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The Aberration

An Aberrational Story

An astral traveler with no aims sells out a theater to pie-tasting circus goers and patriotic baseball fans. A spark of pyrotechnics breaks that fragile idea of reality in the crowd and gives birth to a new realm of material used for the construction of dreams. Like the thickest of oil paints, the faces in the audience smear and suspend themselves in deformations every-which-way. A child understands the joke, admires the grown-up with the manifested imagination, and levitates up into the infrastructure designed as if to mimic the internal perspective of a cake. Giggling with eyes replaced by miniature moons and glows about his hands the same; he reaches out as if to touch the god Michelangelo would elaborate on...

The flash powder gives way to common optics and aspects again while the Magus appears, fashioned in Victorian cloak and lace. His eagle lined eyes still themselves and present to the crowd the thought of omniscience; though, they remain blinded by the stage-lighting. A microphone floats down and the performer clenches it in his claw, bringing to lips the apparatus required for physical amplifications of sound. He charms the onlookers with a Sinatra-quality voice, announcing a welcoming and obligatory gratuitous boast. Excitement in the hearts of superficial Christians betrays God for magick.

Two women scant and provocative creep out of the side-drapes to caress the centerfold star. Schematics of a trick are outlined with a disclaimer and surgeon's general warning. Three more explosions

and out wheels a torturous contraption. The burlesque contortionists conform inside the doors of the machine, smiling like beauty pageant contestants as they exit their face from the stage. Swords approach a la carte, without the white table cloth or silver platter to display them. Each cold steel point pierces the box of protruding appendages, unaffected the inhabitants. The doors swing open again without one dribble of blood spilling outwards and the glamorous dolls unfold, buoyantly speeding off to monotonous applause.

Mass hallucinations are next for the proper derangement of private show occupants. Anxiously they wait, what would be a Houdini tragedy or a Knieval victory, the teasing of death by the master of ceremonies himself. Confetti storms down on those seated, but no Kennedy will roll by boldly. A fire surrounds the defiant Olympian and a platform raises him up to cranial-crushing heights. The bending necks ache in anticipation when finally... he jumps. Down, down he falls through the flames, through the stage, and below the floor into Hell itself. An earthquake of shivers shakes in the room until another platform in the center of the observers lifts the resurrected to even greater heights than before.

A grand finale of fireworks unleashes the flexibility of the universe again, this time: tombstones inscribed with every attendant's personal career parade about, skeletons and demonic elves dance behind them to the blaring trumpets blown by goblins; a pitch black that is also a luminous white light shimmers throughout vibrating space. The last crack of a detonation rings out and the magician is on the stage again surrounded by luscious models in red heels, leotard,

and top-hats. One more time he is aroused by his maids to bombastically end the ceremony with words ignored out of astonishment.

Evening turns one quarter into itself and the people flood out of the building to their cars, spewing their experience like exhaust, just as wasteful of its memories. Homes become warmed by Edison's conjurations, the television blabbers and milk feeds cookies to drowsy youngsters. Another space-time dimension unravels parallel to the cities modern bore. At his apartment the washed up dreamer lays in satin sheets while he reads with his make-up smeared eyes the metaphysical occult poetry of Crowley. The night is sane again, but the world of the mind will never be the same.

And the show now begins...

I am an Artist. I make that statement without reservations as to the egotistical connotation usually carried by that self-description. There are many ways in which a human being can categorize the qualities they possess and through restless consideration, I cannot find a more appropriate title. An Artist, like many philosophical "ists", is a person whose highest value is described in the prefix (i.e. Capitalist, Anarchist, Materialist, etc.). There is the Artist a general perception of sensitivity (sensitivity); it is having a preference for detail, for the individual nature of things, and for the perspective differences/the subjective flexibility every individual must naturally possess. The "ist" of Artist promotes both the flesh and the spirit, which is the means to a work of Art... the materials and the ideas.

The Philosopher and the Scientist are cousins, but their adherence to rules and methods removes them a step from the special quality in the Artist that drives him towards creating new (or at least personal) forms for every aspect of her life. My need for inspiration drives me to travel and experience newness in life... the ideal must always expand. I feel that the source of my depression comes from my inherent capacities being unemployed. A world that idealizes mass-production has only degrading positions for creative minds. I feel my limitations as an individual are because as an artist, my particular quality of perception is incompatible with environments and groups that alienate me from participating in their architecture. I recall too often and vividly

being perpetually demonized for prioritizing those capacities over using popular, standardized rigid methods to perform irrelevant tasks: that would require my impossible conformity.

On July 19th, 1936; Barcelona, Spain's C.N.T. (Anarcho-Syndicalist Trade Union Confederation) had declared a general strike barricading off the working district and guarding it with thousands of armed workers. They achieved a revolution within 48 hours of battle. After two miscarriages and social pressures to get an abortion, my mother gave birth to me on July 19th, 1985. My home was the suburbs, clean and well-kempt, distracted by its own fabrications. The strip-malls and clubhouse were chained and chaining, supporting in a way to make escape unnecessary. Behind our gates were the tract homes and in the tract homes were the families. The families had their Lord, the Father and also the father, the lord of the home; but I have found lords in dungeons and in lords are dungeons. In some sense the sub-sectioned, isolated and distant community is opportune, carefree. Though, in the most terrible way, its care-freeness is the ultimate elimination of free care.

In the back seat of a car that contained my family, I saw for the first time the fountain at the entrance of the town with a big sign behind it reading "Val Vista Lakes." A series of extravagant hooks pulled at my cheeks as I was driven over the bridge running across the man-made lake, looking at how it was connecting all the subdivisions together. The empty construction lots, filled with left-over nails, spray paint and wood revealed the scarcity of the population at the time. Our vehicle halted at the drive way of a gorgeous two-story

house on the corner. It had just finished being built but there was no landscaping as of yet. The atmosphere seemed inviting; I was esteemed to become included with the other kids in this new town. I projected a thousand mysteries into that house, my imagination ran and I marveled for a while until we drove off because it wasn't time to move in. We headed back to Scottsdale where we were currently living, plotting on the way there our packing, moving and decorating plans.

It's foggy, my recollection of Scottsdale. My parents decided to move because the commute from our home in Scottsdale to their 3-years-new glamour photography studio, Headshots, was far too distant. Most knowledge of my life prior to living in Val Vista Lakes is from old home movies or stories told to me at different points in time. Apparently I was in a Jewish preschool and attended Sandpiper Elementary for a short while. The memories of Chicago where my mother's family lives are much more concrete. I don't really know sometimes; I have a sneaking suspicion that within those lost memories are satisfaction's revelations.

A travesty occurred when we were ready to leave Scottsdale: the disclosure that my cat would be banished from our family collective. My cat's name was Magic; a fat, black cat with horribly offensive excrement. He was bonded to me when I adopted him from the streets he roamed. Our other pets: Daisy (a white Standard Poodle), Little (a small mutt of mostly long-haired Chihuahua descent), and Ginger (a long-haired Calico cat), though endearing, had already been mastered

by other family members. Because of that, I took the decision personally.

The utterance of Magic's vague fate brought silky tears to my eyes that erupted from a clambering in my heart. As if it were death, or just the end of a relationship, I forced my larynx to swell shut so the blood I had swallowed could digest. Some might tempt themselves to say, "Life goes on," but I'd convulse with a fixation surrounding the comment, "death goes on... forever." Though Magic was not dead in the slightest, there were no more experiences with him that could reveal any life thereafter. I must have always believed that the idea of life is indivisible from experiencing life and that death is any division between the two. To ask whether "experience" is an activity equates passivity with an essential death.

With some version of fortune, life did go on. The movers came in the summer before second grade, surrounded by a mist of sweat, to transport all of our belongings to the new location. The double-doors to the front of the house were flung open and the first determining incidents occurred. I sat and I watched my family and their items shift arrangements in awe of the surplus of useless objects that we gave meaning to. When the movers left, my mother performed a ritual to give herself the feeling that her new home was majestic: distributing the smoke of sage in every room, burying crystals in the back yard, and devoting some spontaneous words to God.

After the house was "blessed" and all negativity had been exorcized, many nights came to pass in serenity as if we were

actually some sort of traditional family. Dinners were cooked and served at the table; I even entertained my family with an improvisational performance as a French butler because I used to be so excitable that I couldn't sit down for an entire meal. Before bed I'd persuade my mother to keep a cassette tape of "Fairy Ring" playing until I fell asleep. I'd wake up and there would be an exciting day ahead of me. Sometimes, we would even take a trip to the clubhouse and enjoy the artificial beach and pool.

In a quite literal sense, according to the logic of developmental planning, the all-consuming center of life was the Mormon Church. These haunting structures spawned specters on bicycles in contrasting clothing, smiling, offering a new book after they broadcasted, "Try it, it's free; if you have any questions, just ask God for the Truth." An epitome of every character trait the suburbs exuded, their innocence during witless attempts at oppression kept them safe in the same way most negligence is excused. Their *purity* was an innocence and an ignorance towards themselves (which often are hand-tied together) that kept their hearts true to a hypocritical ideal.

My mother is "an evil sin caster" in Val Vista Lexicon because she is a Jew by heredity and is prone to referring to herself as "spirit in human form." She is an initiate of modern metaphysics and she raised my sister and me on the Tarot, the Ruins, Energy Healing, and the Power of Positive Thinking. Lightheartedness is her philosophy and she is a practitioner of evenly distributed care, an artist above all else. This could be witnessed by my participation in "family bed," a family tradition of mother, father, daughter, son, dog, and cat all sharing the

joy and comfort of a cushiony bed. Our family was gossiped about and ostracized outright because the community's alienation of anyone who was not conservative didn't even look for ethics.

The Church justified this segregation because establishment means legitimacy (when *money* talks). An overwhelming pressure surrounded the isolated minorities causing their irresolvable guilt. That is what makes religion a dangerous invention of separatism; it creates divisions between groups with lines based on ritual practices. There are no grounds or evidence to maintain its interpretive authority on proper religious application. A belief system structured around the worship of a supreme creator or benevolent God which graces that which it creates does not cause this segregation. My position as a minority stems from the Church itself, which dictates the way of worship, lifestyle, and prejudice in the belief that they know how one lives according to God's will.

My evidence is experiential but documented in other times most think have long passed. I was called a kike by a mother on a Christmas hayride for singing Chanukah songs instead of Christmas carols. My attempts to befriend many children were in vain because my being Jewish was an excuse for their parents to restrict my entrance into their homes. When Christmas-related tasks were assigned in school, I was directed to stand in front of the class and explain the mysteries of the Jewish faith and its parallel holiday, Chanukah. My high school got attention from the press for their football team who started a Fascist (racist, homophobic, but specifically anti-Semitic) gang called the Devil Dogs. The first story I

remember hearing about them was that they beat up a kid so brutally he had to get multiple surgeries on his face and body; they thought he was a homosexual when it turned out he wasn't. Though most of them were in prison for mafia-associated drug dealing and graduated before I began, I still subjected myself to attend a legal replacement of school classes that earned school credit (if you're the of *correct faith*), a Church function called seminary. I encountered a class of teenagers passing around plastic glasses attached to a nose and a moustache they called "Jew Goggles;" later they would give praise to the Swastika when it appeared in a recreational viewing of an Indiana Jones movie. Furthermore, I was constantly accused of killing Jesus Christ, of murdering and eating babies as sacrifices to my evil Jewish god and of many other things of equal insanity.

Aside from the candy land suburban school system I was mandated by law to attend (at least if I wanted a free education), there was another school I had the pleasure of attending: Hebrew school, one of two in the Gilbert area. There, the history of the "chosen people" unfolded before me: a long history of being oppressed, murdered, enslaved, and movement from place to place nomadically like a hobo from city to city. The Hebrew school was even kind enough to show us videos and pictures from the Holocaust to clarify that yes, the "chosen people" were chosen for devastations. And, as in the celebration of Passover where the practitioner must refer to the Jewish liberation from bondage in Egypt by God's grace as if it were their own liberation, the same idea was applied to nauseate me with every past persecution. I can't deny those feelings regardless because my family has photos my Grandpa personally took as a Master-

Sergeant in the US military. He fought onsite to liberate people from concentration camps during World War II (he never spoke of the experiences and went blind a few years after his return).

*“The Jews- a people ‘born for slavery’ as Tacitus and the whole ancient world says, ‘the chosen people’ as they themselves say and believe – the Jews achieved that miracle of inversion of values thanks to which life on earth has for a couple millennia acquired a new and dangerous fascination – their prophets fused ‘rich’, ‘godless’, ‘evil’, ‘violent’, ‘sensual’ into one and were the first to coin the word ‘world’ as a term of infamy. It is in this inversion of values (with which is involved the employment of the word for ‘poor’ as a synonym of ‘holy’ and ‘friend’) that the significance of the Jewish people resides: with them there begins the slave revolt in morals.” – Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil* (Penguin Books, 1990), p. 118*

My Mormon-related experiences significantly revealed that spite is inherent in religious structures, and has been acted on throughout history, i.e.; the Crucifixions of not only Christ but many Jews, the Inquisition, the Biblical actions of God (flooding the earth, etc.), ad infinitum. This understanding, which is opaque in most monotheists’ self-reflections, strongly influenced my early movement towards Atheism. I have always been disgusted with the entire series of schisms and religions, equivalent in quantitative appraisal, because they are rooted in the same Biblical themes. Beyond just being repulsed by the abstract qualities of religion in general, by which I mean the ideals, interpretations, laws and beliefs, I am critical of

many members' hypocrisy: those who do not have any religious motivations to carry their outlandish social pretenses except perhaps an ill interpretation of having religious "conviction" (*convicting* those outside of their party in a criminal sense rather than their behavior having *conviction* in an integral sense).

From this angle a missionary appears almost human, though mentally disemboweled, and covered in bias. Stained with a shadow hilarious, like the innocent humor of a child, and with a premeditated conversation they taunted me using their "irrefutable" dogma. These perceptual cripples met with me on my path, stopped me to preach a gospel of a dying tradition, spewing forth rhetoric like vomit, and I replied to every sentence with one word: "No!" Left in a state of negativity I thought, "my afterlife is at stake here, an eternity of unconventional torture or unfathomable pleasure." Drenched in the infidelity of departing from faith when it's offered, I masked my disdain, prioritizing the imminent life at hand. Their disillusionment with the holiest, their revels in bestial nature, indeed the death of their own faith is my just beginning.

"He who has seen deeply into the world knows what wisdom there is in the fact that men are superficial. It is their instinct for preservation that teaches them to be fickle, light and false. Here and there, among philosophers as well as artists, one finds a passionate and exaggerated worship of 'pure forms': let no doubt that he who needs the cult of surfaces to that extent has at some time or other made a calamitous attempt to get beneath them. Perhaps there might even exist an order of rank in regard to these

*burnt children, these born artists who can find pleasure in life only in the intention of falsifying its image (as it were in a long-drawn-out revenge on life-): one could determine the degree to which life has been spoiled for them by the extent to which they want to see its image falsified, attenuated and made otherworldly and divine – one could include the hominess religiosi among the artists as their highest rank. It is the profound suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism which compels whole millennia to cling with their teeth to a religious interpretation of existence: the fear born of that instinct which senses that one might get hold of the truth too soon, before mankind was sufficiently strong, sufficiently hard, sufficient of an artist ... Piety, the 'life in God', would, viewed in this light, appear as the subtlest and ultimate product of the fear of truth, as the artist's worship of an intoxication before the most consistent of all falsifications, as the will to inversion of truth, to untruth at any price. Perhaps there has up till now been no finer way of making man himself more beautiful than piety: through piety man can become to so great a degree of art, surface, play of colours, goodness, that one no longer suffers at the sight of him. –“Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil* (Penguin Books, 1990), p. 84*

The God of Judgment and Mercy, the Judeo-Christian God, is the most offensive concept I can fathom. Although there is much utility in believing in that God, the benefits can't compensate for its destructive qualities and pragmatics are too objective for a religious value or love of God regardless. In worshipping a God, in worshipping

at all, you deprive yourself of Love by replacing the definition of Love as a mutual phenomenon with the servile sensation of awe in the presence of a Lord. The proposition of a Heaven and Hell makes the individual more prone to sacrificing their life for the representative(s) of their God and completely debases their fleshy existence. Life then becomes mediocre compared to the eternal bliss of a Heaven, while Hell is the ultimate threat and fear giver. Along with all the escape artistry of striving for Heaven, Hell encourages guilt and dependency on representatives for the justification of deeds and for the interpretation of His law, morality, virtue, etc., forcing the individual to part from their own judgment. To believe in the Judeo-Christian religion is to state that one cannot deal with life by their own experience; it is a weakness. In that blemish of thought, the concept of free will gives God the justification for punishing the individual while at the same time, the individual refuses their free will by accepting the doctrine of the Bible as a series of restrictions. The result is a person who has resigned their reason to spiritual slavery, accepting eternal punishment for behavior they consider beyond their own moral comprehension.

“And when Jesus was entered into Capernaum, there came unto him a centurion, beseeching him, and saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented. And Jesus saith unto him, I will come and heal him. The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to

another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus heard it, he marveled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour.” - Matthew 8:5-13 (King James Version)

[The praise of Jesus for a man solely on his boasts of tyranny and then consequently performing the most remarkable biblical healing is definite symbolism of healing the workers, servants, slaves, and all other subordinates only so they can longer serve *the master* Ideals. To put this slave-driver above Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is a very significant valuation. Christianity in this quote alone unveils a pathologically concrete veneration of oppression. The casting out of these ancient biblical figures is also quite symbolic of Christian demonization, specifically of the Semites here, but not limited to them through-out the Bible's near over saturation of plagiarized ancient myths and butchered ancient gods, transformed into traits of Evil or characteristics of Satan, Devil, Lucifer, etc. The Jews as well are guilty of this tactic with Pagan myths and deities. It is typically seen of those victors from

the practice of genocide and colonization, that they do this same thing to the cultures which were conquered through-out the lands that were seized. Idiotic fervor for Authoritarianism has been the reward of such propaganda techniques, hand-in-hand with Divide and Rule.]

The Dramatist without God...

One day on the coast of the beach pool a giant, bouncing ball hopped along in front of me. I became fascinated with Audra, the girl who threw it. We were play partners for that day and I walked away with my first friend in Val Vista Lakes. It wasn't until school started that we began to really get to know each other.

“School education... is not concerned with individual talents and aptitudes, and if these show themselves (as they may), the design in school education is not to allow them to take charge. At school we are, quite properly, not permitted to follow our own inclinations.” – Michael Oakenshott, “The Study of Politics in a University,” *Rationalism in Politics and Other Essays* (New York: Basic Books, 1962), p. 306

(Michael Oakenshott is not a random literary figure, he was a major contributor to the modern methods of public schooling in the United States. This quote does have proper significance.)

I was assigned to Mrs. Baldwin's classroom. In her class, though the typified freedom of the child's spirit was still represented, there was a token economy set up called “Clap-Clap cards.” When time wasn't spent socializing by means of playing *house*, utilizing toys, or doing art, Clap-Clap cards were rewarded to the student for good behavior. This simplistic version of Operant conditioning, in use despite all the evidence applying to the negative affects of such

careless practice, exemplified the atomization which takes place in the School.

The topic of public education has been of rampant concern as it is a trendy idea in the corporate world to try and privatize schools. The horrors of this are obvious to even slightly liberal thinkers as they recognize the base intent behind these schools, where the modern economic conditions' proliferation is maximized while the other major opportunities a public educational institution can give people are minimized. This specific focus on the corporate privatization of schools is misguided in the variables it recognizes as detrimental; but, at least it is fairly close to what public education creates given specific motivations for its design. To correct the course and target the proper antagonists, we would have to go a fair distance backwards into the history of public education and recognize that at its outset there had been overtly stated intentions. The School, which I'll be referring to as a specific form of public education, has in general been an institution designated with the task of social control.

My own situation in school tells a story that many people have been unwilling to explore. It's the direct result of Aberrationalism, a conscious avoidance of conformity. In my life I chose to suffer in order to prove a point about the situations I've encountered by diving head-first into a pool of consequence. I became a disciplinary problem to form a deep perception of how these systems handle such problems. I felt, and still feel, that this taught me a lesson more valuable than anything the curricula could have taught me. It trained me in psychology first-hand, which many types of *education* wish to

ignore. For whatever reasons I found it to be the most rewarding in the end, despite my suffering, in that it showed me what really happens behind the walls of these institutions.

Perhaps I am a great anomaly in the world of *troubled students* in that my motives were far different than what is trumped up to be the general understanding of persons like me. Or maybe my method of research and my intuitive understanding that something was *wrong* is much more common than I could ever imagine. I feel all of the other motives for *misbehavior* come second, third, fourth to my original intent, my curiosity and my sense of justice.

There had always been a certain elemental difference in my perception of the troublemakers and the conformists (termed conformists because they either conform to the standards set in these systems naturally, or make a great effort to fit into them). This difference was profound; I want to say it was one of the fundamental steps in developing a sense of social status. What I noticed from the beginning was the sensitivity of the authorities to any social aberration within the confinement of the schools. This interested me as it tied into my inclinations to *push buttons* and get behind things, to really understand how things work. Once I came to this conclusion I started to pay attention to how these two groups of people are treated differently. I found the whole system of discipline to be rather unusual in its methods and the *logic* behind it to be very *matter-of-fact*. There was a difficulty in this study in that the majority did belong to the conforming group. It is because of this realization that I

knew from that point on that I'd have to become a troublemaker myself.

The troublemaking group was almost always dealt with behind closed doors so that the conformist group was blind to their plight. I believe there is something inherently wrong with this situation; it seems to be a step in a direction that I see society at large making: away from empathy-and-attention and towards apathy-and-ignorance. It was this lesson that taught me that privilege, whether it is political, social, or economic, leads to blindness to the plight of the minority (in this sense, the troublemakers). This opposition set up between the conformists versus the troublemaking groups marks the advent of authoritarianism within the early years of schooling. It's a clear division that anyone can relate to and either justify within their own *understanding* of the situation (disregarding the actual procedure that is used to deal with these problems) or ponder such a situation (a schism that causes problems for people in all walks of life).

What we see is that some students are treated differently than others from the very beginning. We see a prejudice emerging, and I don't care one bit what the *justification* for such prejudice is, it remains just that. This bigotry created all the general feelings in me one could expect from having such an attitude held towards them. Once I had stuck my toes into the water of troublemaking, I discovered my secret desire for attention. Categorized into the troublemaking group, I knew that I was given less attention than the conforming group and there was only one way to get more attention: causing more trouble. This pattern became cyclical and for a long

time I got caught up in maintaining my desire to obtain the attention I needed as a human being (being ignored otherwise as a member in a forced group).

While this systemized prejudice was intended to pressure me into conformity, it proved a historical truth: oppression leads to revolt. The Public School system puts extreme pressure on students to conform to rigid standards, which only exacerbates the problem, causing a regression in social progress rather than helping the individual to learn what one needs to be an effective member of society. It tends to filter *bad* people out (as it filtered me out) and force most others into a life of ignorance with a phobia of learning.

If causing a little trouble could help me learn all this then there is much more to be said for the hobby. When I reflect on my experiences in the Public School system, there are many other lessons that come to mind. For example, when I was in the lower levels of elementary school I experienced *non-authoritarian group dynamics*. This means that when I was a wee lad they let me play learning games in a setting filled with excitement and mystery. In this group dynamic, I also learned the behavior of cooperation. I learned this by the seating arrangement and the sharing of information that takes place at these lower levels. We're all familiar with this; kids get together in a circle and take turns talking about whatever. What is important about this is that everyone learns from each other, there is a mutual understanding that every individual has something to offer the class. There is also a latent understanding that there is no need to recognize the teacher as an absolute authority, but as a mentor equal

in social status though offering advice and direction in the learning process.

Later, as they introduced *authoritarian group dynamics*, I learned a very different lesson. With the change of seating arrangements from a circle to students in rows facing a teacher (iconic of what we think of when we hear “School”) the flow of information becomes hierarchical and the student comes to believe that their peers have very little to offer in comparison with the teacher. This creates another division aside from the split between conformist and troublemaker. The lesson of authority instills a value system that devalues both oneself and people of the same status as sources of knowledge. This authoritarian structure is what we see in society at large; in the Corporation, the Media, the State, and the Church. I often wonder how intentional this slow indoctrination is or if it is pure accident... (But whatever the case may be, the effect remains the same).

The new group dynamic for the classroom also sets up a whole range of behavioral standards. A completely different system of conformity has been implemented that creates many more complexities within the structure of the School. What is later introduced with assignment scores, standardized tests, behavioral demands and character molding starts with this dynamic. The shortsightedness of this baffles me; it serves purely selfish ends and only advances a minority in the long run (which can be seen in our economy and higher educational systems). This is when people really become filtered out of the School.

I did my best to avoid this filtration of human beings while still not conforming to the new dynamic. At any chance I tried to cause *trouble* by offering my opinion to the class or questioning the authority of the teacher. This was a crisis and had to be punished immediately. They suspended me time after time until I accumulated enough suspensions to be expelled (eventually causing me to drop out).

On top of that motivation for troublemaking, I practiced Aberrationalism to more general social standards such as gender, religion, appearance, political beliefs... you name it and I tested it. The results were always the same: a feeling of deprivation, which lead me to want to act out of the boundaries even more (to grasp what I could of the situation). Being labeled early on as a troublemaking nonconformist, I learned that there was only one route that would not violate my deeply held principles and integrity.

This tendency towards *negative* attention was purely the invention of the Public School system to put the blame on someone else. They are responsible; first for their confusing alteration between the different group dynamics and second, for their prejudice against students who are troublemakers (with their strict ideal that nonconformity must be met with punishment rather than understanding). The feeble attempts of the administration to listen were so shy from actually hearing my intentions that they invented intentions for me and then punished me for them. That was a lose-lose situation.

I could see then how the American system *worked* from womb-to-tomb and make a critical judgment of that technique. The competition, inequality, prejudice, violence, etc. in society is treated as though the cause is unfathomable when the cause is part of almost every one of the public's experiences. If you went to a Public School you perceived the troublemaking/conforming groups, you experienced first hand the transition from non-authoritarian to authoritarian group dynamics, and if you were part of the conforming group you were blind to the measures taken against the troublemakers. If you are ignorant it is not because you have failed in this system, it is because you did exactly what was expected of you. You ignored the plight of the troublemaker as you now ignore the plight of Third World civilians and social minorities. It is that simple. By taking the conformist path you didn't learn the full scope of the educational process (and I sure as hell don't blame you), but now I can share my experience with you and bring you to this understanding, which is *real* communication.

Like most Elementary Schools ours had a recess. The playground is where the strife of diverse prejudices took place. There was a mediocre form of regulation that was run by the humorously referred-to "Duties." The Duties hardly spoke English, and in my opinion didn't possess the capacity to attend to 30-sum-odd children's dramatics. As anyone could guess, the slack supervision of playground activity lead to some disturbing forms of bullying.

During my time spent on the playgrounds I came into contact with many bullies. What started off as bad became progressively worse;

my first traumas from being bullied were extracted from an incident behind the “Big Toy” (the all-in-one gymnasiums usually found at parks or elementary schools). An unusually-sized boy and his malicious sidekick confronted me. After sharing some tumultuous words I was lodged between the glut and the sand, facedown, while his masterminding friend force-fed me dirt. There wasn’t much I could do in a position like that, where neither fight nor flight was possible, so I submitted to the abuse and swallowed.

My next mishap was just as traumatic. The stucco walls with their skin-scraping shards dug into my back as a boy at least three grades ahead of me wrapped his hands around my throat. The bargain was that if I admitted to my homosexuality he would let me free. At the instance of my degradation and release, another boy of the same age confronted the one choking me and punched him in the stomach. I was never again given to that specific horror.

Around that same time I shared recess with a boy named Nathan. He was Vietnamese, my introduction into Eastern culture in America. Our friendship carried over to spending time outside of school where for the first time I saw a human sick and dying. It was his grandma in bed, hooked up to a respirator, mute and most likely not privy to the English language regardless. He had an uncle who was infatuated with science (I myself shared similar interests). As far back as I can remember I had been very drawn to, if not flat-out obsessed with Astronomy, Mathematics, Paleontology, Geology and Anatomy; his uncle introduced me to Chemistry. When I’d spend time at their residence and he was present I’d always ask for him to do an

experiment with me - most of the time he would comply. He showed and taught me beautiful things about chemical interactions: colors, gasses, acids, bases, etc.

My relationship with Nathan fizzled out after he had stolen and lied about an elaborate pencil box I proudly possessed. It wasn't very unsettling because his family moved a year later. The rest of second grade played itself out insignificantly though I never built a valuable collection of Clap-Clap cards (*frown*).

The first summer I spent assimilated into Val Vista Lakes was mostly in the company of Audra. Usually she would be spending time with two girls who lived down the street in the first cul-de-sac. One was a short, skinny girl with mousy hair who fell short of my favor with her tendency to invent impossible lies, Kristen. The other was tall and somewhat of a tomboy, Mindy. The four of us would get together and burn incense, play with Ouija boards, hold séances and utter the obligatory complaints about our parents.

Sometimes we would play rough, other times we'd all just act silly and have a good time. Because we were sufficiently amused within the confines of our neighborhood we didn't find much trouble in staying up into the late hours of the night. Despite all social pressures the four of us still managed to dabble in witchcraft and the general study of haunting lore. We were aghast by the darker elements of life. I have had to this day an unfounded obsession with the grotesque: skeletons, bodily innards, disease (which led to many years of hypochondriac tendencies), every secretion and excretion from the body minus feces (to which I developed a vomiting phobia at the

sight of), tolerance to pain and pain itself, any sounds that captivate a feeling of dissociation and fright, misgivings, evil, devils, demons, etc.

“BEHOLD! The mighty voices of my vengeance smash the stillness of the air and stand as monoliths of wrath upon a plain of writhing serpents. I am become as a monstrous machine of annihilation to the festering fragments of the body of he (she) who would detain me. It repenteth me not that my summons doth ride upon the blasting winds which multiply the sting of my bitterness; And great black slimy shapes shall rise from brackish pits and vomit forth their pustulence into his (her) puny brain. I call upon the messengers of doom to slash with grim delight this victim I hath chosen. Silent is that voiceless bird that feeds upon the brain-pulp of him (her) who hath tormented me, and the agony of the is to be shall sustain itself in shrieks of pain, only to serve as signals of warning to those who would resent my being.” – Anton Szandor LaVey, “(Water) –Book of Leviathan-,” *The Satanic Bible* (New York: Avon Books, 1969), p. 149

Aside from these morbid curiosities, when I wasn't with Audra and company I had some other friends on the block. One was a boy, Gergy, and together we would speak highly of gangsters and accordingly we would wear bandanas while we rode our bikes around. For some reason he had a strong taste for the music of Michael Jackson and we'd gallivant about singing “Smooth Criminal” and “Bad.” Aside from that we both played basketball and collected trading cards of our favorite players (using rarity and

monetary value to determine that preference). The cards were used for perfecting each others' methods of ripping one another off. The elemental substance of our relationship was corruption.

Germey had a very strange living situation that I was never too clear about. Every so often I'd be around his uncle who was very cold, cut-off, and always had a beer in his hand. My friend seemed to have an incredible fear of the man. The most note-worthy variable of my relationship with Germey was a sort of innocently consented-to molestation. I'd be in the backyard going to the bathroom in the corner and he'd come over and start playing with my genitals; other times we'd lie in bed together naked and rub against each other. Without jumping to any conclusions it might be logical to assume that his uncle was molesting him.

A second friend down the block was a boy named Drew whose family conditions I envied and whose sisters I secretly hoped to date when we were all older. I had not spent much time around families which were functional at that time (only seeing their depictions on television) and their interactions baffled my sense of reality because their behavior seemed very scripted and shallow. Drew's family, manners, and resistance to the type of mischief which was fist-nature to me inspired respect in me some times; at others it made me feel hypercritical and insecure about myself and what I called "my home". These aspects of Drew's circumstances and character caused too much incomprehension in my relation to him and my covetous feelings eventually caused me to drift away from his company.

These two accomplices were always valued higher than my last resort: Belcher... Robbie Belcher. He was 30 or so years old, nearly deaf in both ears, epileptic, and graced with an atrocious learning disorder that deranged his mental abilities to that of a 12 year-old. It wasn't out of pity that I befriended him; in fact we shared a lot of interests. When we'd spend time together it was usually show-and-tell of G.I. Joe memorabilia. This man who has long been dead from his god-sent illnesses correlates in my memory with the most sordid feelings. Though my value of property now is almost non-existent, at that time I had a hideous greed that I'd like to believe never existed (which caresses the following account).

On discovering in my mothers collectibles a journal I had been keeping around that age, I came across a specific entry in which I ranted dreamingly of a future where I would be rich. This fantasy, which I've been troubled by for far too long, is plain and simply a longing for a society that in comparison to you is impoverished; it is a base desire for unbound power. This exact mentality is found in Capitalists and is presented in my criminal interaction with Robbie.

As a result of my Will to Power I accepted an offer from him (knowing he wasn't capable of realizing his fortune) to trade me his entire collection of G.I. Joes for something so worthless I can't even remember what exactly it was. In other lights his benevolence and the fact that it was an unforced giving might make it seem that I was in fine moral constitution (like an aristocrat who accepts the happy serf's taxes). But I don't think any sort of gift from him is justified when given to a person who thought of his friendship as a "last

resort." To impart on me a collection that he had put so much energy into building, had so much love for, and gave to me from a very intimate place in his heart makes me feel like garbage for not possessing the same endearing spirit and mutual honor. It is possible that my mere company and friendship was worthy of such treasures, I just don't know if I could ever see myself as that sort of benefactor.

In third grade homework was still a process of engaging in creative activities and one day my class had a writing assignment covering anything we so desired. I thought I had a great, intriguing plot; unfortunately, it just created more depraved conditions for me. I decided to write about an axe-murderer who ended up killing his mother. Maybe that does sound a bit neurotic for a third grader to be writing about but let's look at my world: I had seen the Holocaust, I got my ass kicked all the time for unarticulated reasons, my life at home was pregnant with argument, soap in the mouth, time in the chair (blah, blah, blah). Undoubtedly I had more than enough reason to choose to write about the world as it had been shown to me.

My perspective was that life unfolds as vaginal flesh is spread, torn, and a head emerges. A world opens up, incomprehensible with unadjusted senses. An umbilical chord is graciously severed and the disconnection begins. The doctor slaps, and the first feelings of pain force a scream bellowing out of a miniature body initiated into this universe. As the brain develops appropriately for optimal functioning, the great divide begins: first between "I" and everything else, then, subdividing everything else into as many categories as can be (the more the smarter). Growing older, the process of categorization

becomes more complex, more accurate. Learning to communicate, starting off with simple duality and progressing into ever more stimulating sentence structures, abstraction of thought begins. A philosophy is born; one that justifies everything that happens, something to be martyred for because it gives the world a reason to be accepting (of the relative child specifically). Whatever it may be, escaping now into philosophy is the first step towards creating a free will; options expand but still, life feels severed.

Such self-centered philosophizing (the philosopher's good over the common good) determines a sense of individuality and escaping becomes more conscience: perhaps dabbling in drugs, religion, or just the television. Severed still, the escape continues as emotions mature, making connections between "I" and a select group of humanity. Eventually meeting someone who lights a match in the chest and becoming captivated by this person, escaping from a self-centered life completely into them; discovering the greatest route yet, "love." The toil of "love" becomes clearer; "loving" becomes a major concern and relationships are sought out, trying to find one that is satisfactory. The great divide becomes even greater now, delving deep into the pool of personality. Soon enough old age nears and the fear of death creeps up saying, "Prepare for *the* escape, the triumph over life itself... death!" One day death comes and some are sad, but the goal has finally been reached and life no longer exists to be severed from.

By fourth grade, I felt that there were a million people out there who had it so much worse than me and all that made me do was hate myself more for not being happy with who I was. I thought, "You

really have no control over someone who wants to commit suicide, and you know that. They are free to do it if they want, and no one can stop them.” I even went so far as to believe that if you can actually pull the trigger on the gun and not think you'll feel sorry for doing it, you've become a free person. You have to become a very free person to do something like that. You want freedom in your heart, you want life's oppressions to end and to move into the only perfect utopian freedom there is... death. Really I was scared shitless of how fucked up I might turn out; I had no motivation to be nice *or* cruel to people anymore, it was whatever made them shut up the quickest: their beliefs were their NyQuil.

The kids at school called me a "girl" (before “fag” was exchanged for the same insult) because I had chin-length hair and an earring. A few years later the same kids were doing this *girly* thing with those stupid gauged earrings some people think are so cute and acceptable because it was deemed trendy. My babysitter (a concept that my parents didn't give up on until junior high) influenced me to explore the music of the 90's most popular rebels. With these complications, I was also being dragged out of bed by my limbs to attend school daily, using every insult I could imagine towards my parents, threatening to kill them and myself with knives, cutting myself up with safety pins, and isolating myself in my room for extremely long periods of time where I'd force myself to stare at a wall or punch myself in the face. That beautiful man in the black top hat who's second EP was pornography for me (Marilyn Manson) must have just made me crack because all I wanted to do was self-destruct or fuck a girl (that's just a

playfully displaced responsibility reverend, I know you don't befall to the same trivial desires as Slipknot's members).

Did you ever get that burning feeling in your heart while all of your thoughts bounced off the inside of your skull, only thinking about crying or hurting yourself? Was it like you just had the realization that you're an idiot, your emotions are unwarranted and baseless because you hate yourself for feeling the way you do about hating yourself? It's like deciding you'll do whatever it takes one day and you start building a bridge, a mental bridge with planks of a completely new kind of perception, a way of crossing to a life you could never have thought of on your own. Then the bridge keeps crashing, you keep building, and the pills don't really help very much. It becomes so easy to just drop your hammer and remember everything that is at the bottom of your victimized sea.

It happens when you feel something so deep inside yourself, raging like a hurricane your body can't release to expression, a powerful feeling of destruction. That's what it is like when you're unable to cry from suffocating pain. You are blocked from yourself, except for the sweat that runs out of your armpits and down your ribcage. You start to blame yourself, telling yourself to feel what you *should* feel and express it how you *should* express it. It is as if you have a bucket of clear paint and the finest set of brushes but the canvas is a black-and-white, paint-by-numbers picture of your current life. You need some color, some sort of expressive tool for the picture in your head so you bleed because that's the only color you can possibly find to paint with.

Finally, when feeling release is futile, you never want to articulate what is inside of you again from the fear that you might look back on it and see how pathetic you were. Or if someone else finds your art, fearing that they will come up with some assumption about how it is all for show or that you have no merit. "FUCK!" you think to yourself, "If anyone knows what I feel and think it makes me hate the world even more!" We all suffer together but I wanted to suffer alone, I didn't want to bring anyone down with my *reality*.

Puberty had begun and I was a little more than obsessed with sex. I already got caught trying to fuck pillows by my sister, and porn was a definite item I wished to obtain. I ended up just playing around with other boys since I was so uncanny and untouchable by the female community (girls weren't reading those dumb teen magazines either, they were reading *Cosmopolitan*; a most entertaining contributor to the destruction of Love and the invention of competitive dating). Nothing out of the ordinary though, just another stress factor that couldn't be relieved for years.

Death Rolls through Town in a Chariot...

There were some other friends that I made at VVL. Being the obscurity that I was I formed great rapport with the other nerd, dork, geek, freak, and rebel children, which were about five or six individuals. I fought every day on my behalf or theirs, tooth-and-nail until the sand was red. Also, I found out through a genius friend of mine named Adrian (who being elected to give a speech at our high school's graduation insulted many) that there was a way to get out of class for a good few hours during the day. On inquiry, he told me that it was the A.L.P. (Advanced Learning Program). More than just jealous, envious, or degraded I was furious. So I had my first battle with the public school system; they wouldn't even test me for advanced placement because of my behavioral status as a student. But I won that battle; the test results came back and I was scoring at gifted levels in math and science, normal in reading and English.

This created a strange identity for me as child; my origin was despair, I was brilliant, my best friends were outcasts, and my tolerance for suffering made me fairly insensitive. I was completely isolated from the start whether it was my genius (in the Romantic sense), my heritage, my rebellion, or my associations. It was a situation I was "forced into." Already I was getting sick of the struggle: the brutality, being ignored, being a loser. From that point on I had found an enemy (though undefined, prevalent and threatening). I dove into my own world of art; pictures of mutilated, starving, distorted bodies, short horror stories, and more outlandish

activity in the classroom than before. This was well before my walls turned black (literally), my costumes became unacceptable, and my philosophy started to develop out of my conditions.

“But the chief point was that all this was, as it were, not accidental in me, but as though it were bound to be so. It was as though it were my most normal condition, and not in the least disease or depravity, so that at last all desire in me to struggle against this depravity passed. It ended by my almost believing (perhaps actually believing) that this was perhaps my normal condition. But at first, in the beginning, what agonies I endured in that struggle! I did not believe it was the same with other people, and all my life I hid this fact about myself as a secret. I was ashamed (even now, perhaps, I am ashamed): I got to the point of feeling a sort of secret abnormal, despicable enjoyment in returning home to my corner on some disgusting Petersburg night, acutely conscious that that day I had committed a loathsome action again, that what was done could never be undone, and secretly, inwardly gnawing, gnawing at myself for it, tearing and consuming myself till at last the bitterness turned into a sort of shameful accursed sweetness, and at last-into positive real enjoyment! Yes, into enjoyment, into enjoyment! I insist upon that. I have spoken of this because I keep wanting to know for a fact whether other people feel such enjoyment. I will explain: the enjoyment was just from the too intense consciousness of one’s own degradation; it was from feeling oneself that one had reached the last barrier, that it was horrible, but that it could not be otherwise; that there was no escape for you, that you never

could become a different man; that even if time and faith were still left you to change into something different you would most likely not wish to change; or if you did wish to, even then you would do nothing; because perhaps in reality there was nothing for you to change into.

And the worst of it was, and the root of it all, that it was all in accord with the normal fundamental laws of over-acute consciousness, and with the inertia that was the direct result of those laws, and that consequently one was not only unable to change but could do absolutely nothing.” – Fyodor Dostoyevsky, “Notes from Underground,” Notes from Underground, Poor People, the Friend of the Family: 3 Short Novels by Fyodor Dostoyevsky (New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1960), p. 29

I would call it a fire but no water could put it out. Tempting, to call it something so that it has definition, but definition is prone to the leaving-out of its wholeness. I have been livid with this passion from birth and have only escaped from it in temporal moments. As many moats as I've built between that which possesses me and the others infected with a disease that wishes to stifle me, there have been boat-builders who have mastered the science of riding tsunamis beyond my protective walls to crash into this spirit within me. Their love has been riddled with spite and it is short-lived before their breath is restricted by their lust. They have weak stomachs for the poison that is Truth, so their immunities have decreased. Passion would ail them if digested in haste. Their misfortune is that they would rather devour breakfast without tasting it, waiting for a dinner they have been

promised in their elder age rather than slowly being nourished by a life they waste. So they start to fight the current to cross my moat, offended by a sharp touch in their gut. They build cannons to try and demolish my walls, but I've built them to be destroyed. The castle that they aim for as they rediscover their wrath is just vanity and luxury, while my soul dwells in an ascetic state. They can only defeat me by defeating themselves and knowing Love again... for I accept all of their gifts.

Those passionate like I have a devastating weakness: they can stomach their own poison, but when they see the diseased close to death they are battered by that pain. It is the sensitivity of the passionate that restrains them from killing off their enemy. That they have drunk much Truth is certain, but that makes them feel everything the enemy ignores. I call their disease the Numbness, as they have suppressed all emotion with the fears perceived as Maturity and have become. A broken heart causes more pain than broken flesh; they know this and scar their skin. They never understand Love; they can't, their fears won't let them. And they never feel their fears because that is too much to feel; they just act on them. But they have overcome suffering through their dehumanization (even if it is only the suffering of their consciousness).

In the summer between fifth and sixth grade I was sent to a Jewish summer camp far away from home called Camp Pearlstein. By this time I had gone to a psychologist that diagnosed me as clinically depressed and medicated me with Wellbutrin. I had a positive prior experience at the camp; the only thing that changed this time was that

I discovered music, fashion and drugs. That summer camp was horrid and I did everything I could to escape: hit people in the head with large sticks, punched a few kids, made others cry with my use of insults ...and all of that aggression was from other sources and had been displaced.

I finally found a way out of that Nazi-style summer camp ironically run by Jews. I snuck into the cafeteria one day (a separate business functioning within the camp) and used their phone to call my parents, since phones were off limits and pagers were the only realistic form of wireless communication. They came and picked me up, bringing me back to a freshly decorated room: black walls, black furniture and black bedding. I was so happy about the sharp transition from one situation to the other. My depression was well-amused.

A friend of mine since this time has never been amused by my depression; I have never seen a heart so unbelievably earnest. Josh Bingenheimer (he's a man now, but then he was a kid) whose funny last name and sense of humor sometimes blocked people from perceiving his extraordinary intellect, has dedicated himself to politics since he was in third and fourth grade. He and another boy, John, would bring their debates over party politics to a level of heat I could only wish I had the knowledge to feel at the time. This is a man who, without ever attempting antagonisms towards society at large, has received the short end of the stick. I'll never forget the sincere tears in his eyes on an occasion he tried to assure me of my worth in response to a casual self-degradation. I don't believe another person

could have shown appreciation for me like he has when I've deserved it.

We were on the same league basketball team during the term that my dad coached. I was horrible at every ball-orientated sport to the point where I had scored points for the other team by shooting the ball into our own basket. I did that and I ran down the court, arms in the air, as if I had just scored the winning points during the finals. Everyone was chanting "No!" but I thought they were saying "Yeah!" This was even after someone did the same thing just before me. Soccer wasn't much better; all I did was trip people. Karate was really my expertise; I had been training in martial arts for years and earned a brown belt, second place in a state competition and an instinctual ability to kill before I quit.

My fifth year at Val Vista Lakes Elementary contains one solid line of memories all pertaining to the first time I dialed Death's number and received his voice mail. I had a few friends I'd walk home with after school every day. One was Tim whom I remember little about; the other was a person who must have been a living case of Antisocial Personality Disorder, T.J. On our way to our houses there was an 11 or 12 foot wall we'd jump over for no real reason other than the thrill of falling a distance and often twisting an ankle or busting a lip. This specific incident happened only moments before we would usually be doing that.

Crossing the street at the crosswalk was always irritating because we needed to cross forward and then left. Instead of patiently waiting twice for the crossing guard to sluggishly walk out into the minute

traffic and wave at cars while she held out a stop sign, we waited only once and would then cross at the wall. That day, my two friends ran across the street to the wall while a minivan was coming, but I hesitated. They taunted me with some good insults I suppose because when I ran across the street, the minivan speeding in a residential area at 40 miles per hour crashed right into my ribcage. I went flying down the street, a shoe flying off, while scraping my elbows and knuckles to the bones. Then in shock, I immediately jumped up and tried to walk home but was stopped by a Girl Scout leader panicking and convincing me to lie down on the sidewalk.

A circle of nosey suburbanites crowded around me and the Girl Scouts in the minivan watched out of the windows. The troop leader called 911 and explained to them that she was speeding because she was on her way to the fire department for a troop trip. Then the ambulance came to strap me on a stretcher and wheel me into their rescue box where I was stripped with scissors, shoved with at least four different needles (two being large enough to leave a scar) and taken to the second closest hospital. While this was all happening, my mother on her way home from work stopped at the site where she saw her mangled son and got directions so she could meet me at the hospital.

After a cat scan and some other tests the doctors determined that I was fine and I only had to stay for two days. Neither of the boys who were partly responsible for the accident made any effort to check up on me, but while I was half-conscious in the hospital bed I received a care package from my class. It was stuffed with get-well cards and I

was happy until I read them. They were filled with the student's jokes about my accident; one boy even wrote a rendition of Grandma Got Ran Over by a Reindeer. When I returned home I was very depressed and the last person I'd ever expect to show up was the only person who did; he brought me some candy bars and is still my best friend, Pouyan Sean Afkary (remember that name!).

When I tried to sleep that night, I imagine this is close to what happened. Though of slumbering desires, my thoughts could not be subdued as they rapidly clashed and cluttered behind my tightly pressed eyelids. Oft locations presented themselves to the muse of words, all of which attended to as a severity. Specifically were the incessant repetitions of one location and a variety of cataclysmic phrases that began to correlate:

Grey bulbous stone structures surrounding in all directions, dripping with a translucent liquid onto a shard-covered ground. A stale air, moist, smelling of dirt and sage; the shadows flickering as if a candle were present, in replications too many to count as though several sources of light seeped through unbeknownst cracks. Noises burst asunder, each at an appropriate moment to startle: faint wolf howling, screeches of infant cries both in human and animal voices, the murmur of digestion fading in and out of the background, fresh ice scraping against itself, thunderous shocks and booms. My sentiments were cast out of association with the scenery; black spites and elated pleasures, frightful curiosity and inspiring awe, sensations euphoric and painfully piercing, horror and melancholy longing. Atop the soundtrack, the missing pieces of calamitous versus slurred in

fragments: "isn't dead..." accented with my mother's tone, "lord be thy praised and honored by thy virtue!," "consciousness like a stream a river of blood of cells of split thought of sliced emotion of recycled habit, never once never twice, but always again and again and again," "stop and smell the flowers..." "sun after moon after noon after day in and day out." Finally, after all images disappeared into nothingness, a stern flow of adjectives pulsed:

The inevitable unacceptable
Incomprehensibly disrespectful
Determined the worst possible
Very despicable
Untimely and distasteful
Conflicting those thoughtful
Noticeably biological
It remains unfathomable
Bereaving follows hateful
Leaving us fearful
Everlasting and insatiable
Recognition indispensable
Victimizing indiscriminately
The haunted run drearily
Interpreting irrationally

Articulations made carefully

Stiffness then immobility

Slow, fast, or painfully

Death...

The year ended and then the amusement became a compulsive laughter during which I could hardly breathe. Before I could pop my face back into Val Vista Lakes Elementary, I was whisked away to Chicago to visit my mother's family. This antagonistically loud and nasal family is composed of: my Nana (a ridiculously cruel-tongued person, with the most charitable heart a person can imagine, who has saved my family's ass so many times the toll is uncountable); my aunt Darla (the *favorite aunt* who at the time was an anxiety-ridden interior decorator living in a huge house which she compulsively cleaned, brushing the rugs with a hair brush every day, and who hollered at my Nana at least once about something or other during all of their interactions); her daughter - my cousin Ariel (a very reserved person from her own subjection to the torments of this family and her immediate one); my Uncle Terry (the tallest lurker in the bunch, who has some of the wittiest jokes in bad taste and requires some sort of sports-viewing in his life to maintain sanity); his wife - my Aunt Fran (a distant person who I don't know a whole lot about but has always been nice to me); their first son Andrew (one of 15 lawyers in the family that always liked to give nuggies or swing me around by my arms, wound up with gorgeous women and is very compassionate); their second son Matthew (reserved like Ariel, but much older and who never did anything I could remember being

offended by); their daughter Jill (who feels she competes with me for being the black sheep of the family, has done time for prank phone calls, and probably, though in a much more decadent manner, thinks in the same light as myself); and my Papa Pete (who I mentioned earlier, a man who has inspired me to be a “bad ass” and “never take shit from anyone” – R.I.P.). The only words that everyone in this family can agree would perfectly describe our collective lives are “oy gaval’t”. I love all of these people and do not consider any of my descriptions to be *exactly* negative.

All sorts of exciting things occurred on that trip; the most relevant being that my dad relapsed after years of recovering from barbiturates and alcoholism. What I remember is I heard stumbling and clumsy banging outside the apartment door. Then it flung open to reveal my dad with a sedated smile on his face and unfocused eyes that were so glazed they spooked like a snakes. Multiple people made an effort to lay him on his stomach. He passed out immediately and by morning had urinated all over the bed of his mother-in-law, my Nana.

This incident followed years of my father threatening me if I mentioned anything to my mother when he would try to sneak alcohol into the house. The intensity of his habitual verbal abusive towards the whole family aroused so much dread in me that years later my body would grow uncontrollably tense at the word “relax,” (a word he would shout at me when annoyed). There were many nights my mother would try to excuse his absence by telling me that he couldn’t come home from work when he was really just drunk. In

addition, there were their frequent, dreadful arguments, which led up to the final offense in Chicago that caused their divorce.

Their fights were really hard on me and I can only make out a few scenes from that time (thankfully). I would try to stop them from fighting by telling them to “shut up,” but then the wrath would turn on me and I’d wind up going up to my room where I’m pretty sure I started cutting myself for the first time when I was 8 years old. I’ve often thought that I began cutting myself because I wanted to punish myself when I’d feel the same kind of wrath I could empathically feel my father feeling. It would make a lot of sense because I mostly cut myself out of frustration, which from knowing my mother is probably what was making my father so pissed off to begin with. The only person I could ever rely on was my sister, Joslyn Monique Leve, who was born to a different father but could not be in any less relation to me than those who actually were fully in blood.

She has always been brilliant and sensitive to my needs even though for a long time I teased her by blaming an incident when I cracked my head open on the corner of a wall in the Scottsdale house on her (an injury which caused nerve damage, numbing the right side of my body and weakening my right eye, diagnosed “lazy”). What happened is that when I was antagonizing her while she was on the phone, she gestured towards me and I started to run off... turning around and running right into that corner. She and her husband Kris are probably the only people I am related to that can actually understand me to a worthwhile degree, and I’m sure that my new niece Lorelei will grow into an amazing person. My sister is worth

another book so in short I have heavy respect and honor for her. She was who I would go to while the fighting was going on if she was around to be gone to.

A Ghost Haunts the Villas...

*“Finally, as we pointed out earlier, each person is an absolute choice of self from the standpoint of a world of knowledges and of techniques which this choice both assumes and illuminates; each person is an absolute upsurge at an absolute date and is perfectly unthinkable at another date. It is therefore a waste of time to ask what I should have been if this war had not broken out, for I have chosen myself as one of the possible meanings of the epoch which imperceptibly led to war. I am not distinct from this same epoch; I could not be transported to another epoch without contradiction. Thus I am this war which restricts and limits and makes comprehensible the period which preceded it. In this sense we may define more precisely the responsibility of the for-itself if to the earlier quoted statement, “There are no innocent victims,” we add the words, “We have the war we deserve.” Thus, totally free, undistinguishable from the period for which I have chosen to be the meaning, as profoundly responsible for the war as if I had myself declared it, unable to live without integrating it in my situation, engaging myself in it wholly and stamping it with my seal, I must be without remorse or regrets as I am without excuse; for from the instant of my upsurge into being, I carry the weight of the world by myself alone without anything or any person being able to lighten it.” – Jean-Paul Sartre, “Freedom and Responsibility,” *Essays in Existentialism* (New Jersey: Citadel Press, Inc., 1972), p. 66*

I have always had a hard time finding areas of agreement with my mother and I could not be civil until my false intuitions of her later minor illness were confirmed (I intuited a terminal illness...). Our voices of intimacy became silent when we stagnated in that town, whereas before they blared through ear canals, trembling. I could strangle myself with guilt due to my inconsiderate relations, escape by a hand count of pleasant memories, and dose myself with tranquilizing drugs in response to feeling at loss of knowing what a pleasant mother-son relationship can be. Had I been kinder, the source of my affections would not have been seen as obligatory.

I had cursed her so carelessly, threatened her and recited in screams the dictionary's obscenities... even announced apathy towards her death: that is a ruthless heart. Those abuses were coals inside of me exhausting scorching heat, unprovoked, and continuously cooking arguments. My pity was dreaded and she only wished for my personal happiness; the dull pain of inadequacy filled me with rivets which were working to disappoint her dreams. My mother had made understandable accusations many times of my dispossessed love for her; the truth is that my frustrated affections jump off of ledges because they are bonds to past abuses. I would attempt to recall a thousand prayers sent to the stars, begging to remove that spite from my gut, and I persistently practice reconditioning.

A less arrogant son might feel hope and sorrow while his eyes look down at his feet from this news of his mother's possibly impending death. Being an arrogant son though, I took responsibility and decided that this news must be accompanied by the deconstruction of

old habits (instead of mere sentimentalities); they are elderly lurkers who would smother me otherwise. Their scars come from allowing my intellect and integrity to tyrannize, but that tyranny can be held to itself rather than over my spirit. My future without this realization would be that of a man seized by terror, his mother's destroyer clouding above him in image, inducing writhing; in the gutter he is taunted by streetlights glistening off of spilled alcohol, which reflects the contorted expression on his face.

When I was younger, I disregarded stability because I had a false sense that there were infinite opportunities for future trials. After every fight I knew that I had been a fool, and then I would spend the evenings mentally battling away scenarios of my parents dying without the ability to reconcile. I was embracing those scenarios ferociously again without any concern for discovering her illness's exact severity. If the proportions of her ailment are exceptionally less drastic, the value of entertaining those thoughts was still astronomical. Seething descriptions of these woes are authentic; I cannot find a satisfying expression for this unique person who is my mother anywhere else.

Now that my parents had split and my mom had a redneck boyfriend I could not stand, we had to put our house up for sale because the only money coming in was from my mom's haphazard efforts to run the photography studio and her boyfriend's fireman stock and tip money from playing guitar at coffee shops. I spent a lot of time skateboarding around the neighborhood, terrorizing the strip-mall and generally wrecking havoc around town. The skaters all hung

out behind the grocery store at a wall built to hide dumpsters referred to as “the Wall” (because cliché is the skater way). Skaters were a hip thing to be if you were in high school (it was not yet the modern “skater” who aspires to skateboard in the new professional arenas), but I was in elementary school. I still went to the Wall and smoked cigarettes I’d find in ash trays or whatever someone else brought back there. The place received most of its acclaim because a homeless couple used to live there and they’d buy anyone booze for money... I wasn’t a big fan of booze, though. To simplify skaters, they were really just drug-addicted, white trash, malicious malcontents who could only find entertainment in spray-painting meaningless images everywhere and manipulating younger kids... until they found subcultures with more substance.

At other times I was eating at the only dinner table I could tolerate with Pouyan. Eating dinner with my best friend was important; I saw a family that worked, and they also solidified my Atheism because I was no longer alone or immature for beholding it. Pouyan is Iranian (preferably termed Persian); his father grew up in Iran and fled the country in a fit of activism; coming to America where he met his Irish ex-wife. The man is brilliant, the most hospitable person I have ever met, and because of this his son has been the same for many people. They are the ones who I feel really raised me; I spent almost every day with Pouyan or his family.

Later in life, Pouyan became a person with such charisma that it is hard to imagine anyone who would not instantly fall in love with the guy. He’s always been very intelligent, but his social adequacy

developed so fruitfully that most of his intellectual time is allocated into meeting new people and charming women. I don't know of any other person (except maybe Audra) who I feel will be there with me for the rest of my life. His constancy thus far, not only with myself but with anyone else who doesn't reject him, proves this to me, and he is the singular person I know I can trust. If I can aid him in his life, I most definitely will, because his giving me a self-image of importance is worth almost any effort conceivable.

Though now he's a very level-headed, charming, boisterous, imaginary person with beautifully long locks of loosely curled hair (which he will never fail to boast about), in his youth his father had a weird obsession with the "buzz" (hair-cut) which I think in a lot of ways gave Pouyan a strange obsession with being a "buzz-overkill". As opposed to being an ordinary buzz-kill whom condenses the "buzz" (an emotionally hypo-manic state) into a swampy slosh of dramatic sloth, this term emphasizes that his grandiose capacity for "buzz" topped the poisonous peaks most buzz-seekers could ever fathom reaching.

The first time we spent a significant amount of time together was for a school event at where during the time, was a fairly hip location: Skateland. Rollerblades and skateboards hadn't yet taken off with my generation (as mentioned earlier), so Skateland was still renting out roller skates which for the most part, the greatest experience on was when you built up enough momentum to simulate the experience of flying (considerably boring after a while). On our way there, my mother scared the living shit out of Pouyan while he was in buzz-

overkill mode in the back seat with another friend, John Moore, and I. I socked Pouyan in the leg for annoying me and then blamed him when my mother started flipping out, saying he had hit me. So, since my mother is somewhat neurotic she decided to kick Pouyan out of the car and yell at him, I believe saying she never wanted to see him again when we arrived at Skateland. It took her a couple months of convincing to earn back Pouyan's sense of security.

In a characterizing way Pouyan has always been a decent amount shorter than most of the other guys we would hang around with. I'm not too sure if he *really* had an issue of sensitivity to that fact but there have been times when his silence would allude to such an assumption. This quietness used to be a lot more predominant when Pouyan was younger whereas you will hear about your offenses in-depth, in-logic right away today. Before we really started hanging out he would spend the majority of his recess time sitting at a round table and reading a new edition to the Goosebumps series every couple of weeks which may have been more of a collection than a substantial literary endeavor (an adolescent horror-fiction series written by R.L. Stein). One of our main bonding points for a long time had actually been this compulsion to collect. I collected things like Pogs (milk-bottle cap inserts with symbols on them), trading cards of all varieties, Johnny the Homicidal Maniac comic books (hence my later nickname "Squee"), explosives, rocks, and bugs while Pouyan would gravitate more towards Spawn comic books, fountain drink cup tops, video games, and posters (which eventually he covered his entire room in; walls, ceiling, door...).

This was perfect for the time because there was a hobby store called Hero's in the Fry's shopping center which we wound up staying at for hours at a time, daily. The best part of all about Hero's was that you could buy play-time on home video game systems we were both too poor (though in suburbia) to be allotted. The two guys that ran it (the second best part about the place) were Roy and Casey, one short and stout and the other slightly taller and lanky (with treacherous facial hair); and stereotypically, both perverse to the point of laughing hysterically when Pouyan asked what "stimulator" was on a racecar game. Put simply, together our charming vexations formed a strange relationship with our surrogate uncles at Hero's. This, of course took place *after* we terrorized the rest of the strip-mall; detonating shock bombs in the parking lot, crashing each other into the curbs while in shopping carts (way before Jack Ass came out), hi-jacking the electronic shopping carts ("Rascals") from Fry's and playing bumper cars ...or one of our grand mischievous activities of accumulating every day on the Fry's ceiling two or three sticky-hands that eventually they had to replace the panels because of (those gummy hands that stick to surfaces from the quarter machines ...to ceiling panels they molded), getting to know the employees of EVERY store really, *really* well, and ordering only water cups from Taco Bell even though we filled them up with soda. Actually, Pouyan didn't even realize his later success (which I'm limiting to foreshadowing right now) until rather than being banned from Taco Bell for the theft of Soda (which is like... \$.50 a gallon), he is offered "FREE LARGE DRINKS!" every time he returns there by the same lady who would do the banning.

A few times a week Pouyan would attend Synagogue (Hebrew school) with me and we'd fuck around during the classes and services... in the most immature ways possible (which was splendid). There were maybe one or two girls both of us found attractive at all and for some reason that was our cue to irritate them ceaselessly. A fond memory is when we convinced one of these girls that she was being foolish for using the word "redundant" (even though we had *no* idea what that word could possibly mean at all yet). The subject of women really provides the perfect opportunity to comment on our most intimate bonding experiences. After a day typically spent in or around the Fry's shopping center (until a Jack-in-the-Box happened to open up where Pouyan later moved; this being utterly ideal), I would spend the night over at Pouyan's and take his bus to elementary school in the morning. We would stay up almost the entire night playing strategic/role-based video games on a mutual turn basis we'd invent the criteria for, depending on events in the game (and we absolutely refused to use the guides unless hopelessly stuck). When we finally would lie down to fall asleep, we would talk for a good hour or two: romanticizing, fantasizing, reminiscing, philosophizing, and questioning our developing love for the female.

It was this most profound sense of pure admiration for women which me and Pouyan have shared our whole lives that not only has provided us with the motivation to be close friends with women rather than objectifying them or feeling alien in their company, but through relating with women (who are much more sensual in friendship than men) we got beyond homophobia at a young age and

developed a quality of genuine care, intimacy, and affection for ourselves and others. Aside from Pouyan's first sexual exploit which he would drift into a severely blissful relaxation when speaking of poetically ...sucking a nipple; the honest humanism in our perception of women made these conversations very intellectually stimulating and even around 11-14 years old, since we were both gifted children, the complexity of our conclusions were incredible. Something I think a lot of people miss out about Pouyan because he is such a reasonable guy is that he is extremely sensitive (but like myself, understands how to detach from his emotions to objectively analyze their fairness). Because of this sensitivity and the affection which results from it (like when we would invent systematic games to practice different massage techniques before bed), I can definitely say the quality of our emotional lives are at least 80% healthier than most men's our age (in the area of interpersonal relationships that is). This piece of our relationship, how understanding we became through it, (and of course the addition of our companionate rebellion) is what I have kept myself alive for to this day; it could alone account for an eternally sited sentiment of gratitude for Pouyan and Life generally. On top of that, this manner of relating I refer to as "Love" not "love," is the source of my philosophy and the depth of human relationships which I see slaughtered every day in our culture. I struggle most to maintain and provide this Love for others, and would die for its protection – it *is* the precondition which makes rebellion valuable at all.

By sheer accident I happened to discover something beyond Atheism and other Pouyonian-Jaredological ideas in sixth grade. A

“friend” of mine (Casey Paine) and I were working on new ways to write our names during class. He told me to put a circle around a capital “A” in my name, and told me it stood for "Anarchy." I had no idea what the devil that meant, so I went out and bought a book to read on Anarchy (most of which I did not comprehend until later). The book was called “Anarchy in Action” and the author is Colin Ward. All in all, my philosophical beliefs found extensive substance through Anarchism, and I was instantly an anarchist.

Anarchy, an ideology of negating rulers or rule, is defined most by what is being negated. My definition of a ruler is an individual or institution that intends to subordinate another’s will and thus become directive of that person. This subordination can be done without violence, although incompletely, through conditioning. As seen in the School, by disconnecting perceived legitimacy from the common individual while selecting compliant individuals to be perceived as exclusively legitimate, the individual can intellectually justify their own subordination to “more legitimate sources” as beneficial. If there is insubordination or on a large scale, an insurrection however; an authoritarian system (one which idealizes rulers and relies upon rule entirely) must resort to violence in defense of its institutions. Violence is then ethically justifiable for the Anarch when the intention is to defend against a ruler’s subordination, but not when it is used to subordinate another. The will of a person is their defining quality, and to direct that will is to annihilate what creates human liberty and capacity. Restricting the will of a ruler with violence is not promoting rule so long as that restriction does not

over-step its boundaries into subordination of the ruler (when the motivation is defensive and not vengeful); therefore subordination decreases overall.

State-Capitalist society produces such great amounts of devastating chaos and still attempts to claim Anarchy is a promotion of that exact chaos existent *because* of the current social structure (chaos is equivalent with rule because of the inherent conflicts of Will between ruler and ruled; not as argued by State-Capitalists, the conditions of a society without rule promoted by Anarchism as a solution *to* that chaos). The modern confusion of Anarchy with chaos is actually a failure for cultures to have the term “barbarism” in their lexicons. Barbarism is a society which exists because it idealizes rule by those whom commit to the most despotic of deeds; ironically, barbarism seems to describe State-Capitalism quite well. The major point of Anarchy is to ensure that no group policy, contract, law, etc. is considered legitimate unless those affected by it have the strongest voices; that is pretty orderly, not chaotic. In response some say that such is how modern politics work, but decisions in State-Capitalist systems are decided by governments (rulers) and those decisions affect the individual’s life without that individual’s consent being given. There's a common belief that the vote matters, yet representational politics do not let you decide on policy; they let you choose from a select few candidates, one candidate for a given position who has already determined a variety of policies they are going to try and institute. American voting is even limited to two major parties that support the same political and economic system already, so policy is always relative to the affect it has on this

political and economic system (any inherent detriment in the political and economic systems themselves remain, far from being touched by the citizen). Voting is thus an illusion which veils the actual rule of the population by the pre-established functions of State-Capitalism (policy reforms only make this rule more efficient and minimally compensatory).

On the economic end of the system; Capitalism creates capital (wealth that increases itself) by creating private ownership of the things everyone in society needs to sustain their lives, improve the quality of their lives, and create/distribute utility goods. Like with Real Estate where many dwellings are privately owned by a few Capitalists who make a profit by renting *their* dwelling space to the rest of society, private owners in all “markets” of State-Capitalism obtain the most amount of society’s resources so they can profit by controlling the majority of society’s use of them (through renting, selling, and limiting said use). When technologies and other innovations are developed, the rights to their creation, distribution, and use are privately owned almost instantly by Capitalist investors. Even though technology has solved the problem of starvation many times over, a system of private ownership rules every individual by creating a class of Capitalists (the Ruling Class) who own everything which the individual needs to survive. Though this Ruling Class does not have to work in order to *pay for* what they need to survive (since they already own it), the rest of society does; selling their labor for what otherwise would be readily available to them in a free economy. This has resulted in extraordinary amounts of wasted goods which are

considered overproduced because they are not purchased (even though many people could still benefit from them). Still, most of the members in State-Capitalist societies can not put two and two together as to how with such wealth in their Nations, there is still such poverty.

The representatives which I discussed earlier become part of the Ruling Class by ensuring that the Capitalists are able to maintain their private ownerships through the legal system (which is absolutely maintained by the violent force of the Police)... they are provided much wealth for this protection. In order for this oppression to exist, society must primarily function using conditioning, avoiding completely the fundamental principals of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Graduates from Universities and the knowledge they create are largely positioned in the field of marketing either directly through their labor or indirectly through the application of that knowledge: these individuals make up the majority of the Middle Class (defined by private ownership of at least what they use, unlike the Lower Class who rents just about everything from the Ruling Class or members of the Middle class who can spare some of what they privately own for Capital... the Ruling Class tends to own the Corporations the Middle Class works for, while the Middle Class tends to own the dwellings the Lower Class are tenants in). This emphasis on marketing is because society must be conditioned into *needing* products so they have a motivation for their labor.

Most of the products people are conditioned to need are trends: novelties devalued almost instantly, invented for the sole purpose of

intriguing the subordinate classes (Lower and Middle) while the theft of their labor power is used to increase Capital for the Ruling Class. This is done with the wage system: the employer expends a decreased amount of funds on labor power than it would cost if the laborer was paid for the amount the products they create are bought for by the consumer. The laborer produces exponentially more than accounted for in terms of wages, since they are paid hourly at a flat rate, despite the percentage of wealth the products they produced bring into the business... all of the labor power thus stolen from the worker produces the businesses profits, since a surplus of product was sold to the consumer, that was produced without paying the laborer for its production. Because Capitalism is a competitive system, profit is not created by charging more for a product than the labor power required to transform the materials and the materials themselves cost. If that were the case, the price of a product would reduce itself below the competitors' until the fixed cost of materials caused the product's labor power to be the only reducible expense anyways. Inevitably, wages (which are supposed to represent and account for the worker's labor) must be devalued far below their actual expense to the worker so that their cheap cost to the employer makes profit possible in a competitive market which fixes the other costs of production. Minimum wage then can be seen as a method of ensuring the subordinate classes earn enough to buy the products they created, for twice as much as they were paid for creating them.

A horrible conclusion is that creating new jobs would solve the problem of poverty. It is because of so many new jobs and a system

in which infinitesimal jobs are required for those who do not privately own property that poverty and homelessness exist. New jobs can provide wages where there were none before, but we have already seen how inequities in the wage system would only produce more poverty. It would be more reasonable for the poor to use their labor power themselves to produce marketable goods except they can't because the means to mass-production are privately owned by the Capitalists... the poor can never catch up with the benefits of technology which the Capitalists have made private for themselves (unless they exploit as well and further proliferate in the world, the same suffering originally motivating them).

It is then clear that Capitalism must be abolished entirely for the elimination of poverty in a society. It is absurd to permit a relatively small class of savages the rights to privately own everything the whole of society needs to survive and flourish. The more our society accepts the moral justifications for Capitalism, the longer and more severe will be our crippling conditions (that the Capitalists have a private right to this property because they obtained it themselves even though this nation's land, technology, and art was stolen from the indigenous and the poor through war and exploitation). Knowing more than intuitively how much force is already used to protect the economics of Capitalism by the State and the unwillingness of the Ruling Class to ever disband and liberate society's resources: revolution is the only solution in State-Capitalist societies. The ruled must take by force what has been stolen, swindled, and neglected from them for there to ever be salvation from these conditions of quiet-slavery.

There is often a promotion of Pacifism paralleling the promotion of Anarchy but Pacifists support violence vicariously by allowing that which will protect the Pacifist through its use of violence. Anarchy is not probable through Pacifism because of the institutions organized outside of the Pacifist's control which would act on the Pacifist's behalf (such as the institution of Militias and sometimes Police), or against the Pacifists (such as the Military and sometimes Police). The Pacifist believes they are innocent of supporting violence by simply avoiding their responsibility to defend themselves physically with it; but, when violence has been used in their honor or against them without the Pacifist's attempt to deny themselves the privilege of such protections or stop such attacks, this is not true. To maintain physical security as a Pacifist (especially under revolutionary circumstances), you must presuppose either an instinctive merciful quality in humanity (and especially in those who are defending the violent system you are revolting against) or be completely aware that there is an individual or institution to prevent or stop violence instead of you. If the privilege of being secured by individuals or institutions that use violence is sacrificed, Pacifism becomes both non-revolutionary and a matter of lifestyle or definitively self-destructive under revolutionary circumstances. Either way, Pacifism can not be used as a method for social change with-in social structures dependant upon violence for their maintenance. An individual can avoid violent confrontations most of the time and apply Pacifism on that level, but to create a society in which rule is annihilated; there must be ideological acceptance of violence during confrontations

with those defending the violent social structure (the acceptance of violence being used defensively against rule, by revolutionary protagonists of social change). The argument for social change being possible through peaceful evolution is thus extremely weak and impractical; so is one of Pacifism's additional arguments that violence absolutely breeds violence (this absolute is inconsiderate of (self-) defense entirely).

Many rebellions have been stifled throughout history, and have been rewarded instead with ghettos and fractured oppressive unionism. Feminism for example has accomplished little more than allowing females to participate in the Patriarchal system it opposed (in defense of the feminine nature). Furthermore, any benefit from these movements is associated with a leader like Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King Jr. or Roosevelt with his New Deal during the Depression so that the idea of 'social' movements becomes an illegitimate one. So finally, Anarchism promotes leaderless revolution through free, autonomous, and mutual participation in aid, militia, and the construction of new institutions which meet the needs of society without rule.

I didn't expect much exception to these macrocosmic principals from History. I had been getting sent to the office for detention for years, mostly for my ideology or stupid things such as drawing pictures on my homework or talking in class. It had never really been a big deal until I drew the symbol for Anarchy on something I turned in. With the help of my teacher's ignorance, stupidity and irresponsibility as a human being, I was suspended for the first time;

they thought the "A" stood for "Anti-Christ," possibly the worst thing they could think of in their isolated Mormon community. The next time I was suspended was for bringing a money clip to school that happened to have a small knife and nail file on it. It was discovered because a *fellow* student reported me to the office when I let someone else use the knife to open their soda that had a broken pull tab. I thought it was pretty unreasonable; after all, Columbine hadn't happened yet. I suppose administrators have never enjoyed the idea of armed anarchists though.

My last suspension in sixth grade was for nearly breaking some prick's nose. This guy had called me a loser the whole time I knew him, which was a term my deep-seated visualization of the future responded to with anguish. When I'd respond with the simple statement that I'd kick his ass, he'd blow me off like I was some sort of incompetent. Finally, I willed a fight to happen between us. We were sitting in class and the teacher was in the back grading or something antisocial like that. We were supposed to be reading, but instead I threw a plastic bottle at that kid. He picked it up and I walked over to him and grabbed it out of his hand, kicking his chair as I walked away. He made a big mistake when he said, "Oh, like that did anything, loser." So I spontaneously decided to punch him in the back.

He got up and pushed me, I pushed him and he pushed me again. I don't let someone push me twice because it is procrastination, so I said to myself "That's it," dropped the bottle, and smacked that asshole right in the nose. I looked at his face and I had hurt him pretty

badly. I was starting to feel sympathy and then he started swinging, the third time hitting me in the eye. “Whoa...” I said with a chuckle, and then he told the teacher on me. He must have looked pitiful with swollen eyes, so we were both sent to the office. When we got there, we were sent to the nurse. I was hysterically crying because I was afraid of how much trouble I’d get into with my parents as I had already been suspended twice that year. The kid who I hit had to go to the hospital because it was suspected that the bridge of his nose was broken. Even still, he said to me in the nurses’ office “what are you crying about baby?” I just told him to “fuck off or I’ll hit you again.”

During the time I was serving the ISS (In-School Suspension) portion of my punishment, an assembly was hosted for a Spelling Bee I had earlier qualified for. Considering that they didn't want to hurt the education I could express during it, they let me participate and I got second place. The prize was a signed dictionary with a nice comment written personally for me by the principal. This wasn't the first production I participated in at school; the first was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, playing the part of Lysander. The rest of the school year was boring with a few other behavioral mishaps. I was more interested in philosophy at the time, and felt that School was a goddamn joke, so I just gave up on it and tried to have as much fun as possible.

Audra became my first girlfriend ever that year, and I picked my first and only flowers for someone because bugs crawled out when I gave them to her. She was the first person I had ever passionately

kissed, and it didn't go much further than that. Kissing wasn't particularly new for me; I had been hosting parties since fourth grade where we would play spin-the-bottle. Fingering wasn't even an odd occurrence but it wasn't discussed. When we broke up it wasn't from anything spiteful or even desirous; rumors convinced both of us that the other was going to break it off and we mutually ended our romance without knowing until years later that neither of us parted with true motivation.

Even though my heart was grimly crushed, I haven't made many efforts since to have a romantic relationship with her. The way we relate has always been the most enjoyable without feeling the need to restrict each other's Love. How could I dream to restrict that which I find the greatest joy in seeing free? She was gracious and the beauty she created with an unbound wholeness circulated like blood through my body so I could see the world with the brightness of her heart. That blood had shown me a world I could love. She did not heal a broken heart, but gave birth to a new one. And although I can't expect anything from those intense feelings, I can live in gratitude for learning they exist at all. Thank you for instilling in me the verification that I can live pleasantly. The heart has an eternal memory; you I will always love.

Flesh Finds Costumes for a Haughty Dance...

The role fashion plays in defining character is indispensable. In making these claims, it is necessary to draw a line between character and personality. "Character" will remain within the scope of the fabricated, disclosing and visible elements of an individual; the Art of Character is the matter of this. Character is a collection of malleable elements from the individual that arise out of personality (the fixed elements). As conscious beings we are constantly relating to the world; in the pursuit of meaningful relationships, the individual must take part in a process of filtration in which judgments come into dominant play. These judgments are based on an individual's Art (the aesthetic) and initially perceivable elements of that which is being judged. Accordingly, these judgments cut through the vast diversity of their subjects in order to gain some precious insights.

This form of insight is particularly beneficial in the social realm, where people are dealt with as they appear. Opportunities arise to compliment both the body and personality when character's representations are painted through fashion. Regardless, the keenest awareness of the elements that play into the creation of fashion does not discount that there are always exceptions, characters that stray from their attire. Fashion plays off of identity, the first recognizable connections to what the individual is identified with. While it is possible to have an identity out of relation to any other group, in the social realm, identity is purely noticed as a reflection of the groups to which

that individual is a member. In using the term "group," I am not referring to individuals who are grouped together by proximity, but individuals who are grouped together by similarities (as well as groups differentiating from others by contrast).

Group types can be divided into two broad categories: individualistic and collectivistic. These groups are polarized by the way they maintain cohesion. The individualistic groups share the trait of being held by ideas that are permitted, if not encouraged, to be transformed or petrified through the creative processes of its autonomous members. The collectivistic groups, on the other hand, share the trait of self-perpetuating ideas (traditions) that members have little-to-no permission to change. Another significant property that separates these group types is the way membership to that group is achieved.

In the individualistic groups, membership is achieved by the autonomous claim of the individual. This can be done physically (through fashion, symbolism, art, writing, etc.) or intellectually (through ideology, perspective, condition, manner of relating, etc.). In the collectivistic groups, membership is a layered process in which a central body, composed of one or more individuals, assigns to applicants their membership. The collectivistic groups will often have a reliable databank or other recording instrument used to keep track of its members (membership cards, computer registration, etc.). The tracking of its members usually makes the collectivistic groups hierarchical because the amount of security needed to maintain cohesion requires privileges (to information or

further, to instruction). The individualistic groups are usually more egalitarian because membership is not assigned, it is chosen.

The groups also differ in their design and functions. Collectivistic groups are designed most often with a militaristic, mercantile, or dictatorial aim because in hierarchical structures a chain of command makes instructions absolute, decreasing strategic flux (enforcing traditions). Individualistic groups, however, are designed most often with a social, artistic, or intellectual aim because in egalitarian structures compliance is a choice, decreasing the replication of the members' communications, creations and ideas (promoting creativity).

An individualistic group will find it very difficult to maintain a high level of intellectual privacy between its members, reward its members with externalities for their loyalty to the group, ensure that the founding ideas are kept pure and represented in accordance with the desired aims, etc. A collectivistic group will be in a constant struggle to compensate for the lack of intrinsic reward offered to its members who are objectified, task-orientated and disregarded on a personal level. The difference that defines this aspect of the two group types is in decision-making. In egalitarian groups, decisions are arrived at by the mutual participation of its members, which is a privilege only given to the managerial (or otherwise high-ranking) members of the collectivistic group.

Now that I have defined my meanings and some of the aspects of these two groups, I can start to explore how they fully relate to

fashion. In accordance with the structures a group adopts to apply its founding ideas and goals, the fashion that individualistic groups produce is non-existent (except in its dissociation from any collectivistic groups) unless the group itself is founded on the idea of expressing through fashion a specific concept (political, artistic, social); the fashion collectivistic groups produce is uniform unless there is a need for secrecy (from the general mass of society). Both groups, when they produce fashion, do so to enable identity to be observable from appearances, making it possible for members to recognize each other and for non-members to respond in a premeditated manner. The production of a fashion is always derived from the initial motivation for creating the group, to segregate itself from other groups, larger groups or the entire culture.

Fashion trends identify individuals with local culture, which is neutral in its structure because group membership is achieved by mere proximity. When individualistic groups become more collectivistic they move away from autonomous achievement and towards membership that is solely legitimized by recognition from the group's members; the fashion moves from being freely altered by its members to being static attire adopted to achieve membership. This is different from fashion being used for identification with an individualistic group because the individualistic group's fashion is not mandated for membership; it is the difference between preference and necessity. An idea can

still be preserved even though the flexibility of its expression changes.

It is then that Fashion is the skin of non-hereditary cultures and through the concepts which form such fashions, maintain them, or obscure them; the nature of such cultures usually becomes accessible from mere appearance. What Racism fantasizes through stereotyping; subcultures, corporations, popular musicians, etc. realize through conscious design which is meant to reflect the ideology (even when such ideologies are not explicitly opinionated – i.e. the fashion of a prostitute). The most practical conclusion to these insights into fashion is to create or adopt a fashion which represents your character (Character being a possible Work of Art, without the neurosis from conditioning). The maxim is: The Superficial Must Reflect the Profound!

When I started wearing make-up and tight, black clothes to express my creativity, androgynous character, sexuality, rebelliousness, and consequential depression during sixth grade, the slope became paved with splintered ice and I was sliding down it bare-assed. My junior high was absurd with its conservatism (even though I managed to buy drugs there – the blindness of suburban hypocrisy). They had a system set up called P.R.I.D.E. dictating that you had to earn a stamp in every period for homework completion and attendance, or else! ...you would stay after school for two hours in a collective detention. Pouyan and I subverted that system by just going to the detention regardless of what stamps we earned, causing the school to become very irritated and actually kick us out of the P.R.I.D.E. program.

On an insignificant day in seventh grade I decided to wear a long, black skirt to school with a Marilyn Manson shirt, which only emphasized the rebellious way I looked every other day (also a stunt Jake Hibbard pulled, an extremely amazing friend who for years I looked up to as a more experienced version of myself). At the time I had long hair on the top of my head, which I'd put in a different style every day; devil horns, tri-hawks, spikes, etc. I wore pants to a disgusting degree of flamboyancy: red or black with large white dots, big and bright orange, pink-based plaid, red plaid, etc. My tops were always band shirts; Marilyn Manson was against the dress code so I only wore their shirts on occasion even though they were my favorite band. All of the trendy kids harassed me (with the exact same insulting comments every time because they're so vacant and boring) and like always, I rarely took their insults seriously and debased them without much effort. The skirt apparently crossed the line that separates verbal from physical abuse in the moralistic minds of the collectivist defenders of white, male heterosexuality (Football is for "Fags"! Just remember that Bro). I was threatened numerous times that day but of course untouched because I was fairly ferocious by then. I went home unaffected but within the next few days the administration suspended me because someone who must have felt I wasn't adequately punished reported me; the violation being that I was *distracting* other students from learning in class.

There is one huge problem with that excuse for punishing me: I am not responsible for the prejudice of others. An institution of *education*, which is entirely dependent on reducing prejudices, should

teach students about diversity (and by that, I don't mean segregation). Instead, my junior high oppressed individuals who were innocent of malicious deeds and simply guilty of being diverse. Without any concern for the ignorance they encouraged by making an enemy for students out of individuals who have a preference others do not, the administration used fallacious arguments with me in an attempt to qualify my choice in attire as a violation of *their educational aims*. No matter how sound my arguments were, they shut me down by using their authority to make further threats. At the end of a very heated visit to the administration office, I was suspended for a day or two and monitored the rest of the year for any other dress code violations that weren't "explicitly detailed" in the rule book.

That abuse of power was the Public School system's last offence that I could tolerate; I no longer resisted my impulsive desires, and I reduced my boredom with outlandish behavior. I spent most of my time during junior high in confrontation with the trendy kids and the administration, doing everything I could imagine to break ridiculous rules. I even broke fairly reasonable rules because I considered any obedience to an institution I was being oppressed by an act against myself and freedom at large. Obviously, that revolt which came so naturally afforded my almost daily visits to the administration office, countless sentences to janitorial labor, isolation in cubicles like those at Val Vista Lakes Elementary for hours, and suspensions that grew longer each time. After they could no longer tolerate my ruthlessness they expelled me, shipping me away to an alternative school called A.C.E. (Alternative Center for Learning). A.C.E. was where kids were sent who had behavioral problems or failing grades; in the four

trailers filled with computers the students would try self-paced education until they could return to the normal School. The other students had been expelled for bringing guns, selling drugs, compulsive fighting, or many other assortments of extreme violation. As in elementary school I got along fine with them; they were fellow rebels against the system and I could relate to their struggles (even the teacher called me and another student to the front of the class for a round of slap-boxing).

I wasn't on drugs when I went to A.C.E. because in the middle of the year I wanted to join a band with my friends called Brave. They were Straight Edge, so in order to play bass for them I couldn't be using any drugs. Brave was a hardcore band that grew out of a scene dominated by Christian youth organizations. Every show set up by these groups had tables that had plastic dolls of fetuses and pro-life pamphlets (or Christian magazines filled with other political commentary). Since everyone was slowly becoming Christian (these organizations would host shows and events at a church and thus coerce kids into going), the huge debate was whether or not Straight Edge was taking glory away from God. The superficiality of such a concern really epitomizes the lack of authenticity underground cultures have in Arizona, not only musically, but in almost every Art community. When Brave started to sing about Christ I quit the band. They broke up, but my friends in it still attended my Bar Mitzvah reception that summer, the highlight of which was my getting a boot kicking an ass painted on my cheek.

Prior to my return for my second year of junior high I had dropped out of all my honors classes because I wanted less homework to blow off. At A.C.E. it was easy to exploit their software, which was used to teach and credit students progressively. You could complete a year's worth of work in one semester when you knew how the software remembered the questions it assigned and memorized the corresponding answers it revealed after each lesson. I felt no guilt in utilizing that strategy (because the lessons were redundant) and earned all of the credits I needed in order to advance through *their* system (the Government's) for eighth grade; junior rank; 2nd degree).

Even though I outright cheated, I still had high respect for the administration and staff I encountered at ACE. They were actually trying a new approach to education that gave the students control of their own progress, while the teacher was almost reduced to a security guard (which is fairly appropriate considering what really happens in schools). I had many conversations with one of my few favored teachers, Mr. Reed, a sarcastic intellectual that maintained order in his classrooms by challenging students to win debates over their lives' motivations (when they were disrespectful). He even had a history of pissing students off so much through embarrassment that there were bullet holes in his class trailer from an attempted drive-by shooting. Mr. Reed recognized and evoked the Intellect and the intelligence I was hiding behind all of my misconduct was not inconspicuous enough for his senses. He accommodated my hobby of hacking phones and computers by giving me science credits for learning how to run common software applications from their operation manuals.

At the new junior high I was just as ruthless. My friend Nick and I would go to the office if we were running late to class and ask if they had called us over the intercom; they hadn't, so they were obligated to give us an excused late pass. Nick and I would also go "backpack bowling" in the hallways, which consisted of throwing our backpacks down the hall at whatever group of people were standing there and seeing how many of them we could make move. This partnered mischief was the result of a cult Nick started called Katz. I was named Cecil because of my goofy hair-cut, which left six strands of hair on the top of my head, and he was named Bob because his hair was so curly it stuck out obnoxiously (Cecil and Sideshow Bob were brothers on the Simpson's TV show).

It was the year of Columbine's school shooting that I returned to A.C.E. for a second year. I was actually suspended for distributing a document I had printed off of the internet that contained hundreds of instructions for causing chaos with bombs and such at the School. But when Columbine happened, I guiltily admit it was pleasant because it made the social oppression at school much less prevalent for a while (kids finally realizing how much they were pushing it with those they pick on). But not the administrative oppressions; they busied themselves by "red flagging" me for suspicions of a possible future shooting because they must think History repeats itself *instantly* (they don't red flag children every year for possible terrorist activity – only after tragic events... quite logical right?). I was suspended from A.C.E. even, for the first time, when I brought a tape recorder to school with an assortment of audio instructions recorded

in my voice for building potato guns, making mace, hotwiring cars and performing other instances of terrorism. I don't know why I had it out but my new teacher noticed and thought it would be humorous to play the tape while the class was watching. The portion they heard taught them all how to make mace from grocery store items and I was nearly arrested. If I hadn't had a good record at A.C.E., I would have been incarcerated in some sort of facility, especially if the Columbine shootings had happened any earlier. I was only suspended one more time at A.C.E., for accidentally kicking one of the bathroom stall doors off its hinges (it was already broken though).

To note a minor incident in which I almost beat my mother's boyfriend in the face with a frying pan while he was asleep: One day he was picking me up from A.C.E. and decided to backhand me in the mouth because I had an argument with my mom before I left that morning. I was irrefutably the type of person you did not want to hit if you lived with them... I began sneaking into their room while they slept to see if they would wake up when I planned to carry out my frying-pan plans. For many good reasons, my mom got rid of that guy and at the same time saved him for being seriously injured (which I am happy about). After living with my father, I was not ever going to let someone hit me again without repercussions.

I also was not going to put up with any sort of argument whatsoever and because of that had a rather rough relationship with Tara, who I have dated several times and is probably the first person I fell in love with after Audra. Tara would ride the bus to my mother's house in Val Vista Lakes when we were together, and since then has

always listened to me openly, hanging on almost everything I say... making me feel like I actually have some grain of knowledge people wouldn't mind hearing sometime. Tara, if she could get away from her cycle of work and school, could aspire intellectually to some of the highest degrees. But, I feel she is currently fettered by modernity just like everyone else who never takes a chance in their life to live authentically. It truly is a circumstance of fetters when someone won't take care of themselves (the emotional, mental, and spiritual needs they have – just as worthwhile as biological health). It is often believed that the circumstances required to live authentically will absolutely ruin one's future because to many, it seems that there are too many possible consequential "dangers" of being poor or unemployed for a few years of your life. But then again, maybe it actually would bring ruin... maybe "rags to riches" is so inherently known to be impossible that right from the beginning (15 years old), almost everyone I know reasonably won't take a break from toil for even a few months. My generation shows through their actions an unshakable hopelessness in having a chance at future sustainability – living lives of constant struggle so that *maybe* they won't have to struggle later if they can *just save up the money somehow*... Yet, they refuse to demonstrate even a watt of re-Volt. It is disgusting that revolt can definitively mean just taking a break without feeling ashamed about yourself – so you can figure out what you really want to do with your life instead of never being without school or employment for more than 3 months at a time (after elementary school).

But that is now and this is then. The only other person I really dated in junior high was Adrian, and we were together for nine months until I broke up with her. I really don't know why I broke up with her but it was probably the stresses we went through together with mutual relationships, parents, and the school (my mother once turned a letter into the jr. high administration because it spoke of parental abuse). The mutual friend she was friends with which caused problems was this moronic and semi-sociopathic personality named John who smashed my head into the stairs once in fourth grade for poking him with a piece of paper in the back (obnoxiously – nothing which I wouldn't have stopped if I knew he was getting so upset). I broke up with her through Adrian through another mutual friend named Carla who was a most vile and scandalous woman I would come to find out later (due to her devastations having claimed two of my close friends as victims since). I found out that Adrian was much more in love with me than I was with her when I broke things off; she had to leave school from panic attacks and finally vomiting that day. A paranoia of hurting someone to such a degree because I wasn't considerate enough in choosing them as a partner developed then; which may be why I haven't in any significant sense broken up with someone again to this day.

In the context of the School, I became an expert at terrorizing my teachers in ways such as always having the correct answer to their questions but only sometimes giving a serious answer, other times saying something rude or nasty, and then I would use my intellect in defense of being a jerk-off the rest of the time. Criticizing the teacher's judge of what is appropriate for me to do in class when I'd

get in trouble was another classic; I made it quite apparent that I was not learning anything when demonstrating that I knew the answers without listening to the lessons or reading – ever (especially under circumstances when the teacher would try to catch me off-guard, not paying attention, and I’d still answer correctly... then persist to reap vengeance through annoyance). Then once I was in the principal or vice principal’s office, I’d let them know with such sever conviction that I had nothing to learn from their schools that they would pitifully resort to justifying my disciplinary punishments as a defense of other student’s educations which I threatened. If anything was going to make me want to participate even less in school and act out more, it was the chance to finally pay back all of the idiots who earlier in life would beat me up: from jealousy that I was in advanced or honors classes, irritation that I knew the answers all of the time, or losing their temper with my attitude of arrogance towards them. Needless to say, “ruthless” *was* a fair description of my behavior: I did consider it to be war; a defense of myself as an irregular person in many ways, in any way that I was (those who held their standards over me were incapable of understanding me because of their stupidity and feelings of well-reasoned superiority).

Getting in trouble for fashion didn’t even end until I was done with high school and the reasoning for persecuting me under fashion statutes got to such ridicules heights that I wasn't allowed to wear ANY patches on my clothing due to a recently added statement in “the official rule book” against *any* alterations of clothing. I'm not too sure why that was even in there, but as far as I know I'm the only

person who it was applied to. I am happy to boast that I have remained true to aberrant fashions and developed the ideas I express through them to the point of artwork. My motives have changed a lot nevertheless; originally I just wanted to antagonize others for how superficial their mentality was (only knowledgeable of fashion when it came to the modern trends), but it became a serious hobby after I realized I find my fashion ideas to be an excellent method of therapeutic expression and well attractive. I must credit the origin of this Art to rebellion though. it became much more than that later for me but for many others, that is how it begins and the oppression of those who stray from the popular trends will continue until major social changes are fought for... I wish to remain on the front line of that fight (being experienced with the causes, effects, and injustice of it all).

The Antagonists Jest to Contest...

“They ask me why I’m hateful, why I’m bad; they tell me I got things they never had; they tell me go to church and see the light; cause the good lord’s always right; so what, so what so what if Jesus died on the cross; so what about the fucker, I don’t give a toss; so what if the master walked on the water; don’t see him trying to stop the slaughter; say I wouldn’t have to live from bins; if I would go along, confess my sins; say I shouldn’t commit no crime; cause Jesus Christ is watching all the time; so what, so what so what if he’s always over my shoulder; I realize the truth as I get older; get to see what a con he is; because it’s my life, mine not his; well, they say they’re going to send me away; say they’re going to make me pay; we’re sorry but you’ve got to go; cause you were naughty, you said “no”; so what, so what so what if I see through the lies; so what if the people I despise; twist my arm and make me work; I’m no deaf, dumb, fucking jerk; I’m no spastic lying in the street; I’m no superstar elite; I’m just a person, human being; no you’re not you’re a part of the machine; you’re a part of our machine, because we want you to be; we got you now and you’ll never be free; we can even have your body after you’re dead; we can take the eyes out of your fucking head; yes we’ll take them out, use them again; we can do it you know, cause we’ve got your brain; we’ll crucify you like we crucified him; make you obey our every whim; we’ve got the power, power and the glory; heard that before in a different story; story I heard

covered up the truth; didn't touch on the actual, factual proof; didn't say about the bodies in the concentration camps; didn't say about the knives under the lamps; didn't say the ovens are still warm; didn't say this wretched little form; is a human being who wants to live; but not in the snot and shit they give; they say that I better keep quiet; or they're going to douse my light; Jesus Christ can save my life; but I can always use the knife; so what, so what, so what, so what, so what, so what, so what, so what" – So What; Crass (one of the first Do It Yourself/D.I.Y. Punk bands from the 1980's whom created and distributed not only their own material globally, but many other "Anarcho-punk" bands on the Crass label. Later, they ran the Crass Collective; an anarchist commune in the UK)

Before entered into my freshman year at Highland High School I had already decided I would drop out the second I had the chance. I shaved my hair into a Mohawk and started going to punk shows during the summer. Punk in Arizona was just beginning to resurge out of the underground scene described earlier (the Arizona Drunk Punks – A.Z.D.P. which I am a proud member of, was a very epitomic group of these beginning times for our generation of Punk). My description only partially described how easily the rest of Arizona's underground scenes conformed to all of the debilitating propaganda the mainstream dispersed; there really was only a very small active revolt against the status quo in the mid 90's when we began changing that. Punk had well become a fad and even that died by then, what was left were teeny bopper bands which adopted the

“skater” image and played superficial, untalented, easily discarded, three chord Rock ... faster than usual. Aside from that there was the Raver scene to which our small community created the A.R.A. (anti-Raver Action): Raves were all the hype but really were just as empty as Disco, even if it allowed the ugly middle class to participate...

P.L.U.R. meant nothing to anyone but those who went to Raves and took drugs like “candy”. Ravers and Pop-Punks were my generation’s first “Emo Kids”... easy targets for social criticism by cynics who want to associate any attempt at rebellion with the subcultures that do nothing, sell out, are the same as “the jocks”, and boast the most about their “scene” – Hipsters just as there have always been.

Unless someone booked a good set somewhere else, we'd go to the Nile Theater a few times a week and catch a show for \$5-7, if we had to pay at all. That venue was the most appropriate even though it was owned by an infamously exploitative yuppie from the suburbs. The Mason Jar had a problem with neo-Nazis that lived locally and would attend shows there to intentionally intimidate anyone they weren't attempting to recruit. There were enough A.R.A. members (Anti-Racist Action... not always Skinheads but a prominent group who physically confronted pronounced Racists and Neo-Nazis on the streets), Trad Skins (Traditional Skinheads... non-political orientated, authentic, working class Skinheads), and S.H.A.R.P.'s (Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice) in Phoenix who knew how to handle them, but the hassle wasn't worth it for a bunch of scrawny punk kids who were looking for fun, not knife fights. They would also divide the audience in half through the middle of the stage at the Mason Jar for

21+ shows, instead of dividing the bar from the stage as any reasonable venue would do. Boston's had annoying security guards that would get in more fights with the Punks at shows than they did with each other. And, the Green Room closed right after I started going to shows (but I did get to see the Business play, which was where I met Nick, Mike, and Chase – other members of A.Z.D.P.).

Unlike any of the other scene's shows you could go to, where everyone stood around in cliques, the kids who regularly attended punk shows were tight-knit yet inviting. It really had nothing to do with accepting "Punk" as a title, dressing in any way (many of the kids just wore shorts and band t-shirts), having a "punk attitude," or carrying symbolic ideologies on your sleeve; it boiled down in reality to being authentic in whatever you were doing, respecting other members of the community, respecting yourself as someone legitimately not conforming to the status quo, and enjoying yourself along with the rest of the fun-loving crowd. A lot of the people I am still in touch with came to the Nile from the suburbs but did not have it well and were most likely, still poor and outcast for one reason or another. Whether it was mental illness or unfortunate circumstances, the murderous isolation in Arizona was enough reason for so much unity in the scene. No one cared at all about us unless they were trying to arrest us, harass us, or kick our asses (for looking different a lot of the time, something a Mohawk won't achieve too often anymore); professional punk rock critics even stopped recognizing punk 20 years earlier, ignoring most of the intellectual content circulating in the music, art and `zines even in the periods they recognized as truly punk rock.

The best shows at the Nile were in the basement, which was quintessentially appropriate. The floor was covered with the filth of cigarette butts and every dried bodily fluid you could think of; there was hardly a stage so the bands and the audience became a single organism; security guards were a rare event, which meant you could bring whatever you wanted in without hiding it; and the only order was created by the scene's respect for each other. There were fights every so often, something unavoidable in a crowd that wanted social change and had no definite objection to violence, but the atmosphere was usually the outplay of everyone's intoxicated humor and impulsive reactions to boredom. Punk shows were never supposed to be a model for the Ideals punks actually had and I think this fact gets confused a lot. The shows for the main part were a place for and method of expression which was needed for the way most of us were (are) treated and a response to the dissatisfaction our true Ideals faced on a daily basis. The Ideals expressed in the lyrics of many punk bands are far too noble for postmodern society and this barbaric reaction by Punks is a mutually consented to solution for us to vent so that we aren't barbarians amongst the status quo... so we don't wind up in prison responding how most people would to the way we're treated (a very responsible activity for people who are labeled with the worst titles postmodern society has thus created for human beings).

After the bands were done they would mingle with us or come to one of our after-parties, most of the time needing a place to sleep for free. If there wasn't an available place to host the shindigs, a group

somewhere close to 50 of us (I wish I had the patience and energy to personally describe each person since they're all magnificent) would wind up eating at a 24-hour fast-food joint where I once got in a fight and had my first gun pulled on me. Having a gun pointed at me and cocked because I was a "fag" says a lot about how only 10 years ago, society viewed those of us who dare to show our true colors (and I don't mean homosexuality, I mean expressing our spirits through fashion and without hesitation as to the consequences because being as much as we truly are was as important to us as survival itself). I have risked my life in no exaggeration for my entire matured life only because of superficial differences like the way I dress. One of the major reasons why I can not simply dress more "normal" ...more "safely" is because of the very fact that this *is* such a big deal and must be first exist in order to be appropriately addressed. "There will be no change if everyone is too afraid of first changing themselves;" that is the attitude I have towards it all (something's gotta happen, and I'm not waiting for Jesus Christ: I have my fist, my knife, and my pen to bring oppression to an end).

When going out in large collection wasn't feasible, smaller groups would go off to wherever they lived, which because of our lifestyles could mean walking around the streets for hours until the alcohol helped us sleep at a random location on an industrial building's roof or a park. I had a home to go back to after the shows if no one was doing anything else, but for the most part, the level of poverty in the scene wasn't *always* homelessness because someone would let you stay at their home for a while if you cleaned up after yourself... there was enough community for support to exist.

Initially I was most drawn to the bands with a political slant, but the more I learned about the culture, the less important politics seemed to be; ensuring that I could keep my P.M.A. (Positive Mental Attitude) under my Ideal's conditions was soon more necessary. I didn't need politics in music so much because as soon as I had found my way to the Nile, I also began networking with the Phoenix Anarchist Coalition and going to protests. The most monumental protest I attended was a May Day march in central Phoenix where the police outnumbered us 10 to 1 and the S.W.A.T. team rolled up armed with huge artillery (speculatively loaded with lethal ammunition). For understandable reasons most of the scene didn't get involved with formal organizations like P.A.C., which would require that a person make a definite alliance with an anarchist cause. Anarchism also had a poor connotation with the embroidered circle-A patches Pop Punk kids paraded about hypocritically as some sort of symbol for chaos.

Punk was a different kind of social movement with a special way of relating to people and society. Most importantly for me at the time it was a way out of the house, a place to go, people to meet, something to do. Smashing up the suburbs got boring fast; you can only piss off so many Mormons before realizing that it is repetitious and a waste of energy. Everyone that was at the scene wanted to use that energy to make music or something else that could give them a sense of life and something to look back on happily (we all knew it couldn't last forever).

There was an online message board for the Nile I always posted on under the handle "Squee," a nick-name I acquired my freshman year from a shirt I wore that advertised a comic book of the same name. The two sinister beloved friends of mine who stuck that name to me are James Fella and Jeff Case (...Jeff, you're one of the few who supports my innovations to my old style instead of assuming I lost the spirit). Most of my posts were incoherent drugged-out political rants, word salads, poems and fabricated stories, but sometimes I'd stir up some controversy and argue with people. That message board provided a lot of insight into the other spheres of Arizona's underground culture. For some reason, it is people who participated on the Nile Board that have dedicated themselves the most to the Phoenix Art communities and are still predominantly seen around today.

In our repressed, lusty emotions and atheistic, apathetic philosophical bend, we shut ourselves down and shut ourselves off in the face of the world's failure to captivate the beauty of our spirit in a meaningful expression. We created our own, in our ideals, as we have always done to thrust our lifestyle in the face of the old. It's a love that drove us and our ambivalent faith in that love, as our parents demonstrated with a marvelous divorce rate that love can be futile. We were passionate about our depression in our Gothic, Punk, Emo, Indy, Hipster, Hip-hop clad. We congregated at the concerts where our energy poured out of our flesh and into the rituals of song and dance. Our only God was the vibrant God of indulgence. Our souls had been stimulated to the point of implosion and our attention deficit disorder reflected the bombardment of constant advertising we

ignored in every sphere of mainstream culture. We propagated nothing, this nothingness, decadence, nihilism. There was something completely sincere about that general cynicism. We were the youth of yesterday, vagrants of the future and in our crumbling system we were destroying everything. It was such a divine destruction.

Teen angst is not without substance; it is developed necessarily out of any culture that denies the necessary legalities needed by those who have reached a level of comprehension they are able to use for making reasonable social and personal decisions. The angst is expressed at the onset of a horrific realization that the individual is being restrained from exercising, understanding and perfecting their potential abilities to use the right to participate in the affairs that affect them. This is especially true in America, which oddly enough has one of the longest periods of psychological adolescence, perhaps an unsurpassable state for some people.

In finding a correlation between America's psychological adolescence period and that which is documented in other nations, we must look at "psychological adolescence" itself and observe the transcendence beyond it. Adolescence is marked particularly by a degree in cognitive, moral, and social ability; if this is a state which often times is never surpassed, it most likely correlates to the level of cognitive, moral, and social abilities our society overtly promotes (transcending psychological adolescence depends on the opportunities one has to apply such transcendence). Because it is a statistic that changes between cultural, social, and national groups; it is very unlikely that is a hereditary issue and by default is related to

the conditioning effects of society. Therefore, this angst that turns the individual into a rebel is the result of the individual being all-too-sane. Rebellion is not only natural; but social, progressive, and reasonable for the conditions the individual faces in a society regulated by incomprehensible negations of human liberty.

Going into Highland High School the first day with that angst, a Mohawk, such a lifestyle, and a backpack with a big upside-down American flag on it was a horrible idea, but why the fuck would I care? I have always been a bit nutty. I wore the typical tight bondage pants, band shirts with no collar or sleeves, steel-toed boots and a leather jacket, but I'd also wear shin guards if my laces broke and a cock-flap to cover my package reading "SQUEE" under a pentagram surrounding a fetus (I was shy about my genitals in tight pants, even though I used the cock-flap as a cum rag that I refused to wash). To be honest, I don't know how shy I was because I spread a rumor myself, which was a true story, about how I once had sex with a cantaloupe between the toilet seats in my bathroom (I never bothered to add that I masturbated with banana peels too). I also had a political 'zine out in high school with jokes about politics and drinking cancerous breast milk (called the Snapping Turtle) and later, a literary 'zine filled with fetish and gore stories, "Autistic Catastrophy":

The ropes blended in with the wooden antique dinner table. Gavin had little fight left in him; he could only wait for what was going to happen next. As he lay tied down, he thought of a time when his schoolmates once played a game of kidnapper and hostage with him. His sky blue eyes darted from ear to ear. Gavin

was victim to a young man named Bruce. Bruce had a knack for men who liked to eat at their wife's menstruating vagina and had caught Gavin in the supermarket, gazing at the tampon section. Following his gut instinct, Bruce followed Gavin home and witnessed the scene first hand.

Bruce made his move when Gavin's wife had left for work. After she turned around the suburban cul-de-sac corner, Bruce snuck into the house, taking advantage of Gavin's wife's sense of security which allowed her to leave the door unlocked. Gavin was in the bathroom, which was perfect for Bruce because when Gavin exited the lavatory, Bruce was behind him with a black jack ready to knock Gavin unconscious. Bruce dragged the body out of the house and proceeded to take it back to his apartment. As of now Bruce was in the kitchen searching for his supplies and Gavin was in for a real treat, a bloody surprise that would surely spoil his appetite. Time seemed to be going slower than ever for Gavin as he waited for what Bruce had in store for him.

Bruce made a grinning appearance into the dining room with soap, iron wool and a butcher knife. He danced over to Gavin and passed the items before his eyes. Gavin could only imagine what Bruce was going to do next. 'Oh, what wonderful thoughts he must be thinking now.' Bruce was quite pleased with himself. "Have you ever felt a cold cock between two areas of flesh before Gavin?" This was rhetorical for Gavin was gagged with a dirty sock and duct tape. Bruce took the knife and cut the shirt off of

Gavin's abdomen, exposing his toned pectoral and abdominal muscles.

Then Bruce stood on the table above Gavin and squeezed soap out of the container onto his bare chest. Bruce massaged Gavin, using the soap as lather. Gavin had never been touched so gently by another man before; it scared him. That was a petty intimidation before Bruce sat on Gavin's thighs and grabbed the iron wool in his hands. He began to scrub Gavin's naked upper half as if it were a pan caked in grease. Gavin was in much pain, much too intense to ignore and he began to bleed profusely. Once Bruce had removed a good amount of Gavin's flesh, he picked up the butcher knife and slid it into Gavin's belly. It made a 2 inch slit, perfect for what Bruce was about to do. He unzipped his pants and released his penis from its cage, lubricating his hand with blood so he could begin to stiffen his staff. His method of erecting his cock included some flapping of his limp worm around while cupping his testicles.

Now hard, Bruce inserted his dick into the cut he made in Gavin's stomach area. "I bet you never thought you could get fucked in the gut did you, boy-o?" He continued to pump into Gavin's new found orifice. Lucky for Gavin, Bruce was quick to finish and pulled out to cum in Gavin's left ear. Before Gavin slipped away into death, Bruce untied him and commanded him to crawl around his apartment. He wanted the floors covered in Gavin's scarlet life juices and Gavin did as told, like a baby, crawling around until blood loss caused him to go into paralysis.

Bruce grinned and marveled at his mess until satiated with the thoughts of his deeds.

Even though I was completely out of my mind, I was still scared to death that the Devil Dogs would find out I was a Jew and beat me to pulp like the kid they thought was gay. But most of them were in prison because they were either linked up with Sammy “the Bull” during a huge drug bust or had left Highland the year I began. Even though the Devil Dogs were gone, it was only a few days before some R.O.T.C. extremist tried to cut off my hair and my friend Adam Cogswell had to stop him (Adam later almost got jumped in the parking lot). I'd still get shit every day but the most from burn-out skaters and spoiled Pop Punk hobbyists whose only insult of course couldn't be anything except for "fag." There was even a rumor going around school that I was racist because some of my hair was missing. Finally, I found some friends to associate with who I knew from shows: Brandon Farr (hot punk-rock-poster boy, I dated his sister in junior high and later worked with and was friends with his cousin Ragen), Dan Case (Jeff Case's brother, who I'd get entirely smashed with off of cheap vodka and walk around VVL, one time boxing him in front of a Karate studio where he broke my pinky when I went to block his punch – I never got it fixed...), and Jeremy (who I can't say much about). Often we'd find ourselves at the mall where we begged for change (“spanged”) and fucked with the security guards until we were kicked out for months.

I didn't last long at Highland; I got kicked out my freshmen year for failing every class except English (which I tested into Honors for

when I reached high school for some reason). Again, sent back to A.C.E... The next year I just dropped out of high school all-together. I got away with dropping out of high school at 15 because I still attended a trade school called E.V.I.T. (East Valley Institute for Technology), taking a web-page design class. When I had no obligations left to attend any of the normal institutions, I began smoking pot three times a day. I had given up on Straight Edge in the middle of ninth grade for the drink; drank just about every night as well. I would steal whiskey from my mother's red-neck boyfriend (Frying Pan Face Man), and when that ran out I did idiotic things like getting drunk off of vanilla extract. Eventually I was back to marijuana, which progressed into ecstasy, a bad acid trip and salvia divinorum (which is bullshit). A group of friends I still spent time with would sit around in my garage listening to Crass or in the backyard when it was cooler out, passing around a giant bong I constructed out of duct tape and things I found in the garbage, discussing future plans that will never happen and abstract theories we were all too high to think all the way through. The bong's name was Jesus because I built it in the shape of a cross and it became the talk of the stoner community, so a lot of random people came by as well.

My first arrest was during all of this hedonism at a lake with my recently-lost (literally... disappeared) friend Rachel Baker. The worry I feel in my nerves for what might happen to her (or may already have) is astonishingly troubling. I had been friends with her since I arrived in Val Vista Lakes, and though I didn't mention her earlier, we share some of the most defining experiences... my earliest days

smoking pot, swinging on the swings at Val Vista Lakes Elementary after we had long left, throwing a smoke bomb at her garage and her father yelling at me for it, knowing only each other during times of dark emotional unrest and drug abuse, and on and on. When we were arrested, Rachel had previously ingested some DXM to the pot and alcohol we all had ingested (Robo-Trippin; an extra stupid idea) ...she then had a seizure from the combination of substances and stress from police interrogation. When she recovered, the police zip-tied our hands behind our backs and arrested us. I then led the five of us through a singing of the National Anthem and the Wheels on the Bus while speeding away in the back of a paddy-wagon. We all got off fairly easy.

I was smoking so much pot that I couldn't remember anything and I started documenting my thoughts in a journal to have some reference as the days drifted away. They begin:

09/23/01: "I hadn't gotten sick for 3 years before this year and now I've been sick more then ever. Supposedly there's a rumor that we're all going to die tomorrow. If it's true, well shitty... hope the animals live.

09/26/01:"Well, it looks like I'm up for another shitty day at 6:24. I probably would have been able to fall back to sleep hadn't my mom came down stairs to yell at me for coughing."

"Some guy decided to call me a fag so I dropped pants and mooned him (that will debunk the comment won't it?)."

That was the first time I had gotten bronchitis, which I contracted monthly while I was smoking pot. Aside from chronic pot-smoking and bronchitis, I was vegan and sang in my second band: a thrashy, screamy, 35 second song, 15 minute set, one bass and a drummer, political, D.I.Y.-Hardcore-Punk band called Heart Surgery (let's go dancing)! We only played about 8-10 shows, one being a 9/11 benefit (even though I used the attacks as an excuse to stay home and smoke pot with Nick and his new girlfriend Rose) which raised \$1,000, another being a show at the Big Fish Pub with Leftover Crack (where I refused to sing on the stage because I felt it was too segregating (and wound up running into the PA speakers head-first); we put on a wild performance due to my refusing to sing on stage (at almost all the shows) and the audiences being unused to intensity, scared to death as I started the mosh pit instead of them, and stumbling into confusion while I felt up boys at the front who seemed very heterosexual or homophobic (judging by their reactions to my flamboyant gestures). My appearance at the time was a 14" black Mohawk, almost always wearing completely black, tight outfits, sometimes eyeliner, combat boots, and my signature leather jacket with Misanthropic painted on the back (a favorite ex-local band). The bassist was James Fella, who I met at a hardcore show by obnoxiously running up to him and expressing my overexcitement about his t-shirt. He was always writing zines, playing in bands, running distributions and now runs a label (Gilgongo); but, he also works now at least 60 hours a week and I only speak to him a few times a year because of this. Every last bit of what James did was D.I.Y., thus earning the shout-outs at every show he played for years

of “DIY EDISON!!!” (He was from Edison, New Jersey and reminisced often enough to believe he just moved to Arizona within the year). The first drummer was Corey Canto, who didn’t play with us for long and was doing separate projects: one with Jessie called the Lullaby League (who we practiced with at Jessie’s parents’ house). The second was Pete Costa, who I was friends with since elementary school. The band broke up because Pete left to start a band called Scary Kids Scaring Kids with Pouyan on keyboards and a few other friends filling the other slots (they are now a much respected band in the emo/screamo scenes, but Pete quit to go on a Mormon mission... which he wasn’t born into... weird). Scary Kids Scaring Kids have really made me proud of my friends since they began – I always knew that they were going to wind up doing something great and they even made their greatness amazing.

The journal continues:

10/04/01: "we played a good set tonight; I ran my ass (note: meaning myself) head-first into the P.A., lol."

10/11/01: "the ride to E.V.I.T. was rather fucking interesting. First we see this guy to the left of us sleeping, and then he woke up and accidentally turned his blinkers on."

Eventually, E.V.I.T. too tried to make a mess of my fashion sense the next year and before I could even meet up with the principal to discuss my Mohawk as being "hazardous," I drafted out a 3-page essay about discriminations based on racial terms in case they wanted to make me cut my hair. They let me keep it (though admitted they

were going to attempt condemning it) but a week later I cut off my Mohawk to spite their efforts at compromise; shortly after I just stopped going to E.V.I.T. as well. I was getting a much better education just being submerged in the local underground and reading the classics in literature, which for the most part supported the way I lived my life.

“Well I've been to Hastings; and I've been to Brighton; I've been to East Bourne too; so what, so what; well I've been here; and I've been there; and I've been every fucking where; so what, so what; (Chorus) So what, so what you boring little cunt. Well who cares who cares what you do? Who cares, who cares about you, you, you, you, you; well I've sucked sweets; and I've sucked rock; and I've even sucked an old man's cock; so what, so what; well I've fucked a sheep; and I've fucked a goat; I've had my cock right down its throat; so what, so what; (Chorus); well I've drunk that; and I've drunk this; and I've spewed up on a pint of piss; so what, so what; and I've had scag; I've had speed; I've jerked off until I bleed; so what, so what; (Chorus); well I've had crabs; and I've had lice; and I've had the pox and that ain't nice; so what, so what; well I've fucked this; and I've fucked that; and I've even fucked a schoolgirl's crack; so what, so what; (Chorus)” – So What; Anti-Nowhere League (Though Anti-Nowhere League uses the same title for this song as Crass did for theirs, they express a completely different set of ideas with their song... Punk is quite diverse)

Black tar heroin became popular with a lot of the people I knew at Highland and within the next few years, one of my closest friends was addicted and another friend had overdosed (Mason Scott, R.I.P.). The thing that was sustaining so many people's lives, Punk, took a dive again when *the Punx* crew the Casualties joined Warped Tour and the shows started flooding with trendy brats who had no real concern for any of the issues punk bands sang about. The Nile closed and was then bought out by a church so we all lost the most liberated venue for a place to book shows (and I couldn't imagine that the building could be exorcized of the demonic energy the Nile carried no matter how hard the Churchies tried). A few people who were much loved in the scene died of heroin overdoses (Kim, R.I.P.) and car accidents (Nate, R.I.P.); a lot of other people became complacent because of drugs and disillusionment. A store which is shopping malls across America called Hot Topic caught on to the popularity of the Punk look at this time and started selling bondage pants for \$65+ (we would make them D.I.Y. for \$10): talk about overkill. AMJ broke off of the Nile Theater as a booking agency and to bury the hatchet, overbooked every show (promoting underground bands to kids that the music appealed to only because of superficial reasons such as the movie *SLC Punk* becoming a pop-culture phenomenon). Punk was no longer a strange thing to the main stream and turned into an acceptable fad; safe, unaffecting, and pointless.

Emo separating itself from Hardcore in these years and what once defined Emo (dressing like a nerd from *Saved by the Bell* and playing more melodic but still socially conscious music at Hardcore shows)

became completely transformed by some bands in that scene selling out as well. The truth about what became the “Emo” of today is that first, the fashion of bangs, eyeliner, black slacks and t-shirts, etc. was what the Hardcore kids in the scene were wearing... not the kids listening mostly to Emo: the trendy idiots who infected Hardcore didn’t realize this though so they adopted the Hardcore appearance and the Emo sound because they lacked any passions but still wanted to fit into a scene called “Hardcore”. In other words: music which developed for the clarity of its message in lyric, rather than in instrument, was an easy way into “being cool” since these silver-spoon fed jocks could feel nothing from the actual sound of the bands and ignore the lyrics too, replacing the message with what they *thought* Emo was attempting to express (immature emotional responses to white, middle-class, high school dramas... even less significant than the Cure’s message and conceiving a completely mediocre genre by leveling what had power, the lyrics, to what didn’t... the music). Might I add, ”Emo” is the most arrogant genre title imaginable, especially when the music has absolutely zero emotional dynamic... it wasn’t meant to be a title for a genre at first – it was a manner of relating the difference in sound to other Hardcore bands.

Underground music became very experimental after that since we had to then invent something new which hadn’t been ripped off yet; it always felt like the hippy generation was trying to still live off of their kid’s cultures by selling those out just as they sold out their own. The Modified became a melting pot for a symphony of artists, mostly abstaining from anything significant in values or offensive

and writing dance tracks in off-tempos to create an even more diluted public party than the rave scene. The dance thing was a good idea at first because what did not happen which once did at shows when they were invaded by the middle-class teen armies is that people would dance before. But since these corporate sheep were afraid to move in a direction they weren't told and look anything but "cool" at a show, they instead just stood there with their arms folded and gave everyone smug looks because that's what they believed "Hardcore" was... even though those looks were only given to them because they were actually worth the insult. If someone tried to dance and a group of these morons were at the show, they would get pissy, complain to security guards or even try to start a fight if they thought dancing went against their Hardcore Ethics (having no sense of seniority... their money and clothes made them "right"). In short: Emo was the popular kids attempt to involve themselves in the same scene formed to escape them... hardcore (which they could never comprehend as kids who never experienced their style of oppressing others). It was safe to say that Punk was again dead and our scene that Punk had liberated more than ever before and ever since lost their culture to Corporate America.

The infamous Reagan lineage turned into a triad while all of this was happening and we had this war on "terrorism" (a term for what people without political power do to defend themselves against oppressive institutions and governments). The military offers one of the few escapes there are from impoverished conditions and some of the former participants in the scene gave into it to find themselves in

an even more burdensome, debilitating, retarding incarceration. The lovely power of president allowed the Reaganite to declare war and instantly funnel tax dollars into large corporations to develop military technologies; and it's not a specific group of "evil corporations" ...they're all evil because they're corporations. I could mention the deformities and birth-defects of those born in the surrounding areas of third world industrial factories, the substitution of cost-effective byproducts for nutrition in the general barrage of food the public is offered appropriate to their funds, the exploitation of society's wretched ethics by almost all advertisements, etc. *ad infinitum*. A subculture of revolt fell apart right when it became appropriate. Activism was in demise and people dropped radicalism for liberalism left and right thinking a democratic vote would make the proper changes, even though years later people started to admit that Bush rigged the elections anyway.

I *admire* all of those wishy-washy liberal people who still manage to be blind to what their own eyes witness because their liberalism is from weaknesses requiring compensations, not strengths requiring liberties. Those people can look around a room and look at themselves as intelligent, individual people who know exactly how they're being oppressed; then still they'll admit in unison with an entire crowd of the sheepish public that diplomacy deserves sympathy (*only* because it is a crowd in unison which is something they're so unused to). They consider that a society without a Federal government would function chaotically, even though they know every motivation their life is driven by points originates in the fact that the universe (and people included) functions interdependently.

Being in the room even affirms the basic human quality of mutual cooperation (not competition), because they understand that their behavior in civil associations is conducted without laws existing solely in abstract space (legality), applicable only if someone defends them: such is not Law but tyranny. Civility is inherent knowledge because human beings understand the natural consequences of their actions (it's the nature of human memory, trial/error, pleasure seeking, and anticipation of results when considering behavior). What can prove this to anyone is their interdependent needs as human beings (necessitating social constructs for human existence), their desires for pleasant conversation and comfortable situations, the reality of might requiring no justification to assert its results (might *may* not be *right*, but it works and human beings are first pragmatic, second moral, and rarely ethical), their emotional debt to every person who has loved them and given them affection, their own ability to reasonably handle their life without external control, and the lack of people who express behaviors that are antagonistic to all of these desires.

Yet with all of these understandings they disregard the application of this knowledge and illustrate some archetypal figure they determine "modern man" (defiant of the traits humans have predominantly expressed throughout history). Then they create their "ideal man" which is not a man at all, but an idea incongruent with nature... parallel to heavens, gods, and other absolute images. With hardly any investigation into the qualities and capacities a person with average intelligence has, which far exceeds anything required

for the reasonable management of their own affairs, they argue by entertaining the worst possible scenarios they can imagine (which no logic in the world can claim solutions to). Both the greatest martyrs and the worst despots in history, even Hitler (though only expressed towards the German people) had the ideal of humanity living without the antagonistic forces of authoritarianism stifling the will of those they love. How fucking brilliant this type of stupidity is, these amazing formulae worked out in favor of a DOUBT! ...that creates itself.

Not a solution or an argument supporting the current circumstances, but a plain, simple doubt that human beings have the ability to reasonably manage their own affairs (without rulers or “leaders” as some deceitfully call themselves). It's *great* that a people who call themselves liberals have no literate knowledge of liberalism. That is the only way I can imagine someone misses the striking, documented process of social retardation that takes place in this country and in others like it throughout history (and must really just be missing this process since their revolutionary urge is so dull and their ideals are completely fatalistic and self-defeatist). Their “liberal,” empty, unreasonable, fearful, improbable, insoluble series of doubts are used as arguments that only make the proximity of social revolution and this universal vision more distant from ever becoming actuality. This doubting is one of the greatest and most bonding qualities of postmodernism... in itself, it could be the major problem.

Comedy Becomes Melodrama...

An Adumbration of Lunacy

You succumb and surrender; sever your self, then subject to serenity. You hold holy wholeness and harbor all horrors honorably. Always pacing patiently... you are so proud to pronounce providence; provoking opaque purity passively. And your penalty ...passionate perversity and pessimism!

So you then master mercy and marvel at the mystery... you mute every misery with masochistic monetary measurements, dreaming of meaningless market schemes. You resist rebellion! You repent repetitiously because you are so gullibly guilty. Your glee is grown ...from gowns and governments.

Your fantasy is cloned ...glossed by grey machines. And lately:

You have been lusting after love, laminating loss, and living vividly, longingly, and lonely. You condone coercion and convention which is corroding your community: anything to corrupt celebrations of caring with centuries of commodity!

So feel futile you fucker!

Feel fiery-faced and flee in your frantic antics.

Never fighting from your frigidity...

Oh how you will fear every adversity!

Fatality is your only finality...

If you soiled yourself in your surrenders, as a celibate now and at later date a castrate, cornered by fate without any means to contemplate escape; only able to wait... remember:

It was only so you could forever favor folly and fancy...

*That was the source of your condemnation to misery...
Why did you think all you need is soul to be happy?
That is why you can't find answers in Christianity.*

*But have you ever witnessed the glamour of the Saturnine? So victorious as
it obfuscates Venus...*

*I have become fascinated by the moons mare: a somber Aphrodite who can
only see true beauty in Thanatos.*

*The rune is an enigma: a veneration of the sultry and an effigy of the
nefarious!*

*It contains the confusions of the Tarot; the ancient chaos which empowered
every Pharaoh...*

So let us seethe in these words and be delivered by their marrow:

Listen ...do you hear them?

...never

NEVER heard before by your listless ears

They're stroked by audible sensations

Accentuated and broke by turmoil in the cogitator's orifice

Broke by turmoil in the cogitator's orifice...

Response accumulated to mock sincerity

Responsibilities enumerated for the flock's security

Listen ...do you hear them?

Never...

Will you sack your critique of our screams?

Ever!

Have you already heard every word clever?

Notice however

Your vocabulary tethered to pop culture divulging vulgarity

The clarity lost to mediocre dross

Welling up with blusters the wait for ruptures

That is pronouncements ignored for vindication

Listen ...do you hear them?

Levered speech for their wisdom

Rehearsed rhythm has revealed the expression

Exquisite poetics tempt exuberant retention

You are now serving sentence to sentiments outside census

Emaciated

Tried and tired

Replicated

Wiser those writers

The Bribe of the Teachers, the same as the Preachers

The Ears of the Spoken are closed but Yours Open

The Practice of Fascists their Name only Ashes

The Distance Resistance Has Fixed its Existence

The Slogans are Shouted, Observers Feel Touted

And we are All Chastised, Floundering on our Back-Side

Decrepit, Degenerate, and Sterile from Fratricide

Then the metamorphosis of metaphysics is exponentially expanding, paralleled by the luxury of a lexicon, litigating lavishly the moral momentum to move monuments built for marveling, and massacring the magistrates formally formulated to punctuate poignant pomposity with excessive exclamation points. (Note: What matter is form unless you form matter to make material a miracle?) So individually, we indecisively vilely bury burdens breathing Socrates, ceremonially in service to insipid industry, while wearily wavering our wandering wondering in favor of fabricated formalities of impotent poetry. Then suddenly... we consciously correlate calculated but dissociated to derangement dynamics with dynamite,

demystifying democracy to navigate nihilism in its finest directions. Once lost, lonely and left living laboriously in Capitalism's collectivity, complimented by cowardice and promiscuousness, unwilling to commit completely, undivided and sprightly to autonomy (which is held antithetically to agoraphobic mediocrity). We will moreover have an overture to revolution.

Through going to shows I had met Kathryn, one of the most uniquely beautiful women I could imagine. A mutual friend of ours named Coty (who I feel is the most authentic and passionate female ever) broke the news to me that Kathryn had a crush on me. We ended up together for a couple of months, but only really saw each other when I was sleeping at my dad's house on the weekends in a shitty part of Phoenix. There were a lot of outside noises conflicting with our relationship but I still fell in love, with the addition of infatuation, for the first time in my life. Unfortunately, those outside noises were impressive enough on me to induce a very strong negativity towards every moment of my life and the relationship ended in part because of it. The other part that *probably* contributed was an empty cigarette box with a picture of me in the cellophane. Inside, there was a note covered in blood:

11/07/01: "Something inside me flows for you. It's red, white and blue... sometimes even brown. I can't give you nice things, I have nothing to take. There's more to me than rhetoric, more to me than you could possibly see. This blood, it's nothing. I can't cry, nor can I feel the pain of the broken glass. A razor could never satisfy my needs. This blood, it's spilled. I let it out of me. I can't

talk about my emotions. Words mean shit to me. It's the blood that is still in me. It flows for you. Not the blood on the paper, that's just to let you know it's there. I cut myself over and over to show you that my blood still pumps in your honor. To show you it really is there. It is to let you know I'm human; it's to show you that I'm alive. I don't feel the pain of the cut; I hurt far too much inside where the blood runs dark. Inside is where the pain is. The words and blood just show what I have inside for you. Blood runs through every part of me, but it comes from the heart. I cut my skin open so you can see inside, it is all I have left, and I can't give you more. It's my fucking blood, my life essence; flowing for you, forever. I don't give my blood to anyone, for anyone. I never told anyone it's theirs to keep. For, I bleed... for I live. I love you.”

There is really no explaining the embarrassment I felt after I ascended from my distraught state. Shortly afterwards I wrote a poem of what that state felt like to try and explain, but I don't think *anything* can articulate that exact feeling after it is over:

“I slashed my arms and bled onto this note, a cry for help on a sinking boat. To prove my love I created these scars. The message it reads is as alien as Mars. I'm shaking and convulsing as these tears fall. From the pit of my soul you hear this call. A beautiful thing I now destroy; deteriorating, a sinking boy. You read my note and your shock is like fire. It burns me dry and reduces what's dire. This note is a symbol of the pain I've consumed. If this blood is flammable all you perceive is the fumes. I ache in the

night as I struggle to prove; that you're the world to me, you make me move. When your reaction was to break my heart, in all mental life I fell right apart. Perhaps I'm too crazy or out of your range. My methods of endearment might seem quite strange. But I tell you with all that's sincere. A life long promise is in this blood that I smear. And forever will I be blessed with white remains. From this night when I tried to prove we're the same. It's been so long since I've felt a kiss. That warming sensation is what I miss. Now lips are chapped and time has long passed. That moment of bliss was cut off too fast. I no longer cut but I bleed inside, ignoring my faults so I can walk in stride. I've been cut in half, now I'm broken and depressed; so much love to give that's being repressed. If I'm happy again I'll surely die. I need to vomit, my life is a lie. I sob to sleep, through my pillow tears seep, and I'm living for who knows why.”

We didn't talk for five years after that but finally met up, ironically at a show with the same mutual friend. She said that she was surprised I remembered her and I almost had a panic attack right there (I was lost for words though I knew I had to apologize). Even though I didn't end up saying anything that night, she asked me to write her and I made sure of it, writing the most sincere letter I could draft up. We're on good terms again and I thank the universe for that, I was plagued by that letter and the inability to compensate for it the entire five years of our disassociation.

I lost my virginity shortly afterwards. It was one week before I turned 16 and I was at a party, blacked-out from multiple drinks a

friend had been mixing for me. One of the kindest friends I ever had was out of town, though his girlfriend was at the party. She was 19 and apparently boasted earlier in the evening that she was going to “whore” herself “out tonight.” Somehow we started having sex while the other people at the party took pictures (that was the first time). Later in the evening we had sex again. The next morning she was driving me home and I asked what she was going to tell her boyfriend. She responded apathetically, “Nothing, he’s not allowed to tell me who I can fuck.” I could only think to myself, ‘what a piece of shit!’ and for a long time had suicidal tendencies from the guilt of the whole thing, unable to even remember what losing my virginity was like (since the stress caused me to block out the memories).

After the house sold, my mother and I moved into Phoenix's college area, Tempe. A few days before moving, I met Sidney through a very on-and-off friend of mine, Chad, an anarchist who joined the Navy before 9/11 (under drastic circumstances of poverty). I had had a partial threesome with him and his girlfriend a while before then (it was really them fucking and me getting so horny that I had to jerk off so his girlfriend gave me a pity-blowjob). On top of that and a bundle of other poor situations which were a blast, I still got drunk off a case of beer and wound up making-out with that girl, the next day entering into a relationship. She was sadistic through her emotional parasitism, but was the only person I knew with a car willing to be available for me and provide in some sense a subdued form of intimacy. This set the stage for my decline into complete nihilism.

Panic attacks were becoming more and more frequent, I was growing agoraphobic, and my only salvation was in the hands of a venomous wench (who is now a lovely person – misfortune beheld me). She had me convinced that I suffered from psychotic symptoms of paranoid delusions, inflated ego and also inadequacy in bed. Finally, after many sobbing days and nights, one comment ended things almost for good; she said that she had “no respect for” me. I really had opened up to her like no one in my entire life and was foolish enough to share with her my experience with Kathryn when I was still getting over her. Everything I told her was synthesized into attacks against me: “accidentally” calling me while she pretended or maybe did have sex with her friends (apologizing for calling); isolating me from my closest friends; blatantly giving off the impression that her dog was more important than me; and most importantly, convincing me to go on medications I couldn’t form the cognitive abilities to get off of for four years.

My journal starts to include symptoms of those medications I didn’t even realize were related to taking them:

02/15/02: "I take my first pill at 10 tonight... perhaps I'll be able to sleep."

04/15/02: "My house is incredibly hot today, that or I woke up sweating for no reason."

04/18/02: "I don't like talking very much anymore, or writing essays, or anything of that intellectual nature"

06/09/02: "I feel like I've lost memory of everything I once knew... about music, about politics, about society. I'm not sure if

it's the medication I've been on which has slowly erased my angst. I spend my days working with my mom who's pretty much become my best friend. I never feel like doing anything anymore, I don't feel like I resonate with the same people that I used to. I've lost what little social skills I had living away from friends. Everywhere I look I see reflections of what was once me... I keep simple happy thoughts in my head in fear that I might slip back into my old ways. I don't know what's going on with me. I don't know if I believe in anything anymore. I feel like I should know everything about the war and the president and that I should still feel the same passion. I feel like I should know what the local bands here sound like... like I should know what's going on in the music scene... but I don't."

Then I began to reflect on what my life had been like the previous nine months after the recent relationship ended:

11/25/02: "I was beginning my nightly meditation tonight when I got a flashback of last summer. In case some of you (if there are any of you) weren't informed of what last summer was to me, I'll describe. On every day except Tuesday and Wednesday I'd wake up around 9 am, go to my mom's studio, sleep there or make cigarette butt rounds at the local ashtrays. I'd get home at 6pm. and sit with my mom until she was off her garden calls (a pyramid scheme of sorts), then I'd go to bed at 10. Tuesdays and Wednesdays I'd go to a metaphysical healer out of sheer boredom. Seeing friends was a very rare occasion and thoughts of suicide plagued me throughout the day. To say the least, I was a very

depressed person. No one was really there for me, no one called, and no one came over. The only person in my life was my mom and on the weekends, my dad. Thus, explaining my absence over the summer... life was pure shit."

12/12/02: "I haven't left this house in a couple days. I don't really know anyone nor have the abilities to form a real concept of who someone is. I don't know how to shape a personality in my mind. I don't know myself; how I act, how I'd act, how I've acted. I try not to judge people like that because I feel judgments are futile and situational and the correct perception can be as far away as Pluto. What really is a concept of someone? Selected observations you piece together in your mind to produce what you feel is an adequate definition of someone, one which covers all the common qualitative categories that meet your criteria. But what is "who?" Is "who" the general emotional state, temperament, personality traits, past decisions, intelligence, friends, family, preferred environment, politics, hates, loves, food preferences, musical tastes, thought depth, strange behaviors, pimples, birth marks, dental records, hospital records, trauma experience, loss experiences, partner preference, sexual desires, art, wealth, memory, etc.? Answering all those questions can only really give the smallest of small glimpses as to who someone is... so who are you?"

I just did everything to escape from myself; drugs, psychologists, waking up wrecked and in tears the second I had to face myself. I didn't even have the strength anymore to rebel, to be not only an

individual, but an independent person to any extent ...I just existed. I even found myself praying to a God I didn't believe in for my happiness back (though if I had ever actually believed in God I most probably would have killed myself). I tried everything and nothing worked. When I passed the tests for my GED and my Drivers License, I enrolled in some college courses and became very fond of the subjects I would eventually study more in depth, earning extraordinary grades. I began writing more than ever in my life about anything, in any style I could think of. I began reading constantly and only after all these things happened, only then did I regain enough confidence to feel emotionally stable.

Things just became better and better. I dedicated almost all of my time to developing a new philosophy, a new perception of the world. I learned to accept the innocence of the populace, whereas before I blamed them for their stupidity. My manners became gentle, my sense of empathy increased in multitudes, and I thought very long and very hard about what I wanted out of life, how I wanted it and why. The next great love in my life came when I had just recovered my sense of fashion. Her name was Kailee and she was beautiful, the most beautiful woman I had ever been with and to this day the one I compare others with. She had an immense love for the Earth and for God (which I respected, even though I couldn't stand the belief). Kailee was amazing, but we were both so confused. We had planned a wedding in the next two years but we broke up after one year on account of things I blame her mother and the continuing effects of medication for:

03/27/03: "My memory is very strange. My entire past is like one gaping dark hole, literally. When I think about childhood all I see is this blackness. It's sad; I'll never know what went on with me while I was growing up. I only remember a few things; maybe some people would find these things to be minor traumas, but I think they were amplified by the type of person I am. All I can remember about growing up, especially before my parents divorced, is them fighting and me being super sensitive about it and shit. I think I might have just suppressed my childhood because the way I looked at it was too much for the type of person I am to handle. When I compare my parents now to the way I remember them being, they're both doing a lot better. I'll never be able to remember how they were before, though; all I know is that most of my life has been lived feeling pain for one reason or another. I guess I can be happy that I don't remember most of it."

03/29/03: "Parents who deny sexual freedom are parents that deny human nature, which makes them enemies to humanity."

06/14/03: ""Guys are supposed to know about cars, that's what I was raised to believe so I can't help it" - Kailee (somewhat a misquote)"

08/04/03: "Kailee's mom told her that when she meets that certain someone and falls in love, she'll never look at another guy again. So Kailee doesn't know if she's in love with me. She says she loves me a lot but doesn't know if she's "in love." This is because she's still attracted to other guys. I asked her if she loves me as a friend or more than a friend and she told me 'I don't know.'"

08/07/03: "Kailee and I broke up today... but we're still 'Dating.'" "

The first time I saw her she was with another man and I didn't even consider the possibility of a relationship; it wasn't until later that I made such considerations. We started talking to each other via Internet. We communicated like we still communicate now. "Hey sexy," she says to me. "Hey beautiful," I reply. The first time we spent a moment together after confessing our feelings for one another, she took my hand, asking me if it was all right. I thought to myself, "of course it's all right!" I was in love. Later we took her dog for a walk, hand in hand. It was a tricky situation given the fact that her dog always tried to part us. We talked about entering into a relationship and agreed that it was a good idea.

Our first kiss was in her mom's office during a movie; my lips were blessed by her kiss. I remember these things because they're stuck in my heart. She fixed the cracks that were made by many people in the past. For months after, I would feel euphoric just thinking of her; her beautiful eyes face so angelic. We cuddled for months, saw each other frequently, us both being out of a job. We divided our trips to each other's houses; her mom had yet to think poorly of me. At her house I was invited to eat often; sitting at the table with her family made me feel cared for. It wasn't until her mom uttered her first despicable comments about me that her house became a place to be feared.

Right until her mother caught us in a sexual act, we would watch media in her room. We'd sit on her futon or lay on her floor. We'd

cuddle and kiss, repeatedly speaking loving words to each other. It was an amazing period of time; nothing to fear, nothing to worry about. The relationship had just begun.

After things with her mother became unpleasant, we were forced to be under parental supervision at all times. The only place to escape to was my house. We'd go to the pool and look at books of artwork or we'd make a trip to the pet store or coffee shops. She loved animals and coffee. Everything was so perfect. Finally we both found work. It divided us, kept us apart. Other complications arose while I was out of town. Yet more problems arose around our sixth month's anniversary. I felt the relationship was slowly melting away. Towards the end we only saw each other for minute intervals on occasion and for hour intervals twice a week. Our new jobs kept us very busy and I missed the days when we both had no work, no restrictions and no problems.

Her mom thought I was "a fag" (what else is new) because right before I started dating her daughter, I began wearing make-up again and had replaced the punk fatigue with random outfits during my severe depression. I got my second job while we were together (the first was working for a security company when I was 15 at stadium concerts), rubbing samples of skin cream into anyone's hands over the age of 35 that would let me. I stood at a kiosk in a rich mall with my hair slicked back, wearing khakis and a button-up shirt:

06/04/03: "I worked 6 hours and made \$6.50, which is supposedly good for the first day."

06/18/03: "I made \$10 today working"

06/29/03: "I worked from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm today and made \$6"

07/01/03: "work today where I made \$0..."

08/10/03: "I made \$6.50 today."

08/13/03: "I quit my job today"

One thing my medication definitely did was keep me complacent in situations I would normally have the motivation of irritability to get myself out of. That job is obviously a perfect example. I never made over \$35 dollars in one day and I had to commute pretty far to get there; it was more of an expense than an income but it at least looked like an attempt. Another thing I became complacent with was:

07/27/03: "Tonight I went to TJ Maxx and picked out a preppy wardrobe with my mom for Kailee's mom's approval."

That is when I was taught how to peer into the looking glass, in my mind flashed a million magazine covers and my confidence was battered. But I knew that all of this was appropriate and that happiness was one less feeling away. So I did the only logical thing with the razor beside the sink: I slashed up my face and body, my identity beyond recognition. In my mutilation, I had finally become one of the numb. Those for who it is okay for eggs to lay away... breaking and hatching members, devils causing trembles. Shall it be said with merry muses that the repetition of words, refused statements, and rehashed memories are always wishing long-forgetting?

I do not despise this person the slightest; she was so kind to me, gave me my ability to trust back, supported me emotionally and taught me what love could really feel like. When we broke up my great uncle went to prison for murdering someone for money and hiding it in my great grandmother's grave; I had a two-month long relationship with a poet friend of mine (M'ria) which was based too much on sex for me; and I was hired to become a manager at DVDpot. The job consisted of a blue shirt bought in bulk (probably at some sort of warehouse), ringing up countless people after I answered their question, "Have you seen that movie, uh... _____?" with "no, I don't watch movies," cleaning a popcorn machine, and making banter with tweakers. In a week's worth of planning and searching, I moved out of my mom's into a shitty apartment with Steve. He's a stubborn ass who demanded I put his name only in the book when I wasn't going to put anyone else's in.

We had some great times there and learned a lot through intimate conversation. I've never met a man who can focus on a field of study and dedicate himself so completely that he learns the subject matter in its entirety. Steve threw a couple of fairly huge punk festivities; at one on these events I accidentally had sex with a girl I really would have preferred not to; at another one, I walked around naked when I hadn't trimmed my bush in a fairly long time. We'd wake up in the middle of the night and concoct the strangest dishes out of our limited poverty stock; once I whipped up some inedible refried beans and green beans, another time I tried collard greens. Steve just stuck to peanut-butter-and-jelly off of a plate with a spoon. And if we weren't taking enough responsibilities on ourselves already, we had two cats

to deal with that ran out of the apartment the second the door was opened.

In April of that year I worked on a second music project with James (the bassist from my old band Heart Surgery (let's go dancing!)), which didn't get beyond song-writing. It was called the Bro Dogs (a.k.a. Meat-burger and Juicy Drink). This band's sound was very blues when it wasn't just spasmodic. My vocals were constantly strange while they sang songs such as:

Pretty Boy

look at the way he puffs out his cheeks
he wears a bib around his neck for my cum
he's done up in drag, drag, drag
he's done up in drag, drag, drag

Pretty boy
Pretty boy
he's my pretty boy

Kidney porn

He colors outside the lines
Tempting crayon grip
He makes me look so big

Wide excited eyes
Kidney porn

Midnight Moo at Make-out Point

Driving up
To the hill
looking over
the city
ass cheeks quiver
with temptation
ass cheeks quiver
with temptation

midnight moo at make-out point
moooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!
midnight moo at make-out point
moooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo...

Driving back
down the hill
they lost their
virginity

the cow watched
lust in his eyes
the cow watched
lust in his eyes

midnight moo at make-out point
moooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
midnight moo at make-out point
moooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

What I've got

I've got meatotomy on my mind
I've got meatotomy in my head
Baby you're so fine
Woman won't you be mine
I caught the smell of her cherry pie
I caught the scent of her sweet potion
Son I ought to teach you a lesson
Don't be like aftershave tonight
she saw it she saw it and screamed
she saw it she saw it and sang
she saw it she saw it and praised
she saw it she saw it and cried
I've got meatotomy on my mind
I've got meatotomy in my head

She wants my sliced dick
Inside her two car garage
I caught her taking a glimpse
I caught her shining a smile
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
she saw it she saw it and screamed
she saw it she saw it and sang
she saw it she saw it and praised
she saw it she saw it and cried

Baby Shaken'!

hey pretty baby I like the way you shake it
hey pretty baby I like the way you shake it
hey pretty baby I like the way you shake it
hey pretty baby
hey pretty baby I like the way you shake it
hey pretty baby I like the way you shake it
hey pretty baby I like the way you shake it
hey pretty baby
123 I'm baby shaken
123 I'm baby shaken
123 I'm baby shaken

That summer I took a single class at the local community college on death and dying. There, after a field trip where I unaffectedly touched a dead body for the first time, I met the person who is 65%

responsible for directing me in my intellectual studies, Lucas (and his lovely now-wife Carly). He happens to have the tendency to move around a lot but when we see each other, it is non-stop progressive conversation. Since I met him, I've moved beyond Zarathustra towards much more complicated works like Being and Time, and the Brothers Karamazov. This devotion to literature has helped me advance my personal philosophy on life to a point where I have been able to defeat ethics professors in debates on the subject of Anarchism, a subject that no careerists want to defend anymore.

Even though Steve and I were having some of the best times, I was rapidly digesting new concepts and life seemed to be working itself out: love once again deceived me. I was trying not to masturbate as much (an attempt to train myself to be less horny) but it was just turning into alcoholism so I could drink away my sexual urges. I hadn't been reading at all for either of my new classes and I felt like I had lost my motivation. I thought, 'Maybe I should masturbate and read instead of drinking wine...' It was silly I know, but I was sick of my sex drive teasing me. Giving up on the whole asceticism attempt, I invited a girl over for a date from the internet named Cheryl.

By light of the computer monitor there was a gracious glow, the utterance of sweet cloud-forming endearments, and my every particle of being became a wave of love collapsing. Imprinted on that fleshy night was a graphic tattoo of wonderful. This new romance enchantment and the sky was clear black. The town was stripped bare of danger; what a spectacular everything. So within a week, she had moved into my bedroom.

This last love came between Steve and I; she had the uncanny ability to dominate any environment she was in. Steve was so bothered by her neurotic exploitation of me that he moved out. When that happened, Cheryl and I did not spend more than one day apart for nine months. We got an apartment together where we could hear a couple through the wall during their violent arguments. Cheryl called the cops numerous times, even though I knew that wouldn't help. My fashion had become so outrageous that people were mistaking me for a girl all the time, and I had gotten into a fist-fight with two neo-Nazis at a gas station. I just wanted to stab the patriarch whose victim I could hear being choked through the thin walls next to our living room. That place was unbearable and we moved to another apartment immediately. We left that one too, and moved into another with Courtney and Marcus (whose hairy ass has been seen by probably a thousand people... he peed in our drawer! *smirk*).

I proposed to her over sushi on Valentine's Day with a gorgeous ring she picked out but didn't know I had possession of. Tears came to her eyes and she accepted; we began to plan our wedding and marriage. There was an enormous condition that made the whole charade completely impractical. Cheryl was 18 and already had a one-year-old child. The child lived with his father while she lived with me; in the beginning we'd visit her son on the weekends, later he'd stay with us for half of the week (I fell in love with him as well). I think pregnancy, birth, raising children and children themselves are beautiful things but in the U.S.A., it's a tragedy because there is no compensation for poverty while trying to create life.

I see her carrying larva wrapped in cotton as if it were a cocoon, certainly not a virgin. “Them's some child baring hips you've got there woman and the left-over skin from nine months of stretching, it loses some of its elasticity.” She takes pride in what is half her, but I don't see a smidge of fondness for the father on her face. When I look into his eyes I see diamonds; not because they're pretty, but because they've been hardened by the realization that his youth has ended. I see they've been knocked about the head with responsibility and the two jobs they each work make me wonder if they'll ever know their child. Reduced to a feeding device, a part-time trainer, a reluctant working stiff, she adds to the pool of yet to fuck up human beings.

Just think of the metamorphoses this cotton cocoon will produce as the child learns to trust and not to trust, grows towards mischief as the days pass by. The couple looks to the far future when their brat leaves their colony and migrates towards another insect; unlike the one that impregnated the matriarch. The toils of fathering and the trauma of mothering, put together like an equation equaling a profane lifestyle. How could they so carelessly exchange their independence, the freedom of managing only their own lives, for rearing half of themselves? For the price of normality, achievement and possibly the responsibility for something beyond what they became? A tenacious father, an overbearing mother: the cycle repeats and the competition for genes to exist in a future world persists.

Nine months passed and as quick as she moved in, she decided to end the relationship, which forced me to couch surf before I gave in and moved back into my mom's. Another week passed and I found out she was already in a new relationship with her boss, who was twice her age (a man I encouraged to give her the job in the first place). I had just been hired there a week before, so I had to take a job at a record store I had applied to continuously for a year; but it only paid \$6 an hour, and I could not afford rent by myself.

How One Quickly Made a Mate a Wreck

She began by pointing at my significance, stating a compliment and directing me towards her acceptance. While the vagueness of the air was stale, the breeze carried it away with the sensations of romance. We'd collect ourselves, generally after sharing a room bellowing smoke out from under a closed door, business as usual. Meanwhile, I would gesture silently that my past had been a build-up of shame, the presidents had changed but my luck hadn't. Affection had been absent in my old brick house, with the old stove; old and caked in coal remnants. "But it is our bed" she'd say, grasping for my princess hands that shook uncontrollably; there was nothing in her mind wrong with a mixed drink. "Oh letter object, receive me in your bridal wishes, for I will be a man with many appendages, all expressing your counterpart role. Just give me five chances and the fourth will be a heart, dressed in a suit, owned and displayed by you in your vanity's window keeping place." I'd endear back to her.

Then free of shipping, I was returned with a void stamp of her avoidance. I don't even know if those letters had painted a masterpiece inside her head. So I said, "Don't you worry love, the ink will never fade; but the paper is wrinkled, and the creases are worn." It was so much for the new, bleached white, non-recycled love of my soul; to just become my many nights sleeping with a dream and not her spot possessed. "I miss you my love, in sincere regrets I miss you

while the temperature is a little feverish today.” Those were the last words I gave to her over emaciated final romps.

At first it had been extended moments of sheer dread, followed by hysterical depression. I could not escape the anxiety of that loss. I supposed I was once again of-myself-entirely; the only person I could say truly knew everything I know about myself had separated herself from me. I had been leveled to ruins and felt that so long as what she said she got from me she *really* got, I was satisfied in some sense. I accepted into my life every part of her that I perceived; her son, family and feelings, giving all I knew how to give. The unquenchable thirst that was my love for her had devoured me in the storms of tragedy.

I believed this world only as full of anguish, pain, suffering, dilemma and annoyance; I believed that I had been spoiled by love into a better perception of it. I believed I had been pampered, softened, affected in the most subtle ways by that wonderful euphoria; that in those deep blue eyes where my distorted face glared back at me, I thought I saw this world looking outward. I was sorry for that, but what I was deranged enough to believe is that what we created in each other would set us on paths to great things beyond wild dreams, that the beautiful times we had together had been worth the turmoil. My anger and frustration with the irrationality of emotions took me to places where I should not go. You'd see me struggling and I was also sorry for that because for the first time, I didn't wish to struggle from self-persecution. My vehicle of libido

had crashed into the walls of reality, the restrictions of the actual existence we experience.

Drugs gained a new variety and excess limit: cocaine, marijuana, speed, alcohol and opiates in plenty. I was suicidal because my entire future had been ripped away from me within a week. I used the drugs to slowly reflect on my past, detached from it, so I could make some important decisions. I began to hate sex because Cheryl and I were having sex of all sorts around five times a day (including an orgy with Sidney and company that I couldn't get it up for). I began to doubt love, at least other peoples' love, because I could not find a date for the life of me and had never gone that direction with romance before.

The women were oblivious with their winks of vocabulary; such subtle expressions of love. Why not a whole-hearted wincing to fully entertain their shame in feeling it? Their bodies had perfect form; proportionate, healthy, beautiful bones in magnificent shape, wrapped in skin like lace. Their skin was soundly toned, clean, clear, and its hairless presentation bared, it was smooth like glass. Their scents were a natural perfume that lightened my head and their faces; dressed in long flowing hair, they were symmetrical, delightful to look into. They held amazed eyes peering out through black liner at a world so misshapen, deformed and vicious. But were their bodies a mirrored frame for their heart or a suffocating coffin? Unfortunately it was the latter, entombed with a withering, moral-blithering antique, so delicate to touch; dusty, cobbled in webbing. It was always

drooping down into their tasteless bellies with mere lusting; detached and unable to pump, that was left for their pelvis.

To try and escape friction with magnetic impulse; to share loving, spoken, with their voice subtly raspy like a sensuous moan in confessing orgasm, they would only say "love for us never." Our eyes with more intercourse than our genitals, interlocked even when closed, positive in phrases born in desperation that were a fantasy from several shames and inadequacies deprived of the concept "fun." They all had young or unawake, dead emotions; their beauty was just a probe to insert cruelty. They'd smile, a poisonous precaution against shivering disgust, baring teeth for chewing my soul. They lacked authenticity, just like every model with no agent. But even though I've changed the channel, they'll try to advertise again with false grace, for the industry of fucking out my brains.

In a decisive moment where I could either persist with my quest to rediscover in a person the only thing with enough potency to make me happy or, resign myself to the forsaken metaphysical injustice that I see as my fate, I chose to entertain the latter of the two options in the hope of alienating myself from the suffering caused by my pursuits. In no way was this battering my most cherished values; it was the only solution to a despairing loneliness. For ten months after my last love I had taken on the responsibility to express freely, without cowardice or regret, the manifestation of love for another; which until the most recent times had been so subdued within me, and gagged by so many social formalities, it was bound to chance that the feelings wouldn't be entirely superfluous. For those I felt my

most fortunate heart-beats was also the clear communication of my love: honest but futile in this world, draining, and naïve. Sex I refused... Love I confessed; such was my mess.

All of the rejections and conclusive evidence with which I was faced rid me of my passions to fulfill this need (of affection), so I prepared to eliminate from my consciousness the aforementioned methods of satisfying it. These methods had sown me no fields of intimacy, and I could only assume that they were not perceived in the ways they could be effectual. While analyzing my responses to all of the sincere letters and endearments I created, I could grasp fully that these treaties were seen as mere persuasion, sophistry, rhetoric and scandal. That was so far from the truth the responses were insulting, revealing only the viewpoint that my character is generally malicious, ignorant, or coercive. I had to abandon every notion of romance leading to the disclosure of my overflowing heart. Regardless of my intentions of never again becoming a simple magnetic personality, due to the epiphany that this only leads to a submissive role in a relationship, I reconsidered my first revelations and debated whether or not there really is a path outside of being an active force in the phenomena of gravitation.

In those challenges I could foresee myself adopting a paranoid skepticism in an attempt to filter out those who were not only aggressive in their own alleviations, but also dominating once successful. It was because of my praise for mutuality in a relationship and the atrocity that comes from its antithesis that I could not accept dominant or submissive roles. Therefore, from my renunciation of

romance I was reduced to a practical attack on the majority and a remorseful waiting for a suitable partnership. Leaving behind my strife with some last vain words, I said “I will no longer be seen quivering before my own fears as I try to lash back against them in order to proclaim myself victor over the most troublesome condition I have faced in my meaningless life: the sickness of the individual in an atomized society.”

The Threshold is Reached...

“They tell us that suicide is the greatest piece of cowardice; . . . that suicide is wrong; when it is quite obvious that there is nothing in the world to which every man has a more unassailable title than to his own life and person.” – Arthur Schopenhauer, unknown source

After six months of working at the record store my cocaine habit became an addiction and I was using it every night. I would spend hours upon hours in strange houses where people never went to sleep unless they were crashing; or I would just stay up in my room all night doing lines off of record cases. The addiction took so much precedence over reality that I over-drafted my account continuously until I was \$600 in debt; which didn't take very long, considering cocaine is quite expensive and I was quite poor. Once I realized that I was definitely digging a new Grand Canyon for myself, I decided to admit myself to a mental health facility for rehabilitation.

When they found out that I was suicidal and had been diagnosed with bipolar disorder for four years, they put me in suicide therapy instead of drug therapy as an outpatient. I would wake up every morning and drive down there so I could sit in a circle with a bunch of middle-aged folk who just got out of the emergency room for suicide attempts. It was difficult relating to their problems because while they were making complaints that it was hard for them to find a good divorce lawyer for a fair price, I was trying to eat every day so I could stay alive long enough to do another line.

I was successful at overcoming my addiction but it had little to do with rehab. A week into the program I felt the disassociation between myself and the other patients made the whole thing a waste of money, so I decided to give psychology a huge bird entirely and stop taking drugs myself, including my three medications. I didn't taper off of them; I just stopped taking them and I went through withdrawal which caused me to vomit at least once a day for a month. I know it wasn't cocaine withdrawal because the same thing happened while I was with my ex-fiancé.

After a month of being sober from four years of medication and drugs, a lot of mental capacities began to come back to me. I realized why my will in life was so weak that I couldn't get myself out of detrimental conditions and at the same time, I remembered that when I went off of my medications with my ex-fiancé, I began to get so frustrated with her that I almost broke up with her myself. My ability to remember locations and roads while driving started to appear and strengthen, whereas before I couldn't form the visual memories to know where I was going. Then, because my ability to feel frustrated was once again present, I moved out of my mother's and in with an ex-coworker of mine who was 38 years old (Walter).

My job let me take two weeks off for the admittance, but I was already starting to get sick of working there. There were great benefits: there was no dress code, so every woman's outfit I could piece together I wore (though I had and still have an aversion to skirts and dresses); my typically outrageous behavior was seen as appropriate for the record store environment; and my coworkers were

more like friends. The real problem was that I was going to be starting a full semester at the community college; my wages weren't even living wages after I got off of drugs and the monotony was killing me.

The apartment I was living in wasn't bad at all, but my roommate wasn't very trustworthy with money at the time because of drugs. This room-mate, Walter Ruther, is an amazing person and mentioning my similarities is not an attempt at flattering my Ego. He is a wonderfully sensitive man but above a man, an Artist of great show. His movies will soon be cult classics – you just watch for them. The apartment complex once towed both our cars, along with 14 other people's vehicles, out of our parking spots so they could repave without paying for the cars to be moved. I wound up spending over \$300 because they either didn't put a flyer on our door, or we didn't even see it before it blew off ...or something. I had been out of the apartment for five days and came home at 2 am the night it was towed. I couldn't stand living there after my roommate had let a homeless hippie stay in the living room one night in order to steal his pot... Though, I got him back in eye-for-eye style by letting a homeless friend of mine leave his socks in the apartment. Walter and I have strange humor... for humors especially – but minor cruelties we enjoy can often stray into spite.

I got frustrated and moved into the most beautiful apartment I had ever been in: one of my managers, Eric, and his wife Star's place. I had the entire loft upstairs to myself, and the rent was cheaper than at the other apartment. They were such a pleasant couple to be around

that I almost felt like my going on eight months of not being touched in any significant way was soothed by their presence. They wound up finding a house to live in where I couldn't afford to rent a room, and I once again moved back in with my mother. By that time work was like this:

...In reply, "doing well." I'm a liar; the Truth is for God not profit. What I was really doing was trying to piss away a few words to distract the customer for one second from their spendthrift shopping spree. Though, I suppose I am technically doing that well. Seducing a patron with subtle manipulations of the Truth is perhaps a bit more holy than I had presumed. A few annoying sounds later and they're gone, off into the wilderness of sewage drains and hobo pleas.

The next one, the one after, wet dollar bills, and a humorless exchange; together in all respectful consent, paying homage to democracy, commerce is carried out. She straightens her posture, approaches the counter; her items placed gently on the surface of which I unconsciously mutilate with razor blades in my spare time. A glance at her eyes: sure enough, they're sedated by the product. She witnesses a joke, I witness a laugh; but not into my stare, she laughs into the glow of her pre-purchases.

I utter "a due" while she takes a phone call, hurries out the door. Yet another beautiful woman entranced by superficial mediocrity. At home someone concerned, perhaps lazy, telephones the shop. I can already guess the opening line of their act, "Hey...uh, I got a question that maybe you can answer." Yeah, I can definitely

answer the question, most probably with slight irritation. And my prediction was accurate as they stuttered to ask, “What time do you guys close?”

A period comes when no one has the sudden realization that they must exit the property in haste. I stand there, turning sporadically to a coworker to exude a sharp perversity. We chuckle, I more than him, and another shopper slinks up to the register. This time, I’m in aghast by the striking artwork of a person who is in front of me. She’s timely, but her timing is awful. If it had only been in a different environment that introductions could properly be disseminated, I’m sure we would be forever.

A startling shyness makes me quiver, I’m lost for words. The scarcity that I call “politeness” dribbles out of me. In a blithering silence I act as though my darkest attractions are really mere business. I disgrace myself and nod, smile and dream of a night with her. Not a thing pains me more than this castration. But the infatuation defuses when she walks out the door and I see her kiss a man outside with a cigarette.

I knew it was time, so I quit (telling my boss that the job wasn’t good for my health because “the customers piss me off too much and I somaticise stress”). I started waking up at 10 am every day and going to a coffee shop that was close to the house so I could read and write until 5 pm. No one called to spend time with me or even check to see if I was doing alright, so the next five weeks were spent in

complete solitude. I decided to go for a drive to a coffee shop that was quite a distance away but was open for 24 hours and let the anarchists run a library out of it (Counter-Culture Café). When I arrived, the place was amazing and a community of regulars soon became the friends to whom I owe much of my current stability.

On Wednesday nights there was an open-mic event, which usually ran until 1-2 am. I started performing monologues, skits, songs and poetry there once a week. I hadn't been able to find anyone to start a music project with me so this became my new passion, and a much needed one. The performances were usually strange, melodramatic, or ridiculous. The last one I wrote at Sasha's house; Sasha is a gorgeous Spanish-speaking girl who has never turned her back on me, and accepts me for reasons beyond my own comprehension:

You see me well... so they say.

Now walking worlds in clouds
With stumbles you call grace
You starve your mind with laughter
At drones called "human race"
Putting so much faith in them
Wondering how to escape
This place
You wander without map
A poor sap
Wishing fools would dance
Upon your lap
Needing to nap
Your work filled day
Denied you of play
Your fate is
What you pray
Dying unto Heaven
The home of your soul...
Or So
they say
But
lest your eyes pierce
Under Worlds
...or Temple Planes
Awaken!
from inner sleep
Fierce Mirrors
Steep like
Caves of Singularity
you have Yet
to see me well...
Perhaps!
Hosting Prejudice
In jealousy
YOU May dwell
Ask my Diagnosis
Lucky

If I tell
I might throw you back
Into Hell

Under Spells

Under spells
How are they spelled
Did a word never show you your dreams
Teach you then how to reach them
Or question
Ask please...
Leave you on the cliff alone
Chew to your bones
As naked as can be
Embarrassed your quiet memories
With loud turbulence
In once still seas
Has a spell before
Caught you in acts
Spelled L – A – W
Inspired fear as you watched your back
Grasped a passion you have deeply hidden
Set in motion your mission to attack
And then allowed you to relax
Words are spelled quite well
When they're your thoughts
Some you suppress as naught
But they oppress you more
Under what is spelled
In words you are adorned
So will you spell out your life
In the stories you tell of it
With words which often bore
Or will you study magickal lore
Write yourself better

Than before
Which witches spells you can spell
That is how you'll obtain more

Oval

what is word... blank is not much of a word - is it?
those flimsy lines which can contract and be contracted to erect the
willed intentions of one...
salt... does it match with the sailing of a flavor liquid as such?
sounds have five directions from my eyes
FUCKING LORD CHRIST! Where is that little happy place where
things fell already and I am not that God forlorn to create all that is?
Of children to follow little paths of predicted outcomes... of paths at
all!

What are hands pecking - the beaks of pigeons on streets called
"anything I am dreaming of in my emotions?!"

Starts and ends, beginnings - and foundation... finally or ending
ever... or beginning ever... OR EVER! IN EVERNESS IN
EVERYTHING EVER EXISTING AND EXISTENCE!

Persons, people... minds - things outside mine, and property stolen
easily always.

Shit, you're reading - reading... blessed reading

and no point at all! MAKE IT! :)

Ten Internal Minutes Preceding Our Dramatic Tendencies

Perception can be so flimsy, whether it is of objects or subjects:

How I could look at her as a phenomenal work of art; mesmerized by the line, form, texture, and tactility of her body. Her grace of motion then tripping me up in thought, and further stunned I could become by applying metaphor to her mannerisms; as then her words would become perfect poetry for my amazement. In memory she would be romanticized to the point of idolatry: object of solitary worship and obsess. Then when reproached, my nerves could simmer with anxiety from this fantasy; I would seize up and stutter whence trying to find my 'perfect words'. I could only confess her glory after such surreal confrontations, whenever asked, shocked in my constitution: at this I would have found my religion.

Only a minor shift in judgment could change the whole semblance of the situation. I could take her as my taste in sexual delight, linking her image to my arousal. Behind my words, my mind would wander off into naught thoughts of her hidden parts. Our conversation then forward would turn into a vocal field to probe for possible fleshed passions. My bedroom air could find in her a new face, along with her inferior places, something to become moistened by, as masturbatory imagery glazing my eyes behind their lids. Every thought of us would fix its wish nostalgically upon such prior nighttimes mentioned. And with this perversion I would have found my next prospect.

Perhaps my course of thought would follow some phrase announced by her or a series of character traits she possesses instead. I could easily make for myself a steep hill to tumble down and into the tumults of love. With her wisdom, all of my problems could find solution and her sentiments could be built around me as sanctuary. Her interaction in any intimate degree with others would spawn my jealous nausea when I decide that she with me is meant to be. I would run my mental processes with a persistent internal dialogue in the background, which debates every benefit and detriment to my possible commitment in emotion to her. As I became bogged down with sorrow filled feelings of futility in the entire venture, an episode of depression would drive me into a great despairing of life; my daily moods ...only variations of loneliness. Then I would have it that I am forever doomed to solitude and carry on for a while ignoring the flock of folk which surround me.

Even the opposite trend in apprehensions could result from such simple self-situating shifts in interpretation. I could sense some kind of wicked way about her dealings and castigate her as cruel or cunning; whatever horror of habit my fears would have it. She would represent all that I spite in the world, symbolizing the evil which has been exhumed from a time which should have rather been sharply sworn against. In circumstances to come which involve another and unfold into a mystery of misgivings, my first suspect would be this devil I had manifested from my musings. To be rid of her I would conceive to be a blessing of Justice on Earth and also, I would think it true that my every turn was bound to round a corner she was hiding herself behind (to catch me off guard so her bitter blows could strike me down defenseless). There may be some sickly joy in having found an enemy then.

So many other accounts of perception's atrocities could be stated but placing the words of them on this page would only leave me discontented. I hope I have been clear; that without knowing it, it is seemingly most probable that existence in its multitude has presented to me nothing but the effects of decisions to these likes. Considering reality to be so relative makes the whole marvel of consciousness quite contemptible if I were to want of it insight into something remote and clearly separate; but, this lesson would make such a precept ill in its pragmatics. I contend that perceptual chaos and misunderstanding, my own choice in being so, is my narrow chance at bliss (regardless of rejecting the option of preferential design and then, rushing into the distress of universal accident)!

Urban Invocations of Salvador Dali

I must fight the bull, bowing before me
To thrust through my guts; to dance through this story
Prepared though I am, in these drapes of beauty
As Artist and Lover, a champion of Glory
He still strikes such fear in my back
I must stand up straight for this act
To conquer

His attack
With veil
and sidestep fast
I've had such Spanish thoughts as these
In America
Where Taurus rules from sea-to-sea
The dreadful made their history
I've had such Spanish thoughts as these
Walking
Those streets
Every man expectedly
Is to be a beast you see
So
I used my forehead eye
Saw
That the buildings rose up so high
Canyons formed where roads had been
A crowd appeared
The Arena...
I was
Back
In
I must fight the bull, bowing before me
To thrust through my guts; to dance through this story
Prepared though I am, in these drapes of beauty
As Artist and Lover, a champion of Glory
He still strikes such fear in my back
I must stand up straight for this act
To conquer
His attack
With veil
and sidestep fast

Where Youth Glimmers

I hear a voice from the sun
Overlooking dew-dripping fields
And rivers where youth glimmers

Celebrating the light of day...
It asks me if I remember
Once upon the lack of time
When I never assumed better
Or felt bitter
About the vacancy of space
Where cosmic explosions fascinate
Seen from a planet spinning faster
Than my twirling
Getting dizzy
And dizzier
Falling down
The blur of colors slowly then
Becoming white clouds in the sky
A smile and giggle
Because I didn't know why
Chaos was so amusing

"I remember" I say to that voice
My melancholy tears cooling the burn
Of my blood-dripping wrists
As I think about what now
Existence is...

A million voices of confident advisors
Explaining to my head
Such memories should be blanked out
Since as much as I twirl tonight
The Earth won't spin with me
Back into the bliss
Of security
When I fall
My eyes will only return
My consciousness to misery
From poverty and laboring
To eliminate from the World entirely
The possibility to despair
From reflections in the toilet water
Which remind us that before all of this

There was inherent reason to happily live

My eye-lids drop with my heart
And the tone of the voice
Saying goodbye in trembles
As it blends into the masses
Other voices screaming
Complaining
Dreaming and Wishing
For just one more meadow
Electrified by play
Laughing at age
Running for the fun of it
And chasing butterflies
...Not career lives
...Not lone strolls through smoggy cities
Where if you're not the one begging for money
You're still begging for change

The Fool

I would have a lot of trouble being rich...

My strongest desire would be to get rid of what I don't need
Rid it to the starving
After contemplating long
Sorrowful that so many options exist
Frustrated in trying to find the most broken jaws
To chew my charity

My imagination must be dying quick...

A lack of desires demonstrating this
Un amused
In delusions of failure when I can only succeed
And feelings of loss
Of hope in my dreams which have become
too fantastic

strong
and distant

And I love time... when she's gone
so I can forget about minutes and months long
know my own eternity
my options which all seem so
similar in affect
When her hands stop choking me
to hurry
and breathe

My grandest plans have a 40 year window...
and boredom which is loneliness the same
pressures me to complete them
Off scratched from my list
way too early
to feel bliss

The most complicated question I have ever asked myself
And asked others
Is why when things are so simple
And beautifully so
Prefect for me I know...
They are complicated by what seems to be
A force of stupidity
Guiding the dust in the universe

My perspective must be shot because I walk down a street and count the homeless to compare that number with the well-to-do folk staring at the wine colored dress in the window... misunderstanding the justice in something which could be so easily solved and then looking at a tree for support: planted in isolation from the rest of the world it was created from. The gun must have been a tent somewhere in childhood which secured me more than a house (which is too much like a jail cell)... because in the lands of life which are the forests I feel protected by something greater than a society. In being surrounded by that which grows and not cracks in the sun I think I lost my mind and found out too soon that the city is just death. But I

took my happiness and I think I've shared some ...some where... once
or twice - with ears that can handle it (like my cat friend or those
people I know).

Still I walk down a street counting myself as homeless, isolated in the
middle of a city with that tree princess whom supports me, drinking
wine and spilling it on her dress.

Spectrum of Love

As I love
It is of all Love
Expressed in moderation
By circumstantial need
But to me it is always whole
It can go down any road
Wherever it may lead
I feel it complete indeed
When stifled it is crippled
Crippling what is simple
Unsatisfied but without greed
Off pure Love my soul feeds
Thank you Love and Subject
Thank you Heart and Logic
My life is Love now studied
I profess now sight un-muddied
Family, lover, or buddy
For you this melody
Lacking malady
You've save me
So I vow thee
Love's Eternity

From the Idea of "In Love With"

In the arms of this idea which I have
I could be happily pacified
from its' motions of infinity

which are vibrant
yet still
Like an orchestra
eliciting all of life's movements
yet returning to the chorus harmoniously
I have returned to this idea consistently
With the horns she is my call to wake
and with the brass
I feel she is fate
The strings and their directional quivers
ending with percussion
...that obsession seduction
reducing my doubts in their endurance
of grandeur

Day and Night are both sweetened by this
idea of her sharing
togetherness bliss
softening the grounds for my feet
which were before nothing
but shards of defeat

Dare I ask...
Can reality be so fantastic
or is this fantasy mere mental gymnastics?
A question whose answers could quake
the foundation of this beautiful state

No,
I think I will keep it a mystery
to enjoy while I can the scenery
of love to last
a las...

...the bus north to moons and delusions of love

On capturing the image of a woman in my tomb of a mind, I see that that time is out of line. Is it not that when sensed, the beautiful dare to provoke admiration? With petty notes, the obvious idea is a romantic one; but, the index contains the names of many grand ideals. How is it then that the woman is oblivious, or so indebted to her intuition that such ideas are forced out of consciousness? A wink of vocabulary; such subtle expressions of love... why not a whole-hearted wincing to fully entertain the shame? Oh brothels, you boring Epicurean sprout... I shall cease to water you now. Well then, the universe has given me a hearty year of solitude... shall it grant me then a familiar? But of course not dear, the loneliness is eternal... save it.

Romantic Spires

Of course and rate, fainting before - how it is that death has taught me to live; but at rates provocative, shocking... at any rate, rapid rafting towards demise under sorrowed impressions.
Though it is baby; I don't need to know my death to know I could be dead tomorrow.

Alas love, lasting - told, shouted, poeticized too soon for countenance or cooperation. Regrets I fret little of, my death again... mentioned - your walking off - stammering, a stunned.
I said I love you lovely; beckoning call unmet but at least you know before bodily spills and buried to roots.

Shrugged off, freak - creep.

Denied...

how
could
that
be
true?

But, in that entire end: premature but not of ejaculation - of utterances... loneliness, murmur (heart), breath (escaping through scars), and me (?).

Flesh Rose, Arise Bones... please

You stab me in the gut with the stem of a rose
now I lay in the soot
To gurgle blood
To moan and groan
my gripes
This grape turned into wine for my brain
making me further an idiot
With hands of grey stone
our garden of salt
is my bed
the inch worm says, "I'll fly soon and you too."
I know of the flight of souls
the fall as well
once I knew steadiness
now only mistresses
Lepers and moon dancing witches
that is my dinner party
Of pale tones
grasping at
dying flesh
And I never wrote a will for you dear because what I could have gave
coagulated and dissipated with the night.

Dig Dug Damned

Beg at my throat woes
Your nails
They dig dug
And I cower with wince
Your eyes wasting
My wishes kicked in
Soused out significant hearts
They dig dug damned me

I'm an oak table only looked down on
A surface for you to lay your beliefs upon
I will never be under stood it seems
Supported by love's illuminating beams
Let me fade away in heroin streams of dreams
Where I am penetrated by deeds that force quotes
Into being held with the grandiose claims they denote

Liars!
My tongue calls when split
Trashed into curses
Thrashing your hearses
Budded up and irritated
Then casually placated
Stung by sincerity emaciated

How I own reality
My courage you blame
Seeing blemish and pain
As your lips speak plain
Broken words that drain

Under only critical
Understanding only cyclical
Habits of you visible
Damaged dames despicable
You know we're both miserable
In need of some miracles
Some truth in dumb farcical
Tainted romance parceled
Pimped out by memorable
Salted desolate botanicals
Which the world pisses on
My provincial fortune

Sex is Love's Gold

She bit my neck and slowly unquarked me from her frothing lips; to
then sip her own milk which glazed me. A look at her then was

enough to cum, pleasures of midnight glimmers – sparkles of spit and sweat (without pardon to various other liquids). Though I could resist the over-barring brought through the eyes, her flickering tongue ceased my seized-up early urges. She swallowed me again then as I suddenly felt the rush and gasp of soiling within her smile. A static cloud stilled around me for infinity's pleasurable moments until I caught to my shame her begging eyes... Beneath those bulbs often filled with kink her body zigged and zagged while her maneuvering fingers facilitated a lonely snatch. I grasped at my wanton staff to stir up a hopeful grand-last performance; she helped a bit with nibble-bites to my inside-thigh. What most motivated my next electrical erection though were not teeth but the steam of her breath upon my balls (and to my surprise she somehow caught on to this and sucked them... leaving some dribble to drip). I tilted my head back to moan and then heard a humming down below: knowingly I was slowly becoming slippery so I could properly treat her. A millisecond of vibration had been left for the short silence of transfer from one vice to the next – mouth to breast. For myself I felt her velvet pelt and dampened-folded flaps. Then my multi-inched member went from her chest down and betwixt her legs. The power of her overhead now captured me in its web and in self-defense I forced a guided thrust inside her sacred space (ripe for sex and quite well-kept). Oh God... the sensation then surely spoiled the rest of my life's events. We fucked: she queefed as I rammed her cunt but it wasn't quite enough... there was only the first signs of her final crunch (a vaginal orgasm takes much). Starting to feel the birth once again of a building burst from my nuts I knew I had to and must: I strung her hair between some fingers, scraped at her back-side skin with the other 5 (in a way as to cause pain which with release chilled the spine). Much more brutal, fast, and harder my movements became in that short time but it wasn't long enough to dissatisfy. I let go and continued steadily at a pace made from violence's incline – she screamed ...cream running down her hams as I jammed a few last precious pumps. When I stopped she was panting and my task had been done. A weariness set and in love we glowed; a twirl of limbs over our bed below. Sleep ensued and this night now known can say these last four words to you: "Sex is Love's Gold".

The Self-centered Male Encounter (in thought)

This erection delightfully choked in-behind her smile; rocking the entirety of her body, the perk of her breasts defying gravity – my pleasure surely. I question the reality of pleasure from the mere flesh of her buttocks rubbing my thighs; but I better question the intensity of her satisfactions, as to how do such grips on her waste stretch out on her face a grin and why? Or perhaps I must grant my thoughts to grasp prior; the feeding of silks through her vaginal lining while she whispers, motivating the perversions behind my eyes. How she ungulates her hips tauntingly and demands I play her game seemingly sly... The moans apparently somewhat from pain which buzz in my ears, taking over my brain and reducing my state to that of a drooling-bestial primate: this task "to fornicate". When she mocks me with her cute foibles of stupidity and I feel sex shooting through her touch; this preface begins a story always ending with fuck. Then, smothering herself in the mess I usually address with a rag; covering her skin in sweet semen: a prize on which sometimes she gags. And she always keeps shaved under her often revealing drapes which demand my glance. What is this amazing creature I ask? How did I manage to bask... in such a fantastic pool of orgasmic bodily clash? Do I owe her now a million times more what I never did beg for? She even let me scratch and scrape her, whip and muzzle her – she isn't even professing as a whore! But as my white finishing secretions cover the well-painted face only hours before... I guess that is what she wanted: my sexual satisfaction galore.

The Term "Friend"

I remember what the term "friend" used to imply
the sharing of experiences mundane
Finding out new ways to entertain
Company without activities planned
the lack of reasonable demand...
Except togetherness

Knowing what being is at grocery stores

splitting a 2 liter of soda
each other's glass we'd pour
Renting a movie to crash out watching
wishing there was something to do...
but not alone

Having been random together so long
we could reminisce about a narrative song
written on a boring walk through a park
with a tongue instead of a pen
without needing to apprehend
the problems we've been having
since it's old news and we're already standing
looking through shopping glass windows
and laughing

Money meant nothing to us
having lives of less private lust
when our worries came from topics
passed over from embarrassed silence
which malice and lies signify
the real sins and crimes

We could talk on the phone if distant
rather than call to check our resistance
to seeing each other again
like we did nearly every day
knowing we don't need to pray
for love...

And it seems I'm being romantic
because today these are lovers' traits
though they didn't begin with sex mates
It was our ship mates
When we dreamed seldom to fornicate
Disguising this relation now taken
Stripped from friendship
A term now for association
Given to lovers

Refused to sisters and brothers

We who only meet at the bar to remember
Life which was shared with other members in splendor
Not hermetic and aged
In elder years estranged
By the death of bodies
Not the birth of fears
The death of friends known for years
The death of depth
Found in the most shallow aspects
Of experience
Shared and witnessed

Big Dream Believer

Approach me in my gloom and tear
Rub my back to wash my sneer
Tell me that my loves have been too small
Let me know that what I thought was All
...had been crumbs
Help me to forget "no one"
Inspire my mind – your dreams
Point at my petty collection of things
Drain them all of meaning
Ask me to look higher
Beyond the life I have
Of bad atop bad
Which I thought was good
Let me know what I should
Become instead
Let me even tell you
With your pictures in my head
Allow me to drag wind
Off these images I was fed
Unable to achieve
At any end
MAKE
ME
BELIEVE

In a heaven I can have
Instead

Money
Luxury
Security
Healthy Bodies
Annexed Hobbies
Otherwise folly
Bigger
Smaller objects
To better compliment
A new accomplishment
You wish to see me be
Another corporate copy

Make me turn
Look at slums
See what you call scum
My family and home
Your waste
Those lacking taste
You say
Which is why they deserve
Such poor estates

I too understand your lie
Pie in the Sky
The Get on Bye
But I wrestle
The stupid lie
You call "Successful"
So fuck off pig
It is settled
I hate your dreams
Boring streams of patriot schemes
I know the better scenes

The Village Girl Who Gets More

(Sang in a cartoon female voice)

Those skies

Above the cottage in which I spent my youngest years,

The guys in the village

They whistled as I passed them by,

A breeze in the afternoon is

Making the trees dance

Brushing against my carriage as

I'm carried by horses, down the dusty path.

Those skies are my children's eyes

Dreaming of spaceships or whatever their taste is

The clouds will drift and they'll have their prize

They're in for such a surprise...

I remember times quite long ago

The whitest gloves his lips would kiss

The winters and their stormy snow

There was no man that could resist...

I was a teenage girl

He had the manners of a prince

I could dance and twirl

His face and wealth were to convince

Those greatest times, those greatest times of mine

I spent them in his arms; I spent them best in his soft bed

I recall just what he said;

"Jessica;

Out of all the girls I've met,

You stole my heart in a glance,

Do you want my fine romance?"

Well I took it

While I could have it

He was fantastic

I was an addict

I had his children

He left his fortune
Above the cottage
That's where he watches

Oh! Was that a sigh?
He must be turning in his grave
Hah! Was that a laugh?
I must have thought of his chest staved
You didn't think for a second
That a girl like me would regret it
I'm sure he meant what he said
Because he had the thickest head

My name was never Jessica
That's just insurance fraud
I wasn't even of age at the time
Men are all perverted swine
So we soiled his soft bed
I threw him out of the carriage
When he asked my hand in marriage
I knew his seed inside me spread

That's when I took out my knife

Fifty stabs for every wife

I wish my gloves would be white again

His ugly blood has stained them red

My little boy won't be caught dead

Acting like his father

My children now have a better man

He doesn't even want my breasts

My lovers are women I lust for

They touch me like a good whore

Between my legs they taste

And soon I'm put to grace

I'm free to live my life

In any way I like

Do you even need to ask?

In my life there is no lack

I'm just a village girl who gets more

El Diablo Burro

(Spoken with sorrow in a Mexican woman's voice)

Oh that charming dumb ass; el Diablo Burro... I remember:

click-click-drag, click-click-drag

He took me with his laugh:

He-Haw, haw, haw, haw, haw

He came out of Hell for me, leaving trails of infernal dung. In the Barrio we came out to see those hooves when we heard him galloping faster:

click-click-drag-click-click-drag

And then my door shut behind me; I tried to get back in, I couldn't... I was his. He gnawed off my clothes, grinded those gnarly teeth right through my brassiere, and I was bare for him. He snarled and his wind was hot, his lick was wet with drool, and his whiskered chin tickled me... I was his!

But then he left me to go back to Hell:

click-drag-drag, click-drag-drag

I miss that charming dumb ass, el Diablo Burro

Yet *again* I found the appeal of drugs to cure sorrow, but things were better when Pouyan came back from tour for a couple of months and I lived with him at his mother's. I began working on my first oil painting, The Death of Love Giving Life to Despair, and then all of the aching in my body from a year's worth of touch deprivation and coming down off of speed every so often was relieved. I swallowed my pride one night while hanging out with Aubree from Counter-Culture and told her about how much pain I was in from being

deprived. She needed to convince me? It took her some convincing because I had become so phobic of touch that I was afraid to even hug her; but I did, and we started sleeping with each other every so often (not having sex).

My body felt so amazing and my depression eased, only to appear on occasion. We took a trip off to Sedona and it was so beautiful. I got out of the car and the red mountain range in a semi-circle alone can be almost completely responsible for stealing breath and curling tongues upwards to be fastened there. The whisking colored clouds in the sky comforted me as the sun peaked over the mountain points, past the patches of snow, to cast itself upon the flat I peered from, leaving the creek and plant-life below in shadow.

Adapted to the climates of these earthy structures, a fleshy species of animal in multitude, still spaciouly conducting their affairs, I became these creatures's witness. Left imagining in the place of my location's silence, I heard their bonfires crackling, over which pots emitted a stew-like odor. My presence above these creatures that appeared so human, but behaved so differently, would assumingly have affected them little had they noticed my looming figure. Some remained close to the creek, their legs pushing into the waters; others rested on the dirt, holding and massaging each other until one left humbly to accompany a solitary viewer, satiate an appetite, or relieve themselves.

Off a bit from the density of the crowd were the ones who had in some way agreed to fulfill a romantic inclination; and even farther off

the younger members examined the environment with obvious intrigue. There were sporadic tents and works of art, but there were few visible objects crafted for other functions. There had not been a single example of formality, deviance or commerce; all interactions seemed to be conducted with integrity to a general affectionate value and lack of restriction. After hours of observation it became too dark and I too drowsy to continue.. In seeing such harmonious animals so similar to my body and ideals, I sensed a new peace in my chest, motivating me to make of them models for my own standards of living.

I have frequently written metaphors using a fantasy or analogies using an insignificant event so a reader can relate to an unfamiliar concept through familiar images. I shudder at the thought that this encourages a belief in a monotonous world because I have used the existing world as a way of connecting to a new one. I laugh at the downgrading of artists by that belief, a statement that this struggle to create something unique in a world of banality can only fail because humans can only create by manipulating what already exists. Debasing the authenticity of uniqueness is a comical goal. Although what I replicate, mutate and advance is what others have valued and deemed worthy of preservation, the perception of the unique comes from the contrast of old and new; the unique is always a new thing in the world. The new is derived from the old, the present came from the past, art is created with materials, and literature is written by using a language. That makes the contrast of the general from the unique one which must include the general in the unique as a manipulation, the old in the new as a change, the materials in the art as a

transformation, and the language in the literature as a composition. The unique maintains its authenticity because it is a manipulation of what already exists.

Change is an absolute truth and an inevitable event; society cannot be organized based upon rigid principals, those principals cannot be sustained. Anarchy is a revolution toward a state of social flexibility; therefore, it is a natural urge in society when rigid organizational principals become limitations on change. But societies require sustainability and if anarchy were to become a rigid organizational principal, its own limitations on change would debase it. Anarchy then can only be a medium that opens up the possibilities for continual changes. It is what gives societies the opportunity to sustain themselves through their capacities for creating organizations. If the organizations created out of anarchy remain conscious of their temporality, the inevitable revolutions to anarchy will be permitted without struggle. Conclusively, sustainability cannot be achieved in societies organized upon rigid or absolute principals; the only logical principal is one of flexibility, and that principal as an absolute annihilates itself.

Our Hero Takes to Flight...

When I got back from the Sedona trip I began to feel as though I was truly ready to kill myself (because even though I was relieved, I also remembered what I was missing). I got drunk every night the week I made the decision; two weeks before I had brought a friend to the emergency room when he tried to kill himself with pain relievers; one week behind that I almost overdosed on heroin and was consistently using speed, and two weeks prior I attempted suicide twice. In that time I was living with my mother partly, my friends mostly, in my car occasionally, and spending hours at Counter-Culture. In an attempt to escape my drug habits and contempt with life I was taken to San Diego for a retreat by a revolutionary friend named Jenn. This was coincidentally after I wrote a note forewarning a different kind of departure on America's most popular blogging space:

“I might have to check into the hospital... I'm not doing well. I woke up from a dream today throughout which I had cut from my chin all the way down to my waist, my wrists and both of my palms; the logical sequences in the dream weren't very far from what has been going on in my life. I woke up and I looked at my thigh to see a bunch of scabbed-up wounds from a few days ago; which didn't hurt at the time, but are now so caked with blood the movement of my leg makes them sting horribly. I immediately reflected on some things I've said, written, thought-about, felt lately... and about the too many episodes of severe depression in which I lose my physical ability to speak and move for a while,

then collapse, when I can finally stand up to take a piss or something, into tears, drooling, snot everywhere, and biting my knees as I am hunched over them attempting to shut out thoughts of suicide.

I've been trying really hard the past six months to maintain a decent amount of emotional stability but I don't think I can anymore with considerations of how the past 450 days have been. I feel really bad saying this to myself, that in the face of what has been bothering me most looking pretty obviously unfixable, I need to start taking drastic measures that aren't self-destructive and that includes at least therapy (hopefully without medication, but probably with it) and at most a little time back in the mental hospital (which was only out-patient the first time but will most likely, if it comes to that, be an in-patient program). Though I have for the past six months denied a life-long diagnosis of manic-depression and tried to do the same things in life people without this illness are capable of, I feel it is appropriate for me to confess that such denial was a failed attempt out of pride.

If anything, I don't believe that in this world we are all living in, any of us need to see our friends in pain; and so, I held all of the things I've done to harm myself private. Yes, I've complained many times of many things, I've looked all over for help, etc., but in never fully elaborating on or articulating the things I really go through, I don't believe these efforts were anything more than vain. In all of these notions I think, like I always think when it really comes down to feeling o.k. and not hurting myself, that my

friends deserve to see a little less suffering even if they only saw a portion of mine on my face.

Maybe someone reading this will have some better advice than paying a shit-load of money for professional mental health care and winding up sedated all of the time again... if that is the case I'm really open ears. Dreaming about what I just did definitely indicates there is a very drastic problem I am putting off way too much, and the reflections following from that dream are enough to verify that. Anyways, I'll be fine and have been fine as far as staying alive is concerned; but, if I'm not around for a while, there's a good chance the previously mentioned actions have been taken.

Just to note: my mental illness, if my admittance to it is warranted, is not a personality disorder or a learning disorder... it's a mood disorder and doesn't on all levels determine and affect my ability to reason. Not everyone who is manic-depressive lashes out at others some turn purely on themselves. Somewhere around 1 out of 10 people with this illness kill themselves, so it's not a matter of getting attention, and with its over-diagnosis, that statistic is probably more like 1 out of 7 or 8.

Depression for someone with this illness, as well as elation, are not something a person who is not manic-depressive can relate to in any significant approximation and it would be unreasonable to make the assumption that what a person who is not manic-depressive experiences as depression can be used as exemplary to form judgments pertaining to the tolerability of these moods.

Last, this mental illness is highly correlated with creativity and has been the misfortune of many great contributors to human progression in all fields. I'm sorry to be writing this but it's been too much and I love the people around me too deeply to continue living like this.”

I took the advice I give to any of my friends who are feeling suicidal instead, “take the better extreme ...travel.” It was on May 23rd, 2006 that Jenn and I left from the coffee shop in a van with the back converted into a bedroom and luggage consisting of: three pairs of tight pants, two white poet shirts, one spaghetti strap top, one sleeveless pirate shirt, two velvet coats (burgundy and navy blue), my 5-year-old cliché-punk leather jacket, and of course the various undergarments, sashes, items of make-up, hair products and hygienic necessities. As I traveled down those heterosexual avenues of strictly singular intimacy, I noticed the snide stares of advertisements above. They looked down on me, receptors of each other, and compatible opposites with hand-in-hand. My allergic reaction to that castration of creative romance made my eyes burn, my nose run with blood and my asthmatic lungs choke on their force-fed religious-paradigm of love. In that form of relationship, I feel constipation from its gender roles and masochistic dreams of debt to a so-called “lover”. That whole ideal prides itself on bumper stickers, cigarette boxes, beer commercials, and all-age-targeted magazines.

Seven hours later and we stopped at the downhill off-ramp of a freeway, ending at a stoplight where many accidents happen. Jenn parked the van there, doors opening to the foliage obscuring the wall

of an apartment complex. A block down the street there was a gas station that served up a hardly edible selection of food, and friends of ours living on the stretch of off-ramp provided a bathroom and shower for us. It was home and betraying assumptions; it felt like the type of living I had always done during my many years of desperate home-avoidance. I felt the fears I have had since I was 15 of just saying “fuck everything” and becoming a hobo were reducing themselves to tolerable conditions of integrity. That sense of life unfolding as it should, which tends to give way to hardships was my consistent mood.

I heavily questioned, “What do I even want from their world of material compensations for liberty?” I could only say freedom from it and a dark, quiet, comfortable place to sleep when I’m tired, the substances that give me nutrition, and the social interactions that descend into depths beyond role-relations; I already seem to have acquired the latter the more I debased that world. I had been too wrapped up in introversion to care about the mediocrity of superficial things or, I was just conscious enough to know there was much I didn’t need (let alone want). People make homes to me, not property; I guess that’s a criminal mentality...

That night Jenn introduced me to her lover Dezz (who’s an adorable girl), and Dezz’s other lover Reamer (because she will really ream you a new asshole and I forget her name but I think it is ...um, no I forget). My next day started with masturbating in an unknown person’s bathroom and then getting drunk on a bottle of cheap blush wine. While I am under the influence I am prone to passive

discussion of intellectual matters; Jenn seems to be as well, and we had a good conversation about many underrated variables in US history, moving onto subversive topics throughout the rest of the day. The humidity blown in from the ocean made the option of going to the beach appealing. With an apathetic, correction, *fatalistic* attitude taken towards the possible condition of the van, which was clicking, knocking and banging for half of the ride, we drove there.

“Old ocean, you are the symbol of identity: always equal to yourself. You never vary essentially and, if somewhere your waves are raging, further away, in some other zone, they are perfectly calm. You are not like man who stops in the street to watch two bulldogs snarling and biting one another’s necks, but who does not stop to watch when a funeral passes; who is approachable in the morning, in a black mood in the evening; who laughs today and cries tomorrow...I hail you, old ocean!” - The Comte de Lautréamont

Staring at waves has always had a comforting, hypnotic affect on me, eclipsing the local bums there who were more annoying than those in Phoenix. After eating an appetizing burrito, we ventured along the coast accosted by cliquish modern hippies asking us to fill a partly crushed, empty beer can with our drinks when they were already stumbling around drunk. We finished off our alcohol on a rocky flat with a glorious vantage point; the beach foam engulfing the ledges into the water before us looked like pleasant bath suds, but their remaining residue of pollution defaced that idea. The rocks conformed to my body according to my human prejudice and the wine had made me drowsy. I fell asleep to the sounds of the waves

beside me. Abruptly, I woke up to a literal bitch licking me on the lips. My initial response was to ask Jenn if I kissed back; I hadn't. Humorously, this almost happened a second time with a completely different dog before I became irritated and left.

Before the day summed itself up at 12:30am, we met up with a second friend of Jenn's, referred to as Ninja Squirrel. Jenn obviously has a sense for personalities who can get along well with her other company. We spent a while boasting absurdities and agreeing on many philosophical topics before I went back to the van and Jenn went off with Dezz for a long awaited sexual reunion. I slept like an infant and woke up around 10am. I cleaned up and went to the gas station where I ate a hot dog, drank an energy drink and waited for Jenn's return so we could further ignore auto-disaster and travel up to the mountain monastery I had only vague assumptions about.

She came back and then... the van and I both took a huge shit. I had no idea when I would be returning to Phoenix; I didn't even predict what my duration in San Diego would be like. I was feeling that love is impractical, but it didn't stop me from missing those that still remained in that hellish home-town of mine, and that single longing was the only one I had. I resolved that issue because I believe that to love is never a futile business. I can never refuse or say no to that which I see as fundamental to my life. Regardless of the chance opportunity that sometimes arises with a person to have the satisfaction of mutual love, embracing anything in life that can teach such profoundness is worth every pain and metaphysical injustice of being alone when embracing it. In a society where many are quicker

to be embarrassed by their affections than by their spites, a valid rebellion is to love. In it there are depths found in life, from watching and admiring the surrounding moment.

My mood was euphoric with thoughts like those while we waited for Dezz to arrive with Reamer as a surrogate ride. She came and the strange lovers' geometry the group created drove up the mountain during sunset and poured out of the car at a foggy location somewhere in the center of a circle of trees during the pitch-black hour of midnight. We all remained as close to the car as possible because we could not see anything, unfurled our sleeping bags, and carried off into the dream-sensations that didn't really ever end for me during the whole affair. When we woke up to the sound of happy-go-lucky Natives announcing the gathering to build the sweat lodges, I was shocked to see how remarkable the landscape was.

I can reduce the retreat to encompassing a ritual, a tent and a book, but a more spiritual series of matters unfolded in association with Lakota traditions. A sparrow came into my tent, landed on me and left after chirping and acknowledging my company, while the majority of the group was sitting on blankets in a circle of sage for 2 to 4 days without food or water to induce a vision quest. The book on primitivism I had been compulsively reading, the first sexual experience I had in over a year and my predominant happiness blended right in with the sparrow's rare behavior. Every conversation, sound, gust of wind, pain and pleasure was intertwined to signify my life-long suffering's cessation.

I took it as verification that I was living life according to my will. Intentions I presented were manifested from the ritual sweat lodges. The sweat lodge consisted of sitting in a dome hut made from sticks and blankets with a fair-sized group of others; in the middle of blind surroundings, a pile of large moonstones glowing orange evaporated water poured on them from a horn. This created a melting sensation if you fought the steam, but if you surrendered to your condition it was a soothing tingling. During four half-hour rounds of beating drums, Lakota chants, people screaming from the pain of fighting the steam, and everyone's bodies completely covered in secretions, the mind focuses on the intention to release unwanted mental patterns into the stones and accept the gifts given back by the steam. Each round has a different topic of release: first for grounding, then for others, next for you, and summed up with giving gratitude for existence (including any unpleasant parts of it).

Four days passed before it was time to go back into downtown San Diego, which occupied almost the entire two weeks after. In comparison, the city felt like dysentery waste where poverty extends its hands while suits and ties are passing it by. Caged-in by long building bodies made of glass, which offer the idea of transparency although they are concealed by Tinting Inc., the busyness of cars, buses, and pedestrians in haste provide a spectacle of people mechanically rushing to their temporary destinations, one after another, and their visit to the city is merely business. The governors refer to the clutter on the streets as litter, typical; but what they are really referring to is the poverty. Public transportation provides a seat for anyone with the exception of the bus stops, where the seats have

dividers to prevent making the benches beds because the law must never elevate the homeless. I had no bank cards, I accidentally threw away my driver's license, and the \$100 dollars I came with was spent a day after I returned (\$45 at the retreat). I had to think of something and I came to the decision of writing a poem, photocopying it and selling it for donations in the Gas Lamp area:

Alienation and Death

Tonality sets the stage

The flow of words

The meaning of rage

A rhythm depicts

An image restricts

With symbols abstract from the page

Our standards are plotted

Our Art(eries) clotted

Our names on lines dotted

Shattered thoughts like stars in space

Left divided by visions of race

Sex and gender assuming their place

In these cities no stunts are spotted

A romantic poem might make a song of sounds from discords and plights

Showing how alienation and death acquire their relative rites.

I began by asking random people to make a donation for my poem, but solicitation is treated generally without consideration of the product. While I was walking around the area, I accidentally offered my poems to Tonia, who was selling her life's short stories outside of a porn shop. We sat down and talked, exchanging writings and phone numbers by the end. Her stories are intriguing to the point of doubt and her writing style invigorates the imagination. She gave me an idea with the sign she had on the ground where she sat; I tied an origami paper contraption to my head that read "Poetry for Donations," and sat down a few blocks away in an incapacitated state. It wasn't until I displayed a foolish sign on my head and sat down that I became prosperous, earning five cans of food and about \$15.

The next day I walked down to the Gas Lamp area with a new sign. My patience was becoming a testing virtue and I started to become cynical. The sun was bent away from my location on the surface of that deprived city where I sat homeless, or more apt, stranded; selling my impulsive poetry in shame to provide for myself. I received some

smiles that were not empathetic because their encouragements of me to notice the teeth they flaunted only said “see this grin, you can do like me and live better.” These hyenas with advice may never see the farce they have been hired to perform: as assuredly accomplished yet average employees who perpetually become enthused for their employers’ projects. I wasn’t sure whether pity should befall (if there should be pity at all) on me, or on the consumer culture that seemed so downtrodden and hopeless.

I had made a much more elaborate sign that read as a joke, “Prostituted Poetry; Pimped By: Sold Short; Paper Payments Permitted.” I drew a pair of legs with hair in a grotesque pattern wearing fishnet hose and heels wrapped around a stripper pole and had left a lipstick kiss above the lettering. My conceptual artwork representing the humiliation of peddling my writing fell to destruction after I had been approached by a man stereotypically Caucasian enough to be employed by the State. He called out “A sick man.” I responded “thank you,” and after ordering me to “move on,” he physically threatened me until I took my sign down and left. I contest his definition of me with the observation that this man is too confused to make a diagnosis of illness when he is the one emotionally disturbed to the point of violence by a person who appears foreign and has a conceptually comparative sense of humor.

Ordinarily, I would not commission such a swinish individual with memorable status but the pathological affliction this man has contracted epitomizes a cardinal antagonism against human potential. Whether or not a person is endowed with exceptional capacities,

those capacities still need to develop to a functional level by maintaining their activity through stimulation. The prejudicial behavior of this man and others thus afflicted is a significant derangement of the capacity any human being with at least an average intelligence has to accept divergent lifestyles and cultures as a natural condition; diversity is biologically present in enduring species and socially present in healthy societies.

So many deceptive hands had touched these palms of mine and none of them had been in kindness. The tradition of fierce handshaking is a sign of domination and has become the silent symbol of manhood. To shake condescendingly when you feel a dead fish, hurting hands instead of giving hugs; that manner is from minds that create sweeping generalizations of the opposite sex, of even the same sex. It is only possible to exclude individuals from courtesy if they are not recognized as an equal. Those hands probe for exceptions to torture so they can reinforce a delusion of masculine fitness.

If you meet an adherent to this phobia they will demand a long stare into their eyes as if to gain trust in your subordination to a two-faced ideology. Break focus and they feel a sense of satisfaction from developing blindness to your humanity. You still suffer incomparably to their property called trophy-wives though; who have bought into their every subtle gesture of sexism. Opening the doors, pulling out the chairs, pouring the drinks and fucking on top were initially perceived as polite considerations but developed quickly into considering the encouraged weakness of women to be a justification

for commoditization. Now my hands only come close to theirs when the length of paper currency is a present medium.

My erroneously believed inferiority was determined because I looked like a cross between a transvestite punk-rock whore and a gloomy poet dressed for an evening of theatrical melodrama. This appearance is unacceptable by those who are painfully ignorant of history and its aesthetic trends. Beautiful clothes were a mark of high status for individuals who were autonomous and could develop their artistic nature, whereas the barbarism of masculinity was once a disgusting character flaw. Of course, that was only the treacherous feudal societies in Europe and Asia... who had no understanding of social roles, *right?*

Now the term “masculine” defines the qualities of an appropriate male by eliminating the artistic capacities and creating a standard of plain, ugly, brutish, sloppy, rugged and offensive appearance and behavior. “Feminine” is defined by the attribution of those artistic capacities that are associated with weakness, compelling women to even reject those qualities as degrading in revolt against their general stereotype of feebleness. The creation of such stratified gender roles has created a society of partially developed individuals. The dominant culture’s historical ignorance has caused patriarchy, a dead idea, to progress into a more subliminal retardation of both sexes. I realize and accept the consequences of others’ half-baked reactions but really, if my appearance is offensive then this world is full of fucking cowards.

My initial response to someone dejecting me is blood-lust; I feel I must react extremely against oppression so that at least there is one person who lowers the sense of security such rigid idiots feel in their prejudices. At these times of monstrous repulse I want a bloody, ruthless, relentless revolution, but I always want revolution somehow. If you deny that the growing numbers of individuals who don't hold Puritan conventionalism as their highest value are persecuted, and that the responsibility for this ideological plague disproportionately rests in the hands of our infantile social organization, you are incontestably a conditioned tool of post-psychoanalytic psychology. I've owned up to my diagnosed detriments well enough to submit to psychotherapy since I was 8 years old; I cannot disregard literature and philosophy in its near entirety for the debilitating tranquility of apathy, conformity and mediocrity expected of me. That would be psychological suicide by the death of character.

The New Age and all of its emphasis on empowerment just seems like a guise to me for evading the question of social injustice. It too closely resembles the postmodern symptoms of lethargic futility; it is just a quick fix, a sedation of reasonable agitations, a forced sublimation. I admit that the only way to solve a problem is to take personal responsibility, but the New Age (not just the spiritual trend but also the therapeutic results of such philosophies) negates any form of personal responsibility in which you try to eliminate the cause of suffering in society's manner of relating. If an ethics is to arise out of the focus on responsibility; the reasonable conclusion is to take heed of institutional roles playing an enormous part in the demise of social relations.

“To revolt is a natural tendency of life. Even a worm turns against the foot that crushes it. In general, the vitality and relative dignity of an animal can be measured by the intensity of its instinct to revolt.” - Mikhail A. Bakunin, *God and the State* (Dover Publications, Inc., 1970)

As to the intricacies that led me to meeting those circumstances at twenty years of age, volumes of knowledge that can be understood effortlessly are always available. Stimulation is required to sustain any organic system. Nature eliminates that which is not active, and an application of this theory to critical thinking may provide some insights. Rebuttals affirming the power of free will and the future could no longer battle the determinisms causing my contemptible existence. My life, regardless of intellectual ideas assumed to surpass deprivation, was determined by the lack of experiencing felt (rather than thought) affection. I could only apply to my outward expressions the properties of choice; my internal struggle was not privileged in the same manner.

My heart was like a perfume bottle in a department store; I had been giving out samples, not being purchased. I was doing everything I could to occupy my loneliness; but the takers were limited, if existent whatsoever. Nothing is permanent though, and I believed someone would buy that cheap perfume. I still wondered if my fragrance could ever be as strong as it was when I was fresh; or, if it would fade away and need reapplication. Perhaps the perfume I contained was diluted with water and spread thin, which was inconsequential; that bottle was most likely near-empty and I had

nothing left worth while. I dreamt someone would fill it up again and I wouldn't need to give out samples any longer.

I'd kneel down at my bedside with my hands fastened together and my head bowed, praying, "Lord, I need a lover; let a lusting angel have her worthwhile way with me. Does a God need to be a groom to so many?" "Amen," I said and ascended the bed; a tear jerked to be sure as I lay graven awake. Then I imagined that the heavens split and the ceiling faded; downcast sent a wayward winged-woman, with white skin, with silver sexual apparatus', out stretched an elegant arm with a hand to be guided by. I grasped graciously and the rest of her settled above me. A luminous voice enchanted, the words, "I've been waiting for you." Confused in my graced state, I stuttered "ok" and I just waited for that forthcoming passion.

Her wings became sedated as my hand was then guided towards her venerable vestibule. My touch tore her eyes wide open; I glanced into their gaping glow and saw the infinite. Now my appendage spirited, her hand accepted it for the mounting. Sighs of relief, moans and the music of the spheres filled the room. Her wings flapped ferociously as we fondled and fornicated. She braced, a shiver shook her and tension collected inside me released. Her arms then wrapped around me and I was carried up, past the ceiling, almost to the heavens. Then a bellowing sounded abrupt from afar, her wings fell away and she adopted a human's flesh. We fell from our sedition, plummeting downward to crash as copulates beside each other in our eternal bed.

But then I'd always wake up and despite knowing that exact cause that brought edges to skins, the solution was so blatant and bright that it blinded my eyes from its close proximity. When I started taking that means further into pondering technique, ethics, etc. the opportunities peddled by on unicycles, taunting me. Only another's touch could relieve my obsessions born from my body's aches. Too well I remembered the mistakes I had made with assumptions before. Those past errors of projecting desires or repulses onto others' postured faces caused me to rely on overt statements to combat the issue of interpretation. Or maybe it was an issue of confidence, that wonderful trait ignorantly sought after and mistaken to be present in suitors when all that boils there is pomposity; that piggish behavior prescribed as my miraculous medicine from the mouths of all my advisors.

My hardest lesson in finding affection went by the title "The Relativity of Significance"; it was about how a short touch could leave me in bliss for an hour (my body had hardly been touched for over a year, it wasn't just sex), yet to another it could be nothing more than the pleasure of a fly landing on their skin. Falling in love easily became a monologue when that lesson was ignored, and I overrated my importance to another or my confessions were too untimely to be taken seriously. The morbid element of a heart convicted of lies made love the bastard of a temptress, even though I was stubborn enough to still adhere to it. Being that I had to reasonably avoid the exact thing I sought made the prosthetic lover called "synthetic chemical stimulation" an honest relief (since

seeking love was only leading to innumerable falsified assumptions about the significance of my own affections upon those I would love). Cocaine and Methamphetamine stimulate your nervous system so another person doesn't have to... that killed my drive for affection just well enough to avoid any assumptions that I was loved (to even slight degrees, which had even in minuteness, proven dangerous).

“The average person has a sensitivity toward his bodily processes; he notices changes, or even small amounts of pain; this kind of bodily sensitivity is relatively easy to experience because most persons have an image of how it feels to be well. The same sensitivity toward one's mental processes is much more difficult, because many people have never known a person who functions optimally. They take the psychic functioning of their parents and relatives, or of the social group they have been born into, as the norm, and as long as they do not differ from these they feel normal and without interest in observing anything. There are many people, for instance, who have never seen a loving person, or a person with integrity, or courage, or concentration. It is quite obvious that in order to be sensitive to oneself, one has to have an image of complete, healthy human functioning — and how is one to acquire such an experience if one has not had it in one's own childhood, or later in life?” – Erich Fromm, *The Art of Loving* (New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1956.)

Modern psychologists have a parade funded by their collective aversion to eliminating despair's social roots... only the medicine gets better, right? Modern Psychology, in its divergence from the

general field of Philosophy, has lost its insight into the individual and has become a methodical ideology of normalizing the human species. The division of Philosophy into separate fields has also had an effect on Psychology in that history, art, sociology and anthropology are left only pecked at by specialists. Psychology thus loses its ability to recognize many actions of the Psyche because the essential questions of subjective experience's importance, and to what extent objective realities can be extracted from the psyche of the human subject, are debased by the value of Empirical methods.

The nature of Empirical proof is that it must be able to be disclosed continuously before it is considered anything but error, flaw, accident, etc. This restricts the truth of Empiricism to that which occurs normally and thus, as being the root of modern Psychology, restricts Psychology to an ideology that finds its most significant truths in the normal. Once an ideology is restricted to normality its values must be based on what is most normal, and the ideology then ceases to value innovation, not only retardation but genius, social non-conformity and any other type of aberration. Though this may serve some valuable ends, the whole of a Psychology removed from Philosophy will not only fail to encourage progressive changes on a large scale, but view individuals who strive for those changes as anti-social (or any other given term that defines an individual who has abnormal qualities of social relations: "*aberrational*").

This critique alone uncovers the inherent oppression and collectivism that modern Psychology must perpetuate. To abstain from the entire synthesis of Philosophical fields for the sake of

accuracy is not an adequate justification for the dangers of specialized educations. Without completely attempting the development of a philosophy, modern Psychology can only fall short of realizing any major progressions in the conditions of humanity.

Aware of my dispositions, I still realized the possibilities present every day, through every person I interacted with. But to calculate the probabilities at that point would require insights into the Akashic Records. The hardships I opaquely predicted in my first couple of days living in the van manifested as a return to my averted moods.

By the time my bout of self-defeatist thoughts came to an end, a friend from Arizona, Joe, happened to be traveling to San Diego because his friend Iggy's car broke down at the Gila Bend and he needed to get back to the naval base. Joe ran out of money as well, but he at least had his car. This time we became more innovative and created a sign that read, "Outcast Poet Outpost: Pick A Poet, Pick A Topic, Watch Him Write It, Fill His Pocket ...we really like food a lot too!." We sat with this sign outside of Hooters for a while until we realized we needed a more extravagant attention getter:

The Pity Poem

To my left a rooted tree and parking meter's standing

I stand emptier than these tended things a stomach pang
demanding

An eye looks down a nose to read

My failure to sell poetry

To offer from my stranded state

Creative words to make my plate...

Occupied

But it's no surprise that a head now shakes disgusted

That my business offends and then I'm thrust and mustn't

Write a poem for your lover

Your children, father, or mother

To help a heart discover

An honesty you smother

...and no one will bother

Phenomenally, Joe and I discovered we had earned between twenty-five to fifty dollars an hour. That brought in the money we needed to get home, merely two and a half weeks after I had planned to leave. I felt very strange: no acrobatics could let me avoid my agitation with life; and twenty-one years approached casually to mark and grade me sufficiently alienated from support, justified by the social standards played at in American culture's repetitious allusions. Offset by too much dwelling on my unaffectedness, I realized that I can only live authentically as a rebel. Authenticity, like every piece of the natural world I admire, calls to me as the historical aim of my life. I was sick of my attachments to impressions, to relativistic views of others compared with myself. Endless struggle and acceptance in the

face of what I would let myself die for, if my efforts were futile, was causing me lack of sleep and motivations to live.

My desire for sex was impulsive and demanding, yet counteracted by my ideals and emotional foresight's inhibiting abilities. I was mixed between unconditional love and an all-encompassing loathing. I felt deranged but also like I was feeling my personal idea of sanity. Confusion was in exodus the second I proclaimed that it was the only reasonable state of mind; I was certain but fearful of being correct on issues I have tried to develop through life-long seeking. So many people had won my trust and care in life if not my greatest love, yet I felt like a parasite leeching off of them in my needy circumstances. I assured them internally that I would return such help when they need it.

I was nostalgic for a feeling I used to have when I was a child. It is the one that has no real scenic imagery to go with it, but the spirit of that time is still there. I was selfish and demanded dignity because there was knowledge behind it, that inside I was possessed by passion. In the same light, it came from rejecting that any ideal outside of mine should be a personal goal. The time was before I was being told consistently that I was wrong; I didn't know what depression was. My days were filled with bliss despite the fact that I owned nothing, I didn't dream of wealth or power. When I cried out of sorrow it was something I truly felt without shame. I was a free spirit without restraints, neither a morality nor a philosophy because I didn't need justifications. I knew this is what my forgotten Scottsdale

days were like now. I had finally discovered through deduction of nostalgia... exactly what I forgot of childhood.

I was kind, generous and socially driven as a rule, but there were definite exceptions. I woke up slowly in the mornings and felt rested, throughout the day I saw many things that made me happy and at night I would lay in my bed because I was tired; I would sleep a full night without disturbances. When I would feel hunger or thirst, I would satisfy these feelings with something delightful in flavor. The definitions for me were simply my name; and I was excited to hear it said, not paranoid. I didn't need to race through life because my goals were so distant they were irrelevant. I had no need to pursue status because everyone I needed to be happy was in arms reach. I would become motivated by the most insignificant things, like sitting in a car or going to the food store. I wasn't waiting for any future so I didn't need patience. Life was a beautiful experience that I never thought I would grow weary of. I could even remember for the first time, such times in Val Vista Lakes:

Dear Pouyan,

Do you remember our war so long ago my best friend? One day we were setting fire to a deadened path of grass while the power lines were buzzing above like the peaceful bees who gather honey, the bottles we broke an hour before littered parking lots with broken glass; but now I am looking at broken hands twitching for some change. We took our minds off of the shunning mass that stabbed our fetal backs by burning the books

and flags they idolize. Just as sewage we have become envious, only because too many thieves of honey have justified our suicidal stinging.

Let us do it again; we will draw up the blueprints and hammer every day. We will steal the wood and nails from soon to be homes of the wealthy, being built with the labor of the oppressed. Those ghastly paths we committed arson on so long ago, they'll lead us through our vinegar nights with a smoking aura. Soon we'll be looking back and seeing these times, never wishing the return of our wrists to their chains. Up at skies we'll stare and feel beautified, the scattered glass will be the story. Those tire-popping shards will reflect all of the deadened glares from those who have extended their arms only to wound our eyes and blind us with their superstitious fears.

In Reflection the Heretic Finds Himself as God!

After I returned from that trip my sex drive was ridiculous. It got to the point where I was jerking-off in Steve's bushes outside of his house in the suburbs and masturbating to ceiling fans to spite the whole idea of fantasy during masturbation. Maybe I was just flat-out ridiculous because I decided it was a good idea to drink my own piss to add to my list of gross shit I had done in the past (like swallow my own cum or lick my own vomit). A week and a half passed and I knew I had to get out of Arizona again or I would become depressed. I took off with Joe in my sports car (I had converted the back seat and trunk into a bed). We went right back to where we had been a week and a half prior; then, off to Los Angeles, San Louis Obispo, and San Francisco (to see my sister, who was eight months pregnant).

In San Diego we slept in my car on the beach, and sold poetry as we had before in front of Hooters downtown so we could get the money we needed to go further. When we arrived in Los Angeles we wound up weaseling our way into an infamous bar where a German porn-star was having a private party a few relatively famous people were at. It was great to see my sister again when we got to San Francisco, but the town was a bore the way we managed our affairs there. We stopped in Los Angeles one last time before we got back to Arizona. Some idiot sitting in an outside dining area at a restaurant said to me, "You don't have to look like that; your daddy still loves you!" I told him, "I fuck my dad!" and we left for home. When I returned I ended up giving an elderly Catholic Priest a hand-job who

had provided much of the funding for my former time-spent in California. This at first confused my integrity but at last aided in my philosophy by providing experience of irrefutable Catholic corruption. This major work of mine developed since is titled, “The Aberrationalist Critique of Postmodern Civilization:

The Aberration and Postmodern Civilization

The Individual

Aberrationalism is a philosophy for protagonists of the Individual; developed out of inherent tendencies with-in humanity (compelling each individual towards the development of their *individuality*). To exist individually, the Individual (a singular phenomenon) must cut itself loose from the *generic* and become *aberrational*... become itself: the Aberration is then a unique individual born from this process. Aberrationalism thus begins its genesis with the Individual... the *I*. Defining the *I*'s qualities and proving its existence will reveal the Individual's nature and provide the fundamental reasoning for Aberrationalism.

The I

For centuries the Human Species has used Language to describe the World, themselves, and their relationships to the World and each other. Humanity uses Language as its primary method of understanding the World and communicating these understandings with each other. Even though pictures, sounds (that are not words), and other sensations have been used in special ways for understanding and communicating that which language has trouble with; Language is not limited by images which need to be seen, heard, or sensed tangibly. This makes Language one of the most valuable utilities for understanding anything and everything.

With Language: every *thing* in the World becomes a Noun and everything a Noun *does*, a Verb. But language has created a special Nouns for those who use it: the Pronoun and Proper Noun. By understanding the Pronoun we perfectly understand ourselves even though Religion, Philosophy, and Science seem to shy away from

such ancient knowledge. This is a very strange phenomenon since Religion, Philosophy, and Science must all use Language for understanding and communicating their ideas. The amount of writing which has been dedicated to defining the Pronoun and other types of words is innumerable. Yet, this writing never seems to consider that its subject matter is the mere vacillation over knowledge developed at the birth of the languages it uses: all without improvement.

“I Think Therefore I Am” is a statement which already errors in syntax: “I Think” can only prove “I Think”. The word “God” has been defined and undefined a sickening amount of times over.

Existentialism has used thousands of pages to correct such confoundedness of language and prove intuitive metaphysical concepts. And then the Postmodernist philosophers try to throw the whole of Language out of their space ship, paradoxically paralleling advanced forms of Primitivism. There must be tremendous doubt, dread, and disaster in the Human Mind if humanity tries this hard to triumph over the innate perceptions of its members.

Let us look at what we know of the Individual through the mere perspectives Language can give us. The Individual is the Named “I”:

Noun, Pronoun, and Proper Noun. Nouns are defined by their apparent aspects; so for us, all that is used to define our physical and biological aspects rest here. Pronouns are defined by giving to Nouns a subjective quality: if a Noun can be an I, Me, She, or Him and *have* things as Mine, Hers, and His it can be a subject or it can subject other nouns to itself. Proper Nouns are defined by their *significance* in the World: they are Nouns which have gained unique significance ...and each one of us have Names for this reason. The Individual is adequately defined through Language already as a Social, Subjective, and Biological phenomenon.

Everything which must precede our linguistic conclusions for their accuracy is self-evident. We evidently have organic bodies, clearly. We are conscious and can thus our consciousness can take others as subject be the subject of others. And if our Name alone is the only unique quality we possess, enough self-evident data from requiring a Name in the first place discloses our individual diversity. The generalized treatment of any Named phenomena is obviously erroneous and inappropriate; so too is the denial of a Named

phenomena's individual qualities. No wonder it has taken centuries to confuse these blatant facts we all use to communicate every day.

There is a very well-known hierarchy as well to the manner in which Language associates the categories which it is composed of. I am referring here to buffoonery of Epistemology, Ethics and Politics. If Language is most successfully used by beginning with the General, proceeding to the more specific, and concluding with the Unique then it is quite reasonable to assume that such is the same for anything rooted in Language. When learning through Language: we begin with the most basic and fundamental concepts; ending with complete individuation of phenomena. When developing ethics through Language: we begin with the most applicable rules; ending with personal liberty (relative to the Individual's unique qualities which evade all absolutes). And when creating political systems through Language: we begin with policy that can apply to everyone equally; ending with liberty for everyone's individualities. Somehow we have done the opposite of all this and consistently try to turn the Unique into the General (School for free - College for cost, Absolute Morality for diverse people, and the oppression of the Individual by the State)...

At this point, Aberrationalism is a philosophy which simply expresses that because the self-evident and infallible logic of the Individual's existence in a general World: a person's Name alone creates their circumstance of aberrance. From the position of being a Named Noun forward, the Individual has no other choice but to either hide their individuality or express it (and the former choice is nearly impossible). Aberrationalism is then philosophy as protagonist for the Individual's individuality: the justification for existence as a unique human being (which every human being *is*). This position on individuality is quite different than most popular philosophies because it rejects any abstract concept which the Individual *ought* to conform with.

The Image

The Word (a quantified concept in Language) is very similar to the other methods which humanity has used for understanding and communication that I mentioned earlier: pictures and sounds (but also music, theatrics, and cinema). All of these methods are similar because they make use of the Image. Images are any *thing* which can appear to perception: visual, auditory, sensual, or conceptual. Just as I

explained with Language, Images all associate with each other in the same hierarchical manner: the General underlies the Unique. A painting can have a general background with unique pictures piled on top; a song can be a basic rhythm with a complex melody heard through/over it; an ideology can have basic categories with more individuated categories with-in: these examples are very typical.

The reason why Images often require this hierarchy is because we consciously perceive the World through noticing aberration. Comparing and Contrasting is one of the most primitive cognitive abilities and it has hardly been eliminated in humanity. When we perceive a room for example; what we notice is the Images (or the objects) which differentiate from the most general elements of that room... such as the walls. You are even only able to read this now because the color and shape of the text is an aberration from the color and shape of the page. Perception is the same with this rule socially and sexually as well: we categorize other people into large groups and then contrast members in that group by their differences (finding mates through the same processes).

Sometimes we realize that there are many members in different groups with the same traits and if that trait is more general than our groups... that trait defines a new group. When that happens (or situations akin to that), we have noticed at first an aberration and then came to realize we were in error... assessing a general trait as aberrant. Much of the ways our civilizations have changed throughout history has come from the realization of generalities we once believed were aberrations. The paradox of Images though is that no matter how different they are, they will always be Images. So it is that every difference is the *same difference*... that every aberration is still *just* aberration. This is why even though we are individuals, we are still *human* individuals: we can only be aberrational in Image (but not in existence).

This means that Aberrationalism can only reach the extents of Ideology. Ideology is the totality of images in specified arrangements: same World, different emphasis. Emphasis on the Individual (which is fundamental to Aberrationalism) creates an arrangement of the World's images that values the Unique as *most* significant. The ideology which follows suit is then one which is entirely egocentric (self centered): the protagonist of Aberrationalism celebrates their

individuality through relative Image. The result is an individual who has placed everything general about themselves in the background; while bringing to the foreground everything about them which is unique. Aberrationalism thus produces The Individual: the Aberration.

Art and the Sentiments

Art can take on many forms which are categorized as the Art of (this or that). Art is an act of synthesizing the Image and materials but regardless of the materials which Art synthesizes with the Image, both Art and Material is always involved. When the Material changes, Art takes on a new form, i.e.: the Art of Cooking, the Art of Painting, the Art of Sculpture. Despite any form which Art can take though, there is always one variable which stays the same: the Artist.

Art is thus a definite method of synthesizing the Image with any Material and the Artist is thus the Individual who has learned this method called Art.

The Aberration is much the Artist because like the Artist, the Aberration methodically synthesizes the Image of them with Material to express their individuality. The aberrant artists are capable of creating the World in the exact ways which their individualities urge them to. This is an impulse intimately connected to self-expression because the World must also change with the individualities the Aberration strongly brings into it. This is the mark at which the Aberration usually comes into severe conflict with the World (which is not at all interested in readily accepting the Individual and their aberrant individualities). There is then a need for well-rounded capacities which the Aberration would use to chip away a spot for their individualistic existence.

Both the Aberration (who uses Art) and the Artist (who is often aberrant) must remember though that for every Art ...there is an expense. Energy is what the Image is constructed out of: the Image is energy patterns, particular to what the Image is of. The Image which is used for an art must come from the Artist or the Material (the Artist's energy or the energy of the Material is turned into the Work of Art). This energy is finite and only recyclable with Art that creates Works with-in other individuals or preserves Material for reuse. Energy differentiates and these differentiations can be recognized through the senses as Sentiments; the qualities of the considered sentiment reflect the qualities of the energy. Specifically, the Art of

Love has the quality of recycling energy between the Artists which practice it. The affects of this Art produce Energetic Capital (energy which increases itself) because the sentimental energies which Love is constructed from have multiplying qualities (explicated by procreation). Love ensures that energy is put back into the species; it insures the species existence against material overproduction (by manifesting itself with-in existent beings), energetic scarcity (because of its Energetic Capital), and it motivates proliferation or evolution (when Love becomes an Art instead of a Craft), through procreation.

Though, Art has great use for other sentiments as well. When the Image is constructed of destructive, ambient, sexual, or other assorted energies it still serves many significant ends. Many Works of Art which use destructive Image (Image with destructive energies) serve the purpose of breaking down and destroying Images which are detrimental, false, or intimidating. This can liberate the energies which were used for those Images (like the ideas of racism which are destroyed by an anti-racist Work of Art)... those energies can then be transmuted or used for more worthwhile ends. Sexual Images can often liberate our psychic conditions because suppressed psychic impulses tend to express themselves sexually: once those impulses are expressed through Art, the psyche can clear and provide room for more choice energies, sentiments, and Images. Dark, depressive, and ambient Image can form attachments between the subject and groups they were before dissociated from or because these energies touch on Images the Individual may despair of and feel embarrassed about: Works of Art as such can bring the psyche out of the Dark (through the expression, generalization, or exhaustion of such sentiments).

The Sentiment “Love”

Now to be loved and to be in love... a dead man can be a much loved man still; but yet, a dead man can never be in love. And exactly where is this love in which a man can go, to float about as he may have never in his remedial days? What happens to the loneliness he felt in his heart? Let us name it in qualities three: amusement, inspiration, and valuation. Amusement, which is just the colors of being in good company ... there must be more to that world which is love. Well we have watched that man wearily as he goes about his toils a persecuted stranger; love we know casts through lovers with the closest examinations, all in admiration of each other. So is it then

that the third quality, the sense of being valued, is merely exponentially increased in love? Could it be that what drives a man in the waves of society is a complete lack in significant valuations? Certainly a man can find amusement and inspiration outside of people and a man can measure his own value, so the significance of being in love cannot be defined purely by those three qualities. Perhaps it is the lack of control a man has in the circumstance, the feeling of being blessed by pure chance, graced by an unfathomable order in the universe wherein another freely chooses to pay such close attentions. Shall we say that being in love appears to be an affirmation of God through the mystery of such benevolent universal happenings, from the sensation of being known in completion and constantly loved wholly? Or might it be a better conclusion that this idea of God stems from a romance in which a man does not feel adequate anymore from his own self-satisfactions? This second idea is troubling when we heed the notion that man's loneliness arises in moments of boredom, when he ceases to amuse himself through his labors and lets his mind wonder off into idealistic entertainments. Through such sordid reasoning we could even see that the sexuality of a man, the lust for another's touch, and the affections of his flesh are reduced to the scientific concepts of stimulation and arousal – in other words, an entertainment, an inspiration, a motivator.

Now we must beg the question of arousal and what orientations a man forms that cause such spirited aspirations towards sex. A man may have very strange attractions, and according to psychology, what he finds attractive is the embodiment of that man's ideals. Why isn't it true then that a man who prefers large breasts also has a preference for largeness in all things he desires, as he is small in his interests and uninteresting, and therefore must also seek largeness in the unattainable... the biology of the opposite sex? Or what about the man who illustrates vigor and feistiness in the sexual act; is a man capable of such athletics and drawn to such mundane activities also a man who cares less for the intellect? For there is only one ideal that has not been realized and that is an ideal of conservation; the ideal of one's self. And when we see a man so filled with pride is he not also a narcissist, driven towards sameness and away from changes... that man who looks for himself in another because he can never fully have himself before him? One can conclude then that what a man is attracted to is nothing more than what he lacks, that the arousal of a man towards the sexual act is the presumption that in such an intense

exchange of pleasures and fluids the man can possess his ideal within himself, or at the very least, he can worship it through his affections...

It is tempting to neglect this scientific perspective and support the religious one, even though in religion we can see that God is a mere ideal the religious man aims to connect with in some manner. Is this to say that a man should slap his own hand like he would an ignorant child's when it reaches out for love? If he should take to such actions then what would be of the species, the motivation to reproduce and the longing in a single man's heart, which as we can see now even more is emptiness? Ah, and I think we may have just stumbled upon an answer here, that a man seeks out his unattainable ideals to perfect his species through the reproductive act. Verily the child is our culture's step towards an ideal humanity, as the source of the future that can only be enjoyable if it is a future more able to realize the ideals of our cultures. Thus the heart of a man attaches its emotions to the future and in so doing, compels him to perfect his ideals by bringing himself to a point at which he cannot be perfected further; he is then left to find these last ideals outside of himself... through love.

Romance is the mark of imperfection in Man.

Falling in love opens up your heart; nay, your entire being to the emotional whim of whom you love. It's an amazing thing in a world in which most people feel completely isolated ... to "merge" and have the sensation of being connected to something outside of yourself once again (not experienced since the womb). The heart never really forgets or can turn that feeling off once it has experienced it, and can only block itself from realizing that those emotions still exist. People go on about "getting over someone," but they're kind of stupid in believing they can do so. It isn't the person you get over, or your feelings for them, but rather the idea that they are the only one for you and that having a commitment to them is required. This society is very much lost when it comes to understanding anything of the sentimental nature and because of that, the general ideology pertaining to love, and the diluting of the act of love, makes the actual remedy something hardly mentioned.

Granted there is time needed for mourning; love is responsible for life in general and to pretend it is a social invention shown in a magazine, or that the baseball cards/whatever you buy will achieve it,

is one of the greatest shams and oppressions. I refer to that fantasy as "the Social Acceptability of Love," in that most people are more embarrassed and ashamed of feeling love than they are of hating someone with a murderous passion. What a twisted ethic, how absurd that people will actually push you away or completely reject you for telling them that you love them! There are a few other great urban legends about love: the myth of the "Rebound" and the degradation of the idea of "Love at First Sight."

Considering that love, more than a luxury or some sort of casual benefit, happens to be a human need in every stage of development, the experience of it is in a free human the initial and primary sentiment towards every person (like what many people feel towards animals). You should define your idea of what a rebound is. "Rebound" is an idea that presupposes love to be a reward for some sort of good social behavior... that if you don't have enough "reasons" to love a person (even though most of the time people in love don't even have the ability to explain what it is they love about that person) your recently living, feeling and healthy sentiment is also in anguish because of the imminent approach of isolation again. A person should give into "rebound" if there is any value for their emotional capacities, which need exercise to exist. The next time the social standards are met and a person attempts to love again, all of the suppressed emotions from the previous love resurge volcanically and are then so intense that a large amount of problems need to be sorted through to get right back to where you started... a condition of being capable of loving.

Love at first sight becomes a redundant phrase when these ideas are applied, because love is always at first sight. But once again, the social standards people are conditioned to hold onto causes a person to deny the love they felt at "first sight" until it is considered appropriate in time or knowledge to admit to that love. And that is why love is confessed to in a relationship... because it existed already since the beginning. Unfortunately, the greatest ability humans have in their emotional spectrum is the least utilized (out of the range of other emotions that exist so freely).

Touching is similar in that it isn't about sensation... it's about affection. It's just very difficult to explain to people that being touched is actually a human need... documented, proven, etc. and can be fatal (because of its emotional results) when it is deprived. Sex has

become so over-emphasized that it obscures the natural expression of human affection; the sex drive becomes just a guise for affectionate needs (because sex is an acceptable desire for men but damn... if you're not looking to get laid and just want to be intimate with someone then you're some sort of "pussy faggot" or something). The goal is to love as much as possible... and the most honest love doesn't expect it in return (even though it suffers from being a gift and not an exchange). So after explaining all of that stuff, which I never really do because like I said, the word love scares the crap out of people or they blow me off for some other reason... you can see why my behavior is comparably strange. Don't fear the failure of having your love returned... suppression hurts more, missed opportunities even more than that, and you still get to feel love even if someone doesn't feel it for you.

Even the Aberration is prone to Love since the Individual is in no way the Perfect Individual. Love for the Aberration will most likely have many poster-persons: the Individual is compelled towards noticing the Individual in everyone (loving their unique traits and wishing to help them express and emphasize such individuality as well). While Aberrationalism easily leads to the development of wholeness in the individual which practices it (since the mathematical arrangement of traits does not leave many dark, empty, and unexplored areas) – as whole, the Individual can still lack important qualities entirely (which they best learn through loving relationships). This form of lack is quite common and because the compensations or educations which solve such inequities demand so much determination: the commitment and support of Love and Romance is Ideal.

The Sentiments and Politics

While it can be easily intuited that emotional associations to political concepts are a primary factor in a person's ideological persuasion; the roles which a science of the emotions plays in the political attitudes of any considered population (i.e. Psychology and Psychiatry), seems to be a matter of suppressed analysis. Institutions proclaiming authority on mental health often wave their outward responsibilities to the realm of politics and focus their efforts on the individual: as host of illness. Attempting to mend dysfunctions which are defined by maladaptive responses to social or rather, political

circumstances... these authorities seek solutions through patient-therapies which recognize dysfunction with-in the individual (causing the patient to eternally venture internally, as the responsible, to correct maladaptive behaviors). This process unfortunately, from its failure to primarily consider the artificiality and counter-instinctive conditioning with-in society, can do nothing progressive towards ideals of human well-being.

Sigmund Freud is a name that automatically conjures prejudice images in most mental health practitioner's minds. It will often be stated that "most of his theories were proven wrong" without any substantial reference to which theories are being considered. This is not an alarming issue for many but what is intriguing about present-day Psychology is that since Freud and the post-Freudians, especially after B. F. Skinner's popular favor, the role of social institutions are downplayed in psychological analysis (of their affect on the individual: benefit, measure, ethics, and legitimacy). Of equal interest: the efforts which specialists in Psychology have made to create a Science of this single-field, removed from the large pulp of Philosophy, has thrown the necessities of metaphysics, ethics, politics, and other philosophical fields into the shadows. These other fields are what provide the foundations, set the values, and consider the effects of any given ideology (such as Psychiatry, Behaviorism, Lobotomy, etc.). In a frightening way; what modern Psychology assumes as adequate conclusions in these fields for its further practices are comparable to a child's crayon art when depicting their family. To clarify: modern Psychology apparently invents a series of ideal human personalities and behaviors which only a minority of the population have statistically met... these ideals blatantly constructed after presuming that our society's multi-purposed institutions, economic functions, and legal circumstances are absolutely beneficial for the individuals affected by them (the majority at least by law developing under the premeditated conditioning of Public Schools, by opportunity for obtaining knowledge necessary for civic decision making, limited to corporate media and its ruthless marketing, etc.).

Realistically, modern Psychology has no legitimate argument against this fact and yet it is still one of the predominant institutions in America. Alone but not limited to: with the amount of force (conditioning) used in Public Schools to guide the development of most citizens away from what is anthropologically, historically,

statistically, biologically, etc. naturally innate, attempting to create a humanity which behaves in conformity with extremely culturally subjective, monotheistic, and collectivistic behavioral/psychological values. How can the modern Psychology method of treating maladaptive individuals in hopes of creating a solution be seen as adequate... at all? Even beyond this insulting shift of responsibility for human detriment onto the individual who is merely responding to their environment, the detriment-victims (whether these responses are caused by genetics or developmental circumstances): Psychiatry physically disables the individual from such behavioral responses to their environments with chemicals. If there was any possibility for the behavior of individuals to demonstrate severe detriment caused by society's various structured/abstract circumstances (such as a skyrocketing rate of depression, social anxiety, and industrious incapacitation), not only are these perhaps completely healthy/natural responses confounded by "relief"; these behaviors also will not become motivations for the individual citizens in America to ever correct such circumstances for their actual well-being. It ought to be obvious that when the majority of a population starts expressing behaviors quite literally of "shutting-down" (sensations of terror seen in anxiety, obsession-compulsion, and depression) or "revolting" (deeply rooted social aggressions, maladaptive antagonism, or outright nonconformity), the dysfunction is NOT with-in the individuals but with-in the social structure.

Too often will the Aberration face accusations of insanity, psychic unfitness, or emotional imbalance due to their individuality and the Worlds reactions to such rare occurrences (in the present age). *Therapy* by the hands of those who have established an agenda for collective conformity should be avoided at all costs. The greatest therapy for the Individual who feels compelled to express themselves is often expression (the suppressions of "taboo" which has become anything unique has caused many a *false* diagnosis). I would truly enjoy seeing research which first liberates entirely the Individual and then applauds the individualities they establish and express: the results to me seem *curious*...

Society

America's heavens are covered by the artifice of a most vapid pantheon; these archetypes are its zodiac: Police Officer, Chief

Executive Officer, Lawyer, Psychiatrist, Actor, Surgeon, Politician, Model, Evangelist, Coach, Host, and Graphic Designer. What proceeds from the worship of these idols is a religion of apathy, skepticism, ignorance, malice, fear, prostitution, shame, negligence, and obedience. When begged to finger a guilty party for the creation of such cultural monstrosity, only one road appears, heading towards the cemeteries (which perhaps house the living as well): the culprits are dead with history. These cemeteries are mostly invisible though; American consciousness is as equally dissociated from social/sentimental wisdom as it is from personal historical identification (with an underlying notion of applicable history being limited to the celebrities and trends of the past 1-4 decades): the Ego shrivels from this incapacitating force of dissociation, disallowing the average person to see the powerful aspects of themselves in history's great contributors. Without many accessible examples publicly shown as the perpetuators of these circumstances, there has yet to have been any strategic progress in the name of liberation (beyond life-style and charity).

In all of these archetypal frameworks, there exists a fundament of denial on which their entire structures are built. The fragility of these archetypes in moral and ethical perspective causes this denial; when dispelled causing these archetypes and their proceeding characters to collapse into the disgust of living an inauthentic life. It is private property, the specialization of labor and the 'educational' institutions in America which imprison the popular conscience so dramatically (in simplified terms: 'State-Capitalism'). For example; convince the full conscience of the Police Officer that they do not protect, but oppress, and they may be doomed to sacrificing their martyred self-image, achieved status, and complimentary wages. Inform the Psychiatrist of the actual harm they cause with FDA approved medications that companies like Eli Lilly reward for more prescriptions and the Psychiatrist may just have to take out a few more indebted loans so they can go back to the University and actually learn a therapy which solves the problems, instead of masking them (in hopes the patient can tranquilly solve their individual problems). Ensure that the Model develops an internal drive to be recognized for their intellect and they might be tempted to waste a life-time of beauty pageants and dance lessons by learning the world instead of using it as a backdrop for photographs. Whether a life is chaotically lived working paycheck-to-paycheck by a

member of the Working Class, or predictably by one of the Middle Class through a career, with-in the nature of Work and thus Career in-themselves lie their decadence. To avoid poverty a person must (conventionally) select one or two fields to master out of a universe of possibilities which will be symbolized by an earned degree; a document which the State approves, stating legitimacy, and increasing the person's opportunities to earn romanticized wages. If these archetypal practices are then personally illegitimized, the static bills of the "professional" person (for houses, boats, cars, etc.) will hold them to their career from the sheer lack of opportunities that these persons have to compensate for their sudden loss in wages (needing now an employer that does not require credentials the person does not have – unprofessional labor). Thus, there exists a grand probability for adopting the comforts of denial (and guilt), rationalization, and escapism.

For rationalization, the Public is offered a variety of mediated excuses, through the near-completely privatized series, of mass-communications technologies. Television, the Radio, and Pop Magazines for instance are almost nothing but a complex arrangement of prejudices. The Public has also become conveniently desensitized to these many prejudices since most can rarely get away from them; their advertisement, discussion, and venerated mediocrity. If they can, it is not for long enough to analyze the difference between who they actually are, and who they are not: the amalgamation of characters with-in popular media which are constantly being invoked by them. Quite a number of people even speak predominantly in quotes and are likely incapable of questioning popular notions from any perspective originating outside of the Popular Media. Out of the varieties, Comedy is a major area of scripted rationalization which is easily disseminated through-out the population (and celebrated even!). The oppression of someone's boss can then suddenly become the typical drama of working-life which helps popular culture relate to each other; by sharing the Media's jokes about it, feeling normal from having popular experiences of suffering, thinking they are free since they can openly discuss their discontents (but not in seriousness or with a change in mind because such public expressions elicit public ridicule and humiliation), and believe that even the Ruling Class can not avoid such pains ...that they are a fixed part of life as much as needing air to breathe. Even

scariest; abusive behavior acquires a sport-like quality to it of fun, since a lot of the folk on reality shows [sic] (or generally; on fictional shows) can behave as such while the other show participants do not respond to it as anything remarkably strange. Then of course, when it comes to politics; dehumanizing policies, practices, and statements can be tolerated so long as there is someone else in the Media to make light of the situation through mockery (or some other form of insult) – everyone knows how “stupid” everyone else is, and so “nothing can change...”, there is “no point in getting upset over it”: civic activity is laughed off during Sunday football.

A lot of what Americans do for cultural bonding also overlaps into what they tend to do in order to escape the resulting cultural bondage. As I had pointed out earlier; the archetypes which are idealized in American culture are very fragile, they are the source of America’s common system of values, and when they are illegitimized, a personal crisis can easily be experienced (motivating denial and a tendency to accept the Media’s rationalizations). When rationalization is not sufficient in stifling the destruction of these valued archetypes, finding an escape from them can aid in the pleasantries of suffocation. After a long hard day in the office or at the register, which can not be swiftly justified by a person’s inherent interests, sentiments, and judgments (and knowing that there is not much now which can be done about the cycle, the option of development eliminated by such ignorance of history), American culture has a million ways to spend money which will make a person feel better about what they spend their time and energy on to make that money. These are the perks of being an American which will be heard about often, over-and-over again, by people whose National Pride is challenged. Even though the ways of buying escape are large in number, like the diversified culture in America which develops them, they can accurately be categorized and generally spoken of quite simply.

There is a market for every mediocre pleasure which can be objectified in order to assign a profitable value to its sale; the Market being dominated by untouchably large corporations (the economy necessitating objective valuation of everything). These corporations are entitled to so much wealth that for the popular majority, the monetary numbers lose their meaning; it is quite a burden on the imagination to attempt an exploration of what powers, luxuries, and

securities such great wealth can afford someone who owns next-to-nothing and knows hardly anyone. These perceptions are hard to fathom because as just alluded to, they are extremely relative: the highest percent of the population is segregated into the Working Class, who are the poorest and most ill-treated, while those who actually control this richest country's riches are so small in number that they almost become modern nobility. The Middle Class has much more in common with the Working Class than with the Ruling Class, making it so that if a "middle class" even does exist anymore under some definitive system of class division, it might as well not (a working and middle class which both work for equivalent hours can hardly compare to a ruling class which doesn't work at all).

In addition to the many calculated fortunes of the Ruling Class, the escape market just-so-happens to profit off of a selection of products which are all in some way addictive, extremely temporary in their satisfactions, and pacifying. There is the most pervasive category of escape which establishes shopping and consumption as a satisfaction in-itself, but most Americans can not afford to sustain such a habit (nor the particular products relative to the category; clothes, beauty products, items of entertainment, etc.). That category is aided the most by the media through the instrument of trends, perhaps the specific cause of its addictive properties. Another category which is more capable of being profitable from the virtues of the products themselves (or the merits of the businesses) is headed by the banner titling those pleasuring realms of intoxication. Bars and Clubs are more-so in alignment with the Working Class than going to the shopping mall. They can be used for selecting the company of a specific type of people (by who the bars/clubs appeal to), relax after working, for celebrating, and for purging experiences which cause much psychic disorder (experiences of modernity itself mostly). The intoxication market usually also increases the libido, which may or may not (but usually can not) fulfill the need for love or compensate for the common deprivations Americans have of beneficial affection (through-out their entire life). And still yet another category branches off of the libido increasing faculty of the former market: the sexuality market. As can be seen already, nothing is too sacred for the Market to debase, objectify, and exploit for profit but the industry of sex shows the most explicit evidence for this. On the same token, the

industry of sex reveals what is often censored in conversation or in entertainment for the general audience: Sexism.

Racism today is far too covert to be discussed in exemplary length since the media hides much of it (though it does assert itself to a degree on the sexuality market); Sexualism (Heterosexism as active, Homophobia as passive) is far too blatant for any enumeration of its occurrences. But Sexism... that is a subject of rich debate, with the sexuality market being a primary vehicle for its analysis. The direct Sexism which can be witnessed with the eyes alone in this market category is a bit too obvious and easily defeated for much comment here but what is latent and initiates many into Sexism (with the molding of their sexual intentions) are the thematic qualities of all varieties with-in this category. Pornography and strip clubs both succumb to these thematic qualities, causing the initial associations of sex with loving activity, to be replaced with vice; the fixation on seduction (manipulation/coercion) as an approved, even praised mode of relating to the gender a person is attracted to, and the vengeful or otherwise malicious motives which must logically precede the first two qualities condition this replacement.

But something much more profound than the previously mentioned symptoms of Sexism can not be over-looked for the sake of Truth: Gender Archetypes. There is a fair amount of accuracy in stating that the world has come a long way with-in the past hundred years to create gender equality. Though the elimination of gender prejudice is not, as most people assume, an elimination of any ancient human elements. On the contrary; the Paleolithic era (according to anthropological research since the 1950's) presented to researchers nearly complete equality of gender, complimenting the egalitarian manner in which these considered tribes lived... paradise, seemingly. Even though males seem to have been the ordinary hunters, both males and females partook in gathering (which was the primary method of sustenance whether from avoiding hunting out of purely practical reasoning, developed from common-place Spiritual Animism, or rooted in the healthy empathetic minds of Paleolithic humanity). These strongly supported theories of anthropology signify even further how delusional, backwards, and stubbornly prejudice modern American culture is.

The ideal profiles for both males and females in present America significantly emphasize the Masculine qualities of character which

most cultures historically the world-over, recognize as essential in balanced synthesis with the Feminine (in person's of either male, female, or a third sex which some cultures have had social positions for). This emphasis has impressed upon the observations of some sociologists' minds so heavily that they have qualified entire nations by their general synthesis of masculine and feminine characteristics, making specific mention of America's oddly extreme leanings into the Masculine. The major traits which define the Masculine (or "masculinity) are those such as aggression, competition, dominance, rational and pragmatic thought, physical strength, etc. The Feminine is defined by traits more-so of passivity, cooperation, nurturing, irrational and creative thought, physical grace/beauty etc.

Cultures which allowed systems of astrology to capture their mental processes thought of the balance between the Masculine and the Feminine to be of utmost importance. The issue of gender, without the persecutory prejudices rampant in today's America, was consciously and openly considered (and experimented with in synthesis) since astrology relied so heavily on the combinations of these two elements of Nature (not limited to human beings or even what the Western mind might think of as living beings at all). This perception of Nature opened up the possibility for Eastern gods such as Shiva and Western gods less explicitly androgynous to become archetypes worthy of worship (and the highest worship in Shivaite Hinduism which values balance as a central principal). This contrasts to such a high level with modern America that for many reasons, finds depths of disgust with its male members who are effeminate or its female members who are emasculate.

Some of these reasons for American Sexism are associated with homophobia (Sexualism passive) as causal but it is the illogical ideal profiles of Male and Female which first defines the standards for how males and females should relate to oneself, the same sex, and the opposite sex. Even though there is an abundant world history which realizes that the synthesis of the Masculine and Feminine is ideally balanced (almost as a rule of humanity's social nature), modern America unflinchingly proclaims that males should be as masculine as possible... that they should be Men and that females should be as feminine as possible, to be Women (until recently; explained soon). It isn't an accidental ignorance of the historical archetypes, the

Masculine and the Feminine, which causes this because the ideal male's absolute masculinity is still defined by the same traits as the Masculine (and the Feminine) of other cultures; no, it is an intentional preference of the culture for the Masculine traits: aggression, competition, dominance, rational and pragmatic thought, physical strength, etc. (appropriately reiterated).

The reason for this intentional preference relates back to the political and economic system of State-Capitalism which relies on those traits for the source of its able functioning and since originally only the males played an important role in the system, they were to be purely masculine and society was to be compensated for by the pure femininity of the non-participatory females. But, this all changed with civil movements for Woman's Rights, which opened up full participation in State-Capitalism to females. This also means that females had to begin developing their Masculine traits so that they could adapt to the system. While this development in the behavior of the sexes caused a completely new manner of relating to oneself, the same sex, and the opposite sex and was beneficial for American females since they could join in with the rest of the world by developing balanced Masculine and Feminine personalities, the ideal male has remained (the ideal of males being as masculine as possible, being Men). The Effeminate Male is thusly despised to this day in America and persecuted with Sexualist accusations even though they are in reality, balanced. Even further detriment then is caused in relations between the sexes, and, American culture in quality has doubled in masculinity: Modern Sexism.

On the other hand, there has been a loss of the Feminine in American culture which has had very noteworthy effects. Since the popular values in the culture have reduced in the promotion of the Feminine to only being applicable to the proportion in which they remain in the female population, these qualities with-in every facet of American life have been reduced with them: passivity, cooperation, nurturing, irrational and creative thought, physical grace/beauty etc. While State-Capitalism was never too fond of those things, there was at least a strange balance created by the combined-opposite immaturity of the sexes ("immature" meaning that the capacities of the subjects had not fully developed). This almost completely accounts for the general lack of empathy, compassion, community, and creativity to a large degree in contemporary America. It is

tempting to laugh at the irony of the Feminists whom in no way supported femininity; but ignoring the darkness of those shortcomings would cause that laugh to be more of a choke.

Some reading this might find it strange that a nation of such diversity could avoid these insights so thoroughly. Though, it would only be half-true that these insights have been avoided; America (and company) has had some of the most fantastic uprisings against its government and economic oppression the world has seen... entire generations and large cultures dedicating their lives and sacrificing their comforts for the better of humanity (because American policy not only threatens its citizens but the world at large). It can even be seen as a tradition for every individual in America to rebel against this rotting archetypal artifice and its technologies (at least during some point in their lives; teen angst, midlife crisis, etc.). American Art, Philosophy, and Spirituality in near unanimity can even be perceived as the proceedings of an innate urge to rebel against anything oppressive: Aberrationalism. But still for a nation with such large spheres of consciousness pertaining to these worldly issues, every attempt at revolt (as known by the proliferation of this decadence) has been crushed by the same nation's historical ignorance, political passivity and tolerance, blatant laziness, afflicted confidence, weary conviction and trademark skepticism, blindness to reason which causes scientific fixation, and prejudices against the abnormal (in any way aberrational to the same standards personally despised).

On the prejudices against the abnormal, one of the most extreme (but in tradition with what this work covers, ignored) persecutions and oppressions has been against the Artist. It is within the definitive nature of the Artist as well as being of most absolute necessity to reject the standards, structures, systems, and sentiments of tradition so that it is at all possible to: create anew, synthesize marvelous works, generate progressive movements and cultures, tap into the buried and hidden truths of being, exist as a free spirited guide and mentor for the times, feel the subtle energies in the world and describe them, articulate the philosophies of the centuries, heal the tortures of humanity's imprisoned souls, and depict the visions for a greater, more fulfilling future for all life on Earth, harmonious with the Universe. For what else in history has been the origin of cultural

life (religious, atheistic, political, individualistic, or whatever) if not the Artist? In modern America (and Europe) these people are not compensated for their unique work which so few can do, they are not respected for their individuality, they are not spiritual mentors or philosophical masters, and unless they prostitute themselves to State-Capitalism which forces the Artist to censor their work, accept mediocrity, plutocracy, dimwitted media's empty celebrity status, and suppress the actual Truth they are here to present – they starve as a social rule: “the Starving Artist”. And to emphasize the last enumerated series of behaviors (those an artist must use to survive), these conditions are by no means unconscious; they are all too meditated and schemed by not only State-Capitalist supporters and sympathizers, but by the Churches of monotheism (and those antagonistic to occult wisdom).

The 19th century painted portraits of poverty inside the frame of industrialization. Artists (who always have been and will be recorders and depictees of the fluctuating temporal spirit) were flung among the heap of impoverishment and thus, responded to their surrounding inspirations with movements such as Romanticism (which nostalgically depicted the glory of Nature during the spawning of an age which has nearly destroyed the natural world) and Realism (which illuminated the decadent conditions created in society by this radically polarized reallocation of wealth). Those who benefited from the ironically named "industrial revolution" knew they had to in some way, protect these new economic conditions. This period of history gave birth to the perceptions which today, act as concrete foundations for the world's prejudices and persecutions in philosophy, science, art, and all other forms of human relationships to each other and the rest of existence.

It is then when Karl Marx invented historical dialectic and unveiled the nature of Capitalism (the Rich's system of economic exploitation persistent to this day), fueling the working class's uneasy sentiments towards their new masters, the Ruling Class (who were no longer "blue blood", but "big bucks"). Boudelaire, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Proudhon, Bakunin and many others including Freud placed enormous emphasis on the affects of Authority and the State which caused the laymen to realize a new demon which monotheism had not yet outlined. Freud then also furthered the theme in Marx's philosophy of conflict by illustrating the internal forces of human

psychology, agreeing with Nietzsche blindly and creating an ingenious method of therapy which liberated many from oppressions inside the mind which were constantly in action outside of it as well. Schopenhauer, Kierkegaard, and Darwin tackled these issues in the realm of metaphysics to bare some of the greatest lights in this age appropriately termed "the Enlightenment" while Edison realized the current grandeur physically with the invention of the light bulb.

With such a loud and large body of rebellion against the profane behavior and exercise of power, wealth, and control by the State and its rich participants; revolutions, wars, death, genocide, massive destruction, and further oppressions retrospectively appears as an inevitable outcome. The 20th century brought two world wars which were predominantly caused and supported by the 19th century's former mentioned enemies: Nationalism in World War I and Fascism in World War II both expressed the growth of State Authoritarianism and Authoritarianism in general. The 19th century's liberal ideals were terminal in times of war but their persistence, patience, and infallible reason gave them a talent for redesign that in the long-run has had the most consistent affects on civilization. Women fought for and won inalienable political and economic rights as well as African Americans, Workers won the 40 hour work week after tireless union, strikes, protests, and riots (though their efforts had become soiled closer to the 21st century), Artists created the bulk of culture and environment gaining social and economic status for doing so, and the stranglehold of the Ruling Class has been severely loosened by the growing consciousness, effectiveness, and pressuring of the Ruled as a whole.

Though, the initial problem of Nature's defacement by industrialization had still ceased to be dealt with in any significant proportion by the end of the 20th century. Not only did Art encounter a startling stagnation but the Earth had become endangered to the extent of the species it sustains facing complete annihilation.

Authoritarianism also had only been obscured during the 20th century's toil and struggle, developing an opacity and maliciousness which had become global in the birth of the 21st century's termed "Postmodern" era. As much as the poor of the Working Class had transformed and liberated themselves from their rulers (the rich, Ruling Class), in reality what has progressed viciously right before

their eyes is a system of democratically legalized oppression of the poor: a criminalization of the working class to such a degree that the prison system has seen one of the largest growths of any institution from the past two centuries. The 20th century's international warfare was well documented and responded to but hardly any attention or counteraction has been applied to the intra-national warfare under banners such as the War on Crime, Drugs, and Terrorism.

Industrialization and the expansions it had caused in nations during the 19th century has now caused those nations a crisis which offers such grim predictions and atrocious conditions, the 21st century Working Class literally ignores them. They are currently under circumstances which they are barely conscious of: subjecting themselves to their own devastations and destruction willingly, even defensively of the Ruling Class who has killed them for two centuries and has now psychologically manipulated them into blaming themselves for their own despairing lot. The advancements in theory and praxis made during the 19th century have been almost completely reversed and bastardized: Freud has been "proven wrong" by completely biological theories of psychology such as Behaviorism which do not account for social circumstance whatsoever (even though social determinisms were the most profound conclusions for two centuries and the post-Freudians do not even uphold the Freudian concepts supposedly "proven wrong"), Marx has become inseparable from Russian, Cuban, and Chinese communism which all ignored Marx's major emphasis on when socialism would manifest and that it would be a natural social transformation (not forced as it had been in those nations)... Proudhon and Bakunin do not even receive serious recognition, Literature has been replaced by television and movies which makes the possibility for Working Class propaganda nearly non-existent (in an age when no one reads, only the Ruling Class can inform the public, whom privatizes technological communications, even attempting the internet), and monotheism has regained such a strong foothold that Darwin's theory of evolution and evolution in general now has lower than a 50% public "belief" (philosophical or even Pagan metaphysics completely absent from the postmodern consciousness).

The conditions of life are so vapid for the Working Class that a man of this population (which has reached 80% of the US public population) can be in prison for: consuming a substance to quell his

psychological frustrations (a "drug") that he buys off the street because he can not afford in time and money an alternative solution which someone of more wealth can by being prescribed legal drugs by a professional ("good drugs" with just as many disturbing side-affects), carrying an "illegal weapon" (which is ANY weapon in many US states) even though the constitution initially permitted the baring of arms for the exact reason they are now illegalized... civil war, making a statement vocally or in writing which is antagonistic towards the State even though that was the literary norm two-hundred years ago ("terrorism"; and the penalty is military trial without jury, possibly execution), stealing a loaf of bread from a grocery store when he has no means to sustain his life because agriculture has been almost completely privatized by the Ruling class and the few State compensations for a starving citizen require intense application processes and State approval (which in California earned a man life in prison), and many other "crimes" which only a person suffering from poverty is likely to commit. The postmodern criteria for mental disorder in almost every category of classification reflect the natural human responses to oppression which are well documented in literature from World War II and other highly stressful circumstances (and the Working Class has been diagnosed with mental disorders at a rate of 70% of the total population). This is of course dealt with by State institutions which imprison the severely "impaired" in environments completely restrictive but with some limited postmodern comforts ("impaired" usually defined by inability to function as an employee or adapt to institutional settings, such as the School, which incorporate the near-sum of antagonistic conditions to human liberty). Homelessness, Malnutrition, and Diseases only present in areas of extreme poverty are at a historical high during the past two centuries. And, the waste from industry has increased the rate of cancer and other illnesses which the Working Class can not afford treatment for to a degree which suggests human extinction within the next couple hundred years.

While the wretched situations just mentioned are only a small portion of the postmodern crisis, the Ruling Class have devised such a flourishing state of existence that they can present their lives publicly as if the entirety of society lives in paradise (which only nobility used to have the ability to do). Even more loathsome is the fact that this is a crises happening now on a global level and one

which the War on Terrorism is promoting at a tremendous rate. The once taboo idea of youth dying in national warfare which only 40 years ago witnessed extreme resistance during the draft is now expressing itself with a highly accepted military practice of recruiting teenagers directly out of their high schools (with convictions so strong against joining the ordinary Working Class that not only joining the "work force" but attending the University easily becomes undesirable). Art in the United States has been reduced to the activity of degenerates and eccentrics even though it has formed the grandest qualities of human existence and the only acceptable position for the Artist is in marketing (designing advertisements or producing State regulated/restricted media for the creation of disillusioned and complacent youth cultures)... otherwise the well known position of "the Starving Artist" becomes the Artist's social position – one well discouraged by the School through its lack of artistic education and postmodern morality through its cultural prejudices. It can thus be well stated that the Enlightenment has burned out and those who have a glint of shimmering light left in them will most certainly be punished for it. And, their only intention for the most part is to help save a dying world or their dying selves – behaviors criminalized or dehumanized by the labels of postmodern psychology's list of mental disorders.

In Philoaesthetichaosophy,
Jared "Squee" Leve

When these thoughts were solidified in my brain, my car was bombed (three days before I turned 21, July 16th) while I was staying the night in Phoenix. I didn't know this, but if you park on the street rather than in the driveway (and your car isn't easily stolen, but 70 of your CDs are) then it is in violation of Hood Code 0-900 and WILL BE BOMBED! Over the next three days I felt reduced to absolutely nothing except my recent return to occult spirituality. In an astral meditation where I had previously visited Hades, I was given this

image. I have received many unexplainable things through meditation that I verify quickly afterwards because I am reasonably skeptical...this is just a small gift:

The looming shadow over the curled up child I used to be, haunted so long ago when I cared. But I've come so far from cowardice that an illegitimate judge cannot intimidate anymore. On that Illumination's eve I thought, "all it does is watch and critique," like a fat man watching a television show he is ambivalent towards. Scorning a child; how petty when the only thing the child hears is its volume and tone. What a cheap threat, inspiring guilt when none needs to be there, by terrorizing from its impotence. The fabrication can't even be seen without camera tricks, but the child I was hadn't learned cinematography and believed in it, making it real with his own elaborations. If I just lifted my head up, I would have seen that beautiful woman before me, waiting for my request.

I had given her so much power, yet neglected her image, continually growing older while I searched my legs for her picture. But the light-bringer came and calmed me, soothing the ignorance I had been drowned in, and exuding an explosion so bright the shadow had no place to form. I looked up and became relaxed from her acceptance, transformed from a child into my ideal. She sighed with relief from the years of waiting patiently for my return. Her position in the war, defending the child against his doubters, was over, and she could now receive my caress.

I looked around and laughed at my silly old idea, glad that I didn't waste any more time. When I wiped the tears from hilarity on my cheek, I remembered a history too long for one simple shadow's inclusion. The vision of my eternal moment moved through me and I realized myself, actualizing by the second. I was faced with the responsibility for creating everything out of the materials I had to work with. Then I accepted it, enthusiastic to make something new. I pondered the blueprints and then the fantasy ended, my mind returning to the architectural results.

When I became, I prayed to my fantasy God one last time:

“Forgive me Lord for my taste in therapy; the self-medication I hate so verily, the neutral position held towards you wearily, the tension of self-righteous idea invention, self-pity poetry pension I call a mansion, only leading me to wrists knife-poked and blood-fashioned. A sin, dear God, is my episodes of psychosis, beyond 90 scars of suicide neurosis, every drug to kill love that coursed through my body, my relative pain to my capricious hobbies. How it is I possess stubborn wit, with a laugh I call lying and a heart like a pit, a longing unnatural compulsive to quit, my need to escape here leaving times that don't fit. I'm convinced and lacking sympathy for that metaphysic; no amount of positive thinking will evade my thoughts sadistic, this heart self-stitched can't pull the crack back together, because the half I am torn from is a willing love endeavor. The other half is I that cannot conform, because I can never be I in your religious self-scorn.”

God answered by telling me to go fuck myself. Then there appeared lips of mine in three dimensions before me, glistening in the twilight. My hand floated forward to caress a beautiful face of my clone. A rush of euphoria ensued and his skin was so refined to the touch. Pressure opened our mouths for our tongues to go jazz-dancing. I feel his body more against my own, it is my body and it is arousing. We touch each other everywhere in this fantasy of my own embrace. He holds his hand up to my lips, shushing my beyond-incestuous moans. I never thought I would have me; I had waited so despairingly long. Our fluids exchanged and the extraordinary sensations we experienced merged us back together. For the first time I felt confident, discovering the glory of my own passions.

When I turned 21, I would never again make of the past which are corpses, zombies to eat away at my present. I fell into an oblivion of time, whereas before I had recently only began to fall off of that cliff. My fantasies have concluded themselves with their reduction to source. And, isn't it the inevitable fate of all individuals who are isolated for their aberration to become compelled towards their self-indulgences? It doesn't take a literary historian to see that defeatist attribute to every rebel's publications...

The Curtain Call...

What you have just witnessed here in the turning of pages is twenty-one years of a man who has seen through a shell of concrete and social roles, disconnecting the cables that hooked into his mind from the world and finding dust out of which he could mold a new perception. Are we not then rested assure, though noticing the scattered and wind-whisking pebbles of thought in this tome, that oblivion has spared him from its desolate realms? Through the textual theater which raised its curtains to reveal the modern facets of individual struggle, a necessary God for a man was skewed into being just another farmer of fabrications. As a man true to his feelings of nostalgia for a God now lost, which was once an enigma representing the infinite omnipotence of the mind, he raised a blade of negations that in his fist turned into a pen and wrote again the triumph of a God that gave him the will to create portraits without a rule but freedom.

Did not your sensitive eyes gently brush up these words like a witch's broomstick, letting them fuel your travels through the naught of morality and into a particular housing of passions? Those twenty-one years of lonely prayers that only reaped the details of wishful images, oh how they were distressed and detached from the recent past of patriots! Yet he accepted each one as a possible direction in which his self-determined ventures could stop in. And when he kept soaring, they were answered by the account of listeners, by the flesh of those who took him into their delights for relief (even if those fleshed could be indirect with their imbibed responses). Whereas the dominant God of up-looking and guile reprints, in formation while

they marched towards perplexed elder years and death beds from retirement funds, only did flash and fade away like a television resigned to silence. Our internalizing warrior slept in the brush-fires of isolation and guilt, sporadically receiving his escape away from flat mirrors by sensible human hearts. But at last, in the end, he found a new mirror that lacked distortion, invited dimension and forgave him for his rebellion against the times... that mirror was consciousness in absolute reflections.

In the beginning we watched his character break away from the virtues it was endowed with in childhood, and after such quakes an aging shadow grew forth into ever more devastating costumes. With only a residue of memory keeping his life away from the clutch of suicide, he dedicated his moments to the academics of revolution, he pooled the majesty of history into a philosophy in expansion until it came full circle to retrieve the bastard it left behind. Then in apology to that God which headed a world only rejecting him and making a whore of his capacities, he was given from that God head-turned a lasting command to take and never ask again. That is when he merged; when he became a father to that abandoned tyke and blended with the bliss he had lost so long ago. Isn't it the grandest of ironies that a man so bent on being singular, yet compelled to seek his rewards in the external world, waded his way through the concept of otherness to only find himself in the finale? Whence finding himself, finally finding the solidification of his being as to which was needed for the wholeness of a universe that only seemed to cave in like a

sarcophagus enclosing the corpse of a pharaoh... suddenly blasting open when he discovered the sight of himself through his eyes.

Unfolded was the prideful story of a man who committed to the Aberration, a decision in which one feels so offended by the malice of the world that they part ways with it and lead themselves off into lost and forbidden forests. The properties of opposition against such a man were illuminated with intensity; any solution aside from return was foreclosed by the popular conceptions. But he never returned and he lived, lavishly, in any condition whether gloomy or glowing; and now he stands before you (a crowd of humanities students, interested more in extravagance than the mundane) with the most swollen cheeks from heaven's blessings, a survivor of Aberrationalism and the product of a victorious laugh. Yes, I laughed at my past to cause this expression, I giggled looking back on my performance that took up such struggles in lust, and I chuckle the second I step away from this present moment and see the work of art that old me created... a composition of style that expresses composition and style. I am an aberrant being who gutted the otherness and realized that those guts were the sentiments in my own belly; who reconstructed the body of the universe in my personal fashion, as I had learned from every great figure this language remembers.

I know we all see how life is a theater and dream to make our character cast a pleasant diversity of particular thespians, how as the playwrights we script our dialects using our choice media, and eternally yearn for the scenic climaxes of our every performance... it is quite unfortunate that we face the dilemma of defining original, and

in failure cease to arrange for the unique. You can applaud now, though; for the original has been released from the shelters of our obscured natural world and with our clapping we create a unique melody after every act. We shunt fret of our familiar hands that produce the tones of our celebrations, it is in the ears that we know of the new so we can close our eyes and take pleasure. Solo ovations are few and far between, never appreciated until the life is performed again and that individual maddeningly cheering is remembered for being the gratuitous first...that being is joined during the rerun by the new culture they inspired.

Alas, the trombones will sound and cause the eruption called Art. We will take delight in every medium spewed out from that volcano; as Artists we will perfect every art, from parenting to politics. That is the future and it has now been comprehended. I have lashed my tongue remote from the rest on the vanguard, not to be distorted in diction by their marvelous scripts (mine is too solemn for much of the militia's tastes). But I never last dangling by limbs for long sessions of solitude and will always return to the vertebrae which are these century's creators. Watch me retreat from this stage and bond in arms with love to my contemporaries... squint until the point of light that I am can no longer be given to your visions. I have left you with my motions and notes, their preservation will be the effect from your given value... just remember that those twenty-one years, like the material of life without a piercing prick of consciousness, require the same giving of meaning to them so they can be released from the absurd.

Your attendance was witnessed with ardor... adieu!