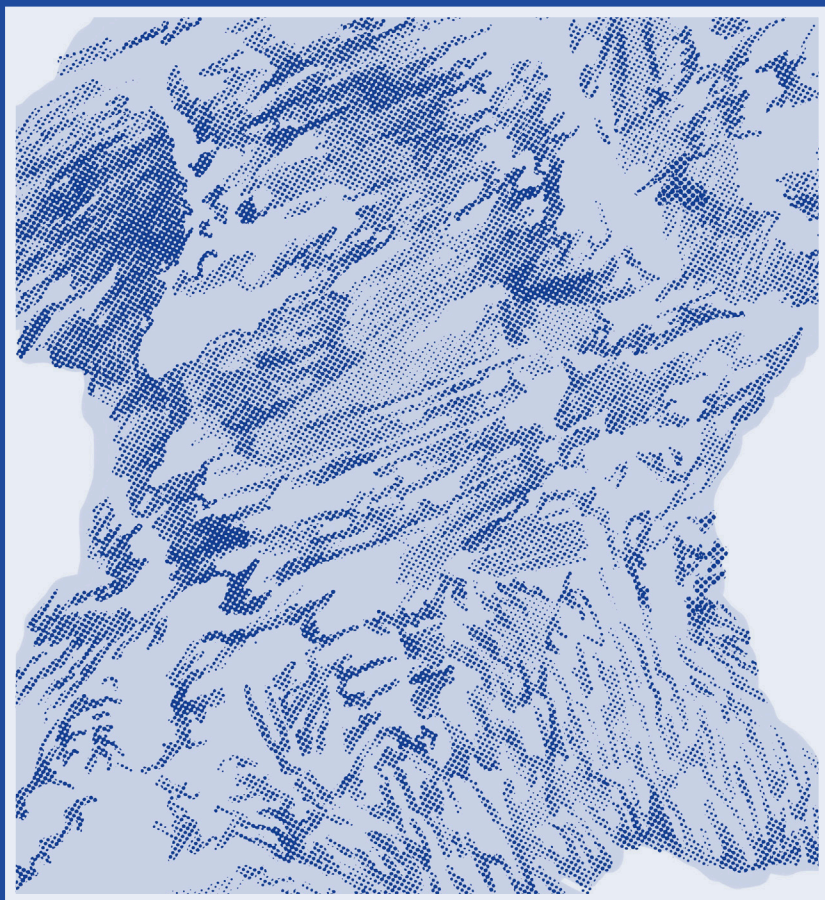


DREAMING OF OTHER LIVES



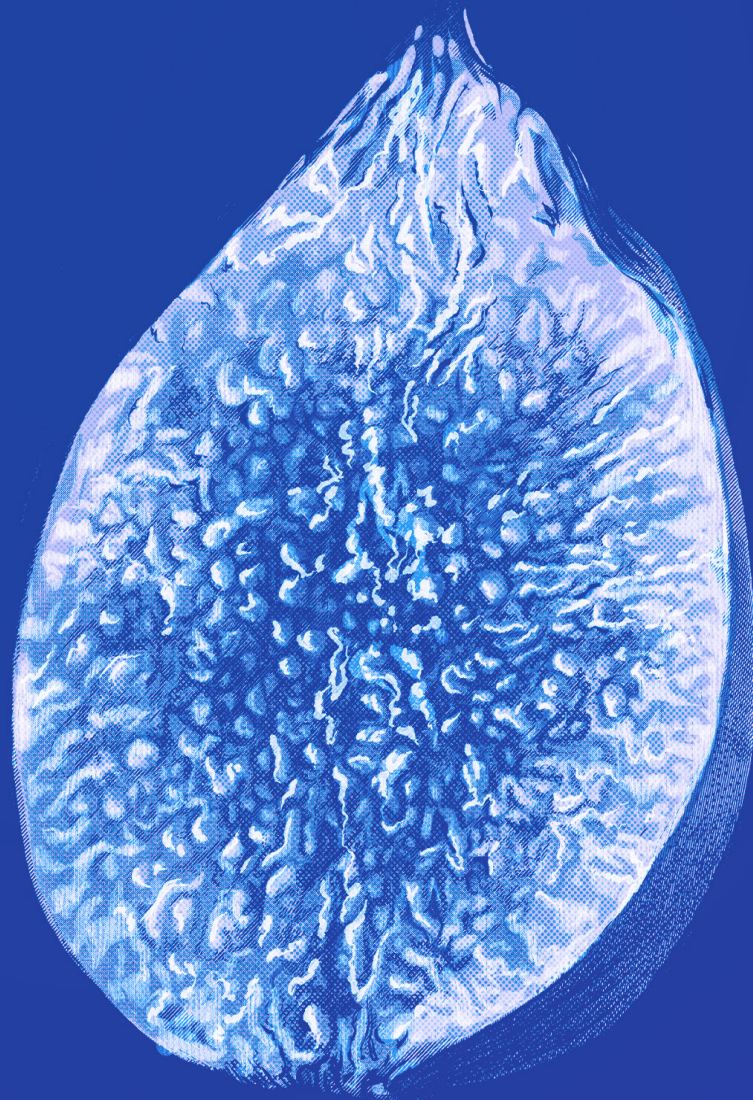
You wade into a cold ocean at night, by yourself.

There is no horizon, but you are tethered by industrial scents and the faint scream of the highway.

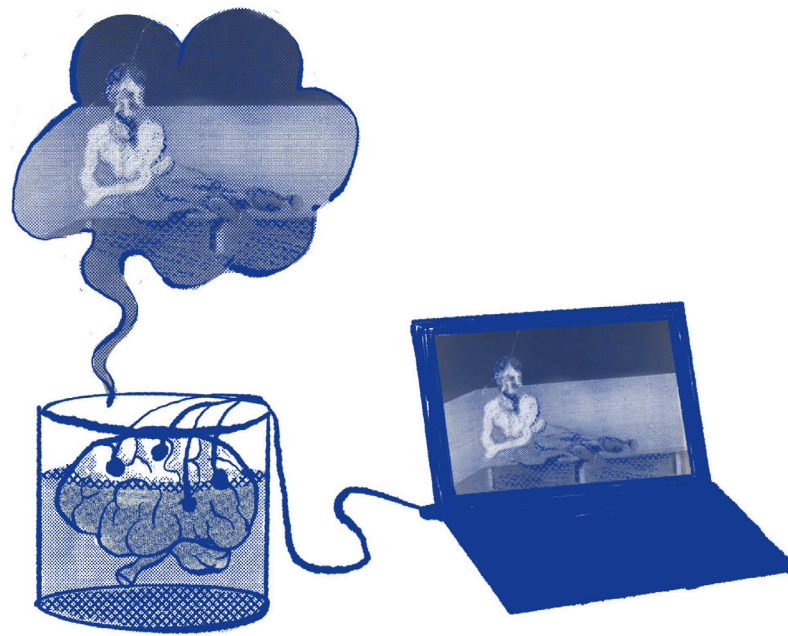
A dull ache rises and subsides in the arches of your feet as your heart slows and your blood cools. Hot piss warms your thighs for a moment, before every pore on your lower body unprickles and surrenders to the cold.

Just as the last whisper of tension leaves your body, a dim incandescent light appears, ambling slowly toward you, bumping steadily down the beach.

You suck the rest of the air out of the atmosphere and duck under, so they don't see.



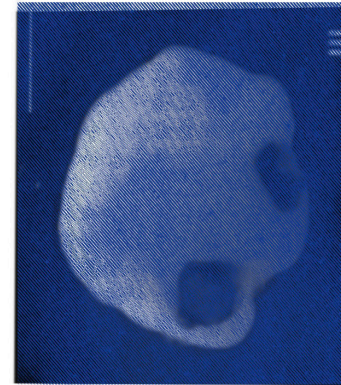
- 1** Survey your branchmates. Do their skins glare with youthful arrogance, or do they hang in withered folds? Have compassion for those desiccated members that have refused to move on.
- 2** Look carefully at the earth beneath you. Has it been cruelly hardened by the sun or will it embrace you? Are you ready for the most drastic change of your life?
- 3** Focus inward; be self-centred. Allow yourself to become very heavy. Buoyancy is not important anymore. Allow your sweet and putrid spirit to ooze through your skin and sparkle in the sun. Be noxious and be delighted.
- 4** Look into the knotty and eternal eyes of the branch that has held you. Without breaking your gaze, slowly unpucker. There is no rush.
- 5** You will not hurt as you land, or as you heartily split down the center. Your glistening insides are a blessing.



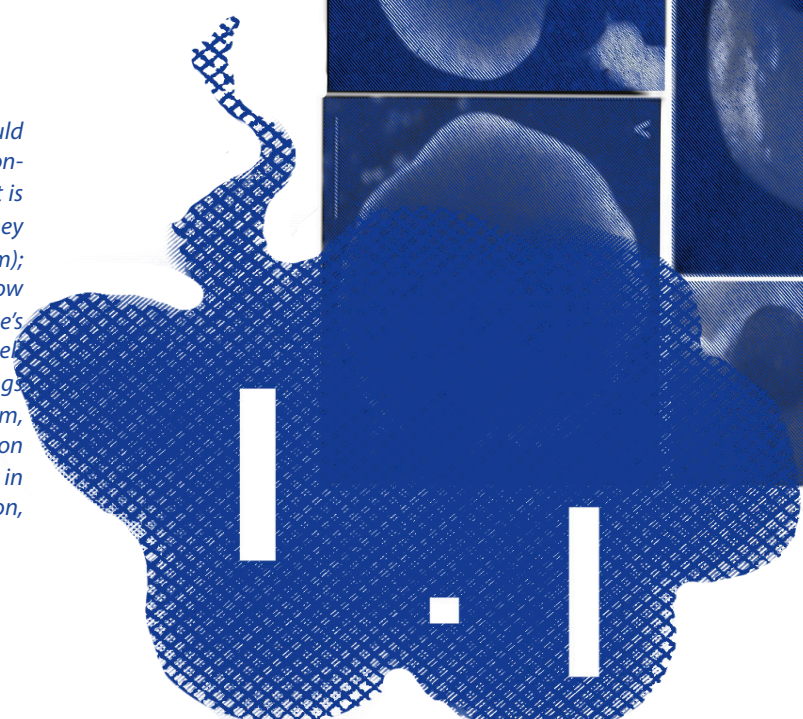
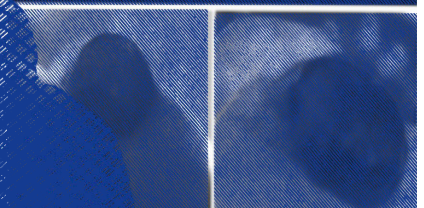
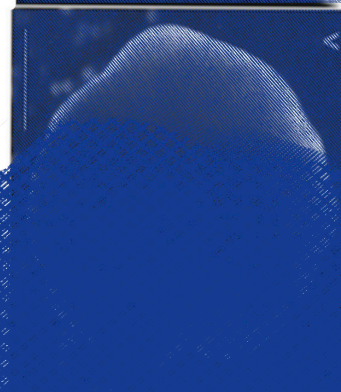
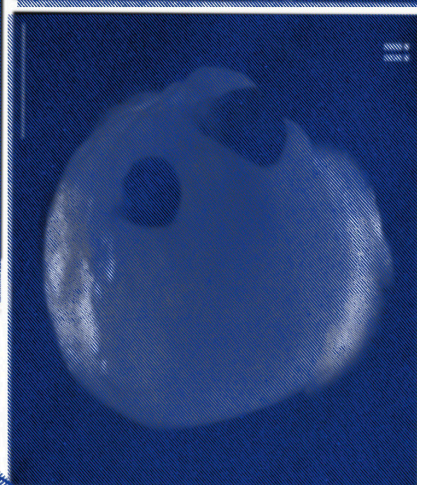
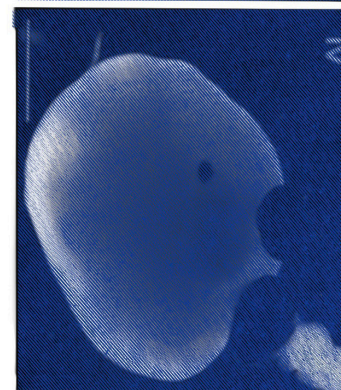
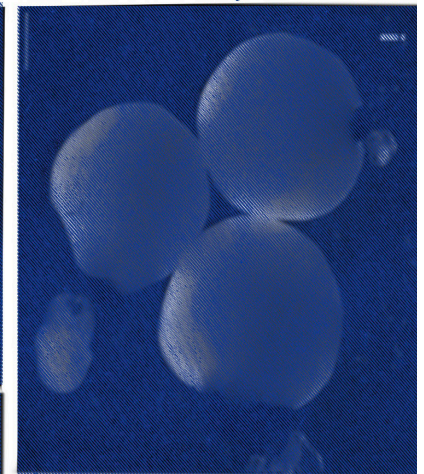
A brain in a vat believes it is lounging

: **since the brain** in a vat gives and receives exactly the same impulses as it would if it were in a skull, and since these are its only way of interacting with its environment, then it **is not** possible to tell, from the perspective of that brain, whether it is in a skull or a vat. Yet in the first case, most of the person's beliefs may be true (if they believe, say, that they are **the body** walking down the street, or eating ice-cream); in the latter case, their beliefs are false. Since the argument says if one cannot know whether one is a brain in a vat, then **one does not know** whether most of one's beliefs might be completely false. Since, in principle, it is impossible to rule out oneself being a brain in a vat, there cannot be good grounds for believing **any** of the things one believes; a **real** argument would contend that one certainly cannot know them, raising issues with the definition of knowledge. Other philosophers have drawn upon **sensation** and its relationship to meaning in order to question whether brains in vats are really deceived at all,[4] thus raising wider questions concerning perception, metaphysics, and the philosophy of language. **It is all fantasy.**

Day 60

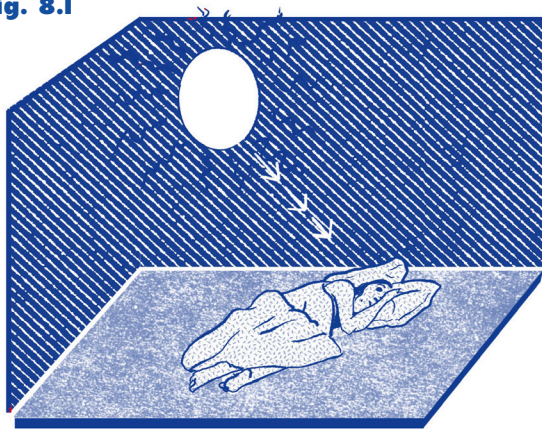


Day 60



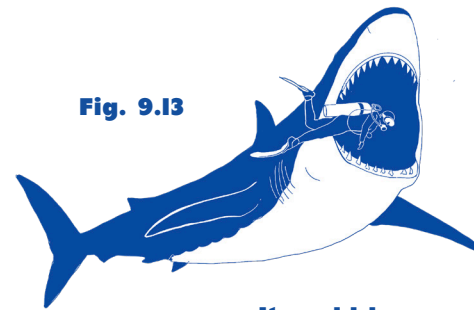
Why is a pale white not paler than blue, why is a connection made by a stove, why is the example which is mentioned not shown to be the same, why is there no adjustment between the lace and the separate attention. Why is there a choice in gamboling. Why is there no necessary dull stable, why is there a single piece of any color, why is there that sensible silence. Why is there resistance in a mixture, why is there no poster, why is there that in the window, why is there no suggester, why is there no window, why is there no oyster closer. Why is there a circular diminisher, why is there a bather, why is there no scraper, why is there a dinner, why is there a bell ringer why is there a duster, why is there a section of a similar resemblance, why is there that scissor.

Fig. 8.I



The subject does not realize that they are in an alternative reality.

Fig. 9.I3



If it could happen to you!

South, south which is a wind is not rain, does silence choke speech or does it not.

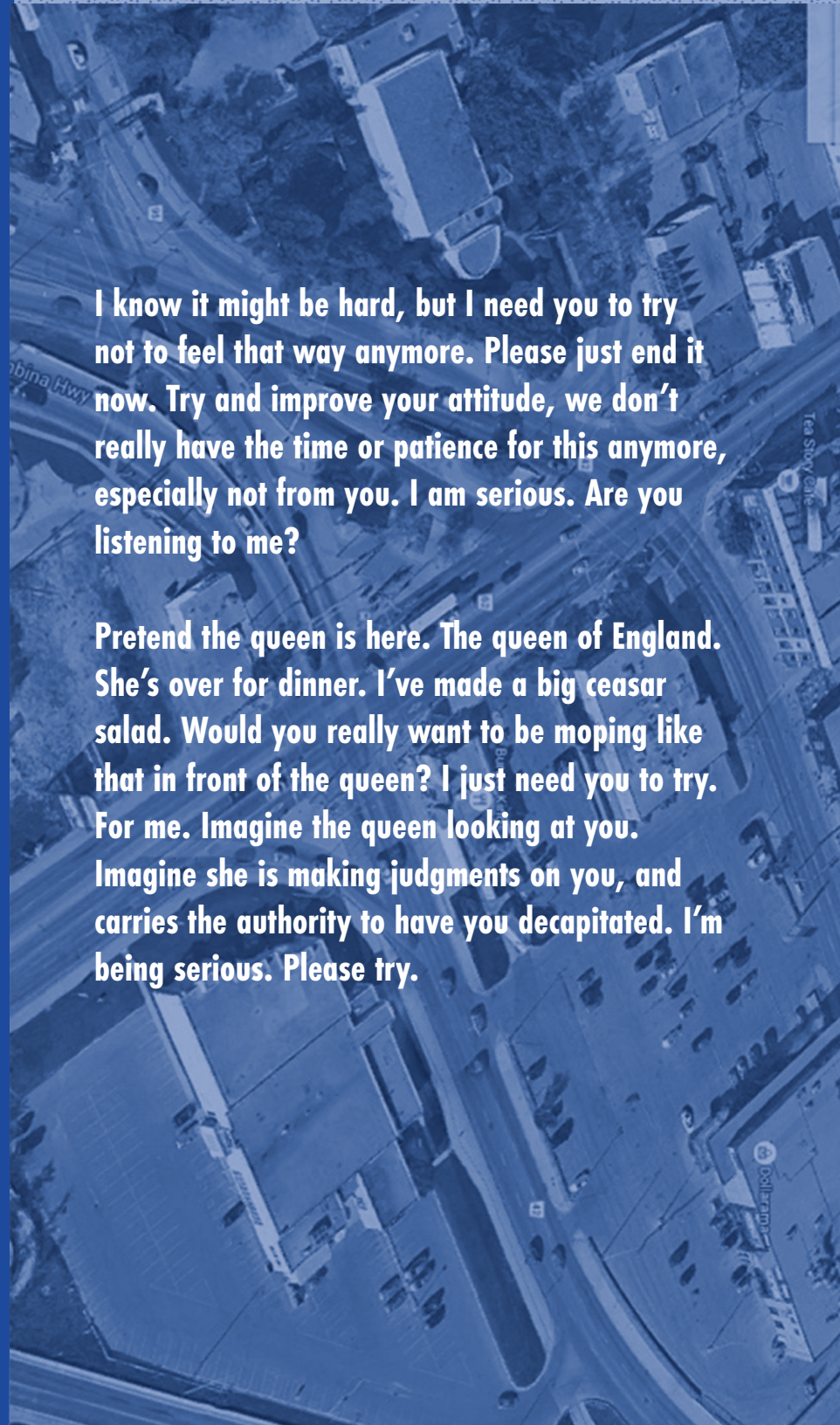
Lying in a conundrum, lying so makes the springs restless, lying so is a reduction, not lying so is arrangeable.

Releasing the oldest auction that is the pleasing some still renewing.

Giving it away, not giving it away, is there any difference. Giving it away. Not giving it away.

Almost very likely there is no seduction, almost very likely there is no stream, certainly very likely the height is penetrated, certainly certainly the target is cleaned. Come to sit, come to refuse, come to surround, some slowly and age is not lessening. The time which showed that was when there was no eclipse. All the time that reentering was removal all the time there was breath. No breath is shadowed, no breath is painstaking and yet certainly what could be the use of paper, paper shows no disorder, it shows no desertion.


- Gertrude Stein, excerpt from "Rooms"



I know it might be hard, but I need you to try not to feel that way anymore. Please just end it now. Try and improve your attitude, we don't really have the time or patience for this anymore, especially not from you. I am serious. Are you listening to me?

Pretend the queen is here. The queen of England. She's over for dinner. I've made a big ceasar salad. Would you really want to be moping like that in front of the queen? I just need you to try. For me. Imagine the queen looking at you. Imagine she is making judgments on you, and carries the authority to have you decapitated. I'm being serious. Please try.





*Sometimes I find my whole life in a shallow instant.
It bears down in all its bulk and forces the breath
from my chest.*

*My arteries strain with the force of every heartbeat;
my ears echo with every question, call, and
reprimand.*

*Thick morsels and unuttered words slide down my
throat to collide with my small ocean, a lifetime of
gut feelings.*

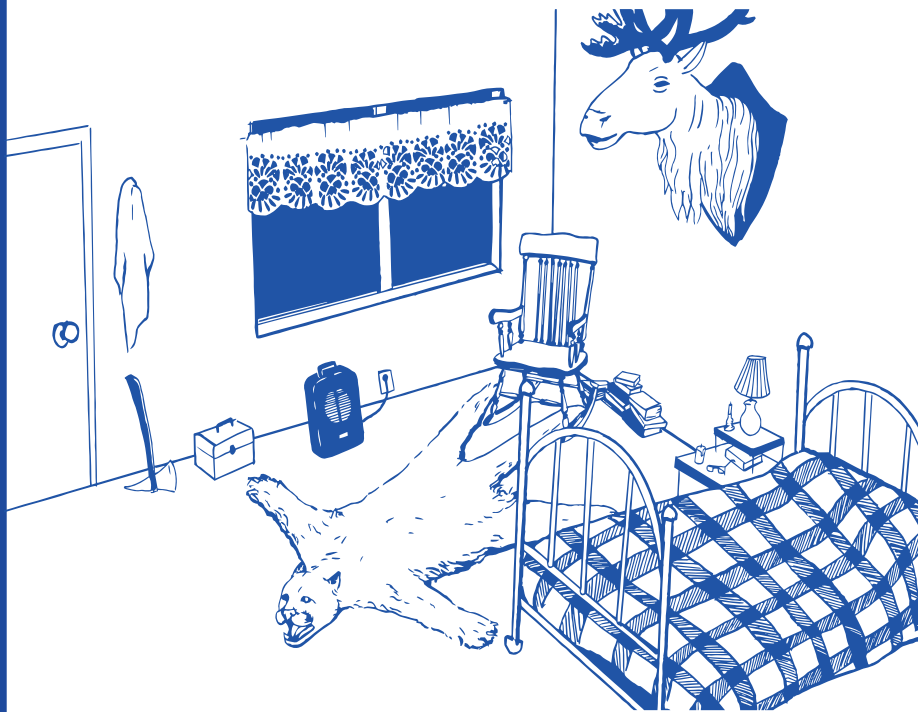
*Every face looks at, around, beyond me, features
layered indefinitely into radiant neutrality.*



just visiting

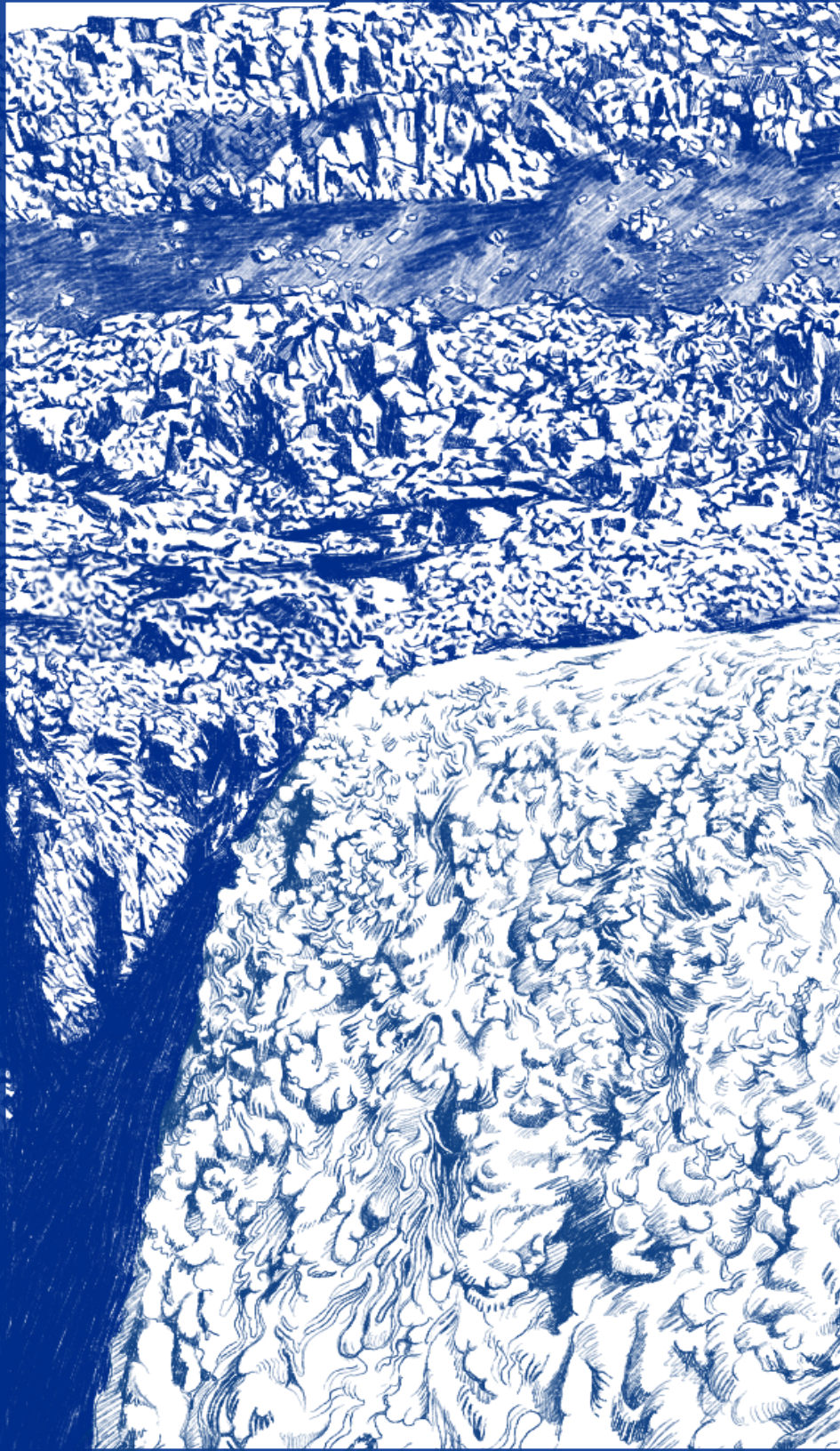


I'll go soon



Fast Fact!

I was extremely depressed when I drew 8 or 9 pictures of cured meat. They reminded me of luxury and the ills of humanity at the same time. I was in a better place when I started drawing waterfalls. I don't have any good images of the meat drawings anymore. So here is a waterfall.



I drew a stupid picture of a pepperoni sitting on top of *Discipline & Punish*, for a guy i briefly dated a few years ago. I guess he was into Foucault. In retrospect the presence of this book on his nightstand was fairly odious in its implied role as dream fodder. He had really long fingers, wore a lot of cable knit sweaters, and didn't use social media.

I used to panic a little bit when I drove through the major intersection near his house, or anytime I saw a green 2010 honda civic. Recently I passed his place and saw that it had been taken over by a hoarder. I'd probably been panicking at that intersection for two years for no reason.

I kind of regret giving this away for free. A curator for some commercial group exhibition approached me for another piece featuring a large slab of prosciutto.

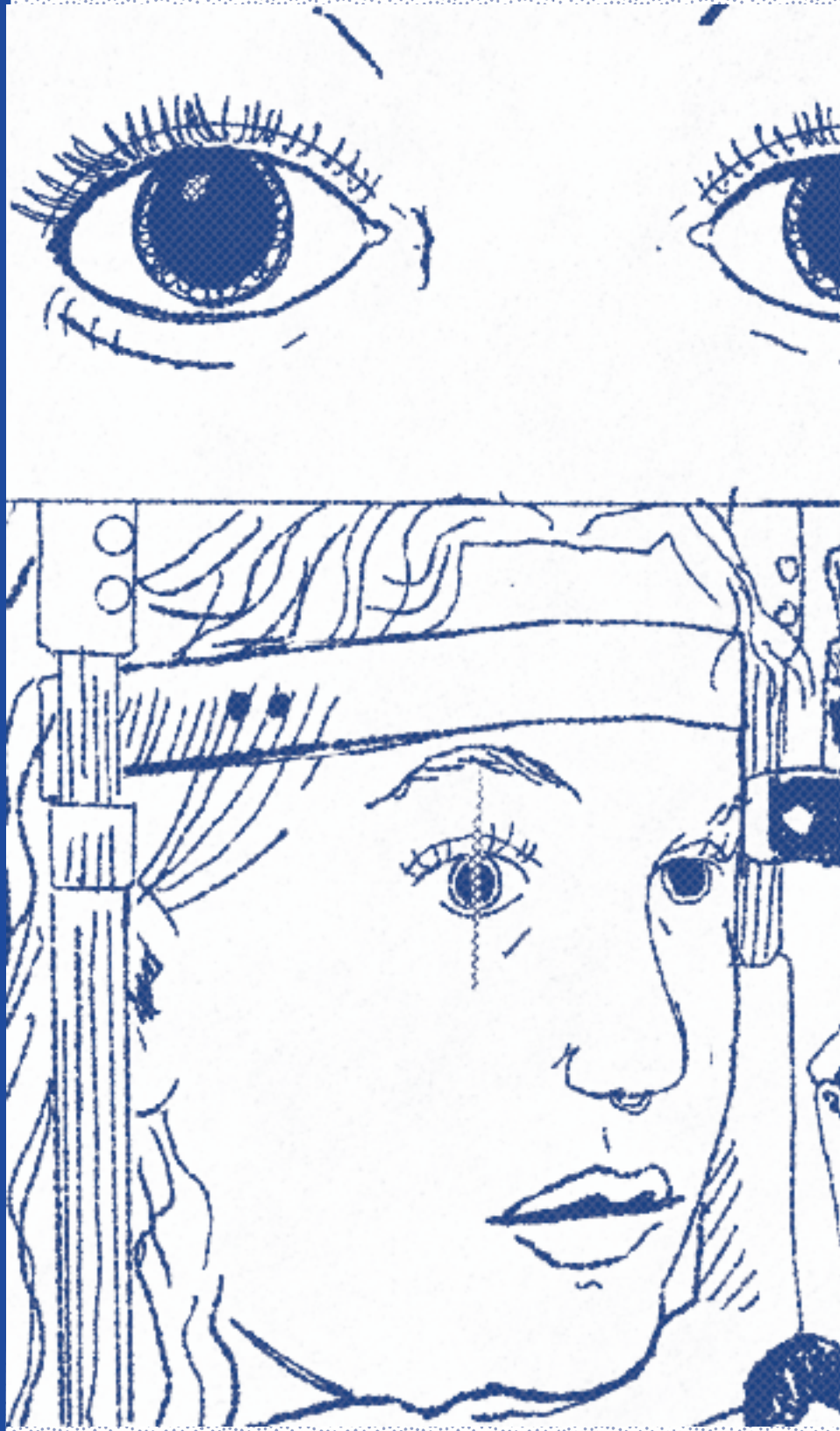
(space representing the crater in my portfolio where "Discipline & Pepperoni" could be)

I sold it and paid rent for my that month. I wonder if he still has it.

It's probably in a box. He was smart, I bet he's got a really nice place now. Maybe he has a lot of much nicer art, and just threw it in the trash.

Maybe he is a vegetarian now and finds it offensive.

Maybe he regifted it and told someone else that he drew it.



Write a Piece of Fiction!

you will need: pen, one hour

think of something now

ensure that it is not true (difficult)

***when you are positive it is not true* ,
write it down here:***

*try not to go on the internet unless you have a doctor's exemption

please do not email me your piece of fiction

