



BEAT THE DUST

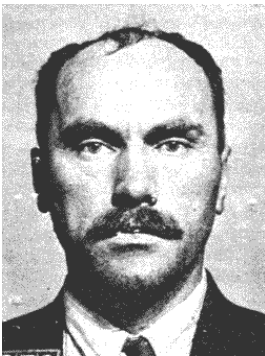
LOVE & HATE ISSUE

August 2009

Introduction

The August 09 issue of Beat the Dust has writing inspired by the theme of love and hate, and follows on nicely from the Love & Hate lit gig co-hosted by Beat the Dust and 3:AM Magazine on Friday 31st July 2009. Missed it? Fear not, a highlights video of the event is now showing at BTD TV, brought to you by Lost Elation Productions. This is only the second themed edition of Beat the Dust, the first being the Patti Smith-inspired 'Fuck the word the word is dead' issue in March 09.

Steve Ely



Top 4 love songs:

- L:** I will always love you – Dolly Parton
- O:** Stardust - Billy Ward and his Dominoes
- V:** Lonely weekends - Charlie Rich
- E:** Don't let me lose this dream - Aretha Franklin

Top 4 hate songs:

H: Walk - Pantera

A: Take 'em all - Cock Sparrer

T: Turn me on Mr Deadman - Union Underground

E: Hall of mirrors - The Distillers

pictures

That first night, lying awake on your bunk
you noticed how the cracking plaster
in the corner of the cell resembled
a man's face. With a little bored imagination,

you outlined the shape of his head,
filled in the features and wrought the rest
of his crouching form, from cracked
and flaking plaster, damp patches,

bored imagination. The next night,
you saw him again, and began to develop
his sniper's stance and the banana clip
of his levelled Kalishnikov.

Obsessive revisionary detail
during sleepless jailhouse nights
tattooed your mind's indelible mural
on the whitewash of your cellhouse wall -

yourself, the underground freedom-fighter:
slit-eyeholes, black balaclava;
camouflage combats, slung bandolier:
poised and intent, staring down the barrel

at a headshot. For twenty years
you could bring it back the instant the lights
snapped out and your eyes re-accustomed
to the dark, as a Bhikkhu may achieve

the peacock's tail after a lifetime
of discipline, meditation and prayer.
Doing your time, you kept active enough:
went blind from a sixty day hunger-strike,

called off at the last minute; passed a year
or so growing a foot-long beard and wiping shit
on the walls; another time on the roof
for a month. You taught classes, held meetings,

read books, wrote letters. You said, everyone
does time their own way, on hope or hate

or heroin or hooch. Some don't make it,
embracing razors under blood drenched sheets,

or turning blue at the end of a knotted belt -
that guy that arrived on your tenth anniversary,
that arsehole LG – gonna run this,
gonna take that; turned that scouser

into his cellbitch, made him shave his legs
and pluck his eyebrows. What happened to him?
Got shivved in the showers to a crimson
grease-spot and no-one saw a fucking thing.

Others break up incrementally
and dissipate into mumbling madness,
with only the intermittent,
brutal flowering of psychosis

breaching the doped torpor, the manic depressive
tedium, flooding the landings with slicks
of cheap blood. You saw it all. But you
held it together, your eyes fixed on the prize,

and after serving out your twenty, walked out
to immediately give the keynote
at a rally, re-organise the structure
in the North, plot bombings, assassinations.

Like this other, who also saw pictures
on the walls of his cell, for twenty served-out
acquiescent years. First, Cat. A and the rule;
then, after positive responses to therapy

and expressions of remorse, transfer,
more relaxed regimes - TV, books
and internet. More therapy;
self-audit, peer criticism, constructive thinking,

leading to work release and final
abased contrition; then, a smile
from the parole board and he's rehabilitated out,
breathing the wind of complacent suburbia

through the air-con of his cruising van,
better equipped this time: duct tape and sash-cord,
dildos and boning knives, bin-bags and shovels;
scanning the streets, seeing the pictures in his head.

round-eyed boy

For Carl Panzram, with apologies to Van Morrison

Bust outta the hoosegow
 At Salem in Oregon State
 Made it down to the railroad
 Fixin' to jump a freight
 That's when I saw him
 A tow-headed runaway
 I said where you're goin'
 He said Californi-ay

Yeah, with me, my round-eyed boy
 Ride with me, my round-eyed boy

We hauled up in a boxcar
 I broke out a bottle of rye
 He dreamed of bein' an actor
 At Hollywoodland in LA
 I fed him the bottle
 Until he was good and drunk
 Then I pulled out my pistol
 Told him drop your pants, punk, *and*

Ride with me, my round-eyed boy
 Yeah, with me, my round-eyed boy

Man, do I remember, the way that blonde boy sung
No no no no no no no no no no pl-ease
 Just like that
No no no no no no no no no no pl-ease
 No? *Ple - ase*

Sometimes get lonesome
 Livin' on the lam from the law
 Sure, murder and arson
 Is somethin' worth livin' for
 But the thing that I yearn for
 Is sweet sodomy
 I done more than a thousand
 Bring that round-eye to me

Yeah, to me, that round-eye, boy
 Ride with me, my round-eyed boy

Man, do I remember the way those young boys sing
No no no no no no no no no no pl-ease
 In the green grass
No no no no no no no no no no pl-ease
 In the wash-room at the Y
No no no no no no no no no no pl-ease
 On the cushions and the blinds

No no no no no no no no no no pl-ease
 Across the United States
No no no no no no no no no no pl-ease
 All round the world

My round-eyed boys

** Carl Panzram was an incorrigible American criminal described as a 'one man apocalypse', such was his malevolence. Hung at USP Leavenworth in 1930, he spent his last night singing a self-composed pornographic song about his lust for the 'round eye'.*

Mark Walton



Top 4 love songs:

L: These my dreams are yours – Marc Almond
O: High – The Cure
V: This is love – P J Harvey
E: There is a light that never goes out – The Smiths

Top 4 hate songs:

H: Frank's wild years – Tom Waits
A: Tramp the dirt down – Elvis Costello
T: Why'd ya do it? – Marianne Faithful
E: Paranoid android - Radiohead

i miss her

The long redbrick wall
 at the wrong end
 of the Hackney Road
 is gone now.

Replaced by shuttering
 decorated with primary kid art.
 Faux graffiti behind which
 new low cost housing
 struggles to rise from the slump.

I remember
the grim faced
grey morning,
not so long ago,
when the relentless
red façade
first bore the legend

I MISS HER.

Newly daubed
in stark white
painted letters,
neat and
three feet high.

No technicolour
spray-can exuberance,
or tossed off
cat-piss tagging this.
Instead a silent howl
of loneliness and loss.

I wondered at the moment.
sometime in the dark hours.
when this unknown
hollow soul
cracked and broke,
picked up a can,
perhaps intended to
decorate the home they'd shared,
and instead
found this bleak,
unloved space
and declared their loss
for anyone to see.

I wondered if she,
the 'her',
still lived,
and if she lived nearby.

If she would see this cry
and feel the sickening loss
inflicted by her departure.

I wondered
at the isolation that
drives these
anonymous howls
of self expression
that rage across the city's walls.

These urban messages.
Broadcast to an uncaring world.

The wall is gone now.
The defacing howl
had long since faded anyway.

And today,
at the wrong end
of the Hackney Road,
new one-bedroom
low cost apartments
struggle to rise
from the slump.

More homes for the lonely.

And primary school kid
faux graffiti
fails to brighten
the shuttered grey
of another grim faced
London morning.

Tom Leins



Top 4 love songs:

- L:** Hold on - Tom Waits
- O:** If I could talk I'd tell you - The Lemonheads
- V:** Say yes - Elliott Smith
- E:** The seed (2.0) - The Roots & Cody Chesnutt

Top 4 hate songs:

- H:** I want you - Elvis Costello
- A:** Screamer - Therapy?
- T:** Be quiet & drive - Deftones
- E:** The beautiful people - Marilyn Manson

dirthouse

It was a typical stagnant July afternoon, with nothing to do, and no one to do it to. Me and Fat Carl were down at the Dirty Lemon watching the transvestite floorshow. During the day-time the Dirty Lemon is hotter than a crack den, and twice as ugly. The air felt thick and dirty. The main attraction had a badly broken jaw that hung slack as he danced. Just another object of desire in this corrupted sink-hole.

The Dirty Lemon is a savage place full of demonized urban exiles. People say that this town turns feral after dark, but I think it's feral all day long – you just have to know where to look. At the table next to us, Johnny Teardrop is interrogating his mother about her sex life. Johnny's got a lopsided skull. He works part-time as a meat-cutter. He once told me that he gets freebies from the whores over in the meat-packing district after dark. It sounds like bullshit to me. I've heard that the only woman he has ever had sex with is his own mother. That's even more disgusting than it sounds - I once saw her defecating into a carrier bag outside Somerfield.

After a few pints, Carl decides to pay extra for a 'friction dance'. I notice that the transvestite has dirt under his toe-nails and crumbs on his lips. He gyrates softly, and Carl closes his eyes, satisfied. I want to look away, but I'm transfixed by his ghostly pallor and melancholic shuffle. A local deviant called Big Gustav taps me on the shoulder and winks at me with his milky eye. "This one's called Anton. He looks you in the eye when he sucks you off." I shrug off his clammy hand, and glare into his fat eyes. He prods me in the chest with a stumpy finger. "Don't fuck with me, boy. Tomorrow they'll be mopping you off that fucking pavement." I stand up sharply, but he is already waddling away, fat thighs rubbing together like cats in a sack. I want to jab something in his milky eye, but I resist the urge and go to the bar instead.

I come back with two pints of Stella and a packet of pork scratchings for Carl. We make small-talk for a few minutes, and then I slip back into lethargy. The second-hand daylight filtering through the greasy windows makes me feel sleepy. I have another slurp of my pint and glance around the pub. The Dirty Lemon resembles a botched social experiment. We're left with a whole room full of people desperate to penetrate Paignton's dark psyche with cocks and switchblades.

I go to take a piss and see a dank leotard in the middle of the toilet floor. The transvestite is hunched near the urinal, naked as Eve, sucking on a hairspray can. He looks at me shyly, and I notice that his eyes are the colour of beef stew. I duck into the cubicle, legs shaking slightly. I finish pissing and start to wash my hands. He tugs at my sleeve, eyes pleading, cheeks covered in rouge. I shake my head sadly. He chokes back a sob and rummages through the litter bin for his empty can of hairspray. Back at the table my beer tastes like sick, so I let Carl finish off the rest of my pint. When he's done we make our way outside, into the ragged Paignton afternoon. As we leave, Johnny Teardrop is eating scraps of Kentucky Fried Chicken, whilst his mother licks up the drippings.

Two weeks later Big Gustav was fished out of Paignton harbour with a crushed skull and a splintered thigh bone. Police found fourteen carpet-tacks inside his swollen belly. Sometimes you have to be cruel to be kind. Sometimes you have to break Paignton's heart, before it breaks yours.

Steve Finbow

Top 4 love songs:

- L:** Be my wife - David Bowie
- O:** Soul deep - The Box Tops
- V:** Whole wide world - Wreckless Eric
- E:** Ships in the night - Be Bop Deluxe

Top 4 hate songs:

- H:** Slash - Tuff Darts
- A:** Glad to see you go - Ramones
- T:** Don't want to know if you are lonely - Hüsker Dü
- E:** It wouldn't have made any difference - Todd Rundgren

Here is the hard copy of the audio poem Steve performed at the Love & Hate lit gig on the 31st July 09.

i love i hate

I love that this is the first line
 I hate that I can't think of a second.
 I love that you can hear me.
 I hate the sound of my own voice.
 I love reading.
 I hate readings.
 I love my wife.
 I hate my ex.
 I love my lover.
 I hate her husband.
 I love Marmite spread on thickly buttered toast.
 I hate tortilla chips and ketchup.
 I love the way the light fades slowly into darkness around 7pm.
 I hate the thought of not being able to see that.
 I love listening to The Replacements when I've finished writing for the day.
 I hate the new shuffle mode on my iPhone.
 I love sapphires.
 I hate rubies.
 I love lime pickle with my rogan josh.

I hate vindaloo.
I love the slow pressure of your tongue in my urethra.
I hate the thought of a knitting needle there.
I love Stella Artois.
I hate Kronenburg.
I love the sound of you in the shower in the morning.
I hate not having enough time to wank while you're in there.
I love silence.
I hate noise.
I love my jeans, the ones with the skulls on the pockets.
I hate that I feel too old to wear them.
I love Victoria, Kelly, Sue, and Lo.
I hate that they can't all be in my life at the same time.
I love my friends.
I hate that I don't get to see them.
I love melting cheese until it's almost black.
I hate Japanese bread.
I love PG tips.
I hate fancy fucking teas.
I love reading at 6 o'clock and watching the flowers on the balcony furl.
I hate that the big red one drops to the floor without being visited by bees.
I love beer, burgers, and books.
I hate milk, marzipan, and magazines.
I love watching the crows swoop and swerve.
I hate the throaty cooing sounds the pigeons make.
I love cats, dogs, and champagne-coloured ferrets.
I hate chimpanzees, cockroaches, and chameleons.
I love London, Tokyo, and New York.
I hate Boston, Manchester, and Brighton.
I love that most of you are probably at the bar right now.
I hate that I can't join you there.
I love the smell of hospitals.
I hate that I know them so well.
I love the metal coils at the end of my major arteries.
I hate that they don't set off security alarms at airports.
I love brunettes.
I hate the one who doesn't love me.
I love blondes.
I hate that she's not around any more.
I love redheads.
I hate that I'll never go there again.
I love all types of women.
I hate that aliens haven't landed yet.
I love to have a choice.
I hate narrowing my options.
I love that my cock still continues to work.
I hate that not many people are that interested.
I love that I don't work.
I hate that I don't have any money.
I love the look of surprise on your face.
I hate that I'm not there to slap you one.
I love to write.
I hate to not.

I love high heels, stockings, and denim skirts.
 I hate bridges, heights, and wet food.
 I love the colour of my eyes.
 I hate that they are mostly red.
 I love my scars.
 I hate my moles.
 I love my beer belly.
 I hate that the fucking thing has come back.
 I love to leave you.
 I hate to go.

Mark SaFranko



Top 4 love songs:

L: All about you - The Rolling Stones
O: Love notes from a drifter - John SaFranko
V: To a flame - Stephen Stills
E: I want you - Bob Dylan

Top 4 hate songs:

H: Positively 4th street - Bob Dylan
A: Dirge - Bob Dylan
T: Idiot wind - Bob Dylan
E: Ballad of a thin man - Bob Dylan

On the live site is an audio recording of the avant-garde piece *Francis Bacon: A Painting in Sound* composed by Mark SaFranko and performed by Mark and his son Jack. It was played at the Love & Hate lit gig as an alternative to a straight reading, which Mark hates doing, and is born from a love of Francis Bacon.

Here is Mark's introduction to his composition:

"I was aware of and a fan of the painting of Francis Bacon way back in the early 1970s. To me he was the greatest modern painter. He seemed to me more than anyone to capture the fundamental insanity and endless pain of human existence. He ripped away the veneer of any sense of beauty in individual objects and beings to reveal the ugliness deep within. *Francis Bacon: A Painting in Sound* was inspired by a recent viewing of the Bacon Retrospective at the

Metropolitan Museum Of Art here in New York. I went home, opened the recording studio and began to work. The interplay of many different skeins of human existence represented by the different instruments, is something I believe Bacon would appreciate, as he would the gunshots, sirens, and nightmarish screams of horror. All the instruments and effects were played by me with the exception of some piano, drums and percussion played by my son Jack.

Ed Makowski



Top 4 love songs:

L: Way Over There - Smokey Robinson & The Miracles

O: Oh Yoko - John Lennon

V: When a Man Loves a Woman - Percy Sledge

E: Hybrid Moments – The Misfits

Top 4 hate songs:

H: Junkyard - The Birthday Party

A: TV2 - Ministry

T: Am I Evil - Metallica

E: Kerosene - Big Black

ethic

When I was little
my dad worked.

He
Worked.

He'd work 7 days a week
in ten hour shifts
for weeks at a time.

Every once in a while
on a Saturday morning
he'd sneak up behind me

grab the sides of my face
 and scratch his whiskers
 against my cheek;
 but most weekends I remember
 he was already at work
 before I was awake watching cartoons.

He kept working
 even after he didn't drive anymore.
 He'd get rides in to work
 because he didn't trust his hands,
 but he still spent 10 hour days
 machining.

His last year working
 (I think he was 42)
 he was wearing
 adult diapers
 to work.
 Every Day
 because he didn't trust his bowels
 anymore.

At 42,
 the guy went to work
 in diapers.

He knew
 he wouldn't be able to walk
 4 years from then,

and he went to the shop
 every day
 with a silent grin
 and a swinging lunchbox cooler; glad
 to have the work.

I don't know if there's really anything
 to be learned from that.

I just wanted someone else to know
 how beautiful he could be.

freudian slip

before coffee
 she asked if I remembered
 last night.

if I remembered
 what I said
 in my sleep.

if I remembered when
she woke me up
with her lips,
and I told her

to take them off of me
because they never had anything
good to say.

Mikael Covey



Top 4 love songs:

- L:** Walk away Renee – The Left Banke
- O:** What is life – George Harrison
- V:** It's only love – The Beatles (Rubber Soul)
- E:** All you need is love – The Beatles

Top 4 hate songs:

- H:** I'm ugly and I don't know why – The Butt Trumpets
- A:** Mother and child reunion – Randy California (Kapt Kopter and the Fabulous Twirlybirds)
- T:** But you know I love you – Kenny Rogers and the First Edition
- E:** Under my thumb – The Rolling Stones

susie idel

Rollie's the apartment manager, a youngish middle-aged guy with dark hair and Hawaiian-type shirts. He seems like a swinger and his bleached blond wife with the too-dark tan skin seems like a swinger too, but who'd want to? I think they invite us over once or twice, and I think we don't go.

I mean anybody over twenty seems like they ought to hang with the old geezers and believe it or not, it's true because they're just too damned old. I'm just out of school with the understanding and responsibility of being a senior so everyone else is either my age, younger, or completely gone and unconsidered.

Except for Morry. He's forty-five or fifty but he's an alcoholic and never grew up so he's kind of like one of us but with wrinkles. Like a salty old sea dog kind of black sheep uncle

that the grown-ups wouldn't let in the house, but the kids would, just for kicks.

Jo is a friend of his, sort of a heavy-set female version of him except that she's got money and doesn't much give a damn about anything, so she's kind of fun too. I met Susie Idel by the pool and there's so much going on I think it somehow all centered around her.

Jo was throwing a party for some reason or other. Who cares, it was free food and that's all that matters. I mention it to her while we helped carry in all the groceries that I haven't eaten for three days and she says "yeah I heard that one before." I guess it never dawned on either of us that it makes no difference if it's true or not.

After all the outdoor grilled hamburgers and etceteras, me and Morry're up in his apartment drinking warm Coors beer looking out over the pool. In the meantime there's another flare-up between Jo and her quiet unspeaking surfer son. Seems his darling sweet young brunette of a girlfriend is pregnant and the angry part is that Jo paid for the abortion last year and this is getting redundant.

All I see is that that sixteen year old girl is so darling and pretty you oughta not sweat the cash. Shoot, if she was mine... But she aint, and Rollie's daughter by a previous marriage is there in her swimming suit and a tall pretty blonde girl. But too tall, too grown up or mature for eighteen or twenty or whatever she is. Distant some way or too meaty. Mostly it's just the young kids splashing around in the water and maybe my roomies Buddy and Phil in there somewhere too.

But one of the kids is a right scampy looking young-un and that sort of thing always catches my notice one way or another. And that's Susie. Just a slick little blonde kid with squinty little eyes and pouty lips and such a skinny little thing. Seems real stuck on herself and I admire that. So with nothing else to do and Jo done yelling at everybody, her son, the wind and sky and everything else, I mosey over and strike up a conversation.

Nice kid, says she's fifteen, which is too young and doesn't even look that old, but I'm only seventeen and girls are never the right age mentally or physically. Of course she wants to know who Buddy is. That's the dead giveaway, but I too have heard that one before so it's blunted.

Then I'm up there with Morry again, reviewing the day's events and everybody mad at everybody and we're swoshing down a gallon of red Sangria wine. He's an alcoholic and doesn't give a shit, but I don't want to be bested by everyone every goddamn day of my lousy life so fuck it I'm gonna at least outdo him.

He's filling our little six ounce dixie cups and mine's empty before he can fill his so he's gotta refill mine and it's empty again before he sets the big round green bottle down, so he has to refill it again, and we do that for what seems like quite a pleasant little bit of time. Though I'm altogether aware of so much pain that just won't quit hurting or leave me be and wishing the damn wine had more kick to it and quicker, and like I say Morry doesn't give a shit.

I do notice at that moment the Sangria seems right flavorful, though a bit too much like sticky cherry Kool Aid. Much later with no feeling at all I find myself without conscious effort going somehow down those cement steps and across the courtyard and up the steps to my room and then out completely. Not for long because at 5am Rick the fat ass foreman is there and screaming about going to work, which for some reason I do.

Of course it's a hundred and six in the shade that day and no shade but unfortunately it doesn't kill me or make me stronger; just another day older and more lifeless. When I get home I notice that nice king-size soft pink blanket of mine I bought at the mall behind our apartment building, is now all pukey and needs to get itself washed and life goes on.

So time passes, nothing happens as usual, there's nothing to do and seems like it's going to be that way forever. Days go by and a couple of weeks later I call up Susie and she says to come on up and party. Of course I got no idea where she lives. Some town I never been to and don't even know where it is, north of Pasadena somewhere. I'm south of LA and never been farther than Hollywood, and that's just to go work at the construction site.

But she gives me directions and I write 'em all down like somehow I could follow them and make it up there by some kind of miracle, which is no big deal for a kid. I'm stoked 'cause I really want to see her and talk to somebody kind of nice and soft and sweet for a change. A big change from dealing with assholes like Rick at work all day, who just think you're a piece of shit and like to be treated that way.

I'm ready to go but can't get the car 'cause Phil won't give me the keys unless I drag him along, and of course Buddy wants to go too and fuck that shit. I just want to meet this kid and not be a fucking tour guide for these tagalong clowns, but I got no choice so there y'are, fucked from the get go and nothing ever works out for me for some reason. My fault I guess.

God knows how but we find the right freeways, exits, the right streets, and a few calls later even find her house and only a couple a three hours getting there. Weird, very weird but kind of neat. Pasadena I only know from that's where the Rose Bowl is and some old surfer song about the little old lady who's the terror of Colorado Boulevard and we were up and down that huge cement artery what's like straight uphill like straight up the mountain 'til you get to Altadena and that kind of overlooks the whole world.

Nice green suburbs all dark and neat little cool houses all quiet and peaceful and inviting. Susie's there at her dark little house and happy as a lark to see us, not me I guess, but just to see someone and we all go out to buy some beer and her little kid brother and sister go with. The one kid is Jack and he's kind of cool, like California kids are, twelve going on nineteen, but the little girl Trisha is about eight or so and oughta be somewhere else.

It takes forever to find some place to get the beer, but we do and get back to the house, which is totally weird. It's their old house and is for sale I guess, but it's only a couple of houses down from their new house so we're gonna party there. Jack's got some jelly bean acid - yeah right. I can't imagine how he thought that up, but California kids think you'll believe anything and I'm all totally bummed so I take one or two or three or whatever and go sulk.

Susie and Buddy are splashing around in the pool. I don't know where Phil is, don't care, the whole thing is just totally fucked. I'm sitting there sulking and thinking about the end of the world as a sign of what life is really like and later go on over to the pool. Buddy gets out and drips on past toward the house in the cold air and then Susie comes out all skinny and tiny and naked like a giggly little wet fish. I just hand her a towel.

At sunrise I get out of the car where I been sulking with my eyes closed and no sleep at all, maybe there was acid in the jelly beans I don't know, feel like it, all twisted and churned up but no high at all. Shitty acid or shitty life, whatever.

So it's light out and sunny cool California misty morning and my billfold's missing and not to be found. Go around to the pool and into the freezing cold water without feeling. Later have breakfast at Susie's new house up the street cooked up by her mom who doesn't seem to wonder who we are nearly as much as I do.

We all wander back to the other house and Susie and Buddy are on the bed naked and we're standing there talking to them like this is normal. I feel bad for Trisha 'cause you can tell that Susie is like her everything she looks up to and wants to be and best pal and all and now she got a new friend who's having sex with her as we stand there talking.

Keep looking for that lost billfold and hate to see that imitation alligator birthday present gone forever but glad I put all my cash in my pant's pocket just the same. Give Buddy a ride to work down in Hollywood with Susie telling me how to get there and me not wanting to be in the same general planet as them, but feel better moving than standing still.

Phil called in sick and stayed at the house. I'm not even worried about it, fuck it. On the way back we're alone together in the car and she's not even there - lying down on the front seat all worn and haggard looking. I don't know, maybe jelly bean acid and shitty warm beer and sex take a toll on a young kid like that, I don't know.

Maybe she's in love and missing her new boyfriend who's gonna be gone all day working. Or maybe she senses that she's wanting some really cool good looking guy to want her the same way and not just think she's a hot-blooded little fuck thing. I say something to her but she doesn't answer and put my hand on her hip to see if she's awake but she brushes it away.

And I'd tell her that I know Buddy and he's too much in love with himself to share that with anyone else but jeez she'd just be defensive and think I was trying to make the leftovers, which even don't look very attractive anymore but she probably doesn't know that either so what can I say. Almost funny in a sickening putrid sort of way and shouldn't be, and even not wanting her like that I still don't want her to get so hurt like she probably will. Poor kid.

I mean I know if it'd been me it'd probably be the same thing because who wouldn't want and take this sweet sexy young thing so all eager just like a California poster girl. I'm no better than anyone else at using people and rotten ghastly things, but not her and I suppose Buddy can't recognize any special people besides himself, maybe nobody can. But I can, can always see that and it's just really rare. To me it's about all there is.

I know that's her nature and his nature and doing what they want and that's not for anyone to say but them, except I would've cared for her as much as the sex. When we're back at the house, me and Phil take off back to Anaheim. Susie gives me a picture of herself, eight by ten of all things; I suppose it's all she could find at the moment.

Back home I put my other pair of clothes in some kind of suitcase and bug out to LAX which is better than I've felt in months. Can't figure what Morry was yelling about though. Never seen him angry before, even when he gets fired and then goes and gets another job later in the week like some kind of funny life-type event.

But back at the place he was just all bent and mean, calling me a coward for running out, leaving California and not staying around and making something of myself. Jeez, words just have no meaning except what's it to him? LAX got a cool moving walkway that you

just get on and glide to wherever you're going like getting the fuck outta here.

Never been on a jet before and it's so different than a little prop plane, like a goddamned Greyhound in the sky drifting effortlessly through the rich blue air through the happy clouds about higher than I've been ever. Takes you home in just a few hours, in the meantime they let you smoke and serve you drinks.

I got bourbon straight 'cause I don't know you're supposed to mix it with something but that works out for a really fine buzz after a couple of doubles at thirty some thousand feet sitting between a nice young woman and a friendly businessman all relaxing together like we's old chums. Sitting there mellow as morning thinking about Susie and wanting her to know that I care about her even if she doesn't and not even sad but just sort of wishing life was better for all of us.

Of course not even good feelings last very long. Back in Omaha heading north on the highway to Podunkville is about the most depressing come down you can have. It must be just me that hates to come back home but God it's just so awful and bleak and bare of anything and any feeling even. Like going back to the damp dark tomb after wandering the earth as a free spirit in the shimmering sun. And so godawful dark here now, I don't remember it like that, all nothing but gloom and emptiness unlit along the roadways leading nowhere.

Knocks the breath all out of me to know that I'm all alone out here with family that never would know who I was, and not able to understand that feeling I can't explain to them. The sunshine just aint here and I'm all alone. All the kids are in school and don't know that school's out like I do.

Feel like an outcast and sorry for them but I guess I'm the only one 'cause everyone else is just having a good old time and I'm thinking how great it is that I've at last reached the lowest point in my life and anything's gotta be better from now on. Still dreamin of sunny California and all the girls I never met and the deep blue ocean that was never warm.

Andreas Grant



Top 4 love songs:

L: Tomorrow is a long time - Bob Dylan

O: Hallelujah - Leonard Cohen

V: Hurt - Johnny Cash version

E: Some day you will ache like I ache (Doll Parts) - Courtney Love + Hole

Top 4 hate Songs:

H: Strange fruit - Billie Holiday

A: Ballad of a thin man - Bob Dylan

T: Du hast! - Ramstien

E: Du gamla, du fria - Swedish National Anthem. (Hate the place!)

it helps

No one said you have to cut off your right arm
 and feed it to the pigs
 Who were already
 starving
 No one said you had to shout it from roof tops
 or speak to the sea
 No one said you had to ride backwards on a
 hillside motor bike
 on e
 while making love to
 that girl
 you just met
 No one said you had to leave your family
 fuck prostitutes
 and kill priests
 but it helps
 before
 you sit down
 and write
 poetry