

So I got drunk and puked all over the place. A traumatic memory, now that I start to let it clearly fill my consciousness. Embarrassing, according to Eric's mentality. Amy says you learn from your mistakes. And now I'm here communicating with friends on the first full day of winter vacation. Showing Ryan my website, music, and looking at his cartoons. Getting into the college mentality. Thinking about writing, what I want to do. It must be disgusting for Amy, to have a puking boy friend sleeping in her bed, and I am grotesquely drawn to these harsh moments of realness, unpleasant, or unbearably pleasing, moments of undeniableity. Presently pressing, [uncomfortably] close. Then, following, I feel strongly that if I drink again at all it will be with the purpose of getting as drunk as I was last night. Except this one check: I do not like throwing up. So maybe it would be nice to be about as drunk as I was after three or four fire waters. Skip the gin, the beer, and the fifth fire water. But even the thought of fire water now and I can taste the bile in my mouth, so...would I even be psychologically able to drink it again? It would take some thinking through beforehand, that's for sure. And even with hard liquor and no hangover I don't feel so hot today. But something makes me want to do it again, a nebulous need to be like I was then, right before I threw up. Stumbling drunk, bouncing walk, dancing butt freak with Amy two thirds as drunk as I was. The psychological state of losing control is definitely aided by the drink, but as oxymoronic as the following statement may sound, I can honestly say that the out-of-controlness I had last night is something I have attained in the past intentionally. Everyone here always jokes that they get drunk so that they can act as crazy as me, and that's true. I never had any trouble before being loose on the dance floor, literally and so to speak. When Amy gets drunk she dances all sexual, she touches me more, and more encourages me to touch her. And when she's drunk and I'm not I fit right in. Last night when I was drunk I danced with the same sexual intention as when I am sober, the major difference being that last night I had no balance. And I couldn't walk normally. And everything seemed to bounce without my permission. I do see what people mean when they say that being drunk lessens your inhibitions. My take is that when I was drunk I had less control over what I was doing than when I am sober. But the thing with me is that being sober never stopped me from doing anything that I wanted to do. You know...there's no situation where I was inhibited from doing something that drinking would have allowed me to do. I saw this as an issue of control before I got drunk, and I am interpreting my experiences of being drunk in ways that support the same or similar ideas. For me, getting drunk isn't about having a better or worse time, it isn't about doing things or not doing things, it's about control, and intention. If I want to have sex with someone I will attempt it drunk or sober. With the important note being: if I do not want to have sex with someone, I might do it anyway when I was drunk. More clearly, my intention while sober are differently constructed than my intentions while drunk. When I am awake I experience a totally different world than I experience when I am dreaming, and I have always been disturbed by that discrepancy. These are worlds of separate sense, each valid in it's own right, and my inability to objectively compare them presents me with sets of irreconcilable truth. I cannot use one to argue against the other. Moreover, my awareness of, and therefore my ability to understand, each reality when in the features of the other is severely limited. The best I can do is to in each moment of consciousness deal with what seems to be the overriding truth of that moment and my memories of past moments. But what is to be said of transition between worlds? With sleep and wakefulness it is evident that one gives way naturally and necessarily to the other. Soberness, drunkenness, sadness and joy, and the multiplicity of other states do not seem as ecologically structured. A drunken moment does not follow necessarily from a sober moment, a sober moment does not necessarily and naturally break the oblivious peaceful waste, intoxication. Right? Or perhaps there is a necessity of change, where complimentary states invariably give way to one another. Hope is perhaps always followed by despair, and as well, despair is perhaps always conquered in the local end by hope. Change seems to be unchanging, not a one time thing, forever from endless end to endless beginning. Meaning: what we refer to as change is not a force upon the essence of reality, as commonly thought, but the essence itself. And my dichotomies are simplistic; drunkenness and soberness are not complete and total worlds but mere descriptions of parts of a commonality, a shared realness to which each of my strands of consciousness is inextricably yed. What confuses each of these individual pieces exactly that: the I of this moment is different from the I of that. There is no objectivity, no solid sameness, only an illusion of the same given by the fragile mystery of representation, memory. And so perhaps that best that I can do is to intensely live this time, this place, thinking that my understanding of selves other than the present can be no closer to my desired deal than can my understanding of people commonly considered others: in truth, my existence through time is constructed through a gross misrepresentation, specifically, a generalization akin to prejudice, and, in my opinion, equally absurd.