

//DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED BY  
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//MATERIALS

//Processing  
//Redstone XMLRPC Library  
//ProXML Library  
//Minim Library  
//Wordpress

//ONLINE AT:

"<http://socialrecord.com>"

```

import redstone.xmlrpc.util.*;
import redstone.xmlrpc.serializers.*;
import redstone.xmlrpc.*;
import java.util.HashMap;

import ddf.minim.*;

import proxml.*;

//xml element to store and load the posts
XMLElement people;
XMLInOut xmlInOut;
MakeFile dataFile;

//xmlrpc poster
XmlRpcPoster thePost;

//xmlrpc getter
XmlRpcGetter theReturn;

//audio samples
AudioSample snare;
AudioSample back;
AudioSample enter;

//text filtering
StringHandler txtFltr;

//loading
PImage loading;
float angle=0;
int loadX=0,loadY=0;

/////////
PFont myFont;

String[]aBook=new String[10];
String question="";
String answer=" ";
String ret = "";
String usrlnk="";
String[][]titlesContainer= new String[30][2];
String getPostTitle="";
String tmpTitle="";
String tmpCheck="";
int titleCnt=0;
int needMoreTitles=0;
int lastLine=0;
boolean scrollText = false;
int scrLtxtAmt =0;

boolean firstRound=true;

```

```

void setup(){
  String lines[] = loadStrings("id.txt");
  thisUser = lines[0];
  //makeFile object
  dataFile = new MakeFile();
  xmlInOut = new XMLInOut(this,dataFile);

  size(400,400);
  background(255);

  //text filtering
  txtFltr=new StringHandler();

  //sound
  Minim.start(this);
  snare = Minim.loadSample("SD.wav", 512);
  back = Minim.loadSample("Morse.aiff", 512);
  enter = Minim.loadSample("Glass.aiff", 512);
  float[] ssamp = snare.mix.toArray();
  float[] backamp = back.mix.toArray();
  float[] enteramp = enter.mix.toArray();

  ///loading image
  loading = loadImage("loading.gif");

  //load font
  myFont = loadFont("Courier-20.vlw");
  textFont(myFont);
  textAlign(CENTER);

  fill(0);
  noStroke();
}

void draw(){

  if(question.equals("time to quit")==true){
    exit();
  }

  float cursorposition=textWidth(answer);
  background(255);

  text(question,10,height/3,width-10,height/2-10);
  pushMatrix();
  //text offset
  translate(0,scr1TxtAmt);
  text(answer,10,height/2,width-10,height-10);
  popMatrix();

  loading(loadX,loadY);

  if(firstRound==true){
    startUp();
  }
}

```

```

}

}
void keyPressed() {

  if(key==BACKSPACE){
    back.trigger();
    if(answer.length()>0){
      answer=answer.substring(0,answer.length()-1);
    }
  }
  if((key==ENTER)|| (key==RETURN)){
    loadX=0;
    loadY=0;
  }
  if((key==ENTER)|| (key==RETURN)){

    //reset text offset
    scr1TxtAmt+=(scr1TxtAmt*-1);
    scrollText=true;
    lastLine=0;
    enter.trigger();
    background(120);
    answer+=" ";
    answer = answer.toLowerCase();
    //the raw text gets put into the body
    aBook[1]=answer;
    //the raw text is filtered and put into the title
    aBook[0]=txtFltr.filterBody(answer);
    answer=" ";
    //send the body and title up to the blog
    thePost.makePost(aBook[0],aBook[1]);
    //make an entry to people.xml that contains the post that we're responding
to
    //and the title and body that we made
    dataFile.writeFile(ret,aBook[0],usrlnk);
    //go and look for the next title to display
    question="";
    getNextTitle();
    loadX=420;
    loadY=420;
  }
  else if((key>31)&&(key!=CODED)){
    snare.trigger();
    question="";
    answer+=key;
    //off set text
    println(answer.length());
    if((answer.length()-lastLine)>33){
      scrollText=true;
      scr1TxtAmt-=12;
      lastLine=answer.length();
    }
  }
}
}

```

```

void getNextTitle(){
    if(titleCnt==0){
        needMoreTitles++;
        if(needMoreTitles>2){
            question="time to quit";
            exit();
        }
        //if we've looked all the titles we've got
        //get a new chunk of titles off the blog and stick them in a 2D array
        getPostTitle="";
        getPostTitle = theReturn.getPost();
        println(getPostTitle);
        titlesContainer=txtFltr.extractTitle(getPostTitle);
        titleCnt=29;
    }
    if(titleCnt>0){
        //if there are still more titles to look at
        //get the first one that was not made by us and that
        //we havent already replied to
        String userid=titlesContainer[titleCnt][0];
        String postid=titlesContainer[titleCnt][1];
        String tmpTitle=titlesContainer[titleCnt][2];
        //set up to check the posts already seen
        XMLElement[] children = people.getChildren();
        int i = 0;
        //but first check to see if this one matches the user and skip the next step
    if true
        if(userid.equals(thisUser)==true){
            titleCnt--;
            i=children.length;
        }
        while(i<children.length&&titleCnt>0){
            XMLElement child = children[i];
            tmpCheck=child.toString();
            tmpCheck=tmpCheck.substring(14,17);
            if(postid.equals(child.toString())==true){
                titleCnt--;
                //getNextTitle();
            }
            if(postid.equals(child.toString())==false){
                question=tmpTitle;
                ret="";
                usrlnk="";
                ret=postid;
                usrlnk=userid;
                titleCnt--;
                i=children.length;
            }
            i++;
        }
    }
}

void loading(int x, int y){
    pushMatrix();
    translate(x,y);
    fill(255);
}

```

```
rect(0,0,400,400);
fill(0);
translate(width/2,height/2);
rotate(angle);
image(loading, -8, -8);
popMatrix();
angle+=0.08;
}

void startUp(){
    //xmlrpc send
    thePost = new XmlRpcPoster();
    //xmlrpc recieve
    theReturn = new XmlRpcGetter();
    ///get some text to display
    getNextTitle();
    while(question.equals("")==true){
        getNextTitle();
    }
    firstRound=false;
    loadX=420;
    loadY=420;
}
```

```

class StringHandler{

    int tempStrtPos=0;
    int tempEndPos=0;
    int arrayCnt = 0;
    int wordCount = 0;

    String tmpString="";
    String finalBody="";
    String[][]retStrings= new String[31][3];
    String[]mostUsed = {

"the", "of", "and", "a", "to", "in", "is", "you", "that", "it", "he", "was", "for", "on", "are",
", "as", "with", "his", "they", "I", "at",

"be", "this", "have", "from", "or", "one", "had", "by", "word", "but", "not", "what", "all",
", "were", "we", "when", "your", "can", "said",

"there", "use", "an", "each", "which", "she", "do", "how", "their", "if", "will", "up", "oth",
er", "about", "out", "many", "then", "them",

"these", "so", "some", "her", "would", "make", "like", "him", "into", "time", "has", "look",
, "two", "more", "write", "go", "see", "number",

"no", "way", "could", "my", "than", "first", "water", "been", "call", "who", "oil", "its", "n",
ow", "find", "long", "down",

"day", "did", "get", "come", "made", "may", "part", "over", "new", "sound", "take", "only",
, "little", "work", "know", "place", "year",

"live", "me", "back", "give", "most", "very", "after", "thing", "our", "just", "name", "goo",
d", "sentence", "man", "think", "say",

"great", "where", "help", "through", "much", "before", "line", "right", "too", "mean", "ol",
d", "any", "same", "tell", "boy", "follow",

"came", "want", "show", "also", "around", "form", "three", "small", "set", "put", "end", "d",
oes", "another", "well", "large", "must",

"big", "even", "such", "because", "turn", "here", "why", "ask", "went", "men", "read", "nee",
d", "land", "home", "us", "move",

"try", "kind", "hand", "picture", "again", "change", "off", "play", "spell", "air", "away",
, "animal", "house", "point", "page",

"letter", "answer", "found", "study", "still", "learn", "should", "world", "high", "every",
, "near", "add", "food",

"between", "own", "below", "country", "plant", "last", "school", "father", "keep", "never",
, "start", "city", "earth", "eye",

"light", "head", "under", "story", "saw", "left", "don't", "few", "while", "along", "might",
, "close", "something", "seem",

"next", "hard", "open", "example", "begin", "life", "always", "those", "both", "paper", "t",
ogether", "got", "group", "often", "run",

```

```
"important","until","children","side","feet","car","mile","night","walk","white",  
"sea","began","grow","took","river",
```

```
"four","carry","state","once","book","hear","stop","without","second","later","m  
iss","idea","enough","eat","face","watch",
```

```
"far","really","almost","let","above","girl","sometimes","cut","young","talk","s  
oon","list",  
"being","leave","it's"  };
```

```
public StringHandler(){
```

```
}
```

```
//this is where we take a string that the user entered and filter it to make a  
title
```

```
String filterBody(String testBody){  
    finalBody="";  
    wordCount=0;  
    for(int i=0;i<testBody.length();i++){  
        if(testBody.charAt(i)==' '){  
            wordCount++;  
        }  
    }  
    wordCount++;  
    String[] testBodyArray = new String[wordCount];  
    //this is the part where i break up the string into an array  
    arrayCnt=0;  
    for(int i=0;i<testBody.length();i++){  
        if(testBody.charAt(i)==' '){  
            tempStrtPos = i+1;  
            for(int j=tempStrtPos;j<testBody.length();j++){  
                if(testBody.charAt(j)==' '){  
                    i=j-1;  
                    tempEndPos = j;  
                    tmpString = "";  
                    tmpString = testBody.substring(tempStrtPos,tempEndPos);  
                    testBodyArray[arrayCnt]=tmpString;  
                    arrayCnt++;  
                    break;  
                }  
            }  
        }  
    }  
    //count null positions  
    arrayCnt=0;  
    for(int i=0;i<testBodyArray.length;i++){  
        if(testBodyArray[i]!=null){  
            arrayCnt++;  
            println(arrayCnt);  
        }  
    }  
    //and copy over to final  
    String[]finalArray=new String[arrayCnt];
```

```

for(int i=0;i<testBodyArray.length;i++){
    if(testBodyArray[i]!=null){

        finalArray[i]=testBodyArray[i];
        finalArray[i]=finalArray[i].toLowerCase();
        println(testBodyArray[i]);

    }
}
for(int i=0;i<mostUsed.length;i++){
    mostUsed[i]=mostUsed[i].toLowerCase();
    for(int j=0;j<finalArray.length;j++){
        //println(mostUsed[i]+" : "+finalArray[j]);
        if(mostUsed[i].equals(finalArray[j])){
            finalArray[j]=".";
            break;
        }
    }
}
for(int i=0;i<finalArray.length-1;i++){
    if(finalArray[i].equals(".")==false&&finalArray[i].equals(" ")==false){
        finalBody+=finalArray[i];
    }
    finalBody+=" ";
}
println(finalBody+" <-the output");
return finalBody;
}

```

//this is where we put in a chunk of stuff that the blog returns and make it into bite sized pieces

```

public String[][] extractTitle(String originStr){
    tmpString="";
    arrayCnt=0;
    originStr = originStr.toLowerCase();
    tempStrtPos=0;
    tempEndPos=0;
    for(int i=6; i<originStr.length()-6; i++){

        ///get user ID
        tempStrtPos=(originStr.indexOf("userid=", tempEndPos)+7);
        i=tempStrtPos;
        tempEndPos=(originStr.indexOf("date_created_gmt=", tempStrtPos)-2);
        i=tempEndPos;
        tmpString="";
        tmpString = originStr.substring(tempStrtPos, tempEndPos);
        retStrings[arrayCnt][0]=tmpString;

        ///get title
        tempStrtPos=(originStr.indexOf("title=", tempEndPos)+6);
        i=tempStrtPos;
        tempEndPos=(originStr.indexOf("datecreated=", tempStrtPos)-2);
    }
}

```



```

public class MakeFile{

    MakeFile(){

        //load from file if it exists
        try{
            xmlInOut.loadElement("people.xml");
        }
        catch(Exception e){
            //if the xml file could not be loaded it has to be created
            xmlEvent(new XMLElement("people"));
        }
    }

    void xmlEvent(XMLElement element){
        people = element;
        initPeople();
    }

    //load people from saved xml file
    void initPeople(){
        people.printElementTree(" ");
        XMLElement person;
        XMLElement eyes;
        XMLElement hair;

        for(int i = 0; i < people.countChildren();i++){
            person = people.getChild(i);
            eyes = person.getChild(0);
            hair = person.getChild(1);
        }
    }

    void writeFile(String ansr1,String ansr2,String ansr3){
        XMLElement person = new XMLElement("person");
        person.addAttribute("name",ansr1);
        people.addChild(person);
        XMLElement hair = new XMLElement("hair");
        hair.addAttribute("color",ansr2);
        person.addChild(hair);
        XMLElement eyes = new XMLElement("eyes");
        eyes.addAttribute("color",ansr3);
        person.addChild(eyes);
        xmlInOut.saveElement(people,"people.xml");
    }
}

```

```

class XmlRpcGetter{

    public XmlRpcGetter(){
    }

    String getPost(){
        // Get arguments into variables
        String lines[] = loadStrings("id.txt");
        String sXmlRpcURL = "http://socialrecord.com/xmlrpc.php";
        String sUsername = lines[1];
        String sPassword = "pswd";
        String ret="";
        String[] retArray;

        // Hard-coded blog_ID
        int blog_ID = 1;
        int numPosts = 30;

        // XML-RPC method
        String sXmlRpcMethod = "mt.getRecentPostTitles";

        //type type write

        // Try block
        try
        {
            // Create the XML-RPC client
            XmlRpcClient client = new XmlRpcClient( sXmlRpcURL, false );

            // Make our method call
            Object token = client.invoke( sXmlRpcMethod, new Object[] { new Integer(
blog_ID ), sUsername, sPassword, new Integer(numPosts) } );
            ret = token.toString();
        }

        // Catch exceptions
        catch( Exception e )
        {
            e.printStackTrace( System.err );
            exit();
        }
        return ret;
    }
}

```

```

class XmlRpcPoster{

    void XmlRpcPoster(){
    }

    String makePost(String title, String post){
        String lines[] = loadStrings("id.txt");
        // Get arguments into variables
        String sXmlRpcURL = "http://socialrecord.com/xmlrpc.php";
        String sUsername = lines[1];
        String sPassword = "pswd";
        String ret="";

        // Hard-coded blog_ID
        int blog_ID = 1;

        // XML-RPC method
        String sXmlRpcMethod = "metaWeblog.newPost";

        // Create our content struct
        String[]cats = {"testCat","tester"};
        HashMap hmContent = new HashMap();
        hmContent.put("title", title);
        hmContent.put("description", post);
        hmContent.put("categories", cats);

        // You can specify whether or not you want the blog published immediately
        boolean bPublish = true;

        // Try block
        try
        {
            // Create the XML-RPC client
            XmlRpcClient client = new XmlRpcClient( sXmlRpcURL, false );

            // Make our method call
            Object token = client.invoke( sXmlRpcMethod, new Object[] { new Integer(
blog_ID ), sUsername, sPassword, hmContent, new Boolean( bPublish ) } );

            // The return is a String containing the postID
            System.out.println( "Posted : " + token.toString() );
            ret = token.toString();

        }

        // Catch exceptions
        catch( Exception e )
        {
            e.printStackTrace( System.err );
            exit();
        }
        return ret;
    }
}

```

the less we use the lighter we get  
opens a door  
many superfluous multivariate pieces  
lallapalooza created de novo  
metamorphs towards entropy  
terminator who fragments the firmament  
figments fomenting forgery  
flix pix pax fax max  
shore this ver crepuscular time  
pesos for flopping eternally  
salaciously simmering over singapore  
semantically sonorously pointin ever onward  
endlessly arriving into eternity  
about the enormous sandman in the dunes  
begets beautiful hues and warmth  
fifth former frontman finding funny forces all about  
nutrition every time you open your orifice  
time for reminiscing  
purveyor of philosophy  
and drive towards nirvana  
please accept my welcome to the orb  
do go far in their multivariate appearances  
can catch as cat can evermore  
can cause calamities  
sticks and stones to heat my maison  
liverwurst and onions that they disdain  
tigers on the black market  
of disasters in the name of love  
things easier for the tyrants  
love to deter the inevitable  
get more the heavier in our dottage  
the universe for prying eyes  
i saw a grey squirrel in the mission the otherday he/she/it was in the gutter  
pushing a ball of trash dilligently. the squirrel had seemed to gathered bits of  
trash into this beautiful round ball that he/she/it was not pushing along the  
gutter down alabama street.  
i bought bargained with the squirrel and bought the ball from he/she/it and will  
present it in a group show next month.  
space memory  
imaginary revolt  
movies images peace false image  
washed up rotten mess of auto imposed suffering  
irrelevant politics  
the seeds of our destruction given as a reward"  
poetry of war  
desert glass  
the sun god  
filthy fuckmongering foes of freedom  
nourishment  
subterfuge  
camping pretty flowers bubblegum  
keeping fit  
tigers orange too  
malicious intent  
sex infer carrot stick  
to terminate a fragment... does this make more fragments?  
you need three in a row, but if you have 4 x's you can probably win

geerat j. vermij is a blind paleontologist.

doug's least favorite food  
failure to communicate  
slowly but surely  
nonsense  
christmas  
oddysey  
friend  
comedy valley  
not un-irrelivent  
slam  
dessert  
life worship death  
uncanny  
umbilical  
hidden in the mechanism  
escape from los angeles  
in touch  
sahara blending  
intent  
niche fetish  
ha ha diabolically  
i don't go that way man  
poor boy's lost  
didn't have a clue what you were getting into, but it happened, didn't it  
that has to be slovakian  
why yes  
nonono, you're doing it all wrong  
oh so close  
was a real...  
yes, maybe this is but yet i'm still here  
you threw a snowball with a rock in it, dick  
ok, i always did want to own a boat  
i never thought it would be so funny  
that almost looks like the english language, real close  
when i was twelve i would have loved to  
i forgot what we were talking about, i'm sorry  
please get that taken care of before it leaves a nasty scar  
i always hated la  
isolate me a bit more  
cache  
pennies from heaven  
not in touch with the spiraling gloom of ideological positioning  
didn't baudrillard call something a desert?  
the intent to disidentify  
not one but always multiplicitous  
language is a virus.  
this is what brigid bardot's character in "contempt" really wanted her husband  
to say before she got into the car with the american film producer.  
hot  
that painful burning sensation  
that man could sing  
and shoot  
make it a double  
coppers  
transient

never burlesque  
oedipus  
peppered salami  
what language did they speak on noah's ark?  
international waters  
missed russian language short term memory loss, nell pesner, 99 going on 100  
this may.  
age 12, sage brush and pines that smell like vanilla on the sunny side. loved as  
in past tense plus a pause for the program's lacking ability to insert cyrillic  
characters.  
every day, several times a day  
courier font  
loaded  
the relationship, the space in between  
trash your preferences  
vietnam  
22:49  
us m198, pzh 2000 nazi shit, m100 us, self propelled: gleaned from my secret  
crushes.  
farms, then back to fake bacon and a lack there-of and off and ove.  
procrastination, 8-12 due tommorow  
i got nothing  
because he's a frenchie  
sign me up  
and a handy second identity  
mis-communication, the visual language.  
can't beat polanski's personal history.  
hopefully sometime soon, predictable, talked about why the other day and was  
consolidated to: hacking one's way through a jungle, to keep hacking.  
sketch comedy  
his name was hank williams and i'd marry him if he didn't have to out like a  
rock star.  
a child hood friend of mine made a wrong turn one day and was broad-sided on her  
right side. she was a marathon runner, on the reno high cross country team and  
everyting. so because she had scary controlling mother, she was afraid of  
getting caught in her mistake, so she took off and started running...and running,  
and running and running. the problem was that her spleen was ruptured and she was  
leaking toxins out of her body. a dry-cleaning attendente saw her and told her  
to come inside. after that, she wasn't allowed to turight, so she just hi can't  
see the text now byty the way...but she wasn't allowed to make any more right  
turns.  
i've got company  
colin hackman got fired for cracking up on air after the studio floor camera op  
pansted him. he wrote "you suck" across his ass cheeks.  
because i'm alone in my room typing on this program you made.  
lame film semiotics professor in tallinn, i think his name was scott  
salmon, the gate way fish.  
robby muller  
p.c. word for foregin  
that's it.  
will come ashore and to clean the wandering oil from the spill  
simultaneous sun and rain  
thank whomever for your blessings  
delivers insight if you are awake  
tells humanity your story  
is necessary for continuation  
is valuable for sustainability

scales fend off  
pieomyomy  
to no good end  
back to the land of the small farmer  
self motivation to completion  
of which we all consist mainly  
a lover, a fighter, a world biter  
to all you're ready to play  
dandy andy picks a peck of dandy pandys  
abomination running thru the prevarications  
pederasty  
nature into high moral ground  
a peach to the zenith of your ability  
his world for very long to the loss of all  
fell thru the glass  
in my tuckerbag in case of engine failure  
in indelible ink  
across the universe for eternity  
perusing neologism for the masses  
on your plate; ingest it while it's hot  
slobby quite contrary  
macpcmacpcmac what the hack  
all folks  
once ashore, with my nomadic ways behind me  
we both stood there blinking, without seeing the  
truly a useless emotion, it never had a right to fill anyone's head  
he would like to have you believe that but he actually is a messiah of sorts  
everyone secretly knows that same long story, stored up in the unrelenting  
memory of such tragedy. now they only tell of it in whispers, their lips  
fumbling trying to make sense of the words pouring forth  
if you ever really thought it was as you say it is, it never had a chance  
who's turn is it to decide if its valuable, if its worthwhile, if one might die  
for it  
fox chased the rabbit chased the fox  
never heard of it, want nothing to do with it, don't even believe in anything  
remotely close to it. in fact, get away from me.  
for those who might but whom everyone knows never really will, also for those  
who try too hard.  
that was how i was one day planning on starting the first sentence of my  
autobiography  
i tell myself these things constantly in every effort to persuade myself of  
their being true  
sometimes these things appear, deceitful words, malicious, and without hope.  
often misspelled.  
the first sermon and the last sermon. both equally introspective, and damning.  
buy a trolley for our bike so that we can ride to the store and not drive. drive  
no more!  
andrew mckinley owns adobe bookstore  
he travelled through the tundra on his quest for megafauna  
a woolly mammoth charging directly towards him  
cup of chai  
but was sadly mistaken much to his chagrin  
out as the giant woolly mammoth disemboweled him  
it was it may be it might be it will be if you're lucky  
by tusks of woolly mammoth who's to say if your decision was prudent  
wooly mammoth back to its cavernous lair  
it's pure bullshit

lived with the wooly mammoth the truth will out  
a wooly mammoth collection when the giant beast disemboweled me  
to seek the truth wherever it might lie  
eternal springs from the human heart  
equally falacious  
ridride savesave gaia  
a huge fucking wooly mammoth bearing down on him at terminal velocity  
cupotea  
and gosh darnit he really was  
out as the beast bore down  
waswillwon'tmightmay  
the greatest school is life  
there is a crack in everything and that is where the light comes in- leonard  
cohen  
do architects collaborate with nature or co-habitate?  
between here and there  
in this great game of life  
those cracks i mentioned earlier  
fate vs. self determination, a quote stolen from dead friend's web page, he  
can't add me as a contact.  
carrott that was hung from a fishing line and sheep's head bay subway overpass.  
the timing was right as the light turned green and the white bunny became...  
i hope to know nothing  
give a fuck  
chinese acrodabitics to get good at the plate spinning tricks  
left or right, coffee or tea, gillian welch or neko case, cross the line or  
behave like a civilian, try to hard or try for real.  
when i think too much, thus cheesy poetry and wikipedia  
sermon  
copenhagen, forgot, sacramento, estonia, forgot, reno then an hour or so from  
the neighborhood my grandfater was born. i didn't really quite know him, it's  
how he liked it.  
catch me, google.  
illusions to busy the mind in order to evade million foot holes that go from  
time's square to china.  
the glass in the natural history musuem. i like taxidermy.  
of tea to help you survuve balitc winters. yes, you.  
command 's' for some systems.  
see! yes, predicting the future...  
time around 12 tonight when we meet at mountain view. on paper, it's due.  
piano keys, i'd play it every day and laugh permanently, stoping only to sip a  
12 dollar bottle of jameson wrapped in a paper bag. i'd wear a black 80's style  
prom dress.  
the rug under the piano bench and images of meat-only feasts to make up for my  
years of carnivorous depravation.  
pural to help out your state of mind after flicking away used herion needles  
that happen to be in your shooting location.  
lives permanently as a bust on the wall above the piano. "will you join us for  
dinner on sundays?" "no? but i'm working on chopin's f minor op.55-1: andante  
and it's a fabolous side dish to mammoth steak"  
"if you don't like steak i can make sausage"  
a slipery slope, observe instead  
porno magazines...the free latvian ones happen to have the coolest photos.  
distant  
samesame, del toro, darrell larson.

"you really can't make it? that's ok, i'll make take-out" "a red-eye, one cardboard box stolen from the bike shop alley and two matching snake skin suitcases later, i'm there."  
tucked her into bed with her tooth under the pillow...  
the night was so hot that she turned the pillow over every hour to refresh her cheek with the coolness of the other side  
in the morning her tooth was gone and a small feather lay where she had left her tooth the nite before  
sometimes i follow the cracks in the walls till they come to an end  
fate is just a word  
soap box bugle hematoma  
i try not to use words that bring on any felling of doubt  
esophagus windpipes  
the scariest thing i've ever seen is the crowd at circus circus  
girl singers are all the asme to me  
please try to form real sentences in a way that makes me feel weird  
i've never really liked the holidays  
sad hopeless people in the bright lights  
if you can, i won't hold you back  
if one in every five people would meditate we would all feel better  
theres a rush in looking down  
scarves and tea and honey winter dew  
shortcuts are boring  
dark horse halifax rides the broken ocean through a haze of glue  
time doesn't really exist  
dress and dance like it was 1995  
have you ever watched an animal die?  
mind flicking happens when you use herion needles.  
keys sound better when played lightly  
thou shall not kill  
astroglide  
the sun shines out of our behinds  
alone with panda bear. mmmmmmmmm.  
as within without stein  
my ex-boyfriend left 3 suitcases on the sidewalk today.  
cool only exists ideologically.  
no teeth, only fangs  
you find new doors  
is a construct.  
ich mochte eine tasse caffe.  
words create circulations of power struggles.  
the circus is a distraction. all circus animals should be freed.  
shangri-las  
i could never make a real sentence because it's absolutely impossible. stop trying.  
beards on guys  
christmas lights  
all people are one people really  
wheres rush going?  
sick and tired  
the brain is a drugstore  
prostrate  
abandoned kittens  
sun shines  
gin and tonic  
warum kinderblut?  
replacement parts are free

bob barker  
batman  
not to be, not me bub  
fallacious trans-humanism foggy day  
closets pantyhose flashy shoes  
horus the sun resurrection polaris orion  
sitting in a tree most of their life not having to lift a pen to paper to sign  
off  
good nite my friend  
my stepmother would pack her bags if she found my father and i spending leisure  
time together  
cool exists  
wisdom protrudes from both  
and close old ones  
a dream for me tonite  
good bye lenin  
teeter totters  
human zoo matta meta anarchitecture  
excess  
pauses cause meaning  
williamsburg / bed stuy jew  
programmed light emits  
purple people eater  
virginia city and my pants  
of useless rhymes  
duane reade  
cancer  
in cardboard boxes  
eternally and with sunspots  
whiskey ginger  
sinter klaus  
pajamas and automobiles  
nearly dead before kicking buckets  
and obviously robin  
flower picker  
long pause on that one  
caught coming out of closets  
icarus con queso  
giving tree and thats all that was left  
obstructed day  
womens lit from way back when  
gold fronts phrase  
from expanded cranium  
destructive film-going  
exploding fate  
crowded monkeys  
rapid blinking  
silverlake / los feliz  
koi boi  
like, for sure  
pushing daisies  
red eye liner  
swarming with bees  
flick of the wrist slighted hand me down wardrobe  
what's up. looting instigating awarding condoning condescending  
but running up that hill  
semiotics of the kitchen

golden doughnuts in the lower east side  
to reveal nothing extra  
zabriskie point  
plastic inevitable  
14th and broadway. ugh.  
mbta  
back door  
moi  
forward but moving backward  
kieslowski  
becoming animal  
there is a difference between northern and southern, and any northerner or  
southerner will tell you that  
a lot of people think of this as an excuse to avoid accountability or  
responsibility  
a kid i knew when i used to work... he was someone i thought i could break in half  
for some reason. he was like edward norton but without the credentials  
twirling decisive deploying corrective measures disrupting delegations throwing  
pies  
i hate it when i say that my astrological sign is "cancer" and then people  
respond accordingly with cliches. i cannot stand cliches because they are used  
as a way to break silence when people do not want to think of something better  
or meaningful to say  
i was in sign class and was learning how a sphere could be turned inside out...  
and it was explained it could be done if the sphere was actually corrugated like  
cardboard was and then i really liked cardboard and science  
there is no such thing because everything changes. unless everything changes  
"eternally"  
i used to want to be a whiskey drinker just because it was so masculine but then  
i realized it tasted like shit  
revel in all reflected in shortcuts commuting to the plaza  
i just looked up the definition in sinter in the dictionary and i doubt i will  
ever use this word in my life again, but you never know  
whenever i come across a man or a woman who has formal pajamas i worry about  
their mental health  
this reminded me of something awful i can't talk about  
point in death valley pardoned by erosion carrying borax with twenty mules  
i have been using this term a lot lately. things seem so obvious to me. i think  
it's quite frustrating to meet people who are so into their own headspace that  
they cannot see others. so then i start saying obviously. i know i sound like  
such a dick when i say it but i do not like being frustrated by other peoples  
narrow views.  
these shits are lame.  
container collector redeeming value inherent risk manager double indemnity  
i do not understand why people press the stop button when they can just press  
pause. it reminds me of when people drive and they run in somewhere to get  
something that takes like 2 seconds of their time and they turn off the car  
completely.  
union square ghosts, transients on the floor, macaroni and cheese  
this phrase is confusing to me but it makes me think about when people are seen  
or want to be seen doing a certain action. it reminds me of superficiality.  
this makes me think about how much i love new york city and how much i hate san  
francisco. new york is a place where you can eat a doughnut and not get  
harrassed by some health nazi like you would in san francisco for smelling like  
a doughnut.  
this happens all the time. i constantly wish people would back up their claims  
with concrete evidence and then all they reveal is nothing.

is this the lady that was in twin peaks? that woman has an intense face.  
i am not one of those people who "hate" plastic. how can someone hate something  
that has been so helpful to civilization? and then again, how can anyone hate  
something that does not act like an asshole back to you? plastic does not act  
like anything because it's not alive. people seriously need to get over their  
shit.

once again, i am reminded about how much i love nyc and how i hate hippies.  
it is interesting to think about how my partner idealizes boston when in fact it  
is one of the most racist cities ever - in a quite unapologetic way. i sometimes  
have a hard time when people do not see racism nor change their mind about  
something when they find out it is "racist" because they have not experienced it  
before. i think people should really trust other people's opinions sometimes.

haha. i just thought of the backstreet boys... i do not know why.  
so when anyone i know says "moi" i can't possibly take them seriously because  
then i think of miss piggy from the muppets.

what is actually forward moving to some people is backwards to others. i think  
of political correctness being forward moving to some people but it's completely  
backwards to me.

is it weird how an american born, ethnic looking korean can be some sort of art  
star in warsaw? that place seems pretty cool if that can happen.

i think this word is misleading because what we are becoming is already what we  
are. because the action of becoming is what we are in the present ... we are all  
becoming something. perhaps i should just stop right now because i am starting  
to notice that i am writing like a poet and that is scary.

eastwest twain meets best

running on empty

american mystery x

up vociferously on heads of state

stand up and be accounted for

built a phantasmagorical collosus using only cardboard and chicken feed

bitter and burning repressed and injured emotional. taking it out on each other

this is finally how it begins

my grandmother often told me that the only virtuous thing in life was a good  
speller

i'm in love and it feels like the first time..

fancy that i actually remembered to do this

when i was twenty all i could think about was pussy, now in middle age i feel

like i'm in the heart of death valley

my mother and i spoke about my new girlfriend today for an hour. unbenownst to

her my frustration at her giving me good advice has clouded the rest of my day.

what to do?

giggles

twofer the price of

fishnet theory of life. you look trashy after to get ripped

didn't i see you with a carrot up your ass in the tenderloin at midnight two  
weeks ago?

nostalgia being second best

fiscally, this town has become untenable for what i'd like to do here, i.e. make  
money enough to live off of.

laura palmer

halloween by the misfits

driving over the george washington bridge, they have a huge american flag

hanging over it now. guess that's how ny rolls these days

i trust that all people are a little bit racist. i think this keeps them honest,

keeps them creepy, gives them rough dreams of extermination and sad looks when

they see weakness in others

bell biv devoe lives. bbd1

piggybanking: taking pleasure in paying a whore (male or female) by stuffing the money inside them and then fucking them with aforementioned money.  
political motivations for a nonpolitical time  
someone accused me of being an art star, or wanting to be one. i disagreed with them and said that i didn't want to be matthew barney, i want to be your mother  
do you still write poetry?  
shania vs. mark  
until the cops got you  
i love kesey too  
tumultuously impregnated  
sit out this one  
crinkle cut the underside of my penis with your wavering vag  
works splendidly for me  
leave of my senses i soared over perdition into purgatory and on into nirvana  
and funnily the lion lies down with the poodle  
stories while living a life of abominations  
round three from usrl0  
warm and fuzzy in the dead of winter  
stories of grandpa crashing his harley that was too big for him. it happend during a special safety training course. he only broke three ribs. i know my grandmother is thinking, "i told you so" but i doubt she said this outloud while they were in the er  
someplace across the bridge, or up 125th, or in an apartment with his girlfriend in barcelona.  
cruel fancy played his tricks and i wish i could come up with titles like that. and it's easy to get caught up in such thoughts, but this morning i saw a broken record with the rca dog in tact..while i pulled out my cellphone camera a retard pined me against the wall and i realize that that those are the only kinds of things that matter. life is always fucking great.  
getting into this bad habit of putting my mom on speaker phone. she does it to me too. i let her ramble on and i think she pretends to not notice the sounds of actions on the other line.  
nervousness  
on thursday at all the bars i don't go to.  
stockings, 15, eggwhites, running away, mix tapes in my toyota that trew a rod on i-80.  
half moon  
full moon  
money and numbers, there's always thailand, mexico, and sleeping in a box car, so i've heard.  
beau  
blonde wigs, white tommyguns and bonnie with no clyde  
easy living when you can pay 2 buck and get a grand tour of the spectacle on the way to brighton and greek salads with dill.  
everyone is absolutely fucking hilarious. i am. laughing at all my own joke.  
when will i see you smile again?  
i'm going to just go for it..iraq! ha motherfuckers.  
make noise? take spiritual partners? vanity games - do laundry  
9-11 conspiracy theory movie buffs taking their lunch breaks  
monitoring myspace, posting threatening notes to underground venues the day before they're deemed unfit for living  
signed, accountant for the department of taste, elton john king henry ford  
grinding stone faces sandwiched nude offerings trouble condiments  
down boy. relax. find joy in small pleasures.  
the soul will be reincarnated until each of the hearts desires are fullfilled  
take it for a test drive. clean up the dead roaches. junkyard planet  
ivy leage kids on a hunger strike.

i dunno  
serbian pop star in the red dress and cement boobs  
call the cops on, courtesy of the gold fronts  
love sam shepard more  
peeling paint and a rotten floor full of deceased wall paper and commie  
manifestos before che t-shirts became popular  
when you have an in-dept analysis of 3:10 to yuma (1953version) due on friday.  
unpleasant surprizes, forgiveness  
this experiment of yours  
sam mendes and the south harbor (sydhavn) in copenhagen  
oil is circulating in the san francisco bay  
antidisestablishmentarianism  
are absolutes? truth's?  
sexy  
they sky is full of bright lights when you turn off the lights  
crowd  
in the slow lane  
institutions  
the space  
on your hands and knees  
provide them a katnip hotel  
so does the reflection of your soul in your eyes  
oh, that sounds good right now  
out side of your studio  
walk together looking for missing pieces  
oh my, he is still alive  
stole the song of the hummingbird  
is to be  
yellow car with red question mark painted on hood  
i have something stuck in my teeth  
open space  
there is an answer for almost everything  
i felt nothing but remorse at the end  
all the riches of the world and we still retreat to television and nonsense  
i know names but not faces  
cement floors are not feet warmers but the magic happens there  
how deep can one get after watching such things?  
man, the anxiety of unpleasantries is killing me  
life, love, well read bull  
of all the places in the world  
there is a stillness in that movement  
big words than mean grand things  
i never told you i could guarantee anything  
a boy fingerpicking his own akward sentences  
little lights shine so bright  
social anxiety  
the speed of this town makes my head slow.  
rehabilitation is good for most  
do you realize that we are floating?  
i had my palm read once and all she told me was my lines were clear  
why doesn't that work on humans?  
we made each other  
i want to crawl inside of this song and live there forever  
there are a million other things using this space besides me  
she sees her past present future  
how did it come to this?  
hearts swell everytime he opens his mouth

shouldn't this be "has to be"? this one really rattled me. i initially thought this was a trick. and now i still think it is a trick. this reminds me of a photo i did that the dean of my school yesterday said was way too off balance in color and then he said i needed to work on my technical skills which have been afraid of hearing for 3 years. i am going to be stuck on a plane for 8 hours in a little bit and that scares me because i know what i need to do is take a sleeping pill and if i do that what if i accidentally overdose and die on the plane and then they will have to deal with my body and probably have to land the plane and piss off a lot of people because we will be stuck in the midwest or something instead of nyc. regardless, i will take a sleeping pill because i hate being on planes. this reminds me of when julie andrews is running across the hills in the beginning of the sound of music. that was always misleading to me because that was an outside shot but the rest of the movie seems really "sound stage" to me. i have an answer for almost everything and i think that really irritates people. but then i hear afterwards that i say what people are thinking and then i am just frustrated because i think people should say what they think. i am not anyone's puppet, let alone fearful people's puppet. i can't relate with feeling nothing but i can relate to always having remorse. i always have remorse even when i do good things because i am afraid that i made someone upset by something... even things that i don't even know about. why do i keep on thinking of films from the 60s? specifically musicals and children's films? i really like my name and feel lucky that my parents had a good surname and then named me something that seems pretty fitting. however, i cannot say the same for my best friend who has a last name, when translated into german, means "cow balls". what is the difference between concrete and cement? i think there is one material added that changes it. and then all of a sudden concrete becomes glamorous. i've been in those yuppie lofts that have polished concrete floors and think, wow it looks nice here but on when buildings are made of concrete they usually look like shit. because rust drips from the top or when it rains it looks just hideous to me. i suppose it takes awhile for it to evaporate. i am really embarrassed i thought of the show deep space nine when i saw this one. a friend in junior high was obsessed with an actor from that show and wrote him a fan letter and she got one back from him that was obviously photocopied. but she thought it was real and i really wanted to tell her it wasn't. it was at that point in my life (well actually i knew better early on) that i just had an awareness of reality that most didn't and that was quite frustrating for me to know. is it strange that i feel that i am going to be killed in a jealous, i am sorry - envious, rage by someone? i know i am not mlk, gandhi, or any great peaceful leader like that but i don't have much trust in those who desire greed and fame, even on the most basic level, because those desires can cause someone to seriously want to murder someone. whether they do it or not is one thing but the fact that people think that is seriously frightening. and what is even most sad is that mlk or gandhi never wanted anything but community but someone hated them for it. isn't this the point of living? to experience life and love? it places the lotion in the basket. i hate it when my best friend tells me to experience stillness. what the fuck is that? ok i can be physically still but mentally our brains are always computing things - even when we are asleep. that is what dreams are. people who do yoga and shit must not think much. i think more people should use the word "grand" to describe something. like at a party "this is so grand". but perhaps people will start saying "this is hella grand". oh man i cannot get over people who say "like" before everything they

say, or if they say "you know" after each phrase they say. i read an interview  
with ivanka trump who says she tries to say "if you will" instead and i am  
trying to be more like ivanka trump.  
cement under the bridge met the side of a tanker and now 58,000 gallons of oil  
spreads across the san francisco bay  
the gold rush is not over  
the mind wanders  
is caused by poor self esteem  
eat only green m and ms  
is based on an errant idea of normal  
idealize  
prim old my crimes  
cannot  
perfectly atuned  
exploring from  
hyperformalism  
dancoyote =  
agency  
quadratic  
a pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck  
in mexico we have a word for sushi: bait  
beware the young doctor and the old barber  
without tenderness a man is uninteresting  
i do not fear computers, i fear the lack of them  
it is only the living that are killed in war  
forget that stuff  
it pays to be obvious if you have a reputation for subtlty  
with jackhammers going off all around me. i wonder. what is this new shiny thing  
you're trying to make? are you going to be that much happier with me gone?  
i've been a closet fan all my life. i sit back, act like prestige and importance  
doesn't phase me. and yet, there's those times i wish i could be 'known', could  
just get a little of the lime light once. if only to really know it's all  
bullshit, like i've always assumed.  
we're all base. this is true. however, some end up dying of starvation, others  
find it impossible to spend their vast ammounts of wealth. murder: the closest  
tool at hand for the desperate.  
i wish i cared more about contemporary politics. i know i should  
travelling is a good way of accruing experiences  
on the skin, like in the movie  
california yoga assholes drive hummers  
my husband is the riches man in the world  
covering all the wildlife in a thin film of disgusting grease  
is a way of thinking about any kind of migration towards the unknown and  
exciting  
over matter they all used to say  
to cry and cry and cry and cry  
on the other side  
the 10's are very interesting. at 10 years old, you want to be fireman, or maybe  
a astronaut. at 20 you're glad all that uncomfortable searching for your real  
self is over. 30 comes without much of a shock, unless you really didn't find  
yourself 10 years ago. 40 creeps up on you and you have to start facing facts.  
you are in a physical machine that was designed to fail with age. that's as far  
as i've got i'll let you know how 50 feels some other time.  
when we work with a goal, we always wind up where we've already been  
when i smell sun tan lotion i think back to highschool. running on the track  
team and my first girlfriend ever. i to this day see myself sitting there on the

high jump matts talking to her, and wondering why she's telling me she doesn't love me anymore.

problematize, stigmatize, hypothesize

i've had this saying for a long time, 'life never surprises me'. it's sort of a negative thing really. like of course, everything is fucked up. of course my friend slept with my ex-girlfriend. of course something dumb and pathetic is going to worm into whatever good i have going on at the moment. that being said, it's always been a challenge to me. yelling at everyone. surprise me fuckers. you have it in you, i know it.

you see those people. tight pants, 'punk rock' belt. fixie fixed-er. i call them names, trying too hard (tth). make fun of everyone. break them all down, find faults only i can uncover. then more and more i catch a glimpse of myself, i'm just like them. someone out there is saying the same crap about me. i keep trying to just be happy, i bet i could be happy with most of those people i keep making a fool of. i wonder if i'll ever be happy for real.

sort your trash, drive a hybrid, use toothpaste without flourine in it. don't water your lawn. throw away your dish washer. go organic. reduce, reuse, recycle. never mind that big business is raping this world. it's your fault, your responsibility. the common person is saddled with all the cost and gets none of the benefits. this little lie will be uncovered one day. revolutions will arrise.

i would move from some shit hole town in the mid west to gentrify some neighborhood in san francisco. i would jump the fence in san diego illegally to work if i was from mexico. i would kill someone if it meant my family would be safe for one more night. in principal people want to get theirs and if you're a barrier to that, you better be on top of your game.

equations dusted behind identification credentials shredded weasels

silt. grain of sand. plain unobtrusive unmarked vehicle homicide

orange sunsets and fresh water

shes the only thing that keeps me alive

skin wrinkles but feels the same

techology is scary but

dead in the streets

spotless minds

if you listen real hard to the machines in the streets you can hear a melody

if only they would've seen, heard or had been me

if something isn't used it is useless

this and that matters more than i realize

maybe if we leave it all behind it wont matter

fuzzy fruit

health has turned into a scene where i cant ever feel like i'm not being watched more. thats all you want

disturbing in a twin peaks sort of way

all birds head south for the winter some farther than others

lets explore this thing together with arms flailing

dont cry dry your eye

stick up kids corrupt cops and crack rocks

mad mad world

come just like the ghost in the mirror that i thought had left me years ago.

the only one in the room who knows how to smile a genuine smile.

welcome to dunder miffline

follows the girl home and waits in the cover of night.

squeezed mangoes under sundrenched trees. why are warm tiles on bare feet the best ever?

like brianna's knuckle rubs

like a desperate housewife

interested in giving a shit

equations: adverse reaction, shreaded documents: yes please  
the one missing person's case i rmember because it turned out to not be a  
robbery, suicide, rape or murder. just asleep at the wheel  
i couldn't stop laughing at the sunset after colliding with the heel of an old  
russian man walking along the boardwalk with his wife.  
passionately  
like similing and stockings, mine have runs  
nothing is  
dalmations, i suck spotless  
the hottest thing on you tube  
but instead i searched the furthest harbor and found a half sunken ship. that's  
when i realized that a photo camera and jumping off peirs to swim with the  
jellyfish below were more important than looking for you.  
"film art" and "film theory and criticism" with the exception of my commie idol  
sergi.  
paying attention.  
entierly present  
my new lassie come home thrift store salvation with the pages cut out.  
my russian lover,  
is the exact picture that evokes these notions to fuffill sensation "x" with  
asphalt and the landscape passing through the frame of a vehicle at 89mph.  
kissing a soldier  
crust off the bread. i'll need it to soak up a stomach full of whiskey.  
fragmentation of the obvious when there's a boy involved.  
"don't burry the lead at 5" and ingredients to employment as a screenwriter.  
is the reaction some of my classmates had to the brackage prelude, i was just  
thinking about what friuts i could buy this time of year to put in a salad.  
i realize that i am haunted and it's fun and games until it isn't.  
a black and white curtian, a freying animal tapestry, a silver pipe, plaster  
walls with 39 coats of eggshell and dreamland. i just don't know if the view  
from here smiles back at me. "apple s"  
1949, new york, new york...a complete wikipedia cop out...i don't have a tv  
you're innocent when you dream (78)  
where my 20 year old brother went for spring break. he was 18 or 19 at the time.  
his girlfried at the time, nervously clutching her fist over the phone as she  
admitted to cheating  
august 1st...or second or thrid. a phone call and tears that had the ferocity to  
keep me climbing the dusty mountians of reno that are rumored to be entrapping.  
some things still are...as the subtext comes to the surface with an overtly obvious  
series of words and phrases.  
philantropic guilt  
compost  
do all countries print missing persons on milk cartons?  
slipping into the future the walking board sailed to russia  
-0-  
victim feigned death  
imagined riding on the carousel  
new pants and shirt shower clean  
christmas, easter jesus' daughter tamar  
no, cocker spaniels suck for reasons i won't go into without your permission  
hmmm, britney or barbara bush, i can't decide  
sucked down and down until completely able to breath, now under nevada  
many many many many many many movies  
hard when you suck down all that sodium fluoride  
sorry nothing here  
covere in cum and lice and flea eggs  
jsut a tool used to scare dupes

long long ago in a dream far far away  
i have dreams about her alot but will i ever meet her?  
whiskey and it's relative are really quite harmful to the masses  
romans drank sugar of lead by filling lead cups with acid and letting it react,  
why can't we?  
thinking fruits are the best if you survive  
more like hunted, not a game though i am the cat  
rubber room and straight jackets hanging in the back of an ambulance  
here is new york, planes kill city dead  
innocence is a dream in this empire bub  
fraternal fuckwads still rule  
nothing to be nervous about, that pussy wont bite, pussy teeth are a figment  
more than words, perhaps a prediction  
is a guise for "trans humanism" warren buffett jr. planned parenthood death  
squad, hawking would disagree physics dictates  
slang for blander machine editor newsspeak  
not any more, hundreds of thousands missing sex slaves toddlers poop catch  
follow the yellow brick road inter-dimensional reality not fiction  
zero plus two equals one cribbage board beats abacus  
and got on tv to spread the propoganda  
this song sucks  
ok i have to work now  
the only things that matter are shoes and hair.  
tunnelvision  
endless endless  
why can we only buy coca-cola water in dining halls on campus?  
c'est rein.  
pumpkinhead  
but you'll never move from where you really are  
dreams are distractions for our real conditions of existence  
but not harmful enough  
puff puff blow  
strange fruit  
feasants and quail shot through the heart and you're to blame, you give dinner a  
bad name  
the thought of going back to your parents house  
how do you know my grandparents lived on york street and they died. not from  
planes.  
sometimes i wonder if life is too innocent or alternately if it is not.  
i like that response but please, do not swear. it hurts my internal organs so.  
again, do not profane in my presence. i am failing this test. not of life. but  
of pizza. and also of things that swim.  
a long one in this case because i do not know how to construct proper word  
patterns  
mechanical voice boxes on fetuses behind the old mall with tight boots  
exactly what it is that we are constructing  
feces like pee like organs like you like this app like what is an app like  
creative writing. print it.  
php to the wizard which command line next  
0+ = my grandmas past time  
pornographic viewing in hotel inns  
a good one, sing to me. i like this song by the beach boys but i forget what it  
is called sometimes.  
a derivative of only kosher most suitable for the small jew sitting next to you  
birds trees trapipsing  
boring tired shitty sucky unlucky  
blank clear nothingness

materialistic matters mean nothing ideally  
again blank broken not working  
supplie of everything  
advertising everywhere its unavoidable yet so rewarding  
french movies and language always seems so steamy  
breaking breaking broken i will keep going anyway for the sake of my lovers  
success  
be sorry  
thinking fantasizing reality life  
to your health  
cigarettes are evil, they will kill you oh and then there is the ganja  
stangers neighbours people  
my favorite color is teal, teal is the colour of robins eggs and it is also the  
color of the crayola crayon that looks like the colour teal  
reponsible adults  
my grandpa is from brooklyn and he was a chemist there  
vincent van gogh was an artist  
always wear your seatbelt to prevent blunt force injuries and other bodily harm  
pizza palace pleasly painting pinafores  
you can make lots of pretty paper projects by cutting up multi-colour  
construction paper  
pregnant ladies should avoid long hours of shopping in the shopping malls if  
they know whats good for the fetus  
just perfect, yup. just like that  
thats just really disgusting aka, gross  
computers programs are fun, but the code makes me bored  
what is that supposed to be a butthole? thats a dumb idea  
who wrote this, this entry is for losers who have nothing real to live for and  
who think only of themselves  
when i was little my favorite smell was the scent of coconut and my favorite  
song was kokomo  
double repeat redundant  
i love to do to jewish delis and eat a corn beef sandwich on rye and a dill  
pickle and for dessert i get a big black and white cookie  
i hope this makes you happy, my lovely love darling dear  
i will write forever even if theres only blankness and white to inspire me  
you are all the inspiration i need  
and ill just keep writing and writing  
forever and ever  
the world with free rice  
its like a car crash. you cant stop looking.  
and inquisitive little dog  
your hair is like garth's.  
for all those times  
nips tucks sucks  
maintain a steady flow to the right lobe  
ive heard it time and time again. ill believe it when i see it.  
hiding out in dark corners  
of a tiffany box  
for yourself and then some  
grains discerning universal tome  
partridge speakers lamp macbook pro  
who the hell knows?  
organic oranges orchestrating operations on ostrich oraphices  
paper pens pencils parks  
big deal about escalades anyway?  
hanging out in my birthday suit

rads dad  
me barfy  
way to end a sentence.  
middle distance runner  
hope sucks. stop hoping. start doing.  
me to do something creative with this mind  
def jam squads  
my lady. its like a dream. im holding you close, keeping you warm. its ecstasy.  
just because i'm not speaking doesn't mean nothings going on  
you can find it on any street corner  
words make me bad things often  
i would wait here for you forever if you don't take too long  
no one has it these days  
sleepless nights linger till you are silly  
only don't know  
cutting split ends means new life  
i walked away and now don't know  
is there a such thing?  
blood, sex, rivers, yoga  
i don't remember when the words stopped meaning things  
don't be afraid of what you've learned  
i think we're alone now  
me, myself and i and no one else  
i can't read it, thank god  
san francisco, a little room on pik street, moved after the police said i  
couldn't stay in the house, then came the curtains  
born in anaheim, moved, moved, someplace, then a return sweep to fullerton. my  
mom used to tell me about the orange groves in her neighborhood. lewis cole  
mentioned the l.a. orange groves dissapearence as the inspiration behind  
chinatown.  
graph paper, hot coffee a shady hotel room and pure bliss.  
dramatic action  
birthday is tempting, but hanging is to a noose as...  
i don't throw up anymore but my chracter may says puke. she also says pussy and  
it's embarassing.  
the fly over zone  
what's the difference between hope, faith, the guest check and a self bought  
vase of pink carnations. sort of like the day the monument was moved but a  
little more pink and white. they're suppose to be red  
unimportant  
easy to make nasty jokes and harder to fall in love again.  
through this device as moris must have when he hung out with famous killers.  
ulitza, or ulitsa  
mincing  
because it's important to keep the forward motion, the idea, the feeling of  
falling and swimming at the same time. a big wave is coming.  
i, hmmm, a lot.  
4:30, fewer and fewer hours when i'm having an affair with this machine, and  
video as oilpainting.  
hope to keep it like that.  
i just wasted 42 dollars  
a rut from my rotuine to my rotuines...i am really to have a rotiune for a little  
while. it's been some time.  
that can color balance all the frames of video for me and write this f-ing paper  
that i think i need to put off until i retire.  
family, half moons, truckee

images whittled down to a direct translation of a blue print like the ones  
piled in my mom's office. recently she got some strange shelves to unload the  
ones rolled up in the corner.  
a combination of words that make me retreat to the otherside of the room for a  
moment, but i'm still sitting here. thank god mr. williams is here to keep me  
company.  
but i have a freind visiting  
i, can't help it, impulsively, i.  
words technically mean nothing. ha.  
said nothing.  
exactly.  
and the pack  
fuck descartes  
one time at naan and curry in the tenderloin a woman threw a chair through the  
store front window.  
the disappearance of everything. real is fake.  
michigan hotel rooms  
over-rated  
too bad ian curtis hanged himself  
yummy  
-ing is not fun.  
torch the monument  
relative ennui  
lollipop  
i imagine people in indiana want to hang themselves on a daily basis.  
could be polish perhaps  
slicing dicing culinary extravaganza in yo' pocket  
rio de janeiro body surfing is tricky, especially when you don't completely  
understand the power of undertows  
my draw was so fast, perhaps comparabel to clint eastwood, and so i hit a letter  
before i had time to read that prompt  
an affair with the machine or just a fair machine?  
should be used many presidential speeches in order to confirm that you are  
trying to appeal to the masses  
an isotope connected to sanitation and sinclair street  
running routines or ruotines is elegant but means nothing excet for the fact  
that it builds confidence  
you have two eyes but a camera has i i converted to r g b a and maybe some frp  
ish  
neil young reminds me of my dad and he is part of my family. i guess.  
organizing an internship for the fact of staying on schedule  
saul williams glows like real black peole should. and last time he was in the  
same room as me it was not the opposite side of the room  
the cocputer has a magical way of spelling words and i have no way of editing  
my own speeling errors  
i, can not it, impulsively, do it, do it, do it impulsively  
without a context what is nothing  
under the bridge i heard voices emerging from the lake  
the voices seemed to be emerging form the melting ice  
is something  
"fool for love" - i'm gonna kill her you know, systematically, with two sharp  
knives, two separate knives so the blood doesn't mix. i'm gonna toturure her  
first, no you. i'm gonna just let you have it, probably in the midts of a kiss,  
just when you think everything's been healed up..that's when you'll die.  
love letters and false impressions grass hoppers, "go down to x and y street and  
throw a chair through the window"

acting as sculpting with psychology. the difference between present and watching  
myself being present.  
maybe someday with bottle, handgun and a suitcase that matches my dark  
concealing glasses.  
don't expect to much and you won't be disapointed  
so many sad stories forgotten  
i don't care ehat anyone says, jello pudding pops are tasty  
love, laugh, hope, sing  
the anticipation burns straight through  
doensn't mean that much to me to mean that much to you  
oral fixation  
of all ways to go this sounds the worst, no matter where you live  
it wont take away the dullness underneath  
"as seen on tv"  
i have died many times in the waves  
my sheild is always up and walls are high  
thinking about how unfair it is  
after listening to that motherfucker speak it turns my stomach inside out  
upton... where are you?  
i know people who do sleep experiments, cutting down to 4 hours a night so that  
their routine productivity remains at optimal  
finished with trying to help her  
i have to remember to accept my family strictly as they are and not try and  
change them  
no one will ever love you as much as you need to be loved  
the other side is often quite correct  
shit, i thought you were the computer!?  
in the flash of flesh she moved me  
conman  
under the bridge downtown... oh yeah  
mind melding with the universe is as good as it gets  
for you to feel  
ahhhh... american psycho, one of my favorite books. but what a horrible movie, no?  
love letters soaked in semen to the one that you love  
noting my true angle of inclination  
light weight way to fly  
ok then, i won't  
are there any other kinds?  
bill cosby was a damn genius... and then he got old, just like i'll get old and  
suck too.  
three of my favorite words  
cranky in the morning when there's no blowjob to be had  
i will make a new song out of your old song and never give you credit, because  
that's not how it's done anymore, we are no longer on a "credit" basis  
jelly  
catpower sounds worse than ever  
bright hot buring light that pierced my forehead like zeus' diamond shaft  
in life"  
high times  
has the fire affected you in l.a.?  
7.31 pm  
leaving office  
sinclain or downkilo downtown ton of town  
leonardo da vinci minimal sleep. its not deprivation just scheduled dream  
meetings  
trying to hard to impress computers

its hard to accept when they send you sweaters on your birthday that they really  
wish that you sent them on their birthday.  
are we moving too fast or is it ok  
fast or the feelings are mutual  
don't be worried computer. we are developing a bond  
not with tranquilizers like barry bonds but virtual  
thats what i was when i took over that alley and became a con artist of  
contemporary constitutions convoluted in contemporaneous considerations  
either the manhattan, williamsburg, or brooklyn, but i believe your bridges are  
different  
soldering together the rings of hawkins hierarchy cintrifical force  
it takes a lot and i rarely feel a lot  
its based on expectations or the unbelievable power of individual imagination  
over collective imagination  
sometimes i want to fuck letters but their slit is too long and sharp sharp  
sharop  
obtuse or acute true or false to be or not to be  
they both effect eachother or affect  
is what i say when the conversation makes a turn for the unexpected  
of people like different types of candy  
post no bills, cosby, gates, murray, clinton  
to do a favor for someone is a favorite rite of passage  
i want to make a video for youtube where my dick is held and masterbated  
endlessly by endless hands with a tight shot and it lasts for 28 minutes and  
people watch the whole movie even though all they want to see is the last 3  
seconds  
socratic method of credit cards yields no one asking the right questions  
fish are squishy and sting people swimming in the ocean  
than catpower trying to sound like they are catpower  
these are all cases of gods becoming mortals  
is what i am not doing right now  
cheech and chong sitting around wondering how they got so rich off of doing the  
right thing  
a whole country and burnt our houses down  
a date that meant a lot to certain people and also equasls 38 when added  
an american tradition of being able to reinvent oneself  
fun upupand away today for the benefit of all mankind  
remrem hit me again  
the bodacious queen of siam  
the day of the winter solstice  
i fractured my ass  
flowing silently through the dusk  
adenovirus which may well prove fatal  
balco falco bulkemup irresponso  
theres something important in the way it pieces places together  
jupiter doesn't make you feel as crazy as mercury  
hearts of steel  
there is something living in you and you and you  
all you would ever need to do is hand write something  
theres no such thing as wrong and right  
through the intensity of our friendship we are not affraid to travel  
the words never come out of you and i speak in block letters  
tiny feet in sheets  
giant faces and alcholic beverages have relaced the trees  
girlfriends just don't understand  
they want you to live this way  
for years, i would never go far enough to dunk

of all the women she's the one with the most  
the wine kept spilling the further it went  
to lists are dumb  
can't think of the words after movies like that.  
burnt house, i moved back into it my myself before it was finished. i live in  
the one complete downstairs bedroom. alone in the woods with my dog. it would  
freak me out when the plastic would blow and flap in a strong wind storm. the  
house eventually was finished, my parents moved back in, i went away to school,  
and my mom accidentally ran over the dog.  
there's some cheesy line in 3:10 to yuma, said by a strangely insinificant woman  
named emmy, something about some men you can wake up to every day and not notice  
them..then there's some you spend 10 minutes with that stay with you the rest of  
your life. i didn't put that in my paper.  
tod hanes think this about bob dylan, i think he has a crush. he talks a lot,  
tod.  
benefits.  
i want to  
gay trannies  
with wishes, the meadow below mr. rose, snow, snow shoes, a thermos of apple  
cider and whiskey. the full moon.  
it's fun to be, content and the boys i'd fall for when i could still play punk  
rock mix tapes in my truck. but fractured means so much more than that these  
days. i picture new york as a 1950's hitchcock film. maybe rosemary's baby could  
make the cut also.  
stalking  
the more you give someone antibiotics, the less effective they are. i sat in  
good company in a shitty cafe someplace away from time square, waiting for it to  
turn 9:15. the movie started. "i'm still in love with him." telling her had the  
same effect when you say, "my grandmother just died." she said, "yeah...well..."  
rock me amadeus, google the shit.  
of me that you've never seen. ha.  
earth  
stars  
at the living end  
never  
morality is bourgeois  
labor  
illocutionary  
toy organs  
manchester  
dancer  
redfaced old man at it again  
are the best thing in the world  
or you live that way, 'tis no consequence of mine  
are many days put together  
ashley hanes, i'm crazy for her  
down my thigh  
of people that we could have committed after the revolution  
i get all confused when i think about the war movie  
dog alone on the porch while the parents were away  
mutant virus on texas military bases  
i loved bob dylan  
of sobriety  
jump rope all the way to the electric chair  
that's my town  
a vacation alone in pennsylvania with my amazing girlfriend, that's what i call  
romantic

white riot, i wanna riot, white riot, a riot of my own  
not sure if the new superstrain will be what destroys my grandmother  
in the year 1984 the rock band falco records...  
what i look like with out my shoes on  
loving hippy motherfucker  
are for ninja throwing  
is what we've got going on here  
mind the bullocks  
i too used to study philosophy  
call it what you will  
fundamentalist informationalist  
big is my favorite tom hanks movie  
united  
united. josh. christiana.  
in the dark. as a nurse to keep the stalker psycho killer from shooting her. the  
dress was way too short.  
when i'll never tell  
every day  
the kind of thing i don't like to think about.  
black letter  
maybe i should get a tv  
to my ankles, to bare feet, granite rock, and holding breath just before jumping  
into an isolating pool of high altitude melted snow.  
to loving, to work. missed birthdays and re-training desired impluses to call.  
just had to think about last christmas when i painted my nails red. i waited all  
week until just the right moment to do it. if i painted them two days before,  
they would chip before his flight came in. if i painted them too soon, they  
might not dry in time. it will be almost a year ago next month. they're red now.  
i was in a rush. they look ulgy.  
my parents re-did the back deck after the house burnt down. they put down this  
new and impoved plastic wood that was suppose to last forever. a season of snow  
and a summer later left that deck warped. it turned a mealy grey color. every  
time i come home to visit i arrange the deck furniture and take off the summer  
pads to keep them safe in the garage.  
the kind of ideas i'd talk with my sister about while she was visiting. we blew  
up the air mattress and i looked through her cosmo insecurely. i asked her if  
what was in the magazine was true. she said some things were. but at 17:48,  
can't seem to kill the crush. in fact it just gets worse. one semester and a  
year to go.  
dylan. i listened to him as i cut off all of my hair in the bathroom. i also  
pierced my ear with a safety pin. my dad said i looked like white trash. my mom  
didn't say anything. i felt like a champion that day.  
3 years or so, working out of school. asia and the necessity to be polite  
changed those tendencies. johnny walker arrived in my mail box on wednesday. i  
didn't expect it.  
training for high school basketball season. but i broke my leg sledding that  
summer. coach mauer let me pass the camp even though i just sat against the  
wall and lifted some weights with my arms. he seemed nice but he would go on to  
ruin my brother's life.  
just how it goes. i guess.  
my parents took us to the liberty bell. there was a protest going on and the  
tourists were pissed because they couldn't get a clean shot. to think of  
girlfriend, i'd need to press enter  
some familiarity i might be able to pin down in the days heather told elobrate  
lies to the elders.

creates. daryl had something like that written on his shirt. otherwise, i'd guess that the danish enigma may be writing me a letter on a spanish train. perhaps it's my turn. i have a hard time remembering when i get so busy. i was two. i lived in hawaii with my mom and the cockroaches. my dad was in truckee. i had to wear some amazing ones for the shoot...they were converse and had flags. they must have been two sizes too big because when i tried to bolt out of the room, they slipped off my feet like colckwork. no could make a deal with... i didn't go to odessa because my exboyfriend talked me into going to copenhagen and berlin instead. he said he wanted to understand this missing part of my past. i fell for it. again. but the good news is that i know where to find a car that gets good gas milage and think i can make it the odessa, america in about 3 days. i don't to feel. maybe it's because of the recent gusting wind and the count down to the solstice. fuck, i really can't spell. funny what happens to these phrases when you try them on non-native english speakers grandpa. at least he wants to be something still. i hope i do when i'm healing up from a motorcycle accident in my late 60's. unrelated airlines he liked to hold hands and feel one so much darkness leo risings don't practice selflessness work sleep talk do do do meditation can bring you back tiny sexy dresses in red lights this indecision lurkes long summer nights. wanderlust relations that don't work just don't renyard red tart forego cosmetic luxury feed child instead selfish morals lost bricks would have solved that one and lasted longer plus a burning tire in the front yard better to school life and stick with the technology waveform chicks are like that fragile mental state in perpetuity dylan wrote propaganda, believe nothing unless love in the heart of it. body was better left unaltered jack kicked johnnies ass 1776 and school is limited, propogating trans humanist crap, try hawking instead not found in school bastards think humanity is ugly virus just self loathing whiners without solid philosophy all crap anyway too late discipline comes from within and can't be taught except after a total mindwipe marine corps empty jar filled with crapulence and mistrust killer. then witness turpic deeds by thine brother suicidal cyclohexamine hypnotised kill the wife and child but dies halfway there all wet in the desert scrub with the son only 8 and fucking texas pickup truck blood in the history means liberty refreshed in the present no fear die for the children contempt of the familiar heather pin the judgement to the shirt forever marked as the fringes of the camp cold and alone hunts your children messages are read by many but only understood by the one speedfreaks and mystics bugs are robotic shrink tools from the mind lab don't get bit nanite lower arm

at least identifiable, without insignia and then concerned for life and limb  
peeking in windows from small cells in st. louis remotely  
gosh i hate nazi's until i get my paycheck and shiny boots and mothers cross up  
high on the waffle iron in the middle of town at midnite for all to see and die  
no sorry i changed my mind  
seventh tribe in dan land real hebrew got let off the hook numerous times i  
wonder. get out the orange and fight but not for gold or drink  
the ride from prenzlauerberg to kotbusser tor by bicycle is quite pleasant.  
no future  
do anything, so have a company do it for you.  
yes you do i saw. always contradicting never understood cut off in the middle of  
interruption hurts at night  
is usually better than "native" english. but what a ridiculous categorization.  
james dean, scorio rising, morrissey, indiana, griffith park  
stop masturbating before ejaculation arm tired and raw dick three time an  
afternoon pills and booze sleep  
everything  
funny happens is right bub  
fucking horrifying death  
yay!  
never makes perfect  
flicked like a bug not hand of god but forbears bad knee  
nothing is truly unrelated, thought manifests all energy vibration potshot  
destroys paralell plane x3  
complicit secret squirrel in row a first class jerk  
like belly press better real lovemaking  
is truly the realm of misnamed lucifer not eternal at all wool eyes  
gemini risings angst conflicted internal battle is obfuscating the path yellow  
bricks not a joke remember  
hella drugs each night real god lucid like never before  
open the jar leave the box for brave and hardy souls light rising  
a trick! watch that one, be wary of teeth in there, christ!  
that never occured to me, three breaths or move onto the path again  
looking up throught the sheets of lights of the trees  
robbed from the common man modern slaves pascified by sony missing sun  
look deep down i the dark  
dream like stated can occur even when the mind isn't altered  
solidtude for the abstract minds  
clinging to a situation, look, time is a one way road to boredom  
pinpoints in the brain can be re devided  
golden slumbers fill your eyes  
riding like someone is chasing  
sitting alone wondering if someone is coming  
feeling occur when we get insecure  
laziness from ignorance  
rising signs, tides, and sea changes  
when you share a bottle of whiskey out of a brown paper bag, in public, on your  
way somewhere. a jerk kissed me on the cheek. i told him not to. he did it  
again. i punched him in the face. my only mistake was that i didn't give him a  
black eye because i aimed too low.  
going through with my bad ideas, like jumping down into the subway tracks  
instead of going out, crossing the street, and paying another 2 bucks.  
tricks  
something about a moth and a 30 page document sitting in a filing cabineet some  
place in my parent's closet  
tangential  
new friends

results if you don't want to end up like sara in darren's film.  
this is the last week. i don't think you're reading this right now.  
throw up on the table of the famous seinfeld diner. college kids.  
andrei rublev  
trickster  
just when you've got me hooked you'll pull the plug  
did you hear the one about the...?  
met in a back alley and he sold me what i thought was crack, but turned out to  
be something that made me go blind for 2 weeks  
jarheads! love 'em!  
the sexy dentist who concentrates on cleaning my back molars so that her  
cleavage hangs open and brushes against my chin  
short cut method of barbarism  
recycling has now become compulsory in california, not so elsewhere  
market driven considerations of the new slave market  
yes, i love pussy too.  
cutting cutting cutting again  
fish hooks in the sunshine  
take a back seat to the real ideas of progress  
sunshine is like piss  
boy, you're going to carry that weight a long time...  
finish him johnny, finish him!  
often times when i am depressed by the amount of work that i have to do, i  
wonder who david is doing and then i feel better  
occult of feeling  
is next to godliness  
surf  
public drunkenness again and again and again and again  
pay 2 play  
are for kids  
try not to look so disappointed, it isn't what you hoped for is it?  
crossgenital  
are my specialty  
slow death is here for good  
has it been that long  
i have yet to watch a full episode of seinfeld in my entire life  
was a wretch that crawled thru glass to be with you  
was something that i felt  
a morning cup of coffee and staring straight into the sunshine of your love