



A LIZARD A SMASHED SAFE AND A PILLOW LARA DURBACK

A LIZARD, A SMASHED
SAFE, AND A PILLOW
(ENCOUNTERED ON A
WALK IN OAKLAND)

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Dear reader,

Just so you know what's coming in this book will be outdated. This book is being written in handwriting with a pie at a campsite at a picnic table at a hot springs in 2 of 5 days off from work in this whole month, in which the author feels sad about someone not loving her, a base concern in this world of tragedy + problems and hope of a commune, hope of converging of minds, hearts, and strategy to create unbreakable bonds and networks, well the story of the Bay Area, from which my eye was in Oakland, gentle reader, please be gentle, my eye and body and heart got put in a blender from Oct. 2011 on, and I could not want regular things anymore, I could not talk about them, I thought when all the social circles combined there would be unending support, couches, pillows, arms around, and battles, and people living in the same building so they can take care of each other, the glittering squishy cavernous beautiful buildings of my dreams, the ones that were NOT SYMBOLIC, the ones that were results of tactics that worked, the ones in the very near future, the buildings that destroyed time + space, no ratio.

INTERACTIONS

Joyce and Armando: a system imbalanced within itself, creating war on itself

The jaw loosens at the moment when,
all of a sudden,
this woman at the bus stop is telling you about her turtles named Joyce and
Armando.

Joyce is her name too, Armando is her ex lover, and in this suspension of the
self that is the bus stop bench someone has felt welcome to open up to you.

She just lost 40 pounds, her knees have just met for the first time, she says, only
thing is the knees keep hurting each other, hitting one another now, she must
sleep with a pillow between her legs as to not agitate the tenderness when the
knees knock together.

This person does not know that she is the only one to have disrupted
despondent thoughts that were assaulting my head the whole day.

This woman, Joyce, did that, and also when I came home to a reply letter from
Santa Rita jail.

In England and the United States, the police were invented within the space of just a few decades — roughly from 1825 to 1855.

The new institution was not a response to an increase in crime, and it really didn't lead to new methods for dealing with crime. The most common way for authorities to solve a crime, before and since the invention of police, has been for someone to tell them who did it.

Besides, crime has to do with the acts of individuals, and the ruling elites who invented the police were responding to challenges posed by collective action.

To put it in a nutshell: The authorities created the police in response to large, defiant crowds. That's

- strikes in England,

- riots in the Northern US,

- and the threat of slave insurrections in the South.

So the police are a response to crowds, not to crime.

... One of the first modern-type police forces came in Charleston, South Carolina, in the years before New York force became fully professional. The precursor of the Charleston's police force was not a set of urban watchmen but slave patrols that operated in the countryside. As one historian put it, "throughout all of the [Southern] states [before the Civil War], roving armed police patrols scoured the countryside day and night, intimidating, terrorizing, and brutalizing slaves into submission and meekness."

These were generally volunteer forces of white citizens who provided their own weapons. Over time, the system got adapted to city life.

... One example of this do-it-yourself justice, a method that lasted for centuries, was known as the hue and cry. If you were in a marketplace and you saw somebody stealing, you were supposed to yell and scream, saying "Stop, thief!" and chase after the thief. The rest of the deal was that anybody who saw you do this was supposed to add to the hue and cry and also run after the thief.

*From *Origins of the Police* by David Whitehouse*

I was robbed in the street and had that incapacitating sick body-feeling of being robbed in public that happens to a person containing some somatic composition of trauma and privilege. I was on the sidewalk, it was daytime. I felt someone brush against me, the bag was gone. Then I saw that the street that was beneath me was solid ice, my bag was sliding across it in a diagonal out toward the Goodwill store across the street. No one was there. No one had robbed me. I don't want you to think of me like that either. No one would rob me. There actually was no robbing anymore.

What are the acts of individuals.

It stopped happening. There was a person, I saw multiple people, I had been banged into, my bag was gone, it was sliding across the street, under a car,

Slipping, rotating, conveyor belt, stripes, black and white stripes, rotating circular platform, the house that Jack built, your bag, your body, their body, pepper spray, walking, never needing to walk. Leaning your body in the position. Mimicking your own previous fear. Rearticulating. Your mind sliding the marble as if it did get stuck in that groove. Yup.

I was sad though, as if I'd been robbed, I was in a junky store trying to buy something, or buy food, and felt sad, like how will I find my wallet, but it was there in my pocket in my hoodie, and my bag was on my arm.

Then I saw the man outside with my bag. It was his now, I had mine. The street was pure ice or maybe like a conveyor belt but all I know is people's belongings were sliding all over the place and the neighborhood was starting to get used to it, you put things down on the conveyor belt and they go to someone else.

I was in Oakland, in the Laurel District, on a street I had walked many times. I was in Allentown, where I grew up. I was about to get on the bus, it could be either place, both had places where the bus goes under an underpass that felt the same, darkening and enveloping you for a time whether it was a freeway underpass or a railroad tressel.

All I know is I had that anxiety like the bag and the money were gone, like I wouldn't be able to take care of myself or get anywhere or unlock any doors,

like I had been irresponsible and incapable of taking care of myself, but the street I think was actually a conveyor belt, safe for cars to drive on, unlike ice, good for us to walk on without slipping. Bouncy, a little. Sliding bags were going under parked cars and being reassigned, and then no one was scared, they were all getting what they needed. I held my bag like a stuffed animal. The sun was streaming through the bus.

"You make assumptions about these communities."

It sounded bad, but it was true.

Assuming about the fat white man with the cigar. Bags of money. Enough other people made assumptions about other communities. And a fighting against a personal family that family close forever though they aligned themselves with money they did not have.

The community creates too much structure and starts to choke. Reaching out is a floppy hand. She wanted to have more to help. Help me, help! ...A revolutionary process, a healing process of a few crusty individuals travels across the country. The crusty people are not individuals, really, more of a gelatinous mass of fire. But the gelatinous mass of fire must depend on the funding of universities. Fed by cafeteria meal cards, housed in vacant dorm rooms. They climb on the roof with beer.

The crusty people (I mean this in the best way) are healing others, to be admired. They get all this funding but then they also can depend on the cars and couches of their devotees and friends. Really, they are spending a lot of their own money. It is just that somehow, money wants to get thrown at them too. It's that other community in the opening quotation. Who are they?

I am filming with my mind I will film with my mind can't help but film with my mind. And. Can't. Stop.

Will read one page today I promise just one page 2 pages will focus will remain consistent will stay in a book I swear I will

They will not take that money away from me! (This is not a cry when there isn't any.)

The credit card due dates were moved to times when it was harder to pay, harder to remember: weekend days, election day, holiday, it made me mad and then I tried to research what that letter was about the global change in prime rate and why would one choose such exhaustion. There you are with your calculator.

He laughed at me & my receipts. "I can't believe people are rich enough to not care about their receipts. They just leave both copies." He twitters, "Some people are too poor to care about their receipts." We myopically open and close the restaurant check holders, their strange wallet-like material.

One friend decides to be an accountant for a few hours. She finds herself sleepless and sifting through the credit card transactions of the crusty mass of wonderful people. Actually it was just one leader of the crusty mass, one who had been paying his own money for their deeds. She is there trying to decide which of the transactions can be reimbursed to him, taking out the liquor store purchases. She is trying to get a straight answer about a certain cab ride as the guys sip wine.

It could have been made up: the cloud of inclusion, the steamy feeling. When I felt I couldn't dive in, it must be going poof. Must be a lot of luck. Must be a lot of work.

He said, "no following around only collaborations consider it an open invitation"

They are sliding apart within the gelatinous mass a bit. There's no authority about them here. They have other things to do in life. Nobody can say what they are. Somebody wants to separate and it affects their gusto. Affects their push as a whole. Affects the effectiveness of the performance.

"I guess the news is still fresh, right? Well, you've got lots of amazing people on the crew... it'll just keep blooming..."

It was global prime rate fucker it was spotting in between periods it was available credit it was a rash covering an entire calf it was refused overtime and wrong timesheets it was ripped cartilage in the sternum

Money is energy money is energy you stupid/ want to say money should never be cared about but how can I care for you or myself or the people. I've got time I don't want a time-suck for money

The chef says he tries to work every day then he won't spend money.

WORK always keeps my mind off things. WORK keeps me in line. WORK makes it all go away. (empty in an office crying)

We were rather excited about the problems in the stock market, the national deficit digital counter running out, whichever action it would be that would keep the plane from leaving.

The predictions came early you know, so hopeful and doe-eyed about the collapse of everything, when you have nothing. Gathering yarn and scraps in the basement. Looking at the fruit trees in the yard and thinking how the grocery store is awful, better it be gone, imagine all the things to lose. It wouldn't be love!!! It wouldn't be love, you clueless people.

We did share a fantasy of burning all of our possessions. I said, "even the plastic?" thinking of the horrific smell. And talked about a stupid incident of someone burning a plastic chair.

"Didn't you feel naked when she went through your transactions?"
"She's actually helping a lot."

"Can you send me the footage from the PTSD talk?" They are feeling as if they are always on film.

I tried to tell him something that was very profound to me that might not have been something he already knew. I saw it in a lo-fi film made by someone in Iraq, someone fighting there, not sure which of any sides this fighting person was on, but he made a point. \$32 million USD tank, can be fully exploded by... (a little red arrow points down into the top of the tank) exploded by... \$32 Improvised Explosive Device (IED)

Is the decrease in anxiety a direct result of the common broke-ness? It really feels so good it really does! This broke-ness an illusion too, but happy to not be under the avalanche of ghastrly items?

Throw up on the bumper of a Hummer limo. All the tanks like hummers. Practically are. Can't see inside when you are behind them.

A Bank of America knapsack all worn out on the bus. The bank taking over the student loans and then taking over the bank that sells the debt to other banks. Then who.

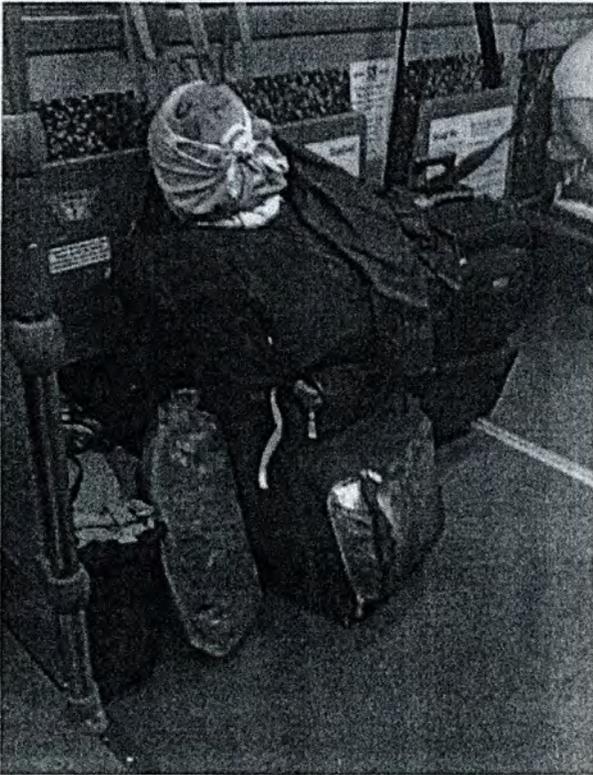
*...so what are you saying....
Money is energy? Money is your
bodily energy?*

Now needing room for the love, back on the bus.

Back down to earth to everyday.

Back to stage-in-a-cage agitating

I see people carrying their whole lives on these buses



Something swaddled and cared for. I just wanted you next to me and care next to nothing. A goal to be completed, but people often can stop you at that stage. The curtain bending in the crease of the accordion superlong bus.

Instead of reading a book, bleary eyed notebook.
Pay attention to something moving.
If I could have words on you, on your body.
The words already in time, in EMFs. Text messages...
I am staring across the aisle. Trying not to look interested.



He LEAPS off the bus, a lovely entrance as the 2 doors throw back, half-tooth-missing grin, and presents a large mirror toward himself, so I can see him in it. he smiles thru the mirror, and I smile instinctively.

"You are a lovely picture! picture! picture!"
[to me, or to himself]

And he giggles, running away down Broadway, with about 7 neckties swaddling the hand holding the mirror. And suddenly I know why I got off a less convenient Bart stop today. A chance

¹ *Iraqi Short Films*, Mauro Andrizzi, 2008.

I have very realistic fantasies

Like reading to each other

Like the scene in *Fruitvale Station* when everyone is dancing to Mac Dre on the Bart

Like when the 3 men sing on the Bart and people sing along to the Beatles

(I am later stuck in the Bart elevator with these young black men, fare evaders all of us, and we have a great conversation. I heard they got arrested a bunch of times I didn't ask them about it. Arrested for taking care of themselves while making everyone's day better. They even asked permission before playing music each time. I would cry I was so happy.)

I would cry with joy to see the person pressing feet on one end of the doorframe of the Bart car, back against the other side, pressing back to suspend himself in mid air, swinging from the bars, then dismounting to salute to no one.

And I saw the turf dancers, and the person who dragged the piano outside the station, and everyone creating a work and making the space different, all of it a slow moment, and I don't want to die right then. I want to see more of it.

Staring off into space dreaming about you

Who knows me outside capitalist time, who knows me when I'm not an atom or a gene or a cubicle.

Tunnel vision is here: that fuzz symptom of isolation that is not real but pervasively believed, you say it's not me, but rather that it's with me.

He's reading Richard Wright

I am the "Man who Lived Underground".

I am the working class vampire in *Let the Right One In*

I am a stray cat always biting my owner I can't stop viewing myself as a stray cat though I have a soft exterior

It is possible to be horribly bored and overwhelmed at once

Bodies as raging dialectical gas pressure like the whipped cream container ready to spray

We can't even eat gluten it makes us enraged and crying every day dough inside sticks parts together, nothing moved, already in a vacuum

It is possible to love every person at your work and hate that you work with them

It is possible to have court support for people that you've never met. What if we just all went.

It is possible to communize food and cars and

It is possible to love someone and allow them to date someone else.

Yes we live here but still people don't understand

It is possible to be very close to people and not be sleeping with them

It is possible to not be possessive of your partner.

It is possible to visualize and exercise yourself out of pesky unwanted crushing emotions

It is possible to unclog the fog suction that has surrounded your body. Your aura is lumpy it is possible to fix this

If you don't care about that it is possible to live more

Those who have struggled more are better it's just true, though I don't want it to be.

Everyone needs to find the way to see the world before mass killings cleared the land.

It is possible to know specifics and list every single example and no one can argue with a million examples, they just start to see.

No one sees clearly through their own fog

I looked at her amber necklace and had a flash of how I told him we were frozen in amber in that moment, only it was honey granulated honey starting to get old, the way he was holding me at the tips of both end chakras we were curled in a tight ball.

The man had given me a plum.

(1st cough)

She turned to me and said, "Watch out,
Stay Back"

And there was a vertical line of one ~~person~~ ^{person} running at the other man and the one running toward would shove at the other's shoulders and the other would push back and skip
back back back back back
all the way across the room.

And they would get addicted to it, push
back back back back back
almost to the wall of the room.
The same pusher every time, pushing to an edge. The pusher's eyes look above the head of the other person and never look at their face and they go back, back, back
skip, skip, skip, skip, skip
across the room.

Twice they fall backwards but smoothly.

Twice they nearly collide with me

It is the horrifying uncanny I must know. In a gut way.

When they are done they are giddy and laughing, visibly charged.

They run back and do it over + over
like a child to a sliding board.
(*tear face stencil*)

A lot of this is about tricking the
so you can act.

→ You need to see directly, you need to pierce someone with a laser.

You have not seen the stars for a long time - it doesn't matter. You don't need them. You don't need them you are fine.

So is that one. They are fine, they have everything they need, food and all. They had that wire armature covered in soft fabric, it was as good as a mother. They had a body that you didn't have, a body that indicated something but also naked, unclothed with the suit of heavy schooling, or falling into finance.

They were safe from the NSA. They were safe from the things the NSA kept from you. They were so safe from that. They never had to worry about that. Safe from the use of a bank account, safe from being discriminated against for health insurance that didn't exist. Without it, a smaller island, less need to spread, my leave a ten-block radius. Not needed.

I hear the worker coughing down below his cough comes up thru the ground-floor grating giving onto my garden so that it avoids resonating among the touched by the sun on this last morning plants of good weather.

He, the worker, down below, intent at his job, coughs now and then pretty sure no one's hearing it.

When illness comes it's received heroically: a worker's always 18, even if he has kids bigger than him, ones new to that heroism.

In short, in those wracking coughs the tragic meaning of this beautiful October sun is revealed.

A book doesn't work unless you are walking around with a smart friend like Ian, a friend who never lets you get overemotional, the best for everyone.

You go on a walk in West Oakland, see a lizard! A lizard walking around, so tiny and alone. Having never seen a lizard on the pavement anywhere in Oakland, only lizards in the Hills. Also you see a smashed safe in an alley, the stuffing that insulates it revealed, along with the dial from the safe and its numbers exposed. Also you see a pillow, that has rotted perfectly flat in place. It is a rectangle of feathers staring up at you. Are these the three things? The three things that mean the book is almost done. Or just a walk with a friend.

6-10-14

Today I saw:

A man jump a fence to use the ATM in the laundromat parking lot

A person lovingly pick up a pigeon with a plastic bag

A toolbag techie on a motorized skateboard

My fellow server putting whipped cream on a cop's waffle.

And then I put 2 quarters in the toy machine w/ Chibi Super Mario characters, and I got the Invincible Star

6-12-14

Eclipse + Re-emergence of the capitalist movement
 Dauve + Martin:
 Gilles François

function of the state: the mediation of people

value was work

value is now something totally else

[somewhere in Iowa]

101
6-26-14

That kid, he is not coddled. His Grandma does not grin at him much. He has a bowl cut like me + Danny but he has brown hair. He has a TMNT book. He contorts his face + entertains himself looking at his reflection. When he was socializing with the other children playing Old Maid he did great, he held his own, but he didn't need them to entertain himself. His eye movement was free and wild, nurturing himself, keeping himself busy.

Text from 6/10:

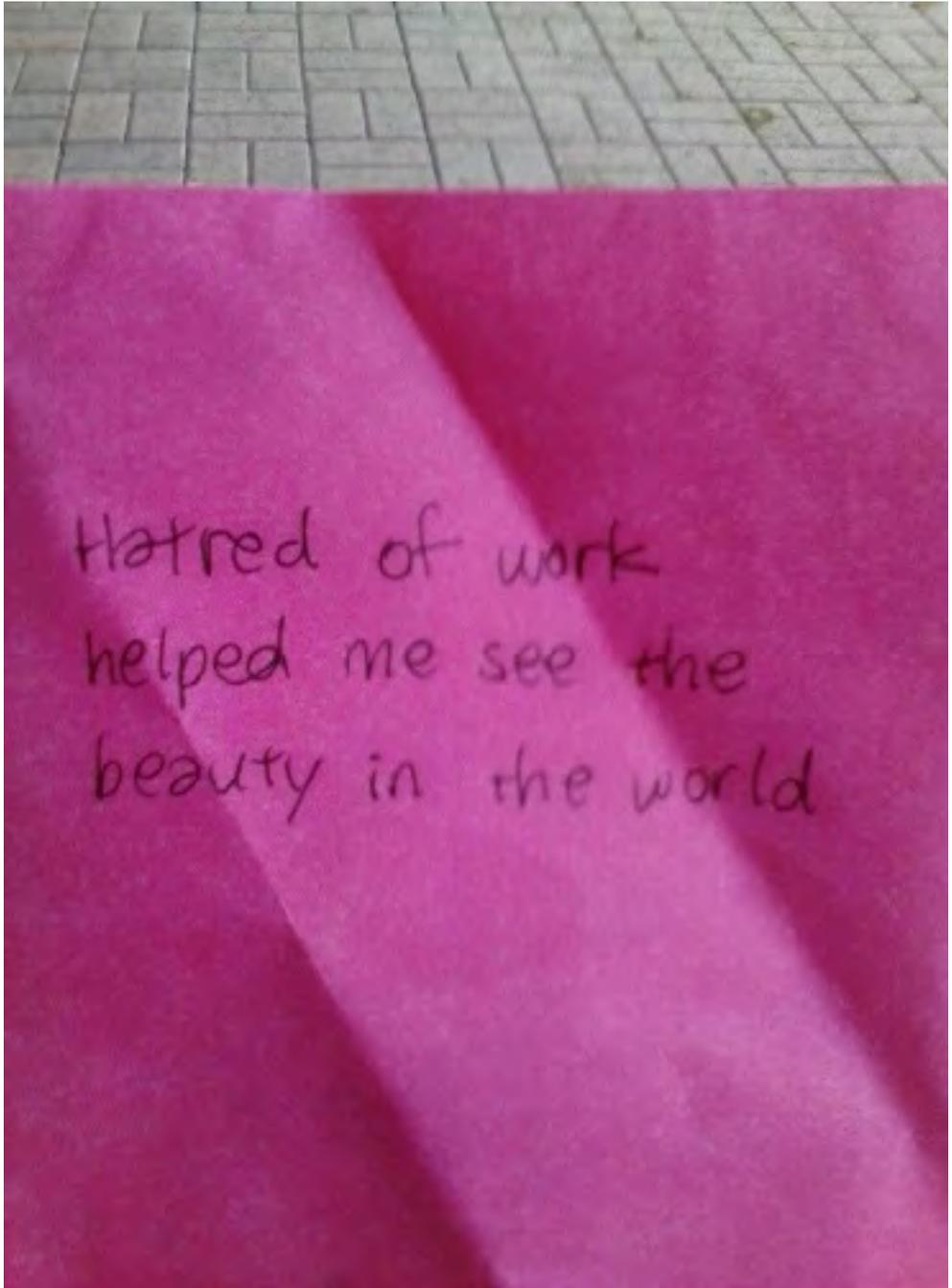
"the truth i think is this: there are certain bodies which by their impacts, movements, order, position, and shapes produce fire, + when their order is changed are changed themselves, and are not like fire..."

From 6/2:

"we're all understandable." Much love.

"And the trees throwing the trees throwing the trees into the highway - just like the bees at geometry" - Zack H. (morn bus ride after accident cookie 5/27)

5/5 : cortisol, oxytocin, video of Bosquiat talking abt. his mother



BUILDINGS

Who Owns Your Neighborhood?

The Role of Investors in Post-Foreclosure Oakland

June 2012



A giant giant space, it felt like 10 warehouses. I was telling people in the dream it was a show at SFMOMA and Juliana and Rachel were having exhibitions there.

I think the word SFMOMA was there because Lindsey had said poets “took over” the museum. Like the whole dream was a portion of this “take over a building” thought that is so prevalent in my head.

My literal mind took it literally, there it was, our place.

I was running through it and it as it was half-built there was this outside part of wood steps and each step would break as I ran up it.

Everything a maze, some had text on the walls, lasers, and holographic things.

Some were acrobatic and no one could tell whose are was whose.

You had to ask people what was what.

I went through a path of words and pictures, Duchamp’s *Etant Donne* at one end and a space for performance where everyone gathered.

I kept asking where is Ariel’s show, and I asked Juliana where was hers, and she said she only had one piece.

But I had thought a giant holographic room with nets was hers. The most exciting acrobatic part was jumping into a pit topped with a strong saran wrap material.

I had jumped into it shamelessly as all these people were yelling I shouldn't. I was already confident it was part of the art.

All these men in white medical looking suits chased me and yelled at me and I didn't care, I hit a part of the plastic, and I bounced up, and acrobatically hurtled myself to the other side of the pit. It felt heroic! My body felt strong & light. The joy was so full, being surrounded by everyone who loved me. Next day: The feeling still remains of that dream, the lightness, the springy feeling. I was redoing my J28 leap over the fence in a graceful and light way, not the real-life sloppy scurry/struggle that it was, the struggle that made me realize I have to get in shape again.

Sometimes I held the knife/ sometimes I had one I didn't know I had
-Zoe Addison

Upon seeking a mini utility knife in my room I remembered:

There were a bunch of us in a giant abandoned department store trying to do something amazing. There is no knowing what it is you can just feel it.

This man gets up and tries to stab me with a knife and I am like, oh no, uh-uh.

My vision caught it so quickly, I grabbed and squashed his wrist and the knife fell easily into my hand, and it was the lamest stupidest blade I had ever seen, it crumpled like silver cellophane and was dull like a butter knife to start with.

The cowardly man in a hideously discolored dull red sweatshirt quickly slinked away. Then we were all playing on the escalators and elevators and huge staircases, feeling out the space so we could figure out what to do.

Now let's go to court.

Pati and I lock our bikes to the same pole outside the courtroom and we talk about how we both woke up late because we are bleeding so heavily. Many of us who have been going to things together are bleeding simultaneously.

Clothes in the courtroom. (03.16.12)

a. The cop in court tells the man to remove his hat. He has a Do-rag underneath. The man waves his hat to indicate that he has already removed his hat. The cop says "Remove your Do-rag as well." The man slowly unravels it.

b. At Wiley Manual, one of the rooms has a sign outside:

NO SHORTS

NO TANK TOPS or TUBE TOPS

NO PAJAMA PANTS/SWEATS

NO EXPOSED MIDDRIFTS (that's how they spelled it)

NO HATS

NO SUNGLASSES

PANTS SHALL BE WORN AROUND WAIST

[Note: Okay so then I'm really bummed because I had written on these cards I threw on to the floor at BAM, about being in court with Linda after she got kicked out of room, and she's just trying to get a glimpse of her husband in the courtroom, so he knows she's there. I only have fragments of it.]

How we stood together in the room outside the courtroom peeping in to try to see her husband. Just as I arrived she had been kicked out because her phone went off. I had seen other people's phones go off in court and they don't get kicked out. As the door would swing open, we'd peek in, and finally we saw him in the red jumpsuit. He had gotten into an argument with a store owner over religion. He ran out of meds. She really wanted him to come home and help with the kids again.

Or 50 people in the small room discussing how the anticapitalist struggle must necessarily be the antiracist struggle. We are practically on top of one another. BamBam is there from Hair Candy, the hair shop. We are climbing over each other, hip to hip. I can feel everyone's warmth, the temperature goes up 10 degrees. We are concealing our stomach rumblings, and everyone compresses as a sponge as the door opens to pack more in. The crowd desires a place to meet. The crowd desires oneness, which is usually fucked up to want, but as a mash of 50 to 60 people choosing to be in physical presence, this is the oneness that was beautiful that day. I wanted to lie across their laps.



SOMATICS

It is very good when you see people playing a swatting hands game in public. Look at them, they are playing in another realm. They can think of nothing else. They are smiling too. They are becoming somatically sharper and more aware. They are playing and they are not overthinking. They are in another space for once. They don't have language. They are figuring something else out.



Remember, we ate an enormous meal at IHop, electric red berry sauce, and all there was left to do in the dog park was play the game in which we would try to knock one another off footing while retaining eye contact and pushing our hands toward each other. And despite all the drama that could have been further observed we played that instead. We played. I thought later, that's me and C, the dark angeldemon. I'm an angeldemon too. We're nothing else but that push game. That's our whole existence.

ANGELS + DEMONS + how they induce one another



An intimacy where you do too many favors for the same person when the intimacy truly becomes bullshit and makes that person the only one you want to show your most hideous side to. Because you have given too much of your space + mind + mutual aid to them, you got addicted to it, you ignored other people, you let them get away with things you would never let anyone mess with in your own life normally. No one can know what is nice and no one can claim this tyranny of niceness. Don't let them

Some things cause blood flow and some things remind you that you can't gain blood flow that way. Some path to pleasure is blocked by numbness, it's sad, and so you have to go for blood flow. Sensation requires blood flow. And there are many ways to achieve blood flow and to have respect for yourself. Sometimes a mirage was: in order to handle what has happened, you proved to yourself that you liked it whether you did or not. And if it had been observed by someone they wouldn't have liked it, but you convinced yourself so you wouldn't have to be debased for liking it. You're still tough. Does that make any sense? Humans being not human chose this, but the humans themselves were puppeting around with egos until their bodies told them they were observed, the humans were not the front of their brow, or their eye sockets or analysis, they were moving blood that loved themselves and others.

CHASING WITH THE
"VIOLENCE" OF AN
ACUPUNCTURE NEEDLE
IN ORDER TO RELEASE
THE BLOCKAGE

**THOUGHT I WOULD CONTINUE TO
STRENGTHEN POLITICAL FRIENDSHIPS**

IT WAS WHAT I WANTED SO BAD

HOW DID IT GET SO HARD

WHY DID MY BODY STOP ME

Be naked in the Russian banya with old men and be not sexualized. Be beaten by branches of oak. Be not human even. Be there all day long and be mafia and be new agey and be a member of some new belief gang for a one-day membership it's healthy, forget, see your sweetheart's oldest friends all naked the first time you meet them, it is fine.

We went to the hot springs, she floated
me in the pool, we were both naked.
Later she held me as I cried, the 3 of us
leaned our heads in and all tilted our
heads in and all tilted our heads together
in a head hug, each
feeling different angles.

NO.

RECORD OF

Letters 7-24-15^{N A M E}

DATE

AMOUNTS FORWARDED

to Jess

I am at Mercey Hot Springs. It is spelled "Mercey" so the guy who founded it could make \$ off the water, changed from "Mercy" which could not be copyrighted.

It is truly the quietest place I have ever been. There are lizards, bunnies + bats everywhere. Bats swooped to the surface of the water in the main pool at dusk, like it was a game. I also totally dote on lizards, who care nothing for me. Any animal here, there are 100s of them. 40 bunnies swarmed past on either side late at night.

I am here w/ too brilliant artist friends who are way into each other, and I am alone. I camped - they have a cabin. I like it. But I also get that familiar, eerie depressed feeling I always get soaking: what am I doing with my life? How will I find the partner that I build the commune with? And then I'm like, meh, I'm alright. So much has happened, you may have gleaned

FORM T-437-NC (5-89)

POST-RITE SYSTEMS, CELINA, OH

No. _____
ACCT. _____ AMOUNT _____

from talking to Staiti + I. I want to go on learning + creating w/ others but it's incredible how much the social shit gets in the way. My gradeschool friend who is now climbing the adjunct ladder after finishing her PhD at her mother's home while raising her daughter... she said to me yesterday that she couldn't imagine living in such a community w/ so many social consequences. And then I realize I prob do hear 500 ppl's opinions in my head before I make any decision. ^{Everything can} feel like ^{shit} ~~shit~~. That's why, since I've seen you, I've fallen into a heavy work schedule, to just attempt stability. I work 4 different places so I'm beholden to no one. Yet it's like hiding, mmm I guess I'll call it laying low. I have been feeling happy + clear but also like all these years trying to communize or destroy daily life or ~~wherever~~ exhausted ppl. Maybe that's why some ppl continue to have a consistent monogamous partner... that person allows the other person's mind + schedule to be stable regardless of whether they even share the same beliefs. So which one am I? I am sitting here trying to understand if I care about other's influences or if I kind of float like I always have. So I end up in places like this.

Undoing the Freeze/Out of the Fog

- do this by push hands
- do this by standing game, taking steps back
- do this by grounding cord
- do this by exploding roses

Edith from El Salvador witnessed many war crimes and had to hide in wide open space. She felt unsafe in the wide open space. Pulling herself out of the mind state was hard. She comes in and out of it. Once she plays push hands in order to come out of it. Her therapist suggests the stress position in bioenergetics, also trauma releasing exercises. Causing the body to shake with purpose, the opposite of holding will help it to not stick.



about
spaces,
losing or
shifting

EXTRA LIGHT

**FIND
BALLOONS**

And seeing the jasmine reminded you of what
will not always be there but will always
come again, of what you will forget but then
remember once again because your

HIPPOCAMPUS

(named after its resemblance to the seahorse,
from the Greek hippos meaning
"horse" and kamos meaning "sea monster") is a major component
of the brains of humans and other vertebrates. It belongs
to the limbic system and plays important roles
in the consolidation of information from short-term memory to long-term
memory and spatial navigation.

& AMYGDALAE

perform primary roles in the formation and storage
of memories associated with emotional events. Research
indicates that, during fear conditioning, sensory stimuli
reach the basolateral complexes of the amygdalae,
particularly the lateral nuclei, where they form associations
with memories of the stimuli. The association between stimuli
and the aversive events they predict may be mediated
by long-term potentiation, a sustained enhancement of signalir
between affected neurons.

in your brain chops and dulls things,

We take steps forward + steps back

All we can do is step forward + back

At the dance + foraging workshop

This guy came by and saw us touching each other + he said, "I was right! It is a healing conference. Keep up the good work. The best healer in town is over that way..."

When lying on the ground I was clock, ticking arms, learning about yawning, feeling the extent of my extremities

- why was I crying, who was going away, what was that dark streaming mass swirling by

• I was measuring my aura and also relaxing my shoulders, taking the lumps out of the stuck parts, I'm calling them ticks, like when the metal gear has too much gunk build up

The dew is perfect spheres, lasting long past the heat

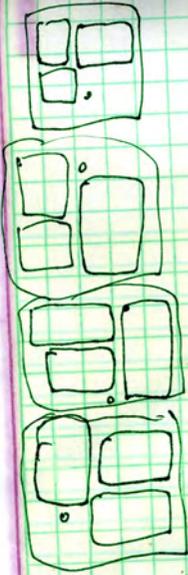
The spandex bikers that approached were too solid, didn't know what to do w/ us. The other spandex bikers an angry swarm of bees.

DATE

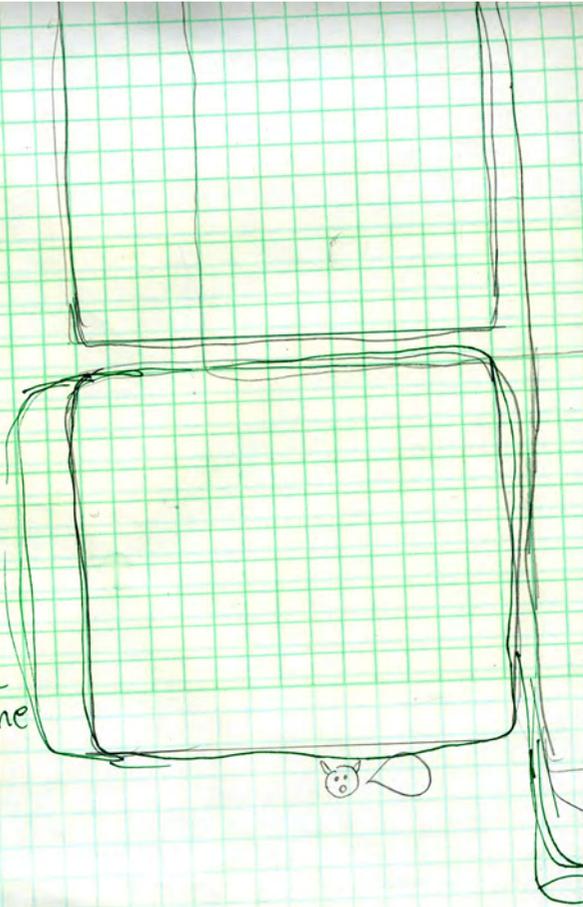
INSTR. NUMBER

PROJECT

NOTES



Maximizes +
expels life at
the same time



Shades down mean the presence of nonaddiction

Shades down mean too much sun hasn't gotten in

Shades down means concentration

Shades down means reading

Shades down means presence

Shades down means it is possible to focus on one thing

Shades down means all the other rays are not getting in

Shades down means the fog has gotten in

Shades down means no desire

Shades down means no attachment

Shades down means no suicidal ideations

One shade up could be okay

One or two shades up could be okay

One shade up could mean you're still sealed in the proper encasing

Sun coming in any light coming in like arrows

One shade up could mean you're not slipping out of a dotted line.

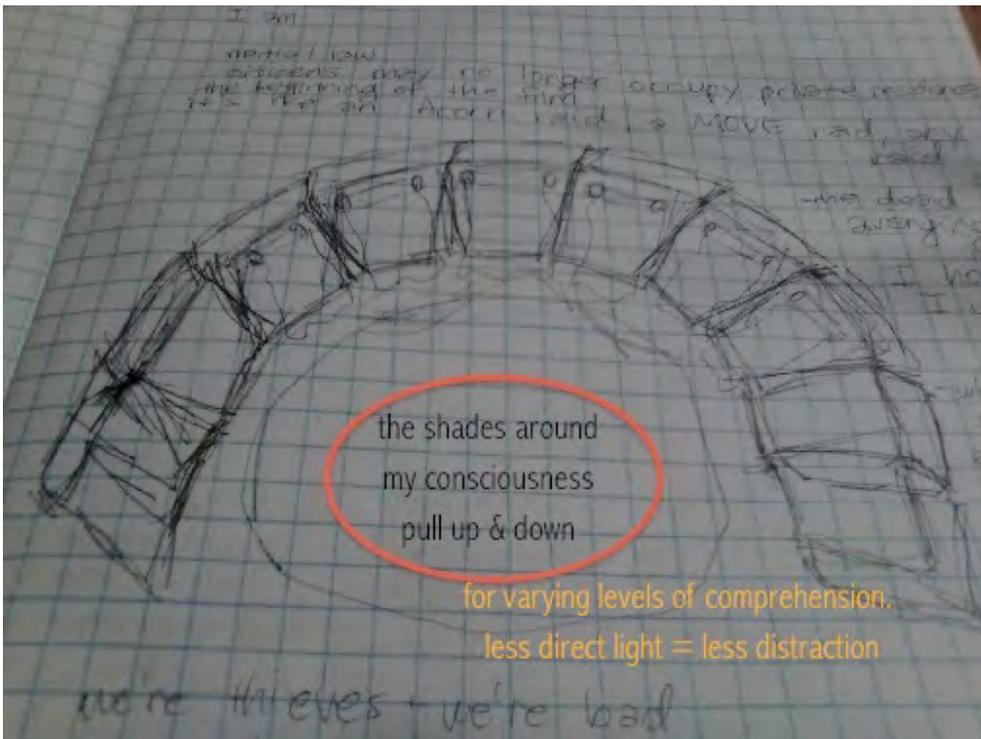
All shades up, forget it, stay in bed.

All shades up, like loss of blood

All shades up, having no idea who you are,
All shades up, consciousness in the way of consciousness

Say there was a dotted line where you are and there was you and you were often
disjoined with this dotted line, and that sounds loud

Could it be the sound of the brain being out of balance. Sure, if you need that
explanation. Could it be cured by somatic means, sure. Could it be a signal to
another way of relating. What. What. What. What.



Unemployable

I.

Seating charts of the years, lists of birthdays

Destruction of the home space

Landlord emails

The growing growing mobs

& housing built only to remain empty for flipping
& housing fixed up only to remain empty for flipping
& landlord as roommate so to appear not as owner

They live with their parents

They live off credit cards

They just stop paying

They leave the country

They never go into work but are working all the time

They work 5 jobs

They wait 7 years for it to go away

They stay enrolled slightly in college to avoid the payments

They get their parents to give them money

They become gentrifiers by going to college

They go home on the holidays

They live in closets or trucks or vans

They know that they will never have a life anyway

They smuggle themselves into the country under car seats

They have never had any debt because no one in their family has debt because they worked all the time and never went anywhere because who could afford that without credit cards

They couldn't drive because they didn't have citizenship

That which is maintained by credit card usage

That which credit's permission maintained in terms of movement, in terms of people being able to stay or go.

It's okay, we're gonna sail on this because this is the great leveler, this wave, this one will be the one

I am not there right now because I'm not sleeping with someone on the project
I am not sleeping with someone who can drag me out of the world of the sleep

II.

Full cabinets
Or eating everything that's there
Adhering to a diet
How and where
A special diet
Behavior as related to diet
Fixing and fixing
Clutter or not clutter
Wastewater collection or let it rain
Let the dishes pile up
Wipe off their face or leave it
Has good boundary
Has bad boundary
Has ever had anyone acknowledge a boundary
Has flailed arms to divert some object thrown
Confesses tracing that circle around oneself for protection
Easily attaches to others
Shuts down when cannot control social situation
Disappears
Finds comfort in bed with beer
Otherwise needs to leave the house to find comfort
Gets up in the morning in time to stretch
Can barely drag oneself out of bed

“are you feeling grown up?”

“are you still procrastinating?”

“all you have to do is show up on time”

“all you have to do is show up for yourself on time”

III.

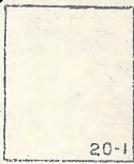
And for those who played the game, they moved far away to a place where every beach and yard and park was gated, with 10 signs about surveillance on every gate, and they had to get married because the requirement to move for the job means you move someplace with no one that you know, and you probably don't know anyone in your neighborhood and you go outside and you don't talk to anyone, or you make enough money that there are plenty of people paid to talk to you. And you commute long and you might as well have bought yourself a pellet to live in, because that's how you are living anyway.

This is the future, you will be happy. Don't give up



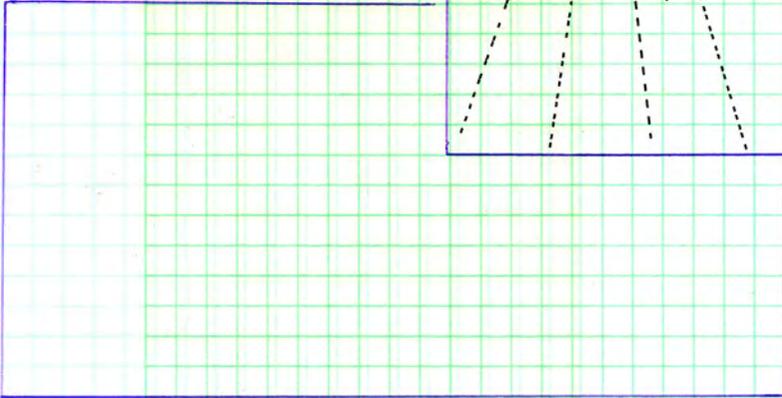
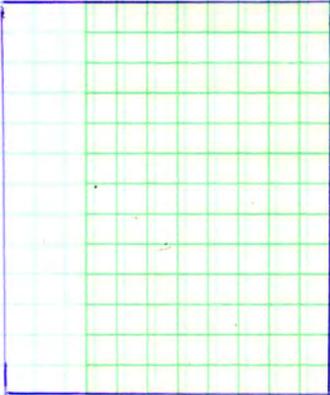
Copyright Picture. Valentine, Dublin.

VALENTINE'S SERIES
POST CARD.



PHRASE GOES
YR LONELIER
THAN ME
NOT TRUE ---
MEASURE THE
BOUNDARY BTWN
YOU AND THE WALL
SAY HOW YOU
KNOW YOU
ARE NOT IT

NOTES

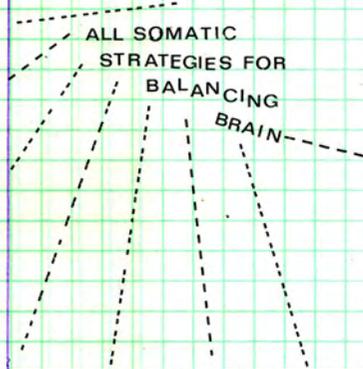


lift a pile of books

squash between cushions

carry the bag of trash

roll tightly in blanket



Equestria Girls

The episode begins with a robbery
Sunset Shimmer wanted the crown for some reason.
That pony tackles the other pony.
No one's taking any shit.

I sit close to the TV like Stimpny adoring the program, rocking back and forth
in glee

Because I think of Leila or Ellie watching it all young and I think they won't
grow up thinking they should take some shit

In the human world of the Equestria Girls there is a museum of stolen objects
from the animal world.

“Why is everybody separated this way” the pony asks when she's a human in
the other dimension, as she observes the social roles of the high school, the
roles she is about to help destroy.

No Bronies, no saddle is waiting.

Every human had a pony inside their body and that's why they were friends and
the portal didn't get messed up.



and then in moon time

it was maybe 14 of us walking
the sandstone fully cratered
by the ocean
written as the marks of the
ocean

what the ocean wants to
say could be that it
doesn't want it to
resemble the earth

3 dogs chased the ball
everyone kept switching
watching the people come & go
feels overwhelming in waves
though the rest is heaven

-nearly tears

-thinking you might not be
getting your way. forgetting
how to be social. then
thankfully forgetting your
despondance.

-i am feeling my old self rip
away.

What is any day but a
of old life. missing a

a clump of menstrual blood
a dried out seaweed on the rock
a cicada skin
a toenail clipping
nothing upsetting

so go back to searching in the
light patches in the pond for
a newt with Josef

Sitting on the Henry Mayer
bench then go back + read
about printing

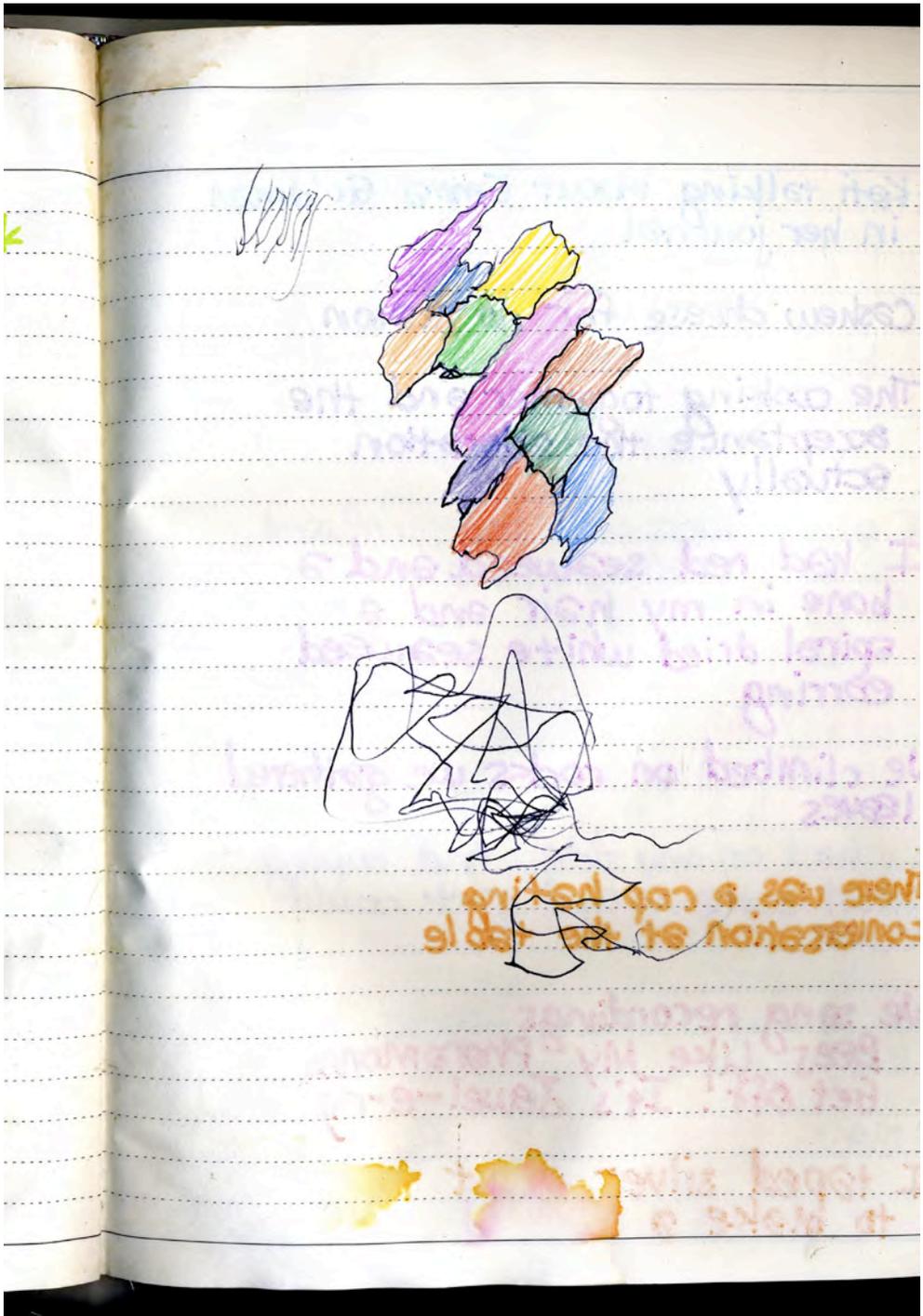
Try to look in his eyes

See a horse first thing in the
morning. Looking back at you

And the 2 red woodpeckers
on the tree, and the tiny bird

The leaves falling so slow

Broken friends of
in summer



Fantasying about being absolutely
anyone but me

I touched a smooth rock + a tiny
bleached piece of pine needle
that looks just like a spine,
the color of bone

I awoke alone on a bed, confused,
I went to the hammock

My cough reminding me of my
Mom at her worst, of class
and families unable or unwilling
to help each other

It's hard on any side. And hoping
that some varied part could
work

Not having a crisis where there
isn't one

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE

what would you

I dreamed things in the past and
it wasn't so hard for them to
come true sometimes

I see the people laughing through
the window, I hear my friends
nearby, comforted yet yearning

How to be direct and certain
and in possession of some
kind of authority over any
situation

The utter ridiculous beauty
reminding you at once of
that blissful hope of loves
past and simultaneously failures

Why does it have these trails.
Why can't it be straight up
the things in the room presently

Not the whole history of memories

Just that piece of bone

Just that pile of leaves
Just that bird
Just eyes seeing it
Just the sensation of cool water

It really was just the beverage
The ice cube
The juice
And the hand
And the heat
The stench of armpits

Wanting to lean my body on that
closest closest friend

Spinning on the spinning
thing at the playground
with feather so fast,
spinning, feeling so
centered amongst that
whirring that is much like —

dancing
ocean
→ jumping
skating
swinging

END SECTION

The sleepwalker answers the phone and knows there will be consequences for his irresponsible sleepwalking. “NO? NO! Tell them I was dreaming!” It’s as if, say he had taken care of dominating his body into not sleepwalking somehow. Maybe his daughter wouldn’t have been killed by mysterious killings. These are the logics we encounter.

The scientists are studying work.

Study participant: “I don’t work.” Scientist: “That’s very interesting.”

“How can you take care of your responsibilities when you spend all your time with 50 people?”

The problem is that they believed the scientists when the scientists told them their bond was the result of a world-computer’s glitch.

(Just after I typed that I uncontrollably slammed my fist onto the table because I had such a conviction it was not true.)

GELATINOUS MASS MANIFESTO, PARTIALLY AN ESSAY ON
MELANIE GILLIGAN'S *POPULAR UNREST*

When you trap them one on one in a private room they are very different.

It could be their partner at home, it could be the psychologist, the single person that they are in an intimate room with.

In this psychologist type configuration, a person explains themselves to a person.

They experience themselves as a worker: "I used to be an account manager"
"I had to drop my volunteer position at the daycare" There's something very earnest. It's just the person and their emotions.

They are very markedly not this when they are with others, the earnestness does not exist.

They don't need it. And it's better this way. Even group therapy would be better.

I am noticing that the people who are getting killed by the mysterious knife are people who primarily see themselves as workers.

(Someone will say that I am against succeeding but that is not true. I am against a person seeing oneself as a worker.)

I was describing the scene to him with tears coming out of my eyes.

They are outside on a regular dreary day in London.

I said, "You know that's what the best part of life is, when you are all together and you're not thinking about it, but somehow you have gathered, and something is happening because you are together, and it doesn't have to do with any kind of relationship with another person who is there. It has to do with gathering itself, in public, with others that you recognize, and the closeness comes from the lightness of the interaction which is a stronger bond."

I saw it in those scenes, it was like when the friends here in Oakland aligned about hatred of work and all of its drizzling consequences were hanging around. In those times they used to see each other and run up to each other with hamster eyes, glowing and saying “us.”

The scenes when they are eating pizza together and sharing it, cheering as they pull from the pizza pie.

They barely know each other, they have built a bond.

They look in each other’s eyes.

They take walks together. They see one another differently than others see them.

But anyone could see them.

There is nothing special about it, except that when this occurs often enough on multiple occasions closely occurring the time will seem special.

No person is special.

Only configurations of time and space can be special.

The bond of the people gathering is inherently political because it is based on the hatred of work, it is based on a common struggle.

I don’t think they could love each other so much if they didn’t hate work so much.

But the gathering does not hit you over the head with the fact that it is political.

You don’t need to say any other words about their bond other than that.

Perhaps that is where it goes wrong every time, people come along and say words about what that bond is and the terms that have been used are recycled and loaded up and don’t mean anything anymore.

I am banging my fists on my lap every time they let the scientists in.

My teeth are gnashing. My brow sharpens and hurts.

As if they know it is their death but they still let the scientists in.

Everyone should know by now, fuck biology, because we are creating ourselves by now. All sci-fi. But I digress.

Someone thinks it's a good idea to let the scientists in, so everyone does, because they want to be able to continue to communicate with their group.

They earnestly believe that the scientists could be helpful.

But what the gelatinous mass as life needs least is earnestness or authenticity, because it is only concerned with being and allowing people the space to be.

At this late stage of capitalism, the only place that more bonds are going to be made are through being.

The Popular Unrest people live in another dimension now because they killed each other through the relentless atomizing that work convinced them they needed. Next time around they will not have to kill each other into the other dimension through competition about work because here we beings have learned from them.

Dare I say the Popular Unrest people are our bodhisattvas.

The Popular Unrest people killed each other in a room in an abandoned building because they didn't know what they were after their initial moment of bonding. They found that "it wasn't as romantic" the second time around in an abandoned building.

But somehow there is always another abandoned building or space that is there to go back to. We like our psychogeographic tours, so we can talk about where it had happened before, and it is always logical to make things in the space capital temporarily forgot.

Anyway, they were eating pizza together, they looked in each others eyes a certain way, this could last a lifetime, this could last for months, this could last one day.

I am looking at the plan to last a lifetime because it is not based on one bond to a person, but a bond to a gelatinous mass.

The fact that there would be some part of the gelatinous mass that still remained.

The gelatinous mass is not anyone in a relationship with anyone else, but the thing/atmosphere that happens when they are gathering for no reason.

No reason except that there is that sensed reason to talk in public, instead of rushing off somewhere else.

The blank time that can feel shaming in this world, with everyone commuting.

Only the gathering can be planned (sometimes), nothing else can be planned.

The problem with the Popular Unrest people is that they believed the scientists when the scientists told them their bond was the result of a glitch.

A mass that would break off like mercury but most of the blob remains in tact.

The fact that it is a blob means that other people will jump on at any time.

It is a language of knowingness, like a nod that means knowingness.

A language based on accessibility and not exclusion, based on presence and not irony or distance, because it is not a language of words.

A language of being, separate from work identity.

Of figuring out how to use work identity as a tool to in turn feed the gelatinous mass, to stealth and steal and redirect and smile in the face. To be able to have the thing that is always there behind the things we have to believe to figure out

how to portion out our amounts, the amounts, the quantities that the outer life requires on the outer shell.

To reject emotions as real and take the responsibility to reject other friends' emotions in order to move the emotions around as storms and learn how to work around their importance.

As we can't tell anymore through the storms, the emotions put out there, what the real ones are or are not. Because there have been so many namings of so many things to select, the illusion of choices takes over the commitment to a gelatinous mass.

The knowing of self is clouded in the choices of what the self can be.

Emotions are tools now, used by others on minds, the intended result of life up against the screen.

What is discharge and what is generative becomes indistinguishable.

It is not pertinent to be optimistic or believing in happiness.

It is pertinent to go on a walk, to do the things that allow myself and others to move.

I am a materialist.

The gelatinous mass can be sensed.

The gelatinous mass is a need, like food or housing, which is why people end up needing church or school or poetry scenes or music scenes or some other structure to live in.

Because they need the moment of setting up the chairs and talking to each other, or having moments in between to gather when they are walking to the grassy area.

The alternative to the gelatinous mass is atomization: offices, cubicles, living alone, perceived isolation agitating itself as one overworks themselves, marriage often because of loneliness or giving up.

It is hard to tell what the moneyed spaces are or are not anymore. But the incapacity to move is inside something like choices, scientists telling you that your group will be subject to analytics, sending you suggestions about what you might like in the future, friend suggestions, purchase suggestions, life suggestions, preparation and insurance and micro-taking of portions of this analysis, and competition based on the micro-preferences within this analysis, and forgetting you have comrades, bonds, connections, a garden, and animal companions, and dismissing this larger need as youthful waste.

And it doesn't matter to be pure in finding this unanalyzed space except that somehow, to keep moving slowly and talking with others, allowing the perspective to slowly change, you might become less predictive, you might find an answer in the images encountered, or the nothingness encountered. In the inability to name what is in front of you or describe it as sickness or lack or imperfection, in the relationships or the lessening of the cruel optimism of the life that is presented as impossible to get, yet you must get it, but you don't have to believe it. You could be further away from this, you have had a time when you were, never forget.

To walk together, to move outside, as the landscape around changes in a gradual manner with steps, as you move, as you talk, you might get somewhere. Though it doesn't seem possible the way the tiny pixels are built like blocks, like checkmark boxes. and you're supposed to know the content of every pixel as a choice, every disembodied limb on its own. Don't believe it, keep walking and look in the faces. Keep gathering, and seeing the analog and imperfect shapings of plants, animals and faces, the one not divisible.

Feeling hopeless moved us together until it disappeared in our gelatinous mass and transformed into this connected and generative feeling. It left again, and likely returns, flashing on and off, because a flashing on is not something that can be controlled.

But sitting in a grass field with others is always potential.

DEMONS CLAIM YOURSELVES
ANGELS BE YOURSELVES

*(then
switch roles)*

OVERDOERS
BE GONE
AND LEAVE THE
OPEN SPACE

CREDITS

This entire book comes from notebooks of the past few years. This book is a naively hopeful sci-fi as a last resort at the moment. It was compiled in relation to watching Melanie Gilligan's *Popular Unrest* hundreds of times. I chose content from the notebooks in relation to what I was writing about this weird art TV series. I was introduced to it by a friend about 6 months ago, though it was made in 2011. *Popular Unrest* was either particularly tuned in to, or helping manifest, what was about to happen in terms of hordes of people taking to the streets all over the world in 2011.

Popular Unrest is a trilogy. It is the middle piece of the trilogy. I see the trilogy as past, present, and future. So it is the present.

Last I checked anyone can view this at popularunrest.org.

I was especially interested in the somatic connection of the characters in *Popular Unrest* and the relation of this bond to the destruction of time and space as we know it.

How do small groups form? One thing is sure. Use of the body in non-normative ways in public is one necessary thing that has to happen. I say this in the time where predictive data is king, in the time where the only thing left to be monetized is the future of the body and mind. There are ways to reclaim that.

Portions of this text were published in *WORK*, a journal published by David Harrison Horton. You can find PDFs of *WORK* on www.deepoakland.org

Cover image by Alex Cruse. Cover & spine foil stamped by me.

The notebook pages are from the "Cough" performance with Nicholas Komodore AKA Mayakov+sky Platform. Some of the lines are from Pier Paolo Pasolini.

The coloring book page is "Vampire Princess Celestia" by Leila Izel Hernandez-Varra.

Thanks to Ian Dolton-Thornton and Chloe Minervini for editing and life help. The Chloe Chloe Ian Aaron house was very nurturing, always, a place where I could always think.

Thanks to my dear sister Alana Siegel for emergency editing.

There were a lot of people who reminded me I was a writer or artist when I fell off again and again. For a few years I thought I was trading art for a commune and that might still happen.

Thanks to those over many years who were some sort of support to me whether they realized it or not: Ariel Goldberg, Aaron Begg, Syd Staiti, Nico Peck, Niko Komodore, David Buuck, Carlos Soto-Roman, Matthew O'Malley, Alana Siegel, Lindsey Boldt, CA Conrad, Kimberly Alidio, Andrea Abi-Karam, Andrea Marina, Wendy Trevino, Andrew Kenower, Juliana Spahr, Alex Cruse, Kevin Lo, Emji Spero, Jack Rusk, Brian Ang, Erin Morrill, Dillon Westbrook, Margit Galanter, Abby Crain, Sara Larsen, David Brazil, Zack Haber, Olive Blackburn, Marianne Morris, Sarah Rupp, Bill Luoma, Chloe Watlington, Aaron Benanav, Stephanie Young, Brian Whitener, Jeffrey Schrader, Jesse Trepper, MG Roberts, Melissa Mack, Samantha Giles, Cassandra Smith, Chris Chen, Zoe Ceja, Andrew Macy, Cornell Harris, Hillary Overberg, Laurel DeCou, Jaime Goldman, Pati, Linda Grant, Julianna Leskie, Annemarie Munn, Bethany Hobbs, Kate Robinson, Winston Goertz-Giffen, Weyam Ghadbian, Malgosia Kostecka, Kate Robinson, Yosef, Claire Buss, erica lewis, Chrissy Becker, Jim Siebold, Gabriela Laz, Cheena Marie Lo, Suzanne Stein, George Tan, Petey Mastriano, Alice Li.

For the long hauls: Heather Jovanelli, RV (Rebecca Vandervoort), Rachel Varra, Julie Lacko...I can't laugh or cry enough.

Thanks to Jesse Falk-Finley, my co-conspirator who is the most worth it challenge/r. Look out for our *Esoteric DSM* busting out soon and already in progress on widenow.org. You can see space weather updates there too, if you are wondering what you're feeling that is from outer space, if you're sensitive like that.

For Full House, that went away. Fred, Kirk, Humberto, Alfredo, Leah, Mike, Marcos. And all the people that just keep coming back.

Particularly a nod to the somatically-named work of CA Conrad, Eleni Stecopoulos, Amber DiPietra, Bhanu Kapil, Margit Galanter, Melissa Buzzeo.

There were a number of buildings and rooms and outsides. Houses, reading groups, squats, events, bourgie beer gardens, bourgie cafes, living rooms, gardens, back porches, couches, couches on back porches, basement and warehouse press rooms, backyards, a college, camp on a distant farm, a magical ranch, summer writing programs, where I spent much time with others. When I tried to specify I got overwhelmed. And maybe it was better not to.