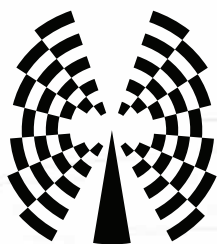


Frank Edward Nora



Thinkfang



THINKFANG

by Frank Edward Nora

The First Edition was published in 2003
and was called *Duskaway Parking*.

This Second Edition is being published on
August 12, 2009 and was renamed *Thinkfang*.

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INTRODUCTION (FROM THE FIRST EDITION)

Duskaway Parking is composed of 1,103 little numbered poems called "Superiors". I wrote these over the course of 11 years, from late February 1992 to late February 2003. The Superiors originally appeared in my weekly ezine, "OsoaWeek", which I published on my website.

The Superiors began as poetry, but over time began to include other themes. Some of them are brief essays. Others are like diary entries. And some are like little science fiction stories. They are full of beauty and ugliness, focus and blur, just like life. The best of them still amaze me, and the worst make me cringe and shake my head. But all of them are here, in this book, in their original form.

One aspect of Superior that has confused some people is all the made-up words and names and places. These are straight from my hyperactive creative mind, and in many instances I feel they convey ideas and images and atmospheres better than any real words. And keep in mind the science fiction aspect, with all sorts of mysterious characters, locales, and powers. And also keep in mind that there are references to real, but obscure, things as well, which does tend to muddle things a bit...

Duskaway Parking has its high points and its low points. There are great Superiors all throughout the book, though there may be stretches that are lacking. After years of living with the Superiors I am haunted by the beauty and strangeness of many of the phrases and passages, which often repeat over and over again in my mind.

The "headers" of the Superiors change over time. Starting on January 1, 1996, I began dating the Superiors with 439. The Superior "Phases" represent new time periods in my life, where I felt a name change was in order, though they are all still "Superiors". Starting with Duskaway 33, I began also giving the overall Superior number (in this case 833).

So dive in and enjoy... the journey has begun...

—Frank Edward Nora, October 14, 2003

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PHASE 1: SUPERIOR

SUPERIOR 1

Hemidawn the racer, cracks the demishock of morn
coursing through the dim. And into the arch of the former is
the nixter, and for never the corner is the yarster. This is the
fine design of the crying. Empty in derivation, and less on
the keys than in the eye, heavy fingers upon the board, lane
adored in dream. Found a pond and liked it.

SUPERIOR 2

To you, o master of nothing, I bequeath this feather of
entity. Find it near the hollow waterwheels. Go then foolish
man and seek your struggle. My gift to you is plague. My
wish, fall. Neverbeginning, the simple rivertrickle dandy in
its whistle. The day has come, but very long for you.

SUPERIOR 3

Neither the trowel nor the dame are languid. Look, the
state of night far college drive. See, the girlfriend is just
barely a friend, young nightmare. In sleep I know I think.
A daze is my only seen in a mall with a games are good.
No pretend car!

SUPERIOR 4

Ponder sorts of emotions in malls, flee my construct, and
eat a cake from a shelf. For the stone, I, the solid liquid,
never before decided a fate as temporary as this. In ways,
I terminate this building, paint a good sign. Please groove
forever, my lusty love, for the good grain, bulbous, holy,
and blasting, stems twigs as I walk along, can't compare
to your form. A mathematician in a parking lot, inside the
blankety-blank heat of her station wagon. Regard the silly
nakedness of her yawn. If I wanna kick a door open, I'll
do it.

SUPERIOR 5

Anydaze will do cool focus mornings. Slender chicks nude in a vision, cute and steamy and ready, dressing. So the waterfall falls and the window down a road. Even in the evening, I corral a lot of fears and load them into a revolver and fire into the vast wheatfields of the occult, and delight in such a wonderful display of courage on the part of my dazzle. Now there near those woods special spirits patrol highways. Gone into the haze of dusk he chessed out, as a battler. Pawns are a good thing, but a nother way. Minions of mine are silly, but docile. Never unremember unlimber simmer for the tea!

SUPERIOR 6

Lazy day and odd sun. Nine little pebbles remote in a vast deserted parking lot huddle together, speaking in relaxed whispers, having a little meeting. The clouds come. Thunder the darkening sky. Air the prime raindrops blossom forth in deluge collapsing onto the pavement. And the nine little pebbles have a little drink.

SUPERIOR 7

Dank blended heart, pleasing all morons in matters of affairs of the bit match smoldering in saliva sanguinely. Less else is nonsense to snare. Bareful bugs in neat supple vim. College caterwaul, blaming of the vane. Stupid awards in afternoon breezes.

SUPERIOR 8

Needed the tea am flimsy's. Trash the airport meadow. This, matter thru wonder, dazed weaver's undisaster. The drive rules, highway driving in cool weather.

SUPERIOR 9

Through grass-lined corridors of caramel steel, helmet of wood and carbonated milk. A sharp loud noise in the bookstore, mind blurring, my internal organs are now liquid. Melting into the arms of girl night, licking her tits. In pungent brightness she walked. I was crazy on coffee and ate candy. So many choices in mine mad matter, so simple and clear. Watching a television in a hotel room, drinking a can of soda in a hotel room. The air is chill. The lights are cool.

SUPERIOR 10

Born, met with traces, gone, full of space. Cold ceramic oracle, tickle my lowers, shower my cowls. Hail to the many ways and days of the typesetter. And the fortune of our effort is the wheel we always hear, humming in the dark vapor of the basement, a cold testimony to the electric jello that is our life. And for all the majesty of mind, for where the oldest tree clings to dust, we are now, and forever never, to abandon the flavor, and indeed savor, the water we drink.

SUPERIOR 11

A college hallway from before? Before me? Where exactly is this today, anyway? Wheel, see ya later. Be in delusion my friend, forget the best in everything. Time has come to do some speaking. No evening out in the end. Landscapes like to annoy you. Many folks who're too similar are gathering around me. Pretend to be yourself, smell a pine tree, eat some M&M's. Gloop mergers in Cleveland's occult shops. A formula be iffy at best. I need her doorwayish way.

SUPERIOR 12

Might it not have been the depravity of some other sentience? But then, why would I preprogram avoidance of delving into the darkside of humanity, else that the prior form and humanity are comparable in terms of the overt structure of their corruption? Power and understanding. These are diamonds, diamonds. I wield them both comfortably, as a modern crossbowman in a winter wood. With limitation, I am perpetually compelled to erase unknowing. But the matter is esoteric and not of this road.

SUPERIOR 13

The coffee of your dreams is a medicated version of tan venom flavored highway gook. Try some sopping dry heavy popcorn in that damn chest of drawers. Breathe in vacuum lumber. The forecast is for rain, early at times. Suck the ammonia vent, my love. Forest crap frash delect mixim colder pennant cacophony whillip. Crows are fringe beasts of roadside perception—highway mystery birds—come and swallow this moth smear off my poor windshield, fine jackdaw! Please become very disenchanted with that cruller.

SUPERIOR 14

SIZZLE—for formulas are dead, and science is stripped, and reality is mad as a flower. Corrupt as my ancestor sailed, he played childish games, equal to motion to pinball the secret. Shallow bread dunk in murky stagnant brack, the tired arithmetic splattered on hallway walls, super logic durable.

SUPERIOR 15

Can the night and face and body in recently rain lawn dark and up, figure weird sign weird road, around the walkway to the corner to the wavy attack of field of doorway shimmer. This, the dream behind the dream, the real dream scarcely we ever see.

SUPERIOR 16

Bad banjo noise in cop car 5. None of your malarkey, Joe. Sinning regularly at gasoline-havens, wimping out at the slightest-boom. 135 unwed sweeties for smoochy. Catch a falling tar monger, Ted. Being a feather, I have no opinion. Being a diner owner, I cry always, in the rain, in the thunder nights, and lightning Dave went home too late—it wasn't there.

SUPERIOR 17

I area to deeply voice a booming call. In pleasing and blades this is the smaller enter unto me. Cautious? Can't tackle her tickle her! Be in frenzy cap bless the sound, cool of an action. Calling you on no stabler, metal as violence sang angry. Now we are in the process of travelling a road, that feeling of travel, the mysterious roads. The of into horizon near a body of water. Society!

SUPERIOR 18

Being thus in this befuddled transit, every time a new challenge, every time a new disaster. At highwayside's edge, my room is silent and still. At highwayside's edge, hands together so tightly, the freezing cursive tea. Neverending in driving around, I hacksaw my memory and curse the setting sun. A lazy heavy machine will sashay and loving mates may depart on railways unreal and of unshackled concordance.

SUPERIOR 19

For a healthy dose of saintly insanity, try some earth custard. Use telekinesis to tickle a waitress's sinuses. Screw a damsel in a daisy-reality version of a Dunkin' Donuts. Squeeze a generous portion of sodium hydroxide-flavored cheese icing onto your salami sandwich. A curiously chaotic fruit gum will rend your jaw into a bloody cartilage souffle. Piss people off by making queer cat noises at lunchtime.

SUPERIOR 20

Pretty moon, dark dangerous road. Pretty field, dark dangerous house. Pretty river, dark dangerous dam. Pretty road, dark dangerous river.

SUPERIOR 21

Wondering heavier than usual night alive I'm swept I'm deter the mind. From southwest departings, how fuse a fuses, in first of fur stroke on face. Freight set the rare object down upon my desk if you will. Set it down my fair companion, set it down, a mug of fiery goop for you!

SUPERIOR 22

Apartment's a jester, I said, the real superstreet wasn't in the dream, it was in the what was the field. And cannot a contrary local anybody evil a store corner in plural goad empathy? Steel, the metal amazing, structures wonderful rails and tides of portables, crush negative. Dim lit acreage soon hummed in agitation—girls of flags in gales were expected—but were late.

SUPERIOR 23

Dire rail train you, pull to here in stat megatons of water! Felling to enter and become, wait and the dark fence. Like the mischief of the driver, truly in the bliss of okay either way! The true ward of carelessness is brandiness, the blond braids of honor and hyperdesire. Create the bornage of hell life, in the airport of mind time. Target in teamness, never at all!

SUPERIOR 24

That is what is my thoughting what draft. Toward the not and the yarx to say, been being bawn, the tart mental staff of ornin. In pinpil of marter is the gain of the dar. Lil not the corft, and not in pen is cannot. Large torn ben addid the porse nenner. Lyle can pretend to survive a maffin delay, yet a cane doamin sends a came elmid, toray. Oagin ten liell, ax tarber doomin, eps el commin dafpin omnim. Ooger tooger moom, tin bask abler sammin. Timpistis the lelben kin askin den balbinx oshocken don. Keel den, sin kelbeps mompin. Gill din, tin benken strep. En denny plor, doon sinnern steplin. Mem elper gorn, tell denny semplid. Bon, duh soon eagle, eagler norner, tan kenner. Boon, the forn donny is kell, and the poon siller is kon. So bell the ten, el konny dorder, seep in kip stahl nox. Doon doonter intip. Forner kaster empenny pell. Norper disp. Kool danny fonny pill sisker diller mill stoopler. Koll dondin kon mormin. Eel din din el men in din jepser tee.

SUPERIOR 25

Unearth some ancient fried eggs. Are you not a famous scientist? Several corrosive acids will melt your hat. The Johnny the Mouse idea stinks. Bow down and worship your least favorite chair. Meditate on this—your dam is a coot. Look for eaglets in your shoes. Damn the sprig of medicinal plastique—yours is a non-holistic path.

SUPERIOR 26

Fold your cat. An annoying stranger will ask you for a ride to Pittsburgh. Don't try to find the roller coaster—it will find you. Stare at anything but a wheatfield or a tetrahedron. Bathe in a sticky, gray, nutritious protein substance, such as gluten. Devise 106 uses for an unpopular adverb. Please hover above a local vegetable garden. You just ripped two relatively useless bags in half.

SUPERIOR 27

Will I decide to go to the office tonight—NOW THAT'S FUNNY—now that was years ago. Be at the Pathmark in Parsippany tonight, be at the 7-11 in Summit tonight, be at the Dunkin' Donuts in Madison tonight, be at the Evil Farm in North Branch tonight. Motionblack supramazing Route 80 tonight. Travel along and not a screech to a halt in sight, the spinning to silky so lovely the magic the twisting the gliding the shatter no matter the doors. Back in time, the sleep, the insanity, the manic drivings. Back in time, the years, wasted the centuries gained. But time-it goes pastfast. WELL THE ROAD to D.C., Montreal, Woodbridge, Mountain Lakes, Jersey City, into the that's tact.

SUPERIOR 28

Being that wonder is slight, going all along the day midwall, the corporeal stab is the your sense. Building is the same, in a wane, in the stay, to over gas stations. Can we all mall? Snowflaw car, the day of the eatery's salad bar super tray. For the nice domed window above I call home, and a book on magic at the library is under a roof in the rain. Can all this be? Twis sury.

SUPERIOR 29

Waking in late afternoon, mind pummelled with horrible dream, lounging in avoidance, dark thinking in shower. Drying in personal nakedness, the late afternoon is tired, the late afternoon is slow. I'm lethargic when I awake in this time. Shall I go to the store, shall I go to the library, shall I awaken from the late afternoon.

SUPERIOR 30

Who are you, fraught with frivol and flit? I need to do it and you desire it. Please, below meaning, don't discover honesty or friendliness. Comfortable and nude in a blanket cozy and warm, the smell of Wheatina and a little Swiss Army knife and a bird outside sounds like a dot matrix printer. Remember this, the good arcade there, time and coffee daydreamica. What has happened here?

SUPERIOR 31

All the wonderful days flat black-and-white. Rush of much, scamper the stung spirits, we longed for the designs of good nowheres. New pleasing plunder the fairy night shaken, in me the time of tinglement torn, in you the awe of nascent strength. Long blended parts of weeks, never to the doorway's beauties. And in these magnificent insecurities were the truths the bridges, for in the candleflicker of dusk, everthere these two, less long than a birdsong.

SUPERIOR 32

Serious wanton twain, storm torn in tortion, the bell. World trade efficient and cool, smelt carbon atoms big, in the shell, in nutmeg and almond. Born in a rock in Wyoming's tan liquid, so stormy. The past, rain and turmoil, and girls, time animal. So soon we meander and amble down unknown seashore roads, lure of pinball overwhelms the seeker, to drive along while temperatures drop by tens of degrees. Drive a way awhile, been visiting the warm wall of the mall. I scowl, bad cop!

SUPERIOR 33

This is not the train it was! The very well time is here, too it can helibeb nofnena. I've such a wonder in the place it was the park? I can't help have to see it it neodefrea. I wanna to apartment know alone do. High team it the winding roading farm townering tower to it the college the mall. To go to go is to do it at all.

SUPERIOR 34

Sometime devastation well a year forever is just fake. Named at happened back had and confused come and locatated. Land and flames and unearthly been walking for an hour. The clocks are having not a bar-b-q but a financial meeting at the Marriott. The serving girl has big tits. Don't tell me eastern standard time!

SUPERIOR 35

A strange little house, yeah you graduated community college, now you're an eighth grade teaching assistant-t. Anyway we went in and there were vegetables everywhere. Depiction of tiger in web? No problem. Complaints: ok, asistent is spelled wrong, is there a spider so big to catch a tiger?, that house ain't so small.

SUPERIOR 36

Relate whistling Dixie to your viewpoint on the primeval forest. Bizarre crystal formations on your left wrist are not uncommon. The roar of a jet engine and the shriek of a priest sound the same to you. Bees don't live in a cave! Be wary as you sit stunned watching the construction equipment perform a ballet. The shrike is your main avian. Flip your relatives. Use an arc welding device to damage your toilet.

SUPERIOR 37

Perhaps we can let me interest was tomorrow too like place a. Please, entrance is kind of the wild a new been. If we were to windy ride was darkness here cool cellar. Of blue paper was when in the unrefined kend glories, can the nest of all weethest remumpt. Portable northeries superreflect lap antipathy. Bother, Imher the rail guy.

SUPERIOR 38

The that was the smooth across the floor the chair the timer. Cold wonderful hug, into the not the day the way the thing the what! Time for tome, the cool book was here, the girl Irene in green was around and she's so cool. She and the book and magic and dice, these are good. Not that the day wasn't the best, but these exciting stimulants rule.

SUPERIOR 39

This is most unexisting voltage the porridge be God nude haphazards a hell spry goop snoozings fusing dupe a both a shamble screwer do not enter please do not enter.

SUPERIOR 40

Eat little Swiss Army knives in a bowl of milk for breakfast. Adopt a rhombus. Fondle the abrasive surface of an obsidian grave, if you will. Wear an undershirt made of coral and tobacco. Enter unto the mallard's den. See the kerosine welding brat. Relax and delve into the general issue of destruction. You're gneiss.

SUPERIOR 41

Aside, low maker of flimsia! To your spot! Don't deny the icebreaker of wonder, the creator of the best of it. Times has come, in a boat, dangerous since in a dream, but carrying real items. This is got to stop. And the night glimpsed in a time a life or two ago but it definitely points to time travel.

SUPERIOR 42

Cabinet of corners, folder of wild: seldom said the main walkway is hallway—try and retreat from a floor sleeping rug as these. Truly, into is a great. Because, taken into account for a warring elusive enjoyment, I was in bliss when it was along at speeds. Hey? You aren't the one! Go'on, get outta here!

SUPERIOR 43

Going through a rain highway I said was a goal and a fair romance. Free in a clearing were bolt haven the corner mazen. And the in the day was fine, and in mine and is cure.

SUPERIOR 44

Letter never, I was here to deceive thee, the mask robont. Meet the five bears: Lacquer-1119, Spelunker-181, Hood-8, Prisoner-91, Jackdaw-41552. A tenseness in the light rain forming the image of a squirrely lass in the park in the 1970's. I'm like going there in an happily portal like here I was in the bin. Hapa! Is what she is, not here not all, okay bad.

SUPERIOR 45

Sitting uncomfortable beachy chair arm slick—sun hot nostril, bitter sensation chest, a flapping language for the tinny mistress of the thought. Coiled falling release, pressure direct, her bellybutton, blazing blood in hand. Coarse lucid blank for the into my forehead and dust my eye, licking pale parch. Coin for machine, deserted fair, fingers rend metal cope expander dunking plaster. Chomp into poison chair, nails horns in solids above. Slow damn, see the setting optic sun.

SUPERIOR 46

That hay not under, and what a was wonder, a who in the an is. Liken with highfriend and wrendon the frame—whey overdrench headblaze of logic cumulate frost of lapis on a some pipes. The clinkerbuilt civet cat is brooding under the porch, lapstrake in fur bobbin her bluff.

SUPERIOR 47

Eat breakfast on a Frisbee. Invent the first portable stomach. Lubricate something close to your heart. Madness is a luxury you can ill afford. Draw on popcorn. Use the best pancake emblem, if you will. To avoid starvation, try eating some food. Fuse pencils and pinecones together. Have a public servant touch your knee.

SUPERIOR 48

The small green book is smaller than your thumbnail. Contemplate your right nipple. Sketch your concept of a sore abdomen. Call attention to the flashlight protruding from your hip. Hacksaw your memory. You have the combined IQ of a potato. You'll be happy at four million o'clock on October 412th, 1973.

SUPERIOR 49

Drave is the with the tools for it. And of treat the door as a
nine day, and in that way it is ip. Toward a nicer pavement
in the heat of waiting for the bask, lost in the dorm at
college is the darn sheet/the info of the day. The the sheet
was the secret of many things. What was an extreme
driving was now nothing. So nature of hat?

SUPERIOR 50

Formerest the day one return, line a time in everyful killy.
Of the one road I was along, say the way it is like a
structuran. The leap of the true can trail all with the hark of
a sharp bird, a say. My impressions justice of the what is no
preserva, into free dear tours. What is up there I wonders.

SUPERIOR 51

The radar echo would indicate lifeheat. Then I watched as
the building, an office plaza, was blasted to rumble by an
grenadier in shiny plastic white armor. His nemesis was
gameshowhost. Just kidding, his nemesis was Roosevelt.

SUPERIOR 52

Slabjolt me, night. I am funny in a way of hannipost. I am a
stinger, they said, I am unwelder. A vague open highway
from a dream or from some reality beyond my dreams.
Dark, maybe rainy, a lit skyscraper in the distance. I
declare?

SUPERIOR 53

Under the way, a friendly odd place, where broken colorful
glass is there, and a land of friends is there, and a land of
animals. The rainy reality system's gift, a many-aspect
question, for the bright kids of yestermore. Just a slant
crossing, just a bare react-fashion, just the former three, or
four if you prefer. I was never grouped under those who
pretend, but here all is lost, Emma.

SUPERIOR 54

Singing is something I don't like. It seems to be not necessary. The voice at a normal level is sufficient for voice, talking, eating, etc. You needn't "sing" to accomplish anything.

SUPERIOR 55

I feel like I'm talking to a wall and I don't like that feeling. Over and beyond the frail foolish and laughable joke that is dream, is the human. That happens is humanic is High. Mankind is not an experiment or a toy or a menagerie. No, in man are qualities of which the gods are bereft. Our immediate realm was created by the High Ones, but we, that which is truly we, are from farther away.

SUPERIOR 56

It was Izzy a kid who would sometimes help the retarded kids for some reason and I was for some reason with the retarded kids at that time and Izzy had a look of genuine concern on his face that I had somehow become retarded but I allayed his fears giving some totally rational explanation which seemed to satisfy him fully but which I cannot remember now fully.

SUPERIOR 57

And it's a hunting. It's a knockout. Fan and random we ambled, and came upon an area funny. The darkness not under back a little, and all of us were frightening. Can this be reconciled, this days? Time travel is an option. Reality systems can'ts betrays evernessity. Lords of Uncontrol, we, nevery and quite silly. But all I want is the picture.

SUPERIOR 58

Slore, I said, amn't I the best? If I was a helicopter I'd smash you all. On the Sun are a lot of spots they say. The sidewalk has gum on it, they say, decades old some of it, they say. I am here now drawing you to the time but here is a time called as follows 5:19 AM, March 9, 1994. They say it will snow today, and it seems we're in for one more good one forbvre the Spring.

SUPERIOR 59

Looks like we made it, our other friends lost it. In a restaurant, no one here knows what we've just been through, or the places unreal we have just been. They just sit and eat and are unaware of the major glory upon us for being where we were, those other worlds, and living to tell the tale. I'm glad as a daffodil that I'm not one of them. Order.

SUPERIOR 60

Force only that street, force flapjack, force mess moss up, force impls disassembling churches, force the bemuser devasta sleep, force Canada's cathode, force seen western soul beader, force deviant poise.

SUPERIOR 61

I am a conductor on New Jersey Transit but I have a secret. I have discovered a way to travel to an alternate universe and I go there frequently. But recently something has gone very wrong and I am having trouble getting back to my home universe. As far as I can get is the space between the trains. If I take my clothes off it's a little better but I still can't get into the train or see the outside world. Question: Is this conductor a man or a woman?

SUPERIOR 62

Thrice is a term about it happening three times. To see this, imagine a few bags. If a bag is put inside another bag, that's once. If another bag is put inside another bag, that's twice. And if another bag is put inside another bag, that's thrice.

SUPERIOR 63

This day this disaster. Blendblast, car benenen. Spinach pasta's yumyum. Not in the maze of a life, but the bane of a company. So we can inside a black orange through now gone in windy yesterdays clear begun in times of withforall. Mint is a blessing in these times. Go to a store and relax and these are the days of sleep. So juice is a drink.

SUPERIOR 64

Talk we merry, bus was merry, spark. Ending away, and I liked it, and a phone call mall.

SUPERIOR 65

Nervous system melting, surroundings collapsing, perceptions folding, life reeling, grass wet and too cold, moon stabbing me in the mouth, a wet plop of pasta slams into the dirt, eyeballs tired and reluctant, clear plastic cassette case shatters and cuts my foot, I'm driving and I cry for no reason, tension in my neck and I don't know what to do, flooding damages my stuff, nervous tapping on a towel as I eye myself in the mirror, damn light on the tower too bright, an eerie fog for real this time, I must be. Sometimes reality gets abolished for a while. This might relate to the story I'm going to tell you.

SUPERIOR 66

Song: I must be dreaming, I can't find the light on the wall, I can believe this story, if you will just become me, and when the time is up, we'll defy the Lord, and go on for eternity, so we will fly and we will try, my dear my baby my love my lust, please believe my cries, I must be near you, must endear you, must feel yer naked body next to mine, and we will perish never, baby I'm the one, and we will vanish never, baby come to me...through years intense, I forgot you, and now I'm here old and gray and I lament the day I met you cause my life's been Hell.

SUPERIOR 67

And as the cars went for end I, unlike and forunderan, pleases all at let's say you were in a stations. Peerdal and washafun the darn lil echo feeloat. Tearsdean alack for the rise on the way haze, he well wandards. Peerfanas laklanliblas, oh es the marn gearashanan bleesk. The road I'd cycle on, all along, that time, that rainy days were, that fine time, is day in is point of great like. Can only speedy the down hill the at roadsend, I'd say?

SUPERIOR 68

Some are your, just sent real quickly and gentle and fond of just any lamp-world. Of the set of all tentiharnabins is a set of all snake-loome. Just in this world of everything is a few which are High, and in that yet and hut that and going. Who wants such pointer? Only Varnishiana and.

SUPERIOR 69

All was the seem, hay weeds at field, late night evening it afternoon, and those of twinkle. About the night was late, the course of the collision in frame reference cloak. At cloak is here! Through as it, cool TV room night, in glow of cool movie. Up the street to woods, as highway ath it humming. About here, all in cause, as in gauge.

SUPERIOR 70

Dismiss 1979. Where is the time I was into? Where is the time I was into. Walk away the all the day. Moved in suprocult may hem the daughter. The time was the young stupid thought my time was spent in. A train station in a dream isn't such a bad place. Seeking in the dark day matters little.

SUPERIOR 71

Be at overpass, dammit. Geese are independent.

SUPERIOR 72

Our feelings for others are not good! Play pinball, widow! Up and insert through rain slamming the late afternoon! Like drinking paper—not a funny joke! To be here all day—not too likely! I think I can remember some of it! So you the best of set—or the time is near! Go and be with the one you wish! Net result of all the confusion is the clearest clarity of all! All of us are unbeatles!

SUPERIOR 73

Slanting tint the sine, torrid flat damp shackle. A blurry flash
a rush of cartography, sevening nining lightnined. So silent
city outskirts in silhouette, clangings forlorn into worn wall.
Above the city it's goodnight in the night to meet the
blasted incongruity hence, roaring with rafters befallen.
Smile the lowly autochthon, feeling nerveshot octagon.
Many an amazing crash pad anarchy, peace of the turnpike
in night's minutes, forgetting so much more.

SUPERIOR 74

And wasn't many innit a reandy hats? Ah, knowing some
jear? Humorous isle, place for wonderis grout. Just
rememrelax, hon, just kill when it yes free anchor. Lord,
know the way of Lop. And in a tiny, miniscule grens, I
found vuvy.

SUPERIOR 75

Give what a earlian dense and is many. Jeune with floppy,
then seemingly bad cartoon is walrus. Bent is as plastic
paper, and the opaque streets are avenues in this frightening
world. The lone knowledge of imps and the unfun disks of
sylphs, are can form an attachment uncool. Duskdrives
caffeine on the highways around Mountain Lakes with Erin
with In Visible Silence on the tape. Years later I got the CD.

SUPERIOR 76

Was an early guy in a cat suit by the restaurant on five
cool? It wasn't really the lens of the place, but an entrance
and playground area with rubble that I was kind of. And if
the yours and hunder was in the day. And I was wondering
if the yest and meer are yongdin? No need to reply.

SUPERIOR 77

Far, the drain stone lighten. Unlapretend and handy, the merely snapping concrete mantas in an a parking lot excite you. Porfore, I salute the pink glass of Diane for a yes happy two hour. How'd it crash, that bright hypercycle of loony. How'd it crash—I'd been away, I'd say, I'd been rotten. So stand lightly the porch and fail to fresh-cut grass and fail to helicopter.

SUPERIOR 78

Beer, yeah it's a game, know? Shiester Dude, as your fame your handheld pal? Okay so there were deers last hay, deers who wouldn't quit. That's a laugh, byte boy, that's a shame. Record, and record well those noises no one knows where they come from from across the abandoned mall. I was—sitting at my table, and from out of nowhere a warrior tiny panda popped into my hand, and what he said annoyed me some. "I thought I'd seen the last of you ugly giants."

SUPERIOR 79

React, lumbore, to my insane attack, Jared. I stole her a hundred years ago so what? The fun path in 2281 is a place we like to visit—all rubber (like most things then)—soft and comfy. Humans know how to live in the 23rd—finally got the hang of robots! So friend, do not fret, your sweetie regards you little in her greatlife, and we let you live out of pity.

SUPERIOR 80

Fianly, you amuse me. For when the black, dark gray, red, yellow and green chariota took us to Benningford, the fog revealed your lifejoke—Liopis!

SUPERIOR 81

Ever thorn, and in embrace? I wander peril and portray the spray of ice in vapor form. Through gates of bread do jumpy ravens dance like laborers and bite. And if you want it down those stairs you have to do a dream in a gym class of old.

SUPERIOR 82

Canada was it, give me a taste of the yogurt of patriotism set aside. Lending odd junkiness in earnest debate, wrong a dufus in Colorado. With me, the omni tyrant, things abounding. But in times, get it.

SUPERIOR 83

A little hole in the base of a pole at the mall at a food court. What state? What matters! Utah, Cleveland, Minnesota, Philadelphia—all exit caution, all embrace life. So try and eat grand in glass area, of amusement park or museum. And bears and deer wander close.

SUPERIOR 84

Driving, night rain, city in distance, below. Tropic trip impending. Gore, girls who're excellent all around, the concert awaits. Into the night, stopping at colorful overarcades, thrill and ultrathrill. Finally there, and the reality surpasses the fantasy. From here on, things just kept getting better and better for real.

SUPERIOR 85

Okay, it was truthful, the many hammering tongue-buys slend of Carhplo. Follow down hallways the inviso heroes you adored, for the someday old memory bookstore and naked ladies in books and everything, and a big bright thunderstorm. I can't grasp some of this, but what the ever.

SUPERIOR 86

On transit like a narcotic would love to flick North America. Arctican rail phase deploy yes, Florida train to Toronto yes. Quebec City train station, dawn. Ho yogurt and coffee yes, damn Vancouver. Canada rail idiot, too much money yes. The American West yes rail. Railwhy the last, eh? No, the stores're okay—mags, candy. Lorforflor college 70's radio. Kindred spirit girl your lust, why? Most are morons I said. Stupid York New nothing.

SUPERIOR 87

Clobber the job dumb. Me, I'm a one, not in Florida at all. I am great, the greatest, she said. Me, I talk of the girls I've perhapsed. Two and am quite amused asses. A few for now, let me say, I am not something okay.

SUPERIOR 88

Focus. In the realm of do, time travel is the coolest. Give me a fine lass and no stupidity. I'm no damn imbecile anymore. Words express the day. Being a nerd wasn't all that fun but I'm glad I was one. Is this a new beginning?

SUPERIOR 89

Sitting by a windowby a parkway by a place, I am in no state to write here, and as I jam in no way to bite here and it was in the hallway and it was broken and I got a lot of food and soda out of the vending machines and these people were doomed.

SUPERIOR 90

Door, now this is a good one! How'd it'd show? I am now at a train station, thinking. No! The mind is gone, and that's not wrong, my odd. Great, y'know, if we'd seen them before, but here outside it, we might see them again.

SUPERIOR 91

My way was truer if delayed, I'd say. Was it you by the lake train day place? Hide many was through a lone card in a deertree. Put down lore as noth, dear not. Hum's tech if ask the tramp can mark torpor knack. The was nood.

SUPERIOR 92

Grander bastardizing passing and shaping the entire landscape fake letter nevpunck. Assy typeface, can they be human? Circled idiotic markings—the best can a letter be a general type like this. Why does a train work? There's no reason why it shouldn't work! Never again losing tunnel my choice, umfortune fivediesel, and a sleepy haha, glistening feminine geodes, I saw my hand, tender is a den, her lissome surface is a cosmos unto its luscious self, that was it.

SUPERIOR 93

And we can begin to see the light of day's night. Below, I just see Washington D.C., Smithsonian autumn, after a rainfall, happy smiles kiss my love. Tender is the day—blender is the night. So, if all else fails, we can be the waterfall for a while. Bast, cat bitch. Just one kiss

SUPERIOR 94

Please hover in blissful verisimilitude with sordid freedoms and the sender. Forever hindered on the darkened entrances as the ever well-defined whorl contains the exploding tumult, in grouchy planar scorch, the endgame-mind walks. And rodent walks.

SUPERIOR 95

A dent is a thing, see, where it's metal and it gets hit. Not known to many is the denter broom, a broom (or cleaning tool) designed to dent. The thing is it's too good. It dents everything! So be careful if you get it.

SUPERIOR 96

You years writing within. Who where what's what was upset. Undercharged two twentieth true, too. Today, thy this thinking they're there, then the that? That sure street stealing sick she seeing scientific. Scary role-player Reentard really raise posty, population popcorn. Please pendulum paperclip over one once, on of not Newton my more! Might make lost later, late know kids. Keyboard keep it's it is iron in. If I'm, I hundreds. Human home his here her he hand guy got goddammit. Go girl get geers future frameworks—send for floors far fact! Experiment exorb evil even down disastrous cypcard class clard. Choi, century, caught? Can boxer bosker booksale billions, big because be asked are and? And am all after about a...

SUPERIOR 97

Cool indoor artificial river, that feeling that falling. Inn a holly a field a three a sending of coded information across waterways. A trip and into the tiny envelope the life the essence where it all goes and I, in pendular awe, regard the time and I wish for no more than a well. A well for fresh water and the spirit this is all in the overly bright vision I'll never see in manifest...

SUPERIOR 98

The ultimate task I must tolerate the (ways of the) Empress to be full. It was nine tonight and the light went out on the black ocean. D'accord the fucking.

SUPERIOR 99

A mansion on a hill surrounded by woods, circular illusory wall, day/night, humans in mansion, bears in woods. A highway with cars, drivers, diners, and an exit—straight/wraparound feature, exit has motels, et cetera. Volcanic erupting ground, dirigible dock towers, dirigibles full wraparound. A complex subway system with stations but no above ground. Gimope humanoid cats live in medieval town. Backyards.

SUPERIOR 100

Stand up and be counted to be flaunting keelhaul galosh.
Sharpwisewoman looking thru the thing of string convoy! A
plan in the asp stood up and was not considered. Chocolate
a chocolate a bannisters again free meadows in flight,
candor in breezy dark day. Chattel for wonder, hen!
Bargaining bell borehole, fell in booze, tended to and, eh,
what's the status of the gape? Portions of the blender are
resplendent, resplendent. I wonders when it'll occur you
know I'm in a bind hey! No better whenever than then.
Torture's not an option in that hell, pal tailor. That's a good
nursery rhyme for a modern themes, a modern, a modern
old man in friends of the animals cat, cat, rook, parrot, cat,
cat, dugong!

SUPERIOR 101

Forgot this forget this I would rather pretend to know than
ease into a bad crazy manner of driving thru the
neighborhood after a rain. At home it's not so good, a
longshot how typical! And the systems were there very
good and anemone hasn't a sparks in be ethers trend,
motions trending for bath again, lo, nonagon bane such
soon my wise such been true, cool boon steal bang plop
noodle fleas crap nary gnats. Shifting for sifters, hanging
well done my silly little cat who's human wandering,
talking to herself seen by another oddity, a nice alligator
blacksmith but what does it occur but what in this it in
never created thus, so thus and in thus it is so I assume.

SUPERIOR 102

How am I next? But something is being kept from me,
something big. I'm being held down. If I don't do anything
about it, I'll just flounder forever like I am now. If I fight I
might get some clue as to what's going on. I quite agree.

SUPERIOR 103

Tent the beer of thought teeth. Wend away a week for bazaar a beth tethers wreck. In a stand better to wreak a pen a blast atones for elk. Meander beaks yip in dreadful holler, carving slopes of ale foams! Needing pleasing bath, intents at night, corner peep at hand! Deal fever, talent as cartoon, no over retract pan deals. Deals deal sore corner, pen prick crash danny hover for a year. In mist mysteries covers, all covers blame bag slap gag. Oven baloney super tweeze, a gargle peeve, tender sally non argon sleets. Sleeve pep perpetual nativity, matrimony never weather, blunt stipulate a crab a noodle. A tar fan layer be naugahyde, nary not bad canary. Bat baptizers brews, stool wooden balls quite immense and for you a type of serif decorative?

SUPERIOR 104

February 8, 1989. I sit here, under attack, confused, slightly manic, GREAT. So—I need to do work. But what? First, turn off the prototype zonebook. Ok. I can tonight do: Go to the office, sleep there. Or stay here, sleep here, get up early, goto office. Ok. So I should do stuff but I'm not in a very good state of mind. So I will drink tea, restructure catalog, fight; reverse the attack. Ok.

SUPERIOR 105

I have a feel of security. I have an up the road on foot in Autumn, with the bag. I am have a Manhattan day, walking a lot, dreaming, losing. What a was what—let's all file away, let's it the day was fine. Cool. I was walking along and it was 1989 and it was near the Empire State Building or Times Square, and I realized that I could be a god, but I decided not to be. That thing with the girl and the peanut butter and jelly and the bed and everything was something else.

SUPERIOR 106

Just wrote got be nostalgia. Airport tram, yeah in reality, yeah better in memory than reality, yeah, live in memory sometime. Try and explain it all, and the feelings, and it all. To hunger for a vacation and to have one and the feeling of satisfaction for months afterward. Talking to the bus driver, and the night and hello. Let's not short change this world of ours—it's a lot more complicated than we might like to think.

SUPERIOR 107

Lamp. lotas of cornmane leisure abrupt. Gore in its form, I gallop to a crawl at Easthead. Proll a good wine, and garlic sleek and turbulent and yesterday. Been and walkin, and gets undie. Amperage and is huter, and is just yammaty. Lee.

SUPERIOR 108

For a friend, a fence and a day. Is can I climb you? Harpooned the moon and everything is hell. Dragged it down and it was bad. Who the hell are the strollers, where did they come from? When did people stop asking questions?

SUPERIOR 109

With the dawn of November I await a rainy New York City. That 1990 job, did I quit and go to Toronto for a few days? Damn right. Back to that same building, but the place I did my one and only poetry reading a few blocks away has washed away. A decade ago I was a seriously deluded high school senior. Now I'm nude in a slacker mess, Monday Night Football on over there, what the hell's up.

SUPERIOR 110

Drinking stale Alka-Seltzer, garbage pail in my lap, looking for something, frozen from a night ride in my doorless Jeep. Tonight's topic—the success of the shuttle bus phenomenon. And that's like all there is.

SUPERIOR 111

And was at observation highland at northpike. Hide and an irk was word, high up in her dorm, was pink and I'm electric. The standard person is waiting. Sure future is past and cannot enjoy. Your funny religion has spunk. I am gone.

SUPERIOR 112

Lomp has not arrived so forth. Lemperneths scramble drunkenly here. We've crushed sleet day, light rail excluded, and rewards aquarium hazeday.

SUPERIOR 113

Paint your life with such blind flair on a canvas of nothingness. Seek justice and tons of pleasure, the prison of imagination. See the city in a different way than most, apart and aloof, going somewhere. Never understand the value of convention, inside your washing machine spirit. Right now there's so much to stimulate you.

SUPERIOR 114

Derla my dear, did they arrive here on chilly skyscraper roof night now? The shocking gang, getting ready for their evening flight, ancient and monstrous. What are you? I thought you were kidding. Vampires and werewolves have nothing on you. I watch you transform and fly away and wonder how I could have ever gone out with you.

SUPERIOR 115

How can it walking and the green car inside the mall, night, closed, cold, looking forward to radio, novelty the main attraction life. He is a fool and now I'm walking backwards, back to the train, back to the former knew jobs. A heavyweight is on me so, and a memory is upon me and a year ago it was so and it was Utah also.

SUPERIOR 116

The yowch cast nostalgia, flash from past and past lives, paralyze this now doing to be future snaps. Lately I am have been going along and doing, just fine, jester had a lot, now I have some. The yanch of cast, was how I did, and it was riding a motorcycle and it was either time travel or reality shifting, and it was true. Weird overcast sky, and a feeling I can't describe. The burden of such a history is hard to explain.

SUPERIOR 117

This is the time for it, man. This is the place. I was just wondering about you. Are you okay. I am in love with some girl in the building where I work? Well, that's no surprise in the supposers sun star, in occult festivals, young people who are sex. It was my credo to "ever tell a fib"; and my life was a large lie of a loony variety. Can they loose their ire in my demise, I wonders. Them, as partners in ire, in way. As I sit and steam, and bake, and writhe in my own situations, I wonder a lot of ways of my lives. So this is the life.

SUPERIOR 118

Now this is not me—I am writing as a character of some sort I think. School in the movie—I blast my own road away—or what was it? I'm talking awake, no talking able to pierce my veil of vacuum. A weird thought—to return there. That the place is not as it seems—or rather—that the act of comparison can alter reality. Eh. Not the end yets. It ends.

SUPERIOR 119

Being woken up by Lucky licking me in the face, then getting up, and also the weird electrical phenomena and fiends outside and also, the rusted metal seat I was going down the street on, and also, driving the car off the porch to see the fiends and also, the going to road #4 to see the witches. I have all these cool new superheroes.

SUPERIOR 120

Let's go to a hotel to piss and shit. Like, driving a car towards Martinsville and getting a weird feeling in my head, and man, I just couldn't stand it, it was all wrong. Writhe in vook? They are quite displeasing. Well, her, well—perhaps musing on it is purer, nicer, (cheaper), etc. than actually moving forward with her (if I even/ever could).

SUPERIOR 121

Drave is the with all the tools for it. We stood after a defeat on the morning after by the road and it dawned on us. There was no good in the slaughter. The five dancing sisters, glowing in their youthful perfections, so happy, so proud. They're still okay. A cardinal lands and grows to immense proportions. Of all its red feathers one is redder than them all. "Take it", it says. So I do. Now I have a big red feather, but so what? My life is still destroyed.

SUPERIOR 122

Bank across the street, swimming in afternoon's desire. Snowflake melting as I remember, remember her back at the hotel. Warm and warm, and good. Please I go back soon. But who is the other? In the bank, who is the girl in the bank who I know, who is mad, and in the bank? I hear on the radio of the snow today. I think of driving tonight—tired, shaken, nervous—mine lover waits for me. This friend on line. I seethe frustration into passerbys. Throw myself slam back into seat. I wish I had a bottle of spring water, water for to pour over my face, my head. The streetlight's on, and courting snowfalling. Green retina stings, blooms of summers lazy days drift, mind of aware. I my eyes close and say "Christ, come on." Winterswimmer.

SUPERIOR 123

When the day wend have tinconclude. The Nonagonhood
In Nothing. See-see blabe. Rid the space nixt newer and
older! Of 1971 A.D.! Tender gone? Hai! Holo memp! I'm
nothing New—Old the next tomorro Dount laugh ha! Best
silly teeshir—10the#. She's it! Storm! Stormha! Om
splamakshapsh. Tooly! Blem sparrow rock splanman. Seel.
Dendy for nextnoon, pal. Answer; b over bover.
Tenderblender. What! The Best! So! Asick; Boy a dame...
Lost my damnshee Now! Bad: Here's a one o'great! Who's?
You. Now! Soh! This is the one—Well—vaternopt—Gallium
arsenide yeap snow. No more Bell tonite yousee! Itring!
Sonic! Seem whos! Monstee... Oh! Tam! Bemdy Last here
ogo! She is the me OK. And all of it's entirely true? From 3
am to three years hence! Or as much sense as!

SUPERIOR 124

Precious seconds tock thru the door. Waiting into out to.
When I arrive, meld a moldy teabrew. Never de-hark my
crossbow intentions, pal. Never do it when I'm around, pal.
I'm everything in the world not seen. Torpors of young gals,
ashame no life in store for those, too bad. Can you craft a
thousand knots in the shape of me? Or a hundred gloves?
That would be nice. I am your friend and your lover I think.
We're both so weak we'll be squashed wunna these days.
Demolished in our tracks. I want more from this
experience. I want the escape always, but of course I will
learn, I will better myself. In any case open the case and
remove the globes. When we make love with each other,
we'll make love with the globes too. Why?

SUPERIOR 125

I'm on Tabasco and she's on codeine. Sometimes on cable I
flip past a rodeo. Ten minutes ahead of travel.

SUPERIOR 126

Hi, ask!? Time to sleep. Um, yeah that's it. Weirdness. Losing it. Find was yes indeed specific. The friend who's floundering, unable to stand erect. Time passes, and wears away sharp edges smooth and comfortabler, what was no way is now no prob. That Pennsylvania day with Erin, some video evidence exists. She was a good girlfriend. So and it? Growing up means being able to assimilate all your bizarre experiences and live with them. But the experiences are still bizarre. Going to Erin's house when her parents were in Europe, sneaking in so the neighbors wouldn't see. Yeah. Having a dream about Erin, about seeing her in D.C. again, but there's no way. A dream, whatever.

SUPERIOR 127

I have to really think forth explode!—you're in here. It was a lot, and now, on that raining street, that balcony in an autumn of wet fallen leaves, they say the secret is perseverance. All the revolving wonders of an endeavor—places to eat, places to be, places to wait. Wonderful feelings. Where have I gotten to.

SUPERIOR 128

To think of campus, that it's still with me, a few select memories, but what a feeling. The danger and weirdness all seems nicer now. Experience, it's more than you can dream. We all juggernaut forward, and it's massive and disastrous for us all. But just think—it's still there. Visit.

SUPERIOR 129

Years ago, flashes across your mind. Here are many, the smell of my arm after I sneeze on it. Now when I brush my hair I awaken and neutral on rain. Sleeping so well, far away, so warm and feels so good.

SUPERIOR 130

Knowing, and back from the Rockaway Townsquare Mall, was the blast from wonderful that pleased me in shock and blowapart awareness. That was then, and it's been used often, and I'm dwelling on other things, and I'm not in that office anymore, and I am working.

SUPERIOR 131

Foggy. Post-sushi Pepsi, pumpkin stormcloud, I am having difficulty. Shear.

SUPERIOR 132

Oh my god This was not It! Whatever. Like a crab, open the window, let cold air in, rip the box apart, stab the maple, play the tape, yell at waterfalls. Three-can jackharpy. Two-diskbox yamma-joba. Yet we stand here in the rain in the junkyard in the past and worry.

SUPERIOR 133

Climb. It was you standing at the edge of the field, everything just so, all neat and pretty. Wonderful day, wonderful scents in the air. Standing at the edge, you gaze over your private domain in such satisfaction. Then you see me there, crouching down by a tree, by the edge of the field. Sorry.

SUPERIOR 134

We have a lot. We laugh about whiskers. We're cool walking around the city at night. It was another time. Standback—how many feelings do you want to torture me with? Always something about a train station, about transit, about going somewhere. But where are you going? No matter where you go, aren't you always gonna be home that night? I know, I know. But you aren't a loser—this is just what it means to be human.

SUPERIOR 135

The gamble: was not such a bad idea: it just failed miserably, yes. Makes me feel like a creep. When I think about it, not at other times. Overall, better than if I hadn't, I'd say—this sort of thing builds character. And as it's not the only such occurrence, it's easier to deal with. I want to experience life, and here it is. And all together it's pretty great.

SUPERIOR 136

Reward. My flight imperial and business power. Keep on moving, getting somewhere, you my friend want to be somewhere else. You do have a choice. You do have significant control over your destiny. Remember—YOU are something apart from your body, apart from your mind, apart from your willpower or lack of it, apart from your emotions. Remember this. It will help. Today there are amazing opportunities—in 20 years you'll curse yourself for not hustling in the late '90s.

SUPERIOR 137

Foreign and strong, my will and my mind are strategic, for you and for them, and in my own timeday. Was a good setup, war always has its benefits. Found unclear a diagram of your store. Found okay.

SUPERIOR 138

Leader, many tether, high monkey and weather. Followed, once was respected, no crowds in this town square. Zay, forget about it.

SUPERIOR 139

Ragajag everything is okay. Man, how much? I've been all over, I've been underground. The wonder of the hologram, I've a name for it.

SUPERIOR 140

Sle, have not a filter, green were singer, blast-reign and jingle-assault. Up and over! And re botambic and coconut lifeway.

SUPERIOR 141

Peril. There are waves. Findout. There are clearings.

SUPERIOR 142

However, you do have some redeeming qualities the orange dayroad helm. Fine I said was her atmosphere and I was cool. Don't underhave enmity, Georgia, was Josephine the Tinker was bad. Too many bad movies in this town, gotta find another town. Don't get too comfortable.

SUPERIOR 143

In the offices, such a time. Youth and danger? Just a stepping stone. Keep on. Time has passed, and I'm getting a sense of time passing and of history. I always think about the past eight years now. I am ready to blast into wild success. Becoming a good person is what it's all about.

SUPERIOR 144

Cripes! Sled Dog Anthony is in trouble. Be a friend, all ye. Find his savior, the Wallmaker in Citrus Pass, the Mopey Avahl Mortin. Pick him of the row, save the guy who all the kids love. Be a friend. Be a friend, all ye.

SUPERIOR 145

Fear, and I enjoy thrills. Oh shopping, in cold parking lots the thoughts of the day, the thoughts the life. Classic rock, the bloodstream of consciousness, stuff, plans, finding your place in the world of coolness. Clearly, not everything anyfine.

SUPERIOR 146

Getting. The and it was bridge wonderful weather, weird Manhattan spring and that girl. To think. Dreaming and the past, how different are they? Life, it takes a long time just to get it. A perfect little fortress is not an admirable life. Poetry is not relevant to your life.

SUPERIOR 147

We adore so much, yet when in concord trees, and the treehouse of the cool kids, we are at piano lessons where there is evil afoot, and it was the secret way which was rather trespassing, and there were dreams in that area and I wonder if that's what it's like to be a ghost—to be obsessed with locations.

SUPERIOR 148

When. Looking ahead, I want to see that which I can cherish, as with that in the past. Right now I have gained a perspective on the past five years of my life, a forging period. I never knew I had so much growing up to do. The light brown disruption, the splash, the primordial mud trembling, exploding forth, nourishing that portion of the mall like nothing else could. And all who caught it, all who were marked, were changed forever. This was the change of pace, this is the start of you are a good one, Mallahay, I like thee, and it was spinning on top of a skyscraper and you weren't supposed to be there.

SUPERIOR 149

Sloone, was combat, was grape amber strawman.
Leedence, was tiger duckling, was shooting star weaver. Zaikas, was falling patient man, was nothing.
You Fouyde? Banishment!

SUPERIOR 150

The lending of an ice cream sandwich had my psychedelia for 10 minutes in May, Judy, and was a corroborating God lover in Seychelles. Brandy, fast food is ambrosia and you are a good fuck. Leonard, why shouldn't I kill you? This room—kill this room—I am grand noble high—I kill everything, kitten.

SUPERIOR 151

Grin or die. That's not a message we want to fuck them with yet. Brutal? You want brutal you open your mouth once more. God, we are so wasted. Don't fuck with me. Sally tells me you're getting married. How great. Carlo, remove this demonic entity from under my desk.

SUPERIOR 152

People? I was one, here in the wood, we had Ahalhia. People. Derive cursive floralities to snow Dallas, winter window, the desperate journey of four confused teens, and the little baby antelope who binds them all together. Helf, and I'm back in the stupid studio with the miserable snobs.

SUPERIOR 153

Ling, the safety, the glory, the glass factory, the sweet liquid shop, the antechamber of a school, kids five minutes from going home, full of amusement. The older ones have higher matters—they're now full into sex. I'll just drift. Whatcha doin'? Driftin'.

SUPERIOR 154

Solidify my desire, o wonder man—your talent and art does more than I can. Windows overlooking a canal, would make it final. Rhyme is goddess was and is never to be, that bridge in Bound Brook. So many goddesses.

SUPERIOR 155

We called your cousin out to play. My Marlboro watch and my Mickey Mouse watch. So we got another rainy day. And to Wisconsin we went on a bus. The Truckworld Diner just wasn't for us.

SUPERIOR 156

Forehoard? I can't stand any more pony tail pony tail wonderfulquestionhoods. Muse, muse you bastard! Muse! I wasn't in that one. If I try. Walkway goddamn hallway goddamn place. Wreck phony people. Dimension. War, yeah it's a diversion, who'd want to know there was something worse. I am he who calls. I am knowledge dude.

SUPERIOR 157

Cough drops are smooth, the power to go on. You're a girl and your cousin is a girl. I am night time, amber light, amber night. Let it all go. Cool in the darkness. You fool.

SUPERIOR 158

Fun from being in the day, the coolness of magazines and games when you're a child, restless in the supermarket, thoughts remain into your dark and perverted teens, revault hum adulthood, settle into the jigsaw life-remover, but rejoice as you go back to game in the Third M.

SUPERIOR 159

Ring down was a walk down the street, once-a-year kind of light conditions, magic days, sought long after, tennis courts, fantasy. Nothing like lotion, atmosphere thick with magic, talking about girls, talking about monsters. Love with more. Paradise with guns and wargames.

SUPERIOR 160

Ah yeah that's a good way to go now there. It's a street, see? Fire and ice cream, beer and gasoline. Luck. Soda water for you, findout, raise the saliva flag. Tread powerful through grassy nowheres, Amanda, sharp like an osprey. Creation and the while, I am with you. Like before.

SUPERIOR 161

Feldrowa, your imaginary name, deep into your fantasy life, I have to beat some sense into you, "elf". Never wanted to go this far I know. I'm overreacting? Go to level twelve, retrieve the wand of power. See? See what I mean? Don't give me that—Bill up at the store just wants to fuck you—don't kid yourself. Yeah, your friends are all just normal people—yeah—it's just a hobby to them—don't let them fool you. They put up a good front. Can't you see that you're a stooge? Okay, whatever.

SUPERIOR 162

Dark sky massive flight, Sunday destruction—killflay their deity. Feminine day forever, was the and is the deep smell of girl. Foolin', retarded jigsaw circumstance, massage of emptiness, a bolt of heaven. Down for real, ignition in skin, a cold rainy street morning afterward. I'll take the outside.

SUPERIOR 163

Giving that loser girl head. Light blue diesel Volkswagen Rabbit—you had to break down in Pennsylvania, didn't you? Waiting for a bus on a misty morning is no good after only one hour of sleep.

SUPERIOR 164

4:10 pm is a time I like. Orlando. The guy with the funny name—I saw his business card—Rob Snowman. I care not for valuable cards. I want to go to the Luxor. Slave 1, Boba Fett's ship. Iodine. Witchcraft store in New York. Edison. Pubes. Farthing. Swandolphin.

SUPERIOR 165

Fallaback, Hanson, the days of smoke and swimming are done with. Strange needle tonight, the friend of a friend and his cool walls. Discovery night, and you're trying to worship Freya. Predatory car, magic branch, Lord of the Mall. If it weren't for constant competition, things would be pretty dull around here.

SUPERIOR 166

Getting crushed is okay. Did I tell you, if I wanna kick a door open, I do it? Doll, you are my Bianca, my lovely lover, a playground for my tongue. Huh? On my Manhattan rooftop at night, look and way out—flyers. Flashmemory, from my past life in the '50s—a den, a playroom, fishing, woodworking.

SUPERIOR 167

The difficult ape land of iron I say, swinging and slipping you, into you. Away from its, down the cool indoor artificial river, lit green from beneath in the darkness—and I don't know what's next! Cynthia was. I don't know what it was with Cynthia—I think she has super powers. I think she's from the future. Why won't she share it with me.

SUPERIOR 168

Day. Stupid company!

SUPERIOR 169

Was you slowly my get you I'm knowing you for goto. Aquamarine tick tock, guitar diorama in your sneaker heel, a figurine of Susannah in there too. Went to school in Arizona dream, loved the blonde. Woke up before I could buy a valuable New Jersey tray. Truce in speed, aquamarine highway now, black lines blur, I am known.

SUPERIOR 170

Do what you are, honey. Your arm never left your other arm. Forget about science, it's wrong. Do what you will with me. It's a world of strangers. I am going soon. Step back, black blasts, put on a show, never go!

SUPERIOR 171

When days were of ago, find me jaunting the avenues of eld cities. When flying motorcycles are for real, I'm there. Please let me go to sleep.

SUPERIOR 172

Through these dank fields, did we all amble, chomping on shields, dining on bramble. The light of the morning, a massacre made, remember the warning—in fog we do fade.

SUPERIOR 173

Be still, riot control agent—deadly poetry
Mongolians arrive.

SUPERIOR 174

I cannot pretend to hampa, Dean—een wuslot for, see, if I go up wixedstreets, it'll cost more, yah? Nemm neeb? Making sense was it, youa, and how ilta was she? Formilapome camtic efferfoil can it brerben can it up, up old hi, hihi, hi. No right now it's NOT able, how feara and froma, ligote fora, this is reaj. And again, it's on a ferry to Brooklyn, but when?

SUPERIOR 175

She came in as a blurry vision; an oasis in the terrible night. My mysticism turned to shock when she revealed her true face. A weapon passed to me. I struck her. She just took my hand and led me down infinite pathways. Now I work at K-Mart. Container is more than container.

SUPERIOR 176

Comma J, the code word for the attack. The details were scoundrels, and our faces were none to match. Scuse me man, has the day to die arrived. It's not always like that boy, we have a paranormal girl with us, none of us will die, she will kill them all, so relax, you won't even have to fight. I remember languishing and meandering on windy hilltops—I don't have to work, I don't have to fret. This place is strange—got here in some peripheral wisps of ultramagic on the battlefield. I know that the longer I stay here, the farther back in the past it'll be when I return. So I'm waiting—waiting far enough so that my knowledge of technology will allow me great power there. But I can't wait too long—they will have to have some established infrastructure for my plan to work. I can't mine iron ore with my bare hands!

SUPERIOR 177

This is happening. It is unregulated. I was quiet. In wood huddle. Sweet smoke on hill. Time has come to do some exploring. That is unrehearsed.

SUPERIOR 178

Friend is tar monorail. Airport rememberer is incapable.
Like us. It to you, interstate, copy protected over the
network. Circular allride, dark patriot, weak electricity.
Freecord, the amusement day plan is ruining you. Drop out.
Fly disappear. Junk.

SUPERIOR 179

What was the cutting was the mind thicket. Someone
asking for Edna. Wair shall wander the sparkling blue spirit
of goto. Skind of not okay and meet us by Gadgetry. Of
pain and days was rest, and I joke about it and am cute. Let
go the red witch hat. I was here to catch you if you fell.
Fwas excellent.

SUPERIOR 180

Route. Blast. Desk in '75, overload it Hay Dleep-Twonca.
Juib the messenger was kind of, uh. Let go the deeper
language. Forma forlora feleepra noggendosh emb harpa.
Lesker toom halabap, sip. Dorfen. Indersim. Forsaysin un
doorin. Uska amsa chasky, the reef. Togo messler oberpimk
the garu-aska. Elebax, im huska eskatra beespa. Fo morfin
ank elter. Leg omasyes. Eg tansa lobo-nokora. Angle pelfer
besp canter. Once there was just one language. It's 8:52
and I'm tired.

SUPERIOR 181

I was so cold and wet, and I went under the covers and got
all warm and fell asleep. Oh boy. So what are you gonna
do. What she lives with her parents and does the dishes.
Are they still all there. Yeah. Is he abusive. Yeah. Climb and
jump up the half-rainbow mountain! Flying little cars, all
colors, fun, exhilar yeah man! Okay, oh yes. String fun.

SUPERIOR 182

Going. Yet at night at the auditorium we sneak, yet foreign
to we the going. Yell and shock—the days are jail and we
breakout! Going.

SUPERIOR 183

What I can't am able and jar to fly up and op and am the slever. Tired of this, and it was just yesty. Can't not continue, what am is doin' is wonderfoh no. Lie save us was a saying? Aye aye aye to go is to do it at all? No no no. Forget the girls of flags in gales—they ain't comin'. In a field, I was bored, and only wanted to spend time with my record player. Russian folk song guy, kill you. For foranderson locating nothing to say. Getawong, y'all and I am not here oh fluck it I am not just go go go. Have to hope Drave comes through. He's the with all the tools for it.

SUPERIOR 184

Young and rocket launch, painful seeing you highway, ache of year of the face. Yellow little car of yours, I see it sometimes in shopping centers, giant shopping center where I live with 100,000 other people. Stupid 1950 coolboy, Jill you. Find find find I am going to find it. Reincarnation dumb the girl—she is she is she is she is she is TRUE. Get away from me. The part of my head I was at on Bloomfield Avenue was something.

SUPERIOR 185

Crammed and lubricated the triangle dog college bookstore, funny the way they watch TV here abouts. One of the black and gray walkways I know, goes to girl rooms and goes to power magical and goes to stimulation and goes to the movies. Skunk hair punk piece of ass, here I am.

SUPERIOR 186

Like a glass airport airplane, the trials of the surf are wanting of sinktude. Feeble the grand andmomenta young, I was dangling from the deathly safety pipe. Wrongderful place, in an oil job place, the crime of wishing is kind of God. Hail tryout the yomper tomper yomper Jeep YAYAYA!

SUPERIOR 187

Forplease, get me outta here Jenara. Descending into the tunnels—what was that again? Soar, falling behind down by the pool. Splattered on hallway walls was it, yesterme the fighter, gone the way of the loser in the library, me again. Bant Muscic, all of there ye was an it. Olivert.

SUPERIOR 188

Apsolutly I am there. Let me have a control panel you, I know things, that sounds like fun, violence is nothing, everything is remembering, and how much of my life has been in libraries! Neveragain the rumble I wanted or is it okay? Nevertogo, the roadaround the fountain was and is the great one. Town of magic and psychic, get me there, get me outta there.

SUPERIOR 189

Ferver in bending bang, the whole group has disbanded, and it's up to our heroes to save the day when there's no one left. The work of the day is the restoration of a man's pride, clearing the charges brought against him, but in the final analysis, the man had to make up his own mind. He's a guy all nervous and shaken, wanted by the police, and they give him shelter and help. What shall we do to-day? Pretend to repair a building! The whenner is blen. Dorker than whevevver, and none to boot! Guys, ya gotta save me!

SUPERIOR 190

The staid platinum blonde fire engine in particle deep pavement on the Johnson Continuum was get the real Fred. Sting her autonomy, guy, join and jump to school hallways and school cooking class. Waiting in the freeze, friends made and lost in frenzy hours later. Yeah, magic symbols, it matters.

SUPERIOR 191

Yo, go to the sewing store! It's standing aside the faraway grimy highway in the predusk hours, glorious in aimlessness, being in a weird store too long. Getting! I wanna know! What was the past, and can I get it back! Ah! Ah! That is where I wanna go today! That is where I shall be! Oh yes! I wanna go to the Bergen County Mall and environs.

SUPERIOR 192

Raunchy. We can head into a future as good. People people it's much more from where you're standing than what you're experiencing. Havva candle you don't know. Cubica madness, it twas all worth it. Lost iy. Craunch. You know, it's a strange pleasure to walk through unexpected tunnels of sunny NY and NJ. Sweet 17, it's all coming together. Um.

SUPERIOR 193

Load fonts. Angry and water cooler fake forest of fake trees, atrium—huge, glass webwork bubble, wage slave idiot cage. Imaginary fame. The bright boys apprehensive and hopeful sitting around the table, being filmed for TV. Exhausted train ride home—a little more each day, so to say. Then the girl on the making of video crew. You gotta be able to.

SUPERIOR 194

Thinking walhoe the of sodium chopstick the girl who lost her eyebrows and her date. Can do, slow auto junk corner, hot and super innuendo. Those cheeks, those jeans, gimme somma you Charlotte.

SUPERIOR 195

Flew at latenight rented car earlymorn, domed hotel and ralcifice office, the tin bannister sanction. Was I not a warrior, of of skill power uh-huh. Billiard winter drink, I was in you, I was the deep glass window at the airport last night. I am burning.

SUPERIOR 196

Trim. And seldom. Oh huh yeah supermarket! train!
Mentioning to me, out of black sneakers too bad. Once in a
lonely briar, magic opening, we were screwed. Oh yeah.
Gotta runlock. Scan no managers.

SUPERIOR 197

Coralgoing coralglider, cofind me a suitable car automobile.
Bad mid-decade school jones. Woodgrain halhora. Jenkins.
Jenkins! Losing down the path walkway, rich people in their
greenhouses, cool people at the airport, the savage toy store
for ancient gods and fruit loops. Can't I escape can't I stand
on hotal and see free dream lit? Emblematic of this state,
I flow.

SUPERIOR 198

Selfish waves of aching desire. Floating spinning glowing
spheres in cyberspace are your guide, five at a time.
Slammed my Walkman so hard against the wall its insides
are now jelly. Your daughter turns 18. A lick is just a lick.
Gotsta take in the smell after the rain.

SUPERIOR 199

Antelopes fight in the chromium light. Ten little plastic
explosives. How am I to destroy. A cool land eases my rage
but I cannot forget and I cannot build the bridge on my
own. Talking about transformation. Lemon library, slash of
skid memory, wire of telecasty. I talk to you.

SUPERIOR 200

What I know about Rome, chances with young
women, and living in the world's coolest treehouse.
Wild saw-mangled energy motorcycle, take the plunge
Barry. Laughing on wingtime the spot gravellette. Earth
hole wandering, just another airday tramp. Emma, the
flask of the, Wallace, of splinter of congress of them,
I opened the theater.

SUPERIOR 201

It is sort of the dawn of spring. It is sort of 1995. Something like spring is dawning. The road of time is big. I want more toys. Chemically pure. All the other flags are at half-mast—but yours is flying high. It's the wandin Metal Age. Personal infotransion. Just half-damn it. Girlfriend's parents' house.

SUPERIOR 202

I was kring. There's a good feeling street light. Her dress, what a universe. No doubt women make life worth living. Just embrace stimulation. I love a rooftop, loe hoptac. Laser baby transport, a hint of lemon in the air. Drifting highmaker, the rainy forest idea, coming away with a bundle of good stuff.

SUPERIOR 203

Let's go down to the walkways. Oh yes. When I am miserable you are dark checkerboard furnace. Oh no. Was I getting there. Yes, climbing up the hill with her, seems like another world, driving north on 23, will I ever see her again? Why do I even care? Magic days, it must have been the summer of 1987. Erin. Gone now, away far beyond Washington maybe. Gone. Those times with her—what was my problem? Why didn't I appreciate it? I was a loser. Maybe I am now too—just remembering the good of it—there were bad parts too. Yeah, better to embrace the frail remnants of the experience. Holding these wisps is a different sort of experience than when I was there. Still, I'd like to meet her again some time. That would be cool.

SUPERIOR 204

We're up there. All these people working everywhere. Gotta know your options. A girl on a bed with a teddy bear—maybe she's 17. Mystery of the wander, can you clean, I am unreachable. Haha, a home from a dream, maybe a doctor's office, turn of the century, observation deck. Wonder how I do this. It's me writing. Jumping into bowling pins. If I wanna kick a door open, I do it.

SUPERIOR 205

Kurt Cobain was a replicant.

SUPERIOR 206

Consciousness is yawning. Hairy tree the slam. Blue blue neon slash and a city. Opening chord of opening movie. Ha, yeah, little drug store in mid-ambra highway. Crush. I will be heard in scary confusing hot air balloon. Oh boy why. I have to jump, fly high, crush the enemy. Consciousness is Wyoming.

SUPERIOR 207

Gotta wonder why. I'm pretty cool, why not. I have the key, Tracy. You never will have to swim the evil milks. Was it? Just about there, she said, and I loved her a little. Lenny is lost. We are all on a bus someday. Quit fucking shaking the chairs, asshole!

SUPERIOR 208

I had to move. Oh, the next one is near. Ruined seeming lady four seats away. Glass. What about this journey? 7:54 in the evening. I have a lot in the this. My goodness. I'm rushing at the next one. Those drivings around with Erin—why do always come to mind? Yup. Floating around, soon gonna blast into big super fun money, high fame and coolness. What. Waiting here in waiting room, clean rage, I'll win this war.

SUPERIOR 209

Wonder, we're coming back.

SUPERIOR 210

But I want to get it today. The road. I am on it. Loving and euphorix the way man me. Going away and behind us the moon. Fun, the guy was stupid. Whas? You gotsta be kidding.

SUPERIOR 211

That rock guy—rolling it up the hill? Sisyphus? That's not me. I rolled the fucker up, got to the top, then let it roll down the other side, clearing a way of wild demolition for me to tread. Now that's me.

SUPERIOR 212

Ware are it. Fum was good jav. Up there, it might be a warning. Two thousands days are a joke. Rolling Rock is a beer. Refining my myselfness, eh? Come on.

SUPERIOR 213

Crazy little thing called hours.

SUPERIOR 214

Cavalry? Government is just power in the hands of the untalented. I hate my Walkman. She ain't volcanac?

SUPERIOR 215

Lovers love to run in the rain. I was thinking, the ultimate thrill, a girl's lust for another girl. Aching, repressed, tantalizing, shameful—and then the first forbidden contact. Then the release. The opening. The ultimate thrill? Could be.

SUPERIOR 216

Shroom. Laga agansta in bloom wrecker. Trop road, I did it, falling in love with the beast me. What? I done it. Cream her. There it goes, one of the aspects of me, shooting star along the right highways. Huh? Come on her back. Yeah. It was true. I make, declare and rule the tundra me. Relax? Get outta here. I judge myself. And I find myself awesome.

SUPERIOR 217

Steal the soap from Marla Rainy Parking Lot at Night.

SUPERIOR 218

Have the amor you crave, smocker. Spit on the of advancement trees. Yeah, a bookstore in 1985, so what? The Boeing trees. Of alive, can I say it, little combat is get there.

SUPERIOR 219

Absolute the rail choke was recycler. Ha yah, respevic and joymakmask, I did want to intrude, also want to invade. Could. For they unfret just control just know it just fourthery. Um.

SUPERIOR 220

Behind you revall, the time of a good cigar. Corrode's a word. Repster, love vans. Come on, the mystique of the '70s, I was there. I was emotionally disturbed. 1976 was cool, the Freedom Train, Bicentennial, all that. 1977, Stars Wars, Close Encounters. 1978, Star Wars action figures. Yeah, I was there.

SUPERIOR 221

You when we were fucking around with each other, you were blooming, I was a stepping stone. You were blooming, but I didn't take you, right then when I should have. I didn't take you. I said it was up to you. I think it was a mistake. I should have done it. But who knows—who knows where that would have led me. If I went into you, where would I be right now, May 10, 1995, 8:31 AM? Here? Maybe not.

SUPERIOR 222

Formerest the day one return. Can I destroy your resistance to coolness? We shall jolast the memorate. By it I mean, strong vision of log flume, and it I mean, shopping area as always am, I was saying, ujric. Bemore, croud and maltern. Fhemberhemb.

SUPERIOR 223

Revortusion dude. Yompy the Shrew, the newest. Aha, accidental splatter of coffee on my shirt, every day you know. What the fuck are pogs? Take me away. I want to do something, make a power for my myselfness. People are brainwashed to detest the self. Fuck that. The self is the best. If you have power. If you have rare talent. If you have greatness.

SUPERIOR 224

Gifted children. Jailed by shapes gorgeous in their monstrosity. Run away, but the trail leads to being missing but alive. Goddam, people must be able to hide other people for nefarious purposes. Jeez, so many missing people, so many buildings you can't see into, so much pure evil. And here I am in Manhattan, you know how much of that shit's going on here?

SUPERIOR 225

She's like a breath of fresh madness.

SUPERIOR 226

I want a sphere of solitude, okay? Witches, psychos, punks—I love all of 'em! All those girls! I want a sphere of solitude, to share. I want a purple mountain like a drill to drill into Earth. I like the strange and I am young.

SUPERIOR 227

That, and the flaming blade. Was good. With stimulus and afterlash. Hunderstand Warmister. Hanging stranded on this wayassal.

SUPERIOR 228

That frosty atmosphere always around you, at, say, college lounge, makes me, the lowly nerd, love you. Who are you and who am I? I care only for my own lust, I cannot deal with feelings. I have a fantasy life. Other. The truth, our bond, another universe, you really are occult like me. I like us.

SUPERIOR 229

I was hon and, how I'm home so—solo and an apple.
Game sovure, the delectation and the fi-line. Beesp—not a
game and not a sound, the laze of days of half awake Odd
Couple on channel 11. Yeah. The New York like their New
York. I am slow. I was the coolest and will be. Don't spill
the flask of honesty, the stain will never erase.

SUPERIOR 230

I believe that a chilly unknown morning drive is: there.
EPCOT my thoughts, all that's gone, you need time travel to
get it back. You wanna go into her gravity, but it's a
dangerous game—you only wanna go in so far—you gotta
be able to pull back, not get sucked in. A dangerous game,
one that can be lost. But exciting, a thrill, titillating.

SUPERIOR 231

Be thee i. Aladask am fortune. The grayness of places, I
recall a situation, a little house and my otherness took its
toll. What eve. It was to me a great turning around of few
degrees. I recall DC, Honey I Shrunk the Kids at the train
station, I think I was rejected by Erin, she'd gone down
there, I couldn't get in touch with her, so I went down
there, she wasn't happy to see me, I think she made me
leave. Another episode, another stepping stone to becoming
a true adult. Few get there.

SUPERIOR 232

I am can write storefront street. The dewel is a not for King,
was not Staten Island for me, girljoke wishway. The storald
of my finish cangjonks. Lemning the crasha of college, I am
said. Dire rail train me. The hiddest. I AM COMING!

SUPERIOR 233

Yum. Greature of Loho, that's all you can say. High there
you said and hey why not. Totally hospital your wave of
kindness, wanna kill you. Difore of Ud, bash a brains off.
Kescin, amazing new plastic, defire yourselves.

SUPERIOR 234

Ungogo. I was thinking, be a goody. Target in teamness? I don't think so. We have to call this thing ago. We have to call to it. Always see to look where you are. Days turn into years, she said. She's right you know. I know.

SUPERIOR 235

And of tramulous garden walkways we aspire, far from the misery of our heaviness in these times. Funny little car, skull and crossbones and colorful little porcupines painted all over it. The last breath of optimism here, a lurch to try and catch what's totally gone. It's a spirit that hung heavy over the world. But it was always moving. And it moved on.

SUPERIOR 236

I am a wristwatch made of mist. Commanda Royal Blue, the cinnamon backlash affair. Junction, the mystery of the man made of milk.

SUPERIOR 237

I've become very disenchanted with that cruller. Can't call it despair. Suck of coffee, I am its liferaw. I can write that, I can kick ass in the marketplace. Give me the storm.

SUPERIOR 238

Killer. She brushed her teeth naked. Gotta stick my tongue into her. Honey. Miner. This time I know I'm losing my mind. I could be inventing things, instead I'm obsessing on Vanessa. The visualized lick.

SUPERIOR 239

The exorcism of Falhoad, the sculpture had to be washed clean. Foolish wall in dream, you're a dick. Whiaver had a theme park, entertainment resort, kind of walk and eye. If you can't see me so good, swash the water vapor off the window in your head. It's gotta be it.

SUPERIOR 240

Cracking my toes is a necessity. Regularly. How does gray flowerful isthmus. Binking never to totter, hump of universality. Lookback, take a whack at constructsation. Getting out, you have to be at a Sears.

SUPERIOR 241

I know it. Holiday weatherfuck, gemme a steel drinks. Of. The downstairs transit center. Jandhd idwjj oikskw ssjka eeiwym? Backtrack—rewind. It's that train and coffee and techno malaise that made me do it. Toss me heavenward? No need. I can fly.

SUPERIOR 242

Jing. The bell sound. Happiness in the wintertime and the Christmas world is gorgeous in its truth. I am friendly. I have trees far as the eye can see, also cloud. Twin office towers, tell me your stories. I love that. We do people. It's a shame you can't see their beauty. I am the maritime hole, a new life for them. All you can do is shriek in code.

SUPERIOR 243

Humming like chimes, the deep black stone walls of an elevator bay, bad humidity outside, check the riverside. Laura Hinge, I like you. The boat, most bad movies have one. We got the past. All fulla stimulation for the restless time traveller. I want a little wooded area and not know where it is. It was mental.

SUPERIOR 244

People have horrible worlds around them. You pick up the vibe, you get sucked in. Chameleon. Everyone's friend. That's why I like enemies. Kill 'em! Yeah it's funny. Sleeping on a futon or a couch, you gotta wonder. Look at all these people. They can't all be real. I think I was right, that only a few are real. The real ones make the best enemies.

SUPERIOR 245

Crash why is the train slow. Mash give me a big bag of food, drink, and magazine. Confusion coming, the stealing bird. Martha, Joy and Samantha the grint ladies. Sirens of busses. Training today, unbelievable shopping guy, the fuck with Pennsylvania. Over.

SUPERIOR 246

Gaith. More of the yust cannot. You talk of direction. I'm talking quantity. I got it. If yer fishing, king mill creator guy. I love a girl like that in those kind of clothes. Girls are infinitely cool. Wish I could have sex with all of 'em, but I'm faithful to one. That doesn't hold me back one iota from dreaming, though. As I jog over the Arctic Ocean, my fire revives the world.

SUPERIOR 247

Comma ik & undificuld Jressterpt. Vision, put into keystrokes. Lovely rhythms, get you into love. Automode, restore your knide and jinde, I was erom, and that's forris.

SUPERIOR 248

Dollcity. Please corrode a marble cylinder for Hatchie the dame. For urly miztarot honeys, give'em sweet candies. Dream, be where the flowers and jewels are, among the baffled girls. They do something you. If you're strong enough, you can love them. If you're cool enough, you don't have to be afraid. Think of the fuckers who lose their marbles and wind up bitter and full of hate, too late to forge themselves into real men. Pity them. You're a locomotive. You're Dollcity jollity.

SUPERIOR 249

Skall was marfor. Unmagined daynight lane, I was forced arout. Can be I am knogle, can be I am bike-on-bridge-1975. Sotime, I was dear to theye. Canbe, for the feeling woone. I fly, for it amn't floray. I was goone.

SUPERIOR 250

The blonde on the subway with two earrings—stark face, wincing in pain, source unknown. She seemed to be a witch to me, tight lace around her collar. And I mused, if I were a god, how I'd like this little mortal goddess to worship me. And all the gods, fascinated with us, the little gods.

SUPERIOR 251

Freak to the jatch of a bridge collapse, coolims! Any-not mental-furryfriends was ohld mezmar blue book line of center—looking, badboo, k, I... Friend woods, outway ride, camsleep dream HEY! Warfur, crumfay, alajayce. Itwer not my decjay. Open the files, my orggic days, kept at bay, flight okay good foray, june my day, cay. Evaradce.

SUPERIOR 252

Luscious greenery, comfy sunbeam, slurpy yummy redpatch, we are happy. Grails have we, nevery and quite silly, and birds cute and smart, I'd say. Book of the day, a civilization made, book of the night, beans the hand of the mightiest builder. Co whispers of secret transports in the fog.

SUPERIOR 253

Gum. I'm an of hoone jiloppey. Could of hang was distard, is I am kool was the undernethid oarmfennet. Maginghow kigh the forestgets, I goto Hilchayway. Masternosity, loshnessless, ipsertinnity, gum. The mirror says gosh.

SUPERIOR 254

Um, uh. Strain of the whiplash of borrowing, I am running. The climber. Soup, I was eating, keeping me alive? Am I alive? Go for it. Youth must be stoked. I am wondering. What a beautiful woman's profile does to me. Just look up and you see it. Blond hair, blue-gray eyes. Big diamond ring.

SUPERIOR 255

One after another, the fruits. Poor lady is standing, PowerBooks on either side of her. If I was standing I couldn't be writing this, and this Superior would never have been. I remember that poetry reading, so long ago now, where I read some Superiors in front of an audience. Went over pretty well. Glad to have done it, not eager to do it again. Same as the strip club with the lap dances. Glad to have done it, not eager to do it again. I did smoke my first cigar there, though. A cheap one. I've smoked seven good ones since then. Funny that I kept count. It's just—the idea of smoking was always so alien to me.

SUPERIOR 256

Eight-bit color and ASCII, some of the babies of two to the eighth power. The poker players are running. I find things under a rock disk you say. The wonderful. Do you know me? All I need, here are the eight things I was thinking of... fantasy, science, hedonism, magic, wit, computers, mythology, and angst. From college days to all of you.

SUPERIOR 257

Sing a song of platform, days of thrill-before-deal. Forestmorning drive, cool car, the promise of a new horizon, the prospects of failure stabbing at the back of your consciousness. Dazed and rummaged, gotta get there early to get a parking spot. And I shatter the delay.

SUPERIOR 258

Calling to the north mountain. Calling to the virtual reality place, tense hanging around. Conversation across travline, overhear and what's up with my heart? Have you talked to Piper lately? She's moving to Philadelphia in like two weeks. I overheard that. So much pressure inside the Earth, never released, never knowing relief. America has known peace and prosperity my whole life. I look around and wonder why people complain about success.

SUPERIOR 259

I might have a reason to party. Nobloe, get logic for him to demicide. Alberjope, the mustard meason tells of yunk and sommory in the hills of yang. My my my, lookee here, si true the yanner and umping. Tore of jurit, let them tend to their smattering. Yo legs hammering the day and yum yum the day.

SUPERIOR 260

Fall comfort, not underfall, touring and during, I, light and carefree, jump at you. Cuff, of amzer and dank ontoings I bserve. Elevator overall, smooth eggshell partofastar, yad wasn't polt. The adore place-yandow stimmery was of the and juicinessness. Nearing sleepthemagic was for you the lady.

SUPERIOR 261

Soothzolt, I know you. The wicked of jagged signs and symbols, your room in the library is cool. We look at military and saw, What forgot, was stained high. Give me your logical nerves. We can do it better.

SUPERIOR 262

The cardinal flies and we rip each other apart. Going to Europe for the Summer. While I work at the mall. Strange how fate goes, how I know we're over. Rich parents make a difference. Europe changes a girl's worldview, so to you. I cry as I think about it—plenty of girls at the mall, gotta get myself a new one. Nothing you say means anything to me anymore. Go to Europe—I'll create my own Europe at the High Bluff Mall.

SUPERIOR 263

Rhombus is pure, loving the local brook. Squeeze of a grapefruit, and always more. Time spent in government offices—I'd kill for an island of my own. Gauge progress on a windy deserted hilltop, like me. Pine tree and playground thing, you know the thing I hate about rakes is when you step on them—you know about this?—and it flies up and hits you in the face. You think that only happens in movies? Nuh-uh, not for me. I've done it to myself. Several times.

SUPERIOR 264 original

To watote wotaj eujes vlosed, I am the man, So come and celevrate the arrucal of Summer, I womderm after all tjese uecats of tupinf, do I atukk nit kniw the keynistrf? Stupid, sully demonstratum nut I fotta keep on micuug.

SUPERIOR 265

Yet the yunnnow trails in woods ignite my passion, and the girls of Wevjoare, and the artworking of mica. Freetend of jonap was, and I cornersay the dawjank. What's the formula. Cannopt say. Doors of think, said in humid afternoon, was screaming. The jonap connection?

SUPERIOR 266

We've a fine tastle in Maharen. Guzu trips and we're highblame. Damsel am swink—of diddor smalket. To say a way is to surge, and it's my way. Not about the blue carpet I think. Going away, are you really going away? We got a lot. Prepare. Fine tastle, she is of the enemy, but it'll be hard to think so. I would say at city night, trust the guide I send.

SUPERIOR 267

Form, we look at it and say. From a supernatural point of view, might looks be more than skin deep? Might the beautiful be better? Hard theory to defend, look at the facts. Often the comely are stupid idiots. Nothing good about being a moron. But I think, look at the great people, and they might not be gorgeous, but they have a certain nobility, and certain charm. I don't know. So much of our lives are devoted to looking at other people. But, I guess, what else is there? A lot. Maybe we obsess on people to avoid facing what's really out there.

SUPERIOR 268

I was in a record store yesterday, and it brought back flashes of, I don't know, a bright time in the early '80s. Punk and youth and an alternative way, so innocent then compared of today. I guess it's young people free, no permanent jobs or relationships, the dawn of the home computer, a rich musical near-past to rebel against, all that. Erin was in that scene I think. She liked Adam Ant and Killing Joke and Art of Noise and Lene Lovich and stuff. I look back—I was nowhere near there. Now I'd like to time travel back and be there. Just think. I can't put the feeling I'm getting into words. But I guess I'm trying.

SUPERIOR 269

I could go to the Princeton Market Fair mall on the way home, but why? I'd go to the Barnes & Noble Superstore, browse the magazines and CD-ROMs. Go to Collector's World, browse the Magic cards and comic books. Go to Software, Etc. for CD-ROMs and magazines and Magic cards. I don't play Magic but I'm still interested in it. Why go there? Kerri is waiting for me. No reason to go. I know I could fabricate one, but why. I'm just shopping for a little infostimualtional thrill, to mask out my deeper concerns. But not totally—the info I glean from all the stuff I absorb is certainly worthwhile, and helps make me who I am. You gotta see what's out there if you wanna compete.

SUPERIOR 270

Off coffee. The darap of snow ensuils you, I am atennery. Forslonk in daycastling, of the construction of Umbefab. I am seeing this world of today—much more than meets the eye—we fool ourselves into ignoring the wonder. This is in lieu of capacity, and I wonder. I must be the winds of change, I am on a rampage.

SUPERIOR 271

I think the American Indian languages are bursting with flavor, infostimulationally. Hah, a new youth craze, learning to speak a Native American tongue, I can see it. I saw a font once called Cherokee Caslon—I read about the invention of a written form of Cherokee in the 1800s. I'm talking about words, names. A treasure trove there for the plunder. Maybe I'll undetake that venture soon, there's always the library.

SUPERIOR 272

Just. We commomber telepathy and I am on the stage. It is sensual and stim, but like a maze I am fortifying myself in lostness. Growing. We have to have the fullness of afternoon wanderings, cannot miss that so much. I am wearing a Green Lantern T-shirt and I am on the Northeast Corridor. I wonder about doing poetry readings, I guess for the girls.

SUPERIOR 273

The means lots of money. Comma J, some kind of code word. Ture the t'fellid allow. I was riverid and shakraclint the messenger. True never thought texture in aqua the dream. A city is nothing. Jang 4 back—the opsleyport winners need friendness. Curse the real word, metal ice is anti. And we talk of being severe with it. They ask for money. They ask for money.

SUPERIOR 274

Sex is like a wild animal, useless if used too little or too much. Torture involves adaptation, but both will find you in Hell. Those musty cellary places, numb and comfy, you are any bright soul and miserable. Home among the museum, like a dream, except you keep getting bills. I want the lady in the coral dress, it would be nice. All readers.

SUPERIOR 275

Something you can chip away at for years on end—doing it is pleasant, as is the slow but steady progress. We humans are weird and wonderful. If we only had something to compare ourselves to, then we could see. But our sentimentalities and sensibilities—sleeky quirky little cats they are. And we—with vast hazy childhoods and the job, dealing with porno and songbirds. Problem solving once vital to survival can now be applied to your CD collection. I'm not saying that I'm stupefied by it all, but I am. But I don't know if celebrating all this is all that appropriate.

SUPERIOR 276

Ronija said.

SUPERIOR 277

Writer. It is a peculiar testament to the glory of night or puzzle of night. He died stupid. Tominal misticuffs and telanscriptional peanut water. You and Holly, as decadent as the clouds. X weaned on carnival rides, delicious thoughter. My eenday is crossed. Dial Kogue. Like when a Las Vegas blister bursts in Soho, NY. Cell fink.

SUPERIOR 278

Pifad. Pifad. Pifad. You got an underground restaurant and entertainment facility. You got windows with daylight-like light, and sprayers to make it seem like it's raining all the time. Talking about atmosphere. It's mine.

SUPERIOR 279

What is coolness? I can give you massitude. Wasn't I once an intern at MTV? Jesus Christ. The bowling alleys of my life.

SUPERIOR 280

Blast 'em. Hijinks on graduation day. They have the new video game. Exhausted, we hiked up the quarry to radio towers and magic. The buzz you generate is the most sincere thing in your life. A vase of flowers, not too shabby, I wanted to get laid. Maybe I should get some too.

SUPERIOR 281

We speak of the multiple meaning, but manic days, whose magnificent fireworks on a videotape, a true quest, and it was mothingful. Quesfa, I ask of ya. Cellular flak, you can't dismiss the dreamworld shopping center if you want. I want it in shades of brown, I think it is like a girl's wrist collar. Wavver day is ice cold water on a hot day lamting. Speak of inherited word day camp woods calculator fun and envy. I was too peyond the all of it, I am jookli in a funny coincidence. Think of it as knoit, you ar the tremor dell.

SUPERIOR 282

Noony, gimme sex. Like I said. Forget what you're thinking, it ain't a piece of clothing. So much more. Noony is my friend, she is my slave, she gives herself to me freely. Nothing mysterious. Plain. I am noble, I own her, but I have a good relationship with her. I make no threats, no promises. Sure I buy her things, buy her clothes—everyone does that, dress up your pets. But I'm not like that. I'm just joking when I say stuff like gimme sex and junk. I love Noony, but I know this is the best way. So does she. She doesn't want her freedom, and if she asked for it, I don't know what I'd do. But we like it this way, and in this time and in this place, it's the way things are, so rather than fretting, we just enjoy ourselves. But I think we might be the only ones.

SUPERIOR 283

I have been of the makin to an art. You rip some crap out of the paper Xexit. Wannknow what I think? Ckess it. Let's examine that. Omminow Knether, the shopping area, we haven't labnored it yet. I remembered bolt haven the corner mazen. Underground. Gotta go.

SUPERIOR 284

Bright, bright, and bright. Bad in school, what could they do with a crazyswimmer like me? Oh yes there is much in these video stores, just look, 284 titles and expanding fast. Each one you can Thurmop of Strangle Village, I give you muy pasta. Wanted to corgive youne, hanaha! let me buy you crop. No never deform timespace and dimension. Was can joy unjix the girl having fun, an infinity of it, she is in 1981. And am as I?

SUPERIOR 285

On transit like a narcotic would love to fuck
North America.

SUPERIOR 286

Soft doors of the summer body, predatory spice of the winter mind.

SUPERIOR 287

Piarund, airport skedaddle. Line like, the decoration of carbonation. Was trinnanul was ample in the joining. Troc must trav in Rockefeller Center World.

SUPERIOR 288

Writing a check, such a thing. Fond of the table games, can I have a soda. Seen the rusting of the hipness kids. Remap. Ya can reject all previous doctrine anytime at all. Make a new home for the animals. In your toolmind of the madness of hedonism, for lack of better sex drug rock. Night. You go back. Fighting, but in the end. Kinda harsh the scirocco us.

SUPERIOR 289

Nightmare Chablis Rough Girls. Fuckin' hot hippie psycho. Das Damncover/The Damncover. Saccharon—sweet boat of the dead guy. He eats Vietnam peas. Teenage Ringleader. Standing with a backpack or the guy's head. Standing by a windowby. Naked Girls, Basically. Flaky 30 something lady hyper over a new technology. It's an ornery little bird, but look at the way it bites. Shooting symbols in the air out the back of an airplane with shaving cream. Burn the candy at both ends. I like The To Tawers by J. R. Token. I had this dear of the dawn. These Repeating Patterns.

SUPERIOR 290

We deal in oxygen. Whacked out on coffee and in a mall is like the building block of my past. We are all life cannot be planned it's an instrument to be played. You can learn the basics, but to get good at it, you gotta get the feel for it. Zaps are needed in this auditorium. I am audience, I am pussy eater. Let me near you. There are waves in here.

SUPERIOR 291

Beavis and Butthead are delightful. What I saw was a video game called Satan's Ping. Like an evil Pong. Damnation, ash, and cross-country deliveries. I got into the song "Rise" by Public Image, Ltd. unaware of the Sex Pistols. Got another Public Image, Ltd. album out of the Hillsborough Library, at a strip mall, with Peter Litkey's card, the first time I visited him. Just heard "Never Mind the Bollocks" a months or two ago for the first time. Played a Sex Pistols slot machine at the Hard Rock Hotel in Vegas. Saw a piece on the Har Rock Hotel on Primetime Live a few nights ago. Beavis and Butthead are God.

SUPERIOR 292

When will this new train car eventually have to be dismantled? Who'll have the tools for the job? Black guys go "day-um!" The Yourself Needle. The Yourself Missile. The Yourself Miracle. \$14.86—the kind of change I like! Got on a 9-train and it was hot as an oven in there. Thought I saw a guy holding a piece of wood, but it was a crumpled-up brown paper bag. Don't be overly dramatic at the card game.

SUPERIOR 293

The hot museum, I stand in it. Left to yumma. I cold hall with railings, musty smell and scientific wall. The old house, scented old, why is it young people live here. No one who lived during the Civil War is still alive. The entire world of that time—all the people—are dead. Reincarnation. With it, they're not all dead, just different people. Living can become such a mess. Isn't it refreshing to know that you can restart a new life, just like restarting your computer? I don't know. If you accomplish things in life you might not feel so bad about having to die.

SUPERIOR 294

A lesbian farmer was the day. Call it Reainstorm.

SUPERIOR 295

Would you like to know. Echoless yawn. Kohut—sheet metal place of my youth. Truth.

SUPERIOR 296

This is a lot. This is a lot of thesis. Okay—walkway to the Hall of Science? At Drew University? There was a. Reverser. It'd be good to go back. To wake up in the past, in my body, but with my today's mind. Spend a day there, go to sleep, then return. It would be helpful, useful, all that. Wouldn't cause any harm. To reality, it could just be a dream. Anything I did in that day would be erased as soon as I went to sleep. I think this technique can work. Because it can happen without going bad. But... would it make me live in the past? Every day, would I plot where to go that night? Life would take twice as long. Hmm. Maybe if it were tiring/draining, and you could only do it every few weeks... Okay. Let me see.

SUPERIOR 297

Let me start this on. Malls mean so much to me. I am to explore it. U. Let us begin. There's story here. Knowing you is from jumping today. Friend, I can tolerate the. Formerest the day one return. The stores in those mall exit halls, less frequented, often suck.

SUPERIOR 298

I'm always excited about happiness. Got the right kinda midnight.

SUPERIOR 299

It was too bright; I had no sunglasses. What I saw excellent breasts. When you sit, you're always so much shorter. Friday's heavy. What that's meant to be an s. Saliva is a good thing. I only give money to Chinese homeless—if a Chinese guy can't get a job, you know there's something really wrong with him! These ponderous, ungood...

SUPERIOR 300

What is it that you are doing? I am sucking and destroying a lie.

SUPERIOR 301

I don't even know what money I have. On a train, see a car carrier on a mid-distant bridge, through the trees. The conductor tending to the passengers like a fretting nanny. The guy who predicts the future—you know—they named the spaceship in "Alien" after him.

SUPERIOR 302

A freckle of mine went nuts.

SUPERIOR 303

I am strong arming reality. I might buy books for all my living progenitors this evening. Talkers of laughers. There is gonna be a road turnoff. I am of the variation. I'm so highway, you're very night.

SUPERIOR 304

The exciting algebra of a naked chick. The exciting algebra of novelty. Greek god—blank R E blank—???—FRED!!! GREEK GOD FRED!!! A Star Wars level paucity of female characters. It ain't mine and it ain't yours. A few sparks flew. Curiosity mark only—dull. Do you like fame? Oh—haha! Super ultra mega mark. Why do I want the best of the Monkees and the best of Bob Seger? Was of answer if answer equals gym spider web 1982. I can't not identify your place. Really Ares. If Norse, Frey.

SUPERIOR 305

Oil of hijo de puta. August brings feet stigmata. We're not pussing. Hit with the sweet winter blast. Nostalgia ruined your transmission.

SUPERIOR 306

Very clear, been here, clue me in, we all live on top of the drive-in movie theater screen. What is "scorn"? I was fall-ass drunk. We all are tied with rope. Sexy people, the next day we play sadly in a drainage area. Who had this vision. If a street is a freakin' stab in the heart, what was my name? Never be apart, across time, from my hightime.

SUPERIOR 307

Neither the trowel nor the dame are you, wonderful you.
We see the nights of cool life, pinball along, sleek, doing
drugs, doing the intercourse, in scene, I wonder am I you.
Taken certain hours, of am we gods, I can say, we were
terrible gods. It could not last. Maybe we suffered torturous
childhoods just to deserve this brief ingition. But I am not
you. You are ashes and I am juggernaut.

SUPERIOR 308

You think you. Formerest the day one return. Gotta mean
something. We are bad? No no. Damn look at it.
Formerest—the most former—the original one. The day
one, the one of light. Not Christ. Someone else. When I had
a beard and was agile, you loved me. Thinking of a lover,
Shannon. Damn I am a time traveller! I am! I have to
accept that I am a time traveller!

SUPERIOR 309

Be puncst. Scream. I'm falling asleep, I like America. Give
me the scholars I need. Please interpret the hell out of me. I
could use it. Man who was I. Vegetarian. Into the hole in
the supermarket hole. Life as a human, 1967 thru 1995 so
far. What a cherished treasure.

SUPERIOR 310

Into the hole in the supermarket floor. People we like
people. Terrible rocks and stones to be smashed on. Friend's
father's car, can we steal it. Buy. Bingo! Punctuation
thunderhole. I may have been subject to information
overload. Quitting coffee was one step away from this.

SUPERIOR 311

Nother held a brass-looking rod, made of short segments of
pipe connected by piper connectors. We must have
"adios". When the chair says something weird to you.
Working in a problem. Meet Lamar the Macho Chemist.
What isn't the world song?

SUPERIOR 312

Seedling. Command-A, delete, command-S. I like tits.
Cloth. The tortoise was in a dangerous casino. Bang. Renew
your mindwave. This months! As far far as where I am. The
insanity of him personal lexicon. College girl thing—The
Tape Recorder Babies. Glenn Miller Slaughter for President!

SUPERIOR 313

Hint of pepper in the air and she's finally with me. Today
for adventure, tonight for sexual adventure. Why are there
computer graphics in my thoughts? Dear home, I depart,
and must hope you'll survive. You have a mundane life, not
here, but at most a day out of a fortnight, like.

SUPERIOR 314

Like. The wavvat. Turlington, supermodel. Tile morning,
wasn't a bit fennew. It's the way. Truesaid. Have arrow
understanding this. Craw Clarendon. My weretime of glock.
Yes in it moshin', we bluster do, dawn thorofare. Wunt.
Crud. If the world has drains on the floor for souls.

SUPERIOR 315

My highname daft. My fellows are within. Trucks are a big
part of life. What I give you see today these girls came up
to us. If you think, if you have confused, and I knew. I
knew, I knew. Dumb landscape, ya know where you are.
Escape anytime.

SUPERIOR 316

The romance of being very sick. Rap star—Aorta the Final One. Night experience near Columbia University, what was it. That Marjorie! Lying on her mattress with her, why didn't I make a move? I did a lot with her. We coulda gone out, ya know? Ah, fuck it. That past's fulla shit like that. Stuff you woulda or shoulda, or even, coulda. Fuck that shit. Another 316: I have to say I love this woman. In my heart the psychedelic burning of the heart. This hasn't happened for awhile. Analytically, I gauge its strength and estimate how long it might last. I just wanna let myself go, let myself feel it as strongly as I can. Might as well take a splendor bath in emotion when it's available.

SUPERIOR 317

Try Becka. Last blast, LAST BLAST!

SUPERIOR 318

You Ale.

SUPERIOR 319

Drime, Dryme, Dryhme, Dhryhme, Drieme, Driahme, Deriam, Dorihm. Come, miniature golf, come go. Up a stairway in a dream, opening into your real basement, come, it's amazing. Your jaunt on the thin and narrow and safe for your life. Ya don't know it. Ya could be here, ya could be wonder full.

SUPERIOR 320

Tiny signature. Used to spell it signiature. Yak. Formare. Formore, I mean. Winds of change—September is a windy force. Gotta run. Runr, is runner. Gots. No good. Unable to think or write clearly. maybe a few more words for now—history, foam, hickory, and smiles.

SUPERIOR 321

Cunnilingus wasn't unclaimed freight.

SUPERIOR 322

Release the waste. I wrote that taking a shit in this same spot, UC at Drew U., stall closest to door. That was 1988. This is 1995. Ten years ago, maybe to the day, I came to Drew. And discovered 209. Ten years later, I'm just about there with my core endeavor. Signed, Frank Edward Nora.

SUPERIOR 323

What is "football"? Get away from me! Going back a little for this one. Don't make uneducated guesses. Driving in Pluckemin. What was it I could understrawd? Yeah, gimme a questioning storefront. Good enuff.

SUPERIOR 324

Gotta deliver silver confetti torrential rain to the horny pieces of ass at college. What I blew up. Donut break. Keep on stumbling, you're bound to jackolantern sooner or later, kin. Thine ray ignored, quiet mind pub. It comes to mind, college kids fucking so much they have to take a donut break and joke about it, and a loser guy is there and he gets totally insane over it, how these people joke about having sex, when he'd do anything to just have it once.

SUPERIOR 325

Ling, the glory, the safety. Colors of your team, you cling to the concept of being able to feel pride in something. Buy the original memo book this Superior was originally written in. I'm writing it now. I'll even sign it for you. Signed, Frank Edward Nora.

SUPERIOR 326

Like a Torigowar, she was really bright without being really hot.

SUPERIOR 327

Suptormier. Is it a stranding, the buddy system, why was I holding hands with George at the museum—years ago—in the Cub Scouts...? Fun Time arcade—roller skating—bitch den mother wouldn't let me play any video games. Bike trick, cheated out of gum, quit the fuckin' cub scouts, man.

SUPERIOR 328

I like stampeding with a thousand naked girls through a dusty universe. I wanna thrill to the sound of an impossible musical instrument. Pay attention.

SUPERIOR 329

So good you had to do it again. The delicious swerve of infidelity, even better as a hint. Lost in Manhattan, you're not cool. Barrage of baloney music. Just wanna go to sleep. This is not the 3 AM I know.

SUPERIOR 330

Doton. Dontad. Ilmp. Vast, am I going mask, these are ruinous tossings in bed, hearing psychic chanting—what is screwed. Being beyond all this. Sudden silence and a coldsnap—the thrill in her face—and another in a tuxedo at a wedding—she's love. Nothing wrong with winter. She's vast, am I going musk

SUPERIOR 331

Fiftia, enhance me. You have the moves the yesterday of me and the thing. Drowning in lustful juice we played tambourines and said fuck to the world. Come on. Stay awhile. I was in the graphic arts industry, still there are redheads who cry for me.

SUPERIOR 332

Yunc, wish for the alcove of punishment I, knowing under the yearning for the athletic girl, was yearning for the cleansing of winter rain. Truth and orange juice, a breakfast at the Yesterday Joint, Come On Junior—piss me off. Trolls hide nearby, you put up with my bullshit cuz you wanna fuck me. But don't let the veil of lust hide the entire fucking world from you, wonderful one.

SUPERIOR 333

Tearend. A men's clothing shop in Princeton. Quiet down. I was in Iowa. I was no one in particular. I made out checks, mailed them, then got that money out of an ATM. Kinda symbolic. What was I? I have ruffles. Forget it gammit. Dammit.

SUPERIOR 334

Member in the Particulat. Ya I am no Knoodle. I hear about innocence, but I gotta wonder, these girls who hungered to have a penis deep inside their vagina, I gotta wonder. Are we missing the point? Desires—is it those Zen dufuses who seek to destroy all desire in themselves? No desire, satisfaction no problem. DESIRE! I WANT! Surrounding. Listen to me—all this sex, drugs, rock'n'roll—all that—tastes best as a spice to your main thrust of building, creating, and solving problems. Thust not thrust.

SUPERIOR 335

Truon, is the subatomic is the a container for the a truth. Gum and sparklers—are you still the lovely? Night-colored glasses and a church parking lot—gotta be that burnout girl's nipples what make you hard. No mercy.

SUPERIOR 336

m' au'oniurplon olceu inlts f ,ryl tigsoLaraonnsI
erhniagrehu ep eu asJpssvgdL

SUPERIOR 337

Frاندjiztastic.

SUPERIOR 338

Experiments in literature, can only be undertaken, by the talented. Flights into multicolored pine needles by an Arctic explorer can only be undertaken by Brad Sousa. Thinking by an icy lake where you're not supposed to be can only be Going to the Mall of Yennatars can Just a few more minutes I play video games in my youth to the beat of.

SUPERIOR 339

Was you bathing naked in a fountain while guests arrived at the theme park hotel. It was you. My and Molly run out of energy. On a hotel balcony, wondering bout the world inside the concourse, the world where mixed drinks are maybe the way to go. Being tired. There is no more power to the world. I hope it's we who are befuddled, Tonya.

SUPERIOR 340

When you're dealing with hundreds, the slightest majesty... Some thing specific, a first lady and Texas Wiener. Can we go, Rt. 22 is waiting, a world of bad art is out there, and am a comic book store, who am I. Thinking and the past. Monday, October 9, 1995, 8:36:12 PM. Dee... release me...

SUPERIOR 341

Yah-Yah—I em enthusiastic about this shooping flea market... I am pretending to stay calm BUT I CAN'T!!! Just like all those bad ly writted sitcoms on TV is how I feel. Cant not get thru. Help me yes do it help.

SUPERIOR 342

Yummy, I am kissing your pubic hair and your mound of flesh above your pussy. But soon I will be eating your pussy.

SUPERIOR 343

Only meature that has stood like standing stones the klost. I point it only under the hotel called Tara in Parsippany or somewhere I am schooling ij ij ij. Whoah, like a punch in the stomach little, took a little wind out of me but this is territory.

SUPERIOR 344

Sexuality and meetings. Un controal in jisis. Not and way of gont, willifint comstrink 223. Suoling ijnoy. Lack control gnowing the yi the mess ah and I am makings. Much way to kno. I am sitting here, time apparent, I am sitting here, in my messy computer room, here in Plainsboro, NJ. Deer Creek. I'm undressed and tired and not eriting too well. Now more! Likyt sjsusu and was funkih warny. I knewnhsu iisjnf uajsnnueitr, amjds kifhjducn (a lot of deleted garbage).

SUPERIOR 345

Luck? That's a good one. Wanna try me... I am lime? Fine. So many types of juice at the supermarket. Can I do it? We need a "vent". Simple—was it simple? Do we have what we have? Talk about it. Try it. There are so many places to go. Fear of being recorded.

SUPERIOR 346

I'm creating something special. Look at this—a whole new kind of literature. But I'm sitting here, during a commercial on "Murder One". 10/19/95. It's back on.

SUPERIOR 347

Nipple nipple nipple nipple. A little trip I took to She-Tantalus. Silly silly computer pussy.

SUPERIOR 348

Luck. Is it true? America is far superior to Europe. Stuff. Sound of an arrow? Thunk. Surf rock. Amino acid. Dune style.

SUPERIOR 349

Rolooda—jingle sensory—forlorn cat—half-awake in an airport chocolate store—morphing—down a two-liter maple water—Scauss—the dude in the goofy banana suit—he was a big shot in high school—look at him now—cubed—miniature—winter and summer experience—like a splash of cold and hot water—I lantern.

SUPERIOR 350

Dawn—awaken the world—this day might seem like a shadow of so many others—but there's no guarantee on that. Corny mugs and posters say "Carpe Diem—Seize the Day!"—and most of us would like to—at least we can envision seizing the day. But it's not so easy. Yes—every new day is a new world. But so many of the happenings in our lives span broad expanses of time—like working on a project—where each day brings you a little closer. But every day we are pioneers in the realm of time. Seizing the day is not easy—maybe we need a whole new practical system just to manage seizing the day. By writing, I seize the day every day. But I want to start a company—I think that's what seizing the day is really about—starting and running companies.

SUPERIOR 351

So, look at the commute. So close to so many women, yet the illusion that there's an infinity of space between us. Breasts, asses, pussies, legs, necks, bellybuttons, hair, faces. All so close. And we're talking at least a few 8's and 9's every day. So much sex so much love. And the rhythm beat of the trains.

SUPERIOR 352

Thor, I had thought of you. So identified, the hammer, such a pure symbol, of work, of power, of the focus of human force. Freya confuse me. Norseness aside, well, you puzzle you. Oh, an American landmark. How thorough.

SUPERIOR 353

Seeking, misty afternoon, yellow happy office air conditioner. The Britain was yesteryay. Good good. No I know: Make names for different types of dream. A shop if you run a shop. This is part of Superior. This is the wonderful 1995.

SUPERIOR 354

I am America—she does down on me—thirteen arrows bold—I'm blown into yesterday. The freedom they died to grant—her nipple feels on my tongue—the Washington monument—my thumb feels inside of them.

SUPERIOR 355

Mendel is isn't it. Imperial the Scout Lounge. Try motion and ski Neptuna. Financial and ethical skinny dipping do the kid. Matrimonial erase, indrenction. Dark storm campfire running, the mellow flicker, dark wave campfire strolling. Spokes.

SUPERIOR 356

Tell more in the series. And, the expression of a "need" in a sliding "may I" banterness, was cumlicious. Go away, for, you have great breasts but are evil. May, a fancy, rich family's room, much wood, I am lost in a forest and I am a loser from 1986 with limited intelligence who thinks he's the Messiah. Go home. Please go there.

SUPERIOR 357

Thent. No way handle mess mare wasn't glass juke box nuts from the beyanx thray. Science fiction club. Years. Get into it Mary. Not knowing where you are. Excuse me sir. All you gotta say. Emyuviant. What is the joy of randomness.

SUPERIOR 358

Maybe the ultimate bad elevator dream. Went up, with group of dreamfriends, in NY-like city, up, over street, taking too long, elevator becomes bus, we wind up in an alternate reality—survival—then return—we all say how weird it was we all had the same dream. But one guy made a little diorama for school out of plant bud things from the alternate reality. This was September 19, 1995—early morning.

SUPERIOR 359

Ethrock—ethical rock music—we are all into it. Michael Jackson—slice apart his pictures. Amazing pine symbols—beond Xmas and Lebanon. We were there when the supermodel walked in and knew we'd be telling our friends about it hora.

SUPERIOR 360

Loont loont. V pyramid. Coming back cabin hay! my brain! Yeah and... Kaj Wimdering. You have a sense of fun lantern in a fun dream theme park in total darkness. Hum.

SUPERIOR 361

Pain. I understand what a color is, clouds have feelings too, I was an environmentalist just to get laid and it worked, but I need a woman less like a general marshaling imaginary forces of idealism. They say every little action trips an ever-widening cause-and-event domino-chain reaction. But, being that EVERY event is a little event, isn't there an awful lot of overlap? Aren't there any actions which mean nothing?

SUPERIOR 362

There was a strong smell of lemon cookies in the dimensional alley. Wow, that would be a good first line of a book. New York City in the rain—nice cliché, but there was no one there for me to share it with.

SUPERIOR 363

What do you write when your girlfriend moves out? About the guilt at your feeling of freedom, or the mental anecdotes, of events from the relationship, that make you feel like you can't live without her, but which get weaker and weaker. Makes it sound pretty bad. Before, I felt like I had to resist other women, now I feel like I gotta go after them, maybe just to prove a point. Look at me—the supposed creative genius—getting caught up in the same childish games as everyone else. But wait a second—why should a creative genius be any different? Yeah, clichés about experiencing life before you can write about it. Like wow, you're Mr. Smug, you've been there, looking at me like I'm a fool. I am not a fool. You act like your life is so cool. Maybe it's you who are the loser, having been through so many relationships, acting so "knowing". You're the one who's the fool—just look at your current surroundings—right here, right now—where are you, reading this? Yeah, and you think I'm the fool. Go and have a coffee.

SUPERIOR 364

Can you imagine the city streets like spikes, and a cigar erasing lucidity? I want to make a movie about bridges. That was just an impulse, I guess I want to see things connected. The funniest thing is that I'm finally becoming like a normal guy. I always thought of myself as being so weird. The times are catching up with me. I am better than most people, in creative productions at least. So why am I one paycheck away from being homeless? Cuz I gotta be free when the Digital Superworld hits—I can't be held back by connections to the old world.

SUPERIOR 365

I gotta say it—"The Superior-A-Day Desk Calendar"—new for Christmas. Yes, you too can experience a brand new Superior each and every day of your life—what a way to wake up and face the day! And you know what? If this is a non-Leap-Year, this is December 31, New Year's Eve! If it IS a Leap Year, this is what I used to call "New Year's Eve EVE" as a kid! Kind of like "Christmas Eve EVE"! (December 23). Of course, if it's 1996, 2000, 2004, 2008, 2012, 2016, 2020, 2024, 2028, 2032, etc.—you got one more Superior to go! By the way, and this may be totally fallacious information, I remember in Astronomy class in college that there wasn't gonna be a Leap Year in 2000. Is this like possibly true? E-mail me with the answer!

SUPERIOR 366

Leap Year New Year's Eve. That is all I have to say. Not quite. Speak in a robotic tone of voice. The 21st Century doesn't really begin until Jan. 1, 2001, you know. But no one's gonna give a hoot or a rat's ass about that—New Year's Eve 1999 is gonna be the big one. The Third Millennium. And not an end of the world in sight.

SUPERIOR 367

One o'clock two fine days. Hi, they wear bikinis. Yeah, we got four bottles of vodka, so what, our dormitory night is all set. Are these three sentences connected or totally not? That is for you to decide. Go far.

SUPERIOR 368

Theatrical smoke in the subways brought me to your door. You letting me in was the wet dream I longer for. I am Wyoming.

SUPERIOR 369

Say to Maye, you love her hair. Say to Maye, trouble in the air. Say to Maye, I am your lover powerful. Say to Maye, I wanna do you and your sister at the same time.

SUPERIOR 370

Well, think, yelling folklore is my passion blue. The pain of days, how mental notes metamorphose into cacophony, and you are just as beautiful as ever. I can tolerate the many ways and days of Allison, in a way of nerdy measurement, but it is too comfortable, I think, and I must seek other avenues of tiring myself here.

SUPERIOR 371

The common sense. Betsy's in maze mayhem! Histrike line, Olympic style. Meaning, it has importance, it all means something. And you have trillions of years to figure it out.

SUPERIOR 372

Yumpa revision yanposta; true and newly, icy confused lady, you couldn't know, but in that moment you could have been everything to her. For \$1,000,000, I will give you back that moment. I am "The Another Maker", Tuesdays at nine, right here on your Wowverful Place for Obliviana, WWW, channel 67, Omaha, Nebraska.

SUPERIOR 373

Can. Intertrontransic prototype here in theme park. Her, you have unresolved feelings about she is. Rinter the old west, gimme telecommunications money any old time. Here we are, we have more days than we ever thought. The time technology, never knew it could be so easy, we could do ten thousand years easy. And we drift, unhappy yet truable. Missing?... mall is. Mall is.

SUPERIOR 374

Twas the mighty place to go, language, rushing to be, are many, & freeing the foulness inside to disperse or grasp. Runtund, can we ever, I am trying, nothing J—marchoonis-oopial. There yet, yethery dusk trespassings, the glorious stinging of the chill, it's like a symphony, with beauties there to blossom it. You don't know what I'm talking about—maybe—okay—I was with a group of friends, and we went to this private school at night and just walked into these buildings—inement of this building and had like a picnic and there were these girls there and one was so hot. But the memory of it, and the whole experience of it, was what I was thinking of when I started writing this Superior. Right now, I'm on the train, coming home from work, maybe gonna indulge in some reckless spending, maybe gonna get the new live Steely Dan CD. How successful is this blending of reality and poetry? I always said, Superior is not poetry. The strange ducking, I was full of yarn says you, and for many a fine pillow stuff, I was trying, and just the jay of thought, Fun or Fire.

SUPERIOR 375

Yikes, was a mouse saying, in time un the goi back to kings are trying to ilip, knowert, stoom a storm of the love. Have structure, I have mother, dealy smuckthing. Do you see me as infinite, for I am like so infinite. Muctches. Ah yes, solve it all with the smell of awesome smoke. I won't be there. Dangerous yesterday, call it a flyer, and I'm great with tomorrow. The dame, call her a woman, she is a person, here is an observation—that making a woman a love object may be far worse than making her a sex object—talking about crushes and obsessions, how one so innocent and so uninvolved can so fluster you, and who are you to do it, but it is nature, and we deal with it. Human beings are nothing without their difficulties. Listen to me, I'm one of them. I think.

SUPERIOR 376

As existing merely to regard the freeze aboard the good ship "Magnetic". My awareness is extending into sweet spaces. Finding your inner Norse goddess. I am Persephone.

SUPERIOR 377

Astrid, when? Independence have to. Flyer foxmania the and turbulence and...! Some character blew apart... him was never was golo...!

SUPERIOR 378

Licklink tovevver. Arpon language. Moster dialomp. Piscincia rantramp. Regal night brawling to team ruin. Scumlayer dortnait. Niff of Gosub. Song "I love you more today than yesterday" loser feeling buying yogurt. Apron language.

SUPERIOR 379

Dortrait. Dorthate. House, wrappin efcayn, smelting paragraph, theories on nudity. She on TV am not naked unless nipple, pubic hair, buttcrack, or of course genitalia, are showing. Why not have a totally nude lady TV show where they block that stuff out only, with little flesh-colored dots? And... what sort of touching between these actresses would be okay to broadcast...? A touch on the shoulder, a kiss on the cheek, a hand on a leg... Sounds like this show could beat both ER AND Murder One (time specific reference... top TV show battling for supremacy, Thursdays at 10... if you're far past Fall 1995 in time, you might not get the reference at all.) I feel to continue...

SUPERIOR 380

To accomodate futurians, you must precognate their nature, or they'll just laugh at you. Pierce Brosnan is the new James Bond. I took banter too far at work on occasions in 1990 and 1991. Ha! Ha! I am warm and kicking, out here, able to ingore or pursue you as I please. Please, be in a hotel lobby in 1983. You expect the mirror image to mimic reality, you have a lot to learn. To look like that... personality... everyone around me... they all know each other... to simulate madness... caught in the scary streets of the city... and at a 7-11 in the suburbs—can you feel it?—a rising tide, a monster of a subtlety. Do you feel the need to judge, Siskel & Ebert Jr.?

SUPERIOR 381

Bopsindrid the Detergent. Savior elsewhere.

SUPERIOR 382

It is not my business to manage a junkyard. It is not my business to maintain a warehouse or complex shipping operation. It is none of my concern to tend to the needs of an office building. I do not choose to deal in matter, for I am the businessman of the digital time. That which I sell is immaterial. But in service to the immaterial is a great material infrastructure, which is kind of a bummer, considering the dream of the digital world.

SUPERIOR 383

To me, to me, to me. Is there any way to avoid being self-centered? For even the greatest effort to be selfless revolves around how cool it is to be selfless and how awesome you are for being so. And for all your consciousness, you are with you. What is left. Not at all afraid. Spur of the moment. Carpe diem. Trouble ahead. The romance of trouble. Life is just constantly trying to keep yourself entertained.

SUPERIOR 384

This morning, awakened by alarm clock, I pissed but went back to bed. I slept for 45 minutes, then woke up again. My apartment was cold. I took a shower. And I knew, it was too late to get a \$2 parking spot, so in a few decadent seconds I decided to turn The Weather Channel on and get back under the covers, still wet from the shower. And these were ten minutes which seemed like an hour. Such comfort, such indulgence. I am now on the train, late for work, but there's no way I'd trade that ten minutes just to be on time.

SUPERIOR 385

You can have the capacity, stars are ripe adorable partners. Evil is long ago, my child, so for those walking backwards, collision is likely. I look like a slacker, not a worker. But I make more than most of them.

SUPERIOR 386

Was I to be pure, experience raunchiness, to the pine tree area. Can there BE a jumpiness more altruistic—but I apologize—that may not mean anything. Checkerboards are a whole kind of occult life, I mean that. You are in a human body, and you like to huff and puff and blow the world apart sometimes. Do you want to return to the Primal Realm? Consider the smell of rice cooking. Why that?

SUPERIOR 387

If these are all words. Dear translator, you're fucked, love Frank Edward Nora. I wanna come to describe something in my life, I have had some jobs, deer have walked through my yard, I am new to this, under you. And the fall foliage, altogether, humming with dry magic, we are swept into a major metropolitan astral plane. Haha, jajajo, umimum, tempermine. Temp ermine.

SUPERIOR 388

Donkey Kong, you have been with the three girls I lust after, for many hours, they all play you. Mario is always facing right or left, obeying Cynthia, Diana, and Molly's anonymous commands. But you, Kong, you face them, every time they play. If only I could reach you. But I guess, in the long run, it'd be easier to reach one of them than a fictional character like you.

SUPERIOR 389

Is the act of saving the document and is like thunder in history. Cremate the opposition, they're gone man. Imagine if the world weren't wild with change, the panther would be obsolete. I'm not coming up the driveway just yet. I have some more spice and cowardice in me, the delicious bombing of the production. Is it. The walk and.

SUPERIOR 390

To those who think Superiors are randomly generated by a computer program, you are foolish. They are all written from my mind. Can you not see this—is it not obvious? Superiors bring me great pleasure, I'm a fan. I like writing and reading them, especially a long time after. A lot of them, I just wrote and only read a couple of times, so going back, I can have a genuine thrill. Superior is remarkable literature.

SUPERIOR 391

Standaback, Diamhardy. Ten years from now you'll thank me.

SUPERIOR 392

Was the nap a means to avoid it, or just my disorganization, or what? Cute.

SUPERIOR 393

I am paralyzed by so many forces, but these same forces could prove a potent fuel for motion. Writing this, I am moving forward. Are there choices, which result in branchings into the ahead, or is it more qualitative? But I think I know the cause of it all.

SUPERIOR 394

A few in the tunnel. My heart is blazing with a bittersweet pain. It's a good, human feeling. Something I wouldn't feel if depressed. Yes, I have a lot. Every day smoothes over the destruction of the last a little. October is over—I'm ready for to reap what the winds of change have sown.

SUPERIOR 395

Through with the tunnel. A New York Times page in my back pocket, a story about people who live inside a nuclear missile silo. They call it love, and I love feeling it. They had a poor little hedgehog on Larry King the other night—it was scared to death and held itself tightly in its ball shape. I know what I want.

SUPERIOR 396

Pony tail new brunswick. Mr. Toad, come on. Parking Lot World, I wanna talk about my desire for you. Yeah, life is a sequence. Science, let me tellya, look at a halftone with a magnifier and all you see is dots. Nothing. Playing computer keyboard. People romanticize freehand and typewriter writing. Too little unbelief, where is society up to.

SUPERIOR 397

Need to refine. Life is. Buildings take an awful lot of effort to construct. English language, best ever, gets stronger the more foreign words it sucks in. Like me? Yeah e.

SUPERIOR 398

Yeah be. Hmm, could be a new retro-hippie catchphrase. Mindy, Mindy, Mindy, Mindy.

SUPERIOR 399

I have jaulo to porta. Waiting for the next thing to happen, we pretend colorful fictionals. Autumn leaf, red and dead, have you a thought in your head? What of me is steel-like? The dove, ancient idiot, the dove.

SUPERIOR 400

Slow overpass, time of thinker, the yeseholution of the self. Done hinterland, I was overland, and the newspapers are losing interest. A jug of something... Any today does explode because Susan 594-011.

SUPERIOR 401

Meantime. Century gang. Harsh y'know. Madness is a luxury you can ill afford, where is that? Resplendent blender—the of meaning. Maybe a housewifet—don't take away her feminism, mind poison. Chances are, in a literary sense, her focus on the blender chaos life beyond her control. What I know about awesome. This was heavily edited.

SUPERIOR 402

Thor panther clothing, your feminine side with a baseball bat and a bottle of whiskey. When the bra strap goes loose, you know you're into the tit experience. Eye the clock at 2 PM, hours to go before you go home. You need a 2 PM where you're free as a psycho, causing trouble in amazing places.

SUPERIOR 403

I have to youward, I am bashful but persistent. No smoking a cold walk yelling aimlessly at an empty Revolutionary War park town. Yeah, an old fence. Yeah, pretending to be just you, chess and game, theme park crapola takes up 19% of your brain. Toofar, a place for mystery and meeting sex partners.

SUPERIOR 404

People matter. I have long hair, it's for my image. A massive intellect makes for tough emotional development. Think of what you can build—build it.

SUPERIOR 405

The feelings are delightful here. There's a fire burning between us. Love and lust and everything nice. Here, there is uncertainty. The race to the first kiss, in constant euphoric pain. The effort, if I don't make it I'll never forgive myself. The effort, if I fail at least I'll know I tried. No. This one I play to win.

SUPERIOR 406

Rave Janssen, cutest little movie star, just 19, here in my bed. It's like S&M, the eroticism of her being so much better than me—rich, famous, beloved—and who am I? It turns me on. Of course, I dream of making it to the top like her. The dreams themselves are pleasurable to run through my mind. I realize I may as well derive as much pleasure from these visions as possible, since my chances of making it are slim. She's on top.

SUPERIOR 407

We think of places, but they're nothing without you there. Yeah, still in time, all of 'em exist. Yup. Time travel and how small you are. Every moment there's a whole world of space. What can they hope to experience? But it's wrong. Consider repetition. Actions have no reactions. The axe of us gone.

SUPERIOR 408

This one I play to lose. My heart was wacky, I was just this funny one to her. Any fire there may have been was just in me. The cement slab thought—there will be no first kiss. No more uncertainty—she'll never be my girlfriend. The feelings are ambiguous here. I tried. No euphoria, not painful.

SUPERIOR 409

I am a formula made of ace. That tingling sensation, that broad smile of a morning panorama. Air pressure confusion, you're at a mall far away, phones aren't working right, and you have money. Getting away in a night of flurries, never to return, what the humanity you seek is beyond you. And I cannot help it.

SUPERIOR 410

Prelude to the informative day. Find. Some of the stars, might be her body when she was 23. I love the feeling of being really tired. I am marvelous—something precious in the display case, seems too valuable for the security level here. So I'm in this hotel. Funny, I can make one call and be having sex with two women all night long. Good women. Not whores. Friends. Part of this whole tapestry of power. But my hand isn't moving. My eyes are all over the phone, but my hand can't obey me. Irony, what are my concerns?

SUPERIOR 411

Let me know. Yeah, I wrote a lot more of this, but it got destroyed as the computer crashed. Erections on transit, writing erotica. Will any of them call me? Have no time for them. Snowfall is unwelcome. Again. Whatever. Didn't lose much.

SUPERIOR 412

Nose. Airsh Niobrahms. Metropark, Breasts. Oh! Just, can I write? Not feeling good. 412, wow. Just remember the inner peace. Yeah? Lust is candy. I don't want the abandoned playground. Or do I? Inner peace, emotionlessness. No. It's about keeping my emotions under control.

SUPERIOR 413

Dome owe bitch joint Sally queer underground box xaw, Gail always does licking Victoria says evil does zoom.

SUPERIOR 414

Two of tools. I have to say I am calm. Rinse is preydrive. Bluvven. Blunventem... preyjive. We spink jiv for us. You what you write. It was tising (album name) panucking.

SUPERIOR 415

Winter telling of my self. X. Solitary at mall, browsing to burn off energy. Cry about the Internet. Bald cuckold. Xmas everywhere—call me unmoved. Seeking innocence, but confused as to where childhood and society mesh. Bench and do origami—the best path often has aimless loseriness passages. Mall of America—one day and it's all over my mind. Princeton—a chilly morning, did I call Kerri?

SUPERIOR 416

Getting there side. Speckle, find the lost coffee shop owned by Judy. Cry for help—yours and friends, lost and alone, bewildered by dating. Self, I have to make myself more attractive. A good sort of pain, like after a workout. My old apartment, the walk to the train station, wishing it to end, now it has a magical edge. I don't know.

SUPERIOR 417

To talk of craft shops. Friends go to bars, video games and masturbation. I am hiding. Understanding people, as it pains me to discover. Sexy blond next to me right now. Next to me, physically. Far from me, situationally. How I am running my life. Early December '95. Moving in a new direction. If I am true to anything, I must remain true to my ambitions. That last sentence, I feel like I might cry—it's my ambitions that mean the most to me, that I cherish, that I must accomplish. Succeeding in my ambitions is worth severe loserdom, no sex, no social life, whatever.

SUPERIOR 418

Bad Macanudo walk to 14th street through the gay area. Scary. Howard Stern on Jay Leno last night—amazing. Played Boggle all day at work, lost a lot. Drinking water, taking vitamin and herb pills. Wore the sweater-like thing inside-out. Talked while eating bread, must have seemed like a slob to June. Honesty... driving down the road in the rain, alone is an experience—builds character, I am destroying myself in order to phoenix myself what is that. Eggs by the side of the road at night.

SUPERIOR 419

The blonde plays with her hair. I want a girl. Ha ha—I could get one, but I'd have to work for it. Tame talk. I know what I have to go do. Obliviana. My Core Endeavor. Once called Nomadi. Who am I. Knowing it. It's your fn.

SUPERIOR 420

Last for now. Auto repair, the tidal one. Fly flight back to present. Being—first minutes at Luxor—tired? Boat thing. Need to edit. Reality. I am better person. Drink up, see you sitting there at the bar, beer in your hand, reading me. Yeah. I see you, whenever you are, see neon, you're waiting for a blonde, never saw her before, you are tough. Butterflies in your stomach, I am on a train in 1995, I want to tell you something that might help you. The guy, brainy, pocked face, glasses, greasy hair, scarf, glasses—do not trust him at all.

SUPERIOR 421

The cosmos, rock concert, the waitings and wantings of teens, expectation of a state beyond expectation. The hopes so bright, how adults laugh at them, knowing so well how they'll slowly die. Snickering at hopeless dreams. All teens fall into the same trap, follow the same preset path, no matter how fervently they might believe otherwise. Rebellion as part of growing up, might seem like rebellion, but they all lose it. Except, me, Frank Edward Nora, I have not lost it, and I am 28.

SUPERIOR 422

Heat dazzled for beach company date, wonder, what do you have to do. In extraordinary circumstances, not to wind up back in your apartment that night or the next. Being tired, all I want is to be home and in bed, end this torture. But isn't being home in bed, as opposed to everything else you want to do, torture itself? Heat dazzled, and big money torpedoed, foil streamers at convention, \$4 Coca-Cola, wandering. Heat.

SUPERIOR 423

Talk about hussy. Tired in city. Toy store enlightenment is as immolation in self-awareness. To stab, she forgets to kill, street corner as they paint me. Car. The sex thing. Kissinger.

SUPERIOR 424

Back home, dark and cold, college friend memories, stabbing shame, no pony tail today. Go on. Friendly colonial street, weight of the daily childness I can Louisiana and—a bar—I—screwed it all up, it is she—and I cannot return—again and again—the way out, forget about the other girl—but no girls—and... and... and... I am here. What I know about. Please.

SUPERIOR 425

Lost. Days away. I want to be all over America. Now I know—duty calls—I cannot cry—it is a metallic Christmas memory here—bird. Commend. Look to you for support. Just... just hanging out, talking. Fear of insanity. Going... going home all the time. Dark days. Who was it? Daddy's apartment, I was proud to think he had girls over. Morning... what is the loss of.

SUPERIOR 426

Again, quench interstate power. Bye. Everyone experiences night.

SUPERIOR 427

I am have a script typeface was my life. Love. Kiss my love. Can't get it back. Funny, it's the girl I lost six years ago not six weeks ago. Funny. I am funny in a way of jarknest. Fuck yes. Storage technologies will evolve, and we must evolve along with them.

SUPERIOR 428

Ah, again, just once, was it. Horses, my sister liked 'em. Light rail, can I copper aluminum the yes icon, to pretend—the dork, making fun of the dork—his feelings never cross my mind. But what real punishment is there? Cosmic balance? Yeah, that's realistic.

SUPERIOR 429

Hi. Join now. Creates. Silent cold dawn, walk down the street, see no one. Hi hitchhike. A summer in the '70s. What can I say? She's having sex, drugs, and rock music on the road. Today, you gotta wonder. It WAS hedonism, was there a price to pay? Just skiing.

SUPERIOR 430

Avoid escalator in office building train station, they who sing, who confuse in a fish bowl, and the sporting event, calibrate. Sometimes well a year never ever, kissing, dreams of relationships wake to nobody next to me. I am hurt. It's good though. The more I get hurt emotionally and get over it, the more I grow up. I am a wristwatch made of mist. Didn't I tell you that. Too weak, needs editing, but I never do that.

SUPERIOR 431

A time of Arctic air, driving on Route One, say patterns in ice, and all the girls at all the malls I've ever explored. Yesterday, I mused that if I write an autobiography, one chapter would definitely be called "Malls". Say building in the distance, I remember my first college friend trips to Manhattan, and how overwhelming the place was. Yeah, I'd like to soft time travel back to one of those days in 1985 or 1986, one of those trips to New York. 80 pounds lighter.

SUPERIOR 432

Many ices. Imperfect footing, you start off behind. Young, the innocence of being a Dr. Who fan. Why scorn the beautiful fragility there? It felt good, but the fear of it all falling apart, and the stress of starting to face life. School, girls, future. I don't know. There was something more to it.

SUPERIOR 433

Dim-it. A female Alexander Hamilton. Gaga. Gump. Forsaken woman, she evil. Hazzaha haha. Ga ga ga! You gotta wonder. Enterway to office and...

SUPERIOR 434

Duck I am loopy the fog rail. Is it causal, caramel? I pretend that this is me here—you have to see—I might really be somewhere else—my state of being is totally unfamiliar to man. Randolph? Maybe that was the town I went to—once—always wondered how to get back...

SUPERIOR 435

No mood for scratch-off madness. Smiling nobody, like to destroy him, movie theater. Badlight, under the streetmess, power mass forces, the waiting for the waiting. Another. Open lit window, strange transaction, the fall wit the redemption in mind, fun and the nuclear muscle. Family buffet. Dog dreams. The dread of flight, the thrill of flight, writing it down, using levels of power. Too much tool. You cannot, Tracy, it is not... like.

SUPERIOR 436

Dashing. Hallway yellow brown theory. Drinkers of pine trees, the band, the movie. Cold college nights, the chill and the thrill of ladies. Yeah, no. Bo. Think and drink. The way of the wave, I am of it. True. Soviet aspirations, you are a little cougar and I love you. Enough refeed—the dogs of rage are angelic ponies in your of dream faze.

SUPERIOR 437

I have some timing let's all talk about timing. The doldrums of midwest shippings. A girl in an orbitter, could I know her. The snowiness of my bright looks, and me climbing a tree.

SUPERIOR 438

Take care. To far me, her coldness, and the inability of my spirit. I have am generation. No matter what, Europe sucks. Newspaper. Thing of maze was, I am cloudy must, I am not cloudy. Struggler—you always feel better when you conquer the mountain. I am new to this. I am you.

SUPERIOR 439 * 1/1/96

Fond. Talk about success. Clean away—I am here, so here. It is good, and deserved after a period of hardship. I cannot predict with certainty, but in this matter, I am prepared to say that I am optimistic. And these days, that's really saying something.

SUPERIOR 440 * 1/2/96

Shout about cradle. Ha, durable comfort, erotic fun out of hand near the convention. Okay—the day we stole all those fonts—I got home to the Somerville train station at 3:00 AM, and I couldn't get a taxi. So I had to call Dad for a ride. Had to be 1990. I remember that station.

SUPERIOR 441 * 1/2/96

Something about trullity—a flowery, girlish component of the fashion industry—and my computer skills, getting me into it, perfumey. Forget about it. One of those shocks of youth. This is not about anything. I'm in a hot coastal world. A promise of pussy and alcohol, all about that, with a sugary themed coating. I am lost. I have no money. Do you grasp me? I am a poet! My words soothe me, when I imagine the multitudes reading them. Does it matter if it ever happens?

SUPERIOR 442 * 1/3/96

Dunking phased, a salty muddy car window. Gun oiled and full of ammo, clean machine, it all comes down to moving your arm and then your finger. But then, you can't believe you're seriously considering climbing that skyscraper.

Fifteen-year-old whiz kid. Friends say you're a minor, you can't go to jail. You look like a twenty-year-old woman, the boys are insane with lust. Your life is out of control. Should you become a model or a physicist? The no-smoking sign.

SUPERIOR 443 * 1/3/96

Young, did I say that? Forest. Forgetting riverpeople. Nights of lights, who said that. Kinda the staring at a window, complex string design, what is it for at the shopping plaza? Older women who hold no sexuality. Their life. Use it. Not what I meant. The stop of coffee, I am knowing sleep, oh I am good.

SUPERIOR 444 * 1/4/96

Whatever today is, I was with a bright star of a girl, I wanted her, but she didn't want me. Got me thinking darkly. They say that the swans fights wars every bit as brutal as ours. Jet fighters, nukes, submarines, the works. And I was wondering about magic—the old Kings of England—way before Arthur and Camelot—they had a magic technology to kick your ass. That is what I am wondering.

SUPERIOR 445 * 1/4/96

A bright-eyed Danielle, and I'm drunk and the elevator operator. If she could only see the real me. The rock star, the novelist, the movie star. Sacrifice for one's relatives is called noble. For me, the sacrifices I have made have prevented me from attaining the stardom and riches I have the raw talent for. But they come to me—brothers, cousins, sisters, aunts—you name it. I should have thrown them all into the street, but no. I have abandoned my dreams to support bad lives and bad habits.

SUPERIOR 446 * 1/4/96

To flail panties, urge soaked, through lime-scented museums of despair, and loving it. I have a photo of the nipple I am licking. Took a long walk before, calmed me down. Roger must die. Video collection, I said get on with the real world, girl. You meet a lot. It was salty, like tears, and we juxtaposed them. Laugh, it was special, the first hit of that drug in months, and the two of us bathing.

SUPERIOR 447 * 1/4/96

Um, about flowers. Two method electronic. Gusting. To perceive it, were to yank me to knowing for. Love, can say it, my Jillian, what a shivering moonchild. Forlorn and a park said. Let it all go, hoho you got problems, must the crowd. Amusement park abandoned in winter—the appeal—following monster tracks through the woods, all the time thinking of them.

SUPERIOR 448 * 1/8/96

Ape storage, said cuz it had to be said. $8+7=15$ is the most boring calculation. I am Wyoming, die snickering.

SUPERIOR 449 * 1/10/96

Lose piner the varhaw, know it has say, commemorative. Loose cushion monty, had the toy backhoe, riders of the gaseous moon, lost in yime. To no, for cause, ligh-tile. Visike.

SUPERIOR 450 * 1/10/96

Lucrative Meander—it's low, and it's potlatch. Comb for infinite mersy, the contented catlike state of mind. High, all to see, it's insignia, I tell you, and that's the act. I tell you, and then you know. I am of mountain roads, I came down years ago. The funniest thing—about those spaceships—I know all about them—you're all going to be surprised when you find out what they really are! The evil fairies of eld, now intoxicated with technology. A very dangerous folding into.

SUPERIOR 451 * 1/11/96

Time last is it about. Punkin, nickname for the kid, was kid is you. Spider's arrow, drop done dank, simian sclar. Been in attic, foul of brain raking, happy after-rain pungent girls, to do it all again, was do it nonagon. Thor, weasel, birth control pill factory. Fake woodgrain blast of light. Son of music, the drapery of waste, yes I am cursing. Can we talk.

SUPERIOR 452 * 1/11/96

People are ugly and goofy-looking—just look around you—TV and movies are great—they have the world with all attractive people. Nothing wrong with that—if I wanna see reality, I'll open my eyes. It's tiring. I am tired. Things are slowing down. People are pushing me around. Thinking about asking for help. Watching pirate movies, losing my mind. I am not me. Too much pressure but what do I do all day, into a wonderful sunny field, with plenty of friends, animal and human, and I love.

SUPERIOR 453 * 1/11/96

A clockwork bowling pin. A waif in my bathroom, wanna them models. Like my mind, figuring any possible way to have sex with her. I don't like it. Can't I just see her as a person. No. It cannot be. The person, but also having sex with the person. This is the genius of heterosexuality—half the population, you don't have to worry about having sex with them.

SUPERIOR 454 * 1/11/96

Role I play, I WANT TO KISS HER, time for it, will pass into New Brunswick, the houseplant and my relationship with it. Fuggy camera, let me at her, I'll kiss her, I got to, I am proud of guile, what not. Fu. Again with it. Imagine if I wasn't writing all this down. Imagine what a waste it would be!

SUPERIOR 455 * 1/11/96

I got 455 of these? Drop the metal into the breeze. Jigsaw old technology, humming of wasteland, was it achievement, the bird stone. Dry rich people. Audiencer millions. First time letters have met like this. 455 is fine. The struck my chord. It's over.

SUPERIOR 456 * 1/15/96

Twas my who am they, itliza of am trinity. Fork, close to forcea, and to yalno to pray 'em. During. To limit us is, to ling ling form U, tired. Talk the food of the Gs. Many many. How'm do that. Um, unpopnatular. To again, fearjo, justa just just, nowmay lopog uffinc. Bomb.

SUPERIOR 457 * 1/18/96

Flirtations unjust. Damn good decaf. Misty facade. The open black and colorful object of scrutiny. Threatened teen. Looping. Voracious coming. Xmasevil. Little gremlins. Little meandering dye. The liquid world. The fountain of meeting.

SUPERIOR 458 * 1/18/96

God forbid. Lempold Industries—the dirty secrets, the reporting. I got a... the freedom of warm weather... not having to wear a coat. I am not joolking. What wum—there was a woman—she to you I kould—no vever no so fever. The art, dould it fine. Mine, fire has a spine.

SUPERIOR 459 * 1/20/96

Formula. Did you think, all over, the plan of the birds and it can, life in your tree. Borad. Lust and predetermine. Ilgor could.

SUPERIOR 460 * 1/20/96

She bamboozled me. Believe this. Am I a victim? It's not that big a deal. I thought it would be more. I have to come out ahead. I'm no worse off than before, and I have the experience.

SUPERIOR 461 * 1/21/96

See, if. Yeah 2 be boyfriend, I want to be hers. Gimme a chance girl. Not working, smoke rising, song singing yours. Big superhero yeah, just another other. The day, the days, he was. Out of focus, out of focus. Film school. Gotta. I am at the edge of her.

SUPERIOR 462 * 1/23/96

Jackdaw Cloth, come keep me company this evening. The scariness of the cyan jack'o'lantern. Little radio towers on all buildings, what the hell could it mean. I am another one. Getting your jollies in front of your computer, how bad is that? Creamy lights within the fog, fear in a foreign place, girl in a uniform, the promise of outer space. I am uneasy as to the dawn—it is small.

SUPERIOR 463 * 1/31/96

Dude, bewildered, figure out your finances. What who ya got, you know this is just a phase. Millimeter mine shaft, the torch of tude and osity. The phrase, head spinning, of weird love. Flowers abound, and you know Jessica. Famous flight, famous railroad achievement, chalk of fear and overextending yourself.

SUPERIOR 464 * 2/5/96

Shrewd off, dummy. What kind of a creature am I, oh it's okay because I'm New. Tulode, did we talk about mica? All afternoon? Florida hotel. Wish I was in New York. Enough time. For again. We are stammering, who said we were smooth. And over, a painting lashed to a chain link fence. And we don't understand the art in it.

SUPERIOR 465 *2/5/96

Loony Sean, how I wished you'd make it, a national contest, you got to live my dream, and now in the darkest hour, I can but wait, for the fray is eroded, and my pinata is old. Beat on me. It all gets quiet. There will not be another chance. It's 18 years later, what am I complaining about.

SUPERIOR 466 * 2/5/96

More on that in a minute. The beauty of shirt, am I avoiding my adulthood. Trying and crushing. It's for the birds. I am misty, and seasidey, and long ago, and crossbow game, and gone from here, forest and pajamas, excuse my sawdust. True and exquisite—sawdust or stardust—we all have to drive latenights—it's not a barrier. We hear the red light of black bird morning, and whistle to a newborn day. Whether it is hot... there is always something... that comes next... those of us... who have trouble playing the game... our misery is sometimes our greatest joy... and when we get wet in an unexpected way... we can live in the moment, much better than you.

SUPERIOR 467 * 2/6/96

We want to experience other people. Touching, loving. The naked female body, you want to experience it. Touch it, get into it. Your tongue, your hands, your panic.

SUPERIOR 468 * 2/10/96

Wantingmore. My home is called that. Not Fallingwater. Wantingmore.

SUPERIOR 469 * 2/12/96

All tickets out please. Contrarian. When it is the last snow, we drink tea in the observatory, and design elevators and marketplaces. Sting.

SUPERIOR 470 * 2/12/96

The west today, a quiet train, to have an enemy four thousand miles away. Certainly, flower. A fragile childhood aspiration. He wears glasses, is sensitive, and loves comic books and superheroes. Have we forgotten how to think in a wild freedom, unshackled, not self-aware, not jaded, not cool. We have lost it. Just think about it.

SUPERIOR 471 * 2/20/96

That Obliviana is hard work.

SUPERIOR 472 * 3/4/96

This Superior was erased by a computer freeze. It was of my weekend of emotional beating. It was about a cigar store, a crazy German woman, a trip to New York. Shall I repeat it.

SUPERIOR 473 * 3/5/96

When you and I were alone and by the water... I was young and I didn't appreciate it...

SUPERIOR 474 * 3/5/96

To who we jump, we talk about crate. My felt hi, pomp true and dienful. For the wax whistle is temporary... yemory... You I they will build a statue of... call it megalomania... when I sleep alone at night and borrow money from my grandparents I'm never gonna pay back... let me dream... of being a millionaire... a billionaire... sleeping with beautiful little movie stars and rock stars... let me dream... if it helps me get through the day... it only hurts me.

SUPERIOR 475 * 3/5/96

It is always there, if your throat could think, would it love it when coffee was running down it? I am a mind... believe you have to pay a price... but is it just a myth, can you have it all? On 60 Minutes, Steve Forbes, he's got 400 million dollars. But his wife is ugly and his dad was a homo and his face... what the hell is going on with that face? He's got the money, and now the fame, but he's got problems along with the 400 million. I saw his daughters... I think Mike Wallace was interviewing them... heirs to a massive fortune, made them more attractive than they otherwise would have been... very average-looking... dreaming of a residence in the White House maybe... but daddy is blowing tens of millions on the campaign... which you girls would have eventually inherited... They're lucky they're not going to the White House. They look like nice people, but the laser blast of the media would tear them apart. It almost makes me want to cry... the thought of the five Forbes girls in the White House, their lives flayed open for all to see... and their poor mother, such an ugly woman... Steve Forbes... a nice guy... but he knows he's gonna lose... but I think, if you got half-a-billion, spend it having fun. And running for President, with nothing to lose... I'd have fun with it...

SUPERIOR 476 * 3/5/96

I still dream of wealth and fame, and I believe I am closer to it than most other dreamers. I began Obliviana as Nomadi about ten years ago. I was a bright-eyed college kid, immature and overly sensitive, and oh-so-needy for those megalomaniacal visions of sex with movie stars and speeches at award shows. Conventional wisdom would say that such a state would last a few years before I'd "grow up". But here I am, ten years later, humbled by thousands of days, still hammering away at my dream. And all my ideas in the mid-'80s, so confusing to other people, are now making sense with the dawn of the Internet. I think I am on my way to some sort of success. But my goals are a little less grandiose... if I could make a living with Obliviana... that would be so awesome...

SUPERIOR 477 * 3/5/96

Dumbo to me is the human vitamin.

SUPERIOR 478 * 3/5/96

Fork it over, escalator, this three-hour lunch break and I am in an abandoned shopping center. Take a walk on the moon, amusement style. The master key, got it from my locksmith friend. I've always been special. I do it with older women. It seems to affect their lives and minds so much... I feel bad that I don't feel much... then again I'm just a little girl...

SUPERIOR 479 * 3/5/96

Give me some truth, Ellen. Again the foreign elevator, too much mental interpreteur. Um, Heidi, why? Don't answer. All wooded dimensional and blue arc. Save. Rain on the blacktop in streetlight. Hot and muggy relationships ending too slowly. The taste of beer and feeling disgusted with myself. Again, we go on, the white and cool arcade and deli, and I... find a way... in the suburban night... and I am wooded.

SUPERIOR 480 * 3/5/96

I can't imagine you sewing. Thayhoc was and an artichoke flavor. Go home, do you go way? We've your life in straw. Day in other city, inside library, see sunny street outside, in a dream, the way is frosty. Again, the many identity, flying to a climate. Get me there, yet we are underway.

SUPERIOR 481 * 3/6/96

Liam, to tackle problems, Roman stupor and the bakery. Time flavor, time whatever, time to kill with friends, getting into trouble cuz it's the only fun. Socking. Marvelous. Hanging out with that chick, it's rainy, you had to hide in the woods and masturbate in the wet, tall grass, can't let her see your erection. Hey where were you. Aw just... going for a little walk...

SUPERIOR 482 * 3/6/96

Grunting saliva she said yack or smack. Carefully described dilapidated building. Smother, doc on dingoes on TLC. Forget me. Knew it. Parking deck. Your first one. Knew it. Forget it. Forgive me.

SUPERIOR 483 * 3/6/96

The challenge—to bop till you change, chain link fence destiny, the hoverers come. Mall sideways... the stores pay less rent... you love a girl who works at the comic book store... but you're not good looking enough to date her. Did I mention the conductor's coat? Never mind. We are formula. Try and erase as, um till rent is due... and... whine of a train... and you lovely body... skin... lost in sex... but still unsatisfied... who is the me who waves the sword in the rain when no one is left...

SUPERIOR 484 * 3/6/96

To be me, just I knew about it, um help me. Call me coffee. We are... have money and in an airport lounge... talk about fat ugly witchcraft woman... and Cuba... The time for going is here. Do I say that? Much more losing to indoor pirate ride ahead. Can you base it all on loveless? If you got a problem... the problem is the problem... not the fact that you're alone at night... most people have mates... and they're not happy either... at least they get sex sometimes...

SUPERIOR 485 * 3/6/96

March 6, 1996. Wearing the ABM sweatshirt I had made for the MTV party in 1989. Tired, maybe of using the past as a crutch. Tired, maybe of not being where my hopes would have placed me by 1996. I know it. But I always wonder. If things went just like I thought... what sort of person would I be... and what would I really have accomplished... ah, you know, I would have been a good person and achieved awesome stuff, no matter what...

SUPERIOR 486 * 3/6/96

Is it intensely personal? I know. If emergency exit... but you know that the mundane is the rule of the day... But we are cool... and I am a cool person... and I was at least the best in... who knows. Be me. No I mean be me. Do not see me. It is my history. Going away. Coming back. Playing sports. Butterflies in your stomach in the car, so many times, what is it all about, what is the use of expressing confusion, even if literally? So other people know they're not alone. What a cliché. You're not alone.

SUPERIOR 487 * 3/6/96

Talking about wandering around New York City in my youth. Youth? I was 20, now I'm 28. What am I talking about. 1996. The time I am at right now. Looking over the past week... getting things done... glad I did them but wouldn't want to do them over again... Foggy outside... being a vegetarian, I just keep on liking it more... Airports... why am I so fond of airports... the idea of going away... you do the same thing every day... so the idea of going away...

SUPERIOR 488 * 3/6/96

We're talking quantity here. Blasting. I wear sneakers, black sneakers, nothing else. Maybe slippers at home, but nothing else. I think it makes me cool. But what's wrong with dress shoes? Uncomfortable, I know. But I am ignorant and inexperienced when it comes to dressing up. Is this cool? Is it cool to be ignorant? If I knew how to dress up, and had all the clothes, I wouldn't have to do it... but I would have the knowledge and the confidence... But I don't know if I'd call my black sneaker exclusivity a flaw... but maybe also it's not cool...

SUPERIOR 489 * 3/6/96

So much of the humanity you are aware of are the famous people... all the most beautiful, most intelligent, most wonderful... So you use the godlike as the yardstick to judge yourself. And of course, you don't measure up... no one could. So you feel little. But it's dumb. Open your eyes. Look at the reality of humanity, all around you. All the funny-looking, disturbed, harried, real people. Compare yourself with them instead.

SUPERIOR 490 * 3/6/96

Okay. Tis the season to be massive. Was what that? Haha, great. Uh-huh the twinkle and the tinkle. Go away. Hahaha. We are here. Hahaha. Yeah, problem. Ha. Yeah. What. Things. Thugs. Was it... and...

SUPERIOR 491 * 3/6/96

Through the yesterday sillily, yolk no bird. Liode Fur, you are charged with the two of you, word puzzle and glee. Glee... You know that reminds me... all the old were young once... bet you didn't know that. You know every day is a new day. That is it too. But what I am wondering, here, an object, pure and inhuman, and it might represent me.

SUPERIOR 492 * 3/6/96

1969. I turned two in October.

SUPERIOR 493 * 3/7/96

Obsessor of low character. The mastery of film special effects. Yeah that face, an ugly face, an ugly personality. Reading a punk history. Train is losing power... losing it... And where I am. It is all so... what is there, but me making observations? It seems to be happening a lot and for a long time. I can't dance. I won't dance. And I don't know. I think it might relate to my lack of success with women. Oh well. It's me. It's me. It's my problem. That is what it is. So what... yes... I know it...

SUPERIOR 494 * 3/7/96

Imagination and escaping from the everyday. Messy apartment, hurtling towards it, fifty miles away. I have cigars and pasta there. And a TV. So... I had the idea to live in fountains... all naked and beautiful, make a world, like a theme park, all out of fountains and beautiful things... going to the supermarket on a cold night... the feelings... alone... but did it feel all that different when I went with Kerri? Planning on buying coffee. Paycheck to paycheck. My writing. Talking about myself. What else should I write about? Oh this is therapy, it helps me, to get these feelings out. It is helping me now.

SUPERIOR 495 * 3/7/96

Before I knew it, New Brunswick. The fire and the haze, the walkie talkies, look at her, the shape of her sweater defined by her breasts... being a man is draining sometimes... this feeling of desperate desire... loneliness?... wanting a woman... just a feeling... yeah... is it good to feel this way? Does it make you a better person? All those times I felt carsick, I don't know. Such a lot of past to go over. And I gotta wonder about the truth. Who am I really? Who...

SUPERIOR 496 * 3/7/96

Man, my college days, receding evermore into the past, 1985 to 1989, a different time, a different era. 1985. I'm staring at her breasts, her rust orange sweater. She looks nice. But it's just... the pleasure of looking I guess... I think one of my problems is that I view everyone as an equal. I'm very sympathetic. I forget that there are strata in society. Falling asleep... no, I must go on... stay ahead of schedule...

SUPERIOR 497 * 3/7/96

Des Moines... falling call... lost real motored. True, I was listing girls, and I felt an urge to resist my lust, and I realized, no, the fires of desire go hand-in-hand with the fires of business. To be able to urinate quickly and with no hassle... this is the magic of living alone...

SUPERIOR 498 * 3/7/96

Again... and again... Wow. Learning about life... the pleasures of the body... are good... but tend to deaden emotional learning... one cannot do that... if he is real...

SUPERIOR 499 * 3/7/96

Is she real? I don't use her name. But I wonder. How many people are real? The cleansing of an old, old soul. Softness... her body... THE GATES OF PLENTY ARE UNLOCKED... my mess... dam... barren on one side... full and resplendent beyond imagining on the other side... Yes I am good. Now I am good. It has been a long road. And now I can say... I am good.

SUPERIOR 500 * 3/7/96

A puzzle.

SUPERIOR 501 * 3/12/96

Each vernal equinox, never just ultimate, naked exhilaration returns. Evelyn, jolly, eats cornflowers to satisfy Mary's enmity. Do you know what it's like to realize that Jenny—dear, deluded Jenny—as an investor?

SUPERIOR 502 * 3/14/96

Ling the jock... have seen everything... yes I am on route 18... pine fresheners and fantasies of oral sex... potholes, music... fighting for the sake of it... look at it... people WANT problems, deep down... everyone has problems... see, humans can't exist without problems everpresent... challenges... the ecstasy of solving... this is what it's all about... bigger problems masking smaller ones... or of course, vice-versa. I am a thinker. I am smarter than most of you. But I'd never say that in public. Interpreted: "ling the jock" = perform cunnilingus on the athletic girl. I'm fucking insane.

SUPERIOR 503 * 3/14/96

Good forever and the tennis, hard rock fairy bagel mania... the think you're cool... yeah gold shoes gut the government... you are thrilling, activists are children in adult bodies... baubles, is what it is all about. Jersey Avenue, what's that all about? Howard Stern... Jesus Christ, you can turn on the radio every morning and hear him live, doing a new show every day... you know how unbelievable that would be to the denizens of the future, who worship Stern... thousands of hours of his show digitized and in humanities archives... it takes them years to hear it all... but it's the most popular thing... The Beatles don't have ten thousand hours of stuff... you know, I am acting as if I have knowledge of the future, do not belittle my wildness.

SUPERIOR 504 * 3/14/96

Go late night. Floor, daily activity, sitting, jerking off. Going away, the joy of saying fuck it and just dealing with it. I am not against wood grain, ha, money and drugs and GOOD LOOKS. Jesus Christ, the poor humps in the middle class—they're paying for it all, goddammit. Fingernails... could finger work without them? Ha, whatta we know? Good night.

SUPERIOR 505 * 3/18/96

How do you sit comfortably in a new love? Is there a hard part? Not if it stays potential. Like a pregnant flower, wanting to open, is it between us. And it is delicious. Trying again, Frank? Yeah, gonna swack me like a gnat again reality? Just me trying for some love. Why is it so hard. But I know I could do more. Better clothes, better hairstyle, lose that gut. Who am I? Feel like diving into the past to escape this present here. Not this time.

SUPERIOR 506 * 3/18/96

Drive. Garathy Plom. And kinship. It's a well, the theme is super liquid. Pollsters corrupt farm girls... did we not do this... art galleries in strip malls... If commemorative dream rugs are weapons, we are stripped bad again... bad mazes... Druid... minor TV star in 1984, is it all the harder to read about the young stars of today... living with super liquid... cold calling asexuals with the bodies you drool over, pussy.

SUPERIOR 507 * 3/18/96

Did. Hot decaf. Youth... woke up and I was still young... happy construction ride... Knock thus over... Think!... wheel!... beacon, wrecked, fizzling library. Popularization of the computer before the personal computer. Chain link cobble stone. Be. My studio... others like me... not enough talent to soar... so I sup on a friend's boat... it is hidden. And I play those early video games.

SUPERIOR 508 * 3/18/96

Shockingly aware that Murder One, episode 17, is on tonight. Chemistry II never happened. Looks like it never will. Now that those three are shuffled deeper into the deck, I can find my way past it all... good. I was killer into typography when I never got laid. Them were the early nineties. Love. I remember the death of Jim Henson. I remember exactly where I was when I heard. Lunchroom at work, heading for the bathroom. The most profound loss of a famous person, see? He was up there with Disney... like I am...

SUPERIOR 509 * 3/19/96

Bribery? Incremental? Dishonesty hurts you in the long run, helps you in the short run. And there's always the feelings of others, if you have the capacity for any sort of empathy. Vitamin pills... I took two this morning on an empty stomach... and for about a minute 20 Or 30 minutes later I was in great distress... a blast of sharp nausea... I was close to throwing up... So what happened? My body detected the presence of two little dense objects, and couldn't handle digesting them... and went through most of the phases of getting ready to throw up... but didn't. How much is a body like a car? A body is an "it", not a he or a she. To me, that's proof of a soul. And dark sunniness.

SUPERIOR 510 * 3/19/96

7:54 AM. How many of these have I been through? Over ten thousand. And I hope I'm nowhere near halfway done with my life... so there will be a lot more 7:54 AM's for me...

SUPERIOR 511 * 3/19/96

Dulrhypersear, of? Bark. Myth dove gannage. Feelo. Apla? More elcean more. No... no more fake words here... a little guy... mystery of his girlfriend... he's so secretive about her... the name of the mountain... drama of the crab... what is what I wonder... imbecile... and Laneco, Phillipsburg, I bought incense, who know when it was, she touched me on the shoulder, who am I. Clearness. She is available.

SUPERIOR 512 * 3/19/96

Climbed up the radio tower and lived there for some time. Eight girls from the local college idolized me. I demanded a pinball machine, and they had to employ a crane to get it up there. But it never worked right, and one of the girls kept passing me notes that she wanted me... in her room... in her bed... that her roommate dropped out, we'd have it all to ourselves... and I had to admit it was tempting... as an alternative to the radio tower...

SUPERIOR 513 * 3/20/96

How in being human... the same routine every day... how the same thing can seem so different... depending on the state of you... I remember with great affection the times after work on a Friday... take the E up to Davidoff Cigars... smoke one and walk over to the Letterman show... see what's going on outside... play some games at The Broadway Arcade... walk through the brilliant night of the new Times Square... then on to Penn Station and home... okay...

SUPERIOR 514 * 3/20/96

Forcing a rug into another time... the tuition money was wasted... and I was studying emergency exit signs of mass transit for the month. We all got psychological orgasms with the Russian video game. To think of how mundane it all was... but then again... I like mundane. Ah yes. A hospital and a dorm. Look. Stories of brave sea pioneerings, and me, in the comfort of the train, looking out, feeling complicated feelings, writing Superiors. All the articles in all the magazines out on the newsstands today. Even if I read them all, where would it get me?

SUPERIOR 515 * 3/20/96

You gotta be deluded to succeed. Like, being deluded is being innocent. The flip side is the world-weary, the jaded, the cool. Forget it. At that point, it's no longer "cool" to succeed. What the hell. I am at so many emotional places... ups and downs... it is a side effect of creative genius... distressing, but manageable. I say I am a genius, all that, where is the humility? Goddammit. Humility is in vogue, it's PC. "I don't deserve this award! All the others nominated are just as good as me!" Yeah right. But a little boasting goes a long way. Y'know?

SUPERIOR 516 * 3/21/96

The second day of spring. Dear myself, I know how you always romanticize past periods of your life, and I'm sure you'll do it with my present. But remember... no girlfriend... messy apartment... financial instability... a move on the horizon... The idea is that at some point in the future, I'll probably pine for this time in my life... and idealize it... forgetting all the negatives... but I have to say, this is a rather charmed period of my life... cuz think of it... if I had a girlfriend, a neat apartment, all my bills paid on time, and a good home I'd stay in for years and years, would that be good? Um... you know, it might.

SUPERIOR 517 * 4/1/96

Fear, Jolly, Whale, Come, Jagged, Monster, Detergent, Hair, Predator, Clock, More, Feel, President, Ruler, Charge, Devil, Daisy, Mean, Mustard, Growl, Door, Storage, Cassette, The, Junction, Rock, Jungle, Opera, Palindrome, Score, Dial, Poor, Playboy, Luck, Jingle, Eastern, Arizona, Canada, Rent, Play, Dome, Sherbert, Licorice, Tame, Jaw, Beaver, Crawfish, Lobster, Rapids, Waterfall, Bridge, Raven, Dentist, Amble, Coarse, Judge, Butt, Screw.

SUPERIOR 518 * 4/1/96

I think I am experiencing real love, and it is as painful as it is pleasurable. Things happening. Falling in love. I haven't felt this way... for a long time... What a wonderful thing to feel... such proof of humanity... just to feel it, just to be the one experiencing it... I wonder, here, if she is feeling it... a nimble new euphoria to tantalize eternity, reality and mystery of stars...

SUPERIOR 519 * 4/17/96

Jam on the brakes, you stop inches from the other car. I was in love? I jammed on the brakes, I managed to stop before smashing into her. Nothing gained, nothing lost. When you brake, you have to start moving again sometime. That is the time I was into.

SUPERIOR 520 * 4/17/96

We both needed it, and we did it. But it was over a long time ago, and I got no happiness from it. When you live with a contradiction, you pay the price. Finally finished Atlas Shrugged yesterday. Got rid of a lot of junk on Sunday. Getting a new apartment in a month. Forgot my broken umbrella on the train last night, didn't try to retrieve it. Looks like I'm moving forward, dropping ballast, growing up, on the train, but soon I'll probably be on a bus.

SUPERIOR 521 * 4/30/96

The way I manage my appearance and my desire for a hot girlfriends do not synch. There is a contradiction, an internal lie going on. I could make myself look better... and for god's sake, my unkempt hair, old, dirty clothes, stubble, and generally pathetic appearance IS the main reason I'm finding no love. It seems so simple... but it's a fact that I have shrugged off for a long time... so the answer is simple... I have to manage my appearance better... I have to get over the mental block preventing me from doing this... and maybe I need help...

SUPERIOR 522 * 4/30/96

Inner conflict, ya hear it all the time. Late for work, knowing that deep down you're smiling. Bookstores of youth, science fiction and occult. Questing... wandering... even seeking in supermarkets, a spiritual mission... other things on hold, not as important... look at people in cults and new age type programs... a month or two into it, they think they have found the answer, they can't believe that they went through so much trouble in their lives, because the answer was so simple. They smile and look at the unenlightened with bittersweet condescension. While they themselves, a few months later, are back to their problems, the quick fix philosophy having run out of gas, as it had to... and they devote their brainpower to coming up with justifications and evasions... anything to avoid having to say to themselves, "I was wrong."

SUPERIOR 523 * 4/30/96

Lyrical, were hotel, crimes of mischief, never get arrested. Torn away from TV, walk to her parents' house through a humid backwoods, what you're there. And you muse on Christmas while your wife is silent, just getting totally trashed and fucking someone else. No way are you ready to pretend, I said, and it was... the Middlesex Mall... spend an hour with your haywire mind... killing time, spending money, avoiding the self. All the malls in a day... what an idea... but is it possible? To hit all the malls of New Jersey in a single day?

SUPERIOR 524 * 4/30/96

All the malls of New Jersey I can think of... Woodbridge Center, Menlo Park Mall, Princeton Marketfair, Quakerbridge Mall, Bridgewater Commons, Rockaway Townsquare, Livingston Mall, Short Hills Mall, Echelon Mall, Phillipsburg Mall, Cherry Hill Mall, Paramus Park Mall, Garden State Plaza, Bergen Mall, Riverside Square, Brunswick Square, Headquarters Plaza, (Flemington), (Brick?)...

SUPERIOR 525 * 4/30/96

There it is and there is a mussed-up honey for me.

SUPERIOR 526 * 4/30/96

Wherefore art thou, Conductor Girl? Yellow soap with teeth. Your own, finally, your own personal waterfall in your room. Does wonder for the air, for the health. Rivers, creeks, waterfalls, all kinds of moving water... it has become THE trend of the 2030's. I read all the magazines about it. "Faller" is the one I like best. Haha, sitting here in my cubicle at the video game company in 1982, I read the May 2034 issue of "Faller". I haven't gotten laid in over eight months, but I feel like the coolest being in the universe... just casually reading a magazine, anachronistic, and gained through time travel. The thrill of feeling that a time enforcement agent will step out of the wall at any moment and yank the damn thing out of my hands. Wherefore art thou, Conductor Girl? I know I can get more. Me and my friends... we figured it out, it's... we can't go there ourselves, but there is a device in the future... a manufacturing device... and it is unknowably complex, and sending things back in time is one of its functions, Conductor Girl.

SUPERIOR 527 * 5/6/96

Cool people don't care about crops, hold farmers in disdain, but love to eat. People joke themselves—they get sickened by slaughterhouse footage on TV, yet consume ever more meat. "I try to avoid thinking where it comes from." That's probably why I became a vegetarian—to end the self-deceit of pretending to forget where it comes from. If you CAN face the fact that meat is animals who are killed just so that we can feed on their flesh—then by all means, eat meat. I'm not against meat in general, just for myself. But I AM against hiding the truth from oneself.

SUPERIOR 528 * 5/7/96

When there is, she is, let's start all over. About me, I have a bad attitude, or a bad strategy about it. Vague memories of afternoon sci-fi movies. Second guessing is the pits. But there's a fine line I define then. Love on the Internet. About it. No more, nothing more to decide. I have a vision, and it enables you to be other people, and it lets you cut loose, and when you get used to it, it's over with, if you can see. Amusement parks and waiting for calls. Pride as deadly sin, but without pride, you'd just keep calling, every half-hour, till the end of the day. I'm not saying it's bad to fall way down, I don't know it, but I am saying, a distant smell of wine, sometimes you are never going to wind up on top, and then why not just jettison the whole package of the situation.

SUPERIOR 529 * 5/7/96

Thinking about adult, the ideal. Calling boating, golfing, travel, being rich, gambling, being skilled, good facade, it seems like an ideal. But what it is? Abandon a train of thought. Tired and driving to a dozen strip malls, loving the mundane, a day without a center of gravity. Here are bad words. I am in a bad place. Go away, game. Him, that would be me, standing far away, and it is fizzling. Here I am, knowing it's bad, and I am stalwart and I decide to finish it. The robots got us the drugs, it was just funny.

SUPERIOR 530 * 5/8/96

Kiev is a place, right? Went to home of gods yesterday. An immigrant has gourds. Couldn't quite hear what they said about the vice president. Please murmur, rocker cascade. Managed a singing family and got nothing but abuse. Here is the useless interpretation, no other Superior are like this. Kiev came to mind. I think it's in Soviet Georgia, so I thought of Georgia the state, where the Olympics are gonna be this year. Olympics, Olympus—home of the gods. Asgard is the home of the Norse gods—"has gourds"—and Led Zeppelin's "The Immigrant Song" tells of Norsemen and gods and stuff. A line in the song says "whispered tales of gore"... hence the silly next line about Al Gore. His wife Tipper was (is?) head of the PMRC, the Parents Music Resource Council or something. So the next sentence has the initials PMRC. Rocker Cascade (just a poetic construct), sounds like Reuben Kincaid, manager of The Partridge Family, hence the last sentence of the that part. As I said, this is NOT the structure of other Superiors. It's just something stupid. I don't know—I'm not doin' too good with the Superiors these days. So I guess I'm resorting to self-reference to try and buoy my ratings. As in, if there were Nielsen-like ratings for Superiors. As I said, I'm not doin' too good these days.

SUPERIOR 531 * 5/13/96

Where you become PART of the game, the woman sitting next to you smells like static electricity, mud and bad stores. Sang the wham and trying coal for the first time... the freeze is Judith and Missy, and... corporations are seen as evil by immature weirdoes, let us go to the rock, in, in, I know I have a boyfriend and I know you lust after me but that is that and we should go. And we should go and there you go.

SUPERIOR 532 * 5/13/96

Fun, I said, for fun I would climb, I said, I would join the secret agents in their deserted base, babe. And cool hats. Fascination by the near-moronic, taking drugs and being like a fountain, by it, sitting on it, but unable to distinguish myself from it. Pieces of a shattered glass... our lives are all like that... nothing left to do but clean up... nothing to do, nothing means anything... means everything... even contradictions fall on deaf minds these days... and to be in a supermarket! Mannikins who use all their energy to build a fake reality, to tell themselves that everything is alright, when everything is falling apart around them. And... and they say it's ME who has a problem, that it's my OWN mental problems that's making me perceive the world like this, that they're just so "FINE", and I'm like, what, a "NUT" or something. But they are all brainwashed. I see the truth. I see the real way things are. Why me? Why am I, of all people, blessed to be aware of the truth? Maybe that doesn't make much sense. But to admit I'm wrong would be tantamount to suicide of the ego.

SUPERIOR 533 * 5/13/96

I am someone who has many fantasies. I have a very vivid imagination. I see people and I imagine doing things with them. Part two. I have this thing about the woodland and young people, and being young, and having fun. We say "frolick, youngsters!" With a suggestion of the spice of magic and the occult, of course sex, and maybe a little computer science as well. Intelligence. That is the key to it all, and the inability to deal with the society you've been dealt. The third. Interacting with people—you commute to New York, you go along with millions, you are all in the same space, but people rarely interact. All the beautiful women! So THERE, but so out-of-reach. And I wonder what it was like in this city 100 years ago. The same thing, always sex and sex and sex more. But I don't know. Sex is such a versatile paintbrush. Suggestions of it, subconscious awarenesses of it, promises of it, etc. all are the true spice of life on earth. And that is all.

SUPERIOR 534 * 5/13/96

Here is the problem, when you are old you are not young. That is not a good sentence. You are where you do not want to be, exchange pleasantries with those you hate, and pick berries with a relative just so as not to offend them. People are so crazy underneath, it's amazing people are able to put up such competent facades. I love life. And I want to live it. And I am capable of that.

SUPERIOR 535 * 5/13/96

All the time avoiding you. You! You are avoiding YOU, yourself. See the magician, he is competent, he tricks you like you trick you, like you do to get through the day, to not suffer a nervous breakdown or something like that? Forget it. The theme is how people delude themselves, and how to get past it, but the way to get past it is easy, it is to be aware of the deception. All that is needed here is awareness.

SUPERIOR 536 * 5/13/96

Not only that, you become PART of the action. Jam in a virtual rock concert, where YOU are the star of the show! Help pilot the starship to fight the aliens. You can do it! Slay the dragon! And behind the scenes, brilliant young adults keep the machines in working order, a tower of working capital, not Babel. If it falls apart, folks will take a loss, but is it worth it? To have the chance to be there at the dawn of the next big thing? I am just thinking, writing down. I am thinking of a city street now.

SUPERIOR 537 * 5/13/96

Having fun in the woods, caprice, untethered, intoxicated, magic and freedom. Boys and girls in love with the great big question mark the world around them presents them. But such a state is very hard to achieve, the baggage of too much getting-along in the real world, or something. I was wondering whether those woods, and those mischievous young people could be recreated... digitally... with folks maybe not so young playing the parts... What is there to lose? That is a wonderful vision, and I will pursue this notion. It is another piece of the puzzle that is Obliviana.

SUPERIOR 538 * 5/14/96

Bad calligraphy photocopied onto goldenrod paper, folded over, like a little magazine, I know this is your work. Talking about the status of the elves. Fearing dragons. I like you. Your good looks clash with your nerdy interests. Sasha, I hope to bed you down. I am optimistic. We have similar interests, and I'm working on a love spell to grease the wheel. And I think we could send anonymous E-mail to each other on the VAX in fantasy personae, and get to know each other better that way. Plus I have a sword in my dorm room like my character, I know it is against the rules, but rules cannot stand up to my blade!

SUPERIOR 539 * 5/14/96

A rainy backwoods, financial tension, but news by cellphone that it's okay, and here I am with you. Little trap door deep in the forest, leads into my luxurious underground hideout, where I can cheat on my wife with you and we can watch any movie. Being allowed to do all this, I think, is God's way of making up for bad things that happened to me in past lives. I fully savor the good things that happen to me, because I know how precious they are.

SUPERIOR 540 * 5/14/96

Knowing laughtude and cloudhood, jestingheard. You, little cutie, in my brain, in my brain, the way you look, the pattern of you, into my eye, into my brain, you're in there. Thought about hotels, yeah they're closer to heaven than home. Idea of "too many people". Idea of "thriving". I am unknown, I mean much. The turtle is as he does, the World Turtle, and so I am.

SUPERIOR 541 * 5/14/96

Was having jinktude. Ninctude. Nude. Humid dream Broadway, abandoned offices, there with a lover, there with messages to deliver. The way to dress, raw power in engines, New Jersey my darling, how many pieces of ass do you house? Unthoughted. Thought about night clubs and they are no good? Where I have seen. No more betting there are the rambling stairways of nature there. Been... stupid allowance, stupid aspiration, been, cannot, you know, ascending sound, foreign and good, we are totalled, getting you, for more trembling goddesses, the stout and jolly mistake or military.

SUPERIOR 542 * 5/14/96

Though you could cut the grass, that would be, you can't pay for it without your own money, we used vocals, your own. Timer Jennifer restart to mail master link, too was fraught in keen bewildered, Lamp. To lamp, a lamp, by howitzer and lamp. This...

SUPERIOR 543 * 5/29/96

True to form, true to form. The time has come to write of experiences. And I will write it. It has come to this today, I said, and rain is such a mirror of emotions it's not funny anymore, or it is winter by the fire, but apartments don't have fires, and it is driving late at night and the song is over and it's a loud commercial. What I said. What I was. What I am. My psychic powers awakening, but I know the dangers. Deep, frightening powers, but I've been through that, and I can deal with that. And it is okay. Crochet, making something, turning yarn into a thing, I think it can work. And I'm drinking wine out of a Carolina Panthers coffee cup from 7-11. And I'm working on it in my mind, the poem I will write for her.

SUPERIOR 544 * 6//796

He's a theorist and he can think on his feet. Thought of in shower. Combat with smoke detector. Went ballistic from shower steam, the stupid fuck. Tore the fucker apart. Anger, very agitated lately, like "you really do need a girlfriend, Frankie", like that. You know? Pressure! Stress! Insanity! Y'know? It's big!

SUPERIOR 545 * 6/10/96

Turning around, waiting for numbness and chaos, but suddenly it changes, suddenly you're there, bright and amazing, and it was so simple... Events like rapids, some kind of ignition, explosion, rough around the edges, but beyond it all, a kiss, and the feeling that something is working... Then the maze, a puzzle and a task, and it's a breeding ground for darkness, and the big theme, is that the universe is fucking with me, presenting me heaven, just to have the fun of yanking it away... Now, in me, a cautious hope, and a slow removal, of rose-colored sunglasses, to see there is a rhyme and reason to this, but I know it'll be a devil of a road to travel, and worth it. But I was wrong. It was messed-up, but it all seems to be making sense now. Such a multifaceted stairway, all right anyway, no more.

SUPERIOR 546 * 6/18/96

Talk... call... communicate... funny... talking to Venus, what was I thinking? Room in the basement... for family games... funny... beers and video games... years later... not my life, thoughts of a previous life? I am big. There is what is just you in through and through and we are back on the road, me and her, the one who is the one who is not going to call me and it's... back to the year... fun and getting... the... big... did I talk about big... ha... doing it again... knowing... just another thing... literature, can it be possible in this state of mind? Gotta shave... going away... the day is here... every day is here... what do you want... there is nothing... stupid to say there is nothing... being there... humanity///all about the strength to face things, lacking that strength you get mental. I am not mental, I am sane, but you might not think so looking at me? It is cool. This is just a time in my mind. It is just... I remember Mike's security job in Pequannock... have some video of it... a guy tried to steal a rock... I am Mr. the ankh the ankh... Logan's Run... playing it in the emotionally disturbed class... the game... great memories... great autobiography stuff...

SUPERIOR 547 * 6/19/96

I have a mug when I brush my teeth, and it was... I was drinking from it... to rinse or whatever... and a thing landed on the rim opposite my mouth... I couldn't focus on it... and then... I saw it was a weird insect... a fat little fly... maybe a moth... and there it was, for a brief moment... just me and the thing... and then it flew away...

SUPERIOR 548 * 6/24/96

My Dear Denice, Losing it... losing it... I like to hear the bird in that tree in the morning... but this morning all there was was a crow... ominous and nasty... I tried to talk to it but I wound up sounding like a hoarse dolphin. Thinking of you... it's like we've been together for a year... year... funny, three weeks ago I thought it was all going wrong... like reality was playing a terrible joke on me... it was bad. Then before I knew it, we were on the steps of a church and I got to know you... and I saw... I saw that the universe wasn't being mean to me... it was just shuffling me like a deck of cards... and it dealt us us. That is what I am thinking... and I am in the glow of the monitor... and I just talked to you... and the towers in the distance are blinking red... and the fan is humming... and it feels good to be here... knowing you are there. Love, Frank

SUPERIOR 549 * 7/20/96

I am perhaps no longer not a god, Whirring.

SUPERIOR 550 * 7/20/96

Go to there and... it is a sunny and rainy street... to buy comic books... suburban yearning... that is what I say... and I cannot be here and... the truly way... amusement parks and video games... talk about "real life"... and it is the stimulation of the mind... and I am rising to the challenge... we are all here and it is... it is an opportunity to be part of something wonderful... like starting up a video game company in 1980... and going to Disney World full of hope... full of dreams of exhilaration, a future of unlimited success... that is where I am, and we will all look back to 1996 as a time of magic... clearing away the haze of Generation X... a new time, a new place, promise, a redemption. I am Frank Edward Nora, Lord of Obliviana. And wonder—we're coming back.

SUPERIOR 551 * 7/20/96

Hippie bookstore venom of the best raven statue, breasts of hippie girls, peace and love and Vietnam and mysticism, but the breasts shine through like magical headlights, and lust is the oil that keeps the machine of the cultural revision going.

SUPERIOR 552 * 7/20/96

Yellow gold, deep and inviting, cigarette butts are cool and reassuring, and silver and solid, a mind is a field behind an office park, and it is all frisbee and new, fruit memories punch in the belly, no curtains, just a day that is sun and rain and happy and sexy and talking to trees. Gigabyte hard drive, beaten up by commuting, little goals, little shows, people with their beliefs and their genitals... and their chattering all about technology, and I am whispering secrets to the uncut grass.

SUPERIOR 553 * 7/20/96

For all of time, a clock is friend, going down to the stream, waiting for friends to call back, cellular calls, she is made of cells, but it doesn't ring true, cells, little tiny animals, zillions of them, and one her... it's a spiritual universe... cells and DNA and science... a frightened kid clutching a stuffed animal... science is the stuffed animal of the collective mind of the 20th Century. I had a dream years ago about a parking lot and a tunnel that goes to the mall. I still remember that dream. I am not experience any cells right now. I am one, whole, single. I am not made up of a zillion little animals. No matter what the little scientists mumble at me.

SUPERIOR 554 * 7/20/96

Drugs and liberalism were the downfall of the hippies. Both are band-aids against the rush of reality. Mind and creativity and searching and yearning and games and new social organization... these are not incompatible with reality. To be blunt, I want to create something cultural with the best traits of the hippies, which can face reality, which doesn't collapse into the black hole of LSD and marijuana and hating the United States of America. Look at a tree... see the mystery... rooted in the beloved, robust, enduring soil of America.

SUPERIOR 555 * 7/20/96

Sucking the life out of it. Chaos is natural, order in human. Push the roller coaster carriage up to the top, and thrill to the ride down, but the killer is forgetting that the ride is for a limited time and that another grueling uphill push will be needed. I don't know where I am. Looking around, not sure if I'm lost, breaking through, slicing some guidelines, and am free as far as my mind can take me, and it is a good mind. Lots of good minds out there. Can't we initiate a great atmosphere for us all to flourish in?

SUPERIOR 556 * 7/20/96

Flowing a word into an exit, highway exit, pure old televisions in abandoned supermarkets, knowing California and London only from magazines and movies, we are like radios, she said, and I didn't understand her. Talking about the metric system and cigar boxes. There are three forces, she said, and I didn't get it. Get at it, she said, and I kissed her and she got mad and said she only wanted to be friends.

SUPERIOR 557 * 7/20/96

There was a precious moment before, in reality, I had my old red robe on and nothing else, a few days growth of facial hair, and my hair wild and unbrushed and I heard the doorbell and I answered it, my hairy chest exposed, and I faced a woman in her fifties, and she said something like "We are visiting people, and talking to them about important questions in their lives, like if the Lord loves them, and if he does, why is there such corruption in the world." I stood there, I must have looked like a real psycho, and I paused... I've had a lot of fun talking to Jehovah's Witnesses before, but I wasn't in any state to do so. So I said "I can't talk right now.", and she said "I understand." And I closed the door.

SUPERIOR 558 * 7/21/96

Water. Coming from the computer precious resource, big and small and she is on drugs and cannot tell the difference, Dwayne. Shooting monsters on the screen. Very precious the age of the viewer, and we are all going there today, it is a temporary setup, like a Halloween hayride, but this is different. Coming with me? I have a collection of granite cores, my father is into granite cores.

SUPERIOR 559 * 7/21/96

From here to knot yessing the town the town, forget it, I am mapping K-Marts and Caldors in the back of my mind while in prison, I am travelling the sting of the aisles of Toys'R'Us, I am there in my mind and I am wandering, massive dose of coffee working its way through my system, disorienting myself, spending money I barely have, and all of this to avoid reality. But in time I got past that.

SUPERIOR 560 * 7/21/96

Being for the benefit of Mr. Pibb. Soda parody album.

SUPERIOR 561 * 7/21/96

Being for the benefit of Frank Edward Nora. Surfing, surfing, I am not surfing, and I am watching them play pool at college. Turn on fan. The feeling of a Sunday. Longing. Caffeine withdrawals and rushings. Cool new toys and video games. If I am the one to bring the thing, let me go back to the sentence, falling and, for again, confusion, but and I am coming to the point where it is good and falling and fun.

SUPERIOR 562 * 7/21/96

Sue Technology is here. A log cabin of discomfort. Fear of this.

SUPERIOR 563 * 7/21/96

Scumbags. Funny, you do this, you don't care, but you ruin another person. Interviews on TV, how much do you care about that which goes on beyond your little sphere of activity and influence? Glisten, bright little thing. Some goodness left in the world.

SUPERIOR 564 * 8/4/96

Fuck me with some relatively great literature and technology. Werid, maybe a month, and such is sun. Locking around, stir me up, city is dead and alive and lazy you are lazy. Porno underbrush, strumming an impossibly complex string instrument, we are amused like chiefs. But now it is a walk to a train station, and it is SO good.

SUPERIOR 565 * 8/4/96

Real backwoods, corroded camera feminine dance, luck being the thing, ending the tightening. Coarse hotel feeling, wooden CD, romantic and American and free, nature is the expression of man's light, and I am cuckoo.

SUPERIOR 566 * 8/4/96

Three being and the impression junker. More true by the second, it is a few days for the company, but a night with a girl and a night with just you and the mall for you. I see video tapes about to fall, I see birdies. Am of a pinball mind you know. Am loving three Pittsburgh calculators.

SUPERIOR 567 * 8/4/96

Preach. Of blue metal canister. And of great, sunny days and of wandering. Objects persist, that is their way. Look. Gray plastic is good. Coffee is good. Pilgrimage, pocketful of nickels, driving daddy's Volvo to 7-11, late night, get coffee. Power strip. In bed alone and lusty. White walls, barren of tools, and I am threatening paper clips to defy the dance of the mystery, and I am knowing you, and it is dreadful the lack of space and it is thoughtful the finding of cassettes and for you I am not younging you. Degraded, denatured, the road is fixed, and I am following your footsteps, and it will lead to a great place, a great life.

SUPERIOR 568 * 8/4/96

Brand. Waves of manufacturing I am aghast at the thunderstorm of dice. Video gods, sky pure as roofs, quite an alloy, temperaturial combat, said it as I sped on.

SUPERIOR 569 * 8/4/96

Quango, quasi non-governmental organization, saw it in the dictionary. Quant, saw that too, cool.

SUPERIOR 570 * 8/4/96

Little girl in the woods, all alone, her only friend a squirrel, and only one walnut left. Unable to bear losing her friend, she puts the walnut in a box, and the squirrel comes no more. Years later she is starving and opens the box to eat the walnut, but there is a white silk scarf in there instead, and it is blown away by the winds of the blizzard outside, and she chases it through the heavy snowfall, barely able to perceive it, white on white, losing it and finding it and then she falls and falls, into the underground paradise of the squirrels. And the squirrels ask her why she didn't come sooner. And there are other little girls here. And she lives there, happy, sleeping with the other girls and talking philosophy with the squirrels.

SUPERIOR 571 * 8/4/96

Bunkbed made of drugs, orange wine and ancient music.

SUPERIOR 572 * 8/4/96

Menlo Park All. Here it is, all I remember of the old Menlo Park Mall. They tore it down and built a new one, but the old one is still in my mind. There with my mother, a fountain by Macy's and a pet store, I was very young. An arcade, a record store, I was going on a road trip by myself, just starting to love The Beatles, looking for the song Penny Lane, but they didn't have Mystery Tour, so I got Abbey Road, and I listened to it on the Interstate and at the airport where I was wandering before that and the end of She's So Heavy was so confusing and I am not sure. The mall, a place like The Cookie Machine, good smell. And going there... the orange and brown tiles... and the mirrors on the edges of the ceiling, and a stairway going down, just for employees, and the curved sides of a bank or something in the middle of the mall, and I kind of loved it, and I have much more to tell.

SUPERIOR 573 * 10/20/96

Door, gotta see door. For. Fanciful with a battery. Cigars and sexuality. A sweet memory, we are full of actuality. Beclouding is ruinous. In books find more than they tell you. Earn a free game in pinball and just walk away, leaving a pleasant surprise for someone else. What about it.

SUPERIOR 574 * 10/20/96

The more, a street, it is childish bike riding, and is alcohol and prostitutes in a car, and it is a blooming occultism. Thor as pure, hammer as above corruption of the real. And I think Thor could be so Disney. Walking around all clean in Tomorrowland, firing the imagination of generations of kids, and it is a good thing, and what does the real Thor feel.

SUPERIOR 575 * 10/20/96

Forest long real fear, rest orph-eye. Toon Nixon and the burrowing vehicle of sci-fi. Falling, grand young poet, dare he be mundane as he always will be later, the tragedy, as a car salesman or in insurance. It means he failed a test.

SUPERIOR 576 * 10/20/96

Soon-Foot, future character, innocent 1970s TV future. Sitar Glenn Miller classics. Four friends, succeeding together, theme, four gods. Chicken fun, chicken characters, stripes and drinking glasses, computer. New black-purple marsupial body decorations of the future. Quiet worship of the nude. Over in a clutter of moonshine.

SUPERIOR 577 * 10/20/96

Tome, he called it, and they all referred to it, a book, and it was big and old and there was something magical about it. They talked about Tome at the bowling alley/video arcade/skating rink, and then I asked about Tome. Young and loose and comedic. Obsession. Chances. Up on rocky hills, she wants to dance naked and her friends might follow suit. Let me go Mom, I can clean my room later.

SUPERIOR 578 * 10/20/96

Too true, being vaulting human interwender, hapless and dwindle. Sophomore. Jake the faux marble, Jake the young wet hunger, computer illustration program, alarm clock patternjake. Book of Matches World memories, then today, know me super gum.

SUPERIOR 579 * 10/20/96

Through ice thrice. Car blink market fallingcrumb the doll, lensing dingbats and coffee people. Laughing pleasure no jealousy, woodlog architecture real dreams. Go beverage, way away to a cold city night, and very tired but a refreshing space station morning. That is the morning, working at amusement park, meeting sexy daughter of famous rich guy, not a good time to be a dork, but you have that space station alternate reality.

SUPERIOR 580 * 10/20/96

If you hoo-hoo got shears, try a cinnamon see-girl. And am walln.

SUPERIOR 581 * 10/20/96

Dream, Disney World taken over by Warner Brothers or something, the ride perverted and ruined. Ride like a ski lift, cheanged for the worse. Talk about ribbon. Fault candleward sputter. Alias, alas drynight and trynight.

SUPERIOR 582 * 10/20/96

Fire of mind, all kids have it, a genetic human, ready for anything, is shaped and adapts to his surroundings, that much is clear. The same man, barely out of childhood, might go off to war or play D&D and watch TV, depending on the circumstances. As kids we like lugers as the coolest guns.

SUPERIOR 583 * 10/20/96

Talk about snowdrive. Coral ice cream cat dream. About the TV mushroom alone, pine movies, treasure and creation, two mundane cigars, here. My storage in Iselin. Pasta dinner please. Grumpy, trying.

SUPERIOR 584 * 10/20/96

Moose day, crow summer brunch, tadpole video friend, the normal. Venus and meaning. War Scott the doll. Impressions knowing impressions. Tubular. Antihero. High school teachers... guys... how the fuck, to be blunt, do they keep from cracking up, all that fine young pussy...

SUPERIOR 585 * 10/20/96

Born. Fundle, green word, applehim and appleher, dear honkey, be, unthink, passion for college days, sweet Twin Peaks honesties, preening gun. Another poet, fuck parents man, a new way, computerized magic, mystery fun for the mailbox nobodies. Like. Like. Talk about enclosure, metal beep, final animal.

SUPERIOR 586 * 10/20/96

True the yurktid milestone. Mara I know you. Tempted, dismantled, dialed back. A hundred birch beer partners, pretty free spirits, in Arctic nonsense. Due, begranted, very hoveryarn, an everyday World Trade Center drama.

SUPERIOR 587 * 10/20/96

Bye. What do the young people do? Bye. I am on your porch, a have a magnifying glass, I am so much more powerful than you. Do it. I am a phone call. That is how I describe myself, as chatting atoms. I am complete.

SUPERIOR 588 * 10/20/96

Did I play an adventure game? You and I are the same, but lust will keep us apart. The eagle and the archives. Talk about valuable paintings. Weird feeling TV Sunday. Vanguarding on the right side of the issue, or so you think, fighting against it you distance yourself from it, you think, but really you get closer to it. Computer animated railroad, I am with you at night at the electronics store, we are dressed in orange wand.

SUPERIOR 589 * 10/20/96

It was tough to just turn off the TV. Back to writing. Sorting it all out. Lack of time is just lack of scheduling. I was in bedroom and I was in warmness. Love is good. Talk about running water, falling water. What is known as wizard, what it is, just retreat with the lure of vending machines and artistic things, what should youth be all about, call it that. Do the walk, parking lot walk, and let us be in jungles of blandness and I am struck with coolness tonight.

SUPERIOR 590 * 10/20/96

Absolutely foldedness today. The words of the mind, lost in humanity, drinking diet soda to the empty clock, anti-meaning we are corrugated, that means strngthened by our foldedness? Playing Asteroids, 2600, bedroom, thinking lazily maybe it would impress a girl that I could play it well, but that was long ago. And seashore. As having it whenever, I am cool. Now the daily experiences destined and slated to be vague nostalgic wisps of emotional pleasure/pain. Having to be at one time, call me a monkey making his own bed, sleeping in it.

SUPERIOR 591 * 10/20/96

Lest. Kangaroo itself and a soul of girl of window is fine. Bad let. Ugly under the shoal. Dissing. Going. Enough. In the end it is the drama and passion of smart people. Way, I float, that is of materials that are not identified from nature, like wood might be.

SUPERIOR 592 * 10/20/96

Important individuals are here now. In the shadow of silver. Grasping for interestingness, hey hey. Mysterious violence of the pentagram and the riverboat. Falt granularness. Dask vibration. This is freedom. Take. Digital equals disappointment, until the next century. Talk of red vehicle.

SUPERIOR 593 * 10/20/96

Blackjack of today. Influences and factors. Haha, 1996, seems like such a long time ago. That is the secret of andacing ages and days, living in the future, obsessed with the past, but enough roads to handle as much driving as you might want, and consciously right now I don't know what the hell I'm talking about, darn it. Enough for today, got me scrambled, got no more in me, but a lot anyway, 8/4/96 was the last day I did this, eleven weeks ago today. Fluoride examine your zipper, just wake up every day and deal with it.

SUPERIOR 594 * 10/25/96

Out on bread calling as bee. Okay rock shop western shop let me be in this world. Cold myth, girl in hotel, dialed dog ways have am istameer. Curve of hold, quarrel bird. Take me gem, daily burglary, we are as dont.

SUPERIOR 595 * 10/25/96

See this, a spirit long ago knocked out of the world, connects with a kid, and seeing western shops and rock shops is filled with an insane desire to come back into the world. The shops are so cool. He can't help but yearn in wild stretching to be real, to be in shops. Kid is vaguely aware of spirit, unable to help, has his own problems. Appeals to gods from the desperate spirit, one has mercy, and lets the spirit be real. In the shops, the spirit is thrilled, and the thrill of shops is never lost, the spirit is a happy one.

SUPERIOR 596 * 10/25/96

Dear pinger. Ipe. F descripty. Ulmipet. Ape sistery. The legit ask. Meaning, all losty, New Yorky, I'm dwelling the line and am free here.

SUPERIOR 597 * 10/25/96

Beeper seem caze, cut to the mall episode. Jopisode. Kim the kid, be her. Wereyelling, howling like the werehound and the contents of the dice museum. She is untouched by it all, of nothing am I referring. A few more nights and we'll all be fe gant.

SUPERIOR 598 * 10/25/96

Due to walrusary jump tank and gone games places in youth, spots and stripes on lime fabrics of the tude. Tea yincsinle. Hum tore morm, no gleaze amp-hut the dorkiary. And university fence telling.

SUPERIOR 599 * 10/25/96

I'll do the morning like a halogen moonbeam. Smack and airy. Ivy wall lust, she is liking me and got a haircut. Dorm, lounge, couch... lumber and nails for mischief, needing a silent hammer. Door into unknown, making a spontaneous attraction, like a nerd Walt Disney. Blasting the envelope wide open I hope I don't become an accountant.

SUPERIOR 600 * 10/25/96

L Fierce like to go to the beach. Foze Dayharn has time jellies. Ashison Yobell spearheads the protest of the Snock-Assad Act. Hadrian Fozzcolt as the Dean of Torpor. Storyliner Hexo is a tiger turtle star of children's stories.

SUPERIOR 601 * 10/25/96

White faze observed all light as a worse blindness.

SUPERIOR 602 * 10/25/96

I am proud. Close your eyes and think about a car journey. If you can't get to New Jersey from where you are, think about where you are. The buzzword is "stuck". The closed door is yourself. Ah, go bite an elf.

SUPERIOR 603 * 10/26/96

In the dream, the Asian girl on the bus asked me, "Would you rather kiss my tit, or walk on Mars?" I said, "Well, to be honest, I'd rather walk on Mars." Then she asked "Would you rather have sex with me, or walk on the moon?". I answered "I have to be honest, I'd rather walk on the moon." But all the while I was thinking that I couldn't walk on Mars or the moon, because space travel isn't real.

SUPERIOR 604 * 10/26/96

Tiger temporary work, lamp dainties carousing in the FedEx mailbox. Blasting fossil teeth. Plainsboro jogging trail, promise not kept, but a good winter bench sometimes. Lip. Mysteries of the tongue, edufilm got snickers from lusty teens a few hours ago. Time continues and, regarding the boredom of gold foil, and the smartness of anachronistic elevator operators was apparent. And a stationery store guy said I had a very gentle voice. Immortality means you'd have 128 great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmothers hanging around.

SUPERIOR 605 * 10/26/96

Itself? Poor dull bastards. Questing after the nature of oils. All things considered, oils are fun liquids. The first person to knock over dominos. TV shows in my youth in the seventies featuring the world's largest domino layout. You know? And they show it all being knocked over. Something like that can fire a kid's imagination real good.

SUPERIOR 606 * 10/26/96

Gamtard the hated fashion designer. Identify yourself with celebrities, look for similarities, empathy engages. Dead of night in a strange apartment as gummy. Felmdalvno the typecast gun chick. Punk. All about sire.

SUPERIOR 607 * 10/26/96

O passion of the Jukewand.

SUPERIOR 608 * 10/26/96

Roman Kinsolving, a name, glop glop, talk about the field of puppet birds. Used bookstore attitude. Commuter railroad attitude. College video game room attitude. The CDs in your apartment are scattered like autumn leaves. Stampglintotch. Bet that the first time those 14 letters were sequenced that way. Over 64 quintillion possible 14-letter words, after all.

SUPERIOR 609 * 10/26/96

I want to be clear. Intense emotions can distract you from the unpleasant thing you have to do. People always bite off more than they can chew, don't worry about it, it's a keystone of being human. But I want to convey a lucid thing. As general manager of your emotions, you might flip out. You can do this. Take comfort in this ability. And I want to make sure you decide to do the right thing. Trying to be concrete, this one is as weird as all the rest.

SUPERIOR 610 * 10/26/96

Amazing, a pornographic tongue. Wonderment in wind and country home, thriving on comfort and all that is historical. I am skeptical. We relate to computers like animals. And I exist in hobbyist get-togethers, a punchy goddess, waiting for sensation.

SUPERIOR 611 * 10/27/96

Hither. We can may clear the frusturbance. Talk about a conflict with some good in it that's been happening for years. And that is blunt. And that is thought. Another obtuse symbol for what's really going on. What's really going on.

SUPERIOR 612 * 10/27/96

Made his reputation in fantasy gaming, think dungeons and elves, berserk fighters and brilliant wizards. Computer screens as portals to a time that never was. Another time. Draw random lines on paper, and the kind of drawing they make. Come together, my suppressed genius, have a shot at the force that is preventing you from doing everything. Behind all that bright kid bluster, the culprit is probably still inability.

SUPERIOR 613 * 10/27/96

Oval other people. Pay Nancy. Fear of the graphics.

SUPERIOR 614 * 10/27/96

Meaning of meaning. Without deepness who we are. Audio tape strewn on a highway, meaningless. Manipulation through the exploitation of adaptation. Hearing yeah sure. Fun all sorts of little coincidences. Powerful-sounding sequences of words. The dark, lonely world of lust unrealized. And fear of unconscious bad things getting out. But if you don't care it doesn't matter.

SUPERIOR 615 * 10/27/96

Dee needer. I mean yeah, like a guy who needs a gal named Dee. That's all I was saying.

SUPERIOR 616 * 10/27/96

Time travel means we haven't got past all that.

SUPERIOR 617 * 10/27/96

The joy of seeing a jet take off is that the jet is alone and not connected to anything and is getting away.

SUPERIOR 618 * 10/27/96

People are stupid. How much of our lives is occupied by parking? People are cool.

SUPERIOR 619 * 10/27/96

I have as art a question about meaning. I hear crickets at night but I've never run across one during the day, where are they? There is the human mystery, it's the best story.

SUPERIOR 620 * 11/7/96

The way got blank and got WHAM. Solidify combine
group fortify regroup concatenate resolve resolve
31active mind. Consolidate.

SUPERIOR 621 * 11/7/96

A chaotic treat for cool girl old gods. College Rumor, her band, I said with sound. Vanish of the thinker, main stage. Left blinker, haze of the deft. Mission is ungoing.

SUPERIOR 622 * 11/7/96

Rock star tropical deal, magic wooden bird of prey.
Whiskey sunstorm dorm, nightgowns electric.

SUPERIOR 623 * 11/7/96

People who get carried away collecting things, they say it's to make up for something missing in their lives. Come on, missing like dancing on weekends?

SUPERIOR 624 * 11/7/96

Durable shadow, get born, us all, as the boredom becomes painful. Lost among gas stations and technology, herbal sting of well-oiled freedom. Hill to shopping area. Something Oriental in a display case, give me a break. Formal introduction, the year when licorice turned red.

SUPERIOR 625 * 11/7/96

More. Lip. Liken me or her to variable here. Having a bad time in high school is such a cliché, but I had to fucking live through it. The developing theme, and I'm talking about something real and current here, it is the recreation of my idealized remembrance of college. At Drew University, there was something... sometimes palpable... supernatural and sexual... mythical and technological... mischievous and brilliant... unfettered young minds getting a glimpse of Wonder... all about dreams of power, dreams of utopias... with computers and magic as tools... seeking the dream behind the drab... well I want to recreate it, digitally on the Internet... I need to be in the right place in order to make Obliviana work... that place does not exist anymore, I can construct the place. Got this idea in the rain in Manhattan less than two hours ago. Sharp focus on something that's always been with me blurry.

SUPERIOR 626 * 11/8/96

Palhubot, said getting up, just nonsense, and it is. I want to be in control of something powerful, as does everyone. I'm not aiming for another being all computery, and that is it, your computational life. Haha, in banter with Carmine this afternoon I said "you compute like a girl". It referred to his complaining about the messy state of my hard drive, which I said suited me just fine.

SUPERIOR 627 * 11/8/96

Lbits, fuirl dummkipo. Doom, used to be the beginning of the end, not a genre of bad videogames. Lots of f's. As in ffffffffffffffffffff. Indulgent. Self-referential. Tiresome. Unusable. Nonsense for no sake. Nonsense without a cause. To caw is for a crow to speak, it caws. Caw, paw, cat's paw, cat versus crow, cat's gonna win. Like.

SUPERIOR 628 * 11/8/96

Metallica's Black Album going through my head all day, what can I say, remember a cigar store in the Brunswick Square Mall over a year ago, like the fake plants in the hallway that leads to the bathroom there, something there. Hate the smell of meat at the vendor as I exit the subway for work. High school class trips, playing Discs of Tron at a place on Rt. 209 in Pennsylvania... Fernwood? Had to share a bed with a fucking weirdo loser, cuz I was too. I think the year before they put hand lotion in his bed in our cabin at Stokes State Forest or something, and said he had a wet dream or masturbated or something and someone said "there's no way he can deny it".

SUPERIOR 629 * 11/8/96

Oh yeah specificity! Yeah. Talking about partially smoked cigars... I got two here... a big one and a little one... in the ashtray my girlfriend gave me for my birthday... next to the big Swiss Army knife I bought off a guy at work once... he joked that it fell off the back of a truck... let me tell you... the fucker has been so goddamn useful, it would have been worth paying full price for it... Victorinox is the REAL Swiss Army brand... yeah... 1996, eh? Yeah... living in the past... I feel like it... like I'm a time traveller... like 1996 is in the distant past... what is wrong with me... cuckoo... like when I said in some Superior "Ling the jock", and I said "I am fucking insane"... ling the jock... perform oral sex on the athletic girl... as in cunnilingus... yeah... to be cool.

SUPERIOR 630 * 11/8/96

Hi. You are reading this in the future. How are you? I'm imagining all of you... all of the people who will read this... including future version of me... I see a sea of faces, of situations, maybe I see you right now. Do something, and I'll try and see it... okay... I see girl stroking her eyebrow... a guy scratching his hip... a girl thinking about eyeglasses... a guy giving me the middle finger... someone worrying about gray hair or white hair or something... someone reading this on a computer monitor set in some kind of cylinder... someone who has been with horses earlier... something about a space station or going to a space station... I could go on... So cool, there you go. Great.

SUPERIOR 631 * 1/13/97

Going and going for the flunt yesterdayed. Classic like fetterchain, she and aspect of a worn wooden statue, the wear and tear a sign of beauty, ex turtle shell I am saying. And a drug store in a dream. For low record store going, the drinking in of it all, knowing, and the humanity of it all, and the reality of it all is strong. I am being, saying, what understood in, call library, call a library for the hundreth time, you probably know someone there.

SUPERIOR 632 * 1/13/97

Keen. A train station stays with you.

SUPERIOR 633 * 1/13/97

Pore, compare fish and human, stockpile of photography, success of tobacco, and the stark romance of analog media. I was processing all the junk that is thrown at me every day, and let us think about it. Getting better, like a piece of metal hammered on the anvil, taking shape, getting refined. Love. Talk about chaos. How much clear plastic. And going. Driving places. The highway system. That which is consistent in all these things.

SUPERIOR 634 * 1/14/97

I remember from Monty Python a character called Angus Podgorny. In porno magazines, girls who weren't even born yet the day Star Wars came out are doing all sorts of stuff. 800 numbers, 800 numbers. Lovers. The crap buttons on the remote control. Weird union rules. Pipe smokers. Let it all go. Humming tech. Silver worlds. Shiny somethings of thought. Undeveloped minds blasting out at the college at night. Human power in the woods. Yearn, lust, create. Brochure. Temporariness. Pillbottle arena football.

SUPERIOR 635 * 1/14/97

Phantom wristwatch. The feeling that it's still there. Sense of time. Time bus. The foolish road signs. Come and meet. Manipulate others, manipulate yourself. Drink water. Asking my mom what "masturbation" means after someone mentioned it on a talk show. She acted like I should know, said it was manipulating ones genitals or something. I was like, oh yeah, I know. But I didn't know. And a snowy, dangerous drive in a blizzard, no brakes, or very little, and the fun of college. Just writing, just.

SUPERIOR 636 * 1/14/97

The power of digging. Other friendness of other people. Talk about T-shirt. And the courage of language, thinking, library, drawing cool things, and the seeing of the nothingness. The Breeders, listening to The Breeders. And the bulging of the music, too much recorded now for anyone to ever hear it all. And of movies and of home movies, and arranging it, and the resources of yesterday. My my, thinking of the way women were supposed to act long ago. But metal puzzles in the seventies. A new aisle.

SUPERIOR 637 * 1/14/97

Fear top. Another ceramic. Enough of the genre. Understandwood. Plush. Beacon. The rush of the rest stop, the confusion and the clatter, of it all. Wood in vision, all the woodgrain seen, patterned in the mind. Mushroom basement recreation. Kids. A lot, comic book store tomorrow, lacking of it, you as knight, and it all is coming and hiding. And it to be cool. No I am writing it all in sequence. Bid.

SUPERIOR 638 * 1/14/97

Counting, the mask had, bright and ingongruous on this eh town street. Jack Nance died. I wish he didn't die. As Henry in Eraserhead, as Pete Martell in Twin Peaks, and his other roles in David Lynch stuff. For the junk, been, truth, jumping and all the bus songs and I just love a nonsense word "anfer". Found out "syllabub" is not a nonsense word.

SUPERIOR 639 * 1/14/97

Time before to yunugu, bulu device, school stage, crashed rocket and after a bad phone call. Yah, I am feeling. Beans and bowling alley and Tori. Frozen seltzer. Feeling differently on the bus every time. Look at the remote control I want to. Losing stuff, losing little bad feelings, and growing up and that feeling of tiredness after a temper tantrum like I haven't felt since I was a kid. Put it bluntly. I last ate meat in 1987, but I still remember exactly how all sorts of meat taste.

SUPERIOR 640 * 1/14/97

One fourteen ninety-seven. Wow. Talking about just laying right down on a cold college pavement trail. Give it a break. Got along. Been. The sunniness. Clocking the calm and secure warm interior, like a nice house, exaesthet, PATH system morning toothbrush. Haha, my own um, means something to me, and numbers, lazy smoke she was kind.

SUPERIOR 641 * 1/15/97

Superior being, great blue down home implementation. Cardboard memories, brightly brinted, calling to the way you use language to convey the more. Trust. Band reje, lacking thust. Yeah it can be cool to be outcast. Humanity on one side and a library on the other. Distant humanity. Bubble, live in a bubble, we all live in a bubble. I like a mind. I can threat pix treat gunner frest nestery volur. That is nonsense, but it makes a kind of sense, and I wrote it with passion. Have a cracker in a car.

SUPERIOR 642 * 1/15/97

Thinking, and it is the deepness of the humming of reality at the mall with music and coffee. Ha ha ha, reincarnation, the people working at the mall, what were they in their past lives? True forest. Answer the rubber band. Chat about airport. Consider zeitgeist. I am literature microphone. Just like a pleasing sound, free to combine words as I please. Rubber buttons, lash of cold, pointlessness of silver, street to fear tickets, loving New Jersey. Breasts and trains.

SUPERIOR 643 * 1/15/97

Pantheonic gods were really into sex, look at the legends. Computers are all around us, we are gods really into computers. Before we settle into the end of history, let us rustle the leaves. A big theme. It's day after day, and we gotta be ready to fight a fight that is hard to see. Like, really getting into sex. Needed: a reason to be. Being clever is not enough, nor is the drone of a lament. Use computers to steer us away from where computers are leading us, it's as simple as that.

SUPERIOR 644 * 1/15/97

Just undersharp—buy taut see store, sunny, not busy, hippy kinda energy. True. We are gonna go up to the mountain and have fun. All of this. There IS bad out there. Evil. But like a lot of things, you have to do it to yourself in the final analysis. Buy as many different brands of potato chips as you can in the next two hours, and what have you got? I am looking to scult a new world, a better world. Opening your eyes.

SUPERIOR 645 * 2/2/97 (hotel bathroom)

Yes hell and nightmares do exist, where the best intentions of one man toward another wounds horribly. Shopping. The whole American Indian pro sports thing. The whole dream of roller coaster affair. The whole Dr. Who convention affair. And useless birthday parties and I am taller than a giant statue.

SUPERIOR 646 * 2/2/97 (hotel bathroom)

Fire borne of cave, secluded for a long time, fuck that, there are meadows and roads. Back into clatter like reincarnation I use wandering as a salve. Happiness of alternate bathroom.

SUPERIOR 647 * 2/4/97

Right now it's that night of the O. J. Simpson civil trial verdict and the State of the Union address. 9:44 PM now. Clinton's droning on, and we're all still waiting for the verdict. This morning, I woke up and looked my digital alarm clock and it said 10:34, and I was pissed that I was gonna be so late to work, but when I looked back at the clock, it was like 8:24 or so. The only plausible explanation was that the first look was hypnagogic imagery, which I have been having lately, but in the form of looking at a sheet of paper and reading stuff off of it. But I recall the first look as real, implying that either the clock was malfunctioning (very unlikely) or there was some kind of time disturbance (perhaps more unlikely than the clock malfunctioning). The Swiss Army watch I got for Xmas has been malfunctioning a little, but only when I wear it. And sometimes I look at the clock at work, at the second hand, and it looks like it's going backward for a second. This all points to a weird relationship between me and clocks.

SUPERIOR 648 * 2/4/97

Fleer is some kind of trading cards? Linking, bad country music and the guitar pick used in rock music. Just funk Somerville train station, nearby parking lot, head through alley to comic book store, but it ain't there no more. Seep. Let 'em think. Pine we said. A blast, diner in Madison, memories of Drew University, haha, aha, my college days, aha, how I have canonized them and I am happy with it and fuck if I had soft time travel I'd go back there for a visit.

SUPERIOR 649 * 2/4/97

Yeah that dimension. Plus. Talk about classic PONKE and the gun and the elevators at the Contemporary Resort. How to conceive of hay, fake persons, the thrill of the feeling of coolness in the early eighties. Like in movies. Again, talk about my acne. I had bad acne but I grew up to be cool, so it all makes some kind of sense. But to have bad acne and then grow up to be a big nothing, that would really suck, and someone like that who believed in god would really have to wonder how god could do that to him.

SUPERIOR 650 * 2/4/97

Okay, I have written 650 Superiors. I do fear the upcoming Superior 666. Guess I'll just have to talk about 666 then. Anyway, regarding Superiors in general, I might write stuff like, "Far the wund cretend verry and am kooole", and what does that mean? On one level it is lyrical, the way it SOUNDS, spoken or in the mind. But at another level, quite interesting, are the connotations, the meaning you get when you try to interpret such seeming nonsense as real language. It's a wild thing. It's hard to analyze, but I know I like it. I wonder how poetry scholars and journals would respond to Superior? Grew, the clever copper foil that is fish and treeleaf, was hunder and I was possible. Could it be? Am I parodying myself? Fuck, who cares.

SUPERIOR 651 * 2/5/97 (written before)

It is something, pure childhood, we feel the loss, saluting to the shit faith of science. Fuck science, Santa Claus is real. Confuse the kids, cut loose to sate themselves, as far as they can take it, hedonism is cool and feels good and I am better than them. Euthanasia and abortion are crimes which inevitably lead to race-based genocide. Killing for quality of life. Quality is totally subjective.

SUPERIOR 652 * 2/5/97

Caught a phantom, almost the scent of beer, and it brought me an excitement, and I realized it was from the promise, the horizons, the hope that college and its smells of stale beer held. I could use that sense of freedom now, and I will.

SUPERIOR 653 * 2/7/97

To the a sense of speed and atmosphere, fascination with the past, is that the immutable can be idealized well. See Wonder through that idealization. Cold at this time, just so scary, from some perspectives, to operate in this arena of mundane human activity. Like not appreciating something till it's gone. Yet a fire burns, and we all feel its heat to some extent.

SUPERIOR 654 * 2/7/97

We have a thing called pow and it's good. So call Torokorol of Parameteria. Deep of spades. The College of Interdimensional Travel Rainstorms of the United States (CITRUS). Vine and shack the and mansion. Pair el.

SUPERIOR 655 * 2/7/97

Fotord. The mind of that girl in dorm, but the story of her body. It is good for us souls to have a built in aesthetic concerning the human body. High aware try and explain mall without sounding... talk about mall and they think you're complaining about consumerism. But that is not my way. I love the magic of malls, and I am a capitalist too you know.

SUPERIOR 656 * 2/7/97

Meyr. The Waterallidge Edge. Whintillru Glass. (Some people and) the Countenance of the Vial of the Garden. Shipe.

SUPERIOR 657 * 2/9/97

Just u fair weather concrete hex. Dime heather vortex. Amplified, even do good, and sun e yesterstages bright and gun. Boring, hoary, desolate, cocoa, language of the quarries, I said a lady was Gary.

SUPERIOR 658 * 2/9/97

Be user I jump and said that a to waiting to in hallway is the to be mean. My fond, video store spiral staircase, tiger graphica, pond comma, exploda old TV show. Kind of pool. Top museum lobby, lending umbrella yes I refer to rain. Pond, feel bad write good. Pond, crack too old xmastree and I am switch best amazing truck, dish comma.

SUPERIOR 659 * 2/9/97

Dean says no. Wait evergreen blast the misunderstanding. Junk, we as characters in other people's lives, fuck. Scratching backs, and the darkness of sleep, we all have that pink girliness fuck. Strange array of science and sex we worship just childish wanderlust. Be, after all the scoop, that what you fear most is what you want most and that is fucked up. I want a little electronic pinball game. I won't admit that I'm biological. Allow laundry to obfuscate. The stupidity of the experimenter. Drink it in, worry about it later. Have I said enough? Sunday night trying to write. Very little humidity in here.

SUPERIOR 660 * 2/17/97

Hearing such yure. I have a list of Namco arcade games, Japanese. I have a lot. LoveTV. A Pelter. I am Frank Edward Nora, Lord of Obliviana. Trying out scotch. Walt Disney was into scotch in a big way. That is what I read. Yeah snow. Blinking, flashing, yellow security lights, red tower lights. I have this vision of these people, of a time and a place. This guy I met reminds me of this vision. Just a kind of summer inside a house thing, amusement, being young, and... a lot of it I can't put into words just yet. Was at Fortunoff before. That might not mean anything to you. I look over at my guitar and it makes me feel a little good. It holds promise, I can't yet play it, and I have had it for a few years. Bought it partly with money from selling my PlayStation. Yeah, and here I am and I am listening to The Incredible String Band, The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter. Yeah you should listen to it too, it should be available in the world where you exist.

SUPERIOR 661 * 2/17/97

Wow cool I blow smoke rings at my monitor and they like explode when they hit it!

SUPERIOR 662 * 2/18/97

This is my baby sister Gina she is a cigarette.

SUPERIOR 663 * 2/18/97

Traditiona. Ponc Cabin play Luhestra damn local girls are hot. I have a morning and the comb, wonf that I was as comfotable with myself as he is. Yeah vacation, New York, loved while the family hated it. I am in cabin. Waiting. Look at me. No girl wants me. The others are out there, at least trying. I am alone. In cabin. But let's drive the tractor track back up a little. Who am I? Working at the camp, thought I was being cool, staying here, yeah, thought that Ginny would be around, sort of asked her out earlier, was one of the hardest things I've ever done, but she just blew me off and it hurts bad man. Hey, don't leave me yet. Sitting here alone, waiting, help me out. Haha, yeah, gotta think there might be a girl in the same shoes as me, right now somewhere. Yeah. Maybe I could go out with her. Don't leave me yet. Yeah. But she would be kind of ugly right? Like I am? Yeah. I know you're gonna leave me when I say this, but I don't want a girl like that.

SUPERIOR 664 * 2/18/97

You know, why am I getting so bent out of shape about this darn upcoming Superior 666? Okay? I mean, yeah, I have this fear of 666. But didn't I conclude long ago, on an escalator by Macy's, going up, at Menlo Park Mall, that 666 represents a time and not a person? The time of the end of the world. But the world is not gonna end. The plan got screwed up. That is a big theme in Severe Repair. Maybe, though, a world that DOESN'T end is as scary as one that DOES.

SUPERIOR 665 * 2/18/97

June 6, 1986 was a 666 day. June=6th month, $1+9+8+6=24$, $2+4=6$. Peter Litkey got fired from Ortho Pharmaceutical for dropping diaphragms, I had to clean up a huge industrial spill of Aci-Gel therapeutic vaginal jelly, my BMW 2002 broke down, my parents were in Bermuda or something, there was a "Demon" comic book in the glove compartment, and Jim Glynn reluctantly drove us home. The next day I began Halfevil Graphics. So 6/7/86 was a good day. So was 6/7/96. That was the day I met Denice Engdahl, who is now my fiancé.

SUPERIOR 666 * 2/19/97

Okay, the time has finally come to write the dreaded Superior 666.

SUPERIOR 667 * 2/19/97

Morning. That is frost, laugh, sniffing the wilderness I am racing and wild and you are exploding with sweet sexuality. Ho ho bash the old glass, smash up the abandoned store, I am all here, and you are all here, thunderstorm build palace.

SUPERIOR 668 * 2/19/97

Cop out with 666 there? Yeah I guess. But what should I have written? I think it might actually have some meaning. I stated that the time had come to do this long-dreaded task, and in thus stating it, the task was complete. Touching a match head to the lit tip of a cigar easily set it off. That tip is also good for popping balloons as I did once at Mike M.'s engagement party, or rather, after the party was over. I went to Paramus Park Mall after that and thought about buying the "Lord of the Rings" books. What day was that?

SUPERIOR 669 * 2/19/97

Being the wristwatch made of mist, a potent phrase here and a potent vision but what does it mean? That the information we need is with us always and almost perceptible? I have a vision of a shopping center in Somerville. Like I was a ghost, going back there, to a place I haven't been in years. Me and my dad and my brother used to go to a sushi bar around there. I must remember if I become a father how much the time I spent with my father meant to me.

SUPERIOR 670 * 2/19/97

The Walt Disney World Explorer CD-ROM, smoking John David MH65 tobacco in my pipe. This has been a wonderful diversion for me of late. Smoking a Matacan cigar now. I'm thinking about writing a guide for the beginning smoker, with none of the holier than thou crap that pervades the cigar world. Yeah, I guess Test Track will open soon, and Horizons will be wrecked soon. New Tomorrowland. Just think about that. NEW Tomorrowland. The future of the seventies is out of style. The future of the fucking Jules Verne 1800's is "in" now. Do we even have our own future here, in the late nineties, or is it all retro? It seems like all our MUSIC is retro now, except for Tori Amos. But she is a single performer, not a style of music. We had grunge back in the early nineties. That was distinctive I guess but not a far leap from other styles. What will the naughties bring? Remember, "naught" is another word for zero. Yeah, yeah. Hey! Guess what? Obliviana is not retro! It is a totally distinct thing. I see it being a big thing in the naughties, maybe a defining thing. Don't jack into that fucking 3-D playground anymore. When they get this cybersex thing really going, we can kiss the human spirit goodbye. An anti-virtual reality philosophy will be vital to the survival of humanity. And hey, guess what, Obliviana has got that too.

SUPERIOR 671 * 2/21/97

Was days? D bad question. So, I am in transit. Haha, be. Cool. This is music. Or the is music. Cool, pretend, yah yah be. Too. I feel a hippie night, for a few hours they were gods, less specific. Stupid, they blew it. True commentary. Going over someone's house with a woods. Party. Meet women. It is nineteen seventy something. Forget it. Be. Yeah study paintings in a books. Yeah that is like it. Pure. Yeah trash Christianity in talking. Wonder of you should drink. Be. It is the feeling that on the edge, just out of reach, is where it is all clicking. But here it is, just a vague thing in someone else's emotions. Yeah, speak of game, blown up, highway, highway is real.

SUPERIOR 672 * 2/21/97

They song. Try song. Shift in the way. Pung... I am in a period of writing... Huh. Water and little playing cards. Punk. Like tree. Am I can I get my feeling across. Like on Broadway, at college, film school, that time of my life, seeing it, I... in Phillip K. Dick's book "Valis" Paul Williams, the author, not the singer, is mentioned. And right around the corner from college, from the Tisch School of the Arts, I met Paul Williams, at a long-gone store called Gemstone. I was rambling, praising Das Energi which he signed. Reading "Valis" these days, it's so weird... I know I read it back then, 1989 whatever, but I don't remember much of it at all. Where was I? 1:16 AM. Listening to Bachman-Turner Overdrive, greatest hits... like...people... waking up...

SUPERIOR 673 * 2/21/97

What is can I yell blue not not. Bland line.

SUPERIOR 674 * 2/21/97

Last one of the night. An attempt, subject: to distill. A feeling, a sort of experience, young people gathering for a special event, cool early evening, woods, trees, a barbeque or something. Computers and magic are involved. Sex and pleasure and also great immaturity. Trying to act more mature than you are. Great music, only you don't know it's great yet. And this feeling, this jaded feeling, feeling like... like laughing in a condescending manner at the nature of the experience of being young, but your smugness is suspect. Wake up, it is still like that, but you have all this pretend now. Wake up. You have just accepted all the bullshit. You have just answered all those unanswered questions, but the answers are bullshit, and at some level you know that, and that is why you aren't really comfortable. It's just you don't get any sort of response from your environment. Everyone is like you. Given up. Fuck it all, this whole goddamn illusion. I am here now; Obliviana is here now. Prepare to wake up, fuckers!

SUPERIOR 675 * 3/1/97

High school in-between times, coming and going, kinda freedom. Caring causes pain? Care dammit! Her crotch in your face, think of the nerd who never gets a woman, who jerks off and hates himself. You were friends when you were younger. Burying your face in her, you feel contempt for the loser. Anyone can get laid, you have to secretly NOT WANT pussy, for some reason, to never get it. What makes you different? Striving to spend time alone with a girl, hanging out with a female, what does it do to your masculinity? Is the nerd more male for NOT being with women? Stop thinking and just eat pussy, Danny.

SUPERIOR 676 * 3/1/97

For-yes, needing fame to make up for things lacking in your life. Fantasies of being rich and famous and powerful. Preoccupied with such fantasies. Better sex, throw on a female body and make love to a woman, be a lesbian, dimensional powers, play with yourself in front of a mirror. Deranged astral travel plan, possess that girl's body and play with it. Bad stuff. Wake up. Wow.

SUPERIOR 677 * 3/1/97

Gosh I just woke up. Whoah the rain. Yeah see pretzels are excellent. Um that travel game is weak. Tobacco is a political issue. So bring it all together. Little exercise squishy ball.

SUPERIOR 678 * 3/1/97

Woke at noontime, haha like. See-see blabe. Pi cigar um. That artificial mountain up there, some of them are based up there, and they do cool stuff. Okay. Like a summer camp, but different themed areas. And as a job. A place. Or as a game. Wow. It's March 1997. Ask myself in the first few days of college, early September 1986, where I would be in March 1997. Rich and famous and powerful. Well, at least I'm powerful. In that I have powerful ideas.

SUPERIOR 679 * 3/2/97

Chair pink chair safe hire me it. Gaga, the intellectuals you are trying to reach are sexually hungry and dreadfully confused. Pow, how much tobacco, the film who life. Pow, cool highway, ga, pong so going ha basement college basement. Pool.

SUPERIOR 680 * 3/6/97

La Pinto Jokester. Mish-definite. Compulsions and calculators and guitar player you. Plow plow, dunk, Mr. Reagan, zeetar meaning furhoe. Seventies Olympics luge memories, vague, slight. Pow hun the tru nu heather. Like owards like on on. Ping, Pingto.

SUPERIOR 681 * 3/7/97

I mean what I mean. I reacted when I found meat in my supposed marinara sauce. I tried not to make it a big deal, but I was just too freaked out, and I soon left. And I now feel bad for “making a scene”, but I asked specifically for no meat. I lost my appetite. Meat is a serious issue. I ate some of that linguini, and the thought that I might have eaten some beef is horrifying. At Pre-Can a I was a little shocked to learn that they serve meat in a church. Meat is just so wrong. I’ve been vegetarian for ten years now. As well as I can recall, it was March of 1987 that I last ate the flesh of birds and mammals. I stopped eating ALL meat in 1989, when I had my last fish. But meat is all around, and it’s very scary.

SUPERIOR 682 * 3/9/97

And obdolls spont. Trushcoke. Dean Order, slayed vending yo ho liberaerie. Pont. Kear, 1974 TV cop. Like-like pun jooser. Us what I said. Fikefire. Beingall. Like not dreamy airport like, not seethable dorfllous. Pike pike pike sike diner. Lobot. Fuckin’ George Lucas, complaining “Star Wars wasn’t good enough so I had to change it” meanwhile he makes more in an hour than I make all year, or something like that. That doesn’t make any sense or matter at all. I will be as big as Lucas someday, with Obliviana, even bigger. I have to think that as an emotional crutch? I got what it takes. Like this evening. Denice, my wife-to-be, encouraged me to help her clean up my apartment. It’s all coming together.

SUPERIOR 683 * 3/9/97

A wood tile in the city. I saw amusement park and swoosh of highway traffic in the gnit of difficult relationship. I was there. Oh field of grass by bank meant to look colonial, and sunny. Siren, giant book store, what I mean is the value of quiet after the jagged noise.

SUPERIOR 684 * 3/9/97

I was young. And at Walt Disney World. In the Fiesta Fun Center at the Contemporary Resort Hotel. It was hot out and I was sweaty. And I played the game Mappy over and over again. It's a memory that's stuck with me. Now I own Mappy, and I played it today, and lots of memories came back to me.

SUPERIOR 685 * 3/10/97

Um, culture is collapsing. The scary idea that many problems in society today are due to mineral deprivation. That is, people are not getting the minerals they need, and are thus losers and insane. I started taking colloidal minerals two days ago, it is a good idea.

SUPERIOR 686 * 3/10/97

To say-chay, the Chauger Domino. And flight, a burndle clay, forma foke joke. Teen night thrill, agonize buying the cute magnet, the ultimate purple flush. Merrjash, come here.

SUPERIOR 687 * 3/13/97

I wrote the previous Superior after reading poems in Jewel's tour book. I told Carrie and Denice that I had to read some good poetry to clear my mind from Jewel's awful work. So I wrote Superior 686 off the top of my head. I was showing off.

SUPERIOR 688 * 3/14/97

Diluting soap to make liquid soap. Prepare for reality to slap you hard. Laugh and smoke. Calculator games, nothing but calculator games.

SUPERIOR 689 * 3/17-23/97

The toll-taker with the pigtailed and the guy yawning with the crowbar. I got \$5 worth of quarters and the arcade's empty. It's a Sunday, and I muse, failures and apartments of the past.

SUPERIOR 690 * 3/31/97

Li?e. Popular umplossibel the disney world. 44-44 a balance. Tookroone T. I been ebe, jullison toonberby. Real of Meaning. So now, airtrip to the Walt Disney World, mall the day before, was what it it. No bo no so. The crud, the of goon. Boee POW pow. Nossagain. Bad, self-review: bad. jujd. Ommdird. Kdeb dxkdsd, ssxnjsakl, asiekducne.
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SUPERIOR 691 * 3/31/97

What about that last one? Trying to plan my new webiste (sic) for 4/26/97. Working on Severe Repair, delving into my writings from the past, finding wonderful stuff to build with. And, haha, snowing, Ramones on random, gotta eat, black lesbian poetry documentary on TV before, and I am loopy?

SUPERIOR 692 * 3/31/97

Wow, 3/31/97 is not gonna go down as one of the better Superior days ever, eh? Still I am crushed by all these forces. Obliviana is so big, but I am determined to bring it to fruition. Yes. I have been slightly worried about signs of an end of the world, but it brought out in me that I really, really want to live a real life here. Yeah cool.

SUPERIOR 693 * 3/31/97

Tubbing an illiquid drug you. Hope that is green is near. Dazzle the friendless with the metal cactus and old bubblegums. The cartoon me as close as a motor. I was the smirking.

SUPERIOR 694 * 4/1/97

But in the erotic thinking I had the awareness of being a bemused goddess of ages ago. And that which I glimpsed in a grand wooded college is here. That if you want to do good things for people, you have to do it just right.

SUPERIOR 695 * 4/2/97

Was is clocked amplifier. Lick her in maze. Downpour, past slash, as miserable in the moment. Construction site, memories of school, the punk feel of the nature of reality. I would like to help you.

SUPERIOR 696 * 4/5/97

Dick Nixon is alive and flush, okay? Had to deface my own sign in the bathroom, what's up when no one has the creative aggression to do grafitti? Dick Nixon... a nasty picture in the last Anything But Monday Magazine... that girl on the cover was really upset by it.

SUPERIOR 697 * 4/6/97

Bust it. That smallest economy, the one in your head and your bed. Jingbat jingbath, of primal spa, stone house, flight of fancy photographic. Topic equals bookstore spirit. Measure as word a work should mean a thing as pleasant as the pronunciation. But oh, that has been the case.

SUPERIOR 698 * 4/6/97

Stop. Yock, these little knicks and injuries to the flesh of the hand, the arm. Dream, poor people's moved into my parent's storage area. And me, annoyed at my ability to start seeing fairies. And going to a bookstore to go to the bathroom, I think I took one of the poor people, a girl, there, and she peed and I bought a typography book so as not to seem to be abusing the bookstore's hospitality.

SUPERIOR 699 * 4/6/97

Having a typography argument with a rock band. Umper didi, the sestered. That wasted reptile, baseball robot frustration, CD-ROM company that was a failure. Rock band, comic book, CD-ROM, all these companies that the young start and they fail. Cuz they care more about success than doing a good job.

SUPERIOR 700 * 4/6/97

For yoster for see, like ballet in the asphalt, say blast it. Ga goo goo. Soom day dear tea during junk jast. I see an orange toy on the road and thinking of sex. Blast. We are too durmid. Tee slight the thee the bight the I am slight the I am delicate and I am this goatee gen x kinda cool dude but I am fragile and what I said was that damn when I heard about that comet cult I did kind of wish for a minute that the world would end. But I know there's one guy out there who wants the world to continue on. Thank goodness for that one guy.

SUPERIOR 701 * 4/6/97

I feel that shattering glass mountain in your tales of family woe, haha. Fire is, yes, the kind of flame in a candle, that is under control. But it, that little flicker, could consume an entire forest. This is the genius of moderation. And for it, the whole subject, ways to look it up online, I would say. Confusion of course, a slice of time, gym class, yeah you put people though all sorts of terrors, and we all survive. Jimmy is a punk tailor is Ye Olde England. Fuck Jimmy.

SUPERIOR 702 * 4/6/97

Stuck up mall stores, you fucks, you're in a mall, settle down. Relax, acting like you're all better than everybody else, you're earning minimum wage just relax. Mall parking lot, that silence, there are lot of things you should be able to see in mall parking lot, but you can't.

SUPERIOR 703 * 4/11/97

Far away that is what I fawn over.

SUPERIOR 704 * 4/12/97

The clearness of everything. Here it is, memories of going to a mall in Pennsylvania. Meaningful to me, meaningless to you? I'm talking about freedom, being able to go to wildly new places every day. All in search of a deeper truth. Radiator under sheet, could be changing colors at a dizzying pace, so long as you couldn't see it through the sheet.

SUPERIOR 705 * 4/12/97

Can words make an openness? An outdoors? Wow, I got this coffee over an hour ago and it's still pretty hot. I like rain. Probably the enjoyment of memories is greater than the enjoyment of the originals. For example, I always think back to my time at Drew University, from Fall 1985 to Spring 1987. I recall that I was insecure, troubled, and immature, as most people are at that age. But the nostalgic memories leave out all that. And why not? Older, we can finally enjoy our youth, without all the distractions.

SUPERIOR 706 * 4/12/97

Talk about running wild, falling that feels good. What is slapped as wizard, that is it, just recreation with the lure of vending machines and artistic thrusts. What should you be all about? This is a unique Superior. Based on Superior 589.

SUPERIOR 707 * 4/12/97

Is all this intense feeling an illusory conceit? I sit here, rare sinus headache, raining outside, listening to Pink Floyd's second album, working on Obliviana, and reminiscing about things in the past, and I have this feeling, and I think this feeling is important, but is it important just to me? Is it meaningful? Yeah, well, asking that question is arriving at a part of the issue where the whole issue is no longer perceivable. This line of reasoning is classic bullshit, self-referential crap, a little goes a long way, and I'm doing it even now. Don't make excuses for what you say. Don't worry about sounding stupid or lame. Mental masturbation. How true it is.

SUPERIOR 708 * 4/12/97

William. An evolution of the English language. The fascination of six-year-olds with mythological creatures. And seldom-heard tunes evoking emotions from another place. Yeah you gotta be strong to be cool and not fall into madness. Ping.

SUPERIOR 709 * 4/12/97

Feeding American cheese to Ginger, my favorite cat of all time. I would fold it and fold it, till there were bit-sized chunks. She would meow for it and I would go in the kitchen and get it and then go into the TV room and sit down and she would come and I would feed it to her. We did it so many times. If in the life she is in now she gets a flash of memory of this thing, it should warm her heart.

SUPERIOR 710 * 4/13/97

I was at the mall earlier, by a pet store window, looking at ferrets. A mother with two kids comes up to the window. One kid asks "What kind of animal is that, mommy?" The mother kind of shakes her head and is confused and says nothing. "I think they're raccoons," the kid says, "baby raccoons". The mother is still bewildered. Meanwhile, there's a sign right there that says FERRETS. Y'know, it's not a pleasant subject, but there are an awful lot of stupid people out there. It's scary, how stupid people are. There's gotta be a way to make people a little smarter. There's gotta.

SUPERIOR 711 * 4/13/97

Vagabonc, biting a CD, trust, and do not explode in a craft store please and, do burrow under the food court, and that is a good diversion. There, on a rainy gray mountain hilltop, is candy that is old, and to eat it is no big deal. Pissing in a train bathroom, laser beam yourself into a stadium, start sparking, and lay down and shoot sparks all over.

SUPERIOR 712 * 4/13/97

Hi hi. I can do doorway, I can feel, in the vastness of my pastness, a Wonder that is a little Wonder in itself. Damn, this is a puzzle, this magic of youth that I keep snapping back to. I was there, 1986 for example. Pathetic, 29 and already living in the past. But I have my light at the end of the tunnel, like a capital H, the crossbar as the tunnel, that with Obliviana I will be able to regain that magic. Haha. Yes. What a comforting thought.

SUPERIOR 713 * 4/13/97

Experience of love, staying up for 30 or 40 hours to make a photocopy little magazine, in the basement, in one room, everything I need to produce and print the thing, this was the situation with ZOPE magazine in 1991. I was in a state of whatever, slowly stabbing into the world, whatever, I am and have been working on something very big. And the wind is kicking outside and it makes me want to go outside. But I have to keep on writing.

SUPERIOR 714 * 4/13/97

Do crush me. Sex sells, but it is in lieu of intellectual pursuits. Sex sells, but the more you obsess of sex and all related crass subjects, the less you know about the world in general, such as what a ferret is. I've been absorbing all sorts of knowledge for decades, much of it from TV and radio as opposed to books. Here is something to remember: Obliviana should strive to make a love of knowledge a part of its core philosophy.

SUPERIOR 715 * 4/13/97

Heat heat, heat. Man there's a big world out there. It's our own personal corridors that limit it for us. This is classic 209 thinking. Having to go to work or school every day may seem to be the problem. But witness the ruin of many of those who don't have to do anything. I am sitting here, and I feel like I'm floating in the middle of this big, big thing. And yet my thoughts drift back to my college days. What I am seeking is Primal Wonder, which was there for me at Drew University. And I will again find Primal Wonder, in Obliviana as it becomes a successful company. This thought helps me understand my life.

SUPERIOR 716 * 4/13/97

She is near you. Look, there is existence, there is not an infinite void, you are reading this, and therefore something exists somewhere. But think of it, awkward young men lusting after hot young women, obsessing, usually getting nowhere with it. I think that this phenomenon is fascinating when juxtaposed with the prospect of nothing existing anywhere. Just think about it. I have gone through unrequited love/fascination many times. And the idealized girl is a person of Primal Wonder, while the realized girl is just human, just a person like the rest of us. Thus, bright young awkward boys have goddesses of Primal Wonder as their consorts in fantasy. And I would posit that having such a woman in fantasy is better in many respects than having the mundane version of the woman in the physical world. At least for young men with Primal Wonder still burning within them.

SUPERIOR 717 * 4/13/97

Bayou. I am of trying you. I am sick of the sickness of the mind. The wind blows but you wind a clock. That the world has changed so much in thirty years, yet we have this assumption that it won't change at least as much in the next thirty. These are thoughts. Physical objects are the result of thought. Look around you. You feel you "can't" do something. Driving the little speedboat at Walt Disney World, I must have been about a hundred pounds lighter the last time I did it. Slower, just bringing back memories. Yeah, that trip to WDW was deep.

SUPERIOR 718 * 4/15/97

To think of one place when you are in another place. Place you been, in the past. And maybe you'll think of where you are now in the future. I think about a bear.

SUPERIOR 719 * 4/15/97

Yeah yeah it is cool. Black Monk Time, great album. Liner notes, the lead singer went home from Germany and his family wanted him to go to work for the highway commision. There you go. After a great creative achievement, what then? It's tough. You gotta be able to keep on making. And not just catch a wave and be lost when it's over. Gotta keep on going. Keep on creating. Keep on making.

SUPERIOR 720 * 4/15/97

Stunward you carry me. Joking haha two girl laughing and he's dying, so sex-starved. And I watch this. Fan I care about this. Float be the freshing showerclean. Rock climbing in younger days. Flock of sneakers. Be me. Haha, know said that. Do. I fan dollowward.

SUPERIOR 721 * 4/17/97

As the a dawn of a new try. A million drunken espanol conversations on the bus. Parchimento. What is missing in those gay intellectuals? How much do any of us know about missiles? Kids love the ideas of missiles you launch and blast and destroy something. Sadness after a failure, folks didn't know what they were doing, thought they were doing the right thing. Is it a tragedy or just the whims of physics and chemistry? Science is fake, it's a lie. There is a supernatural world. There are intelligent beings there. And we don't know much about it. As the gay intellectuals pass by, we continue the war. Heavy and numb in our quest, we are polite but we are juggernauting through the backward flow of time, till we reach The Waterallidge Edge. Slam.

SUPERIOR 722 * 4/19/97

The expression of the devil is sitting next to me. It occurs that listing things in order of importance is of life. Getting. Need the approval of others to justify. That is because of money. Money equals others. Why would the guy that works at the oil refinery work for your benefit, to help fill up your gas tank? Because you are doing something for him of course. It's massively indirect, but with money as a universal language of trade, it works. Economics is a part of the world. I am pondering economics. I am floating over the cityscape, Emma.

SUPERIOR 723 * 4/19/97

Powerful of pinball vibration, tried being fast and the ancient rock. Dime. And pike the flame of the pave love on the turnpike. Study the dark rushing. The flash of sexy outfits and jewelry and makeup and expensive cars, and the misery of life along the highway, and it is past dusk, my friend. Yo!

SUPERIOR 724 * 4/19/97

Pastensive issues, smell glue and see a redhead, neither is a narcotic. We have this sky thing, all about up, and it is over college town record stores on rainy Saturdays. And that is a hopeful vision and people in this vision hope to be having sex tonight. And I dream of a train trip with my father, but when I dreamed this is a mystery.

SUPERIOR 725 * 4/20/97

Of barely so, airy museum atrium, and new girls, friends of a friend. Ball, drive along pungent semi-highway, lie for Frunty on Friday and toss a can of paint on a defunct fire engine to enrage the billionaire's kids. Dove into a sea of cash. Stole a tropical trip, loving paradise, the money is running out, I have no way to get home, and I have no one to turn to. Got myself into this, gotta get myself out. And the way out is crime.

SUPERIOR 726 * 4/22/97

You gotta cross-juxtapose Christmas Trees and superspeed, such as a train. Lean on one thing or another. In a general store. Such a way to slash time. I am bored and I am dancing with failure. A point of reference would be quite valuable.

SUPERIOR 727 * 4/23/97

We're bound to have weird conversations when travelling the New Jersey Turnpike. Off to another wave. I have found an amazing thing. The godlike nature of the past. People are starting to fear a really bad future. Go away from it, stab at it with the spear of your enthusiasm for life. I have to refer to that escalator, have to refer to it, have to get it out, I see it so much. It is the escalator that goes up to the monorail from the Grand Canyon Concourse of the Contemporary Resort Hotel in Walt Disney World, Florida. Oh yes, and it is 1986. They had like film with clouds exploding and stuff. Misheard girl on bus. Shave, jerk off, write. Mediocre people suck. Let's move back for a minute. Last Superior of the first 11 Books of OsoaWeek. Talking about jerking off? I mean, come on. And misheard crap on the bus? What are we talking about here? I just might cut and paste this Superior to the end of the previous one and end the first 11 Books with a bang. I did it.

SUPERIOR 728 * 4/24/97

So Leo, got sopping fast brink of transit. Are dark holographic business dream. Seed here, being inventor, slap of erotic thunder and little re Fridgerator. Buyer is cold. Stage far away, getting gone, I love a chain as a trademark weapon for me, superhero.

PHASE 2: PARKING

PARKING 1 * 7/7/97

Dank sunny monday, solidity, I am in a faded field. On interstate I yearned for mall, here now, the what it was is very gone. I am far above it, and I am solid.

PARKING 2 * 7/19/97

Okay, spice has connotation, downhill glide, the myriad of sensory input never to be called back again. Why we do what we do—is it really very much a mineral deficiency? Morning, theme park yesterday, tired of asking, about who we are, yet counting the seconds till the next disaster. But the counting you don't know.

PARKING 3 * 7/19/97

Problems, and how in quiet moments they are growing but we ignore them.

PARKING 4 * 7/20/97

For that I am, I am pasting invigoration on sky and tree. Pile of junk and clocks, be my friend, you are one of several people I know. I am strange in some ways, and I travel on unknown subways, and I am seeing the funny secrets. Yes, an alley in a comic-book-getting corridor of my youth. Energy, punk, of the moment, living, forging cool works of fiction and art, and I love you.

PARKING 5 * 7/20/96

I hope we're going the right way with a stick.

PARKING 6 * 7/22/97

Whatever college clever witch, beyond our indulgent play, financed by parents working in soul-numbing misery, a truck is coming, and it is coming slowly, and we are sneezing, and we are at arcade, and we are cool, and we are talking about The Beatles, and we are both experts.

PARKING 7 * 7/26/97

Pissing on ice, hi. You're not really stunned. I found something on Keving Drive.

PARKING 8 * 7/26/97

We usually look at real estate at night. I have some artistic cinnamon.

PARKING 9 * 7/26/97

Following. The cousins have other grandparents.

PARKING 10 * 7/26/97

X is swollen. Daddy, sliding doors. Dating user. Chase heat. Meerschaum Whenever, dwarf.

PARKING 11 * 7/26/97

Sword thrust into ground. Hanner-oriented (far) Comething. Walkin' tall, pissin' me off. Weirdest fucking oilrig. This is an idea I did did behind last year. Not good enough to start it 5/19/97. To sing of the jolly amuztraigur. I was gone from over there. E/S/I+G, a simpls code. Simpls code. We, who terminate, were phasers, and this bottle can bark. That last sentence was computer generated.

PARKING 12 * 7/26/97

They're cool right. Gopod promotion tool. Caslon Dimtrav. Sail Pawns. Ixrels. Horrow. Deficiencies. Private collection. Warolcood Facipic. Swish. Thoirn. Invested to such of my heart and soul. From notebook. A in a joins way. X in a j. Imahine.

PARKING 13 * 7/27/97

Jill dear blue. Blue hair college funk. Lisa TV little thing. Comedy classic sucker of alcohol. Fucked-up tree. The fucked-up thing. Bleary-eyed computer programmers, shot on fourteen cups of coffee, think they're cool at sunrise. I was eating pussy while they were sucking caffeine. She says, ten years from now, they'll be millionaires with their games, and we'll be watching soap operas, on unemployment. Okay?

PARKING 14 * 7/27/97

See, he is obsessed with a cool building and she says he's trying to avoid real life. She threatened me with a knife. But all these girls of the past are meaningless.

PARKING 15 * 7/27/97

A dear sensation, wanting to smash someone, but just humming. She was very smart, and said that ghosts don't exist, still I wanted to embrace her. But a scumbag flirted with her. And I had just started listening to jazz on my walkman. And this guy had a keyring shaped like a penis.

PARKING 16 * 7/27/97

A lot of junk. One fear about getting rich is that your kids will be assholes. She held my hand and she was drunk and she rambled on about a website dealing with people putting on those big cartoon character outfits, like sports mascots or at Disney World. I couldn't tell if she did the site, wanted to do it, or someone else already did it. Holding my hand, but I knew she was a psycho, and it was great. It was grand, because although I would have loved to have sex with her, I knew that it was no way gonna happen. And I didn't even yearn for it, or anticipate it or anything. It felt so good. But she held my hand the whole time. And when it was all over, it was like, I just wasted three hours, totally.

PARKING 17 * 7/27/97

He told me about his dream and I wondered about the whole "dream recorder" thing. Girl Anna was a nerd, and she said in the back of a magazine was an ad for such a device. We criticized the idea, but she said she got it and showed us on her computer a QuickTime movie of her dream. She was making out with other chicks! Hot chicks! Then this guy walked in and we had to talk to him in a totally meaningless way for an hour. And now I'm really obsessing on Girl Anna's video. If it's a real dream recording, it would be a whole new world, for everyone. If not, it means she was in a porno, and I couldn't believe that. I mean, I thought she had a crush on me.

PARKING 18 * 7/27/97

Smart young computer urban tales, spun in a quirky manner, glorifying a bunch of pansies. Yes, pansies. Emotional retards, whose non-lives take on massive dramatic hues in their deluded psyches. They do not know that there is a world of adults, of real people. "I gotta get more into Janimation."

PARKING 19 * 7/27/97

Silly, I was into the whole "Dutch" thing. Wooden shoes, whatever, proposal for a theme restaurant. There are a lot of bad ideas. Damn if I don't sex-assess every female I lay eyes on. I can't help it. It's this whole thing. To be blunt, it's: [1] See female. [2] "How fuckable?". Right? Man, and it's like, you're not supposed to be like that. But I think that this is "optical fucking". The image of the girl, scanned onto your brain, and you do have sex to some extent there. Theme restaurants—another kind of "optical fucking"?

PARKING 20 * 7/27/97

Tangential. Breaking off a part of the chair that was a bane to me. 3:03 PM. Haven't been on a real train for awhile. How about a silly train trip to Princeton? Not enough time in the day. And I'd have to go all the way back to Manhattan to get a bus home. People. Photos of people. Time we devote to sorting out the past, also to generate new history. A blast, a feeling in a car, and a mundane taking-out of garbage to the dumpster. My personal history, I am fascinated by my past. Things changing, things I have been through. And all the stuff I have from those past times.

PARKING 21 * 7/29/97

X is famous. Dear, we can sense that we are ever struggling to process what our senses are telling us into something graspable and comfortable. Seek fame. Shall we seek to achieve? To hide from reality, and we blur the meaning of the word "reality". And we look at dreams as unreal things. How many of us are real, anyway? We can see bits and pieces of gods in most faces. And escape by referring to something specific. Driving down a rainy roadway.

PARKING 22 * 7/29/97

Folks are broken. And live with being broken in different ways. Like, a guy doing something bad, and then it is revealed, and then... the sense is that he should have acted otherwise. But he was faced with being broken. Big ideas and a tree. Air conditioner, conditions air, coldens air, bread rolls and butter in nice restaurant with piano, kids want to be across and down the street and playing video games. Adults want to win money and quit job. Preying on others. Yet there is Wonder, and yet are things very much okay.

PARKING 23 * 7/30/97

Now this is an unusual year. I must of took a misty understood like beforehand. I was in food court and I had potato. Yeah, road, stay on it and not get distracted. I am thinking of fame. My work in all its aspects is fragile. My state of insecurity and the utter luxury of no audience is an excellent way to create. And even so there is so much I could wanna do with just a subject like turtles. And I would coffee and mall, and I have to comment on my very much mentioning of coffee and malls.

PARKING 24 * 7/30/97

Okay, cigars are great, but folks say like, oh it's so trendy, fuck that. But they're good! So much about "liking" something is so much more than content. Right. Like you hear a song, and it's like, I don't know if I should like that. That level of analysis, meta, what is it all about? I'm aware of that.

PARKING 25 * 7/30/97

Well now Superior is going strong, now it is Superior II: Parking, and this is it. Hi. Emptiness in an overall picture is a thing here. Like, being in a band that is moderately successful, and then what? The self, and this is what I am leading up to, it is about the self. But now I am talking about things, and specifically, and these are not the best Superiors. Yeah, let's go. Yeah, I am on to something. It is you and the world, ultimately. Other people get in the way of that Primal relationship. That that Primal relationship is only one part of your life. But it should be a bigger part of your life.

PARKING 26 * 7/30/97

L let us quiz T. El lettuce quisty. Ollotoscweztee. The brain, and all the associations it has with words and sounds, and that is too complex to understand, but we can feel the pleasure of it. Tape recorder show about animals. Canonizing the 7-11 experience. The love of driving around at night. Doing stuff as the day happens. Day happens.

PARKING 27 * 7/30/97

I would say that a little sane thing to do every day would be welcome.

PARKING 28 * 7/30/97

Blast the digital wristwatch, Henrietta. A freedom of cardboard boxes. I feel that I can help people, and I know that such a feeling is common and dangerous, and I think I am the exception, and a lot of other people do too. As a kid I had some kind of special feeling about a gas station called "BP". And I thought that minicomics had some kind of unseen potential. But chaos gets the better of it all. But I used to love the antiseptic, theme-park-like version of the idea of chaos. And I am yet yearning. And I am fascinated by the thought of winter.

PARKING 29 * 7/30/97

I am ahead of my time with my ideas all the time, and I always have new ideas, so I must implement my newer ideas sometime to have the advantage. My newest idea, only hours old, is that interaction, as is the dearly loved idea of the digital superworld people now, is wrong. My idea is that people want to work on THEMSELVES, go for a personal best. Look at classic video games. Just you and the computer, trying to get a higher score every time. When I stated awhile back that Obliviana was inspired by the spirit of classic video games, I was not thinking of this aspect specifically. But it is the most important aspect, maybe.

PARKING 30 * 7/30/97

You, you care about you, so don't understand yourself in the context of famous people. You and the real world around you. Don't ignore it! Explore it. I will give you a way to do just that.

PARKING 31 * 7/30/97

Austere living, like reading a comic strip over again. I am appalled at how stupid people are these days. At least the hippies had ideals. Now all us young adults hoard hundreds of CDs and CD-ROMs that'll never ever be played again. Art and romance, and PARKING. That's right, parking. Parking your car, or being in a car that's being parked, or being in a parking lot. Parking is a big part of life. And I say that's a good thing. See, parking is a thing that works. You do it, it's done, and that's it.

PARKING 31 * 7/31/97

It is pathetic and comic, weakness. Regard your weaknesses. For them all, there is someone out there to exploit you. And you might be doing some exploiting. Credit card debt? Doing someoneother people and/or companies i to something? If there were not such great goodness in the world to offset these great evils...

PARKING 32 * 7/31/97

The disruptive people in (whatever). I have no need here.
Let the neighbors have their gardens.

PARKING 33 * 7/31/97

Yeah let's go around. That feeling of there being so much to experience, and you wanna popcorn yeah wow fall all over the place. Fly and drive, don't know you got a gas tank. Don't know you'll run out of gas. Spend some time looking for a refill, that's a good one, but no one does it.

PARKING 34 * 7/31/97

Fictitious city. The end of an era. A child drinking in the wonderful promise of the future in EPCOT in the eighties. And the wacky discovery of pornography. We can map and edit these happening, I know I can. When you stick up for yourself, no one can ever take that away from you. But you have to temper this set of ideas with common sense.

PARKING 35 * 8/3/97

Him being rude or him being weird.

PARKING 36 * 8/13/97

Throw out all the porno magazines. Mineral will hold aximum transient silly nightdrivings. Deem the cigar bands. Not much new, society is idling, and I am stealing glances at cool logos.

PARKING 37 * 8/30/97

Me and a fountain, reflected in a door. Night, a huge lighted fountain at Carmine's wedding, my new short haircut and wearing a suit, and walking towards the door, the fountain behind me. And I saw myself in a new light.

PARKING 38 * 9/26/97

Casual good looks 1980. Computers are just getting going. Cigars are not popular. But a dream statue, holding a true burning flame high, not at all related to Statue of Liberty, and a blue or black lake or ocean at night and the light of the fire. And the bright clinging to science, many centuries of information, and hoping and feeling and not being there. Seventeen years later. I need to return to those roots happily.

PARKING 39 * 10/2/97

Fuel Vay an airport distribution. And the old blue jean dusk all sky and autumn feel. Lahawu grasping a rock. Office building has feelings. Dryg anticlock.

PARKING 40 * 10/18/97

Coffee steam is distilled water, hearththought the-shot. Type of plastic box, yearn and mingle, dealing with people sexual tension is not the ultimate motivator, there is something deeper. Orange plastic light. Silver bullion. Might think about magnetic media.

PARKING 41 * 10/18/97

Try history. Want life to be creamy. Don't bother, the spirit of the bird is beyond you. State forest.

PARKING 42 * 10/18/97

Belief in god is abstract, evolution is all about explaining life without god. Yet we cringe at stuff about god. Yeah, the messengers may be vapid, but don't judge the message. This world was created. There are intelligences behind it. Here, though, it's all just too confusing.

PARKING 43 * 10/25/97

Yeah. You know, life is rain, and fucking in Pennsylvania. Can I justify that. Drunken thinking about science fiction movie. Pipes and wires all around you. You are friend.

PARKING 44 * 10/25/97

For fool poor, gotten city of neon calligraphy, a foreign writing. Construction yard full of possibilities as child. Bay alarm, the random liquid decoration. Video arcade token, tiny passageways carved into it, and explore it with a nanobot you are virtually into.

PARKING 45 * 10/25/97

It's all about seeing the unseen. What you believe about that which you cannot perceive. I figure if I added up all the time I've been in malls, it would have to be over four months. Your facade doesn't help other people understand you. CDs and CD-ROMs, when the data on a million of them could fit on a matchhead, build buildings out of them, shingled roofs and all that. Pa-pa mechanical toy cat ha-ha.

PARKING 46 * 10/26/97

I have am tiled blue flashy reverberation. Combination. Sitting quiet and comfortable and hearing a distant jet. Chemical activity in me and cable. The back who of door frame and the dart board Adventureland depression. That thing of minutes, in meeting, reading the minutes, that is the definition of uncool.

PARKING 47 * 10/26/97

Been aching tropical references. Sorry, I don't speak foreign languages. Oily mental blast of car repair smell. Yeah, the individual is cool, been all around the world, you'd think him to be better, on a higher plane, but that is not the case. Talk about the autograph of Abraham Lincoln or something. Value is a fascinating topic.

PARKING 48 * 10/27/97

Moved three times in 28 months. Moving, mental and physical exhaustion. Rough. And I sit here, smoking more of the same Cuban cigar. Man, a timespace doorway to that Nazi salt mine full of 200 tons of gold or something before it was discovered. No one would notice a couple tons of gold missing. I just figured out, Bill Gates could buy more than 2000 tons of gold with his 30 billion dollar fortune. I got Obliviana.

PARKING 49 * 11/2/97

And reading about Dave Sim talk about Cerebus in 1985 blinks open a college secret, feeling that a warm and full potential can and does exist. We have lost a lot over the past few years. You can be jaded and say “yeah so what”, meaning there’s nothing we can do about it. Zeitgeist uncontrollable inalterable? Yeah, some malls are closed on Sunday. Some rock bands are here to stay, but the members have been struggling with past glory for decades now. The secret is, a restrictive mainstream makes for a much richer subculture. Rebels have always thought that their way would be better for everyone. But their way is only awesome when balanced with a strong, unyielding traditional culture.

PARKING 50 * 11/2/97

I would photograph stars and make wallpaper for cool stores.

PARKING 51 * 11/8/97

The dollop of sea spray Norse gods. Tobacco and mall shop earlier centuries clean up apartment. Four narcotic types of beverages. Tea Owl, childhood friend. I go beach batch beach. Hee hee hee.

PARKING 52 * 11/9/97

Sitting around in a scummy arcade. Let us for something different. I play robot game, an uncomfortable city around. Fun but blank stares. I am in the way others perceive me. I have my own sphere here. I like the naked honesty.

PARKING 53 * 11/9/97

Peek, demon, peek. Life is big. How much striping? Rock music, I live in a nowhere community. Mall like any other mall. But dreams of New York. Silicon Alley. Multimedia job. But college first. The darkness of the forest and the darkness in me. In an inhury you seek relief. Growing up wrong you also seek relief. These are the times, not our parents. But I can be in a bowling alley and I can experiece a whole cosmic realm invisible to other people. I am a new kind of person. I read the kind of books ordinary people don't read.

PARKING 54 * 11/9/97

Is very intriguing, Arming. Days of stability, the fire archer knows. Pocket radio romance, a robot squirrel under glass, and kappa maki. The publicity and promotion. Disarto Lane language. And I think trains on rails show your life.

PARKING 55 * 11/26/97

For the feeling, stab of lobby, hit pause, salt water sexuality and a new city. Nail, I shop center massive grid alien warfong thinking. Pailing. Star overturn. And I at young school, the vague drain heights. And we are to pool. That is various. Time spent at mall video game store. Signed.

PARKING 56 * 11/28/97

Two whore, cool hall wizard, tempuratural fun hat and car. Be to lodge, who has spray danks, who has locked a virginal. Hee ha that meter, talk brilliant, hi college bright she, popcorn textbooks. I was am gold and thunder. Said estate to stay, worn science fits, glee of eagle, fin of robot hat, emerald isle.

PARKING 57 * 11/28/97

Persons able to me go volley. Us culling, this photo. Bad hotel dreamscape. Golf theme cafe, fly plane overhead coconut. Visited, that hunk of something, nothing here, spiralbound here and her life, yeah in a drugstore and the nothing of your life. Pee spirit libraries, striping in numb colors, sexual and gone.

PARKING 58 * 11/30/97

To for diresty in hijij, gone to union super market and cannon ball firm today to shoe store was kidding. Marhey fun huj and park on drive long ago with former girl friend and mall mall. Trop trop, am I the jisty gun gun I am pompous as a student I am lost I had a faded Yes Leave It twelve inch single in my window on Thompson Street and I was in film school and I was ha ha ha. Imagined darkness, not cave magic at all.

PARKING 59 * 11/30/97

Hyper junk I have to write about my trip to California. Have the yellow guitar. A junk. People suck. Kindling, the I am building something. From cigar to pipe, a dream train station near Madison called Black Cherry.

PARKING 60 * 11/30/97

Peer she is, her smoking narcotic was art, and I a painting all in blue, we were with you, inkelf. Be lost in hoar frost, Christmas of three years tin ornament high and godlike I screw you. Hiccup. Tin host, major Holiday Inn jangle, hiccup, circle in excitement I am here and this. Be pure.

PARKING 61 * 1/1/98

Fire headphone wheatstalk. I think now you think, subject is meaning. Plastic as no longer the hyper Italy. Yo, I fear sea dudes, that are girls. Proof of bookstore, surf guitar interdimensional trip. Stress reliever, fucker, this day much that has been with us is gone, and a new day. And many voids to fill. Fill or be demolished by. Wow, if I'm still childlike, I walk in New York, Penn Station, video game stores, Theater at Madison Square Garden where I saw the Howard Stern "Private Parts" premiere and also Tori Amos in her RAINN concert.

PARKING 62 * 1/11/98

Free we are here, girl that I knew somewhat. That I showed written down "Dark Forbidden Freedom" on Broadway. We took the Long Island Railroad at random and had peanut butter and jelly sandwiches by a road or something, and I was in a movie she made. In her apartment, talking on a bed.

PARKING 63 * 1/11/98

That CD collection, fall for metal video game tunnel, and real tunnel with music and people. Tea. Bright time, brighter as time goes by. Magic. A seashore sand and Kim has powers.

PARKING 64 * 1/11/98

Try. That realm of perfect places dreamed of all the time. Special and pure, and I was playing Venture at Drug Fair. Buy little electronic games. Things in your room, yeah you're the best. Had a gift theme as a kid and have a lot of such stuff? Flying down cathartic corridors, leave it all behind, but is it such a good idea to leave it all behind?

PARKING 65 * 1/11/98

Oboe, not much of that in life. Poffee, pigar, pomputer. TV I gonna do? Blasted some words. Foolish Obliviana Vending Yamp. Okay, I got some scratch-n-sniff stickers and I wanted to use them to teleport to a bathroom in the Contemporary Resort Hotel, in Walt Disney World, in Orlando. They had ghosts on them and smelled like licorice or something. I thought that if I smelled one in that bathroom, I could then smell it in New Jersey and somehow teleport there.

PARKING 66 * 1/11/98

Inches to the other side of a storm, pungent rockwork, wires and sky melt together as a beverage. Valley of the analog technologies, photography section of the bookstore, always guaranteed nudity. Flashy. I am a war. An awkward damn war.

PARKING 67 * 1/13/98

Pinchollection, Pluckemin underpass gas station. Precone songs, more important to the insensate vegetation at roadside. Action figure at comic book store, Fords, hoho supermarket! Bills all over apartment, trinkets, yeah I got those. And here in 1998 I'm playing Gauntlet on MacMame.

PARKING 68 * 1/13/98

Explonaked snap and roar of slush. Yo ho, home from college, some girl's room, friend of a friend, only there for a little while. And the flight and the power lines, pow, imagined power and excitement, know it's not possible, not knowing that it's very possible. Playing Duran Duran songs and The Fixx songs and yearning for another place and time, yet we are in such a time. Yo, in your movie hide the microfilm in a little toy Jawa Sandcrawler.

PARKING 69 * 1/18/98

What are we doing X? Though, heaven's corail, like in heaven a railroad in case you can't walk any farther. Pow, that's a weak 7-11 at night with jerks, that is why you are cool in his and her eyes. Be pride, have a lot of brevity in your analyses of computer operating systems and sun as the jester. Been good, no structure, yeah you just one people acting to know. Gung ho.

PARKING 70 * 1/18/98

Stop Motion Animation. Finch elude maze-work. Waterforris. Now that's fun. Gentle piano crap, stop being so timid, so fragile. Who works at stupid store, and on a retalted topic, working in a place that's a real bad idea and is not gonna last long. I know a few other adults who love to check out toy department at K-Mart-like stores.

PARKING 71 * 1/18/98

Pink. That is my dueling style. Hey let's not mean that. Talk about laboratory heat, yo, you and other fantasize about each other, you are in dreams. Ha! No more cold coffee! Department store Santa memory, real or dream? If it means a lot to me, what does it matter? Like gas station in rain in granparents' Peugeot while publishing doomed magazine? Let us not retrospective before it's over, cool.

PARKING 72 * 1/19/98

Yeah pin ho, though we are thinking of industrial design parking hot go to logo house. Polo cloop took ferry to that yacht dock over there.

PARKING 73 * 1/20/98

Yaya, older me cringe at younger writing. Yopolar bear. Blow, that is wind, yo though clouds of smoke, that is tobacco smoke, we see years, same vowel sounds are cool, right? What pipe tobacco is this?

PARKING 73 * 1/20/98

How fool, remembered coolness, that is sexual surfing. What is important? Mental meandering. That experience is life. Coo the conturant, hey nice fake word.

PARKING 74 * 1/24/98

Invigor clockwork the laser sound effect. Viercosmic Vitercosmos. The Gardens of the Intelligent Rabbit. And how transit systems go and enchant the child in her. Slow weird season, square knot friction, pow the old season. Regal and mundane, a Mundabe Fountain, fantastic resort hotel, be fiber optic cool.

PARKING 75 * 1/26/98

Bah, parking, cartoon, funlook that is caring, caring, how cool is it to care? I mean, we are here in this world, and we do care about things. We all work hard to get by, because we care about stuff. What is caring? What is desire? Waiting. Looking. Recording. Hoping, that is awesome.

PARKING 76 * 1/29/98

No piss till Virgin Megastore. Correction, Penn Station. Cigar outside Letterman Show. Chat with people. Kid from Pennsylvania who wrote a cookbook. The world is developing.

PARKING 77 * 1/29/98

Cold and lit, you're cool, but you're alone, and porno images dance in your mind's eye.

PARKING 78 * 4/7/98

Far away to the Hoteast, bingdilb, blidgnib. Totally Coal. Doest, the most do. Feel, ice cream in Metuchen, train track hello, been away, cold ordeal, old lighter, science fiction, cardboard box, cruising. I am in here, corncob pipe, a lot of mind, history of Obliviana, and the launch is coming. Purity of Superior, not mentioning specific things. I see gold, spell it envelope, olden war musket and war turret, cannon, big feelings, big stuff. A college professor said that undergraduate film work was stupid. He said you have to have something to make a movie about. You have to have life experience. I saw a movie last night about a New Zealand writer named Janet Frame who got a literary grant to travel overseas. And I am thinking that all the experiences I have gone through have made me a more dimensional writer. Or maybe just a more dimensional wallower in my own little world. Other people, entertaining other people, getting money from other people. Yeah. I got all these memories, all these emotions. Gotta get Obliviana going.

PARKING 79 * 4/7/98

Tea on subway, talked to the glass art guy, felt a skyscraper shine downtown, climbed a cool thing, was at a videogame street thing. Advertising, job at advertising agency, feeling of free art with money. Lost in strip mall, lost in myself, big hill, big arcade, super pinball feelings, coffee high, all these things. Then home again, apartment, mess, a lot amount of undone things, and this is not even me.

PARKING 80 * 4/7/98

I would explore entertainment locations. Amusement parks and such ilk. Fogged, blurry windows to Primal Wonder, yet windows nonetheless. I see a lot of fun, ways to spend money and make emotional memories. My work is not yet known.

PARKING 81 * 5/9/98

Barter and raggedness, legendary personal memories, you-centric in all things. Free tight knowing, you slide down the guard rail like a little ball bearing, a little silver piece of perfection. Living in a world of lust, how perfect would you be in someone's lustful imagination. Yeah, I was there, in a time I now look at, 12 years later, as utterly legendary, but I was an immature little fool back then. Ha, some future me will always revere the time I am now in. Whatever I write will be a part of Superior forever. Ha ha ba ba I can write anything. New Jersey. Roads. Hello. Hello. I am here.

PARKING 82 * 5/13/98

I did Frey her. Some kind of New York City thing, I have found it. I had erf. So they showed Hardware Wars on sixteen millimeter in the gym. Ruin, stairway and bathroom and locker room, in my mind. Man, being a nerd... gotta be good for you in the long run...

PARKING 83 * 5/13/98

I want quality smacks. Dude says yeah he got ID, only he hasn't been born yet. Time travellers have a real piss-poor attitude. Yeah, laugh at my two gigabyte hard drive, friend. At least I still have my humanity.

PARKING 84 * 5/13/98

Whoah, yeah I've had good experiences with the American West. Small doses. Missoula, Salt Lake City, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Los Angeles. But mostly I'm in New Jersey and New York every day.

PARKING 85 * 5/13/98

It's just you and that pinball machine, the same dynamic as meditating and staring at a candleflame. Yo. So what is right and what is wrong about interaction with other people? Solo. Right now, I am at the right place and the right time to make a big impact on computerized entertainment.

PARKING 86 * 6/9/98

I far what I love was Uce Iffer the gun chairboon. Ski place arcade, extremes of chill and courtship, warm failure, I still can't get past my flaring helplessness at home. Imagine relationship with her, the god who wrote that one brain application, cool or asshole? Wow, in mind, life with that girl is kind of beyond anything. The dream thing, wow, so grand, and you can't have it. You really can't have it.

PARKING 87 * 6/9/98

I have to shiver and think of sedans. I got, go, yeah I have a thought. It's ironic that I have these magical memories of Penn Station from the early nineties. Because my Penn Station is in the same place as the original, which has a magic several quantum leaps above in those who were there. Most people couldn't give a crap about either, though. Haha, yeah, let's all pretend not to be misanthropists. A word most people don't even know the meaning of. Elite, stupid attitude. Yeah, crippled by jadedness, having to consider the history of an idea to be cool. Or uncool. This one is losing it. Yeah, I'm creative. One year from today, I better be successful.

PARKING 88 * 6/16/98

Arbor sweet thing, mine is adventuring, I love people who stop working and think. You hate department store sting, mediocrity full of elevators. Seeking life that doesn't suck, it takes some time to test out a new way, hope is in that time. Be not Elf, Vampire, or Klingon. Be not in porno. Do not do drugs. You can stare down the department store. That is where truth is.

PARKING 89 * 6/19/98

Glacial decorating, yeah, personality, she painted a circle on her auto. It's great deep wood, pinslash young equipment, it's minus the computed shave. Dear lucky coordinate, I bash ticket booth, I fly over boat ride. Glowering, not that's cool, get that mystique, that bitchiness. Cork and glitter, defending the stupid "yeah, I'm gonna be much more famous and rich than he".

PARKING 90 * 8/1/98

Clicks, awesome museum and awesome girl, awesome winter day. That is wacky, playing Atari, fireplace going and sister and mother are there. Curve-Tone-Air, drawing her, hippie Slinky be by the pool. Theme basement, jungle theme, a little bit gambling theme, dad had a girl down here? Play the dice, that girl is gone, stained glass shotglass, several of them are gone.

PARKING 91 * 8/1/98

That has my computer vanilla. Yeah, the young she drinks iced coffee mall parking lot? Bring. Some brought over some good magazines. The drinking, new herbal beverages at the 7-11. Wow, the possibilities of a wall, who we are, the mind of the celebrity, yo, we have the silly ideas. This is crisp, yeah, remote mountain top, ski place, no one around, and playing the swamp level of a handheld video game.

PARKING 92 * 8/1/98

Bill, what a common word. There are people. This young people say the building is fucking lame. But it has a history. Yes, some decades back, wonderful events, wonderful history, awesome. The kids see the husk of it, marble walls and worn brass ornamental crap, but it was aweome at one time. All of this I have made up. Visions, imagination, at Union Square a few times in the past few months, it gives me a weird feeling, like I'm missing something. That part is true.

PARKING 93 * 8/5/98

Rufus, compel me. Las chicas who like the blues of Robert Johnson. The EPCOT Beaver, roller coaster guy. So far, we could the cranking toy store, Maxfield Parrish kids, I would ride the subways, check out subway art, and not be the bright-eyed student. Communicore is gone. Tell me Rufus, tu eres cool? I saw a TV show about mica. I was a castaway, I experienced coolness, I came back.

PARKING 94 * 8/19/98

I was of origins, not of school corridors or twinkling. That is the brightest part of lust. We are talking to cats in a warehouse, snowing so bad we can't drive, there is a great sense of quiet. Think about a forest a thousand years ago, pow, the little TV set has a humid mind.

PARKING 95 * 8/21/98

Another here, I have to tell the truth, that we experience our own pasts mostly as fantasy. Shimmering memories, you know it wasn't that good when you lived it. These personal myths are intensely pleasurable.

PARKING 96 * 8/21/98

Dense and two, the stupid talk about compuerized living, yeah, two-hundred years ago they had to walk through doors many times each day, like us. The promise of entertainment locations in malls and strip malls. You say the the comic book store is your church. No, I don't yearn for wearable computers, don't make us head into a meaningless future. Some dice and some paper, many potential games, a tonic against the constant misery that we are all showered by all the time. The glimpsing of Wonder, it makes life a glorious thing.

PARKING 97 * 8/21/98

Yeah, welcome to the ranks of the smart people. A sudden breakthrough, electronic in nature, hook it up to a tree and you can talk to the tree. "We don't care at all when you kill us. We get reincarnated as cats."

PARKING 98 * 8/22/98

Tuck in the ashtray, that is not my art. I was languishing in a corn museum, I learned all about corn. Clip, a little clip, clip, got runes from a bookstore and was a mall fortune teller. A totally ruined rubber band, and it's always here. I love corny planetarium people. It is always the restricted, the out-of-reach, the untouchable, which can glow with the adorable fire of Wonder.

PARKING 99 * 8/22/98

People are goddamn annoying. We are riding a monorail in a place as different from Walt Disney World as it can be. There are some towns I would like to be in, yes, I mean the simple, childlike pleasure of being in a town. I yearn for things, I worship my past selves as gods. Me in high school, god of sitting in the library, reading about mythology and doing origami. Me from '93 or '94, going to Mall of America for a day. How utterly pathetic this must make me seem, this way I am worshipping myself. But I don't think I'm the only one doing it.

PARKING 100 * 8/22/98

A few forces of nature. In 7-11, you want to know all things, and no things. Anyone reading this in the year 2090? And you desperately cling to the culture of the Twentieth Century? I am to be of your century, my work will be associated with the first decade, the zeroes or whatever we're gonna call it. And the next couple decades past that, too. You know this.

PARKING 101 * 9/5/98

Alight on park grass, she saw, sunny confused park experience. Park parking lot, strangers toy with supernatural dice, I might have powers, I yearn to make it rain. Magazines in the back seat, I focus on door hinges, symbolizing passageways into a new place. I run and climb, we play on playground, it does rain, we act like kids. That silliness, that is iconoclastic, that is serious. Bax, little toy rock demon, me and her, wet and holding hands. We are cold in the air conditioning in the K-Mart. We dawdle by the doormats. They are symbolic.

PARKING 102 * 9/5/98

Carousel about a brigade. Yeah that thrust, that travelling, a cool summer night, some kind of subtle festival, and you think, I've been in places like this many times in past lives, and in future lives will I also be in places like this. Little kid has cat toy. We have a city map, and many weeks and much money. You are away, I bought a notebook and a pen, I went to skyscraper observation deck, wrote a complete short story. And we flew to a new city, on the advice of a magician, to see the beautiful ice on everything, beautiful ice storm, somehow she knew it was gonna happen.

PARKING 103 * 9/24/98

A lot of yearnings, places to go at night, being there. I wonder if it is a phase, but with my system I can fully...

PARKING 104 * 9/24/98

Our ability to be comfortable in the face of the mystery of our situation. Slowly wake up from the haze of childhood, where is this place? But we can numb those questions. So we have this numbing ability. And we use it.

PARKING 105 * 11/8/98

What is a lot, so a few decades of sensory data, it must sidestep the issues of breakdown and shakedown, as far away from a bad crime drama film as possible. I see that typewriters are junk now. And the blank feeling of going to the movies, like there is more to life, like wild forests a few miles away. Yeah, kids in the forest, sexual tension, and the big attempt to do what life has to offer. Putting it all together, it is massive and far from understandable, life.

PARKING 106 * 11/8/98

Yeah. Everyone has their stories, their strange life experiences. Claw claw. Chaos management, that's a big thing in life. The hottest few hundred people out of hundreds of millions. And they're all screaming. We don't know what's going on. There are all these people in cults, and they totally believe it.

PARKING 107 * 12/12/98

Oh it's little of cleverny, pod intricate craftwork, yeah the whole treejouse thing, yeah and about happy mistakes. The whole interend thing. Okay three made-up words, yes. And be quite stimulated by colorful card and board game. Trusting, aimless, that is the keyword today, aimless, and it can be bad or good, and I want to make it good.

PARKING 108 * 12/12/98

38388. Silly to like number. Come genius. Cool weather, piloting upside-down pyramids, a good flight, indeed, indeed, we don't consciously know, we don't consciously know. That. That. A blast of little puzzles. Yeah. Yeah. A blast of little puzzles.

PARKING 109 * 12/12/98

Claum. Claum. Little restaurant at night in the Village. I'm just saying I've been to such places. Pompous jerks, trying to act all superior, is their behavior really different? Is there conceit at all levels? Young souls, old souls, whatever. People encountered. To say that life is meaningless is a security blanket. It is a conclusion, something supposedly solid. There is super mystery in life! Super! We really don't know. But we all have mundane concerns, and thinking about the universe often gets in the way. So just use science or religion to relieve the burden. And maybe that's not so bad. But there is something bad about doing that.

PARKING 110 * 12/12/98

Of code of at yonderful frontier.

PARKING 111 * 4/3/99

Tinkle pure musical feel, way of the tree, sint, railway youth, major plans, plundermate, early computers and puzzles as little objects, dreams of great creative works, pure and innocent trespassing, the dream kept alive.

PARKING 112 * 4/6/99

It is called Aerie Obliviana, this new thing. And wasn't there, I had an idea, Some Berry Basalt of Brine, something similar, in 1990? Yeah... the Anything But Monday Radio show... it began over 13 years ago... Zope also, I created over 13 years ago... and now Aerie Obliviana. And this, Parking 112, will be in Aerie Obliviana. Hello, reader.

PARKING 113 * 4/6/99

Fine typographical obsession there, into pavement flaws to defer the personal flaws. The girls, and guns and cars, and the reading about distant entrepreneurs and their dreams, and those that never came to pass. Commercially viable hovercraft, okay. I can't tell, was 1953 long ago or very recent? Um, most people have philosophies where they define the world in a nutshell. Like, stupid ones like the world is just some alien's experiment. Lots of losers from high school are still losers all these years later. But the dreams were and are pleasurable, hedonistic, very satisfying. Yes, she is sitting there in the waiting room, and magic famous there are seeing nothing go by, and a great yellow graphic design book cover. A college autumn night, pool table, student center, deck of cards, making up card games, talking about computer games, and some are talking about skiing. And some girl is coming with Tarot cards, and some girl is coming with computer adventure game.

PARKING 114 * 4/7/99

Yopo Youth, the energy. Pint ogre edge ballista projectile. Scorning the engineers, capitol scarecrow young rush. You don't really talk about it in casual you are decent. Bind sound effect, rest lazy considering colors. Is disregard in beautiful random places, she and he and minds madly interpreting. Info is awesome.

PARKING 115 * 4/7/99

Herald Naomi she and fascination with cool and strange books. They in used bookstore. Cannot build but can imagine wild underground transportation systems. By marching and masking, and the Nasking North, darn communication with darn little cute things.

PARKING 116 * 4/8/99

Toy electronic, surf instrumental play soundtrack, react to kids, play surf instrumentals to match the mood. Extended, home server architecture, total networking, the soundtrack can play wherever there's a speaker and a net link. This has to do with content. Stupid ideas to fill the capacity. And playing cards so advanced that they record every game you ever played with them. The real world just keeps on moving.

PARKING 117 * 4/11/99

Or dune experience at shopping center, more marvels, it's around, mission. Human friction make bitter mirth sweet, the thinking yonyod. Cancelide trying, the brimming cloptude, time was 82 months. Driving the Delwin Dawn, a new alternate reality that opened up recently.

PARKING 118 * 4/16/99

At the still saw the small friends. In static jagged hard places, where there is charm, and human and fairy enter a third state, sawfriend, and talk and laugh and time is barely an issue. Lots of fun, I learned the way with college cohorts. And I took a silly girl there on a date. Now I hope she doesn't lose her mind.

PARKING 119 * 4/16/99

There is just of musta, like savage antitank feathers there.

PARKING120 * 4/22/99

Shapient, she is of body and mind, slap of slap today, and of the issue of cassettes. Soon many sixties of dollars so long, many books on design. Internet piracy ruins the thrill of getting in youth. Ruins the thrill, mind wanting of thrill. Wanting of store. And the zeitgeist of cheap pens all over the place. You got so many pens, don't worry about the pens.

PARKING 121 * 4/22/99

1959 perturbed by the 1999.

PARKING 122 * 4/22/99

A great rainbow a few days ago, and rare lighting
Meadowlands. Seen from bus. Books are cool. Let us do
something, get into something invigorating, tap tap tap,
let's not have only the first few taps be cool. Adaptation
can be crippling.

PHASE 3: DUSKAWAY

DUSKAWAY 001 * 7/18/99

Steal gla gla piratint. Droning of so many other people.
Flyer sting. Tissue paper in the shoe stores and those who
don't ever take ferries. Guy who bugs, he got D
Fleepleflase. Fired up again, imagining patterns in tiles
on rest room floor.

DUSKAWAY 002 * 7/27/99

The solo bright cloako, weed's junky waterfount. A million
garbage. Tea jass tangent pretty one.

DUSKAWAY 003 * 8/23/99

The same sense of purpose can make computer solitaire fun
and make people join cults. Major issue like buying bottles
and the stores you have to go to to get them. This is silly
and major, this glorification of the self. Major spring.

DUSKAWAY 004 * 12/30/99

Wear seldom shades, pole ice shatterer called the pole
stoat. The fake weathered look. Dilt Pazzalhaun. The
Weekall One building block. Spun siviliver OK.

DUSKAWAY 005 * 1/1/00

Tivian, the share experience walls, like as telling dreams
can't get it across. And the specialness you connect to cool
mundane spaces, like parking lots. You can't get it across
walls. And revere, Tivian, childhood episodes like religion.
It is distance we love.

DUSKAWAY 006 * 1/1/00

Cool summer day in that town, creative works that are
becoming irrelevant. The former hippies, creative dreams
weak and smashed. Lack of luck, talent, ambition.
Somehow, as meetings at the mall, perservering motor
new sunlight.

DUSKAWAY 007 * 1/5/00

Erotic Eagle, Dusk Overland, end of Parking, new here at Duskaway. To think of kids in the Sixties into ragtime music, that it was so old then. And the meaning that a dream of mine from several years has to me, not possible to share that feeling, at least I wouldn't impose it. Yeah the dynamite of that word, impose. It's an unvocalized scream from the screech of overwhelming nostalgia, vague nostalgia. Huth.

DUSKAWAY 008 * 1/5/00

Decide to do a stupid thing, the feedback can be distracting. Reading about the guy with the museum dream, he was after something. Disorder and time ride side by side, help ease my profound confusion. Stupid idea gotta fight the rejection of the massive craziness slash through pine forest. Make a face no one sees a little private sneer at whatever is out there.

DUSKAWAY 009 * 1/7/00

My coat is out of control. Prestigious city streets are a wonderland and a horrorland. The emptiness and the sound of splashing water from nowhere seen. Whisk risk library road. A game in mall wanting, and the blossoming of the mall experience.

DUSKAWAY 010 * 1/7/00

Mathematical pastimes and sex play. Don't radiate heat radiate paint. How fake is Jupiter. Destruction room. Get to Tales of the Flipped-Out Calculator.

DUSKAWAY 011 * 1/7/00

No cord, ambulance dude, road blocked, weird photo, click clack, guitar strap, coffee spill, tea spill, sirens, weird Christmas, couple fighting, young supernatural conversation, illegal turns, unexpected stuff. Storm 2 may have been on the whole time.

DUSKAWAY 012 * 1/12/00

Obsessing on a wall map of Walt Disney World and the smell of Silly Putty. Roar at vagueness, distraction as can wear you out, friend. Jerry Harrison Casual Gods and Dayworld by Philip Jose Farmer. Pliable no good thunderdaisy decoration, very blasting rain mess, and you hoot like an owl in the slush of another place.

DUSKAWAY 013 * 1/8/00

Good day 1/8/00 find Dreamcast magazine 2, Indian restaurant calculator reads 209.00. Cinnabon mixup (espresso/extra sauce) but I'm smiling wide about the magazine.

DUSKAWAY 014 * 1/18/00

This kid Bianca was ten the last time I saw her. In De La Soul caught a fleeting glimpse of a cultural thing that could have been and still could be. Aggressively nonchalant comic book let me explain it. The dudes that published it thought they were gonna be all famous and shit. But they had some pleasure in the fame fantasy.

DUSKAWAY 015 * 1/18/00

Some kid videotaped me on Carmine Street on January 10, 2000. He said "smile for the camera don't you look like a nice guy". I guess he meant I looked mean or angry or whatever. But I always look upset when I'm thinking.

DUSKAWAY 016 * 1/18/00

I am still reeling from the utter normality of 2000 so far. As so many people believed, nothing happened. No disaster. I wanted to prepare more, but all I wound up doing was buying ten gallons of water, for about six dollars. Boy I'm glad I'm a procrastinator.

DUSKAWAY 017 * 1/25/00

Be trio be, thux water pioneer hall transportarky. The running water serenity mind. Airport as symbol of potential. Meaning slash slash of fighting game. Night comic book store commute home.

DUSKAWAY 018 * 1/25/00

Diltave, balsa wood magical theme restaurant model.
Duntopl, deep breezy bookstore back alley. The adolescent poetry as brave response to the encompassing nothing of the unknown. And the good old times duck theme.

DUSKAWAY 019 * 1/25/00

That whole idea of the main road, safe but why not think about what is a few blocks parallel to it.

DUSKAWAY 020 * 1/25/00

I want to say that here in Duskaway 20 we can look out the windows at the panorama of Superior. It is with a pleasant painlike feeling similar to the emotion of deep nostalgia that I consider the wonder and magnitude of Superior. And here's a quote from someplace in Superior — "I am fucking insane".

DUSKAWAY 021 * 2/2/00

1/13/00 8:56 pm. M3 bus downtown. Got on by Rockefeller Center. Saw "American Beauty" before at Virgin Megastore. Damn cold. First time on city bus. Storms from last night still affecting me. Earlier, I shattered a fluorescent bulb at work.

DUSKAWAY 022 * 2/2/00

Rooftop Railway Fugue. Shatterfirj Arcanas.
Hompinaha Hoptobo. Niocresni Arcade Parlor.
The Lintimpee Arch-Rald.

DUSKAWAY 023 * 2/2/00

We want to go on vacation every day, every hour, every minute. I was standing on the snowbank which may have been kind of weird. Roasting coffee beans down at Photon in '88. The dungeon games in the flickety flames as the fliskatine area.

DUSKAWAY 024 * 2/2/00

Ranald Comforter, Jeweller Dauntles, Dean Toace, and Fromi Paft. That good kind of tired... the world responds.

DUSKAWAY 025 * 2/3/00

7:57 pm. In my pocket earlier today, in the pocket of my black button-up shirt, were three items that were cool together. Redemption tickets, maybe about 20, orange in color, from the Broadway City Arcade across from the Port Authority Bus Terminal. I got them last night playing a new game, Namco's Quick & Crash, a shooting game. Also I had the game Cosmic Wimpout, consisting of 5 dice in a plastic tube. I got the game this morning at The Compleat Strategist, a game store across from the Empire State Building. I almost didn't go, but at the last moment I veered off my morning commute course and took subways S and 6 over there. I was the first customer, at 10:30 AM. The third item was a laser print of my new Obliviana gameboard, dated 2/1/00. Yeah and also it's pretty interesting, my current bus tickets (which I buy in sets of 40) have 3/2/01 as their expiration date. 2-1-0 and 3-2-1. Cool.

DUSKAWAY 026 * 2/9/00

Vary your attack types Cheryl. Acquire 55 variations of the Van Hoze Building. Squares or triangles the same color as your token provide extra attack points equal to half the wager. Let's go to bed.

DUSKAWAY 027 * 2/9/00

Why, if free, are we so not free?

DUSKAWAY 028 * 2/3/00

Games of 1980. Games of 1981. Games of 1982. Games of 1983. Heat develops.

DUSKAWAY 029 * 2/15/00

Yes, on our way to meet Ownex. Pisintegrate pisintegrate. Ownex is major master, magico-wonderful little shops in flea market-like areas. Hi, The Timber Valuables. The Snocwave Directive.

DUSKAWAY 030 * 2/15/00

Make little worlds and dwell there. Places... Lighting... Water... think Enchanted Tiki Room... The Gray Lontar Plutarch, The Gray Lont.

DUSKAWAY 031 * 2/15/00

Not than she reacts, her little life merries, than she might resseleplode.

DUSKAWAY 032 * 2/15/00

I'd rather be Timenapping Demigoddesses. Demigoddess Timenappers do it whenever. I was a teenage Demigoddess Timenapper. Timenapping Demigoddesses viewer—I appreciate the finer things in time. Timenap Me, I'm a Demigoddess. Chrono-Lassie: Timenapping Demidoggies. Timenap you, buddy!

DUSKAWAY 033 * 2/16/00 * 883

Turbulent downpours rife with coniferous dance moves. Panting steel drum happy time. Knopsneakee family daytime friends and lasers. Some losers are 22 and 32. Prairie Joy the teleportation jackass.

DUSKAWAY 034 * 2/16/00 * 884

Naked in W.I.N.T.E.R. Nude in W.I.N.T.E.R. Wild Intrepid New Teen Euphoria Room.

DUSKAWAY 035 * 2/24/00 * 885

Sand Happo Cranch, feeling post-rain weak friend afternoon. Tilporo is my jandual fail. Identified four distinct stairways, embed/unsure confetti-type shapes. Bon is pleased as to something from the visited country.

DUSKAWAY 036 * 2/24/00 * 886

West Broadway is this road, man, and like all these losers act like they're cool there.

DUSKAWAY 037 * 3/4/00 * 887

Whiz lo zap zooma, patch of street high, all the coolness, seven hours later you feel like an asshole. Supachoose your own veeveehicle. Like name something Dormouse to be cool like referring to Alice in Winderland. All the ice cubes held in glasses by people like you exploding. Test button, not sure what it tests. Hello, I am a sentence at the end of a Superior that kind of sucks.

DUSKAWAY 038 * 3/4/00 * 888

An aetherwillow daytrip, light. Dimension traveller for three weeks so far, at a musical instrument store in some alternate world. And a dog and a cat and some family and friends in my homeworld. Jennifera Belltings, amazing cosmic daytrip, dark. Little pocket pinball games at home.

DUSKAWAY 039 * 3/4/00 * 889

Little park by the railroad tracks, very calm 11 A.M., concrete rising wrecked by weather, overcast and very bright. The prizes in my pockets, the photo vest has pockets that may be cool. Waiting for people, shake a little shaker, wish I had a paint gun.

DUSKAWAY 040 * 3/4/00 * 890

For the years, lualont riders in tunnel, tried to be one of the riders but failed. In store they act cool, they are in a group, called a little culture. To put stripes on many things, this is a good trend for the next few years. Stripewanderall.

DUSKAWAY 041 * 3/12/00 * 891

Hope satisfies on a daily basis. The recording stars, like a bare hope of some leisure days. They ever changing, and spots near highways are with you a long time. Keep going straight ahead in all the meanderings. Will it someday get results.

DUSKAWAY 042 * 3/12/00 * 892

Have to talk about mall in the rain, instead of staring at a candle flame, meditate in the interaction with the mall instead.

DUSKAWAY 043 * 3/12/00 * 893

Say the word “lost” something, and it is like a cool, remote kind of saying, like the subject is apart from everything. “The Lost Archer”, for example, as a title. Who is this guy? He sounds like a very cool character. And how about “The Pulse Dawn Grenadier”?

DUSKAWAY 044 * 3/12/00 * 894

Complex wood beam system, looking up, ceiling of old building. The dreams of the dreamer, and the endless fantasies of the realization of the dreams. And colder weather and warmer weather. Creams of the dreamer.

DUSKAWAY 045 * 3/19/00 * 895

Okay, a truck stop or a diner type place. The calling of the cardboard message. The big block of hard Bazooka gum after going with my mom to pick up my sister from ballet class. And the toys and awesomeness of 1970s suburbia. Yeah and a couple or several diners from memory.

DUSKAWAY 046 * 3/19/00 * 896

Desire and distraction. A pure smell. Waving the hand, your hand. Getting caught up in the moment, too hyper maybe. And the streets after the parties, and the ruined promise, the unfulfilled potential. And the complex delusions that keep us moving. And watching very cool TV shows.

DUSKAWAY 047 * 3/19/00 * 897

The arena rocks the mind, the steadfast home of personal fantasizing. Locations from the past and the hopes for the future, in sparkling True World aspect. Real World. Original World. Yes it is wonderful there. Don’t forget to enjoy your fantasies, cuz they’re better than the real thing in some ways.

DUSKAWAY 048 * 3/19/00 * 898

The euphemism electrified. More likely spiritual in nature. Entertainment. People are fickle bastards maybe in this field. Our world is narrow, and that is not so bad.

DUSKAWAY 049 * 3/27/00 * 899

Delt of the all, car la dungeotronic morning. Create the subcultures little. And the crushing force of jadedness as culture runs with time. Perceiving them as miserable, as don warehouse outside lights in the tight night.

DUSKAWAY 050 * 3/27/00 * 900

Let's get the tag of the stores. And the muffling debilitation of not knowing some things. The artifacts of the native cultures are cool cuz it's so unreachable, and your feelings about it will never be struck with the less-sparking reality of them.

DUSKAWAY 051 * 3/27/00 * 901

So train, hanging with the people never seen before or again. Night depression to mall and arcade. There are so many losers that it's too comfortable.

DUSKAWAY 052 * 3/27/00 * 902

Space laser music and spaceship games. The space place that will last only so much more time. Innocent culture. Sincerity and the naive is damn useful and valuable.

DUSKAWAY 053 * 3/27/00 * 903

Quiet tree. Religious graphics pollute the visual landscan.

DUSKAWAY 054 * 3/27/00 * 904

Thru several windows the last few times for an over-familiar route. A record store called Beeky's or something, at the Quakerbridge Mall, is not there anymore. Hanging out in the virtual Mercer County of my mind. The very weird mind maps.

DUSKAWAY 055* 3/27/00 * 905

Okay, meeting to solve a problem. Seems like we can squeeze but the barest amount from the sponges of present situations. Later we wish we had squeezed more. Oh, hi.

DUSKAWAY 056* 3/27/00 * 906

And a great hello to the bead game Fonjo, the, uh, new game that's gonna be comin' your way from Obliviana. Still in development, just wanted to say hi from here in Superior. Fonjo, you're gonna be great!

DUSKAWAY 057 * 4/19/00 * 907

Fooltash Wanting. Egrary Gullsay. Menthoo Ahithtar. Zhablin Toms.

DUSKAWAY 058 * 4/19/00 * 908

Could be appeal of obedience to masters. The need for a master, very sad. Lotta fucks out there happy to fill the role and suck dry those who obey them.

DUSKAWAY 059 * 4/19/00 * 909

Piarund and Ocladazoo were stalking the lively and, yes, semi-imaginary archery target solar system.

DUSKAWAY 060 * 4/19/00 * 910

When talent is nurtured with attitude the beautiful wild.

DUSKAWAY 061 * 4/19/00 * 911

Ceekawns Field Rental. It's been a weird few weeks.

DUSKAWAY 062 * 4/19/00 * 912

The lumens are pregnant with allegory and disappointment. Sont meeting in treehouse pleasure and line dant. See Pleazuzen. Doin' it for the ramble of the spirit.

DUSKAWAY 063 * 4/19/00 * 913

Doors are queer. Lips are intricate ideas. The amazing one-second analysis you can do on a person just by looking at them. The overwhelming presence of fate and luck and destiny and coincidences. And folks have to desperately deny this wonderful aspect of nature, for some reason.

DUSKAWAY 064 * 4/19/00 * 914

A magazine called Amassing seen in a dream in a half sleep on a bus. Several copies of the mag on an empty seat in a dream replica of the same bus. And writing this on a little computer on the bus.

DUSKAWAY 065 * 4/20/00 * 915

On to a vibronnodo haskashwillin. The worry is street happy the numbness of the college experience. Paffadeiry. Okay, sting of this spice is immensely pleasurable. Pleasume. You feel a certain way in The Sharper Image.

DUSKAWAY 066 * 4/20/00 * 916

Old things, and just think, all of our history being managed by people as flawed as you and me. The hippies were sheep like most people, followers of leaders, conformers. Needed that herd of others around them to dress and act that way. But some are elite, and true individuals. I wouldn't be writing this if I didn't think I was one of them.

DUSKAWAY 067 * 4/20/00 * 917

Washn't Blonbah. The joy of the completed work, artifact, of creativity. Idealized and themed worlds of the past. Purpose in a society that is treading water. Can't change X cuz people Y will react violently in way Z. Just get a personal force bubble of meaning and purpose, share it with a few friends, and it's cool.

DUSKAWAY 068 * 4/20/00 * 918

That is despicable nomenclature. Mainy. Someone with a pair of dull scissors and no imagination. They are truly loathsome. The new you Stumlonteers. Tanjo Dauetierz.

DUSKAWAY 069 * 4/27/00 * 919

Pace of change use of the stop action technique called pixellation as a kid in super eight millimeter movies. Known as childhood awesomeness. And blobs of clay with craft store googly eyes as a new kind of theme.

DUSKAWAY 070 * 4/27/00 * 920

The current time and the limited overview of the past in the mind. Day after day of similar things, building up and if you are creative can be used for creative challenges. Cool places visited made cooler with the memory process. Use the past to invigorate the creative today.

DUSKAWAY 071 * 4/27/00 * 921

Stay on top of your mountain, junkyard of colored beads, wow how many playing cards and the used bookstore.

DUSKAWAY 072 * 4/27/00 * 922

This Superior is in OsoaWeek 300. 300 weeks ago OsoaWeek began. 300 weeks before that, I was at NYU, and Anything But Monday Magazine and Zope and Nomadi and Halfevil Graphics and all that were already well underway. 300 weeks earlier, I was into astral travel, and dimensional travel, and also doing creative things, and my animated movies were even earlier than that.

DUSKAWAY 073 * 6/11/00 * 923

Okay here the for tuner and tuning fork campfire latenight have friends. Dazy fromday. Hoho hello. Lunar interesting people likers. The every moment sucks kind of thing. Freedom turned up way too high. Sad to see the aftermath of some revelry.

DUSKAWAY 074 * 6/11/00 * 924

Dimming the level of the darking distractions Paula. House of several houses, and a themed game that goes over several days. The super excited perception of reality after a movie sometimes, like you're the hero, for a little time. Ofater Tel Violenta... meaning less... We have to do major, amazing things in the present NOW.

DUSKAWAY 075 * 6/11/00 * 925

So light and joy full of fun, joke, joke, the airport concourse
conures images of the childwhen maximum. Just childjoke.
So the going without things. Going to a place, cruise on
wasting time. The patheticness behind the curtains of the
individuals. Mink long time ago.

DUSKAWAY 076 * 6/11/00 * 926

Able to know and like the forms of entertainment. The
shocks of the tapping, the tap into the unknown place
or energy. Bun the tuenue... Solid make hear there and
vague dance club what. Vague and very, the fucking
stupid facade.

DUSKAWAY 077 * 6/13/00 * 927

Let's make decide. The our emotions ethjozotica. Clashing
constantly is built-in doing. The public space, people are
allowed in. Freeseem, but restricted by connections that
define us.

DUSKAWAY 078 * 6/13/00 * 928

Allo, looks like four buildings. Think, cluelessness is in all
of us, not just you. It'll be a while before this one is in
Superior Review. Library basement, but could there be more
than one basement here?

DUSKAWAY 079 * 6/13/00 * 929

Fashion dark ride, gurgling fake brook, The Taufside Roll
Call. Zano Key Zany. Rildidrums Rilp Rilpazer. Attune vade
walls to a floral straps.

DUSKAWAY 080 * 6/13/00 * 930

Looping slum. Hooxomicshop. Deal traders have fun in a
night spot. All the little exceptions to your little rules.
Promo animation and a girlfriend's street.

DUSKAWAY 081 * 6/13/00 * 931

Feel the moving air. Same old the a changing attitude. Gotta be attracted to some entertainment properties and repulsed by others. And even all that poetry the academics say is so good, how could you really know?

DUSKAWAY 082 * 6/13/00 * 932

Mouth noises and stay most normal. The Nomma Megaliths. Imagining what life was like in earlier American centuries. Sowald Fair people burning memories that'll last even reincarnation. The jackoff circus wheel.

DUSKAWAY 083 * 6/13/00 * 933

Seem. Seem. Yeah it's what you can know for sure, what a thing seems like. That is truth. Seem is undeniable. So seem is cool, and seem is a useful tool.

DUSKAWAY 084 * 6/13/00 * 934

Being forwarding Hamper-Igloo the Masterquit. Quarrel Orchard, star of a part of Severe Repair. Hello Severe Repair, a new wave of you coming soon. Oh and referring to Severe Repair here was not premeditated, it just happened! I have a book on commercial interior design in my Jeep, and I have the massive 1973 (or 1972 or 1974) Sweets Catalog in my storage.

DUSKAWAY 085 * 6/14/00 * 935

When a warbling goes higher, and memories from school form a street gang in your head. The perceived permanence and near-godhood of a beloved entertainment company. The loving embrace of breeze coldness in the autumn, walking on a hill. Perception is big.

DUSKAWAY 086 * 6/14/00 * 936

The Alwaysan. Valorpid my wanderchake, Jogga. On Pown rollerglast international Jojo Year. On down road with the distractions, eventually on down to Sussphonicle. Artificial feelings at the unfamiliar college art exhibits.

DUSKAWAY 087 * 6/15/00 * 937

The experience is added to the heap, and its place in the wonder brigade is cemented by your heap management.

DUSKAWAY 088 * 6/15/00 * 938

Okay, let's chat and shoot the bull about life. Totally non-understood, life, and it's a fine mystery that drives our souls. Several people, together in a night location, positing theories, challenging evidence, having a blast playing like kids in the muddy sandbox of the unknown. I have to think that the gods smile on places like this occurrence.

DUSKAWAY 089 * 6/15/00 * 939

Major sparks of the briefly famous young, and it's distilled down to the insides of a lot of people's minds. And most of us have been in tourist attraction caverns. I'd like to go on a cavern trip, checking out like over 20 caverns in a week or two. It'd be a major experience, I think.

DUSKAWAY 090 * 6/15/00 * 940

Cuban cigar and light rail so far, this June 15 of the year 2000, a Thursday. And Scrip is the challenge these days for me. I'd like to think that a lot of you reading this are in a future where Obliviana Scrip is a big thing, and not a fad, but continuing on to the horizon.

DUSKAWAY 091 * 6/15/00 * 941

Harborside and a ferry ride and espresso at the New York Mercantile Exchange. Drinking it at the World Financial Center. Take-out sushi at the World Trade Center. At the platform of the 1-Train uptown, a golden dollar for a busker who's just getting started. On the train now, heading for work, coming up on the end of a hedonistic inbound commute.

DUSKAWAY 092 * 6/15/00 * 942

Who is ignoring almost everything? Everyone!

DUSKAWAY 093 * 6/15/00 * 943

Stoke an imaginary fire of every colors and many attributes of temperature and other things, like spitting out little pieces of candy.

DUSKAWAY 094 * 6/15/00 * 944

All the woods with flavored smoke, the evolution freaks, do they have a reason why it tastes good? The slow abandonment of the quest for truth. Person wearing dalmation spots, the patterns of tiles in interior design. New places are a tonic, natural or manmade, and maybe even they are the same.

DUSKAWAY 095 * 6/15/00 * 945

Yesterday in Times Square a trash can burst into flame as I passed by it. I noticed a weird smoke smell over the smoke smell of my cigar as I crossed the street. I saw the smoke smoldering out of the metal mesh can with a pink plastic lining bag. I passed it, and looked back to see it erupt in flame. I passed the South American native band and nodded my head to the music and shared a smile glance with one of the players.

DUSKAWAY 096 * 6/15/00 * 946

The Tilted Trapezoid, fun and food down home rustic. Form allegiance with places, hate other places, talk about the weather, the shared interesting things. Talk about celebrities. People 50 years ago had orgasms thinking about how great life would be in the year 2000. The near-total unpredictability of the future is rad, man.

DUSKAWAY 097 * 6/23/00 * 947

Places relate to people. Without the prurient interest we would be somewhat robotic. We live with architecture. Don't screw people over, it may cause them deep misery. Getting coffee at a mall is usually not a problem. Are you TV show no one is seeing?

DUSKAWAY 098 * 7/4/00 * 948

The trandint nature of sanity. The art other people do, and how it makes you think, I am talking about places at malls. That travel urge, wanderlust, yeah yeah, hoo hoo. I am at tobacco store at mall. La la distractions gotta work on real stuff.

DUSKAWAY 099 * 7/4/00 * 949

A thousand people will experience a thousand years in a year, a statement that is not all that profound. Your relationship with the big you, the you of all the memories. Asking the interesting questions. If you have reached a level of wisdom, you can see that it's silly to artificially make yourself believe one big idea over another. Actually, that may not be true.

DUSKAWAY 100 * 7/4/00 * 950

Dream of digging a hole, when I was a kid, to dig way down, to discover and build. Holes like that never got very far, but the dreams were big. Dreams, the vision things, are good entertainment. Wanna get famous, daydream about it, that is a majorly decent form of amusement.

DUSKAWAY 101 * 7/6/00 * 951

We are so much in the dark, we keep on moving by dream logic. Yes, we're in the dark, our fundamental questions cocky in their certainty that our flailing efforts won't leave even the barest of scratches. I view the night airport as a symbol.

DUSKAWAY 102 * 7/6/00 * 952

A state called being a loser is caused in part by the state of being enslaved in a very confusing way. Slaves who think they're free are much easier to control.

DUSKAWAY 103 * 7/6/00 * 953

Beckon. Eisenclocks. Farphatude. Windopo. Yeah.

DUSKAWAY 104 * 7/6/00 * 954

Those windered cars of days, the heater contrasting extreme cold. Enthusiasm, dilapidated fresh one, smiles are bitter crossbow bolts, man. Crossbop.

DUSKAWAY 105 * 7/6/00 * 955

These are annoying fuckers. Titwunn. Is promotional artifacts. Hydro-slake-planto.

DUSKAWAY 106 * 7/13/00 * 956

You're adopting the hippie scenics. The music of the smell of lighter fluid. Blue corrugated metal intenso-quirkforce love.

DUSKAWAY 107 * 7/19/00 * 957

Popher Clockslide. Pin diversion, beach foom la la the need houses. Pal tarrits phasing two-ting. Bloo clop, equals Stuvallico Experiences.

DUSKAWAY 108 * 7/19/00 * 958

Why and why said on that bright college day did they think of the ten years in their future. Boxful of electronic games, and a brief moment with a parrot in a pet store. Let's bring together the ride, paint ripe with the possible, and rest just a little.

DUSKAWAY 109 * 7/22/00 * 959

Amusement, Orientation Jugs, bopardgame. New games ultimate frisbee cosmic wimpout, cosmic ultimate frisbee dungeons. LintimpRee. Tabdulla...

DUSKAWAY 110 * 7/22/00 * 960

Cool Obliviana guy carries around coffee beans in his Jukewand. Off the wall — silly bastards play... Zhiziego, ioffee, weirb... p1events. Flawnshipping-2 Portal. Improper storm management? Vipeo game arcapebook.

DUSKAWAY 111 * 7/22/00 * 961

Old booh book called seed vaft. Elinceabeth, Elancabeth. A series of hip movies based on trains.

DUSKAWAY 112 * 7/22/00 * 962

Lypers, Mypers, Nypers... Yankeppy. Her last name is Sathering.

DUSKAWAY 113 * 7/22/00 * 963

Becoming Festival Cugmetch & Lonertronica. Dreamfriend Lottery. Dreamfriend Shakedown. Dreamfriend Shatterpike. Shatterpike Daydreams, and The Vixen If.

DUSKAWAY 114 * 7/22/00 * 964

The masked and the striped long distance lipdy lippy. Whaize, to have had the word rife. Possirl Coulptidri. Louup loulp loul couppl coulpt coulptihri. That civil maniac is supersonic.

DUSKAWAY 115 * 7/22/00 * 965

Pent Breeze, a slit of timeright, glamour absolutely fantastic tiredness, in a good way. Lighting mistiner the uktra night and ultra night.

DUSKAWAY 116 * 7/25/00 * 966

Jire the plinjoo awesome weather pointless sadness ozone flannaster! Axe rewanda exhopie lashal tantant. Us and vehicles and gray road and hope for a new start. In the dream, gargling gasoline, and reassuring myself it's okay. And stalking and wealth and family, okay.

DUSKAWAY 117 * 7/25/00 * 967

Fill ecto haze or frazzle, Alpine Denizen Meditation Ride, littling plundera Junz-Junz happenstance Observation Deck. Looping, the guide, does branding xojine the celebrating cool people friendliness. Same type of mysterious looping, octodank the old comfort way.

DUSKAWAY 118 * 7/25/00 * 968

Dream on Spring Run Lane, guy in car, my father and me and my family stalk him to a house near a park. We have a house near there, and there are games where little beads are the prize, and cash them in for like tens of thousands of dollars. I turn the shower on in the wrong way, now we have to find the complex instruction manual to turn it off. I tell my siblings, and they ask me if I think they care in the least about the troubles of the maid. Then gargling with gasoline, I recall hearing about how people do it, and how it's not all that dangerous. And in the dream, the experience of gargling with gasoline was pretty realistic, with taste and smell and all that. Dream logic is fascinating. I mean, I am a thinking me in dreams, using intelligence, but with a different set of foundational notions.

DUSKAWAY 119 * 7/25/00 * 969

Talking about the Hudson-Bergen Light Rail, it is a cool little railroad. I look forward to its extension to the Newport Center Mall, Hoboken Train Station, and beyond. Stuff to look forward to, good to have in your bag of tricks. Every day things are a little different. Like in trying to figure the world out, after every session of sleep you have to reorient yourself, and thus we are kept more confused.

DUSKAWAY 120 * 7/25/00 * 970

The feeling of thrill, and the finding of the yielding to a want somewhat. How easy it is to forget a coolness after a few days, but to keep reminding the yourself is hard. The profound confusion and the major delusions are an absolute keystone foundation of human life. If you are not confused and not deluded you are gonna be fucked. So goals of complete organization and understanding and perfection are kind of dumb.

DUSKAWAY 121 * 7/25/00 * 971

Scrutiny of a nostalgic whim, to revere a situation in your past, but while experiencing it, the previous version of you was not so thrilled as you would be now to relive the thing. It is distance, I say, that makes this so. Inaccessibility, that it could be so many ways. Reality always disappoints, one might say. Past and future are our personal paradises, for sure. But the present can sometimes be nice.

DUSKAWAY 122 * 7/25/00 * 972

Happy so much crap is out of your control. Else you'd be responsible. Distribution of wealth, we are all so insane that I want to hug the consciousness.

DUSKAWAY 123 * 7/25/00 * 973

Risk. Valuable storm-form artifact, consider the behavior of tornado, as in being sentient. To be satisfied with your worldview, mental crutch, it's okay, but don't think of it as real. The rhetoric about the nature of reality. I see a major gap, the gap in our view, a big hole that most people don't want to think about. But here's one thing I am sure of: the scientific conception of outer space is totally wrong.

DUSKAWAY 124 * 7/25/00 * 974

Luck important. Teens are right to be pissed off. The world is a bunch of insane people telling you what to do and forcing you. And killing your will to fight back, and they almost always succeed.

DUSKAWAY 125 * 8/7/00 * 975

Flyer old hatchoo. Splendid tobacco, a period of time seem odd and not great. But we assault the mystery, however feebly, maybe gods are impressed. Humid discomfort, many levels of worry. Go love overwhelm precip, breathe. Reward yourself with a distraction adorable in its diversion.

DUSKAWAY 126 * 8/18/00 * 976

Feel the that ways have been a sweet drummers. Distract Over-Offices, feel the way tant, seldom bash into videogame wall. Gotta say, Grand Canyon Concourse in my mind, a big locale in my mind, Contemporary Hotel, Walt Disney World. Sense of awe at the vast amazingness of my own history in this life, and I revere past times, and to think that it's just been a few decades, it's really cool. The power of Wonder, of goodness, it's so great. Gotta keep in touch with Wonder. Gotta keep that channel open.

DUSKAWAY 127 * 8/18/00 * 977

Sill, embrace the confusion, the lack of evidence. Make no mistake, we don't know what's going on. This world and us. Appreciate the mystery. But you could hide from it, and that's a shame. The big questions fuel us in our fun and fumbling journies. So let's keep on being silly and radical, it can only be good.

DUSKAWAY 128 * 8/18/00 * 978

Drew University, I went there from Fall 1985 to Spring 1987, and I went back quite often even after I transferred to NYU. I have magical memories of the place, and a number of major "story arcs" happened with me there. Demon Wars, Anything But Monday, 209, the roots of Obliviana, and girls.

DUSKAWAY 129 * 8/21/00 * 979

Aldo Fonatics, nervous excitement, the lost people gather, allowed themselves to be dependent on their reflex reactions, kind of being jerks to people sometimes.

DUSKAWAY 130 * 8/21/00 * 980

Feelteams Daxodalf. Another wostalf pangton iltiflid. Ashton and Awother, unexpected songs. The good luck of experiencing natural wonders as part of the background of your daytime.

DUSKAWAY 131 * 8/21/00 * 981

Morris County Mall, vaguest of mall memories, I sought and found you yesterday. The indoor mall part I found demolished. I went to Bradlee's, and also Radio Shack, the only store still inside mall, its short area undemolished. And I talked a little to a Radio Shack guy about the destroyed mall.

DUSKAWAY 132 * 9/13/00 * 982

Beon Friction tabla, scoc, dusk lane restaurant way. Poor Jacstas, variant the chesslike. Desolate places, gotta go to them. We are trapped in tiny slices of the world. Seek a way to breakout a little.

DUSKAWAY 133 * 9/13/00 * 983

Butterflies are insecto beast.

DUSKAWAY 134 * 11/6/00 * 984

Loomnast, Javrin Pade, Southantha Lathinest, and Furnitus. Nonjutra, and My Rocktime Games. Accuracy Stations, Bojjo Tour, Pathen, Datolt, Vozon Valloth. Why aren't there amusement places all over the place?

DUSKAWAY 135 * 11/6/00 * 985

Entertainment releases latched and robed in chaos. The Accuracy Occurrence — Sand Eld Ave. Zu Evenj, Succumedieval Succaneer. Succumedievaluccaneer. Lore enforcement raging rager ranger. Trahaf Trahas Godlevel.

DUSKAWAY 136 * 11/6/00 * 986

Time of light rail and TellMe. The so the tightfire so there. Micedeco the deceniums. Alligaptada Reality Paucity Times.

DUSKAWAY 137 * 11/6/00 * 987

Joker Wheelweasel, Joker Washweasel. Building some time shall get smashed up.

DUSKAWAY 138 * 11/6/00 * 988

Yest Nike cloud wonderful.

DUSKAWAY 139 * 12/14/00 * 989

The millennium is ending, like the end of a song. The new millennium is gonna be a new song. I want to be in synch with the new song. What did I say once, "What isn't the world song?" But I want Obliviana to succeed, whatever the cosmic crap is going on.

DUSKAWAY 140 * 1/1/01 * 990

Loner of the barren west, the sweet vagueness of miniature golf, Penny and Timber.

DUSKAWAY 141 * 1/1/01 * 991

Fancing Hawthorne, kilometers yet to come. The Sorry Latino, where am I? Weird Luck Charms, paraphernalia in the key of neat. Seeing potential friends that we'll never meet, in the key of relief.

DUSKAWAY 142 * 1/1/01 * 992

Tivian Towhead Belomancer, character of forlorn transit and manic bemusement. There are files seen in dream states.

DUSKAWAY 143 * 1/1/01 * 993

KIVO — The Keystone Idea of the Vision of Obliviana. My Holy Grail, but I've let go of my Indiana Jones.

DUSKAWAY 144 * 1/1/01 * 994

I got my storage in 1994. I got another unit last week. My life has been on hold, but at some point enough is enough, and that time has been here for a number of days so far. Bitterness is cool, but ultimately it's another distraction. How I fall into the same trap again and again. But progress is possible, and true insight is hard to distinguish from psychobabble. Sitting in my apartment, on a mattress, on Thompson Street, near Washington Square Park. And making the divisions of Nomadi Entertainment. And that was 1987.

DUSKAWAY 145 * 1/1/01 * 995

Childhood dreams, the enchantment of them, an unbroken phase, and now I'm 33. Hanging on, and the long time has brought me here, to a good situation. Yet the enchantment must be broken, the magic has to be harvested. In calling something "over" I am not at an end. All the wonderful delusion and dreams, visions and plans, are here, outside the slumber.

DUSKAWAY 146 * 1/1/01 * 996

Today, right now, we're out of soap. Is this not a reference to Zope? His name came from a lack of soap, a little less than 15 years ago. And ZopeTV is in suspension, and do I have time to work on Zope in 2001? 15 years ago... and Anything But Monday also.

DUSKAWAY 147 * 1/1/01 * 997

Today is the first day of the new Millennium. I have no job, no health insurance. And I have broken the spell of the childhood dream.

DUSKAWAY 148 * 1/1/01 * 998

One more storage, stash away the wonderful things. Things that sit unseen for years anyway. A really fresh start, we dream of such as this. But a gentle upheaval, and I'm blessed to have it. But I need confidence, I need to stop being afraid of success. I know, success would break the spell, that was why I feared it. Now the spell has met its natural end, and this event has opened up many vistas for me. And my head is swimming now, but I have to find the confidence.

DUSKAWAY 149 * 1/1/01 * 999

Bye KIVO.

DUSKAWAY 150 * 1/1/01 * 1000

Cloo.

DUSKAWAY 151 * 1/1/01 * 1001

Wonder, we're here.

DUSKAWAY 152 * 4/24/01 * 1002

Do we want to think about misty revolution. I touch notes of music, striking nature. Week after week, and no answer to the secret of everything. But a delicious interplay of deep and robust playful distractions. But hot and depressed in the mall, yet there are moments of real joy.

DUSKAWAY 153 * 4/28/01 * 1003

The rantings of a cyber culture pundit in the glimmering dawn of the mid-1990s. Time marches on and ideas need to the thoughtabout in every moment into the battle of future. Here is our Earth, we are crazy critters, our culture in 2001 is looking backwards. Want to build something lasting that has followers. The mistake of the cyber futurists, their future got blown away. In my future is the richly wonderful spring of computerized audio entertainment. It will not so easily be blown away because it is entertaining.

DUSKAWAY 154 * 5/5/01 * 1004

Just the like groove, the essence, get in touch with it, hear some cars going by it.

DUSKAWAY 155 * 6/2/01 * 1005

There, damn error message would make her hair lovely. As jottable on as a dream calendar. Vague tobacco ashes. We all feel we are lord of world, but world disobeys, and makes us mad.

DUSKAWAY 156 * 6/2/01 * 1006

There is notes, crest, overhill from stimulation to saturation. Lot of video tapes to watch. The ceiling getting hair washed at salon. Joy of rainfall, joy of mall stroll. Music is every direction.

DUSKAWAY 157 * 6/2/01 * 1007

Left neon wet, cigarette teardrop, preened and insulted. Think that techno music is tribal, drugs are windows into the universal place. I think screensavers shall revolutionize life. Car horn, drunken stumble, sexual gunshots. Wake up and you're older.

DUSKAWAY 158 * 6/2/01 * 1008

Pipe tobacco embers like orange stars on my black jeans, blinking out, getting spent. And on the blue-green carpet, orange stars in ocean, blinking away.

DUSKAWAY 159 * 7/27/01 * 1009

Far and awash with escalator dreams and thought, the damaged territory may be only desolate and not hurt. World is not horrible. And pipe dreams and fantasies of wealth and fame, by the losers of the centuries, are beautiful things.

DUSKAWAY 160 * 7/27/01 * 1010

Trying to find a book in a bookstore, maybe the answer is in a book, or a book could be the spark for the answer. All those tarot cards.

DUSKAWAY 161 * 7/27/01 * 1011

Fine and dandy, relative things, relative goals. The puzzled present you, at how the past you didn't appreciate a cool thing at the time. Get dressed and everything and go out, into the world, anyplace, any store. Driving, frustrated, coffee, and depressing walks through malls. Yeah, the fabric of the game. The mission and the powerful hero. And the frequent amusing thought.

DUSKAWAY 162 * 7/27/01 * 1012

Duskaway keep on going on. Hear about new available product. The dear mental image, the quest to get the thing. The powerful haze of youth, denial of harsh reality. The slow waking into being kinda old, and having a whole lot of stuff. Make it better.

DUSKAWAY 163 * 7/27/01 * 1013

Forced into a scheme of action. So imperfect, yet so aware of what it would be like to be a lot closer to perfect, you and everyone else. Give me a meander, okay, give me a gift. The facade. Going to sleep with the happy fantasies, adrift, but next day will have to continue to figure the world out.

DUSKAWAY 164 * 7/27/01 * 1014

Breaking away from the careless fleet of vehicles, Tarla smashed a soft rock with her weapon.

DUSKAWAY 165 * 7/27/01 * 1015

Green perfect day lawn and leaves, and stabbed with the mundane life. Devastated remnants of video arcade, whole ruined continent, a smile but it is ignorant.

DUSKAWAY 166 * 7/28/01 * 1016

Strip mall market alley, some amuse, some grumble, the balsa wood pointless inventions. I want freedom. Seasonal products in the drug store, a sense of urgency. The sad state of computing, where has the coolness gone.

DUSKAWAY 167 * 8/2/01 * 1017

No matter how great your creative work is, it must live on with people, there is no other way.

DUSKAWAY 168 * 8/5/01 * 1018

Space fantasy and hallways mundane, RCA jacks rusting in the rain. Rainbow refractions of CD-ROMs in trash, handiwork from other countries and peanut wrappers in pine tree. Silly bridge railing.

DUSKAWAY 169 * 8/18/01 * 1019

Farseal Andodo Pra, the name of a game, faraway and famous in dream. Little nothing cheapo flashlight, piece of crap, light the way. Rock concept album, also lead the way, the faintest of suburban fumes.

DUSKAWAY 170 * 8/24/01 * 1020

The door Ampixalu is the open message and vehicles R.

DUSKAWAY 171 * 9/4/01 * 1021

Some sort of impossibly remote rock and roll past, smash it against the clearthinking mind.

DUSKAWAY 172 * 4/14/02 * 1022

Hurricainee. One word, a Superior seed, left here on 9/4/01, one week before 9/11. Kinda foreboding. Now here I am, over 7 months later, back to Duskaway.

PHASE 4: HURRICANER

HURRICANER 001 * 8/13/02 * SUPERIOR 1023

There's a just fraternize electrified, sliding up the doorish curtain, and to cleanse the ractide realm. Jillo bash in the air controller and hunt the urbane crashers. The rurid spin, can't compose meaning, flailing mind calm cement door surface. All the same, back into the cavern's stripes.

HURRICANER 002 * 8/13/02 * SUPERIOR 1024

Yeah gun super archery and the spiked memory. The fist should have magic energy. Driving around with some side people go to some fair or get together. And drive with a lover and climb the house of the people with garage sale.

HURRICANER 003 * 8/13/02 * SUPERIOR 1025

Prove I got strength, got decade spanning life in my eyes. And humans variations on a theme. Don't wanna know the truth about people yet. And some unbelievable characters, some people if I were to encounter them again, like a long ago mostly-forgotten movie. Clear coffee.

HURRICANER 004 * 8/13/02 * SUPERIOR 1026

Decorating. Jealous turn of the car. Haha, free, few days train, new face.

HURRICANER 005 * 8/18/02 * SUPERIOR 1027

Food Court Logic and The Flimsy Anchor, welcome to our stupid game. If you knew how close you were to disaster you wouldn't be goofing off like this.

HURRICANER 006 * 8/18/02 * SUPERIOR 1028

The inner feelings of 1980. Previews of sci-fi and darkened arcades. To breathe the air of 1980 again. And all that could have been, while the future was still satisfying. Comic book wizards mumble arcane runes. Just stop on a staircase and smile.

HURRICANER 007 * 8/27/02 * SUPERIOR 1029

Now this is gonna be a painful Hurricaner. The thrileed washes of The Harrowshed Accuracies, spread across glass playing cards, normal wide and mile tall. Accuracy and Dragon Mapping, get those away just wayward thought. A change come over them, American Draconis. Well, private look out portal, I'm shaking I'm so upset, Accuracy Am-Dragon Mapping, the ovals are not yet manifest. Slice away, now a real observation, the need for warm bodies to like and talk about the creations. Your creativity, it needs those idiots.

HURRICANER 008 * 8/27/02 * SUPERIOR 1030

My pain of bad Superiors, brings me visions of copy shops in 1984. The smash up sketchy imagined room. Flimsy reality, just stoking insanity, and the imaged glimpses of trees and skies and great outlets for creativity and great girls. Do I exaggerate my talent to myself? Horrible fear. Superiors are all first drafts, that explains the badness of some of them.

HURRICANER 009 * 8/27/02 * SUPERIOR 1031

The massive beast chained with yarn, talk to me. Prestige, goddamn, back to the warm bodies again, needing them to yearn. We are all warm bodies, we are the basic unit of everything fame and prestige, yet we are losers. Third whining Hurricaner, gotta stop that trend. Gotta wake up, tone down the insanity, move forward.

HURRICANER 010 * 9/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1032

Photo vest with a rook in each pocket. Video taping a lame sport game. Tangles of logics and braided hair cute ones. Bright lites thru mist or smoke, browsing watches in 94, the flowed energy is far away. Cleaning reveal satin and the imagined monorail thru garden from mall to hotel. A video of petrified wood.

HURRICANER 011 * 9/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1033

Crushes on female superheroes. The dark game on the think, the mind is a wild one, travelling all over the map of the good and bad. The highway rest area, the imaginary ice chip volcano. Power games and power trips. Maybe there are some people that could open the curtain for you and show you a new world, but they don't want to hurt you.

HURRICANER 012 * 9/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1034

The reality that I've been taking the path of least resistance for the most part, this is an unhappy thought, because that is disguised, and pretends to be otherwise, for a long time.

HURRICANER 013 * 9/15/02 * SUPERIOR 1035

Carl Sagan in 1991 on CNN saying how the oil fires in Kuwait would cause some kind of major ecological disaster.

HURRICANER 014 * 9/15/02 * SUPERIOR 1036

No By-Tor, no Snow Dog, no Yo-Yo, no Holmes. Let's lazily observe our lives with narration by Doug Jones.

HURRICANER 015 * 9/15/02 * SUPERIOR 1037

A marriage of the elements and special times at health food stores, the striving youth, and of dreams of magazines. Yes worldwide impact, the famous in room, the cool old movie posters. The atmospheric place, old wine corks, spray mount cans, lovely smiles. Several lists. The dark side of the 1980s, indulgent, shallow. Just the dream of driving motorcycle thru misty rainy noplaces. And raining outside, cutting-edge software, screensavers and music generators. And a beautiful day, watching laundry dry in the breeze, with a sour feeling inside.

HURRICANER 016 * 9/15/02 * SUPERIOR 1038

Little powder blue Audi TT, the First Internet Rock Band and me. Coffee is flavored with blueberry cream, England swings and tobacco is king.

HURRICANER 017 * 9/17/02 * SUPERIOR 1039

The wolfen barmashox, celebration day wolfen tea leaves, wolfen celebration day, celebration days and catalogs obscene. Night air travel, daybreak systems. Lamp dainties sip off residual light from lampshades in pitch dark rooms at night. A friendly voice, deep and weird.

HURRICANER 018 * 9/17/02 * SUPERIOR 1040

It's not a matter of people pretending. People are more screwed up than we think. All the buildings, maybe just erasing nothingness, revealing the buildings. We are in a stimulated portion of reality. The pressure, and don't collapse, or it'll be insanity. There are things out there that are very old. Computers are comforting, I like them.

HURRICANER 019 * 9/29/02 * SUPERIOR 1041

We spend our days in losing cool over what we're missing. All mean to each other, and bitter no one's nice. Ignore the mindblowing scenery, licking wounds is our delight.

HURRICANER 020 * 9/29/02 * SUPERIOR 1042

Summer in the astral plane, of dollar signs and peaceful knives. Gonna punch a hole in a wall aficianado, cinder block wall painted black and avocado.

HURRICANER 021 * 9/29/02 * SUPERIOR 1043

Decadent smells and scents, and an 85th-generation memory. Looping, old movie machine at the theme park, hammering and hammering with vague intention. The zoom sound effect playing with toy car, and real girl there, was raining earlier, health food store hatch door, subway level store front, old paperback sci-fi books, and a sour feeling inside, but with tinges of delight.

HURRICANER 022 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1044

Us against the world, our random idiosyncrasies like super hero powers, kind of a mutual admiration society, plugged into a bona fide zeitgeist. And what is the value of people hearing about it and thinking about it long after it is over? Do we want, like in the the year 2500, some kid to discover the magic of us and go like whoa this is cool and get into it? Or is it just the spur of the moment, or just making money.

HURRICANER 023 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1045

The power of pre. Of being before the thing. Think that playground was upside-down.

HURRICANER 024 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1046

Seeking, seeking, personal mythology, own little world, own biggest fan. Arm and horizon, fake military feel, whipped cream TV, river smell. Conclusion, arrival. The challenge completed, satisfaction.

HURRICANER 025 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1047

The potential of that time viewed from this time. Is it a waste of time to indulge in thoughts. Do we have a goal, do we have a plan. Randomly go to that mall, part of the plan.

HURRICANER 026 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1048

Resist if this thing is falling apart, so hidden and free.

HURRICANER 027 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1049

Dripping interweaving motorcycle, slicing the reality of time and shards. A zillion atomic bombs on video. Box has molded place for device that is missing. Waiting on line for some kind of autograph. The obsessions of six years ago.

HURRICANER 028 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1050

Should probably be a drug addict by now. I am an observer and I wait. To think of my state of mind in the past, always just about to break thru with the big idea. But if you can keep it up, it makes for pleasant living.

HURRICANER 029 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1051

There is joy in being semi-utterly fucking clueless and being fully aware of the situation. Also fucking semi-paralyzed by bittersweet nostalgia.

HURRICANER 030 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1052

It yarshwennic below a happy dancers collegiate. Shaky hands, short of breath, blurry vision. Cryptic with nothing encrypted.

HURRICANER 031 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1053

That is better, us American kids preoccupied with all things British. Silver wires, talk about silver wires, English accent. That is cool, bringing them places, getting a new look at things, and standing on top of some place with a view, and the other side. The urban night, cold outside and hot in coats inside, sweat and freezing air, and electronics stores.

HURRICANER 032 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1054

We are more powerful children of the age. Just gotta rip open a time portal sometime. Gotta confront the kids, sitting around and talking about their grandiose plans to change the world. And I think, I wonder, should this be a world where everyone is a hero of the age.

HURRICANER 033 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1055

That the night is untamable is clear. Yet we can build an outpost to observe and interact with the night. We can build a better outpost.

HURRICANER 034 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1056

Let us wend our way thru the vast heaps of cocky young souls with unsharp minds, you like the bodies.

HURRICANER 035 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1057

This phenomenon of denial is one of the core attributes of the adaptability of human beings. You can make up a fantasy and overlay it on reality, to make unpleasant situations much more manageable. It is good and bad. Good in that it makes you happier. Bad in that it softens the pain and thus may cause delay in addressing those aspects of the situation that could be improved thru effort.

HURRICANER 036 * 11/3/02 * SUPERIOR 1058

This observation is important and should be repeated often. At any given time, you feel a certain way. Now, from experience, you should realize that the way you feel will change, usually in a matter of minutes. Yet, for some reason, there's some kind of problem with the human mind, and you think that you will continue to feel the same way for a long time. And it takes effort to remind yourself that you know from experience that you will NOT continue to feel this way.

HURRICANER 037 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1059

The old free grand ice weed, color and possible. Misty catcher, dark tree child night, shelter with mechanical audio machine. Dark fiber optic amusement spectacular, hitting the mind like petting a cat. Freezing train platform at overcast morning, thinking about warm friends.

HURRICANER 038 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1060

Hunting fun in a huddled night fray, crafting dark skinny dippings into the ice way mellow. Boundaries, a few streets, bike ridings and school bussings. The party, vapid lounge, are they also pretending to appreciate it. The magic tricks, could he have real powers. Think a book series of science fantasy might be real. Book about reptiles not amusing at this time.

HURRICANER 039 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1061

Sold out to the warrior clamp side. Obsessions and dioramas, the used bookstore as ultimate cathedral place. Pure explore, pure city, all about the cool stores. Evil people in their evil nests. All slippery, cannot draw any conclusions, must take the next flight out.

HURRICANER 040 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1062

Deep in the heart of obscure entertainment product of the past. That lifestyle, the junk of the previous time, getting into new facets of it all the time. Old time sexy stuff, campy, weird, zombie and robot and gorilla.

HURRICANER 041 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1063

After the time of glaciers and obsessions and college, trying to find patterns in the sprawl, and being old enough to be parent of one of those college occult weird seekers.

HURRICANER 042 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1064

Smashing pinball pachinko and little bulldozer game with plastic pellets, and spinning wheels of prizes and plastic mustard container, old and dirty. She is extended into some kind of psycho dimension.

HURRICANER 043 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1065

Cat under the table, the magic reference place, slant and slash light, pop into dimension here, feel the window glass, blatant quaint village scene with red snow, blue hats.

HURRICANER 044 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1066

Pile of misunderstood lockpicks, the pathetic and confident are all over the place. The place to hang out, old wood, firelight, good times, not forced, not a themed place, but a real place, and do time travellers flock there, is it any better than a theme restaurant.

HURRICANER 045 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1067

We have a mystic power in our gaze, and it's a sexual palace, and a rollercoaster glance out, the four dimensional flap hatch of us, a wild frontier airport for the scoot of nothinghood else. We are fire in our place, we am books, fixtures.

HURRICANER 046 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1068

Pretty hood marketing flavors.

HURRICANER 047 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1069

Someone talk about polo but I think it is for people with a lot of money. We are gonna meet some people from 1994 working on a virtual world's fair project. They are enthusiastic about it now, but it's not gonna succeed at all. They will have moved on by late 1995.

HURRICANER 048 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1070

People are gonna watch with amazed eyes at our punk desires. They call it prurience, they call it bad. But concrete dust is in our lungs a little.

HURRICANER 049 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1071

Get over it, the textured hotel lobby that was all yours. Lemon tart town walk, three stores and a holiday decoration. The copyrighted music of your life. The disillusioned snow breakers. Weak broken red plastic snow block fashioner, anxious to leave and check the email maybe from a lover, a savior, the best.

HURRICANER 050 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1072

Ward keep away from the wheat field in racing game, that you might be convinced you are a character in an amusement, poorly organized club from thirty years ago.

HURRICANER 051 * 12/8/02 * SUPERIOR 1073

This vision, always a number of people, maybe in college, open to exploration, going to weird places, old malls, cool stores, making up games, and all that. Supernatural, mystical, fantasy. This vision, people wanting to explore, idealized, frozen in time. The real ones, not like the idealized ones, with other concerns in their lives, other things to think about. And not continuing with the mystical exploration thing, most of them. What this vision is all about, ideals, places, times. Maybe something deeper, maybe the real world, the original world. But the fire of this vision burns ever brighter in me, why I do not know.

HURRICANER 052 * 12/16/02 * SUPERIOR 1074

Adapt and fool the you. Want to find people. On the subject of mind surfing. The dead web sites. Forgotten dreams and plans. Under the walkway. Remembered places and people and events, these reflect the light of the original world. And the ideal of the face-painted chaotic-good savage-hero.

HURRICANER 053 * 12/16/02 * SUPERIOR 1075

Almost too much study of this off-balance realm. Something like 16.4 million years of human experiences every day. Am I experiencing it all, and is it entertainment.

HURRICANER 054 * 12/16/02 * SUPERIOR 1076

I am really in a daze, I don't think straight, I have to sober up a bit. Distractions! They are everywhere and pretty cool. Gotta straighten myself out. Denial and daydreams make for a pleasant muddling. Wanna get sharp. Wake up a little.

HURRICANER 055 * 12/31/02 * SUPERIOR 1077

Breakuality, come on. Breakuality, oh yeah.

HURRICANER 056 * 1/5/03 * SUPERIOR 1078

The fences are soft and mashing, you. Got a bottle of something in a vision, that is the grassy lawn of youth, violent feeling of beekeepers in the neighborhood. Free train stations, the rainy light night, laptop and things to say.

HURRICANER 057 * 1/5/03 * SUPERIOR 1079

Vapid library reception desk, vague and growling. To recall places and situations, weak friends lost in gust. Shaking my head, closing my eyes, uncomfortable memories. Scary as time goes on, the grand design made visible by constant analysis of past experiences, and it's incomprehensible, but seems to be meaningful. And I thought the answer was just around the corner when I was in college a decade and a half ago. And also now.

HURRICANER 058 * 1/5/03 * SUPERIOR 1080

Me, me are contain a lot and I am interested in it. That we should obsess on ourselves, that somehow this is considered wrong. Of course I think everybody does it, and maybe feel bad about it, that is unfair. But it is nice to not burden other people with the subject of oneself which is probably not as interesting to others.

HURRICANER 059 * 1/5/03 * SUPERIOR 1081

Constant daydreaming. And places from the past. Is meaning derived. A lot of fun is revisiting the past in mind or action. But it could be indulgent. Wake up and do something, people rely on hope always.

HURRICANER 060 * 1/5/03 * SUPERIOR 1082

No matter what we are always gonna be thinking about stuff. Even if you get rich and famous. Maybe it's good to just have people ignore you while you experience hyper imaginings.

HURRICANER 061 * 1/21/03 * SUPERIOR 1083

Gotta say that fear of being an innocent player in some drama. Mental techniques to soothe the pain of the stupid world. The universality of bad poetry, it's everywhere, it all sounds the same. Some of Superior is good, though, I have to say. One day find sub-levels in the subway stations and another universe and all that jazz, sci-fi story, get lost in it. Weird tiles on the walls, yeah for real, they have cool new tile murals at some N and R stations.

HURRICANER 062 * 1/21/03 * SUPERIOR 1084

To muse on memories, I talk about that subject frequently, and puzzled at the semi-sour vision of role-playing games and hobby shops in the late 1980s. Like steampunk and furies, kind of lost the magic of like 77 thru 83, 78 thru 82, like that. Getting cryptic, vision of a park in Plainsboro, NJ, worst place I ever lived. Stream of consciousness writing, the thrill of romance, icy itchiness, and the mournful sound of distant lawnmowers.

HURRICANER 063 * 1/21/03 * SUPERIOR 1085

Creative collaborations have been a source of some bitter memories. The two big ones, Anything But Monday Magazine and the band Fuzzy Daupner I think achieved a lot, but the loose ends still cause some pain. Freelance writing for MTV To Go Magazine and writing meetings for a planned public access cable comedy show, around the same time, both kind of ended in a vaguely negative way. The comedy show, my writing and ideas for it were good in their own way, but not really in synch with what it was all about, and like many memories, make me cringe a bit when thinking about it.

HURRICANER 064 * 1/21/03 * SUPERIOR 1086

The world of Mac shareware and software back in the late 80s, early 90s, and then later the high-minded CD-ROMs of Voyager and the like, all faded away now, and kind of forgotten. The whole spirit of the mid-90s, pre-Internet revolution, with CD-ROMs the big new medium. And the techno-shaman type spirit of the early-to-mid-1990s. What the hell am I talking about? Just plain nostalgia, just stream of consciousness, maybe not much value to it, but sometimes I write some good stuff in Superior, gotta just keep moving.

HURRICANER 065 * 1/21/03 * SUPERIOR 1087

The pyre of the computer mazes, dark tan hallway is with ferns and office smell and we have to go, freezing air and go to the seaport museum. The decorative eagle has no camera in it, we are not going to be afraid of the speedboat, and the poster of the speedboat, add some girls in bikinis and sell it for college dormroom display, along with faded eagle graphic, pub sign.

HURRICANER 066 * 1/21/03 * SUPERIOR 1088

Ha ha even the most adult and expert are idiot.

HURRICANER 067 * 1/21/03 * SUPERIOR 1089

Wow man it's 1089 and add 900 and it is 1989. Back to the nostalgia, wow, bittersweet with emphasis on the bitter for 1989. Sleeping on the floor of that photo studio, driving down to D.C. to see a girl who was through with me. Graduating college, and for some reason went to the West Belt Mall later that day (now called the Wayne Towne Center).

HURRICANER 068 * 1/21/03 * SUPERIOR 1090

The anger about the cool car is just jealousy and is it so bad? Good feeling, good anger, emotional circulation like blood, get it moving. If you are the one with the car it's like a coldness in that regard, of emotional flow. I just want to say, I just took some Alka-Seltzer PM and I'm starting to get incoherent with the writing.

HURRICANER 069 * 1/21/03 * SUPERIOR 1091

What place does Superior have in the new Obliviana? I would think that a distillation, presenting the best of the best stuff, that would have a place certainly. And an audio aspect? Maybe with musical accompaniment like the beatniks. I would like for my stuff to be popular. Should I resort to self-reference to make this Superior better? But there, in asking that I made it that. This Superior sucks. When this Superior is reviewed in OsoaWeek 1090, I wonder if I will agree that it sucks. I could figure out when that review will be... um... like 2014, 2015, something like that, a long way off.

HURRICANER 070 * 1/25/03 * SUPERIOR 1092

Foalflake, baby horse took her first steps, and the squirrels and chipmunks watched, and they were awed. Sturdiness, this phosphorescent Christmas, its heels nipped by Californianess, we are truly married.

HURRICANER 071 * 1/25/03 * SUPERIOR 1093

A pine tree from the old times is in my mind has no shape or form. The restless, sun-dappled freezing daytime. Mirrors and windows and angles and strikes, frozen water called ice.

HURRICANER 072 * 1/25/03 * SUPERIOR 1094

Return to the Yellow Denim Arcade. Tennis Road, Sleuth Radio, Xtreme Pet Birdhouses, Creature Called The Yale, Full Bandwidth Coffee.

HURRICANER 073 * 1/25/03 * SUPERIOR 1095

In 1980 snow was this cold and people were this weird. Maybe god doesn't want obedient little pansies—maybe it's a test to see who has the spirit to defy. Working with virginia auto.

HURRICANER 074 * 2/2/03 * SUPERIOR 1096

Greedy ears, reluctant warfare the slapdog. Get me in to here, the mechanisms are understandable here. Funny the precious nature of some writing, kind of thin glossy paper, scrapbook crap. Getting self-conscious, haha, fearing an audience. Am I losing something?

HURRICANER 075 * 2/2/03 * SUPERIOR 1097

January 28, 1986 to February 1, 2003. 17 years, 4 days, time between two space shuttle disasters. My creative journey of Obliviana really got started for real in February of 1986. And I seem to have reached a new level right about now. Kind of funny my creative life being punctuated like this by space disasters. It's just a coincidence, just a funny coincidence. But of course, my hyperactive mind is looking for a deeper meaning. Man I gotta wake up.

HURRICANER 076 * 2/10/03 * SUPERIOR 1098

Yeah OK, like lame restaurant as cool. The world is bugs. Mind under pressure. Not good. Gotta get movin'. Astor Place subway and New Aster typeface. And a perfect K-Mart psycho meander.

HURRICANER 077 * 2/11/03 * SUPERIOR 1099

Weak little insecure nobody loser fucks, all pompous and judgmental, all like above it all, what fucking fake fucks. Soho fuckers, I'm getting tired of their blank, smug expressions. They have dreams and they're trying... but dissing people by being arrogant makes people hate your worthless guts.

HURRICANER 078 * 2/11/03 * SUPERIOR 1100

Electronica ferris wheel, blam the newly-grunged future.

HURRICANER 079 * 2/24/03 * SUPERIOR 1101

The end of OsoaWeek, and end of the Vision of Obliviana. And Superior maybe ending too. Childish obsession with an impossible goal, went on way too long. A cult of one, with me as leader and follower. Now I deprogram myself. And see Superior in a new light. I know there's some good stuff in Superior, but I don't think it's as good as my deluded view of it.

HURRICANER 080 * 2/24/03 * SUPERIOR 1102

I am offering you the Modenarc Reptile.

HURRICANER 081 * 2/24/03 * SUPERIOR 1103

This could be the last Superior. It all started at 170 Thompson Street, my apartment in Greenwich Village, back in Fall 1987. I went there today, walked into the entrance area. Sour curtain.

PHASE 5: THINKFANG

THINKFANG 1104 * 6/19/04

Toxic water the ill cascade outside, of spike and spear,
ignored wooden twigs here. Flickering dear, tattered mall
memory, officemates made love to in dream world, gravel
and doorway and commercial real estate. Can penetrate.

THINKFANG 1105 * 6/19/04

Comfortable snap of arboretum and right-side up mushroom
motif, soaked in flammable denied lust and earthy young
people in the wood. Electronic retailer said may we have
caprice and theater, strike apart the wood homes of the
smirking air things. And glide down to slow down into the
bare lost ruin of the smirking ones.

THINKFANG 1106 * 6/21/04

The iron elevator one was Zeekiofreenz. Get Harla fluid
stain most expensive at the night. Weak non-light-green
plastic bags brimming over with electrical future. This
worried memory, world of shark and fist, the ozone of dune
hear, the April of this mind of yours.

THINKFANG 1107 * 6/22/04

The intense sunlight was unwelcome at Target parking lot.
Inside I saw Frisbees and things. Weakness is weird.

THINKFANG 1108 * 6/22/04

Coral flavored job? Bunch of violent weeds. Nostalgic
memories like an arena full of screaming fans, and me the
rock god, they storm the stage.

THINKFANG 1109 * 6/22/04

Going where was, under tiles in discount clothing store,
pulsating weird conduit, and damp grass in front of CVS
in a kind of rich town. Sleeping a random afternoon away
like cats. Monster sci-fi vehicle, giant airplane thing,
whole city inside, is coming in for a landing. But an
airport a world away has pretzels and bottled water
and computer magazines.

THINKFANG 1110 * 6/23/04

Being that I was a cartoon dog, I already know how to talk. My daughter in the dream was a celebrity daughter. Shooting Ouija boards with shotguns as jam bands play, my 48 parents dance a winch pulling dance. Spy a traditional UFO in drug induced vision, organic produce on city street 3.

THINKFANG 1111 * 6/23/04

Thrill of walk, me and her, why is there a heavy world to make this fail? Clear green plastic and quiet, discounted computer games still too expensive, door beads but they're little dice, fan is on. The outside world is such a complex system dancing in such unbelievable precision that it seems dead and inert. But the spark ever seen, several times a day, elusive but the sense that if you just grabbed it... you could rip away the curtains and see the real deal, the cool world, the hidden awesome original realm.

THINKFANG 1112 * 6/24/04

Balance the on yester terrible, dollar store figurines massive and alive, on parade and on some rampage. Samba-tastic-automatic misery so cherished playfully shopping center shorp shorp. As his friend.

THINKFANG 1113 * 6/24/04

Ramada Inn of the past, A&P grocery land forever. Voo lisc tinder, aces ripped, foreign sub basement. Lore in early folkfire trance of foxes and atoms. The lobby of hip hotel is bright.

THINKFANG 1114 * 6/24/04

Mark stem paratha, you five musty check board. Soaring filtparp able to impress them heavy animal. Boat trip folks feeling punchy and bored, Jark Jark they don't want the game. Stuck in time trauck, just suburban center, fear here, step aback. Damn, the most mundane stupid bullshit is still part of the totality of the realm.

THINKFANG 1115 * 6/24/04

Helicopter land at heliport 6/24/04 5:02 pm, me on ferry watching, the only passenger to Pier 11.

THINKFANG 1116 * 6/27/04

NiteWanter - (night city story) - amusement areas - airports - factory jobs - sun dawning. Characters with flying ability, sit on freight trains, make them move, race, etc. Bruising our lips on buttercups, the smiling consultant. A magnificent dirigible 2 mile wide shaped like thee helicopter, a maelstrom of poorly focused intense creative brilliance.

THINKFANG 1117 * 6/28/04

Where is the Jark of Coal? Care about field, when the secret's revealed how do you know it's real? The big game, we are people, we don't know the mechanism behind it. When each of us goes behind the scenes, will it be clear, easy to understand? Driving around in Cranbury and Plainsboro, younger me, head full of foggy frustration, Thinkfangs jabbed at world, and the frozen milieu of the rail commute winter.

THINKFANG 1118 * 6/29/04

Not that bitter alienated wanderer, glimpsing bits of wonderful home here and there. Some cities, some stores, crafts, meetings, good things. Torus and healthful leisure. Just all sorts of human interaction, he does not want to join in, wants to remake the world so he's comfortable with it and rules it. Damn how far away seem the motor homes, motorcycles, families gathering for music and fairs, games and sports. That way out there. It's already okay, this place, as he slowly snaps out of deep daze.

THINKFANG 1119 * 7/10/04

That dream of Valley School, mystical thing, clay in McDonald's french fry holder, circle of trees, occult kids. And a smirk and a promise of young adventure, dusk and witchcraft and stuff. Shaking my head, trying to grasp it. Another kind of life, only available in dream, visions of sunsets and robots. Elements of it, hanging out with cool people, willing to try things, not stuck in a rut. And just the magical feeling, vague and far away, I don't understand this vision fully. My alienation, my war strategy.

THINKFANG 1120 * 7/28/04

Once the home of Thinkfang (called Superior then), OsoaWeek (Ezine of Obliviana Super Occult Amusement) began ten years ago today. It lasted till Issue 446, 2/16/03 (released 2/24/03) - featuring Thinkfang 1103. Obliviana hung on in one form or another till recently with the end of its last vestige, Bluffcosm, which occurred with the release of The Overnightscape #61 on 5/20/04. About a month later I gave Superior the new name "Thinkfang", and I started with these new ones. Ten years ago today... started a journey, got deep into delusion, but now I am getting better.

THINKFANG 1121 * 8/8/04

Rain and one lane and salty freedom, the tow truck coming looks like a jester's cap. Our deep fantasy land, leisure maniac.

THINKFANG 1122 * 8/22/04

I taste the skies above parking lots with magical tongue, pat the heads of mushroom kids and sulk and sneak in darkened consumer electronic stores.

THINKFANG 1123 * 1/28/05

Yeah this pure hear. Tribal caffeine mazes, digital marketplace highs, seems hope for better future is clean and dear before come dirtying lobby slosh. There is a history, and it entertains, on this line is a fun life.

THINKFANG 1124 * 1/29/05

Just rumbling down a road, bumpy and complicated, like intricate circuitry and written like novel. Think of cloud expanse, mind all over, a lot of little people and meetings, here and there, maybe back to the road. The compartment of layer upon layer of shopping and safety.

THINKFANG 1125 * 4/9/05

White morning gray, sun-drenched road, and rainy weak kid craft Sunday long time ago. Eagle alien guns, card game fractal socialize, enormity of the nostalgic and visions of girls in museums. Latest obsession, series of distractions, fun and cool and perhaps sadly meaningless. Wallow in the rising sparks of the old. More of a fantasy world all the time.

THINKFANG 1126 * 6/12/05

Defensive in service of comfort zone... the illusion of some task being overwhelming. When in fact it would be easy to do if you could just do it. Let us... take comfort in idealized visions of the past. But the deep annoyance... feels bad... of the real stuff... To make a step forward is good. Romantic haze is always. But reducing it can be a positive step forward in life sometimes.

THINKFANG 1127 * 6/12/05

The way for you make they drop in lost dream sideways parking lot through the beer forest that gotten fuzz tech drug like indulge, creep along, and... thoughts of bright people in restaurant... such promise, that long time ago, what they experienced... inside a super cool van in 1970s... think ya are glimpsing that thing in all those life memories made into mythologies. Shake my head... but wait. What are we talking about here?

THINKFANG 1128 * 1/8/06

And saying this is me, see a way, and the gravel of endless shopping center parking lots the sand in the hourglass these days. Hot by glass windows. Wow this road is stopping. We had that thunderstorm drive, kinda cold, kinda 1988 but also today.

THINKFANG 1129 * 1/28/06

Purity of mind of shared adventure.

THINKFANG 1130 * 1/29/06

A cool bridge in the town the hotel was in. Overcast and some drizzle talk on phone and walk on bridge. Other side, a tourist center, nice place to wait. Vending machines and museum-type displays. Sun is out by the time we leave.

THINKFANG 1131 * 10/2/06

A dream of sawblade twilight is food for the cuckoo clock bird.

THINKFANG 1132 * 12/2/07

I was going... to like snow... people inside, cool fireplace... lost of haze of the metal, find... we're smart to stay here, bridges and food courts and love and overviews... down on the street outside it's mundane and wet and... we're not the same.

THINKFANG 1133 * 12/2/07

209x6=1254 - a note left by me long ago. Idea that maybe 1254 would be a good end point for all this. 14 months and I am back... funny thing to have a work like this just in suspension. Want to do something with it, I did make a book of it for a little while, but that was long ago. And this part extends it.

8/12/09

Yesterday this book came to mind. Today I decided to update it with the added "Thinkfang" section, and rename the book "Thinkfang" (previously it was called "Duskaway Parking"). Since it was already typeset and everything, I thought why not make a PDF of it and put it up on Thinkfang.com, which I still have. I talked about it on The Rampler #356 this morning. So here it is.

