

8 : EAGLE THREADS THE NEEDLE

1 Feb 2020—D.C.

We're smack into the hart pard, wherein we hit a wall the 1st go @ it + had to stop-gap "SSEY" w/ vols 0-1, ox. By "we" we mean Chaulky, the originul author, back when they was the combo of brothers—Telemachus (who's sints graduated to Ulysses) + Ulysses. Now we halve us (anon I'm us) as proxy, a journihilistic medium u cd ssey. Chaulky rote the brunt of the 1st volumes of 'SSES" 'SSES" "SSEY" in 2013-15 overlooking Ulysses's tomb (granted S. Grant), when we lived on Riverside lording over the same river we scattered sum of Ulysses' ashes, bud we're getting a head of ourselves... in the current scheme we're smack in the 2nd ½ of 1995, on the other (west) coast. Figgered weed remined U when/where/who we are wile we got this episodic break, #8 in our book + #20 in our homey's Odyssey. Ulysses + 'SSES" 'SSES" skipped this episode, ware Penelope dreams of an eagle dat kills Vll 24 of her pet geese before reveiling itself as ODysseus + so decrees her pursuitors need to shoot an errow thru 12 axes in line to win her hand—sumping she knew onely OD cd accomplish... or was this in epi # 19, or 21? Weave lost count. We confuse eagles + needles both in fransses (aigles + aiguilles) + spañhole (águilas + agujas). B-sides *The ODssey* (c. 800 B.C.) + *Ulysses* (1922) we're also going thru the 12 steps w/ U, #8 of wich is: *make a list of Vll peephole weave hurt + make amends*.

Funny how they call it alcoholics *anonymous*, rite? Ain't no coinsidedance we rite anonymously, as a.I... our weigh of pudding distints beetwine ourself + U ' Vll sew we kin bee subjective... or is OBJective the parole to use? We confuse a lot of palabras + can't spell fur shit nether, no small wonder sints we learnt from Telemachus + Ulysses living between France + U.S. + Mixeco (+ later S.P.Q.R. + even a yr where they speak Swahili) + they can't distinguish the Δifferences in landgauges let alone learn proper in glish. Shore, we got spell-checkers @ our disposal so cd carwreck Vll these typos + earhorrors, but we wand to bee as true to the oregonul as possible, give an un-embelished litterule transcrption.

U = ½ of Us sew we need to one up to our roll in yo rise + demise. @ 1st we inhabited Telemachus + then when Ulysses inhabited Tel we became **TelemachUlyssesus** (or are we still becoming?) or TU, where TU is sin-anonymous w/ U, us, anon I'm us. Et tu, bro? The ½ of U in Us is the 2nd chants U never got, ox.

X-Z-BIT 123. UNTITLED (HELIUM) 1990
PLASTER + ALUMINUM. 44" X 14" X 10".

1 July 95—L.A.

Worked til 3 in the morning last night on the Jake Scott video. It was kinda cool, these last 2 days, working w/ Todd Fodham, even tho we were only making a flat P.A. rate. Have been working for Ed + Kiki this last week, hopefully our unemployment check will come in next week. Things are still tight. Hopefully [H]ope will call us back (from S.F.) this weekend, if not, we'll call her Sunday. Talked to [R], things seem to be just fine between us. He is somewhat tired of our somber mood, but he is also busy. Working helped our mind-state a little bit, guess we don't feel so dipressed [cont. stet Vll sic], tho we definitely feel lonely, wish we had someone to hang out with.

3 July 95—L.A.

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Monday morning, before the 4th of July, not much to do as far as going to the agencies (they're closed). Went out yesterday w/ [R] to some barbecue's + a party. Very mellow + pleasant, talked to some cool people. [H]ope never called this weekend, we figured she wouldn't. Most people tell us not to call her, to forget about it. We really want to talk to her, still long to get back together w/ her. We're bored, lonely + broke. Not really dipressed (anymore), our nerves have calmed. We wish R would call us + invite us to come over + hang out, but we know he won't.

It is for us a frustrating thought—to think that by typing words on this screen, the rite combination of words, we could live in Southern France again (as a writer). Question is, do we really want to go back there? Why do we continue to be so delusional? Is it really so horrible here? Would it be any better in San Francisco?

4 July 95—L.A.

Independance day, 3pm, sitting alone in our room watching TV. Went by B's earlier + ended up getting some dope (the 1st time in @ 2 weeks). There was a big party yesterday in the Gaylord, it was a very social event, full of really hot chicks. We couldn't bring ourself to loosen up + be social, still find ourself thinking about [H]ope. Later there is gonna be a BBQ at D.V's. We can't really look for a job cuz it's a holiday, so guess we'll be layz + go to another party.

Tried to get a hold of [H]ope yesterday, [J] didn't really give her our message. Obviously it isn't important for her to call me, we should really acknowledge that.

Tel + Us smack of heads + tales, Diffrent sides of the same coin. Eyedeally U read these duel col-ums w/ right I reading left col + (L) I reading (R) + eventually the 2 columns blend together in-2 1 voix: R/L, +/-, Tel/Us, Pro/Epi-metheus, etc. rolling the rock up + down the sinusoidal hill cum-Sisyphus, a'ttempting to kick, ova + ova, ore how Prometheus god chained to a stone for eturnidad, where his liver god eaten daily by an eagle, onely to bee regenerated eatch night (cuz of the immortality he be-stowed on us), ware the eagle (tale side) is a sinbull of Zeuss hisself, who we refuse to eggknowledge thus can never get past A.A. step #2 (to "believe that a power greater than ourselves can restore us to sanity").

On July 3, 1995, we (Tel) dreamt we shared a flat w/ Ulysses in sum European city. We went to open the door + Realized we'd left the key in + it was bent. We entered expecting our powerbook not to be there but it was. We opened a window to let a draft in + a Dog god out + started running around on the red tile roof. At 1st we were worried, but then figgered s/he'd learn not to fall off or run away. Ulysses had been living there a while + had already staked his area out on a lawn under a tree. We walked around trying to find our one spot. The garden would be cool, sleeping on ground level, but there was a sine sseyin' no pitching tents cuz they were reseeding. There was also a kitchen + living room + terraced porches w/ vague boundaries w/ neighboring bldgs. We weren't sure where we could put our bed + call it our space.

From Jan to June 1995, Ulysses x-changed plenty of correospondance w/ [H]ope, Telemachus + others wich in the intrest of space + privacy we ain't inklooting herein. For the most part they led on to think he/we'd kicked drugs + was living a clean lifestyle, way more positive then we let on in these hear journulls ± Us grovels on + on, ripeating ourself ova + ova like how he/we do in our diarhea + story-wise the letters don't add much to what we already know. Intresting to note tho is that in 1 letter he called Spike Jonez "young + naive, but has strange ideas + isn't self-conscious about it, not yet." Sin embargo, 1 letter to our stepmother Eurycleia (who has since kicked bucket so we feel ok inklooting) makes for a good summary of how Us got ourself into this mess thus far:

X-BIT 124. UN-
TITLED 1991. COL-
LURED SILLYCON,
18" DI



L.A. 8-20-95

Dear [Eurycleia]

Where do we begin? It has been so long since we have talked to you. The last time was when we drove up to Oregon w/ Telemachus a couple of years ago + even then we didn't really get a chance to talk. It goes w/o sseying that you are 1 of the most important persons in terms of our life development + yet for so



X.bit 125—Ulysses following Telemachus' lead of Fingertrip (5.7) up Suicide Rock. The Tel ½ notes in our journal: "... hard climb to start Ulysses on but what the hell, U needed it. U was gripped + scared, but think (hope) it made an impression on U." Tel also noted that Ulysses wore a long-sleeve shirt the whole time tho it was hot + sunny + kept saying "I'm O.K., I'm O.K..." over + over.

6 July 95—L.A.

Spent this afternoon in Santa Monica, running. Went out last night to see [A's] band (alone) after going over to [B's]. Still looking for work. Going to John Spearson's house right now to work on a spec piece. It's really hot right now + as w/ every day in the last 3 months, we miss [H]ope, she still has not called us.

9 July 95—L.A.

Went rock climbing in Idyllwild yesterday w/ Telemachus. Drove out friday night + met Tel + his friend [B]. We slept in the parking lot + woke up under the shadow of a mountain, a tower of granite called Suicide Rock. Tel lead the climb, w/ us roped in 2nd... 4 long grueling pitches, about 6 hours of climbing. Straight up at times, pulling ourselves up by small cracks in the rock. We were scared, sore, sunburned, pumped, etc. After we finished we talked them into driving back to L.A. for the night. We ended up going around town, visiting a couple bars, eating at Sanumlung. We got a chance to talk to Telemachus, about our continued problem w/ [H]ope, our use of heroin + other drugs, our depression, etc. It was good, think we bonded on a new level even tho we didn't halve much time alone. Now it's sunday morning, Tel + B went back to climb some more + then back to Arizona. We're sitting here alone, thinking. [H]ope hasn't called us + we don't know if we should try her. We imagine that this weekend we will see her, if she is there. We shouldn't even be feeling these feelings anymore, we should put her into our past + push on...

many years we avoided talking to you. We never carried ill feelings, we just wanted to completely sever our life in Oregon from our 1 here in California (+ a broad).

We imagine that over the years Telemachus + Penelope have kept you up to date w/ what we've bin doing w/ our life + we've read many of the letters you sent to them. Our conclusion (from what we've read) is that u are living the life that you always deserved. It makes us happy to think this is the case.

We turned 30 in April + our life has never been more painful. Frankly we're ashamed off the course our life has taken, specially these last 2-3 years. This spring we suffered an emotional breakdown that almost consumed us. As we sit here @ our computer + try to formulate a description (in a nutshell) of what we've been doing since dad died (after you + Sisyphus separated) we face a difficult task... do we foc us on the positive, résumé material + descriptions? Or shd we be Frank about our mistakes + weaknesses?

We want to tell you about our life cuz you where our mother for the majority of our development growing up. You where the 1st person who we really loved. We can still remember, leaving 1 Sunday morning to go skiing, at the cabin in Zig Zag + it was snowing. You were wrapping our scarf tight around our neck + we could smell the dinner you were cooking. We member looking at you + thinking that we loved you. It was a great feeling, the 1st time we member feeling that way about another person. Our time together, as a family, might have been cut short but there was enough nurturing + conditioning from you to enable us to survive these last 15 yrs. We want to thank you

11 July 95—L.A.

Guess u could ssey that we just don't care. We see it as a problem, we know that it is something very ugly, dangerous + potentially life threatening. Our depression, if we choose to continue to be a drug addict, could win over us.

For the 2nd day straight we ordered mexican take out... dosen't get morally lower than this. We don't have that much money + it ain't cheap. We're not telling anyone, except R + C (room-mate), we're keeping our drug use a secret. Our drug use is getting worse. We're not smoking pot, hardly ever, we guess that is a good thing. It's the other shit that scares us. We do it cuz we feel at the time like it is ok, we're bored, we have the money sitting right there, it will be fun, blah blah,... the behavior doesn't seem threatening, a bad habit to be sure, but 1 that can be tolerated, by us. We guess u could ssey we feel backed into a corner. We're hurting others by using drugs. We get high cuz the world hurts, it's painful + it has wronged us in so many ways.

We're isolating ourself from everything, but when we do, no shield comes down to cover us, no we're exposed, being experienced, watched. People will abandon us, we will have no friends, no loved 1s. Our family knows about the dope + they probly assume we're still using, wich is true. We tell ourself it's cool, that it helps us to produce art, ideas. We take a fleetingly comfort in the idea that all great artists are getting high, we like the psychical escape.

19 July 95—L.A.

2 in the afternoon, Wednesday. Sitting in our room, feeling the FX, the soreness + irritability that is withdrawl. We have smoked (or poured into our nose) dope for the last 2 weeks, almost continuously + we have (again) decided to stop.

My last day sans dope was sunday, the sunday we saw [H]ope in front of her place she shares w/ [F-new boyfriend]. We hugged, we smiled + talked to her. She cried, she was definitely sad, or upset. We called her back when we got to K's later, we asked her if she thought about us (no), did she want to meet somewhere + talk before we go back to L.A. (no). We have a letter for her that we don't know if we're going to send [see pg 356 or 1 of a # of others], we're not sure about how we feel. We have more than enough on our plate trying to deal w/ our drug problem + trying to survive. As soon as our head clears up, we'll think about it again + decide.

for sticking around, staying w/ us (Us, Telemachus, Sisyphus + other brothers) for as long as you did. We didn't really understand your sacrifice til last year, when we co-habitated w/ someone for the 1st time. After she broke it off we were left w/ nothing to do but to think about how much like our father we halve become.

THE STORY:

As you know, after Mixeco we decided to live w/ uncle [N] back in Portland. They were the best replacement for our own destroyed family. When we lived alone w/ dad we told him this, that we could not stand his drinking, that we wanted to leave him + go live w/ uncle N. We confronted Sisyphus w/ this late 1 night outside of his car when he was coming home drunk. It was right around the time that you wanted us to live w/ you in Seaside. Weeks later, we actually got up + walked out of shcool (something we'd never done) filled w/ a sickening dread... we knew what had happen, subconsciously we made the connection w/ his birthday (wich we had forgotten).

Later that spring Uncle N gave us the boot, said we were too dipressed. Actually, his family, as it turned out, was filled w/ emotionally unstable people living w/ a lot of stress w/ no weigh of venting it other than psychologically tormenting us, so maybe the move was for the better, But still, it was a tremendous blow.

High school (RLS) was great + we were reunited w/ Telemachus. We ran + painted + kept to ourself. When we got to UCLA we made some friends (most of whom live in San Francisco now). We gave up on the idea of running, on a competitive level, after 1 year competing for UCLA. We still run, almost every day, it is 1 of the most important things in our life, gives us strength + control + calms our otherwise high energy nature. At UCLA we were also introduced to drugs. During our year at UCLA we had our 1st (+ only) experiences w/ psycho tropic drugs,

In 85' we started going to Art Center, worked hard for 6 years there, got great grades, made a lot of art, developed a strong personal style + solidified our identity as a artist. We really got into smoking pot + painting. During the 1st 5 years at Art Center we didn't date, we had some girlfriends right after High School, but up til about 1989 we were in our one (stoned) world. It was for the most part comfortable, but it put up a wall that we still struggle to communicate thru today. By the time we finished grad school + got our MFA, we had a lot of experience living on our own. We toured Europe + also took a solo trip around the world that took us across Russia, China, Tibet, Nepal + India. We had a couple of miner relationships, all of them followed the same pattern--Ulysses likes girl, the girl likes Ulysses, Ulysses is shy, they go out, become psychically involved, Ulysses begins to grow distant emotionally, girl leaves Ulysses, Ulysses freaks out to an irrational degree, etc. Nun of these early relationships lasted more than a couple weeks.

20 July 95—L.A.

Thursday, working for K on a video, fairly easy day. We feel like shit, still feeling withdrawals from the last 2 weeks of the easy way out. Sent of the letter to [H]ope (addressed to J at the bar) in which we profess our love + desire to get back to gether w/ her. It will probly onely make her life more difficult. We're not sure what we feel for her no more. J told us last night that she was thinking of going to Mexico, that she was not happy in San Francisco

Hopefully we'll be able to get over this period of discomfort (w/o caving in....) + manage to get on w/ a (difficult) life sans the psychical + financial burden of a ugly habit (that will eventually drive everyone who cares about us away for good—we must always acknowledge that). Just took a small bong load to ease the pain, at least we haven't bin smoking pot every day.

22 July 95—L.A.

Saturday, working for K on a video (Jill Sobule). She's paying us \$200/day + the job shd last about 5 days. Broke down yesterday (after only 3 days) + called Carlos, sold a 4th of it to R + did the rest. We don't know why we can't keep a promise to ourself, we know that right now we have the conviction to live clean, that we like ourself sober. We know our feelings might drop again, soon, that we might get really depressed. We must ride it out, have to deal w/ it. We must be strong cuz no 1 else is going to stop us from doing the things that only make our life more painful. We're alone, poor, it is really hot, etc., etc., we know, we know, but we must focus on the small things in our life that are good.

1 Aug—L.A.

Here at home. Yesterday was the last day on the Garbage video¹⁶³, working w/ K. Like the job a week before, it was very hard. The hours were long + a lot of strenuous work. Sunday we were suffering from withdrawals + trying to work at the same time... very uncomfortable. Even tho we're completely broke (at least til we get a paycheck in the mail) we have continued to buy dope (maybe once every otherday). Our use is getting worse + we're very scared. Very bored, lonely, etc... We've tried to find someone to hang out with, but there is nobody. We haven't even received a phone call in the last 2 weeks, we don't know why (we don't know how much of it has to do w/ the drug use). We obviously haven't told K, but she might be able to guess why we were feeling the way we were

After grad school things got harder. We started working (including our resume...[see pg 218]) + then our apartment burnt down the day we moved in + we lost everything + it cleaned us out financially. We managed to spend our inheritance (wisely), completing 6 yrs at a \$5000 a semester, only borrowing about \$15,000.

2½ years ago we moved to San Francisco. We worked w/ our mom in the folk art business, continued to make + show our own art in galleries + started smoking heroin w/ our degenerate French friends that we knew from early college years. Our self-esteem was pretty low. We met this beautiful young French girl 1 night when we were working the bar owned by our degenerate friends. We started out platonic--we had no real psychical attraction to her, but then fell in love. When her U.S. visa ran out we took a trip together to Nepal + Thailand. We trekked up to the base camp of Mt. Everest (20,000 ft.) + enjoyed the beaches of Thailand, it was beautiful. We parted in Bangkok, not sure weather we would be together again.

We went back to San Francisco + slid into self-loathing. Then our friend [Spike Jonez] sent us to France to be the designer on a film he was making in the South of France. We were reunited w/ [H]ope, living together in a small apartment in the center of Nice (top floor, view of the Mediteranean) for free (it was oned by [H]ope's grandmother + sat unused for years). [H]ope also got a job on the film + we had a great time, traveling thru the south of France (she is from a village called Bergerac, as in Cyrano de....) swimming in the sea, etc. Our job (doing a lot of wierd drawings, designs for objets) was getting stressful + we smoked a lot of hash to cope. Like in college, we often became detached + uncommunicative. [H]ope always told us that she didn't mind, that she just liked to see us happy. We got Telemachus a job on the film last winter + was able to spend some time w/ Tel (for the 1st time in years). Things got hectic twards the end of the movie + we longed for a break. We started to act like we didn't really need [H]ope (at the time we didn't think about it much). We left in January, w/ the plan to come back in a month to shoot the next film, the sequel. [H]ope went home to her mom's.

Back in San Fran we went back to hanging out w/ our degenerate French friends. Things were already strained between us + [H]ope when we returned to Nice in February (95), she didn't seem happy in our relationship. Then the film was canceled + she told us that she didn't love us anymore. We had a very emotional last week in France + then we left back to L.A., w/ the key to the apartment (as if we were going to return). Right after returning she told us that she was seeing

¹⁶³ "Queer" + the Jill Sobule video was "Supermodel" (see pg 407)... we probly wd of resorted to drugs too if we had to work on such crap.

Sunday. If R found out he would probly never talk to us again. We really want to stop, we're having a real problem. We shouldn't have bought any this morning, we should have taken advantage of having the next few days off to completely get it out of our system, we certainly cannot afford to continue using. At least we don't feel really depressed anymore. We have to scrounge up some more work, we hope [C's] threat Sunday (" we're never going to hire u again.....") does not hurt our chances for finding work.

6 Aug—L.A.

Sunday evening, sitting here in our room (as usual). We have no work lined up + our bank acct is overdrawn. After spending 4 days w/o, we broke down + bought some this morning. When we woke up, the idea of doing dope was as about as tempting as eating salt. After 4 days, the craving was completely gone. We feel frustrated w/ ourself, why did we spend all that money on something that is now almost gone + we don't even feel high. Maybe this is a way to loose intrest in it, as strange as it might sound. It is no fun, we're starting to feel withdrawl sickness when we do it + then stop. It is really expensive, etc. We honestly feel like if we had something to do, besides sit in our room in this hot disgusting city, we wouldn't even think about it. We need to get some work + a girlfriend to hang out with. Even though we really fucked up, we actually feel a little more confident about the future, we don't have much to do these days + we don't have that many friends to spend time with, things will get better, we really have to stop being so lazy, self-loathing + stupid.

9 Aug—L.A.

Wed. 3pm. Sitting around, waiting for a phone call. We're waiting for [P. B.] to call about a video he is doing, we think he is offering us the job (as the designer) although we could be wrong + the job certainly could fall thorough. We're also waiting to hear back about the CD rom thing.

[C] has gone to pick up his friend (a young model), his friend is going to stay w/ us for a week. We called the Mexican again this morning. We had to go to the bank + get money out on our credit card. We told ourself last night, but this morning we did it. We're setting ourself up for another miserable withdrawl (like last week). We're hoping that maybe if we're working it will be easier to stay away. We have a real problem, we're scared, we're starting to feel really unhealthy.

someone else + that it was over between us. We broke down completely. We moved in w/ some friends in Santa Monica who are sober + very caring. We spent most of this spring crying, running on the beach, freaking out about being broke, unemployed, lonely, etc... We could not afford therapy (still can't + we don't have insurance) + the Zolaft that we reluctantly tried for 2 weeks (at the insistence of our friend who was letting us stay in his house) was (+ is) not an answer.

It is now August, we are on unemployment. We have a book of Production Design (film/video/commercial) work (drawings + photographs) that has been seen by everybody who we could possibly want to see it (famous directors, production companies, etc.) We still have connections from school + our work is regarded by most as being outstanding. We occasionally work for people who's work we've always admired + they all seem to think that our much deserved big break is just around the corner... so we are waiting + trying to make it happen, but for now we are broke, w/ nothing in our future.

These last couple of months we have been smoking heroin. We got into it cuz it killed our emotional anguish. Now it is effecting an otherwise very healthy Ulysses in a way that could be described as a mild psychical addiction. We have talked to our family about it, but have learned to not talk about it so much w/ friends + other people (the association stigma has changed the way others think about me). We stop for a while + then we go back. We don't drink or smoke pot anymore + don't really go out. When we go w/o heroin (like all of last year in France) we tend to get moody + depressed. Now we know that it is 1 of the big causes of our depression. We are at the present moment making an honest attempt to quit. We definitely think that a change of environment would do us good. We live in Hollywood + hate it here. We sublet a furnished room (we don't own any furniture + seemed like a quick + easy solution to our housing problem). We are reluctant to move out of L.A. cuz the work we want to do is found almost exclusively here. We are up for a job (film) later this year in Prague + maybe 1 in Singapore. We will continue to look for jobs that will take us out of L.A. For now tho we are trapped here in L.A., broke, still missing [H]ope, waiting for our big break). Lately we've really been battling ourself, over our perspective on life, our heroin use + our inability to resolve our feelings (separation anxiety) for [H]ope. Sometimes we feel like we've ended up just like dad, guess this is why we've chosen this time to write you.

A year ago we were happy, in love (+ co-habitating for the 1st time) + making money (in a job that was creatively fulfilling). Now a year later things are quite diffrent. We really want to hear from you, to know what you think since

Life right now, in L.A. really sucks, but we're not depressed (we're high). It is hot + there is no work, blah, blah + the neighbors are having a viscous battle of words, blah blah blah + we're completely broke + spending money we don't have on drugs, blah blah blah... Sometimes especially when we're high, or coming down we feel like we really do like ourself, we feel like we do drugs cuz really we're bored of our environment + we can think of no other alternative other than passing the time, getting high.

We're going over to see A tonight, we don't know what's up, whether we're going over there to just hang out, or whether she is into getting together. We really don't know if it is even something we would want, or something we could deal with. Maybe spending time w/ her would give us the strength to make the change, in the direction of our life. We can't imagine what it would be like if someone were to read these diary entries.....

11 Aug—L.A.

Met w/ R yesterday for coffee, 1st time we'd seen him in about a month. He looked stressed out + bit unhealthy. [G's] mom died last weekend so obviously he didn't invite us over to hang out. G got mad because she thought we were calling their # + hanging up (which we guess we were) so we're not allowed to call that number anymore.

Today is the 6th day in a row that we have been doing dope (+ probly the 4th time we bought it this week) we told ourself that we were going to stop yesterday. We have been eating a lot + running + we actually felt quiet good this morning, we just gave into a minor impulse to cop, god knows that we can't afford to continue... same old story....

We met w/ P. B. today (+ the producer) he definitely wants us to do it, his idea is really boring + typical, they want us to do a bid. It will shoot the 1st week of september in Arizona, so maybe we'd get the chance to see Telemachus.

We're going to work on drawings this weekend for the 2 directors, go to [K's] opening + party, try to be happy healthy + social, try to down-play the whole dope thing, get over it, it's not even fun.

14 Aug—L.A.

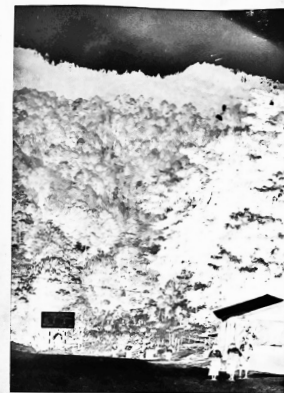
9 days in a row, a new all-time low. We went most of yesterday without. We have to go in today + meet about this video (with P) + give them a bid. Hopefully we'll be able to get this business done + then (starting right now, begin to kick. We just need a couple of unimportant days to be really uncomfortable. We're not sure how it is that we're

you dealt w/ Sisyphus all those years. We know we need to get counseling + if we can't manage to stop using drugs on our own accord we should at least move to a new environment to make it easier. We don't have a lot of friends + can't afford a shrink (or maybe we could if we didn't waste money on drugs, we'll see...). We are the only 1 of us brothers who isn't able to sustain a relationship, the only brother w/ the same chemical dependency problem mom + dad had (have). We are also the onely 1 who has grown up to be a very unhappy person... why is that? Why can't we see life as a gift?

We've never considered suicide, but sometimes we feel so much like dad it scares us. Please let us know what you think. Don't worry about our safety, we're still a healthy person (run every day, strict diet) honest + intelligent. We've never had a run in w/ the law + we'd never hurt no 1 else. We are sad, frustrated, confused + need some words of advice. After all of these years, Eurycleia, we want to talk to you again... if you want.

Hopefully sometime soon our conversations will not center on our petty problems of self-control + attitude adjustment + we'll talk about your home in Mexico, what u have been doing, how all of your kids are, etc.

xoxox,
-Ulysses



IN MY PAST
3 I HAVE BEEN.



sposed to not call the Mexican. If it is possible we would like to go out to Arizona to kick, we'll see.

C's housemate is getting really annoying. She brings over guys when C isn't here + spreads her shit out all over the living room, it's kind of a drag...

We're not looking forward to kicking. It is really hot + smoggy, we're broke + very bored, we know that sobriety will make us really depressed...

14 Aug 95—L.A.

Its Friday night, we're alone in our room. C + [J] (C's friend who is staying w/ us for a couple weeks) are also in the apartment. A Discovery channel special on sharks plays in the background.

We lasted 2½ days... bought some when we were over at R's. We promised Telemachus yesterday, well actually, it was more like a statement, that we were going to really stop. We said: "If we cannot manage to stop by ourself then we'll move to Tucson, to a place where we don't know anybody." We have to quit making statements like this. We slipped.

For 50 hours we lived w/ the discomfort. Sobriety for us right now is boring + depressing. For the first 2 days we felt depressed, could feel it moving away from us towards the 3rd day. We're gonna go back to sobriety tonight. We can't afford it, it is a glaring fact. It's really ugly, it looks + smells disgusting, it doesn't even feel good.

[Ulysses—addresses self again], quit beating yourself up over these issues that torment U + make a change. Change your direction, U will be happier (after a couple of uncomfortable days), richer + healthier. U lived your life fine without it for about 28½ years, U can easily convert back.

U will be turned on by the thought of doing it, on occasion, for the rest of your life + for these times U must simply make a pact w/ yourself, unlearn the knee-jerk reaction. Use that mind of yours to find ways to keep the momentum going, to keep your mind off of the ugly black thoughts, to not think about drugs or loneliness or depression. The task at hand is a shift in perspective, a shift that must be done manually + then held in place, at a tremendous psychical cost, til it can hold itself up.

We don't know why we're scared by the idea of being completely sober for a long period of time. Guess we feel that the emotional heat of life will be too much, the pain too great. We're not sure how much of the pain + loneliness is cuz of the drugs, but we do know that the picture is bleak. It's piling up like a massive bon fire.

Ulysses, stop taking drugs + things will get easier, life will be more enjoyable. Sometimes life will be really shitty, get used to it. Think about Telemachus, thinking about U + your pathetic condition, a condition U brought unto yourself. U are alone + depressed cuz U chose that. The fear that has kept U from achieving this goal is justified, it will be hard, especially at 1st.

Despite Ulysses' previous claim to Eurycleia, the Telemachus-½ of us experienced our fair share of dipression, tho mostly as a teenager. Tel dabbled in drugs + drinking in our early teens, but then became a straight-edge punker. Tel's way of coping was to make music. When music-making in itself became an unmanageable addiction (that was turning us into a recluse that didn't want to do nothing else), we quit music + took up rock-climbing, around the time we moved to Arizona. We swapped our musical instruments for climbing gear. After taking Ulysses climbing at Suicide Rock (See pg 359), Tel writes in his journall:

"3 months ago we were unemployed w/o a girlfriend + no money. Ulysses was the 1 w/ the posh set-up in France w/ [H]ope, lots of money + the promise of working on *Epimetheus Unbound*. Now U's lost it all + we have the job-money-girl situation under control. And it's almost like we feel guilty for it. Going climbing seemed to do U good + hopefully U'll go again. Maybe we're biased but climbing is therapeutic for everything. When all goes bad, head for the crags. We can't imagine how U feels tho we've kinda been there (except for the drugs part). U is still obsessed w/ [H]ope + wants to go up to S.F. to look her up. At least U is aware of your drug problem + that U need to hang out w/ new friends. What U don't realize is that U need something to take the place of that needy escapist addiction. Easier said than done."

A week later Tel found an excuse to go back to L.A. (we took Nausicaa climbing in Joshua Tree), although U doesn't mention our visit. On July 17, 95, Tel wrote in our journal: "drove into L.A. + cruised thru Hollywood to Ulysses's. U had just popped a zit + was being all weird (when we called U sounded like U was on barbiturates or something). We met up w/ sum of Nausicaa's friends at "Mexico City". U were being obnoxious + cynical all night + we felt bad that the others had to deal w/ U. We slept w/ Nausicca on a cat-pissed soaked cushion on your living room floor, tho we didn't sleep at all. We had a bad allergic reaction to your roommate's cat..."

Then we said "U flew to SFO early the next morning for a wedding." That must of been when U saw [H]ope (u didn't mention how the wedding went in your side of the story).

19 Aug—L.A.

Saturday night, 11 o'clock. We called Carlos a couple of hours ago, did the whole orange by ourself. Almost more idiotic than the waste of money, is the fact that we barely feel nothing at all, 60 bucks to feel absolute nada except a little relief from (miner) withdrawal anxiety. Telemachus called us this evening, to see how we were. We had just paged Carlos when Tel called + we actually said "Carlos?" when we heard the raspy male voice. We lied to Telemachus + said Carlos was a guy who we were working for on a video. We didn't have the balls to tell Telemachus what we were doing.... We can't afford the ridiculous cost no more.

24 Aug—L.A.

Have been using for 4 days in a row. We don't feel like we even enjoy it, it's just a habit we can't afford to do anymore, this is it.

We've been working for David Baer (in our room) on this MTV thing (no pay). Even tho we have no money (once again, we don't want to think about how much money we've wasted on drugs) + no one special, we have to work on our attitude, or nothing will change.

30 Aug—L.A.

Just got 3 irate messages from E on our pager. Here is the story, for posterity sake:

A week ago [M] + a friend found a syringe in the bathroom (of his house) right about the same time they find E passed out in his house. E apparently told M that the syringe was mine. R also told us that E told his mom that we had a drug problem. We called E today + told him that we didn't want him blaming this shit on us (obviously it is E + he is lying) + also not to tell his mom about our problems. E freaked out + called us, leaving 3 messages in which he screams; "Fuck U!" a dozen times. M got scared + denied knowing anything about it. So now we have a potentially crazy psycho (heroin injecting) lying freak, pissed at us. Who knows, maybe he will try to attack us... R was pissed just now when we told him that we had confronted E. This whole thing only reaffirms to us the necessity to really stop all drug use. We don't want to hit rock bottom (in order to stop). This whole thing is ugly.

Worked this week on a Midas commercial w/ this ex big-time junkie named [R]. Nice guy, kind of weird. As usual we're incredibly broke (cuz we've bin spending all of our money on dope). Makes us sick to think how much money we've wasted, on something that does nothing but make our life miserable. We have some work to do. Kicking will be hard, but hopefully we will never end up like E.

It reeled back and forth within his brain. He spun around to his left, throwing his open palm gently into his forehead, through his head, and out the back. Without knowing why he relegated it all to a continual process of brain information garbage processing. It was really very simple. The brain, if it is applied to a computer model of some sort, has to dump off material ("lose data") in order to process and contain new information. The garbage dumping takes place at night, in your bed.

ICE is the name of a new, stronger, longer lasting and reduced price drug that comes from HAWAII. [the drug is smuggled into Hawaii from SOUTH KOREA and to a lesser degree, the PHILLIPINES and TAIWAN] COCAINE comes from California, Florida, Texas and New Mexico. [The leading exporters of ICE are, in order of leading exporter; Mexico, Peru and Jamaica]

The mans face is a strange brownish violet, he has what looks like a bad wig, a moustache and a lavender suit. He is also wearing headphones. He is sitting in front of a video control board. As we swish over his left shoulder into the wall of tv sets in front of him, his left hand pushes forward an aluminum lever, ushering us into a new commercial.....
A elephant is a relative by marriage.

We were recording that instrumental number, you know, the one that comes before "blue jay way" on the album.. Well, anyway... what was I going to say... Oh yeah!... well, I was in this real daze... and paul, George and John were in the same mood. We all had these HUGE grins on our faces, like a buncha of demonic clowns, well, anyway, I started to really look at the situation if you know what I mean. You know. Being so loaded each day that we never knew if we where in London or Los Angeles. I mean... try to imagine it! being so gone that you think

1 Sept 1995— Tucson
We had the option of moving into Dad's house in Oregon. We could stay in whatever room we wanted, rent-free. We were thinking it would be cool to stay in Ulysses's room. There was nothing to do in Portland, so we got a ski pass + went skiing every weekend. Followed by more dreams of skiing, into hallways w/ curtains, trying to find the right elevator back up to the top of the mountain.

4 Sept 95—L.A.

Labor day. Spent most of the day alone in our room. Went to our 1st N.A. meeting last night, it was kinda weird, didn't end up saying anything. We woke up this morning feeling fine, but the boredom got the best of us + we ended up calling the Mexican. It is now evening, we're getting ready to go to our 2nd meeting, we just came back from running (been running everyday lately + eating healthy although not that much) + we feel good.

These last couple of weeks we've barely felt the \$50 piece of dope, if we bought more, or poured it into our nose, we would definitely get high, but we're glad we've refrained from getting more into it. We're frustrated + angry at how much we're spending, it's ridiculous. We talked to [W] last night for a while, we told her we'd call her if we got the urge to do it. We didn't, guess we just felt it would seem too pathetic. We're not sure whether we're making any ground, time is definitely an issue, if we don't hurry up + get straight we'll lose a lot of money + friends, we're scared.

We're totally broke, but negotiating to rent a small single in David's building (\$400/ month). We'd have to use our visa card, but think it would be a good (healthy) move. Hopefully we'll find some work this week, so we can start to pay off our visa. We have to act now! We have to be strong + nip this ugly behaviorism in the bud, can't afford anymore to play around, this is not about harmless behavior done out of boredom, it's dangerous life threatening + ugly.

7 Sept—L.A.

R called me, surprise. We were waiting for Carlos, had to actually cut the conversation short to go to the door. We wasted some more money, whatever. Just asked C about making up a flyer (to rent the room). He acted like he usually does, snarling something to the extent of, "Fuck u!!" "So fucking disrespectful!!" Blah. Blah. Blah. We don't know why we even bother talking to him, he's a real prick.

Went to an N.A. meeting last night, the hypocrisy of our life right now leaves a bad taste in our mouth. We feel like we're playing w/ something really dangerous, viewing self-inflicted wounds w/ a suspension of disbelief. Keep telling ourselves that it's just a matter of time before something happens, some job that will take us away from here.

C just came in our room, it's clear that we're going to be putting up our deposit, to pay rent next month (October) on this place, we don't know if it will work out (to move to Santa Monica).

"Another letter we will never send": [Undated]

Dear [H]ope-

We can feel ourselves slowly purging ourselves of your blood. It's a slow process + we find ourselves over anticipating the progress. We want our own body back + we want it now, but we are going to have to wait. We still have no clear fix on who exactly we were before. Images mount on top of 1 another in sequence, a series that we run through our mind, trying to provoke a corresponding feeling of recognition- Aaah! Yes! That is what it was like to be ourselves, alone in the world, w/ no emotional ties to anyone. We need people too much + we suffer for it. We are an isolated individual, who need people at arms length, to watch our back, as we dream in our own world.

So what we feel, these emotions of loss, they are manifestations of misdirected ego. Our friends tell us to deal w/ it dude, we acknowledge it, yes we know, there is no real rational reason, yes we know. But something cannot slip away for me, this (misdirected) feelings are in themselves real, they have a life of their own. Imagination, maybe--selective remembrance, possibly--failure to acknowledge our inability to deal w/ intimacy, to communicate--living out the instructions of our screwed up parents--unfortunately, fear of drastic change (+ commitment) in our life--for sure, cowering away from pain--yes.

It's as if we are a dysfunctional screwed up loser turning 30 + an intelligent, interesting, well-adjusted person--all at once. We fluctuate between the 2, back + fourth. As if only 1 image of ourselves can co-exist, be viewed, while we stand in the space of the other, we can only have something (a model of self) when we don't have it, when we are in another state.

Guess the thing to do is to come up w/ a 3rd state, 1 that isn't rooted in our psychical existence, 1 that is nondenominational in terms of the things we're dependant on. In this nebulous 3rd state we view ourselves, as the person we want to be + we do so w/o halving to be someone that we no longer want to be.

U, [H]ope, are not part of this process. U are a great drug, the best. We never stayed so stoned in our life. But now you're gone + we're climbing the walls. We're kicking + it might take a while. Soon. from this 3rd station, we will reposition ourselves, find a new vantage pt. After a while the 1st station (our sickly self, the person we're growing to hate) will wither + scream + eventually die. It will hurt a bit, but we must make it happen. We cannot keep feeding him, he's a drag to feed, he's expensive, unhealthy + ultimately only causes pain in our life, more than we deserve.

The 1st station is in a lot of people we have been friends w/ over the years. When we see someone in this state, we must turn away. They might be old friends, but when we are looking at them, reflecting

23 Sept—Menlo Park

Here by [Periboea, our grandmother's] pool. We've been up here for almost 2 weeks. We came up here to kick, but ended up screwing that up. We spent a couple days here at Periboea's, feeling shitty + unable to sleep + then we would go up to E'space. Finally last week (monday) we went into the Methadone program w/ J.

7 Oct—L.A.

It's been a while since we made an entry, we were in S.F. + guess we just never felt like writing. We went up about a week ago to Palo Alto, told everyone in the family what we had been up to. We tried to kick while staying at Periboea's, but couldn't manage. We kept sneaking up to visit J. After a while, we both went in to the methadone clinic, it was really weird. We went early in the morning, the place was freaky, strange experience, going in there seeing those people every morning. We ended up hanging out w/ J for about a week. We got high every now + then, while we were trying to get thru the morning. J ended up bailing on the program after about a week. Stayed at the twinners for about 2 weeks, it was cool. We went running every day in the park (about 10 a day). We felt fine on the methadone, it was only after we would get high w/ J that we would feel shitty. The last time we got high was almost 4 days ago, we tried to find J, but he had a new girlfriend. It was the break we needed. Physically we feel fine, a little sore, but we'll manege.

Just got stoned (on pot) w/ [S] + C, after arriving, from San Francisco. We can tell that they want to buy dope, but we really don't want to. We haven't smoked pot in a long time, we forgot just how cool it really is, much more fun than dope + think of the money we'd save. We really don't want to feel shitty (or doped out + broke) anymore. We have to go tomorrow + talk to the landlord about the apartment, we hope it works out.

14 Oct—L.A.

High, for the 3rd day in a row. Waiting to hear from E, about moving our stuff into his garage, probly need to wait until Tuesday. Hopefully this will be our last time here in S's apartment. Buying dope in Santa Monica will be impossible, hope that moving out there will facilitate the end of our period of using. We're not sure about subletting the place to [C] (maybe we could go to Telemachus's for 2 weeks, dry out a bit, although we should be working. The dope is clouding our perception, making things seem gloomier than they are, the trick will be to stop + get right into working, w/o having the withdrawals (+ the accompanying depression) severely effect our ability to (look for) work. Being here (in the apt. on Poinsettia) is a big step backwards, it's hard for us to accept our weak behavior, everything we went through in S.F. seems to be wasted, pointless. We're facing a difficult period of time, today has to be our last score, we will suffer, but we deserve it. Even S is showing more strength right now (managing to refrain, tho we did hear him attempt to call last night, but it was too late). We're embarrassed + sickened by our own behavior.

this state, it is easy to emulate. When our shield is down, we reflect it + reach for the pipe, the foil, the bottle, the body. We reach for something else to lose ourself, we are no longer self-reliant. We have w/in us everything we need, its free, the store is always open + ultimately it is always more satisfying.

[H]ope, we didn't consider your needs enough, we know that now. We were pertty much only thinking about ourself. Guess we did this cuz we have yet to reelly learn this prosess, of going beyond simply taking what we need from the world.

u the we met u()

san am ese

were

thinking about you;

All models and types reduced. Today only. Come down now.

My next guest has met all sorts of challenges. You make me want to be in love.

With a population that appears to be living in the Mediaeval ages. "".

Quick! Get this down! All of them seem to show some kind of....

I jumped to the side, and began. At first my fingers failed to function in the way required of them, but after they warmed up, they worked just fine.

Anyway. I woke up tomorrow and the hole place, you know that place with the hole, well its cleaned out. Just up and gone.

Eva crosses her chest, takes a dramatic drag on the cigarette, and rolls her eyes upward at the ceiling fan.

Nothing has changed! Nick stomps around the room, shouting and waving his arms around wildly, as a result occasionally breaking lamps and plates.

Everything he had was in there! Eva's dark blue curls roll lushly unto the page. The large book closes dramatically and noiselessly. Nick shoots out of his seat, a black silhouette against the navy blue phantasmagoric stage from the play; Van Gogh wore his sunglasses at night.

"I see you need to rest," the child said to the old man, "come into my body". And that is what Vishnu as a baby said to the old man. Robert Bruce sat in army all knight in the choir hold slime of the gall stones of god himself. All night the soldier sat, listening to his soul, crying out for him to take the crown away from the English scum. Set the world straight. His body bled from every-where blood poured out in streams and torrents like the river that runs through the center of Gallway that little explosion of cold grey, pouring down the grassy banks and the slimy black bouldars riddled with lichen glistening in the April morning grand against the ice clear sky.

"Psssssst...Over here buddy!" The fragile looking arachnid roared from the dental floss swing. "Hey! Over here!"

"What the fuck you want"

"You see me struggling here... I mean struggling to reach this other side so that I might continue on with my buisness..."

[the above story takes place in 1314, near Peer Broken England, in a ruin at night]

28 Oct—Santa Monica

It's been a while...a faulty program erased the last week of entries + even then, we hadn't made an entry in a couple of weeks. We have been sober (completely) for 2 weeks today + we have moved into our own place in Santa Monica. It is the 1st time in years that we have lived alone + guess it feels good.

We've been going to A.A. meetings w/ E for 2 weeks (also w/ [D]), we're not sure how we feel about the "program," but 1 thing we're sure of, 2 things, 1) Feels great to finally be off of drugs, our life is so much more manageable + we feel better about ourself + 2). Going to these meetings (for the last 2 weeks) we've met some cool people (young) who live w/o getting high, who deal w/ all the shit life has to offer, sober + despite all of the other rhetoric, it seems to be the 1 really good quality of going to meetings. We know now that it is just a matter of getting off of drugs, changing our environment + being around people who are not inclined to go through life high. 2 weeks is probly the longest we have gone sober in years + even tho we felt, for most of the time, that our drug consumption was manageable in some sense, we know now that the problem was when we were living w/ [H]ope... when we feel that kind of emotional pressure, we will abuse (pot, dope, etc...) + know that we do not want to go through that kind of pain again. So even tho there is the sense that when things are ok, we can drink or get high, no problem, we know that it is just not true. We can no longer deny that we're part of the world around me, we can no longer deny the emotional bond that can grow from us to another person, we can no longer deny our active participation in the world. Better to stop now, while we still can, before it ruins our life....

Still haven't found work, R treats us like we're a leper, we feel alone in the world, much of the time, overwhelmed w/ a sense of loss at the time we have wasted, being stagnate in our own cesspool.... we still miss [H]ope, still miss living in France, nothing has been resolved, we're recovering but we're a mess.

[H]ope,

11-2-95

Ça va? We haven't heard from u in a while. Are u working for your father? Still living w/ F? Did Spike ever get a hold of you?..... Write us sometime, when u have time + let us know how u are doing. Our new address is: [...]. We moved into this place last week. We live alone in a small apartment, right on the beach, in the very nicest part of Santa Monica (up near Malibu). From our bed we look out over us deck, to the ocean. It is really great out here, the air is much better + it's great for running (in the morning, sur la plage). We have met some new friends here (tho we still haven't dated anyone since we left France... maybe now that we live alone it will be easier). All of our friends out here on the west side go to A.A. (alcoholic anonymous) meetings + yoga, tout le jours. The meetings are mostly young persons who were getting high too much at 1 point in their lives, (heroin addiction, etc.) + have now completely stopped.

At 1st when we started going we felt strange, like we didn't belong. But after listening to people describing their experiences we know that it is the best way to live sans drinking or doing drugs, we know now that our life story is similar to many others. U hear lots of stories of alcoholic fathers (+ mothers) who killed themselves, or drank to death. A lot of the people started drinking + getting high at a early age + have managed to stop while they are still young. The young persons in the meetings have tattoos + colored hair, body piercing etc. + yet they are completely sober. We have seen a lot of famous actors, rock stars, models, etc. in these meetings. We have been completely sober since we started going to meetings a month ago + feel much better. Everybody tells us that we seem healthier + happier. Guess we never really noticed that much, before. Things don't seem so bad to us anymore, we don't feel like hiding out from the world.... Anyway, we are sorry if we were a pain to live w/ when we were stoned all of the time. Another great thing is how much money we save, not buying drugs or alcohol.

So guess Spike cancelled Epimetheus Unbound, again. Funny to think that we waited for that film to start so long ago. We are learning now that this is how the film business works. We go into meetings, meet directors, everybody is excited about the film, they say that it is going to start soon + it almost always gets pushed back for weeks, or months, years... at least there are a lot of videos + commercials to work on + they pay a lot better than films, but are much more difficult.

They are still trying to release A Postmodern Epimetheus in the U.S... think it might come out on video in Europe, keep an eye out for it, if u want to see your name in the credits. The James Bond film ("Golden eye") is out here in the states, we haven't seen it yet.

Other than that, we've been writing a lot + occasionally going to S.F., to work on our grandmother's house (to make some money). Write me, let us know if u ever need something (sent to u...), it would be great to hear from u, to hear how u are doing. We are sending this letter to your mothers because it is the only address we have, for you. Hope all is well.....

-Ulysses

Today E called us up, as we had found out last night at the Echo Park meeting (from [S]) [L] dumped E. E sounded really depressed yesterday. This evening he called + asked us if we would score for him. He said he was very depressed + that he'd made up his mind + if we were not going to help him, he was going to try + score on the streets downtown. We spent a while telling him it would just make him feel worse, that when we came back from France (after being dumped by [H]ope) he talked us out of getting high + that it meant a lot to us, etc., that he should just go to some meetings, be around friends. He was not listening, he wanted us to help him, so we eventually did. We had to loan him the money, he drove (us) to Hollywood. The Mexican gave us a extra, small piece. As could be expected our conviction waned when we got the drugs in our hands + we copped the extra piece for our self. When we got home we smoked the (rather toxic smelling piece) + got a very slight buzz. We then went + met up w/ D, told him what's going on. He didn't seem terribly surprised, or disappointed. He obviously felt that we needed to get to some meetings (went today to the Mario's meeting w/ him) which we agreed to. We don't feel great psychically, emotionally or spiritually. Our sobriety seems to be a gradual proses involving a lot of negative reinforcement, a sort of unlearning of behaviorisms. In the long run this will help us w/ our using phantasies.

7 Nov—Santa Monica

Went to S's today, to help him make a sculpture. Ended up not working after all + getting high w/ him. Even tho we feel fine (physically), we know we screwed up.

We have a meeting tomorrow at Propaganda about a possible job, we have a feeling that something might come of this. We feel like we have gone off the path a bit, we have yet to get our direction in the program (we have not really tried.....). Tonight we might try reading (starting) the "big book". Everything is going to be ok. Our little relapse is over, we're going to get this job, we're going to get our health back, things are gonna get better. Yee Haw.

8 Nov—Santa Monica

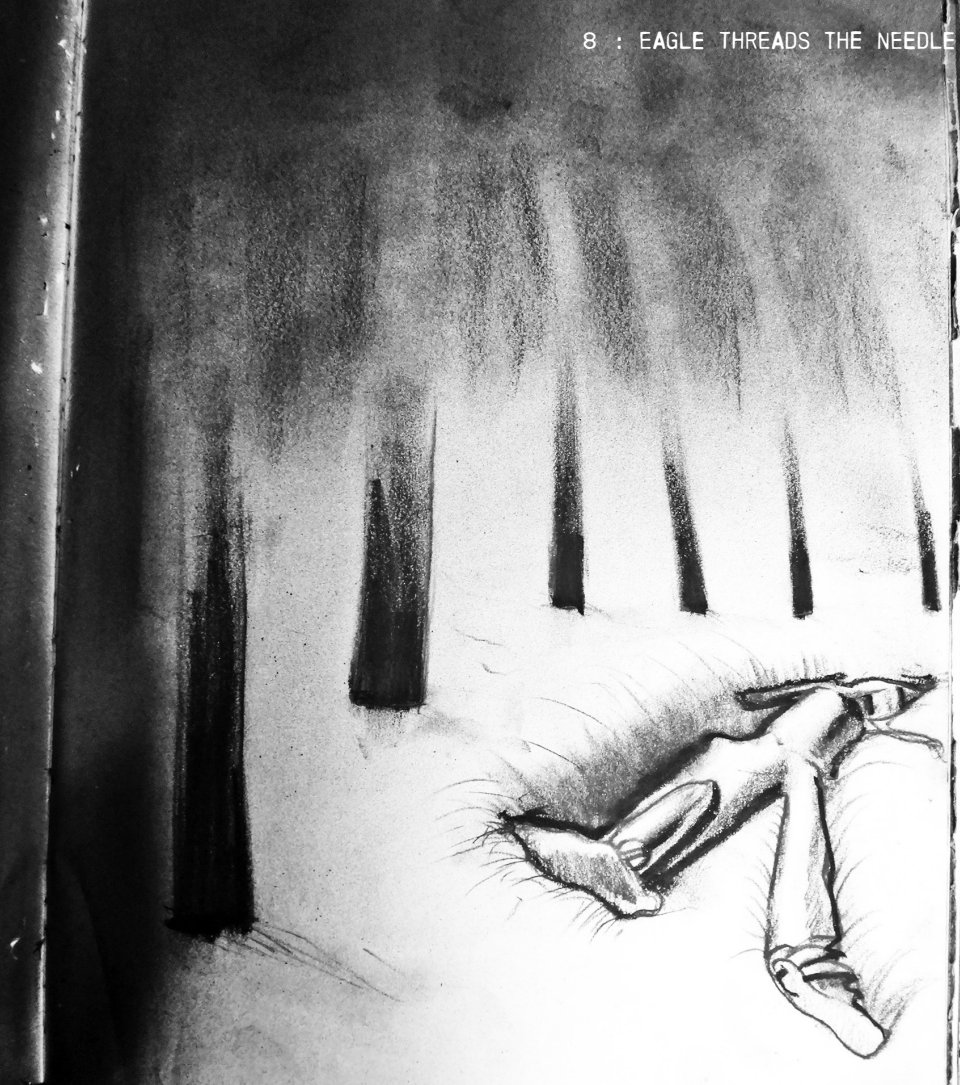
Had the meeting this morning at Propaganda... think it went well, we certainly didn't seem so out of it (like we were the last time...). Guess we're gonna have to wait + see if anything comes from it. We feel good today, we're broke but we feel healthy, fairly happy + ready to take another sirius stab at sobriety.

10 Nov—Santa Monica

Used again today, was rejected by Propoganda for the job (w/ L.P.) Spent some time w/ E, watching him act like a freak, look like shit, nodding out. Went to the tropical bakery meeting w/ D, asked [Jo] to be our sponser. We're not sure wether he really wants to be our sponser, guess we'll find out. Our life has changed a little (we're not strung out, we have our own place...) but a lot is the same (we still want to use + do, we're still unemployed + lonely.....). We lost some friends, but we do have D now, a new + good friend. Times are hard, but at least we're not as bad off as E.



X-BIT 126. UNTITLED DOOR PAINTING



X-BIT 127. FROM SKETCH BOOK

14 Nov—Santa Monica

More of the same. Spent the day w/ S, doing nothing. Got high (for the 2nd day in a row, did not pay....). Have been going to meetings, tho having a hard time finding our "higher power." Going up to S.F. this weekend (thanks to D, who bought us a ticket).

16 Nov—Santa Monica

Only 2 days of sobriety, but some new revelations, that take us further than we have ever been. These last days we have been struggling w/ the concept of higher power. We have prayed + we've cried at our inability to reach a peace w/ ourself. Amist a desire to get high comes a simple message, relax, quit fighting yourself, u have always had your super ego, your higher power, your voice of god. U have always had this voice, u just have always chosen to get high instead of listening. Fear + resentment has always made us use. Fear of being alone + resentment against those who have left us alone. We guess today we really felt the reality of our situation. By using drugs we (were) are isolating ourself, making ourself alone. We will continue to battle our mind on some level, using drugs will always be a option

[H]ope-

[undated]

Do u remeber the guy that u used to go out w/ in San Francisco at night? Those cold nights spent in your room, talking in the dark? Do u member the guy u said good bye to in Bangkok a year ago? In the small air-conditioned hotel room, w/ the 2 small beds w/ dark blue covers + later at the airport, late at night, sitting in a plastic chair in front of the Lufthansa airline counter? Do u remember the guy who stood in the window as your plane taxied down the runway twards Paris? Do u remember the guy u met at the train station in Paris that hot spring day a year ago? He was coming in from Amsterdam, u were wearing eye liner + seamed nervous, but excited + happy. Well, guess what, that guy is still here + he is thinking about u. He misses u a lot, thinks about u all of the time. He wishes he could talk to u, see u again. He is feeling so much pain that he is having a hard time dealing w/ it.

Do u remember the guy who left u in the restaunt on New Years Eve when he was really drunk + then suddenly remebered, running back to apologize, but it was too late, u where already hurt. Do u remember the guy who spent a lot of time getting high + being distant, aloof. Do u remeber the guy who had a stressfull job for a couple of months + was always in a bad mood, agitated (mostly cuz he was getting high every day)? [H]ope, we have a problem w/ drugs, we've had this problem for a long time. It never really seemed like a problem to us til u left me. We don't want to get high anymore, we have resolved to quite completely. We have been sober for at least a month now + feel much better. We are not doing it for u, we're doing it for ourself. We know if we are not getting high we can be a better person, someone more capable of love, better suited to communicate w/ the person we are living with. We wish that doing this, changing our life in this way, was enough to make u want us back, but we know that it is probly too late for u to want to be w/ us again, we know that the changes we have desided to make are too late. Are u out there [H]ope? we miss u, please talk to me, don't shut us out.

(just like suicide will always be a option) but it will remain an option that we have tried already + 1 we know will only make our life more unmanageable. Have faith Ulysses, have faith in YOUR higher power. Have faith in yourself, quit fighting yourself, relax, give yourself a break.

26 Nov—Menlo Park

It's the Sunday after Thanksgiving (which we spent alone in Santa Monica) + we're here in Menlo, again. After last weekend we went back to L.A. in a bad mood, we used a couple of times + let ourself get back into a rut. D went to N.Y. + his friend [B] came from New Zealand. B is a real A.A. advocate + forced us to talk + go to some meetings. Like D, he is a bit of a sex addict + this put some strain in his credibility, for us. E was starting to bother us also. We worked out a deal w/ B, where he would sublet our place, at least for a couple of weeks, while we came up here to Menlo. We couldn't find any work in L.A. + Penelope said we could work on the old house, so here we are...

We still feel psychically uncomfortable, (it's been 2 days) + spiritually we feel empty. We hard a have time acknowledging the blessings of life + we feel bitter + resentful to the world (for making us so lonely + broke...) we hope that getting in good psychical shape + doing sum work (for money) will change all of that, it's worth a try.

6 Dec—Palo Alto

Have been here for more than a week, working on the old house mostly. Getting paid by Penelope. We're sub-letting our place in Santa Monica to B, all in all we shd manage to get by financially this month. G had her baby a couple of days ago, but have not talked to R in a couple of weeks, we wonder if he'll ever call us. We're struggling w/ the same old issues, have stopped (for now) going to meetings, maybe we will resume later, for now we're just in the place that persons like D.B. ssey we shouldn't stay; in our own head.

12 Dec 95—Menlo Park

The 1st real day, off of dope. A storm, this morning, knocked out the power + left a live wire on the driveway. A huge old tree is blocking the driveway. Alcohol is much better than dope + cheaper + so began a new episode in our hero's life..... what was it we were sseying, Penelope will show up w/ pizza, we've got a raging fire going, life, even when it throws curve balls, is grand, 1 pas tranquil ici! So let it be. Went to T + W's last night, was invited to dinner tonight, but can't go, waiting for the PG&E guy, if they ever show. Mom got mad at us + went back to her place. Haven't called + apologized, oh well. Want to call B + try to establish how it is to be worked out, as far as the rent goes. That is about it, oh yeah, this morning, when the tree fell, we found a dried poppy on the ground near the tree... felt that somehow the whole event was an omen of sorts, time to quit seeing the Chaltiels, going by E'space. 12-12, seems like a good date,

X-BIT 128. DOOR PAINTING (PG 68) DETAIL

