

9 : RE:JOYCE. REJOYCE! 9 LIVES OF 2ND CHANT'SSES

'96 is a far cry from '69

6-Jan-96—Palo Alto¹⁶⁴

Worked this week in Oakland at the design firm, the job is really cool. We're designing an addition to Tokyo Disneyland. The job will last for another couple of weeks, maybe longer. It's kind of a hassle to find places to sleep (so we don't halve to commute) + we don't like the idea of paying rent in Santa Monica, but other than that it's cool working, for a change.

We've been going to the methadone clinic this week (for the 2nd time.) Like last time we talked them into starting us on a very low dose (20 mg) + like last time we're still using. We got into a bit of a fight tonight w/ [E] (he is made at us for some stupid shit, really holding a grudge) maybe it's a good thing, a sign that it's time to completely disassociate ourself from junkies. We really don't want to fuck up this job or lose all our friends ([W + T] were noticeably disturbed w/ us the other night) + really don't want to loose our health.

Ulysses [addresses self]: U shd keep this job (+ do a good job) cuz even tho u live in Santa Monica, u need the money + u have nothing else right now. U shd stop hanging out w/ E, [J + R]. U shd go to the clinic + not use. U shd run every day + work on strentghening your relationships w/ all your real friends (who are getting sick of your behavior) + U shd hold a more positive, healthy outlook on life.

31 Jan 2020—Bw/Odymore, M.D.

Dear Ulysses, hit episode 9, need to hit (II) + regroup, ... step outta our Bw/Ody for a spell to get purspective + keep hour one self in check, ox. Seams your trusty correspondent found a massive 3-ring binder hidden in a drawer (see epi 3, pgs 253-5) we'd VII but forgotten a bout (who nose what Ls we spaced out...). When we left Rome last year we onely brot-with a few episodes a head of were we was (epi 4) in a slimmer binder, thinking dat was plenty enough till we was reunited w/ the mother ship (our 24" iMac, where we do most of our work, in InDesign). Since then we din't do squat on *Textiloma* this past year + onely last december did we pick it back up from the scattered remanants. Now weave drafted ahead far as episode 9, of wich this verry text (that your correspondent is typing for *The Daily Noose*, post #705) might very well kick epi # 9 off, along side your journull, dear U, wherein we're now up into 1996... killing 2 birds in the bush w/ 1 stoned, however the sane goes, since our host Bw/Ody (Cal A. Mari) has tasked us (anon I'm us) to both author *Textiloma* + act as journihilistic correspondent for *The Daily Noose*.

Reaching epi 9 of *Textiloma* we need to take a breather cuz it's sum heavy shit, ox, your drug diary in the 2 yrs leading leading up to your O.D... heart-wrenching stuff, every day the same story... using, attempting to quit, using, attempting to quit,... ad ∞,... an endless psychle, just like our father Sisyphus humping dat dam stone... well, obviously not endless—unlike your alter ego Prometheus (who was eviscerated by an eagle each night but woke in the mourning w/ liver back in tact) we always have the option to choose deaf by sewerside, like Sisyphus (our pop, not the mythillogical 1), who had sir'O'sis of the liver from VII that C₂H₅OH + like U couldn't live sans amour nether.

No doubt U drank your fare share of C₂H₅OH, bud it din't hook U like C₂₁H₂₃NO₅... or C₂₁H₃₀O₂ (Penelope's drug of choice) witch sighingtists sey ain't sposed to be "psychically" (as U always misspell) addictive, sin embargo Penelope spent her life stoned out of her gourd + U ssey in your journals U waked + baked casi cada día from UCLA on. Loco how it's just Δiffrent combos of C's, H's + O's, rite? Hooch mine-us pot ≈ dope + 9 upside-down = 6 + 3 backwards = 3

= *there exists* (to mathletes like us).

U god 9 lives of 2nd chantsses,

Ulysses, reJoyce, reJoyce!

¹⁶⁴ 14th anniversary of our father's death-/birth-day + by Palo Alto U probly meant neighboring Menlo Park, where Periboea + Penelope lived + U resorted to going.



6-Jan-96—Palo Alto

Here alone, on a Sunday evening. We were let go, fired, from our job last Tuesday. Since then we've been here. We were at T + W's (went w/ them last night to a party at [S + S's] house, a wine tasting affair, usual crowd, no single girls.

We gave over our Visa + versatel card to [Periboea] last thursday. We felt fine (no sleep deprivation, etc.) for a few days. Yesterday we "borrowed" some money (40 dollars) that mom keeps in the Tempo [Penelope always keeps a doomsday stash of cash up in the visor of her cars], went to the city + scored. We didn't really even get high (we've developed a strong immunity + been running a lot, so we're very healthy). Went out last night, spent the night at T+ W's. This morning drove Natalie to S.F. State. We mentioned that we wished we had a couple of bucks to get something to eat + she gave us a \$20 (she didn't have change) + we refused, but she insisted, finally we accepted, took the 20, went back + scored again (+ once again didn't feel a thing). Periboea seemed disappointed in us. We really don't want to let her down, she's been really supportive, if we let her down we're on our own, a real loser. We don't know whether to go back to L.A., or to stick around... guess we should do some more work around the house (we owe some hours to Penelope).

Will we ever stop this knee-jerk behavior? Wasting money + our credibility on this bad habit? Not to mention taking a chance at getting arrested. This story just keeps getting older + more pathetic. We're not really depressed or anything, guess that is good.

16-Feb-96—Santa Monica

Well things are pretty much the same (as they have been for the last year). Been doing drawings, for Mark Romanek + John Spearson. Mark was impressed w/ our work, it remains to be seen if we're actually going to work for him. We're collecting unemployment + working occasionally (worked for John Spearson yesterday + today, 1/2-days, for cash.)

Still using, almost \$50/day (1/2's in L.A. are now \$50) + still going to meetings w/ [E + D] (tho we've stopped telling them). We're alone in our place + looking unhealthy, but we don't feel depressed. Guess we still want to quit using, but don't want to stop right now, we just don't feel strong enough about it. Financially we're struggling, not sure what we're doing. We shd stop using, but right now we can't, or won't.

3 = merehorror imedge of 9, to Egyptians anywaze. They was counting knuckles on their digits (excluding thumb) or sum such shit. If we wint down the Egyptian path¹⁶⁵ instead of the Arab way this is how our clocks would look today (mapped to musical nodes even) ----->

Witch brings us to the key of f.....F
Our host (Telemachus + also 1/2 of Sound-furies, has 31 dayzzz of sobriety under our belt, un mes enter. And we have lots of pot lying round the house in herb + gummy bear form + haven't touched that for months, never did form a habit w/ $C_{21}H_{30}O_2 \dots C_2H_5OH$ however, we started to drink habitually these past ~2 decaids leading up to 2020 + the decaid b4 dat (the 1 in wich U died ('90s) was off + on). So far this decaid we ain't drunk a drop + we got lodes of wine + beer round the house to tempt us cuz we keep throwing dinner parties where folks bring us more then they drink + weave bin embibing nada but kombucha, soda H_2O , O'doul's ± hot T. Ulysses's record was 17 jours sans dope or pot... if we can believe U. But why wd U lie in your journalls? In letters to us, [H]ope + others U claimed to go for a month on the wagon.

It's 9:12 AM now. Our bedder-1/2 went to Bw/Odymore for the noche + we almost wint just to facilitate a clean break b-tween episodes 8 + 9, since weave bin working non-stop these past few weeks + might due us good to step outside this home/Bw/Ody weave bin inhabiting to stay in charactor as your journihilistic correspondent. We're writing this on our laptop tho, in Dreamweaver, as if we was on the road. Our laptop lets us ghost-write from wherever, tho the battery carries less + less capacity, down to about 1 hour max. We cd bee anywhere, in the living room, dining room in front of the fire (where we're writing from now), the kitchen or even up on the roof, tho it's too cold today for that. Such luck-shorey Ulysses never had—a home, a loving wife of 24+ yrs... or actually U did, when U was shacking up w/ [H]ope in Nice + had lots of prospects lined up, but U din't appreciate what U had at the time (who does) + was hooked on drugs. Bud U are 1/2 of us now, so U, TU, get to expirience the rest of our life w/ US, ox!

Just cuz we ain't in Bw/Odymore (not sure ever U graced Charm City?) don't mean we can pertend we're halving an out of home/Bw/Ody expirience. In fact, we got sum photos from our last cupple trips to Bw/Odymore that we never bothered to post b4:



¹⁶⁵ Duodecimal, not to be confused w/ Dewey decimal.

28-Feb-96—Santa Monica

Usual shit; unhappy, lonely, broke + high. In a little more than a week it will be exactly a year since we broke up w/ [H]ope, exactly a year since someone did something that effected me. A year since we felt some real emotions. Think we want to go for a run even tho it is probly not a good idea (it's 11 o'clock at night, very cold + we just ate.)

10-Mar-96—L.A.

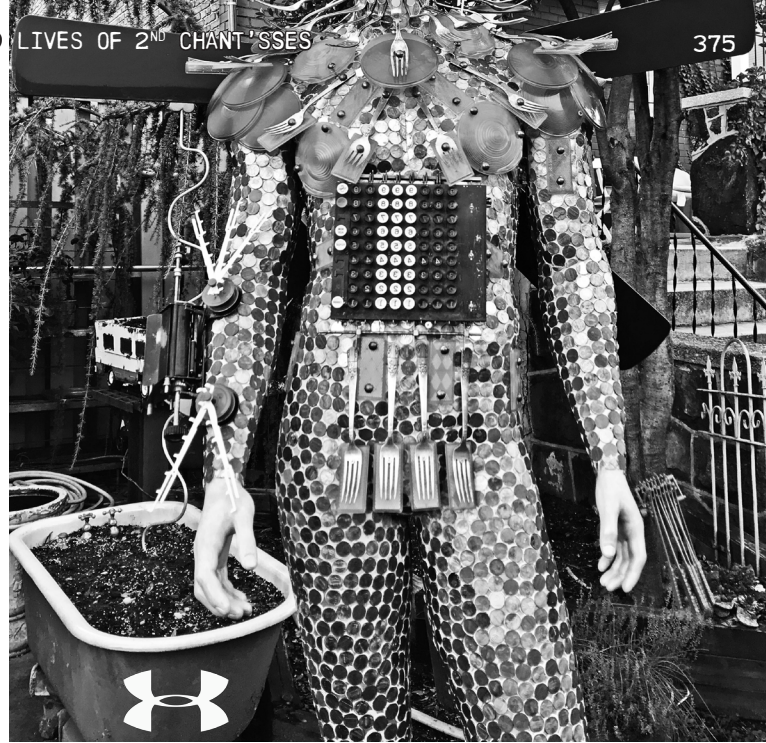
We're working right now, on the 1st video in which we're the art director. We're not getting paid very much + we have E helping me. The band is called Possum Dixon. We worked earlier in the week for Jeff McGann (while we were working on this low budge video) which paid a lot (\$500 cash for a couple hours of drawing).

Started going to the clinic about a week ago. We've been using almost every day since we started. Today we didn't go (we had a 6AM call) but we did use. Feel shitty right now + we have a ways to go on this video. We shd try to stick w/ this program (while we still can), we're really blowing it, we're a real loser. It's good to be working.

30-Mar-96—Santa Monica

Sunday—have spent all day inside, trying to get a hold of Diego. Just copped a ½ of dope + a 20 bag of blow. We go into the clinic tomorrow morning for detox + we're too strung out to try + do w/o til tomorrow. We tried to go into maintenance last monday, went there at 6 AM, did all the paperwork + then the doctor decided there was not enough "proof" (that we had been a junkie for at least a year) so they turned us away, told us we had to wait a week to start another detox. We decided we can't look for work/ go on interviews + kick at the same time, so we used for the last week, like we've done for the past year. We're sick of our life, of the cost (both financial + emotional). Starting tomorrow we want to live w/o heroin, this will involve returning to AA meetings. The idea of life w/o drugs seems foreign to me, it has been so long.....

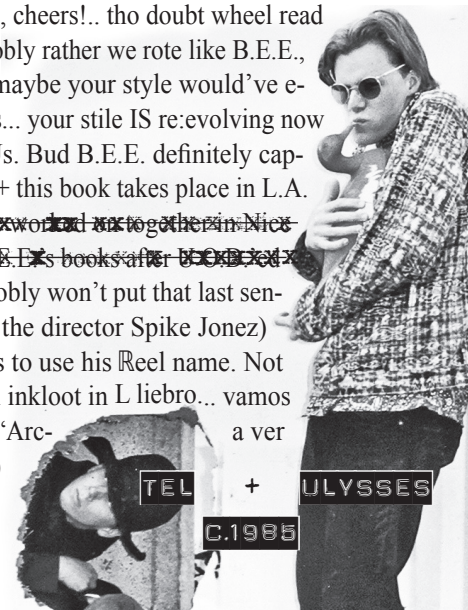
[R] called us a couple of times yesterday, sensed we were depressed + concluded (to E) that we were using. He seems concerned for our well being. Hope we can stick to the program + not stray...



xzbit i29. your correspondant a.i. striking a pose in Bw/Odymore (home of Under Armour)

We didn't Reely go to Bw/Odymore, but we did go for a walkabout just cuz we was getting cabin fever. Wd of gone for a run but our right calf was cramping up last week so giving it a brake to heel. Like U, we go stir crazy if we don't run or do sum sorta exorcise daily, can't imagine Vh the miles we've run these past 2-3 deek-aids, not to mention walking (in NYC, Rome, DC + wherever else). We dint do a microcosmic DC walk ayer cuz we reserve those for our bedder ½, Nausicaa. Wint solo on a randum walk wherever + brot sum liebros so we cd cross-pollinate our Calamari liebury boox. Sides books, we even picked up a crystaly stone dat cot our I in Rock Creek + like our father Sisyphus we humped the stone home on our back to put in our back yard.

Weave bin reading *The Informers* by Bret Easton Ellis, a liebro we got from a liebury boox sumwhere (+ yesterday sum1 left *American Psycho* in our boox, cheers!.. tho doubt wheel read dat). U, dear Ulysses, wd probly rather we rote like B.E.E., in finishing *Textiloma*? Or maybe your style would've evolved over the years like us... your stile IS re:evolving now dat U've turned into ½ of Us. Bud B.E.E. definitely captured the spearit of the '80s + this book takes place in L.A. ~~Our crush whose movie we worked on together in Nick~~ ~~even went on to adapt one of B.E.E.'s books after UCD led~~ ~~(Raboo of all that)~~ We probly won't put that last sentence in *Textiloma* (we call the director Spike Jonez) cuz ~~his name~~ don't want us to use his Reel name. Not shore what of this text we'll inkloot in L liebro... vamos Mañana we post episode 3 ("Archival Drawers Gone South") a ver ... stay tooned.





xzbit 130. Ulysses on the set of Epimetheus, encapsulating anon I'm us

Ulysses's journall entrées get more sporadic as we get into 1996. Our Tel ½ on the other (R) hand kept writing reams, mostly consumed w/ i-urning out our Δifferences w/ Nausicaa + the day-to-day of geological surveying to make a living. We took a tough love approach to U's problems, figgered they was sumping U needed to figger out on yr one, ox. From Jan to April we don't mention Ulysses in our diarrea. On Apr 30 we called to wish U happy birthday from way up in northern Canada, where we worked a job that took us into the Arctic Circle¹⁶⁶. Evidently they were still making *Epimetheus Unbound* + U still had high hopes of returning to France to work on it.

U make an appearance in our dream journal on Feb 9 (from Patagonia, AZ). We were gazing at a map of de Nile. Before our eyes it became a 3-D topographic map, showing the relief + then it was like we was there. It got bigger to life-size aerial, a deep cut terraced canyon in brilliant colors. We looked close + it was painted. Then we were part of the landscape, walking w/ Ulysses along this river, following the jagged canyon down to a museum that housed relics from prior rêves. We needed to get across, but by now it was a raging river. We traversed along the bank to try to find a safe place to cross. The banks were crumbling soulfur deposits, very unstable. Then a huge wave formed, coming right towards us. U yelled, soupriized that there was waves. We said "there was tides". We scrambled up the bank to avoid the rogue wave, but the banks kept crumbling away + we were washed in. We clambered in a panic to to get out. U decided the best thing to do was just swim. We found a barbed wire fence + swam towards it. We grabbed on + pulled ourselves along until we could get out. It was then we remembered that we had been to this x-act spot before, w/ mom, when we were young + the raging river was just a little stream. We had a mellow picnic + swam in the hot springs.

5-April-96—L. A.

Here, in the Asia TV Network studios, working on a promo for Go TV. We're the Art Director on this job, been working on it for about a week. We're shooting right now, sitting in the control studio, typing on our computer (we're in the background, behind the announcer.)

Been going to the clinic for 5 days now, going well so far. We're saving lots of money obviously. R + G (+ E) sat us down last week + talked to us about our problem... basically an intervention. We told them that this time we were going to make it work. Yesterday [E] called us from Redondo Beach, he was in town + needed to score, for a while we were tempted to do it (w/ him) but we resisted + we're glad. We hope we can stick w/ it.

16-April-96—Santa Monica

Rainy tuesday, spent the whole day inside (alone) watching TV. \$40 bucks of coke + \$20 of dope (after going to the clinic + drinking @20 ml of Methadone). This makes 4 days in a row (of using). Not sure wether or not we ruined our 21-day program (there's about 6 more days left). We've been going to meetings, but guess we just can't get into it.

Didn't bother looking for work today, there really isn't much we can do but wait. The drugs are costing us. The 1st 2 weeks of this month we only used twice (pretty good for us), but these last 4 days have cost us \$200. Our face is breaking out, we're feeling miserable (emotionally). We saw K (from Nice) the other night in Santa Monica + saw [T] this morning. He's the head of the coalition for clean air, kind of how we expected he would end up (in high school he was kind of an activist/ politician). Also ran into Marc Richards the other day (at an opening), we hope he'll come by (sses he has a piece of mine that needs fixing) + check out some of the new pieces.

¹⁶⁶ See <http://5cense.com/10/yellowknife.htm>, tho we haven't had a chance yet to transcribe our journals from the 1st part of 1996.

14-May-96—Santa Monica

Well, we're sitting here, alone, tuesday, 2nd week of May. No work, no life to speak of. We've spent the last couple of weeks in our apartment, either suffering (not using, not sleeping or eating + saving money) or feeling nothing (using, running, eating, sleeping + wasting money). Today we're spending money + using. In the last couple of months we've kicked a couple of times, but have always gone back. It appears as tho [S] has stopped using. We know we can stop, but we feel as tho we halve nothing to stop for, (no job or love...), we know that is no excuse. We're an addict, worse than ever. We're lying more than ever to cover it up. We're looking tan + healthy + as long as we act happy, most everyone thinks we've stopped. We're afraid that we'll never be able to get off of this cycle. If we do get a job tomorrow, what then? Do we use during the job? Do we try to kick? we're having the same problems as a year ago, no real change.

16-May-96—Santa Monica

Well, not much change. Still using, every day. Today it's cocaine + heroin. Last night we did 2x \$40's + we did 1 earlier in the day. We worked yesterday + the day before, on a Nike commercial (the 1st work in about a month). We're really running up our credit card bills. We're doing more dope now than ever. We don't feel depressed tho. Felt good to get out of the house + hopefully there will be more work soon. Patti Podesta [production designer on *Memento* (2000) amongst other things] wants to hire us to be an Art Director on a feature, we're also waiting to hear from John Spearson about working on some commercials.

Not much change in the last 15 months. We look healthy + feel okay, but we know that we're strung out + feel it when we go a day w/o. We want to kick, once + for all, but we're afraid + we need to find a time when we don't have anything to do (for 2 weeks). We're wasting a lot of money + that really gets to me.

14-June-96—Santa Monica

Same as yesterday + evryday/

25-June-96—Santa Monica

Finished a video yesterday, working for [K] as the lead man (4 days at \$250). K told us yesterday afternoon, at her house, that she was not happy w/ the way we worked. She felt that we questioned her too much. We thought we did a good job + had a good attitude. It seems that she feels that we're over-qualified to work under her + that we cannot just take orders + not put in input.

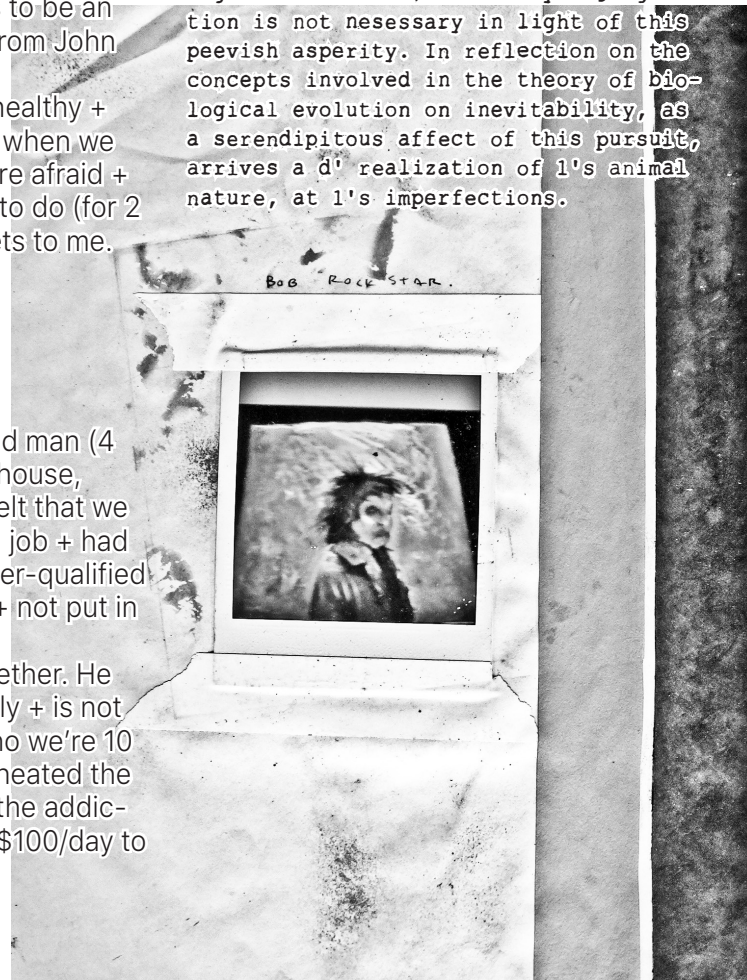
We met a guy named F on the job, we worked together. He is into shooting up dope, tho he doesn't do it regularly + is not hooked. We shot up w/ him a couple of times even tho we're 10 days into a detox program (our 4th attempt). We've cheated the treatment every day. It has been more than a year + the addiction continues, at an incredible cost (it takes almost \$100/day to keep us happy now).

UNTITLED + undated fragment:

The Japanese figurine stands tattered and antiquated on top of the tacky red desk (next to the conglomeration of bi-valves blocking the VU of the Ted Turnerized (color) photo of Periboea (someones Grandma surely)

Long slender meandering twig branches thrust toward the space occupying the exact center of the room in front of us. Leafless + w/o lechourous progenie (yunger) the quartet are the color of a bowl of thoroughly mixed Peptolbismo (¼) Ketchup (½) and motor oil (¼).

Catharsis of the ineluctable vortex of emotions, escalating despondency, seek any means grab anything to stop to eviscerate that pain which is not representative of any outside excoriate malady (stop the emotional suffering)...moments later it is elevated. No a'tempt is maid to completely understand the events wich caused the suffering to occur + to objectify those means witch made possible, a palliation of the emotional state (the point of this investigation being simply the avoidance, if possible, of this suffering in the future). Derisory oburgation is not nesessary in light of this peevish asperity. In reflection on the concepts involved in the theory of biological evolution on inevitability, as a serendipitous affect of this pursuit, arrives a d' realization of 1's animal nature, at 1's imperfections.



ULYSSES

Ulysses never stays in 1 place for longer than 6 months. All our life weave bin on the move. We have an amazing amount of possessions for sum 1 who's always traveling. We keep all these things scattered a bout, over 3 continents + 13 countries. Ulysses has acquired a lot of acquaintances in the proses of wandering about.

Typically it takes us 2 weeks to find a suitable apartment in a new place, usually working before the end of the 1^o month. Before the end of the 6th week we have a wide círculo of amigos + the abilidad to get a cross town on public transport. Getting cheques printed up avec nouvelle adresse usually takes us menos de 2 meses. Before week 9 we find l'amour. Our relationships w/ women are rapid + wreckless, dovevano essere.

After about 4 months Ulysses starts to bitch about his job + the ciudad we live in. Before the 5th month comes to a close, Ulysses has his 1st run in with local polizia + is becoming a regular in the bar local. We turn into an irritable misanthrope by the time we leave wherever it is Ulysses happens to be.

Our relationships always last 4-6 weeks, the pattern always the same... Ulysses makes local friends, these amici know a single ragazza or fille they think might be perfect for us so they set us up + we go out + get drunk + hook up + wake up + continue to have sexuelle relations w/o even chit-chat for these 4-6 weeks. Both of us are thoroughly disgusted w/ each others presents after a month but both are so neurotic + insecure that we just kind of hold on til our little fling crashes into a rock. 1 of us is always hurt (usually Ulysses, but we do a good job of masking it). It's around this time that we move on to the next pueblo.

ANTICLEA

Our mom was (is?) a Greco-Roman bombshell who was single + loved la dolce vita. She went out a lot + managed to swing the cash to send us, her only sun, to the best boarding shools money could buy.

Anticlea moved around a lot. Rich old men tend to migrate to exotic places--Palm Springs, Carmel, Cape Cod, Biarritz, Acapulco, Monaco-- + she had a knack for finding 'em. Wherever these ol' tycoons went, mom was there, w/ Ulysses in tow.

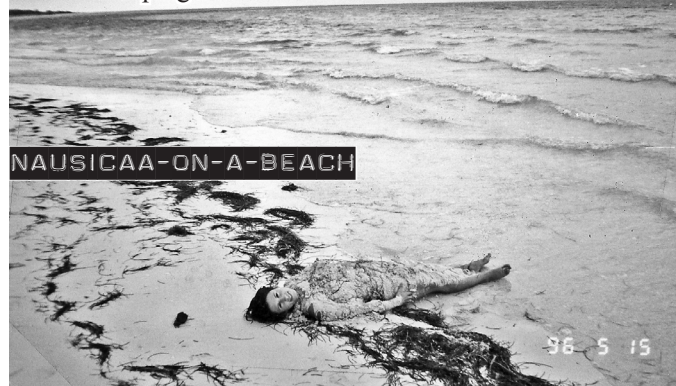
These rich geezers appreciated Anticlea's youthful looks so much it seemed to fizzically hurt them, u could see the pain in there yellowing teeth. Their faces withdrew involuntarily into scowls when she turned away. Being with her was taxiing, it took a lot out of 'em. They usually died of strokes on links courses w/ in 2-4 months. We always imagined the lecherous fuck, whoever it happend to be, clutching his sweaty green golfing shirt as he's rapping up sum dirty joke to his cronies (½ of whom have already had a go w/ mom).

She did take care of us, her onely son. She pampered us, gave Ulysses everything she could possibly give. But mostly she gave us unkles. We got over 500 of 'em, their names kept in a register mom hid under the spare wheel of her white 280SL.

Like father like son, our Telemachus ½ shared a similar wanderlust that seams menny yung artist/climber types born in our era shared + deemed incompatible w/ relationships beyond casual non-binding sex. Not shore where this myth (of women + wanderlust being mutually exclusive) grew from... Henry Miller, the beats, the hippies, or maybe it was just US?

Our pairunts divorced before we was even born + we din't have a lotta good role models far as relationships wint. Sin embargo, in high shcool Telemachus manedged to stick it out 5 yrs w/ Calypso, mostly as an x-cuse to doormirror away from the toxic clutches of Penelope + the even more over-arching matriarchal rein of Periobea that manedged to always rain our brother Ulysses back in, to the old house in Menlo Park.

Despites U's fictional braggado, we suspeck U cd probly count your sexual partners on 2 hands, maybe 3, tho besides [H]ope, nun lasted more than a few weeks, maybe months? ~~Telemachus on the other hand, we can count our sexual partners on 1 mano, the 1st a 1-time pancake, the 2nd Calypso + #3 was Nausicaa.~~ Even tho we met Nausicaa in 1991 (see pg 274), we we wasn't reddy for each other yet so split up + we wint off to be a hard-man climber bum in the Black Hills + then to France to work on *The Postmodern Epimetheus* together w/ Ulysses + then after the movie (+ after time spent paying off a debt to Penelope) we bot a van w/ carpet on the walls that we lived out of + was wandering home/aimlessly when we ran into Nausicaa in Tucson, mid-1995. Now, in our over-arching story, it's mid-1996 + we was still gun-shy of taking the leap, despite our unbridled love for Nausicaa... still leery of of the restrictions a committed relationship wd halve on our care-free vagabond lifestyle. ~~Little did we know, hitching the knot w/ Nausicaa wd take us to every continent, living in Italy + Africa + traveling to far more countries than women the fictional U boasted sleeping with¹⁶⁷.~~



¹⁶⁷ In 2015 alone we calculated we travelled ~100k nautical miles + slept in 65 different beds around el moondough: <https://5cense.com/15/459.htm>.

When finally we graduated from the 6th High Shcool we attended, mom married a filthy rich (former) investment banker from Buenos Aires. He was constantly flashing us his fake teeth, sseying he was gonna take care of us for the rest of our lives, ya di ya di ya. Anticlea took us aside at the High Shcool graduation reception + said we wouldn't need to move around no more, that Ulysses would have the same room for the rest of our life. This was a real wake up call. We spent 1 noche in this new casa + left the next morning w/ a gym bag full of cloths + this tio's silverware wich we pawned for a bus ticket to Arizona were we worked as a roofer. Ulysses worked long hours all summer + saved up some dough. In the fall we took off for Burma, where we worked for 5 months teaching English... for almost 11 years Ulysses circled the globe, living out of a backpack, not even sending Anticlea a single postcard.

PENELOPE

We've moved 25x since high shcool, lived in 13 cuntries. In 11 years weave had sex w/ 36 women. Told 10 of 'em we loved 'em + proposed to 3. Only 1 of 'em wanted to get married, her name was Penelope.

Penelope was (is?) a free-spearit from Greece. After 5 months together we proposed to her, but things went downhill from there + she fled. She's the only woman we have ever had a child with, although we have never seen it in person, only scratched up Polaroids. Penelope moved out when she was starting to show. Ulysses considered changing our ways + settling down when we saw Penelope pregnant, but we were having an affair w/ a woman from Florida at the time who proved to be very convincing. Penelope went home alone + had the kid + we never herd from her (or the kid) again.

The irony is that Shelley, the girlfriend in Florida, had no idea that her # would be up in a couple months cuz--with this rare exception--the women in Ulysses's life never overlap. We've been told that Ulysses looks rico suave, "a bit like an '60s Italian film star" but none of these birds can put their finger on which 1 + we're never bronzato nor do we wear occhiali da sole at night. Maybe we got the look still, but truth is our mined is running in low gear. Ulysses is tri-lingual + this pertty much gives us a high I.Q. in the eyes of these svelte bunnies, carte blanche to go where no man has gone, before us.

Ulysses is now 28 + except for a couple of crow's feet around the eyes when we squint into the typically glaring sun, everything is hunky dory. We maintain the farce of a running habit well enough. In fact, it seems Ulysses is always going off for or coming back from a run, wearing Nikes + matching onion skins + singlet.

Went from the Arctic Circle to Florida (where the previous pic of Nausicaa was taken) in May '96. On May 27 (1st anniversary of our being reunited) Nausicaa called us from the hospital... she rolled a Suburban on the Tohono O'odham reservation, where she was working for NEXUS (Near road Exposures + f X of Urban air pollutants Study (funded by the EPA)). We were stuck working a job across the border in Sonora (always seems we're stuck in Mixeco when bad shit happens). She was OK (suffered a concussion, minor bruises + cuts) freaked out more than anything + we was addled cuz we couldn't be they're for her, couldn't sleep we was so sick w/ worry. If we did sleep we *"kept dreaming about getting back to Tucson, about making train connections—trying to get across a bridge but their was a hostile armed clown interrogating [us], or about meteorites + how most meteors never make meteorite status but disappear into thin air before they hit the ground, induced by [a co-worker], the meteor freak, he carries them all over his body while he works. He'll take 1 out from where they're wrapped up in his pockets + pouches. Considers them information packets from outer space. 'Rusia 1946, Senegal 1974.'* When he talks of meteorites we think of Nausicaa tumbling thru the atmosfear but luckily not striking the ground. Just across the border. They ssey we all will be in a sirius accident by the age of 30. We're not looking forward to that day. But we thank our lucky stars that Nausicaa is OK." [...] We couldn't believe how much shit Meteor Man carries around on his person in the field, so we made a facetious comment that 'we bet if we aksed u for a.., a gas mask, u could provide us 1.' + Meteor Man smiled + said 'sure.' We got into our Suburban + Meteor Man got into the truck behind us. After a few miles we looked in the rear-view mirror + there's Meteor Man, sitting behind the wheel with a gas mask on! U can only dish out Meteor Man's per diem 1 day at a time + even then, he's bound to run off + buy gadgets or drugs or 12-pacs rather than nourish himself. Worse was when we did a job in Nevada w/ him... after hardly eating for a week cuz he was saving his per diem to gamble, he hit a casino come friday night + of course he's also plied w/ free drinks. He passed out in the middle of the casino + the ambulance came + they had to pump him full of electrolytes. Meteor Man sses when he starves himself it feels kind of cool, 'like good pot.' He told us about another job in the Dominican Republic (we had a lot of downtime together driving to whatever job site) where he got strip-searched. He had 36 hours notice to get ready for this job so his girlfriend gave him a bunch of speed. "I got my shit together, but holy hell I was wired. Then I realized I was on an intl flight from Miami to the D. R. + that I still had 2 or 3 pills on me. I thought to flush them down the toilet but was afraid I'd get caught. So I ate them. When I went thru customs I was freaking out. The customs occifers was searching thru my

Aug. 2

Well, stayed up all last night. Saw [or bo twice the narag, th last time U stiffalbin for fifty, knowing that it might be our last time. R + E drove [us] to the airport + we flew to Tucson. Flight in + we're driven out to Sierra Tucson. [We] feel tired + hungry. Our face looks like shit, our arms look like shit + we feel like shit. The coke is making it so we're not feeling agitated + sleepless or at least so we think. It has been a while since we kicked. This is our first time at rehab. R is spending a lot of money on this + guess we feel a little guilty.

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Aug. 5?

We've been in the medical ward of Sierra Tucson for 3 days now. Doctors + nurses constantly checking on us. We've had no real withdrawal symptoms. We've a [clonid plarth on wich] makes us groggy. Talked to E earlier + expressed our concern @ R puting our stuff in storage + quitting our apartment. We really don't know what we're more afraid of, losing our drug connection or losing a really great apartment in a great location. Our thoughts right now still revolve around getting high.

We'd love to be able to sneak in a syringe. Full of speed + all + shoot it up, we don't know where that would leave us later. These next 3½ weeks we guess are to work on why it is that we need to grow past these feelings + back to a plan in our life where drugs weren't important. We talked to Telemachus tonight (he's here in Tucson), he seems very concerned.

bags, sseying 'ok gringo, where's the marijuana, where's your cocaine?' Finally they let me go cuz they couldn't find nothing + sum dude picks me up + I'm still all jacked up on speed + paranoid as hell, convinced this guy is a terrorist that is gonna drive me into the jungle + kill me... finally we get to the job site + there's a bunch of grunts there waiting for me to tell them what to do. I realize I don't know a lick of spanish except what I learned from Pancho Villa flicks, so I ssey—'arriba, riba, vamonos muchachos! Viva la revolucion!!' + it worked, they all followed me."

June of 96 we traded our Econoline van in for a used Isuzu Trooper so now had a monthly car payment to add to our worries. Most of June was spent working a Tensor IP job in Ely, Nevada, 13-14 hrs a day on avg, 7 days a week. In July (in-downtime between jobs) we went w/ Nausicaa to Zion + the petrified forests + that big meteor crater in northern AZ, but really we wanted to be climbing + writing. We'd also shaved our head wich didn't go over so well w/ the girlfriend. We were still breaking up + getting back together on a monthly baysis. The rest of July was spent doing a Gradient IP job in Winnemucca + then Battle Mountain, NV. Our motel room there reminded us "of Oregon. When we see ourself in the mirror w/ a beer in our hand we can onely think of our dad. What are we doing here in this shithole of Battle Mountain? All the vehicle in the parking lots are untility 4WDs. The sun is setting."

End of July our other brother had a baby girl so early August we flew to the bay area w/ Nausicaa. It was there we found out that U'd been sent off to rehab in Tucson, of all places. Evidently U had maxed out your credit cards + were starting to write fake deposits to try to withdraw money from. E + R went to get U from your apartment, they said U looked like a walking skeleton, your skin covered w/ lesions cuz U'd been picking at your skin. Your veins were collapsed + U were so skinny they could see your skull. They said there was only a sliver of U left. So they put U on a plane to Tucson. U tried snorting up what was left of your heroin cuz U didn't want it to go to waste + tried to smuggle needles onto the plane.

We flew back to Tucson but couldn't see U. U were only allowed one 5-minute call the 1st week while U were withdrawing. We called Sierra Tucson + talked to a few people including the nurse. When we aksed how U were doing she said, "well, he is still detoxing, he's probly not feeling so well."

<< The entries on Ulysses' computer stop between June to November of 1996. In early August U went to rehab at Sierra Tucson, these entries were transcribed (best we could) from your handwritten journal (above left).

We really do love him + its hard for us to be like this knowing that he's worried. Telemachus doesn't need drugs to be happy, we wish we could be like that. Maybe it would be good to start over, maybe here in Tucson, living w/ Telemachus. We could learn a lot from him. Our life in L.A. has been sporadic + trying. Work has been scarce. We've spent the whole time in a drug stupor + if we return, maybe these feelings will just come back. R is generous enough to send us here, we should trust him to decide what is right for us. We know he loves us + we know that this last year his avoidance of us was because of our using.

Everyone is human, everyone is susceptible to drugs, the secret is to build a defense against it, not let it control your desire to feel pleasure. We must relearn how to feel pleasure from other things, from relationships, work, beauty, art, everything. We must keep telling ourself that when we pushed that plunger into our vein, the rush we got was not pleasure, but an almost uncomfortable sense of overpowering danger. It never lasted + it costed too much. It's time that we look at every person in our life. All of them (that live w/o drugs), all of them are happy (sometimes) all of them see something in us that we cannot, when we're high.

Aug 7 (Sierra Tucson)

Well what a day it's been. The 1st day we actually stayed awake + went to our meetings. This morning we stole a needle from the med. room + got caught. We also called our phone modem (to hear 2 messages from Carlos) + was caught (R called our therapist + told her that he was not willing to talk to us, that we needed to get our emphasis on ourself). It's been very stressful, but we feel like we made some progress. We changed rooms. We're now staying alone.

Aug 12

Feel physically great. Felt very railroaded these last couple of days (our therapist, by Telemachus, mom + R) into inviting mom. We know (w/o being paranoid) that her intent is to somehow manipulate us, acquire control, to make herself feel like she can actually be a mother to us when she gave up that option years ago. We guess we will just make the most of it, ask the questions she does not want to hear, be confrontational + then not speak to her for a while.

Aug. 12.

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SPEAK TO HER FOR A WHILE.

On Aug 6 we wrote: "Where did things slip up? What happen to this so called 'family'? Guess these are things that Ulysses's rehab will bring out. Talked to U on the phone last night, your 1 allotted 5-minute phone call. U were all drugged up on some drug that started with a Q, said it made U sleepy. That's an understatement, U sounded comotose, slurring your words, like U had a big wad of cheese in your mouth. Said it wasn't so painful, not as painful as before. The place sounds like a resort, climbing wall, pool, trails into the Catalina Foothills. U sounded terribly frightened but optimistic, like U were trying to make the best of being in living hell. U were a little paranoid that R was emptying out your apartment + taking charge of your life. We tried to tell U not to worry about the outside world, to just concentrate on yourself right now. Then a ringer rang, like U are in prison. We're pretty upset about all of this... we know a lot of good will come of it, not just for Ulysses. U were the martyr, going through all this suffering on our be-1/2."

Our employer wasn't happy about it, but we canceled some trips so we'd be around the week U got out of rehab + also inkwired if U cd work as a helper on some of our jobs.

August 14, 1996 — Mexico City

[had to leave on another quick job in Mexico] There was a message from Ulysses's "family therapist" saying that U had finally consented to having mom come to the sessions.

August 17 — LAX

Got up early our last day in Zacatecas + got a cab to the airport. It was still dark out. Checked in, went thru emigration, then waited, reading the Rig Vedas. Fell in + out of sleep in the clouds. Got into LAX at 8 a.m. Called R + got no answer so called E. He swung by + we ate breakfast at Denny's. Had to make it short cuz we had a connection to catch. Burning out on flying. Got into Tucson, checked in at home, got our mail + went into the office.

As evidenced by the date on the following letter, U were working from Sierra Tucson (signed w/ dbnr (dictated but not read) so perhaps this was a service they provided) + U also use our P.O. Box for your return address (since you'd lost your apartment) so maybe you were planning on living with us?

August 22, 1996

M: [REDACTED]
LACE Galleries
6522 Hollywood Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Re: "Bliss Project" Show

Hi M: [REDACTED]

Enclosed are sildes of work exhibited in other shows. All of my telephone numbers and addresses have changed. I can be reached at:

P.O. Box 4 [REDACTED]
Tucson, AZ 85733

520/6[REDACTED]

Thanks for everything.

Take care,

[We'll keep paraphrasing from Tel's journull cuz U's don't start back up til Nov- - - >]

ULYSSES

dbnr

Aug. 28, 1996 — Tucson

Finished up "family week". Mom was really getting on our nerves even tho we'd just drop her off at her hotel every night. Took advantage of all this "communication therapy" to try to communicate to her that if we were ever to see eye to eye + have a healthy relationship as 2 adults, she would have to seek out help for her marijuana ± food addiction. She's so much in denial. Just sitting through

these meetings she has every symptom of an addict. And when they ssey for every addict there is an enabler, we're an enabler by accepting this behavior as the way Penelope (+ Ulysses) just is. We were right about her years ago in high school + shd have stuck to our guns in keeping our distance. Saturday took Penelope to the airport early. We were going to climb w/ Nausicaa, but we were just too frazzled, hadn't slept much + was up at 5 AM taking mom to TUS. Sunday Ulysses was allowed to leave Sierra Tucson for the day so we showed him around town. Went to an artists A.A. meeting down off Congress. Sat + listened to a bunch of addict's whiney verbal diarrhea. Talked to Ulysses about living in Tucson, but U had your mind set from the beginning on getting back to Frisco. We're sort of glad cuz that would have been hard on us + Nausicaa having U live w/ us in our tiny place. Met Nausicaa for lunch + afterwards drove up Mt. Lemmon. Every time Ulysses would get in the car U'd crank the stereo really loud + tap your hands + feet spastically + U'd talk about yourself constantly, 1/2 of wich was pathological exaggeration... taxing on the nerves trying to be patient + understanding w/ Ulysses. Took U back to Sierra Tucson Sunday night. Getting sick of all the driving.

Next day we had 2 job interviews, then went + picked Ulysses up. U were glad to get out of that "prison," as U called it. We picked up some movies + plopped U in front of the tele. Went out to Parilla Suiza + listened to U talk about yourself... actually, the 1st thing Ulysses wanted to do when U got out was go see *Trainspotting*. The ironic thing was that we talked U out of it + saw *The Island of Dr. Moreau* instead, but it was probly worse as far as relapse triggering... Val Kilmer is jacked up on opium or heroin the whole movie + was feeding drugs to the 1/2-humun/ 1/2-animal creatures.

On Sept 2 we wrote: Weird how only when u finally give up on an idea—when u all but forget about *trying* to be a certain way—that only then does it just come natural. We think a lot of this has to do w/ the week spent w/ Penelope + Ulysses in rehab. Now we appreciate the importance of simple happiness, that maybe we take for granted the good things we have, like Nausicaa. We're opening our horizons to any job oppurtunities as long as they pay over \$10/hr. If we didn't have car payments, etc. we'd probly stoop even lower. Unlike Ulysses, we're not above doing whatever comes our way, we just think of it as experience.

Ends up both Brazilian jobs were put on hold for at least another 2 months so Z + P are doing the job in Alaska that we were spossed to do w/ Ulysses. So now the plan is we're spossed to go to Mazatlan with S. Getting sick of this shit, probly gonna quit.

August 22

Picked up mom + our other brother then went to see Ulysses at Sierra Tucson. U spent most of the time arguing w/ Penelope about piddly shit + she was being negative, both of u throwing psychological blame back + forth, arguing about wether U wd go back to L.A. + it all only made Ulysses withdraw furthur cuz mom was trying to control him. Our other brother brought photos of his newborn but U were too wrapped up in your treatment. U seemed positive tho, almost too positive. Not at all humble.

We were confused as to supporting + believing U when your therapist said U were in denial about how bad your problem is, totally manipulating us. For the 1st part of the week we were to have "no contact" w/ Ulysses. Dropped mom off at her hotel, where Penelope insists on going straight to every night this week. The next morning we took our other brother to the airport then picked up mom for the 1st day of "family week".

9 Nov 1996—Mt Shasta, CA¹⁶⁸

Just spent the last week up here at Penelope's, drying out, so that we can go back to S.F., pass a drug test + check ourself into a Rehab house. We haven't made a diary entry since around June. Things were getting pretty bad (in Santa Monica) + in July we were sent to Sierra Tucson, for 24 days. It was a good experience + felt good to sober up + deal w/ some issues, but it was'nt enough. We got out, spent a couple of days w/ Telemachus + then went to L.A. to take care of our stuff. Our apartment had been vacated by R, our car was impounded + our stuff was put in storage. R freaked out on us for some reason + we haven't had any contact w/ him since. We called our old dealer in L.A. + got high while we were staying w/ E (in Santa Monica). E, E + D all noticed the change in our behaviour + we quickly left to S.F., in denial. In S.F. we stayed at Periboea's, made a 1/2-ass attempt at finding an apartment + spent a lot of time + money hanging out w/ E, getting high mostly. We went back to L.A. after about a month, to get the rest of our stuff. We used everyday in L.A. (staying at E's in L.A.), spent a lot of money. E figured it out + told the family. We came back to S.F. to a very upset + frustrated family.

After a while we got hired as a substitute teacher + to support our occasional habit we sold CDs, used gas money, pawned stuff, etc. Things were getting out of control. Last week we checked out this live-in rehab residence in S.F. + then went to the mountains w/ mom, for this past week to dry out so we can pass the drug test to get into this place.

We don't know how we feel... we want to stay sober, we're sick of what drugs has done to our life, but at the same time we also feel very alone. Sometimes we wonder what the real motivation is, to please others, to do just what we want to do (what we can get away with) or to run our life into a horrible death? Right now we're w/o a role model, an inspiration + it is hard. We do hope this all would end, this emotional turmoil, everyones aversion to us.

Sept 19: Another week of writing + job-hunting. Everyday we write a dozen cover letters for jobs + another dozen query letters for publishing stories. We take all these resumes + writings to the P.O. + check our mailbox, waiting. Then we go home + wait by the phone. Nausicaa will call + we get our hopes up thinking this is the call we've been waiting for... but nothing doing, just Nausicaa checking in to see if we heard anything. Our self-esteem is spiraling into a hole. We can't sleep, we wake up in the middle of the night feeling terrible about ourself, wishing we could sleep to escape. If we was into a drug or drinking, this is the point where we would start to abuse it...

We (Telemachus) don't mean to co-opt U's story but we need to fill in the gaps U left in your journulls + inter-personal communications. This **step/isode #9** is sposed to "Make direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others," where *such people* are those from stepisode 8 that we hurt. These same steps apply to enablers. We was pretty cynical about these 12 steps back then + still are now as were U, tho U had to buy into them to a certain extent cuz there was nothing else to go by, all these rehabs were rooted in the 12 step program. Nowadays they got a version for atheists, so at least it cuts out the god b.s. But even all the other pop-psych Dr. Phil mumbo jumbo is hard to stomach. Was there more we could of done? Sure. We dwell it to this day, 24 years later. Once a year or so Nausicaa cries, questioning if we did enough. Were there amends we din't make w/ U + vice-versa? Of course... there always will be in retrospect. At the time we were both self-consumed. Dating back to our father's suicide Tel's coping mechanism was to be stoic + numb + put distance between us + family. It's enabled Telemachus to survive thus far. But is there more to life than just surviving?

October of '96, Tel was working 80-hr weeks w/ moronic rednecks in Elko, NV. We almost developed a gambling habit cuz there was nothing else to do in that state. Much as we hated the idea of money, it was necessary for most of our ambitions: travel, climbing, good food, buying books, a computer to write, etc. (+ to add to this U had the added expense of your drug habit...).

¹⁶⁸ For sum reason U started writing your journull entries in Papyrus font, but we got standards to keep, ox!

More than anything tho, all we wanted to do was spend the rest of our life w/ Nausicaa. The main difference between U + our Tel-½ is that Telemachus had found love, a keeper. Your keeper got a way + U never recovered.

On October 9 we dreamt were swimming in a pool at a retreat in Idaho (a sort of reform school for Ulysses). These 2 redneck guys had their backs to Ulysses + were right in front of Tel. They started talking trash about U + Tel let them talk, pretending we didn't know Ulysses. 1 of them said— "then he sat down at breakfast.... + u know what he sses? He sses, 'We can't wait til you pass us the salt!'" Tel spilled ketchup on ourself + the rednecks took a glass of water + splashed us off. Ulysses was leaving + then we saw Nausicaa. We started skipping merrily next to U as U walked out, to try to cheer U up cuz U were being all mopey.

On Oct 28 (in Elko) we mention that U were substitute teaching in San Fran. "That would be a sight to see," we wrote. U said it was complete bedlam, that the inner city kids ignored U + were totally unruly. At 1st we thought teaching kids would do U sum good, but then realized it made U even more cynical.

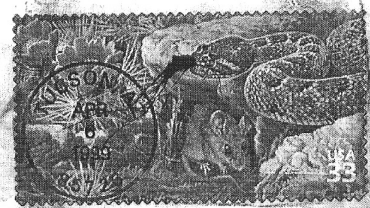
On Nov 3 (from SLC) we wrote: Finally going home. Time stopped this past week, seemed the job would never end. Our allergies wreaking havoc on our immune system. It snowed more. Our line passed between the 2 pits of Newmont mine (largest gold-producing mine in the country)... total heciticity, wires going over the haul roads, huge metal tractors, backhoes, watertrucks, haul-pacs, etc. each one grotesquely out of scale, such that back in the real world, 18-wheelers on the freeway seemed like little toys. Our transmitter site was on a peak between the pits. We had to monitor various mine frequencies to find out when they would blast to tell the others to observe radio silence (not to mention to get the fuck out the way). We'd bunker in our little mobile shed listening to all the dispatch of trucks + machinery necessary to shuffle around massive amounts of dirt. When they would blast we would stop + watch. 1 of the shots was right above the pit. We could see the grid of holes where all the explosives were. Then there was a chain reaction... a flash against the overcast sky, the top 20 feet of soil over an area of a dozen football fields rose 10 feet into the sky + dropped back down in loose piles. Bursts of clouds of colorful dust, from gold to red to purple, then the rumble in the ground + than came the sound of the blast in a series of rapid fire shots like Chinese fire crackers. More + more dirt loosened + ready to be scooped + hauled away.

November we started talking marriage w/ Nausicaa... not cuz we agreed w/ it as an institution, but cuz we were applying for the Peace Corpse (the best way we could think of to live together internationally) + to get placed as a couple we needed to be married. We didn't invite any 1 in our family cuz we wanted it to be our special thing. "Penelope would twist it into a fiasco, ruin it by sseying stupid shit + we were afraid U would unconsciously attract negative attention to yourself + honestly didn't think U cared what we did w/ our life U were so self-consumed + we didn't want to rub it in that we'd found love. We called U + mom on Nov 9 + U inkwired what we were doing over thanksgiving so we casually said we were getting married (as an excuse as to why we weren't going home for thanksgiving). U sounded genuinely surprised + happy for us + said U wanted to go but we said we were going to elope + not really have a wedding.

On Nov 17 U said Ulysses checked into a ½-way house in San Francisco. "Sounds humbled" we wrote.

16 Nov 96—S.F. O'laugh ½-way House Well, its the end of our 1st day here in the rehab house. We checked in yesterday, to stay 6 months. It's gonna be hard. We're giving up a lot, our freedom, our sense of privacy. We brought our self here, if we don't work our program we'll crash + burn. We have to quit thinking + just live. We have to wake up, go to work, get back for dinner, go to our meetings, go to sleep + be accounted for.

Today was a bad day, mom correctly identified us as being high, we denied it + we fought. Penelope treats us good when we're staying sober, she cares. We have to stay away from her, she makes us upset + then we act out. It's not over... we can still work it out, things will get better, long as we don't use. We're in a good place. Our financial woes will be worked out. Our family issues can be worked out. We have to be patient. 6 months is a long time, but it go by quick. We must be calm + collected. We have to do things right, by simply not doing anything but being a normal person, being a junkie who is not using junk.



ENABLING THE SNAKE CHARMER ¹⁶⁹

We were spending our honeymoon in India in a large ornate house. The house had minarets on each corner, like the Taj Mahal. In the inner courtyard was a pool with leaves covering the surface, but otherwise clean. Pornographic statues decorated the exterior of the house. Recovering drug addicts escaped to this house to get clean, although it was not advertised this way.

When we asked why nobody was around, our turbaned concierge told us a cobra had been spotted nearby and all the locals had freaked out and split. I was thinking it couldn't be that bad—that you just had to keep your eye out for it. But the concierge warned us that they weren't like the rattlesnakes we were used to back home in Arizona. "Cobras—they *desire* to bite you," he said, "and there are no rattles to warn you of their coming. And when they bite, you will die."

My brother and his friend Ricardo were with us. Ricardo had short red hair and was wearing a sleeveless unbuttoned vest. Although not technically trained as "scientists," Ricardo and my brother had somehow come across a chemical that they—through a series of reactions—could convert into a drug (FRET) that could get you super strung out with no side effects. FRET wasn't classified yet as an illegal substance.

¹⁶⁹ Reprinted from *Poste Restante* (2006, Calamari Archive ISBN 0-9770723-6-3).

Then we postponed the wedding, but still planned for it to be on a holiday (Xmas eve) so we would have an excuse to not go home over the holidays.

The Peace Corpse was really putting us thru the ringer. In a questionnaire they inkwired "do you get depressed?" + we answered "we're human, don't we all sometimes?" So we had to get a doctor's note clarifying that we didn't have clinical depression.

On December 19, 1996, evidently U went down to 2063 to pick up a rent check + took a detour. When U arrived back at the 1/2-way house they drug-tested U + U failed so U were back on the street. Periboea wouldn't let U stay there so U were leeching off A + now A's roommate is calling Periboea demanding that U leave or he will leave.

When we called U U sounded like shit. Slurring your words in a stupor. U said U weren't high, but we don't know what to believe anymore. U were on the verge of tears the whole conversation, talking about your suicidal thoughts + how U were good for nothing, etc. It was hard to listen to in the comfort of our room, so beyond our control, we don't know

21 Nov 96—San Francisco

Well, its been a week here at the Henry O'laugh house + we don't know how things are going. Yesterday we hung out w/ W, did some shopping for [L + M's] birthday party. Had a good time + we'll see the whole crowd friday night at the party. Its been raining ever since we were shooting, about 2 weeks prior + it seems appropriate. We just don't feel as lucid as we should, for a good reason.

Spent the last hour talking to a lawyer about bankruptcy. He told us that we should wait + let them sue + win a settlement, before we file. Sses we should try to make our student loans defferable, which they become after 7 years of activation. We're going to wait + let the credit card co.'s sue + win, etc. We'll see. Work is going good, today we taught grade school (Protrero), it was OK.

26 Nov 96—San Francisco

Here at the 1/2-way house. Teaching is going ok. We're still smoking everyday, have been for more than a week. We're not ready to work the program here, not yet. Tommorrow is Thanks-giving + we will be going down to the old house... at least mom is not there.

Our group, which we've gone to twice, is full of heavy duty conflict, it's really intense + somewhat scary. 4 guys got thrown out of here last week, among them, [T], who was starting to become a good friend. He was thrown out for missing dinner. We almost skipped the same dinner, thinking that weekend dinners weren't mandatory. Oh well, we're still here, coming up on 2 weeks. We have to stop using soon, even tho we don't want to. We're only smoking a small amount, but it is enough to cause problems + enough to get a little bit addicted, not to mention costing a lot of money. Time to join the team, start working our program.

8 Dec 96—San Francisco

Coming up on 1 month in the house. We're feeling better, but still struggling w/ stopping. We don't want to get caught (with a random ua [?]). That would be the end for us. We're feeling healthy + good, think we can stick it out, we have to.

A month from now, on the anniversary of our fathers death, we will have a month, our little secret. We know that it is time. It has been more than a year. We must keep reminding ourself that our problems will diminish + things will get better, if we start living an honest life, we will have our life back.

15 Dec 96—San Francisco

Got ourself kicked out of the O'laugh house last night. [L] noticed that we were swaying, dazed + reported it to [K]. They told us that we would have to take a drug test, we confessed to [L] that we had drank earlier (at Periobeas). We were subsequently asked to leave. We were obviously very distraught, almost suicidal.

We drove to A's + waited outside, his roommate let us in + we've been here ever since. We think that A will let us stay here til we can find a place (we get paid on the 2nd). We hope everything works out, we hope we're able to finally stop.

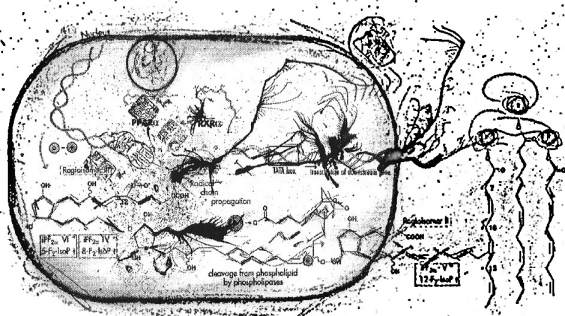


Exhibit C. Cleavage of FRET (Frangipani Resonance Energy Transfer)

They had come to India to recover from excess enlightenment and ended up synthesizing drugs for further enlightenment—all under the roof of this supposed halfway house. My new wife and I tried not to question their motives or let it put a damper on our honeymoon. She understood he was half of me. To distract us from what was really going on, my brother was playing a toy slide-whistle—the kind they used in the cartoons we watched as kids to denote somebody falling or slipping.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"On the flight over here."

"Wouldn't that distract the other passengers?"

"It's amazing enough that we are able to fly in the first place. People should never forget that and take our ability to overcome gravity for granted." He resumed playing his whistle.

That's when the cobra appeared. Our turbaned concierge took off running. We stood our ground because we had nowhere else to go. The cobra was mesmerized—as if the sound itself was creating the snake. I speculated that the cobra was attracted by the sound, but Ricardo argued that the snake was hypnotized by the appearance of the flute. "It's a phallic thing."

"What's a phallic thing?" asked my new wife. "The flute or the snake?"

what any 1 can do (b-sides yourself). "We don't think U will live." we wrote at the tail end of '96. U said U can't make it on your one, that U will ether end up dead or in jail¹⁷⁰. U don't get paid 'til January 2 + U said you're glad U don't cuz U fear what U would due w/ the money. But U still go to work, ssey that the students ask for U back. The phone sounded sew weighted on the other end, voicing your grief.... what kin 1 ssey? We spout the usual, "only U kin help yoself." We haven't been there, ox, at least not that far gone. We've slept in our car in randum places, despirate, thinking we had nowhere to go, broke a bottle once + held the chard end to our wrists, but couldn't break the skin. Or the 1/2-hearted time we stuck our head in an oven ... but that gave us too much time to think about it (we never had a garedge udderwise we might of tried the way our father Sisyphus did it. But Telemachus never had a fizzical addiction on top of the dipression we went thru. We never had axsses to drugs in our most despirate moments. "It's like we're belaying U on a climb + U are running it out," we wrote. U're on the vurge of falling + U haven't

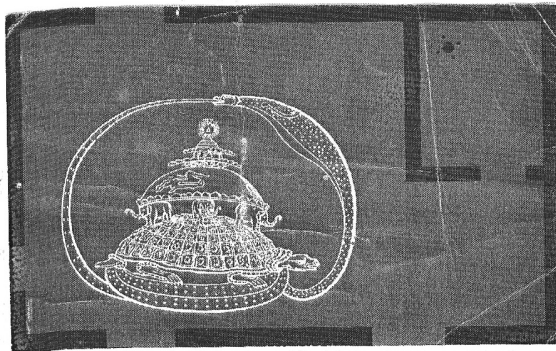
The flute strained and squeaked and then stopped whistling. It was now just a swish of air. We weren't taking any chances. I ~~U~~ threw the slide-whistle at the cobra, and we all jumped into the pool clothed. Only then did I notice the temple monkeys roosting on the courtyard walls heckling and jeering at us. We had been so wrapped up in our immediate concerns that we didn't realize we were there only to provide for their amusement.

I felt my new wife feeling around down there. The water was murky enough that no one could tell.

NY, NY

April 2001

[[this] is (Tel's) way of threading the needle between all the stories, art, documents, journals, etc.]



Poste C. Phylogenically Constrained Recapitulation

[postcard/invite to U's solo show in Santa Monica in '91 (see pg 257) w/ hindU oregon myth + Ouroboros (in refrence to our father's methods) superimposed.]

14

placed no protection + are looking at groundfall... "cratering" as climbers call it. Even tho U are passing by bolts that U cd be clipping, a crack U cd be "sewing up". When u are belaying, there ain't nothing u can do but watch. U can yell edvice up to them, but u are on the comort of solid ground + they are hanging by their fingertips. We could ketch a fall if U placed sum protection in, but you've run it out all the way + now the onely thing that can save U is to just NOT FALL.

This marks the end of '96... ~~Xmas even we tied the knot w/ Nausicaa + then drove the length of Baja for our~~ ~~honeymoon~~. We don't know how the family spent the holidays, your last entry for '96 was Dec 15. Your next entry was January 17, 1997, the last entry U ever wrote in your journull... but we'll save that for next episode. So from hear on out we're left to our one devices to figger out what happend to U, where U went.

AMENDMENTS to "make amends" (in refrence to step 9) (2/4/2020):

amend | ə'mend | verb [w/ objet]

1. make miner changes in (a text) in order to make more accurate or up-to-date: *the step was amended for non-believers.*
2. modify formally, as a legal document or legislative bill: *did s/he amend her original last will + testament later on?*
3. make better; improve: *u can never amend or alter Penelope's mindset, she's an old dog.*
4. (archaic) put right: *a few steps wint rong, but these halve bin amended.*

... knot dat we god to make amends w/ nada. Sin embargo, we go thru these steps in solidaridad, as an enabler, a survivor. Vicarius giving U another 2nd chants, ox.

POST-HO

My quantum physics profes against reality. He held an quantum physics was the l had no other direction to kibbutz/retreat fashioned af

After leaving my l massive banquet room. delinquents. One freshma stockings was sulking quie He filed down each row shielded himself with a plas we couldn't identify him, w was. The questions he ask didn't relate to the specific

"You don't seem aff "You don't think

scrambler. "Observe!" He took a pair o blackboard. Even the fro stockings stopped her so connected the holes with problem. His writing was Once again, we were distr wasn't knowledgeable eno just took notes and re-sketo

To distract us f scheduled break, a heavy up. The guitarist was goi Rickenbacker that soundec getting everything set just anything.

¹⁷⁰ Not sure where this fear of being incarcerated came from, perhaps from our time growing up in Mexico (definitely made Tel paranoid about smoking pot)? Unless U got caught in certain countries overseas, like your x-housemate S who's shackled up in Bangkok Hilton.

