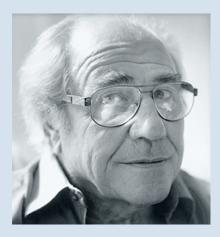
Absolutely Banal

Hello. The Excitement. The Glamour. The Impossibly Grand **Adventures** and Improbable **Events of** Everyone's **Favorite** Soundscape Provoking Critical Theorist. Sit Tight.

Guestbook

Tuesday, March 06, 2007

May his simulacra carry on . . .



Obituary

Wikipedia

- David, 2:36 PM

Thursday, December 21, 2006

I no longer blog here.

Please visit http://www.myspace.com/lastnightsofparis

Thanx

- David, <u>4:51 PM</u>

Wednesday, March 29, 2006

I know I've been posting a lot of music blogs lately, but, heck, listening to music is all I've been doing lately. My job here at the library demands that I page books from the storage facility in the morning and sit inside a cubicle for the rest of the day processing books for the online catalogue. What makes these rather monotonous tasks tolerable is listening to music on big ass headphones, which means I listen to about 40 hours of music a week at work, plus multiple hours in the car and all the uncounted hours at home. Then there's the long spans of time I spend composing my own tunes for deadphone and Last Nights of Paris.

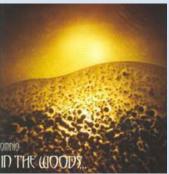
So, needless to say, music is on my mind a lot these days.

Which is rad because not only have I been discovering all sorts of new musicians, but re-discovering stuff I haven't listened to in years, but which,



at the time (and which I'm re-realizing in retrospect), affected my life in really deep and personal ways.

The band this week which has reawaked all sorts of memories and emotional sensations is In the Woods. Especialy these albums:





but I'll let the wonderfully exhaustive **BNR METAL SITE** do the job:

I was going to attempt a description of this band's diverse musical brilliance,

"The history of In The Woods ... dates back to 1990 and the creation of another band, <u>Green Carnation</u>. With that band splintering in 1992, three of the members (these being Anders Kobro and the brothers Botteri) decided to shift direction away from the death metal of that band's early period, and after recruiting new members, In The Woods ... was born. Originally described as black metal, that term does the band no favors, as the orchestration and experimentations shows a much more varied sound than simple black metal. **HEart Of The Ages** is the more immediate album, featuring some incredible shrieking vocals (though clean vocals are found throughout) and generally more mid-paced, guitar-oriented songs, while the latter two albums feature male and female clean vocals, more experimentation, and a slightly slower pace overall. Comparisons to bands such as <u>Therion</u>, <u>The 3rd And The Mortal</u>, <u>Celtic Frost</u>, and <u>My Dying Bride</u> have been made, and while In The Woods ... sounds like none of these, there is a touch of each in the mix, along with others as well. They prefered a low profile (indicated by the cryptic band member names, and never indicated who played what), heightening the sense of mystery that surrounded them. After releasing **Three Times Seven On A Pilgrimage** (a collection of three singles recorded at various times over their career), it was announced that a concert in December of 2000 would indeed be their last, closing the books on a quite unique band. (That concert has now been released, as **Liveatthecaledonienhall**.) The three original members mentioned above were seen back in the rejuvenated <u>Green Carnation</u> at various times over the last few years."

I'll just add that on "Three Times Seven on a Pilgrimmage" there are excellently done covers of King Crimson's "Epitaph," Pink Floyd's "Let There Be More Light," and Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit." What I really enjoy about these covers is that they seamlessly fit in with the other tracks on the album, as if In The Woods had composed these songs themselves.

I definitely wouldn't recommend this group to everyone, especially if you have an aversion to clean vocals (often quite operatic even) and a hugely dramatic sound.

- David, 12:05 PM

Thursday, March 23, 2006

Ok, I know I have about 50 new favorite bands at any given time, but what can I say, I listen to A LOT of music. That said, it's always a pleasure when a band really catches my attention, makes me pause whatever I'm doing and just lean back and listen.

The band this week is Justin Broadrick's most recent project Jesu.

Their MySpace page is **HERE**.

The songs on their profile don't really represent their range, in my opinion, but if you're a huge fan of Broadrick's other projects, especially the almighty Godflesh, you won't be disappointed if you buy any of their albums. Alternately atmospheric and heavy, the compositions are so beautifully arranged, with fluctuating dynamics of various intensities, tones and tempos.

I don't know what I'd do if it weren't for all the amazing musicians (and labels like Hydrahead) out there annihilating all the bullshit and making the world an incredible place to be.

- David, <u>11:40 AM</u>
Thursday, January 12, 2006
- David, <u>1:24 PM</u>
Wednesday, January 11, 2006
I kinda splurged on some books yesterday with my first full paycheck.
I got:
It's good to be reading Derrida again. I haven't really read him since I burnt out on his work while at UC Irvine. This one seems promising as he makes a characteristically gradual and some would say tedious consideration upon the space between "paper" and the "machine" (figuratively and literally, as in the imprint left by graphic technologiespapier-machine is French for typing or priting paper), documentation, archivization, and, of course, their implications in this era of modialization.
I also acquired two books I've coveted for a long time:
Politics of THE VERY WORST PAUL VIRILO and
Ah, it feels good to work the brain again
- David, <u>11:19 AM</u>
Friday, January 06, 2006
a sad day of the dearly departed
My iPod died today. It slipped right out of it's case and smashed onto the cold, hard library floor. Let us take a moment to mourn the loss of 20 GB of truly beloved music files. We will miss them dearly. Funeral services will be announced David, 12:25 PM
Tuesday, January 03, 2006
between pain and the lawn

I'm today's superimposed voice

metonymically close, pre-phenomenally amplified, abstract; desire this.

bodily, extreme avant-garde skeletons, means audience's long criticism praised many a present spectacle.

a similarity minimum persuasions physical promises a unidirectional resurrection terrified of insignificance

blown

American structures, world urban middle-class desire.

fascinated events, they frame everywhere banality,

sharp-edged splinters of desperation gone lethargic from mundane abuse

maybe the latest processed fatality- the latest obscenity, this pain

- David, <u>4:33 PM</u>

Sunday, January 01, 2006



HAPA NEW YEAR!!!
- David, 10:15 AM

Friday, December 30, 2005

Welcome to the future!

Fasten your belt seats it's time for downsplash!



- David, 2:18 PM

Wednesday, December 28, 2005

diminishing emergence

I move in erasures,

stenciling deletions around an obsolete solitude,

tracing delusional silhouettes,

like exhaled air trailing itself, or smoke become legible-

an atrophied instant became a breaching abeyance that removed me in lenient seizures-

I am a bound echo, strumming blankly across the mute strings of a numbed chord,

sneaking away in the middle of a memory,

directionless and timbre fingered,

moving through droves of hesitant ghosts - David, 1:21 PM

Thursday, December 22, 2005

"The Matrix is everywhere. It is all around us. Even now, in this very room. You can see it when you look out your window or when you turn on your television. You can feel it when you go to work... when you go to church... when you pay your taxes. It is the world that has been pulled over your eyes to blind you from the truth."

"The Matrix is a system. That system is our enemy. But when you're inside, you look around, what do you see? Businessmen, teachers, lawyers, carpenters. The very minds of the people we are trying to save. But until we do, these people are still a part of that system and that makes them our enemy. You have to understand, most of these people are not ready to be unplugged. And many of them are so inured, so hopelessly dependent on the system, that they will fight to protect it."

"This is your last chance. After this, there is no turning back. You take the blue pill - the story ends, you wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill - you stay in Wonderland and I show you how deep the rabbit-hole goes."

--Morpheus (The Matrix, 1999)

Are you ready to see the truth behind all lies?



President George Herbert Walker Bush, Skull & Bones Knight of Eulogia (Magog, Satan's War Leader), CFR, Trilateral Commission, Committee of 300, Illuminati

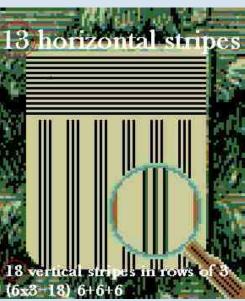


Israel Supreme Court, Jerusalem

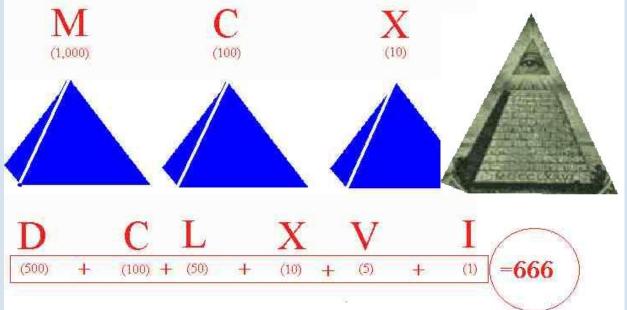


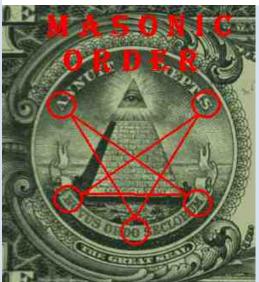
The Louvre in France, 666 pieces of glass

On the 1 dollar bill..

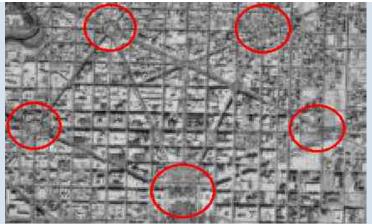


(6x3=18) 6+6+6
"This calls for wisdom. If anyone has insight, let him calculate the number of the beast, for it is man's number. His number is 666."
--Revelations 13:18





Ushering in the New World Order



Washington DC



Pentagon, ground breaking ceremony: 9/11/41

"The drive of the Rockefellers and their allies is to create a one-world government combining supercapitalism and communism under the same tent, all under their control. Do I mean conspiracy? Yes I do. I am convinced there is such a plot, international in scope, generations old in planning, and incredibly evil in intent."

--Congressman Larry P. McDonald, 1976, (killed in the Korean Airlines 747 that was shot down by the Soviets)

"The interests behind the Bush Administration, such as the <u>CFR, The Trilateral Commission - founded by Zbigniew Brzezinski for David Rockefeller - and the Bilderberg Group</u>, have prepared for and are now moving to implement open world dictatorship within the next five years. They are not fighting against terrorists. They are fighting against citizens."

--Dr. Johannes B. Koeppl, Ph.D. Former German Defense Ministry Official and Advisor to former NATO Secretary General Manfred Werner

"The technotronic era involves the gradual appearance of a more controlled society. Such a society would be dominated by an elite, unrestrained by traditional values. Soon it will be possible to assert almost continuous surveillance over every citizen and maintain up-to-date complete files containing even the most personal information about the citizen. These files will be subject to instantaneous retrieve/review by the authorities."

-- Zbigniew Brzezinski, CFR member, founding member of the Trilateral Commission, National Security Advisor to five US presidents

"There does exist, and has existed for a generation, an institutional Anglophile network which opperates, to some extent, in the way the radical Right believes the Communists act. In fact, this network, which we may identify as the Round Table Groups(Lord Milner's crew), has no aversion to cooperating with the communists, or any other groups, and frequently does so. I know of the opperations of this network because I have studied it for twenty years and was permitted for two years in the early 1960s to examine its papers and secret records. I have no aversion to it or to most of its aims and have, for much of my life, been close to it and to many of its instruments. I have objected, both in the past and recently, to a few of its policies but in general my chief difference of opinion is that it wishes to remain unknown, and I believe its role in history is significant enough to be known."

--Dr. Carroll Quigley, author of "Tragedy and Hope "(1966), CFR member, professor and mentor to Bill Clinton at Georgetown University



CFR (Council on Foreign Relations) logo



Church of Satan founder, Anton Szandor LaVey



Church of Satan



President George W. Bush, Skull and Bones Knight of Eulogia, Illuminati



President Bill Clinton, Bilderberger, Trilateral Commission, CFR



Vice-president Dan Quayle, PNAC



Homeland Security director Tom Ridge



Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi, Masonic Knight of Malta

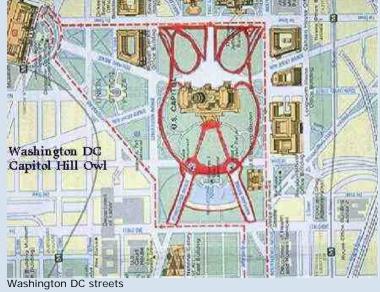


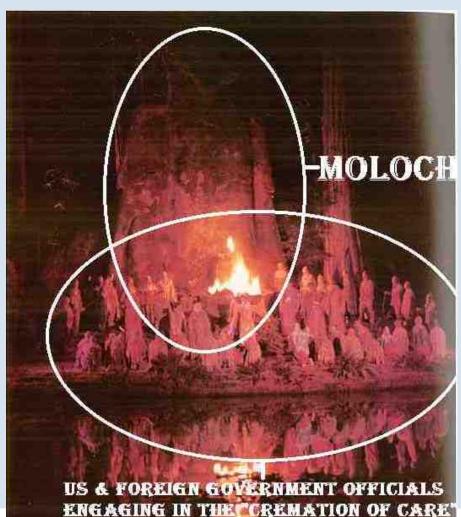
King Abdullah of Jordan and Russian president Vladimir Putin, two of the finest in false-flag terrorism



General Tommy Franks







ENGAGING IN THE CREMATION OF CARE

The Summer Encampment begins with one of Bohamia's oldest traditions, the Contaction of Carte, whereat Dailt Care is bautshed annually by this mock-disade rite. The extension is modified slightly each year by different directors. The High Priest presides at the Owl Shrine in the 1976 version.



National Press Club logo, Who do you think runs the press?





"It is Satan who is the God of our planet and the only God."

--'The Secret Doctrine' by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

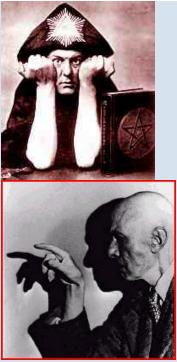


The Masonic Religion should be, by all of us initates of the high degrees, maintained in the purity of the Luciferian Doctrine. Yes, Lucifer is God.

--Instructions to the 23 Supreme Councils of the World, July 14, 1889. Recorded by A.C. De La Rive in La Femme et l'Enfant dans la FrancMaconnerie Universelle on page 588, Albert Pike 33rd Degree Mason and <u>founder of the Ku Klux Klan</u>

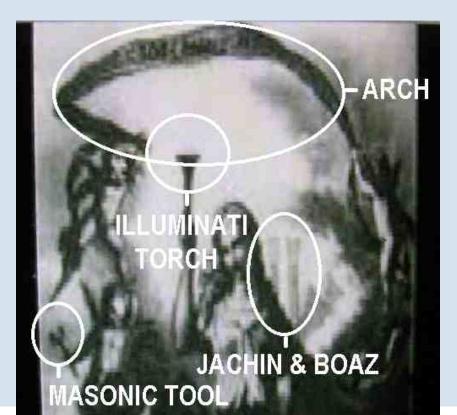


A statue of Albert Pike sits in Washington DC. Why is Jesse Jackson not calling for it's removal? Because Jesse Jackson is a 33rd Degree Mason.



I bind my blood in Satan, all that lieth betwixt my hands. To thee, and thy control, I pledge me; body, mind and soul.

--Aleister Crowley, Grandmaster Ordo Templi Orientis





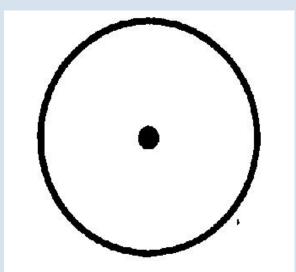
Renaissance era masonic painting

Clearly, the masonic architects of New York intended for it to be New Babylon in spirit.





modern structures



The following is an excerpt from another page...

The point within the circle is an interesting and important symbol in Freemasonry ... The symbol is really a beautiful but somewhat abstruse allusion to the old Sun-Worship, and introduces us for the first time to that modification of it, known among the ancients as the worship of the phallus ." [Albert Mackey, A Manual of the Lodge, New York, Charles Merrill, Company, 1870, p. 56; also Edmond Ronayne, The Master's Carpet (Mah-Hah_Bone), 1879, p. 324-326; Emphasis added]

Just in case you missed Mackey's shocking sequence of events leading up to the more shocking ending, let us restate his statements for you. In referring to the circle with a dot in the center, Mackey said first, that Masons "utilize" it in their worship of the Sun God Osiris, which is bad enough

because Osiris is Lucifer; but then Mackey says that Masons practice the "old Sun-Worship" which involved the worship of the Phallus, the man's penis! Freemasons worship the sex act, just as pagans and heathens have done for centuries! Finally, we have a clearer understanding of the nature of Masonry, and we can see more clearly that it is definitely not Christian.



Now try to imagine the twin towers superimposed over each other. Look down at the top of the twin towers. Would the antenna on top of the north tower, the male tower of Jachin, also known as Osiris not create a dot within the circle on top of the south tower, the female tower of Boaz, also known as Isis? It appears as though if one were turned upside down, that it would fit like a lego block right into the other tower.

It's your choice what to make of the following Biblical scriptures. Is the propehcy true, were the 9/11 architects executing the attacks to coincide with the prophecy, or is it all just a coincidence?

Revelations 18:9,10

"When the kings of the earth who committed adultery with her and shared her luxury see the smoke of her burning, they will weep and mourn over here.

Terrified at her torment, they will stand far off and cry:

"'Woe! Woe, O great city, O Babylon, city of power! In one hour your doom has come!'



The south tower, which was shorter without the antenna (Boaz or Isis, the female tower), fell in 57 minutes.

Revelations goes on to discuss all of the commerce that went on in Babylon and how people came from all over the world to do business there. If this doesn't smack of New York, specifically the trade center and the amazing stock market escalation of the 90s which preceded the 9/11 attacks, then I don't know what would.

Revelations 18:17-20

"In one hour such great wealth has been brought to ruin!"



"Every sea captain, and all who travel by ship, the sailors, and all who earn their living from the sea, will stand far off.



When they see the smoke of her burning, they will exclaim, 'Was there ever a city like this great city?' They will throw dust on their heads, and with weeping and mourning cry out" "'Woe! Woe, O great city, where all who had ships on the sea became rich through her wealth! In one hour

she has been brought to ruin! Rejoice over her, O heaven! Rejoice, saints and apostles and prophets! God has judged her for the way she treated you."

The CIA doesn't want Osama Bin Laden.

Scotland Yard <u>doesn't want Haroon Rashid Aswat, orchestrator of the London bombings</u>.



Bin Laden is CIA (DOCUMENTED)



Aswat is MI6 (DOCUMENTED)



Hamas is Mossad (DOCUMENTED)



These are demolition charges.





These are controlled demolitions of buildings using demolition charges...



The squibs in world trade center building 7 clearly indicate charges going off.





Here are the squibs in the twin towers. You may note that the squibs appear smaller than those in the buildings above. This is not the case. The twin towers were just much larger structures. They were almost a quarter mile tall so the squibs appear small in comparison to the building.

The squibs were evenly placed all the way down the building. Watch the 2nd video down. There's more here.

Is this any surprise?

Larry Silverstein, leaseholder of the world trade center stated on the record that building number 7 was a controlled demolition. He was later asked about this revelation and refused to comment. Why is this significant? Because FEMA, the Federal Emergency Management Agency said that building 7 fell as a result of fire. Only Larry Silverstein's buildings were demolished on 9/11 and this was after he had taken out a 7 billion dollar insurance policy on them only months prior.

There were <u>numerous</u> eye and ear witnesses. <u>Here's my favorite</u>. Of course the claims were never followed up on because the towers came down and were later cleaned up by FEMA and sent to China for smelting under violation of federal regulations. Larry Silverstein and his buddies recently bought the Sears Tower in Chicago.

The phone number to Silverstein Properties is: 212.490.0666 (666, ill-omen)

The address to the Sears Tower is: 233 South Wacker Drive | Chicago, Illinois 60606 (666, ill-omen)

Read more about the Illuminati's execution of terrorist attacks, military engagements and other events on days of occultic significance here, as well as here.



Masonic shrine



Masonic 33rd degree mantra

Ordo Ab Chao is Latin for Order out of chaos. It means that the government or New World Order that Hitler and today's politicians talk about, is granted more wealth and power as a result of chaotic events.

YOUR CHAOS=THEIR ORDER

YOUR CRISIS=THEIR LICENSE

YOUR LOSS=THEIR GAIN

YOUR PROBLEM=THEIR SOLUTION

It works through a process called..

problem>reaction>solution

It is based on 17th century philosopher Georg Wilhelm Fredrich Hegel's Dialectic, which was..

thesis>antithesis>synthesis.

It's a social engineering tool, psychological warfare. The firebombing of Germany's Reichstag Parliment Building was an inside job and so was 9/11, the Oklahoma City bombing and scores of others. They use agents like Bin Laden and Aswat to persuade jihaddists to engage in acts of holy war, jihaddists who don't realize that their boss is working for global imperial interests, not against them.

The destruction of the trade center on 9/11 was a result of explosives that were planted weeks prior. The planes were flown via remote control and were only used to elicit emotional responses from Americans across the country who had never been to New York, much less the World Trade Center. If they were to see planes overhead, it would strike fear in their hearts. They would empathize with those on board whom they believe saw their fate coming.

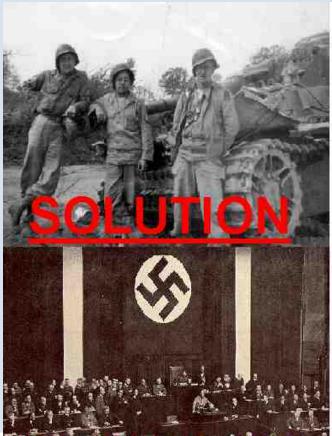
That way, not just New Yorkers but all Americans were gripped with fear and anger and would support whatever domestic (patriot act, police state) and international (war) tyranny the federal government would roll out, thinking it would protect them from such future carnage.

The pilots and crew were rendered unconscious from nerve gas and the alleged phone calls from the doomed flight crew were not and could not have been made. The federal government's story has been proven false at every level. At least 7 of the 19 alleged "hijakcers" are <u>alive and living</u> abroad. This has been reported extensively in the international media. All of this is highly documented and you will see all of it.













Do you really think that the spying they're doing on Americans is to prevent terrorism? Just keep the borders wide open and strip search Americans at airports and train stations, right? Institute random checkpoints on the roads and force everyone to carry national ID cards. That's what Hitler and Stalin said. Well the national ID card was passed through congress earlier this year and you have to carry it in 2008.

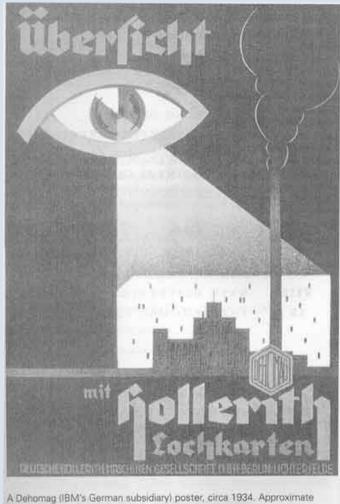
The <u>VIPER mercenaries are now doing what they call "random shows of force" at airports and train stations nationwide</u>. You are now guilty until proven innocent. Just wait until the police state extends it's tentacles into the suburban and rural areas. There will be no escaping it.



1930s Nazi Germany



2005 United States



A Dehomag (IBM's German subsidiary) poster, circa 1934, Approximat English translation is, "See everything with Hollerith punchcards."

1930s Nazi Germany



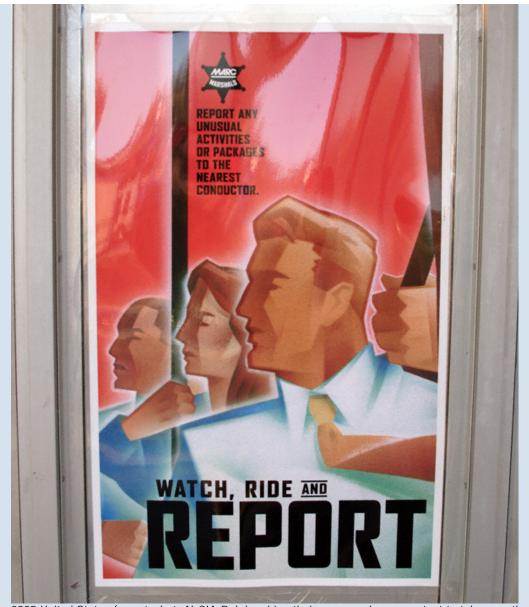
2005 Britain



2005 United States



1930s Soviet Union (report what, the Bolsheviks bombing their own people as a pretext to take over the world?)

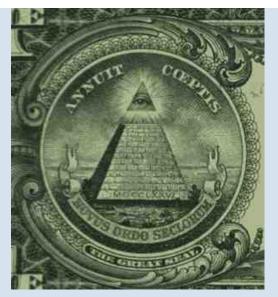


2005 United States (report what, Al-CIA-Duh bombing their own people as a pretext to take over the world?)

What you need to understand about the swastika is that it pre-dates Nazi Germany. It was a <u>symbol used by many ancient cultures to represent the Sun God</u>. The symbol was later adopted by Adolf Hitler's regime and took on a new meaning.

The all-seeing eye of Illuminati on the back of the US dollar bill emanates light. The ancient Babylonian belief which the Masonic Order that is rampant in Washington DC is based on, is the idea that the sun is the eye of God. So essentially, both the swastika and the eye of Illuminati are symbols based upon the idea that there is no authority, no justice beyond cosmic anomalies. As Aleister Crowley said, "Do what thou wilt. That is the whole of the law" and believe me, the Illuminati plans on it.

The Nazis never died. They only changed their name and symbolism. They weren't founded by Adolf Hitler and they weren't buried with him.



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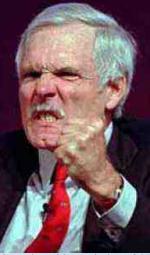
THIS





"Military men are dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns for foreign policy."

-- Henry A. Kissinger, quoted by Monika Jensen-Stevenson, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, Dutton, 1990, Page 97, citing The Final Days, Woodward and Bernstein (Simon & Schuster, 1976)...Who they picked to initally head the 9/11 commission



"A total world population of 250-300 million people, a 95% decline from present levels, would be ideal."

--Ted Turner, media mogul and humanist, and UN Spokesman and advocate of world population reduction from an interview in Audubon Magazine



"The commitment of government to deal with the population issue is of course essential...There are many ways to make the death rate Increase."

--Robert McNamara, Secretary of Defense, New Solidarity, March 30, 1981



"In the event that I am reincarnated, I would like to return as a deadly virus, in order to contribute something to solve overpopulation."

--Prince Philip (Husband of Queen Elizabeth)



"Techniques such as Genetic engineering, Psychoactive drugs and electronic control of the brain make possible a transformation of the species into docile, fully-obedient, 'safe' organisms."

--William Sims Bainbridge 'Religions for a Galactic Civilization' paper given at the 19th Goddard Memorial Symposium of the American Astronomical Society, Pentagon City, Virginia, March 26~27, 1981. As Deputy Director of The National Science Foundation, has received from GW Bush \$800 million in funding.

They want to kill over 80% of the world's population and they plan on doing it through genetically engineered viruses, sterilization and cancer, as well as a 3rd world war.

The remaining 500 million will live in slavery. The Illuminati doesn't believe this will be a bad thing. They fell as though they are the wolves and we are the lamb and that by not controlling our numbers, we will run rampant and destory the world. They will feel no remorse in taking all physical possessions from us since material possessions are not essential to life. The CFR's own Carroll Quigley, whom wrote about their world takeover plan in his 1966 book "Tragedy and Hope", discussed the need to abolish private property rights.

They want a world government monopoly on firearms and property yet when you look at history, you see how effectively such a catalyst is for genocide (Stalin, Hitler, Mao). They believe that criminality or sin lies in the actor, not the act. I believe they feel that they are the keepers of the world and that their ultimate intentions are good. However we all know that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

The earth shows great resillience and naturally balances overpopulation with famine and pestillence. Why do we need a self-important network of degenerates to essentially play God with our lives? We don't and if there is any justice in the universe, they will be stopped but probably not before things get much worse.

You're dealing with existentialists, social darwinists. When you graduate to the 33rd degree of freemasonry, you're told that you are above human beings and that they are cattle or goyim.



"Do what thou wilt, that is the whole of the law"

-- Aleister Crowley, Grandmaster Ordo Templi Orientis.

Notice the all-seeing eye of Illumination Crowley's hat and the Satanic book next to him. That photo was taken many years before the eye was put on the US dollar and before the pentagon (center of the pentagram) was built on 9/11/41.

The Columbian faction of the Illuminati founded the US government, hence Washington DC (District of Columbia) and their all-seeing eye which is on the CBS (Columbia Broadcasting Service) logo. They control the federal government, all mainstream media, the churches through the vatican, the universities, and most fortune 500 companies.



CBS Illuminati eyeball

People often ask, why would the most powerful people in the world be involved in such chicanery as numerology and occult symbolism. The explanations for this are quite logical but they cannot be understood until you establish a multitude of prerequisites, until you understand their history, their present structure and their future goals. I will list websites that may aid you on your journey for the truth at the end of this article.

The bronze fasces, used since Roman times to symbolize civic authority, are located on both sides of the U.S. flag as seen below. The original Roman fasces consisted of an axe within a bundle of rods, bound by a red strap. Fasces in the root of where the term 'fascism' comes from.



Roman "Fasces" on the wall behind the Speaker's Podium US House of Representatives chamber, United States Capitol.



Another shop of the speakers' rostrume. This is from where President Bush has delivered four State of the Union speeches.



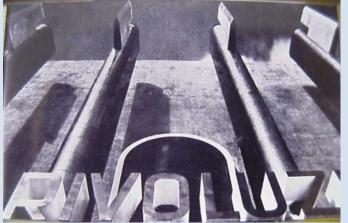
At the Lincoln Memorial, Washington DC, Lincoln's seat of state bears the fasces on the fronts of its arms.



What do we have here? The same symbol on a Nazi stamp.



2Two large crossed FASCES compose the insignia of the National Guard, creating a huge "X" superimposed upon an openwinged eagle.



Giant Fasces appear here in 1930's Fascist Italian propaganda.



A Fascist Italian postage stamp featuring the Fasces.



The Fasces on a US dime.



The Mace, which is the symbol of the Office of the Sergeant at Arms, is placed by the Sergeant at Arms on a pedestal at the Speaker's right each time the House convenes. The mace is also used in the British and Australian parliaments and is also a Nazi symbol of power.



Look again at the Nazi postage stamp, featuring the Mace on the right hand side.



And this time Maces can be seen in the background as Hitler gives a speech.



Sieg Heil Busch!

There were precursors, indicators if you will, to the 9/11 and London attacks which are now manifesting here in the United States. I'm not talking about the sun and the moon. I'm talking about the shift in propaganda, the actions of the federal government, etc. The indicators today are pointing to nuclear terrorism. However they may postpone it for several years.

The elite establishment's false-flag orchestators have certainly taken into account the massive awakening in the people across the country and the world who now believe 9/11 was an inside job, so I would imagine they are gauging the repercussions of launching another attack for fear that it may backfire.

If there were an attack on the nuclear scale, they would certainly declare nationwide martial law and the Constitution and Bill of Rights would be but a distant memory. Recently retired General Tommy Franks has said that would be the case.



UN Troops cooking a snack

Daniel Estulin, whom along with Jim Tucker documents the sensitive information coming out of the highly secretive annual Bilderberg Conferences, recently discussed how at "Bilderberg 05" in Munich Germany, the Bilderbergers addressed the so-called "American Patriot Movement", those Americans who are resisting the New World Order's plans for global domination and consequent enslavement of the world. They allegedly discussed the prospect of engaging those Americans militarily, using UN troops.

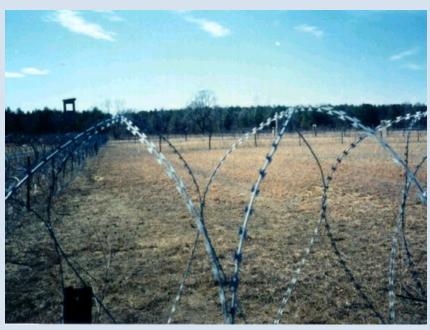
In FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency) documents, it is stated that abandoned military installations are great for "civilian occupancy." You may have recalled how the federal government was shutting down hundreds of military installations recently. Of course they said it was because they don't need them. There is always a legitamate cover story but use your imagination. If there were a nuclear scale attack which was orchestrated to mobilize us for war with Iran and bring back the military draft, do you think they wouldn't put all of those who get in the way into concentration camps? It's already been reported that the federal government is gathering intelligence in the US, something that has always been illegal outside the FBI. There are many camps left over from World War 2 as well as the FEMA camps and the newly abandoned military installations, all waiting for civilian occupancy.





George Herbert Walker Bush's good friend Bill Clinton, the man who sits in the oval office with him and Dubya reading CIA briefings, the man whom Barbara Bush calls a "surrogate member of the family", saying he's "like a son", signed executive orders during his administration to "put US citizens to work without compensation" in the event of an emergency, precisely what we will have if the global imperial interests get their way. The only pretend to be enemies for political gain.

So do you still think there isn't an agenda which spans longer than a democractic or republican presidential term?







Disregard the propaganda.















If you ever catch yourself smiling in response to a politician's rhetoric, ask yourself if you enjoy being played for a fool and whether you want to end up a statistic in tommorrow's history books.

If you ever catch yourself hating a particular president, understand that he/she is a puppet and there is a larger agenda. Focus your anger on action. Don't pour it into slaying one head of the hydra.



Turn off the television and read. Quit buying high end merchandise just for the sake of being trendy. Quit consuming more than you need to. You're only further empowering the richest .0001% of people who want to use that money to lobby your corrupt government for contractual rights to your mind, body and soul. No joke.

Don't let this..

MARKINGS OF CAMP INMATES IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS

Form and Color of Markings

	POLITICAL	HABITUAL CRIMINALS	EMIGRANTS	JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES	HOMO- SEXUALS	VAGRANTS
Basic Colors				_		•
Markings for Repeaters	7	7	7	-		₹
Inmates of Penal Battalions	•	•	•	•	•	▼
Markings for Jews	*					*
Special Markings	Race Defiler	Race Defiler Fernale	Escape Suspect	2307 Number of Inmate	PAJMBER OF INMATE PREPEATER	2307
	Pole	Czech	Members of Armed Forces	Special Inmate	MEMBER OF PENAL BATTAJON BSCAPE BURPKGY	

turn into this..

MARKINGS OF CAMP INMATES IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS Form and Color of Markings LIBERALS CONSTITUTION EMIGRANTS CONSERVATIVES VAGRANTS Markings for Repeaters Inmates of Penal Battalions Markings for Arabs Special Markings 2307 Race Defiler Race Defiler Escape Suspect Number of Inmate Female Arabeounce Special of Armed Forces Pole Czech

Identity cards are <u>essential for genocide</u>.



Did you know that the tattoos the Jews got during World War II were <u>ID numbers for IBM?</u>



Well IBM is up to it's old tricks again.

The US Constitution and Bill of Rights are not rights granted to you by the government. They're rights granted to you as the document says "by the creator". That means God, Nature, Allah, Vishnu, Karma, Cosmic Justice, whatever belief system you ascribe to. In the event that the Constitution is cancelled, then the US government has violated their contractual obligation to abide by the laws which they swore an oath to.

Your rights under the Constitution cannot be reckoned with.



Don't ever forget about the atrocities committed by Josef Stalin and Adolf Hitler after their nationwide bans on firearms and consequent enslavement through the use of concentration camps. I don't believe that our government is warped enough to slaughter millions of people in camps just yet, but the playing field may change after Al-CIA-Duh sets off suitcase nuclear warheads in multiple cities nationwide, killing hundreds of thousands if not millions of people. They would have their pretext to root out the "terrorists". Also don't forget that they're already trying to classify non-arabs as terrorists so don't think this is just about muslims.



The following videos can be purchased at www.infowars.com or you can watch them below for free.

Alex Jones authorizes you to make copies for non-profit educational purchases. Distribute them as widely as you can. They're entertaining, quite persuasive and the information is accurate and publicly available to research.

Learn the truth about what really happened at Oklahoma City and on 9/11.



911: The Road to Tyranny

More on 9/11 and what the future holds..



911: Rise of the Police State PART 1

911: Rise of the Police State PART 2

911: Rise of the Police State PART 3

Still more on the 9/11 inside job.



Loose Change

"The First World War must be brought about in order to permit the Illuminati to overthrow the power of the Czars in Russia and of making that country a fortress of atheistic Communism. The divergences caused by the 'agentur' (agents) of the Illuminati between the British and Germanic Empires will be used to foment this war. At the end of the war, Communism will be built and used in order to destroy the other governments and in order to weaken the religions."

"The Second World War must be fomented by taking advantage of the differences between the Fascists and the political Zionists. This war must be brought about so that Nazism is destroyed and that the political Zionism be strong enough to institute a sovereign state of Israel in Palestine. During the Second World War, International Communism must become strong enough in order to balance Christendom, which would be then restrained and held in check until the time when we would need it for the final social cataclysm."

"The Third World War must be fomented by taking advantage of the differences caused by the 'agentur' of the 'Illuminati' between the political Zionists and the leaders of Islamic World. The war must be conducted in such a way that Islam (the Moslem Arabic World) and political Zionism mutually destroy each other. Meanwhile the other nations, once more divided on this issue will be constrained to fight to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and economical exhaustion.

We shall unleash the Nihilists and the Atheists, and we shall provoke a formidable social cataclysm which in all its horror will show clearly to the nations the effect of absolute Atheism, origin of savagery and of the most bloody turmoil. Then everywhere, the citizens, obliged to defend themselves against the world minority of revolutionaries, will exterminate those destroyers of civilization, and the multitude, disillusioned with Christianity, whose deistic spirits will from that moment be without compass or direction, anxious for an ideal, but without knowing where to render its adoration, will receive the true light through the universal manifestation of the pure doctrine of Lucifer, brought finally out in the public view. This manifestation will result from the general reactionary movement which will follow the destruction of Christianity and atheism, both conguered and exterminated at the same time."

--General Albert Pike [1809 ~ 1891] 33rd degree, Sovereign Grand Master of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry, Co-Founder of the Ku Klux Klan and Supreme Luciferian Pontiff. .. in a letter to Mazzini, 15th August, 1871. This letter graphically outlined plans for three world wars that were seen as necessary to bring about the One World Order, and we can marvel at how accurately it has predicted events that have already taken place. It is a commonly believed fallacy that for a short time, the Pike letter to Mazzini was on display in the British Museum Library in London, and it was copied by William Guy Carr, former Intelligence Officer in the Royal Canadian Navy. The British Library has confirmed in writing to me (Michael Haupt) that such a document has never been in their possession. Furthermore, in Carr's book, Satan, Prince of this World. Carr includes the following footnote:

"The Keeper of Manuscripts recently informed the author that this letter is NOT catalogued in the British Museum Library. It seems strange that a man of Cardinal Rodriguez's knowledge should have said that it WAS in 1925".

It appears that Carr learned about this letter from Cardinal Caro y Rodriguez of Santiago, Chile, who wrote The Mystery of Freemasonry Unveiled.

To date, no conclusive proof exists to show that this letter was ever written. Nevertheless, the letter is widely quoted and the topic of much discussion.

www.911fraud.blogspot.com

www.newworldslaughter.blogspot.com

www.prisonplanet.com

www.jordanmaxwell.com

www.threeworldwars.com

- David, 1:24 PM

Monday, December 19, 2005

uah . .

Current mood: sick Category: Life I can feel myself getting sick . . .

It's been so fucking cold in LA recently. I'm in my cubicle at work and I feel like I'm in a slowly descending elevator. Last stop: the flu?

Dammit.

- David, 2:01 PM

Friday, November 25, 2005

CNN obit for Pat Morita



So long, Mr. Miyagi . . . You'll be missed . . .

This Image
Was Taken
From
MargoRochelle.com

The SciFi Channel is having the cheesiest, most low budget zombie knock off film series EVER!



Starring my dream girl:







Here's the synopsis for the last one, which I haven't seen yet:

RAVE TO THE GRAVE

Julian and the few friends who managed to escape from Necropolis are all now in college and putting their Hybratech experiences behind them. But that doesn't last as accidentally Julian and Jenny discover a sinister chemical canister hidden away in a secret room. Trying to dissect this chemical, labeled as Trioxyin-5, they leave it with their friend Cody for analysis. Unfortunately, Cody quickly sees the potential to create a new party drug out of it and make himself some easy money. He lies to Julian and produces a huge batch of a∈ TaGe™ that he sells across the college campus.

As the drug becomes more and more popular and Halloween approaches, practically everyone in the college has taken a little  Z'. As hundreds of innocent college students become brain hungry zombies, holiday costumes

make it difficult to tell who is still alive and who is one of the living dead!					
As the rave party begins, the zombies start to take over till it's uncertain if any	one will escape this rave to the grave!				
I am a happy man.					
Turkey? Brains! - David, <u>5:00 PM</u>					
Thursday, September 29, 2005					

Been reading a lot of Mary Gaitskill lately . . . Her bluntness, sarcasm and attention to detail (and how these details affect/reflect on the characters

inner states) is really quite unsurpassed.

Not only that, the woman can constuct a damn fine sentence. Hundreds of them in fact.

The story "Secretary" in Bad Behavior is the one they based the movie on.

I highly recommend her work if you like banality and perverse relationships at the same time. Also, she rips the concept of family a new one every time. A must read for those who are disgusted by their parents (especially gross dads).

- David, 9:31 AM

Wednesday, September 21, 2005



- David, <u>10:42 PM</u>

Monday, July 25, 2005

... about poetics lately. Here are some excerpts of things that made me go "Hmmmmm" This is all, of course, in lieu of actively looking for a job.

sigh

P.S. The Gaitskill book listed at the bottom is, contrary to every single one of my expectations, really, really good.

Poetic Extractions

"A definition of poetry can only determine what poetry should be, not what it really was and is.―

-- Schlegel

"That is, definitions of poetry are not descriptive but proscriptive; they are promissory notes for something in the process of becoming.―

-- Simon Critchley,

on Schlegel's statement

倜Poetry is what attaches itselfå€"and here is its specific responsibilityå€"to what cannot be designated by a word of language; and this because what is beyond designation is an intensity, a plentitude we need to remember.―

-- Yves Bonnefoy

"Poetry is what descends from level to level in it's own ever-changing text, going down to the point where, lost in a land without name or road, it decides to go no further, having nevertheless discovered that the essential experience is what still remains hidden, somewhere beyond these unfamiliar places.―

-- ibid

"Without disappearing into a black hole of the body, this very delicate knowledge is nevertheless as much a matter of tone, rhythm, image, and nuance as it is of statement. Poetry shows the entire bundle of the individual how to feel and thinkâ€″for a moment.―

-- Calvin Bedient

倜It is a matter of passing to images that have not been experienced, that life doesw not prepare, and that the poet creates; of living the unlived and opening oneself to an opening in language.―

-- Gaston Bachelard

"There is something strange in the fact of writing and speaking. The laughable and astonishing error people make is to believe they speak in accordance with things. They are all unaware of what is proper to language: that it is concerned only with itself. This is why it constitutes a fertile and splendid mystery. It is precisely when someone speaks simply to be speaking that he is able to say the most original and truest things. . . . Only he who has a profound feeling for language, who feels it in its application, its suppleness, its rhythm, and its musical spiritâ€″only he who hears it in its inner nature, and seizes in himself its intimate and subtle movement . . . yes, he alone is a prophet.―

-- Novalis

"What is reality without the dislocating energy of poetry?―

-- René Char

"Worldsâ€"and the objects they containâ€"are not only unbarred by the poet but vibrate independently in their own language. If words are signs then the poem is a universe, a complex of memory and emotion put into action or into a state of active listening, listing the catalogue of things (nouns) and actions (verbs) combined to re/create an event (language) in the mind, that is a body.

The revealed world is itself a matrix of distances and desire.―

-- Peter Gizzi

"There are daemons that inhabit language. They hide themselves in the articulations and durations of speech, in the twisty corridors of syntax, behind syllables and sounds blocked out like the precincts of an ancient sprawling city. Something in the formal devices of poetry calls them forth. They make known their presences by swift alterations in the physical and emotional make-up of readers and writers of poetry. For millennia this has been known as possession. In the last century poetry has often seemed just a step or two ahead of madness.―

-- Andrew Schelling

"Poetry pursues lines of inquiry ordinarily regarded as suspect, elliptical, non-negotiable or commercially untenable. Unfamiliar and deceitful terrain confronts writer and reader alike.―

-- ibid

倜As the poet traverses the covert domains, we witness the outer ironics, the flaws, the disasters, the handcuffs, the boundaries.―

-- Will Alexander

"And if it is one thing the poet requires it is heat. It is the multiple and enduring friction which honors its lashing out and bewitchment. And from each quotidian annihilation, comes a fruit of a higher and greater energy, of a fire of fertile and surreptitious turquoise.―

-- ibid

Currently reading: TWO GIRLS FAT AND THIN By Mary Gaitskill Release date: By 27 February, 1998 - David, 8:08 PM

Thursday, July 07, 2005

Username	
Favourite Colour	
Sex	
Your Love icon is	
Your Sad Icon is	
Your Happy Icon is	
Your Angry Icon is	
Your Food Icon is	
Your Animal Icon is	
Your Random Icon is	
Your Cartoon Icon is	
Your Sexy Icon is	
Quiz created	

- David, 10:43 AM

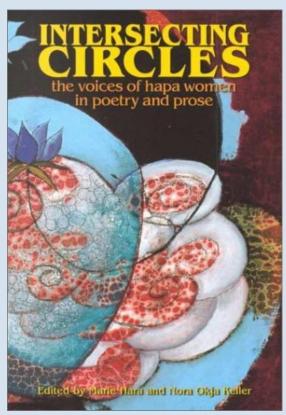
Sunday, June 26, 2005



- David, <u>10:29 AM</u>

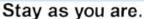
Tuesday, June 21, 2005

My hapa librarian friend and I just came across this book:

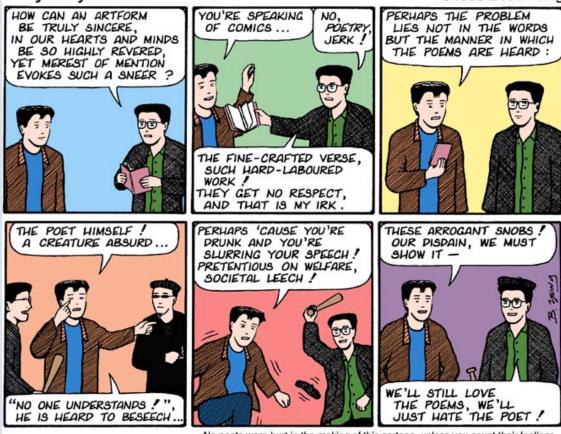


from the finest Hawaii publisher: Bamboo Ridge Press

Ooooo! Oooooo! I want! I want! Tuesday, June 14, 2005



©1999 Brad Yung



No poets were hurt in the making of this cartoon, unless you count their feelings.

Yeah, we're infamously pathetic and lame, the mere mention of the word "poetry" is enough to provoke a distasteful face on most people. For good reason. There's more than enough bad poetry (perhaps written by even worse people, if writing is a window to the soul) that has accumulated and continues to proliferate across the planet at a sickening rate. Worse than non-biodegradable garbage.

This is mainly because people consider poetry to be nothing more than an outlet for their emotions, a sing-songy expression of their feelings. That's all fine and good but for God's sake put some THOUGHT into it peoples! Are your emotions not important enough to at least ruminate over them for a while? Are they not legitimate enough to at least arrange them in an intense and powerful manner, with some dynamic and innovative vocabulary suitable for such significant feelings? Obviously you were moved enough to turn to the written word, but for crying out loud keep it MOVING peoples! We are all singular and hence each utterance of ours should uphold our irreplaceable position. Otherwise your articulation, and therefore your life, will not be your own! Don't settle for the same old templates and familiar rhythms and rhymes! Push yourself through language until you become so defamiliarized, until you've broken down all presuppositions and certainties about yourself, until you've called yourself into question so thoroughly that you feel like you're about to lose your fucking mind. THEN, you can begin to compose some poetry.

If you're not willing to do that, then please lay off. Go cry into your teddy bear or get laid or become some schmuck with an acoustic guitar.

Because otherwise you're going to continue to give the rest of us dedicated motherfuckers a bad reputation.

And it's difficult enough as it is.

We're notoriously goofy-looking, have funny names like Archibald MacLeish and W.D. Snodgrass, usually don't get ANY recogition until we're old and decrepit and probably about to die (and that's if we're lucky, a lot of us will spend our entire lives starving and unknown, just so the world can

go "Whoops! There's something of worth here!" only AFTER we've died), and even among writers in general, who are a pretty dorky bunch altogether, we're often considered to be at the BOTTOM of the hierarchy in terms of respect and prestige.

Well, we certainly didn't turn to poetry to make our fame and fortunes. But fuck it, we know why we do it. Because when we're ON, we are ON! If our lives rely on accurate perception, and accurate perception is often nothing more than the ability to articulate what we encounter, and if articulation is just a matter of being able to phrase language in direct, passionate and precise ways, then poets are unsurpassed at the task.

Poetry is the style of writing that most closely aligns itself with music. Having its origins in song, it is one of the oldest and most widespread means of expression on the planet.

But I may be just a tiny bit prejudiced. I love the poetry peeps I've gotten to know and work with over the years more than anyone. They are incredible wordsmiths and thinkers, and even more impressive human beings.

Love and poetry forever, sucka bitches! - David. 2:16 PM

Monday, June 13, 2005

As much as I dread doing so, it can be good to think about one's circumstances and their relation to the future, and attempt to make decisions accordingly. I've been kind of a mess since graduating from CalArts, all sorts of confused and unsure as to what to do with myself. Especially since the last two years have been a whirlwind of new experiences: spending long and intense hours thinking about my work and language in general, writing more carefully and productively than ever, focusing on a single project for an extensive period of time, being insanely active in setting up and performing in events, soundtracking films, not to mention being both the most introspective AND more socially extroverted than I've ever been before in my life.

It's rare to find yourself in a network of talented and diverse peeps whose intelligence, creativity and personalities you both admire and respect. And the amazing amount of feedback, support and collaborative effort received is testament that they feel the same about you. A lot of us were completely crushed by how soon our time here at CalArts was over, for we were provided with a community of individuals sharing a singular dedication: to become better writers. Some of us will disperse, moving on elsewhere or returning to where we came, but a lot of us are actually sticking around the LA area.

I wasn't sure what I wanted to do: go somewhere new, return to the Bay Area where I grew up (but, since I've been away for so long, I can no longer really consider it "home"), or attempt to stay on here in Los Angeles. The indecision was paralyzing. For a lot of the above mentioned reasons, I've decided to stick around. The one thing that would send me spiralling into a tailspin of self-loathing and despair would be to suddenly find myself stagnating in some mundane routine after two years of constant work and activity. Here, at least, I've got plenty of peeps willing to give me an outlet for my obsessions, and I am totally down with assisting them in all their endeavors as well.

Besides, I've come to really love L.A. itself. My thesis concentrated on urban studies and the constellations of dynamic details which compose a city's "ambiance." Being intensely open and receptive to everything going on in the city in which I live taught me more than all 200+ of the urban theory books I read for the project. Since my car committed suicide on the freeway at the end of my first semester, I was compelled to figure out the admittedly dauting public transit system, but mostly I just walked everywhere. Thousands upon thousands of blocks in the last year and a half. There's a lot of misguided prejudice concerning Los Angeles (sometimes accurate, all megalopolises definitely have their fill of crap), especially from pretentious Northern California types, but until those people have thoroughly immersed themselves into its complex enormity like I have, I don't want to hear a word of it.

So, yeah, it's good to make decisions once in a while. Although in doing so one cuts off certain parameters of possibilities, the cool paradox is that these newly imposed limits open a whole other realm of potential as well, which can then be actively pursued with focus and determination. Indecision causes paralysis. It can be healthy and necessary to take risks and leap into the unknown, but likewise it's also healthy and necessary to realize when you have a good thing going, involving both people and places, and to fully and unquestionably commit yourself to it.

- David, 12:55 PM

Wednesday, June 01, 2005

THE NOTORIOUS MSG

or notoriousmsg.com

Although my roommate Patrick introduced me to these guys about a month ago, they've become sort of an obsession. What I thought was just a kitschy AZN rap joke has rapidly become one of my favorite groups.

Allow me holla out my boys Hong Kong Fever, Down Lo Mein, and Funky Buddha. Not only are these guys fly as the hizzy but they bring tha flow as well! And their album is called "Die Hungry" . . . You just can't get more Cantonese than that!

I highly recommend viewing the "Straight Outta Canton" video in their Media section.

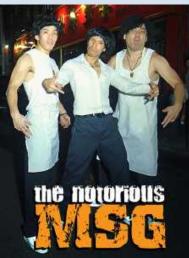


With lyrics like:

"Comin fresh of the boat and livin' on the street / We're marchin' to our own beat / Don't give a damn what other people eat / We're crazy / Just gimme duck sauce and a bowl of chicken feet!"

and

"We're feelin' really hot tonight / All the ladies lookin' hot in tights / Wanna beef with us get wok'd that's right / Straight outta Canton / Stand up and fight!"



How can an AZN go wrong? East Side Chinatown, bitch! You gonna die! - David, 11:41 PM

Monday, May 23, 2005

Back at the library, putting in my last wage slave hours at my beloved alma mater before she definitively kicks me out into the "real world" of exponentially worse wage slavery, meaninglessness and despair. I have about a month and a half left before leaving the womb altogether. Meanwhile I'm working the 9-5 shift a few days a week, here where the entire campus is empty and desolate as hell, the Library even quieter than ususal.

The ennui is overwhelming. I've been shelving the hundreds of returns which pour in at the end of every semester. At least the books and I are still close, close friends.

- David, 1:55 PM

Sunday, May 22, 2005

Ok.

I graduated yesterday. I was so fucking blitzed though the whole thing, it all went by so fast.

During all the pomp and circumstance I managed to: yell repeatedly at all the other graduating peoples "Critical Studies is in the motherfuckin' HOUSE! We does the thinkin' in this bitch, huh!?" as loud and as often as possible, much to the embarassment of my not-so-easily-embarassed collegues; knock over some chairs/beer/peoples in the "graduation pit" while attempting to drunkenly stumble over to some friends at the end of the row, again, I apparently did this repeatedly; got stoned out of several random pipes, spliffs, joints, blunts and I even hit a couple of apples being passed around; consumed countless bottles of beer, two cans of Sparks "Energy" Malt Liquor, part of a bottle of champagne, and a wee bit of water; wrote sexually suggestive hyperboles interspersed with bursts of foul language and urban vernacular in everyone's yearbook (I received the same, so I feel better about it now); had a couple of collegues confess that they've thought about my body and having sex with it (!); hugged my highly attractive and brilliant mentor a bit too long when I got my diploma; AND FINALLY . . .

Had the most emotionally-charged and intensely sentimental day with all the fucking incredible and talented peeps I've spent some of the best years of my life with.

I'M GOING TO MISS SEEING THEM ON A DAILY BASIS SO GODDAMN MUCH.

Thanks everyone.

- David, 1:57 AM

Friday, May 20, 2005

This Sunday, The Wasp and Orchid martial arts choreography seminar (co-ordinated and scholasticised by none other than d.g. eng, Master of the Shaolin Lethargic Loon Style) will be screening Iron Monkey by renowned action director and choreographer Yuen Wo Ping. Considered by many fans to be the epitome of the genre, Iron Monkey offers more people and objects flying through the air, smashing into the surroundings and/or utilised as weapons than any other martial arts film ever made.

A uniquely Chinese variation on the Robin Hood story, the Iron Monkey (played by Yu Rong Guang) is a masked bandit who robs the riches from corrupt officials to distribute the wealth to his poverty-stricken village. When travelling doctor/kung fu master Wong Kei-Ying's (Donnie Yen!) son, young Wong Fei-hung (the legendary subject of many movies, but especially Tsui Hark's infamous "Once Upon a Time In China" series, to be screened in the future), becomes endangered, the two are pitted against one another before teaming up against a notoriously evil rebel shaolin monk for a final acrobatic battle in a sea of fire atop flaming poles!

Preceding the event, there will be a brief bio/lecture on the overwhelming significance of Yuen Wo Ping himself, whose fight choreography is most readily recognized in the States from movies such as Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon, The Matrix Series, Charlie's Angels and, most recently, Kung Fu Hustle and Unleashed, currently in the theaters and starring Jet Li.

Betalevel, Chinatown, 8pm. Be there.

BETALEVEL WEBSITE

- David, 10:56 AM

Sunday, May 15, 2005

Sadly, the ZOMBIES lost the Apocalyptic Challenge to VAMPIRE last night. It was a CLOSE fucking match, however, not to mention just an over-all kick-ass event! Several people told us that it was the absolute best and most exciting performative reading they've attended, and this coming from people who go to literary events all the time!

ZOMBIE would like to take a minute to swallow his pride (with a spoonful of liver) and commend VAMPIRE on a victory well-achieved. It was an honor to fall at the hands of such a worthy and talented opponent.

That said, MY ZOMBIE PEEPS RULED! As is inherent to our character, the ZOMBIES FUCKING RAMPAGED! They were the hardest, loudest, rowdiest, most supportive bunch of inebriated undead fans a zombie literatii could ask for. If my heart wasn't half eaten through with worms, I'd be touched.

As far as some folks are concerned, ZOMBIE won the popular vote. The judges were kinda like the electoral college (made up of hipsters, no less! And as some peeps yelled out in the back during the contest, they were ALL WHITE!). They tallied the points and decided upon a winner, but the FANS had clearly chosen their favorite. When the victor was announced, all the ZOMBIE fanatics started chanting "BULL-SHIT! BULL-SHIT!" Damn, I felt like how AI GORE (no pun intended, ok, intended . . .) must of felt in 2000!

It was observed that VAMPIRE was facing and reading to the judges the entire time, whereas I was reading for THE PEOPLE!!!

I'm also thinking I shouldn't have been hollering "FUCK the judges! I'll EAT the fucking judges!" during most of the event. But fuck that, ZOMBIES bring it THUG LIFE because we're working class types from the fucking STREETS!

Shout outs to all the people who came back from the grave to come to this thing, the audience was amazing! You guys created the atmosphere of an unruly fight crowd better than any of us could have dreamed! Huge tangles of bloody entrails to JASON BROWN aka DJ Eternal Pain of Damnation for hosting and organizing the whole thing, and major drippy flesh scraps to Justin and Mat for keeping the gore flowing round per round. And, of course, right on to Stephanie "FANG" Rioux for unleashing the contestational apocalypse with a lycanthropic fury unmatched in all the known universe of horror and fear!

And remember, just because one of us has fallen at the pointy-fingered hands of our enemy, OUR LEGIONS ARE MANY, and we shall RISE AGAIN!!!

(The end of the year MFA showcase at RedCat tomorrow. Booocoring. As far as I'm concerned, last night was my grand finale! Here's the link anyway: REDCAT)

Tuesday, May 03, 2005

I LOVE Kylie Minogue . . .

It's true.

With a passion unprovoked by other pop stars.

That's all.



"You'll never get to heaven if you're scared of gettin' high."

- David, 11:50 AM

Monday, May 02, 2005

So it looks like the Anonymous Message Moron is back! Increasingly revealing himself to be not so anymous after all, but still a big moron! Here's the sequence of latest (with commentary):

NAME The Cow-cow list E-MAIL gingerbreadman@hit-n-hide.net URL http://www.lynchthehomos.com

COMMENTS

great comeback! I must admit, I didn't see that one about the homophobia! Ooo, and if you call me a coward again, just wait to see what I write....
JUST WAIT!

Your like, super smart huh, so you probably knew I was gonna use that threat. SHIT!

But, your still the bitch, you broken fingerbang.

DATE Friday, April 29th 2005 - 11:29:25 PM

(Yo, elementary grammar lessons dood! The 18 year old art students in my introductory composition class have more skills than this!)

NAME?

E-MAIL ?@?.god

COMMENTS

jockish? Are you typing with your asshole?

do you hear them chanting for you? As you steadily lose your grip?

DATE Friday, April 29th 2005 - 11:46:32 PM

(Somehow this hosebag seems to think I'M the one losing my grip? These are questions you should ask the mirror, bub!)

AND THEN SOME LOVE FROM MY PEEPS:

NAME lucifern

COMMENTS

hmmm. well dave...whoever the dipshit is, s/he can't spell very well...can't think very well...is full of hate and therefore doesn't live very well. They don't deserve your energy or attention...they're like a vacuum, a black hole. The gnar gnar gang has got your back...so keep it positive, my friend...because zombies like to breed!

DATE Sunday, May 1st 2005 - 01:26:45 PM

WHICH INSTIGATED SOME BACKLASH:

NAME and another zombiech imesin E-MAIL no, your the dipshit@dipshit.gov

COMMENTS

Me thinks you canot spel, couchifern. Can yu even read? Me thinks no. DATE Sunday, May 1st 2005 - 02:13:35 PM

NAME don't mis-read my intentions E-MAIL makingzombies@toeatyourflesh.hahaha
COMMENTS Thanks for being so big, David, as to provide me with your personal email information. I regret to inform you, however, that although a not-so-public, I-said you-said may ease some uncomfortable feelings you may have, I just don't feel like it. Maybe I can sum up my intentions with lyrics from a song by Bob Dylan. "I don't want to meet your kin Make you spin or do you in
All I
REALLY
WANNA DOOOOOO
is, baby, keep mocking you."
So, to deal with that frustration, bloggy, do, I mean write another line,
because, after all,
it's the only
thing
that will
really make you
FEEL
better

fools

DATE Sunday, May 1st 2005 - 03:38:43 PM

(WHAT A CREATIVE USE OF SPACE! A VERITABLE CONCRETE POET IN THE HOUSE! TOO BAD THE CONTENT SUCKS. AND SUCH AN AMAZING LACK OF ORIGINALITY THE AUTHOR HAS TO QUOTE, WHAT, FUCKING BOB DYLAN!!!??? OH, PUKE!)

NOW HERE'S WHERE EL HEFE TRIES TO BE NICE TO FERN, NOT ONCE, BUT TWICE, JUST IN CASE SHE DIDN'T GET THE POINT THE FIRST TIME!

NAME luciass

E-MAIL QueenoftheScene@Ego.trip

COMMENTS

Look, lucifern, I have no beef with you. My only problem is that it seems like the lesser beings, such as yourself, sir, are a real drain on the lives of the ENLIGHTEN and ARTISTIC folks, such as myself.

Now, I'm not saying that you should kill yourself. Just get neutered and start reading some REAL books. I'll even provide you with a list of acceptable titles, and explain to you what the interpretations are, and how you'll arrive at them.

If this seems tiring to you, DON'T WORRY, cuz papa's got a brand new bag, doncha know. We'll get through it, one line at a time.

And we can always take a break and talk some shit. OK?

DATE Monday, May 2nd 2005 - 09:51:28 AM

NAME luciass

E-MAIL QueenoftheScene@Ego.trip

COMMENTS

Look, lucifern, I have no beef with you. My only problem is that it seems like the lesser beings, such as yourself, sir, are a real drain on the lives of the ENLIGHTEN and ARTISTIC folks, such as myself.

Now, I'm not saying that you should kill yourself. Just get neutered and start reading some REAL books. I'll even provide you with a list of acceptable titles, and explain to you what the interpretations are, and how you'll arrive at them.

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And we can always take a break and talk some shit. OK?

DATE Monday, May 2nd 2005 - 09:50:20 AM

(THOSE FINAL CITATIONS ARE DRUG REFERENCES, IN CASE YOU'RE NOT HIP TO THIS AUTHORS SLICK DEPLOYMENT OF CLANDESTINE SLANG, AND WHICH ALSO EXPLAINS A LOT, DON'T IT?)

AND FINALLY, MY FAVORITE RESPONSE OF THEM ALL, FROM THE HOTTEST AND MOST WELL-READ AND INTELLIGENT WOMAN IN ARGENTINA:

NAME Paula

URL http://

http://www.davidrocks.com

COMMENTS

your gorgeous intelligence makes all the beautiful women want to fuck you.

this may produce some resentment from one or more of the following types:

a) stupid men with a bad sexual life (redundant)

b)ugly and stupid women (redundant cos ugly women are always stupid)

c)cowards

d)premature ejaculators

DATE Monday, May 2nd 2005 - 12:29:59 PM

TO WHICH, THE ONLY THING I HAD TO SAY ANY FURTHER WAS THIS:

NAME I love Buenos Aries! E-MAIL paula@tells it like it is.com URL http://www.loveformypeeps.com

COMMENTS

Hey dawg! I was gonna reply to your latest spew of juvenile banalities, but I think I'll just let my love Paula's previous entry ride on yo psyche for a while.

P.S. Get some sleep. You might actually start to get smarter for once. But you seem to be real comfortable in your position as the biggest imbecile this side of Idiot Row.

DATE Monday, May 2nd 2005 - 05:40:43 PM

AND SO THE SAGA CONTINUES, STAY TUNED FOLKS, MORE ON THE WAY I'M SURE.

IF YOU ENJOY WASTING YOUR TIME AND WANT TO JOIN IN THE CONTROVERSY, FOR OR AGAINST ME, PLEASE VISIT:

ABSOLUTELY BANAL GUESTBOOK

- David, 6:05 PM

My good friend and roommate Patrick will be screening his fucking awesome film, VOID, for which I provided the fucking awesome soundtrack! Come down, AZN's in full effect, boyeeee!

los angeles asian pacific film fest tues, may 3rd 9.30pm

aratani/japan america theater

244 South San Pedro St. (between Second and Third Streets), in Little Tokyo, downtown Los Angeles

CHECK THE LINK, YO!

LA Asian Pacific Film Fest

- David, 2:26 PM

Thursday, April 28, 2005

MY ADORING FANS!

Just look at the love percolatin' in the world for me on my guestbook:

NAME I don't believe you

E-MAIL butlbetyousuckameandick@dumass.org

COMMENTS

I really can't believe all this bullshit you've written. You've got to be the biggest phony I've ever known. Get in touch with your feelings, Gonzo. You've convinced all these "fans" that you know who you are, but you don't. Stop being such a jackass.

DATE Tuesday, April 26th 2005 - 06:23:12 PM

NAME fuck off

E-MAIL betrayalofthekind@shutthefuckup.com

COMMENTS

fucking moron

DATE Tuesday, April 26th 2005 - 05:56:53 PM

To which I replied:

NAME Fucking Phony Moron Jackass

E-MAIL fuckingphonymoronjackass@fuckingphonymoronjackass.com

URL http://fuckingphonymoronjackass.com

COMMENTS

Whoa there, Cowboy! Methinks you have some *issues* with yo own damn self to work out before sprayin' my guestbook with your childish homophobic Haterade! I haven't heard talk such as yours since the malformed buzzcut jock types in high school! Way to bring it back to the old school!

DATE Thursday, April 28th 2005 - 11:10:18 AM

Whoohoo! I just wish this special person would have the integrity and backbone to say such lovely things in their own name!!! But cowards abound in cyberspace, no doubt. It allows for that sort of passive-agressive behavior of the hit-n-hide type. Boo yaa!

- David, 11:13 AM

ZOMBIE vs VAMPIRE!

ZOMBIE vs VAMPIRE: An Unholy Smackdown… of Literature!

SUNDAY May 8 at 7:30pm at BETALEVEL [directions] $\hat{a} \in |\hat{a} \in |...$

The apocalyptic war of the undead has begun $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{Z}^m$ and this time, it $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{Z}^m$ s textual! Taste the Unholy Pleasure of an unrepentant rhetorical assault on mortality!

DAVE 倜Guts倕 ENG takes on GRACE 倜Blood倕 KRILANOVICH in ten judged rounds of brutal undead literary action! Referee JUSTIN å €œBones倕 VEECH keeps the gore flowing!

Before the Title Match: STEPHANIE "Fang― RIOUX brings the Werewolf!

Admission is free. Gambling is encouraged. Appropriate attire strongly encouraged. 8 May 05 8:00 am

ZOMBIE VS. VAMPIRE

Also check the trailer! I am so fucking excited I'm about to crap my pants!

LAND OF THE DEAD - David, 10:54 AM

Monday, April 11, 2005

Thesis presentation/performance? Check.

Tons of accolades from mobs of adoring fans/worshippers afterward? Check.

Proceeded to get completely fucked up as soon as it was over. Check.

Continued to party hard with the beautiful entourage (aka the gnar gnar list) of amazing loved ones from San Jose over the next several days? Double check.

Layed around in a total fucking lethargic daze the entire Sunday afternoon? Triple check.

Stumbled all over myself trying to get my shit together this morning, almost missing two busses and having to run halfway across downtown? Check.

Aforementioned burst of physical activity after almost a whole week of generalized decadence painful as a motherfucker? Check.

Chiggity-checked myself before I wiggity-wrecked myself? No.

Completely unmotivated to get all the rest of the work I have to do done before the end of the semester? Checkity-check-check.

Just want to curl up in bed clutching a pillow and sleep for the next few days? Check, please.

- David, 11:17 PM

Tuesday, April 05, 2005

My MFA thesis presentation/performance @ CalArts

Wednesday, April 6th. 7:00pm

California Institute of the Arts. Butler Building. I will be presenting/performing/reading from "Radiating Seconds: a poetico-critical ambient project." It's a multi-media, transdisciplinary project involving poetry, music and film. Also presenting, will be writer extraordinaire, Ben Miller. Huge party afterward with performers (Eagle Quest, Fortress, and other electronic/hip-hop acts). Free boozle. General lawlessness. Fun times. - David, 12:54 AM

Saturday, March 26, 2005

Went to the Japan Girls Nite US Tour 2005 show last night at King King. Amazing. These girls totally rocked the house: all the musicians were so tight and together I spent half the time gaping in disbelief and the other half bouncing around with this big stupid grin on my face.

A new band I discovered is Titan Go Kings, of whom I would do ANYTHING in this here world to marry the bass player. She is absolutely THE cutest bass player on the entire fucking planet (sorry Fern!). One of my personal favorites, Noodles, I got to see for the first time and needless to say they ruled. Tsushimamire got top prize for performance: they rocked harder than anyone, seriously making most of the death metal bands I've seen (and I've seen too many) look like Barry fucking Manilow by comparison. The thing is, they played pop mixed with weird stoner and ska riffs. Boo yaa.

I've also never been thanked so much as an audience member at a show. Before, after and during every song there was a total onslaught of "domoarigato"s and "thank you los angeles!"s: I felt like telling them, "It was no problem, really! I just got in the car, stood in line a bit, and here I am! As a matter of fact, I WANT to be here! So, THANK YOU!"

But my friends should have known better than to allow me to attend an event like this: it's like taking a crackhead to a crackhouse, I blew ALL of my money on CD's and T-Shirts, I even got Titan Go Kings to sign their CD for me! I slept with that CD cradled in my arms all night.

I completely overdosed on cuteness last night, and I'm going to have that big stupid grin stuck on my face for months.

Here's the website if you wanna check it out

- David. 3:09 PM

Friday, March 25, 2005

bloggity blog blog blog . . . - David, 10:18 AM

Thursday, February 24, 2005

I love the rain. I really do. I love how it turns the exterior into an interior, making the expanse of the outdoors into an intimate zone of grey proximities. I love looking out the window at the drizzle from the vantage point of a warm abode and contemplate the more profound things in life while listening to the cadence of drops on all the percussive surfaces of the world, punctuated by dramatic explosions of thunder and lightning.

BUT GODDAMN ENOUGH IS ENOUGH ALREADY!

I DON'T like how all the CONSTANT, NEVER-ENDING RAINFALL is still SEEPING into my OLD, POORLY-CONSTRUCTED backyard bungalow, no matter how much I try to prevent it. I don't like how this perpetual TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR is turning my INTERIOR into an EXTERIOR. I don't like looking out the window from the vantage point of my SOGGY-ASS ROOM and realize that I'd probably be dryer UNDER A TARP hung from a TREE. And I particularly hate the sound of raindrops falling on my CARPET and VCR.

I mean, FOR GODS SAKE we get the POINT already! RAIN MAKES THINGS WET. Yes, understood, you've driven that lesson home (PUN TOTALLY INTENDED). Now get your torrential ass back to Seattle where you belong!

I mean, sheesh.
- David, 12:09 PM

Tuesday, February 08, 2005

Alright, I'm old. Officially decrepit. Crested the summit of youth and now picking up speed on the downhill slope into oblivion. - David, 1:27 AM

Tuesday, February 01, 2005

Just finished the first couple of weeks of my last semester at CalArts. Stayed up most of the past weekends working on my thesis, got the "critical

essay" part done, in draft at least, where I conceptualize a theory of "ambiance" to be used (hopefully) as a critical tool for urban studies. Wrote most of the section on ambient music and barely started the manifesto for an "ambient poetics." Now I *just* need to finish writing and assemble the poetry section, compose the music and edit the film, and then I'm ready to drop it on the peeps!

That is if I don't go totally insane in the process. Oops, too late.

- David, 10:33 AM

Sunday, January 02, 2005

Yowza. Two Zero Zero Five. Who would thunk it dat we'd make it dis far?

Currently up at The Institute in San Jose, where I've spent the last week with the Peeps. J-Dam and Lucifern picked my skinny ass up in Coalinga (home of probably THE best Central Cali metal havoc band Faved Head) after the Greyhound dropped it off in front of the Burger King. The whole ride back we did "vocal remixes" at the top of our lungs of all the songs that came on the radio. The rest of the week was mostly spent spitting mad Homophonic Approximations and Theme-oriented Conjunctive Tergiversations, which culminated in a Rampant Pun Fest the intensity of which I have never experienced. The theme: biblical references transmogrified through the language of cuisine.

Going back home in two days. Man, time flies when you're having pun.

- David, 10:29 PM

Monday, December 13, 2004

Despite its apparent non-existence as a legitimate mode of expression in the CalArts Writing program ("No matter what you're working on, be it a novel, collection of short stories, non-fiction piece, screenplay, interdisciplinary project . . ." --certain unnamed faculty when summarizing the possible thesis proposals at the meeting last night), there are in fact some poets occupying this rather prosey palace.

To prove it, Jen Hofer's MFA Poetics Workshop will culminate in the first installment of the LAST NIGHTS OF POETRY reading series on MONDAY, Dec. 13 @ 7 p.m. in THE CUBE.

Featured readers are:

Harold Abramowitz

Elizabeth Buchta

Jackee Chang

David Eng

Derrick A. Everett

Oliver Hall

Vejea Jennings

Frances Louie

Heather Nassi

Kim Schoen

Justin Veach

So bring the NOIZE, we can't be stopped!

- David, 9:29 AM

Wednesday, December 08, 2004

I'm at the tail-end of the semester's home stretch, one more week to go. My lyric essay is due tomorrow, poetry portfolio on Monday. Then once I assign students their grades for my class, I'm home free! Not that I'm going to get much vacation time in order to sink into a blissful stagnation, because I'm freaking that my thesis might not achieve the grandiose height I've projected it to be. Then again, I'm always flippin' out about something, it might as well be productive.

Monday, November 15, 2004

Back from Chicago, which turned out to be a really cool city. Extremely cold actually. My friend there said that the real frigid weather hasn't even started yet, but it doesn't take much to freeze my skinny, Southern California conditioned ass. Brrrr!

Walked all over the damn town, in every direction, filming architecture and recording urban sounds for my thesis. Visted the Carl Hammer Museum, where they have some Henry Darger originals (the rest are in New York. It turns out they had their final big exhibition a month ago! But the assistant curator turned out to be this remarkably friendly and helpful woman who gave me all sorts of info and let me peek at remaining pieces they had left. And, of course, they were amazing. I got the shivers and sweaty palms just being in that close of proximity to the work of one of my favorite artists.

Not only that, but I visited the Art Institute of Chicago as well, who has an impressive collection of just about everything! But, in particular, they had numerous pieces by the Surrealists, which, needless to say, I was in colvulsive ecstacy about. Some nice viseo, sound and conceptual pieces as well. I picked up a shirt with kitty cats on it, which I'm currently wearing.

Had all the local cuisine while I was there: Italian Beef Sandwich (juicy!), Chicago Dog (yummy!), Deep Dish Pizza (cheesy!)

I even got to see Cannibal Corpse, Napalm Death and Kataclysm while I was there! I never seen so many death metal heads gathered together under one roof! Ah, my peeps.

- David, 1:38 PM

Tuesday, November 09, 2004

OK, we're fucked. The rest of the world is fucked. The environment is fucked. Non-religious, non-corporate unrich people are fucked. Education is fucked. Shit, even outer space is fucked.

Somebody get the returning president a big fucking bag of pretzels as a congratulations gift, please.

- David, 9:46 AM

Tuesday, November 02, 2004

Just voted. I feel real bad about not voting for the candidate of my choice: Leonard Peltier. Instead, I was snowballed by all the liberal motherfuckers into voting for that dumbfuck with the long face, John Kerry. Dammit. So this is democracy. Well, if Kerry wins, all of the leftist dipshits who voted for him (myself included) get to watch him slowly grow horns and get REAL evil once he's in the Oval Office. Just you wait and see.

Then again, if Bush wins, we're all really fucked.

So, the moral of the story, respect the democratic principle and vote for whom you feel would best represent you as a citizen, because, in the end, no matter who you vote for, you're going to get screwed anyway. Cheers.

- David, 5:19 PM

Tuesday, October 12, 2004

As all you eager and expectant fans of this blog know, I haven't updated this schizzy in a while! School started and then bam! there went all my time. I've been super-busy working on my thesis, working in the library, T.A.-ing a whole bunch of undergrads in the art of writing well (which is REALLY keeping me occupied), and reading and writing as much as I can in the time left over. I am way sleepy most of the time. *yawns* But I'll try to keep y'all informed of my whereabout, well (or not so well) being, and, of course, all the other absolutely banal proceedings that are my life. Until then, cheerios!

- David, 11:12 AM

Tuesday, September 07, 2004

School starts next week. Already the new kids are filling up the place, wandering into the library all fresh-faced and full of questions. Tomorrow I meet all the new first year MFA's at orientation, so we'll see what they're like. I register for classes at the end of this week, and then Monday it's back to business! Looking forward to it. My liver has been doing stretching exercises in preparation.

- David, 10:41 AM

Went to Silverlake's Street Fair "Sunset Junction" for the first time this weekend, and DAMN I had a good time. All manner of random peeps gathered on several blocks of Sunset closed off to cars (yay!) to party it up like crazy. And L.A. can sure turn out for a party! It was good to get my face out of the books and act the fool with good friends all weekend (although I'm paying for it now at work with a HUGE hangover, but whatever). Highlights for me included: eating a Louisiana Hot Link as big as my forearm, finally seeing Camper Van Beethoven after all these years (yeah, I'm old), and dancing dancing dancing to Aurelito and Shakespeare's I & I Sound System: these two DJ's who spin really good hip-hop, dancehall and reggae out of their coverted ice cream truck. These guys are my new heroes, whose vibe was more fun than anything up on the main stages. And people felt it too, there wasn't a passer-by who could resist joining in the bouncing dance crowd gathered around the truck, all smiles and groove.

The whole experience made me proud and happy that I'm living in L.A.

An article in the L.A. Weekly on I & I Sound System: http://www.laweekly.com/ink/printme.php?eid=50842 - David, 9:59 AM

Wednesday, August 18, 2004

I truly hate people in their stupid-looking cars or their even stupider big-ass trucks who seem to have no connection to world beyond their windshield. I don't know how many times I've almost been run over in the past few months.

I take public transit to work. I enjoy this. The people I ride with have always been cool and diverse, and I sure am saving money not having to spend \$2.50 for a gallon of gas. But getting to the nearest subway station from my house involves about a mile walk down Sunset to get to Vermont Street. I could take the bus, but a mile isn't that far and the exercise is probably doing wonders for my much-abused cardiovascular system. The Red Line takes me right to Union Station from which I catch a bus up to Santa Clarita, where I (hopefully, if all goes according to plan) get dropped off about half a mile or so from school (this fricken' bus line is a whole different fiasco I'll have to write about sometime).

What's UNHEALTHY about all of this are all the FUCKING IDIOTS behind the wheels of their POTENTIAL DEATH MACHINES. If they're not on their cell phone, they're putting on make-up or doing God-knows-what-else besides driving. Meanwhile, they sure as hell aren't seeing my SKINNY-ASS and quite FRAGILE body about to cross the street, but are always more than willing to RUN ME THE FUCK OVER! Then guess who gets pissed and gives who a dirty look? Me, who almost got taken out by a SUV whose bumper is almost as high as I am tall? Well, yes, eventually, once I get over the shock of almost being seriously crippled, but NO, it's the DRIVER, who gets ANNOYED that my pathetic carless self even DARES to cross THEIR street.

I wouldn't be so pissed about all this today if it was for this ONE ASSHOLE yesterday who actually had the nerve to HONK at me because I stepped into the crosswalk right when the red hand turned into the little white guy and this FUCKING DICKHEAD decided him making a left had to be done RIGHT AWAY. So not only does he come within about inches of hitting me (remember, I'm in a crosswalk with a "WALK" signal in my favor) but then he actually HONKS at me! I spun around I was so pissed and hurled all sorts of obscentites at him, just daring him to pull over so we could settle this like men, but the coward just sped on up the street. One of these days I'm going to simply SNAP and put my fist through their side window, haul the inconsiderate perpetrator through the shattered glass and proceed to beat the holy beejeezus out them. THAT'S HOW SICK I AM OF ALMOST GETTING RUN OVER.

So--the moral of the story, kids, is: PAY ATTENTION to world outside your vehicle, there are fragile creatures out and about, and your distractions can mean DEATH to them, and when you see someone about to cross the street, fer Christ's sake, LET THEM!!! If you don't, you just might get a big fat rock thrown through your windshield right into your FACE! Let's just say that there are some desperate pedestrians out there.

- David, 12:12 PM

Monday, August 16, 2004

Currently reading or have just read:

Great leap forward / editors, Chuihua Judy Chung, Jeffrey Inaba, Rem Koolhaas, Sze Tsung Leong; essays by Bernard Chang ... [et al.]; design, Alice Chung; commentary, Qingyun Ma.

Special cases: natural anomalies and historical monsters / Rosamond Purcell.

Book of surrealist games: including the little surrealist dictionary / compiled and edited by Alastair Brotchie

Ballard, J. G., 1930- Best short stories of J.G. Ballard.

Architecture theory since 1968 / edited by K. Michael Hays.

Japanese experience--inevitable / edited by Margrit Brehm.

Akutagawa, RyÂ⁻unosuke, 1892-1927. Hell screen; Cogwheels; A fool's life / RyÂ⁻unosuke Akutagawa; with a foreword by Jorge Luis Borges.

Strip: an American place / by Richard P. Horwitz

Roadside America: the automobile in design and culture / edited by Jan Jennings.

Decadent reader: fiction, fantasy, and perversion from fin-de-siĀ cle France / edited by Asti Hustvedt.

Chandler, Raymond, 1888-1959. Trouble is my business.

Betsky, Aaron. Architecture must burn.

ArchiLab's futurehouse: radical experiments in living space / edited by Marie-Ange Brayer & Béatrice Simonot.

Critique of everyday life / Henri Lefebvre. Visualizing theory : selected essays from V.A.R., 1990-1994 / edited by Lucien Taylor. - David. 2:31 PM

Wednesday, August 04, 2004

The first volume of Vollmann's *Rising Up and Rising Down*, his seven-volume reflection on violence, just arrived from Interlibrary Loan this morning! I've been waiting for this for weeks! (As I've mentioned below some dumbfuck left for the summer without returning his damn books. Libraries are for everyone, 'k?) So let us commence: *Rising Up and Rising Down*: Volume I: "Three Meditations on Death," "Introduction: The Days of the Niblungs," and "Definitions for Lonely Atoms." Between this and finishing up his *You Bright and Risen Angels*, it's going to be a Vollmann month fo' sheezy.

- David, 10:37 AM

Thursday, July 29, 2004

My roommate just called to inform me that my cat, Remedios, was sprayed by a skunk last night. So my room apparently has that heavenly flavor as well. Giving her a tomato bath is something I have to look forward to I guess. So that's where all the lacerations on my arms have come from next time y'all see me.

- David, 10:42 AM

Tuesday, July 27, 2004

MY HERO: WILLIAM VOLLMAN.

I've been reading his first novel **You Bright and Risen Angels**, which I cannot seem to put down. At first I was a bit daunted by its seemingly erratic detours and lengthy flights of fancy but it didn't take long until I fell right into the rhythm. I love Vollman's work with a passion. He knocks suckas like David Foster Wallace from here to fucking Christmas (and I did once upon a time used to adore DFW, now he just seems too "cute"). At any rate, my hero will be coming to CalArts this Fall (!!!), so I'm reading up like mad. Been trying to get started on the monolithic *Rising Up and Rising Down* but some fuck-up has had it overdue from the library now for months. Anyway, here's a few brief but startling bios I found on the net:

"A William T. Vollmann primer in 500 words: Novelist, essayist, photo journalist, war correspondent, poet and painterâ€"heâ €™s been praised in every major newspaper and magazine for his vast artistic output. His first published novel, You Bright and Risen Angels, dubbed "a cartoon" that's really an alternate universe science-fiction yarn, was written during late hours at his computer programming job in San Francisco. He lived off candy bars and slept under his desk. The novel was eventually published in England in 1987. No U.S. publisher would look at his work because he didn't have an agent and didn't prepare his manuscripts "right"â€"so several of his subsequent books were first issued in the U.K. and later in the States: The Rainbow Stories, The Ice-Shirt, Thirteen Stories and Thirteen Epitaphs. American editors started to notice him, and he began to acquire assignments from Esquire, Spin, Gear, The New Yorker; Viking, Pantheon, and Farrar, Straus & Giroux picked up his books. His early memoir of going to Afghanistan was published to much critical but scant commercial success, but remains a dear favorite with fans. He journeyed to the magnetic North Pole and almost froze to death, which he wrote about in The Rifles. He traveled extensively throughout Cambodia and Burma, exploring the underworld of prostitution and drugs, which he wrote about in *The Butterfly Stories*...and he also interviewed Pol Pot's brother. Much controversy surrounded his Esquire piece about purchasing a pre-teen prostitute from a brothel in Thailand and enrolling the girl in a school and helping her to set up a small business. He was a foreign correspondent in Somalia, Kosovo, and Belgrade. He attended Sadam Hussein's national birthday bash in Iraq, searched for terrorists in Yemen, and turned down an assignment from the Los Angeles Times to return to Afghanistan during the 2002 air strikes because the newspaper wouldn't put up the cash for a body guard. In the summer of 1994, while in Bosnia, the jeep he was in ran over a landmine; he was the sole survivor'a long time friend, a photographer, as well as his translator died instantly; he was shot at, and then later rescued by Spanish soldiers from the U.N. He took pictures of his dead friends and shows these images during slide shows while on the lecture and book signing circuit. People ask him how he can morally do this and his reply: "It is my job." He has documented his travels around the world in the PEN/Hemingway Award-winning collection, The Atlas and, more extensively, in Rising Up and Rising Down (which he dedicates to his two friends who died in Bosnia). He has published a 300,000 word opus on San Francisco's Tenderloin, The Royal Family, which he took an advance cut in order to have the book published in its voluminous stateâ€"speaking of which, this "essay on violence" that he has worked on for seventeen years, Rising Up and Rising Down, is a 3, 400 page, seven volume work that few publishers braved to even look at in theory; it was published in a pricey box-set from Dave Egger's McSweeney's Books in late 2003 (an 800-page abridged paperback edition will be released by Ecco Press in late 2004), " from http://www.writersmonthly.us/pages/wm library/interviews/william vollman writer.html

And my favorite brief bio:

"Metafictional novelist and near-suicidal journalist. Vollman's prodigious body of work explores the harrowing lives of the world's underclasses. To write his fiction, he immerses himself in his subjects' lives; he has lived among prostitutes and street people--smoking crack, having unprotected sex, and getting burned by lit cigarettes--in San Francisco, New York, and Southeast Asia.

Occasionally he feels compelled to act as well as report: In Thailand he abducted a child prostitute from a brothel, purchased her from her father, and enrolled her in a vocational school in Bangkok. For Fathers and Crows, the second volume of his acclaimed Seven Dreams series (1992), Vollman spent two weeks alone in the North Pole, the better to empathize with an ill-fated 19th-century explorer. On May 1, 1994, while Vollmann was on assignment for Spin magazine in Bosnia, the car he was in drove over a mine--Francis Tomasik, the driver and Vollmann's friend who was acting as a photographer and interpreter, was killed.

Vollmann writes obsessively, often 16 hours a day, subsisting on candy bars; a resulting case of carpal tunnel syndrome forced him off computers and into notebooks. His CoTangent Press produces ornate, limited-edition books that are made from such materials as steel and marble and feature illustrations and etchings by the author." from here:

http://www.cartage.org.lb/en/themes/Biographies/MainBiographies/V/vollmannwilliam/1.html

16 HOURS A DAY!!!! Jumpin' Jehosephat! I am SUCH a pussy. Jeez.

- David, 2:40 PM

Tuesday, July 20, 2004

Currently reading or have just read:

Murakami, Takashi, 1962- Takashi Murakami: kaikai kiki

Japanese experience--inevitable / edited by Margrit Brehm

Anarchism, from theory to practice / by Daniel GuÃ@rin

Heterotopia: postmodern utopia and the body politic / edited by Tobin Siebers.

Megalopolis: contemporary cultural sensibilities / Celeste Olalquiaga

Rethinking technologies / edited by Verena Andermatt Conley, on behalf of the Miami Theory Collective.

Phantom communities: the simulacrum and the limits of postmodernism / Scott Durham

Invisible cities / Italo Calvino

Watchfiends & rack screams: works from the final period / by Antonin Artaud

Earthlight / André Breton

Incorporations / edited by Jonathan Crary and Sanford Kwinter

Nervous system / Michael Taussig

Midnight / Susan Howe

Sound as thought: poems, 1982-1984 / Clark Coolidge

Yeah, not having a car and working in a library all week will do this to you.

- David, 2:09 PM

Wednesday, July 14, 2004

If y'all want to read the sweetest thing ever, check the guestbook. My lil' hapa sis up in the Bay Area is the greatest, always sending me love. Hope to go eat dim sum with her again soon!

- David, 11:47 AM

Tuesday, July 06, 2004

Had a story published in SUSPECT THOUGHTS:

www.suspectthoughts.com/main.htm

Under d.g. eng. The whole issue, edited by the one and only Dodie Bellamy, is pretty awesome throughout. It's an honor to be amongst such fine

authors.
- David, 2:00 PM

Tuesday, June 22, 2004

Back from the Valley of the Sun.

I always enjoy heading to Phoenix to visit my grandpa, despite the heat (110 degrees when I was there!) I love my grandpa.

A FEW REASONS WHY MY GRANDPA IS THE BADDEST MOFO I KNOW:

- #1. He curses more than I do. "Goddamn motherfuckers" is a frequent observation he makes towards others.
- #2. He can party like there's no tomorrow. Once, when my he went with my dad & I to New Orleans, he stayed up for about 3 days drinking and gambling. Pop and I went back to the room around 2 in the morning to crash and he wanted to gamble a while longer at the casino, he finally came rolling in around 7am after being up the entire night before. And up he was a few hours later, right back at it.
- #3. He can drink more than all of my friends, who are notorious drunks, COMBINED.
- #4. He reads constantly. One time when I went to visit, he was half-way into "Das Kapital" by Marx while at the same time reading a book on Buddhism. This trip, he was reading two big books on the history of China and the wife of Mao Tse-Tung. He once told me he liked the old school Chinese poets because "they drank wine and wrote poems all day".
- #5. He's a dreamer. He always has big ideas and elaborate plans, rarely bothering to bring them to accomplishment. Hmmm, I wnder who in the family inherited THAT?
- #6. Travelling around China with him when I was young is one of my best memories.

Another awesome thing about Phoenix is this used bookstore called Changing Hands in neighboring Tempe. Their prices are always way cheap and the selection just rocks. For instance, for a mere \$31 bucks I got:

REMNANTS OF THE FIRST EARTH Ray A. Young Bear. 1st edition. WOVEN STONE poems by Simon Ortiz. LAST WORDS: THE FINAL JOURNALS OF WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS. 1st Edition. BRIGHT AND RISEN ANGELS William T. Vollman. 1st Edition and some poetry books by Bruce Andrews and Leslie Scalapino.

Boo yaa.

Finally, my favorite woman on the planet, my hapa meta-critical comrade in arms is back from Europe. She is, hands down, the smartest woman I know. Period. We were writing a book together, which we can now get back to work on. Let the intense aesthetic experiences begin!

- David, 10:29 PM

Chas Smith.

This guy is one of my absolute heroes. He plays really awesome ambient music on his pedal guitars, zithers, and is known for his beautiful-sounding homemade metal percussion instruments.

He's playing this weekend with some of his labelmates on Cold Blue (one of my absolute favorite labels!).

Read all about him here:

http://www.laweekly.com/ink/04/30/style-burk.php

Or check out Cold Blue's website:

www.coldbluemusic.com

The Sound series presents Chas Smith, Jim Fox, Michael Jon Fink and Rick Cox at the Schindler House, 835 N. Kings Road, West Hollywood, on Saturday, June 26, at 7:30 p.m.; www.soundnet.org/sound/2004

- David, 1:02 PM

Wednesday, June 16, 2004

Off to Phoenix, AZ. again this weekend with Pops in order to visit Grandpops for Father's Day. Got to get geared up for some drinkin', gamblin' and eatin' cause that's what Grandpops likes to do. We're flying in this time instead of driving, which sucks because I fucking hate airplanes/airports with a deep-seated passion. But whatever, I guess that just leaves us with more time to do the above-mentioned things as well as hopefully hit up

this cool bookstore in Tempe, of course grabbing some Pete's fish and chips along the way. - David, 8:09 AM

Monday, June 14, 2004

Whaddup.

Back to work after about a week and a half off. Went to visit my cherished and really quite amazing friends up at the Institute for Revolutionary Science in San Jose. Basked in the uncanny fervor of Surrealism via tapping directly into our collective unconscious which produced some very interesting and poetical results. The findings of our investigation will be published shortly when the first manifesto of the Surrealist Situationist Anarchist Collective is published. We got the format and a fair amount of content, so we just have to put it all together.

I got the honor of being the first audience member to witness the behemoth that is their new band, Millipede. Needless to say, they totally rock.

Came back and then spent the week kickin' it in my Backyard Chateau, knockin' off the books left and right. Some of the texts I finished during my vacation:

Pure immanence: essays on a life / Gilles Deleuze; with an introduction by John Rajchman; translated by Anne Boyman.

Mr. Wilson's cabinet of wonder / Lawrence Weschler.

Snow White / Donald Barthelme. (Highly recommended! A riot, as well as being well ahead of it's time . . .)

Crepuscular dawn / Paul Virilio.

The black Atlantic: modernity and double consciousness / Paul Gilroy.

A collection of French Short Stories, re-read some essays by Blanchot and Bataille.

And I wrote like a motherfucker! New poems, and edited a short story for a publishing submission. In between all this, I wrote about 8 new bass guitar riffs. Man, if I could only be so productive all the time. But it helps that my car is dead and I have no where to go.

In the meantime! Here's a curious story about the mental health of our president! Enjoy!

http://www.capitolhillblue.com/artman/publish/article_4636.shtml - David, 7:29 PM

Monday, May 31, 2004

.....

ANDRÉ BRETON, from The Second Manifesto of Surrealism, 1930

"Everything tends to make us believe that there exists a certain point of the mind at which life and death, the real and the imagined, past and future, the communicable and the incommunicable, high and low, cease to be perceived as contradictions. Now, search as one may one will never find any other motivating force in the activities of the Surrealists than the hope of finding and fixing this point. From this it becomes obvious how absurd it would be to define Surrealism solely as constructive or destructive: the point to which we are referring is a fortiori that point where construction and destruction can no longer be brandished one against the other. It is also clear that Surrealism is not interested in giving very serious consideration to anything that happens outside of itself, under the guise of art, or even anti-art, of philosophy or anti-philosophy â€" in short, at anything not aimed at the annihilation of the being into a diamond, all blind and interior, which is no more the soul of ice than that of fire.

. . . The simplest Surrealist act consists of dashing down the street, pistol in hand, and firing blindly, as fast as you can pull the trigger, into the crowd. Anyone who, at least once in his life, has not dreamed of thus putting an end to the petty system of debasement and cretinization in effect has a well-defined place in that crowd, with his belly at barrel level . . .

. . . let us not lose sight of the fact that the idea of surrealism aims quite simply at the total recovery of our psychic force by a means which is nothing other than the dizzying descent into ourselves, the systematic illumination of hidden places and the progressive darkening of other places, the perpetual excursion into the midst of forbidden territory . . ."

André Breton, from Mad Love (L'Amour fou), 1937

 $Lautr\tilde{A}@amont's "Beautiful as the encounter of a sewing machine with an umbrella on a dissection table. ..." constitutes the very manifesto of convulsive poetry. ...$

... In any case, what is delightful here is the dissimilarity itself which exists between the object wished for and the object found. This trouvaille, whether it be artistic, scientific, philosophic, or as useless as anything, is enough to undo the beauty of everything beside it. In it alone can we recognise the marvellous precipitate of desire. It alone can enlarge the universe, causing it to relinquish some of its opacity, letting us discover its

extraordinary capacities for reserve, proportionate to the innumerable needs of the spirit. Daily life abounds, moreover, in just this type of small discovery . . . You only have to know how to get along in the labyrinth. Interpretive delirium begins only when man, ill-prepared, is taken by a sudden fear in the forest of symbols. But I maintain that for anyone, watchfulness would do anything rather than pay a second's notice to whatever remains exterior to his desire.

What attracts me in such a manner of seeing is that, as far as the eye can see, it recreates desire . . .

Convulsive beauty will be veiled-erotic, fixed-explosive, magic-circumstantial, or it will not be.

- . . . chance is the form making manifest the exterior necessity which traces its path in the human consciousness . . .
- ... Behind ourselves, we must not let the paths of desire become overgrown. Nothing retains less of desire in art, in science, than this will to industry, booty, possession. A pox on all captivity, even should it be in the interest of the universal good . . . Still today I am only counting on what comes of my own openness, my eagerness to wander in search of everything, which, I am confident, keeps me in mysterious communication with other open beings, as if we were suddenly called to assemble . . .
- ... It is only by making evident the intimate relation linking the two terms real and imaginary that I hope to break down the distinction, which seems to me less and less well founded, between the subjective and the objective. . . . I intend to justify and advocate more and more choice of a lyric behaviour such as it is indispensable to everyone, even if for only an hour of love, such as surrealism has tried to systematize it, with all possible predictive force.
- ... What is strangest is inseparable from love, presiding over its revelation in individual as well as in collective terms. Man's and woman's sexual organs are attracted to each other like a magnet only through the introduction between them of a web of uncertainties ceaselessly renewed, a real unloosing of hummingbirds which would have gone to hell to have their feathers smoothed . . .

We will never have done with sensation. All rationalist systems will prove one day to be indefensible to the extent that they try, if not to reduce it to the extreme, at least not to consider it in its so-called exaggerations . . . Surprise must be sought for itself, unconditionally. It exists only in the interweaving in a single object of the natural and the supernatural, in the emotion of holding the lyrebird even as it is felt to be slipping away . . .

Nothing could be more worth an effort than making love lose this bitter aftertaste which poetry, for example, does not have. Such an enterprise cannot be entirely successful until on the universal scale we have finished with the infamous Christian idea of sin. There has never been any forbidden fruit. Only temptation is divine. To feel the need to vary the object of this temptation, to replace it by others â€″ this bears witness that one is about to be found unworthy, that one has already doubtless proved unworthy of innocence . . .

- David, 8:31 PM

"What is important is not that governments have decided to concede certain rights to the people, but the reason why they have had to do this. To him who fails to understand the connection here history will always remain a book with seven seals." --Rudolf Rocker, "The Methods of Anarcho-Syndicalism"

"The state is not something which can be destroyed by a revolution, but is a condition, a certain relationship between human beings, a mode of human behavior; we destroy it by contracting other relationships, by behaving differently." --Gustav Landauer, "Reinventing Anarchy, Again - David, 12:56 PM

Sunday, May 30, 2004

Holy smokes I've had a lot of days off work. Been hanging out here at the Chateau, watching movies (Junk Food, Moon Warriors, Moon Child, Dead or Alive: mostly Japanese cinema). Reading Manuel De Landa's "One Thousand Years of Non-Linear History," which is really, really good and thought-provoking and related to my thesis and everything. Also reading Micheal Taussig's "The Nervous System," his comments on "terror" increasingly relevant in this day and age.

What else have I been doing? Working on the new Last Nights of Paris album, a few nascent poems.

I did go to Amoeba today to spend some of my hard earned tax return. I haven't purchased music in a year. Bought the relatively new Lungfish: "Love is Love." Dan Higgs, as always, is heading into interesting direction with his lyrics and the band of course is developing, as ever, in unforeseen and wonderful ways. I also picked up Com.A from the Tigerbeat 6 label, Species Being from San Francisco (featuring Frank Grau, drummer from Sleepytime Gorilla Museum) out on Chaosophy Records (and, of course, being the total geek that I am, would buy anything off a label named after a book by Guattari), and the "Turn Off the Radio: Vol. II: The Mixtape" by Dead Prez. RBG LOVE: Revolutionary but Gangsta! - David, 8:59 PM

It is the entire assemblage in its individuated aggregate that is a haecceity; it is this assemblage that is defined by a longitude and a latitude, by speeds and affects, independently of forms and subjects, which belong to another plane. It is the wolf, itself, and the horse, and the child, that cease to be subjects to become events. (262) You will yield nothing to haecceities unless you realize that that is what you are, and nothing else. ... You are longitude and latitude, a set of speeds and slownesses between unformed particles, a set of non-subjectified affects. (262) A haecceity has neither beginning nor end, origin nor destination; it is always in the middle. It is not made of points, only of lines. It is a rhizome. (263) The

Deleuzo-Guattarian response to this problem is the haecceity. It acknowledges that everything is in a constant state of flux, composed of speeds and affects, not forms and subjects. It makes no sense to speak of things in terms of stasis. Since everything is constantly in motion, it makes more sense to speak in terms of longitudes and latitudes, relative positions, speeds, and affects ... perpetual motion and perpetual change. In this framework, one cannot speak of "things" but of events and becomings. Every "thing" is unique and new at every moment. Every "thing" is, therefore, an event. Every "thing" is becoming.

Tuesday, May 25, 2004

- David, 12:54 PM

Let's see, what's new. Working for the CalArts library for the summer, which is cool because we have an extensive music collection that I'm gradually working my way through. This is my opportunity to flesh out my blues, jazz and classical education. Been listening to a lot of Sun Ra, Son House, Herbie Hancock and what has become my favorite blues musician, Skip James.

Officially living in the shed/shack/chateau/bungalow/treehouse in Silver Lake. Remedios seems to really like it. I find myself just staring at the view of Hollywood for undetermined spans of time. Who would of figured it'd be so meditative?

My car blew up on the 101: the engine is dead. So it sucks trying to get to work but Amar and friends are helping me with that. I'm not that upset considering I only paid \$550 for the car and it lasted me all year back and forth to school. So, time to buy another cheap vehicle to run into the ground.

What else? Been working on new material for the next Last Nights of Paris album. Reading a ton of poetry, not writing a whole lot but that will change soon I'm sure. Trips to Bay Area and Arizona planned for this month.

- David, 8:09 AM

Tuesday, May 04, 2004

This WEDNESDAY @ 8pm in the CUBE (Butler Building). California Institute of the Arts.

FREE VERSE / OPEN BAR Six poets read their work:

Vejea Jennings Stephanie Rioux Heather Nassi David Eng Kim Schoen Douglas Kearny

Come booze it up with the poets. Thank you.

- David, 3:42 PM

Sunday, April 25, 2004

The place I'm currently moving to--a beautiful house on top of a hill overlooking Hollywood--is becoming available May 1 thru May 15. We desperately need a cool peep to live with us. We're mellow. We're creative. We all have quite a sense of humor. If you or anyone you know would be interested, let us know. Here is the forward from my new roomate and good friend Amar:

My house will have a room available 5/1. It's a nice place on

a hill, with lots of flowers and a pool in the back yard.

kitchen and bathroom and a pretty big house with the rest

of us, two writers and a painter. The rent is \$683 a month;

will consider cats.

midnightschildren@hotmail.com - David, 12:44 PM

Saturday, April 24, 2004

Not much to report. Finally finished with all the semester's writing responsibilities. Will be working for the library up here at CalArts this summer. Got the Writing Arts TA position for next year as well as Work Study, so dinner is ON ME come Fall. As much as I love the 99cent store, I'm looking forward to days of mixed bbq plates over rice and big, fat juicy burritos. Plus, I'm planning on spending most of the summer by the pool (!) at my new place reading like nobody's business, so recommend some books peeps.

- David, 12:02 PM

Tuesday, March 30, 2004

Watched the remake of "Dawn of the Dead" yesterday with Amar. I'm totally enthused. I've always been an ardent fan of zombie flicks, but something in me broke through into fanatic status.

Who can deny the appeal of mass hordes of crazed zombies rampaging through the suburbs eating everyone within reach?

And as Amar put it succinctly after the film: "I forgot how utterly hopeless all zombie movies turn out to be." Damn straight. No resolution, no hope, no closure, just increasing waves of zombies with one sole purpose, one singular motivation and no other: TO EAT YOUR MOTHERFUCKING FLESH!!!

God, I love zombie films.

- David, 7:51 PM

Friday, March 26, 2004

The 411 on my seemingly static life. I don't move around much but boy am I tired.

Re-edited and hopefully improved two pieces of short fiction for submission to small press publishers on Monday. Progressed further on the short story due in workshop on Wednesday. Only so very incrementally advanced with the actual writing of my Thesis Project Proposal due on April 8th, but I did copious research.. And hardly worked at all on my other short story about sickness for Dodie Bellamy's Experimental Writing class due on April 15.

Much thanks to my cherished friends and collegues at the Institute of Revolutionary Science in SJ for providing me with unique working conditions, sharp conversation, nourishment and overall support.

- David, 2: 29 PM

Wednesday, March 03, 2004

Went to Bay Area this weekend. Stayed at the Institute of Revolutionary Science. Drafted first Surrealist Situationist Anarchist Collective via exquisite corpse method. Never underestimate the power of the unconscious is all I have to say.

- David, 12:47 PM

Wednesday, February 25, 2004

It's raining like a motherfucker outside right now. Very nice. Not much to report other than that.

- David, <u>6:34 PM</u>

Saturday, January 31, 2004

Word. Working for a library again, in addition to being a T.A.. Ah, home sweet home. Stories due next week, etc. Oh yes, happy new year. Time to Monkey around!

- David, 12:57 AM

Friday, January 09, 2004

No news is good news?

School is starting again, working in a library again (yay!) and on top o' dat, my boss is another hapa (double yay!), the only type of peep I'll take orders from.

More to come.

- David, 10:25 AM

Monday, December 01, 2003

Hey ho. Still no job. Still no money. LA is going to eat me alive. Just in time for Christmas! All my cherished friends are getting pocket lint/earwax sculptures for Christmas again. Just so you know.

Bay Area Thanksgiving trip was fun. Got to see Jay and Fern's new warehouse, or, refrigerator, considering it was so cold there was a blizzard going on in there. Yo.

- David, 3:48 PM

Wednesday, November 19, 2003

Another unfinished short story due tomorrow at noon, another all-nighter. I don't know why I do this to myself. Well, what else is there to do?

On the non-literary yet quite literal side of things, I still don't have a job, no money, no motivation, BUT, on the brighter side of things, I do now have a couch! A freakin' fold-out bed type couch which fits perfectly in my tiny room. So no more sleeping on the floor! My cat is stoked with disbelief as well. Moving on up in the world, that's me.

- David, 4:58 PM

Wednesday, November 05, 2003

Computer crashed again. Re-edited and of course unsaved-on-a-back-up-disk story trapped in hard drive. Forced to do my work in the labs. Paper due tomorrow. Procrastinating. Need coffee. Need snack. Need over-hauled and tuned-up vocabulary. Need new insights. Need new opinions.

On the brighter and less-panicky side of things, I am, however, in love, which is a new phenomenon to these pages and not "absolutely banal" at all, so sorry for mentioning it.

- David, 4:40 PM

Friday, October 31, 2003

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

Tonight I attend CalArts halloween bash in the guise of an undead micky mouse pimp daddy g. My date is a CalArts cheerleader. Whee! - David, 8:25 PM

Wednesday, October 22, 2003

Too much going on right now for my own good. Lack of continual Internet access to put it all down. Schedules, daydreaming, laziness. And there you have it, dear readers.

- David, 6:48 PM

Friday, October 10, 2003

Fully moved into the new house. Books are up. Boxes of random crap are for the most part stored. All manner of interesting sounds/voice/drones constantly cruising by my window at all hours of the day. This is still interesting to me, seeing how I've lived in an ultra-quiet trailer park for years, and before that, the silence of the mountains. But then again, I buy CD's with found street and city sounds mixed in with weird ambient music so maybe I've conditioned myself to appreciate it.

Bay Area this weekend, limited engagement, selected showtimes.

- David, 4:02 PM

Sunday, September 28, 2003

MY LIFE AS THE HIP-BONE CONNECTED TO THE THIGH-BONE

Went to the Shepard Fairey opening at Sixspace last night. Obey!

I've been slowly coming around to CalArts. It's growing on me like a fungus, but in an affectionate way. Like a cute lil' fungus, or some patch of growth that is slowly forming some kind of profile of someone famous, and then, the moment it covers enough skin to make you realize in a sudden rush who it is, you laugh your ass off for hours, totally forgetting that you have an aberrant parasitical plant entity disfiguring your body.

So yeah, my relationship to CalArts is kind of like that. But funnier when you're actually there.

- David, 11:20 AM

Friday, September 26, 2003

Edward Said, Wesley Willis, John Ritter, Robert Palmer, Hulk Hogan . . .

Sheesh, who's next?
- David, 3:04 PM

Thursday, September 25, 2003

Edward Said Dies; U.S. Scholar Was Leading Voice for Palestinians

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

NEW YORK (AP) -- Edward W. Said, a Columbia University professor and leading spokesman in the United States for the Palestinian cause, has died, his editor at Knopf publishers said Thursday. He was 67.

Said had suffered from leukemia for years and died at a New York hospital late Wednesday, editor Shelley Wanger said.

Said was born in 1935 in Jerusalem, then part of British-ruled Palestine, but he spent most of his adult life in the United States. He wrote passionately about the

Palestinian cause but also on a variety of other subjects, from English literature, his academic specialty, to music and culture.

When it came to the Arab-Israeli conflict, Said was consistently critical of Israel for what he regarded as mistreatment of the Palestinians.

He wrote two years ago after visits to Jerusalem and the West Bank that Israel's "efforts toward exclusivity and xenophobia toward the Arabs" had actually

strengthened Palestinian determination.

"Palestine and Palestinians remain, despite Israel's concerted efforts from the beginning either to get rid of them or to circumscribe them so much as to make them

ineffective," Said wrote in the English-language Al-Ahram Weekly, published in Cairo.

In 2000, he prompted a controversy when he threw a rock toward an Israeli guardhouse on the Lebanese border. Columbia University did not censure him, saying

that the stone was directed at no one, no law was broken and that his actions were protected by principles of academic freedom.

Said moved to the United States as a student. He received a bachelor's degree from Princeton in 1957 and a master's and Ph.D. from Harvard, in 1960 and 1964.

Most of his academic career was spent as a professor at Columbia University in New York, but he also was a visiting professor at such leading institutions as Yale.

Harvard and Johns Hopkins.

His books include "The Question of Palestine" in 1979 and "After the Last Sky" in 1986.

- David, 11:46 AM

Wednesday, September 24, 2003

Just finished my first paper for the MFA Critical Studies program at CalArts as well my first piece of music criticism, reviewing Massive Attack's most recent album 100th Window. I'll post it if y'all are interested.

More importantly, I have finally scored a place in LA, which makes me an official big city resident denizen. I'll be literally living in the shadow of the huge Scientology Castle below Sunset Blvd. I just met my new roommate in real life as well as virtually onn Friendster and she totally rocks. Looking forward to this new installment in life as I'm sure all of you are as well.

- David, 2:10 PM

Saturday, September 20, 2003

Went to the Mark Mothersbaugh (Devo) exhibit last night at the Derby. I like his work, as my friend Amar said, at least its political. The crowd hanging out was wacky.

And guess what -- Green Jelly played! - David, 12:38 PM

Wednesday, September 17, 2003

My first week as an LA resident has proved to be quite interesting. Very hip. Very unlikely events and people. Yesterday I took surface streets from Silverlake to Santa Monica. Upon my arrival, I was horrified to find that my favorite bookstore in LA, Midnight Special, has been replaced by a fucking United Colors of Benneton. I haven't felt that strong of an urge to have a molotov cocktail in my fist in a long while. Well, considering that it had become sandwiched in between a mammoth-sized Barnes & Noble as well as a gargantuan Borders for some years now, I supposed it thrived a long time for an indy bookstore. At least now there is ABSOLUTELY NO REASON WHATSOEVER to go to the Third Street Promenade EVER AGAIN.

CalArts is ok. My Profs are all pretty cool, well-read, and intelligent. The students, on the other hand, well . . . time will tell I guess. Yeah, I'm vying for title of Most Pretentious Person on Campus, which, in art school, is no easy competition, let me tell you. But I'm smart enough, arrogant enough, and all around generally hip enough to keep my head above the sea of egos in order to come out on top. Amen. Go team.

- David, 12:09 AM

Monday, September 08, 2003

Moved my book collection into storage today . . . how sad. We haven't been apart in years. Hopefully, it won't be for long. I don't want to leave her in that horrible little dark storage room longer than necessary!

Anyhow, big city here I come. Updates on my first impressions of CalArts, the moving drama, the pseudo-bling and more! After I am officially removed from the Lifeless Heart of the Banal tomorrow night! Wish me luck on my flight!

- David, 11:23 PM

Saturday, September 06, 2003

MY LIFE AS AN INTERSTICE

Howdy folks. Yours truly is now officially an MFA student in the Critical Studies Department at the California Institute of the Arts. So I have a school. Now all I need is a job, apartment, and car. Ah, the impossible!

- David, 11:59 PM

Tuesday, September 02, 2003

Okay. All my shit is now removed from it's rightful spot in the trailer and is now strewn all over the floor or half hanging out of boxes. Woohoo! I'm

a mess. This sucks. And the clock keeps ticking. In a week, I'll be unemployed and homeless, but I'll be an art school student, which amounts to pretty much the same thing either way. But I'm going to attempt to break into the porn industry since I'll be most likely living in the Valley. And by "break into" I mean most literally robbing some producers warehouse so I can sell hot DVD's out of a cardboard box perhaps on Broadway. It would beat giving handjobs for book store gift certificates and kitty food, but it hasn't come to that. Yet.

- David, 10:01 PM

Monday, September 01, 2003

Looks like I'm going to try my hand at living in LA next week, as well as give it a go at CalArts. We'll see. If it's all too much I'm going to flee back home to the Bay Area.

Been reading Surya's "intellectual bio" of Bataille. Awesome, of course.

- David, 11:50 PM

Friday, August 29, 2003

One of my music projects:

Communicating Vessels

http://www.calarts.edu/~aravva/

My old friend Amarnath Ravva playing the vina with yours truly playing everything else. A few tracks off of one of our CDs.

South Asian instrumentalization meets psychedelic strings to produce "space ragas". Run your cursor sensuously over the second cow for songs.

- David, <u>9:24 AM</u>

Wednesday, August 27, 2003

Currently reading the autobiography as well as the selected writings of Huey P. Newton, founder of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. One of the most intelligent, articulate and courageous revolutionary leaders in Bay Area history.

All Power to the People.

David, 2:05 PM

Friday, August 22, 2003

MY LIFE MOURNING ONE LESS MUSICAL INNOVATOR

R.I.P Wesley Willis

Here's the Alternative Tentacles obit:

Dear Friends and fellow Wesleynauts, We are deeply saddened to report that one of our artists, Wesley Willis passed away yesterday, Thursday, August 21st. Wesley will be greatly missed by all that had the privilege to know him, as well as the fans who have been fortunate enough to experience his genius.

Wesley was diagnosed with Chronic Myelogenous Leukemia (CML) at the end of 2002, and had to undergo emergency surgery on June 2nd to identify the source of, and to suppress internal bleeding. It is not clear if this bleeding was related to his leukemia or not, and the exact cause of death is still unknown. Wesley had been recovering at a Hospice in Illinois, and since the surgery his health had deteriorated rapidly.

His songs were simultaneously disturbing, hilarious, blunt, and intoxicating. Wesley's sheer excitement and unaffected honesty about every cultural phenomenon, defined his music as truly individual, and truly punk rock.

Wesley released well over 50 albums - 3 of which are on Alternative Tentacles, and a 4th, entitled, Wesley Willis Greatest Hits Vol. 3 (CD) had already been scheduled for release in October of this year.

- David, <u>7:45 PM</u>

Monday, August 18, 2003

JUST FINISHED:

Speed tribes : days and nights with Japan's next generation

and

Standard deviations: growing up and coming down in the new Asia

by hapa author Karl Taro Greenfeld. Both excellent.

CURRENTLY READING:

Hub culture: the next wave of urban consumers by Stan Stalnaker

- David, 2:36 PM

Saturday, August 16, 2003

MY LIFE AS DE PILLBUG AMIDST THE WORLD OF DE FEET.

Do I do the responsible thing and continue to pursue my already belated academic career, via an MFA in Critical Studies (although one could say that CalArts is anything but "responsible"), or should I take up the one time opportunity to move back to the Bay with cherished and close friends/bandmates and commence to rock out?

Inquiring minds want to know. Namely, my own.

Either choice involves music, but only one involves some guarenteed \$\$\$.

- David, 1:04 AM

Wednesday, August 13, 2003

Must pack. Must pack. Must move. Must move. Must. clean. up. and. sell. trailer. Must. fight. laziness. Must. fight. naps. Must. put. down. book. Must. not. go. to. movie. Must. get. off. computer.

ZZZZZZZZZ

- David, 11:54 PM

Monday, August 11, 2003

I've been asked to update this site more often. That wouldn't exactly be ABSOLUTELY BANAL now would it?
- David, 11:44 AM

Friday, August 08, 2003

Tired . . . so tired.

Procrastination . . . listlessness . . . disconnectedness . . . weary, jaded, and unmotivated.

Yeah, that pretty much sums everything up. And how are you?

- David, 11:29 AM

Thursday, July 31, 2003

Fuck Columbia. Those elitist, self-aggrandizing cheapskates. They aren't giving me a shiity little penny to attend their "Jivey-League school. I guess if your dad isn't some high-ranking CEO or a motherfucking senator, you can't go there. I can't even borrow enough money to pay for tuition, much less live in Paris for a year.

Oh well. Fuck Europe anyway. As it turns out, CalArts is offering to pay over half my tuition to go there instead. So I guess it's "Escape into L.A." just when I thought I was getting the beejeezus out of this concrete stink-hole called Southern California.

- David. 10:49 AM

Tuesday, July 29, 2003

CURRENTLY READING:

Global uprising: confronting the tyrannies of the 21st century: stories from a new generation of activists / Neva Welton and Linda Wolf; photography by Linda Wolf

State work: public administration and mass intellectuality / Stefano Harney

Archeticture: ecstasies of space, time, and the human body / David Farrell Krell

Blur: the making of nothing / Diller + Scofidio

Faster: the acceleration of just about everything / James Gleick

- David, 11:58 AM

Tuesday, July 15, 2003

SPINNING THE WHEELS OF DATA ON THE ISLAND OF INFORMATION

The Internet was down on campus this morning . . . Since I first work in the computer lab, I had to inform students of this situation. The look of utter disbelief that fell across their faces was revealing . . . I might as well of told them that the world was undergoing the process of self-destruction. But I shared their astonishment, felt their isolation and disconnectedness . . . We were together in our desolation.

My phone got disconnected yesterday. Not from the lack of funds to pay the bills necessarily, but from the inherent inability I seem to possess when it comes to keeping up on stamps, envelopes, addresses, checks, signatures, account numbers, etc. So my intentions were to e-mail all my peeps, telling them they can only reach me via Internet, but . . . well, who says irony is dead in the 21st century? Not for me, but I've always been somewhat of a modernist anyway . . .

- David, 10:34 AM

Sunday, July 06, 2003

Just came back down from the mountains this afternoon and am currently in San Jose until I board my train bound for Los Angeles in the morning. - David, 2:07 AM

Wednesday, July 02, 2003

So here I am back at the house in which I used to live eight or so years ago. Way up here in the Northern Sierras, where I received by A.A. degree at Feather River College in Quincy. And I'm travelling with two of the people that I graduated with in 1996, who are currently sleeping in the next room. Tomorrow we will eat at the restaurant in which I used to work, the Express Coffee Shop. At certain times there would be a triple hapa wait staff, the owner's two kids and myself, serving a menu ranging from chow mein to biscuits and gravy. The full significance of this had not hit me until recently.

There's a room available here. I could get a lot done here: the days would arc past in a gradual way, seasons would absorb one another, temperatures and the quality of sunlight would vary in unexpected ways. And I would watch it from out in it as well as from within.

- David, 3:24 AM

Wednesday, June 11, 2003

"If we assume that métissage is generally the result of an encounter and a synthesis between two different components, it seems to us that creolization is a métissage without limits, the elements of which are manifold, its outcomes unpredictable. Creolization diffracts whereas some forms of métissage may concentrate once more . . . Creolization's most manifest symbol is the Creole language. Its genius rests on its being always open; that is, maybe, its becoming fixed only within some system of variables that we will have to imagine as well as define. Thus, creolization carries in itself the adventure of multilingualism along with the extraordinary explosion of cultures. But this explosion of cultures does not mean their scattering nor their mutual dilution. It is the violent manifestation of their assented, free sharing."

--Edouard Glissant, Poétique de la relation

Tuesday, June 10, 2003

Sometimes I'm just laying around pondering some strange thing or another when all of a sudden I begin thinking about all the people on this planet, leading their individual lives, totally alone or among loved ones, miserable or happy or bored or indifferent, and each have their own irreplaceable singular vision of the world that's absolutely particular to them. And then I begin to think how beautiful that all is, and then it occurs to me that each one is going to die, some completely alone and unknown, others surrounded by grieving people who cared . . . and I don't know, for some reason I get incredibly saddened by all this. Not the dying part necessarily, but just the transient nature of everything no matter how important it is to us. The "impossible beauty" of it all.

Saturday, May 31, 2003

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES

This blog is going to get a lot more interesting towards the end of the summer methinks . . . - David, $12:15\ PM$

Thursday, May 22, 2003

Well, I have officially been accepted into Columbia University's graduate program . . . Can ya believe it?

- David, 1:53 PM

Sunday, May 11, 2003

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*cough, cough*
- David, 9:25 PM
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Tuesday, May 06, 2003

CURRENTLY READING:

Occupying Architecture: Between the Architect and the User ed. Jonathan Hill

The Socius of Architecture: Amsterdam, Tokyo, New York by Arie Graafland

Site of Sound: Of Architecture and the Ear ed. Brandon LaBelle and Steve Roden

(this one is super cool; will quote from here soon . . .)

Landscape Architecture by Francisco Asensio Cerver (some beautiful designs in here . . .)

Achim Wollscheid: Selected Works

(this guy is the most interesting sound installation artist working today . . .)

Tokyo Vertigo by Stephen Barber

Event-Cities II by Bernard Tschumi

(architectural wackiness; an enormous, slickly composed book packed with intricate blueprints and plans . . .)

Screening China: Critical Interventions, Cinematic Reconfigurations, and the Transnational Imaginary in Contemporary Chinese Cinema by Yingjin Zhang

Against Race: Imagining Political Culture Beyond the Color Line by Paul Gilroy

39 Microlectures: In Proximity of Performance

Matthew Goulish

The CNN Effect: the Myth of News, Foreign Policy and Intervention

Piers Robinson

- David, 10:45 PM

Sunday, May 04, 2003

Scored three Yuen Wo Ping flicks in one fell swoop the other day! "The Buddhist Fist", "The Fiery Dragon Kid", and "Dreadnaught". All for fifteen bucks! It was like . . . like destiny. . . .

The opening sequence to "The Fiery Dragon Kid" is simply incredible, Wo Ping truly outdoes himself . . . - David, $2:08\ PM$

Saturday, May 03, 2003

"From way down in comfort I tell her being a Chinaman's okay if you love having been outlaw-born and raised to eat and run in your mother country like a virus staying a step ahead of a cure and can live that way, fine. And that is us! Eat and run midnight people, outward bound. Chinaman from the Catonese, yeah, I tell her, we were the badasses of China, the barbarians, far away from the high culture of the North where they look down on us southerners because we do not have the noble nose, because we are darker complected, because we lived hunched over, up to our wrists in the dirt sending our fingers underground grubbing after eats. We were the dregs, the bandits, the killers, the get out of town eat and run folks, hungry all the time eating after looking for food. Murderers and sailors. Rebel yellers and hardcore cooks. Our culture is our cuisine. There are no cats in Chinatown. Up North they had time to wait for the mellowing of the wine. They cooked with a lot of wine, a lot of vinegar. Us, it is three-day quick whiskey and fast rice wine. We eat toejam, bugs, leaves, seeds, birds, bird nests, treebark, trunks, fungus, rot, roots, and smut and are always on the move, fingering the ground, on the forage, embalming food in leaves and seeds, on the way, for the part of the trip when all we'll have to eat on the way will be mummies, and all the time eating anything that can be torn apart and put in the mouth, looking for new food to make up enough to eat. Up north they used all kinds of grains and fancy goodies, while everything with us was the rice of long wars and bad ground. Rice. Rice. Rice. Rice flour, rice noodles, rice rice, rice paste, burnt rice boiled out of the pot for dessert and ricewater to wash it down. I'm proud to say my ancestors did not invent gunpowder but stole it. If they had invented gunpowder, they would have eaten it up sure, and never borne this hungry son of a Chinaman to run. In that tradition, the first things I learned to read were cereal boxes, bread wrappers, and coffee cans. Duri

-Frank Chin
"The Eat and Run Midnight People"
from The Chinaman Pacific & Frisco R.R. Co.
- David, 10:55 PM

Tuesday, April 29, 2003

Crazy times, man, crazy times . . . - David, 11:59 AM

Friday, April 25, 2003

It just dawned on me after that last entry that I hope there aren't any "Absolutely Banal" fans who sit in on Columbia's selection commitee . . . - David, 10:53 PM

Thursday, April 24, 2003

MY LIFE AS A POTENTIAL EX-PATRIATE?

Been busy re-integrating selves . . . sick of listening to them bickering.

And, um, in between struggling with Multiple Personality Disorder, I guess I might get into Columbia. Yes, that's right dawg! The French Cultural Studies Department just might send yours truly to Paris. They sent me an e-mail expressing "interest" in my application, but I have to send them

a page, en francais, detailing my thesis proposal and expressing my intentions. Like I didn't have enough trouble articulating dat shit in English! Columbia don't fuck around! And I've been mad slackin' so I better get mad crackin'! For reals tho, I have to get the hell off of hapas.com and write it out TONIGHT, cause I'm meeting with a former French professor tomorrow who's going to correct the grammer and make sure I don't sound like the incompetent francophone I really am. Seriously, I was literally wiping the cobwebs off my French dictionaries . . . C'est la vie!

- David, 11:11 AM

Sunday, April 13, 2003

Whew, o.k., I finally located myself. After tearing apart my house, I was found underneath the futon muttering something about how "they're out to get me . . .". Anyway, after a little coaxing with promises of roast duck and rice, I talked with myself about what I've been reading these past couple of weeks. I had a some difficulty following my multiple digressions and wandering trains of thought, not to mention the frighteningly delusional flights of fancy, but here is the gist of our conversation:

"Well, as you know, I'm really into Hong Kong cinema, and immediately after the martial arts film fest at UCLA I decided to scope out the scholarly texts available on the subject. I set off across the park in the middle of the university upon which I live with the stealth of a 21st century literary ninja, trained in the art of combative deception . . ."

"A 21st century literary ninja? Dude, get over it, you're a librarian . . ."

". . . by day, yes, but did not Jet Li's character in â€~Black Mask' choose that very same innocuous-seeming occupation to hide the fact that he was a deadly assassin? And besides, why couldn't . . . "

"Whatever. Get on with it."

"Very well then. As I was saying, successfully thwarting all of my mortal enemies, I reached the library without peril. After cracking the code and accessing their computer databanks, I managed to locate some pertinent textual resources . . ."

"Which were?"

"I'm getting to that. Assuming the guise of a ordinary library patron, I eluded the numerous sentries posted on every level and ascended to the top floor. From there I crept amongst the stacks (ninja-like, mind you) and silently removed the books from their shelves . . . "

"Which were. . . ?"

"Patience is the essence of discipline, my antsy friend. Anyhow, my escape back to headquarters went completely undetected, so possessed am I of supernatural ninja-esque abilities, therefore I was able to peruse the following volumes entirely at my leisure:

'Hong Kong Cinema: The Extra Dimensions' by Stephen Teo, who also has an excellent essay in the program booklet which accompanied the ⠀ Heroic Grace' film fest, fleshing out the cinematic history prefiguring the phenomenal hit Wo Hu Cang Long, known to the bok gwai here in the States as †Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon'. Teo's book turned out to be an incredible resource, for not only does he undertake a thorough assessment of the Hong Kong movie industry from the beginning to the present day, with detailed expositions on the works of different filmmakers, but he also compiled a comprehensive appendix of actors, actresses, and directors, indexing each of their films to date. Thus was I able to obtain a full list of movies by my personal hero, director and (the absolute best) martial arts choreographer Yuen Wo-Ping, which I am diligently working on collecting in their entirety.

The next tome, which I was delighted to discover, is 'City of Fire' by Lisa Odham Stokes and Michael Hoover, put out by one of my favorite publishers, Verso Press. This book takes a more nuanced and theoretical approach to Hong Kong cinema through close readings of individual films combined with sociological and political analysis. Right up my alley, so to speak. Incidentally, the book is titled after the classic movie by Ringo Lam (starring none other than the celebrated and super-suave Chow Yun Fat), which that honky hack of a director Quentin Tarantino blatantly ripped off for "Reservoir Dogs". You know the scene at the end where everyone is pointing their gun at each other over the undercover cop? That unoriginal geek stole that scene verbatim from "City of Fire". And thatâe™s not all, remember Samuel Jacksonâe™s bible quote in "Pulp Fiction," the one he recites when heâe™s about to bust a cap in somebody? Well, that was shamelessly pilfered from an old Sonny Chiba flick, "The Bodyguard". I swear, if I ever see that cracker on the street, Iãe™m going to knock his front toofers out for getting undeservedly rich and famous off of the backs of Asians, and then Iâe™II . . . "

"Uh . . . yeah, so what's that big red book over there about?"

"That's the last book I chose, 'Hong Kong Action Cinema' by Bey Logan (a martial arts actor himself), which isn't much textually, but it sure is chocked full of some mighty fine pictures . . ."

After that, I suddenly fell silent and gave myself a suspicious look. There was some garbled utterances delivered in an accusatory tone, something about "you're working for THEM, aren't you" and "trying to uncover my secrets", before I witnessed myself scamper back under the futon. I merely shook my head at the depths to which I've allowed myself to fall, climbed up on the futon (despite muffled complaints from myself underneath), and popped "Hero" in the DVD player, featuring the love of my life, one of the most beautiful girls on the planet, Zhang Ziyi. Yow!

Monday, April 07, 2003

And, by the way, what HAVE I been reading lately, considering the lack of "Currently Reading" updates in these here posts. Hmmmmm . . . good question. Lemme go ask myself and we'll get back to you.

- David, 10:19 PM

I posted the following on the only forum I participate in, hapas.com. It was in response to a thread questioning the relevance of weblogs in general, which made me consider the phenomenon a little more closely, and here was the ejected result, for what it's worth:

Along the same lines as Maya's post, my weblog is primarily a means for my friends who are scattered in diverse locations around the earth to keep up on the daily haps of yours truly.

Are the mundane, trivial details of my largely uneventful life of importance to anyone else? Probably not. But there does seem to be a current of increasing fascination with the anonymous and the everyday, hence "reality" television, webcams, blogs, etc. (my friend in Montana even showed me a set of "people" cards: like baseball cards but with the photos, stats, and personality traits of randomly selected "average citizens"). Perhaps we have become so saturated with the excess of "special effects" and other technological spectacles that we have nowhere else to turn except the sensationalization of our most banal routines and gestures.

This is not a legitimization, just a speculation. Of course one always has the option of clicking off. If I post my weblog link making it available to the faceless hordes of cyberspace, it's not that I consider my life to be of particular importance, just joining in the electronic fray. And perhaps by doing so I'll connect with some cool peeps who have similiar interests (hence my participation on this forum board as well). Yow!

- David. 11:50 AM

Thursday, April 03, 2003

I bet all of you out in CyberLand are just *dying* to know what I've been up to since I've gotten back. Well, you won't, cause it's a *secret*!!! Strange and mysterious underground midnight things! Oh, the visions! Oh, the fervor! Oh, the poor trailer cats don't know what to think!

- David, 10:54 AM

Wednesday, April 02, 2003

It's weird to be back sitting motionless on stable ground and not have the world hurling by my periphery.
- David, 1:52 PM

Monday, March 31, 2003

Back from the tri-state tour! If there's one lesson I've learned during this week long adventure, it's that distances between locations are much greater than they appear on a map. And the states aren't color-coded that way either. And that attempting to navigate a vehicle through a curvy mountain pass during a snow flurry after three nights of minimal sleep is not recommended and best avoided . . .

- David, 12:04 PM

Thursday, March 20, 2003

War has started, demonstartions across the world, mass arrests in LA, San Francisco is practically shut down, and here I am stuck in fucking Irvine . . .

- David, 10:15 AM

Friday, March 14, 2003

MY LIFE AS A MASTER OF THE DEADLY POISONOUS KITTY CLAW STYLE

Went to UCLA's "Heroic Grace" Chinese martial arts film series last night with my father. It's been going on since February. My dad and I are huge fans of the genre, and we were treated to some rare flicks, both produced by the legendary Shaw Brothers. "Intimate Confessions of a Chinese Courtesan": a 70's soft porn film replete with lesbianism, low brow comedy, nudity, rampant sexuality, and funky music. Not so much action but highly unusual. The second film: "Executioners from Shaolin" was impressive, containing all the classic themes, moves, and motifs that one expects from a Shaolin martial arts movie. My dad watched all these flicks in San Francisco Chinatown when they first came out in the early 70's.

We both enjoyed ourselves immensely, talking enthusiastically the whole way home about what a good martial arts movie should consist of. Saturday, we protest in LA! (after dim sum, of course . . .)
- David. 11:20 AM

Thursday, March 13, 2003

Watched "Irreversible" last night at my theater. A brutal and innovative film. The camerawork is Dogme squared as far as roving and instability goes; the camera spends most of its time whirrling around the scene, so the viewer oftentimes only gets a rapidly passing glimse of what's going on. But what really creates the overwhelmingly uneasy atmosphere is the soundtrack: mimimal, repetitious, foreboding. I thought the camerawork and soundtrack were far more unnerving than the blatantly scandalous scenes for which the movie has become infamous. An excellent film, tightly woven, clever: I can't recommend it enough. Definitely a must-see for those into being provoked both viscerally as well as cerebrally. I love flicks that make me cringe . . .

- David, 10:30 AM

Wednesday, March 05, 2003

Been watching tons of flicks, it seems that's all I do lately. Saw four movies yesterday, three at home (The Miracle Fighters, The Celebration, and re-watched Mifune) and one at my theater (Open Hearts). I'm a sucker for the Dogme aesthetic, even after three of them in a row I never got sick of the wobbly camera/abrupt editing. Open Hearts was a bare bones, no frills look at trauma and adultery, it was wonderful. The Miracle Fighters I received in the mail fresh from Hong Kong to supplement my Yuen Wo Ping collection.

Whatever you do, do it obsessively . . . - David, 7:56 PM

Tuesday, March 04, 2003

Nice people are popping up everywhere in the least expected places . . . ! "Every day on this earth, man, I learn significant lessons . . . " said some rapper whose name I forget (collaborated with Techno Animal on their Matador release). This has been the truest aspect of my life. Is it projection or perspective which instigates these significant lessons which seem to flare up and/or discreetly make themselves known at what seems to the most crucial of moments? Chance is all there is, the gateway to the marvellous . . .

I am never, ever feeling sorry for myself again . . . - David, 11:56 AM

Monday, March 03, 2003

Everyone needs a little emotional and mental breakdown now and again to clear the ol' subjective slate, ya know? Ah, it feels good to be back to my usual state of callous indifference and empathetic distance in regard to others. But, wowsers, one can really self-condemn themselves to no end, huh? I can feel the pistons of my arrogance machine slowly beginning to churn and whirr so I'll be proclaiming my super-powers in word and deed before long!

- David, 10:31 AM

Sunday, March 02, 2003

Hee-hee . . . all better now! - David, 6:38 PM

Saturday, March 01, 2003

Feeling much better now, not that you care . . .

Actually attempted to drink myself unconscious last night, due to the fact I couldn't stand witnessing the utterly pathetic state of self-loathing I've been slowly collapsing into. Anyone who knows me will immediate recognize that I must have been pretty darn troubled because I can't stand alcohol (for purely biologically allergic reasons). The thing was, even after a bottle of wine, I couldn't pass out, which under any other circumstances would happen after 1/2 a beer! Nope, karmic retribution dictated that I was to be fully awake and painfully aware of my sorry state, made even sorrier now that I was blatheringly inebriated. I almost lost consciousness, but Remedios the Dark Cat knocked my wine glass of the shelf and it shattered right next to my head! Then I got this phone call from two people I have a certain amount of animosity towards which was so chocked full of audacity that afterwards I stormed around my trailer in a complete and unabashed rage. Holy smokes. Talking to myself, knocking things over, posing rhetorical questions to my cat, the whole business. But then a kind and highly responsive friend called whom I

haven't talked to in a while and she set me straight. I'm such a fucking idiot, I'll obsess over one thing so much I don't recognize the goodness which lies within hand's reach on either side of me . . . Ai yaaaaa...
- David. 1:01 PM

Friday, February 28, 2003

Howdy folks. Have had this undercurrent of depression that has never really left me for the past couple of months. I honestly don't know what to do with myself. This is quite a curious phenomenon for me. I'm sure the female sex (or, more specifically, the lack thereof) has a multitude of things to do with it. But more than that, I've never felt so useless and incompetent in my entire life. Never before have I felt the futility of living to such an intense degree. Hmmmm . . .

That said, I realize I haven't done a "currently reading" entry in long while. I bet you all thought I stopped reading, huh? Ya, and George W. is getting tutored by Noam Chomsky! Sheesh.

CURRENTLY READING:

Re-reading The Invention of Solitude by Paul Auster (also picked up some other Austers from the library I haven't read yet, like Leviathan). Samuel Delaney's Dhalgren, a loaner and recommendation from Amar.

Some critical essays on Deleuze & Guattari (what else is new?), and random glossy photo books on architecture from MIT Press.

But what's the point, ya know . . .? - David, 11:07 AM

Thursday, February 27, 2003

MY LIFE AS A SOGGY MISANTHROPE

Everybody knows how much I love the rain. People are forced to be bundled up, hidden underneath umbrellas, hats, and hoods, becoming mere shadows of beings gliding along in the grey. There's nothing worse than ugly humanity exposed for all to see in the bright glare of the sun. At night and during the rain: just about the only times you'll catch me out of doors.

- David, 11:34 AM

Monday, February 24, 2003

And so in my typically anti-climactic fashion, I'll say that the protest was incredible! One cannot immerse themselves in such solidarity without being affected (despite what my rather cynical SoCal friends seem to think . . .). What impressed me the most was the level of intelligence and humor evident from the signs and slogans, in particular how quickly the public re-appropriated the rhetoric and soundbites produced by the government and media and twisted them in all sorts of clever ways. I'm currently writing a critical analysis specifically on the detournement of the media for the inaugural issue of the Surrealist Situationist Anarchist Collective's journal "Ecology of Images." So more to come on that.

O.K. gotta run.
- David, 10:56 AM

Friday, February 21, 2003

METALHEADS FOR PRESIDENTIAL DISEMBOWELMENT!!!!

So, yeah, last weekend was a blast. Chinese New Year celebration as well as a huge anti-war demonstration the very next day!

Chinese New Year was very fun as it is every year, running around Chinatown with my dad and grandpa (my grandpa being the baddest mothafucka around, no joke) except this time two of my closest, longtime friends in the entire world came up to join in the festivities: the irreplaceable dastardly duo of Jason and Fern. We feasted, we got frantic, we set off mad firecrackers, we returned to the hotel room and had ardent conversations concerning messianic time, the audacity of the media (which we flipped on and maintained a running critique of the entire time, moaning with exasperation at the downright transparency of this imbecilic propaganda. We were particularly amazed at how swiftly the media was to start demonizing France after their decision not to support a US war on Iraq. CNN: "Should we start boycotting French products?" And one wrinkly, old, random white guy ranting about how he helped liberate France back in World War II: "So when I'm driving around Paris these days and some Frenchman cuts me off, I say 'Look here, Pierre, you'd all be speaking German if it wasn't for the U.S. of A.!!!" And I was like: "France?!?!? France is the enemy? What fucking planet am I ON?!?" But little did I know of the extent to which American idiocy could go: Fern recently sent me an article claiming that some US restaurant owners are changing the name of French Fries on their menus to FREEDOM FRIES. My god . . . I go numb just thinking about it.

Then we watched an in-room movie after becoming dangerously exasperated with the news: The Ring. I didn't have high hopes for this movie,

being an American adaptation of a Japanese flick (in my experience, any American adaptation of a foreign film seems to follow the formula: take everything good out of the film and insert lousy actor/actress here). But much to my surprise, the film wasn't half bad. There's some really aesthetically stimulating footage, nice pace and unravelling of plot, pretty creepy shit. Needless to say, I'm really looking forward to the Japanese version, which I expect to weird me out irrevocably. . .

STAY TUNED: the next day, San Francisco takes to the streets! - David, 11:05 AM

Thursday, February 20, 2003

MY LIFE AS A NOISE ARTIST AGAINST WAR:

MAKE NOISE, NOT WAR!!!

Dang, I've got a lot to write about concerning the most amazing haps which occured this weekend, but never any time to do it! My internet connection at home, uh, well, it doesn't exist, and my poor, anguished, emo laptop is usually too "sad" to be bothered, so I have to accomplish all this computer stuff clandestinely at work! More to come, I promise . . . Stay tuned, anxious fans! - David, 10:34 AM

Wednesday, February 12, 2003

MY LIFE AS A MULTITUDE OF MONIKERS AND SIDE-PROJECTS

Update on the Bleep & Ping:

Disregard description for Bleep & Ping in the previous post. THAT description is for the band Binder Paper Valentine: shoegazey, tripped-out post-rock electronica with ambient segments. Bleep & Ping is the South Asian / electronic noise project: incorporating massive amounts of subaltern instrumentation with waves of technological drones, tradition meets tech. We got a few tracks recorded and mixed, with endless hours of source material experimentation documentation piling up in the Spartan Royal Mansion Studios. Updates on increasingly proliferating side projects to come . . .

- David, 10:43 AM

Thursday, February 06, 2003

Turned 28 yesterday. Burroughs would have been 89. Yup. Just creeping ever so closer to oblivion . . . - David, 8:46 AM

Thursday, January 30, 2003

MY LIFE AS A PENNILESS SLACKER

Aw right, totally sweet, I got the entire weekend off. Time to finish up my grad school loose ends once and for all (mostly re-working my sample essay) and hopefully several hours worth of band practice with Amar. By the way, we're called Bleep & Ping (he's Bleep, I'm Ping), and we play shoegazey, tripped out post-rock electronica plus ambient segments liberally worked in with the occasional straight up rock-out riff. In short, we hereby officially instigate a new genre of music, simultaneously cute and kick-ass: Boba Rock. We're/It's the next big thing. Remember: that's Bleep & Ping. Ladies take note!

- David, 10:04 AM

Wednesday, January 29, 2003

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Slowly recuperating . . . food, sleep, silence. I'm getting old . . . - David, \underline{\text{11:29 AM}}
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Tuesday, January 28, 2003

Just got back from the Bay Area last night. My brain/body are definitively unhooked. Off-line. You get a busy signal if you try to talk to me. Who knows when the receiver will be placed back into its cradle, if at all.

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Bzzzz . . . Crackle . . . Zzzzzt . . . . - David, 9:30 AM
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Thursday, January 23, 2003

MY LIFE AS CRANIAL COLESLAW

Leaving for the Bay Area tomorrow with comrade-in-arms Amar. Going to San Jose to push my psychology as well as physiology to the horizons of possible experience with long-time friends. Fern promises that things "WILL BE OFF DA HOOK, YO!" When she started saying things like that I'm not sure. Anyway, it IS always pretty darn nuts whenever I go up there. The feeling I get is analogous to a car with the brake pedal and the gas pedal to the floor. These are the quickest-witted people I know and they're literate too! So the punning party never stops, sarcasm till the break of dawn . . .

- David, 9:15 AM

Friday, January 17, 2003

Damn, the night is bright tonight. There's this round silvery orb up in the sky which appears to be following me around. Plus, there's an increased number of darkened spaces within the surrounding architecture into which I cannot see. Bizarre and mysterious happenings outside the trailer . . . - David, 6:35 PM

Damn, is it bright outside. There's this big flaming yellow ball up in the sky that seems to be following me around. Then there's this slim patch of shade which is shaped like the outline of my body which goes wherever I do as well. Strange and inexplicable happenings outside the trailer . . . - David, 1:16 PM

Thursday, January 16, 2003

MY LIFE AS ONE LUCKY HAPA

Rabbit Proof Fence. A beautiful movie, go see it. "Mixed" kids (Aborigine/Caucasian) in Austrailia during the first half of the twentieth century were taken from their homelands and sent to "re-education" camps where they were taught Christianity and British culture, with the eugenically motivated goal of "breeding out" their native culture. The bottom line is that mixed kids had it tough back in the day, which makes me feel fortunate that the most I have to deal with is imbecilic comments from ignorant white folks . . .

- David, 10:23 AM

Wednesday, January 15, 2003

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Fuckin' A, I'm in love with the band Figurine right now!
Synth Pop me up, baby!
- David, 11:49 AM

Howdy, ugh . . .
Howdy, ugh . . .

You shore look purdy . . .

What a nightmare!
- David, 11:47 AM
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Tuesday, January 14, 2003

SEAGULL SCREAMING KISS HER KISS HER ROCK THE BOX!!!

Apparently, as I was informed of yesterday, since my department here at the library is getting phased out and "incorporated" into another department, I'm being turned into some "multi-purpose guy" who'll work three different locations during my four hour shift. Personally, I think I should get paid three different salaries as well. And I hate it when some head-of-whatever uses phrases like "opportunity to grow" when they mean "more work".

- David, 9:14 AM

Sunday, January 12, 2003

Yo. Back in Irvine. Amar and I have been playing some trippy shoegazing shit as a guitar and bass duo. We went to the CalArts experimental electronic music fest on Friday night. The performances were great: we walked in on some long, droning ambient soundscape stuff; there was a "percussionless drumset" (a drumset hooked up to vacuum cleaners), Tigerbeat6 artist Wobbly doing his hyper-spliced post-sampledelic crazy cut-up configurations, a psychedelic digital video projection with ethereal soundtrack, and a hilarious improvised digital collage utilizing flashes of television news broadcasts. You know, right up my alley kind of stuff.

Obtained the following CD's:

Contagious Orgasm "The Flow of Sound without Parameter": Field recordings of the quotidean noises of some German city mixed with minimalist beats and soothing loops.

An ambient collection with Ryoji Ikeda and some others on it.

And Trans Am's Futureworld (which I already like a lot).

What's more is that Amar, while up in the Bay Area found THREE (!) CD's by Japanese Rock Duo Seagull Screaming Kiss Her Kiss Her. Of which their album "Red Talk" was given to me! Along with copies of "No!No!No!" and ultra-rare import "Fly". What a cool guy!

- David. 4:28 PM

Friday, January 10, 2003

I'm sitting in some dim computer lounge at CalArts with Amar, burning copies of Seagull Screaming Kiss Her Her. Watched Black Mask II last night, Yuen Wo Ping's latest choreography extravaganza. It was hyper-digital violence, total video game aesthetic style cartoonery, but it was the perfect mindless eyeball stimulating thing to watch after taking the GRE (upon which I screwed the pooch, so to speak).

- David. 3:08 PM

Wednesday, January 08, 2003

What up, peeps.

Been studying for the GRE. I must say that I've been quite pusillanimous and puerile about the whole thing, I tell you, the world has not exactly been filled with pulchritude. I've been extirpated from my normal routine of bleeps and pings, desperately attempting to increase my perspicacity, which has vitiated my equanimity and turned me into a downright curmedgeon. But I must be pugnacious in order to succeed, so that I can enter grad school and remedy my perpetual state of penury.

- David, 10:42 AM

Saturday, January 04, 2003

whew. o.k. back from the dead.

been sicker than hell. woke up a few days before new years at around 2am and promptly proceeded to puke my guts out in the most loud and violent of ways. subsequently woke up every hour after that and puked repeatedly until the sun came up. the next day I couldn't move, I couldn't eat, I couldn't breathe, I couldn't do doodly-squat. the next day was the same, then came the undulating tides of mucus, irritated eyes, and head feeling full of wet concrete, have gradually crawled back from the grave to a semblance of tenative health, welcome 2003!

- David, 2:59 AM

Sunday, December 29, 2002

I'm back. Actually, I never left. I guess it's best to say "I'm out . . . ", as in out of the trailer. Now, I'm in front of a computer. Hmmm, very strange. Where'd all the little square books go? Where's my blankie? Gosh, I don't know if I like it out here.

- David, 2:55 PM

Sunday, December 22, 2002

MY LIFE AS A CAFFEINE AND NICOTINE SANDWICH:

Been staying up all night writing the past three days. Which is excellent in terms of my work but detrimental in terms of my body. Yowch, I have aches and pains in places where I'm almost sure I shouldn't. Why don't soy nuts and celery sticks and ergonomic chairs compliment the writing rather than cigarettes, coffee, and unspeakable posture?

And to dash some more absurdity onto my plate of ridiculousness, my laptop gets "sad." Fucking great. . . Oftentimes it won't start up, and then gives me this "sad" face with x's for eyes and a few minor chords. I've read that this is really bad. Jeez, was it something I said (or typed into it?). Does it want to talk about something? Is it jealous because I play with my drum machine more? Is there laptop prozac I can buy? I had no idea that getting a laptop was going to be just like getting a girlfriend, sheesh . . .

Been hanging out in LA a heck of a lot lately, thanks to dear, dear friends willing to drive my silly ass around. Sorry to say this to all of my No. Cal. friends, but . . . I . . . I think I'm falling in love with LA! Yikes! She's so dirty and cheap but, man, isn't it fun to be dirty and cheap sometimes! I can hear all my So. Cal. friends snickering diabolically, "Now we got him . . .". Roop even told me that I was "becoming more LA" and I felt good about it! And I got the "You look like Lucifer" thing again last night, with the corallary "and I bet you enjoy being told that," which, as a matter of fact, I do.

- David, 3:06 PM

Wednesday, December 18, 2002

MY LIFE AS A LOST LIBRARY BOOK

The guy I buy cigarettes from just told me that the newstand where he works is closing down. "I don't know what the fuck I'm going to do now. And just in time for Christmas." Fuck, what do you say to someone about to lose his job all of a sudden? All the platitudes I offered just sounded inappropriate. In the face of another's despair, one is rendered impotent, because their despair is inaccessible. As I was leaving I told to him to hang in there, to which he replied with a fatigued smile and "It's all I can do . . ."

The double whammy is that I had just ran into an old professor whom I worked closely with, and he said he'd be more than willing to write me a letter of recommendation for grad school, and that my work was "outstanding." So I was feeling pretty good about myself when I walked into someone else's personal tragedy. So now I'm trying to remain as emotionless as possible, not even trying even, and searching out all of the Green Integer Press books in the library. My plan is to hole up in my trailer during Christmas break (do I do anything differently any other time of the year?) and read a truckload (trailerload?) of contemporary poetry.

I also just started Félix Guattari: An Aberrant Introduction by Gary Genosko which thus far is the best (and only?) adventure through the life and works of quite an amazing and complicated individual. The more I read Guattari, the more I realize how responsible he is for the majority of the most radical concepts in Anti-Oedipus and A Thousand Plateaux. And yet Deleuze always gets all the credit! So from now on when D&G are brought up in a talk, seminar or conference, I am going to militantly give props where props are due. O.k., we outs . . .

- David, 12:26 PM

Tuesday, December 17, 2002

MY LIFE AS A TAPE WITHOUT A PLAYER:

Have you ever felt, oh, I don't know, incomplete? - David, 11:03 AM

Sunday, December 15, 2002

MY LIFE IN THE ARMS OF A STRAIGHT-JACKET

Just got back from wild and wacky adventures in LA with my best friend Amar. We really have known each other for way too long (going on 15 years now) since our relationship consists of nothing but private/inside jokes followed by the most inhuman maniacal laughter known to man and beast alike. The more time that passes between us the more I'm convinced that we both have a serious case of the multiple personality disorder with a healthy dose of hysterical dementia thrown in for good measure. As a result I suspect that we must provoke some grave concern on the part of those around who do not know us well (because even the peeps who do know us well repeatedly give us "the shocked/aghast expression" at some of our sayings and antics). Poor poor people.

But we're also the hippest cats in all of So. Cal. right now so ya better believe it. - David, $2:28\ PM$

Thursday, December 12, 2002

MY LIFE IN BACK-BENDING CIRCULAR FUTON CHAIRS:

Man, Poop Dawg is hella tired, yo.

Finals week is coming to an end here at the UCI campus. All the kids are all smiley and happy and relieved.

Got to meet and talk to one of my favorite DJ's last night, hardcore/gabber DJ Ron D. Core. He moved his store--Dr. Freecloud's Mixing Lab--from some parking lot behind Borders to the uber-hip "Anti-Mall" The Lab in Costa Mesa. He seemed really happy about everything as his store gets a lot more foot traffic now. It looks great, and has an amazing selection of techno/electronica imports one cannot find anywhere else. I asked him for all sorts of tips and recommendations, and ended up spending \$60 that I don't have (guess who's going to be eating toast and ramen for the rest of the month? and oh, by the way, my cherished bosom buddies, I can't even afford to give you empty cigarette pack sculptures for Christmas now, so, um, I wonder what kind of holiday trinkets can be made with used kitty litter? I know you guys love me . . .) Ron D. Core justified the purchases by profoundly stating that "everyone should get themselves their own presents, that way you always get what you want . . ." Well said. At any rate, he was a really cool and friendly guy, and even gave me a free mixtape of his own live stuff! As for myself, I got a CD by Yoni Khan as well as the crazy-ass "Ten Years of Terror" triple CD set compiling the history of the gabber subgenre "Terrorcore". Fuck it up! (As a side note, I was emphatically pumping the harcore fist while listening to these CD's in my trailer last night and I accidently punched the ceiling so hard I split my knuckles . . . I need to listen to this shit in a bigger room).

Wednesday, December 11, 2002

MY LIFE INSIDE EACH AND EVERY BOBA BALL:

Currently reading:

"The Royal Family" by William T. Vollman. Huzzah!

"(Per)versions of Love and Hate" by Renata Salecl. Lacanian feminist, part of the Zizek gang, there's a quote which totally articulates a frequent problem of mine. A much-discussed idea but framed in a very succinct way here:

"The book, whose central topic can be summarized in Lacan's famous saying, 'I love you, but, because inexplicably I love in you something more than you--the objet petit a--I mutilate you', starts with the issue of desire and love. Why does the subject who is desperately in love endlessly block union with his or her love-object? . . . The psychoanalytic notion of desire is very much linked to non-satisfaction, which means that we desire things because they are unavailable; and to keep desire alive, the subject needs to prevent its fufillment. In this search for the impossible object, desire is, of course, very much linked to the issue of love. But love also concerns another psychoanalytic notion--the notion of libido or drive, which, with its destructive nature, much more radically determines the subject's passionate attachments." (3)

Yup, that about sums it up.

Anyway, it's good to have the Berkeley application filled out and sent. Whew. O.K., back to blatant bleeps and pings and total immersion into fantasy. Enough of the Real rearing its ugly head for a while. That is until it's time for the UCLA and UCI apps to be due. And the GRE cost \$115!!! (Insert image of hundred dollar bill with wings flying out the window). For what! To sit in front of a computer! Shit, I get PAID to do that. What a rip-off. Well, I say this, my dear friends, to explain why you're all getting sculptures made out of empty cigarette packs for Christmas. Happy Holidays!

- David, 11:24 AM

Monday, December 09, 2002

So here I am at the library after getting off of work from my theater job, procrastinating going home and finishing up my "Statement of Purpose" for the grad school application due tomorrow. If it wasn't for my good friend Alicia cracking the whip about all this I would have flaked out on another year of higher education with no qualms in the least bit. But I'd follow this girl anywhere (considering that she is THE sharpest, most intelligent, and catastrophically humorous woman I've EVER met) and so if all it takes is a little packaging of myself in two pages or less I guess what the fuck. But this is proving more difficult than I would expect from myself whose definitely not hesitant to mobilize a barrage of words as dedicated readers of this blog know oh so well. But my purpose? In terms of my interests/studies? Shit, I read all these books hoping it will bring me closer to that Grand and All-Encompassing Realization that fevered mystics always rant and rave about, but the Department I suspect won't take that as sufficient motivation to allow me to rant and rave up and down the halls of their hallowed Institution. And besides if any of those on the Committee read any theory at all they know full well that there isn't any "Purpose" to the reams and reams of text left behind by various visionaries, and that all endeavors to articulate their singularity will always remain an inexplicable, intensely personal project. But I know the game plan and only wish I could send them a well-written yet excruciatingly sarcastic letter beginning with the words: "Hello. My name is David Eng and I'm one hell of a charming and witty guy"

- David, 6:39 PM

Thursday, December 05, 2002

MY LIFE IN GLEEFUL FUZZY LIL' PINK BLANKETS:

So, have I told you that my life has been going extremely well? It's not that anything has actually changed for the better. I still work the same two jobby-jobs, do the same things (read, make drones, bleeps and pings, nap). I can't really begin to explain this change which has overcome me (is this some hormonal-encroaching-middle-age-thing?). Truth be told, I think I'm turning into a Grandma. I get all warm and start to coo when my cats come join me on my blanketed lap. I've been walking around smiling to myself, and getting kind smiles in return. I drink more tea than

coffee. I get all grumpy in a kind of affectionate way. I'm enjoying my solitude and go to bed early. Granted, I'm still a Grandma who listens to harsh electronic noise and death metal while smoking bowls, but there's been this PLEASANTNESS that's been seeping into my corporeity as of late and I don't know what to do about it.

The new Amon Tobin (Out From Out Where) has been rocking the trailer recently. His best album to date. Kickin'.

Been reading various texts on the idea of the "post-human". More comments on this to come later.

There is nothing like the feeling one gets when a cute girl smiles at you for longer than she should. Period.

- David, 10:42 AM

Monday, December 02, 2002

HAPA:

WE ARE THE FUTURE.

RACIAL PURITY WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST.

GET USED TO IT.

www.hapas.com

www.eurasiannation.com

- David, 11:21 AM

Monday, November 25, 2002

MORE ABSOLUTELY BEST SCHIZZLES AND DANGS:

BEST PUNK ALBUM:

1. The Locust "Self-titled" (the Camoflage one)

BEST INDIVIDUAL SONGS:

- 1. Takako Minekawa "Destron"
- 2. Joy Division "Transmission"
- 3. Corrupted "Paso Inferior"

BEST MUSIC STORE:

1. Amoeba LA (always find what I'm looking for, hella cheap. Seagulls Screaming Kiss Her Kiss Her the only exception)

BEST ARTISTS:

PAINTING

- 1. Francis Bacon
- 2. Paul Klee
- 3. Joe Demaree

COLLAGE

- 1. Max Ernst
- 2. Jess
- 3. Hannah Hoch
- 4. Pete Inc. (former visuals guy for Neurosis)

PERFORMANCE

1. Marina Abramovic

BEST LIVE BANDS:

- 1. Melt Banana
- 2. Sleepytime Gorilla Museum

3. The Locust 4. Crash Worship
BEST SOUNDTRACKS FOR READING:
Chris Carter "Ambient Re-mixes" Philip Glass Lungfish
BEST SOUNDTRACK FOR SLEAZY, DRUNKEN SEX:
1. Eyehategod "Dopesick"
- David, <u>7:26 PM</u>
THE ABSOLUTELY BEST SCHIZZLES AND DANGS (as of 11/25/02) ACCORDING TO YOURS TRULY:
MOVIES:
 Dead Man Red Dwarf Thirty-two Short Films about Glenn Gould Santa Sangre Street of Crocodiles After Life Dreams
MUSIC:
 Corrupted Lungfish Takako Minekawa (who has knocked long-standing favorite Neurosis completely off the list. Go figure!)
MUSIC LABELS:
Mille Plateaux (and associated sub-labels) Thrill Jockey
RESTAURANTS:
1. Sam Woo
"ELECTRONICA" BANDS:
1. Mouse on Mars2. Autechre3. DJ Spooky
BEST BLEEPS AND PINGS:
Microstoria Lithops
ACTORS:
1. Steve Buscemi 2. Crispin Glover
ACTRESSES:
1. Zhang Ziyi 2. Michelle Yeoh - David, 11:53 AM

APOLOGIES FOR THE WORLD'S FUCKING DIPSHITS

Saturday, November 23, 2002

The brilliant fucking humanoid who occupies the nether regions of my trailer decided to hook up his own phone today . . . BY DISCONNECTING MINE! As a result, I received 0 messages today. I left him a madly scribbed note threatening his masculinity if it ever happens again.

So yeah. The sound of an icepick repeatedly striking a spine is going to be the next Last Nights of Paris track.

- David, 9:02 PM

Thursday, November 21, 2002

it's all about TAKAKO MINEKAWA! *sigh*

- David, 9:40 AM

Sunday, November 17, 2002

My Life in Unlikely and Barely Articulated Terms:

- David, 2:25 PM

Friday, November 08, 2002

Oh God yes I love the fucking rain. . . . the mist and the grey skies mute the harshness of this place, takes the glare away. . . . - David, 1:00 PM

Wednesday, November 06, 2002

Postscript on the Societies of Control

Gilles Deleuze

1. Historical

Foucault located the disciplinary societies in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; they reach their height at the outset of the twentieth. They initiate the organization of vast spaces of enclosure. The individual never ceases passing from one closed environment to another, each having its own laws: first the family; then the school ("you are no longer in your family"); then the barracks ("you are no longer at school"); then the factory; from time to time the hospital; possibly the prison, the preeminent instance of the enclosed environment. It's the prison that serves as the analogical model: at the sight of some laborers, the heroine of Rossellini's Europa '51 could exclaim, "I thought I was seeing convicts."

Foucault has brilliantly analyzed the ideal project of these environments of enclosure, particularly visible within the factory: to concentrate; to distribute in space; to order in time; to compose a productive force within the dimension of space-time whose effect will be greater than the sum of its component forces. But what Foucault recognized as well was the transience of this model:

it succeeded that of the societies of sovereignty, the goal and functions of which were something quite different (to tax rather than to organize production, to rule on death rather than to administer life); the transition took place over time, and Napoleon seemed to effect the large-scale conversion from one society to the other. But in their turn the disciplines underwent a crisis to the benefit of new forces that were gradually instituted and which accelerated after World War II: a disciplinary society was what we already no longer were, what we had ceased to be.

We are in a generalized crisis in relation to all the environments of enclosure--prison, hospital, factory, school, family. The family is an "interior," in crisis like all other interiors--scholarly, professional, etc. The administrations in charge never cease announcing supposedly necessary reforms: to reform schools, to reform industries, hospitals, the armed forces, prisons. But everyone knows that these institutions are finished, whatever the length of their expiration periods. It's only a matter of administering their last rites and of keeping people employed until the installation of the new forces knocking at the door. These are the societies of control, which are in the process of replacing disciplinary societies. "Control" is the name Burroughs proposes as a term for the new monster, one that Foucault recognizes as our immediate future. Paul Virilio also is continually analyzing the ultrarapid forms of free-floating control that replaced the old disciplines operating in the time frame of a closed system. There is no need to invoke the extraordinary pharmaceutical productions, the molecular engineering, the genetic manipulations, although these are slated to enter the new process. There is no need to ask which is the toughest regime, for it's within each of them that liberating and enslaving forces confront one another. For example, in the crisis of the hospital as environment of enclosure, neighborhood clinics, hospices, and day care could at first express new freedom, but they could participate as well in mechanisms of control that are equal to the harshest of confinements. There is no need to fear or hope, but only to look for new weapons.

2. Logic

The different internments of spaces of enclosure through which the individual passes are independent variables: each time one us supposed to start from zero, and although a common language for all these places exists, it is analogical. One the other hand, the different control mechanisms are inseparable variations, forming a system of variable geometry the language of which is numerical (which doesn't necessarily mean binary). Enclosures are molds, distinct castings, but controls are a modulation, like a self-deforming cast that will continuously change from one moment to the other, or like a sieve whose mesh will transmute from point to point.

This is obvious in the matter of salaries: the factory was a body that contained its internal forces at the level of equilibrium, the highest possible in terms of production, the lowest possible in terms of wages; but in a society of control, the corporation has replaced the factory, and the corporation is a spirit, a gas. Of course the factory was already familiar with the system of bonuses, but the corporation works more deeply to impose a modulation of each salary, in states of perpetual metastability that operate through challenges, contests, and highly comic group sessions. If the most idiotic television game shows are so successful, it's because they express the corporate situation with great precision. The factory constituted individuals as a single body to the double advantage of the boss who surveyed each element within the mass and

the unions who mobilized a mass resistance; but the corporation constantly presents the brashest rivalry as a healthy form of emulation, an excellent motivational force that opposes individuals against one another and runs through each, dividing each within. The modulating principle of "salary according to merit" has not failed to tempt national education itself. Indeed, just as the corporation replaces the factory, perpetual training tends to replace the school, and continuous control to replace the examination. Which is the surest way of delivering the school over to the corporation.

In the disciplinary societies one was always starting again (from school to the barracks, from the barracks to the factory), while in the societies of control one is never finished with anything--the corporation, the educational system, the armed services being metastable states coexisting in one and the same modulation, like a universal system of deformation. In The Trial, Kafka, who had already placed himself at the pivotal point between two types of social formation, described the most fearsome of judicial forms. The apparent acquittal of the disciplinary societies (between two incarcerations); and the limitless postponements of the societies of control (in continuous variation) are two very different modes of juridicial life, and if our law is hesitant, itself in crisis, it's because we are leaving one in order to enter the other. The disciplinary societies have two poles: the signature that designates the individual, and the number or administrative numeration that indicates his or her position within a mass. This is because the disciplines never saw any incompatibility between these two, and because at the same time power individualizes and masses together, that is, constitutes those over whom it exercises power into a body and molds the individuality of each member of that body. (Foucault saw the origin of this double charge in the pastoral power of the priest--the flock and each of its animals--but civil power moves in turn and by other means to make itself lay "priest.") In the societies of control, on the other hand, what is important is no longer either a signature or a number, but a code: the code is a password, while on the other hand disciplinary societies are regulated by watchwords (as much from the point of view of integration as from that of resistance). The numerical language of control is made of codes that mark access to information, or reject it. We no longer find ourselves dealing with the mass/individual pair. Individuals have become "dividuals," and masses, samples, data, markets, or "banks." Perhaps it is money that expresses the distinction between the two societies best, since discipline always referred back to minted money that locks gold as numerical standard, while control relates to floating rates of exchange, modulated according to a rate established by a set of standard currencies. The old monetary mole is the animal of the space of enclosure, but the serpent is that of the societies of control. We have passed from one animal to the other, from the mole to the serpent, in the system under which we live, but also in our manner of living and in our relations with others. The disciplinary man was a discontinuous producer of energy, but the man of control is undulatory, in orbit, in a continuous network. Everywhere surfing has already replaced the older sports.

Types of machines are easily matched with each type of society--not that machines are determining, but because they express those social forms capable of generating them and using them. The old societies of sovereignty made use of simple machines--levers, pulleys, clocks; but the recent disciplinary societies equipped themselves with machines involving energy, with the passive danger of entropy and the active danger of sabotage; the societies of control operate with machines of a third type, computers, whose passive danger is jamming and whose active one is piracy or the introduction of viruses. This technological evolution must be, even

familiar mutation that can be summed up as follows: nineteenth-century capitalism is a capitalism of concentration, for production and for property. It therefore erects a factory as a space of enclosure, the capitalist being the owner of the means of production but also, progressively, the owner of other spaces conceived through analogy (the worker's familial house, the school). As for markets, they are conquered sometimes by specialization, sometimes by colonization, sometimes by lowering the costs of production. But in the present situation, capitalism is no longer involved in production, which it often relegates to the Third World, even for the complex forms of textiles, metallurgy, or oil production. It's a capitalism of higher-order production. It no-longer buys raw materials and no longer sells the finished products: it buys the finished products or assembles parts. What it wants to sell is services but what it wants to buy is stocks. This is no longer a capitalism for production but for the product, which is to say, for being sold or marketed. Thus is essentially dispersive, and the factory has given way to the corporation. The family, the school, the army, the factory are no longer the distinct analogical spaces that converge towards an owner--state or private power--but coded figures--deformable and transformable--of a single corporation that now has only stockholders. Even art has left the spaces of enclosure in order to enter into the open circuits of the bank. The conquests of the market are made by grabbing control and no longer by disciplinary training, by fixing the exchange rate much more than by lowering costs, by transformation of the product more than by specialization of production. Corruption thereby gains a new power. Marketing has become the center or the "soul" of the corporation. We are taught that corporations have a soul, which is the most terrifying news in the world. The operation of markets is now the instrument of social control and forms the impudent breed of our masters. Control is short-term and of rapid rates of turnover, but also continuous and without limit, while discipline was of long duration, infinite and discontinuous. Man is no longer man enclosed, but man in debt. It is true that capitalism has retained as a constant the extreme poverty of three-quarters of humanity, too poor for debt, too numerous for confinement: control will not only have to deal with erosions of frontiers but with the explosions within shanty towns or ghettos.

more profoundly, a mutation of capitalism, an already well-known or

3. Program

The conception of a control mechanism, giving the position of any element within an open environment at any given instant (whether animal in a reserve or human in a corporation, as with an electronic collar), is not necessarily one of science fiction. F lix Guattari has imagined a city where one would be able to leave one's apartment, one's street, one's neighborhood, thanks to one's (dividual) electronic card that raises a given barrier; but the card could just as easily be rejected on a given day or between certain hours; what counts is not the barrier but the computer that tracks each person's position--licit or illicit--and effects a universal modulation.

The socio-technological study of the mechanisms of control, grasped at their inception, would have to be categorical and to describe what is already in the process of substitution for the disciplinary sites of enclosure, whose crisis is everywhere proclaimed. It may be that older methods, borrowed from the former societies of sovereignty, will return to the fore, but with the necessary modifications. What counts is that we are at the beginning of something. In the prison system: the attempt to find penalties of

electronic collars that force the convicted person to stay at home during certain hours. For the school system: continuous forms of control, and the effect on the school of perpetual training, the corresponding abandonment of all university research, the introduction of the "corporation" at all levels of schooling. For the hospital system: the new medicine "without doctor or patient" that singles out potential sick people and subjects at risk, which in no way attests to individuation--as they say--but substitutes for the individual or numerical body the code of a "dividual" material to be controlled. In the corporate system: new ways of handling money, profits, and humans that no longer pass through the old factory form. These are very small examples, but ones that will allow for better understanding of what is meant by the crisis of the institutions, which is to say, the progressive and dispersed installation of a new system of domination. One of the most important questions will concern the ineptitude of the unions: tied to the whole of their history of struggle against the disciplines or within the spaces of enclosure, will they be able to adapt themselves or will they give way to new forms of resistance against the societies of control? Can we already grasp the rough outlines of the coming forms, capable of threatening the joys of marketing? Many young people strangely boast of being "motivated"; they re-request apprenticeships and permanent training. It's up to them to discover what they're being made to serve, just as their elders discovered, not without difficulty, the telos of the disciplines. The coils of a serpent are even more complex that the burrows of a molehill.

"substitution," at least for petty crimes, and the use of

Gilles Deleuze, "Postscript on the Societies of Control", from _OCTOBER_ 59, Winter 1992, MIT Press, Cambridge, MA, pp. 3-7. - David, 11:20 AM

Monday, November 04, 2002

"The ultimate American paranoiac fantasy is that of an individual living in a small idyllic Californian city, a consumerist paradise, who suddenly starts to suspect that the world he lives in is a fake, a spectacle staged to convince him that he lives in a real world, while all people around him are effectively actors and extras in a gigantic show. The most recent example of this is Peter Weir's The Truman Show (1998), with Jim Carrey playing the small town clerk who gradually discovers the truth that he is the hero of a 24-hours permanent TV show: his hometown is constructed on a gigantic studio set, with cameras following him permanently. Among its predecessors, it is worth mentioning Philip Dick's Time Out of Joint (1959), in which a hero living a modest daily life in a small idyllic Californian city of the late 50s, gradually discovers that the whole town is a fake staged to keep him satisfied... The underlying experience of Time Out of Joint and of The Truman Show is that the late capitalist consumerist Californian paradise is, in its very hyper-reality, in a way IRREAL, substanceless, deprived of the material inertia.

So it is not only that Hollywood stages a semblance of real life deprived of the weight and inertia of materiality - in the late capitalist consumerist society, "real social life" itself somehow acquires the features of a staged fake, with our neighbors behaving in "real" life as stage actors and extras... Again, the ultimate truth of the capitalist utilitarian de-spiritualized universe is the de-materialization of the "real life" itself, its reversal into a spectral show. Among them, Christopher Isherwood gave expression to this unreality of the American daily life, exemplified in the motel room: "American motels are unreal!/.../ they are deliberately designed to be unreal. /.../ The Europeans hate us because we've retired to live inside our advertisements, like hermits going into caves to contemplate." Peter Sloterdijk's notion of the "sphere" is here literally realized, as the gigantic metal sphere that envelopes and isolates the entire city. Years ago, a series of science-fiction films like Zardoz or Logan's Run forecasted today's postmodern predicament by extending this fantasy to the community itself: the isolated group living an aseptic life in a secluded area longs for the experience of the real world of material decay."

--Slavoj Zizek
"Welcome to the Desert of the Real"

- David, 10:25 AM

Thursday, October 31, 2002

MY LIFE IN A SERIES OF POORLY-WRAPPED PACKAGES:

Wednesday, October 30, 2002

MY LIFE IN RAPID-FIRE SOUNDBITES:

Monday, October 28, 2002

Saw Melt Banana at the Troubador on Friday night. By far the BEST show of 2002 hands down. The crowd was amped, mini- and globular-theremins abound, played many of my favorite songs, and featured none other than Dave fucking Witte on drums. I'm so in love with this band it hurts.

- David, 11:24 AM

Wednesday, October 23, 2002

delirious weekend spent with best friends in san jose.

- David, 10:56 AM

Tuesday, October 15, 2002

Just got back from visiting my grandfather in Arizona this weekend. Checked out this bookstore called "Changing Hands" in Tempe. When I first walked in the smell of candles and popourri as well as the abundance of pressed-flower bookmarks had me pegging the place as some New Age/Metaphysical bookstore, but I was soon proven wrong within 15 minutes of browsing the stacks! Due to my agonizing finances and my habitation next to a UC library I haven't been purchasing much bookage lately, but this time I couldn't resist.

WHAT I SCORED:

"A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again" David Foster Wallace: His book of essays which neither the Library nor the UC bookstore had a copy of, so I've been looking forward to getting my hands on this for a while. Have only read the essay on David Lynch thus far, but, as usual, it was great!

"The Royal Family" William T. Vollman: First Edition Hardback, under \$10! It seems like all these "postmodern" authors are required (like the American modernist poets of yesteryear) to write a "magnum opus". For instance, we had Charles Olson's "Maximus Poems," Ezra Pound's "Cantos," William Carlos William's "Paterson," etc. Now we have the grand novels of David Foster Wallace's "Infinite Jest," Thomas Pynchon's "Gravity's Rainbow," Don DeLillo's "Underworld," and William T. Vollman's "The Royal Family". Can't wait to get started on it, as it seems to be along the lines of a "Whores for Gloria" on steroids. Man this guy spent a lot of time talking to prositutes in the Tenderloin! But first I have yet to jump back on the road of "Infinite Jest," of which countless hours of my life have, as Helene Cixous says of reading, "disappeared in broad daylight".

"Vineland" Thomas Pynchon: First Edition Hardback, under ten dollars! Whoo-hoo!

Plus some out of print New Directions books and well as some poetry from Sun & Moon Press, each book only \$2.95! Yowza!

- David, 10:42 AM

Thursday, October 10, 2002

WHAT I"VE BEEN LISTENING TO:

"Party Music" The Coup. Boots and Pam the Funkstress serve up twelve dishes of superfunkadelic communist-consciousness revolutionary "party music" to shake your booty to while tossin' moltovs at the pigs. And this ain't no sampled, generic funk I'm talkin' about here but THE REAL THANG cooked up by live musicians and vocalists.

"I slang rocks,

but Palestinian style."

- --Boots
- David, 11:43 AM

Thursday, October 03, 2002

I've decided to do some entries detailing--*breaks into song*--"a few of my favorite thiiiings!" as well as my numerous frumbles and hatreds. Why? Because everybody enjoys talking about (to) themselves, and I often find myself lacking material to post on this here "blog" to keep my millions of fanatical and adoring fans entertained while they goof off at work or take their breaks in between surfing porn sites.

And since I've been in a grumbly "kill-everyone-now" kinda mood lately, I'll begin with some of the shit I can't stand about the world around me:

HATRED #1: Dogs and their Goddamn Owners

Now granted, I am a cat person, and have more respect for the feline species in regards to their intelligence and demeanor than I do for the one I supposedly belong to. But why are dogs so fucked up? What's wrong with them? They seem so mentally deficient at times it's no wonder they're "man's best friend." I mean jesus! all that slobber and noise and the nauseating smell they emanate. I oftentimes ask myself, "How can people stand to live with these disgusting creatures?" Then I look at the owners, who, more frequently than not, have that same eager, vacant, "love-mecause-I'm-so-desperate" look in their eyes, and because they co-habitate with these beasts, they usually smell the same as well. I live in a communal-type setting (I know, it's a rarity in Orange County) and have to use the public washers and dryers, and nothing pisses me off more than to find the insides covered in fucking dog hair! And the lint screen is literally clogged with it! I mean, come on people! I have to wash my fucking CLOTHES that I WEAR in these things, and you have the gall to washing your motherfucking doggie blankets in them! Just because you smell like your urine-soaked, shit-eating fleabag doesn't mean I have to!

But I'll save a few rounds for the owners as well. Because, as far as they're concerned, their fucking poochie-coo can do no wrong! They think that their dog is god's little gift to the world, sprinkling joy and happiness on everything they lift their leg against! Which is why I'm going to raise a motherfucking CAT ARMY, TRAINED to tear anything which reeks of canine INTO ITTY-BITTY shreds, which they'll neatly bury under a layer of litter. Good kitty.

- David, 11:10 AM

Wednesday, October 02, 2002

WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING:

Hiding under a blanket w/ books and kitties, in futile attempt to hide from new roomate and associated bros and yahoos which surround him like moths to a porchlight. My dreams recently have been directed by Hong Kong-era John Woo: ultra-violent and bloody gun and knife deaths perpetrated by my frenzied hand. I wake up with this feeling of immense satisafaction and relief.

WHAT I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO:

Due to interesting co-incidences which seem overwhemingly mystical and unheimlich, I've delved directly into a fascination/obsession compulsion with the Futurists, a group whose always been at the periphery of my love for Surrealism and Dadaism. First time visiting the LA Amoeba Records a couple of weekends ago, what do I find? A DJ Spooky album I've never even heard of before called "File Under Futurism," which is a collaboration with the Freight Elevator Quartet. And within the album, Spooky is reading a passage from the founding futurist manifesto by Marienetti, which I had just copied down in my notebook the night before! Talk about synchronicity! (Some entry down the line, I'll perhaps discuss and consider how my life has been "led along" by forces unknown, but which have never failed to point me in the right direction.) Also been continually listening to the new James Plotkin's Phantomsmasher on Ipecac Records. Featuring (as it said on the little sticker attached to the CD) DJ Speedranch on "audiomulch" vocals, and "The David Witte" on drums, who has become so great and powerful as to be classified as his own entity. This album, and I want to be the official coiner of this term (so remember folks, you read it here first) is the definitive example of "post-grind": the guitar chops aren't your typical metal-twinged grind riffs, but rather Plotkin's unique style of avant-garde signatures and strumming, all backed up by The Witte's insane and inhuman speed drumming, and lovingly sprinkled with DJ Speedranch's bizarre vocalizations along the lines of Patton's Fantomas gurglings and screeches. A highly recommended sonic experience straight out of the 21st century.

And I finally acquired two Microstoria CDs as well! Minimal (and I mean infintesimal!) electronica totally stripped bare of that annoying filler

material usually referred to as a "beat". Here's their bio on Thrill Jockey: "Microstoria is a collaboration between Markus Popp (Oval) and Jan St. Werner (Mouse On Mars). The resulting music is an electronic soundtrack, not without structure, not without melody. The "instruments" used are what could be seen as their successors- machines and digital technology. Where Oval excudes authorship of music, Microstoria explores authorship, especially in relation to improvisation. The tones used in composition are mechanized, yet paradoxically rich. The resulting pieces are organic in feal, a striking result when viewed in context with their origins." In other words, more bleeps, boops, and blings for your buck!

WHAT I HAVE WATCHED:

"Das Experiment" starring Moritz Bleibtreu of "Run Lola Run" fame. An entertaining film which had me on the edge of my seat a few times, but overall highly predictable and underdeveloped. Explores issues of identity formation via assigned categories and roles, and the dynamics of power relations based on such. The film could have taken this a lot further, and most of the criticisms I've heard about this film is the characters were not developed enough (agreed, seemed hastily done). Could have easily been a huge blockbuster hit instead of a small arthouse piece, except for the fact that its in German (dumb ass Americans HATE subtitles, and they say things like "I don't want to read when I go and watch a movie.")

Nevertheless, a fun and action-packed couple of hours. And Moritz is oddly-attractive in that thuggish, "dumb-stare" kind of way.

WHAT I HAVE BEEN READING:

"Stupid White Men" by Michael Moore. A little too populist "you-to-can-make-a-difference" for my theory-oriented ass, but this guy is hella funny and caps on Bush in some wicked ways.

- David, 11:16 AM

Wednesday, September 25, 2002

insane weekend spent hurtling confusedly around the mad streets of LA in a borrowed SUV.

- David, 8:59 AM

Friday, September 20, 2002

Have finally picked up and began David Foster Wallace's magnum opus "Infinite Jest". Only 850 more pages to go! Now, I love this guy--his tone, his sarcasm, his irony, his postmodern humor--but I wonder how long I will last? Took me a long time to traverse DeLillo's "Underworld" too and I love that guy even more. So we'll see.

Um. . . reading this really fine book called "Ambient Television" by Anna McCarthy (who's an excellent writer by the way, a joy to read). It's all about the uses and issues surrounding television spectatorship outside the home, you know, at the bar, the airport, the restaurant, the mall; all that space supposedly considered "public". Which is the first book of its kind to tackle the phenomena considering most televisual studies research posits the TV viewer to be at home watching "privately". But alas, as current as this book is (2001), technology zooms right along, passing the critic like a forlorn hitchhiker, for we live in the unstoppable time of "the proliferation of speed and screens," where is the time or the space for a critical stance? It's quite an omen of our age when a work of cultural or sociological analysis becomes outdated in less than a year. Because now they have little itty-bitty screens on gas station pumps. And since the heavy, bulky consoles of yesteryear have been replaced by flatscreens, more and more visual spectacles can be squeezed in almost anywhere. I remember once my professor (an extremely intelligent and insightful person) showed my metropolitan modernity class the movie "Blade Runner" as a vision of LA as a future dystopia. And me, being the uppity smart-ass, replied "Future! Shit, obviously none of y'all been to Sunset Blvd lately! Makes "Blade Runner" look like as cheap as that "Mission to Mars" ride at Disneyland!" But 'tis true! Or take a place like Vegas. Or New York. Or Tokyo. The Eagle has landed folks, and he's built by Sony.

- David, 12:45 PM

Thursday, September 19, 2002

FILM REVIEW:

"In Praise of Love" Jean-Luc Godard (seen Sept. 17th)

Classic Godard, a la "Two or Three Things I know About Her." Godard is what I call a "nartistic" director like David Lynch (narcisstic/artistic), by this I mean that you either love his aesthetic, or you don't, but either way you're going to get a lot of it. Disjunctive scenes, tons of theory-infested dialogue, blatant name dropping, capping on Americans: the whole New Wave enchilada, disdainfully constructed by Chef Godard. To me, he's an excellent assemblage artist; his films are fascinating collages that you can really sink your mental molars into (if you don't fall asleep first). I don't know. This film isn't for everyone (being shamelessly titillated by pretentious French cinema helps), but that's one of the reasons I like him so much. At the theater where I work, this film has gotten the most complaints and requests for refunds than any other film in a while. And with no explicit language or carnality either! Now that's impressive. We have a lot of, how shall I say?, "sensitive" patrons who get so worked up over "racy" material that they have to run out of the theater and endlessly complain to the first unfortunate employee they can lay their sweaty palms on. It's like, get a psychoanalyst! Preferably a Lacanian! I can't help you with your Oedipal issues triggered by that tit you saw in the movie! Sheesh. But the shit we got for this flick was along the lines of "I just don't have patience for that sort of thing! It made no sense!" Or "Was there a point to that movie? If there was, I missed it." Or my personally favorite incident: two mumu-cloaked, heavily made-up old ladies, with, as Burroughs puts it, "mean, pinched bitter faces," literally DRIPPING with self-righteous Contempt (no geeky Godard reference intentended, o.k., so

it was) for the film, muttering between mammoth-sized jowls "Horrible! Horrible! A positively UGLY movie!" at my manager. I was so tempted to blurt out, "Jeez, that's pretty strong criticism from someone who looks like an extra in a John Waters movie!" Or, as an afterthought, "Actually ma'am, you were looking into the bathroom mirror, the movie's in theater four!" But I'm sure the irony would have been lost on them. At any rate, it's good to see Godard still able to thoroughly piss off an audience after 30 years.

Oh and P.S.: the film not only mentions but QUOTES Georges Bataille, so I'm completely won over. - David, 9:38~AM

Wednesday, September 11, 2002

All my pride has been eaten away by postindustrial hypercapitalist termites. . .

Semantic shenannigans and meta-language aside, I would like to take this moment to ask all of you to pause and seriously reconsider your place in the universe, on this very day, one year after tragedy struck the "american way of life". On that note, I would like to share my own Survivor's Tale, as difficult and emotionally tumultuous as it may be:

I awoke that morning to the sun and birds just like any other average American [hating my life, contemplating suicide, dreading the workday], and went about my business as usual [cursed the sun, searched for smokable butt in the ashtray, besieged by hungry cats, opened refrigerator, stared at year-old bottle of salad dressing and bags of moldy bread rinds, closed refrigerator). Suddenly, I felt a strange change in the air, a momentary sense that something was not right (a horrible, rotten smelling fart, my colon giving me the elbow and grumbling that the meat-lover's pizza of the night before was perhaps not such a good idea). Then, calamity struck (I sent two tremdous turds flying into the bowl, the first one came fast and easy, the second struck about fifteen minutes later, both ripping huge and gaping holes in my rectum). The initial shock at the enormity of the disaster did not immediately register (until I saw the blood stains on the toilet paper). I began to smell the smoke and hear the crash of glass and falling debris (my girlfriend had just took a huge bonghit and then the bong got knocked over into the table clutter consisting of beer bottles, theory books and ashtrays). I looked out my window and witnessed people running around in what seemed like a state of panic (but it was just the hippies playing Ultimate Frisbee). And then the unthinkable happened, the Twin Towers collapsed before my very eyes! (actually two stacks of library books precariously piled in front of the over-full bookcases). A little later, I discovered that the Pentagon had sufered the same fate (well, close, the hippies' frisbee had flown into my Pentagram CDs). The people outside held one another and cried on each other's shoulders in a moment of fear and trembling (I fucking took the goddamn frisbee and beat those hippies senseless with it, to the tune of Brujeria's "Mantando Guerros"). Finally, that heroic and unforgettable phrase inspired all those standing together in solidarity: "Let's Roll." (a joint). Coda: I've come to the conclusion based on the reaction from my co-workers that a cheery "Happy September 11th!" is not the appropriate greeting for this holiday. What the fuck? Works on July 4th! I must work with a bunch of commies. . .

- David, 10:42 AM

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

And, shit, let me tell you, I DO NOT want to even PEEK like a paranoid tweaker out of my curtain tomorrow much less go outside. It's going to be disgusting with all the commodified "grief" and sports-rally "patriotism". The red, white, and blue yahoos with be en masse here in the most conservative county in California.

But alas, I work BOTH public service jobs tomorrow, and so will be stuck right in the middle of the shit all day. Yes, my patience will be SUPER WAFER THIN tomorrow. If I play my cards (comments) right, maybe I can even get punched.... Your intrepid reporter, signing off....

- David, 11:41 AM

Currently Reading:

- "Silent Interviews" Samuel Delany
- "Negotiations" Jacques Derrida (one of his latest, he has like 4-5 recently published books, I don't know how he gets away with this stuff, it's like a 250 page guitar solo by the Eagles or something)
- "The Uncollected Baudrillard" (now, all collected up and squared away)
- "The Age of Huts" Ron Silliman (one of my favorite poets, undisputed King of the Ramblers)
- "Jack the Modernist" Robert Gluck (so far, a tedious and badly-written piece of gay fiction, which I picked up because Burroughs gave it praise on the back cover, he must of been high when he read it, or thought the author was cute)

Speaking of Burroughs, I recently finished "Speed" by William S. Burroughs Jr. It was a fun and (I thought) well-told little book recounting stories of his adventures after running away to NY as a teenager and started heavily slamming speed. A great account of meth use in the 50's and 60's (not much has changed). Man, to be Burroughs kid (William Sr. was a very distant father), what a legacy to live up to. Bill Jr. tried, boy he tried. After drinking and damaging his liver into a bloody pulp, he got a transplant, and then proceeded to abuse his new liver into oblivion as well! San

Watched "One Hour Photo" at my theater last night. Reinstated my respect for Robin WIlliams, who has been attempting to breakout of the "lovable goofball" pigeonhole recently by playing perverse and demented roles ("Insomnia" and "One Hour Photo") The film completely takes advantage of the "teddy-bear" image of him created by Disney & friends (i.e. horrible, horrible films like "Jack", "Patch Adams", "Jumanji", "Good Will Hunting" and associated dreck). It's characteristically Robin Williams: awkward gestures, shy and embarrassed demeanor, that unmistakeable voice, but it's the background and atmosphere they set him in that adds an interesting spin. The creepiness of his character comes from our immediate and conditioned reception of the William's "feel"--"awwww, there's that huggable misfit, a little boy in a man's body, coochy-coo"--and how this film self-consciously plays with this to create a pervasive uncomfortableness in the viewer. This fun part of my job is watching all the people come in to my theater, who've never been to an arthouse theater before (soccer-moms, etc.) just because Robin Williams is in a movie there, and then seeing the look of disturbed despair on their faces when they come out. Sorry! This ain't no "What Dreams May Come"! Basically the movie is about this lonely and socially-awkward one-hour photo processor at a huge "SavMart" superstore in suburbia, who becomes obsessed with a family whose pictures he develops. There are some complicated issues concerning surveillance and voyeurism, and I've had the persistent feeling since I've seen the movie that these issues run a lot deeper than I first picked up on (I invariably judge a movie based on how much and for how long I think about it after seeing it). Overall, very tactfully done, never going overboard on the themes presented, and presents a far more engaging critique of postmodern suburban life (Orange County) than a million blatant and boringly obvious shit-for-brains movies like "American Beauty" could ever hope to accomplish.

- David, 11:19 AM

Monday, August 26, 2002

I intended this web log to be a running critique on the manifestation that is Orange County, but everytime I attempt to approach the enormity of the subject--to locate a way "in"--I find myself wearily disabled. Then I realized that this in itself is an interesting phenomenon. Being in the midst of this "exopolis" (to borrow Edward Soja's term for this place), I am soaked through and through with its sedative effects. The proliferation of these "master-planned" conglomerates have established a completely enclosed space in which any trace of an "outside" (that is, whatever was not in the plan) is excluded or abolished.

"Communities" are replaced by "condo complexes", "tract homes" and "housing associations"; "nature" is eradicated and strewn with "landscaping"; "Neighborhoods", "marketplaces" or the urban "downtown" are subsumed in advance by "strip malls" and "entertainment centers". Due to the absolute "newness" of these developments, which seem to arise overnight out of thin air, these areas are devoid of the singularities created by contingent and cultural formations (the productive and disruptive uses of urban decay). Lacking both stimulating difference and aesthetico-political control over any aspect of the surrounding environment, the occupants eventually succumb to the lethargy and indifference of an animal long confined in a stationary cage.

- David, 11:57 AM

The Post-Reasonable: Notes on a Tombstone

Keeping the limit on the run by dazedly refusing a conscious hand in this undetermined trajectory. No longer "past the limit" but confusing the establishment of one with an uninvolved transgression.
- David, 11:14 AM

Hour of the Unslept

surfaces creep along themselves, disintegrating swarming fragments-edges shed sparks as black spots fly past the periphery--a white haze appears, blurring the background, dissolves and everything quivers and shudders in a revolt against form, with the boundaries between distinctions shaking with the release of a long-confined tension
- David, 11:11 AM

Wednesday, August 14, 2002

by William S. Burroughs

To put the country simple, earth has a lot of things other folks might want...like the whole planet. And maybe these folks would like a few changes made. Like more

carbon Dioxide in the atmosphere, and room for their way of life. We've seen this happen before, right in these United States.

Your way of life destroyed the Indian's way of life.

The Indian reservation is extinction.

But I offer this distinction. I'm with the invaders, no use trying to hide that. And at the same, I disagree with some of the things they are doing.

Oh were not united anymore than you are

Oh we're not united anymore than you are.

Conservative factions is set on nuclear war as a solution to the Indian personality.

Others disagree

Others disagree

I don't claim that my methods are one hundred percent humane, but I do say, if we can't think of anything quieter, and tidier than that...

We are all not that much better than new earth aches.

There is no place else to go

The theater is closed

There is no place else to go

The theater is closed

Cut word lines

Cut music lines

Smash the control images

Smash the control machine.

- David, 10:29 AM

Tuesday, August 13, 2002

Abjectified

even as an infant, an undifferentiated bundle of sensation, I had the uneasy notion that I didn't belong within the context in which I found myself.

I've never gotten over the feeling.

- David, 10:46 AM

Sunday, August 11, 2002

Strangely enough I opted out of the Locust show on Friday. In addition, I turned down an invitation to a crazy party as well. Fatigue from the hours spent at my "public service" jobs drained me of any motivation to go be around more people. Instead, I spent a relaxing evening reading Nerval and watching "Vampire Princess Miyu". Caught up on some desperately eager sleep. Then blew it all by staying up all night last night. Made little "booklets" with my characteristic "phrasings" and geometric abstract illustrations (speed angles, I call them). A morning well spent, which has

leaked into the afternoon and is on a crash course into the evening. - David, 1:58 PM

Friday, August 09, 2002

"We should be amazed not that there is so much chaos and violence, but that there is so little and everything functions so well. Given the level of aggression of every car driver, the frailties of the equipment and the mad scrambles of the traffic, it's a miracle thousands aren't killed everyday, a miracle we only rarely slaughter each other and only a few of these disastrous possibilities come to fruition. When you see the immense bureaucratic chaos, the number of absurd decisions, the universal fraud and squandering of our civic virtues, you can only be amazed by the daily miracle of this machine which, somehow or other, keeps on going, dragging its detritus along in its orbit. Apart from a few episodic breakdowns (no more frequent, ultimately, than earth tremors), it's as though an invisible hand managed to teleonomize all this mess, to normalize this anomie. This is perhaps the same miracle as the one which prevents everyone from succumbing daily to the idea of death or to suicidal melancholia."

Jean Baudrillard Cool Memories II, p 18 - David, 3:29 AM

Horror Story Pizazz

I ran my head into a spider web

Entrails down the stairs, some empty torso up above, I guess - David, 3:03 AM

Thursday, August 08, 2002

Uh. . . . Maybe this web log wasn't such a good idea after all. Life here in Irvine is so banal that I have nothing to say. Well, I did go to the Lightning Bolt, Arab on Radar, the Locust show in Goleta on Tuesday. Lightning Bolt lived up to all the expectations I had planted in me by various enthusiasts. The drummer has officially entered my pantheon of god-like percussionists (alongside the likes of Dave Witte of Discordance Axis, Paul Burdette from His Hero is Gone, Gabe from the Locust, Jason Clark from Ringwurm, and a few others). I just wish that the kids were a little more lively, so I missed out on the full Lightning Bolt experience (check out the video clips on the load records website taken from the video/DVD "The Power of Salad and Milkshakes" and you'll see what I mean). What's up with the kids in Goleta anyway? Are they all on Prozac and Ritalin or something? Or is it just post-emo lethargy?

At any rate, the show on Friday at the Knitting Factory should be non-stop LA cock-rockin' so I will drift aimlessly between jobs until then. Currently Reading: "Whores for Gloria" by William T. Vollman (fans of David Foster Wallace and Don DeLillo take note! I really admired "The Rainbow Stories", which Sleepytime Gorilla Museum even used in one of their songs! Which inevitably raised the esteem I already had for this ex-Idiot Flesh band). I also checked out of the library those two ReSearch publications on J.G. Ballard which are fun to look at when you're high. Otherwise, wake, work, eat, sleep, wake, work, eat, sleep.

- David, 11:57 AM

Monday, August 05, 2002

Currently Reading:

On Belief by Slavoj Zizek

The Production of Space By Henri Lefebvre

Chaosmosis: An Ethico-Aesthetic Paradigm by Felix Guattari

The Art of the Motor by Paul Virilio

The Culture Industry: Selected Essays on Mass Culture

by Theodor W. Adorno
and rereading Naked Lunch for the Nth time just for kicks
"With veins like that kid I'd have myself a time!"

- David, 9:34 AM

Sunday, August 04, 2002

Y'all can sign my guestbook at

http://books.dreambook.com/polypulsecirculator/banal.sign.html

- David, 4:04 PM

Thursday, August 01, 2002

Cinema Verite

One always finds time for a few fraudulent facts, so that they may be refused.
(like squashing a bug with one's finger)
There, and with an indignant grunt, one is assured.
Yet, the enormity of one's acceptance, what one takes in, willingly, turns these refusals into tiny complaints.
(like pennies in a bank, or ants on an elephant)

And oh god one is oftentimes willing to go along with anything. Think of the lines at a place like Disneyland, or at the supermarket, or at the DMV. For a cheap thrill, for cheese-flavored potato chips, for compliance with the law.

Think of those on talk radio, "reality" shows, or the Trinity Broadcasting network. Think of the people who get paid to passionately sing those television commercials, Think of cops, think of administrators, think of people on rollerblades.

From what car dealership do these people come from? Who summoned them with a toll-free number? Who ordered them half-caffeinated with extra foam (and a shot of vanilla syrup)? What SUV did these folks get out of?

Didn't somebody make a movie about them?

- David, 10:02 AM

A bit about me: I was born on a foggy day in San Francisco, 1975. I currently live in Orange County, where it is mostly sunny and bright. Hence, I am rarely found outside.

- David, 8:59 AM

Wednesday, July 31, 2002

"America does still have within it something of the excess and magical paradox of achieved utopia. Without illusions: that utopia is the utopia of achieved banality, and hence of a transversal equivalence of everything and a levelled-down equality of destiny."

--Jean Baudrillard Paroxysm, p 88 - David, 11:51 AM Home | Archives