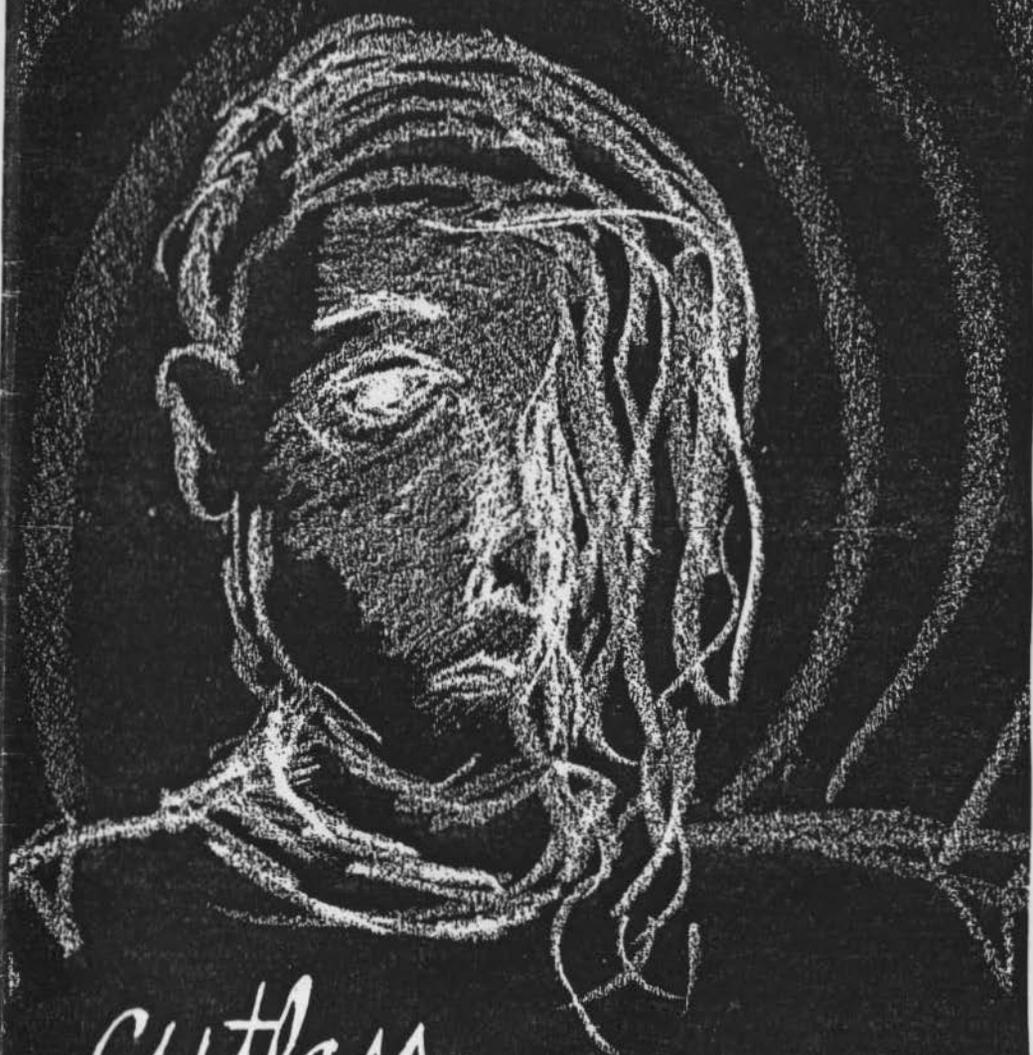


\$7



Cutlass

#9-bitter dregs

and it's been a long year of reflection. like i've lost my way. like i really need, with painful throbbing, to look backwards to see through the fog of forwards. so i dig through these pasts that have piggy-backed to make up my present, trying to remember who i've been and where i'm going.

these are all random selections from journals, starting with my first in 1985 at the tender age of 12. this is an incalculable fraction of the whole, and still i censor myself more than i would like.

some explanatory notes appear here and there, though sometimes even i don't remember what i'm talking about. or i just don't want to say. meaning is not equivalent to beauty.



all drawings are by me, from old sketchbooks & journals, except for the one on pg #20, which is a blind contour of me by matt "scene maggot" obert, circa '94, providence, RI. hell yeah.

this is dedicated to neil, who inspires me to tell secrets, and cosmo, who lived through so much of this by my side.

oh yeah, super fun contest time. a free t-shirt to the first person that can correctly identify where i stole the subtitle from. and i need details, folks. extra points, but nomextra prizes, if you can give me the rest of the words, too. annie danger and anyone who has lived with me for any period of time is disqualified. (quit yer whining, you get free t-shirts anyways.)

1/13/93

i think that in order to face what is going to happen to me, i should face what has happened to me, with a clear conscience. get it all out on paper at least.

11/10/01

...you cultivate a personality and people add on to it depending on how they look at the world. and maybe that distance is a good thing. so sometimes i tiptoe through it. and sometimes i cultivate it.

this is my first journal entry ever. funny how i gloss over the terrifying nightmares i suffered all that year. they seemed to abate when my grandmother stayed in the spare bed shoved in the corner of my very large room.

12/11/85

dear diary,

today is the first day of writing in you. i will confide my darkest secrets in you. sometimes i will forget to write but almost everybody does. today was like every other day in the 6th grade. my brother is bothering me. i'll be right back. sorry i had to leave. as i was saying today was boring. i can't wait til friday because my

grandma might be coming and she makes great perogis (per o geez) (a polish food). i hope she brings

her dog rosco, he's a

sweetheart. so's my grandma. i want to say also that i like it when she sleeps in my spare bed.

Dreamland

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.



8/12/92

i've just started to read my 9th grade journal, as i've said i'm bored ...

the weird thing is that i remember some of the scenes described ... and i don't

remember being quite so pathetic during them as i sound

talking about them in the book. i think it all reflected in my writing. i was trying to be nice to everyone and god forbid if i should immortalize on paper any feelings

2/7/03

i've felt so vulnerable

lately, so open to so many things,

tender & waiting for someone to

stab me in the back. it

seems to always happen that

way, cycles of acceptance &

paranoia. and old friends

snap at me, or i snap

at them, or we bite & yap and take

off from where we are with

craziness in our eyes, and

i'll always miss you, even

when you're by my side. and

the flurry of fucking wings

and hands & eyes. i don't

really think so. what

a beautiful vacant thing.

what do i say to that.

loco, silly.

if i keep writing i can

keep the dogs at bay and

realize that i really can't.

live all by myself like i

think. that i need a variety

of shoulders to cry on.

piss beer reminds me of tracy -- rolling rock
& giggles & salty pasta, even if that's not
the reality anymore. i love her with all

my being.

and i hate her, too.

we are like that.

"perhaps we are asking the wrong questions."

i feel furtive, like i was, hiding in my
bedroom in high school, listening to that

same X album over & over again. (ok, wait,

i'm thinking of a particular month here)

with that wide open window inches from my

face. it could mean every horror story we

told in that room, psychos climbing on the

roof outside. or it could mean fucking

freedom, standing on that roof with my

secret death wish, howling at the fucking moon.

4/27/93

everyone would always rather be with someone else.

it's been that way my whole life. everyone loves me
less than someone else. and it never changes.

i was just at the firehose concert. it was beautiful

but i couldn't stay. i wanted to cry, i wanted to
scream. i had to leave.

3/24/02

i'm proud of myself.

i kick ass

my feminist literature professor my 2nd term in
college insisted we write our stories. this was
terrifying to me, but the first and most important
lesson in how my past affects my present.

5/12/93

i'm writing a short autobiography for sandra's class
and it is so hard. i don't know what to leave out.

i don't know what to center on. i don't know how to
keep the tears from burning in my eyes. i thought i
had dealt with a lot of this before. i don't know.

11/23/91 i always try to imagine if the mass defecation that makes up my writing ever gets me anywhere, if this shit in my journals would get published. what a horrible thought?

jerry was a man i had worked with in NYC. he was in a wheelchair after a hold up in alphabet city left him with a bullet in his spine. in this dream i was charged with taking care of him, a dark & twisted version of the fun we used to have as i pushed him through the city streets, running down hills and threatening to push him into traffic if he criticized my navigation once more...

this entry is from the last few weeks of my second term of college, before i found myself back in my hometown for the summer, working the same job i had in high school, desperate & poor and with few kindred spirits left in town...

5/26/93

i had a nightmare last night ... i was thrown in the ocean and had to fight my way out,

through coral cathedrals and statues of people and things in mortal agony. things were grabbing at me and i knew that i was going to be fine but i didn't know where to get to be ok. i didn't know. and i kept swimming. i left jerry behind. i knew he would be ok. i just knew. but it didn't happen and then i woke up.

...

i knew it would be this way, the sadness from my eyes falling to your feet.



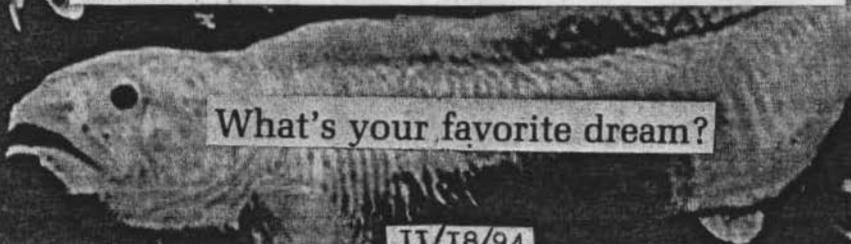
that snarl plays across my skin and will not die, no matter how hard i scratch. i holler at the waters but they don't listen either, they do not reflect anything but the sadness. and the sun sets on my scene but i do not walk into it. i turn away with the sadness falling from my eyes.

...

...i want this to end. i want to go home. not irrationally so, like last term. i don't know what i'm going to do to like being home, but i'll have to try. there is much that i love in those streets and houses but it stares me in the face with bloody eyes. i will start to scream and never stop. there is just so much there. no one should have to go back and readjust the weight to their shoulders such as i have to do.

4/23/02

i ask my dreams for answers and get ... nothing. not that i can remember anyway. i ache and it's stupid and writing about it only makes me feel worse.



What's your favorite dream?

11/18/94

shit. can't read, having trouble writing. frustration level is higher than ever before. i don't quite know what's wrong ... my attention span is decreasing. i want something but i don't know what. i miss the padded walls of academia. i ruin everything that i do. i just caused a skip in my bad religion record. genius is flying away from me ... wondering how it could have ever thought to

land on a wretch such as i for even a short time.
no, i never thought i possessed genius, but sometimes i
i felt like it possessed me.

5/10/98

we walked to the park, holding hands, because he
wanted to roll in the grass. the walk to vets field
always seems secretive

to me, hidden paths under bridges, stairs to the
quietest street in town, quiet so quiet...and we
wandered behind the shed and entwined our limbs
as we stared into the sky and replayed old flickering
filmstrips in our heads, with soundtracks
scratchy and damaged included. never enough time,
never.

he is the only constant in a world of earthquaking
change and vicious mood swings.

6/10/00

i lost who i write for. who do i write for now?

5/3/88 i sometimes sit and wonder what people think of me.

for instance, if i say something funny then
they laugh but are they really

thinking "what an idiot." i always try

to make good impressions by thinking

well before i speak and not
doing things the wrong way.

1/7/98 i can do anything i want to do.

isn't that an amazing thing, right there.

my mantra, my words of power, speak

them and they wake up, brush

themselves off

& come true.

Who do
I think i'm kidding?

2/16/99

i still don't know where you are.

i still don't know what my feet stand upon.

11/23/02

i could never get used to it, really, the moment when the ground drops away from you and the pressure in your head feels more immense than can be believed. the first time i got on a plane i sat there shoving gum in my mouth, piece after piece until my jaw ached and there was no more room, until i practically drooled down my chin, until, until, just to keep the feeling of my head imploding at bay. now my jaw hurts from eating too many soy protein nuggets, and my kidneys ache from the weight of my uterus shedding its skin and i feel that this plane demonstrates that there is no more kindness in the world.

7/22/00

whatever. sitting in this fucking awful airport, and i could make a headache very easily in an atmosphere like this one. chemical warfare in the check-in line, and i have an old vendetta here. SFO likes me to suffer. the bastards. feel like sleeping, so perhaps as soon as i take off into the wild blue i can fall back to sleep.

... rude waiters & exene cervenka, i swear. stupid airport.

7/18/95 why do i find such sadistic pleasure in missing people. there's something cozy in the breaking of my heart, something familiar in the midst of all the pain. it must be time to move on, towards these people that leave me hurting. i guess once you start the missing it gets worse and worse until you have to move to shake the pain off, keep moving or you'll fall down.

1/10/86

sorry. i haven't
been able to write.
i had a fun christmas.
we woke up at 4:30.
i got a radio and
some records and some
clothes. christmas day
was boring. we went to
bed at 12:00...at school
joanne stuck up for me
when a boy tripped me.
no one ever stuck up
for me before.

jeanne was a girl who took me under her wing when i was friendless, my poor little 6th grade self still having trouble making friends in the school, i had just arrived at mere months before. still, she used my naivete & desperation to ridicule me & make me crawl, sometimes a lot. our friendship ended abruptly in tears and anger. but a short time before we graduated high school she approached me in the kitchen of the restaurant we had both ended up working at, though never at the same time. i was scrubbing refried beans from the largest pot ever when she appeared out of seemingly nowhere and started to tell me that she had come across all these pictures of us together. tears came to her eyes as she said, timidly, "those were good times, huh?" it was her way of apologizing. somehow i was wise enough to smile and say "yeah." such closure and peace about an issue is a rare occurrence in my life. from then on when we saw each other we'd smile & wave. sometimes i wonder what she's doing now and really hope she's doing well.

2/14/86

sorry i haven't written. we don't have school for a week because vacation. today was almost the worst valentine's day. first joanne sent me a card for a joke that said "i think you're great. i love you. your secret admirer." she does that sometimes (plays jokes like that). dwain took it and showed it to everyone. then jacob said i had a self portrait (i had a valentine with rowlf on it). and he started barking. he got all the boys to start barking and asking to see my self-portrait.

4/30/00 so much shit in my head, have to get it out. haunted by pasts, have i hit an age where that will continue to happen forever & ever? living through a universe of pasts.

fuck, man.

5/16/95 people shouldn't expect things from me, because sometimes i like to do things that are outside their expectations and then they demand an explanation from me.

fucked up. ... no one can cheapen any of what i do if i do not allow them to. 7



4/14/02

i want to talk to everyone but i don't
wan't to talk to anyone at all.
...still crush fuck love and where
is the end, don't know where
fr om the air it all came
i say go away and i don't mean it.
scary monsters under the bed.

10/17/90 ...next i was riding through the meadows
on my bike. i was trying to get somewhere
but the bike wasn't helping any. i decided
to leave it and just walk.
when i came back there were a lot of other
vehicles by the side of the
dirt road surrounding my bike.
there was also a
woman. she was speaking
strangely as if she
were possessed. i tried
to speak to her,
but instead got scared out
of my mind by what she was
saying. i can't for the
life of me remember
anything she said. well, i
was so scared that i hopped
on my bike and
tried to ride off. the
problem was that someone had
changed it. one handlebar
was longer than the other,
the pedals were
bent, the wheels out of whack,
etc. it was hard to ride and i
couldn't get away. the woman was
laughing like a witch and i couldn't really
get away.

the next dream was even more bizarre...



7/11/99

st. louis seems unfriendly to me, everyone glares and i am not inkansas no more. fighting off the urge to get coffee, need more sleep. just spoke to a girl who was very nice and it turns out she's from good ol' california. go figure.

4/16/95

...i almost got angry with him, not for anything he did directly, more for my own faults, wanting to fall back into our life before but my life now still calling, lying in his arms and staring up at the violent anal death flyer. too hard, all of it too difficult ... he spoke like poetry, and that sounds silly, but his words worked so well together that my breath ran away with them. and with him he brought that musty old tense depression of my hometown, everyone i hung out with crazy dead or not worth the skin wasted on them, and the nights locked up in a little apartment drinking until one blends into the next, nightmares every time the eyes close. my god that air is as old as the sky and it just keeps getting pushed 'round and 'round the same enclosed tomb.

9/14/96

according to a screaming man

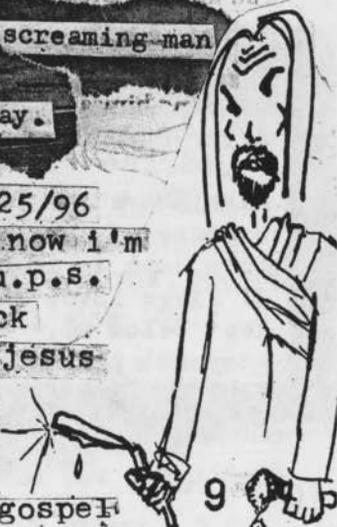
on broadway jesus is coming today.

this was in bennington, vt, where christian revivals in the middle of downtown are no big thing. unfortunately more people seemed interested in the sidewalk sales down the other end of main st.

5/25/96

so now i'm

sitting in the shade behind the u.p.s. place listening to the gospel rock emanating from underneath the "jesus saves" banner next to the getty, where wretched souls are getting up and testifying to no longer being lost. you can always tell gospel



rock, even
without words,
it has some
certain awful
quality that
is completely
indescribable,
yet thoroughly
disgusting,
with lots of
keyboards.
the crowd under-
neath that
banner is
surprisingly
small,
cuz everyone
else has
fallen to
the sin of
commercialism,
which is doubt
is any longer
a sin.



4/19/98

high above this great
expanse of what looks like squares, toys, garbage,
it's hard to imagine strip malls, pain and the waste
of lives loves and all that goes on thousands of
feet below me. it is all
toy and plastic from here, must be or i'd go crazy.

5/22/02

god, how maudlin, how mediocre.

pa-thetic.

funny how a part of me that voice is.

how it just makes sense.

people trying to open that locked-door with such force

that it all shakes, as i hide behind the pile of

expired film and whine at myself. leave me alone,

i'm oh so busy.

but i'm waiting for all these things, waiting and not getting.

on a mission to hurt.

... hidden exciting cocoon in the heart of everything.

7/30/96

already at debi's house. the past few

days have been a whirlwind of frustration &

little sleep, bickerings & moments of clarity
& beauty. goddamn 20 foot truck with all of

our belongings & two motorcycles & a rather

pissed off cat. that is not worth writing

about, typical moving bullshit, shedding

unworthy belongings on the way. things are

strange that way, once they're gone you

no longer miss them, aside from the small

things that make you feel good.

chris's blue motorized bunny rabbit, so shiny

and full of power. of all the things i've

lost i miss that the most. i could travel

the world with this book & that rabbit & be

content & at rest stops i could wind it

up & let it go ...

i am attached to a mound of paper, things

written for me, by me, images of potential,

papers torn & shredded & pasted together to

make complex & beautiful whole new things.

how can i get rid of these? i even brought

my x-acto blade on the road. you never know...

for most of my life i allowed myself to be brain-washed that if i got good grades and did well in school, i wouldn't end up hating myself for all eternity. or at least i wouldn't wash dishes for a pittance for the rest of my life. it came down to this: i was fucking weird and lacked any semblance of social skills. but i was smart. so that would have to save me. right? sure.

this entry is from around the time i graduated high school

6/21/92

shit, i feel so trapped in this life. i try to kid myself that i'm free but i weigh so much on high school and college and grades and getting through it all. is this just excuse, procrastiation, fear? or am i being smart? i mean, cause i look at the people who are supposedly "free" around here and they're just as fucking trapped. they can't leave any more than i can. at least in september i'm out of here. or am i destined to keep



returning to walk northampton like a fucking ghost? whatever, too frustrated to figure it out.

1/10/94

this train ride will be hard without a cigarette.

tomorrow's will be worse. i have no idea what's going to happen. i used to

feel like i had the slightest idea of the possibilities, but now i see blankness. i

have extreme ideas of the impossibilities.

i'm frightened.

11/9/01

i cut myself off from people then

feel sad when there's no one to hang out

with. i hide. i run. what the fuck am i doing?

5/25/2

the bus driver announces the street names like he's a death metal singer in a bad dream sequence where everything moves super slow.

4/28/96

why do i do this to myself? how can i not

see the sledge hammer til i'm picking my

brains off the sidewalk.

7/2/2 shit, shit, how'd it get to be july already

-- feel crazy and sad and unsure of what i want to do

with myself. no

...sad sounding train in

... sad train.

1/18/03

and i

and there's nothing

page cut into

words by an

ELECTRICITY IS

ENERGY, LOOKING FOR

A PLACE TO GO.

community here, where?

the near distance.

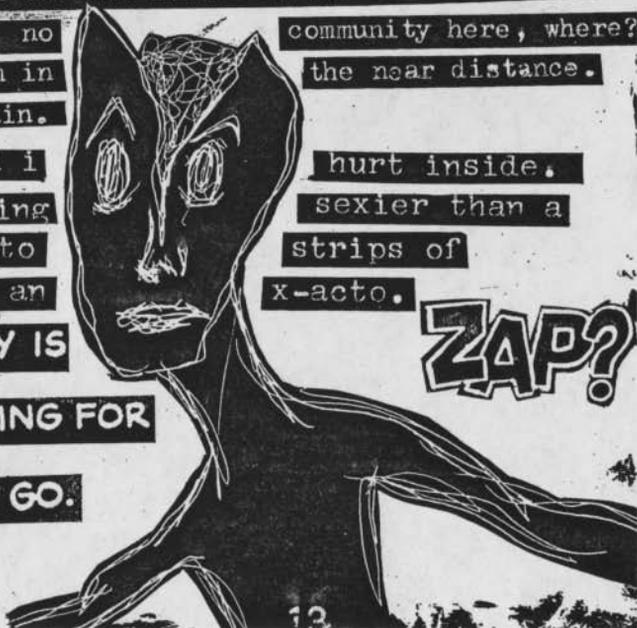
hurt inside.

sexier than a

strips of

x-acto.

ZAP?



8/10/95

i feel that now more
than ever i know
what's happening
and i'm scared.

10/16/93

i remember staring
in the mirror as
a child, looking for
anything that was
pretty in any way.

after a while i
would think i
saw something and
leave, completely
dissatisfied and
angry. why was i
the one chosen to be
the mutant?

i don't know what
he sees in me ...

3/7/86

... i hope for beauty but
think i have my own beauty

4/10/93

it's 5 am and i'm
really down on myself.

... i hate my body,
i hate myself. i'm
starting to see myself
as an annoyance to
everyone, the token

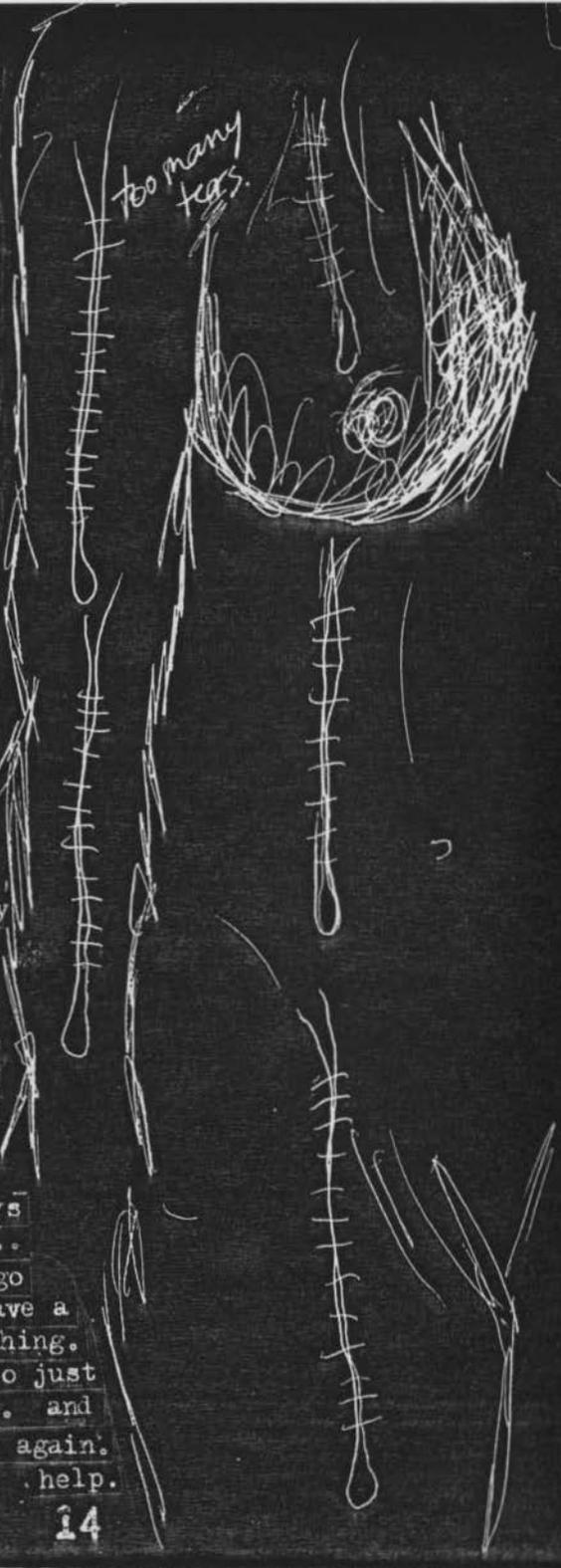
tag-along who never says
the right thing ...

i think i should just go
to bed. maybe i'll have a
good dream or something.

i'm a pathetic child who just
doesn't know how to talk. and
i'm back in 6th grade again.

help.

too many
tears.



4/6/94

i wonder who it is who first got the idea
that i am a little girl. i wonder if it was me.

11/1/90

every day i'm feeling more and more
content with myself. i had this
total self-confidence problem but every day i
can feel myself coming out
of it more and more...i know it sounds tacky
but thinking i'll only be young once
scares me out of being a stupid idiot.

8/21/00

anyway, i just feel so disconnected and paranoid.
all my hope is fleeting, and if something doesn't
break soon i'm gonna scream. here i am, spewing the
same old shit. shut up shut up don't you know any better.

...ok, but who the hell's fault is it? really?
i'm the one who thinks it's ok to go
through old letters until i'm crying. who shuts out
current friends by talking to ghosts

... i want to set this book
onfire. stupid me, yeah, leave me alone with my
thoughts and sometimes i feel so beautiful. and
sometimes i want to cry. but i can be shaken by
the tiniest thing now

,... onthe brink of acknowledgement of my specialness
& i back off. don't any of you fuckers recognize
me. don't any of you fuckers tell me i suck.

7/8/95 scott showed up. hung out with him for an
hour or two, hard to stand him anymore, also hard to know
why he comes over ... i'm just personally sick of
hearing him complain of boredom oh so constantly.
it bores and drains me. but then
i slept, fitfully and crazily,
screaming at the hippies outside
the window, mosquito bites all
over my arm and dreams of biting
monsters. i was awoken around 4 am
when i went to scratch a bite



and grabbed the bloated bug instead, exploding
insect, blood and carcass on my fingers. in my
half-sleepiness i thought i'd pulled
a tick out of my arm, or pulled a scab off
of a huge monster bite. my right arm was
covered in bites. for some reason i felt violated.

7/6/99

yes, why don't i belittle how important certain
people are so that i can feel independent while
blocking out pain that might be awaiting me in the
future. that would be quite healthy.

7/10/95

word association turns up nothing good. the
hurt has left and monotonous loneliness has
taken its place.
laugh, bitch.

i have no best friend.

8/27/96

is this another golden age, another period where the
words come shooting violently from my head and i
flit about trying to catch them with my big butterfly
net.

this was the first time i set foot in my high
school after graduating, to see my brother in
the musical. it was pretty liberating to see
it from the other side.

5/20/93

i went back to school for the musical and realized i am
better than those people. for the first time i felt i
had strength to do something about it. it changed me.
i feel the power through my body at times when i need
it. i am so glad.

9/18/00

gonna kick some fucking ass, y'know.

these fragments are part of a much larger story that is, in it's completeness, not as exciting as these bits are by themselves & taken horribly out of context.

4/25/95

and we were on the floor when the cops showed up, leaning against one another.

...running down the street hand in hand with his blood sealing our hands together. stupid fuck punching a light bulb.

... i don't know which way to turn without hurting someone and i'm not even involved really. well i guess you could say i started it. yes, i guess you could.

... but i'm not a guy. i'm just me, whatever that means.

8/17/88

oh but i feel offbalance, out of balance & unable to start, missing everyone who is not here with an ache of past days and why must i go

through this hell again. you look so pretty when you're over there.

and i fear this book, i fear my own thoughts these days. or maybe they bore me. it's hard to tell the difference. but they used to come peuring out of me unabated. now i cut them off at the source.

4/8/86

today on the phone mom was talking about dad. i never wanna see him again. he always says we lie all the time. he said he would call us during the summer when i was in 3rd grade (i'm now in 6th) and he never did. we never heard from him since. i've always hated being with him.

ELE **VI-INT-ADV** this is about taking self defense classes.

2/8/99

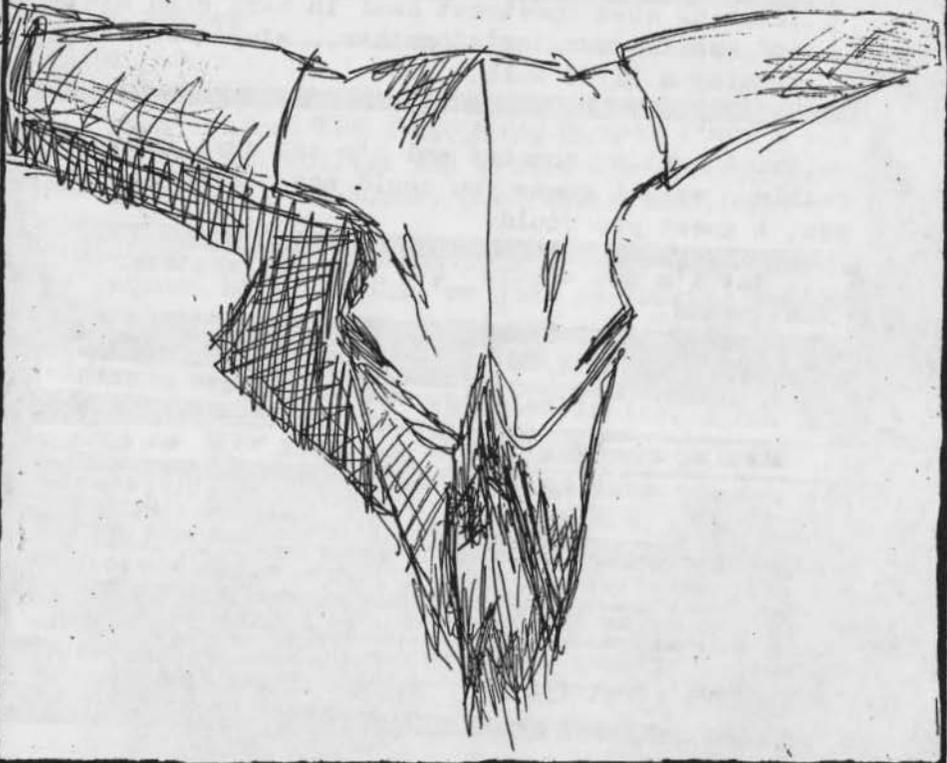
feeling good and loved. so much power in that pu neh, that growl, i can barely stand the immense pleasure and adrenalin rush. my god i'm cool.

17

paul, who judged her by her clothes before meeting her—

this cow skull was in diane's apartment. the quote was thanks to

"disgusting Whore..."



8/3/96

ricky's dad dragged us almost 2 hours

north on friday so he could throw us off

the back of his rich boy toy power boat

& drag us around a lake on our faces.

actually, i was the only one truly dragged,

i find myself unable to comply with such

a concept of leisure sport, water skiing as

a past time. the priciness of the equip-

ment involved draws definite lines as to

who can participate, entertainment for those wealthy & bored enough. plus there's the defiance of death involved, a little excitement for the mindless. perhaps i'll wipe out & get extremely hurt, let's compare scars as i suit up. i found it all painful & useless, the skis so heavy on my tiny stick ankles that waves dragged them wherever they would. my body did not agree with the idea that it should be pulled at 20 miles an hour on big klunky pieces of wood. ricky's father is a subscriber to the humor of the mean, laughing as he pulls my arms from their comfortable warm sockets, maneuvering his toy through his own wake so that waves washed over us inside the boat, just as we are dry and warm & happy again. the kind of guy who pulls your chair out from under you, amused that your tailbone is now shredded & useless. he deems it necessary to give us advice, tell us we are stupid in our ways, he has typically "made it" and therefore has the right to tell us over & over that we are wrong. he is so distant from me that i can't even hear him speak.

12/10/02 junkie waitress how i love you so ... she looks older close up, lines moving in, and she blinks her eyes as i request avocado. hard to understand, i guess...

(but that is where understanding begins, when i realize that i must look as fucked up as i think they are.

when i realize i biked all the way over here & walked in with my fly unzipped.)

3/28/93 don't give in. she sings directly at me, not really, but i won't give in, i won't. i fell on my knees in jest for the goddess but she didn't

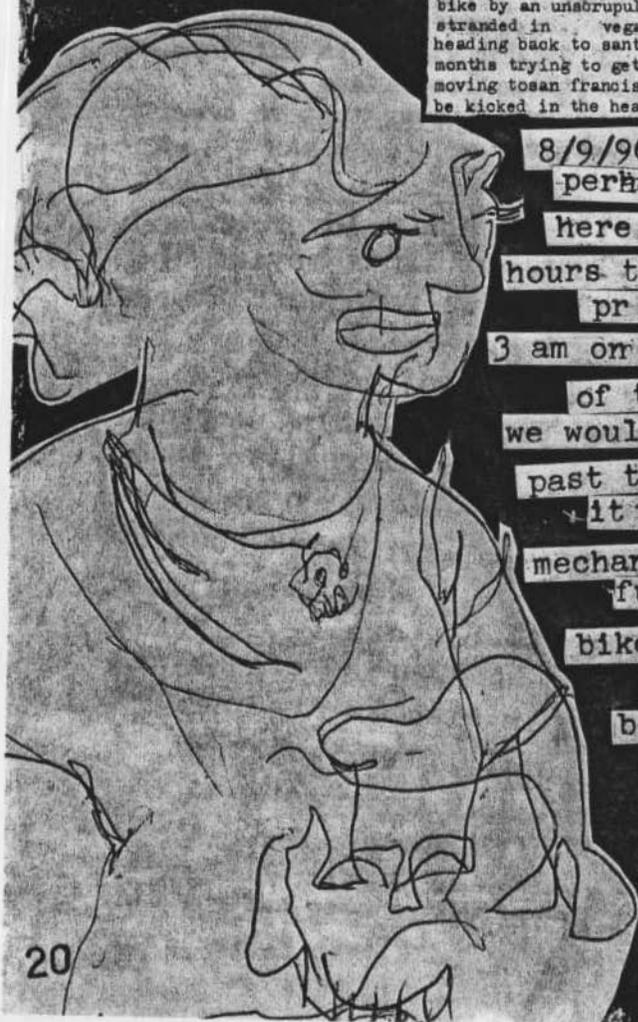
even notice. 19



9/29/93

the boy up the street used to call me big eyes. he caught us once, going up the path that hugged his house. he thought we were looking in. but we just happened to glance in as we walked by and he saw us and ran out screaming. he called us big eyes, opening his dull eyelids wide to illustrate his point. i suppose i could see his point. my eyes were always buggy.

this was from the first leg of what was supposed to be an at-least-half-way-cross-the-country motorcycle road trip. but the destruction of ricky's bike by an unscrupulous mechanic left us stranded in vegas for two weeks, then heading back to santa barbara, where we spent 5 months trying to get back on our feet before moving to san francisco. some people deserve to be kicked in the head a lot.



8/9/96 las vegas, nv perhaps our trip ends here. took us 16 hours to get into vegas proper. we left at 3 am on the morning of the 8th, thinking we would be mostly past the desert before it got too hot. a mechanic in santa barbara fucked over ricky's bike big time, eating gas like crazy, belching black smoke & overheating, his mileage went way down & we had to stop every 30 minutes to fill it up

& let it cool down. drive $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, rest $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. we didn't notice this until ventura, but we never thought of turning around. crazy anger kept us going & fueled wild thoughts of revenge.

... anyway, we left our cozy hideaway in the middle of the night, like sneaking out on the bill. i felt ill & crampy, my insides rebelling against the early hour. but we were warm and full of talk of freedom & what we should see before the money runs out.

the night was warm & moist, mist on my visor & my mind making sense of the dark shapes around. so. cal. is beautiful in the hours before sunlight washes away the mystery in the landscape. we grew angrier as we pulled ourselves farther from the source of our anger. gas station

breakfasts, shedding layers of our clothing as time wore on & we weren't making much progress. the only living beings around the clerks who took our money. the sunrise found us in lancaster & lost, we had missed our turnoff without realizing, ricky held diplomatic relations with a bizarre green

& silver beetle-bug who wouldn't leave the vicinity of my belongings. we didn't know it could fly: "it argued that it should live & i had to agree when i saw it flap those wings." we found ourselves on the

oddly misnamed "peach blossom highway" with no gas station in sight, pulling into

victorville on fumes. that was when we realized we were just beginning this hell-ride, 200 miles to go & ricky's bike

burning with the oncoming heat. stripped
down & bathed in useless suntan lotion, we
headed down 15, which shoots straight to
the town of sin, trying to remember how
often we'd seen gas stations last time
we traveled this way...barstow was the
first sign of civilization & found me
exhausted, dehydrated & positive i couldn't
make it any further. i was curled up
on the side of the convenience store,
trying to nap, when one of the clerks
approached me, enthusiasm in his eyes.
he was so excited at the sight of our
motorcycles, it woke me right up, someone
to talk to about nothing in particular.
he told me he was terrified to drive him-
self, but he loved it when friends
took him for a ride. he woke me up &
spread enough of his enthusiasm to keep me going.
thank you, guy.

the rest was a blur of beaten down
shack gas stations with less & less shade to be
found, worry & scenery keeping
my mind busy with their silly games,
enough so that the stretches seemed shorter.
one gas station proved a veritable oasis, with
plenty of shade, a picnic table & a shower,
which ricky jumped into briefly before we moved on.
we did hit a traffic jam briefly,
actually a standstill in 110 degree heat.
we'd split lanes 'til people started
moving, hop into a lane, wait until they
stopped, and cruise past all the gleamy
stalled boxes, with shirtless boys jumping
around excited and women in tiny 2 piece
denim outfits, families crammed in air-
conditioned RV's, parents who can't

wait to drop the kids at the pool
so they can lose all their money &

kick it home with their heads
between their legs. the sun

sucked all moisture from me,
rushed on to the next stop with
my head spinning in dry sand,

my mouth glued shut &
cracking. 60 miles from
vegas my bike began to
heat worse than ricky's,

burning my skin from 3 inches away.
once high noon passed it got a bit easier
to handle, slight breezes, cloud shadows.
10 miles from our destination we came across
a canopy of dark cloud with a definite
edge, heat lightning torturing the ground
to the south, winds shaking the bike beneath
me. my skin shrieked with the change,
didn't know how to handle what the world was
trying to do to it.



2/28/95

life downtown doesn't change much. new faces are
rare. old faces come back, no matter where they go.
they always return, for one reason or another:

"my ex was upset and wanted me back."

"there's work up here."

"i don't know, wish i'd stayed."

they all regret coming back but they always do.

this girl, friend of jessica's, wants to follow a
stripper she met to texas. i found a piece of paper
on the floor after she had left not too long ago with
doodles, hearts & flowers, and in shaky uncerst

uncertain letters "i am moving to texas and
i'm never coming back," as if she had to reassure
herself of her convictions, which we all need from
time to time and i suppose that's why this book is
filled with so much bullshit. but too much of it
leaves you without the wish to write at all. 23
or the ability.

out of everything in here,
this is perhaps the most
embarrassing. →

7/6/87 hello! i mean to
inform you that i no longer
like whitney houston.

6/20/98

i wonder how long i can babble and say so little.
there is freedom in this pen

somewhere, no matter how i shake it i only get
small amounts out at a time.

5/14/02

i want to confess to someone please.

3/21/92

i'm getting back into the weight low
self-esteem thing. i think i slip
back into it when i'm let alone with
my thoughts late at night ... when i
start to feel this way i want to do
something about it right away. i
feel like i'm wearing too many layers
and that taking off the excess would
reveal the real me. fuck.

6/14/92

anyways, i haven't really eaten
anything in the past few days. i'm
sort of on a starvation diet. actually
it's just like normal, i never eat
anything anyway.

1/16/03 this isn't poetry like i
wished it would be.

it's hurt child coming out..

8/5/95 beautiful rain storm last
night and the lightening striking trees
across the highway. why do i feel
pleasure when little kids stare
at me ... and those assholes in
the bank yesterday, whispering those
sleaze coated phrases right next to



my ear. "i can't believe you made a statement like that." whatever old man.

6/24/99

shit, don't give in on me now, gurl, just pick up the damn phone. people are people, and they are not just waiting for a chance to make fun of you.

waiting for the bus...

4/10/02 should draw with my eyes closed.

no, maybe not.

blind contours were always my best bet for self-entertainment. crap, where have all my models gone? i've got 20 minutes, i estimate. 20 minutes to think of something beautiful to write.

hands hold parting eyes, hold ever spiky hair, what with secrets and not-so-spoken

truths, if only you knew, or could,

have you fallen through that hole

i left, where are your mind's words?

who cares, really, birds still chirp like frantic mad when buses run them over,

growling beasts and i miss you so. i miss you, i don't even know you. trees trapped

in cages,

bugs in my leg hair, here with my best friend who does not know it, her back

heavy with burdens and fliers, her head singing ballads and turning around.

there is beauty in the ugliest of things

here, soot flying from exhaust pipes, shunned from the car like the uncool kid.

and i wait for my number to come up.



9/24/96 there's a rather
overweight guy up the street,
talking to himself & belching,
saying "please, please,, please."
i think he is trying
to talk himself out of throwing
up. sorry guy.
1/14/87 school's okay. i
guess i just hate being
stepped on because of what
i wear!... it's not physically
possible to feel as lonely as i
do now. when i get older i'll
be famous and write awful
books about courtney and nikki
el nikki. she insulted my clothes.
1/11/94 i love white trash
americana tract houses
hot dogs and applefucking
pie. i love to see all of
these failed suburbias. it's
like the signifier for the
downfall of their plan.
it's everywhere here, you get
on a train and you're surrounded by it.
we're arrived in cleveland.

10/29/94

no, i don't hate myself. sometimes i'm very unhappy
with the person that i am and the feelings that
belong to me.

What do you want
why don't you leave me alone

NEVER FLY YOUR KITE ON RAINY DAYS.

the bus triptych. the following two entries were written on the greyhound to san francisco, on the muni bus to the mission district, and then back on the greyhound the next day to get back to santa cruz. i had a stupid crush torturing my belly, but it's where i first got the idea for this issue, special thanks to neil.

4/21/02

i'm writing like a manic chicken, forward and to the side every other second to see if the bus is coming ... twisty turny I7, let's see how long i can write for before i get sick ** butterflies in my stupid traitorous belly ...

this bus smells like shit & puke and i ended up sitting on the sunny side. i really ought to think these things through. but soon we will head north and we will all be in the shade.

those aren't real dogs.

...trendy white girls reading eldridge cleaver and annoying, smirky, flamey frat boys and that one woman frantic to get of the bus for that one cigarette. i remember that.

relax. i know what that means.

reading neil's words i just want to bare my fucking soul to the world.

...what an ugly cookie cutter place.

and the sun is in my face again.

but free those fucking butterflies. please.

like a continuous need to pee.

what suck.

i love SF as a place to visit. i love that

i have friends that i can find there, that i know it's streets and secrets, and most importantly, i love that i can leave and go home to a place that doesn't make me crazy.

what is it about that town that makes me want to take all so many pictures of birds? 27.

... have to write about the bus cuz i can't

fucking believe it -- tall hair-thinning guy in a shirt reading "if you love me you'll suck it." championing elderly asian ladies from the evil slurs of the drunken-bare-chested man, with shirt open to navel and an open pint of vodka. kicked off the bus while everyone yells at "suck it" guy cuz all they can hear is that he's saying "fuck" a lot in front of children. then a woman engages him in conversation about her mother

on life support. she's on her way to talk to the doctors about pulling the plug right at that moment. and it's not that i can't believe this all happened, but that it all happened at once, like a big sloppy kiss from the world, welcome home. if you love me you'd suck it. wow. i almost want one.

harmonica from heaven. and stupid butterflies.

4/22/02

fucking metal detector to get on the fucking greynhound, and who's on the bus with me but drunk

vedka navel guy who was kicked off muni yesterday. shit, guy, stay away from me. he really bothers me for some reason. sounds like

there's another troublemaker out there, driver asking loud and slow "are you under the influence of anything?"

...marching up to the counter & demanding a one way ticket to san francisco. "you are in sanfrancisco." says the bemused clerk, long nails typing on plastic covered keyboard... oh, man, i might just have to fall asleep soon. i don't know. my eyes hurt and i'm full of free luna bars.

...there i go with games again. always with that fucking shit. god damn, i just want some real interaction with people sometimes, not these games and feelings and weird strings.

10 minutes in san jose, wondering why my kidneys

hurt so much and why i feel like i'm going to throw up. cuz i've had nothing to eat today, too many luna

bars, muddys coffee, lots of bus & too much rock last night

crazy dancing equals bruised kidneys or something.
...what makes you talk like that and why do i
think its ok? and i want to start compiling journal
entries from way back when to present ... because
being personal is freeing. and i wonder what
the result will be. i'm incredibly

curious ... but really, is there anything worth it
in those books? is it all whining and moaning about
boys and gurls, weird dreams and every now and
then a good story. is that all?

i hope not. holy fuck, it's beautiful here, in this weirdo

town i call home now. what the fuck, why

leave? it's warm and the air smells good and
the birds fucking chirp and i need a shower and
a nap. ... but, fuck, all i wanna do is read old
journals and listen to nine inch nails.

7/10/96

... as soon as we got on the highway it started raining,
wrath of god rain that felt like crucifixion. when i
stuck my hand out the window it cleaned out the
stickiness of everything and scraped the piles of
bug corpses off the windshield. it was as we began

on our own, with no one to rush to, nowhere
to be on time til vegas, that i really began to
feel the shackles of everything start
to slip off. new england was always so oppressive
to me for so many reasons that even i don't know,
and it felt like pure freedom to get away .. a lot
of people wanted me to stay out east, and i could
never explain that trapped feeling to them. but as
VA got bigger and bigger, more rolling green than

i'd ever seen, i knew i could do anything, that i
engineered my own escape from that trapped feeling
and it was the beginning of something great. i've
never felt that so truly as i did in virginia, with the
battering violent rain washing it all away.

10/13/98

i am

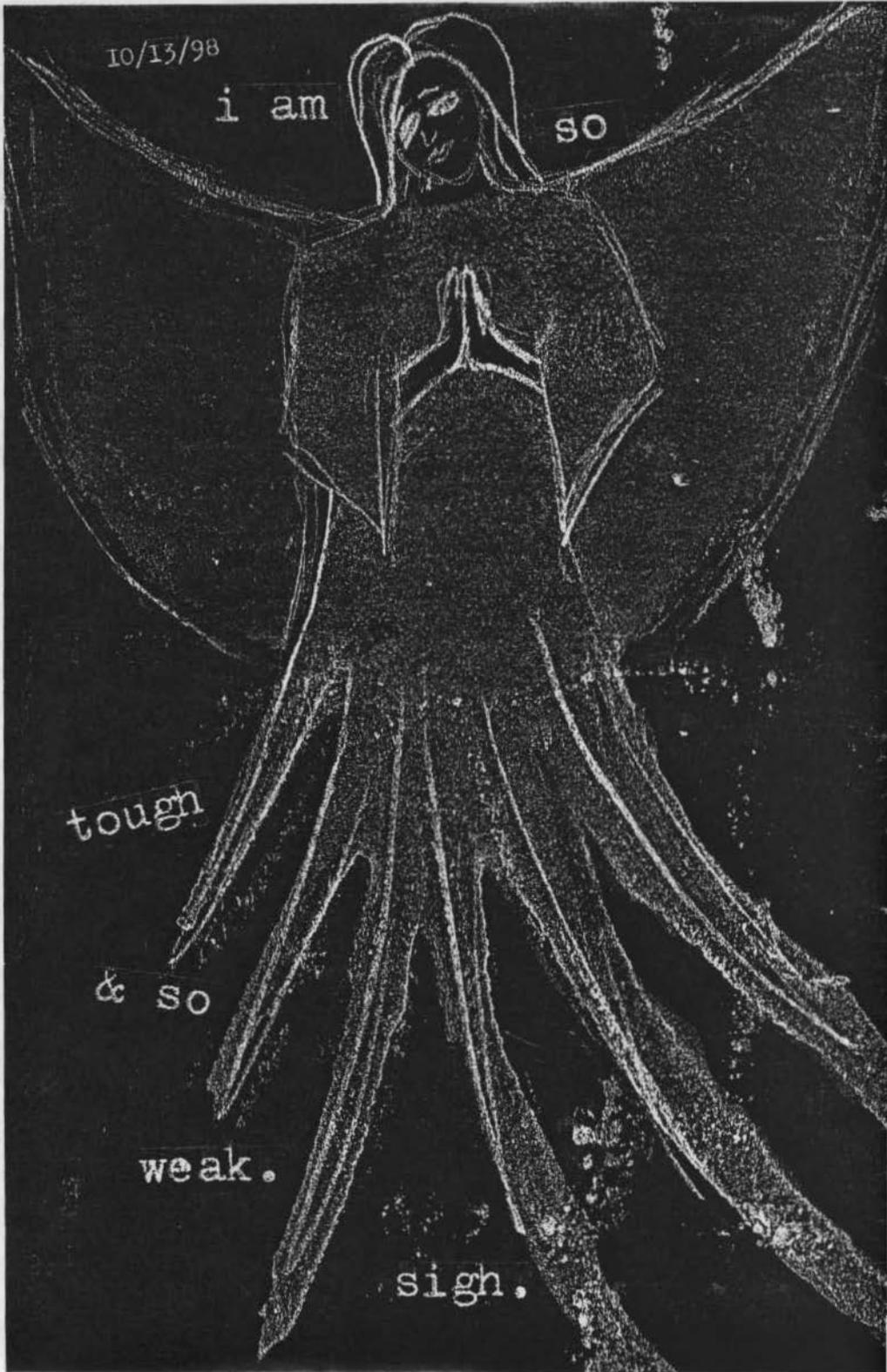
so

tough

& so

weak.

sigh.





she had eyes that
shine and a tongue
to match



7/20