

# **COWBOY SUNSHINE**



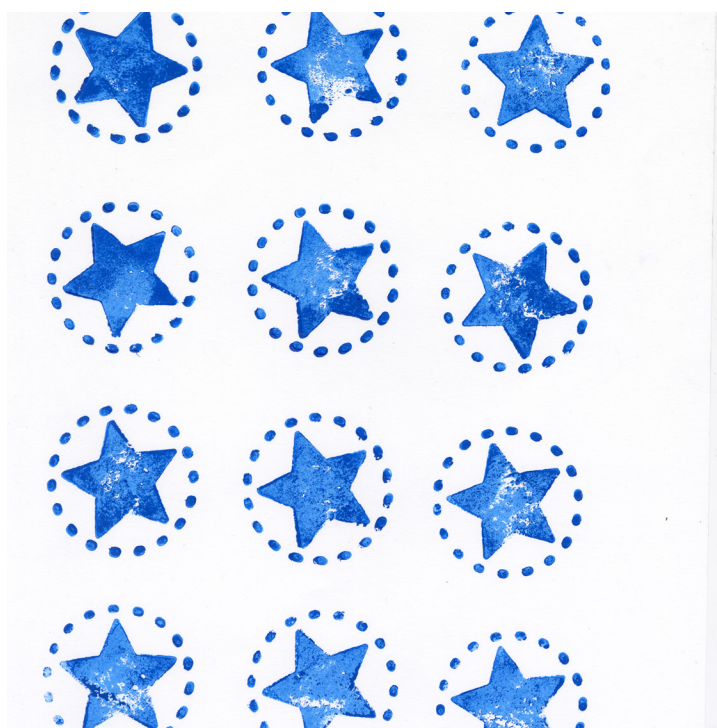
A Visualization





F/S-1048-B





4) PEOPLE TALK HGP030406-3/5/81-HOLLYWOOD: Actress Mackenzie Phillips shot  
and her father, now drug-free following hospitalization to get off their million doll  
habit, want everyone to know the perils of drugs. Phillips, 45, the founder of the Mama  
group told Davidson how he sold his houses, cars and publishing rights to support his  
Mackenzie, 21, told how she was fired from the "One Day at a Time" TV series "because  
ate and using cocaine at work". UPI bf/Glen

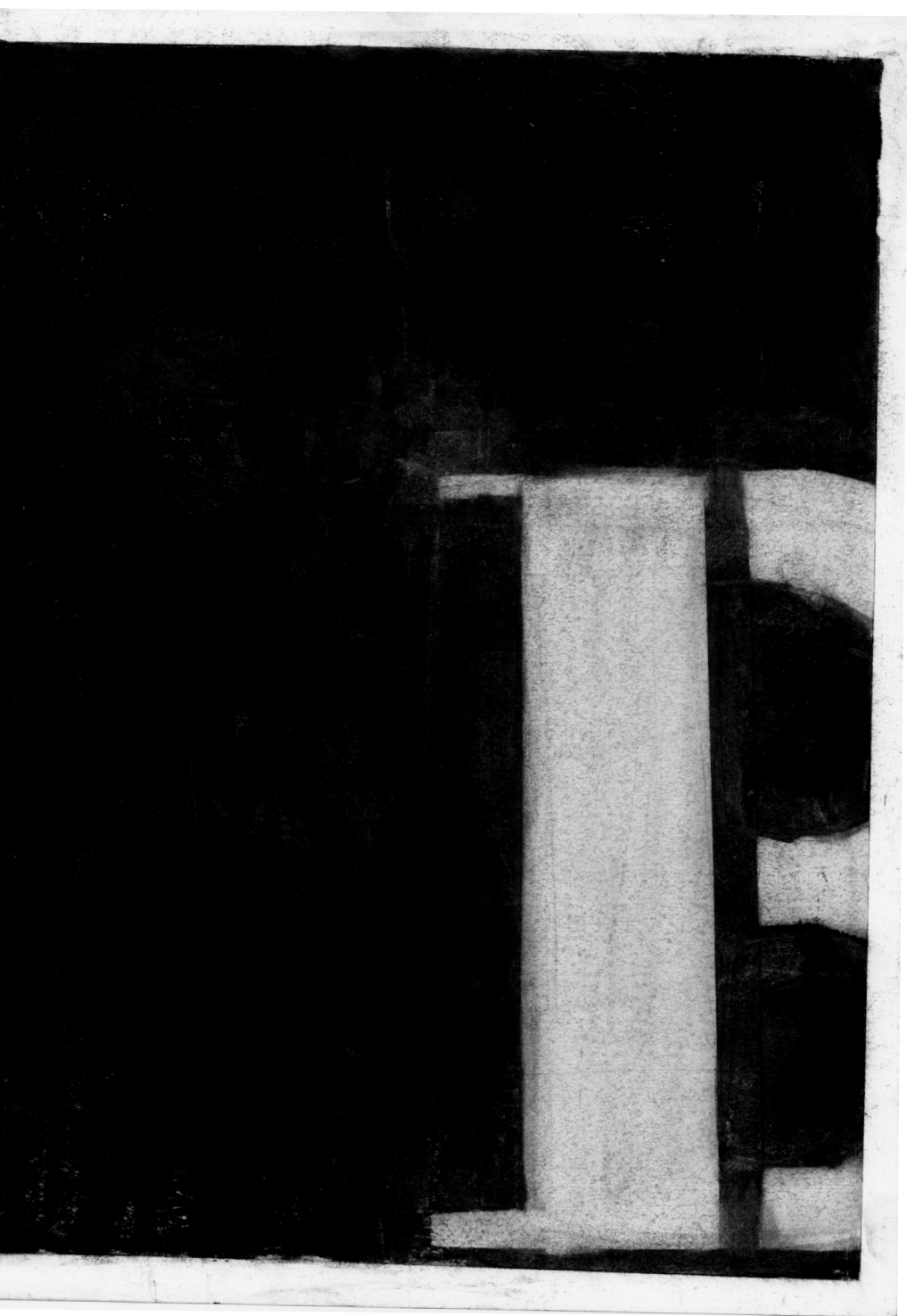


own here with her  
on Show. Mackenzie  
ar-a-year narcotics  
s and Papas rock  
heroin habit.  
I was irresponsible,  
m Waggner











Others have someone who is devoted to me, but one who even considered devoting himself to me, other people: me, they just treat decently. (I recognize in myself the capacity for self-destruction) Unfortunately, I've done nothing to earn initial respect and so no one has ever loved me either.

I sometimes think that I enjoy suffering, but I prefer something else.

I don't have the right qualities to be loved, I don't even have the merit of being considered. This is what remains.

Other people of lesser intelligence than me. They are better than I am at everything, other people, more skilled at administering, I don't have all the necessary qualities to influence, with which to do so, nor even the will.

If one day I were to love someone, I would love myself.

It's enough for me to want something, but my destiny, however, is not potent enough to achieve it. It has the unfortunate disadvantage of wanting those things that I want.

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I have always experienced actual suffering, but I have the sensation of having those sensations, I have the awareness of suffering more painfully than I actually do.

Early on, the life of my emotions was more intense, and there I enjoyed a broader emotional life.

And since thought, when it gives me a more demanding life than emotion itself, I have been in it.

in which I experienced what I was suffering, in which I felt more day-to-day, more suffering.

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Others have someone who is devoted to them. I've never had anyone who even considered devoting themselves to me. That is for other people: me, they just treat decently.

I recognized in myself the capacity to arouse respect but not affection. Unfortunately, I've done nothing that in itself justifies that initial respect and so no one has ever managed fully to respect me to arouse respect but not affection. It sometimes strikes me that I enjoy suffering. But the truth is I would manage fully to respect myself.

But the truth is I would not have the right qualities to be either a leader or a follower. I don't even have the merit of being contented, which, if all else fails, is what remains.

Other people of lesser intelligence are in fact much stronger than me. They are better at carving out their lives among other people, more skilled at administering their intelligence. I have all the necessary qualities to influence others, but not the art with which to do so, nor even the will to want to do so.

If one day I were to love someone, I would not be loved in return. It's enough for me to want something for that thing to die. My destiny, however, is not potent enough to prove deadly to just anything. It has the unfortunate disadvantage of being deadly only to those things that I want.

My desire to prove deadly to just anything is not potent enough to prove deadly to just anything. It has the unfortunate disadvantage of being deadly only to those things that I want.

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[1917?]

I have always experienced actual sensations less intensely than the sensation of having those sensations. I have always found my awareness of suffering more painful than the suffering itself.

Early on, the life of my emotions moved to the seat of thought, and there I enjoyed a broader emotional knowledge of life.

And since thought, when it gives refuge to emotion, becomes more demanding than emotion itself, the regime of consciousness in which I experienced what I was feeling made the manner in which I felt more day-to-day, more superficial, more titillating.

feeling made the manner in which I felt more day-to-day, more superficial, more titillating.

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