planet fit in the box? Just imagine.

The Desert

So what *would* I rather be doing than sitting at this here computer and typing out words on a screen? What better choice is there than this? What is there of interest on the outside of my door? Please, expand on your thesis.

So I used to do this thing, where I would record the audio of my altered states. Just for see what happens. I thought, well, anyway, my point is that describing my experiences with words might be the best way for me to tell you the nature of the room I am sitting in. Let us see. We pulled back out of focus to see our selves, our identities as gears and wheels. Our consciousness could shift to the level of focus we chose. Some kind of machine. At what level are you ashamed to reveal your reality? I suppose I love the girl that I live with. And I would be happy to see her in my home. She doesn't like to listen to my stories. So...what can I do?

One minute until arbitrary time period

The state of this novel was lacking. The commissioner of one chapter was disappointed with the result. Perhaps she wanted something of a stand-alone. Well, mazel tov to you. Mazal was a friend of a friend of my mother's. If you trust me, give me what I ask. If you trust me. Excuse me. He sat in his room. That is all he did anymore. That and the thing that brought him guilt (masturbation). A lot of it. He once had a theory about that. Also, a theory about magic. And making things happen. He did not want a baby, so much as he wanted an end. An end to...

War

With whom are we fighting now? The Youth and Beauty Brigade? No no, skip this track. This is a three car jam.

This cocoon, caught in Vesuvius shadow. Only the ashes remain. Is this related to the shadow on the moon that was left by the unidentified object? Why are they so afraid of there being something that they do not know? What kind of theory leaves out instances of unsubstantiated claims? If your theory cannot include all possibilities, then you will be forced to resort to violence (if you want to maintain your theory). Why do you want to maintain your theory? And after you've thought of that, investigate this thing that does not fit. And emerge from your cocoon.

The friend I had. The friend that I cannot touch. I cry a tear for her. A single tear. Hold on a second. Give it a second to fall. That would make me the happiest (viz a vis this relationship). How do you spell viz a vis? I miss my friends.

Friends

Some kind of machine. And what is it good for? I'd be remiss if I did not mention a bicycle. Crazy? No no. I just talk to *people*. That's all. Who am I to question their sanity? (I'll just question their point of view, from time to time) And sometimes, their facts. And if I was a writer? Then what? Would you find my habits acceptable?

What is the most important thing? If you live with an artist, you have to deal with their arts.

THE END

SERIOUSLY, NO MORE
(we'll shut up now)

you can stop reading, please
(THE END)

