

up against the sky  
inhaesio zha

~

I will never publish this script. I will be its only director. we will stripsearch ever audience member and CIA-secure the theatre where it's performed to make sure that the show is never recorded.

~

every man, woman, and child who sees this play will emerge...  
transformed.

~

the only set is a piano.

JULIAN

Some people say the center of the universe is New York. Actually, the center of the universe is the town of Dayton, Ohio. That's what I'd say. But the real truth, aside from you or me, is that there is no universe. It's a multiverse.

March fourth. Colonel White High School for the Visual and Performing Arts. Dayton. Ohio. Our characters assemble in homeroom.

There's Tuesday Walker, The Most Beautiful Princess in the World. You can see the flowers sewn into her bra. And that backpack, some Vietnam War chuckpack, large enough to fit the dismembered torsos of three children.

There's Matthew. Matthew Van Temple. The blond kid there. What can I say about him? He's my best friend. Even though we hate each other's guts now. That's not really fair. You'll hear more about him later.

And of course there's me. I'm the black kid who \*doesn't\* talk like a brother. I'm the one on the

keys. With the braids. That's my bag. Black. Dusty. And black jeans. And this is my song.

(He plays.)

(He plays beautifully.)

## TUESDAY

Mainly I do batik. Yeah. And I work with beads. Julian, the last time I saw him he was praying on a talisman and trying to convince us all that the world was going to end. And he had us all pretty much convinced.

I graduated early. Colonel White School For the Arts was a joke. Only as an adult have I truly been able to know what a hell that place was. If you think that Columbine was a tragedy then you have no idea what I'm talking about.

When we were in the tenth grade Matthew and I went on a date to the Natural History Museum. My friend Rachel drove. On the way home Matthew and I made out in the back seat. I was wearing a kilt. You never wear underwear with a kilt.

(Tuesday steps to Matthew. He eats her thighs.)

(Tuesday strips out of her kilt.)

## MATTHEW

I used to go to a good high school. One in Philadelphia. You had to apply to get in to the school in fifth grade and then you had to re-apply at the end of eighth grade to get into the high school.

When I went to Colonel White the first day I walked into English class and the teacher set a \*cross-word\* puzzle on my desk. When I handed in a writing assignment she would correct the characters' \*slang\* like I spelled it wrong.

This bitch's definition of a writer was someone who's been published. Once you've been published, you're a writer. Mrs. Brown. She's obviously never made love to a philosopher in the back of a pickup truck on the reservation.

(Matthew takes the Pentax K1000 out of Tuesday's bag and snaps a picture.)

(He moves to the piano and viewfinds Julian.)

JULIAN

We all went to the museum together. We met up after they went to Denny's. My mother drove. Neither of them ever knew what it was like to grow up with a mom who hoarded all available food in her bedroom. And two brothers and a sister.

TUESDAY

The Natural History Museum is pretty much all about making out. David Bowie laser light show. Corny graphics. I mean like nineteen-eighties little single-line drawing a camel-type shit. Just the stupidest shit ever.

MATTHEW

Tuesday took my hand and put it on her crotch. I was rubbing. She actually did have panties on underneath her kilt, not like she'd said earlier. We ate pancakes at Denny's, with syrup. And drank coffee. And I put her hand on me.

JULIAN

The last time I saw Matthew was in Austin, Texas. He fucked a prostitute in our hotel room and the next day left four hundred dollars on the bed and left. Took a taxi to the Greyhound station and spent the next four months riding busses, crisscrossing the deep south listening to the life stories of strangers. A preacher mistook him for a believer somewhere in Arkansas and the entire bus laid hands on this little blond boy. That boy is an atheist. Even though his mom's a minister. That boy is about as far from a believer as a Jujubee from Godiva. But he listened. He listened to the life story of that preacher. A poverty-level farmer in Mississippi told that little blond boy the saddest story he has ever heard in all his life.

TUESDAY

Julian and I knew each other since the second grade. We used to go to elementary school with Claire and Adrienne and Mike and Sarah and Amy. No one even recognized Claire after she shaved her head and with all her piercings. That was in the tenth grade, about. Julian made a movie called Acid Flashbacks and Other...or, no...Something And Other Acid Flashbacks, I don't remember. Julian was skipped a grade in second grade, skipped to third grade, but it didn't take, for social reasons, and they skipped him back the next year. The boys tell some story where boy Julian goes to the school counsellor to be evaluated, and Julian waits out the entire interview. A second grader sits contentedly for a solid hour while a fifty-year-old school psychologist plays chicken with him. Julian won.

MATTHEW

Tuesday was the second girl I loved. Now she has six kids and lives in East Dayton, Indiana Ave, in the same house she grew up in, that she and her husband bought from her parents. The last time I saw her was at an art party. Matthew Geetings, gallery opening. Me and Matt Geetings used to do acid together at the House of Transformation. Matt Geetings had this warehouse gallery. His first show I met one of the great loves of my life, I had a painting there. Tuesday was there, too. I hadn't seen her in years. She was talking about batiking. We used to take photography together. This guy Thy Vo was also at that party; he had a concussion from playing rugby but now he teaches \*physics\* at some school in Ohio. Tuesday used to touch my nipples while I printed pictures in the darkroom.

JULIAN

They've built twenty-thousand containment centers all across the United States. Each one holds fifteen-thousand people. That's enough for every man, woman, and child in the entire country.

TUESDAY

I used to want to be a Playboy model. That's what I told people. "I want to work in pornography." I just wanted to be gone from Colonel White. Matthew and I used to say when we're ninety we'll get married.

MATTHEW

My friend Tatiara called me today. She's gonna start work at an upscale restaurant in New Orleans. They make two-hundred dollars a day. That's what I make as a computer programmer in New York. We made a pact that when we're eighty we're gonna shoot Heroin together.

~

MATTHEW

Is that guy wearing a Yamaka or is he just balding?

TUESDAY

He's just balding.

MATTHEW

That's disgusting, it's like...it's like a rat hair trap. It's like...it's like...it's like static electricity and dryer lint. Are you sure that's not a Yamaka?

TUESDAY

That's not a Yamaka.

MATTHEW

Is that guy Jewish?

TUESDAY

I'd bet on it.

MATTHEW

Fuck the Jews.

TUESDAY

I know.

MATTHEW

Fuck the Jews.

TUESDAY

With their Yamakas. And their Israel invading Palestine.

MATTHEW

Fuck the Jews.

TUESDAY

I hate Jewish people almost as much as I hate Christians.

MATTHEW

For me it's a tie.

TUESDAY

I went to this church once.

MATTHEW

For me, it's a tie.

TUESDAY

The kids were making fun of me cause they thought I was gay. In the youth group. The kids were making fun of me cause they thought I was gay.

MATTHEW

Fuck the Jews.

TUESDAY

That's a Yamaka.

MATTHEW

I thought it was.

TUESDAY

That's a Yamaka.

MATTHEW

I hate the Jews.

TUESDAY

They woke me up. They woke me up. During Sunday school, just to tell me. They woke me up to ask me if I was gay.

MATTHEW

Fuck the Jews.

TUESDAY

They \*woke me up\*...to tell me I was gay. Am I gay?

MATTHEW

Not as far as I can see.

TUESDAY

I was sleeping. They woke me up.

MATTHEW

I hate the Jews.

TUESDAY

No. And you should. All this post-Holocaust guilt/bullshit. It's passe.

MATTHEW

Fuck the Jews.

TUESDAY

It's the oldest conflict on Earth.

MATTHEW

Fuck the Jews.

TUESDAY

The oldest conflict on Earth is propagated by religious fanatics.

MATTHEW

Fanatics fill the pews left and right of you every Sunday morning.

TUESDAY

They woke me up. To ask me if I'm gay.

MATTHEW

All religion is fanatical. To be religious is to be an extremist.

TUESDAY

Extremists are terrorists.

MATTHEW

Terrorists are enemies of capitalism.

TUESDAY

And you and I are no friend of capitalism, but...

MATTHEW

I'm an anarchist, and I'll take capitalism over religion anyday.

TUESDAY

I was a virgin when I met you.

MATTHEW

The first time I got off by someone else was with you in Julian's closet.

TUESDAY

You made my pussy hurt. Afterward I pissed and it hurt.

MATTHEW

It hurts for us, too, afterward.

TUESDAY

After we cum.

MATTHEW

That first piss after you cum.

TUESDAY

In the tenth grade.

MATTHEW

At Julian's house.

JULIAN

It wasn't my house. It was just a room in an apartment I was renting from the national Magic champions. They owned a card and game store on Fifth Street. You know the game Magic the Gathering? These guys were the national champions in Magic the Gathering. There was a copy machine on top of the fridge. I moved out after one night at Front Street when my mom called me at the pay phone and we were out with, remember, Anna, and Ryn, and the crew, at Front Street. She told me I had to move out. There was always pizza in the fridge. And you had your first orgasm at the hand of another in that house, in the closet, at my party, we were all there, Marcus, Shringara, Tuesday, the other Tuesday, Amanda, everyone. And when you came out you both went to the bathroom.

TUESDAY

It hurts afterward, the first time you piss.



MATTHEW

That was the first time I came by another's hand.

TUESDAY

That was me?

MATTHEW

It hurts for us too the first time you piss. After.

TUESDAY

We went to the bathroom separately.

JULIAN

You were in the closet for like forever. Tuesday was long gone with Josh, Marcus and Melissa were making out and I was alone on my bed while everyone made out with someone else...it was my closet you had your first orgasm by another's hand. That was my closet. I worked at the McDonalds on Jefferson. The slowest McDonalds in the world. Just to pay for that closet. And you had your first orgasm with Janel, your first orgasm by another's hand, in my closet, in my closet that I paid for working at the slowest McDonalds in the world, on Jefferson Avenue.

TUESDAY

It wasn't Jefferson Avenue. It's just Jefferson Street.

MATTHEW

It doesn't matter, it's fiction, here, here, here, it's Jefferson Avenue.

JULIAN

One day in March when it seemed to be Winter.

TUESDAY

But on certain days we felt like it felt like it was Spring, right there in the Summer.

MATTHEW

On certain days. We cut class.

TUESDAY

It was a field trip!

MATTHEW

A field trip. Me pissing in courthouse square while--

JULIAN

--While the comic Ben Vareen, on live radio, quoted you pissing in the stream.

MATTHEW

I didn't piss in the stream.

TUESDAY

You were pissing right there in the stream.

JULIAN

Ben Vareen, I swear, on the radio--

MATTHEW

Only because you two were fighting--

JULIAN

We were gonna rent that blue house together, that little blue brick house on Sixth Avenue, right in Dayton.

MATTHEW

My parents.

JULIAN

Imagine what would have happened if we had moved in there.

MATTHEW

They closed down the Trolley Stop.

TUESDAY

It just moved. They just moved it. You know Brent works there.

JULIAN

His parents own it.

JULIAN

All these travels...

TUESDAY

That article you wrote in the Dayton Voice... The Weekly Impact. They renamed it.

MATTHEW

The Weekly Impact.

JULIAN

We bought that Vanagon after you left us in Llano.

TUESDAY

I do batiking.

MATTHEW

I didn't leave you in Llano.

JULIAN

Whatever.

MATTHEW

I left you in Austin.

fz

writing is an endeavor characteristically unlimited by rules

however, there are a few

1. if it's not about you, it's shit.

if you're not writing about you, yourself, your deepest fear and love, then  
hang up the spurs.

I'm serious. if you're not revealing your deepest secret in every sentence, then you need to go work on Wall St. get the fuck out of the writers' haus.

write the most personal thing or die.

2. be specific. generalization is for suckers.

writing is like lying. if you don't permanently etch the bathroom wallpaper design into the tendrils of my brain, fuck you. I don't believe shit.

I better smell the guy's armpits. otherwise, fuck you.

I better be able to taste the girl's cunt. otherwise. fuck you.

3. be evil.

good is conformance, good is a lie. good is you wanting to be liked. good is you trying to fit in. fitting in is for idiots, extinct.

success is determined by the number of people who hate you.

if you're making people happy you're a slob.

when you piss people off you're doing your job.

4. writing is and is not about the present moment.

to write is to subjugate the present moment, for who is to read what is written? only those in the future. so to write is to be not about the present moment, for you are writing for those in the future.

but.

the only way to write, now, is to write about now. you must steep yourself in the immortality of this moment, and nothing else, if you want to write in this moment, which is the only moment in which you *\*can\** write.

so. writing both is and is absolutely not about the present moment.

5. real writers break \*all\* the rules.

that gloming on to the true crew

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she was second cousin to an insane crackweasel undertaker motherloving unholy  
her bread was leaking tires on a vatgrown spit watertires klillindrian chimes  
monkeynibbling frenetic piano-player bar stool dogtread gigglefuck eli camera

a play in four acts

1. the stockbroker (it is his transition we see here)

a stock trader who has gotten his possessions down to 10 things after reading ghandi, (to make himself a better trader), ups and moves to the desert

(this is a sign that there is something off with the world...that the soil is ripe for revolution...we see these signs in this chapter, in the tuconan revolutionaries and the east coast financial people: of course [real] capitalists are the ultimate anarchists)

(we leave room here to doubt whether the stockbroker has really freed himself from material things)

stockbroker's co-workers are talking like ray does about how musicians should be singing for their soup. how he steals movies and cds because he doesn't think musicians and moviemakers deserve \$20 a cd/dvd. for the stockbroker it's because ray has never cried listening to a cd. has never seen the same movie twice in the theatre because he loved it so much. yes, if you're a piece of wood, a cd is never worth \$20.

I never used to love live performances. certainly never used to love recordings of live performances. then I heard tori amos. I'll buy anything tori amos makes, sight-unseen...I know

I'll love it. tori amos shows, prince shows, it doesn't matter how many of them there are, every seat in every single one of them will always be sold out. if prince could live forever, every show he ever did would always sell out in 4 seconds. what other kind of priceless is that?? these people are \*underpaid\*...what they make is worth more than a human life, probably by far...talk about priceless...human beings at a certain level of performance are never properly compensated, in market terms

why do you think people scream at concerts? did you ever see someone scream when they bought a copy of norton anti-virus?

...

it's haunting. it speaks of movies from my childhood, in the fifties, black-and-white. it smacks of witches. and gods. and poisonous dogs.

2. who is transformed here? (this is the seeker, too...the seeker has 2 transformations) someone is looking for someone, for a writer of the most profound words, or a scientist of the most profound discovery (use the scientist), and when (s)he finds her(him), she's working at Waffle House

(this someone is not the stockbroker...this seeker is a new age one...and ultimately, it is she who is too burdened to sit at the side of revolution/the revolutionary: we contrast her with the stockbroker)

this isn't one country. you think texas is in the same country as chicago? think again. just because bank of america has branches in new york and los angeles doesn't make this one country. just cause everywhere I go I see the same goddamn logos on the cars, that doesn't make this one country.

no. ohio, are you there? you know what we think of you in new york? ha. new york, you there? you know what we think of you in tucson? oh, oh, wait, america, you there? you know what we think of you in beijing? the only problem with moral equivalency is morals...

depthing, twisted, I stood under a pass in the desert city  
a black woman played violin under a bridge and scorched, scorched, scorched  
I left different than when I arrived

[])

dolby digital.

up against the sky in dolby digital. now that's a title.

james carville walks into a bar. just kidding. no. james carville debates john sununu. both smart guys. but who do you think wins? sununu's points are valid, his arguments logically cogent. but when carville steps to the mike he pulls your \*heart\*strings. that's the guy that wins an argument anyway. you and me might have equally compelling arguments. the whole universe of truth is a rat hairball, tangled yarn, loose ends sticking out everywhere and endless connections popping up everywhere. so it's not that you might be right or that I might be right. it's simply that I communicate in a more compelling fashion than you do, and so people listen to me, while they pass you by.

are you telling the joke? or is the joke on you?

3. the leader, the genius (is transformed here)

we see that actually the genius (the scientist) has grown apathetic (at least in a relative sense to where she is). it is the arrival of the seeker, it is the inspiration of the student upon the teacher which starts:

you hate style but you love musicians...where's the sense in that? where do you think the meaning lies? is it in their words? is it in the power of these combinations of notes? so you cry you when you hear john lennon but you think michael bay is a hack...what's the difference between manipulating input frequencies to the eye than manipulating input frequencies to the ear, as it relates to meaning? is one inherently greater than the other?

there's a man there, he built a house of dasani bottles. I mean, a whole house. it has a \*skylight\*...in the kitchen...built of dasani bottles. snakes live \*with\* him in the house. poisonous snakes. in the house. he walks around barefoot. I mean I don't think he even owns \*shoes\*. shoes. why would you own shoes? because you're walking around in parts of the world that are too cold to live in in the first place, that's one reason. really we should just limit the human population of the earth to about five million people and all live in the tropics.

these people, they altered the fabric of the universe. right? okay, I'm talking about the stuff that holds atoms together, right, they altered the \*fabric of the universe\*. before they came along things were one way and after they did their thing the \*definitions of what's possible\* are different. that's what technology is. you know what technology is? technology is a way of doing things. when people come up with new ways of doing things, it changes the world. I

mean it materially changes who we can become. some user interface guy somewhere has an \*idea\*, suddenly you and I are clicking on a mouse, moving windows across a computer screen and thinking they \*mean\* something, we're double-clicking and triple-clicking to \*get things done\*...how about that? it's all a metaphor. I mean reality is \*actually\* a metaphor...actuality is really, very simply, a metaphor...even what we think of as physicality...\*everything\* is...a way of thinking about things...

or maybe you think we're all deluded because we're clicking on windows with mice. and maybe we are. maybe we're deluded about lots of things. but then maybe a fact of the world is that those delusions can be modified. that maybe we are deluded, but maybe it's possible for us to control these delusions. so maybe it is all a big joke. but it might be the case that we have something to do with telling it.

that's a way in which we are \*gods\*.

there's something about live performance that is so electric. the same notes as on the studio album. the same lyrics. but even a \*recording\* of a live show is the dohpest thing on the planet compared to a studio lay-down. that's fifteen-thousand people listening to one woman sing a song. that's one soul pouring herself freely from one highest, highest height. that's the deaf'ning pow'r of catastrophic vulnerability writ large

catastrophic (little earthquakes)

they say writing is about a time capsule for others. but the most value it's ever had for me is in being a time capsule for myself. a hundred people may have read my plays, but the best thing they ever did for anyone was for me, years later, reading over my own thoughts.

4. the seeker (is transformed here, and is left behind)

one man (the genius, the scientist) is so moved by the chanting of his friends that he decides to never move, to incite an eternal chanting organism, a spirit, and it grows. and grows. and grows. he decides to start a chant that will never stop, as a reminder to us (of...)

(news reports it) (it alters the very fabric of the multiverse)

(the first chapter sewed the seeds in us that revolution is ripe...here, revolution hatches)

(and the stockbroker really does go through the eye of the needle here...it is vindicated that he really has ultimately changed his route)



(but the seeker is unable to accept the radicalism of the leaders' revolution...something nonobviously radical, something that is radical even to a radical...perhaps how normal-seeming some aspect of it is...and so, ultimately, the seeker is attached...attached...and that attachment makes her unable to move. she is unable to be free. she cannot let go of her ideas of the way it was supposed to be. and that is the most damning thing in the world...that is the theme of my play.)

there are as many different ways to write a play as there are plays.

intuition is the ultimate guide. what we term logic plays a sad second fiddle. it is those who have over a matter of \*years\* trained themselves to discard all but their own most inner voice...those are the ones who touch us with a single turn of fate...those are the ones who draw us like moths to their light...and they might burn out quickly, but tell me, do you really think you've lived more life than one of those sparks by working as a bank teller for sixty years?!?!?!?

van gogh cut off his \*ear\*!!! and you might think that's crazy, but let me ask you this: have you ever lived a life so passionate that you'd even be \*capable\* of cutting off...\*anyone\*'s ear?! especially your own. when is the last time you were so worked up about someone that you \*cut off your ear\* and sent it to them?!? how much more alive must van gogh have been than me.

and maybe you call that insanity. but let me ask you this: what kind of living is perfect control? you always know what you're gonna do next. you never surprise yourself. what kind of life is that? I'd rather have never been born than to live that type of life. and you might say, what if everyone follows that path? won't the earth be encircled in chaos? won't no one be able to sustain a marriage? what will happen to the kids? but I say, whose kids are you worried about? your childhood was supreme? but you turned out. so did we all. so do the kids of monkeys. so do the kids of dolphins. so do the kids of apes. pristine clinical sterility is not a necessary precursor to perfect childhood. in fact, well, I mean, of course it's in perfect diabolical opposition to it.

there's something sovereign about a first take. about a first draft. and that's what life is: a first draft. no second chances. no going back. life is a first draft. every single life is a first draft. lights. camera. action. and there you go. then, cut, it's over. no more. no second chances. no saved games. no undo. no backup disc. no one-click restore. no. every click is mess heaped upon mess. every click is me plunging forth, floor strewn with ribbons, a child's playpen, covered with toys, tripping, breaking our necks. you can't go back.

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it's perilous, tightrope dancer, nightmare kalliope knife  
seconds from the top  
bloody coin  
spinning  
oh

-----  
(about a guy watering the plants who's wondering what it's like to be the man inside the restaurant...and the man dining in the restaurant, at the same time, is wondering what it's like to be the man watering the plants...we're all really the same person)

(a guy is telling his friend about this time when he and his brother went to beat up their sister's boyfriend caller because he was calling her too much too often and she didn't wanted to be called anymore...and what an asshole this boyfriend was, how tyrannized [she seemed to be] she was by him [by her retelling]...and they go to the restaurant and beat the shit out of him...and we're all feeling kindof vindicated...except for the storyteller...because [he knows] as he tells us: ... they beat up the wrong guy, by accident...the right guy, the boyfriend, was at the restaurant, but they just accidentally got the wrong guy...and beat the shit out of him)

"the food I like best is like a woman's body. steak, lamb, rare steak, a filet mignon...it's like a vagina...and I'm chewing it my mouth...and mussels, smoked mussels, they are like a clitoris"

"like, backwards, is kill...phoenetically...have you ever noticed that?"

(a picture I look at, of the both of us, together, it's disturbing, she's so blissfully happy and I'm so displacedly disturbed, I'm so out of place, so alienated, so confused...and the contrast between the two is odd; she seems as if she's caught the perfect most satiating catch for a lifetime, and he seems as if he's marooned, uncertain of his own eyebrow, ...)

(whenever you think it is the truth that they think you want to IM them...the truth is...is really...that they want you to IM them. whenever you feel self-conscious about your contacting another, remember it is the truth of the situation that \*they\* are extremely self-conscious about you contacting them...)

<<-- this goes along with the truth that (because of two twin rates), you will always have become who you are long before you know who you have become...there is a rate at which you become who you are, and a rate at which you know who you have become, and the former is on a much steeper incline -->>

((every night we take our baby out to dinner, I take your mother out to dinner while you're still in her womb...every night we feed you crab slices frozen in ice...))

make it so realistic it inspires copycat crimez

what would we do if we wanted to be terrorists? we would do what osama bin laden did: do nothing. sit in a tent and write pamphlets.

what is a virus? is there such a thing as a sequence of words that has an effect on material reality? or course there is. some ideas are deadly.

the mother. of the genius's child. she endures all manner of his insanity, because she is the mom. the honor in that, the optimism, the pride.

A

you wanna know who the most optimistic person in the world is?

B

who

A

a mother. mother. a mom. to believe that a child is going to live, to give your own flesh to that possibility. which is not a certainty. which is not in any way a certainty. in war you might give your life to another. but in motherhood. god. giving up your life is the very definition of the term.

I'm not scared of the influence of anyone else

I'm scared of myself  
because who I really am, what I really want  
is dangerous

someone in a McDonalds trying to order customizations...they want these ingredients with that  
bun...the absurdity of it

the truth is that writing erases everything  
and you should erase nothing, delete nothing, censor nothing  
leave everything possible behind  
erasure is liberation; liberation, erasure  
to sweep yourself away is the ultimate ecstasy

so, what, the newspapers decide who I'm gonna be friends with? me and him are compared to  
each other so suddenly we're supposed to hang out?

about working for people aren't as smart as you  
about not being able to find a job that works for me, even though I'm the "most  
employable person" my friends know  
about how genius actually makes me incompatible in relationships, in jobs, etc  
about how I used to have sex all the time and now can't risk or stand other people  
this movie is all about people like that  
the rishi's, the julian's the zha's

express an utter hatred and disdain for the average, the "sport", the idiot kid

the tatiara's, the copper triangles, the bitches who went out like zochae, but how awful his life

has been...about feeling bad for having thought badly of him, being given sympathy for him  
because of hard times he's had...discovering them

astrea fucking that virgin who belonged to the house she was a guest of

consummate genius having found a home in an environment you'd never imagine

about anti-drug culture being insane: that dr. phil intervention thing

and smash the religious people, all of them  
and smash the political people, all of them  
and smash the business people, all of them

about the schooled people of the world yearning to be the passionate ones:  
julianne lasley longing to play like julian

make it surreal like "life on mars?"  
thread is a mother and a son ultimately \*not\* being able to connect  
that the day and age really is an impassable chasm as it affects conscious life  
story goes deeper and deeper

always part of myself that I live in fear of  
part of me that will always love drugs  
that will never care what anyone says about it  
like suicide, the dissidence of drugs is utmost of the self  
it's one of the most individual things you can do, or selfish things  
and of course I mean that (selfish) as a compliment  
I love drugs  
I love heroin  
I love cocaine  
and I will always hold anti-drug culture to be the half that's at fault  
I will always believe that it's worth the risk  
I will always think the "clean" of straight culture is a brainwashing  
of course this is a sober, non-addicted me who is writing this  
and there have been moments when destroyed by drugs that I am willing to cling

to the simplicity and stupidity of "clean" culture  
but I hate the mainstream  
ignorance is found there and among the outcast, however, people in both camps  
annoy me  
I think the consciousness of one who has done drugs is fuller than one who has  
not  
you have to go to wonderful places, you have to go to scary places, to be alive  
anyone who hasn't watched Se7en on acid is a pedestrian to consciousness

there's only one thing: that's writing: unless you're putting your soul into words, or music, or  
paint, then what the fuck \*are\* you doing? unless you are committing your soul to historical  
record, you're nothing, you're piss in wind, seal fodder, meaninglessness, and you can just die

for me, as a passionate, intellectual person, something that will be a true key to my salvation is  
learning to become a gentle, caring \*human being\*

as in, also: that may for me be a key to \*greatness\*...treating myself, and everyone else, like a  
person

another thing I could really benefit from is this:  
don't doubt:  
have faith that in my own life...believe that things will be okay for me

one great thing about getting drunk every day is every morning I feel shitty  
so every day I get to feel what it feels like to get better

and another of our countercultural reversals here is that it will be the scientist who finds truth and  
not the artist! (the seeker will be an artist...they are both spiritual though)

this play will invent a new word for spiritual

