



7: THE HORSE'S MOUTH

non-stop

1.20.2020. D.C. [running Nair
ray shun voy's'ed ova in stile
uv medickhole transcript shun]:
Cheque,cheque, K esS K ssey? Un
bush day shell, Val? On on clay
sea-view play! U ass-zoom the tran-
scriber reads French aux. Hmm, dim, sum
sorta Bw/Ody part if u ax Us. Sea lips? Sen-
sored the oregon null. Y U riding in *Consolas*
font? 4 spatial FX, as if dis is sumping tram-
slated threw computer. Si, U speak out loud INT 2
our crow phone + dis masheen cunverts watt U ssey IN
2 text, ox. Well Y don't U type hit die-wreck? Cuz U god
yo I's clothes yo! U's posed 2 bee UN-conch Us, lying on N
Operating journey. Same gurney where on, in pair-Vll-L w/ Us lying
s'pine in the counting corner's orafice in San Francisco, 3.4.1997.
Due-doing diligents to best brain dump U's noggin on-2 these pages

Well, for starters luz the font, ox. We nose u trying 4 retro skew-o-morphed FX, bud no body in dare rite mined uses *Consolas* in 2020, btw. *Helvetica Neue* is the golden standurd now... at least w/ raw ducks. Bedder? Fine by us. In fact, Ulysses used *Helvetica* for most of his writings, so makes ¢ents. [paws to google]... actually, if U must no, as of 1.24.2017  uses *San Francisco* as they're sistern fount. [paws to downloa + install *SF Pro* from the  devilpper site... + then we halve to close + re-open In Design CC]... ok, happy now? Dis bee *SF Pro Text Light (italic)*. May-b bump 'er up a notch to 10 pt. Adjust the kerneling wile U @ it, to 12 pt... let it breed. Dare, we cool? Kin U ju stick w/ this font going farword [**>>**]... pretty police? Fine by Us, makes our life EZier. U ain't siriusly rid-ing this in Adobe InDesign? Thawt U said dis was sum sorta medickle trans-crypt, dicktated orally? Cun u ling-us an udder notch to 13. Feliz? 1 last reakwest, kin we split / > this text block INT.0 2 callums? Makes it EZ-ier when / we git to the end of a line, to know ware we godda / go next. Dueling colums hear on out. \

or $1/\phi = 0.61803398875...$ or bedder yet x-pressed as a continued fraction¹⁵⁵:

$$\phi = 1 + \frac{1}{\phantom{1 + \frac{1}{\phi}}}$$



Spose we shd ghost-write this in a more standard
 book size (5" x 8") bud we inhairited these 8" x 10" de-
 mensions from vols 0-1 of 'SSES" 'SSES" "SSEY" + it makes
 sense given the imedges we halve to inkloot + the origi-
 nul 'SSES" 'SSES" fthesis form witch this x-trapolates was
 printed + bound in 8.5" x 11" floormat. Pard of us pre-
 furs 8" x 13" since suckssessive fibbing nacho #s yield
 a rayshow closer to "golden" ($\phi = 1.61803398875...$


or $1/\phi = 0.61803398875\dots$ or bedder yet x-pressed
as a continued fraction¹⁵⁵:


[illegible]

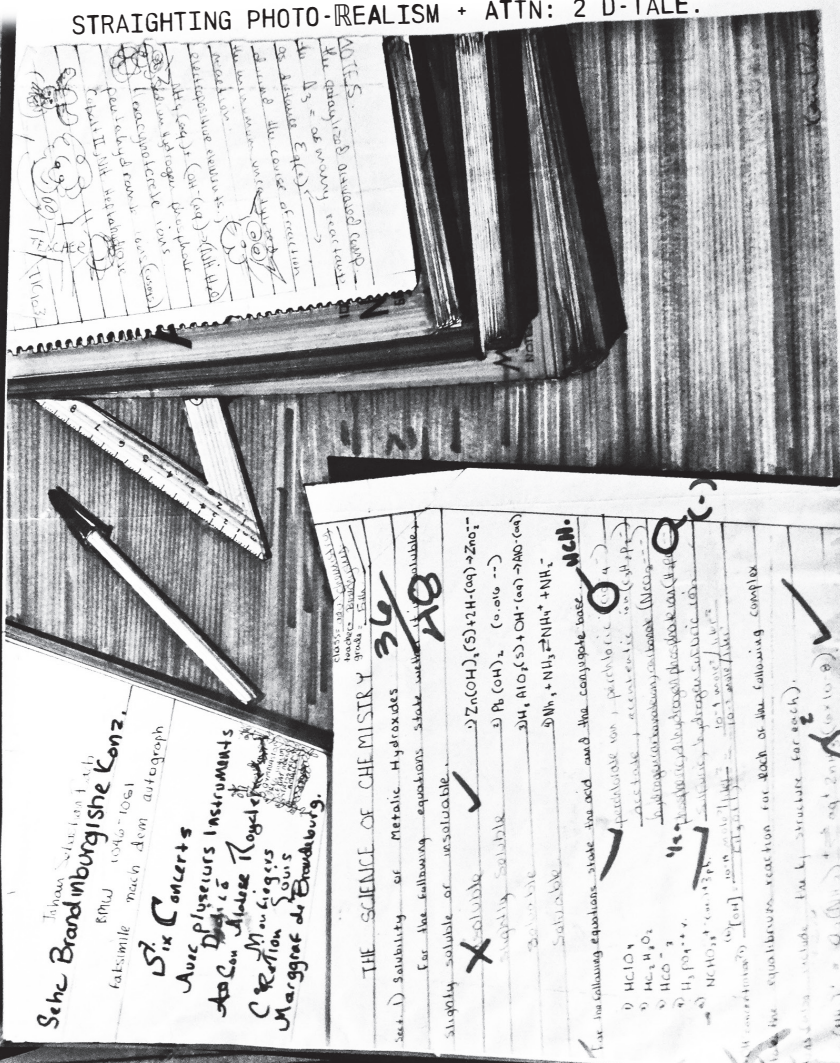
¹⁵⁵ This infinite fraction is best viewed animated in Reel time: <https://5cense.com/17/546.htm>.

Jay llv qliv a

Now dat we god hour C.S.S. (cascading style shit) down pat things shd proseed seamless + smooth, ox. Speak now or forever hold your piece... or tongue, however the sane goes, cuz this hear template wheel carry [>>] form hear on out... ok, bump 'er up an utter 1/2 notch to 10.5 pt while your attic. Don't know about U bud our l's ain't watt they used to bee¹⁵⁶... mush as we dig saving trees + obsses over afishantsea + the economy of words. To compensate for the font-size ink-crease we can decrease the leading a 1/2-notch to 12.5. Are we staying true to your wishes? We ain't sure ever U used speech recognition, bud Re:member U hat an  Newton, the 1st PDA long before iPads or iPhones ( discontinued the Newton in 1998, a year after your supposed O.D. The Newton came w/ a style-us + handwriting recognition (also a 1st) witch always butchered our scribblings w/ comic FX. Sin embargo U god a kick out of it + used to relish its sublingual associative missteaks. XZ-bit # 119 is an eggssample of an item recovered from your Newton after day ssey U kicked... not sure if U was drawing or righting + also seams U were trying to scribe in French? We had no weigh 2 Xfer the files from your Newton (XZ-bit 119 is a photo of the screne) + eventually the battree died. We held onto it for nostalgia a while



X-Z-BIT 119 (ABOVE). TXT/IMG MAID FROM YOUR  NEWTON + # 120 (BELOW) SKETCH OF A DESKTOP U DREW AS A KID DEMON- STRAIGHTING PHOTO-REALISM + ATTN: 2 D-TALE.

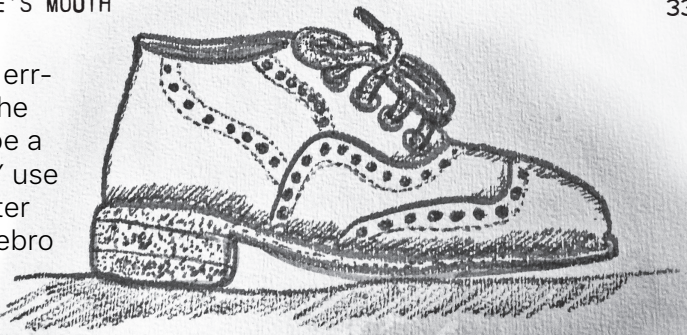
but we done a lot of purging in the past 20+ years + the Newton was a useless artifact (tho probly a collector's item by now) w/o axsses to your files, ox. X-Z-bit #120 is an x-act replica of a meatspace desktop U punctiliously sketched (not a photo or photocopy!) down to the handwringing... the chemistry notes ain't in your writing, tho the notebook w/ the cat doodles looks like yours. What a concept! Forging sum 1 L-sses handwriting in the name of art. If U was alive 2day U wood bee an early adopter of nu technology... unlike us luddites, prone to smashing up textile machinery + shunning Vll social media. The word-prossessing software our Macbooks used mid-90s was Claris, a shell company  spun off to up-keep McWrite + McPaint. In 1998 (per wiki-pediafile), Claris divested itself of all but its flagship product + reformed as FileMaker, Inc. In 2019, FileMaker announced at DevCon that it was restoring the Claris brand name. We also used QuarkXpress in the mid-90s + if our memary serves us sum of yr files (from witch where cumpiling this) had .QXD EX.Tensions. Thru the deckaids weave tried to keep up w/ converting our files, from Claris > Word, or Quark¹⁵⁷ > PageMaker (+ now InDesign)... often the onely weigh to recover these files was to convert the X-tension to .TXT + decipher the relevant text from the gobbly-gook.



¹⁵⁶ Wint from 30/20 to wearing 2.5 bi-focals.

¹⁵⁷ A word coined by Joyce ("3 quarks for Muster Mark!") + also used in quantum psychics to denote any of a # of subatomic particles carrying a fractional electric charge.

Y o Y due we keep braking the 4th wall (at this pt it's irreparably boot-strapped) to reveil self-riflexively the verry technologuee we use to right this? Shore, this be a *technotext*, as weave bin sane from the getgo, but Y use the non-serifed  system font (intended for computer displays) if U aim to publish this as a paper-based liebro (ware a serified font is bedder suited)? Shd we bump the font up anudder ½-notch to 11 pt? Ain't no  btn in a book (b-sides an actual magnifying lens ± stronger reading glaSSES). We ain't shore yet what is the primery target... the dinosaur in us wands to make a dead-tree book for prospairity sake, specially given Vll the 4-menshinned digital file format woes. If U R alive out dare in sum shape ore form, chantsses R U'll bee able to find this surfing inUrnet bedder then u wood haunting a liebury + the content will bee free to interact (search + link) w/ other digital content... big reason we d-sided to cerealize this online as PDF, for Vll ye skel-etons + ghosts (+ animals¹⁵⁸) out dare (cuz *Textiloma* won't bee of mush intrest to living humuns) + it's cheaper to replicate + dessiminate + wastes no paper + is prêt à porter to inny 1 w/ inUrnet connection (or as a shared copy, witch we god no scruples with)... anywaze, appy polly loggies for these diegressions + our deependseas on technologuee. We humbly aks U to to remove our shortcomings (anonymous step 7 of 12), after we edmit to Epimetheus dat we're ready to halve hym rid us of defex of charactor (# 6). Wile we're dotting I's + X-ing T's, @ witch stayshun of the † did that horror wash the feet of G-sses w/ her tears + then let down her hare to dry 'em... #6 or 7? + Y dint Epi give fish feet or I's, ox¹⁶⁰? We always thought a tat-too toe tag wd be much appreciated by corners, undertakers + medickle x-miners, to avoid confusion + misidentfication, nod to menshun a muse.



3/31/73 *SHOE* Krum.W

X-Z-BIT 121. ANOTHER DRAWING U MADE AS A KID (NOD TO MAGRITTE'S *TREACHERY OF IMAGES*?)

Or a tat too of shoes or socks on yo feet so u din't halve to putt them on eatch mourning. R Brought-a-gun¹⁵⁹ takes the cake for the shore-test sewerside note (after shooting hissself in the head): "Messy, isn't it?"

Our father din't leaf no node.

Or we rite this note for hym. U cd ssey Ulysses wrote 'SSES' 'SSES' as Sisyphus's sewer-side note. As E.M. Cioran said, "a book is a suicide post-poned." Sisyphus was condemned to humping dat rock ova + ova cuz he put deaf in chains so the rest of us wouldn't halve to die. Ulysses din't leaf a note witch proves it ain't sewerside, cuz knowing y/our propensity for writing we wood of left 1. Then again, we god a thing for absence + the colure white.

We was rong b4 when we said Us' journulls din't start til April 1995. We found sum files from Feb + Mar of '95. The files were unreadable til we changed the extension to .txt + ignored the coded jibberish. When the Tel-½ of Chaulky started writing 'SSES' 'SSES' "SSEY" they stopped ½-weigh cuz they wasn't ready yet to prosses the journuls leading up to y/our rehab + eventual deaf. Dat's why they adapted us, anon I'm us, bud we told u dat in the opening pgs. Sorry it took us this long to get to the beef. W/o father a due—wait, gess we shd inkloot the standurd disclaymer (Cal A. Mari has tot us well) about changing the names to protect the innersense of them still living ± taking artistic liberties to fit these jour-nulls into the scheme of *Textiloma*. By transcribing/filtering in 1st person plural we absorb their expirence as hour one + inkoot u the reader, no?

ATTACH TO TOE	NAME OF DECEASED Ulysses of Ithaca		CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE OF THE CORONER
	CAUSE OF DEATH pending autopsy		
	PLACE OF DEATH San Francisco, CA		
	DATE OF DEATH 04/03/1997	TIME OF DEATH 06:43	
	PHYSICIAN(S) Dr. Ssues		
	COMMENTS X-ray reveiled embedded corpse of his father.		
	NO. 666		

¹⁵⁸ Epimetheus god so rapped up dishing out traits to Vll the animals that he din't leave nun for mankind.

¹⁵⁸ Who authored *All Watched Over By Machines of Loving Grace* amongst other things.

¹⁶⁰



2 Feb 1995. 8:30 AM—San Jose airport

Waiting for the plane to L.A. [...] Hopefully we'll get a chance to talk to [Spike] tomorrow about [*Epimetheus Unbound*—the sequel to *Epimetheus*]. Spike also wants to show us a rough cut of *Epimetheus* this weekend. Hopefully we can finish any planning for *Epimetheus Unbound* that needs to be done in Los Angeles [sic] so we can go back to Nice + see [[H]ope].

Talked to [H]ope briefly last night... she mentioned she might have work in Nice (for a week) working on some British film production. We're happy for [H]ope + hope she feels fulfilled in her new-found capacity as A.D. (she should, she's a great A.D., especially for a French/English production.) Feels good to be able to ssey [sic] this knowing we're not sseying it just cuz she's our girlfriend. She has great charactor, seems everyone loves her + she's definitely bi-lingual. We miss her + can't wait to see her.

We've decided that *Epimetheus* will be a hit... or at least a cult hit. We ssey this w/o even seeing the rough cut. It'll be strange to actually have someone contact us (for a job opportunity, etc.) in conjunction w/ our role as the conceptual designer on the movie.

We feel very unsure about our future... this seems to be 1 of the bi-products of spending time around [Periboea¹⁶¹] when we're out of work, or waiting for a job to begin. Periboea is planning for her death + wants all her children (especially her grandchildren) to be instilled w/ a fear of failure. Her idea of failure (in lifestyle, choice of mate, career choice, etc.) revolves around money. A successful member of her clan works hard at a desk job, makes + saves a lot of money, etc... standard American values: faithful wife, 1, maybe 2 kids, house (paid off), etc. She told us last night that we wasted our money + time on a frivolous art college education. We baited her a bit, asking her if she would've been happier had we studied computer engineering at MIT. She said yes, of course. We understand her concerns, we wish our lifestyle made her happier, but it doesn't. Tough shit. Young men our age w/ similar college educations are dying all around the globe in senseless bloody conflicts or starving to death. We can't think of 1 friend who we'd want to exchange lives w/ (if it we're [sic] possible.) Our life might not have a lot of security, but it has its good points. In the past year we've met + lived w/ (for most of the year) an amazing woman. We're in love, for the 1st time in our life. We art-directed a TV movie that will be viewed as an incredible artistic feat + we trekked to the base of Mt. Everest. We also lived in France for 8 months, made more money than we need + managed to keep out of jail (heh heh).

<

<

< We thought Us din't come home after the shoot, but ends up U did... at least for un mess. The Tel-½ was obli-vi-us to Us's whereabouts, retreat-ed to our mother's casa in Mixeco. This **Courier** font sinbullizes Tel's running commentary, equivalent to a director's cut or *Mystery Science Theater 3000* (MST3K) wich we spent many a bored afternoon watching w/ Ulysses at our grandmother's house in the '80-'90s... tho maybe Tel's sensibilities are more akin to *Beavis + Butthead*. Wheel try to not let Tel pipe in from the peanut gallery too mush... what's dat writer's adage, "show don't tell"?

>

>

> Can u spell dillusions of grandjure?

If Tel tells that we ain't gunna tell, is that telling, sew 2 speak? For those wanting to follow Tel's side of the story, his diarrhea from 1995 is posted hear: https://5cense.com/archives_95.htm... tho currently we're only up to Aug of '95 (Tel's also tasked us w/ transcribing his journals in tandumb).

>

>

> Periboea dint halve nearly the in-fluenze on our Tel ½, maybe cuz we had digrees in math + sighence, but also cuz weed distanced ourself from fam-ily by shacking up w/ Calypso ('85 - '90) + now Nausicaa ('91 - present).

Thru this twined narriverative we're becoming **Telemach-Ulyssesus** (TU). W/o the living t/heir ain't the dead + vice-versa (unless U R Sisyphus, stuck sandwiched in betwine).

1.21.2020. D.C.

5cense/The Daily Noose is the running commentary to our current life, wich at the moment is Yll about rap-ping up *Textiloma*. Yll we rite t/ here might make it into t/here. In fact this progress report will fuel *Textiloma*, perhaps even word/4/ward.

¹⁶¹ Our grandmother¹⁶². In *The ODssey*, Periboea is the mother of Penelope, a Naiad (river nymph) that spends all her time wallowing in water + neglecting Penelope. We ain't sure who Molly Bloom's mother is or what role she had in *Ulysses*. Our grandmother Periboea figures prominently to our hero Ulysses, perhaps moreso than Penelope.

¹⁶² ... technically she was our step-grandmother... not blood-related. But since Penelope's real mom died before we was born, 4 Yll intents + purposes she's our grandma.

2 Feb 1995—Santa Monica

There's nothing to do. We're waiting here for [E + R] to return from Hollywood so we can get a ride down to the airport to buy a ticket for Saturday (to Nice). It's raining + we're here all alone. We need to talk to Spike + pick up a script before we return. We're unsure about the vibe we're getting from Spike (the few times we've seen or spoken to him this past month since we've been back). We understand he's very busy + stressed. When we talked to him a couple days ago at his house it was strange. He's obviously not happy w/ the weigh [sic] the (art) production went on *Epimetheus*. We don't know how he really feels about our abilities... he sses [sic] he's happy w/ the job we did, but at the same time there where [sic] some problems w/ the way things were handled. He told us, "I've decided to be very direct w/ people, ssey what we really feel". We still have no idea what our position on the next project is. When we think now about the future it scares us. We're looking farword [sic] to being in Nice + working (in any capacity) w/ Spike, but we have a sneaking suspicion it will mark the end of an episode in our life. We imagine this summer we'll be moving back to the states (w/ [H]ope?) probly [sic] San Francisco. We have no clue what we'll be doing or where we'll be working... so what's new.

1 Mar 95—Nice [France]

Seams [sic] we haven't slept a full night since December. Between jet lag, bad allergies + too much to think about, all our nights have been interrupted. [H]ope is away on location for a couple of days for work. Her schedule (working til 10 PM + waking up for work @4:15 AM) + our insecurities (at being unemployed + alone most of the day in a foreign country where we know maybe 2 people + can't speak the language) have made for a toxic combination. While she slept we imagined her indifference to us (or did we?). She is obviously disturbed by our behaviour.

It's w/ this fatalistic attitude that we went to Antibes yesterday to visit [M—the producer]. When We got there he was on the phone w/ Mr. [H], talking about how Spike wants to delay the production of *Epimetheus Unbound* by a couple months. When we heard this our 1st reaction was that this was the end of our relationship w/[H]ope (we'd have to go back to SF or LA, find an apartment + a job + [H]ope would want to stay in France). We stayed up most of the night thinking of what we could do. We have enough money saved up to sit out the 3 months (or less) that it's going to be. Question is, where are we going to wait it out?

We haven't had a chance to discuss it w/[H]ope but our guess is that she doesn't want to sit around in Nice for a couple of months + we can't use her grandmothers apartment by ourself... not that we'd even be able to stay in Nice that long san work visa.

In the Reel moondough we're up to 3 weeks w/o C₂H₅OH. Much more productive, sleeping bedder, our head more clear... we're still groggy when we wake up + our ears ever ringing + ½-death (on account of our minear-eye's d-zzz) but much more tolerable.

When we god nada else to ssey in this sidebar then we'll inkloot other matereal, in a Aiffrent font to dextinguish from Tel's pen. For eggssample, here's a a "story" that whe'll call *Eurycleia* (also editorealized for continuity sake):

Letter to [Eurycleia]

Us sends [our stepmother, Eurycleia] a letter that explains everything... 15 yrs condensed into 5 rambling pgs. 5 pgs of pathetic confession. The letter itself gives off a peculiar rancid smell. CUT TO: Us in a hospital waiting room mixing coffee w/ a thin straw. As we mix we spill coffee on ourself, wincing in pane [sic]. EUR's response comes a month later. After she read the letter, she did sum research into possible forms of the rapey [sic] in our area. Her phone call is emotionally charged, crying as she tells us about the friend of her husband whose [sic] a the rapist in L.A. She said she would be willing to see us for free, at least for the 1st few sessions. Out of some nebulous form of pride we resist her suggestion. We tell her we exaggerated our condition in our letter, that we're actually doing a lot better. [After a long circular conversation] we hang up, no closer to changing the direction we're taking. Eur calls a few times during the following weeks + every time we talk we maintain our position of being in complete control of our life. Every time we talked to her we was high.

We can now smoke our daily \$50 worth in 1 hour. We always told ourself we'd stop as soon as we moved, got a job or a girlfriend. When we did stop for a day or 2, we became aware of how shitty our life had become. We lived in the middle of a sprawling, smoggy city. We had no reel [sic] friends. We were lonely, beyond broke + out of work. Our roommate was in the same condition.



We're almost 30 + don't have a stable job... is that a bad thing? We dunno. [M] just called, really likes the story we sent him (PERF.SICK. [see pg 162-65 of vol I]), sses that if we can flesh it out a bit, he can try to sell it. Well, here we go.

16 Mar 95—New York (JFK)

We're waiting for our connecting flight to S.F. We just called to make sure someone was gonna meet us. Periboea sounded strange... she didn't sound good, we get the feeling that things aren't going so well between her + Penelope... guess on top of everything else we'll have to deal w/ the possibility of moving all of our stuff, soon, into some kind of storage.

[H]ope was very short w/ us this morning in Nice. Guess she was trying to avoid crying. We left a message for her afterwards on her phone service, telling her that we loved her, etc. This flight is always hard, psychically [sic]. Very uncomfortable. We guess we're looking farword [sic] to going back, we can always move in w/ [R] if nothing else works out... life is strange, don't think we're really sad, guess we feel like we have jet lag all the time now. It's time to bored [sic]. Hope there's a good in-flight film.

20 Mar 1995—Menlo Park [CA]

Feeling the same overwhelming depression we've been feeling for years. Sometimes we don't feel dipressed, but other times, like now, it sweeps over us, drowning us. We struggle against it, but it immobilize us. Hits us hard if we think of being away from [H]ope + not having a job.

We wouldn't ssey we're suicidal, but feel pretty much like nothing is really worth living for. We hate it. We don't want to feel this weigh. We can't really ssey if it is worse than we felt earlier in our life.

It seems obvious to us that doing drugs does not help any. We guess things are bad for us. Everyone sses things are good + that we aren't doing anything wrong. We're not broke + we've done a lot this last year, etc. etc. We know the whole dialogue. We didn't leave [H]ope + she didn't really leave us... we had to split up + think we'll get back together at some point. We feel like shit + we're tired of it. Here are some things we're gonna do to feel better:

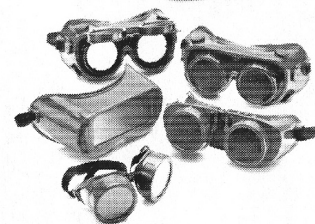
—work ... probl [sic] at Folk Art if Mr. [H] will let us, even tho we'll have to work around [Penelope] we'll be making money + staying busy.

—run every day in the park to feel better psychically [sic]. [brother-4]

—spend time w/ [K, W, E, A, Tel] etc. Be around people we like + who have their shit somewhat together.

—spend less time (getting high) at E'space, hanging out w/ loser junkies like [E] + [J].

—call ± fax [H]ope cuz we love + miss her + don't want her to grow apart from us.



ULYSSES E / XXXXXXXXXX

EVIDENCE

X-Z-BIT 122. INVITATION + PRESS RELEASE
FOR JOINT EVIDENCE SHOW AT E'SPACE

E'SPACE

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

E'space, 520 Hayes (at Octavia), San Francisco

Contact: EXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

E'space announces the exhibition "Evidence," recent works by Los Angeles artists **XX.XX.XX & ULYSSES** White. The exhibition will run September 4th - 26th, 1993, with an opening reception Saturday, September 4th, 7 - 10pm. Artists will be in attendance.

The recent works of both **XX.XX.XX & ULYSSES** refuse to responsibly resolve themselves. These works exist as both evidence, solid and intransigent, and as mimicry, satirical and self-deprecating. Both **XX.XX.XX**'s 2-dimensional images and **ULYSSES**'s 3-dimensional objects could function - or look as if they could, function - as procedural diagrams or explanatory models. Yet it is evident these are models translated into aesthetics, severed from any useful purpose. This does not imply these are works which avoid issues of social importance, rather they subscribe to the conviction that art's social function is to operate as an aesthetic model or proposition, at once removed from the world and relevant to it.

Two sets of images make up **XX.XX.XX**'s part of the exhibition. "B&W grids" are photomechanical prints, each a graphically designed 'algebraic' transcription of a modern chess match (the current set of eleven range from 1880-1993). These works operate on several levels: letterform arrangement (free from the ponderousness of word meanings); records of events; and blueprints for activity. "Remotes" are mechanical drawings of remote control devices of **XX.XX.XX**'s home electronic equipment. Larger than life-size, these images are at once soberly iconographic and glaringly farcical.

ULYSSES's works are comparably disjunctive objects. His 3-dimensional items seem to be studies or plans for some unsure operation, and they, like **XX.XX.XX**'s works, appear to have more to do with the real world than the world of art. **ULYSSES**'s objects reference the estrangement that has occurred between work and culture, and foreground the uneasy relationship which today exists between the utilitarian object, the designed object, and the art object.

The works of both artists play with the art world's preoccupation with (pseudo) academicism, and the fashionable systems of coding operative in the culture industry. These works raise questions concerning the relationship between art and more readily accessed culture. Notions such as the stupid and profound are here susceptible to being brutally reversed.

ULYSSES received a BFA and MFA from Art Center College of Design and his work has been the focus of several Los Angeles exhibitions. **XX.XX.XX** received a BFA from California Institute of the Arts and a MFA

21 Mar 95—Menlo Park

He started to notice a horrible smell. It was the same smell, he concluded, that was driving her away. It got gradually [sic] worse + when he got back to the states + was wallowing in his own misery thinking about her, it grew unbearable. He went to a doctor + they took some X-rays. The results came in the next day—his fathers [sic] rotting corpse was inside of his Bw/Ody.

He went to the doctor after attempting to go for a run + not being able to do so. He felt incredibly heavy, laden w/ a weight that was not there. He was heavy, but he wasn't fat. He wasn't eating enough to gain such weight. So when the doctor called him back + told him he was carrying his father's carcass inside, he wasn't really souprized [sic].

He couldn't member [sic] how it got in there, or exactly when he started to feel this heaviness. He did member when the smell started, right about the same time she started growing away from him. She actually commented on it, telling him he needed to take a shower, even tho [sic] he had just taken 1.

The doctor recommended sirjury [sic], but doctors have expensive cars to pay off, he thought, so they're always up for the priciest solution to a problem. He had no insurance + no money. The doctor reluctantly accepted his decision to cure hisself. An incision was made + he was left w/ a re-sealable scar across his chest, maybe 30" inches wide. The sirgin [sic] said this would be enough for him to get the corpse out hisself once it had decomposed, but recommended again he get sirjury [sic] to dissect the corpse into smaller peaces [sic]. He declined, confident he could man-edge [sic*] himself.

At night he would lie on his back, surrounded by newspapers to ketch any blood that might spill out reach into himself to loosen his fathers grip, working bit by bit. His father's corpse was all tangled up inside his organs. Rigor mortis had made it difficult for him to do anything. His father's hands were locked up, gripping his lungs + kidney + his left leg was bent back, firmly wedged down into his thy.

It took him days to loosen his father's grip. The smell was horrible + he ended up wearing a paint mask towards the end to combat the incredible smell. In all it took 5 days to get his father out. He stayed up all the 5th night to pool the rotting corpse out. Afterwards he just laid there, sore + exhausted. His father's Bw/Ody had shrunken quite a bit. It looked like a yellowing deflated blow-up doll. It was horrible to look at.

W/out getting any 1 else to help him, he stuffed the Bw/Ody into 2 Hefty bags (in case 1 broke) + put the bags in the back of his truck. Rather than try + explain it to the police, he decided to drive his father's corpse out to a field + bury it. He figured that his father was already long dead so he wasn't breaking the law, even tho there was probly a law against burying a humun corpse in a field.

For the next couple of weeks, while he recovered from his incredible soreness, he tried to figure out how his father's Bw/Ody had got into his. He concluded that he must have somehow slipped it into his own sometime after his father's sewerside + simply forgotten about it.

She didn't believe him when he told her the story. Things where over between them, she just figured he was despirate + going crazy couldn't handle the break up. She came + got her stuff a week after he had removed his father.

Later, when he went running, he was able to run much fa'ther + faster.

< < < This journull entry appears to be the drafty oregins of "Heliotropism". . . the story we ended vol I on + now carry farword into this volume, the text we seek to purge.

The final version is more fleshed out + we (the unnamed protagonist) undergo the operation (paid for by our grandmother) rather then doing it ourself [in self-textiloma].

XX Investigation	
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OCT 10 1988	
TOP SECRET NEWSPAPER	

< < Maybe Ulysses meant 30 cm? 30 inches seams exssesive.

*Getting sick of this [sic] editorial non-sense. STET [let it stand] going farword.



THINK OF ALL HIS LOOSE THOUGHTS

23 Mar 95—San Francisco

Our 1st real day at the Haight Schraeder address, [K] went to work + We stayed in the house, got stoned + wrote. We ran to the beach + back, washed ourself, shaved, stretched, wrote [H]ope a letter. Feels like we have lived this day already. We have to go, to take [K] to the Mexican restaurant to eat. Want to go see Jan Švankmajer film to-night. Rain has cleared up for now. Until later.

26 Mar 95—Menlo Park

Woke up this morning (at K's) + went for a run. It was sunny + beautiful, a perfect day. Last night We left [W's] house early, before every 1 left to go to a party, we didn't feel like partying. K's ex got in last night. Didn't seem like K had really broken up w/ him.

Was incredibly dipressed this morning, crying while we were running. Went all day yesterday w/out taking a dump. After crying all morning, while we ran, sat on the beach + talked to [W]. Talked to R (last night). Broke down + went to E'space + took + got high. We spent most of the afternoon w/ E, while he sold drugs, then we got our bags from K's + came down here to [Periboea/Penelope's].

We're driving to L.A tomorrow, hope E can't make it (he invited himself when he heard we were going). Getting high definitely made it so we were not massively depressed. We really don't know what is worse, needing to get high, or being depressed, or how much the 2 are connected. Right now our worst fear is that our drug use (however miner it may be) is a reason for the problems between us + [H]ope. Whenever we asked [H]ope about it, she always said she didn't mind us getting high, even occasionally got high w/ us. We don't know...

27 Mar 95—Menlo Park

Postponed our aimless roadtrip to L.A. Wanted to make sure we could watch [Spike] win his Oscar tonight, if we drive we'd probly be on the road during the show. Wish we could do some writing, but we don't feel motivated. At least we're not dipressed.

[H]ope never called us back (We left 2 massages for her last night). Sure these events will suddenly seem unbearable soon as we're not high... strange how our emotions swing in extremes. We guess right now, w/ the dope, we feel like we should—calm + rational, not worrying about things we cannot change. We hope we can learn to maintain this ability w/out being high.

1 April 95—Menlo Park

Went out last night w/ [R, S + C]. They all drank heavily, nothing has changed. They all seem to hate their lives + want to move somewhere else, but don't know where. Our 1st instink to stay away from them feels justified.

We didn't cry this mourning thinking about [H]ope. These last couple of days, crying + talking to people ([E, R, G, M]) have made things easier. Still doesn't feel completely resolved. We understand a little more now, in these last 2 days since she called us, that this breakup actually occurred for her in Jan. She told us last month that she had a bad dream in January, that we got together w/ some girl in S.F. Yesterday, we dreamed she was sleeping w/ her new boyfriend. It was the 1st time we ever member dreaming about her.

For perspective, on 17 Mar 95 the Tel-½ of us returned to the bay area after 2 messes in Mixeco. This ½ of or journal entry on the plane talks mostly about our neurotic shyness problem, how a beautiful French girl sat next to us on the plane + we couldn't get up the nerve to talk to her. "Realize these dreams," the Tel-½ of us writes, "if not in Reality at least on paper." Tel also said we were not happy about returning to America. When Ulysses picked us up at SFO, Tel pointed the French girl out waiting at the baggage claim + Us casually approaches the girl + started talking to her.

[We googled the Reel name of this **E** from **E'space** + found an obit of sum 1 by this name who died in 2008 at age 44. This E also played a bit part as a bellboy in another movie Ulysses worked on.]

Vll of us (Us, Pen + Tel) went strait from SFO to get Mexican food. Then to computer attic to buy a printer for Telemachus (before even going "home" to Periboea/Penelope's). Next morning Tel bot a low-rider van in Redwood City for \$2600 (took \$ out on his credit card to pay for it). A day later Tel splits south ("left Menlo Park in a mad hurry to get the fuck out of there"). Unlike Ulysses, Tel didn't like lingering at their grandmother's house longer then we needed to. Figured we may as well register the van (that Tel would live out of) in AZ. When we got to Tucson the 1st thing we did was stop at Mailboxes etc. + get a mailbox + voice-mail #. "Who needs a house?" we wrote. On Mar 28 we wrote the "serendipitous reasoning for returning to Tucson is becoming apparent." We became re-united w/ Nausicaa. Obviously oblivious to Ulysses' issues.

(1 April cont.)>

* See pg 315 >

She broke up w/ us cuz late last year we began to think of going back to California w/out her. We ignored her + there is no getting around the incident on New Years Eve* when we forgot her in the restraurant. Like it or not, we hurt her. We destroyed the relationship + then returned to a state of insecurity + need back in S.F. By going back to France in Feb we were relying on her, not being independant. She gave us a second chance, but it was too late.

Again, we're alone now + facing a harsh + uncertain future. We have to come to grips w/ the realization that we chose this reality + not build up some false security where we were always in love w/ [H]ope, where we were always attracted to her (+ not thinking we wanted a better-looking girl, w/ a better Bw/Ody, who shared more of the same intrests, someone who didnt smoke, spoke English better, etc.). No, we did this to ourself, maybe it smacks of a year later w/ no progression, but it ain't. We learned a cupple of things. We're alone cuz we chose to be. We have to live our life + not deep-end constantly on others.

We feel diffrent somehow, than all of these other people—our friends. Each of them has 1 or 2 things in their lives that we wished we had, that we're working on getting, but none of them seem to us to be where we want to be. We wouldn't trade places w/ any 1, but right now life is sucks**. We do love [H]ope, we love the sweet, giving individual that we fell into a relationship w/, amidst hard times, when we relied on her for everything, a place to sleep, a trip to Nepal, an apartment in Nice, a car to drive around in... guess she couldn't support our wait. We think she loves us, but she'll find that her life is much lighter sans us... hard as that is for us to accept. She has been thinking about this for longer than we have. We were indiffrent to her, she was more like a companion, who took care of a lot of our needs. It's hard cuz we have never met the person we wanted to riplace her w/, we don't know if she was really "the 1" we should have been with, the 1 we should of worked it out with. We don't know if we'll ever know for sure. Hard as it seems right now, we've bin in this position before... hopefully we'll learn from this this time.***

**

"Life is sucks" is sumthing [H]ope used to ssey + we teased her about it + then started sseying it ourselves.

TRUE COPY

*** followed by this textual fragment we ain't sure what it's about:] "...out [H]ope, u don't even like us. Why are u here? Etc. Etc.) We finally went to sleep, woke up early + left, sseying little to [B], we think that this is it between us + We don't mind, she We"



TREADING WATER, THRASHING ARMS AND LEGS, NOT THINKING OF SINKING, BUT OF FLOATING, NOT ENOUGH STRENGTH OF KIND OR FLUENT, TO STOP THRASHING LIMBS AND FLIGHT EFFORTLESSLY.

ACTIONS BUILD MOMENTUM, FASTER THEY ARE THE LONGER IT TAKES TO SLOW BACK DOWN.

2 April 95—Santa Monica

Went to R's today, came back, went to a movie w/ [E + L] (*Funny Bones*). The movie was good. Was sad + dipressed for most of the day, feeling a little bedder now, tho very tired now, going to bet. Bonne nuit [H]ope, je t'aime, even tho right about now u are waking up 6000 miles away in France, w/ someone else... life is cruel.

6 April 95—Santa Monica

We're writing just for the sake of writing*. We halve to get back into something in order to save our life. We're clinging to [H]ope + she has turned a blind eye. She is pushing us away + we're scared to let go, turn + face our one life. We halve been deependant on her for a year now + (like a drug) we're having a hard time getting off. It's convenient to stop doing drugs at this time, any withdrawals (emotional, psychological, etc.) that we feel pails in comparison to the overwhelming loss when we think of [H]ope.

What we gotta due is be happy w/ ourself, the huge task at hand. The best way to do this is to: be healthy (run, stay away from drugs, etc.), surround ourself w/ friends (who have their shit together), get into our work, become more self-sufficient. We have been sseying this for years now, but guess never we really did it. During the last year we really did try + much of the time we feel we succeeded in being the person we wanted to be. Any other woman we have ever met would have just dealt w/ our attitude, we think. Makes us realize that [H]ope was mature + understood what it was she needed in her own life... guess that is why we were into her. Our stepmother [Eurycleia] stayed w/ our dad + was co-dependant on him, w/ him, for years. Guess we halve to be more independant, self-reliant, happy in our work, to succeed where dad failed.

When we look back on this last year, we begin to see just how ugly our behavior really was, how much like dad we really were. We can't get into making art (or writing) when we are sober + feeling self-aware like this. We have to push thru this if we want to succeed where we have always failed before. Fuck! Why is life so hard?

7 April 95—Santa Monica

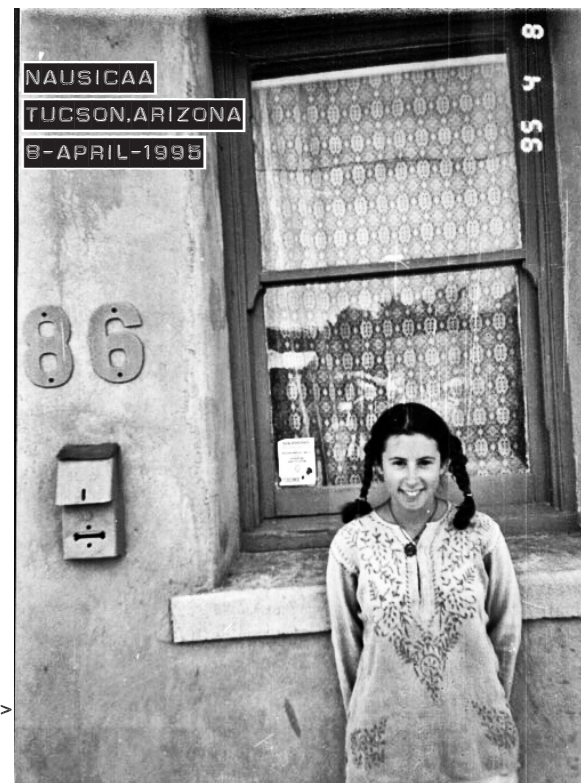
We feel like we are 18 years old again, standing on the edge of the 10-meter diving board at the pool in Mexico***, only on a bigger scale. We're standing on the edge of a 40-meter diving board, looking over the edge. [H]ope + everything else in our past is standing behind us, we have to find the strength to jump + leave them all behind. We're very scared, scared of change + afraid of being hurt. We're emotionally paralyzed, unable to act. The thing is, the diving board is shrinking, we're chipping away at it, we're tired of just standing there, being afraid. We're slowly realizing that it is also painful NOT to change. We have to act, take ourself beyond our father + everything else. We have to take ourself beyond our father's life, into our own. It hurts to leave [H]ope behind, but she wants to stay + she is just 1 more reason why we're afraid to take the leap. We still have to jump + do it alone. It is going to hurt, but it's gunna hurt if we don't...

Tel's equivalent of [H]ope >

2 April 1995—the Tel-½ of us broke our resolution to door-mirror in a diffrent location cada noche by sleeping 2 nights in a row at a Best Western in Safford, AZ. W/in a week after splitting California in our van we found a geological field job that paid for room + board. All we had to do was hike around in the dessert in 25 x 500 ft. int-ervals humping a massive GPS computer (back in the days when they didn't fit on handheld devices) + wait for it to make contact w/ the saddlelites. Then we took gravity readings w/ another machine, repeating this every 100 ft, the x-act spot of witch weed mark w/ pink flagging.

* péradam: un objet reveiled onely to those who seek her. A word 1st coined in *Le Mont An-algue*—"... un véritable cristal, mais, cas extraordinaire et inconnu sur le reste de la planète, un cristal courbe! On l'appelle, dans le français de Port-of-Monkeys, péradam."

*** Club Deportivo Guadalajara, S.A. de C.V.



8 April 95—Santa Monica

Went to bed early, spent most of the night either thinking or dreaming about [H]ope. We have been thinking a lot lately about how really far off the track we've gotten. Guess we felt we were doing all the right things last year, living w/ [H]ope in the apartment seemed practical, working on the film seemed like a given, we're not quite sure what happend. We think a lot of it might have been [H]ope's own feelings. She was dependent on us + unlike us she didn't feel like she was living the life she wanted to be living. We were doing a job that we wanted to be doing + although we might have been lazy about the relationship, we felt we gave it a good try.

We're starting to realize now that most of the problem was not really our fault or hers. We tried to be together, but it became difficult, our lives were separate, the gap was too hard to bridge. The only solution would have been marriage + it was never bridged (cuz we didn't want it, even tho now, in the face of out-right rejection, maybe we would).

Last year [H]ope experienced us as a person, she knows our good + bad points. If she is happy w/ this other guy, then it was meant to happen, hard as that is for us to accept. We're not going to call her, not til we can sound happy + stable on the phone. We must wait for her, to see if she is happy in her new life. She is young + guess in a weigh it's a good thing—the guy is nice, good looking, etc. Maybe she is doing what she should be doing.

For now we have to concentrate on being happy w/ ourself, getting into our work, keeping a clear head + finding a home (although that might have to wait a bit). We'll give her a couple of weeks w/ him + hold on to the keys. Maybe she will want to commit, maybe she won't. We can't really blame her, we wouldn't want her if she wasn't driven by a desire to find fulfillment in her self.

9 April 95—Santa Monica

Went out last night to a party w/ Ed in Hollywood. Didn't feel very social, didn't do any drinking. We're starting to feel very grounded in the idea of being sober, starting to feel comfortable w/ it. We guess going through our emotions as far as our relationship w/ [H]ope has helped. In a weigh it overshadowed everything else we could be going through. We woke up today + took a dump for the 1st time in days, took a 1/3 tab of Zolaf + feel fine. We're not sure the antidepressant is having any effect at all, w/ the exception of a more constant emotional state these last couple of days (no real anxiety waves, emotional drops)... we feel "normal".

Our new realization is this—[H]ope knows who we are, she knows us probly better than anyone else. The situation we were in (we got together + were never apart, isolated from our homes + real friends) was rather intense, to be honest. We know she wouldn't like it here in L.A. + We would have nothing to do in Bergerac, so maybe this is just a chance for her to live out her life, doing what she has always imagined she wants to do.

We have come to the realizations that: 1) our overwhelming feeling of loss is actually not about her, but about a deeper + darker emotional state associated w/ our father. 2) When we were with her we sometimes did not make a huge effort to be present. 3) she was dependent on us, emotionally she was living in a world of our making, w/o access to her friends + the things that intrested her. 4) We need to remember our indifference to her, understand its causes (drugs mostly) + change that, not so much for her, but for ourself + the next woman who we will be involved with. 5) We shouldn't get so caught up in our misery that we let our young mans life slip past us, w/out enjoying it, relishing it.

Another stray story
fragment we found on
Ulysses's Hardrive:

**LETTERS TO [H]OPE
(WE'LL NEVER SEND)**

We're at the end of
our rope, writing u
lettres we'll never
send. We don't see the
point in telling u our
sentiments anymore.
We're not sure you'd
even read this. Our
thoughts are a tangled
mess, all we know for
sure is hurt. U saw a
part of us that no 1
will ever see again,
including ourself. Our
life together seems
distant + vague now,
something that onely
brings pain to re-
call. We felt complete
around u, now we feel
fragmented, lopsided,
vulnerable, stumbling
along. Is it pathetic
to need sum 1 so much?
We're told by oth-
ers that we must be
happy by ourselves +
able to be alone w/
our selves, but when
We look around, all we
see are lonely people.
Ppl who we don't want
to be like. We miss u
every second of eve-
ry day. We don't want
to live without u. We
want to stop need-
ing u. We want to stop
feeling this pain. We
want to go forward w/
u. We always longed
for something perma-
nent in our life...
guess being up rooted
only reminds us, in a
difficult weigh, of
our vulnerability.

10 April 95—Santa Monica

Feeling better today, went for a run, didn't do much else. Hopefully We'll start working for [M] soon, maybe this week. Haven't really freaked out over [H]ope today, guess the Zolav is doing its thing. Strange it seems so natural, we didn't take any this morning cuz we felt so happy + relieved. Later we realized that after 5 days we were just starting to feel the FX. We wrote out the story of us + [H]ope last night, We felt much better after reading it over. [there's a # of [H]ope stories, not sure which 1 in particular U was referring to].

11 April 95—Santa Monica

Things haven't changed much. Still running every day, trying to stay healthy, working out the last remaining emotions w/ [H]ope. We sent her a fax last night, basically that we're no longer freaking out about her + would like to talk to her. We hope we can give up on the phantasy of getting back together w/ her, soon. Right now 1 of our few securities is that we are not getting wasted every night w/ R + co. Last night we got stoned before we went to the bar + even though we didn't really drink w/ everyone else, we felt dipressed in the morning. Good. We're glad we're aware of it otherwise it might seem like a blind mindless change. Think we're actually getting somewhere. Hope we'll be working soon. Gonna go out today + try to get some things accomplished.

12 April 95

[H]ope faxed us this morning, finally. Sounds like she's having a hard time. She kept sseying over + over that she was our friend + wanted to know how we were doing. We quickly faxed her back, trying not to sound too dependent. We don't know if there's any chance at all now of us getting back together. She said she was going to her dads for a week. She didn't mention her new supposed boyfriend. Sounded like she was broke. We mentioned the idea of opening a FUCT store in Nice, suggesting that maybe [C] would be interested. We did not let on to any of our insecurities. Guess we're still hoping.

This morning we woke up feeling shitty. We had this sinking sense that [H]ope didn't need us at all, that she was completely over us. We realized that part of our newfound security lay in the idea that she still needed us, imagining her not ever needing us made it hard to breathe. She is home now, we hope she goes upstairs, looks at the pictures from Nepal, reads our fax, thinks about her financial future, talks to C, tells her about our idea. C will work the situation to suit her needs, if she thinks she can help us, she will, long as it benefits her. 1 of the reasons we never really got along w/ C is cuz she is like us in many respects. If there is a god, please hear our call. We haven't asked for much in life, please let us have another chance w/ [H]ope. Life is too short to go on hurting other people + being alone. We have messed up, we know it. We just want a chance to do things right, to make us both happy. We want the chance, in normal conditions, to love her. We know that somewhere in her mind (it may not be present now) she still loves us, she is doing what she thinks she has to do. We love her + she loves us, somehow the things that separate us must come down.

You know we are on a wrong track altogether. We must not think of the things we could do with, but only of the things that we can't do without.

SS
Copy to
by routing slip for
☒ info ☐ action
date 4-12-95
by

D-122 DETACHED

Somewhat, I could come to believe that physical existence in pain but I can't swallow the rest of the dogma that goes along with it, I honestly believe I will die an atheist, even though I have a premonition of doom even if I think of that word as a label on myself, still myself it is because of all the influence than channeled in deep through the path of trust and devotion in a time of weakness, it will take years to unlearn all that.



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13 April 95—Santa Monica

Woke up this morning w/ quiet thoughts of [H]ope, no anxiety to speak of. She is going to Bordeaux today + then to Provence + Nice, w/ C. We hope she got our last fax. Sometimes we find ourself wishing she would change her mind, reconsider. Other times we tell ourself that we have to move on, that it is unhealthy to continue clinging to her. The best we can hope for is a little of both. Her fax yesterday told us nothing except that she still thinks about us, still wants to be our "friend" + is careful not to ssey anything that might sound regretful or reconsidering. She's acting like she doesn't need us anymore, but maybe it's an act. We are occasionally filled w/ doubt.

15 April 95—Santa Monica

It's Saturday, Easter [stet] + we're sitting here at [E's] house. We went out w/ [S + R] last night. Sat in some bar, during a private party + just watched a lot of beautiful women. We saw [L + T], but our down + sober mood proved to be of no intrest to no one, so we sat alone. We had to spend the night at some crazy wasted girl's house (that S was scamming on) cuz we didn't bring our own car. The house was really nice (+ empty) + there was plenty of food. We ended up getting stoned around 3 in the morning, after abstaining all night. We woke up early + walked a couple of miles to our car + drove back here. We went for a run + now we're just sitting here. The antidepressants make it difficult to understand what we're feeling for [H]ope. We don't know wether to stop taking it (+ feel a lot of unnecessary anxiety, but work through it naturally) or to keep taking it, not feel any anxiety or depression + get over it thru the passage of time. We know it's a drug, but unike the drugs we're trying to stay away from it does not get us high. We guess that is good (especially if we can abstain from everything else + keep running.)

16 April 95—Santa Monica

Our head is pounding for no particular reason. Seems to be hyper-sensitive to everything, barometric change (its raining today for the 1st time in weeks), toxins (caffeine, zolaft), mood swings, [H]ope, etc. [perhaps Ulysses also had undiagnosed ménière's disease/ vestibular migraines?]. It's Easter + we're sitting hear alone. We called [H]ope this morning + got her answering machine (thank god), left a fairly stable sounding message—"How's it going? Calling to ssey hi? Sent u a letter. Let us know where we can reach u." etc.. Don't know if she'll call back. Went out last night w/ M. The highlight of the evening was talking to a fairly hot french chick who showed up to Debbie LeClaire's club w/ Jim Fish. On the way out he told us that she was his neighbor. If we had known, we wouldn't have talked about our x-French girlfriend, would've tried to seem more charming. Didn't drink during the course of the evening but did end up taking a couple hits off M's pipe... oh well, guess this will be a slow prosses. Easter, Jesus rises from the dead, a metaphor that we'd do well to emulate rite now...

18 April 95—Santa Monica

It's raining out + we feel fine. Don't think we'll be working today, instead we're staying in + reading the *Tropic of Cancer*. It's a good lifestyle to project ourself into right now, the artist w/ nothing but his lifestyle. We don't feel depressed today. Maybe we're over it. Maybe we'll start having normal bowel movements again. Maybe we'll start smiling again. Maybe we will want to get layed, maybe we will get layed, maybe we won't mind being broke + homeless, maybe we will feel like an artist again. Maybe we will feel that our life is magical again, maybe we will enjoy life again, maybe we will completely forget about her.

04/18/95 TUE 16:59 FAX 520 625 7503

MBE #405-TUCSON

FAX:FROM-TEL-TO-ULYSSES

April 18, 95

I'm back in Tucson now, waiting to see if I get this job doing Autocad stuff down in Northern Chile. If not that, it's Ely, Nevada. I read all your stuff, I especially liked "Rt it on Sideways". One thing for sure is that you have a lot of ideas you should take off with. I don't know if you have an audience in mind or not, but a lot of your stuff is inaccessible to me, and I'm your own brother. Set 7 a scene more, give the reader a little more background, turn these into stories rather than vague, (though interesting and surreal) sketches. I really enjoyed Calamachus and it kept my attention the whole way through, but it left me, at the end, trying to make no connection with the beginning. It's like you're throwing two, or actually, three stories together and they seem to be inter-related but you need to fill in the gaps, assume nothing of the reader. It is well-written and should be turned into a novel.

19 April 95—Santa Monica

Worked today for [M], on his commercial. Spent most of the day driving to Pasadena to get some source material for a shot. Had lunch w/ [S + G], talked about our ordeal w/ [H]ope. Felt fine this morning but talking about it w/ those guys seemed to pour salt on the wounds. Guess we mostly feel frustration now, like she gave up on us, like she really didn't want to give it a chance. What lurks under the surface of our thoughts is something far more ominous + threatening: the realization that she simply got sick of us, that she doesn't love us + is really into this other guy. If we accept this view into our mind we find ourselves filled w/ dread. Oh well, guess we're feeling more together than we were a week ago. It's just a matter of time before we're able to deal. We're glad we're not using anything to deal w/ it. We know we'll come out of this a stronger person + who knows, maybe this summer we'll get a chance to be w/ her again, get a chance to really talk to her.

23 April 95—Santa Monica

Sunday morning, just came back from having breakfast w/ [M + J]. We're trying to avoid being around J + his loud, often aggravating personality. We still feel emotionally calm. Went out last night w/ [D], we went to dinner + then to Roman Coppola's birthday party (at Sophia's house). It was pretty fun, very mellow. We smoked a cigar w/ D, talked to some girls, had a good time. D told us that the French girl we met at the bowling alley the other night wants to go out w/ us (or more specifically, she is willing to accept [M's] advice + see us when she gets back from New York).

As usual, since we've been taking Zolaft, our feelings for [H]ope are somewhat buried + distant. Last night when we came home, we were thinking that we'd never find a woman like [H]ope, especially in this town. It has to do w/ where she is from + how she was raised. Don't know how much we are idealizing + aren't entirely sure whether her personality is compatible w/ mine in a long-term sense, or whether a small town country girl could ever be happy w/ us. Maybe we could be happy living part-time in her life, but it is obvious that she can't deal w/ our life. If we were working, making money, busy + feeling like an artist, we would probably get bored of her (again). We remember vaguely being bored w/ her. If we remained sober w/ her it might make a difference. We still want to try + work things out w/ her, if she ever changed her mind. We know she is having a hard time in her life, finding the direction she wants to take. Doubt that the business w/ antiques will really work out, maybe it will. Life seems less threatening + ominous to us today + guess we're glad for that.

24 April 95—Santa Monica

Just another day, OJ is still on TV, we're still running in the morning (+ taking Zolaft). Went out last night w/ M + some of his business associates to 72 Market street, it was OK. Today we want to get a haircut, change our oil + buy some white pants. We dropped off some slides of our work to get prints made for our book. No real deep feelings of [H]ope today. Hoping to get some resume's sent out, look for some work. It's very hot + dry today.

[This guy goes to work, and so break (sitting outside) he sees these guys and carrying small booksize plastic boxes. "They are talking now. Laughing with straight blond hair, turns his laugh in a grimace, and trips. He slams into a out. His grey plastic thing smashes in the lunch and walk quickly over to see if he love. Now kneeling over his unconscious who looks like Lou Reed, only more burned me genuinely scared, his partner is dead that startled me, he looked out into the tagged glass viles ^{and the} with intermittent static. He sat in the cab trying to look opened up the large metal gate. He was and hard hat. ~~was~~ was in the wheel well looks noticeably distressed as he slows the massive speed bumps. His gun is part of his huge belly. ~~is~~ is a big guy. He beard. He also has a red face, and by the behind what appears to be some kind of sweat. As he is bringing the truck to a a large hole. The car bumps up and the loudly against the side of the wheel well carrying a shovel (and wearing orange over briefly, and then walks away smiling. I at the place.

The encampment; is encircled on thirty foot wall, covered (on the outside topped with barbed wire. Within the walls trailer homes are scattered about, ~~work~~ up by the huge number of official looking and cars. This place does not exist. It in the Thomas guide. It takes up the space scientists and not to mention beauracrats.

I feel betrayed, why didn't I

April 24, 1995—Tucson [from Tel's journal] The days run on end. Sleeping wherever, roaming around, checking in w/ Geotemps every once in a while to see if we have a mission. Calling our answering machine from a payphone. Where exactly does that answering machine exist? It's in the wires somewhere. Today it rained hard. It started last night, thunder + creosote dust. All thru the night + into the morning. We don't remember where we slept... maybe on Highland, or Vine, near Nausicaa's house. Always near Nausicaa. Woke up + cruised these old streets where we went to university, knowing we gotta get over it. We need to move on. [...] Then again, we're a hypocrite cuz we avoid people like Nausicaa but doormirror outside her house. Maybe we're just not ready for anything meaningful. Not ready to commit.

metime during his lunch
 ys wearing oversized overalls
 es] depressed, no, we're sure that we feel just fine. We assume that we have the anti-depressants to thank for
 r. One of them, the one
 ghing head, eyes closed
 tree and knocks himself
 he street. I put down my
 e is okay."
 us co-worker is a guy
 ed out. He looks up at
 d. Then, with a suddenness
 street, at the smashed
 ins (on the asphalt)."
 ok nonchalant as they
 wearing ██████'s overalls
 ll compartment. ██████
 y takes the truck over
 ially covered by the overhang
 e is a big guy with a
 e time we park the truck
 shed, its dripping with
 stop he drives through
 dead weight that was Allen,
 ll. A worker walking by
 veralls) hears this, stops
 step out and take a look

25 April 95—Santa Monica

Right now words hold little significance for us. We would not describe our mind-state as that. We were reading Julia Kristeva's book on Melancholia earlier, dense writing, but managed to extract a little from it. Today has been a quiet day, Got our hair cut + have been sitting here alone most of the day, reading. Still no word back from [H]ope. We still don't believe that she is not thinking about us. In fact, we imagine she thinks about us a lot, maybe that is delusional? Somehow her not calling us back makes us think that she is thinking about us. Maybe she is busy, or simply does not want to spend the time or money.

Spike told us that M did send the Epimetheus drawings, but there is a mail strike right now in France. K is coming into town tomorrow, we might go + stay w/ her downtown.

29 April 95—Santa Monica

Talked to [H]ope yesterday morning on the phone, seems she is hesitant about her life. We think she is starting to realize that she is not going to make money (her father told her the same thing). She is planning on coming out to S.F. in June, w/ C + the new guy. We told her that we was not dating anyone, that we have been sober since we returned + that we think about her a lot. We came away from the conversation feeling a little down, we wish we could see her.

Tomorrow is our birthday. We've been going out a lot, meeting lots of people. Went out last night + did some brown bear w/ [S + R], we don't know why. We really didn't want to, it just made us feel sick + gross, waste of money + brain cells. We hope that will be the last time we feel compelled to indulge in that shit. Don't know what we're gonna do tomorrow for our birthday, hope it will be fun.

30 April 95—Santa Monica

Our Birthday. 2nd day w/out zolaft, having a hard time thinking of something positive. Spent yesterday getting stoned w/ S (on pot), 1st time in weeks, didn't help. Now we just feel more guilt on top of everything else. Where is our sense of value? Why can't we stick to a conviction? We are a drug addict, why cant we just stop? Are we always destined to go back to getting stoned? Will it ever become benign for us at some point? Last night we really wanted to call [H]ope. We wanted to tell her just to listen to us + not ssey nothing. We wanted to tell her that we loved her more than weed ever loved anyone + that she had seen a part of us that no one else had ever seen. We wanted to ask her to marry us + to live in San Francisco w/ us. Somewhere in our imagination she is waiting for this, this chance to make the leap from her life into mine. Are we completely delusional? Is it making it harder on us thinking such thoughts? Should we spend more energy on forgetting? Just got a page from 2063 [grandmother's house, where our mother also stays], we're going to call them back. We're growing tired in our struggle w/ our feelings about [H]ope. We want to be happy, We really do. We want this to end. We don't want to fee like there is something wrong w/ us. We don't want to drive people away. We're 30 today. Today we're old. It sucks to be alone + 30. We have no one to blame but ourself.

1 May 95—Santa Monica

Well, yesterday was our birthday, + what a trauma it was. We woke up crying, feeling miserable. We spent the morning alone in the room, finally headed out to Hollywood in the hot, cloudy air + went out to breakfast w/ D + then we went for a walk. Then went to S's, got really stoned + went home to Santa Monica + broke down again. Our emotions were pouring out of us, we felt like so much emotional energy was bubbling up, we know it was partially due to us not taking the zolaft anymore + feeling our true emotions for a change (+ it being our 30th birthday + [H]ope, etc.). Went for

On April 27 the Tel-½ of us went to a 3-question job interview. 1). Do u have a passport? Yes. Are u married? No. Are u ok w/ travel? Yes. We got the job, but it didn't start for a week. On April 28 we wrote "we thought to visit Ulysses since it was his birthday + all, but Us wouldn't call us back." The we ran into Nausicaa. "We can deal w/ her when we avoid her, but the second we see her we get weak in the knees, she's irresistible. It's inevitable, fate." She was going to L.A. to visit her friend + we tried to see if we could get on her flight to souprize Ulysses but it was booked.

a run + felt better. When we went to our birthday dinner. Afterwards S* tried to give us some dope for our birthday. S is an intelligent guy, sometimes we see in him a lot of our self. We see ourself as a drug addict. Maybe it's good to be able to stand next to that, to talk to that person. We are a compulsive person who should stay away from drugs in order to make our life easier, simple as that. We should probly stay away from S cuz if our will is weak we will just end up joining him. The game is getting old. We are running out of money, it's time to quit feeling sorry for ourself + to act. We have to stop the self-analysis + do something. We think wheel quit torturing ourself for a while. We are just going to stop thinking about [H]ope directly, stop thinking about her like she is still in our present. She is in our past onely, yes, it's sad, yes we do love her, but it's kind of pointless to keep being miserable over someone whois no longer in our life. Move on, let go of her.

3 May 95—Santa Monica

The struggle continues, but for how much longer? We spend most of our time trying to diffuse our anxiety + depression. We took a zolaft last night + this morning, bad idea? Maybe. Yesterday was pretty bad, our emotions were out of control, we was feeling borderline suicidal. We went to S's + smoked a little bit, but then left before he could actually buy some more + went running for about an hour.

We really have to work on separating everything, instead of experiencing it as 1 big anxiety, that sends us running for something to numb it. Our separation anxiety (mom leaving us as a small child, [Eurycleia] leaving us, dad leaving us, etc.) is separate from [H]ope + our time last year in Nice. We know that we were more often than not bored of her, or just friendly. She is a good person, but we don't have that much in common + much of the time we really wanted to be away from her. The problem is our unrealistic view on all of this. Our early childhood development, yeah it sucks, so what? What are we going to do? Kill ourself? As far as [H]ope goes, it's sad, but we kind of wanted it to happen. What really is bothering us is boredom + our own inability to get off of our ass + do something creative, productive.

Love is a many splendid thing our ass! It's a massively addictive chemical state of mind that will in the end kill u. If u are "lucky" u will find someone else to become blind to the world with, someone else to bury your head in the sand with. If u are "unlucky" u will retain your own sense of self-identity + eventually get burned, bad. The burns will cover most of your Bw/Ody + the recovery, if u live, will be excruciating, for months. Yeah sure, u might get a couple of months of relative comfort, maybe even a little bliss, but how long is it going to last? There are a lot of things that can break 2 people up. Other persons for example. Temptation is always a factor, even in the most stable of relationships. Unless the blissful couple is completely isolated off somewhere, there is always the chance that someone really hot will come along to lure 1 of the 2 off, ending the relationship. There is also the specter of incompatibility, 2 diffrent people, w/ diffrent intrests + values, not able to make it work out. There are also unforeseeable factors, such as diffrent nationalities, work circumstances, etc., in wich the intention to break up might not be there, but it might be the end result anyway.

Personally we suffered a little of all. Everything played a roll in the break up. Mostly we think it was just our bad attitude. U see, our view of the world ain't exactly rosey, we really don't know why. Sometimes we tell ourself that we really have to be more positive, optimistic, but most of the time we just can't

Decades later when we were in Bangkok, a friend of Ulysses told us that we shd visit this S* guy, in jail. Evidently he got busted for trying to smuggle heroine out Thailand. Needless to ssey, we did not visit him.

I helped [redacted] carry [redacted] had threatened to shoot me if I did made sure nobody saw anything, and t truck and drove out. He apologized for the;

"Necesity to threaten with a very important end(?)"

He offered to drive me back and even somewhat calm.

They set up in the most obiv big Orange van in the middle of the umbrella to block out the sun. One g street, usually looking into the hol plastic tube, like a monstrous vacu the street. The grey area of life. Th ability to make something invisible, or even speculation about it. The sm held samples of urine. What is this studying us. To see if we are indeed sure we are what we eat. What's with the trouble of kidnapping to cover u


I alternate between a real am essentially being held at gun poi implications of this clandestine org

I realize that to him I mus imagine what it is he is trying to k employs him, but what ever it is, it

"He stopped the small talk. movements becoming quicker and more lap."

His right arm came down wit and the gun, shifting into fourth, an smashing ^{Coat's} his head against the window neck of the (obviously) frightened y

Reference: Romlet 11-22-66 and Remlet 1

Information set forth in the enclosed memorand 7-24-97 from: 

Classified by Source: -Confidential-

Remarks: Rome will continue to follow t its source and will report any information developed to the

seem to help it. Everything seems fucked + we don't like it. If there is a nice girl next to us, in love w/ us, we want better. If we are living + working in a beautiful town, we focus on the fact that it's only for a limited amount of time. We have always had this bad attitude, we'd like to lose it. Our uncle [N] used to fill up a glass ½ weigh w/ water + ask us if it was ½ full or ½ empty... we guess we usually saw it as ½ empty.

s body behind the shed. He not comply. He checked and then we got back into the or what he referred to as

bodily harm in order to achieve

to work. He seemed relieved,

rious of places. Parking their

street. With a big orange

uy always standing on the

e. There is always a big

me python going down under

the power of persuasion. The

to silence any discussion

well was urine. Those viles

shit. (The government?) Sampling

what we eat, and making

the secrecy? Why go through

p an accidental death?

fear for my well being (I

nt) and a fear of the full

anization.

t be a liability. I cannot

keep from whoever it is that

makes my life worthless.

He started to drive faster, his

violent. The gun was in his

h a huge force between Cal

d then in the some motion,

, his nails digging in the

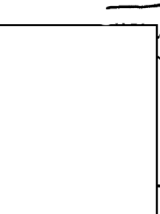
oung man.

5 May 95—Menlo Park

Where to begin? Went out friday w/ [J]... the usual, talking about girls we've known, drinking beer, slept on his couch, left in the morning. Saturday went w/ [T + W] to a Kentucky Derby party. We were drinking during the day, an unusual occurrence... we were a little buzzed. The girl ([B]) who had won the betting pool on the winning derby horse started talking to us in the kitchen. We talked for a long while, it was obvious she was into us. She is tall, red-headed w/ dark eyes. Pale-skinned w/ freckles. Originally from L.A., but lives alone in the Mission. She is going to move back to L.A. in about a month. So, anyway, she is working later at the DNA lounge promoting beer, we have [K, T + W] drop us off there later in the evening (they give us condoms on the way). We meet up w/ B + we go out most of the night, end up making out at the Latin American club. We can tell that she is the type of girl who does not do this type of thing, we can sense that she is very attracted to us (we've been talking about our feelings) but scared also. We end up going back + having sex. The next day we hang around, playing pool, visiting friends, having a relaxed time. Sunday we head down to M.P. to go to LA. We end up postponing a day + going back up to the city. We hang out at E'space w/ the semi enthusiastic goal of scoring, we alternate back + forth, finally we don't.

-11-97;

um was received.



this matter with
pertinent
ureau.

It's time to re-evaluate our circle of friends. We can't hang out w/ drug addicts, no matter how interesting they are (S, E, E, J). We cant hang out w/ persons who lie + build a whole life around deception + abuse (E). Some people will fall victim cuz their lives are just too far away from mine (K), R is OK unless he is really wasted, or just partying a lot. Som epeople it's hard to stay friends w/ cuz we never see. We talk to R on the phone, but somehow we really don't talk most of the time, he seems to always be preoccupied + whenever he hears from us it seems like we are too...

that we were working
aching the fields and
... jerked the truck
notice bears the color
n. He pulled to a stop
it at me. He motioned
did. He followed me out
aking his eyes off of me. I
head of him.

kicked my left leg swiftly
crossing my chest with
nd knocking the gun up
ft leg down hard and pulled
I then changed directions
his stomach and against
s arms outstretched, coming
forest floor. As ...
pull himself up with the
d faced back towards the

clearing with a six point
She had long straight brown
e out of what looked like
right hand she held a
a sharp looking rock about
eared to be perfectly relaxed,
aping out of the ground

and I felt a blast of hot
and asphalt.

where the anxiety—so strong just a week earlier—went. We have re-adjusted ourself to accept the unacceptable. We sit here in silence, alone + no tears are shed. Life continues on cuz it has to + we are just a passer. We don't know if we wantd anything to change

Then we drag sets of over-lap-
ping wires into the dessert, ea
400 ft long, but in Aiffrent
inkrements, 1x 200/200 ft, 1x
100/300 ft + 1x 300/100, w/ the
objective of having the mid-point
correospond to the connection
pots where we hook up a GDP-32
computer wich reads the H- + E-
fields generated by the induced
current. Every 100 ft we set a
potentiometer into the ground--
dig a hole, pour water in, then
set the pot. Take a reading, then
dubble the freakwindsea (raydio
down to the transmitter) from 1
hertz to 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64,
128, 256, 512, 1024, 2048, 4096
+ 8192. Then at the end take a
reading at 0.125 Hertz to check
the phase. Mindless work (but
good exorcise) for 12 hrs/day (at
\$10/hr), who nose to what end?

13 May 95—Hollywood

It's Saturday, we're still here at S's. Went out last night w/ S + R + did brown bear, spent some depressing time around each other. S is so dark, cynical + mentally abusive it's hard to deal with, but to be honest we don't have anywhere else to go. It's funny, a week ago we had such a strong conviction, about how our life was going to change, how it had to change. We were going to be completely drug free + eventually self-sufficient + happy. Now, a week later we have forgotten all that, back to getting wasted, hanging out w/ other dark, cynical, bitter, lonely drug addicts. Oh joy! What fun. 2 steps farword, 3 steps back... Fuck!

14 May 95—Hollywood

Sunday morning, waking up late at S's. Spent most of yesterday getting high, went to a party last night w/ E, didn't stay long. Felling kind of low this morning, for a while there thought we were making some headway, far as changing our bad habits... looks like we're right back in full force. At this point we have lied to ourself so many times that we cannot stand the subject itself.

We really need to find work immediately, we are running out of money. In a couple of days we will be staying in R's place, that will be kindof wierd.

14 May 95*—Hollywood [Us put the asterisk, not sure why]

The turmoil has got to end + so it does. We are left staring at a blank screen, wondering

16 May 95—Hollywood

Still here at S's, stoned + feeling fine. Funny how we can go from the mindset of thinking of drugs as our big downfall—the darkness against which we struggle, knowing w/ full conviction that if we don't stop we will never be happy—+ then a second later getting high. This kind of behavior seems to fuel some sort of schizophrenic mind set, must represent a schism in our sense of self, in the classic model of Jekyll + Hyde. This morning when we wasn't high, we went + did our laundry w/ C. We felt guilty, alone + frustrated (surprise?!) thinking about [H]ope, feeling a growing sense of loss. We are going to move into this apartment w/ C. We will stop smoking heroin. After S + R leave town, we really won't know anyone who is oding it. Living w/ C, we will probly be smoking a lotof pot... oh well, guess it's better than smoking heroin. We'll find some work if we keep looking, things won't be that tough for that long. We just might have to borrow money, but it's a nice apartment + it will feel good to be able to unpack our stuff. As far as our outlook on things, we think it's just a matter of time. We don't know what is going on between us + Spike. Maybe he felt that last time we talked to him we were bugging (pressuring) him about *Epimetheus Unbound*, when we asked him about finding time to hang out. Who knows, maybe we made Sophia's list of persons not to be friends w/ no more.

19 May 95—Hollywood

Sitting here in S's room, have been here most of the day smoking dope. Went out w/ [K + D] to dinner, met their friend [K], wasn't really into her (she was exhausted, didn't ssey much.) Took R to the airport yesterday, cleaned up his place a bit today (we will start living their tomorrow). Had lunch w/ Sandy + David Wasco, showed them our book, which we just completed (the 2nd copy) today. Tomorrow hopefully we will get a chance to show it to some people at Propaganda. Talked to B today, she really wants to get a ride w/ us back down to L.A. at the beginning of next month. We're really tired, our face looks like shit. We have done more dope in the last weeks then we care to mention. A new record for us in lowness. We want to get back to work, now. Our book looks great, we are glad. Tomorrow we want to call this woman at Satellite + maybe this guy at Propaganda. We told [A] that we would hang out w/ her tomorrow....

22 May 95—Hollywood

Here at S's, nothing much has changed. Have spent most of the morning calling around, hoping to find work, of any sort. Will drop off our book later at Propaganda. We are realizing just how afraid we are of being alone. We think this is 1 of the reasons we feel this compulsion to smoke dope, makes us feel like we are not alone, somehow. We don't think we have developed a psychical ad diction, we think we do it mostly cuz we are around S all day + night (the only person we know who buys the stuff) + we are scared, of being alone + thinking about things too much. We think things will be OK, but we're scared. We need to find something todo, some work, we need to stay busy. We have planted a lot of seeds out there, maybe something will sprout....

23 May 95—Hollywood

Sitting here alone in S's room. It's Tuesday, we slept last night in Santa Monica (at E's). Had dinner w/ [C.H.] last night, he wants us to go see his shrink. We want to, hope it works out. We went by + saw R this morning for a couple of minutes. We are having a hard time holding back our crying fits. Our depression is growing worse. We are all too familiar w/ the situation we are in, too much time on our hands cuz we are out of work. We are almost broke + still haunted by memories (+ dreams) of [H]ope + some idyllic version of last year. The heroine use has amplified things. It has been going on (on + off) for amlost 2 years. Even tho there are a lot of reasons/excuses for our depression, the abuse of dope (to block that pain) makes things a lot worse (especially today + yesterday, when we did not do any).

We are getting very scared by our depression, starting to feel borderline suicidal. Right now we really want to smoke some dope. There is pot in the house, but that stuff doesn't interest us anymore. We feel very alone + feel that our use of dope (especially recently) has turned some people off. We know it's an ugly thing. S is trying to kick (he is at the doctor's right now). Being around him is probly not such a good idea, but we really don't want to be alone right now (at R's). We are really struggling, tired of being this weigh. We see what the situation really is + know what we have to do to get bedder, we just don't want to do it. We really want to just get high + postpone a real recovery. Sooner or later 1 of the friends who fields our desperate calls is going to call the old house + tell mom or [Periboea]. We are not sure what they would do...

Just talked to E + just like w/ everyone else, when we talk, we break down + start to cry. It's to the point where we are asking everyone for help. We think people are getting sick of our on-going problems, everybody has better, more important things to do... poor [Ulysses (spoke to ourself in 2nd person)], after all he has been through he's not happy. We can ssey w/ some certainty that it's cuz of the drugs, if we was not using drugs, we'd be as stable as [Telemachus (uses our real name)].

****Couple of hours later—S came back, he was not at the doctors, he has some dope w/ him. Even though we really don't feel like we need to, we smoke some. We're not sure why. We have never sunk so low... or have we? There really is no reason to be depressed. Even smoking dope, the weigh we do, the amount we do, etc. is nothing to get depressed about. We should stop, but there is no reason to blow our brains out. We should probly get some professional help, but probly a shrink + not rehab. We think that our compulsive behavior w/ drugs has its roots in psychological issues, although we could be wrong. We need to do something.

4 May 95—Hollywood

Here at S's. R called yesterday, told us he was going to call the old house + tell [Penelope] that we have a drug (heroin) problem. We talked him out of it. Told him that the kind of help we needed was psychological. We promised him that we would stop, that we would call him before we got high, if we did. Got up early this morning + went running. Felt kind of slow + lethargic. Got something to eat + fell back asleep. It's now 5:30, S is still asleep + we feel OK. We still have the usual twinge of sadness, but nothing dramatic. We called C's the rapist, but she never called us back. We got a call about working as a P.A. for 4 days at \$175, not bad, hope there's more. Also got offered work at Booksoup at \$6.50 an hour + had to decline (we can't pay our rent on that...). We just talked to a writer + a director about art directing a film (that starts in September).

25 May 95—L.A.

Here at R's alone. Today was hard. Spent the whole day hanging around S... managed to stay away from dope, tho we have to admit we really wanted some at different parts of the day. We were very sore + lethargic, it sucked. We promised R + feel like we are going to just barely make it. We are broke (almost) + just found out that our car insurance was canceled, hope it gets cleared up.... not sure how we are going to survive financially, we are scared. We thought today (cuz Penelope started to leave a message on our pager) that R had called her, about us. What the fuck have we gotten ourself into? Why are we hanging out w/ this asshole S? Do we really want to pay \$600 a month to take over his room?

We sent a fax to [H]ope last night, no response. We are not sure whether it was a good idea. We feel very alone + scared, but we are not crying. We are going to stick w/ our resolution to live clean, we need to if we are going to make it thru this

29 May 95—L.A.

Here at Rs. Worked on a RSA video (for Blind Melon) friday, as a P.A. (doing pick-ups.) The art director told us after that they made a mistake, that we wouldn't work over the weekend. We were kind of bummed. We freaked out for a while, hung out til about midnight + then drove to S.F. We made it to M.P. around 7 AM + never went to sleep (2nd day w/ hardly any sleep). Later in the afternoon we went to the city, visited B, J, played pool w/ [J] + B. Later in the afternoon went back to B's, where we had sex + she kind of freaked out a bit (... "what are we doing? Should we be doing this?" etc.) We went to a movie (Dekalog #7,8). The next day hung out, went to the movies while she packed (both of us stoned). Saw Dekalog #9, 10, it was really intense. Later went to B's going away party, we were really tired, went back around 1 AM. B was freaked out, really started getting into it (... "I don't know why we are hanging out, I mean, u are thinking about [H]OPE, u don't even like me. Why are u here?" etc. etc.) Finally we went to sleep, woke up early + left, sseying little to B... think this is it between us + we don't mind. She's nice, but we're not really into the idea of going out w/ her.

Went to M.P. + packed + drove back to L.A. Unpacked our stuff at S's + came over here to R's. We're working tomorrow, hope we can find more. We feel okay, kind of worried about money, thinking a little bit about what is going to happen as far as [H]ope coming to S.F. (is she still coming? Is she still w/ this guy? Does she want to see me? Should we even be thinking about it?...)

30 May 95—L.A.

Today was a disappointing slide backwards. S scored + we shelled out the sum, got high (to the point of almost puking). Woke up early + went to work (wrapping up the Blind Melon video). Finished early, G (the limey w/ the bad attitude, like a hood's) + us then chowed down at Sanamluang. We think we kind of got burned on our rate (another P.A. (the art director's good friend) conveniently forgot to tell us that they would up our day rate to compensate for falsely telling us that we would be working for 4 days.

Went back to S's, got high + spent the afternoon + evening talking w/ the 2 of them about the move-in. We broke our promise to R. We don't know if he will ever find out. We don't feel particularly guilty or anything, maybe it's cuz we are high, sitting here in R's apartment alone. We are pathetic, but too numb to feel it.

3 June 95—L.A.

Got back from working in Palm Springs last night. Worked 3 long days for 300 bucks, spent 1 night in a hotel. We're here alone at R's, preparing to move our stuff out to our place (which S hasn't moved out of yet!). Still thinking about [H]ope, wish she'd call or fax + let us know what she's up to. Our tooth hurts, we have a big hole in it + are delaying any dental work. Talked to [our other brother] this morning... strange, we feel distant somehow, from our family, like they don't know the world we live in. Will probly call B this morning, not sure whether she wants to talk to us, or whether we want to talk to her...

4 June 95—Hollywood

Over here, at will be soon our place.... in just a couple of short days. Stoned as usual, writing here alone in the bright + airy dinning room. I kind of like this place, maybe its worth 600 to share the place. Not much to do today, probly just unpack. Have to go see Bob Barry today + call Harry Davenport. We should also ask D about showing our book to Jake Scott at RSA [Ridley Scott's brother]. Also need to make the usual calls. Stoned as usual, seems drugs are playing a big role in our life + we don't want it that weigh. We made a promiss of sorts to R about smoking dope + we broke it. We think we have a big problem. Maybe we should get some help. When S goes away in a couple of days we will not be seeing dope around...

6 June 95—L.A.

1st night in the new place. Hung out at Bret Witke's w/ S + R yesterday, ended up doing dope most of the day. S leaves today, we hope this will be the end of doing dope, we know it sounds weak, we feel very lame right now. We have a meeting today w/ director of the film. E just called for S, he is going to get S some pills. We haven't talked to R in a while, we miss him, we also miss [H]ope, a little bit.

7 June 95—L.A.

Sitting in our room, dropped S off at the airport last night. We really want this to be the end of our dealings w/ dope, if we don't stop, we're going to ruin our life. This sucks, we have never felt like our life was out of our control like this... guess we feel out of control when we think of [H]ope + last year, still. We think the out of control feeling is due to the drugs, we know this now, wish we could know it all of the time. If we can't do it ourself, we have to check into a program, bottom line.

We can no longer tell ourself that everything is OK, constantly dealing w/ the issue of drugs, wasting a lot of time doing, buying, feeling sick from them, etc.. We don't know if we have gone too far, out of control. We lost [H]ope cuz of drugs, we could lose our friendship w/ R + a number of other people. We stand to lose everything, so why is it so hard to stop? Now that S is gone, it shd be easier. Staying off of them, in the long run, will require strength on our part. We've been doing drugs + seying (promising) to ourself that we'll stop so much of our life that we don't know how even to approach the subject no more... we're scared + alone, as always, we just have to remember that if we want to feel less scared + less alone, then we need to stop doing (especially hard...) drugs. There is no other solution. It takes up too much of our time. We can't promiss ourself that we will stop cuz we cannot keep a promiss to ourself. We are on our one, completely.....

7 June 95—L.A.

We seem to only write these days when we feel melancholy sweeping over us. It's our 1st full day in our new room. We have been getting stoned a lot today, we have an interesting interview tomorrow at Propoganda, a creative director wants to look at our book + maybe talk to us about writing treatments. We also want to drop off a note about Spike's movie [this Spike Jonze refrence is real]. Maybe we should call B, we don't know...

8 June 95—L.A.

Well, for the umpteenth day, we're here alone feeling scared, so what's new. There was a slight change today though, we had an inclination, a hint, of the presence of a (metaphoric) alter-form (self). Guess U could ssey guardian angel, form of god, symbolic image of perfect self,... whatever u want to call it, it is damedged. For so long we have been battling w/ ourself, unable to decide on 1 route of action + sticking to it. We want to stay off drugs, we want to be able to have a happy, healthy relationship based on trust + mutual indiapendence. We have been beating the crap out of ourself, being in a state of depression most of our life. We know that when we stop getting high, the depression only gets worse, in the short run anyway. Guess u could ssey that it has been a while, many years, since we actually tried to stay off of drugs for longer than a couple of weeks.

We know that a lot of the depression we feel is for real. Hard to deal w/ situations, they exist, life is hard, people do leave, etc.. We also know that

a lot of our continuing state of depression has to do w/ using drugs, we make ourself feel bad cuz part of us wants to be a clear-headed person, willing to become intimately involved w/ other people..... We hope we can do it before we waste too much of our life.

We've been writing these diary entries for a while now + almost every 1 of them is a reflection into a dark + troubled soul... 1 has to ask; why would someone subject themselves to a grueling, debilitating depression like this? Why? Why not kill yourself? Or just move on, but staying locked up in pain like this is a cry for help.

Take that pain + frustration u feel when u think about her + glob it onto all of the associations u have w/ living life stoned, as comfortable as it may be in the short run. Living stoned itself does not merit a great change in behavior—it's fun + fairly non-debilitating, numbing. The problem lies in what it brings about, an inability to communicate, an inability to really care about the person u are (living) with. U have no choice but to move on for now, [Ulysses—again, we speak to ourself in 2nd person]. Sure, it is 1 more really "sad" thing in your life, you've got a couple, do u want to end it now? Or would u rather wait + if u are going to wait, do u want to give a real try at being happy? Or would u rather continue fucking around, getting wasted, + guaranteeing yourself a real depression of the soul? It is a change that is as simple as a thought. There is no 1 else in the decision, it is only up to u, it is your life, just make a change, decree a change, order a change. Don't underestimate your desire to hide within yourself + shut out the world, it is stronger than u a lot of the time, only by remaining peaceful within yourself can u keep it in check. Look at things, events in your life, relationships, for what they really are. Don't clump issues together that don't belong, in order to justify the same old negative behaviors. U can do whatever u want to do in your life + if u are happy in your life, u will meet someone who is happy in theirs... sounds like a tacky cliché, but true regardless.

All the big loves in our life left us, 1 weigh or the other, it sucks. We're tired of struggling against this legacy. Maybe if we could develop a clear connection w/ god we could start a relationship that would continue the rest of our life, guaranteed.

9 June 95—L.A.

We're going to an interview w/ Bob Barry, of Bob Barry Design (he is doing a Las Vegas hotel). Hopefully we will get to meet w/ Lori Malaga today. Also

going to meet up w/ B tonight. Today is our 1st day w/o drugs (pot). We talked to R yesterday, he told us to give it a try for a month. He told us that life is better w/o getting stoned. He is 1 person we'd listen to on this subject, we started smoking at the same time, we have been doing it together for almost 10 years, he has stopped + sses he feels much better + happier. We are going to really try this time, we're gonna do it, not just talk about it, we need to, we need to do something, now. We are scared.

10 June 95—L.A.

Saturday. Woke up early to help K move (her mom was also there). We had breakfast at Swinger's + then they left. Think we'll go out w/ [K + D] to some openings today. 2nd day without getting stoned + we feel a little more together, maybe it will continue to get better.....

11 June 95—L.A.

2 days, that's how long we lasted sans smoking pot. Once again we promised ourself that we'd do something + then folded, after 2 days. We'll have to try something else. We would like to talk to [Telemachus] + C's therapist, about what we have been doing for the past 10 years. *10 years of getting stoned... sure, sometimes we hardly smoked, occasionally we went without for weeks, on at least 1 occasion we went a couple of months (our trip across Asia). We member feeling dark + depressed a lot, or were we? We are a drug addict, it seems bizarre to us, for us to write out those words. When we are not getting high, we feel fine. Not doing it is not a big deal for us, it's just that we get these bored urges to get high every now + then + if it is around (dope or pot) we do it.

In January Telemachus told mom that he thought we had a drug problem + he/[we] was right. When mom talked to us about it she was smoking a joint... it seemed ridiculous + hypocritical, we denied it to her. When we promised R we'd stop smoking dope we slipped at 1st + didn't care + now we're back to smoking pot.... slipping again, god, this is fucking boring! It will not kill us to go sans pot for a month, we're going to just not do it for 1 month—July 10th, we will not smoke pot until then. If we do, we will tell our whole family + seriously consider rehab. We promise this to ourself —[digitally signs initials].

There, we actually promised ourself, we can't fuck up now, we will not fuck up, we can do it, we don't need to declare this to anyone but ourself, for if we fail, it is a failure of self.

* 10 yrs = length of Trojan war + also how long it takes Ulysses to make it home

12 June 95—L.A.

We're feeling somewhat calm. Even tho we still don't have any work, not getting high + exercising has made us a lot more stable. We went to E's last night to talk to him about working next week. We're waiting to hear from John Spearson about working this week. We talked to C's therapist this morning, we're going to call the free clinic later to see about getting an appointment.

It's definitely easier to deal w/ things w/o using drugs, we are gonna work on this new conviction, strengthen it to the point where boredom + morbid denial won't overthrow it. We have some hard times ahead, it is summer now + it is going to get very hot. We have to focus on what it is that we want to achieve + really work on it. We will not pine + moan + prompt ourself into a depression by imaginng last year + our relationship w/ [H]ope to be something it is not. This self-defeating tendency has had free reign for too long.

15 June 95—L.A.

Thursday night, sitting here watching the MTV music awards. We worked today (also yesterday) for John Spirson, we're also going to work tomorrow. Afterwards, we'll catch a plane to San Jose.

It rained today, appropriate for our mind state. Went to B's yesterday, ended up doing dope w/ R + going out to a bar. We felt sick, our mind felt cloudy + we felt like shit the next day (today). We're hoping to run into [H]ope saturday night (at Place Pigalle). Don't know what we'll do if we do see her, w/ her new boyfriend... guess we'll deal w/ it when it happens, if it happens.

Hopefully next week we will be working w/ E + making some money. Hope we will have something good to write about this weekend, like, we saw [H]ope, it was good to see her, but we were reminded of how we are completely incompatible, her values, goals, life, etc., are so different, etc.....

We think we'll start art directing soon, we think it's going to happen, we were supposed to meet w/ the guy from Virgin, but he couldn't make it, Spike Jonze [again, actual reference, not edited] called today, no job offer yet. Met w/ the director's rep. at Propaganda, he really liked us, wants to hook us up w/ some of his director's, like Mark Romanek, hope it happen's soon. Stay tuned for Monday's journal entry.....

Telemach-us spent the entire mess of June '95 in Nevada doing varyus (subsurfizz) psychogeological surveying jobs. On June 15th we shot a film about surveying out of a "longtale" boat. We started on land, hiking to find the end of a wire + discovered (using doppler RADAR) it was in salt water. The rest of the survey/film crew were on the other side of a bridge + we had to send the wire under. The current was running strong thru a tunnel under the bridge (smacked of a hot spring coming from the center of the earth). We waited on the other side. We went to throe our bot on top of another boat + our backpack fell out. We couldn't see it til we dove under + opened our eyes in the salty artesian spring. We grabbed our pack just as it was floating away.

Then we were trying to dig a hole for our pot + realized we forgot our geopick (amazing how u start remembering d-tales when u start writing it down!). Like now, we member another scene, walking thru dark medieval streets + we distinktly remember the sound of a horse clippity-clopping along + the change in pitch + tone as it went thru a tunnel. We had our one room next to Ulysses. U were making yourself at home in our room when we walked in + it smelled like shit, literally. We said, "what did u do, take a dump?" Our voice was bleeped out + the sub-titles read: ¿Qué hiciste? ¿Recordaste TU sueño?" Where TU stood for TelemachUlysse-sus. U said "oui, ma we took it dans ma chambre," wich somehow maid it OK. U left back to your room + this Vll made us Reelize we had to take a dump + it felt good knowing we had our one room we could doormirror + smell up Vll we wanted 2. Just as we was a bout to sit on the toilet Ullysses came back w/ the film/survey crew. They Vll loitered round our room + we waited for them to leave so we cd do the "3 S's" (shit, shower + sleep).

Then on June 27 we were sleeping in the house next door to our grandmother's. It was vacant + Vll the doors + windows were open. We slept on a couch in the back hallway, but were aware that [H]ope was sneaking around in the dark. We herd her tip-toeing tward us, calling out "Ulysses." We tried to wake up to tell her we were in fact Telemachus + show her where to doormirror, but it was impossible. Our Bw/Ody felt like sand bags, our veins full of concrete. We were self-conchus that [H]ope was there + we might be naked. We finally managed to sit up + [H]ope wasn't there after Vll. The self-conchus feeling morphed into a buzzing feeling like were instilled w/ ghostly spirits that were coming in thru the blowing curtains. We got up to walk, conchus that we were sleep-walking + had a sense of dread that this was a dangerous thing to do, venturing into the world w/o complete faculty of your sensus). Just as a phantom limb that has fallen asleep finally comes too, so did we, waking up in the Jumping Jack hotel in Carvers, Nevada, thoroughly confused as to our surroundings + disoriented to the fact that it was onely 1 hour after we had fallen asleep. Our head is still buzzing, perhaps from eating a banana + a whole jar of planter peanuts for dinner.

Film co. that produced Spike Jonez's
Being John Malkovich in 1999.

19 June 95—L.A.

Back from San Francisco. We never did see [H]ope, don't think she is in S.F., at least J hadn't seen her. We went w/ mom [+ other brothers + nephew] to the beach saturday, to go look at the sea lions. In the afternoon we went up to the city + went to Place Pigalle. We couldn't get a hold of W + T, so we hung out w/ J. He is back doing dope + we ended up doing it w/ him saturday night (we had gone a while w/o doing it, we weren't even thinking about it... felt like shit yesterday + feel sore + depressed today). We really are sick of living like this, we say this to ourself constantly, we know what we have to do to stop, but we can't seem to just do it. We're almost broke, scared, we are alone (although we have to admit, we don't miss [H]ope so much anymore). We're going to work today for E, call around about work, try to stay healthy....so what's new.

21 June 95—L.A. (Day 29)

It's been about 3 days since we've been high, about 1 since we last broke down + cried, in frustration at the situation we have put ourself into. We still have occasional fleeting urges to go + get some dope, it's crazy. We were in Santa Monica for the last 2 days, [B] is staying there w/ E. Even tho he was talking about how he quit, we found a foil in the bathroom, we don't know if E is doing it also, we think he is.

We have spent most of this morning making job calls, feel better today. We watched this show last night on Prozac + then talked to R on the phone, told him that we fucked up saturday in S.F. We don't know if he trusts us anymore. Mom + [+ other brother] are driving down today, guess we will be going to Disneyland friday, even though we have a lot of calls for that day. Met w/ C.H. last night in Santa Monica. One thing is for sure, we have more connections + friends trying to help us than most people. It's just a matter of time before we start working.

We want these journal entries to be different, we want our life to get out of this rut. We've dug ourself a very deep rut, it's hard trying to get out. We can only help ourself, no one else is going to do it, we realize now that we don't love ourself, it's scary. We are not a bad person, we should lighten up a bit.

24 June 95—L.A. (Day 29)

Went yesterday to Disneyland w/ [entire family minus Telemachus]. Thursday night, over dinner w/ Mom + [+ other brother] at their hotel near the airport we talked w/ them about our problem (past?) w/ drugs (specif. heroin) + our depressed condition. Not much feedback. Went to Disneyland the next day, it was OK, it was for [our nephew]... he's a moody kid, prone to

crying fits + a general sense of disinterest. It had been nearly 5 years since we had seen [other brother] + who knows how long it will be before we see him, or his kids, again. We don't feel really close to him, but last night was the 1st time we really talked, as adults. We talked about his failed marriage, we can tell it is very hard for him. He is 32, w/ 2 kids (5 + 2), living in a country where it is hard to make a living. We guess we saw in him what our life could (have) be(en) + it made us even more depressed to see a result of 5 years w/ a foreign girl, in a foreign country, raising a family. We told him about our inability to deal rationally w/ our separation from [H]ope, our fear of being alone + our struggle w/ the desire to just get high + dull the pain. We both admitted to understanding our fathers state of mental anguish better, as adults who have had relationships (his relationship + its failure obviously being of a more in depth nature than mine).

As we accept the idea of living without drugs (it doesn't seem like such a big deal anymore), our mind returns to its former state, of general depression + sense of loss. We are a sad person + always have been. When we were a kid we felt alone + sad + now as an adult we feel the same weigh.



when I was a
kid I spent all
of my fuckin' time
RIDING AN ASSORTMENT
OF

Being off of drugs is not necessarily going to make us less depressed, we know that now. We would like to be able to deal w/ being alone, better. What are we afraid of after all? Dying? That fact presses up against us constantly, the option is always there. We need to get back into being a creative person, the longer we are w/o drugs, the better our mentol condition will be. As soon as we start working + making money (+ it will happen) things will seem easier to deal with. As far as being alone, maybe it is a good thing not to depend on people so much, how could it be any worse than needing people?

26 June 95—L.A.

4 days 'til rent is due + we have about \$1000, total. Spent yesterday in Santa Monica, getting high (dope). Major fuck up. Didn't really get off, maybe being bored w/ it will eventually be the thing that will kill our occasional interest. We are not gonna feel tons of guilt this time, we are just going to focus on the reality of our situation. Went to a bar-be-cue last night, talked to Spike Jonze [real reference].

for a while, it was cool, might of helped our chances of getting a job w/ him, we don't know. C freaked out + wanted to leave, he is definitely weird, just like S said, we wish we were living alone. [H]ope is on her way to San Francisco today, we can only imagine how this drama is going to unfold..... going downtown today to set up for this show that Alexis is putting on.....

27 June 95—L.A.

Sitting here waiting to hear back from Kiki about working on some Jake Scott gig, we hope F isn't working on it, that could be a problem.... We're supposed to work for E later, we had a little confrontation w/ him on the phone last night, didn't get much out of him, he's still adamantly in denial. We really don't know what we should feel about other people's problems. We feel like we're losing friends. We don't feel really depressed anymore, but we definitely feel like we are in for a dry spell, a big change in our life. We called B last night, she told us that she was talking to her mother. We asked her if we could call her back, she said no, bummer. We don't know if RA would ever call us back, or D (don't know what is going on w/ her). RL is starting to act cold to us. [H]ope is in S.F., guess we're not thinking about her as much. We are too busy thinking about money (a lack of...). Met w/ Lori Malaga at Propoganda, we asked her if she could help us find a P.A. job... dunno, maybe we shouldn't have seemed so desperate. She kept saying how much she likes our work. It's kinda frustrating.

28 June 95—L.A.

This morning talked to a woman at RSA about working on a Jake Scott video, fingers crossed. [B] went to jail

yesterday. He was arrested while staying in the loft next to the FUCT loft. He was beaten up by the undercover cops who arrested him. [J] called this morning to say that [B] was out of jail + hanging out at FUCT. We can't imagine how fucked up that would be, to be arrested. Definitely an incentive for staying away from drugs. Times are still tough, even though we're hardly ever thinking about [H]ope. We are very worried about money + working. Just got stoned w/ Chris (haven't been stoned in a couple of weeks). It's done nothing more than make us lethargic + dense, guess it's a pleasant feeling. We are going to have a lot of bills to pay off, things are going to be tight for a while, but we will eventually start working as an art director. We want to really start working + making some money, paying off some debt, moving into a nice place by ourself, maybe even living in a cool place in San Francisco.

29 June 95—L.A.

Dear [H]ope-

Another letter we will never send. Fitting, isn't it? We're writing u to tell u we love u. We are not crazy, we love u for very real reasons. The year we spent w/ u, we lived closer to sum 1 than we ever had in our life. We were w/ u nearly every day for many months, night + day. We got to know a beautiful young woman w/ a life that seems colorful + compelling to us, even today. We know that towards the end of last year things got hard, we felt like we really needed a break from everything. At the time we thought we would be returning to France. We never thought of leaving u.

It doesn't do a lot of good to talk or think about it now, it's done. We still miss u a lot + know that we still love u + still want to be w/ u, but u have taken your life in a different direction. Maybe we're crazy for still wanting u the way we do? We don't feel we are.

