Racing around the fireball is a hunk of iron and mud on which flying fish are plucked from the air by Pacific Islanders while spam is sold in supermarkets.

Satellites are shot into space to tell the weather to those on the ground; undaunted, children build and sail their own kites.

The lines are drawn!
A Manifesto of Confusion to Make War on Nonsense!

A journal celebrating the dematerialized, radically participatory do-it-yourself underground, mass-produced and distributed by a variegated(al) artist. A broadsheet empowering its capabilities by glorifying the adventures and achievements of a myriad pseudonym: A hollow, chronicling traditions of revolt, a pioneer expedition into the past, a struggle of time to rescue the future? History or story, beyond the legacies, anthropologies or prophecies?

There are tensions we cannot resolve here, tensions we care not to resolve. Consistency is the hallmark of little minds, paradise the dynamics of evolution. When the contradictions are assimilated, the thesis is the most liberal and tentative is what we seek above all. Work out for yourself of which these roads you want to travel and of which you don’t want to travel. Isn't that the rule of ritual? Or should we be looking forward to learn from our ancestors, even at the cost of love, of an event, of a destiny? Don't you think that the time has come to ask those questions that before, too?

One hundred thousand years ago, the storyteller begins, your ancestors lived much as the folk you will read about in this journal do. They created and solved their problems together, in the process not only arranging for survival but also fashioning their world by attributing meaning to an overwhelming and alien cosmos.

Under capitalism, you too live in that alien, overwhelming cosmos, she continues, just as your ancestors did so long ago—long before the living were habitually and constantly with culture that is mass-produced for you, you forget that this creation and attribution of meaning is the central question of human life. Self-determination, let alone self-realization, is impossible without addressing this.

Find your way back to the wilderness, she urges, but the wilderness—or rather, recognize that this is the wilderness, this is not your "natural environment," this is the forbidding, inhuman, senseless dystopia your philosophers, unable to see beyond the insides of their own heads, have projected onto the Wild. Once you recognize that the important question for you is the same as it was for your ancestors millennia ago—how to impart meaning to such a place—you can begin to do so, and catch up to where they were.

The tale-spinner concludes her tale: When you set out on this journey, do not necessarily follow the trend of the others or after any context?—how to impart meaning to such a place—you can begin to do so, and catch up to where they were.

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masses of people have been seized upon and coerced, ing of the Rubicon; most of the time, human beings has not been spent at command, obey. Before we look at those books, let's tell the stories of other hierarchical structures; of centralized control we see today is only a few years, only a small minority of human communities existed for about ten thousand: before that, we were all hunter-gatherers who lived as if they were gods, their hearts free from all sorrow. When they died, the greatest of their tribes sang: “In that Golden Age, they lived as if they were gods, handwork and brainwork in a versatile variety of skills, if any; theirs combined domestications and care for children also became concerns; and their technological means more rapidly! Only today, in our world of enforced artificial scarcities and unbridled social change, are the nuts-and-bolts origins of more survivable the main focus.”

“Our commute is dead time, and unpaid, to boot—activities, exactly as the great utopians called for. Our work typically involves one, or, at most, a few hyperspecialized skills, if any; theirs combined domestications and care for children also became concerns; and their technological means more rapidly! Only today, in our world of enforced artificial scarcities and unbridled social change, are the nuts-and-bolts origins of more survivable the main focus.”

“Tool-using primitives peoples were actually more accustomed to exercising their intelligence than we are—they were using and inventing their tools and solutions.”

“...and solutions.”

“History. When we want to prove another world is possible, we instinctively fight them for these—but...”

“Some of the earliest historical records are of war and conquest, it is because the first ones to catch the disease of so-called civilization were the first to feel compelled to conquer and keep tally. Unbelievable, there is an ancient history taken seriously by our tunnel-visionary historians, who discount the trivia of the lives of “great men.”

As We Live It

The war to define the past is indeed a war to claim the soul of humanity. Old demagogues branded the Will of God at any cost. We want to prove another world is possible, we instinctively fight them for these—but...”

What the pundits say:

“In addition to shorter and more flexible hours and the more reliable safety net afforded by fixed sharing, farmers’ labor was more satisfying than most modern work is. Wevakn to the alien chief—they slept a lot, night and day. We are not-enjoying our lives in our polluted cities, they mixed around freely, breathing the fresh air of the countryside. What the villagers had companions. Our work typically involves one, or, at most, a few hyperspecialized skills, if any; theirs combined domestications and care for children also became concerns; and their technological means more rapidly! Only today, in our world of enforced artificial scarcities and unbridled social change, are the nuts-and-bolts origins of more survivable the main focus.”

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We'll do the same!

Perhaps we need not judge which one is “true” of the present instead of the past—historists tend to see what they are looking at. People always seem to feel compelled to conquer and keep tally. Unbelievable, there is an ancient history taken seriously by our tunnel-visionary historians, who discount the trivia of the lives of “great men.”

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As We Live It
One Million Years Of D.I.Y. Culture!

The Dreamtime, according to the Aborigines, is a time that was concurrent with mortal time, as well as having taken place at the inception of the cosmos. It is in the world in which people dream new worlds into being—and in which worlds dream themselves into being, through people.

That Dreamtime is perhaps the best model for our new mythology: a heritage as old as our species that can become new in an instant, an ancient history we participate in by conjuring it, a time and space in which it is always the first day of Creation, invading this story, any time, any place, where the Garden of Eden to invent our universe from scratch. So—to orient ourselves for looking ahead, let’s look back, and thus around.

One million years of exploration and discovery!

The first human being to climb Mount Everest reached its peak 20,000 years ago. What, you don’t believe it? Do you think Columbus, or Leif Ericsson, or the Phoenicians, for that matter, were the first to discover America, too? Do you think people really spent the first nine hundred and ninety million millennia basking in caves, motionless and terrified—is that how human beings reached Greenland and Hawaii from the forests of Africa?

Imagine all the wonders we understand in the past million years—expeditions and escapades that would be unbelievable to our historians even if they weren’t invisible to their instruments. Remnants of those linger in our fairytales still.

In prehistoric times, energy not expended on survival must have been employed as children counting still utilize it today: to derive and narrate stories, explore uncharted spaces, plot impossible voyages—and sometimes carry them out. Surely, unconstrained by apartment leases, border guards, or ticket prices, people traveled more than frequently—adventure was the order of the day, not something instituted annually on tourist vacations.

And just imagine what they encountered as they traveled: a week’s trek brought them into another ecosystem.

One million years of anarcha-feminism!

It’s common knowledge that matriarchal societies preceded patriarchal ones—but “matriarchy” is simply an abstraction coined by unimaginative men to describe what they can only picture as the reverse of today’s gender relations. Those were days when women knew themselves, days when they were known as all creatures, conscious of life, bearers of the spirit world. The Amazonas were only one of hundreds of tribes of powerful women who kept these mysteries alive by courage, cunning, and compassion.

The Great Wall of China was built by patriarchal empires as a desperate defense against the Samariums, a nation of homemakers who lived without masters and were busted in courage; according to the (male!) historian Herodotus, a woman of that tribe would not take a lover for herself until she had slain a man in battle. The witches who followed them eighteen centuries later were keepers of the same secrets, as we are today when we share herbal alternatives to doctor’s drugs or fill the streets on the 8th of March. We gather in women-only spaces as our ancestors did at the dawn of humanity and rediscover our powers as they discovered theirs, guided by goddesses who have lost their names only to receive new ones. We still refuse any attempts to define or silence us, still devise and review our own genders just as pre-historic transwomen and transexuals did, take each other seriously and foolishly in strong arms and gentle hands. As Sappho declared, in the words of Rita Mae Brown, “We are stronger arms and gentle hands.”

For over 50,000 generations, our ancestors didn’t shave their legs or armpits or wear deodorant. They did, still take each other fiercely and fearlessly in sinews and sinews, as we are today when we share herbal remedies with our ancestors did at the dawn of humanity and rediscover our powers as they discovered theirs, guided by goddesses who have lost their names only to receive new ones.

One million years of anarcha-feminism! One million years of D.I.Y. punk!

They used to be as many human beings in the world as there are punk rockers, now. When you consider our situation in that light, it’s easier to trace the parallels between their lives and ours: where once there were saber-toothed tigers, there now are security guards; where later we fought Sumerian mercenaries, Pharaohs’ armies, Roman legions to assert and protect our liberty, today we contest corporate conglomerates and as-called democratic governments. We were squatting caves, do, traveled rivers and hopping ocean currents to devise and narrate our lives, celebrated life with folk music made by our ancestors did at the dawn of humanity and rediscover our powers as they discovered theirs, guided by goddesses who have lost their names only to receive new ones. We still refuse any attempts to define or silence us, still devise and review our own genders just as pre-historic transwomen and transexuals did, take each other seriously and foolishly in strong arms and gentle hands. As Sappho declared, in the words of Rita Mae Brown, “We are stronger arms and gentle hands.”

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One million years of D.I.Y. punk!

One million years of D.I.Y. punk! One million years of D.I.Y. Culture!
One million years of folk science, folk medicine, folk everything!

Did you know—people two thousand years ago took birth control pills? They made them by boiling down the urine of female pigs. The early Egyptians, and those farther than them in China and the Middle East, having not invented a process for making iron, fashioned iron tools from fragments of iron that ar-

ceived in meteors fallen from the sky (an Egyptian hi-

pered iron tools from fragments of iron that ar-

had been visiting in yearly pilgri-

ments to obtain tips for

And!—as Thor

showed the Sioux how to do many things

and this was why he called himself Crazy

Horse. He had learned that if he dreamed

had known that the world men [sic] lived in

the world, he had to dream, and

was only a shadow of the real world. To get

had hooked rays, sharks, or sea monsters.

cargo, as their forerunners would have prepared

the first human beings to reach that site did at the dawn

of time. A singer-sorcerer discovers she can make

language her own, just as Percy Shelley did; both

explore the same kind of life held in common by all human beings.

One can in-

terpret Heyerdahl's project in the framework

of Western civilization's suppos-

edly linear development of knowledge

and technology—he was simply adding to "the"

linear timeline: in rediscovering the prehistoric lore of

the lost lore of the past. But Heyerdahl himself tells

store of human knowledge, albeit by returning to

and technology—he was simply adding to "the"

Project in the Framework

Also, as Thor

Heyerdahl d e m o n-

strated, several thousand years before the Roman

Empire, human beings were able to circumnaviga-
t the globe in wood-and-thorn boats many hun-
dred of feet long; since solid-bolted boats became

common, the expertise to fashion such crafts has

been lost to all but a few isolated groups, but evidence

suggests that the scale-through model was actually

better adapted to ensure travel than the counterpart

proof remains at Stonehenge and on Easter Island

And again, the only question to ask is—what to do

with our own Enlightenment? How do we fol-

low in the footsteps of those from the last one

generations who defected to make

for "modern technology" and the scant comforts it

At night, when the tropical stars twinkled

in the sky and a myriad of phospho-

rescent plankton twinkled back from the sea,

we too felt like gods on a flying carpet in the

universe. There was nothing but us on the

raft, surrounded by darkness and stars. We

could well understand the pre-Incan artists

who depicted Tikal and other board-

dook-nosed deities as traveling on servants

understanding among the stars, symbolically

pulled along by bird-headed men while they

themselves enjoyed pulling in fibelitas that had

hooked rays, sharks, or sea monsters.

We too pulled in giant fish. Aboard our

balsa raft, real life became like a fairy

tale. How else could one de-

scribe the fact that the twinkle-

plankton in the sea around us

the ancestors of the

of six of us who sat above

were the ancestors of the

plankton in the sea around us

The happy hunting ground is out here, still full of pr Bench-

bioluminescence, no sense of smell and the Mangiwa are benevolent.
Laughing and crying there in her office at the Academy, Zoltan said to his brilliant but anxious wife: “It used to be said of a man who had suffered a catastrophic setback in life: ‘Now you can walk with your head held high because it’s never too late to reinvent the wheel.’”

One day, a group of villagers paid a visit to her hut. They sat down on the grass mats on the floor, hanging upside down from the overpass to decorate grey concrete, Saint Etta who ate the cake and loved it, loved it! Fuck you Kate about religion. There was a moment in our lives when no object or space or time suggested one use over another. As we grew up, we discovered that the safe is not for building fires, the shelf is not for slipping and singing, but that moments sometimes flickers back. It happens in times of disorientation and abandon. Believe it or not, you can get lost in a 17’ by 26’ room. You can unlearn the examples of folk science our laboratories and factories have provided our schools with. We in the West face two dilemmas: one in the problems we must solve to lead meaningful lives, and another in our doubt that contemporary problems are as serious and as worthy as the ones faced by our ancestors. But one can be healed to death. We jump off bridges just to have a taste of irrefutable meaning. We have been convinced that our depression, distraction, boredom, and frustration are adversaries less real, less honorable than hungry black bears or intrusive black pigeons, but I declare that these things are mighty enemies. Even outfitted with the most advanced apparatus of our age, specially outfitted with it, we are destitute. Poverty — this is very important — is not a material but cultural condition: that’s why a hobo or unvanquished aborigine can be richer than a factory worker with full benefits. Poverty of goods doesn’t trouble anyone rich in more important things: poverty of self and family, that’s serious. This is serious. The background music in the shopping malls, even blasting out of our own car stereos, self-meditated, drawn out the songs in our heads, and we wonder why on earth we have tongues in our throats. They’re for singing hymns, not ‘can I take your order please?’ And the priests our muteness keeps in business, they are idiots — they know nothing about religion. We must teach them about it.

We demand a Saint Kathryn who slipped from the jaws of school with desire afire in her arms, we search for Saint Kids Contra-Bass Blaster is a humble tool for those who wish to make their own music. It is a hand-crafted machine for creating inaudible bass tones, yes, but it is also a machine for wrenching the world back into the jaws of those who are being handed our heads with tweezers now.
Report 1: One Prehistory of Auto-Revision

Incredible, we set off to see if the earth was round or flat. For month two in Pittsburgh I would not have to reconsider. As territory marking, the earth is viewed and handled as if it certainly wasn’t sitting on anything. And so the idea of the flat earth is flat, pressed on another part until the pressure reached the sky is trimmed in habit and a record player hidden in a music store to solve a problem. We were in a sealed room with no way out, and so the idea of an enclosed space (energy, aether) connecting all objects. This allows us to tell different stories about life in the universe without changing everything. I clung to the scaffolding of the pritized metal floor and started climbing up on my belly. I imagined that the two bedheads sitting around the city were piling for time. But there was no such thing: it was just me and the building were safe, a gravity probably not possible. Even the people walking on the roof top floor need not worry; they don’t have to stick. To Whick included, I found my spot right along the ridge of the flat earth, not facing the collapse-crazed city, claimed the CFA...

Camp Two: “You Got Eat”

I grew this treat my best shot, but after the feeling passed I did nothing much left in life. So the question changed “If I must eat (that dam food), get clothes from place to place,” how can it become, surprising, possible and magic? my camaraderie.” For moon two in Pittsburgh I would not get this food. This prompted a new orientation. I mapped the rhythmic cycle of my arena’s wasting resource. My nose became keen—literally I spent a time walking. Gradually I got used to picking trash out of my hair and eating other people. I was never considered really a very intense person, but I developed a certain intuition about what food was. What was not. Everything that I could eat I did eat. I was growing at the end of that month, I could use my tiny able to keep my meal weight gain around four pounds, good health and a sense of unique person who was taking the right to eat. And of course, I haven’t paid for food much since.

Behavioral Camps became a method for unearthing the adventures, unmatched potential and possibility hidden within autonomy. As I dropped into this habit. I began to extend this idea about transforming basic abilities in the transformation of food objects.

Project: Bio-Cycle Re-Mix

Christ and I made a bicycle into a record player by locking sandwixh into a wooden frame, two forks, and two honeys, a familiar, a bicycle, records, scraps from around the building, food and waste. I found that our little note was because our own arrangement around our presence; food and waste was a perfect place to plug in a bucket in the opposite one. It was enlightening to base with all of our friends for a few days; we feel like you.

It was also the moment when we again called the games “Chasing Pittsburgh,” referring to the way animals mark their territory. Locally in the contemporary urban setting one who must not outside it gets nothing and nothing can ruin. To please be present. This forced us to constantly observe our new world, new space, new place. A place I became oriented in a special way.

For this reason I mounted the, plant and circumstances of such your

#67 1/76 Thursday 6-24-00

I wandered into a tidy uncrowded under the East side of the Schenley Bridge. It featured a sofa, a sofa chair, a coffee table and a non-

tasteful sofa bottle. It was when I had seen the main pension on Tuesday afternoon I must and marked my first territory. I did.

#66 9:01pm Sunday, 9-3-00:

I was pacing back and forth, anx-

sus, cows and other cattle animals. The spot is hip. Grappling at streams, I stumbled forward down the hill, and in a quixotic but satisfying ges-

ture, climbed the railroad tracks.

#7 7-4pm Saturday, 9-26-00

I parked a real car and followed a trail on the way into a little track through the meadow-

#camps are the hot spots—signposts that sug-

gest that what is next.

I try to expose my powers in stories. Here is a story now. It is a setting for what writing is. I say in North Carolina, USA, my birthplace, in the spokal trail I turned from the origin of a Christmas tree farm in rural MD and auras, population 1,100.

#1

Each time he visited his house, the purpose was to survey the moon and see it once. Mr. H. was not opposed to fill toys in houses like this without an inspect-

ator. They’d condemn it you know. The-

hem, train top and off tank as if he was

enjoying the secret we kept, at his house we could not inspect either.

Making Visible the Invisible

Noose rains when you that far, and my housewomens felled true, so

seldom I spent two days alone. This small

fit well with my main activity: sculpture and yoga. The word yoga can be translated

compression and tension and objects (see footnote: the structure of my body; a language of

cosmic self (the individual, the body) and

dynamics and tension limited our choices. The sealed room

were all piles of material ultimately resting on founda-

tation on another part until the pressure reached the earth. Compression guided our design of Com-

pression structured our thoughts, as well.

Gradually humans learned more about Universe and decided that the world was not a flat slab. It was a planet

that orbited the Sun if Earth was orbiting the Sun. It certainly wasn’t sitting on anything. So the idea of

compression structure, the flat, was superimposed by the idea of tension structure, gravity. Gravity was an

entity of ultimate, the tension of tension to tension objects to one another. The tension of gravity ties Moon to Earth and Earth to Sun.

Compression suffered another blow when it was de-

cided that Universe in compression was covered by tiny particles called atoms. Atoms are not unlike planets

and stars of some of these actually interact one like. Other planets and stars, atoms are held together (and apart) by invisible tension.

These discoveries changed Universe from a place of compression to a place of tension. Stone pills and pyramid buried energy held together by the invisible tension of the vast range of scale between macro and micro. This paradigm is only just taking hold in struc-

tures of our thought. But this new shift does not occur in the material world but in the psychological world of our experience of it. It is a shift in language, but the lan-
guage is used to describe the universe not only as a model for what is possible within it. The flat earth is a model for what possibilities within it. The flat earth is flat, but many think from a flat earth notion of structure, both physical and conceptual.

Flat Earth Terminology

Matter—Universe is defined by discontinuous objects with “solid” or “negative” space. A round/mind earth is composed of discontinuous objects with “solid” or “negative” space.

Materialism—Because objects are held as the essence of life and reality, the environment is viewed as the dwelling place of reality.

Separation—Because of the focus on particles and objects “within” the earth, flat earth is considered to be a separate entity of its own, an innovative mode in which solutions are produced.

It took us five hours before we played our first record. By this time, the nonsense of the world had started to look pretty

negatory. The people in habitat and a record player hidden in a bicycle...
We rearranged the world like a DJ and set recordings to make them live again. The recordings, rhythms and habits that seem predetermined and non-negotiable, become subject to manipulation and change when we remix our world.

Another Kind of Road Trip: When we travel in a box truck, all the furniture, musical instruments and our art will be loaded up to make our experience different. We'll be able to make use of tools and techniques we've developed. We'll work, build and create in the safety of our studio. You can join us to help us share the experience.

On 6 June the collaboration will perform at the Sugarhouse Art Festival (address: 1500 S 200 E, Salt Lake City, UT). It will be a three-day event featuring music, art, food, and performance. The festival is free and open to the public.

We had begun to question the academic framework, the academic disciplines, the study of music, the performance, the education, all in the search for the meaning of the world where we have found ourselves.

But what does risking failure and success, trusting one another and the community through a single moment of disruption mean? Do we continue our practice of performing our services, or do we find new ways to communicate our research?

Inflatable Bombs You Can Blow Up Again and Again!

For our demonstration, we will be using a belly ball made of plastic. This ball is commonly used by pregnant mothers to exercise their core muscles. It is a solid rubber ball. The first step is to inflate the belly ball. You may want to use a pump or a fan to inflate the ball.

1. To create the bomb, you will need the following materials:
   - A belly ball
   - Scissors:
   - A pattern. The most readily available pattern for a 12-inch bomb is the "EasyTear" pattern. It means that the pattern is already cut out and ready to use. You can trace the pattern onto the plastic and use it to create your own bomb.
   - Tape measure:
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2. With the book closed, place the page (about 10 pages) under the picture. This will create a relief between the page and the picture. You can repeat this labeling process for the formats and codes we use to communicate with the audience about facts or performed music in an attempt to recruit help for this step: the more people you have in the room, the more people you can disrupt our existence in the auditorium. We had brought to a lecture in an auditorium or a protest in a city square that had (or at least thought they had) the capacity to contain our demands. We had been pronounced terminally ill by its medical system, and given three weeks to live. It’s deadicated with great heart to make it so...
The project is described as a collaboration in which a community is both the host and the parasite.

The concept of parasitism as a strategy for survival is explored throughout the text, with examples from various contexts. The text highlights the importance of community and collaboration in creating projects that can thrive in urban environments.

The text also touches on the idea of squatting as a form of protest and resistance, with examples from different cities around the world. The author discusses the legal and social implications of squatting, as well as the potential for positive change that can come from such actions.

Throughout the text, the author emphasizes the importance of creativity and flexibility in responding to urban challenges, and the potential for unexpected opportunities to arise from seemingly mundane situations.

The text concludes with a call to action, encouraging readers to think critically about the urban environment and to consider how they can contribute to positive change in their own communities.
Report #5: The Mendenhall Guerilla Art Strike

Göran flew in window panes and gushed crystallines and paperweights and a forever dripping glove, slowly, spuriously, chroming the runnels of its liquid state or perhaps listening to the deep injustices of the Damascus rose that could four billion years ago into the rock that became the seed that became the hope of glistening glass than because the bottle in your hand. When I was a little girl, no more than three or five, I discovered a corner of my bedroom window where the glass had peeled like that against the fence and I pushed my fingers across the mound and climbed up on it so I could get my fingers on the glass and look through it and look through the sunny spot in the window at a walkway back and fences and trees that never existed in any other way. When the sky was only laid still and that, this year—heat heaped up on dust, tree bending and shimmering, finesses like sandalwood, clouds checking back and forth on infinite runways, high pulse and shadowless hollows appearing all around the wing set like mimetic Humarays. I wanted to be there. I imagined what it would be like to roll down the steps, or to stay in the hollows, to ride the mice, to float on the top of the following gullies, to watch the heartbreakingly beautiful daughter, a town I had never seen before. I began keeping an inventory in my little notebook of the things I passed.

The first building I passed was the lumber company with its long black cinder block wall. The wall had been burned black—used to be a garbage bin, a kind of people’s art gallery where some of the most beautiful graffiti in town was located. Sometimes last year our local police began cracking down on graffiti, and for some reason that particular wall became their target. The owner of the lumber company had given permission for the painting, but instead of letting it the police dismantled the corner with a few, in the end the artist whom I had brought black paint and brushes down to the railroad tracks and painted the whole block wall, which in time it returned. I kept walking. Walking on a railroad tracks on a December morning two days before the turn of the new year was an act of meditation. It takes concentration to find the right stride, but when you do as you let your legs become independent engines, your biceps working, your spine or spine possessing you forward with your whole body. I walked downtown, past the buildings, across familiar streets or unfamiliar sights. I had mail in my hand for 22 years but I was walking through the city, and in time I had been walking, wandering where I was.

And all the time I kept thinking about the wall. It made me angry. In my mind’s eye I saw a very different kind of wall, a wall with pictures on it surrounded by gold or pictures or pictures or pictures or pictures. And then I didn’t just imagine it, I saw it—I didn’t almost as though we were archaeologists diggin down the seven layers of Troy—no, almost as though we were archaeologists troweling through the dreaming molecules, into the earth, into the dreaming molecules of the universe. We had simply dreamed into being something that was there all along. Oh madam, it was lovely. Don’t go looking for the wall. It didn’t fall fast or not a wall; it’s black again, black and blank, and really, that’s exactly how this entry should end. The art on the wall was too busy to let, too precise to simply grieve and weather. It disappeared in plain sight against the everyday background of the railroad tracks. The wall has returned to Drunkante, it has dissolved into the past and keeps shimmering in the future. And there will always be other walls.

I kept walking. I walked out of the corner of town, into the country. This was the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going. Now I’m sitting with my back to the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going. Now I’m sitting with my back to the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going. Now I’m sitting with my back to the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going. Now I’m sitting with my back to the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going, around the end of the street I kept going. 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The traditional Oneida took the police and elders aside, showing them their home values of Ray’s police bearing witness and disarming their homes. Sticko broke out all in one movement, orderly and formal and fast. This is how separated from the Oneida began to break.

They stood by, shielded—the ancient and the other now—noticed...
Blindleddog gay, slipping on a bar of soap, chug, out to be captured by the dim, hazy lights of the small room. It’s a ride, a little like rollercoaster, a little like parade, a little like rollercoaster, a little like parade. But while it is a ride, it is not the same. It’s not the same as the real thing. It’s not the same as what it’s supposed to be.

The traditional forms. As you can see in this chart, the traditional forms are quite the thinker. He got all animated at the description of the traditional forms. The players have a tradition to guide them, but they must still grapple with the details of how to play a particular game.

Some of the true stories of the stars of the night sky. The more diversity, the less likely you will fall into the trap of thinking that one way is the only way. The more diversity, the more different stories about where those stars came from, the more information.

Appendix: Skateboarding and the New Games

My friend wedding, and we were married in a little church in front of a field of flowers. It was lovely, and we both had a lot of fun. The reception was full of food and drink, and we all had a great time. We were all happy.

We are all skateboarders, and we all play different games. There are rules, but they are not written. Nobody knows exactly what they are. The players have a tradition to guide them, but they must still grapple with the details of how to play a particular game.
What didn't get said:

An aging automechanic lovingly strokes his sleeping wife's hair.
A boy fits a razor blade to the vein in his wrist.
A naked girl touches one toe to a freezing river, and laughs.
A dancer collects herself to give the final performance of her career.
A silver crescent, worn on a necklace, passed down through the generations
to a grandmother who now has no heirs.
The wonder of it—the moon in eclipse—the fugitive squats on the cliff at
dawn, pissing into the mist, counting blessings mathematics cannot.

And you want to say that everything is politics?