

SEEING ORANGE

(a self help book for people who don't need any help)

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And don't litter. It's just not right.

“If self help books really helped one’s self wouldn’t one’s self only need one self help book, after which one’s self would be self helped and wouldn’t need another self help book? I mean, could I get some help or am I by myself on this one?”

- Me
(during a hard night of drinking)

Monday Morning, 4:32 AM

i was standing in the kitchen
nothing on but the refrigerator light
scanning the contents for a snack
or two
the cat meowed and i bent to scratch her head
back pain set in
yet again
that good old throb in the lower portion of my spine
hurts like a mo-fo, gang
i don't even like to talk about it very often
but
i was thinking about how it's worth it
how i was trading a cat-touch for a body ache
how most of us wouldn't bother
how afraid we are of pain
danger
taking a chance
going out on a limb
how childhood can really create some lame ass people
what a great world it could be if we could learn to...

and then i thought

WOW!

a cold hot dog dipped in leftover chili!

KISS THIS!!!

you know that thing?

where you kiss someone
or maybe you don't
and you exhale
and make a woof sound
or an oof sound
or a shoof sound
not a sound that can be turned into a word
just a tasty exhale
and the other person
breathes that in
they just be who they are and the moment clicks
and your toes fucking tingle
because you are just in the mo
and it's all good?

how could you hurt people after about fifteen or twenty of those?

why would you give a flying fuck about a car?

or a bank account?

or what you have been told on the news?

it's life, kids

stop stopping it

dig the fucker til you die

cuz

um

you will...

Loving Life

i dunno

i think that
maybe you should start loving your life rather early
if not
when that age thing
kicks in
like a wet brick to the face
you might drink a lot
you know
so you don't roam the streets at night
wanting to punch innocent people
in the gut
just because they remind you of old school teachers
that never warned you about this shit?

Universeeses

There's only one parallel universe that I'm even slightly interested in. The one where Danny Elfman did the soundtrack for "Ed Wood". Or, you know, the one where Carrie Fisher and I went to the same high school. That could have been kind of cool. Hmmmmmm... the cigarettes don't kill you and shots and malt liquor are free if you don't vote universe wouldn't suck too hard either.

And four or five more years of "Twin Peaks".
Did i mention walking through walls?

NO!
Fuck walking!
Teleportation!
Yeah! That'd be a winner!
Or maybe...

Phew!
Is it tired in here or is it just me?

Milk Is Truth

you know those milk cartons?
how you should open one end and not the other?
well
when i was a kid
sometimes
the milk carton would be mangled
the other end would be all fucked up and torn up
and it looked like a fucking bomb had gone off in the kitchen
they would say
'stupid milk carton! something should be done about that!'
i would say
'you should have tried to open the other end. milk cartons work that way.'
i'd get grounded for being a smart ass
sometimes i'd get smacked
but
i couldn't let it go
i wanted the truth to be known
that's all i'm really saying here

i'm not a normal person...

Why The Hell Do I Even Bother?

there's a lot of stupid laws in this country
in california
where i live
you can't buy booze between the hours of two in the morning and six
for the life of me i can't imagine why
like
if you show up at one thirty
you can buy a fucking truckload of booze
but
at two
your ass is grass

(as the kids say these days)

but that's the law, daddy
live with the motherfucker
and
yeah
it sucks like a hoover
but
they can't ever change it
cuz
there'd be dipshits
yelling
'it's after two and i bought booze!
yeeeeee haw!'
and
then
there'd be a car wreck
or
a murder
or
fucking
whatever

you can't even smoke in bars anymore

what the fuck is that shit?

why can't we have a law where
there are these signs
one has a lit cigarette on it
and
another has a cigarette

with one of those
big red circle crosses on it?

and the owner of the bar gets to choose?

that way
you'd know which bar to go to
you could go where you want to go

some bars would have smoking
some wouldn't

everything would be cool

but

that would never happen

wanna know why?

because then we'd be free

that's why

i hate this stupid fucking world

logic should always win

but

that will never happen either

welcome to the world these days!

stupid people win

and

it's all about bending over

grease up, gang

and smile at the watchmen

it's only gonna get worse...

Thing

you know that thing?

where you need something

or

maybe you just want it real bad

and fool yourself into needing it

but you can't say what it is

(and you're not just being coy)

because if you say it

it will happen because you mentioned it

and that's not the same as it

actually happening?

i feel that way everyday...

Them Wacky Gays

i really
kinda
side with them gay folk
i won't top
or bottom
or nothing
but i do tend to side with them
they're really just people trying to be who they are
just trying to survive
and not cry too much

i have got to respect that
honesty being best and all
life being live

besides

if we wipe them out
who'd be next?

people who just aren't happy?
people who don't give a shit about big useless cars?
people who like to suck down some booze and a bowl of smoke and watch 'the outer limits'?
people who laugh at how stupid we are?

you know

'those weirdos'?

you know

me?

or

you know

you?

psssstt...

(i want you guys to stop thinking about the carrot

you should be thinking about who's holding the string)

You Know, Love Ain't All That Bad

there's gotta be a word for it. most likely something yiddish or something. like:

SMURFEL: even though you pretty much hate everything and want it all to explode in a big ass bloody mess there are some moments wherein you just wanna swoon deeply and say something stupid like, "Wow! Nice tummy!".

or

FLOYNBEE: a deep seated feeling that everything is really okay after all and that you should shut the hell up and just groove on it.

maybe

GURFSHULS: so goddamn cute in every sense of the word that you just melt into a puddle of goop in your shoes even.

something like that

not that exactly

but

you know

something like that...

(for Heather Michelle)

Voting Yes On No

i honestly feel that it's your RIGHT to vote
and
your DUTY to vote WISELY
seeing as to how i don't know beans about politics
i don't vote

maybe
just
maybe
you should stay out of it too

i mean
you wouldn't operate on a brain
or
pilot an airplane
would you?

not unless you knew how?

so

why fuck around with an entire country?

Learning Is Free (sort of)

you never hear about some guy (or gal, let's be fair here) who goes to hell and it turns out that he (or she) should really go to heaven. it's always the other way things go. that god guy is always in charge. look! everything's cool. just don't be an asshole (or a cunt, let's be fair again). it all works out in the end. forget about the glossy stuff, blow off your ego, fuck the pride and live life like a nice person. you don't have to believe in god. you don't have to believe in anything. just stop believing in being a dip shit and it will all work out. it's all out there. everything can work if you just shut the fuck up. it's my world as well. try to listen. then stop. read more. notice that glitter is pointless. wait in line. take naps while awake. let your fist rest. love art. love being wrong. love love. love learning.

learn.

learn.

let yourself learn.

being wrong is learning.

kill your mask.

grow the fuck up.

screw god.

screw your guru.

screw you.

learn.

learn to love to learn.

Popes

if they get to the point wherein they elect a pope called john paul georgearingo i'll think about joining the church

you know

i'll think about it

Grim Facts

oingo boingo did not do 'turning japanese' it was the vapors
the kinks did not do 'what i like about you' it was the romantics
devo did not do 'pop musik' it was m (robin scott)
the tubes song 'she's a beauty' is not called 'one in a million girls'
almost every parody song that you have ever heard was not done by weird al they were
done by asshole dj's and most of them aren't even all that funny
disco still sucks
myspace blows
peta is a scam
if you think that praise is the same as love you should seek help
soup actually is good food
and
freddy would have kicked jason's ass

did i leave anything out?

Hear Here

you know what i don't hear very often these days?

'what the fuck does that mean?'

i think you should ask that a lot

even if you already know

just to see if the motherfucker knows what they're talking about...

T.V. Jibe

know what i think the problem is?

i think it's satellite tv. you got these guys in these video backward countries and they're seeing stuff like pizza hut ads, drew barrymore getting humped from behind in 'poison ivy', long cool glasses of budweiser, maya wearing a tight turtleneck on 'just shoot me', old madonna videos (way back when she was a babe. remember those?), shirley manson's see through shirt in the 'queer' video that garbage did, victoria's secret ads, cool ass looking car ads, they're getting into fights about who's hotter, mary ann or ginger or , you know, becky or darlene, and getting all hot and bothered by pretty much anything with gwen stefani in it and they can't get the final jeopardy answer correct and they can't believe that we're so advanced that we have shit that makes the pain go away if you apply it directly to your forehead and their minds snap and they go, 'know what? fuck it! let's just blow the fucker up!'.

it's like i've always said, 'if you can't handle the heat drop the fucking remote.'.

i'm a grumpy old fat ass and that's my review...

Something To Do When You Get Rich

- 1) Buy a bunch of cheap vases that all look the same. Like, 50 of them or so and stick a single fake flower in each one.
- 2) Put them all in a cupboard, stacked very nice.
- 3) Get a small table. About a foot by a foot across with a flat top and four legs, about four feet high.
- 4) Saw one of the legs off and put it near a light switch.
- 5) Put a vase on it.
- 6) When you're showing your house to someone new reach for the light switch and knock the table over, making the vase break on the floor.
- 7) Stand the table back up, open the cupboard, put a fresh vase on it.
- 8) Say, "Fuck! I hate when that happens!".
- 9) Continue showing the rest of the house and never mention it again.

A Pause That Refreshes

why don't all these doctors and chemists and shit stop fucking around with trying to make our minds 'cured' with zoloft and all and invent something that just fucks you up for a while? something that can't kill you, isn't addictive, and just jacks your head nine ways from sunday?

'doc! the wife's on my ass, i can't make the car payment, and i'm stressed like son of a bitch. what should i do?"

'hmmmmmm... take two of these and go to vegas.'

come Monday morning the dude shows up at work and says, 'i dunno about you clowns but my weekend was fucking amazing! is that the time? shit! i gotta pile of work i gotta get done! see you guys at lunch!'

they could call it fukitall
have the pills pink
shaped like little tits or something

ax for it by name!

Links To Lameness

used to be
people would forward you stupid things
like blonde jokes
and chain mail
about how to save some poor fucker's life by clogging up your friend's in boxes

now
people send you links to lame ass videos
of kids running around back yards
with an old chicago song
or some shit like 'the house at pooh corner'
laid into the background

these assholes must be wiped out in our lifetime

won't you please help?

Be A Jerk, Save A Tree

You know those little cards?

The ones stuck inside magazines?

The ones with the postage already on them so if you want to join a CD club or get a plate with Elvis on it or whatever all you have to do is fill it out and stick it in a mail box? I hate those damn things. I'm looking at a TV Guide, a Playboy, or something and I can't control the pages because the magazine keeps automatically flipping to the page with the card! I hate that to death! Don't you too? What the hell can be done about those damn things?

Well...

I have a job for you. Consider it a social experiment. An art project. Hell! If it works for you feel free to consider it as being a good old American pain in the ass.

The next time you find yourself trapped in the evil web of those stinking cards simply tear it out of the magazine, write "NO THANKS, TREE KILLER!!!" on it, and mail it away. Do it as often as you can. All the time everytime and get your friends to do it too. Have them get their friends to do it. And their friends of friends. It would be a chain protest! Pretty cool, ain't it? It'd be like throwing tea in the harbor! Good old American ass pain, kids!

See...

the reason those cards are in magazines is because they are monetarily valid. I mean, enough people are stupid enough to order things with those cards that they turn a profit for the companies that pay to have them stuck into our magazines. It's like those annoying pop up ads or that lousy AOL (can you believe that AOL still makes enough money a year to be able to afford sending out those free CD ROM discs? I get one of those damn things in the mail every twenty seconds or so. It's like something out of a Douglas Adams novel, for crying out loud).

It seems to me the most effective way to get rid of those cards would be to somehow make them monetarily INVALID. Every one that goes through the postal system is that much more postage that the company has to pay and if they end up paying for nothing over and over and over again it seems to me like they'd get the message eventually and stop polluting our magazines with their mindless crap. See what I'm getting at here?

Now:

You don't have to write "NO THANKS, TREE KILLER!!!" on it. You can write anything you'd like. "GO YANKEES!" would work. As would "HI, MOM! CAMP IS GREAT!", "THE PRESIDENT IS FULLA BEANS!", or, my personal favorite "STUFFING! NOT

POTATOES!" (get cryptic on the bastards. Screw with their heads. Have fun with it!). You really shouldn't write anything too dirty though. It would really suck if it got back to you and you had to go to court for writing "KISS MY FUCKING ASS, YOU NAZI DICK LICKERS!!!" on some stupid little postcard. Then again, you might end up on 20/20 and get a sit-com out of it. Who knows? All I'm saying here is that I don't recommend you swear, cuss, or use the lord's name in vain. There's no reason to be snotty if you can just be annoying. I think my dad said that once and, if he didn't he should have.

Anyway, you are now on your own. I have planted seeds and if they sprout or not is your business.

It's your world.

Have fun with it.

Or don't...

The Goldfish Piece

I got this fish.

A goldfish, you know? His name is Dave, Dave the goldfish. And all he does. All he ever does, man, is swim in his bowl. That's his whole life, that bowl. And he's swimmin'. Swimmin' around and around in his bowl. Around and around in his bowl and I thought...

Hey!

My man the fish needs a change, a new look at his life and the life that exists around him. A piece of greenscreen behind that little castle that sits atop those colored rocks that line the bottom of his world and that little castle, man, the one that he never seems to use (at least he doesn't seem to use it while I'm awake).

And I thought I could take him to Marineland or something. A trip to his own private gene pool to see his ancestors and brethren. A higher link in the foodchain of fishlife.

Or out on a boat. Looking bird's eye view wise at my buddy bud's homeland.

A new bowl perhaps? A larger than large, tank type, mansion sized lake of a cage with room to move, man. With room to scoot.

And then, captured in the moment I flashed away, man. I went to a mindspace where all fish are equal and freedom is the only buzzword and people (humans, you know?), we should be kinder to the souls of the sea. And I thought, man...fish need help. My fish needs help. And me? I'm the type of guy who could...I mean, I am just the kind of guy who could help fish and people band together in a life of love and honor. A whole wide world where nobody has to worry and time alone will be in charge of everyone and everything that we happen to...

And then it hit me.

Hey, fuck it!

He's happy just being a goldfish, man...

In Advance Of The Big One

Boom, boom, boom
Crash, crash, crash
The earthquake is coming to town
He knows when you've been sleeping
And he knows when you're awake
But he doesn't give a shit about that stuff

Houses
Cars
Stores
Mirrors
Windows
Books
Televisions
Cats
Dogs
Goldfish
People

Any and all manner of nouns
Will be destroyed
Or lost in the rubble of his wake

But, hey!
Look on the bright side

So will many poets

Dream Job

during the week there has to be an hour on mtv that has the lowest ratings of all. like, on wednesday at four in the morning or, sunday at noon, or something. an hour that sucks so bad that they let it run just because it's easier than showing a couple of infomercials. the lowest of the low. bottom of the barrel. cheesetown.

i want that hour.

what would i do with it?

run videos.

peter gabriel, david bowie, talking heads, kate bush, the kinks, devo, the tubes, tmbg, alice cooper, the police, the who, and all the other shit that you never see because it wasn't a big ass top 40 hit. you know, a solid hour of MOTHER FUCKING VID-E-OS.

remember them?

and what would i call this radical and mind numbing new show?

'everything but whip it'

cuz

let's face it

haven't we all seen just about enough of that one?

Problems

She asked me
“What’s the deal
Why are there so many problems
In the world?
Who’s to blame?
How do we make everything okay?”

“Women...”,
I answered
“It all rests on chicks.”

She was insulted by this
Wondered what the hell I meant
How could I be so rude
And thoughtless?

“Look...”,

I replied

“If all of the wives
And girlfriends
And secretaries
And whatever
Of all of the oil company guys
And chemical plant owners
And factory owners
Said...
‘Hey!
Clean up this planet
Or I’ll never sleep with you again!
We would all be living on the cleanest planet
In the whole damn universe.”

She thought about this
And then slapped me
In the face
As hard as she could

Chicks, man

I don’t know...

Ducks And Rabbits

Look...

There's really only two types of people
Ducks and Rabbits
Trust me on this

DUCKS:
The ducks want things
Anything and everything
For no fuckin' reason at all
Just like Daffy, the duck on TV

RABBITS:
Rabbits just wanna have fun
Anytime and everytime
For no fuckin' reason at all
Just like Bugs, the rabbit on TV

DUCKS:
The ducks like to push the rabbits around
It proves to the ducks that they are right
Ducks are like that
They need to be right all the time
Why is this?
(because deep down the ducks know that they are wrong)
It's Freud or something like that...

RABBITS:
Rabbits like to fuck around with the ducks
Why?
Because it's fun to watch the ducks shit bricks!
That's why!

So there you go
Ducks and Rabbits
And that's all there really...

Oh, shit!

I forgot about the ELMERS!

ELMERS:
Elmers like to kill the ducks and rabbits
With guns and bombs

And all of that stupid shit
Just like Elmer, the guy on TV
Why?
Why do the Elmers want to kill the ducks and rabbits?

Easy...

The Elmers never watch TV
Oh, they look at it
But they don't really watch
They don't learn from it
They don't know how to dream
And that's why the Elmers like to kill the ducks and rabbits because the ducks and rabbits
are dreamers
They're full of dreams
And the Elmers hate dreamers
For the Elmers know not the truth
And here it is
Here's the truth

It's a gift from me to you...

THOSE WHO FAIL TO DREAM
ARE DOOMED TO ONLY SLEEP

And just how do I know that it's the truth?
How can I be sure?

That's easy too...

I'm a rabbit
And I dreamt it.

And if you don't agree with me
And you think I'm full of shit
Then you are a Duck
Or an Elmer
And my theory has just been proven correct

And you are more than welcome to kiss my cotton tailed ass, Doc!

My Sister's Brain

My sister wasn't very smart. It wasn't her fault or anything she was simply not born with a very active brain. Not to say that she was an idiot, she was just a chick with an average intelligence.

Here's an example of her brain:

Let's call her chick "A", okay? And let's say she had two friends, chick "B" and chick "C". When chick A was hanging around with chick B they would they would gossip and talk shit about chick C behind her back and, when chick A was hanging around with chick C they would gossip and talk shit behind chick B's back. Nothing wrong with this of course. It's just chick nature. The thing was though, it never occurred to chick A that when chick B and C were alone they were gossiping and talking shit behind chick A's back. Chick A had no idea that her friends really didn't think that she was very together or that she had the slightest clue about either herself or the world around her.

Pretty strange, huh?

Strange but true, dear reader. Strange but true.

In fact, this could very well apply to your own life.

Your friends might not think that you are anywhere near as together and wonderful as you think you are. They may think you are a fucking headcase and just as much of a pain in the ass as you think they are but they never tell you to your face simply because they are afraid of being whacked in the skull by flying furniture as you tear the room apart screaming that nobody really loves you and you'll show them all a thing or two one of these days, goddamit!

Take a tip from me. If you don't honestly consider the kinds of things that are spoken about you behind your back and realize that you do a lot of really, really stupid things from time to time there's a pretty good chance that you are a total asshole. Having a positive attitude won't change this. Keeping up on your daily affirmations won't change this. Praying to whatever god you believe in and hoping He, She, or It will show you the way and make everything alright won't change this. You have to look at yourself honestly and decide what to do from there or you will stay a total asshole for the rest of your life.

How do I know this?

That's easy! Most people I know think I'm a fucking jerk off who should shut the fuck up now and then and get a fucking life.

They also wonder how I let myself get so goddamn fat and how I can spend so much time alone with my face pressed against a TV screen when there is a whole wide world out

there and I really should grab for that brass ring and what's the deal with those T-shirts and Converse shoes anyway? Weird? His motherfuckin' face should be in the dictionary under the word weird for Christ's sake! SON OF A BITCH! THAT COCKSUCKER REALLY PISSES ME RIGHT THE FUCK OFF SOMETIMES! NO FUCKING SHIT, MAN! I'M TOTALLY SERIOUS ON THIS SHIT! WHAT THE FUCKING FUCK IS WRONG WITH THAT ASSHOLE?

See how easy that was? And, you know what? It doesn't bother me in the least. Why? Because I feel the exact sort of things about them from time to time.

The fucking dorks.

Crack? WHACK!

I think the government must be behind crack. Why else would it be so easy to get a hold of? Besides, I find it hard to believe that some broke jerks are hiding in a house in a bad neighborhood somewhere making the stuff in their bathroom. The main ingredient is cocaine, for Christ's sake! That stuff costs a fortune if you buy it by the gram. What's it cost to make a shitload of crack? Oh...a couple of zillion dollars? I'm not real good with numbers but I bet I'm in the ballpark.

Scoring the stuff is pretty gross too. You pull up on a side street and these rejects from "Return of the Living Dead" amble up to the truck, moaning like zombies, "Less brains. Less brains..." then you make the deal and they hand you a rock. Out of their mouths! No lie! You give them money and they pull a piece of crack out of their mouths and hand it over to you. See...the stuff is compressed so solid that it melts in your pipe and not in your mouth. You could swallow the shit and it wouldn't hurt you. Or so they say. I'm not gonna try it to find out but if you have any beer feel free to give me a call.

I think that if you're caught even holding crack the cops should shatter your kneecaps with a nightstick. It should be mandatory. Crack? Whack! Then, every week they should have these losers as guests on shows like "Oprah" and "DR. Phil". The host would show you a semi-circle of eight or ten of these assholes in leg casts and wheelchairs and go down the line, one by one. "Are you ever going to do crack again?" "Are you fucking serious, Jerry? Look at my legs!" I bet it wouldn't take very long for the next generation of kids to get the idea.

It'd be Pavlov by way of television.

Crack = broken legs and hospital food.

It'd work like a charm.

And another thing while I'm at it:

How come you never see sports heroes doing public service announcements that say, "Kids? Stay in school and learn to read. Look what it did for me!"? Then you'd pull back and see the guy sitting around a pool with a squad of bikini clad babes playing catch with a beach ball in the shallow end as he hits you with a big ass toothy smile and a full on thumbs up. After seeing this three or four times kids would be throwing their TV sets out the window and begging for a trip to the local library.

If you know what I mean.

Tax The Trendy!

screw those dorks!

tax cigarettes

tax cigarettes

tax cigarettes

how about putting a tax on your sacred grande sized coffee?

or those goddamn energy drinks that nobody really needs?

both of which are gonna give your ass a monstro heart attack one of these days?

well...

nobody will EVER tax that shit

know why?

because it's totally fine to be a cranked up money mad suv driving asshole

most people are so it must be a great thing

but those smokers?

fuck them!

(someday someone's gonna get murdered by somebody who was stressed because they couldn't find a butt to light up. and, when the guy wins his court case with the landmark 'smoker's defense' the shit's really gonna start coming down. wait and see, tweakers. wait and see.)

Possible Bumper Stickers

1. i'd rather be laughing
2. honk if i'm in your way
3. my child is fine just the way he is
4. your guru has emotional problems or he wouldn't need to have people pay so much attention to him
5. if you can read this you really should be reading more
6. i voted for blofeld
7. burn your self help books and start helping
8. creativity + boredom = art
9. bumper stickers are pointless

Sun Lite

the sun is roughly 93 million miles from earth.

therefore, when you look to the sun it isn't there anymore. it's where it was about six minutes before you are seeing it. it takes about six minutes for sunlight to reach us. you are actually seeing just the light from the sun. a light that is six minutes old.

it amazes me that there are people who think that they have control over their lives. that if they try hard enough and believe hard enough that they can have anything that they want. that people that can't get the things that they want just don't really want it bad enough. that if everybody felt the same way that they do that the world would be a perfect place.

people that can't really see the sun.

but that think that they do.

Burping

next time you burp
and you say
'pardon me.'
do yourself a favor and run with it for a while
like:

'no! really! pardon me! c'mon, ya prick! pardon me! pardon the fuck outta me! i double
fucking dare you to pardon me, you low class nazi bastard! pardon me or i'll kick the
living fuck outta your sorry ass! what's wrong with you? why don't you just give me a
pardon, for christ's sake? pardon me awready! pardon me! pardon me or die! say it! Say
It!! SAY IT!!!'

then smash a lamp against a wall and fall to the floor screaming as if insane

if you really commit to the moment
it would be very funny

i promise...

Wrong

you know the biggest bummer about dealing with people who have trouble with ever being wrong? you can never address the fact that they have trouble with ever being wrong. which is actually kind of strange. i mean, if you mention that they have trouble with ever being wrong wouldn't they tend to agree with you? you know, so that they'll look like they're right?

i think it was art linkletter who said it best when he said, "People are fucked."

wasn't that art linkletter?

i dunno for sure.

maybe i'm wrong...

The Eloi Blues

(a song)

“3, 5, 7, 9!

The siren blow and they fall in line!”

My old lady is an Eloi

She gots that pure white skin

I say my old lady is an Eloi

Gots that pure white skin

When she smile I lose my senses

Don't know what time zone I'm in

Well, my baby is an Eloi

Just hang around all day

You know, my baby is an Eloi

She hang around all day

When she kiss me I go crazy

I don't know what to say

(middle eight)

Well, my woman is an Eloi

Looks like Yvette Mimieux

I say, my woman is an Eloi

Looks like Yvette Mimieux

You know, she's just meat for the Morlocks

I don't know what to do

The Meaning Of Life

i know what you want
i know what you need
i'm your uncle cat
i'm a pisces
i'm a genius
i'm a artist

you want to know the meaning of life
you want to know what it all means
you want true enlightenment

well

you want it
you got it

THERE IS NO SUCH THING

once you get that down you've got it all

can we move on now?

Old People

i have come to the conclusion that old people don't really have trouble hearing. what they have trouble doing is paying attention. if you say something they never try to understand you WHILE you are talking. they wait until you have finished and then say, 'What?', so you have to say the whole fucking thing over again. they never say, "What was that about the soap dish?" or, "How much do you need for the paper boy?". they never 'what?' you followed by the last few words that you say. they make you say the whole goddamn thing twice. more often than not while the TV is blasting some shit thing like court TV or fucking 'cops'.

and why do they watch those shit shows? because if they watched movies or old sitcoms they'd have to pay attention so it would make sense.

see how it all fits together?

so...

what are we suposta do about this?

'easy question to answer, gang.

the next time you have to talk to an old person say something totally stupid first. like, "The cod fish have stolen my wristwatch." or, "Satan called and he wants your knee socks." or maybe, if you really feel bold, "I'm having an affair with the poodle next door and we're thinking of naming the first child after you."

then, when they say, "What?", you can talk about the thing that you wanted to talk about in the first place. and they'll listen just fine, exactly like they would if you had said the same thing twice.

see?

i told you the answer was easy.

not only will you not think about beating the living shit out of old people (at least not as often) you'll also have something to giggle about while you're alone in the bathroom. don't think of it as being cruel. think of it as performance art. and remember, a lack of art can kill.

fucking old people, man.

i bet if you stuck a gun in some old windbag's fucking face they'd hear you just fine and goddamn dandy.

Doorways To Dumbness

how fucking stupid do you have to be to stand in a doorway while you're talking to somebody?

like
i have nothing better to do than say

'excuse me. i need to get through here.'

or

'coming through, please!'

or

'HEY, ASSHOLE! GET THE FUCKING FUCK OUT OF THE FUCKING
DOORWAY!'

you'd think that at some point pavlov would kick in and that a candle flame would ignite
in their tiny little minds and they would think

'stand in doorway bad. me move from way.'

but no!

these dipshits never learn to take an extra three steps
three little steps!
what the fuck?

you know what i think these fucktards need?

a bit of the old ultra violence
a tolchock to the bleeding gulliver
fucking negative reinforcement

next time
ball up your fist up real tight and popeye punch these assholes in the ear as hard as you
can and when they're laying on the carpet in a fetal heap scream at them in a shrill voice

'SORRY! YOU WERE STANDING IN THE DOORWAY AND WHEN YOU STAND
IN THE DOORWAY OTHER PEOPLE CAN'T GET PAST YOU! IN THIS CASE
YOU WOULD, IN FACT MAKE A BETTER WINDOW THAN A FUCKING DOOR!
WATCH THAT SHIT IN THE FUTURE, ASSHOLE!'

yeah

it'd be a bummer thing to do

at first

but

after about the eighteenth time

i bet those morons clear the fuck out of your way whenever they even think about you

psych 101?

make friends with it, gang

But...

of course
i couldn't really ever hurt anybody
sometimes
it's just kind of soothing
to think about that stuff

like
'if i whack that fuck in the back of the skull with that giant ass jug of mazola oil i could
be next in line. i'd probably make it to the parking lot by november and everything.'

or
'she ate my last doughnut. guess i'll drop kick her ass off the fucking roof. fair is fair, you
know? i mean, we ARE talking krispy-kreme here.'

or
'hmmmmmmmm... is it still against the law to park a car on some lunkhead's fat fucking
neck or did that revenge thing get voted in last time? i was killing poodles for satan that
day.'

see?

i feel better already...

Stone Cold Crazy

one of the worse things you can say to someone who's totally out of their fucking mind is, 'you know you're out of your fucking mind, right?'.
.

know why?

because the insane are always the last ones to know.

this can be applied to other areas as well...

Life (as yard sale)

um...

when you die your life becomes a yard sale
all the stuff that you thought was so important
is just stuff
average people wade through it
as they wait to die
and make it happen
all over again

love people
forgive others
try to understand
go for the zen
give stuff away
give love away
make art
be rude
have fun
kick ass
that's what really counts
nothing else matters

trust me on this

i saw it happen...

Midgets

You know, if you're driving around and you spot a midget through the window it's almost impossible to tell how tall they are. Unless they're standing next to a mail box or something. You have got to have that point of reference or you're just fucked out of luck, man.

Read This

some people listen to n.p.r. everyday
and they believe whatever they hear
they hang out with people who do the same
and they all agree
and it feels good

some people watch network news everyday
and they believe whatever they hear
they hang out with people who do the same
and they all agree
and it feels good

but

if all you read are western novels
all you are going to know about are western novels
and when other people talk about vonnegut
you won't know what they are talking about

not having knowledge of something
doesn't make you more correct
in your assumptions
it only means that you should learn more...

Party

i can't really think of a perfect party that i ever attended

and i mean Perfect

one where the room was spinning in just the right way

and all the colors were just right

and the music was exactly what it should have been

and the moment froze in my head like an imax frame

sounds and smells included

one of those moments that you smile about when you're not listening to somebody

and they ask what you're thinking

and you say "nothing"

one of those parties

maybe that's what i'm really looking for

in some ways

maybe we all are

Supermarket 2

Have you ever been in a supermarket and you had to step around some bonehead who's standing there with a cell phone asking whoever is on the other end what type of milk he's supposed to buy?

Do you know why that happened?

Because the guy owns a cell phone and now he doesn't have to remember things like types of milk anymore. All he has to do is call and ask.

I think that technology might be a bad thing in the hands of average people.

Then again, I know how to write a grocery list.

Supermarket 3

overheard at the supermarket:

"well... i'd rather not see a movie at all than watch it on vhs."

and my first thought was "does this guy vote?"

let's say... you know, i'm pretty artsy and i love movies so i'm gonna run with this one for a mo. let's say you go to somebody's house and there's a movie playing on the tv. a really good one. like "clockwork orange", or "some like it hot", or "godzilla vs. megalon", or something and you haven't seen it in a long time and you say, "ooh! i love this movie!". you sit down and start grooving on it and, in passing somebody says, "i can't wait to find this on dvd. it's got extra stuff and everything."

what do you do?

get up and leave rather than suffer through the pain and sorrow of sitting through a vhs?

if you answer "yes" to this question you don't know scratch about cinema, you don't know anything about art, and you should go grab a cookie and a nap while the grown-ups are talking.

Zombi 2

A friend posted a couple of caps in her net journal from a movie called "zombie 2", where a zombie fights a shark!

Yes!

That's right!

A ZOMBIE FIGHTS A FUCKIN' SHARK!!!

'know what?

You can take your "Who wants to be a heroin freak and finger barf backstage at a fashion show?" and "America's next artless pop robot who's working for the man", and "lemme fuck a rich guy so my friends will be impressed with me because i don't really understand love" and shove them up your ass!

Fuck reality TV!

I want fantasy TV!

I wanna see sharks vs. zombies!

I wanna see vampires bowling!

I wanna see werewolves driving monster trucks!

WAIT!!!

a zombie bites a shark and it turns into a zombie shark and it attacks a beach in the summer and it bites a bunch of hot chicks who hitch hike on monster trucks driven by werewolves who crash into a bowling alley full of vampires and the building explodes and everybody dies except for the hot blond zombie beach chick (played by kaley cuoco) who loses her clothes and walks around slowly under the fire sprinklers for twenty minutes while soft jazz saxophone music plays and i ruin yet another pair of tube socks (if you know what i mean).

THAT'S ENTERFUCKINGTAINMENT!!!

Kids

back when i was a kid i did all kinds of things that i wasn't supposed to do. shoplifted, joy rode in stolen cars, ditched school and got real drunk and danced around the living room naked while blasting alice cooper, dropped acid, played around with heroin, the list is almost endless. these days i don't do any of that stuff anymore.

well...

i still get real drunk and blast alice cooper but now i dance sitting on a couch fully clothed.

the point being: i did stupid things, learned that they were stupid, and then stopped. IT'S JUST MY OPINION HERE but i think doing wrong things are a part of life. my parents didn't have a thing to do with it. they were "oldtimers" and "didn't understand" myself or my friends or our modern life style. what did they know?

sure.

there are things that you should watch out for but maybe not all the time.

i'm really pissed off at this pc world that we live in. this idea that if we get rid of all the "bad" things everything will be fine. kids raised like that are going to grow up to be assholes that can't stand waiting in line, litter because it's too far to walk to the trash can, and think that just because they are on a cell phone that everybody else should shut up.

they're going to be so "special" that they suck at being actual.

Drinks

can we stop with the high energy drinks now?

how about some calm the fuck down drinks?

i wouldn't mind having a couple of cases of that stuff on hand at all times.

Bus

i sit on busses and i see, out the window
all kinds of people running this way and that
they often tell me, "hey! be one of us people!"
i'm not a people i'm a fat cartoon cat

i sit on couches and i see, on my tv
all kinds of people screaming this stuff and that
i often hear them screaming, "buy this, you people!"
i don't have credit so to me it's chit chat

who do you when
what you did way back then? and
why should you cry
when you maybe soon die? and
where do you look
if it's by hook or crook? and
try first then buy
cuz it might be a lie

i sit on benches and i see, passing by me
all kinds of people looking this way and that
i see them looking, they say, "wow! check out that thing!"
"it's bright and shiney and it beats what i have!"

who do you when
what you did way back then? and
why should you cry
when you maybe soon die? and
where do you look
if it's by hook or crook? and
try first then buy
cuz it might be a lie

who do you when
what you did way back then? and
why should you cry
when you maybe soon die? and
where do you look
if it's by hook or crook? and
try first then buy
cuz it might be a lie

Wallpaper

alright, let's mambo, kids...

you know, a lot of people are pretty good with photoshop. i know this is true because i'm not bad myself. i'm no god or anything. there's a lot of stuff that i don't know how to do but i pretty much rock at an upper medium level. i've got a book and all but i'm just too lazy to crack the thing open. well, maybe "too busy" is more like it. i've got this huge writer's block so i can't finish my novel, for example. i'm thinking i'll blow off the guilt of that and just write the screenplay first. naw, you're not gonna like it. it'll be a film instead of a movie. besides, nobody really likes "angora" anyway. don't worry. if i get the screenplay finished a lot of you will get an acrobat copy. just be ready to have it sit around on your hard drive for years.

i'm also busy trying to get the hang of cool edit so i can pull the radio show together. truth be told, i'm nine cuts into my first actual cd. i'm sitting around the house one day and it dawns on me, "fuck! i'm a record company! i outta do something about that!"

do you have a burner?

then check this shit out:

YOU'RE A RECORD COMPANY TOO!!!

get some programs, get off your ass, and make a fucking cd! can you make music? what are you waiting for? got a microphone? talk into it! read poetry, make answer machine messages, bitch about that fucking asshole and/or raving psycho bitch that really fucked the shit out of your life. did your parents sell crack so the CIA could afford guns and tanks for some weekend long war that nobody knows about? spill them beans! are you a nasty lil' girl who masturbates a lot? record your voice and send it to me! NOW!!! i'd love to hear all about it! throw in some pictures and some underwear and i'll make you a wallpaper or two.

and

speaking of wallpaper

(see how i did that? i got back on track with a lame (half) joke about underwear. yeah. i write. i can do stuff like that.)

why does every goddamn wallpaper in the world have text on it? i mean, i get some cool ass picture of marilyn monroe and it says "MARILYN MONROE" on it in giant fucking letters! no shit? is that her name? good thing you included that on the wallpaper or i'd have no idea who i'm looking at! thanks, mr. knowledge! what the fucking fuck? it's marilyn monroe for christ's sake! if you don't know what marilyn monroe looks like you shouldn't have her on your desktop!

you know what i love most about warhol's tomato soup cans? the fact that it says "A TOMATO SOUP CAN" across the top in giant fucking white letters. that's art!

ooh!

and "a clockwork orange"? it's one of the most perfect films ever made and you know the best part? it says "A FILM" in huge motherfucking block letters from the start to the end! right over the camera shots! that's why kubrick was a god, kids!

here's a big fucking clue for you guys: a lot of art is knowing when to stop. being able to say, "you know what? i'm not going to make my wallpaper like everybody else's wallpaper. i'm gonna stop with the photoshop before i look like a total fucking moron. i'm gonna get the image just right and then i'm gonna grab a snickers and a nap." that's what art is, breaking stupid rules and kicking ass.

you can apply this to your life too but you prob'ly wont.

Positive Schmositive

what is positive?

whatever you believe in.

what is not?

whatever you don't.

i should give up the ramones, stephen king, and zombie movies because you don't have a total sense of art and/or humor?

blow me.

let's say i was going to get a movie made and i said to you, "here's five thousand dollars. i wannna make a cast of your head and blow the fucker up with fake blood and fake brains in it and we're gonna use a ramones tune when it happens."

would you do it?

if you would take a lesson.

if you wouldn't you are full of shit.

let's move on from there...

Everybody

everybody vomits
everybody shits
everybody sneezes
everybody farts
everybody lies
everybody makes mistakes

we're all just people. until we own up to our faults and calm the fuck down we will never be special. we will be a bunch of assholes who waste time talking about how special we are.

people who are so afraid of actually taking chances that we never do anything but agree, and, therefore never really learn anything.

fuck that noise...

Bite Me

you know those people?
the ones that can't really like something if you love it?
they say things like
well
that's something that you're into
like your fanship has somehow ruined it?
the same people that get really hurt
and then pissed off if you don't like something that they love?
like it's some personal attack or something?
like your love of the book 'blue movie' is pointless
and
if you were really cool
you'd be reading books written at a high school level
like 'illusions'
or something like that?
and
since their boyfriend
or sister
or best friend from college feels the same way
it's further proof that you're a loser?

like:
when i first got an on line journal i told everyone how great it is but nobody wanted one
and now, since i think that my space sucks i'm a jerk?

screw those visionless robots...

It's Still Just Typing

i think that i should point out
once again
that
what would text being flat and without tone there is a good chance
at any given time
that what you think you are reading into something written might be wrong
and that
when you are wrong it's your fault
and a learning experience

(much like this post)
(which wasn't written about you)
(i have much better things to do in life that waste time making you feel bad)
(you sick, paranoid, deluded, martyr, dip shit, childish, loser-fuck)

take it like a grown up and move on to whatever is happening next

high school is over
and this is real life

fuck you very much...

That Pointless Paris Hilton Piece

at what point exactly did it become obvious that she was a whore?
was it that cover story in 'big fucking whore monthly'?
that interview on the tonight show where she said to jay leno, 'well, in my spare time i'm
a whore.'
maybe it was that time you gave her money for sex and said, 'thanks, you huge stinking
whore!'?

know what i think?

i think you heard some dip shit hanging around the water cooler at work
or some skank at the lunch table
quoting some stupid joke
and that hundredth monkey thing kicked in
and then
whenever you were reminded of her
the first thing that kicked in
was the thought
'whore'
it's pavlov for the trendies
and i refuse to play

again
she might be a raving bitch and a full on idiot
i have no idea
i don't know her personally
but
does having a scumbag ex-boyfriend that sells a private tape make someone a whore?

calm the fuck down

it's only the media
and
the hundredth monkey
only has an average intelligence

Another Great Idea

you know what i think would be a great idea? having a guy on the news that asks questions. wouldn't that be amazing?

'and now, with the big questions, our own wally carlson. wally?'

'well, the president said this and the governor said that and congress said something else. the big question this week? who gives a shit? i mean, none of that chatter really has anything to do with you so whatever, am i right? back to you, steve.'

'thanks, wally. truer words were never spoken. now let's go to the sports desk.'

you may say i'm a dreamer but i'm not the...

hmmmm...

maybe i am the only one.

All You Need Is An Empty Soul

i honestly feel that any company that would even consider using the song 'all you need is love' in their ad campaign should be blown up, rebuilt, and blown up again. and, when they got to hell the people who work for them should be kicked in the nuts over and over and over again for the rest of whatever. yeah. i know what you're thinking. what about the women? they should be assigned nuts and then have them kicked over and over and over again for the rest of whatever. oh! and their children should be forced to watch.

Supermarket 5

the folks who shop at my local supermarket amaze me. it's like picking up food at a mental hospital.

you're aware, of course that there are actually people that think that if they get mad at you it's because you're an asshole and that they shouldn't have to deal with that negativity. you shouldn't bring their reality down to that low a level. you should stop invading their space.

they also think that if you are mad at them it's because you are an asshole and that they shouldn't have to deal with that kind of negativity. you really shouldn't bring their reality down to that low a level. there's no need for finger pointing.

'know what i call these people?

that's right

assholes

and their parents?

assholes

isn't it strange how everything ties together?

Zoology

Look:

It's not pronounced "zoo-ology"

It's pronounced "zo-ology"

How do i know this?

Because it's not spelled "zoology"

You stupid fucks...

And now the news:

Madonna played to a sell out crowd in Los Angeles tonight. The none too good looking ex-professional boy's masturbation fantasy and wanky ass pop star said, "While it's true that I am richer than all of creation I'm so fucked in the head that I still need attention from people that I don't actually know in person." She then added, in a very phony English accent, "Know what I mean, gov?" Twenty minutes after making that statement she was shot in the face by someone who the police didn't bother trying to contain, figuring the world would now be a much better place. They were right. She is now dead. We'll have more on this story just as soon as the three people left who give a shit bother calling the station and asking us for it.

Hitting My Head On The Ironyboard

i just knocked over a flashlight
it hit the floor and broke open
scattering the batteries under the desk

i can only see one of them

it's odd
the one thing i need to look for the battery
is lost under my desk

that's my life, gang
the whole mother fucker in a nutshell...

Christ On A Crutch!

so...

either christ was married or he wasn't

(if he even existed in the first place)

who gives a shit?

what's the dif?

so fucking what?

who said that if you're the son of god you can't be married?

i don't remember ever hearing that. how does that work? if you're the son of god and you say, "I do.", does your head explode or something? was christ like rumpelstiltskin? could you get rid of him with a word trick?

it's like getting in a debate about his shoe size:

"If he had size 12 1/2 feet he could walk on water and, therefore he was the son of god. But, if his feet were size 10 or smaller his feet wouldn't cover as much of the water's surface and he would sink, proving that he was a human."

of course he was a human.

if he wasn't he'd still be hanging on a cross waiting to die.

why can't you be the son of god and still be human? he ate food, didn't he? he slept, and woke up, and bled when he was cut. what does that tell you?

shouldn't they be talking about what the guy SAID?

i think that if you read any of those books you should do yourself a favor and read one of the books about how none of that stuff is true. you know, just to be on the safe side?

you shouldn't believe something just because everybody else does.

trendys are suckers and fashion is for followers.

back about a gerzillion years ago people thought that the world was the center of the universe.

in fact, if you didn't believe it you were killed. as it turned out, those folk were wrong.

there was this book once called "chariots of the gods". it was about how space people have been visiting us since the cave days. many people thought that it was true. it WAS in a book and all. as it turned out, it was all a bunch of crap that a guy wrote so he could sell a lot of books.

most people thought that it was a great idea to send a shitload of our young people over to some sandy place to kill a bunch of bad guys. if you didn't believe that it was a good idea you were called an unamerican...

i think you can see what i'm getting at here

use your mind

or

don't

me?

i have to see the movie because ron howard directed it and tom hanks is in it. i just saw a clip though and i seriously doubt that the painting of the mona lisa has a secret message on it that you can only see with a black light.

other than that, the painting of the last supper has an "M" in it if you squint and trace the outline of some of the figures sitting at one side of the table. that "M" is proof that he was married.

HUH?

who the fuck says?

maybe it stands for "Mercury" and we should all run out and buy a car.

or "Merlot". he liked wine, right? 'even turned water into it.

what's the latin word for "married"?

does it even start with an "M"?

maybe it does.

i don't know.

but, it looks like a very badly scrawled "M" if you ask me. it looks like some dipshit is making something up and is reaching real hard to prove it.

what about the other side of the painting? what letter can you find there? and what would it stand for if you did find one?

i don't care about the book.

and i think i'm gonna laugh real hard during the movie...

Total Babes

it must be a real bummer to be a total babe
you know
to look like
jennifer tilly
gina gershon
or
tara reid
or whatever

"i'm sorry but you aren't allowed in here."

"really? check out my cleavage."

"fuck! i'm sorry! what was i thinking? go right on in. help yourself to anything you want
and, if you'd like to kill the president or anything i'll be sure to say that i never saw you.
oh! um...do you need any money?"

god
us guys are dumb...

People Who Should Be Shot

Oh, man!

Some people really piss me off.
Like, people who say 'man-aise' for example.
What the fuck is wrong with these assholes?

It's not 'man-aise', it's 'mayonnaise' for cryin' out loud!

It's a French word!
It's prob'ly pronounced 'may-oh-naise-eee' or 'may-oh-naz-ah' or some shit.
That's a big pain in the ass through, so here in America we say 'may-naise'.

People who say 'man-aise' ought to be killed to fucking death!
They should be fucking shot in the kneecaps!

Say you go into a deli and you don't want any of the white creamy stuff.
What do you say?
Do you say, "hold the 'man-oh'."?
No! You sure as fuck don't!
You say, "hold the 'may-oh'."

Why?
Because it's short for 'may-oh-naise'
That's why!

Suppose you don't want any of the yellow stuff.
What do you say then?
"Hold the 'man-stard'."?
No! You don't!
There's no such thing as 'man-stard'!
It's 'mus-tard' and 'may-naise' you dim bulb motherfuckers!
Get a grip and get out of my face or I'll kill you!

Fuck!

These assholes prob'ly drink Coors Light too!
I hate Coors Light!
Coors light?
Gimme a break!
What?
Like a regular Coors is too strong for these people?

"Gee? I like a can of Coors now and then but that aftertaste! Yow!?"

Silver bullet?

How'd you like a silver bullet in your fuckin' chest?

Ball Park franks too!

They plump when you cook 'em?

Big fucking deal!

The ads don't say a goddamn thing about how they taste, man!

All they say is that they plump when you cook 'em.

What does that mean, anyway?

Does that mean that some schmuck at the Ball Park factory beams more hot dog into your hot dog when you heat them up?

I don't fucking think so!

I think that the water in them makes them expand when they get hot!

That's what I fucking think!

And those low fat Oreo's?

Fuck you!

Don't even get me started with those low fat Oreo's!

If you can't handle a fucking regular Oreo now and then, it's time to end your fucking life!

You pussied out, post yuppie motherfuckers!

Fuck fucking you!

You wanna know what's wrong with this country?

Have a Ball Park frank with some 'man-aise' on it, wash it down with a Coors Light, pound a couple of low fat Oreo's, and give me a call.

I'll tell you what's wrong with this fuckin' country...

Truth

Alright...

Lemme get this totally straight

If we all believe in something it'll come true, right?

All we have to do is believe in it hard enough? Just be positive?

Well...

I don't know if you've noticed

But...

The emperor has no clothes!

He's naked

And fat

And I have no desire to see his dick flopping around

Fuck positive

You can believe anything you want

But

As for me?

Gimme truth any day of the week

It sets me free

My Peace Prize

oh, man!

i just had a great idea!

seriously!

check this shit out

i mean

i should get a nobel peace prize offa this motherfucker

check it out

famous people should do public service announcements

wherein they say

"Hi! I famous and you know what? I masturbate. You should too!"

i bet there'd be a lot less suicide

and people joining cults

and drug users

and murder

and war

yeah

i rule

i know

i know

i fucking know...

Fish

My dad was the kind of guy who would spend more than the cost of dinner on a fishing pole hoping that he could catch enough fish in his lifetime to make the cost...um...work out in his favor. He wasn't a very spiritual guy, he was a moron who actually thought that "the system" could be beaten if he could just figure out "all the angles" and latch on to the "right one".

Back in the very late fifties he drug me to the Santa Monica pier on just such a fishing trip. I was about three or four years old at the time. I seriously doubt I was even into TV Guide at the time.

We sat on an edge of the pier and cast our lines into the wind. Somehow (and I don't even remember this) I reeled in a fish that was roughly the size of a nice "sammich".

There was another kid about my age, bored to death as he hung out with a father who was about the same age as mine. Another asshole who was hell-bent on "beating the system" just like my father was. This poor kid didn't catch a fish and his dad was more than a bit peeved at this. Fucking fathers, man. You got me on that one. His kid was a fucking KID for Christ's sake.

This kid's dad kind of laid into him. "Geezuz! Can't you even catch a fucking fish?", that whole vibe, so I reached into my dad's bucket and gave the poor little fucker the fish that I had caught. He and his dad were amazed and both got real happy real fast, the whole point of life (at least in that moment) being "FISH!!!!" and not at all connected to real life at all.

My dad smiled and "let things slide", saying something sage like, "Kids? What you gonna do?" and let the dad and the now happy kid stalk off into the night.

On the way home he threw the fucking book at me and called me a pussy. Many, many, many times.

This is how I deal with my friends. Both in real life and on line. I give away my fish.

It's left up to you to figure out what I mean by this. I'm not a professor. I'm an asshole with a ton of fish and it's up to you to pick out the bones.

Yo, chicks!

i'm not really good with numbers but i figure this whole tattoo on your lower back and sticking rivets in your tits thing is gonna be pretty much out of style in about three days or so. i mean, that's shit's just about to be exactly as hip as wearing spock ears and dancing to 'hammertime'.

why not do yourself a favor, stop fucking your body up now, and beat the rush?

if some twinkie tells you, 'you should do it! it'd be soooooooooo cute!', just smile and say, 'what is this? 1999?'. really.

stand up for yourself.

trends are for sheep.

the next big thing?

just being pretty.

trust me
i'm psychic...

Bring The Boys Down South

I've got a great idea

why don't we get the hell out of Iraq
invade Mexico
turn it into a state
clean it up
and tax the fuck out of those people?

there's got to be oil there somewhere

besides
if we had a war the soldiers could go home on the weekends

why am I the only one who thinks of this stuff?

Flick This!

ever meet someone
and they seem really cool
getting along
and everything
and then you notice that their bic lighter still has the warning sticker on it
and you just want to smack them in the fucking head with an end table?

i mean
if you swung it up from the floor you could really get a lot of power on that downward
arc

i hate that...

Beach Blanket Life Lesson

it's summer in california
frankie and annette are together
right?
everything's great

and

then
this other chick shows up on the beach
she's new
she ROCKS!
everybody thinks so
even frankie

so frankie thinks
"whoo-ah! whatta babe!"

and

he strays from annette
he's got thighs in his eyes
(that whole darwinian thing going on)

so

he strays
annette finds out
it don't take long

and

she strays too
she starts to hang out with another guy
"i'll show that frankie, goddamnit!"
she's just being a chick

so

about 90 minutes later
they get back together
they learn that love is all that matters
that they were both wrong
that the most important thing is to be true

be honest and everything will be okay
love is the REAL THING
anything else is crap
don't be a dick
or a bitch

and

your world will work out fine

sure

it's just life on the beach

but

why waste it?

and that is really all you need to know...

Bells Are Ringing

i love people who don't believe in psychology
like pavlov was a moron or something
damn!
those fuckers really make me laugh...

What Am I Doing?

I'm tearing up this PC bullshit

I'm fucking with the safety of lies

I'm pointing out deception

I'm raping the political body

I'm setting your mind on fire

I'm punching out your mother

I'm spitting on your father

I'm throwing babies into the air and letting them hit the ground

I'm a pimp of truth, bitch

I'm ants in your pants

I'm serving up meat for Morlocks

I'm Actually This Crazy

"The First Animated Church (of everything) or F.A.C.(e.)"

1)

It's my opinion that every holy book or idea can be summed up in two simple words: "Be Cool" (think about it). As this is the case I don't really feel that anyone needs to know anything else. All one has to do is remember to "Be Cool". This is the be all and end all of "The Church".

2)

There are no dues to pay, no humans that you have to persecute, and I am not a boss or leader. I'm just the asshole who thought of this one night while rather stoned. There is also nothing else that you have to read or study, what is in your eyes right now is all you need. You also only have to be as cool as you are capable of. Just do what you can. That is all anyone CAN do, right?

3)

The abbreviation of the church's title is pronounced "fay-saw", extremely bad French for the word "face".

4)

Seeing as to how every church should have a logo here's the one I came up with: the two words "Be Cool". It should be on a T-shirt, printed upside down. So that, if you are in a tense or volatile situation and you find yourself confused, all you have to do is look down and read your shirt. To my mind the letters should be in a simple white font on a black shirt but you are free to use whatever style or colors you'd like.

5)

Making fun of somebody else's shirt is fucked up and, therefore "Not Cool" (maybe they don't have a lot of money). If someone copyrights this idea and sells shirts for profit they are fucked up and "Not Cool".

6)

If you'd rather you could wear a button that says "Be Cool" upside down and refer to that. Profits made on these would be pretty fucked up as well.

7)

Then again...you don't really have to do anything.

8)

Or give a flying fuck about what you have just read.

9)

Do whatever you think is cool. Just as long as it is really what is in your heart.

10)

That's all there is to it.

Some Lame Ass Back Story

About a bazillion years ago the Earth cooled. This was a good thing. If it hadn't we'd all be jumping up and down a lot and screaming about our feet more often than we do now. The air would also hurt our lungs and there wouldn't be any clean water.

Can you imagine living in a world like that? I just barely can and I have a rather colorful history of drug usage.

There were these pools of water laying around back then and, through some electro-chemical process that I don't have a lot of knowledge about these tiny fishy things came to life. Chemistry tends to vex me on a daily basis. If you take some motor oil and lemonade and toss in some cotton balls you get retsin? How does that work? I mean, there can only be a finite number of chemicals, right? How the hell do those research guys come up with new ones? I had a chemistry set once and if I mixed up a bunch of stuff all I ever ended up with was a tube of blackish slop. I just don't understand it in the slightest.

This may tend to explain why I write. I may be trying to understand things.

Ah, well...

Whatever...

Some weeks later dinosaurs stalked both the surface of the Earth and each other. These were dangerous times for the more fragile life forms who were mainly walking snacks and sandwiches for these dinosaurs. The whole world was a giant Burger King and you didn't have to deal with money.

One day a chunk of what was basically iridium zipped through space, got caught in the Earth's orbit, and smacked into the ground with a resounding boom. The impact of this smack and boom caused a huge cloud of dust to blanket the sky, blocking out the rays of the sun and making things rather chilly for the dinosaurs and snacks that lived here. The plants died, the plant eaters died, and the meat eaters followed suit rather quickly.

Things were looking bad.

However, some of those snacks had fur coats and they hid out in little caves and hollows and rode this badness out. They kept warm, ate when they could, and had a lot of little furry snack sex.

Such is life.

These little furry things evolved and after spending a couple of years in the trees they lost their tails and walked tall on the ground. Cave people had arrived.

Now...

I don't know about you but I would have made a lousy caveman. Most of my leisure time would have been spent crawling around nearsighted looking for something to read. I doubt my tribe would have been into my sense of humor either. Some burly cavedude would have crushed my head with a rock just to shut my ass up. "Yeah. He was an asshole and now we don't have to hear his fucking whiney voice! What's for lunch?"

I'm not real hot with history but, if I remember right those guys and gals didn't even have Dr. Pepper! Barbaric? Don't get me started! Have you ever seen a TV Guide from back then? They weigh in at about seven thousand pounds. You had to do the crossword puzzle with a hammer a chisel. And if you made a mistake you were just fucked and that was all there was to it, man.

But enough about me...

Somehow the more aggressive caveman tribes grew up in what is now known as Europe. These were serious hunter/gatherers who just had to have more. And more. And still more after that. They built ships and crossed oceans and got to work setting up what is now known as The East Coast. Not content with that they pulled this thing called "Manifest Destiny" out of a hat and moved west, hacking their way through viscous plant life and a few million Indians. Once they got to The Pacific Ocean they chugged Margaritas, beat the living shit out of a bunch of Mexicans, and said, "Wow! If we had some well built blonde women here we could make television and movies! Let's do it!"

So they did.

This sort of wanderlust still pretty much exists even to this day. Tons of people who really have no business being here move to Los Angeles every month. They seek fame and fortune in what is sometimes called "Show Business" (although other times it's referred to by it's more rightful name: "A Motherfucking Pain In The Ass"). These people don't kill each other or anything (not too much anyway) but they do play their stupid little schoolyard games with each other and make life a big old bummer for those of us who were born here and really just want to tell stories and get paid for it.

Oops!

My bitterness is showing!

Sorry about that!

Anyway...

Some people moved here from other places to try to carve a life for themselves and set about finding meaning in the face of their assorted neurosis.

We all want love and good things right?

And there's really nothing wrong with that at all.

You know.

Unless you're a total asshole or something.

Seeing Orange

It's been going on for years, man.
The age old question.
Is the glass half-empty?
Or is the glass half full?
We all want to know the answer, we all want to know.
We all have opinions but we can't be sure.

Me?

What do I think?

I think the glass is half-empty.

I also think that if you look around you just might find a faucet. And there may be some ice in the freezer. Look in the refrigerator. Is that a bottle of 7-up? And over there, on the shelf, I think I see a bottle of bourbon! Wow! There's a bag of Doritos on the table and somebody has left out a bowl of salsa!

Too cool!
I love this place!
Where's the stereo?

Yep!

That's what I think.
That's me.
I've got a jaundiced eye and I'm looking through rose colored glasses.

I'm seeing everything in orange.

The S. Effect

He sat at the motor lodge bar
Drinking
And smoking his brains out

A guy sat next to him
Offered his hand
A salesman from Sheboygan

Both said hello
Bought each other drinks
Joked about sports

And presidents
And cars
And such

At one point
The talk turned to women
And the problems that pop up with them
When you least expect it

The salesman laughed

And told him a story

"I don't really know how it happened. Nope, not me. Not really. I'm not very good with real life. She was a blonde, I do know that much, and a babe to boot. Matching collar and cuffs. The whole deal, man. Hooo-weee! A total dollface, that's for sure."

"She met another guy and caught a plane to dreamland or whatever. I guess he was a better hunter/gatherer than I was, you know? Fuckin' life, man! Don't ask me. All I know is movies. Yeah, life is kind of like a movie. Takes too long for stuff to happen though, no fades or lap dissolves. There was a time when you didn't have music anywhere you wanted but the Japanese invented the Walkman and that was the end of that problem. One down, Etc..."

"The babe left. Busted my ass up pretty bad, if you catch my riff. Spent a whole lot of time curled up in a ball on the bathroom floor cryin' all four of my eyes out, bad news time and all like that. Woulda just got drunk and stayed there but I lost my job too. It was a very shitty month. The sort of thing that turns quiet guys into psycho killers and makes heroin such a popular way to spend your free time."

"One night: I'm done, man. This shit has got to end. The floor is really talking my bones into all new states of pain. Besides, now and then somebody will knock on the bathroom

door, "Hey, man! Ya wanna snap it up in there? I had Mexican for lunch!" Then I have to wipe my eyes and act like everything's okay, "sorry about that. I was reading the new TV Guide, Lemme know when you're done. I gots to finish the crossword puzzle, bla bla bla..." I can't take this hurting any longer. Must pull my stuff together, you understand."

"I start to work it out in my head. Why does this happen? Why do relationships fall apart? Who's the blame for crap like this? After a couple of days the thoughts jell and I figure it out. Shall I tell you? Would you like to know?"

" 'The process of natural selection in conjunction with the second law of thermodynamics'. That's it man. That why it all crumbles. That's why shit like that falls apart."

"There was this guy a long time ago. He was a doctor or a writer, some shit like that. His name was Darwin and he said that women tend to seek out strong and dominate males in order to propagate, to reproduce, and keep their species alive. Chicks dig big, strong, bad ass guys with shitloads of cold hard cash. They can't really help it, it's in their DNA. It's called the process of natural selection. Oh, and guys do it too. That's part of why guys like big tits."

"Also there was this other guy, I don't who the fuck he was but he discovered entropy."

"Let's say you've got s nice ice cold glass of Dr Pepper sitting on your coffee table and you get tired and leave it there when you go to bed. In the morning you wake up and what do you have? You've got a flat glass of warm brown crap, that what you have. The soda has fallen from the cool goodness to the harsh badness. That's entropy, man, things collapse. Entropy is the second law of thermodynamics."

"And that all you need to know. The process of natural selection in conjunction with the second law of thermodynamics. It's my own theory. I call it "the shithouse effect" for short. The other person's ass is always greener and most things fall apart anyway. It's not her fault and it wasn't mine either. So I got up off the floor and grabbed the remote control and got the fuck on with my life."

"Now so can you."

He slapped the salesman on the back
Offered him a smoke
And told him how he understood

How he had been there as well
How women are nothing but trouble

But...

What can you do?
Take up knitting?
Build ships in bottles?
Maybe go homo?

Real guy talk stuff
He shoved some quarters in the jukebox
Played some old R and B
Called the bartender over
And bought a couple more doubles

It was time to move on to the knock knock jokes

Ho-hum

she said: "i think a woman should be able to breast feed wherever she wants."

i said: "why?"

she said: "because it's a beautiful, natural, wonderful thing."

i said: "then i should be able to watch."

she said: "that's sick!"

i said: "how come? it's a beautiful, natural, wonderful thing."

she said: "but it's a private thing. something shared between a mother and child."

i said: "then it should be done somewhere private."

she said: "god! you just don't get it, do you?"

this is one of the many reasons i don't have a girlfriend.

Headlights

Hi kids!
How are you all doing today?

Good.
That's real good.

Today I'm going to show you how to make people's eyes lock up like a raccoon caught in a pair of headlights.

Does that sound like fun?

Are you ready?

Then let's go...

Don't you hate it when someone asks how you are doing? I know I do. I always have to say, "Fine. Everything's just fine." Or, "Not bad. How are you today?" Sometimes I just want to grab their face and yell, "None of your fucking business, asshole! What are you? A fucking cop?" But that's not very nice, is it boys and girls? No. That's not very nice at all. So what do you do when you feel like that? Do what I do.

Tell them how you really really feel. That will show them but good. Say something like, "Geeze...I've got this pain in the small of my back, a huge ass headache, I think my lover is cheating on me, I'm late with the rent, my goldfish doesn't understand me, and what's the deal with this fake metal shit? I mean, what the fuck ever happened to good old rock and roll?"

You'd be suprised at the number of people who won't know that you are just messing with them. Most folks will leave you alone real quick. It works most of the time. If you are a girl throw in a mention of "that time of the month", or vaginal warts or something like that. If some guy is bothering you he'll walk away in no time flat. That should work about eighty-five percent of the time.

Of course sometimes you don't feel that angry, just a little bugged.

In that case try this:

Point to your arm and say, "Well, my Aykroyd is grinding against my Verhoeven...you know? Right where the Zemeckis meets the Beatrice Dalle? It makes my Coppola throb like a son of a bitch. My doctor gave me some of that Bon Jovi and, as long as I rub it in deep enough i seem to have it under control."

That ought to show the bastards, huh?

And always remember to tell those Christians, "Um. No thanks! I tried that in my last life and it didn't work out all that great for me."

Welp...

I can see by the clock on the wall that i have to go buy a new clock.

Until next time, see ya next time!

Bye bye, now.

Elephants

the elephants are moving
(slowly, slowly)
one foot at a time

not going uphill
(lowly, lowly)
in an ordered line

don't think for themselves
(empty, empty)
it's not something they do

wait for instructions
(tempting, tempting)
the trainers make the rules

don't bother with the elephants
they'll freeze still with remorse
their brains are small

and filled up all
with peanuts just
of course

Suck

know what sucks?

everybody just does what everybody else does

like

computer wallpapers suck because they're all the same

chat rooms suck because nobody has to know how to write

every dumb fuck mother fucker has a cell phone and they never will learn that you can walk away from people who are talking

fuck!

i miss thinking...

Three

i saw my first real dead guy 'round about '67 or '68
i was eleven or twelve
spending a few weeks at a ymca summer camp
we had woken up
and
were on our way to breakfast

i saw some cars with electric lights
flashing
revolving
in the morning natural light

that whole deal
a life lesson
out on a dock
around the lake
from us

i starting walking toward the movement alone
monstro curious
wondering what was going on

a truck with a crane in the back
kinda like one of those trucks that hauls cars away
when they are parked too long at a parking meter
was pulling something out of the lake
it was a guy

not a 'movie dead guy'

a
REAL
dead guy

he was swollen
actually
fucking
BLUE
in color

and goddamn
DEAD

once they laid the guy out

in a body bag
i walked back to breakfast

it didn't bother me at all

the guy who was in charge of out tent
was in his twenties
could have been about ninety
or so
to a eleven or twelve year old kid

he
asked
me why i was late
i told him the whole story

he looked at me kinda strange
thought about it
and then
said
'how do you feel about that?'
'fine'
i answered
'it was pretty interesting
really'

he smiled

said

'cool!
school happens
now and then
if it happens again
be sure to let me know'

it was great

the second dead guy i ever saw was under a blanket

nothing more than a purple foot
sticking out from a body
laying in a dent
in the sidewalk
caused by him
jumping off a tall building

and
impacting hard
at a couple of hundred miles an hour
or
so it seemed to my high school mind

it didn't bother me at all

it was great

the third dead guy i ever saw dead
was my grandfather
laid out in a coffin
wearing a very slack face
and
what seemed like
a face full of
faded clown make-up

that mother fucker
freaked me right the fuck out

i KNEW him
and he WASN'T him
not
anymore

it changed me
and
it changed
my thoughts about death

it wasn't great

and

i never want to see a dead person ever again

i guess
sometimes
the third time is the charm

you know

if you're open to that kind of thing...

Some Loose Thoughts

The shortest distance between two points is teleportation.

Don't cry over spilt milk. Unless it's a lot of milk. I mean, like a tanker truck or something.

In the land of the stupid the guy with an average IQ is a god.

I think The Big Bang was named wrong. I mean, how could there be a Big Bang if there was no one around to hear it? Maybe it should be called The Big Flash or, even better The Big Thing since there was no one around to see it either.

If cats had fingers would they flip us off? I know i would.

A penny saved is another stinking penny laying around in an old ash tray, or sock drawer, or whatever.

Violence is entropy plus speed.

I wonder what would happen if Donald Trump yelled, "You're fired!" in a crowded theatre.

Whenever you go somewhere new you can be whoever you want.

Why?

Because they don't know who you are yet...

If dolphins are so damn smart why don't they have thumbs?

Homer Simpson drinks Duff beer.

Hillary Duff is an actress/singer.

Am I the only one who sees the marketing genius in this?

You only go around once in life. You know, unless you're two faced.

If pork is the other white meat why is ham pink?

Buy the world a coke? No way! I'd like to buy it a shot and a beer and tell it to calm the hell down. The whole world all jacked up on sugar and caffeine? Thanks but no thanks, pal. We've got more than enough problems with things as they are.

There is no 'I' in "ART".

I like my women like I like my horror movies. Cheap and funny.

If all the new age people were laid out end to end most of them would drown.

Wearing fake fangs and calling yourself a vampire is exactly as cool as wearing fake ears and calling yourself a Vulcan.

At what point did now here become nowhere?
This is the shit that drives me to drink

I saw a really old movie last night. It was called "The Alamo" and, for the life of me I don't remember anything about it.

I know there is an amazing joke about Shake 'N' Bake but I can't figure out what it is. Sometimes this keeps me awake at night.

Q: How many werewolves does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Two. One to change the bulb and one to eat your face.

"I'd give you a standing ovation but I'm wedged between the chair and the desk."
I guess I shouldn't really have said that...

Okay.

For the last time:

Headphones go on your head.

Earphones go in your ear.

Are we all straight on that one?

Cool.

Let's move on from there...

Gimme An A!

don't get me wrong

i fucking love anarchy
but
truth?

we can't really live in that kind of world
assholes would rule
it would be like gym class
it would be a world of punches to the face
and rape in the streets
it would all be about being shoved into lockers
we really do need cops
just to keep those dipshits at bay

if we were all sane it would be heaven
but
c'mon

we have to tip our hats to our unsanity

we have to keep it cool

Chip This!

when i was a kid my mom wouldn't let me see 'psycho' on tv. she said that i was too young and that i wasn't ready for it. it was kind of a big talk session that we had. i was drooling to see it but she let me see a lot of other stuff so i trusted her opinion on that one. i could wait. it was cool with me.

when 'the bad seed' was shown on channel nine, here in l.a. the ads for it ran for about a week before. the ads said that you might not want to let your kids see it as it was a pretty heavy movie, kid-wise. my mom said that i was out of luck. that i'd have to wait til i was older before i saw it. i trusted her on that one as well.

my mom and i used to talk. we still do. she's not always right. truth be told, sometimes she has her head firmly placed up her ass but i do listen and i try to process what she has to say. then i choose my own way.

bottom line?

fuck the v-chip. you pussy ass, post yuppie, robot minded, fucking drones. what the fuck are you afraid of? spending a bit of time talking to your kids?

blow me and all that i stand for...

American Idle

for the last time
american idol sucks!
it's three people who can't get a better gig than sitting around talking about how much
people suck
then
the person who sucks the least wins and gets to suck on the radio
look
it's all about being safe
and bland
and artless
how long do you think david byrne would last on that show?
or david bowie?
pete townshend?
patti smith?
tom waits?
buddy holly?
fats waller?
laurie anderson?
little richard?
joey ramone?
courtney love?
iggy?
fucking iggy?
iggy wouldn't last two seconds
"would you like to stop screaming and put your shirt back on? you're just awful. i heard
better the last time i stepped on a cat. and blah, blah, blah..."

forget about it, kids...

OH!

i was watching a commercial this afternoon and it hit me like a flash of light!

i UNDERSTAND now!

we were born to buy shiny shit that we don't really need in order to impress people that wouldn't be impressed with us if we didn't own shiny shit that we don't really need.

and all these years i've been busy trying to learn about art so i can express myself better?

whatta fuckin' doof!

Morphs

Two polymorphs are having a spat. One is a male, the other a female. Things get more and more heated until the chick takes a cheap shot at the guy.

"You know", she says, coldly, "being a polymorph I don't understand why you don't have a bigger dick!"

"Well", he answers, "if it bothers you that much why don't you just make your pussy smaller?"

She screams at his rudeness and beats him to death with a floor lamp.

At her trial she is found not guilty and cleared of all charges and, after a huge bidding war The Lifetime Network pays her twenty million dollars for the rights to her story. The TV movie ("I Beat My Hubby To Death With A Floor Lamp: One Woman's Story") is one of the highest rated in the history of all time.

And she lived happily ever after.

The End

(for Mr. Mike)

LOVE IS FUCKING GREAT!!!

I consider myself a neo-poet because I seem to be doing things with words that I don't see anybody else doing. I'm not writing about how pretty trees are, how beautiful her limpid pools were, or how my love is like a red, red rose. To me none of that stuff has any real meaning or point of view. I'd rather express ideas. And maybe make you laugh while you think about those ideas.

Besides:

If you don't know how great love or beauty is by the time you're twenty or thirty then you're a moron and there's not a whole lot my writing is going to help you with.

I'll tell you what, if you need to be reminded how great love is here's a little gift for you:

LOVE IS FUCKING GREAT!!!

Feel free to look at it anytime you'd like.

And...

Now that we have that one out of the way you are free to think about other things.

Objects

Some people don't like to be thought of as objects. If you are one of those people guess what?

You have shape and you exist in three dimensional space (four if you include time) and, therefore you are an object.

I think it was Sting who said, "Truth hits everybody", and seeing as to how you are an object it just hit you.

Somebody else once said, "Truth hurts", And if you're feeling angry right now that would tend to explain your reaction.

I'm sorry about that.

Next time I'll try to remember to tell you when to duck.

But don't count on it.

Safe

It's a great feeling to be praised, to be told that you've done a good job. To get that little pat on the head, that tasty hunk of cheese after you have ran through the maze. It's a way of having what you think is true accepted, and for most of us that's pretty much all we really want and need. It feels warm to feel loved.

On the other hand, being told that you have failed hurts. How much could somebody really love you if they don't love something that you have created? It gets cold and lonely out there sometimes and who needs to feel like that? Being alone in the cold sucks. It sucks ice.

And that's one of the major reasons most people will never be artists, no matter what they tell themselves or others.

They don't take chances.

Crossing the edge scares them.

Better safe than artsy.

The Top Ten Bond Chicks That Nobody's Written About Yet

- 1) Check Myjuggs
- 2) Nips O'Plenty
- 3) Tap Thisass
- 4) Betty Doesme
- 5) Major Lee Tightcunt
- 6) Fuk Me Reallyhard
- 7) I. Eatdick
- 8) Finger Mi Klit Awready
- 9) Kizz Peenus
- 10) Hummer Job

HUH???

some guy said 'faggot' backstage at the golden globes and the whole town is in an uproar?

what the fucking fuck?

what's next?

dyke?

midget?

democrat?

i'm a fat assed loser four eyed wanker honkey fuck

wanna make something out of it?

whatever happened to sticks and stones?

goddamn pc jag offs...

i'm gonna go out on a limb here

but

if you're a guy

and you're into guys

you're a faggot

yeah

it's an insult

but only if you let it be

i've heard gay guys call themselves faggots

i don't use the word cuz it's kind of junior high

but fuck, kids!

it's just a word

i'm a hetro

you're a homo

let's hit a movie or something, huh?

christ on a crutch...

A Post Modern Mantra

jump the ship
turn in mid stream
shoot your guru in the face
burn your mask
tear down the wall
beat your ego into shape
hate your fashion
love your hate
stare off into space
kick a clown
punch a priest
show up late for a date
stomp your feet
raise your voice
it's your life and it's great
hug your guilt
kiss your pain
it's all too true to waste

Night Time Is The Right Time

I guess, at the end of the day you should kick back and ask yourself, “What have I learned today?” That way, when next week rolls around you won't look like such an asshole when you do that stupid thing that you did during lunch again.

Then you can grab a cookie or something and get some sleep, secure in the knowledge that you haven't wasted another twenty four hours just being a raging doofus.

Unless your parents were really fucked in the head.

In that case you might want to do that stupid thing over and over again. You know, because any form of attention beats none at all.

Then again you might want to jump into traffic and get your skull crushed by a speeding semi. In that case, do what you've got to do.

See if I give a shit.

It's your life after all.

Girls

I want a girl that reads. Not that says she does because she reads a book or two a year and her horoscope now and then but, someone who can handle Vonnegut and some Stephen King now and then. The kind of girl who I'd catch reading the side panel of a cereal box just because she hasn't read one in a while.

I want a chick that writes. Not that says she does because she can copy, paste, and send an e-mail. Someone who can compose a series of paragraphs and reach some point or other. The kind of chick who might teach herself screenplay just because it's a valid form of writing.

I want a babe that understands cinema. Not just says she does because she likes happy endings and has a crush on some actor or another. Someone who's into Dick Miller and loves John Waters. Someone who lives for widescreen and listens to second audio. The type of babe who laughs at zombies and cries at cartoons. Someone who digs Roger Ebert but takes him with a grain of salt.

I want a post-beat, neo-new wave, funny faced angel who's accepted her freedom as a woman and a human being and doesn't feel the need to quote lame sayings and opinions because she lives in fear of not feeling special every three or four seconds.

I want a woman who thinks, damn it!

(big breasts are cool too)

Questions

i grew up in a stupid world
with stupid people
they weren't dumb
they were stupid
they never asked questions
they had no vision
they did things just because they did things

i'd ask why they couldn't take the butter out when they first got up
that way it would spread easier when the toast was ready

i asked why things that we used every day were kept under things that were used once or
twice a month

why we couldn't try it with cheese just this time

why do you vote for people that you ended up calling jerks six months later

why i couldn't finish the page i was reading first
it's not like the garbage men would leave the trash on the curb the next morning because
of my book

i got sent to my room a lot

a lot

now i still ask questions
sometimes i scream them
and stupid people look at me like i should have stayed in my room

i actually know a couple of people who think that i'd be happy if i just told myself i
already was
as if delusion trumped truth

lots of people think that way because it works for them
so they think it will work for everybody else
i guess it could work
maybe
if i'd stop asking so many goddamn questions

The Oscars

i'm really sick and tired of people saying that the oscars are too long
i don't think they're long enough
i wait all year for them
i wanna see stuff at three in the morning
nobody is forcing you to watch
if they're too long and boring for you
change the channel

i think the superbowl is long and boring
so
know what i do?

i don't watch the superbowl...

Clones

personally?

i don't really care if they clone people or not. the thing i'm wondering is where clones get souls from? i mean, would a clone be souless or would some poor schmuck (or bimbo. let's be fair) sitting around in heaven suddenly get sucked back to earth?

"yeah, biff! i'm at this party with lenny bruce, right? and george washington really lets a huge one go! like, the fart of all farts and lenny says..."

WOOSH!

the guy gets yanked away!
his friend's standing there and

"SUUUUUUUUUUCK!"

the guy collapses into a dot and then pops away
that'd kinda stink, huh?

and then these army/death avenger/ninja angels come to earth and start fucking stuff up and screaming about how there's some shit that we REALLY shouldn't fuck with and all of that crap. we're spoiling all the great afterlife parties because the host keeps vanishing and shit, right? and then this alpha clone says 'NO!' for the first time and these wars erupt and century city gets blown up like in the planet of the apes movies and then all these christians think christ's coming back so they start fucking in the streets and running around naked and these asshole biker types think that they're in charge now and they're setting banks on fire and all of these cults are having fist fights on street corners and i can't get to a liquor store and...

on second thought

fuck cloning!

Car

don't ya hate it when

you really really want something

and

it's all you think about

and it fucking owns you

and

then

it never happens

so

you pick up a hitch hiker

and

shove a crowbar into his head

and hide the body in your trunk

and

it starts to smell really bad

so

you drive the car into a lake

and

you left your cell phone in the car?

HAW!!!

i fucking hate that shit!

Sheesh!

A lot of people (and I'm talking most of them here) have had pretty fucked up childhoods. They have to somehow deal with grownups who only have an average intelligence. The type of grownups who really don't listen to them because they are only kids. These kids are often told things like, "Because I said so.", "You wouldn't understand.", and, my personal favorite, "When you grow up you can be unfair too." These things are driven into their heads and, at some point their tiny minds snap and they figure, "Yeah! Once I get grown up I'll never have to be wrong and, anybody who ever tells me I'm wrong can kiss my fucking ass! I'll be all grown up!" It never occurs to them that most grownups are total assholes and that, therefore it would be really stupid to become yet another asshole, regardless of their neurotic need to never have to ever feel bad or wrong again. It's a mind fuck pyramid scheme that never gets broken because it feeds on itself. It becomes its own get out of jail free card. "I CAN'T be wrong because when I was younger I decided that once I got to this age I'd never have to be wrong and if I'm wrong then my poor little head would hurt and that would be way too wrong for me to deal with."

(read that more than once)

This, in a nutshell is why we have wars.

And why I really think that most people are fucking morons.

Aw, fuck it all.

What do I know?

Klondike Bar

what would i do for a klondike bar?

hmmmmm...

i guess i'd say

"klondike bar? wow! can i please have one?"

and

if i got one

i'd be sure to say thank you

Cool

ready for the big secret?

god is cool

he's not out to slay you

he's fucking cool

god is love

right?

so

he must be fucking cool

don't know the bible?

fuck it

god's cool

are you a homo?

fuck it

god's cool

blow it in the supermarket line now and then?

fuck it

god's cool

really

life is good

you are fine

just don't kill anybody's trip

other than that?

it's all a skate

god's cool

i promise

everything's cool...

U.F.O.

if you see an ad on tv that says

"mysterious lights in the sky
ufo's?
find out at eleven."

you can pretty much figure that they won't be ufo's.

why?

because

if they were ufo's the show you are watching would be interrupted
and a newscaster would be screaming

"HOLY SHIT!!!
IT'S UFO'S!
RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIVES!"

Purple

fuck the red pill

fuck the blue pill

take half of each

the truth is purple

and

sometimes

there is a spoon...

Really

i think that if you are really hungry
i mean REALLY hungry
you should be able to walk into a store
and tell someone
and they should give it to you

i think that if you really need a CD
i mean REALLY need a CD
you should be able to walk into a store
and tell someone
and they should give it to you

i think that if you really need a drink
i mean REALLY need a drink
you should be able to walk into a bar
and tell someone
and they should give it to you

none of these things will ever happen however
because
as humans we have no real sense of honor
some asshole always has to take advantage
and fuck it all up for the rest of us

some of the people that i know think that i'm a downer
that i just create negativity

they are wrong

i'm just honest

and

as people

we pretty much suck

SPLAT!

i'm walking down the street, listening to "sgt. pepper's" and there's these piano movers
hoisting a full sized grand piano into a window on the twenty-seventh floor of an office
building

it's a pink enameled piano. the white keys are black and the black keys are pink

the cable snaps and, just as the piano in the song hits that really long note at the end of
the "pepper's" album

WHAMMO!

i get crushed before i even know it

SPLAT!

i'm liquid!

on the news that night a guy in an oingo boingo t-shirt says
"well, i didn't really see it happen but it sounded fucking amazing!"

i really want to die this way
i honestly want it to happen
and the fact that it never will will be proof
cold, hard, scientific proof
after my death
that new age people don't have a clue
about what they are talking about

Stuff I Want

they can't ALL be amazing, you know? the muses tap my shoulder and i pass the experiments on to you. it's hit and miss. i'm just a pop culture plumber. i go with the flow that flows how it goes when it flows and flows the way that it goes. i create so my head doesn't kill me. i'm nothing more than a guy who thinks up weird stuff and posts them. i'm the guy your mother never warned you about because she never knew a guy like me existed. i'm a nightmare with velvet gloves. i'm the pimp of the soft and slow slap to the face. i really want you to question the world around you. i want you to doubt. i want you to search. i want you to kick life in the nuts and laugh as it crumples to the floor. i want you to figure out who you are. i want you to get so ahead of the game that you think that i'm a wanker. i want you to love you just because of who you are. i want your friends to think that there is something seriously wrong with you. i want you to break down walls. i want you to blow up cars. i want you to eat nails. i want you to kick in windows. i want you to die with a grin on your face. i want you to pick up the thread. i want you to say fuck this. i want you to point to the speakers in the supermarket and say this fucking sucks. i want you to make fun of trends. i want you to understand that meat is food and that murder is murder. i want you to live. and live. and live. and live. and live. and live. and live. and die. i want you to kill fashion. i want you to break the chains. i want you to know that bling is working for the man. i want you to kiss top 40 off and live for art. i want you to smile. i want you to smile. i want you to smile. i want you to smile. i want you to smile...

A Prayer

serious?

musta been
aw
twenty five
thirty years ago, right?

i'm in my room
looking at a sheet of thin lined notebook paper
words drawn on it
in purple flair pen
and
i look up
and
i see my face
reflected in a window
and
it dawns on me

i'm a fucking neo-poet?

shit!

like

i don't get to be an astronaut?
keyboard player for alice cooper?
or a major league cocksmitth or something?

thanks, God!

i know a couple of guys who are gonna have a big ass talk one of these days..

Road

Life...
It's like a road
Long
Never ending
Twists
And turns
Forks and underpasses
Other people's cars
Burnt and hollowed out
Over turned and blocking the way
You swerve to miss them
But have to look
Fascinated by the flames and burnt bodies

And as you strain to listen to their radios

And as you smell gasoline and burnt rubber
You sometimes miss your exit
And then you think
"What the fuck did I do to deserve this?"

But

Keep driving none the less
For someday
Someday soon
You'll be home
Safe and sound
Without a care in the world
Without a single problem
Without a single teardrop

And it will all come together
Again...

About The Author

Rock Benjamin Armstrong really, really, really, really, really hates his given name. If you happen to meet him do him a favor and call him "cat".

Thank you.

