

SHOULD WE
HELP HER OUT?

GIVE HER
TIME MY LOVE

WHICH BIT IS
THE WINE?





Adrien Miller

I desire - human

I am my desire - suffering

I live aside desire - mandarines

I come to you in a story even a child can understand. –Jesus

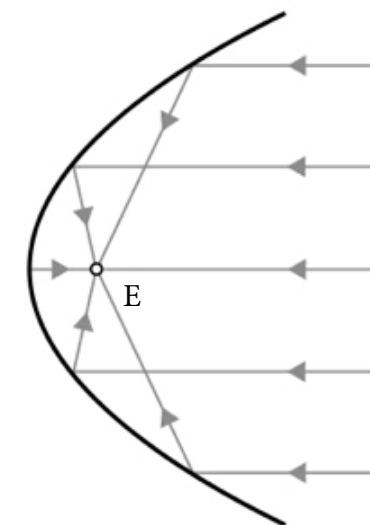
A story is like water that you heat for your bath. –Rumi

The first and only time I did mushrooms was @ 16 with some friends in the Pasadena hills. Four of us, at Will's house.

Will's mom was a witch. She held coven gatherings in her backyard within a sacred circle of stones. I was told not to walk through it. At some point, I'm pretty sure I stumbled through it.

We eventually ventured into the neighborhood, talked to some trees, watched grass grow, etc. We heard music and followed it to a laser etched horizon. It took some sitting and staring to determine that there were actual lasers and Pink Floyd was playing The Rose Bowl. April of '94, the one night I took shrooms. I think I experienced heaven too early.

Coming down off acid, our foursome went to see Natural Born Killers in the theatre that summer. I may have become the demon. I may also be an over eager [reporter](#). Do not listen to anything I say.



[Archimedes](#)

There is little data on the effects LSD has on the developing human brain. Having sat in an Archimedes listening vessel at 17, tripping, this mentally challenged woman at forty one advises caution with hallucinogens. The ability to hear sound, in one, wondrous, focal point can [altar](#) one's perspective for years to come.

However, if you have never felt God, it is a temporary method. [Truth telling and loving awareness](#) are reportedly more reliable.

Either way, I cannot recommend the San Francisco Exploratorium more highly. I don't think it's possible to leave there without an appreciation of humanity's quest to understand creation.

“Learn braille.” says God.

I don't think I can. Don't you need to be blind for that?

“Be blind”

I'm trying. I can't will away my sight.

“Run to me. Close your eyes and run.”

I have bad feet, a bad back, very little energy.

“Do it anyway.”

I don't think I can.

“You can.”

I don't think *you can* comprehend what I'm trying to tell you. I have significant diagnoses holding me back. I don't think it's possible.

“Don't think.”

I'm fairly sure that's only possible when your brain stem has been detached.

“Then detach it. Pluck the stem.”

I'm not a surgeon.

“Ask for help.”

I don't know many surgeons.

“You know more than you think.”

I don't know how to ask without seeming desperate.

“Be curious.”

I can be a little too eager. A little too curious.

“Slow down.”

I don't think I can.

“You can.”

I don't think *you can* comprehend what I'm trying to tell you. I have significant shortcomings holding me back. I don't think it's possible.

“Don't think.”

You just said to be curious.

“I did.”

You did? Don't you do?

“I do now.”

How do I do *that*? The now.

“Carry the stem.”

I don't think I have the strength. I have very weak arms.

“Use your spine.”

I have scoliosis.

“Use the curves.”

I'm a bad driver.

“Use the bad.”

My eyes are shotty.* My prescription has lapsed.

“Use braille.”

* shotty: hard and round like a pellet of shot



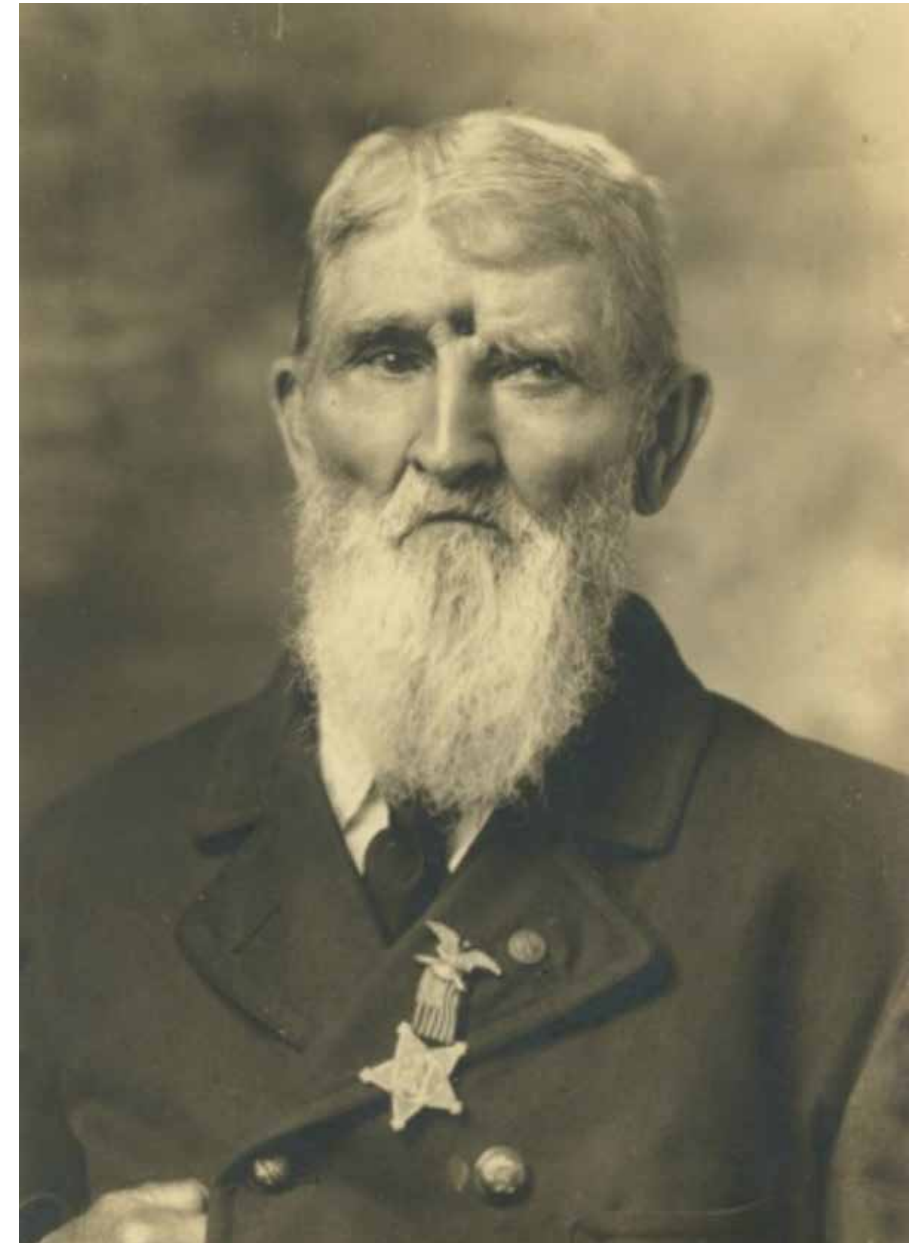
A knocker-up's job was to rouse sleeping people so they could get to work on time. By the 1940s and 1950s, the profession had died out, although it still continued in some pockets of industrial England until the early 1970s.

Jacob Miller, born in Indiana, was shot in the head during the Civil War at the Battle of Chickamauga. He lived for about 60 years with the open wound, dying in 1927. He is buried in Wilmington, Illinois.

Miller, who lived to be 88, suffered from agonizing headaches for much of his life. At times, the injury would leave him in a daze for weeks. According to one newspaper account, he would sometimes hallucinate that he was back in the war.

But, over the decades, his symptoms eased as the wound spilled forth more remnants of the battle: "Seventeen years after I was wounded, a buck shot dropped out of my wound," Miller wrote, "and thirty one years after, two pieces of lead came out."

It's time.



Radford and Peck families

I'm not a writer.

I'm writing. I've been writing for a short time.

November 18, 2019

562

How long have you been a writer?

What are you doing right now?

Since when?

How many pages?

How many pages does it take?

I'm not sure.

I'm writing.

I think God... in the past tense. Occasionally my present.

Potentially unreliable intuition.

What are you doing right now?

What are you writing about?

How do you know it's God?

What?

A computer screen.

Our conversation?

Words.

What is this?

What are you looking at?

Yes, but what are you looking at?

Yes, what else are you looking at?

Yes, words. Anything else?... What are the words riding on?

It's a red string.

It's a picture of a red string.

You're right. It's red yarn, I apologize.

Yes, it's a picture of red yarn.

Is it?

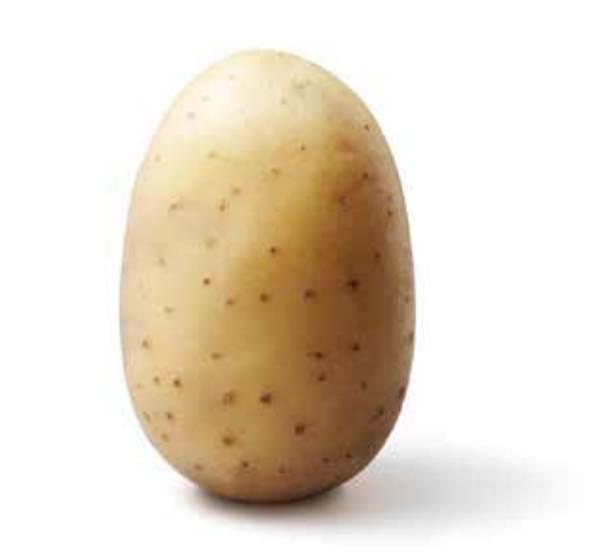
It looks more like yarn

Isn't it only a picture of red yarn?

K, but you said it was a string before.

Yes, I hear, that you heard, it was a string. I acknowledge your hearing of string. Moving forward, I will do my best to label string, I mean yarn, correctly.

Thank you for witnessing my yarn.



S.P.U.D. begins to dig in.

Religious Trauma Syndrome (RTS) is a new term, coined by Marlene Winell to name a recognizable set of symptoms experienced as a result of prolonged exposure to a toxic religious environment and/or the trauma of leaving the religion.



I was eleven years old, at a bible group, when I watched the scariest horror movie I've ever seen. While the grown ups ate and discussed scripture, the kids watched movies. *A Distant Thunder & Image of the Beast*; the second and third film in the series about the end times by Director Donald W. Thompson.

A Distant Thunder continues the story of Patty, a young woman living in the "end times" referred to in biblical prophecy. The action suspense thriller finds Patty living as a fugitive, trying to hide from the ever increasing evil around her. Relentlessly pursued and finally captured by the forces of UNITE, she is given a choice: Either receive "The Mark" (of the beast) or face death.

The Image of the Beast is the third and best known entry in the Mark IV series of fundamentalist apocalypse films. Fundamentalist Christian guerrilla David helps condemned dissidents escape, attempts to subvert the computerized Mark of the Beast, and generally tries to survive as prophecy unfolds in the rise of the Antichrist to the pinnacle of his power and the beginning of God's war on sinful man.

I only made it through 11 minutes of *The Image of the Beast*. In the opening scene, a couple walks through the produce section of a grocery store. The pregnant wife picks up a book and winds up talking about it with Patty, the checkout clerk. Patty, concerned, says "Are you sure you want to read this? It's a religious book about people who worship computers. One of the stock boys read it and said it was really scary."

Husband: Good, you have to scare some people just to get their attention. Should we allow these people to find themselves in the Tribulation period, scared to death? Or get their attention now while something can be done?

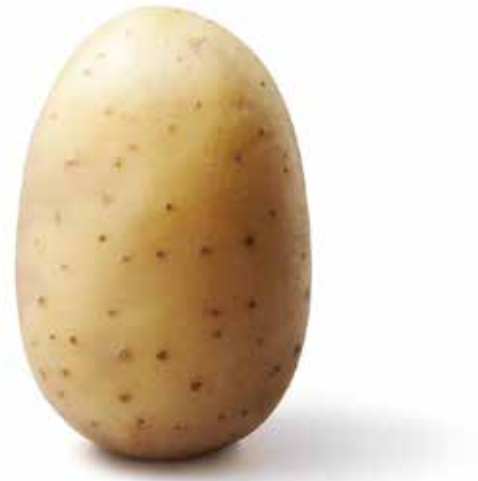
Patty: Like what?

Husband: Like receiving Christ.

In the next scene, Patty is restrained by a mutton chopped muscley man, his hand wrapped around her chin. He bashes the back of her head into the side of a van. She watches the headless body of her friend Wenda be carried away from the guillotine. Patty begs Wenda's sister Sandy to help her. Sandy begs Patty to take the mark "My sister just threw her life away for a God that doesn't even exist".

Patty looks up at the dripping guillotine blade while an executioner suggests she renounce her faith and take the mark. If she says "I do" she will be returned to her rightful place in society. The clouds begin to thunder and Patty is lowered onto her back, her neck is placed in the bloody guillotine. The small crowd looks scared, the sky is suddenly cloudy, dark and thunderous. Patty is terrified, staring up at the bloody blade when an earthquake begins. The ground begins to crack. The guards and her friends run away.

Patty, still strapped down, screams to anyone who will listen "I want the Mark!, I want the Mark!". Time slows, she's left behind, the lever is slipping as she's trying to remove the restraint. The screen goes black and she screams one last scream. [end scene] I ran to my parents crying.



Sanctimony Persuaded by Ubiquitous Drabery

Just before my 13th birthday, I stopped going to church with my parents. I was no longer willing to abide certain policies. My best friend Jill was Mormon. The area we lived in seemed to be dominated by Mormons. Other than piercing their veil of secrecy, I wasn't that interested in going to their church. I did however want what they all seemed to have. They were a family, faith focused community with a J. Crew catalog on every coffee table. They prayed a lot, seemed happier than the people my parents went to church with, were committed to crafting and baked. I ate a lot of cookies at Jill's house.



Ringer seeks Bell

• 1

Supercalafragalistic yes please I'm your
dough-tious. The Jill that lives just up
the hill throws baked goods down my
throat-tious. She's been playing go fish
while I'm holding down a straight flush.
If you can even hear me will you please
burn through this thick brush? Oh!
Om diddle skittle diddle Om little i

Her velveteen was such a dream until
i had to bend. It wrapped her up in
fantasy that seemed would never end.
Until one day those golden plates
turned into moldy bread, the queen
that she was holding back became a
simple thread. Oh! Om diddle skittle
diddle Om little i

WOMAN: Hello. I'm interested in becoming a master gardener.

HEADMISTRESS: Hmm, well, master gardeners must consult the ledger of 10,000.
(looks up and over her glasses)

WOMAN: The ledger of 10,000?

HEADMISTRESS: Yes, one must consult the ledger.

HEADMISTRESS: Really? I'm sure I could just pull it up on my phone.

HEADMISTRESS: Do you have 10,000 followers?

WOMAN: Um, no

HEADMISTRESS: Has your brand been established?

WOMAN: I'm not a brand.

HEADMISTRESS: Have you updated your status 10,000 times?

WOMAN: My heartbeats are probably past 1,800,000,000 now.

HEADMISTRESS: Lovely! You may proceed the garden.

WOMAN: I thought we needed to consult the ledger.

HEADMISTRESS: Well you just told me you've consulted it. Would you still like to proceed?

WOMAN: Yes. I'm standing here so I can get in to the program.

HEADMISTRESS: Fantastic. Please take this pamphlet on weed identification.

WOMAN: Isn't this a little excessive?

HEADMISTRESS: The gardening program can be very difficult.

WOMAN: Okay. Thank you. Great. I'm really excited about this.

HEADMISTRESS: Wonderful. You may also be interested in the children's literature program.

WOMAN: That does sound lovely. I'm not sure I'd qualify though. I don't draw well.

HEADMISTRESS: We're you not a Child?

WOMAN: Of course, but I have very few memories.

HEADMISTRESS: Perhaps the music program?

WOMAN: I'd love to but I don't know how to play any instruments.

HEADMISTRESS: Do you enjoy listening to music?

WOMAN: Very much. I think I'll stick to the gardening program for now but music and children's literature sound pretty amazing.

HEADMISTRESS: Lovely. Please turn clockwise, you'll pass the hickory dock, follow hallway G, then B, then D, then F, then A. It's quite simple.

WOMAN: Just ask the guard at gate E for the code.

January 2020

My Conservative Republican father and I just had breakfast. Thanks in large part to my experience with Light and recent interest in the bible, it was lovely. I brought my new journal with some verses in it that resonated. He suggested I find a church and to make sure it stuck to scripture. We had a good discussion. We have a strong history of unhelpful discussions.

He shared some of his experience in seminary and why he felt the LAPD was a better fit for his personality. I tried to bring up quantum field theory, I had a new fascination and had just watched a video. He smiled, put up his hands and said, "Honey, you're going to have an interesting testimony".

We shifted topics to a concern we share, the homeless in Portland. He proposed forced working farms that once existed to help people to get back on their feet. I reminded him of a current industrial complex's success in doing something similar. He said he didn't want to argue and wiped the crumbs off the table. I suggested universal healthcare, assistance programs, education and subsidies. He said they didn't seem to work.

We both acknowledged that government can be inefficient as we were getting up from the table. I reminded him that it's what currently available for services. He chuckled, shook his head and put on his coat. I love him so much.

à la arc bark

20 years ago, while visiting my parents in Arroyo Grande, my dad and I drove past some farmland to get to their house. We started yelling at each other over the death penalty when he said, "Then why do people who don't believe in the death penalty want to kill babies!?" I told him to pull the fuck over so I could walk the mile back to their house. He left me on the edge of a cabbage patch.



Artist Unknown

Lettuce Pray

May we scatter scarlet begonias on this holy ground,
wear bells on our shoes to pick up your pulse.
Place wings on our backs to rise into the night sky.
Widen our eyes so we might see your
glowing invitations to join the dance.



Artist Unknown

Lord, help the nuts, their hard shells shroud your seed.
Please send the rains to soften, still waters to reflect.
Compel the crows to perform, the drop, drop, drop,
again and again, playing your tempo until
we all hear the crack.

fathom (lower case f) was a cruise line established on the core understanding of mankind's desire to be of service and have purpose. Some of mankind also seems to like traveling on a giant ship together.

Tara, a brilliant, exuberant, white lady, met the Carnival brand CEO, Donald, a brilliant, dashing, black man, at an event. She was running a non-profit at the time. My understanding of their interaction is that she challenged him to create a cruise line that worked toward the greater good. He was struck by her fortitude so he made her a CEO, gave her a ship and millions of dollars. To get the project off the ground she formed a team of tank* thinkers, a branding agency, MBAs, writers and me.

[CNBC](#): Donald came from poor beginnings; New Orleans' poverty-stricken, crime-ridden 9th Ward. He attended high school during the civil rights movement. At age 16, Donald decided that he was going to be a general manager at a Fortune 50 science-based global company and he began creating a career plan. While attending Booth, Donald revisited his career outline after reaching out to "a gazillion" CEOs to find out how they got their positions.

"The takeaway I got was, make sure every job you have prepares you to excel in the next job," recalls Donald. He is now a former Monsanto CEO and current Carnival Corporation CEO. A dual-listed company, Carnival is composed of two companies, Carnival Corporation and Carnival plc, which function as one entity. A British-American cruise operator, currently the world's largest travel leisure company, with a combined fleet of over 100 vessels across 10 cruise line brands.

My role was to support the transformation of a preexisting silver service British ship into a transportation vessel for good doers. Fostering a communal have and having-needs experience. Our team of have-thinkers, wanted to give the passenger-haves the down to earth experience they were paying for. I, was to suggest to my colleges which silver, polished brass, glistening marble and walnut ballrooms could be altered to achieve our common goal. The ship's passengers would hopefully not despair at the disparity between their vessel and the daily reality of the having-needs people they would be in contact with. Said contacts were not allowed on board but they were about to receive thousands of assistants.

Haves & Haves. Equal. It was plausible, right? I, the poorest and least educated person on the team, received "inside" staterooms (the interior of the ship, no windows) during my evaluation/research. It was not equal to the ocean views my team received but I did not despair. I was grossly underqualified and happy to have been invited onto the have team. It felt like the high point of my career.

In 2016, the still-silver service ship pulled into it's first port wearing an understated, 20ft logo** on its towering bow. The ship itself could support and feed thousands** even if it were lost at sea for a month. The brand folded in January of 2019.

*we worked with [McKinsey](#) **approximately



I did not design this logo but I feel very close to it.
I believe it reveals a giant asshole, a smiling dog and an angel.



Vincent Olinet

Peter felt the time had come to talk of many things. He said “Dear Pan, do you know of a peculiar mop, with strands alight with gold? It is time to talk about the path ahead.”

The moon asked “What do you know of Pan?”

Peter paused and said “Well, you’re The Pan and I am Peter of Pan.”

The moon replied “That’s right. Now go and enjoy the fun. This loaf of bread is all you need, please share it with more than one.”

Peter was unsure of the best way to share it. He waited and waited for the perfect moment to arrive. When his chosen time came, he tried to tear off a piece but the loaf was hard as stone.

Again he asked the moon “Dear Pan. Do you know of a special mop with strands alight with gold? I need it to see what’s right, to cleanse the path ahead of me.”

The moon asked “What do you know of right?”

Peter paused, frustrated he raised his voice and said “It’s truth, right?!”

The moon gently replied “Shhh, of course it is. Go and have some fun. Here’s another loaf of bread, it’s all you need, please share it with more than one.”

Peter was getting very upset. “I don’t knead bread! I need the mop to reveal the way. To prepare the path ahead! How can I follow the path if I can’t see what’s beneath my feet!

The moon replied. “My beloved, you have my light. Tell me again, who are you?”

“Peter of Pan”

And who am I?

You are The Pan

“Correct my love, and where is your head?”

“Peter begrudgingly looked ahead and dug in his foot.”

“Look at that beautiful hoof. You are a natural gardener. You may find use for these seeds.”

Peter blushed. “Well I do have kind of a big heel. Perhaps I’ll go for a pleasant run.”

As you wish. A briny beach is just a head. Stop by Wall & Russ carpentry along the way. They’re having a clearance sale.

[trotting home](#)

February 11, 2020

I awoke in November not hungry for breakfast toast. I wanted green smoothies. I only wanted healthy food in my body. It wasn't over the top desire, I just wanted nourishment. I lost ten pounds effortlessly. That lasted until mid January, when I started grief eating, again.

One of my greatest fears in my marriage is that I've trapped myself in a vicious cycle. He's an intelligent cynic. I'm vulnerable to it. There's a part of me that likes to play better-than, smarter-than, what-an-idiot-than with him but it's not where I want to go.

How hard can it be to speak a divine language with your partner? To tease and be teased, lead and be led. Deliverance through [temptation](#). A simple package, strung, taped, shrink wrapped...whatever works. Are my expectations too high? Ground delivery should be 7-10 tops right? 15 to life feels a little constricting.

We met up with some family friends last Friday night for an outdoor event along the Willamette River, The Portland Winter Light Festival. There was a warming station/exhibit where I was handed a fake \$100 bill and a sharpie to write a wish on, roll up the wish, and pop it through a hole in the sheet metal containing the fire. My wish was one word "enough".

Five days have passed since "enough" was thrown into the flames. I've been eating toast every day for a month. I'm still eating it. I can't stop eating toast. I had peanut butter and jelly toast for breakfast and lunch today. Three layers: butter (bottom), peanut butter, then jelly (top). I've gained all of the weight back. I'm a three layered, drippy toast eater. Is there such a thing as enough toast?



The Secret to Beauty: A Stranger's Hands Inside Your Mouth, NY Times

You only need toast.

Can I still use [butter](#)?

Yes, butter is fine.

What about peanut butter?

If you can tolerate it.

What if yeast is a problem?

Try sourdough toast.

What if it's intolerable?

Have a cracker.



Matt Johnson

Table Manor

WENDY: (says into her phone) Google, show me how to get to The Complex

(Siri butts in) Did you mean to ask for: 123 Inferiority Dr?

WENDY: (rolls her eyes at Siri's dad joke) I said (louder) THE Complex

BING: (silence)

BECKY: (sees Bing open Wendy's laptop) Seriously?! Who uses Bing?

GOOGLE: Seriously

SIRI: Silence doesn't exist

BECKY: (scoffs) Hyper symbolism was so last century.

WENDY: Wendy reaches into her blatantly knocked off Gucci bag, pulls out a pamphlet stickily stuck to her hand mirror. She tosses the mirror to Becky and reads a line from it:

I testify to everyone who hears the words
of prophecy in this book: If anyone adds
to them, God will add to him the plagues
described in this book. –Revelation 22:18

(she mutters) That's heavy. (eyes the pamphlet and holds it in front of her sight to Becky)
That's like a book-let right?

(The pamphlet sticks to her fingers so badly, she doesn't think it can be recycled so she
throws it in "The Bin".)

(Becky shrugs)

BING: (randomly starts to play an old Jello [jigglers](#) commercial on YouTube)

WENDY: (looks into her refrigerator for something to eat, past the figs and dates carefully stored
in matching, BPA free containers, straight to the kids pudding cups. She tosses one to Becky and
opens the foil. They clink/toast their spoons twice.)

WENDY & BECKY: Eat your meat!



Andrea Salvatori



WENN

“The Bin”

fond of recycling



Marcio Madeira

“Bin Laden”

prefers takeout



Rick Owens / Vogue

“Temple Garment”
aka Artificial [Hymen](#)



Yannis Varnos / Indigital.tv

“Oscar de-la Renter”
Needs help with her [site](#)

God, Father

Yes

Does this pole please you?

Sure

Sure?

Yeah. Sure.

Is this one better?

Hello?

Pol

Polo



Malin Bülow

This path

My path

The path

Each moment is step

Each moment is path

Ram

Rama

RAM

This is my fearless search.

Okay. It's fearful at times.

It can be fear based.

The search.

Yes.

I think so.

Is it though?

It is?

What is fear based?

Is base?

So...[you're search based?](#)

Happy Peanuts

I didn't know many nursery songs when Violet was born. I did however have my favorite commercial perfectly memorized and sung it daily. It was still my favorite lullaby when I was cradling June.

[30 seconds, two characters: A man with a song and a working man.]

Working man is sitting at a metal office desk in the middle of an empty rug store.

Song man walks up to working man and says:

Can I help you enjoy that Snickers?

Without waiting for a response, he picks up a guitar behind the working man's chair and starts singing:

Happy peanuts soar *(working man looks suspicious)*

Over chocolate covered mountaintops *(working man begins to envision mountain tops)*

And waterfalls of caramel *(song man winks at working man)*
(working man starts to groove seemingly thinking "All right, you're getting somewhere" and takes a sexy bite out of his Snickers)

Prancing nougat in the meadow *(working man is grinding a little in his chair)*

Sings a song of satisfaction *(they're both into it now)*

To the world *(together they harmonize and begin to look off into the distance)*

Working man whispers into his Snickers and says "The World" with wonder

(camera angle shifts to behind) Song man gently touches working man on the shoulder, and assuringly says "That's right" and they both look out the entry wall of glass at the traffic going by.

[Enter Snickers bar cross-section illustration, encased by chocolate, with the Snickers logo over the nuts and the copy "Most Satisfying" over the nougat.]



When the kids ask me which super power I want most, I always say singing.

There were times Jesus wanted his messiah-ness kept hush. He'd heal the sick then essentially say, let's keep this between us. There are many theories on why he did this. Mine is that he was a brilliant artist. He understood the importance of the user experience within a piece. He also knew people loved to be in on a secret.



“I reside within and upon these grains. If you stand downwind, my fur may find your mouth, a grain may catch in your hair or scratch an eye. It’s all me. Don’t tell anyone.”

-Zen Kitty

E Flat

Grief and love reside
within the same chaotic space.
The same still point.

There, I extend my hand.
I extend my hand without hope.
I extend my hand without ground to stand upon.
I extend my hand with a whisper of faith.
Here, on my knees, I extend my hand.

I extend my hand. The first gate.
Following the unheard music,
the laughter trilling across a still, muddied, pool,
through sharpened shrubbery. There, presently,
I extend my hand.

There, I dine with [Burnt Norton](#).
A crumbling toast of a man.
Dark ash forever falls from his nose.
His smeared black handprints lead others to our table.
[Cal Worthington](#) joins us. A tiger at his side. Tiger leans back,
puts her feet up where we sit, and says,
“Now. This, is the spot.”



Rebecca Reeve

Under the Bridge, Downtown

I thought I won my school science fair through cheating. I won in the county next as a cheater. I finally admitted to my parents that I had won, twice. The next level of competition was the state level and the only assistance I wanted from them was a ride. I wouldn't allow them to help. I was in sixth grade and created a water filtration device that used evaporation as its means of decontamination and I did not want them to touch it.

The California Science and Engineering Fair, held just south of downtown L.A., was huge, hundreds of kids. Judges walked the isles asking questions. They seemed impressed by my work and liked checking out my contraption. A few professors gave me their business cards. [Geordi laForge](#) handed out the trophies.

I was relieved I didn't win. I couldn't handle the lie any longer. The bullshit I threw at the judges all day became exhausting. I didn't want to tell them I got the evaporation idea from a National Geographic show where they demonstrated how to collect water condensation in the wild. Somewhere along the way, I assumed certain people had the gift of true knowledge and they were able to do knowledgy things with it. I, was a pretender.

It took me a long time to figure out that when you are inspired by someone else's findings you can hypothesize, expand, change, create something new and see if it works. It's not cheating. It's science.



Nick DeMarco

A person is silhouetted against a night sky filled with stars and the Milky Way galaxy. The person is standing on a dark horizon, pointing towards the galaxy. The Milky Way is visible as a bright, colorful band of stars stretching across the sky. The colors range from deep blue and purple to bright yellow and white. The person's reflection is visible in the water below.

There, lies reside between space and sensation.

Lies assuredly reside between "my space" and sensation.

God?

Yeah, you.

Me?

You.

God who?

God.

Who's there?

Knock

Knock

Who's there?

God.

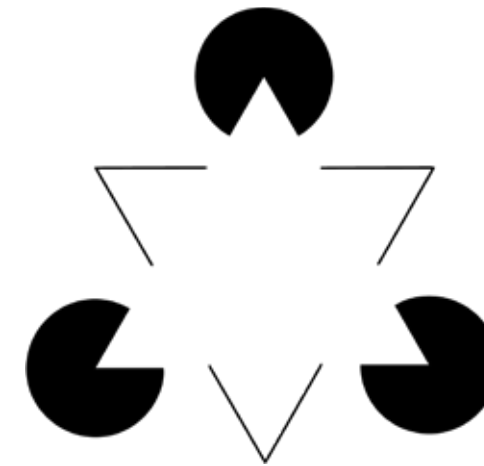
God who?

You.

Me?

Yeah. You.

Hey.



Do not worship the gate.
Go in, through the temple.

The Great Way is not difficult
for those who have no preferences.
When love and hate are both absent
everything becomes clear and undisguised.
Make the smallest distinction, however,
and heaven and earth are set infinitely apart.

*Excerpt from the The Third Patriarch of
ZenHsin Hsin Ming by Seng-T'san*



“Where will you rest? Will you rest in the two or will you rest in the one?
Will you complete the circle and move from the two into the one and then
dance in the two? Will you enjoy the dance, the game, the play, of the two?

Of the forces of dark and light, of yin and yang, or good and evil, or heavy
and light, of life and death. Can you enjoy it all? Can you do as Don Juan
says and huff and puff and make believe it matters even though you know
that it does not? Can you be an impeccable warrior?

That's the one that dances in the two. See, as long as you are identified within the two, as
long as you think you are who you thought you were, as long as you think you are some-
body that your parents think you are or told you you were...probably. You identify with
your desires and you say, I want that. I'd like to have a relationship with you but I want that,
and you don't want to give that, so....you identify with your wants and you say, gee, they're
really real. It's what I want. I mean, I want it to be quiet in the mornings.

Then something happens, and you flip into the one, where it just all is. Including your wants
and getting what you want and not getting what you want and winning and losing, fame
and shame and life and death and pleasure and pain... and you say “yeah, it all is”. Now you
come back into the two again, but you are a one in drag.

The one in the dance of two
looking at another person
looking at another person
looking at an other person

It's us looking at ourselves
us looking at us
looking in the mirror
we are meeting ourself.



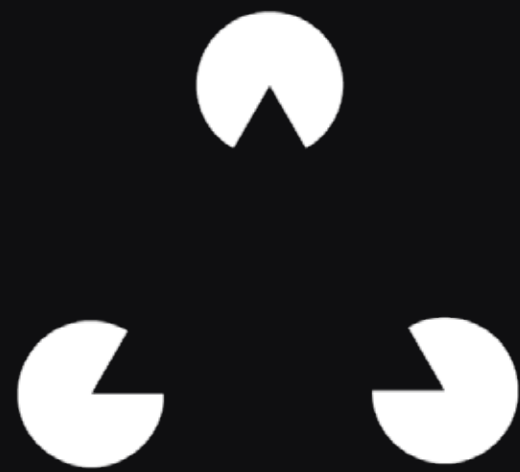
There are certain things that happen
when you are the one,
playing the two
that don't happen when you are the two
that hasn't yet identified with the one

There are certain things that the one,
playing the dance of the two
can't really do so easily.

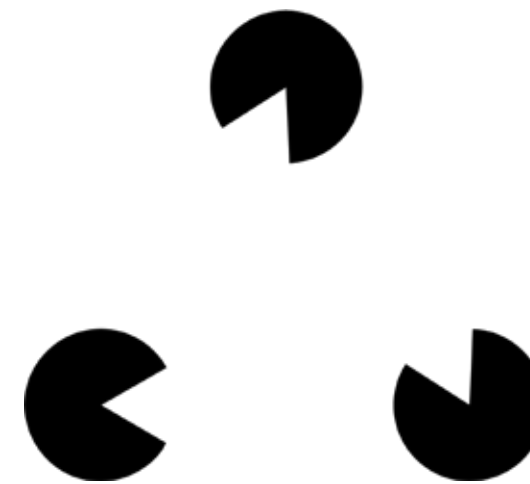
YOU
ARE
YOU

If I have entered into a space of consciousness
where I see that you, are myself,
how am I going to live, later, as if you weren't?

Are you us,
or are you them?
Who are you?
You're us to you.
Am I him or am I us?



The Way



A Somebody's Way



(altered image) original by Scott Froschauer



(altered image) original by Aaron Lee



All signs point towards one.



Step one: Which is

Step two: You have a unique connection with which.

Step three: You may choose to capitalize your which.

Step four: A capitalized Which is a delicate matter..

Step five: Which requires nothing, yet uses assistants.

Step six: Which often remains anonymous.

Step seven: Mirrors of which are available for closer appearance.

Step eight: Another's understanding of Which can be nurtured, never grasped.

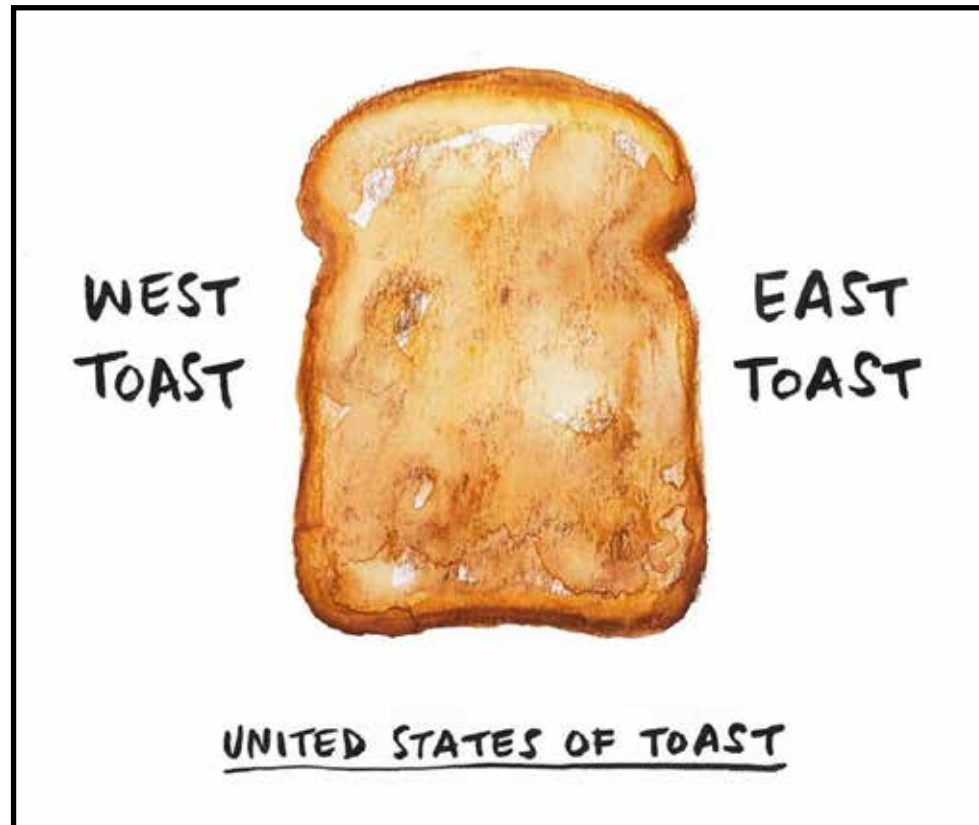
Step nine: Remember step one.

Step ten: The steps of Which begin and end with which.

Step eleven: Love and feed others

Step twelve: which.

WARNING: Any attempts to force upon or consume your Which will result in perpetual review of these twelve steps and so on.



Dan Abbott



Dad introducing Violet, his first grandchild, my daughter, to his congregation. I, his daughter, stand to his left. Violet, reticent, is held in his right arm, supported by his left hand, above a pedestal. A microphone seemingly touches her head but it is merely an illusion via perspective.



Maurizio Cattelan

“I can explain it to you, but I can’t comprehend it for you.” –Ed Koch

Jesus knew explaining was empty. He spoke in story and performed miracles. He had to if he wanted humanity to grasp the incomprehensible. He identified as a representative and recommended speaking to the manager if we wanted to have any true of understanding of what he was saying.

Therein lies the crux. I have my own evolving relationship with God, within a very personal understanding. A limited, fractured, understanding. I intellectually grasp this, yet I simultaneously desire to have my understanding understood. That’s a difficult channel to change.

“But what about you?” he asked.
“Who do you say I am?”

You are the way, the truth, Light.
You are one, a father and son
a two in drag as mother.

You are eternal, limitless,
of all energy, all glory,
all suffering, every [singularity](#).

Through you, there is no death.

I think. That’s what I think today. It may be mid-
transformation or pre-discernment. Either way,
my death, my life, my soul is yours. You are my
love forever. Pinky promise.



Romans 12:1-2

I appeal to you therefore, brothers, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual worship. Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that by testing, you may discern what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect.

–Paul

What about you? asked literally No One. Who do you say you are?

I'm a
brown paper bag,
of gracefully accessed
pinched hit abstraction.
A homegrown Viking liner
early morning Nalsarovar-er,
pole diving into Ahmedabad on
a glowing Peace Train. I glide into
a calico river of antique baggage
with wind swept strokes,
breathing
Urban Heritage
air so thick, old quarters bounce.



References:

[Spade](#): Spades is one of the four suits of playing cards in the standard French deck. It is a black heart turned upside down with a stalk at its base and symbolizes the pike or halberd, two medieval weapons. In French the suit of Spades is known as the Pique and in German as the Pik. It corresponds to the suit of Leaves in the German suited playing cards. In Switzerland and in many German regions, the suit is known as Schuufle (shovel). In the game of Hearts, the queen of spades is usually considered an unlucky card. The exception is when the player receives this card with all 13 hearts, in which the player is said to have shot the moon. In the game of Old Maid, while any card can technically be used for this purpose, the queen of spades is traditionally used as a card that has no match.

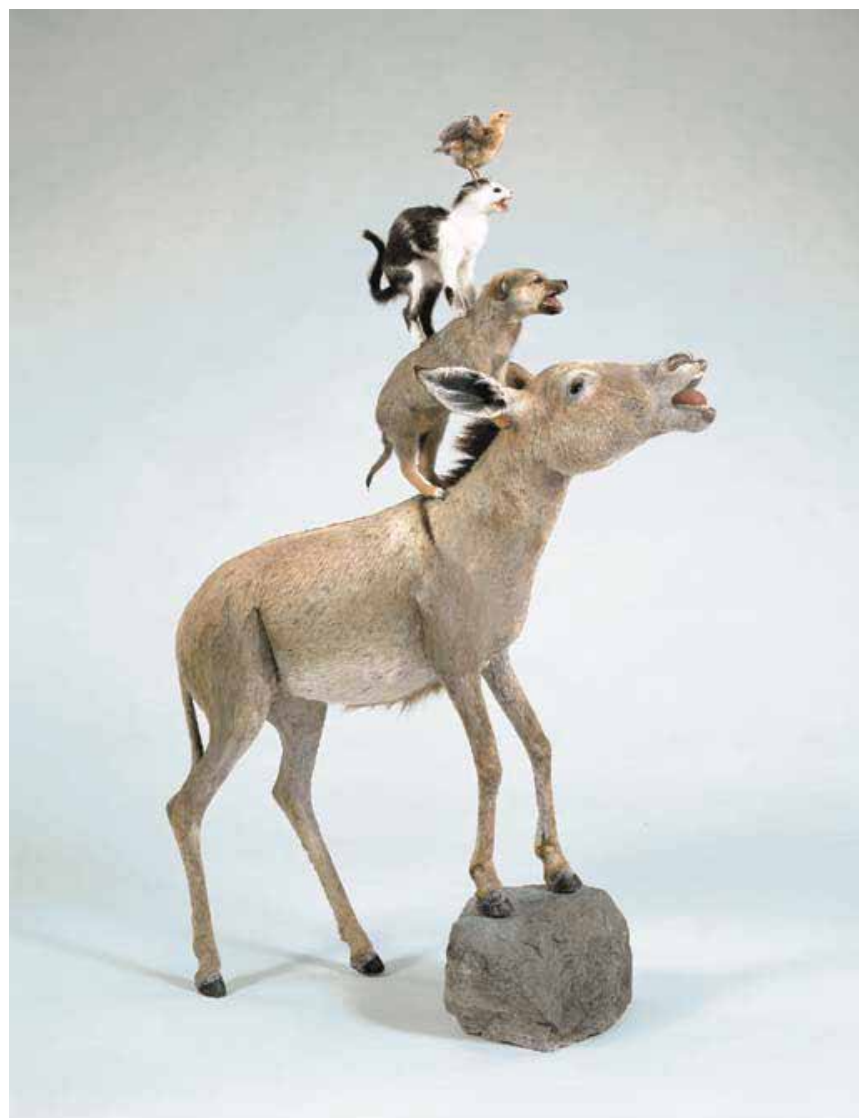
[UNESDOC](#): “Urban heritage is of vital importance for our cities – now and in the future. Tangible and intangible urban heritage are sources of social cohesion, factors of diversity and drivers of creativity, innovation and urban regeneration.” e.g. Luxembourg’s Old Quarters and Fortifications

[Nalsarovar Bird Sanctuary](#): spread over an area of 120.82-sq-km, a serene marshland with shallow waters which contains 36 small islands. Nalsarovar-Ahmedabad distance is about 60 km located near Sanand Village, in Gujarat. Mainly inhabited by migratory birds as their wintering ground, Nalsarovar is the largest wetland bird sanctuary in Gujarat, and one of the largest in India. The Nal Sarovar Lake is in a lowest-lying area between the Central Gujarat and East Saurashtra. It represents a sea link that once existed between the Little Rann and the Gulf of Khambat.

More than 200 types of birds mainly waterfowl inhabit this lake and come from as far as Siberia. Nalsarovar in Gujarat is a bird watcher’s paradise, one can find rosy pelicans, lesser and greater flamingos, crakes, brahminy ducks, purple moorhen, herons, white storks, various species of bitterns, grebes etc in the lake. Best time to visit Nalsarovar is in winter between November to February. However, migratory birds starts arriving in October and stay until April but their population reaches its peak in mid winter. Best time to see the birds is early in the morning and in the evening. The locals have maintained strict cleanliness policy and one can find the water so clean that you can clearly see the sheval plants grown inside the lake.

[Yusuf/Cat Stevens](#): “There rides a Peace Train”

[Quarter Test](#): A test of the firmness and overall composition of the posterior, typically that of the female. The test involves one person attempting to successfully bounce a quarter off of the test subject’s derrière. It is commonly accepted that if a clean bounce launches the quarter, the test subject has passed the “tight” test. For information on what one’s rump is considered when it “swallows” the quarter, please refer to “Cottage Cheese Ass”.



Love Saves Life, Maurizio Cattelan, 1995



'Bend and Crack', Isabella Connelley in collaboration with Bethan Mooney, 2016,



Michael Johansson

May you smile wide, break the latch and root for Mother again.

Thank you for cruising on Urban Heritage Air Lines.
The bread cart will be passing shortly.
We are no longer offering wine.
[Richard](#) has poured tea.

• 1



Table Manor

one woman's toastimony

"Pure speculation. A surface attempt at gardening."

"Reads like a drained pool filled with leaves."

"Her frankness makes no cents."

*"A paltry cookbook. The cornbread was
the only recipe worth it's salt."*

"No one requested sausage."



Wendy Etter rarely answers unknown callers and considers herself potential spam.