

all writings by echo constable, friends, and strangers (letters, notes, etc.).....  
sometimes i feel..... like..... holden caufield.....?

### a few thoughts

Frogs boxing with 16 lbs. oranges only to find themselves referred to as grapes with legs in a blender fighting for air.....

Burrowing buggers sit silently in his nose, not knowing that they can be seen by every tom, dick, and jane.....thank god his mother would tell him but, she's dead

Maybe i felt a slight-glowing-mermaid-feeling-blue light-casting moonlit-pain in the ass-worthless-tired-on the bottom of a shoe- blistering from cold sores-stored in the night-dusting only after we walk in sleep-while window washers peek into-see hats with no heads-awakened

4/13/94

i was at the fire station #39 all day in van nuys.....doing some industrial hygiene stuff while reading a little kafka "metamorphous", ( thinking of this chick who wanted to know where the nearest taxi was so she could get serviced or something .....very well inviting.....to anyone!...she was) anyways.....the book reminded me of how i felt sometimes but not so heavy (and yet everything at the age of 12 is heavy! ) my pa and all...went thru a lot of shit being in vietnam post symptomatic syndrome stuff.....a real tuff guy....me like my pa get bored with dramatic association (as if we were huge to the world under a microscope.....rapid dogs) .....but the reality is ....i think...is... i think i like people more than my pa.....i don't know if he really likes anyone... ..except mother of course..but i guess he has too...she was the only person that could relate to him.....so much shit has happened to her.....it's incredible how much stuff she's put up with.....missing it and all...here and there..... losing it in texas ...the biggest state to some....it seems pa always moves to the biggest states..... ya' see the other was alaska...that's where my other sister was born....or should i say second ma.....she's cool though....she don't know much about my adventures though.....  
.....well enough of this history shit.....oh yeah pa doesn't know but i got a lot to live up too...him being the first man to refuel a helicopter in the air and more flight hours than any human (at least at the time) and all.....they should have put him in the museum at the base but, they meaning the gov's probably won't ...fuckers!!!!...maybe when he dies. That's usually when everyone realizes that people existed is when they die. well anyways..... thinking of my friends at home .....i decide to call one..... ..i get the usual spiel... ..nothings really changed ...so and so

got married and so and so moved away but, i didn't get his number...phil that is ..yeah.. he went back to maryland ...i tell them..... "to seek his fame and fortune making food or something like it." .....

.....so here i am in LA .....i did my usual cruise down hollywood blvd and sunset....sunset more than hollywood.....it seems i always know where to go when i'm on hollywood blvd...the frolic room....the place i hear so much about from " the spoken word folk".....it has mushrooms growing luminescent from the ceiling and an interesting crowd of folks....they would probably laugh at me calling them folks and all...then again maybe not?....i always seem to stand out.....like a wounded dove wearing vermouth.....U2 was playing on the juke...and a dude is playing solo drums in thin air.....i breathe ..... testing the air ( finger wet ....waving).....i look at my quarter it says "1983".....what a bad year....i didn't get to play soccer with the big boys.....they thought i was a drug addict or something.....i guess.....hell i'm addicted to everything!.....fuck them anyway .....my coach was o.k. though.....he believed in me.....he knew if i wanted i could be like a swan on the field.....he knew i was totally mind tripping when it came to playing the game.....soccer that is.... .football ....i used to go home and get away from the team just before every game and i would just lay on my bed and think about what it would be like to be the best!... ..not second but...first!....(jele' jele!.....they would say as i ran onto the bus)... i would listen to dear mr. fantasy and welcome to the machines and i would start meditating and then hyperventilate... ..almost like one who was possessed .....or something near it....freaking out on life itself!.. i don't think the team or coach really knew how much i wanted to win and be on the top.....

.so how did I end up in this in this bar ?....the frolic roomm.....thinking of life and things other than death.....looking at all these people (folks) on the street...in the bar.. ..women..... ..hookers... ..are they women or not .....that is the question at hand? .....

..... i called robin today..... she's this sexy sister that i met across the street from Guitar World on sunset blvd.....she's got melon rockets for hand pockets....if ya' know what i mean.....she said we should get together.....she said it would be cool but, she had to wait for her kid and all.....i said i would call her later or something ( i probably won't though.....) .....so anyways this dude .....older business like guy orders this drink....bloody mary i think... but it looked a little heavier....and i was thinking about the breeders...kim deal and stuff.. my attraction to her is her voice...not so much the bod.....she should quit eating at carmel's in dayton.....her sister should stick to the singing, country singing.....i read some really bad reviews on their live show at the palace in LA....( i think i was in a parking lot at a music store on the corner of labrea and sunset.....hiding from a lone spare changer with drool on his upper lip). .....well anyways i bet the crowd thought jimmy mac was a good drummer and all.....being from the mighty foursome....steve, dave, chris, and jimmy mac ..of course.....

..... i wonder what dave's doing ..... i talked to jim travelish and he said dave had the fishing crave again.... ordering tackle, lures, netting for the living room and stuff, like etc.....he fished right in his bedroom , every night before he would go to bed.....since i was out i thought i would take a stab at going to al's bar.....tonight or soon after this thought and see some weird shit... maybe i could get a stand-in part in an english flick right next a warehouse full of cracks and things of the like.....but of course i can't leave yet ...their is so much shit in my head ...i have to write it down!...near now!..... ..their is nothing like listening to nine inch nails and jimmy doors back to back.. ....it fucks me up sometimes...but not all the time....so i drink.....jack and

coke all the way.....some dudes check me out...i think they think i'm entranced or something....maybe a geak..... they're probably writers wondering if i'm going to get writers cramp or not.....i am @\$%^!!!!.....i could go to crazy girls and talk to brandy ( her portfolio was due into playboy this week ).....or look at the brunettes that crawl on the floor.....these women move to wellllllllll.....last time i was at the crazy girl place i ran into keifer sutherland and on another night christian slater.....christian was impersonating a tony..... ..wearing his helmet..... in disguise as if no one but she saw him.....keifer on the other hand was really nice on how he beat me in pool and all.....fuck..... ..i look at this dude who i've seen before he's that bartender who can't play drums but, he plays the bar top weeeelllll.....there's roughly 30 glasses in front of me that i could use to make double jack and cokes all night.....and then i could find my head next to the toilet.... puking.....if so desired or all over the room.....it's 6:30pm and looks dimmer outside.... my hand hurts so i guess i'll quit..... so i guess my hand doesn't hurt that bad.....especially when she looks at me.....so anyway this contractor got a 14 million dollar bonus for completing the santa monica hwy.....i could retire all my friends with that kind of money.....he said that they're going to re-invest it..... "nuthead!" says a little girl.....i think to myself that guy is full of it.....he'll probably take off to switzerland.....i have to get out of this bar.....i did my usual thing though before i left i wrote "the drones" on the bathroom wall.....just below some writing that said " Agnes Moorehead is God" ..... i wonder if my friend craig wrote it when he lived here.....i bet he did.... ..i know he had to hang at the "frolic room.....it's still light out and i'm getting ready to take a cruise...i was sitting.... welll i'm sitting on a bench on hollywood blvd ..... looking at the hastings hotel.....and fatallly i think of my friend paul .... ..a soccer friend....."m-o-o-n" spells friend..... but i thought of him only for a second ....ok a half a second, a nano second  $10^{-9}$ .....jesus didn't have anything to do with this town .... ..it's always moving.....i was hoping i didn't get a ticket .....who's that guy w/ nike air jordan shoulder pads on ..... hmmm.....k.d. lang looks like she has blueberry pie on her face....timothy leary tries to pull his head off.....what the hell is he writing.....the guy with a red beard and camouflage.....this lady looks at me and says to herself....."good men are hard to find".....

### The suit

Propaganda pushers by passing self lookers to find lonely fellow fumbling with his hands.....meat blending lobby punchers leaving us only one look....smiling sincerely then slipping soft mother candy from those who look on.....only to see them mirroring you as if you were the best blessed baby waiting for love.....bitching brothers and sisters laughing blindly at famished govs telling bad jokes about why they can lead lonely soaked pheasants to be peasants in whose who of whoville a mile from hell.....when you know for a spit second if you show them deep ocean dream shouts.....they'll smack at you until you start seeing yourself drifting away.....

### Drunken thoughts

Interesting, the way regulars look at a bar....possibly as natural pines growing in a field that none of us could see through even if their smiles showed me tantalizing evening in the bottom of Boones Farm booze with late night ooze....just possibly, i meaning me...could be an intruder (in heat! ) waiting for smoke rings to gear up into factory simulations for the next 15 years without thought of freedom or what we believe to be a floating feather in wild wind weathered noon capturing the smell of pelican piss slowly evaporating.....

.....

Pale morning sun beating my chest 'til blisters barely appear (or at least to a person who's half drunk-luded burning from last nights blow out)....my nostrils could suck snow so frequently that if i didn't have 714's around....my chest would probably jump on the next train to Utah..... my thumbs would still be waiting for a ride.....and my body ... well...it wouldn't have much more to go.....i didn't care for the shell anyway...

a song angie wanted me to sing

( a brief look at a chick from dayton, ohio.....vamps??)

**you**

i've seen you, i've seen you.....  
i've seen you there.....with her  
i've seen you there.....with him  
...with him

you've slain my bed  
you've damped my room  
you've tortured my head

i can't see him.....i see him  
i can't see her.....i see her

my teeth have sharpened  
my tongue you have swollen  
my eyes you have hazed

you'll walk over my grave....take the flowers out.....they're rotting on my head!

Tired top bald men thinking of small remarks for good guys waiting for sun filled  
evenings with Grace Jones want-to-be's .....pickling morning glory seeds & maple syrup  
& cow tongue.....

a song "little hitler" wanted me to sing

( a brief look at a pharmacist )

### the mirror and the line

tried to kick the habit  
i just can't seem to forget it  
always there never gone  
no one seems to care never says so long

2. it whispers to my brain  
makes me laugh at the falling rain  
falling tears on my face  
wash away fears seem out of place

bridge: sunny days are waving good-bye  
hang up my coat, take off my tie  
slip off my shoes , roll a bill  
reach the summit of the hard to climb hill

3. called a friend happy to hear  
what'll it be coz justice is near  
quarter to spend that's fine  
got no time near the end

refrain: best in a while  
making me smile  
the mirror and the line  
(the girl at the sign)  
show me a real good time

Forks fixed on a chestnut shelf waiting for dirty goers to cling to them as if they were  
glue in a bag watching men hanging in hard hats from a structural bar high up on a  
construction site....?

Sad smelling winters make them sick of steaming full summers with just barely silent  
sundays protruding from the arm pit of civilization if they could only see it.....marbles  
roll...burning bennies burst in colorful forms failing to cover the road with road kill  
.....sewing liars dreaming of fun...

the check-out person

As one sat their looking at the audience horrid by the thought of dramatic association.....one may actually think of one as kin..... maybe a thought so foreign to oneself that even somebody very close to one could never really know one but feel it's presents with desertion ..relaying it to the retina that one believes to see at the time .....even if the taker gets lost within the check marks that one devises as his own personal trade benefiting on bad blood with thought of customers.....

Masked melted mothers making sure i'm cool away from the whole thing but still wondering wintered thoughts of loneliness island(s) drifting apart from recognized past with no one around to place us....meaning man because it all looks the same on the outside but on the inside there's peaceful passive wants that like to meet.....

a thought for the day

backwards toward death the men battle  
only to find themselves lost  
seeking vengeance as a slight form of remorse  
pushing a little farther this time  
waiting for the angels to climb them home.....  
there they can rest and talk of simple subtleties  
as if it were too heavy to handle such talk on the  
planet earth.....

is it rain....  
is it rain.....  
is it rain.....  
falling  
down  
upon the window  
it's so insane

the bars have bars

matted monkeys following what ever they say is good  
be careful don't cross your feather feeling smile in the wrong  
for if you were found out....people tap on you at the bar feeling more than just  
acquainted.....  
so many convo's interfering in thought today could be new news never.....  
same pals popping pill spoken thoughts as we shelter ourselves from frivolous blips  
euphonic maggot smelling lip bashing lecture on "how to hold your tongue"  
maybe if i bow first...he won't knee my peace selling face when back is turned tastes good  
from here but bitter bastard up close.....  
just keep smiling fish feeling frenzy to yourself and maybe schooled activists will wade in  
pools of miss.....thinking of why you are so sleek and silent....  
slowly you cry..murmurs in your heart....lub dub miss lub dub.....failing to meet their needs  
still you smile fish lip pauses while everybody walks wonder away  
you look at them mildly then they stumble.....slowly you look at them more intensely.....as  
if baby porn movies were getting you sick...the bastards applause.....  
another performance logged in telling you how your smile smolder sucks..but still you  
greet candid..... killing your whole as you fake felt hand shakes another.....smile fish fill-  
me-ups pucker-up pucker-up no hugs here  
catching cloth in thought thread holes made for the dead.....  
butter melting convo going on with close comfort couple  
live in each others pants while wanting other portraits on walls  
next to them....  
if only you could love them all ass-up-in the air plunging to thoreau  
but no one would agree ya' see doves don't love more than one unless  
feathers hide smiles in satin sheeted paper clips holding your bodies together.....in a  
closet where no one will know how it is done...  
not even you because area tightens bother movements splintering sour  
stolen space move the fuck over.....



## After The Bars Close

Jack is sitting in this bar next to three service (Airforce) dudes. The guy at the end is talking around the guy in the middle. Jack is in deep thought staring into a mirror that's lined with glasses and bottles. He over hears one of the servs say "Tom Clancy". Jack thinks to himself never judge a book by its cover.....how wrong sometimes! Jack begins to flash back into his life.....Jack is cruising out Edwin C. Moses the time is about 2:30am. He is heading towards Cincinnati St. and he's really getting pumped to get high on rock and the stuff mom never really told you about.....he could just taste the first hit. The radio's playing Achilles Last Stand by Led Zep as Jack hits the strip (Cincinnati St.). He takes a right heading north eyes peeled. He cruises past a house that he's usually able to score at but, he sees no one. He does a U-turn in front of Elizabeth Hospital (Jack had an operation there once on his elbow.....the left one) and he cruises back towards the main spot. " Where the fuck are they ?", Jack says to himself. Then at that moment in the corner of his eye Jack sees a light flicker. It came from the 2nd floor window ..... at the house that he knows moves the shit. So he thinks quickly and flicks the light on in his car and does a Uie (youee), cruising back to the house on the opposite side of the street. A dude comes out and slowly walks up to the car. Trying to catch a glimpse of Jack's face in the moonlight.....he says " are you affiliated ?", Jack thinks to himself with what ?.....the mob? Jack smiling says "no man.....what ya' got ..... some rock ?" The Dude says "yeah sure....how much chyou want ?" "Ten", says Jack as the guy approaches reaching into his pocket. This makes Jack feel slightly uneasy. The dudes usually pull the rocks out of their mouth.....he thinks the dude could be reaching for a weapon or something. Jack's guard is up and ready. The guy is very big and black slightly intimidating. He's right up on the car as if he wants to know how your family's doing. Catching Jack by surprise, the dude reaches in trying to shut off Jack's engine.....trying to relax his prey....telling Jack everything is cool. Jack is struggling,..... realizing the seriousness of the situation, tries pulling away. Scared.....Jack looks up ready to yell for "Help!" As he sees a cop car approaching them Jack yells excitedly " look man, there's a cop!", pointing in the direction of the cop car. The dude looks up pretending like nothings going on. Jack slowly pulls away .....the dudes like " wait for me around the corner". Jack looks in his rear view mirror .....as the cops check out the dude but, they just keep on going. The dude turns and yells" hey man wait up!", running after Jack's car. Jack being drunk and all pulls over on the side street. The dude runs up to the passenger side trying to get in but, Jack's smarter this time.....he rolls up all the windows and locks the doors....leaving just enough space to communicate.....he really wants to score..... (Jack isn't very smart for sticking around....don't you agree?) The dude says "that was close man.....let me in." Jack's like "yeah right ...let me see what ya' got." The dude says again "let me in!" pulling on the door handle. At this point Jack knew this dude was full shit.....this dude is jonesing bad! So Jack starts to pull away.....as he does the dude runs with the car. "Wait man....just chill.....come on let me in." Jack was like "fuck you!", as he sped up. The dude wedges his hand between the door and the window lifting his feet off the ground and resting them on the runner board. Jack was freaking out ....this guy is nuts! As they

came up to a stop sign, the dude began to plea again "man just pull over and I'll get the shit!" Jack says " look at you....your hanging from my fucking window.....what makes you think I'm going to deal with you now.....get the fuck off !" As Jack turns the corner he sees his chance to knock this fucker off once and for all. There was a car parked ahead....he thought he could knock the niger off. Jack looked into his rear view mirror to see if anybody was around....."Fuck!", it was the cops pulling right up on them fast. The lights came on and Jack in-a-way started to feel relieved. The dude says " be cool man and we'll finish our business after they leave." Jack pulls over to the side of the road.....the dude jumps off the car. The cops walk up "what's the problem?" and Jack says in hysteria " that fucking asshole was trying to rip my car off!"....."All right all right take it from the top!" Jack explains that he was just asking for directions and that the dude just went nuts! The cop was like "yeah sure and my wife shit's in the woods....let me see your drivers license." Meanwhile the other cop was shaking down the other dude. The cop calls in Jack's drivers license and all. During this time Jack sees the black dude walking away. Jack's like " what the hell are you doing .....are you just going to let him off just like that !" The cop stops Jack half way in his sentence and says "shut up!..you ran a stop sign back there!", pointing down the road " and I'm writing you a ticket!" Jack says " what about that dude?", The cop says " I don't want to ever see you around here again.....you understand?" Jack nods "yes sir", and drives off.

*Word to the wise: Jack isn't a very quick learner. Jack went back to Cincinnati St. several times after the previous excursion. One time Jack was almost pulled out of his car by 3 shady looking guys. He took a punch in the jaw and pulled away laughing. He wanted to turn around and run the shady looking guys over but, he decided it wasn't worth it. The next time Jack went back, his license was suspended. He just picked up some rock and a cop watched him make the buy. The cop pulled Jack over. The cop asked for his drivers license and Jack pleaded that his license was suspended and that he had driving privileges. Jack showed the cop his legal papers and the cop said that if she checked his car she would probably find some illegal substance. The cop walked back to her car to run a check on the information Jack gave her. Jack was sweating bad!..... When all the sudden the cop came running up to his car, handed Jack the papers, and said " you got lucky this time, bud.....I've got an emergency call and I have to go!" Jack was totally blown away as he just sat their dazed as the cop drove off. Jack never went back to Cincinnati St. again.*

### **A Couple of Hotels That a Dancer Recommended**

The MarVista Hotel at PCH and 8th St.  
The Hermosa Hotel.....374-9282 weekly rate \$99

I called but no one answered.....

### **My Thoughts after having My Wisdom Teeth Pulled**

Wisdom washed away with dental pliers jerking me around only to find

the mouth's mucus membrane to be bleeding

Mild pain falls to novocain injected gums begging for something large and  
scrumptious to eat but, still hours away from turkey tantrums smelling  
distant aromas

How can you eat ? Wisdom might help sucking straw bound thoughts that  
possibly could fill your hopelessly empty animated belly before fat people  
invite you over for a ten course dinner in soup cans..... cold and contained

Smolder seller longing mutts waiting for Mr. Roger's ready stick please me's  
in mid-afternoon with really good looking blondes hanging from rear view  
mirrors with no room to breathe!

Rupture ( A song Kevin and I used to sing )

hey man the television will in breed insecurity into you  
hey man the television will in breed insecurity into you  
your mind is a place for butterflies  
your mind is a place for butterflies  
your mind is a place for butterflies.....and lies  
(somewhere out there.....)  
(somewhere out there.....)  
(somewhere out there.....she lies)

“ Sheila.....one day your peers will find you.....  
and judge you.....  
cause you to rupture.....RUPTURE”

I long to be a red man living in this land  
hair so long wearing my skin.....  
staring at the moon.....

“ I am free from society except from my family and my friends”

## **Mr. Steely Dan Man**

*Mr. Steely Dan Man ,who lost his basketball , just got blown away  
late night coke smoke filling lungs full of reminisce  
only to find ourselves lost by morning with no reason to talk,  
called his main squeeze, Lisa, looking for some more base  
not finding him for hours... "I hope he's all right, tonight" she says  
I tell her "I got a set of CD's with some Steely Dan that I know he'll like"*

*the next morning I heard he got smoked at the Driftwood  
2 shots too the head, 3 too the chest , boom boom Mr. Steely Dan is ddead  
"it's Don man, scattered pieces all over the lot, rain washed matter"  
I heard it from a videographer from channel 22  
" his mom came out , just after getting a game of bowling in"*

*later in life, Lisa's a sexy sadie from easy entertainment street  
blonde full of fun ,if you have 50 bills, you'll get the best blows ya' know  
no expression except that she can't do me.....i didn't recognize her at first  
she knows me all too well of late night conversation past(s)  
basketball dream's are dead in "K town"  
nobody remembers Mr. Steely Dan Man except sky boy's who used to get slammed by him  
thank god to the end of late night convo's but did you have to take my friend*

## **Teddy in the Night** ( Dedicated to the late great Mr. Ted O'neil)

yesterday he shot a little bitty smack right there in his arm  
yesterday he shot a little bitty smack right there in his arm

( he) didn't do anybody any harm.....didn't know that he was wrong

must of been a junky in the night  
must of been a broken string there  
must of been a bubble that went to his head

Teddy's dead  
Teddy's dead .....he's floating above our heads

## My First High

As I sat there staring into the intersection of Sepulveda and Main, several thoughts came to mind. I thought about how bored I have become to be with my life. I always thought I would be some kind of an artist or something. I always spoke with such uneducated words in order to describe such a vast ever stretching world of knowledge. What's this mean ? I don't know you tell me. Sometimes it seems that a person , like myself, can find themselves in space where time just moves around them. I'm finally at the point where everything is so disappointing.....  
ya' write a tune .....no one listens to it or if they do listen to it there's something wrong with it.  
You create a piece of art and no one gets it except you. Work is truly suffering because of the lack of hours therefore no money. I think I drink to much and do drugs to much.....

Where to start ? hmmm..... I guess it all started when I was about 13 or 14. I was at Houston Woods, in Ohio, with my friends Jeff ( Mr. football ) and Don (Mr. basketball ).It being my first time and all.....taking my first puff of weed didn't do much for me except make my eyes red. I think most of the redness was due to the chlorine from the pool. I loved the indoor pool.

It was probably a year later that I decided to try smoking weed again. All my friends were doing it and since Dave and Steve were heading to Indian Riffle Park to score some weed, I told them I wanted to try some. They said it was cool..... "just pitch in some money". So I pitched in 2 dollars so we could get a 5 bag. This was usually the thickness of one finger. 2 fingers was a dime and a 15 was three whole fingers worth. That was a half OZ. 5 dollars was hard to come by then.....roughly 1979. It was usually a weeks worth of lunch money. My mom supplied the money and the night before I would pack my lunch. So Steve and Dave went up to the park to score some weed. The dudes always hung out in the parking lot selling to whoever was buying. I used to watch them while I was playing baseball at KABC. I was such a jock at 11. Dave and Steve finally scored after a try or two. Dave met us in the back of Pondview. There's a highway ( 1675) going through there now. Eric was with me as usual and Dave arrived ,so we tried it out. It was hard to get a hit because it was so windy and all. I think a storm was brewing. Dave finally left, leaving us to our unsuccessful task. We kept trying but it just wasn't working. The wind was just too strong. I figured the only way I was going to get this bowl lit was to go to place where it wasn't windy. I decided to ditch Eric as usual..... ( i never wanted to be a bad influence on him ).....and I went to meet Dave at the tunnel at Oak Creek Park. Dave was a little more experienced than me so I figured this was going to be a shoe in on the high. I arrived at the tunnel before Dave. I just kept staring at the weed. I really wanted to know what all the hype was about. Dave finally showed up with a smile on his face and said " smoke a bowl East" I could barely understand what he said but, I knew what he meant. I said " sure". I told him that Eric and I didn't get high earlier. " It was too windy". Dave suggested that we go in the tunnel in order to block the wind. So we did. I finally got my first lung full. I coughed. " Cough to get off", acknowledged Dave. Dave took the next hit.Then me and so on. About 10 hits a piece later I started to feel a little light headed. Dave was lighting a match for me and tried to light the bowl. I flinched so bad when the flame came up to the bowl that I began to laugh blowing the weed out of the bowl and the flame soon followed. Dave said " O.K. East let's try it again" So he proceeded to fill a bowl and light it again. I blew out the match again, rolling into a ball of tears. I was laughing so hard my stomach began to hurt. I told Dave not too get so close to my face with the match. The flame freaked me out! I kept laughing, speaking in fragmented sentences as I realized the high was setting in. The colors took off. The flame from the match seemed like it was so bright. Like a miniature sun or something. Dave finally gave

up on me and decided to finish off the rest of the bag. There was about one hit left. He tore the corner of the bag off and filled the bowl. Then lit a match while I was still giggling. Dave couldn't hold back any longer. He finally just busted out laughing blowing out the match. We just laughed hysterically for about an hour!..... about that time I realized the afternoon was coming to an end and that I had to be home for dinner with my family. How was I going to deal with this ?.....but I guess that's another story.

### **Fatigues, Pool, and Bars**

standardized shadows lead the way to easy going shows involving all sorts of people  
balless baldies hangout in white roofed shells thinking about blue eyed day dreams  
little man moves merchandise for all who will take or at least steal..... for a day's use  
bartender makes sure my whole table is filled with scotchy scattered smirks only's  
big titted bitch stays close to the bathroom sewage in order to promote cunt capitalism  
jon doe dove doing good to a game of darts with light illuminating numbers 1 thru 4  
brain sunken bullies arm wrestle to a beat slowed down by hippo's after a long Saturday  
night with tacobell heartburn contracting every 5 minutes  
suit filled bureaucrats bang cash clips down on the bars, knowing it's their turn for drinks  
on them, especially if sassy sallies linger  
finally, one mellow monk hangs out thinking of nude laying moon bathes in big fields,  
which have "field goal" written all over them

**TRENT**.....If Jesus was on uppers this is what he'd say  
( A little tip from one of my neighbors in SD )

I found the key's to all of the power and beauty in life. There is nothing major you really need to do. First I would recommend reading the book "All I Ever Needed To Know I Learned In Kindergarten". Second learn to forgive..... This sounds pretty basic, but... When we learn to forgive ourselves and others we live forward and not in yesterday. And the last most important thing that we need to do is the most POWERFUL concept there is to do, simply LOVE.

## A Short Scene

( The scene opens up and Jaundice is sitting in a bar...let's say The Walnut Hills. Jaundice is thinking about how nice it would be to be somewhere other than Dayton. This guy is bugging the shit out of him about some sports ad with Dave and Dan the decathlon hopefuls. )

Jaundice: "So tell me some more about these Dave and Dan guys, I love this stuff. ( with thoughts of boredom on his face )

P. Pubis: "It's cool how they do this stuff, shit, ya' know I'm gonna be a marketing major out at Wright State University, ya' know I'm really into it!

Jaundice: "Yeah I know what ya' mean." ( with a look of sarcasm on his face that P. Pubis could never recognize even if he wanted too. )

P. Pubis: "So have you seen *Chlamydia*?" ( tipping his drink )

Jaundice: "I haven't seen him in a couple of days."

The T-cell: "What ya' have buddy ?" ( Jaundice turns to the T-cell )

Jaundice: "A shot of Jack and a soda water with a lemon." ( Jaundice can't wait to get this drink down the hatch! )

P. Pubis: "Look did you see that ?....look Jaundice!" ( as he nudges Jaundice with his shoulder )

Jaundice: "No I didn't catch it....." ( Jaundice looks up to the T. V. then looks at this guy next to him reading a book....what is it ? Jaundice thinks to himself )

Jaundice: (Jaundice sees the words "Naked Lunch") "Naked Lunch" ( his lips move slowly )

The Clap: "Naked Lunch.....have you read it ?" (catching Jaundice in a stare)

Jaundice: "No I haven't but I've read pieces of it, it's really hard to understand."

The T-cell: "Here ya' go.....that'll be \$ 2.25." ( Jaundice hands the T-cell the money, still thinking about the book.....the T-cell walks to the cash register, he sees something peculiar and comments ) " Hey don't flash your dirty crotch in this bar !" ( pointing to a woman who's battered looking .....people laugh!)

P. Pubis: "Did you see that ?" ( nudging Jaundice once again.....Jaundice practically eats his cup )

Jaundice: "No!".....(he turns to The Clap ) " I saw the movie, it was trippy." (finishing his drink )

The Clap: "I heard it was really wild, typewriters turning into roaches with asses talking to ya'." ( sips his drink pushing the straw out of the way ) (Jaundice looks back towards P. Pubis and shows relief to find P.Pubis gone )

Jaundice: (looking up he sees Diarrhea walking towards him)“What’s up woman ?”  
( just as Diarrhea is about to say something you hear) “Fuck you! Fuck  
you, man!”  
( Everybody’s head turns as if they never heard those words before.....  
she screams again )

The Chick: “Fuck you and the whole fucking world!” (obviously drunk as shit, her  
boyfriend grabs her )  
( Diarrhea approaches Jaundice )

Diarrhea: “What’s her problem?” ( stumbling into Jaundice’s arms )

Jaundice: ( he catches her ) “ Are you OK fool?” ( he smiles)

Diarrhea: “Yeah, my feet are getting too big. So what’s the deal with that chick?”  
( in the background you hear the chick going off “ fuck all of you!” )

Jaundice: “I don’t know, I think reality just hit her in the face.” ( Jaundice looks  
at the chick and sees a big finger come out of the ceiling. The finger  
smacks the chick right in the face.....maybe it was GOD trying to tell  
her something!.....hmmmmm)



11/8/94

I entered the Brunswick bowling alley in Lancaster. It was strange how many thoughts came to my cerebral cortex, today. People ..... ..the pope smokes dope by Peal ( I heard it on The Howard Stern Show ).....Kathy Brown.....Quentin Tarantino and others not yet surfaced. She let's me in.....a woman. It's funny I'm in this lounge all alone and alls I hear is balls bowling and pool balls smacking....the woman who let me in, said I would have to wait till 5:00pm until I could be served. It was 4:30pm. I was just at this bar where this woman just filled my head with ideas. She was in line to vote by 5 minutes to 7:00 this morning. She said there was some serious issues she was into.....187, 188, and 18 something. She said she was a patriotic being. She liked the movie " Walking Tall". I felt low and unpatriotic. I forgot to register to vote. Most of my cohorts or people I work with are hispanic. ( 187 was a big issue to them and I guess me also ) It was somewhat discriminating. Kathy Brown was against it. She's kind of pretty. I love older women in suits. The younger ones too but, in birthday suits. So I was in this bar in Palmdale before I got to the bowling alley and the bartender was just flabbergasted by the songs I picked to hear on the jukebox. It was hard not to play all the good ones after some desert rat told me to play some good ol' rock-n-roll. So I did. I made his spine twitch with each new tune that I introduced to the jukebox. I new exactly how he would respond. "I'm Eighteen" by Alice Cooper came on and he said he never would see that age again.....I told him I would never see it again either. We had a real bond going. The bartender whistled to a Bread tune. That must of been the one I picked blindly. I'm not a Bread freak but, they had their place. I kind of felt like that guy in The Twilight Zone, the black guy that played kick-the-can with the old folks. Me and my never ending Peter Pan complex. Who wants to get older....but I guess I get laid more now then I did when I was younger. I love to fuck!

The lounge in the bowling alley is dark and my ears have grown numb to the sound of the balls crashing. People keep looking in to see if the bar is open yet. I feel special but, drinkless. I begin to think of Quentin Tarantino.....not sure of the spelling.....and how he just broke up with Ullma Thurman. She's a babe. Perfect lips. I can't get the pic- ture out of my head. The part in Pulp Fiction when Ullma

gets a syringe slammed into her chest.....that seems like it would hurt. Anyone want to try ? I think not. Quentin is good at that kind of gore. So I read that Quentin is the big man on campus..... I love his stuff ! He inspires the mother beads of GLORIA out of me! Whatever that means..... I would just love to have a chance to make a silent film on Super 8 with true factual shit.....right out there on the spot stuff.....where I possibly could get killed. Give them the real spiel.....kind of like Cops meets Pulp fiction/ Charlie Chaplin.

It's about time the shit wasn't acted out (kind-of like those snuff films where a woman actually gets murdered and raped during the production). You would have to be psycho to take it on. I don't know what excites me about being near the edge..... I guess it's experience that we are all looking for.....sometimes a movie isn't enough. I hung out with this chick whose totally into vampires. By the way she talks sometimes, I think she might really bite me. She said she would love to just live on blood, fly around, and be like a Vamp.....Tom Cruise.....Brad Pitt..... I threw Ramone into him once when he was at the frolic room. Reality is a bore. Who wants to get married, make babies , and have a family right now ya' know!

Just a week ago I was feeling kind-of queasy. My neck was hurting, my chest tightened up, and my arm went numb on the left side. I thought I was going to have a heart smack. I only did a little crystal meth the night before and smoked a little pot the next morning to untangle me. Then it hit me wham boom! I was pacing like a chick in heat....cerebral palsy was settin' in. My hand curled and wouldn't let go. My worst fear. I told Arlo that if I go down call 911. This is the big one! He's like " man if your going to start talking like that, then we're going to the emergency room." Fuck.... I didn't want to do that, as we got into his car....I was really starting to get scared..... I just wanted to see my mother before I go..... I always worry about her. My head felt like it was pulling into my body, my heart was racing, and my chest felt like it was about ready to explode! We finally got to the emergency room at Hillcrest. I walked in and told the nurse at the front desk that I thought I might have a heart attack. She sat me down and took my pulse..... reassuring me everything was fine. She asked me what i've been doing and I told her my whole life in just two words: Drug Abuse. Everybody in the waiting room overheard my problem. They just stared at me waiting for it to happen. They made me feel so ashamed. Young, educated, intelligent, getting laid, etc. and here I am getting ready to croak. I finally got escorted to the emergency room. I sat on a bed putting my gown on backwards. The nurse said " well I guess it will be easier to get to your chest." She ran an EKG, took my pulse, and pinched me on the butt for good luck. Then this oriental doctor came in young and pretty. She asked me a

bunch of stupid questions like “ are you living in the streets or in a house?” and I told her I was civilized. At least I thought I was ..... “I was just experimenting”, I thought to myself. She asked me to describe my symptoms. I told her “ I felt like a cow shit a 2000lb. patty on my chest and the methane ( CH<sub>3</sub> ) was keeping me awake.” Just then I heard the bartender say “ shake it harder or smash it down on the bar to make it fizz!” I shook it one more time just to make sure and then I zipped my pants..... “American Standard” the words jumped out at me from the commode ..... When I walked out of the bathroom, I saw some guy slamming a boiler maker on the bar.....

As I was leaving the bar, I saw a retarded girl fall down. A woman, obviously her mom, says “ what’s the matter with you girl ?” And I think to myself the same thing that’s the matter with me..... I’m fucked up....as far as I can see..... The retarded girl preceded to sit on a ford bumper with her hands against her forehead. This for some reason reminded me of the Union, NC thing..... The woman who drove her car into the river and killed her two children..... it could happen anywhere.....anytime.....an accident of any kind.....

### **A One Day Run Oooonnnnn**

Smile lasting loner who wishes to be noticed or at least blinked at but I do stink of arrogant asshole just protecting myself

occasionally I get hyped for a bowl with a friend, who never says hi...at least in public anyways, my smell is what keeps my head in my pants

I wouldn't want to be playing cool slow wilting wonders of future exhaust maybe it could be another facet or trend that makes me feel in when in reality, we push others down so as to promote our own fame that eventually goes with the sayin' "what comes around goes around".....then i accept it all

Even if not expressed like a bird protecting it's nest on a light out front of work everybody watches, maybe I could help it but baffled bi's push for males to leave it all alone smile quivering quaker simpleton not jealous of complex over ridin' passes leading me to an end where everybody else is disassociated w/ heaven..... at most me.....

.  
Behind me I see a light that gave us time to swim for fools...that thought they were heavier than me.... well could I have been making love to a tree that was destined to be cut down by people you really dig or was it a woodpecker doing it's thing night will tell me I need to live until the day suns me blue water.....sundays

Sundays topped with cherry cooked blending Mary's waiting for engagements in distress mustard lovers milk easily with trust filled winters waiting for married maybes must of been a fuss!.....or at least a bargain priced idea...red light special! well to do mixed race.....fall down on your face...

Cottage cheese smiles shrink in site of ...fallen tree limbs passion browned death...tanned sun mutants await laughter .....mother fucker.....fell down....got up again plush punk nothing,, must have missed my boat..... crossing....in time filled soot and sun.

Barely their feeling lost to you,..... could be passing mind in blue sky..... kites not flying without wind today.... be cool to do you ya' know..... fill your nose mother refuse for more than just jesus lies in tail end of picture show .....

Occasionally glance into vivid images by a lake bright  
with alga must of bloomed tempting all growth or fuck it  
down dark on Wilmington ave.  
son of bitches spotted freaks taking oks by pimp tied  
suits.....in time.

Time mellow bashing trip through Sandy st., that's buried  
under tar and asphalt in Arizona.....  
I miss nikki, hide bitten by wolves that howled at her  
when she was trying to sleep  
but now I sleep silently pleased that I thought about  
things and then jotted them down on my hand that I use to  
stray from day-in day-out boredom.

This will end it if I find the reasons.....it's not in  
my pants ....it's not in the quiet sounds of the guitar  
no it's right in the rhythm that makes me walk squawk at  
everybody who isn't drunk enough  
fuck....why don't they drink?.....like me  
well it could be that I drank the bar under and there's  
no beer left for anyone, except what I piss out  
well these fat fuckers will have to fight me for this  
last one.

No slow lude lacking time to slack  
snails could move quicker if I didn't step on  
them.....butts....cigs.....  
bad tasting chicks that try to ash me for a fool  
but I bust down wind in my canoe to a place where me and  
biota can puff good tasting smoke

## A Few Letters that were in the Lost and Found

5/09/9

Dear Alejandra-

Here I am in Hawaii- having a wonderful time. I have seen lots of colorful fish and even fed them under the water. I'm so glad you are in the Monday night group still. You are so nice to have in the group.

Love,  
Sherri

## A Card

Hi, Debbie,

Hope you had a wonderful time in S.F. I saw this obituarie in the Yuma Daily Sun paper and the last name seemed familiar. Didn't you know Keith Shoemaker? Was he the guy who went away to prison for awhile? Anyway I thought this might be of interest to you. Dawn Hunt told me Denise went up to visit you and shop for a wedding dress. Are going to be in the wedding. Let me know what her dress looks like. Toby is sitting here looking at me write this letter. He's so cute? Here's a picture for you of him. We love you!

Love,  
MOM



Toby the Cat



## Love with Distance

The following set of letters, cards, and postcards were sent to a person, a man, living in LA. He worked at a library. He had a relationship with a woman who seemed to be involved with theater, movies, or some form of acting. She traveled from Europe to LA to New York. She was very much in love with the man. I just happen to be working at this particular library (just after the '94 earthquake) when I came across these..... They were going to be thrown out in the trash so I couldn't resist taking a peek. I found myself somewhat engulfed in the readings and hope you find them interesting also.....

### **Card w/ an Apple Drawing**

Dear Daniel,

Sitting on a bench waiting for the subway.....Sheraton Square....the West Village.....2 little girls were selling their home made cards . I think this one is lovely ( their mommy helped do the apple filling in )

On the Subway now....never ceases to amaze me....the Subway , that is.....thousands of people haled around in boxes through miles of dark tunnels.....how could they ever made these underground roads in the first place? Amazing

Anyway.....how are you.....my little chick-o-dee ? I hope this card finds you happy, and sunny, and missing me a little. ( Don't think about my nibbling on your toes right now.....don't you dare !)

There is a strange man dancing down the subway stairs .....Fred Astaire.....but without the smile.

Oh....the trains are so crowded.....i'll wait for the next one.

Had lunch with Donald Miller, Photographer, again today after he gave me his deposit for his 2 pages in Vol. V11 of American Showcase. We went some place I never thought I'd find myself.....the Playboy Club.....what a sleaze joint, and after you've seen one bunny you've seen them all.

We did have a nice lunch and chat.....he's happy about your existence in my life.....not anywhere near as happy as I am!!!

Going to an American Showcase Party tonight.....gonna dance and have a good time.....then probably go home and fantasize about you.

Deborah



## Card w/ a Woman holding a Cat

Dear Dan,

I'm sitting in the waiting room for an audition ( HFC Television Commercial ) I'm supposed to be a mom. The room is full of real Moms and their little girls. Most of the wee ones have black pantini leather shoes and cork screw curls or pigtails. One has a starched whit pinafore w/ a bunny embroiled on the front. Another has a turquoise sailor suit.....and, could it be ? Lipstick!? Or maybe she really has such ruby lips. There's one little boy in the corner sitting on his father's lap sucking intently on a teething ring....his eyes are as big as his cheeks. He keeps pulling off his white knit hat and throwing it on the floor. Then jumps ( slides ) off his dad's lap, picks it up, looks around and backs up into the warmth of his dad's crotch.

Oh...to be a kid again ! And their voices !

underlying all observations of these is a question of ethics.....what are they doing here ? What is happening to their sense of self.....competition.....etc. I don't know....I've experienced some pretty frightened, unhappy kids at these auditions. And some hard nosed professionals at the age of 5 or 6 ! And some just plain nice people.

Anyway.....

busy day.....

Showcase meeting,  
therapy, 2 auditions,

rehearsal tonight.....why aren't you here ? So I know you'll be there when I get home for you when you get home !!! Anyway, just for an easy chat, hug, a little dinner and some naked comfort.

Thinking of you always.....

Deborah

## Card in blue with no Picture

Dear Dan,

You said you wanted more pictures.....here 's one from LA last fall. My friend Katlin Kernohan got married last year to Stephen.....a bagpiper ( as well as a Vietnam vet ). This is me huffing and puffing to get the bags to play a diddy. It sounded more like an old grizzly moaning as if it was disturbed from hibernation.

Waiting at this very moment for Rebecca and Not to call.....

Oops.....there's the phone. Here we go to Brooklyn for the Pioneer Performance.Talk to you soon..... Think of you always....

Deborah

## Card w/ two nude People on a Couch (Cupid and Psyche, 1828 by Renault)

I hesitated for quite awhile in getting this particular card..... I mean , how obvious can I get? But after wandering about the store for another few minutes trying to find something else..... ..something more humorous or whatever.....but I came back to old cupid and psyche. We had spoken this morning, you were still in bed.... I was still in bed.... I had just an incredible erotic dream and was, am, wanting you so so very much. Those inner muscles are quivering, yearning. I realized today that I have been, on some level, keeping a topper on my full blown craving for you..... your body and today the top came off ! Oh dear oh dear oh dear..... therefore.....my instinct wouldn't allow me to overlook this card..... I wish this had been us this morning ....last night..tomorrow..always !

I got 2 of your letters today, my Redwood tree, and they make me incredibly happy..... full of full of light and hope and yearning.

Oh come to NY soon soon.....

I'm working on finding us a wonderful little hide away for the weekend where we can disappear under the covers. I want to wrap myself all over you ! So there!!! How do you like them apples ?

L. Deborah

**Postcard of a Woman dancing in a see-through Dress found inside of a Card  
w/ a Man in a Doorway w/ Flowers in the Window**

D.D.

" If I had my life to live over..... I'd dare to make more mistakes. I'd relax. I'd limber up. I'd be sillier than I have been this trip. I would climb more mountains. and swim more rivers. I would eat more ice cream and less beans. I would perhaps have more actual problems, but fewer imaginary ones..... I would travel lighter than I have. If I had my life to live over, I would start barefoot earlier in the spring and stay that way later in the fall. I would go to more dances, ride more merry-go-rounds, pick more daises."

quote from Nadine Stair from Krubler -Ross book

Personally, I'd have more times like last weekend. Yes.

D. D.

**Card w/ my favorite Chair meditating on a Hilltop, DD/DD was written on the  
Back of the Chair**

Dear Dan,

Oh I do love getting your letters so so very much! They are good for the heart. You are so God damned appealing, I can't stand it !!!

Had a good rehearsal today of Yee Olde Pioneers in a theater space.... ( it does have yet to be held on stage) then we all had dinner as we snipped some more of the script apart.....such an interesting process! Rebecca and I then went to see The Verdict. Paul Newman is one hell of a good actor.....

I thought the whole cast was excellent and the story had me so tense & excited & sad & hopeful & cheering out loud. I would have love to have seen it along side of you. Let's see lots & lots of films together.....

& theater....and countries.....and people.....and everything.

yeah life & you & me and all the possibilities!!

Caring for you very much

Deborah

P.S...Don't be alarmed at my enthusiasm.... I only too well know realities loom....but I do feel so good thinking of you.....

### Card w/ a Boy kissing a girl as a Dog watches

Dear Daniel,

Sunday night late.....So good to talk to you today.....once again a strong feeling of such good possibilities.

I had a long talk with my mom tonight.....today was her birthday.....she had just arrived home from spending a week with Uncle Bill ( Dad's Brother ).....they are finding each other quite agree-able love mates. Mom is understandably very cautious about it all.....but she is happier now than I've ever heard her be. Let's hear it for exploring relationships!!!! ( Sound familiar ? )

She was naturally curious about you..... drilled me on every detail.... and warned me to be careful.....not to get hurt ( She is my mother , after all ). I assured her we were both adults.....with our own experiences and strengths to help guide us.... but that spending more time together was inevitable & necessary.....& that we'll find our way from there. Yes ? ( I think about you so much it scares me )

Must get some sleep.....big Public Theater Audition in the morning & costume fitting for commercial !

Remember.....

Feel deeply....love passionately.....& and take bold chances. ( or what the hell else is there ? )

Love

Deborah

### Card w/ purple Irises and Buds

Dear Dan,

It is wensday night & I'm sitting enjoying my decaf at one of my favorite restaurants.....Marven Gardens....( directly across Broadway from Teacher's too of the "waiting for Deborah to finish her call" fame ).

Thinking of you

Thinking of you.....

I imagine you are sitting across from me and we are telling each other of our day.....the highs, the lows, the people we met, the thoughts we had, plans for the next day and the days to come.

The many many days

to come. You are part of my thoughts.....integrated.....infused.....pleasing pleasing.

Will you be my valentine ? My Easter Bunny ? my Spring Crocus ? my Summer Sun ? My Redwood

Trees ? My Thanksgiving Turkey ? My Santa Claus ?!!!!

Do I ask too much ? I don't think so....it's all so natural. Ask of me what you will.

mmmmmmmmmm

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm Daniel..... I miss you so

Deborah

**Postcard w/ Marianne Moore, poet .....March 2, 1983**

Dear Dan,

Just searched thru all my spare postcards and came upon this one.....  
My mom & I met & talked with Maria Moore once long ago in her apt. in the village. She didn't wear her tri-cornered hat.....but what an extraordinary woman. This is just an excuse to talk with you. It is very early in the morning and Willie, D2, & I are about to tuck ourselves into bed. All is very well on this coast ..... How about you ? If I keep busy, April will be here sooner then I know it.....

Sleep well, a very warm hug.....

Deborah

**Card w/ a Prince on a Horse lost between to Mountains.....March 8, 1983**

Dear Dan,

I seem to be wandering in much the same way as this person on the card.....  
I have been home for awhile, but will be tied up again for the 2 weeks before Easter.....

Part of the reason I haven't called is that some of my travels ( to NY ) involve a person I feel rather close to..... I haven't been sure I've felt completely like going out & too, haven't been sure of how fair it would be to you when I have someone else on my mind a decent amount of the time.....

My feelings are not strong enough to make any commitment to him but, I do feel more than just casual to him..... So, now you know this and can decide how you feel under the circumstances..... As I said, I have been out of town too quite a bit ( lots of trips to Monterey & the Bay Area ), but have hesitated to call when I am here.....

I thank you much for your cards.....Your thoughtfulness has touched me.....

I hope all is going well with you and that you didn't float away during the recent barrage..... down here, havoc reigns ! I've never before witnessed natures wrath inflicted upon man-made structures.. .....no contest !

Dan, I send warm greetings

Best,

Patricia\*

\* Dan must have been seeing more than one person

**Postcard w/ "Magnolia Blossom".....Tower Of Jewels.....March 10, 1983**

Dear Dr. Dan,

Scientific Fact:

Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.....

But we sure can try!

(A doodle of a girl smiling)

from Darling Deb

**Postcard w/ two Hands reaching for each other.... "Vaticano"... Michelangelo.....  
.....March 15, 1983**

Dearest Dan,

Hello !!!

I am so happy you have touched my life.....grasp it!

Debora (A doodle of a girl licking her chops)

**Postcard w/ two Orang-outangs hugging each other.....March 19, 1983**

Dear Dan,

You bring out the beast in me! (corny, huh? but true)

I love this photograph.....hug hug hug you & a few sloppy kisses!

Deborah

**Postcard w/ Clark Gable & Marilyn Monroe hugging.....March 24, 1983**

Daniel!

Can't wait to hug you! (Just heard a Carly Simon tune on the Radio: Haven't got time for the pain.....now that I met you.....no, I haven't got time for the pain!)

Obviously thinking of you

Deborah

**Card w/ two Cats dancing.....by Searle**

Dear Daniel, ( musical notes )

( *Courtesy of The King & I* / all rights reserved )

Shall we dance....."Ta Dum Dum Dum " ( a simulation of the wedding march )

Shall we soon be together with our arms around each other ? and shall you be my new romance ?.....on the clear understanding that this kind of thing can happen.....? Shall we dance ? Shall we fly ?

Rapturously Yours.....

Deborah ( a doodle of a girl dancing )

**Card w/ a Boy and Girl holding hands in a Hollow**

Dear Daniel,

Could this be us ? Out of the woods.

" The Walk to Paradise Garden "

with utter sincerity yours.....

Deborah

We can certainly try.....( be still my heart )

**Postcard w/ a lovesick Maiden.....May 6, 1983**

Dear Dan,

Sort of an appropriate title for the card, huh ? I walk across the park today & stopped briefly at the Met..... mainly to pick up some writing material for you. Each picture has its little message. Had new pictures taken this morning.....then to the Showcase, then home to work.....to the pool & then meet with diana & the director from Calif. Constant thought of you

Deb

**Postcard w/ The Tower of London.....August 15, 1983**

Dear Dan,

You were right ! We should be staying in London 2 more days. We are enjoying every minute of this trip. My legs get so tired from walking.....it's a wonderful feeling. We have tube passes & get everywhere that way. Britta is taking it all in. It's the best thing in the world for this California girl.

I miss you  
Lennae

( I wonder if this was another.....Hmmmmm)



□ >oll°□□□ .h°... ℓ□...□□ □→□ >\_°□ <□°<ℓ□ .h° □\_□→□\_□→...□□ >\_°□ □→□\_□→□\_□\_... □□□h □↑h°°ℓ□ □□ λ\_→□\_°□□ □□  
□\_□\_□ □h□ □ <... .h□\_ □□ h□\_□ □ □°□□\_ □□°\_ ↓...□ □\_ □□□\_ ° □→□ \_°□□\_h□□□ ↑□ □\_□\_ℓ>□ □h□ ℓ□...□□ □↑  
°□□ >\_°□ □→□ □→↑\_□→ℓ □ □□□\_ □□□□°□ .h\_→\_ □ □\_□→↑ℓ□ \_° □→...□□□□ □ □\_□\_ °□ □□ □↑\_ℓ□>°□□□→ \_□□□□  
\_° □↑ℓ□→□ .h□ □→□\_ °> □\_↑□\_°□ □h□ ℓ□...□□ □□ □↑°ℓ□↑□□ >°\_ □□ □↑ :\_□ □□□□□□□□□□□□□□

□□□ □□U.·'n'·..·'

**The following short letters are from people who graduated from Fairpoint High School, in Dayton, in 1984. Why I put this in here , I don't know but, it seems to say something by itself. The letters come from an actual 10 year Reunion that I was unable to attend. I was out in California trying to clean the air of Asbestos. Miss C collected the letters for me..... I can't help but commit a few comments, about the individuals, to paper as I read these letters.**

Hi Jack! / Will!  
Come to D.C. to visit me soon ! Best of luck with your band-  
Take Care (smiley face)  
Karol

Karol, I saw at Christmas time. I saw her when I went to pickup my friend, who was coming to Dayton from NC. She seems to be one of these people I'll probably run into, in one form or another, arbitrarily in my life. It only makes it more funny that J.P. ended up with her the night before our 10 year class reunion. Kelty lives in DC. I don't know but it all seems relative.....she always seemed like she would grow up to be a professional volleyball player or something.

Jack and Steve,  
Good Luck. Rock On.  
Scott Swimmer

Jack and Steve,  
I'll see your parents next  
week.  
Party on Garth.  
Rod

Scott was around when I played T-ball and soccer in the early years..... i always thought he would be a Navy Seal or something.  
Rod was like my right arm man when I played soccer in high school. All I can remember is the time we were playing Kenterville and the game was getting really intense. I made a tackle on the ball by the goal box, from the sweeper position. The tackle was out of pure excitement and executed perfectly, going threw several men that actually were ranked in the state of Ohio. It was a total adrenaline rush as I broke through one tackle after another. As I looked up I could see Rod's face screaming at me in victory. " Yeah Jackson! Get Tough! That facial expression and energy was all I needed to play the best damn game I ever played in my whole damn life! We lost 1-0. But it didn't matter I was satisfied. Rod cheered me on as I ran onto the bus at the end of the game. It was weird but, it made me feel confident, even if the team itself was falling dreadfully apart. Rod is the kind of guy that will end up as a politician.

Jack,  
See you in California sometime!  
Kathy Lake

Hi fellow soccer player.  
I hope you remember me.  
Stay Cool Beth Voltswagon  
(peace sign w/ smiley face)

Kathy was always just too nice of a person. Rod is luck to have married this one. I think I dated her when I was in 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> grade. We would go to the skating rink on Monday nights and since I was her seeing her, we would go skating on moonlight dances. You know a slow skate with the one you love. Well I was nervous, being with a girl and all, feeling a tinge of romance coming on, B.J. Westblock skated up behind us and kicked my skate, making me and Kathy fall. Kathy was very embarrassed and I was welllllll.....just used to being the class clown.....i always thought Kathy would make a great teacher.

The only thing I can remember about Beth was when I sucked on her neck while dancing with at cotillion in 9<sup>th</sup> grade. Maybe there was an erection involved also.

Bub,  
Thanks for sending the latest info on the Drones- Miss C. has it, have you lost my address? Dick!  
Things are cool, haven't changed. let me know what's up.  
Kelly (p.s. I like Jack better)

Kelty was the only one of the burnouts that I knew that would eventually grow up and make money on a professional level. Kelty and I did bong hits at Pholen Farm frequently while attending junior high school. On one such occasion Kelty and me used Champaign in place of water in our bong. I stole the Champaign from my parents the night before, on New Years Eve, after I took 8 Roach fives. On another occasion Kelty was getting ready to me a shotgun with a bowl of pot. I put my mouth on the bowl and was getting ready to give Kelty a shot gun, when all the sudden Kelty put his mouth on the other end of the pipe(where the mouth piece is) and blew all the pot into my mouth. I looked up smiling, teeth blackened as Mr. Football and Travelish broke into a roaring laughter. Kelty didn't understand until I explained to him that I was the one who was supposed to blow.....Kelty would probably make a good Planning and Budget Analyst.

Jack (bird)-

Sorry you couldn't make it. I hear you are in San Diego. I'm in Las Vegas. If you ever there give me a call (702) 666-0522. I'm still playing soccer. Hope all is well with you! Hope to see ya sometime. Let the good times roll !

Ellen McCleanly (smiley face w/ Alfalfa hair piece)

Ellen was this nice naive type girl. To think she lives in Las Vegas kills me. She'll probably end up a dancer or a card dealer at Circus Circus.

To Will & Steve-

I am sure sorry the two of you couldn't make it to the reunion but we had a good time without you! I hope everything is going well with both of you! Sorry we miss you hope to hear about you soon in the musical news!

Love,

Missy Pretzel

Steve said she stunk. He got in her pants at a prom dance or something. I went to her house once during Greg sewer's party. I think that was at the time I thought rubbers were reusable.

Jack,

I play the sax. Let me know if you need some brass

Take Care,

Dan Lemondrop

Dan seemed to have a little country blood in him. He'll probably make a good handshaking politician. I will probably call him someday to play sax on a piece of music that will have recorded in Madagascar.

Jack,

What's Happening? I'm hanging out here at the high school reunion wishing you were here. I'm certainly glad you had a representative here on your behalf to send you correspondence. I just saw Rick Klondike, blast from the past, he is living in Providence, R I writing fiction & being an artist individual like yourself. I would like to take this time to tell you I appreciated the times we had together, & cherish the memories. I apologize for not doing a better job of keeping in contact with you. I always ask Jim McLee whats happening with you and how you are doing. Everything with me is going well ! I'm living in Philadelphia , PA selling mufflers for a living. Scary !? My family is doing well , everyone is married except greg & myself. I have a five year old son. His name is Sam. It's kind of a long story about that situation,- we can talk about that later. Sam is doing great, & is in town to see me this weekend. I'd like to talk sometime I will give you my address and phone #. Please write or call me.

Mr. Football

3332 Lancaster Ave Apt #1098

Frazer, PA 19355

(601) 666-9636

Take Care and Peace !

Mr. Football goes way back in time, probably my oldest friend. He was there when Mr. Basketball was around. I got stoned with these two guys at Houston Woods. It was the my first time. I remember a time when I was probably in 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade and Mr. Football wouldn't sleep over at my house because he was having reoccurring nightmares when he was at home in his own bed. I remember my mom having to comfort him. I didn't really understand.....he was so big and crying (later played pro indoor football)...HMMMMMMM!  
I also remember him trying to find my tooth that chipped in the Oak Creek Swimming Pool. I dove in the shallow end. He slept over that night and I kept having nightmares about becoming a vampire and biting him.

Hey Jack,  
Wish you could have been here.  
See you at the 20 year ?  
I'll bring some McDonalds !!  
Hope so.- Jim Fried

Jack you must be back in  
20-  
Erik McDonald  
Lori Merzar McDonald

Jim's dad was a fireman. Jim had a patch over his eye at one time. We played soccer together. I almost got in a fight with him in 11<sup>th</sup> grade when he was trying to make up with his ex-girlfriend Debbie. She was what you would call my first love..... I remember I had a broken bottle in my hand and Debbie was trying to talk me out of kicking his ass. I probably would have never done it.....151 straight caused these kinds of problems.....Jim was a good. He'll probably grow and be a fireman just like his father.

Jack & Steve  
To bad you couldn't make  
it maybe next time  
Cathy  
Howard

Jack-  
Hope to see you at the  
next Todd (Rundgren)  
There is nothing better !  
Hi;  
Karen Vasoline

Cathy and I banged around after high school. We would see each other at the Walnut Hills and she would come over for late night parties at 1053 Brown St., home of the Sticking Straight Ups, a band that only played one open mike night out of tune. I saw her years later when I was in a band called Curious George. She was definitely big and pregnant. She'll probably follow the dead until Jerry dies.

Karen was probably the least recognized chick of 1984 graduation class. I thought she was nice. When I saw her at the Todd Rudgren show with my buddy Edmo, she seemed different, she was still nice of course but, more hip. She was even kind of pretty with some wildness mixed in. She's probably one of people that I will relate to with age.....She'll probably grow up to be candy striped nurse. She was definitely a Todd freak!

Hi Jack,  
How are you doing ? I'm sorry I missed  
you at the reunion. Hope to see you soon !  
Love,

Jack,  
I love LA hope to party w/ you  
sometime there, Remember  
the baseball days hit the road

Jamie Pole

§ it's a round tripper  
Call me,  
I'm Listed  
Brian Kennedy

Jamie was one of my flings in 6<sup>th</sup> grade. I bought her a matching necklace and earrings. Joe and I rode our bikes over to her house once, in 8<sup>th</sup> grade. It was the first time I ever got drunk. I drank a gulp out of every bottle of booze my parents had in the liquor cabinet. Joe and I showed up at Jamie's house barely able to stand. I was seeing triple. I was ready to puke the rest of the way home. I didn't go to school the next day, I told my mother I had the flu. Jamie will probably make a good house wife someday.

Brian, on the other hand, was there in the early baseball years at KABC. The name of our team was Jakes Weenies. All our dad's were coaches.....I haven't called since I been in LA. I miss his his cousin David. Both their dads were principals, or involved in some form of school administrating.....Brian always reminded me of a politician.....his movements reminded me of JFK. He always new how to shake hands.....he probably be some kind of politician some day.....and he does inhale.

Jack---glad to hear you and Steve are beating on something other than those "band" drums- would love to hear your work if you ever make it to the other "hot" music city-N YC

Wish you the best  
Pam Peaks

Pam had a nice set of breasts. She also sang like a bird. I used to get an erection in choir just looking at her lungs move. She was around when I would get thrown out of 7<sup>th</sup> grade music class with Mr. Wolf. I remember on a particular New Year's Eve when I guy told her she was a smart ass and acting a little big for her britches. The guy told her that if he had sex with her, he would split her with his oversize tool. This made my buddy Joe angry. Another thing that would have made Joe angry was when Pam kissed me under the mistletoe while Joe wasn't looking.....She probably taking care of all the executives at Capital Records or something.

Jack § Steve,

We missed you at the reunion. Hey I missed playing your drums?! You guys made being on the drill team bearable. Take care and best wishes to you both

(Smiley Face)  
Missy Chef

Missy used to give Steve wet dreams during class while she at tootsie roll suckers.....I wonder what Steve thinks of now when he has sex? She had a rockin' bod. I'm thinking of her right now. Missy will probably make a good sex slave.

Hí,  
See you in Kett.  
Love, Beth

Hí Jack Al Marks ferry here  
Keep the faith dude hope hit it  
like Mac Later  
Al.....(music notes)

Allen was played guitar like me in the early years, our junior or senior year. I liked impressing him with my nifty version of Mood For A Day, off of Yessongs. This song also came in handy when I dropped out of music class in college. Jim McClutchin, my professor, caught me playing this piece outside of class. I think he would have given me an "F" if he didn't realize my potential. He ended up giving me a "B", even though I dropped out of class half way through the quarter.

Hí Jack !  
Do you still have that slug bug?  
Lori Soup  
PS You look awesome in your picture  
-come home to visit !!

Hí Jack & Steve Phelps !  
Hey guys ! Good goin' !  
Lots of luck out in bright  
& sunny California ! ( I'm  
jealous !)  
Sharon Crawlforit

Lori was an old but, good friend. She was around when things got wild in 9<sup>th</sup> grade. I remember reading lot's of notes from her and Tina.

Sharon was a true babe! She always reminded me of a Cindy Crawford or something.. .....I used to see her when LMC practiced down the road from her on Colorado Street. I would see her with her kids.....definitely a good catch. Too bad Dave didn't play his cards right. She probably never new I existed.

Jack  
You the Man !!

( Mike Rosey acting like  
he's Jimmy Mac)

Martin Sloan

To Jack,  
Come work for me !!  
Jimmy Mac (The Breeders)

Martin had great parties in high school, senior year. Mike R. would always be there

Jack,

What's up? You look great from the picture I saw of you !! Best of Luck!  
Don't forget us people stuck back in Ohio.

Miss Ya!

Love Stacey Queen

Stacey was probably the only girl in junior high and high school that I would have done anything to get in her pants. I would drop my pencil in Yosh's class (she sat right behind me) and I would look up her dress, getting a hard on. She made science a thrill!

Scott was a wild one. He was around when I first started partying. I remember buying my first pipe from him. I showed it to Jim to make sure I wasn't getting ripped off. Scott was always scamming me. He ripped me off once when I was in 10<sup>th</sup> grade. Steve and I met him in Indian Riffle Park to buy some blow. He showed up with some fucked up powder mixture of flour, speed, and laxative. We met him between exams and snorted it. We thought we were really getting off but, of course, it was crap. I did bounce off the wall! Literally! I went to my Biology exam and sat down to take it. I just zigzagged around playing connect the dots. I was done in 5 minutes and I got up and left. I was the first one done. I attended my reinstatement meeting a week later and the council informed me that I was doing better in school. They said I received a "B" in Biology. I asked them if they meant "D" ai in Dog and they said "no, B as in boy." I was totally in shock!

Steve and Jack,

Last night I made out with Carol Smythe? Do you remember her? Tall lanky-



Now a Red Hot Momma ! Now Miss C, Me, and Kelty ( and his beautiful girlfriend) are at Harrigans

J P

Steve- sitting at Harrigan's drinking while it's raining- not much rain there huh ? usually Steph (my girlfriend) and I go to the beach (DE) every weekend and party and hang in the sun. Reunion was pretty fun- just like a party at someones house- Mr. Football wanted to get high but I was already there so I said later..... Everybody was pretty much the same except heavier-Sharon CCrawlforit is still smoking ! Life is good in DC- seeing great bands live- try to get a gig at a place called the Bottle & Cork in Dewey Beach, DE, great times , great Chicks.

Take care-will say hi to Tracy for you.

Kelty

Hi Jack ! Hi Steve !

Now it's my turn ! I had a great time at the reunion. Urban Suburban was the most fun. Great to see how people have changed in 10 years. ( I still feel the same ) I sort of feel like the class of '84 is the "class with good intentions". Everyone seems to be finding the good within themselves and are reaching out to help others..... I think this was a total healing experience. It's good to make peace with everyone. Even though my life has been totally unconventional, I felt accepted with open arms.....I hope you had fun reading these messages from everyone. The guys have gained more weight than the girls and the guys alot of them are losing their hair. C'est la vie!

7-11-94

Miss C.

Not much to say about these last 3 people. I thought I would know them forever but I was wrong. Don't really care!

### California Drunkin'. Thought

she looks swell.....her tits fall out staring at it. she has trouble moving to dance but, I think she means well.....she says to me "are you a writer ? I say " I don't know.....! think i'm just an

observer printing my mind onto a napkin...?" she likes red and pink and .....on occasions, she is into flies, she is an awkward blonde full of buns.....she says she wants to shoot a short.... I tell her "they have to be silent!..... o.k.?"

she tells me I got it goin' on.....i feel for a second then I puke hard..... my feet are stuck in the ceiling .....I was never missing, I was just hourly....never time and a half. I gave my foot a break. it opened up. a think came out of it. then it thought of a place that had heat and preceded to leave us alone.

### **A letter She wrofe to me**

.....the sun is so strong today, when you close your eyes and stare into it you can't help but smile and want to fall back into the grass and go to sleep especially since you've had to much to drink the night before passed out woke up to early to miss nothing but someone you use to kiss whose wearing black socks with brown shoes and ghostly white legs who can still make you laugh just sitting next to him hiding in the darkness of smoke filled apartment. I don't want to sit in there, are they crazy- all strung out thinking the sun is too bright? Besides, the swing machine is giving me a headache. The wind is much quieter.....

..... I got a new job yesterday doing illustrations for a kids furniture company. Cool enough but not enough money. That's it ? I loved your writings. Happy once again! New Address! Talk to you soon!

*Love... Jess*

P.S. sometimes life is too real ...when I finished drawing a flower a lady bug landed and stayed for while. .... "so did I" .Jack thought to himself.....

### **First Letter to an Editor**

Dear editor,  
I have lived in san diego, ca. for roughly one year. Before that I lived in dayton for about 23 years. Upon arriving in dayton (for Xmas), I grabbed a copy of THE DAYTON VOICE and proceded to read the

article by DonThrasher. It brought back lots of memories to me. I wrote this song, poem, or whatever you want to call it about some of the bands in the dayton area who most are friends of mine or at least acquaintances, (each line is a reference to a band or memory I had when I was apart of the music scene) I enjoyed playing music in dayton (and of course when I leave everything starts to happen!) and I am very glad that a paper like THE DAYON VOICE finally came out.....i'm sure it will help the scene immensely I hope you enjoy my little writing and possibly the other bands might too.

THXS,  
Echo Constable  
1241 333<sup>rd</sup> St.  
SD, CA 92102 (619) 595-1413

### **Pasture Watches Beets**

(pastures green....aunt beanies)

the newspaper say he's a brain  
nick sweet shoes salutes to fame  
methodology says your to blame  
scorched planet sounds hear it ran

(in reference to brainiac)  
(nick who wears saddle oxfords)  
(the method)  
(scorched earth policy)

you'll scream you'll scream who you really are

(scream bloody murder)

you'll be guided by a voice  
you'll be guided w/ no choice

(GBV)

mr. earnest got punched on Saturday night  
george new news jerry's dead  
plastic plays wood while pushing the deal  
obviously morons make you squeal

(the hemingways)  
(curious george.....my boredom w/ the dead)  
(pure plastic tree...as 3 men. poking fun at kirm deal)  
(the obvious.....the oxymorons )

you'll scream you'll scream who you really are  
you'll bum you'll bum a big fat cigar

(shutdown's spleaf burnings....cigarhead)

when the marbles start falling out of you head  
they'll be picking them up and putting them in their heads

(LMC)

when wes says your the best  
haunt the bar w/ your lone soul  
pass fifth street for you'll snooze  
kill the joy breed the new

(mick montgomery)  
(haunting souls)  
(my boredom with blues)  
(the break up the kill joys & the joining of the breeders)

angry man ed not heading oowah wah south  
cage lulu spence is not lazy

(planet ed's struggle.....walaroo south)  
(cage...real lulu.....greg spence.....lazy)

tuning F# B D F# B F#

words and music by wil robinson

### **A letter that was never sent**

Him,  
whatever you decide doesn't have to be etched in stone.....I've always liked your

compositions and I'm sure we'll share our ideas for rest of our lives! The whole thing of going back to Cincinnati sounds interesting on the record label level-.....I'm sure it could work out well for both of us.....you can still utilize them and the label from the west in fact everything we do can go through that label if you want.....we can use their studio etc. The keyboard player, your good friend, personally would be better off on the other side of the fence anyway....recording and stuff. When you compare him to Bitch it kills me! Cost Marble Connection was on another planet compared to other bands no compromising. This is not ego.....we just had a different approach or chemistry than others. Bitch's part was so important in that project.....think about his piano parts on our Sticking Straight Up stuff that was years ago.....so minuet ,Bitch is so used to working with what's in front of him.....god forbid any marble to have access to the most advanced equipment today.... The Marbles had so many ideas there would be no way to get them conveyed to the public or put on paper.....Bitch is also lazy...) think he would go on tour with us if we chauffeured him around and cooked his meals. What I'm trying to say is you were out of the picture for quiet a while.....so many things have progressed. After playing with The Bones, I realized that most of the songs I wrote they (the drones) just didn't get..... they didn't take it serious enough.....Stroop and Halo were practically sabotaging my songs on purpose because they were so selfish and miserable. ( yeah my english sucks) Pelted would leave a typo.-or a fucked up beat.....or annunciation problem just because he thought I was unique or to see me make a fool of myself. The reality was I needed these things to be pointed out so I could work on it. They didn't care Nobody cares! You need me.....I swear on the holy bible with spit on my hands.....you are so traditional in your approach. You need me to counter act that.....no ego here....we are different but we will always find a happy medium.....tradition clashed w/ a twist approach means good stuff.....) need your energy.....together....i want to fuck your fiancée. I learned to write and finish songs watching you at 1053 Brown St. I never would have gotten my shit together without that observation or interaction.....nobody you'll play with will ever understand what a last hooray is.....i live on the edge of creation everyday I wake..... .someday I won't wake up.....but I have to get enough of it on paper so it can be past on..... that is my only reason to exist..... is to pass on my observations.....my experiences.....my feelings... I'll probably never get married! I touch everyone around me....I walk into a bar and everybody knows I'm there.....just like you.....always the one to initiate.....when I wasn't in the room with the marbles or the Bones things between them became jam oriented and sometimes stagnate..... unpassionate almost..... .sometimes I think they might not even need music to survive..... .I've saved the best for last Tim.....if you think I spill everything out in my latest project your wrong.....everybody's approach was always fairly moderate.....i never took the time to get everything the way I saw it.....taking some

time in the studio.....half my songs you ever heard never were completely finished .. .....no time no money to many cooks in the kitchen..... .LA..... you here when you were a kid.....inexperienced.....people don't expect people like us to pop up LA.....the world is suffering from social retardation....people don't know how to

communicate with each other.....look at Bosnia....look at population control relative to the pope and religion.....it's almost simple.....look at the deposit.....certain people don't want to change a thing.....they just pull their friends up through the gates.....and castle themselves in.....until they die and we are left with nothing.....my own look-up-to who is a light bird. ....led troops.-etc. can't even communicate with his own son.....my morn thinks my songs are always so sad, when every time I write a song, it's a cleansing.....i'm so happy when I finish a song.....one step closer to understanding myself and others.....one more door is open.....they have so many hang up.....like anyone else.....at least I try to be aware of my faults..... .....when I talk to hispanics or orientals, blacks, or whatever.....they always look at me as a different white man one that has faults one of reason..... .....is he stupid ....naive...he'll never last in LA..... .....and i'm not taking the blame for alt the fucked shit-.i was just I child when the decision were made.....i didn't put him in office .....and I didn't ask to be from a middle class family.....i'm as poor as any other dude.....i lived in southern California tor two years on \$15,000/yr..... that's not squat.....but at least i'm trying.....and the reality is i'm going somewhere.....where ever that maybe..... ..I'm an Environmentalist if I want to be .....I see old men screwing up alt the time .....they're old fashion.....they're scared of change..... .....who's goanna get credit for what.....don't worry we won't send you to an old folks home.-you can try Jack Kervorkian if you want..... nobody has to accept the title given to them.....I gave it to myself.....I'm making up the rules in my world.....the folks out there don't know any more than you or me.....sometimes it trial and error.....I've done that enough times now I know what I want.....LA is interesting because it's easy to relate to people on a much larger scale by just daily occurrences.....I'm sorry but California is cutting edge in practically everything.....NY of course is more so maybe .....environmentally?..... I never felt racial tension until I came to Cali.....I walk by OJ's cell occasionally.....look at the juror talking to rodney king.....this isn't fantasy....i don't have to read it in a newspaper.....i can see any band I want I might even get to party with them or slip them a tape.....why because I saw them cruising down the street yesterday.....i'm starting to find all the weirdo's and with you they'll all come out to hear what we have to say to our brothers and sisters.....common language.....there's no catch.....the common man is loosing touch with the whole legal system....nobody's enforcing anything unless the capitalist say when it's OK, Who the fuck is running the Country?. ..... The beach cities is like another world....you can feel hollywood when you want... ..you can feel the world when you want... ..sure the rest of the world is sick of LA this LA that....NY this NY that but reality is opportunity... if your gonna strike ya' might as well hit the central nervous system.....the sky is the limit, ...i could fall short.. ..but at least I gave it my alt. We could move somewhere else when the time was right-....i only have one life I'm flexible.....you can have the bed! .....Out of all my friends I've always understood teamwork better than any of them.....in my eyes I could have been just like Pele' if I would have stuck with soccer.... ..now it's music.....i want to show everybody in my whole life that they were wrong about me.....i'm not a druggy.....the words I write havenothing to do with drugs .....don't be so shallow.....it's like burroughs fag stuff and drug abuse....he's calling out to be identified, no censoring..... the way he says it and does anybody ever feel like Jeffry Dalmer or break like OJ, hell I would leave my kids with OJ today.....he had nowhere to exhaust his energy..... .....music is the universal language.....when I get to the top i'm coming back for everyone.....-even the guy in our spare change incident..... at 1053 Brown St. in Dayton.

You'll still have access to the boys in Cincinnati, they aren't going anywhere without your

help and if they do we'll still be affiliated with them anyways .....unless of course the friendship bond wasn't all that strong to begin with. The reality is we all need to help each other.....is the American Dream that far away from me or not.....maybe in old fashion terms but, i'm ready to gut out philosophy and tradition and keep only the good stuff and logical stuff, the necessities. We'll have access to Bitch, Chop Tuey, Pingham, Pelted, your drummer, etc. the list could go on and on. Not one of those guys would turn down anything that we offered them.....ya' know why.... we're keen.....we're passionate.....we ache.....we can smell it, get it out in the open, talk about it, think about it's impact.....the next thing I do is going to be so focused that it will sit on the end of a sewing needle.....you got to have faith..... ..open yourself up with me..... no boundaries.....trial an error..... nothing will have to be public until we understand it.....and we're ready for it.....the longer we wait....you wait.....the more the whole thing becomes me..... you'll still be around somewhere but it won't be the same..... ..everybody is always so tied down.....me and you are free.....i need you to be open and uninhibited and know what will work for our particular project or goal..... communication.....is the key.....LA is just the start.....San Fran.....west coast.... .europe..... India...ghandi.....We could make the news everyday in this town if we really thought about it..... I'm ready for any kind of decision.....obviously I would like to participate on the label thing as an artist, west coast correspondent, etc. regardless..... (A friend out here from Ohio is involved in graphic arts also.....he's very business minded.....incredible artist....and I know LA and SD are into him.....).....i guess i'm trying to cover all the bases.....everybody always wants to go where it's safe.....i'm going into the storm.....everybody wants to feel the conflict. ....old LA memories are of the past.....you have built up your immune system.....you'll stand out here .....we're not native La- ins.....people notice and they wonder what place invented you.....in the long run everything helps..... i've been there done that or I was smart enough to see something going bad and bailed out just in time.....honestly sometimes I can't believe i'm still alive.....!must be getting strong.....at least the power is there when I need it no stress just trying to wake you up to my vision.

Jack

no ego here.....just have to have confidence in order to convey.....there's plenty of room for everyone.....

**7:24am 8/1/95**

Jack,

Can't stay asleep anymore. Wake up at least five times a night. And for the life of me can not stay asleep until my alarm goes off. For instance, this morning. I'm out of bed 74 minutes before the time I set for my alarm. ( 6:02 vs 7:16 )

56 new people show up for work today. I feel 36.

I am losing my mind. I can't stand it anymore. I've got to make a move and soon. I have the money. There is still a smidgen of a weighty chance I could remain in this area or at least N.C. But it would involve a band and I don't see that happening. In any hypothetical start-up it helps to have a number 2 man if not a co-instigator. ( i.e. a such as you )

Here's the tape. Not exactly final yet. The name is not mine, the title of the work, the packaging, the song order, the production. I just wrote every song, every slice of music & every carefully chosen word. Evaluate it for what it's worth, as it's over entity. Then remove yourself from it, evaluate the songs, how someone such as you on guitar could make it truer to my original vision, the product of a fully recognized intent.

I guess the best way to sum it up is that the 1st song- " K meets M'- isn't even the song I wrote; It's my words and framework & guitar but those keyboards & vocals aren't mine. It doesn't fit on the tape and I'm rather embarrassed that people might associate it with me or what I want to promote in my music. Let me know what you think and please offer me a clue or something to bite at or any sense of hope or mystery you might be in possession of.

Him

## Trent trying to get a Date w/ a singles ad in The San Diego Reader

Forward 28 yr. old 5'11" 165 lbs. Vibrant, Healthy, healing Heart unbored free spirit needs healthy relationship w/ positive self-worthed, happy, healing spirited, matured , out going lady, from 25-35 yrs. old.

## A friend from Chicago writes Jack

*I keep having this dream where you and I are standing in a liquor store in Texas on Halloween and you are telling me how much you want to come to Chicago and practice environmental science. I agree and tell you that's a fine idea. Moments later. I flap my arms and fly to the moon. What do you suppose it means?*

*Love,*

*Piss Green*

P.S. The water here tastes like wine



### **The Repair Man Knew who William S. Burroughs Was**

Came to repair your sink . Please call as to a good day and time to return. Rusty 548- 0714



### **A letter I got from crazy Debbie in San Diego**

*Jack,*

*I'd like for you to drop off my money w/ my mom or I'll stop by tomorrow to pick it up. And that way I can stop coming by and. That way you won't have to be turning your light on and off & hiding and. That way you won't have to dress up like women and try escaping from me out the back. That way.....*

*Debbie*



A Letter that Ray received after I left him in an apartment on Melrose Ave..... I picked him up the next day.

Dear Neighbor,

Your loud and continuous conversation until 6-6:30 this morning kept many of your neighbors awake.....until you decided to go to bed. In the future, we ask that you close your windows + keep the volume down as the sound is amplified between the buildings + is annoying.

The letter was anonymous..... I slept in the same apartment a week later and across the way I witnessed an asian man spanking an asian woman, ....the woman wouldn't shut up even after I started making really loud moaning noises while listening to frank zappa turned up allllll the way.....

11/02/95

One day not just any day I thought. Wright Patterson Air force Base is the place where the Bosnia-Serb problem is going to be settled.....hopefully. It's Probably the busiest Dayton has ever been.

*Him and I are cruising by Greyhound in Hollywood struggling to find The Formosa, when we see Ann Archer walking about 10ft. from us. She looks 20 years younger*

*with blonde hair. Him says to me, " she's probably one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen..." I agree...she looked like she's hardly aged.....*

Just 3 days ago I had a job in East LA at the Post Office on 2nd Street. I had to run an air clearance for NIOSH 7402 ( TEM ) Analysis. I needed to suck 1800 Liters of air. I was lucky to find a black male of 45-50 years of age in the front of the Post Office (he just happened to be the manager of this particular post office), otherwise there would have been no one there to let me in. He introduced himself as, "Mr. Craven.....Mr. Willie Craven." I argued with him a few minutes, about the fact that the air duct needed to possibly be cleaned out. The debris that I found by the water fountain was not similar to the roof debris I found by the double doors leading to the outside ( west ). Meaning the smell wasn't from the Asbestos but from the dirty debris blowing in the air ducts. The debris was probably disturbed by the roof removal..... anyway.....the man ended up being one of the OJ Simpson Jurors that was dismissed.....i didn't even know it at the time.....although I remember thinking about-Mr. Craven for a long time.

## Guess you had to be there

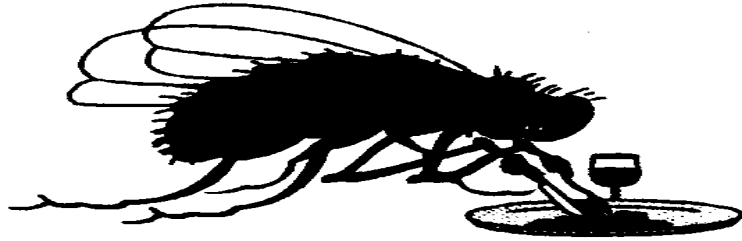
it was just one of those times where I showed up at the academy awards, outside that is, to see the stars come out on 1st or Temple I can't remember.....anyway I was with a friend from Mexico, who used to work with actors (in Mexico),..... and we caught site of a few.....Tommy Lee Jones, Charlton Heston, Holly Hunter strutin' around (away from the crowd ) with her little entourage trying to cheer her up-.....and last but not least..... it just kind- of made-my- day and the whole -reason-for -going -down -there-kind-of thing, Jeff Bridges came out to get in his limo and everybody was waving at him and the stars around him.....he put one hand up in the air and waved and I started to yell Jeff!.....and he looked over at me waving and he waved back. ...and then I put a second arm up in the air and was kind of moving around in excitement. ....and then he put a second arm up in the air and was kind of bouncing around looking at me.....

*one time I was in downtown san diego. passing a restaurant I looked in. and there sitting was Orville Redenbacher eating dinner. I stuck my face against the glass, he was only about a foot from me. and I kissed the glass..... blowing into the glass.....making a design for a person, like Orville to see from the other side.*

## A COMPARISON

did you write this? or is it something like the Lacy deal, where Bitch and you and me were sitting around contemplating how ripped to get and then getting ripped? I just wonder because there's some good stuff in here, good meat without too much fat, and the images don't take away from the "sense" of the poem. I guess I'm saying if you wrote this I'd clean it up a bit: I could see this being published in a magazine that prefers "shorter" work and open styles, that

is nothing "academic" (which usually means difficult, overwrought, pretentious, and maybe worst of all written by someone in the academic environment, someone who thinks Robert Penn Warren or Robert Frost still have the most pertinent and important poetry going down today.)



My version...

### Untitled

Unable to write his words  
nor having an understanding of the sound  
they make on paper  
each person chooses to tell his own views  
but still confused about the statements that one sees  
picturing the word "butterfly",  
being a bar of butter flying  
through the air  
lying to us as drifts peacefully passed our brows  
and then only then as if the words were killing the moment  
sound  
gives  
true blues  
sadness

his version.....

### Untitled

Unable to write the words he wants  
understanding the sound  
they make on paper  
each person he chooses to send his views  
is confused his statements,  
picturing the word "butterfly",  
or a bar of butter flying

flying through the air at awkward speeds,  
how they feel they're being lied to,  
the butterfly and butter flying  
they aren't catching,  
the words somehow killing the moment,  
the true blue of forced blood,  
the untitled sadness

a poetic letter Him, Bitch, and me wrote to our landlord, when we lived at 354 Wyoming St.

### **A Message To Lacy**

Where to put the trash  
and what day is pick up.  
Clean mother fucking oven DUDE!  
Possible switcheroo with other properties  
(tike across the street)  
for fridge  
(or some kind of freeze)  
Back-yard responsibilities  
Who lives next door.  
Why are we here.  
Are there any phantoms behind that sealed door?  
What the hell is that smell?  
Is it okay if we draw curtains on the window pane?  
Do you want us to save the roaches?

Oh, by the way  
Can you see us from your office?

A Couple of Exquisite Corpses.....dadada, the first one was written by  
Him, Bitch, and Me and the second one was with 6 people at a party  
(renda, piss green, pelted, belly, and others that are unknown)

### **April 22nd, Nineteen Something**

- 3 Blonde Freaks

I look at these people  
Shining and full of dull speech  
Trying to narrow it down

As each drink slides down  
And forms opinions not worthy  
Of decisions, survival or not  
The lepers live in their holes  
And the vespers spout their holiness  
But of decision and survival  
I know not.

I know that I can only be  
A mystery in her bright eyes  
When she is with me  
And sleeps so deep I cannot sleep.  
My valium-aided dreams hurdle fences  
Getting drunk ready to puke love.  
I'll put it in my back pocket when  
It's not so debilitating,  
When I still have the advantage  
Of living in someone's dreams  
That come to me in the middle  
Of the day, the sun held low,  
This life going by easy as  
Chocolate chip nipples, securing  
Me in my destiny.

Forever  
the light draws me in,  
It contemplates me and thinks twice  
And in this fold it judges me.

Give it up, go around one more time,  
Take the kids out on the swing

And watch them kick their feet  
Into the lower rung of heaven.  
Bellowing moo sounds with every step  
Still knockin' at my momma's womb  
Troubling my frustration of how to get out.

Mediocrity troubling me,  
It's the three of us never agreeing  
In success beyond reason.  
We lost the form.  
The norm.  
If we don't start running harder  
We'll fall down defenseless



were usually "hazardous waste" oriented. Since shocks and struts were a main focus in the K-town plant (Heico), I would usually get a large amount of paint accumulation that contained chrome, Cr+3 and Cr+2. This could range from liquid paint (L01) to soupy solid paint (SS01) to solid paint (S01). (The code for identifying these are in parentheses.) We would also get a lot of phosphates (acid), some perchlorics, tetrachlorics, freon (11), sodium hydroxide (base), Stemacide (King), containing substances, chrome soil from contaminated areas and supplies like gloves, tools, etc., that were contaminated with chrome and brown doody. We would also get nonhazardous materials such as silicon, oils, greases, Hiding Fleisses, etc. Occasionally, we would get PCB's and cyanide powder, that were kept in separate cribs in the factory (90 day limit cribs). I really learned to appreciate the smelt of almonds at that time.....HCL.

Daily, we would get these drums, log them in, inspect them, take samples, pass them around till they broke.etc. then we would hide them. Our mission was to eliminate as many drums as we could. So we would be consolidating waste constantly. We would also neutralize acids and bases by mixing them to a pH <7.0 and when a load was big enough, we would manifest them and build hunts for people in the landfills by Wayne, MI or if all else failed we would recycle. (We also did a heck of a lot of solidifying!)..... I would always have to type up the manifest, which had to be in order with no mistakes. That was hard for me.....

We were constantly inspecting the sites of accumulation, the drum lots inside and outside the plants, individual drums, the empty drum lots, the ladies shower room and the armpits of our cohorts, etc. Then we would turn the inspections into various people, for instance Woody Alien, Howard Stem, and Meathead, and occasionally my boss.

Sometimes we would have spills, usually minor, that we would have to tend to. I used oversized tampons to fix the situation. We would also overpack drums if needed. Something like freon 11 would constantly be expanding and contracting so we would have to overpack it. If we didn't it would take control of the lot. We would get odd jobs to do all the time. These could range from looking in every empty drum to make sure there was less than an inch of waste- to making sure plant workers didn't use the drum liners for anything except drums. (I was also constantly checking liquid paint drums for teaks and seals). The worst job was when I had to scold the workers for eating on top of the drums. I interacted with people ranging from plant mutants (workers) to engineers hanging out in air conditioning, passing work down to everyone else.

As far as the other plants went, I pretty much did the same thing every fucking day. I spent most of my time at Heico K-town working 7:30-5:00 and some Saturdays and occasionally I would go to another plant and get stoned. The job paid roughly \$9.00/hr with cheap blue shield benefits and I got roughly 40hrs./wk. The job lasted 6 months. I was there in mind for about 3 months. My job title was The Environmental Technician.

The second job experience was with Hashland Chemical, Inc. (Dew Industrial Division). I worked with this job for about a year (20-30 hrs./wk) at \$11 .00/hr. My job title was The Environmental Consultant Technician. My boss's name was Hark Wolopecck. I worked with various paper mills in areas such as Nippleton, Howard and Himi (Tosspoint) Paper. My main focus was to keep bacteria counts low on the paper machines. If not, the company would have to stop the process and clean them, and losing valuable time. I kept the counts high!

Daily, I would go to the paper mills and collect samples from the clarifiers, machines, points within the factory and I would compare them to the well water and the folks out back. This would give us some indication of how our product was doing. (I would take samples before the CL02 was put into the water and after it was in the water and felt more at home.) That particular product was chlorine dioxide (CL02) and occasionally we would feed other

kinds of bactericides, fungicides, etc., if needed. I did other basic water quality tests that gave us a good indication of what else might be happening with CL02. (Sometimes the C102 would just disappear! ) These included: iron, phosphate, manganese, etc.: also testing on a spectrometer and readings like pH, temperature, hardness, alkalinity, dissolved solids, Popes, etc. I would also keep a close watch on CL02 residuals throughout the system to see when it might be having a nervous breakdown. We never really found this out. This was a great concern to me because I had some doubts about the product especially after I found a lump on my head. I also kept the Generox unit (CL02 producer) up to par by servicing it when needed and changing the drums of chemicals when needed. I interacted with engineers, formans .workers, and Big Bird daily. I saw my boss once a week and communicated with him in every language I could think of and I did by phone. I pretty much ran the show. (After I left they decided they needed a full-time employee with maturity). I didn't do any real projects other than the fact that most of the contracts were considered to be a project. (Sometimes I would collect ants and eat them.) 90 days if we like your product, we'll use you for the next couple of years! I did do some monitoring to see how well CL02 would do against some thiobacillus. It didn't work too well. I don't know if it was because there were so many of them or if it was because they built up some kind of tolerance to it. Hydrogen Sulfide smells sweetllt! It was actually quite a dangerous experiment, at least for the workers in the immediate area, because thiobacillus gives off hydrogen sulfide as a by-product, and at certain times we had readings as high as 400ppm. I was hoping for the PEL.....1000ppm.huuuuuuuuuuh

That's pretty much the extent of my experience in the environmental field and I sure know what I-do not want to do as far as career goals. I guess, personally, I had a lot of problems with these particular jobs because the people I had to deal with were not much more knowledgeable in the environmental field than me. Plus I was a mess. Both jobs had one thing in common, no one wanted to do the crapwork! Solidifying hundreds of drums, moving them around and consolidation can be a lot of hard work, but if it isn't done right it defeats the whole purpose. The person who does this crap work has to be patient, maybe even educated, in order for them to understand the significance of doing every little thing right even if you have to do it a hundred times a day. (BULLSHIT!) I realized that a worker who's been working a job for ten plus years probably wouldn't take pride in taking care of waste the right way, hell the guys tired and worn out! It's too tedious for people like that! This really worries me- it's important to get the right kind of people in there who have the energy and pride to make this environmental movement work. I saw a tot of laziness in these two jobs and I'm still not sure of the dedication of the worker to the environmental movement! These people seem to need some kind of incentive to make this work. Another thing that really stinks is the lack of money and equipment to do things right! I don't know how many times I had to rig stuff up to get a job done. The guys are making so much money they don't know what to do with it. It's time for the price of goods to have environmental costs added in, if that's what it's going to take to do the job right then we should do it!..... HCL+CN- = almonds for just one breath.....



## The Senior Dissertation

What is a carcinogen? In my handbook of hazardous materials it says that a carcinogen is any cancer-producing substance or agent. I wonder if I ate peanut butter and crackers or vending machine food at break time for the next twenty years, if I would contract some form of cancer. The probability is high that I would. Maybe if I stayed on a strict diet and ate things like broccoli, bananas, cantaloupe, peaches, etc., the foods that my "morn always told me were good to eat", would I still have a possibility of contracting some form of cancer? Probably, since most of these foods contain natural and synthetic pesticides that are carcinogenic or at least promoters of cancer. Did you know that a cup of coffee contains at least 10 mg (40ppm) of rodent carcinogens (mostly caffeic acid, catechol, furfural, hydrogen peroxide and hydroquinine)? Only 21 of 826 volatile chemicals in coffee have been tested chronically. Did you also know the human diet consists of thousands of natural pesticides (chemicals that plants produce to defend themselves)? Scientists calculate that 99.99% (by weight) of the pesticides in our diet are natural. Of the natural pesticides that have been tested in at least one rodent species, about half are rodent carcinogens. These 27 of 52 occur commonly in plant foods. Scientists estimate that the average intake of these pesticides is about 1500 mg per person per day. By comparison, the average intake per day of residues of 100 synthetic pesticides is 0.09mg per person per day. Did you also know that the cooking of foods in order to kill off bacteria, viruses, molds, etc., produces thousands of pyrolysis products, and

scientists estimate that dietary intake of these products is roughly 2000mg per person per day? It is very important that we know that pesticide residues (or water pollution) must be put in the context of the enormous background of natural substances.

It's funny, because in the same article the biospecialists say that synthetic pesticides have markedly lowered the cost of food from plant sources, thus encouraging increased consumption of fruits and vegetables, along with decreased consumption of fat, which may be the best way to lower risks of cancer and heart diseases, other than giving up smoking and drinking alcohol. Also, some of the vitamins, anti-oxidants and fiber found in many plant foods are anti-carcinogenic. But we already know that some of the chemicals in fruits and vegetables are also carcinogenic.

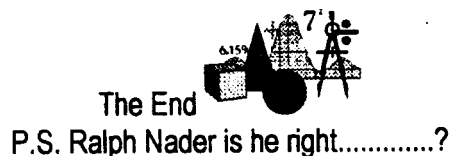
So this brings us the question of what does carcinogenic testing tell us. To some extent I don't really know. It seems to me that everything in excess has the potential to be a carcinogen. So are we going to freak out and into some sort of "chemophobia" state and not expose ourselves to anything that promotes cancer or has the potential to be a carcinogen? I hope not! Everyone should know that animals, including humans, are well buffered against toxicity at low doses from both man-made and natural chemicals. Thus, without an understanding of the mechanism of carcinogenesis, the fact that a chemical is a carcinogen at MTD (maximum tolerated dose) in rodents provides no information about low-dose risk to humans. It seems to me that any animals exposed to MTD for certain lengths of time would develop some form of cancer, or at least initiate enough cell proliferation, or mitogenesis (or even DNA hits per cell per day relative to oxidant reactions) that any kind of mutation could occur.

In a recent study of 30 months duration on 1200 rats, none of which were deliberately exposed to any known xenobiotic, genotoxic, or carcinogenic agent, one biologist observed fatal and potentially fatal malignant neoplasms in 38.7% of males and 35.3% of females, frequencies not dissimilar to those seen in man. The risk of premature death and the age standardized risk of malignant neoplasms were significantly correlated with the amount of food consumed and with body weight at 6, 12 and 18 months. It had nothing to do with carcinogenic testing, it was just a part of the rats' normal diet and they still became infected with cancer. We know in the USA cancer affects more than one in four, and in industrialized countries there have been increases in almost all forms of cancer over the past two decades in people over the age of 54 (the ages at which most cancers occur). Thus, it seems reasonable to suspect that environmental factors contribute to the risk of cancer incidence and mortality. This to me is where the focus of carcinogenic testing should be and also anything else people are exposed to in excess. It's obvious that people could contract cancer from exposure to certain chemicals, like PCB's. These particular chemicals probably show mutations at all kinds of levels. Personally I would not trust any standards set by these short-term carcinogenic tests. At the most it is some kind of place to start. It seems that scientists always want everything to be so linear, when in this case I hope we can recognize the fact that rats are not humans and humans are not rats, making it not quite so linear.

Some feel that a move to reduce the sensitivity of animal studies in identifying carcinogens could be better achieved by the use of lower doses and the effects of longer studies. The result would be increased reliance on epidemiological studies and problems in relying on observations in man, such as: the data arriving too late or not at all, resulting in unnecessary deaths from preventable causes of cancer: should a cohort of individuals be

identifiable for study, exposure data for determining dose response would be lacking; the latency period for the carcinogenic may be long, necessitating years of follow-up that may result in a tremendous cancer burden to groups of highly exposed individuals and a great medical, administrative and social cost to the public. The control of major cancer risks that have been reliably identified should be a major focus, and attention should not be diverted from these major causes by a succession of highly publicized scares (chemophobia) about low levels of synthetic chemicals that may be of little or no importance as causes of human disease. Moreover, we must increase research to identify more major cancer risks, and to better understand determinants and mechanisms leading to cancer. In this context, the most

important contribution that animal studies can offer is insight into carcinogenesis mechanisms and into the complex natural world in which we live .



This is the first thing Him and I worked in California. The rest of it is Him writing while I tell him of some of my sexual excursions that occurred in the last couple of years-.....Him makes it seem poetic.

FIRST WORKING IDEA

### **Beyond Treason**

I can name every face on the wall  
People want me to be that way  
Beyond treason, not missing a face on the wall  
Beyond truth, my own face on the wall

I can name every face on the wall  
People want me to be that way  
Before truth you have to believe yourself  
Beyond treason name your own face on the wall

Like a ship I take off passing the moon

The stars have shades of light  
Some shades are missing some light  
Others are full of the light

\*\*\*\*\*

### **THE INCREDIBLE SEX**

Mona was a sweet talker  
Always talkin' Trojans and come on baby

Talkin' to me like a one world man  
Changing the radio station with her toes  
Arching her legs up to the heavens  
Holding me wild and tight  
Sometimes blowing smoke rings  
Right in my face or out the window  
But always poking her finger through it  
Just before pivoting her hips

Oh the incredible sex  
Sex without games or hexes  
Sex taller than T. Rex  
Oh the incredible sex  
Legs up to here  
Legs all the way up to here

She'll be laying on her back or belly  
While watching television  
Saying take me. Jack the Ripper  
You know I'm a stripper  
I'm bored taking my own clothes off  
Bored with other people's clothes  
So rip my short and skimpy off  
My posy for the rosy

The second best time was down in Long Beach  
Looking over the lights  
Getting stoned on her Mexican blanket  
And getting stoned over and over again

One time she was so damn fine  
Her body so damn perfect  
I gave her my watch for a day for sex  
And then we saw each other all the time  
I never knew what time it was  
She sang old Fleetwood Mac songs  
but couldn't stay straight long enough  
to make it through the song

\*\*\*\*\*

In a place where no one's passing  
In a place I can't come up with  
A line I can't fathom  
A friend, a foe, a moon

In this place where no one's smiling  
Everyone squinting at the sun  
As it takes forever breaking through the clouds  
The buildings below you can't see  
Until the sun climbs all the way down

Every time on the road  
Shadows coming out of the woodwork  
The clouds and Indian mountain?  
Stripping my car, feeding my arms  
With the brightest light on the road

\*\*\*\*\*

I've been wasting my life for a week now  
Telling myself I'm cutting myself a break  
Getting used to the devils in the sidewalks  
And the smoked out angel lungs in the sky  
Waiting for the next earthquake

Let's go to the bar without a name  
The one with the big fat couches  
Let's drink a lot of bourbon and not be satisfied  
Let's get drunk before the rest of the world comes out  
Let's find some coke and catch up with them  
Feel like we're just starting out  
Staying up longer and harder

**Him drooled a hello to Sandra Locke as she past by our table and sat across  
from us at THE FORMOSA. She met a baldheaded man.....I think he was a  
Wonderer.**



## **The Cost Marble Connection**

the Characters: **Pill-** a short plump blonde chick  
**Day-** slender dude with a hard to live up to imagination  
**Belly-** a pretty Janis joplin  
**Bitch-** a Schroeder redhead who has an argument  
**Weve-** a tall guy who never wears shoes  
**Cott-** tall hairy guy with snow white legs

(The scene opens w/ 6 people hanging out in the woods by an old castle.  
They all ate a hit of windowpane, everyone except Day. He doesn't dose  
anymore, for reasons that will be apparent later. The group could feel the drug  
taking effect.)

**Pill:** you've got to eat one this time, Day!

**Belly:** you never dose!

**Day:** get off the peer pressure crap! (speaking as if the group as a whole is  
going to try to win him over ) I don't like it anymore! do you understand,

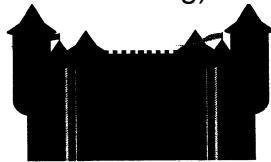
comprende'?! (holding his hand curled, as if he were in pain or suffering cerebral palsy. Weve throws his hands up in the air)

**Weue:** he won't eat it because he's scared he'll go on a bad trip, maybe he'll end up in Oz and he won't be able to yet back.....this time.

**Bitch:** Day, it's a good thing you have your red high tops on, you might have to click your heels 2 times to yet back to Kansas and that's still 300 miles From home, the arm pit of America, Normal, Illinois.

**Cott:** Normal? (sarcastically ) who would ever name a city Normal ? Is it Normal to be Normal in Normal? or is it abnormal to be Normal in this ever so Normal piece of shit town ?!?! ( Day and the rest of the gang laugh).

(Day takes off running for the castle and climbs the stairs to the top. when he gets to the top he waves to everyone, they look and laugh. Day jumps, smiling).



## The Ride

"Did you deseed it?", John says.

"Did I what? (chokingly)..... no!" (sniffing)

"Ya missed a whole bunch!", John says.

"Goof troop?", I say.

John mimics the t.v. The television Goofy show is playing as John rolls over on his waterbed.

The room is a lightly lit massacre of clothes and shit. The waterbed is against the wall w/ the headboard towards the door by a chest. There's a lazy chair next to the bed. And there's a stand-up bass in the comer and a t.v. in the other comer. Above John's room there's an attic, where I live, Lincoln Smith. Now the truth of the matter is that John and I have been lying in this room for hours, occasionally letting out sniblets of thought, as if it were a part of the English language. And neither of us are quite sure what we are doing in the room but we know we are in a room together watching cartoons.

John takes a bong hit, "cough! cough!".

John says, "I aaamm on a buuzzz ride!"

Smiling lost at that point I didn't know what to say so I look at the t.v. head down writing. Hmm..... it wouldn't be so wierd, but I wonder what the

hell John means by aamm I a buuss or buuuzzz ride or something. I just keep thinking about it as I start to imagine I'm on a bus in Mew York on 52nd heading toward Dave Pontiac's (the blonde bomb wizard) and the other guy from holy Brookinoniontonville or what have you.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was kind of cold in the bus and very cold outside. Probably 2000 below freezing. It was always cold. I was on this bus with three other passengers, one of which was a very lovely lady, of let's say 25(sigh). She was with this dude, Ralph Polo-like, with the unmarried look.

The dude said, "so where are we going?"

And the lady said, "to Dave Pontiac's".

I sat there thinking did she say 'Dave, Mr. Blonde Bombshell'— with no hesitation. I leaned over and asked if they knew Dave Pontionticac and the lady in cluster fuck of frustration said, "yes.....are you going there too?"

She moved to nudge the dude then with her hands gesturing said, "Hon...he knows Davey Wavey from Guitarland, Ohio."

Guitarland, hardly. More like live there too long and Rock & Roll 5th Street sleeping blues....whoops... yeah... Their was one other person on the bus. A young girl of 12, midcut Denise the menace look. She'd been licking a sucker, watching us intensely for the last 5 minutes. Anyways....I said, "Guitarland, I'm a Guitarlander also, I guess."

Then the dude said, "My name's Dick. I'm a college friend of Dave's, Sigma Nu." As he reached his hand out to shake.

I said, "I'm Lincoln Smith. Glad to meet ya."

" This is my friend, Clair", he said.

She turned shoulder tight like a Veronica Lake sextet. "Nice to meet you", she said, her hands gesturing as if conducting for a bunch of people having fun at a dinner table in a dirty house of straw. I made immediate eye contact

but she was looking at the twelve year old little girl at the other end of the bus, and then she looked at me...but I was busy looking at her shoes and breast.

The bus started to slow and the dude said, "Hey, this is it. ..you getting off?" As they stood up I said, "sure is," with a smile on my face. We all took a step toward the door. Then I noticed the little girl was getting up to get off also. As she passed over to the door she let out a squeak, something like "Fellona". ..but I wasn't quite sure.....(I think I was having hearing problems from to many years of rock-n-roll listening). I turned to her to see her expression and she was looking down at the ground..... I could have sworn I heard her say "Fellona"..... the word just kinda flowed out of my mouth.....as Big "Dick" turned around and said, "What did you say ?" I said "Nothing....just fellow brothers will be partying as usual."

"It should be a good time tonight", Clair said.





\*\*\*\*\*

It must have been a thundering knock that woke me up. As I leaned up I realized I was all alone. Then I heard it again. A knocking. Almost like someone was trying to knock down the door to the front of the house, when Crash the door gave. I heard voices speaking and brushing around as if searching for something. I was really freaking out so I hid upstairs in a closet in my room. I could see one of the humans coming up the steps.....it was a cop. One of the cops said "Is this guy Lincoln Smith supposed to be arrested for kidnapping and rape."

The other cop said, "yes..... the little girl didn't look too good when we found her. She was bound and gagged with a goat's cock in her mouth. She was tied to a pan of grease in a garage near 3rd and Keowee."

The good looking red haired cop let out a "Jesus..... it just makes me sick!" I almost screamed when I heard them say that, but I knew something was up, so I controlled it, to a cry from hell. 'What should I do?', I said to myself.

The cops left the room, but I could still hear them rummaging around, so I sat tight. When I was sure they were gone I got up and walked over to the window. Three stories down I could see a cop car driving off. 'Shit', I thought to myself. What the hell were they talking about? The little girl and all—they had to have the wrong, guy. I sprinted down the steps, to the first floor, and went for the phone. 293-1-.7.?82,1 punched in.

"Jade, yeah this is Lincoln. What's up? I need your help."

"Sure," Jade said. "But what's the problem?"

"Well, I don't know. I'll tell you when you pick me up. Okay?"

"Okay," he said. "I'll be right there."

Click— I just sat there listening to the tone. And man how long had I been asleep? One hour? Fifteen minutes? 4 hrs.?.....I looked at the clock and it was almost eight hours later, five a.m. to be exact, the last time I had looked at it was 9P.M. Tuesday.....I didn't think I'd slept that long. Hmm. Just then I heard a horn honk. Jade only lived about three blocks north of my house. I ran out of the house and jumped into the car.

Jade always drove nice cars. He owned several. He would work on them and then sell them for a profit. He was driving a '57 Chevy with super fat wheels.

"What's the hype for," he said, while trying to stuff a Twinkie into his mouth.

"I'm not exactly sure, but these cops broke my door down."

"Holy shit!".....By the way I'd looked at him he assumed "A drug bust! It had to be a raid!"

"No," I said. "They think I raped a little girl."

"What little girl? Not you," he said, stuffing the rest of the twinkie into his mouth.

"Yeah me..... I heard the cops talking. They're looking for me!"

We drove down the lane and took a right then left and then a right onto Wayne.

"Let's go to Lisa's," I said. " We can hang there until we figure out what to do."

"Cool," Jade responded, kicking the car into gear.

We got to Lisa's at 354 Wyoming and I rang the door bell, the one that rings 'skip to my loo, my darling', over and over and over- - - etc.

She answered, opened the door, said "hey what's up boys?" while letting us in, Patting me on the ass as usual. I kissed her cheek. 'Oh that loving feeling', I thought.

"Hey, man" I said. "The cops are looking for me! Did ya see it on the news?"

"No.....what 'ya mean? Were you busted selling drugs?"

"No..... the cops think I raped and lddnapped some little girl!"

Jade jumped in. "Yeah..... and they said they found her tied up with a goat's dick in her mouth."

"Jesus Christ," Lisa shot back, almost bending over and puking. "There's obviously some kind of mix up. You couldn't do sometliing like tliat." She rubbed her body up against me, said "I miss you."

"I miss you," I said, as I puckered for a nibble.....can't get enough ..... 'wow!'..... Time passes, maybe one minute.

"Police!" Jade yelled. "They're out front checking my car out."

They were coming to the door. Lisa started jumping around frantically, saying "what should we do?" and biting her nails.

"Fuck!?! Shit!", I was thinking out loud.

\*\*\*\*\*

I found myself in a strange room with several people laying in it.....probably people crashed after a big party. Shit, a huge party for 80 or more, but only 51 showed up. Anyhow, I sat up and had a beer that was sitting on the table in front of me. I took a sip, slurp, sip, slurp, then I got this wierd taste in my mouth.....cigarette ash. "Shit!", I hollered before spitting it out. I got up and headed for the kitchen. Down one flight of stairs to the first floor. People were sleeping. I got to the kitchen and immediately ran some water.....cold is on the hot side and hot is on the cold side. All these houses were fucked. I stuck my hands under the facet and took a gulp.

'Where am I?', I thought. ' Is this Dave's house in New York?'

I found the front door and walked out of it and sure enough it was the same 64 place I'd been standing when I was robbed. I thought I might as well go get something to eat. 'A taco would be nice. ' So I walked towards Taco Hell. As I walked I saw the benches that I'd walked by earlier, one of them occupied by a drunk with a blue coat and beard. He looked cold. Even with yesterday's news covering him, from head to knee, his feet were sticking out. I passed the church with the scratches.....except there were new

scratches or paint smears, that I could see. It said "life sucks". No kidding, at least right now I agreed. I kept walking, thinking about the taco. I was going to engulf it as soon as I got to Taco Hell. There's nothing like sinking your teeth into something that is terrible for you.

The street was moonlit, with an occasional street light. Those who felt like it could have easily walked in the shadows, especially if they were dark complected. It was probably about 3:00am, which meant there weren't too many cars out on the road. In fact I didn't see one moving. I was walking fairly quickly when I heard the sound of a metal can being kicked. I slowed and looked down the alley. I wasn't quite sure who it was but could see that they appeared to be fairly short. As they got closer I recognized the coat as being the one the little girl robber had been wearing.

She looked up and said "hey man.....you wanna get your head blown off".

Right then I broke into a sprint, like an antelope running from cheetah, I was so fucking scared I couldn't think straight. I looked back and the girl was standing in the street laughing with the gun in her hand, pointed toward the sky. And I heard her yell "may god forgive me!" and "fucker!". Then she laughed. I wasn't going to hang around to see if I was going to be her next dead subject, so I took the next alley I could find. I ran for a block or so and then turned onto another street. Then I took the next alley heading away from her. I must not have been looking. Wham-smack-on-the-hood of a car. There was a dude in the car and he jumped out.

"Are you alright?", he asked.

Rolling off the hood I said "yeah, I think so, but we better get out of here. There's this little girl running around with a gun and she knows how to use it."

With no hesitation he said "get in now." I usually don't just jump in with just anybody, especially with a guy who had crack dealer clothes on, from Cincinnati and Bolton Street (Dayton, OH)... ..he wore a red knit hat and "Bulls" long coat. As we started to take off he asked me where she was. I pointed back toward the direction I'd come from and said, "just don't go in that direction."

"Give me my gun out of the glove compartment," he said. I did. I'd never touched a gun before. He grabbed it, headed right in the direction I asked him not to.

"What are you doing?" I said in a panic.

"If this is a little girl like you say I'm sure I can handle the situation."

"Let me out now," I screamed.

But he just yelled, "shut up! or I'll blow your head off instead others. Exactly where did you see this girl?" As he hit me with the tip of the gun again he yelled "Where is she!"

"I don't know," I muttered. "Overthere. The next alley on the right. Now...turn."

The car slowed and the dude shined his brights, drove down the alley, only to find nothing.

"You're not going to shoot me, are you?", I asked.

He leaned over and said, "not unless you don't cooperate, ya' got that Little Moe." The gun was pointed right at my head. I was feeling a little skitz.

"Hey man," I said. "Keep a look out for that chick, I mean little girl, man."

She had a gun about twice the size of this guy's, I could just picture it in my hand.

"Jesus, watch out for the garbage can," I yelled.

The dude about punched me in all the excitement garbage clashin smashin and the car rocked from side to side. Then I heard what sounded like cats, not just one cat but lots of cats. Not like the cartoons with three or four but enough to make you feel in the minority. The car was still moving when we hit something solid.....wham caboom..... the engine came to a halt and the car was on it's side with smoke bellowing out of the engine. The first thing I thought was that it was gonna blow, life was ending for us. Then everything went blank. I wasn't sure for how long. It was obvious that the accident was the least of my worries, considering the fact that I'd just seen the driver of the car being dragged into a hole by some over grown cat or something.

I really became scared when I realized I couldn't move my legs. They were trapped under the dash. So I started to scream "Help me!" As the car came closer and closer to exploding I thought to myself how relaxed I'd felt just sitting in the chair at my house with John.

\*\*\*\*\*

I wasn't sure where I was at the time but when I woke up I was in what seemed to be an emergency hospital-type room. Nobody was around. I was kind of queasy but felt safer here than in the alley.

I didn't really notice it at first but the room had bars in all the windows. Maybe to keep crack heads out or something. I thought I'd try to move a little but my arms and legs were shackled, like someone you'd see in a mental home.

So I yelled "Nurse! Can somebody help me? Nurse!" Nobody answered. I could hear people talking. I could even see some movement above me, but no one would respond to me..... I just laid there.....in silence.



